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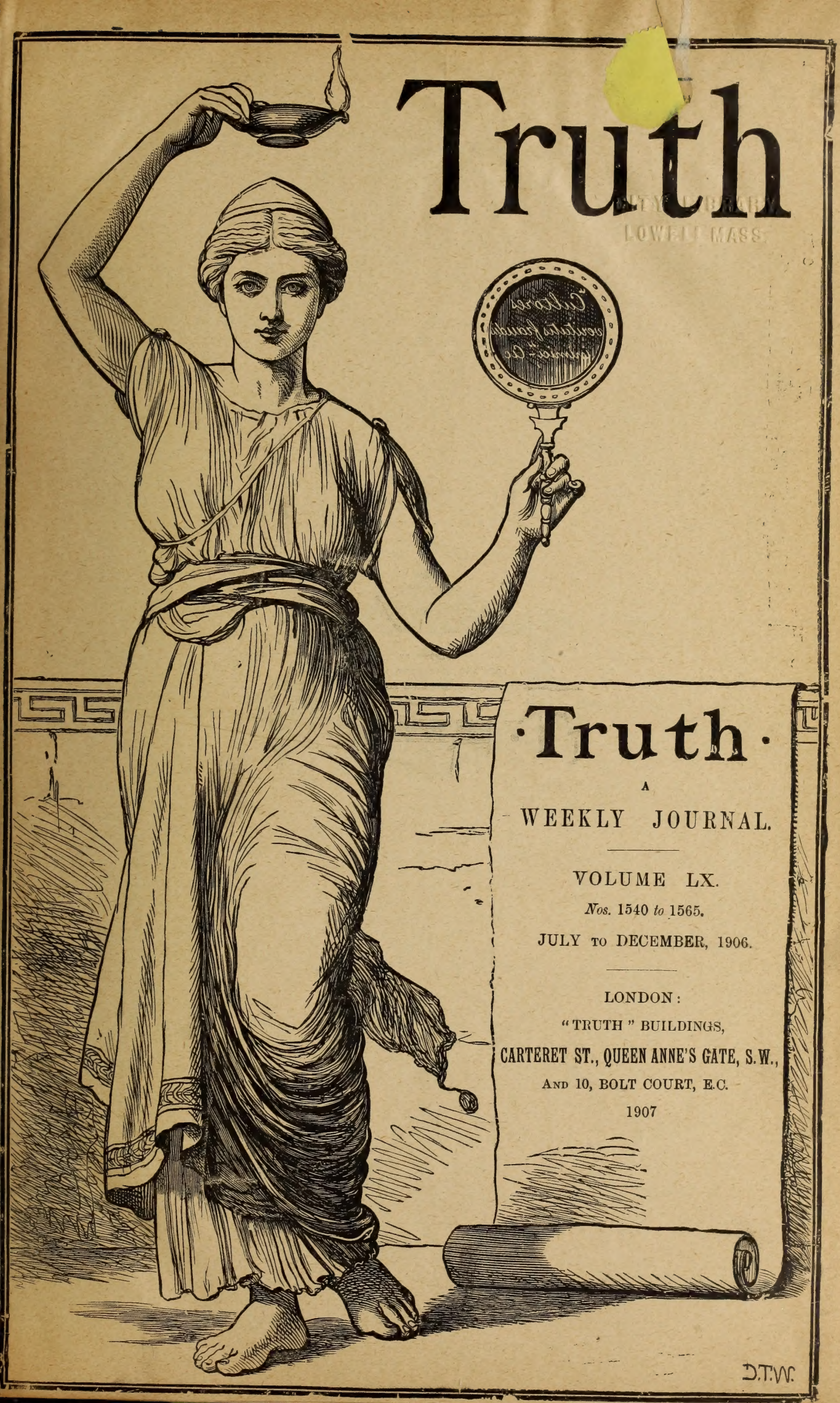

LOWELL MASS.

·Truth·

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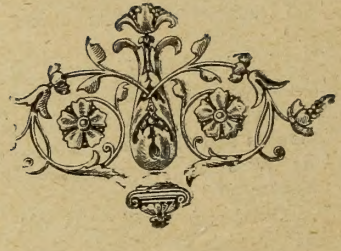

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TO OUR READERS.

We receive hundreds of letters every week from "Readers of 'Truth.'" A large majority of the writers expect replies direct. Of the work, trouble, and expense involved in doing this we say nothing. But as experience has shown that a large number of our "Constant" and "Regular" readers who inquire about individuals with whom we have dealt in our columns over and over again are not actual subscribers to the paper, but merely occasional readers of it at clubs, libraries, or at friends' houses, we consider we must protect ourselves in the matter.

We have therefore decided that henceforth every reader who writes making an inquiry that necessitates a direct reply must enclose a stamped envelope and also a Coupon which will always be found at the foot of the 3rd page of the coloured cover. Without these no notice will be taken of the communication.

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a Coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" send replies by post.

No Coupon will be available that is over a fortnight out of date, except from correspondents residing abroad.

NOTICE.

The terms of Subscription to Truth, *which are payable in advance, are as follows:—To any address in the United Kingdom, for 3 months, 7s.; 6 months, 14s.; and for 12 months, 28s. The Thin Paper Edition is forwarded to countries within the Postal Union for 3 months for 7s. 8d.; 6 months, 15s. 4d.; and 12 months, 30s. 8d. Cheques and Post Office Orders should be made Payable to the Manager,* Truth, *"Truth Buildings," Carteret street, S.W.*

ENTRE NOUS.

THE King and Queen are to leave Buckingham Palace next Tuesday, on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland at Alnwick Castle. The Royal train from King's Cross to Alnwick is to stop at York, at Gateshead (for the opening of the new High Level Bridge by his Majesty), and at Bilton Junction, but it will pass Newcastle-on-Tyne without entering the Central Station. The King and Queen will lunch and drink tea in the train. On Friday, the 13th, their Majesties are to return to London, leaving Alnwick about eleven o'clock in the morning, and the Royal train will run from Bilton to York without a stoppage.

Alnwick Castle is well situated on a height above the river Alne, and rises above the little town like Windsor Castle. The Castle was entirely restored and enormously improved by Duke Algernon between 1854 and 1860, and it now presents a most stately outline. The general restoration and the decoration of the interior in the Italian style cost about half a million.

The elaborate military arrangements for the visit of the King and Queen to Newcastle-on-Tyne next Wednesday have been made at the Headquarters of the Northern Command, York, and Sir Leslie Rundle will be in command of the troops. The King and Queen are not to arrive in Newcastle from Alnwick at the Central Station, but the Royal train is to be shunted from the main line, and will run over the goods lines to the Manors Station of the North-Eastern Railway, where their Majesties can be received by the Mayor and Corporation in comparative privacy. The military arrangements in connection with the stay of the King and Queen at Alnwick Castle from next Tuesday until Friday, the 13th, have been made by Lord Algernon Percy, who commands a battalion of the Northumberland Fusiliers.

A number of papers have printed a telegram from Paris which states that the King is expected to pay a visit to the Emperor Francis Joseph at Ischl "during July." This is, of course, nonsense. The King will not leave England for the Continent until about August 14. It is possible that his Majesty may spend a day at Ischl with the Emperor Francis Joseph next month, when on the journey from Flushing to Marienbad, but it is more probable that he will go to Vienna during the first week in September, after his "cure." The Emperor will then have returned from Ischl to the Castle of Schönbrunn, where he entertained the King two years ago.

His Majesty is said to have been greatly annoyed by the numerous and flagrant blunders in the heraldry which is displayed on the roof of the new Chapel of the Knights of the Order of St. Michael and St. George in St. Paul's Cathedral. There are mistakes of the most glaring character in the representation of the arms of the King, the Prince of Wales, and the late Duke of Cambridge. It would be interesting to learn who is responsible for the miserable muddling which has taken place, for it is understood that the officials of the Heralds' College were not consulted in the affair. As a knowledge of heraldry was essential to the satisfactory completion of the work in the chapel, it is a pity that the decoration was not left in the hands of the Heralds' College, in which case there would not have been the ridiculous and melancholy failure which has been the result of the course adopted.

The King held a Diplomatic Court in the Council Room at Buckingham Palace at a quarter-past ten on

Thursday night, when Senatore Tittoni, the Italian Ambassador, presented his letters of recall. His Majesty afterwards received the Roumanian Minister, who presented a letter from King Carol, and the insignia, ribbon, and collar of the newly instituted Carol Order. The Queen was present in order that Senatore Tittoni might take leave of her Majesty. Sir Charles Hardinge represented Sir Edward Grey, and the Lord Chamberlain and the Master of the Ceremonies were also in attendance.

Their Majesties' procession to the daïs in the ballroom on Thursday night was formed in the White Drawing-room, and passed through the Bow Drawing-room, the Blue Drawing-room, and the State Dining-room. There was a very limited Royal Circle, and only a thin *entrée*. A number of the Ambassadors and other Chefs de Mission were present with their First Secretaries, but the attendance of the Corps Diplomatique was much smaller than at the first and second Courts. The duty of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs was undertaken by Mr. Herbert Gladstone, in the absence of Sir Edward Grey. The only other Cabinet Ministers who were present at the Court were Lord Tweedmouth and Mr. Asquith. Lady Crewe "named" the Ambassadresses and wives of Chefs de Mission, who passed in the order of their precedence. The ballroom was very hot, but everything was exceedingly well managed. Ladies now leave the ballroom directly they have passed, so they proceed at once to supper without any delay. Only the few official personages who are entitled to remain in the ballroom are now allowed to stay there, and all others are requested by the State pages to withdraw if they manifest a disposition to return after they have passed.

Directly the presentations were over supper was announced to their Majesties by the Lord Steward, and the King and Queen and Royal family left in procession for the Chinese Room, followed by the Ambassadors and other Chefs de Mission, with their wives. The supper for the company was served in two rooms at buffets.

The official birthday of the Sovereign is celebrated this year by an unusually lavish distribution of titles and decorations. The peerage, it is true, does not receive many new ornaments, but economy in the richer articles is counterbalanced by prodigality in the cheaper lines. By way of apology for the length of the list it is noted in some quarters that the Liberals have been out of office an unusually long time, and have consequently heavy arrears to be made up. This argument rather gives the business away, considered as a distribution of anything but the honours of party war. The fountain of honour has two spouts, which flow now on the Tory side now on the Liberal, being controlled by the party turncocks. If one side remains in possession of the tap too long, the other side becomes parched with thirst, and must drink the deeper of the precious stream when the rival turncock comes into office.

The Order of Merit was apparently instituted to supply the want created by this state of things. It was a virtual admission that all other orders or dignities had come to resemble the Garter in being free from "any d——d nonsense about merit." There is no difference of opinion about the merits of Lord Cromer, and no suggestion of any partizan element about his admission to this unique Order. Nevertheless, I question whether the admission of any statesman to the Order is not the first step on the road which will lead it the way of all its predecessors. If it is to retain its character, political service of any kind should be excluded from it. There are enough orders and distinctions for politicians—and to spare.

Among the minor notables honoured last week I take a personal interest in the knighting of Mr. F. C. Gould. He served his apprenticeship to the art of caricature in the Christmas Numbers of TRUTH, and I shall always cherish the belief that they contained some of the best work he has ever done. I suppose he will hardly feel hurt if I suggest that in his case also service to the Party has been rewarded as well as service to Art. There is no doubt that his pencil has been a power in politics, and it seems to have an advantage over the pen as a political weapon in that it makes the enemy laugh even when he is hit the hardest.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are to return to London to-morrow from Norway, and they will reside until the end of this month at Marlborough House. The Prince of Wales will probably be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William James during Goodwood race week, at West Dean Park. The Princess, who has not visited Sandringham since her return from India, is expected at York Cottage on the 27th or 28th for a short stay. There is to be a garden party at Marlborough House on Thursday, the 12th, in connection with the League of Mercy, of which the Prince and Princess of Wales are President and Lady Grand President.

The visit of the Duke of Connaught to Liverpool, which was postponed in consequence of the death of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, is now fixed to take place on Tuesday, the 17th, and H.R.H. will be the guest of Lord and Lady Derby at Knowsley Hall. The Duke is to lay the foundation-stone of the Chapter House annexed to Liverpool Cathedral, which is to be built by the Freemasons of Lancashire as a memorial of the late Lord Lathom.

Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein was last week on a visit to Lord and Lady Hertford at Ragley Hall, Warwickshire. The Princess opened on Tuesday a

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For ESTATES, AUCTIONS, &c., see page 47.
For OUR PUZZLES, see pages 61, 62.

For APPROVED CHARITIES, see pages 51, 52.

new wing of the Midland Counties Home for Incurables at Leamington. On Wednesday she opened a bazaar in Ragley Park on behalf of the local charity. Ragley is a handsome modern house, and the park is large, picturesque, and well wooded. This place was unoccupied by its successive owners between 1822 and 1870, but an establishment was always kept in the house. The fourth Marquis of Hertford, who owned the estate between 1842 and 1870, only visited Ragley once in his life, and this was on the day of his father's funeral. He then arrived just before the ceremony, and departed again directly after the service in Arrow Church.

The Empress Eugénie, who has been cruising for several weeks in her yacht *Thistle*, which she joined at Naples, has been staying at Venice during the last week, and is about to return to England.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen returned to the Viceregal Lodge last week, where they took up their residence and resumed the activities of Irish Viceregal life. This week they leave Dublin for the South of Ireland, where they will stay at Admiralty House, Queenstown, for a few days. Great preparations are being made for their reception in State. Lord and Lady Aberdeen will visit Cork, where they will give an afternoon garden party, for which many invitations have been issued, in FitzGerald Park. Until late years the Lord-Lieutenant was only a name—and not always a popular one—throughout most of Ireland. Lord and Lady Dudley made a change in this respect, and now Lord and Lady Aberdeen are doing still more, and making the acquaintance of the officials and people in the leading towns, besides visiting the country parts.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson had been palpably failing for some little time past, but there was no cause to expect his sudden death. In spite of his years, he remained full of fight and spirit to the last, and the energy which he threw into the last two elections he fought would have done credit to a man five-and-twenty years younger. A more resolute, sincere, and uncompromising Radical never breathed. He was a foe to half-measures of all kinds, and incapable of dissembling his convictions, however unpopular they might be. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about him was that though he passed his whole life in the thick of the party fight, always giving and receiving hard knocks, he had absolutely no enemies, and I believe that his opponents—certainly all who came into personal contact with him—had as kindly a feeling and as high a respect for him as any of his own party. This was partly due to the "saving grace" of humour, which never deserted him, however deeply in earnest he might be, but partly also to the genuine amiability of his disposition. In the popular mind his name is most closely associated with teetotalism. He was a bit fanatical and impracticable in his devotion to the dogma of local option, but he rendered invaluable service to the temperance movement, and it was due to him more than anybody else that it ceased to be an object of cheap ridicule. His life was wholly unselfish. He never worked for any personal ambition, and no politician of his time more thoroughly deserved the respect of his countrymen.

Sir Wilfrid was the head of a very old Cumberland family. He entered Parliament in 1859, as the colleague of his distinguished uncle, Sir James Graham, the intimate friend of Sir Robert Peel. He lost his seat in 1865, but was again returned for Carlisle in 1868, and then represented the city until 1885. He was in Parliament as member for Cockermouth from 1886 until 1900, and was again returned in 1903 at a bye-election for Camborne, but at the General Election he successfully contested Cockermouth. In Cumberland he was known as a most popular squire, and as the generous supporter of all good works. He was an excellent host, and entertained largely at Brayton, his family place, where the manor house was rebuilt by him. He hunted regularly, and was for some years a successful M.F.H.; and he also farmed largely, and acquired fame as a successful breeder of Shorthorns.

Mr. Dennis, of New Hall, Ruabon, who died last week, was president of the Coalowners' Association of Great Britain, and he was considered to be one of the richest men in Wales. He was born in Cornwall in humble circumstances, and commenced life as a labourer in the Pentrefelin slate quarries in Denbighshire. When quite a young man he qualified as a mining engineer, and in after years he obtained so high a reputation that he was summoned to all parts of Europe for an expert opinion and for consultations. Mr. Dennis became manager of the Brynyroon Colliery, near Rhos, and he laid the foundation of his large fortune by purchasing the well-known Hafod Collieries, near Ruabon, which he greatly improved and developed. He also owned large clay works, and the Cefn freestone quarries were another of his lucrative undertakings. He has died in his eighty-second year.

The terribly sudden death of Mr. Younger, K.C., one of the most eminent advocates at the Scottish Bar, has excited great sorrow in the Edinburgh Parliament House, as he was a general favourite. Mr. Younger, who was only forty-six, was a thoroughly sound lawyer, and a lucid, crisp, and convincing speaker. He was for some years an Advocate-Depute, and last autumn he was appointed to the important Sheriffdom of Fife and Kinross. Mr. Younger would certainly have been raised to the Bench in the course of a few years.

Matlock Bath is now in a ferment over the vexed question of the day-tripper, whose coming has been a source of strife in so many watering-place It seems that the District Council last year obtained an Act of Parliament empowering them to carry out sundry

Jeffrey & Co.'s Artistic Wall Papers are on view at their New Showrooms, The Wallpaper Gallery, 31, Mortimer-st., W. To be had of all decorators.—Factory, 64, Essex-rd., Islington, N.

schemes for the improvement of the town, and one of the first things they have done is to set up a tent for variety entertainments and "threepenny hops" in the central pleasure grounds known as the Lovers' Walks. When the Council first applied to the magistrates for a licence for this dancing booth (which is to be used pending the erection of a permanent building) a number of large ratepayers and property owners strongly opposed it on the ground that such an establishment would be injurious to the interests of the town. The Act of Parliament was, they contended, promoted for the purposes of developing Matlock Bath as a health and holiday resort for good-class visitors, whereas this dancing-booth would simply be an attraction to cheap trippers and servant girls.

So powerful did the opposition appear that the magistrates refused the licence. A few days ago, however, the application was renewed, and on this occasion it was supported by a petition from persons representing rather more than half the rateable value of the town, the result being that the magistrates reversed their decision and granted the licence on the condition that the dancing-booth should be closed at nine o'clock every evening. I have been asked to join in the condemnation of the Council, but really this is one of those matters in which it is useless for an outsider to interfere. The inhabitants are in the best position to know whether the welcoming or the cold-shouldering of the trippers will be the more conducive to the prosperity of the town, and they must settle the question among themselves.

The following circular is the latest example of an abuse of landlordism which has several times been referred to in Truth. It is not sent to the tenant of the estate direct, but enclosed in a communication from the secretary of the Law Fire Insurance Society, a fact which speaks for itself:—

The Paddington Estate.

Dear Sir, or Madam,—To facilitate the management of their Estate, The Paddington Estate Trustees are desirous that fire insurances on all buildings should in future be effected in the office of the Law Fire Insurance Society.

This arrangement will save much trouble to Lessees and Tenants, as it will obviate their being called upon for the production of policies and renewal receipts from time to time.

In order, therefore, that the Estate insurance book, now in course of preparation, may be completed without delay, will you kindly fill up the accompanying form, and forward it to the *Law Fire Office, 114, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.?*

Should the insurance not be at present in the Law Fire Office, the Trustees will be glad if you can at the same time see your way to instruct that office to issue a new policy upon the expiration of the existing insurance.

Be so good as to attach this letter to the lease as a record of this request.—Yours faithfully, Ernest C. Finch.

If any one who happens to have a copy of Truth of March 30, 1905, in his possession will turn up p. 787, he will find a circular issued from an estate office in the North of England in almost identical terms and to precisely the same effect as the above, except that the insurance office mentioned is a different one. From the similarity of the terms, and the fact that it is the insurance office which sends out the communication from the Paddington Estate, it is pretty clear that the insurance offices are at the bottom of the business; and I suppose the fact is that they get hold of estate agents, and by one means or another get them to put pressure on the tenants in this way. The suggestion that the object in view is the convenience of the tenant, or even the convenience of the estate office, is of course all gammon. But even if it were true, the proper course for a landlord who wants all his tenants to insure in the same office is to introduce a proviso to that effect into his leases. Assuming, as one is fairly entitled to do, that where the insurances from the whole of one estate are brought to one company, the company allows a commission to the landlord or his agent, then this commission ought to be shared with the tenants. It practically comes to this, that the office gives "a reduction on taking a quantity," and there is no reason why the whole benefit of this reduction should go to the landlord, still less to his agent.

One of the great services which the press performs in the present day is that of indicating previously unsuspected openings for benevolence. Look, for instance, at the following advertisement in the *Morning Post*. A lady who can offer "the kindest home" to a pair of horses must have stabling for two at least, and keep one man, if not more. She is, therefore, obviously a suitable object for charity. Yet how many rich people, whether or not going in for motors, carelessly sell their horses to strangers without thinking how many deserving cases of this kind there may be almost at their doors!—

Will Rich Person going in for motors give lady pair of horses? Kindest home.—Address.

Apropos of what I said last week about the value of the "ducking chair," one of my readers forwards a postcard with a picture of a machine of this nature still in existence at Forwich, near Herne Bay. It looks a very business-like contrivance, but my correspondent says that it is not now in use. Probably inquiry would show that there are no "suffragettes" in that part of the world.

The "Theatrical Garden Party" which is to be given at the Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, on Friday afternoon, for the benefit of the Actors' Orphanage Fund, ought to draw a big "house," for the public always like to see actors and actresses off the stage, and here they will have an opportunity of seeing nearly everybody of note in "the profession," many of them contributing to entertainments of one kind or another, and others walking about just like you or me. Another consideration which should appeal to everybody is that whenever any public charity needs a "benefit" actors

Tabasco. Tabasco. Tabasco. Tabasco. Tabasco. Tabasco. The only liquid red pepper sauce. All connoisseurs appreciate it immensely. Chefs and cooks recognise it as a great acquisition for giving tone and life to soups, sauces, gravies, oysters, curries, entrees, &c. The flavour is irresistible and quickly grows on one. 1s. 6d. per bottle of all grocers, or post free from Lamont Corliss & Co., 11, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

and actresses are always ready with their services, and the least that the rest of the community can do is to support the profession when it asks for help for its own charities. Those who are economical in their charity may obtain tickets in advance at a saving of 2s., by applying at any of the libraries, theatres, or District Messenger offices.

I was discoursing last week on some of the reasons that render the Continent more attractive to holiday-makers than the United Kingdom. It certainly cannot be said that lack of enterprise on the part of the railways which do not take people towards the Continent has anything to do with it. Scotland in particular is every year better served. The Great Northern is putting on this month a relief Scotch express in the morning (10.10 a.m.), and a new one at 11.25 (both of them dining-car trains), an additional sleeping-car express at 7.55 p.m., for the West Highlands, and another at 11.45 p.m. for Edinburgh and Glasgow. The same company is also putting on new fast trains to Cromer and the Norfolk coast, and to Scarborough; and at the same time establishing cheap week-end fares throughout the whole of its system. I would also recommend any one who does not know what advantages are offered for touring in the beautiful country between the Humber and the Tweed to consult the programmes of the North-Eastern Company.

Mr. W. H. Gladstone, New College, has been elected Junior Treasurer of the Oxford Union. Mr. Gladstone, who succeeded to the extensive Hawarden estates on the death of his grandmother, Mrs. W. E. Gladstone, will attain his majority this month, when there are to be a series of festivities at Hawarden to celebrate his coming of age, in which a number of distinguished personages will take part. Mr. W. H. Gladstone is a decided Liberal in politics, and he has made some admirable speeches at the Union during his residence at Oxford. Through his mother he is a grandson of the late (and last) Lord Blantyre, and a great-grandson of the second Duke of Sutherland and the Duchess Harriet, who was herself a daughter of the sixth Earl of Carlisle, and a granddaughter of Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire. Duchess Harriet was an elder sister of Lady Burlington, the mother of the present Duke of Devonshire.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has presented the Rev. John A. V. Magee to the Crown living of St. Mark's, Hamilton-terrace, which is about to become vacant by the resignation of Canon Duckworth, who was presented to the benefice in 1870 by Mr. Gladstone, and since 1875 he has also held a stall in Westminster Abbey, to which he was appointed by Lord Beaconsfield in succession to Charles Kingsley. St. Mark's is worth about £1,000 a year, with house, and is one of the most important parochial charges in the north-west district of London. Mr. Magee, who is a son of the late Archbishop of York, is a most eloquent preacher, and a powerful platform speaker, having inherited a large share of his father's great gifts, and he will be a valuable addition to the pulpit orators of the metropolis. He has acquired a great reputation as a successful missioner.

Mr. Magee commenced his clerical career as domestic chaplain to the present Archbishop of Canterbury, who was then Bishop of Rochester. He gave up that post to accept the curacy of Bath Abbey under the present Bishop of Sheffield (Dr. Quirk), and was shortly afterwards presented to the valuable living of Gargrave-in-Craven, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, by Sir Matthew Wilson, whose granddaughter he had married. Mr. Magee is now a moderate High Churchman, his views having risen several degrees since he was working at Bath Abbey, which has always been a stronghold of the Evangelical party. He has identified himself with the English Church Union to a considerable extent. The Prince of Wales is said to have recommended Mr. Magee for promotion, as H.R.H. was greatly impressed by the excellence of a sermon which he heard him preach some years ago, when staying at a country house in Scotland. Mr. Magee was afterwards commanded to preach at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, by the wish of the Prince of Wales.

The advantages which the services of the Church, and I may say public worship generally, offer as an advertising medium, have been sadly overlooked. The most enthusiastic Churchman can hardly deny this. It is pleasant, therefore, to meet with any evidence of a more business-like spirit. A little card which has been sent to me is a pretty example of what might be done more frequently with great advantage to poor parishes and struggling clergymen—I mean, of course, pecuniary advantage. On one side it enumerates all the daily and weekly services of the Parish Church of All Saints, Walworth ("Vicar: the Rev. A. T. Ellis, M.A. (Oxon.)." At the foot of the notices is the intimation:—

> This card is presented to you by permission of the Vicar, with a most cordial invitation to the services and meetings by the
> Rev. Rupert St. Leger, B.A. (Cantab.),
> Bovril Missioner.

On the reverse of the card is a tasteful design pictorially demonstrating the constituents of "Bovril," with the information that "The Scientific blending of these forms the perfect food, Boveil."

A pretty idea, is it not? On the one side all necessary information for the due sustenance of the soul, on the other, the like for the requirements of the body: a "scientific blend" of elements, spiritual and material,

Dieudonné Hotel and Restaurant, Ryder Street, S.W. Excellent cuisine, prompt service, and comfort. Luncheons and Dinners Prix Fixe and à la carte. Mod. charges. Tele. No.: 5265 Gerr. Tele. Address: "Guffanti, London." Now open for Supper.

An Open-Air Restaurant, directly overlooking the Sea, is a new feature at the beautiful Felix Hotel, Felixstowe. Charming gardens extend to foot of cliffs. Hungarian Band at week ends. Moderate terms. Every day, Non-Stop Express each way, performing the journey in about 1 hour 50 min.

to form the perfect Christian, muscular and orthodox. I welcome the "Bovril Missioner." He is the herald of a new era, when the clergy will distribute tracts with one hand and trade handbills with the other, when the preacher will tell us in his "firstly" of the road to salvation, and in his "secondly" of the beneficial effects of this patent food, or that patent medicine; in his "thirdly" of the wrath to come, and in his "fourthly" of the trouble awaiting those who do not use the right soap on washing day, or by their fatal procrastination find themselves too late to join the Times Book Club. The night is departing, the day is at hand—the day when every great advertising house will make the best of both worlds by having its "Missioner" in Holy Orders—or its *Com*-missioner, for I suppose that orders will be booked on the usual agency terms. How lovely will be the messengers who preach us the gospel of puff!

Of the material advantage to the clergy it is scarcely necessary to speak. The Rev. Rupert St. Leger, Bovril Missioner, is, on the authority of "Crockford," vicar of Ridgewell, Essex. On the same authority, his ecclesiastical emoluments are but a beggarly £152 per annum, with house. Small blame to him for accepting the Bovril appointment! What it may be worth goodness knows, but a great business firm cannot afford to be niggardly in matters of this kind. Besides, I know what we journalists charge for advertisement space, and a clergyman of the Established Church may rightly price himself above any newspaper. It is easy to see what opportunities of preferment are thus placed within reach of the poor clergy—a class always deserving of sympathy, and frequently of something much more substantial. Chaplaincies to leading business firms will keep the wolf from many a parsonage door, and relieve the Church of a crying scandal. At the same time, if beneficed clergymen are to tour the country on advertising "missions," the Bishops must see that they provide properly for their duty in their absence. Mr. St. Leger, for example, ought to have an efficient locum tenens at Ridgewell, while he is conducting the Bovril Mission in Walworth. Otherwise the Church will only get out of one scandal into another.

Below will be found yet another contribution to the revelations about the misuse of Catholic trust funds. Perhaps the most interesting point about it is the evidence it affords that Rome has shown itself in the past by no means indifferent to the grievances of English Catholics on this score, and by no means disposed to countenance episcopal maladministration. This encourages the hope that when the facts are properly understood, the authority of Rome may be relied upon to take measures for the suppression of these scandals.

The writer of this letter does not give his name for publication, and there is no reason why he should, but I have reasons for thinking it well to mention that he is a layman:—

> Not only do the Bishops mismanage and waste the funds of the Church, but they do not hesitate, at least some of them, to use ecclesiastical censures against those who venture to oppose them. These are but well known cases.
>
> The late Bishop of Nottingham suspended from ecclesiastical office the clerical trustee of a charity connected with a Catholic School at Corby, because he would not betray his trust by allowing the Bishop to use the money for other purposes than the trust allowed. The priest, well known and respected by all, suffered this indignity, but held to his position. While submitting to the suspension, he appealed to Rome; the Bishop was summoned there, ordered to remove the suspension, and made to resign his see.
>
> In Scotland a Captain Mitchell left in 1865, a large sum (I think over £50,000) in trust to the Scottish Bishops collectively for the benefit of aged and infirm priests. The fund was divided, and through mismanagement and malversation the greater part was either lost or in danger of being lost. The late Father Carmont took the matter in hand and brought the trustees before the Court. The result was that the money was restored and the trust re-constructed. Father Carmont, however, was declared by the Bishops to be excommunicated, and was treated as though he were another Luther, or Henry VIII. For over two years this worthy priest had to suffer in reputation, health, and purse, because he persisted in defending the rights of the Scotch clergy against the maladministration of episcopal trustees. Here, again, on appeal to Rome, Father Carmont was declared not to have incurred the excommunication.
>
> English Catholics are wondering why the Bishops implicated in these money scandals are not summoned to Rome to give an account of the charges. The Holy See knows officially of the state of affairs. It is also a cause of wonder why these Bishops, the late Bishop of Southwark, and the present Bishop of Portsmouth, the two most implicated at present, are not called upon to resign their sees. It is only by some such drastic measure as this that there can be restored a confidence which these two prelates have wholly lost both amongst their people and clergy.
>
> It is all very well for the *Tablet* to deny that Archbishop Bourne ever said that in money matters he was only responsible to God and the Holy See. His actions, we hold, are the best interpreters of his words; and what he said respecting the closing of a school at Chiselhurst is only an indication of an exalted state of mind that has shown itself in other and less defensible instances.

Last summer the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond-street made the experiment of opening a ward entirely devoted to cases of "English cholera," or "infective diarrhœa," which is responsible every summer for a heavy mortality among children—in fact, the hospital authorities state that it is the most destructive of all ailments incidental to child life. So many children were treated, and so successfully, in the special ward last year, that the committee decided to re-open it this year for a period of six months; but this involves a heavy additional expenditure, which must be met if the experiment is to be repeated. Last year the hospital was in great part relieved of the expense by a grant of £500 from the Goldsmiths' Company; but this year, and in future, the cost must be met from public subscriptions, and it is to be hoped that they will be forthcoming. Large numbers of people are greatly interested at present in the question of infant mortality, and here is an opportunity for them to do something practical towards diminishing it.

I have received the following amounts towards Lady St. Helier's Children's Holiday Fund:—E. J. L., £1; A. B. C., 5s.; X. Y. Z., 10s.

FOR REMOVING FRUIT, NICOTINE, INK, & all other stains from the Skin, use "PUMICE STONE SOAP," a perfumed Toilet Soap. Invaluable to MOTORISTS; removes Oil or Grease stains at once, leaving the hands white and soft. For AMATEUR GARDENERS nothing better for cleaning the hands stained by fruit or flowers. A boon to CIGARETTE SMOKERS. Nicotine stains removed with ease. Price 6d. post free for stamps. OSBORNE, BAUER & CHEESEMAN, 19, Golden-square, Regent-street, W.

MOTOR CARS INSURED against Accidental Damage, Fire, Explosion, Self-Ignition, and Burglary. Public Liability also covered.—IMPERIAL ACCIDENT, LIVE STOCK, AND GENERAL INSURANCE CO., LTD., 17, Pall Mall East, S.W. New "Motor Prospectus" sent on application.

While the Indian Government makes no attempt to better the condition of its officers in the matter of pay, it has lately altered their position considerably for the worse in the matter of furlough. When the establishment of a native regiment consisted of eight officers, the latter were allowed to take a year's furlough two at a time, so that each officer got a year every four years. When the establishment was raised to twelve, the new rule was introduced that four officers might take eight months' furlough at a time, so that each man gets eight months in three years instead of one year in four. Thus in twelve years an officer will get thirty-two months' furlough, whereas under the old arrangement he would get three years.

The curtailment of the time is not the only grievance created. Under the new system a man, if he desires to spend his furlough in England, will have to go home four times in twelve years instead of three under the old system, which means that the cost of his holidays is increased by one-third. It seems most unreasonable and inconsiderate that this additional expense should be thrown upon men desirous of spending their furlough in England at a time when they are constantly exposed to increasing financial pressure by other circumstances. The matter is the worse from the officer's point of view, because the chance of getting a passage home in a troop-ship, which could always be reckoned upon in former days, has decreased so much that it may almost be said to have disappeared. A pretence has been made of compensating officers for what they lose under the new system by allowing them to count the first three months of their furlough as "privilege leave," which means a slight addition to their pay for that time; but as they were previously entitled to privilege leave, this concession is simply a fraud, and really seems to add to their grievance.

As was pointed out in a recent letter to the *Pioneer*, there is no excuse for the change that has been made in the furlough rules. The establishment of Indian officers was increased solely with a view to providing against casualties in war. It is not needed for ordinary administrative purposes in time of peace. There is no reason, therefore, why three officers should not have been allowed to take a year's furlough where two were allowed it previously. This would have left the allowance of furlough per man unchanged, and there would still have been an additional officer with every regiment under normal conditions.

Apropos of the recent discussion on "chest-swelling" exercises for recruits, an Army recruiter from whom I have had many interesting contributions at different times boldly asserts that the whole system of chest measurement is a delusion and a snare. Here are his own words:—

During the last few years I have examined scores of youths and men, including a good many sailors, who stated that they had always been hard worked though well-fed, who had hardly an ounce of superfluous fat about them, and were, as the saying is, "as hard as nails," yet who were all under the standard of the unit they wished to join. On the other hand I have known any number of youths and men who never did a day's work in their lives, and never will, if they can help it, who, on examination, had plenty of fat about their bodies, and who would be an inch, two inches, or sometimes more, above the standard of chest measurement for the unit they wished to join. The first were all rejected for the Army, the latter all accepted.

I have often thought when I have had to reject men for not being up to standard that this system of chest measurement is fallacious, and causes some men to be wrongly rejected and some to be wrongly passed. I am confident that many youths and men who have been brought up to hard work and never over-fed would develop in time and make good soldiers, although they are slightly under the regulation chest measurement; whilst the work-shy in civil life, whose chests may be an inch or two bigger, will soon show their work-shyness in the Army, and be found among those who have to be discharged as "not likely to become efficient soldiers."

According to the last report of the Army Medical Department, issued the other day, 24,782 out of 70,346 recruits inspected in 1904 were rejected, almost entirely on medical grounds. This is rather more than one in three—to be exact, 352.29 per 1,000. The largest number of rejections—4,967—were on the ground of defective teeth; the next largest—3,626—on the ground of insufficient chest measurement. When, therefore, an experienced man, who must have had many hundred of recruits through his hands, suggests that the system of chest measurement is altogether fallacious, the matter seems worth further consideration. I have my doubts about the teeth test, too; and when it appears that about 5,000 men out of 25,000 are rejected on the score of defective teeth, I should say that this is another point worth reconsidering.

I should very much like to show Mr. Haldane in the strictest of confidence a letter received the other day from a senior non-commissioned officer on the subject of the accommodation provided for women and children on transports. It is a general complaint founded on many years' experience, but it has special reference to a recent voyage. It gives a deplorable picture of the condition of some forty women, with children in proportion, crowded into a small, ill-ventilated deck entirely filled with berths, without the slightest attempt at provision for individual privacy. The event of sea-sickness is equally unprovided for. No arrangements were made for washing clothes, and the two baths available had to be entirely devoted to laundry work during the voyage. Air and exercise had to be obtained in the small space on deck allowed to stokers and engine-men for the same purpose; and so on.

Many of the details which make up this unsavoury picture can only be left to the imagination. I should like Mr. Haldane to see the letter for this reason, and also because it would give him some idea of the feeling created in the mind of a man who has been decently brought up and educated by the exposure of his wife and children to the misery and degradation of a long sea voyage under such conditions. A soldier's wife must expect to put up with a great deal. But it is disgraceful that respectable women should be treated on board ship like niggers in the old days of the slave trade, and a country which spends as much money as we do on its army would not tolerate such things if it knew of them.

In the course of some further questions in the House of Commons last week respecting the Ceylon pearl fisheries scandal, the Under-Secretary for the Colonies was asked whether Sir J. West Ridgeway took any part

in the transaction during the time he was Governor of Ceylon. The reply was in the negative. As was made clear in my articles on the subject, it was not until a year or so after his retirement from the Governorship that Sir West Ridgeway approached Mr. Lyttelton, the then Colonial Secretary, with proposals for the leasing of the fisheries to a London syndicate in which he was interested. But it was in the capacity of Governor of Ceylon that Sir West Ridgeway became acquainted with the value of the fisheries, and it seems to me a highly improper and objectionable proceeding for an ex-Governor to come home and secure from the Secretary of State an enormously profitable concession in the colony which he has just left. In this instance the objectionableness of the proceeding was aggravated by the secrecy of the negotiations and by the fact that the syndicate were granted a lease of the fisheries at a ridiculously inadequate rent.

The rent to be paid by the company is £20,666 per annum, and on Monday the Under-Secretary was asked to say how this compared with the revenue the Ceylon Government has derived from the fisheries for the last three years. Mr. Churchill replied that the revenue was £42,000 in 1903, £61,000 in 1904, and £153,000 in 1905. He added that the results of those three years did not afford the basis of what would be a fair rental; an average of twenty years should be taken, and during twelve out of the last twenty years the fisheries failed altogether. It is very chivalrous of Lord Elgin—for, of course, this reply embodied his views on the matter—to try to minimise the job for which his predecessor at the Colonial Office is responsible; but this talk about the twenty years' average is a little too thin. Of course, it is true that there were a dozen practically barren years. That was the fact which caused Sir J. West Ridgeway, as Governor of Ceylon, to call in experts, whose reports showed that the barren years were mainly due to unskilful working, and that if scientific methods of oyster culture were adopted there need be no future failure; but that, on the contrary, the productiveness of the fisheries might be greatly increased. Some improvements have been carried out, and ever since the fisheries have been successful.

In the face of these facts it is simply preposterous to put forward a twenty years' average, including all those years of failure through mismanagement, as the basis on which the value of the fisheries should be estimated. There is, too, another point to be considered. The revenue accruing to the Ceylon Government, amounting to £256,000 in three years, has been only a portion of the proceeds of the fisheries, which have been worked on a sharing system with the people actually engaged in the industry. It is quite conceivable, and I should think highly probable, that the company of which Sir J. West Ridgeway is a director, will want a much larger proportion of the profits than the Government has been content to accept.

A lady makes a complaint against the G.P.O. in reference to the surcharging of some picture cards which she sent from Rome to friends in England. It seems that she was told by a postal official in Rome that as there was nothing written on the cards except the address they would come at the halfpenny rate of postage. Two cards, however, exceeded the regulation size for postcards, and on delivery they were accordingly surcharged as insufficiently prepaid letters. The lady points out that the excess in measurement was extremely minute, but there clearly was an excess, and so I think the surcharge was justified. If a regulation of that kind is to be any use it is obvious that it must be enforced strictly. The remaining cards were within the size limits, but were surcharged on delivery as insufficiently prepaid postcards. This was because the title "Carte Postale" was printed on them, whereas if that title had been deleted and the word "Imprimé," or the English "Book Post" substituted, the cards could have been transmitted with halfpenny stamps, being admissible at the reduced rate of postage applicable to printed matter. The fact that she was misled in Rome makes the lady's experience annoying, but here again I do not see how the English Post Office can be blamed for enforcing the printed regulations. The regulations on these points are not difficult to understand, and a vast amount of trouble and confusion would be saved if people would only read them.

The description in TRUTH two or three weeks ago of the harsh treatment of a workman by the Gas Light and Coke Company has brought me a good deal more information pointing in the same direction. Among other things I am told that the "fitters' mate," who in the case previously mentioned was receiving only 24s. a week, was in an exceptionally fortunate position, as there are plenty of men working in that capacity for the company at 18s. per week, while many fitters are only receiving 4s. a day. One correspondent states that only a week or two ago he heard of fitters being offered work at 3s. 9d. per day. These wages are far below the normal rates for anything approaching skilled labour, and it is disgraceful that a monopolist company making enormous profits should deal with its men on such terms. The wonder is that in these days of trade unionism and labour representation in Parliament a corporation in this position should be able to sweat its men to this extent.

A side-light is thrown upon the existing state of things by the practice which the company has recently adopted of fitting premises for gas at cost price, if not below it, in order to compete with electric light companies. I hear that in one case where some large premises were being rebuilt the company put in over 1,000ft. of gas-pipe absolutely free of charge in order to ensure the subsequent use of gas in the establishment. If in order that the company may work on these terms wages are cut down, it follows that the work is being done at the cost, not of the shareholders, but of the workmen. There could not be a better example of the need for the workmen to organise, and fight in their own defence, and they would be entitled to the fullest sympathy of the public if they were to do so. For the shareholders of the Gas Light and Coke Company have long, notwithstanding the competition of electric light,

been in receipt of profits far in excess of what can be legitimately expected from such an undertaking.

I may add that the men seem to have suffered recently in other ways besides actual reduction of wages. It used to be the custom to give bonuses at Christmas and Midsummer to men of more than twelve months' service. Both of these have recently been discontinued, as also has the allowance of a day's pay to the men on the occasion of their annual outing. In short, retrenchment all round seems to be the present rule with the directors, but retrenchment solely at the expense of the workmen. No project for reducing the fees of the directors or the salaries of officials *pro ratâ* has been heard of as yet.

A report that in the Basford Workhouse the consumption of eggs amounts to 1,650 a week—the officers eating 200 and the paupers the remainder—is commended to my notice as an example of the extravagances of poor law administration. Of course, one cannot say positively that this is extravagance without a knowledge (which the report does not give) of the number of persons in the workhouse; but it certainly looks as if the Basford Bumbles attach an excessive importance to the "egg theory" of which so much was heard a few months ago. Are the paupers in training for a boat-race?

Some years ago I had to make some necessary but unpleasant remarks about the sanitary condition of Aldeburgh, more especially in regard to the quality of the water supply. What I said was perfectly justified at the time, and, although the local authorities did not relish my criticism, it had a salutary effect. They have since put their house in order by carrying out a drainage scheme and securing a good water supply; and as this small seaside resort inevitably suffered when its faults were exposed, I have now been asked to make known the fact that they have been remedied. I do so with pleasure.

If the Committee on bankruptcy administration is in want of materials—though I hardly think it is likely—it may cast its eye on the accounts issued by the trustee in bankruptcy of Mr. C. P. Whitney, of Liverpool. The net receipts in this case were £141 0s. 11d., entirely from book debts and surplus securities in the hands of secured creditors. To realise this amount cost £121 12s. 4d., leaving £19 8s. 7d. for the creditors. The Board of Trade and Court fees account for £29, other law costs for the same amount and a few shillings over. The trustee gets £49 2s. 2d., and the rest of the expenses are made up of shorthand writer, advertisements, and "incidentals." A novelty in the account, according to my experience, is the following note by the trustee against the statement of his remuneration:—

Trustee's time occupied, on usual scale of charges, amounted to £123.

So that the trustee may consider that he suffers by the proceedings as heavily as the creditors.

I pointed out some months ago that the salient anomaly of our bankruptcy procedure is that after heavy charges have been levied by the Court and the Board of Trade, the creditors have to bear all the cost of paying other individuals for the necessary administrative work. This case affords a striking example of that state of things. After £58 odd has been paid to the Board, the Court, and the lawyers, out of an estate worth £141, the creditors still have to pay nearly £50 to a trustee; and the trustee himself considers that he has done the work for less than half the amount to which, as a professional man, he is properly entitled. The whole business is a disgrace to a civilised community.

In another recent case disposed of in the Greenwich County Court the estate realised £133 3s. 7d. The whole of this amount was swallowed up in costs of realisation, and rent and rates to the amount of £2 5s. 6d. stand over as "balance due to trustee," but the bulk of the money going under the same heads, as in the previous case, though in this instance the trustee only gets £13 18s. 9d., and does not complain that he was underpaid. There were £36 6s. 5d. law costs in this case, but they were mostly "costs of petition," the incidental litigation having only cost £7 2s. 2d. The debtor, a Mr. Ellis, seems to have been a more than usually sanguine representative of his class. He estimates his assets at £33,000 odd, and reckoned on a surplus of assets over liabilities to the amount of £31,864 10s. 2d., so that he was out to just that trifling amount in calculating his position. He thought his book debts were worth £19,641 16s. 2d., whereas they actually realised £16 12s. 11d.; and he estimated that he had property in the shape of equity of redemption worth £13,400, which turned out to be worth £107. With an imagination so sublimely superior to facts, it is perhaps scarcely surprising that the gentleman became a bankrupt.

Apropos of the defaulting solicitor Bloomer, a legal correspondent points out that in America there are lawyers' guarantee associations, which guarantee the honesty of their members. He goes on to suggest that the Incorporated Law Society should establish something of the same sort in England, and he thinks that it spends a good deal of money in various directions, including annual picnics in the provinces, which might be employed more usefully in this way. I cannot say that I know much about the finances of the Law Society, but a guarantee fund is one of the means which naturally suggest themselves of relieving the profession of the discredit in which the black sheep keep it continually involved—a discredit which is bad for business, because in these days people of any knowledge and prudence do not trust their solicitors any further than they can see them, and business is lost in consequence.

The Incorporated Law Society of Ireland gave a banquet last week at its hall in the Four Courts to the Lord-Lieutenant, and, judging by the menu which is given in the *Freeman's Journal*, it must have been a pretty sumptuous entertainment, designed regardless of expense. An Irish solicitor writes in reference to it:—

The number of members of the Law Society is about 700. About 200 of them are Dublin solicitors who pay an annual subscription of £1; the remainder are country solicitors who pay

10s. The subscriptions barely suffice to pay the ordinary working expenses of the Society as a trade union. Any extraordinary expenditure, such as the cost of promoting the Solicitors (Ireland) Act, or a banquet like that given on Monday, is really paid out of the fees exacted under the authority of Parliament from solicitors' apprentices. The fees are levied on the examinations: for the Preliminary £8 3s., for the Intermediate £5, and for the Final £10. These sums are greatly in excess of what the examinations cost. The Society is put in funds by them to the extent of about £1,000 annually. By these means the Society is run at a very small cost to its members, and has a big balance over for feasting or other purposes. But what right has the Society to levy exorbitant taxes upon young men desirous of entering the profession in order to raise money for giving public banquets, or to reduce the cost to the members of running the professional organisation?

The case of the Incorporated Law Society, U.K., is exactly similar, but on a much larger scale.

A scandalous example of the way in which policemen sometimes work up a case against a prisoner came before the County Bench at Lichfield last week, when an Army officer was charged with improper behaviour in the presence of some school girls. The policeman concerned in the case was a detective named Wilcox. It was found that the little girls had been carefully coached in their evidence, one of them naively admitting in her cross-examination that she had gone through it a good many times with the detective and the clergyman of the parish, "just in the same way as she learned her lessons at school." Wilcox himself gave his evidence in a most unsatisfactory manner, shuffling with the questions of the counsel for the defence, and showing quite plainly that his idea of his duty was to suppress or ignore anything that would tell in favour of the accused. Fortunately the defendant was able to prove an alibi, and the Bench unanimously dismissed the charge, declaring that the defendant left the court without a stain upon his character. Their worships at the same time expressed their very strong disapproval of the conduct of the detective, who is an ornament of the Staffordshire County Constabulary. Apparently, members of that force still hold the same mistaken views of their duty in reference to securing, or attempting to secure, convictions which were exhibited in the notorious Edalji case.

At the Hyde County Police-court last week Dr. Tinker, J.P., announced that he had "a conscientious objection" to the granting of a certificate of exemption under the conscientious objection clause of the Vaccination Act. He then left the Bench, and as only one other magistrate was present the applicant was informed that he must come again, the signatures of two magistrates being required. Dr. Tinker is evidently labouring under a grotesque delusion with regard to the obligations of his office. There is no analogy between his position and the position of the conscientious objector to vaccination. In applying for a certificate of exemption the latter is exercising a right conferred upon him by the law; in refusing to consider such an application Dr. Tinker is setting the law at defiance. Magistrates, and judges too, constantly have to administer Acts of Parliament of which some of them personally disapprove. It is manifest that the country would soon be reduced to a state of anarchy if they were allowed to pick and choose what laws they would or would not carry out, and in view of Dr. Tinker's conduct it seems to me that the Lord Chancellor should call upon him either to fulfil his duty as a Justice of the Peace or else to resign his office.

Some of the cases in my Legal Pillory this week bring out very effectively the distinction that is drawn between previous convictions for offences against property and for offences against the person respectively. At the Holland Quarter Sessions and the Lindsey Quarter Sessions sentences of nine and six months hard labour were passed on previously convicted prisoners for petty thefts, and at the High Court in Glasgow Lord Ardwall condemned a man with a "bad record" to ten years penal servitude for stealing 100 lb. of iron from a railway goods yard. The latter is an example of judicial ferocity which has rarely been excelled, even by the Dracos of the Scottish Bench. But while this system of cumulative sentences is more or less generally adopted in dealing with charges of larceny, previous convictions appear to be virtually ignored in dealing with charges of violence, and I report below two instructive cases at Harwich and at Rotherham, where defendants with "bad records" were let off with trumpery fines for brutal assaults. Further instances of inadequately punished assaults are also given, and the contrasted decisions at St. Helen's and Dunfermline are particularly noteworthy. With regard to the sentences for poaching at Ashbourn, it will be seen that one of the men committed to gaol was a first offender:—

Dunfermline Sheriff Court. Before Sheriff Shennan. John O'Donnell, charged with assaulting James Higgins by striking him on the head with an axe and rendering him insensible. Fined 20s.

Dunfermline Sheriff Court. Before Sheriff Shennan. Robert Johnston and John Steedman, convicted of trespassing in pursuit of game. Johnston fined £1 17s. 11d., and Steedman £2.

St. Helen's Police Court.—Christopher and Patrick Flynn, young men, charged with assaulting their father. Christopher went home under the influence of drink and struck his father on the head first with a chair and then with a poker. The complainant was knocked down and both his sons then kicked him. His injuries included two large wounds on his head. The Bench fined Christopher £2 16s., and Patrick £1 16s., including costs.

St. Helen's Police Court. Harry Bickerstaffe, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. Fourteen days.

Peterborough Petty Sessions. Before Colonel C. I. Strong, the Mayor (Mr. Lamplugh), Messrs. W. E. Welby, H. Little, J. H. Beeby, W. Beaver, J. Adnitt, G. H. Dean, and Colonel Costobadie. Joseph Smith, baker, charged with embezzling 7½d. and 4½d. belonging to his employer, on December 22 and 23. Six weeks.

Rotherham West Riding Police Court. Before Colonel Verelst, Colonel Stoddart, and Messrs. B. J. Young and E. Rose. Thomas Storey, charged with being drunk and disorderly, and with assaulting the police. After he had been arrested defendant struggled with the constable for nearly one hour, striking him and kicking him, and eventually he had to be taken to the police station in a cart. There were twenty previous convictions against the defendant, who was described as a terror to the neighbourhood. Fined £2 and costs.

Ashbourn Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. C. G. Busby, H. E. Okeover, and Peveril Turnbull and the Rev. E. R. Morris. Trevor Drage and Thomas Sowter, charged with poaching. The former had nine pegs in his possession, and the latter a net and a rabbit. Sowter (previously convicted) two months; Drage (not previously convicted) one month. Both defendants were also ordered to find sureties that they would not so offend again for a year; and in default of doing this they will have to undergo a further six months' imprisonment.

Old Hill Police Court. Before Messrs. A. H. Bassano, J. W. Tilley, J. H. Smith, J. Howard and C. Woodhouse. John Charles Priest, charged with assaulting Benjamin Willetts. It was a brutal assault, and complainant received a wound on the head which had to be stitched up. Fined 20s.

Derby County Police Court. Before Messrs. G. W. Peach, W. Elsey, and E. S. Milnes. Thomas Beardmore and George White, charged with stealing a pair of garden shears. Twenty-one days each.

Holbeach Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. Merry, West, Banks and Tingle. George Wilson, charged with stealing a pair of boots. One month.

ROYAL SOCIETY FOR PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS. Nearly 8,000 convictions last year. Complaints marked 'Private' absolutely confidential.—SECRETARY, 105, Jermyn-st., London.

Docking Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. Simms Reeve, and H. V. Sheringham and the Rev. Canon Hare. John Doughty, charged with being drunk and disorderly, and with assaulting constable. He bit the officer's fingers and kicked him several times. Fined 20s.

Harwich Police Court. Before the Mayor and Messrs. C. E. Chapman and R. Hill. Jonathan Marsh, charged with assaulting Joseph Clarke. Complainant received a cut on the face from which blood flowed freely, and both his eyes were blackened. It appeared that the complainant gave evidence against the defendant many years ago, when the latter was sentenced to five years' penal servitude. There was a very long list of previous convictions against him. Fined 21s., and bound over to keep the peace.

Plymouth Police Court. Before Messrs. J. J. Marshall and G. W. Eyre. Joseph Coady, convicted of assaulting Sarah E. Leonard by striking her in the face, knocking her down and kicking her. Fined 10s. and costs.

Lindsey Quarter Sessions, Lincoln. Before Mr. W. Embleton Fox and other magistrates. Conrad Allenby, charged with stealing a pair of boots. Previously convicted. Six months.

High Court of Justiciary, Glasgow. Before Lord Ardwall. Thomas Smith, an elderly man, charged with stealing 100 lb. of railway fish plates from a goods yard. There was a long record of previous convictions against the prisoner. Ten years' penal servitude.

Sherborne Petty Sessions. Before Colonel J. E. P. Goodden, Major J. J. L. McAdam, and Mr. A. S. Williams. Ronald McDonald, charged with trespassing in pursuit of game. Fined £2 7s. 6d.; in default one month.

Holland Quarter Sessions. Before Mr W. Garfit and other magistrates. Thomas Sutton, charged with stealing a pair of trousers from a shop. There were a number of previous convictions against him. Nine months.

Southampton Borough Police Court. Before Mr. J. Le Feuvre and other magistrates. Emma Lawrence, charged with stealing a pair of canvas shoes, value 1s. 11d., from outside a shop. Three weeks.

Reading Borough Police Court. Before Messrs. R. C. Smith, J. J. Cooper, C. E. Hewett, W. H. Smith, and J. B. Messer. George Norton, charged with stealing three boots from a shop. One month.

With reference to the pillorying last week of a sentence of three months' imprisonment which the Hastings Bench passed upon a man for stealing fourteen cabbages from a garden, a local J.P. writes to say that the garden in question is one of a number rented by working men in different parts of the borough, that thefts of this kind have been very common, and that the police necessarily find it difficult to secure the marauders. He adds that there were three previous convictions for felony, besides a dozen convictions for other offences, against this particular prisoner. In the light of this information the sentence certainly does not appear to be so excessive.

The last few mails from India have brought me copies of Tanquerey's "free portrait" circulars literally by the dozen. At a rough estimate the whole mass must weigh a couple of pounds, at least. Tanquerey is a good friend to the Post Office, if to nobody else. It is quite impossible for me to go through all the accompanying letters in detail, and I can only refer those of my Indian correspondents who ask for information to the TRUTH Cautionary List, and any of the innumerable references to Tanquerey and his works that have appeared in these columns during the last ten or twelve years. The activity of this rascal in India is no doubt attributable to the folly of a few muddle-headed Anglo-Indians who recently gave him valuable testimonials in the course of a correspondence on the "free portrait" swindle in the Indian press. I wish that those misguided idiots had to deal with all the correspondence that they have brought on me.

THE LUXURY OF A BATH is incomplete without the addition of SCRUBB'S CLOUDY AMMONIA, which refreshes and invigorates. Insist on SCRUBB'S. Makes Home Sweet Home In Deed.

Of the making of electric belts there is no end, and each fresh article of this class put upon the market claims to surpass all predecessors in its power to heal all diseases. The latest of them, so far as I know, is "Dr. Pierce's Galvanic Chain Belt," with which is combined "Dr. Pierce's Magnetic Elastic Truss." Dr. Pierce and his appliances hail from San Francisco, but are represented in London by the Magnetic Elastic Truss Company, and the Pierce Electric Company, otherwise Pierce and Son, 11 and 12, Finsbury-square, E.C.

An inmate of a public lunatic asylum recently got into correspondence with the above-mentioned firm, who sent him one of the usual forms to fill up, with particulars of all his symptoms. It looks as if the vendors consider the galvanic chain belt and the magnetic elastic truss as suitable for ministering to a mind diseased as for curing the ailments of the body. The correspondence came under the notice of one of the medical officers of the asylum, who filled up the aforesaid form with "the plain, ordinary symptoms of chronic Bright's disease," and despatched it to Pierce and Son. The following is the reply:—

DEAR SIR,—We are in receipt of your "Statement of Case," which has had our careful attention. In reply would state that the complaints from which your (*sic*) suffering are evidently the result of a weakened condition of the whole body, and there is nothing better to renew the strength and vitality than a good electric belt. We therefore would recommend you to order either our No. 1 grade (price £2 1s. 6d.) or the No. 2 (price £3 2s.) . . . And we could send with the belt a long electric conductor which would convey the current to your head or feet or any other part of the body where the pain is felt. The full printed instructions is (*sic*) sent with every appliance, and if these are carefully observed we have no doubt but you will derive beneficial results therefrom in course of time.—Yours very truly, PIERCE ELECTRIC COMPANY.

As the physician observes in forwarding this correspondence, "if Pierce had the slightest smattering of medical knowledge he could not have failed to recognise the disease from the symptoms stated in the form." The above letter, therefore, speaks for itself; but I suppose it is not much use pointing that out to the lunatics—whether inside asylums or outside—who are ready to pay their £2 or £3 for rubbish of this class.

It is astonishing to see how the advertising cheap jacks copy one another's tricks. In a huge batch of circulars from firms of this class sent on to me from various quarters last week, I find, in addition to the names of the "British Watch Company," "Powell and Co.," "Scattergood and Co.," and others who have already been referred to in TRUTH, two new firms, one calling itself the "Brahmo Lever Watch Company," 65, Imperial-buildings, Ludgate-circus, E.C., and the other the "Observatory Watch and Jewellery Company," 291, Sandycombe-road, Richmond, Surrey. Both these firms are playing the popular trick of informing people that they have been fortunate enough to be placed on the list of persons who are to receive articles of one kind and another—provided they pay for them—and giving colour to the suggestion that a prize has somehow been won by attaching to the circular the autograph of the addressee, cut from some other document.

The most striking thing about these circulars is the evidence they afford of the scale on which old letters

and postcards must be bought and sold; though probably the traffic chiefly goes on among firms carrying on business of this particular class. Sometimes, of course, the autographs obtained in this way may be pure forgeries. For example, the Observatory Watch and Jewellery Company address one of their circulars to "Mr. Henry Labouchere, M.P.," at this office. They think that he, too, will "no doubt be pleased and surprised to hear" that they have been able to place him on the list of fortunate persons who are to receive a gold-finished hinge-back watch (lady's or gentleman's). I fear that he is not so easily surprised as these gentry think—nor so easily pleased. And as he sometimes sees TRUTH, he knows all about that gold-finished hinge-back watch.

Two or three weeks ago a gentleman doing business with a firm of starting-price bookmakers called Anthony and Edge, 48, Dover-street, W., sent them a telegram backing a horse named Scotch Flower, which was running in a race at Beverley that afternoon. The horse won, and the backer became entitled to £62 10s. from Anthony and Edge. Next morning, however, he received a letter from the firm saying that a wire had reached them backing "Scotch *Flaver*," that they could not trace a horse of that name, and that they had therefore cancelled the investment. In the original telegram the name of the horse was written correctly, a fact which Anthony and Edge could have ascertained if they had had the wire repeated. The pretext that they were unable to trace the horse, owing to the error in the transmission of the message, is manifestly dishonest. It is quite certain that they would have charged the backer with the bet, in spite of the telegraphic mistake, if Scotch Flower had been beaten; but they have so far refused to pay him what he won, entirely ignoring his applications for the money, and that fact should be sufficient to put people on their guard against Anthony and Edge.

Ordinarily a moneylender makes some attempt to disguise the impertinence of his offer of financial accommodation. The following communication from "F. Lawrence and Co." (otherwise Lewis Teller and Sampson Jacob Goldberg), 119, Regent-street, W., shows that they, at any rate, disdain any pretence at politeness:—

DEAR SIR,—Should you now require a little assistance we shall be pleased to hear from you when the matter can be promptly and privately arranged in every way to your satisfaction.—Awaiting the favour of your reply, yours faithfully,

F. LAWRENCE AND CO.

As the gentleman to whom this was directed has never had any dealing or correspondence whatever with "F. Lawrence and Co.," or with any other usurers, he naturally resents the insolence of the implication with with this letter begins. He asks me whether I can suggest any means of protection from such pests, but I am sorry to say that I know of none.

A resident in the N.W. district forwards a circular with which he has been favoured by Frank Berry, 112, Oliphant Street, Queen's Park, W. "In putting out my private business note in the neighbourhood," Berry writes, "I venture with apologies to say that money from £50 to £10,000 can be quickly advanced to all responsible persons of either sex." The individual who talks thus glibly of advances from £50 to £10,000 is a needy tout who for many years has issued similar circulars, usually from accommodation addresses. He is seemingly unable even to afford the expenses of printing and postages, for his circulars are laboriously penned on the cheapest notepaper, and delivered by hand. One can hardly understand anybody applying to Berry for a loan, but he apparently finds some dupes, and as he is not registered under the Moneylenders' Act it is a pity that some of the people whom he pesters do not bring him under the notice of the police.

The humbug of the bonus tea trade is further exemplified by a communication I have received from the provinces accompanied by a cup and saucer "given away" with a ¼lb. of tea. These articles are certainly not worth more than 2d. at the outside, and that is only the retail value. The tea is sold at 2s. 4d. per lb., and an expert tells me that it can be retailed at good profit at 1s. 2d. On the sale of this tea, therefore, the vendors have a margin of 1s. 2d. per lb. to cover the cost of "presents" which probably do not cost them 6d. The tea in this instance is sold by a Nottingham firm with numerous branches in the Midlands, and there is another firm at Manchester in an equally large way of business selling tea of the same grade on the same terms. The cup and saucer, of course, are not the only bonuses offered to customers. All sorts of articles are offered as presents, from which the customer may select.

There is nothing new in all this; the system has been working for the last 20 years, or longer. But the growth of firms which combine wholesale and retail trade by owning large numbers of shops in all parts of the country has enabled the price of the tea to be put up, and the profits are constantly becoming more disproportionate to the trumpery "present" which is offered as a bait to the customer. Of course, people are very foolish who suppose that any tradesman "gives away" goods for any purpose. But this particular trade is done with the class which is most easily imposed upon by such humbug, namely, the wives of working men. That is the reason why the pension tea business grew to such enormous magnitude two or three years ago. It would be well if those newspapers which circulate among the working classes, and profess such interest in their welfare, would make it their business to warn their readers against this dishonest class of trade, for not only are working class families robbed by it, but they are also in danger of being poisoned by the pernicious rubbish frequently sold to them under the name of tea.

Once more I would warn everybody in London against the appeals of J. W. Linnecar, of the so-called "Mansion House Mission," Camberwell, who is again circulating an "Urgent Request for 2s. 6d." These "urgent requests" make their appearance at the end of each half year regularly. In December the object of the urgent request is Christmas treats and winter charities; in the summer it is "A Day in the Green Fields." In summer

THE PERFECTION of Sparkling Hock. BURGEFF'S GREEN LABEL, DRY, LIGHT, DELICATE, FINE BOUQUET, 54s. per doz. of all wine merchants

and winter alike Linnecar supplements the request for 2s. 6d. with an exhortation to the public to send "anything at any time" for the purpose of his "Anything Sale." As one of these appeals reached me last week, which I can only attribute to the fact of my name being in the directory, it is obvious that Linnecar is requesting 2s. 6d. from everybody in London whose address suggests that he or she may have 2s. 6d. to spare; and it is perfectly monstrous that a trumpery little mission chapel, with a microscopic congregation, mostly composed of people who attend for what they can get by so doing, should be made the subject of a public appeal on this scale. There ought to be some check on this method of collecting cash, especially where, as in this case, the collector is a thoroughgoing old humbug, who pockets the lion's share of the proceeds.

I have received the following from the "Office of Dr. Oren Oneal. Incorporated. A Natural Method Treatment for all Eye and Ear Diseases, North American Building, 162, State Street, Chicago":—

My attention has just been called to an article published by you in the issue of April 18, in which you make the statement that "Professor Westcott-Jenner of Liverpool is identical with Oren Oneal, M.D., of Chicago." You make this statement evidently solely from the fact that Professor Jenner has taken my picture and used it, after making a few changes.

Your deductions are entirely false. I have no connection whatever with Professor Jenner, and never heard of him until I saw the advertisement to which you refer.

My picture is a sort of trade-mark to me, and is very familiar to the public in the United States. I have recently done a little advertising in London magazines, and I suppose your influence is such that the article referred to will be quite damaging to me there.

I will expect you to make a retraction as soon as possible after receiving this letter, and that you will make the same as prominent as you did the accusation referred to.

I expect to be in London in August, and will call at your place of business at that time. In the meantime I will expect to hear from you.—Yours very truly, Dr. Oren Oneal.

The facts were that an advertisement headed "I Can Cure Drunkards" appeared in certain magazines—the *Strand*, the *Royal*, and *Pearson's*—with a portrait which was evidently faked up from a portrait attached to Oren Oneal's advertisement in *Munsey's Magazine*. As all the advertisements were of the same class, the natural inference was that the authors were identical. If, therefore, Mr. Oren Oneal has a grievance against anybody, it is against the Liverpool "professor." A fresh complication, however, is introduced by the fact that yet another picture adorns the heading of the above letter from Oren Oneal. I naturally suppose that this is the portrait of the writer, and it certainly is not the portrait of the gentleman whose counterfeit presentment adorns the Oren Oneal advertisement in *Munsey's Magazine*, unless in one or other instance the subject has entirely altered his facial appearance for the purpose of being photographed. If, as Oren Oneal states, his picture "is a sort of trade mark to him," which picture does he mean? If he uses somebody else's picture as a trade mark, I suppose he has no copyright in it, and in that case cannot much object to anybody else using it for the same purpose. Perhaps the original of the portrait lends himself out as a sort of trade mark to advertisers who are too modest to display their own features publicly.

The quaint juxtaposition of a certain article and a certain advertisement in a recent issue of the *Times of India* is the subject of sundry letters that I have received from Anglo-Indian readers. The article described South Africa as the happy hunting ground of all sorts of quacks, and incidentally mentioned that the Cape Town papers are full of advertisements of electric belts which "may do no particular harm, but they are swindles, and as such ought to be suppressed." In the very next column of the *Times of India*, side by side with this outspoken article was a flaming advertisement of the notorious "Dr. A. T. Sanden's" electric belt—one of the very belts roundly denounced as a swindle! Perhaps the advice in the article was intended to serve as an antidote to the poison of the advertisement. But it would be more creditable to a journal of the high standing of the *Times of India* if it excluded such advertisements—Sanden's is not the only one of the same objectionable character—from its columns, and at any rate until this mote is removed from its own eye it should abstain from allusions to the beam in the eyes of its Cape Town contemporaries.

Some time ago I ventilated a complaint of a number of English printers, who were induced to emigrate to Canada by promises of employment at Winnipeg, and found on their arrival that they were expected to take the place of men on strike. Official correspondence on the subject, which has just been issued, shows that the complaint has now been investigated by the Deputy Minister of Labour in Canada, and that he has come to the conclusion that the men were deliberately and intentionally deceived by a person who came to England as the agent of certain employers in Winnipeg. The Deputy Minister recommends that legislation should be passed to meet future cases of a similar character, and I am glad to see that Lord Elgin has promised that this suggestion shall receive the careful consideration of the British Government. Such a cruel trick as was practised on these men, who would never have gone to Canada if they had known that they were desired to play the part of "blacklegs," deserves to be severely punished.

A Kentish gentleman who distinguished himself at the General Election as a stalwart Liberal and Free Trader sends me a flattering invitation which he has received from Viscount Hardinge to become a vice-president of the Kent County Branch of the Tariff Reform League. We hear a good deal about the vigorous measures which are being taken to reorganise the Conservative party, but if they are dependent upon enlisting prominent Liberals as figure heads of the Tariff Reform League, the result does not strike me as likely to be very satisfactory. I wonder what Kent expects to get out of Tariff Reform. Presumably a tax on foreign hops, the result of which would be a reduction either in the quality or the quantity of English beer. The small quart pot should make an attractive accompaniment to the small loaf in electioneering literature.

Handsome and luxurious 4 cylinder Cars for hire. Most reasonable terms.—St. James's Motor Co., Ltd., 9, Carteret-street, S.W. (opposite Truth Office). Telephone: 7,398 Gerrard.

The latest examples of stamped Note Paper, At Home Cards, &c. Over 60 specimens sent free. Parkins & Gotto, Stationers to H.M. the Queen, 54, Oxford Street, London, W.

A German resident in the North of England sends me a rather interesting letter on the education question. He is, naturally, quite unable to understand our religious difficulty, and he wonders that by inquiry into the educational systems of foreign countries we have not discovered how the difficulty may be got over. The following passage is worth quoting:—

I wish I could send a commission over to the town of Bautzen, Saxony, where I was at school for nearly seven years. The principal church, St. Peter's, a Roman Catholic cathedral until the Reformation, is now divided, two-thirds for the Protestants, one-third for the Roman Catholics, separated by iron rails. The keys to the four doors are kept by the Roman Catholic priests or caretakers at the "Capitol." The services are amicably arranged in order not to clash—in fact, the two parties in a town of 15,000 people live on the most friendly terms. They certainly set an example to the everlasting fighting Christian sects in England. In the Protestant schools I knew lots of boys of Roman Catholic parents who remained when the Protestant Bible according to Martin Luther was read—of course, read only; no dogma. The secret of their system is that no vicar, priest, or curate is allowed to be on the school board. Their place is the pulpit, and they have no business to descend to the school room. The management of the schools is entirely in the hands of laymen, and the seminaries train the men who are to be schoolmasters. There are university men among them, but they soon leave, if some thing better turns up; it is only a matter of £ s. d. with them.

I may point out that one of the fundamental principles of the present Education Bill is to place the management of schools in England in the hands of laymen. Mr. Birrell believes, and I believe too, that when this is once done, religious difficulties will soon adjust themselves. They did so on the old School Boards. They have never arisen on the Borough and County Councils since these became education authorities under the Act of 1902. There is no reason to suppose that they will occur in future anywhere when the present Bill is passed. The difficulty in England, which my correspondent does not appreciate, is the transference to public control of schools which have hitherto been under ecclesiastical control. This transfer is bound to create a great deal of friction and bickering. But all this is transitory. The difficulty lies in making concessions to the clericals, with a view to future peace, and in reconciling these concessions with the principle of public control by laymen.

A correspondent writes:—

I notice your remarks on the consequences of thinking imperially. It appears to me that having an Empire, and a big one, the citizens of England ought to think imperially, or make up their minds to give up their colonies or dependencies. If the Liberal party cannot or will not think imperially, let them at least have the courage to say that our Colonies and dependencies are a useless expense. By what name can the process of thinking be called which encourages hundreds of our own people to emigrate, and their places to be filled by thousands of aliens, who are not—for the most part—even desirable? etc., etc.

I should not think it necessary to notice this letter but that the writer professes to belong to no party, but to "believe in common sense." Common sense is very useful, but it must be accompanied by information. "Thinking imperially" is a technical term. It owes its origin to a distinguished politician who used it in an exhortation to his countrymen to adopt a particular line of policy. "Thinking imperially" meant to his mind thinking with him. In that sense I used the phrase when speaking of the consequences of thinking with him. Except in that sense the phrase is practically meaningless, for, as my correspondent's common sense has enabled him to divine, as long as we have an Empire, or as long as an Empire has us—I am not quite sure myself which it is—we must think about it, whether we will or not. The tax-collector alone is sufficient to keep us up to the mark in that respect. It is, no doubt, absurd that a person whose imperial thinking leads him to one conclusion should be said to think imperially, while a person whom it leads to another should be considered not to think imperially at all. But that is the fault of the author of the phrase, or catch-word. Such absurdities always arise when language is diverted from its natural meaning and used "in a Pickwickian sense."

As to the question about emigration, aliens, etc., I am sorry to say that it only shows at what contradictory conclusions men arrive in their efforts to think imperially. It is quite clear that the British Empire is chiefly founded on emigration, and whole societies of men who suppose themselves to be thinking imperially are actively engaged in transporting Englishmen to the colonies for the benefit of the Empire. My correspondent seems to deprecate this process, placing the interests of the United Kingdom before those of the Colonies. Yet this is the "note" of the Little Englander. Liberals at large would keep Englishmen at home by ameliorating the conditions which prompt them to emigrate. Yet my correspondent, though of no party, seems to have a very poor opinion of Liberals. As regards the "aliens," such common sense as I am capable of leads me to regard them as a bogey. But it seems obvious that if "imperial thinking" or any other cause sends Englishmen out of the country, it is better that aliens should take their places than that the country should be depopulated. As to the aliens being mostly undesirable, that question was discussed quite recently by a Royal Commission, which by no means came to this conclusion, and I fear that in this instance my correspondent's common sense is inoperative through prejudice or lack of information.

So it is again when he goes on a little later to mention that he never buys foreign matches, or any other foreign-made article if he can avoid it. A little reflection would show him that if everybody adopted this course, international trade would be reduced to the vanishing point, whereas common sense and experience teach that nations are enriched by exchanging their products. We ourselves export more goods than any other nation. If foreigners adopted the course which my correspondent regards as patriotic, our manufacturers would cease to export; and if Englishmen generally adopted this course, the result would be the same, because no foreign goods would come into the country in payment for our own, and there is no object in sending goods out of the country unless you get other goods in exchange for them. It is particularly desirable that we should obtain matches abroad and make some other goods which foreigners will accept in exchange for them, because match-making is one of the least profitable industries to those engaged in it.

A correspondent calls my attention to some of the items in the new tariff of the South African Customs Union which press most hardly on British exports. Some of the duties can only be looked upon as pro-

hibitive, and I should doubt whether the tariffs of any of the foreign countries which furnish texts for the diatribes of tariff reformers are more hostile to British traders and manufacturers. One hardly sees much evidence here of that "imperial thinking" which is held out to us as the first duty of Englishmen. In fact, when it is remembered that "thinking imperially" on our side recently led us to expend nearly 250 millions in order to maintain the supremacy of the British element in South Africa, it would seem that the more imperially we think the less so do our colonial kinsmen. No one will feel this new tariff more severely than our officers and soldiers in South Africa, who are already groaning so bitterly against the cost of living in that country, as the result of high protection.

A few weeks back I signified my approval of the tenets of the Dragos, at the same time admitting that I did not precisely know who or what Drago was. My remarks have caught the eye of a reader in South America, who has been kind enough to enlighten my ignorance. It seems that Drago was the Argentine Minister of Foreign Affairs at the time when England and Germany jointly blockaded the Venezuelan ports in order to recover accounts due to certain of their subjects. On that occasion he addressed a Note to all the Governments of South and Central America, expressing the opinion that the Monroe doctrine should be enlarged so as to apply to all debt-collecting operations by the European Governments against American States. This was the Drago doctrine in which I expressed my concurrence, and which is to be submitted to a Pan-American Congress at Rio de Janeiro in a few weeks' time.

My South American correspondent states that the Drago principle was advanced by its author at the last Pan-American Congress at Mexico, but without much effect. He adds that if the forthcoming Congress at Rio does not agree to discuss the matter, it is possible that the Argentine Government may not be represented there. It seems that the United States Government is not yet fully converted to Dragonism, which is not difficult to understand, because the United States may not be eager to champion the cause of every little American republic which may get into hot water with Europe through the backwardness of its subjects in discharging their financial obligations. On the other hand, the Argentine Government may not be averse to an opportunity of posing as a representative of American opinion in opposition to the United States. In principle, however, the Argentine Government is right. In Europe an attempt on the part of one Government to coerce another for the purpose of recovering private debts due to its citizens by subjects of the other Government would be utterly impossible, and there is no reason why European Governments should take up an attitude towards American States which they would not countenance in Europe. If private citizens make bad debts in foreign countries, they must take the consequences. There is no reason why their fellow citizens should go debt-collecting for them with ships, guns, and soldiers.

TOMPKINS-BROWNE AND HIS CRITICS.

One Tompkins-Browne, the Truth to tell,
He played Lawn-Tennis rather well;
In fact, confessed his native Town
The passing skill of Tompkins-Browne
And that he'd give fifteen allowed.
With ease, to all the local Crowd.
So when, as every year's the Case,
The District Tournament took place,
T.-Browne, by his surpassing Shots,
Monopolised the Silver Pots;
Which Fact a standing Grievance grew
With all the jealous, beaten Crew.
"That Browne should enter—we declare,
Upon our Sam, it's hardly fair;
Since, for whate'er Event he tries,
He's bound to carry off the Prize.
Pot-hunting of the meanest Sort
It is, without one Grain of Sport.
Aye! If he'd any proper Pride,
Or Decency, he'd stand aside."
Now Browne, when their Remarks he heard,
Although he felt the Charge absurd,
Resolved in Future he'd eschew
Competing with that carping Crew;
So when next Season's Tourney came,
He didn't enter for the same.
"For though the Charges which they've thrown
At me from Envy spring alone,
Yet not e'en Envy *now*," said he,
"Shall find one Stone to cast at me."
So said T.-Browne, and thought it true;
But, ah! his men he little knew.
For now those Carpers, every Jack,
Must start on quite another Tack,
And vow "It's all Browne's beastly Pride
That makes the Fellow stand aside,
Because he thinks our Play's too tame
To give his classy self a Game."
Then Browne, bewildered, cries, "Great Scott!
No pleasing that cantankerous Lot.
When for their Tourney I stand in,
It's all, they say, a Pot to win.
When I stand out, their Views to meet—
Why, then it's all my rank Conceit.
What *do* they want? I wish I knew it;
For then I'd have some Chance to do it!"
A philosophic Friend, who heard,
Replied with this sagacious Word:
"What Carpers want, and will contrive
To find, howe'er to please you strive,
Is——"
"What?" cried Browne, in accents sharp.
"*Why, always some Excuse to carp.*"

Moral.

The Moral fits, methinks, Leander's captious Critics *re* "the Grand."

SCRUTATOR.

THE WISDOM OF GALLIO.

GALLIO of Corinth has always struck me as a very sensible person—for a magistrate. In the Roman Empire everyone was free to entertain what religious opinion seemed best to him, provided that he did not meddle with those of others. St. Paul, a Jew by birth, came to Corinth, and preached the Christian faith, to the great indignation of the Jews. They therefore brought him before the judgment seat of Gallio, and complained that he persuaded men to worship contrary to the law. "If," said Gallio to them, "it were a matter of wrong or wicked lewdness, reason would that I should hear you, but if it be a question of words

and names, and of your law, I will be no judge of such matters." Gallio was, in fact, as a Roman magistrate, a dispenser of secular justice between man and man. So far as he was concerned, the Jews might have their synagogues and their schools, provided that they were not a charge to the State or to the town, but were maintained by them, and that they taught nothing which was at variance with the secular laws. In those days the State had not discovered that the duty devolved upon it of giving instruction either in ethics or in theology. If it had established a general compulsory scheme of education, we may be certain that it would have confined itself to secular education, for the letter of the Emperor Trajan to Pliny clearly shows that a tolerance of all beliefs was the rule of the Empire. The State confined itself to its true functions, which only had relation to things secular. When we have adopted this wise rule, there will be an end to the Legislature occupying its time with quarrelling over religious dogmas, with the result that it will have more time for matters that clearly concern it.

When I was in Parliament I never told my electors whether I was a Jew, or a Christian, or a Mohammedan, or a Buddhist. Being sensible men, they no more asked me what were my religious views than I should ask a tailor before entrusting him to make a coat for me, and I should regard it as an impertinence, were I to explain it to the readers of Truth. I may, however, perhaps say that I have neither sympathy nor antipathy as a citizen for any particular form of belief, whatever my own may be, and it has always filled me with astonishment that people should wrangle over dogmas and creeds, or as Gallio aptly put it, over words, names, and (ecclesiastical) law. I have no prejudice against any religion, provided that its ethics are sound. I regard the Archbishop of Canterbury and Dr. Clifford with the same degree of respect, though I consider that the creed of the Baptist has the advantage over that of the Anglican in being free from "State patronage and control."

With these views, I am for the State providing secular education alone, and leaving it to parents and pastors to teach religion to children. I am convinced that we shall eventually have to come to this, if the schoolhouse is not to be for ever the battle ground of rival sects to the great injury to the cause of religion. I can conceive the inculcation of the ethics which are generally admitted to be the basis of good citizenship as a portion of the State education, but I cannot conceive the possibility of their being taught in the form of religious dogma, in view of the little accord between sects in regard to what these religious dogmas are to be. Mr. Birrell's Bill is admittedly somewhat of a compromise. Having brought the Bill in, he should have stuck to it, and not attempted to disarm opposition by further compromise. He should have acted on the fact that its principle is anti-denominationalism, and that it is not likely to please denominationalists, and still less to please the Church of England Bishops, who deem that they have as much right to teach the doctrines of their Church at the public cost as they have to be the State Church. Concession merely leads to a demand for further concession. The Bill, however, as it passes the House of Commons, will, according to all probability, go far to remedy the state of things brought about by that of 1902. Therefore, even those who may disapprove of much being left undone by it, should not vote against it. But there must be a clear understanding that no further concessions will be made to the House of Lords. If the Lords refuse to pass it as sent up to them, the Liberals must take up the glove thrown down by their Lordships. The large majority of them are Conservatives, and party men, and popular government becomes a mere farce if a Ministry supported by an overwhelming majority of the people's elected representatives is to be coerced into surrender by these gentlemen.

"TRUTH" AND THE CHAMBERLAIN FAMILY.

The verdict of the jury in the action of "Kynoch's" and others against Mr. Faber, M.P., speaks for itself. It is one of those verdicts by which a jury intimates the opinion that while the defendant has said more than he was justified in saying the circumstances would have justified him in saying a good deal, and that, beyond recovering the costs of the action, the plaintiff has no claim to anything in the shape of a "solatium." The actual amount of damages awarded in the case will probably leave the plaintiffs out of pocket as the result of the proceedings, even after the taxed costs have been paid. The jury cannot be unaware of this, and must be taken to have contemplated it. Practically they think that the action was scarcely worth bringing. So do I.

I should hardly consider this case one calling for any public notice, but for the observations respecting this journal made by Mr. Arthur Chamberlain, the chairman of the company, when under cross-examination. Mr. Chamberlain was asked whether he had brought any action against Truth for its observations on the disclosures made in 1900 respecting the connection of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and his family with a number of Birmingham firms doing business with the Government. He admitted that he had not done so, and went on to say that at that time "Truth was writing most offensive articles with regard to my family and the ladies and gentlemen of my family—anybody who was connected with the Colonial Secretary"; that he did not "remember anything particularly with regard to Kynoch's"; and that "it" (*i.e.*, any reference that had been made in Truth to Kynoch's) "was relatively mild compared with the malicious, blackguardly attacks on my relatives." I quote from the *Daily Mail*, as the paper with the largest circulation. The words vary slightly in different reports, but the substance of them is the same in all—namely, that "malicious blackguardly attacks" had been made in Truth on Mr. Arthur Chamberlain's family, and on the ladies of it as well as the gentlemen. This charge has been circulated in every newspaper that reported the case. It is, therefore, necessary for me to say at once that there is not a shadow of foundation for it, and I trust that those papers which have reported Mr.

Chambers to Let in Bloomsbury. Suitable for a bachelor. Resident housekeeper on premises. Rent £38.—Apply, Housekeeper, 34, Great Ormond-street, W.C.

Arthur Chamberlain's foolish and baseless observations will take note of this contradiction. That gentleman is equally at fault in what he says about Truth and Kynoch's. The connection of the then Colonial Secretary with that firm was the chief subject of my remarks. Mr. Arthur Chamberlain's memory is doubly defective. It has forgotten what was worth remembering; it has remembered what never existed.

I have re-read with no small satisfaction all that was said in Truth in 1900 about "the Chamberlain Companies' Scandal," as it was called in one article. It began in July of that year with an article which gave, without comment, a summary of the evidence that had just been given before the Parliamentary Committee on Army Contracts, showing the inexplicable favour that had been manifested towards Kynoch's in the allocation of cordite contracts. This matter was dealt again with more at length a month later. The report of the Committee had not then appeared, but I expressed the opinion that the public could hardly hesitate to conclude that favour had been shown to Kynoch's, and that it was not due solely to their merits. In September a new turn was given to the affair by the disclosure in the *Morning Leader* that the capital of several other Birmingham companies doing business with the Government was largely held by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and members of his family. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain made a speech at Birmingham referring to the matter, and in reply I gave particulars of the Chamberlain holdings in some of these companies, pointed out that what had come to light respecting Kynoch's gave a special significance to these facts, and commenting strongly on the impropriety of the Colonial Secretary and Civil Lord of the Admiralty being interested in companies which were doing business with the Government, and particularly with the Admiralty. Finally, on October 18, the whole matter was gone into at great length. On this occasion I gave the names and holdings of all the Chamberlain shareholders in no less than six companies, taken from the public records of Somerset House. Five of the companies (Kynoch's being one) had had dealings, more or less extensive, with the Government; the sixth was a trust company holding shares in the other companies, and in this Mr. Joseph Chamberlain held shares to the value of £15,000. The nature and the point of the observations which I made on these facts may be plainly seen from the following extracts:—

> By the tacit agreement of public men of all shades of opinion, and by the example of Ministers of all Parties for generations past, it has been a recognised rule of English public life that no Minister of the Crown or Member of Parliament, *or his family*, shall make or attempt to make any profit by trafficking or dealing with public departments. As mentioned above, this principle has even been expressly embodied in a Statute (23 Geo. III., cap. 25) which makes it a penal offence for any person "concerned in any contract, commission, or agreement made for the public service" to be elected, or sit, or vote in the House of Commons, and any such person who does so is liable to a fine of £500 for every day on which he so sits or votes. The same principle has been extended by statute to municipal administration. A member of a municipal council is forbidden to have any interest in any contract made with his council; and an officer of a local authority is forbidden under a penalty even to be a shareholder in a company holding such a contract. The standard of conduct which the law imposes on a servant of a corporation is surely not too high for a Minister of the Crown to conform to.

The article went on to show how strongly Mr. Joseph Chamberlain himself had insisted on this principle in criticising the appointment of Lord Rosmead, then Sir Hercules Robinson, as High Commissioner in South Africa, and in official regulations for which he was responsible with regard to investments by public officials in Ceylon. After referring to a speech made by Mr. Austen Chamberlain disclaiming the use of any personal interest on behalf of the companies in which he was interested, I said:—

> The point which Mr. Austen Chamberlain and his father have to meet in this matter is that without any overt attempt to exercise pressure, it is possible that the fact of an eminent political family being personally interested may affect the minds of those who have to decide upon contracts, and that, whether their minds are influenced or not, the fact of profits from commercial dealings with the Government finding their way into the pockets of members of the Government, and their near relatives, is wrong in principle. It matters not whether there has or has not been any abuse of private influence in regard to the contracts of these companies. The essential fact is that such a connection between members of the Government and a number of firms dealing with the Government, opens the door to abuses of the worst kind. No Minister jealous of his own honour, and properly alive to his duty to the State, would ever allow himself and his wife and children to stand in such a position. No Minister—at least, since the most corrupt days of the English Monarchy—has ever been found occupying such a position. Whig and Tory, Conservative and Radical, they have alike recognised that servants of the Crown must be, in the language which Mr. Chamberlain himself has applied to Colonial Governors, "above suspicion."

These extracts sufficiently indicate the whole spirit and scope of what was said in Truth on this scandal. If anyone describes it as an attack on the then Colonial Secretary, I make no objection. The articles were undeniably aimed at him and at Mr. Austen Chamberlain. The whole point of them was to condemn the connection of these two members of the Government and their relatives with companies holding public contracts. But to charge me with making "malicious, blackguardly attacks" on the family, ladies and gentlemen equally, is the most gross and unwarrantable abuse of language. As for the ladies, their names were merely reprinted from shareholders' lists at Somerset House, and their precise relationship to the Colonial Secretary pointed out. No other reference was made to any of the ladies. Anyone reading Mr. Arthur Chamberlain's reference to malicious and blackguardly attacks on them would naturally suppose that I had made some imputation on their honesty or their morals. As for the gentlemen of the family, there is not a word in the whole of the articles reflecting on any one of them in the slightest degree, except the two members of the Government. I never thought or suggested that Mr. Arthur Chamberlain was wrong to obtain contracts from the Government, or to get any advantage he could for Kynochs, or any company with which he was connected. I do not think or suggest it to-day. I certainly do not think it was in very good taste to send out a traveller with an introduction mentioning that the chairman of the company was the brother of the Colonial Secretary, but as Mr. Arthur Chamberlain has expressed his own disapproval of this document, we shall not disagree on that point.

This gentleman was pleased to make other observations about Truth in the course of his evidence last week. The Truth articles, he said, "were nasty, but they were careful, and he did not see how they ("Kynoch's")

"Truth" will be sent weekly to any address in the United Kingdom for 7s. for 3 months; 14s. for 6 months; or 28s. for 12 months. The subscription for all countries included in the Postal Union is, 3 months, 7s. 8d.; 6 months, 15s. 4d.; 12 months, £1 10s. 8d. All subscriptions are payable in advance, and cheques and P.O.O.s should be made payable to the Manager, "Truth" Building, Carteret-street, S.W.

would have got home by bringing an action." He subsequently mentioned that he had discussed the matter with his legal advisers, and they also do not seem to have thought that he would get home. They were wise men, and Mr. Chamberlain was wise in taking their advice. "Truth," he said, "took precautions. It gave the poison, but it took care to introduce some of the antidote." In these words, Mr. Chamberlain not only gave the measure of his grievance against Truth, but gave the jury the measure of his grievance in the action they were trying. I stated the undeniable facts in regard to the companies, and confined myself to pointing out the only matter of public interest—namely, discredit which they brought on two members of the Government of that day. With Mr. Arthur Chamberlain and the other members of his family I had no concern, and I said nothing about them. But the mere statement of the truth was annoying to Mr. Chamberlain, and he itched to bring an action against me. Finding that the facts were too strong for him, he nursed his grudge till last week, when he got the opportunity of venting it by making these unwarrantable and defamatory observations in the witness-box. Mr. Faber, speaking from memory six years later, misstated some of the facts, and has had to pay the penalty, as did the *Star* in an earlier action brought by Mr. Arthur Chamberlain. But when Mr. Chamberlain admitted that he could not deny any of the statements made in Truth, he also admitted that there was ground for criticism of the relations between the Chamberlain companies and the Ministers of 1900, and the jury obviously thought so too and gave weight to that consideration in their verdict. The figure of speech about the poison and the antidote is all nonsense. The "poison" is merely Mr. Chamberlain's name for a dose which he finds unpalatable. The "antidote" lies in the fact that everything said was true and unanswerable. The "precautions" which he says I took simply consisted in stating nothing that could not be proved, and making no observation on the facts which any twelve Englishmen empanelled in a jury-box could not be relied upon to endorse.

I recommend Mr. Chamberlain, therefore, to dismiss this grudge which he has been harbouring in his mind for so many years. If I ever had any desire to attack him or the private members of his family, the ladies included, I should have made my intention perfectly plain. It is not my habit to deal in veiled innuendo, or to disguise my meaning so that even the ingenuity of a common-law pleader cannot extract from my words the materials for a statement of claim in a libel action. I have never been concerned with the doings of the Chamberlain family, except as politicians, and so far as Mr. Arthur Chamberlain is concerned, I believe that even his politics have my cordial approval. What I said in 1900 was that the connection of two members of the Government, whose name happens to be Chamberlain, with certain firms of Government contractors was a public scandal, and opposed to all the traditions of English public life. I should have said the same thing had their name been Pickwick, or Nokes, or Styles, and had they been members of any other Government. I say the same thing to-day, and I am not sorry that Mr. Arthur Chamberlain has given me an opportunity of re-saying it. His zeal in keeping alive the public memory of this somewhat ancient scandal seems to me a little unkind to his distinguished relatives, but I do not say that it is not beneficial to the public interest.

THE SCHOLASTIC AGENT AND HIS "PRINCIPLES."

Hard things are frequently said of agents in all lines of business. Sometimes they are unjustified. The agent is a middleman who performs useful and necessary functions between buyer and seller, employer and employee, or whatever it may be; and having performed them he is, like other labourers, worthy of his hire. But there is sometimes a disposition to regard him, after he has done his business, as an unnecessary interloper, and his fee or commission as illegitimate extortion. To that extent the agent is entitled to sympathy. On the other hand, the position of an agent as a go-between is open to abuse, and the competition for business among agents of all classes offers temptations which the more pushful are not always proof against. Consequently, what are called the "tricks of the trade" are prevalent in all kinds of agency business, and as they help to give such business a bad name it is as much to the interest of agents collectively as of their principals that such tricks should be known and guarded against. For these reasons, I call attention to a correspondence which lately passed between the principal of a private school, Mr. C. H. Hulls, of Southend, and a firm of scholastic agents in the West End, and which has been sent to me for publication.

The correspondence opens with the following letter:

32, Sackville Street, and
217, Piccadilly, London, W.
May 23, 1906.

The Principal, St. John's College, Southend-on-Sea.

Dear Sir,—We wrote you a short time since respecting our pupils registration system, but not hearing from you, fear it has escaped your notice.

We are looking for a suitable home for two boys, aged 11 and 12, sons of a successful Africander. They speak English, but it is desired to place them where there are no Dutch or German pupils. They have no friends or relations in this country; it will therefore be necessary for sole charge to be taken of them, including holidays.

Good fees will be paid.

If you think they would suit you, kindly let us know your annual fee, inclusive of everything except pocket money.—Yours truly, Schofield and Jessop.

It will be recognised that this offer is a tempting one which no schoolmaster in these hard times would feel disposed to let pass unnoticed, even though the firm making it were complete strangers to him. The terms for the two Afrikander boys were accordingly communicated to Messrs. Schofield and Jessop, with the result seen in the next letter, dated May 25:—

Africander Boys.

Dear Sir,—We confirm our telephone talks of this morning, and have seen the gentleman having the matter in hand, and got to know from him that 150 guineas per annum each (rising 10 per cent. per annum) will be paid for a suitable home (six months in advance). We told him all we could about your school and its environments, but when we had to admit we had not seen it he wanted to know how it was possible to recommend one without? We offered to visit you at his expense, but he declined. "That's the master's business," was his exclamation.

We told him we were writing you and would advise him

result. What's to be done? Will you pay inspection fee and expenses if we send our man down?

Only one other school has been chosen.—Yours truly,
SCHOFIELD AND JESSOP.

The schoolmaster might well think after this that in the two South African boys he was likely to find something as good as a South African gold mine—possibly a good deal better than some of them. Mr. Hulls, however, was cautious, and hesitated about the "inspection fee and expenses." Inquiries on the telephone elicited the information, confirmed by letter subsequently, that the inspection fee was three guineas. It also appears to have been settled that he was to pay the "registration fee" of one guinea referred to in the first letter. There was, therefore, an expenditure of something like £5 in prospect without any certainty of getting the two Afrikander boys at the end of it. Accordingly Mr. Hulls wrote a letter suggesting that a commission of £5 on the admission of the pupils would suit his views better. This elicited a characteristic letter from Mr. Jessop, whose hand seems to be recognisable throughout the whole of the correspondence. After explaining that the firm did not "know which way to turn," owing to the rush of pupils "from all parts of the world," he proceeds:—

Your suggestion of commission is "funny"! If you had established a new and successful system, do you think you are a likely man to alter it with every wind that blows? The guinea registration fee has made our business, as we spend the whole of it (and £100 per annum more) in advertisements.

You offer a "fiver" for each pupil if you get them (that's the funny part). Now they will pay £160 each = £320. Ordinary agent's commission, 10 per cent. = £32.

We sent two pupils to a gentleman (a Vicar in Gloucester) from Canada last September. He writes us this morning to inform us he has secured two others from the same town, recommended by the others, at 200 guineas per annum (15 and 17 years old), and had other correspondence with some friends up country.

I had nearly omitted to say that he enclosed a cheque for 20 guineas.

Hoping you will be able to "go and do likewise."—I am, yours faithfully,
W. B. JESSOP.

P.S.—Our motto is like the (Great Northern Railway) G. N. R. Gratuities Never Refused. See?
W. B. J.

The gratifying experiences of the magnanimous Gloucester vicar overcame for the moment the schoolmaster's scruples, as well they might. He consented to the personal inspection and the three-guinea fee. Almost immediately, however, he repented, and withdrew his consent by a registered letter. A great change comes over the spirit of Mr. Jessop's correspondence at that point. He does not dissemble his annoyance. Mr. Hulls, becoming correspondingly frank, Mr. Jessop admits that he is "really and truly vexed (vexed is hardly the word, grieved is a better one) that the teaching profession narrows and distorts men's views so," and he goes on to confess, somewhat ambiguously, that "that was our chief reason for leaving it."

A very unfortunate incident for Mr. Jessop occurred at this point. Mr. Hulls received by post a letter from Schofield and Jessop intended for a schoolmaster in Norfolk. It stated that the fee which this schoolmaster had paid would be returned "on receipt of an apology and the withdrawal of your blackmailing letter of the 2nd inst."; adding that "we cannot advise parents to place their sons with men using such intemperate and reckless language." Mr. Hulls divined—correctly, as the sequel proved—that two letters had been placed in wrong envelopes, and that a communication intended for himself had gone to the schoolmaster in Norfolk. He accordingly sent the letter he had received to this gentleman, and asked him whether by chance he had been in correspondence with Messrs. Schofield and Jessop about two Afrikander boys. The Norfolk schoolmaster replied that he had, and that he, too, had paid Schofield and Jessop's registration fee, and subsequently repented and asked for its return. Hence the letter which had gone astray, accusing him of "blackmailing," and demanding an apology. At the same time, purely on speculation, Mr. Hulls had written to a personal friend of his own, a schoolmaster in Huntingdonshire, asking him whether he had happened to have any communications from Schofield and Jessop about Afrikander boys. Strange to say, the pair had been offered to the Huntingdonshire schoolmaster, too, in precisely identical terms, and in this case also they had formed the basis for a subsequent request for the payment of the registration and inspection fees, and "expenses"; but the Huntingdonshire schoolmaster was not taking any Afrikander boys on those terms, and did not pursue the correspondence. No doubt Mr. Jessop was equally grieved in this case to see from this how "the teaching profession narrows and distorts men's views." On learning all this, Mr. Hulls informed Messrs. Schofield and Jessop that he proposed to communicate the facts to TRUTH. The following was the reply:—

217, Piccadilly, London, W
11/6/06.

You are evidently not aware of the seriousness of your correspondence, nor what the law of Criminal Libel is for
W. B. J.

It is very natural that the schoolmasters above mentioned should feel sceptical about the existence of Mr. Jessop's two Afrikander boys. I experience the same sensation myself, and this in spite of Mr. Jessop's statement in his last letter to Mr. Hulls that, besides these two boys, he was seeking schools for "no less than six others from S.A." In the course of his communications with Mr. Hulls he had stated that the same two boys had also been offered to a schoolmaster in Hertfordshire. This purports to explain the statement in the second letter given above that "only one other school has been chosen." While it is possible that the boys offered in Huntingdonshire and Norfolk might have been some of the other six Afrikanders for whom schools were being sought, it is a very strange circumstance that the only two other schoolmasters in all England with whom Mr. Hulls got into communication should also have had two Afrikander boys offered to them. If Messrs. Schofield and Jessop are merely the victims of an extraordinary coincidence, they can easily demonstrate the truth by letting me know in confidence the names of the eight Afrikander boys for whom they were seeking schools, and the names of all the schoolmasters to whom they offered them. I shall be pleased to give them the full benefit of the explanation.

But there is another point which requires to be explained. This firm has introduced, as will be seen from what has been said above, a new system under which the payment of an *ad valorem* commission by schoolmasters has been abolished, and a registration fee of one guinea substituted for it, supplemented by three guineas (and expenses) for personal inspec-

tion. This system has been so successful, according to Mr. Jessop, that he will not waive it even when a commission of ten pounds is offered him in place of fees to the amount of four guineas (though on the "G. N. R." principle he is ready to accept a cheque for a commission of £20 when a magnanimous vicar offers it gratuitously). He repeats that statement about the success which has attended his system in a printed circular. This can only mean that large numbers of schoolmasters have paid the guinea registration fee, and are entitled to the agency benefits accordingly. How, then, can the firm justify themselves, when they have to find schools for very valuable pupils, in offering them about the country to schoolmasters who have paid no registration fee? On the face of it this is a serious breach of faith with those who have registered with the firm, and Messrs. Schofield and Jessop will do well to explain it at once, or the brilliant success which has hitherto attended their new system will be but short-lived. They must excuse my saying that some of their statements are decidedly hard to swallow. The firm is a new one. I find it in the London Directory for the first time in 1905. Yet the printed circular above mentioned contains the following paragraph:—

> We before told you that this Agency had a clientele of about seven thousand, chiefly amongst the professional classes, both at home and abroad, and was in consequence exceptionally situated to influence highly desirable pupils. Our Register has now increased to ten thousand.

This is dated May 25, 1906. I understand it to mean that the firm then had on their books the names of 10,000 people, chiefly of the professional classes, for whose children they had found schools or pupils As the firm could not then have been in existence much over two years, and possibly less, this would mean that the firm had booked an average of something like 400 new clients per month from the day it started. This suggests to my mind a more liberal allowance of pure imagination than is legitimate even in the compilation of an advertisement. I admit that the firm is most respectably connected. One of its circulars advertises the family connection of one of the partners with the Established Church, and of another with what is generally regarded as our national pastime. Nor am I insensible to the terrors of the Law of Criminal Libel with which Mr. Jessop threatens his aggrieved client. But as at present advised I cannot see my way to recommend the firm's new system to the scholastic profession.

THE THEATRES.

French Plays at the New Royalty.

The theatrical season draws nigh to its close, which is, after all, but a short breathing space preceding the activity of the early autumn.

French plays and players are perhaps the greatest attraction for the remaining weeks of the season, since with the earlier departure of Parisians to the sea shore, the stars of Parisian drama are set free, and come to pick up as much gold and as little silver as possible upon this side of the Channel. London is by no means always a Tom Tiddler's ground for foreign enterprise. The public that knows French well enough really to follow a French play is very limited, though, fortunately for the French, a large number visit the French play for fashion's sake, as they do the Opera on Wagner nights without knowing or caring much about music. This year we have no Italian drama, no Duse, whose season at the Aldwych was so discouraging, and it is regrettable that Italian, once taught and once studied by so many in this country, is now so little understood, for that, and that alone, is the explanation of Signora Duse's slight success. Those who know some French, however, and have a few spare evenings will find their knowledge of the language wonderfully improved and their pleasure in fine and varied acting satisfied if they consecrate those to the plays now running at the New Royalty Theatre under the auspices of M. Gaston Meyer.

M. Coquelin has come and gone, Madame Réjane is about to take wing, but during the present week we are to have the privilege of Mlle. Marthe Brandès's company there. I observe that M. Georges de Porto-Riche supplies the play for this Wednesday evening and for Saturday afternoon, and among Parisian connoisseurs I have heard him placed as an artist in writing above Monsieur Edmond Rostand. "Le Passé" of M. Porto-Riche is the play in question in which Mlle. Brandès created the part of Dominique. MM. Alexander Dumas Fils and Victorien Sardou fill the other evenings. Yes, Mlle. Brandès is worthy the effort of a visit to the New Royalty. Comparisons with Sarah Bernhardt are always odious, but this much, at any rate, the two actresses have in common: both left the Théâtre Français because that illustrious institution failed to give them work enough for their strenuous activity. The lawsuit of the "Premier Théâtre de France" against Mlle. Brandès "for desertion" remains undecided, but its red tape will probably be exchanged for the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour, since art, like love, will not bow to the letter of the law, and in these matters French law is always gallant.

On Monday, July 9, begins M. Felix Huguenet's and Mlle. Marthe Regnier's visit. M. Maurice Donnay's "La Bascule" will be played by the former, plays by M. Maurice Vicaire and M. Romain Coolus by the latter.

I must especially draw the attention of my readers to the appearance of a very rare bird on July 23 to 28. This is no other than M. Antoine, of whom I have spoken in these columns as perhaps the greatest actor in Europe. Last year I saw him play here in "La Parisienne," that gloomy masterpiece of the late Henri Becque. This year he comes to sing his swan-song, for after many years of highly successful management at the theatre of his own foundation, the Théâtre Antoine, where I have often had the pleasure of admiring the perfect unity of the performances, he has again accepted the management of the State theatre, the Odéon, and finally retires from the stage. I shall have more to say of M. Antoine a little later on, and will develop my reasons for placing him so high among the hierarchy of Thespis.

To return for a moment to the performance of "La Piste" of last week, and to Mme Réjane. "La Piste" is a wonderfully bright and lively play to be the work of a septuagenarian—and M. Sardou has more than seventy years to his credit. The situation in the second

of three acts is highly amusing. A jealous husband has found an old telegram in the drawer of a writing-table. This is proved eventually to have been received by his wife, who divorced her former husband to marry him. The date of the writing becomes all-important. In whose reign was it received—husband's No. 1 or No. 2—for it bears no date or signature? By whom was it written? All other means failing of setting the frantic jealousy of her beloved second husband to rest, his wife has an amazing idea, namely, that they should all call upon her former husband and get him to admit that the regrettable *liaison* occurred in his time. They all meet at his house in the second act, and real comedy is extracted from his ready acquiescence and production of the lover, who is none other than his own nephew. For he believes all along that the event took place in the *régime* of the second husband, who has supplanted him, and it is not until quite the end of the play that the fortuitous discovery of a bundle of old letters dates the *liaison* conclusively as occurring in the time of husband No. 1. Only a Parisian could have imagined such a situation, only Parisians could play it, once imagined. Mme. Réjane was exquisitely humorous, with her quaint little gestures of denegation; and of the two husbands, No. 1, M. Arvel, excelled in the fatuously self-satisfied, M. Rozenberg (No. 2) in the wildly excitable modes.

* * * * *

Olim Togatus was the motto on the programme of the special matinée at the Garrick Theatre last week. We have many of us worn the toga of pupilhood once and the bright young faces of present-day Carthusians; the smiling faces of their predecessors were all around me as I smoked my cigarettes between the items of their entertainment in support of the Charterhouse Mission. The theatre was packed with an appreciative audience, though the afternoon was, to say the least of it, sultry. Mr. Arthur Bourchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh appeared with much applause in the Trial Scene from their "Merchant of Venice," about which I have written before. This was followed by a scene from "The Clandestine Marriage," from which Mr. Cyril Maude as old Lord Ogleby extracted (at some length, it must be admitted) the quintessence of senile aristocracy, helped in this operation of the toilet by the quaint humours and audacities of Mr. Eric Lewis and of Mr. A. E. Matthews in attendance on my Lord. Then Mr. Forbes Robertson carried us to Elsinor on the wings of the Danish Prince, whom he embodies supremely for our time. He and Mr. Maude are both old Carthusians, and so is Mr. Aubrey Smith, who appeared in a new play by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton quite unsuitable for the occasion in its grim ferocity of revenge, lacking also in verisimilitude and dramatic expression. I will not detail the dreadful circumstances in which the old Frenchman takes the life of the young Prussian trooper quartered upon him during the war. Guy de Maupassant has also treated a case of bloodthirsty revenge during this war in that steely simple manner of his which fascinates like the cobra while it makes one's flesh creep. Suffice it to say that "Gran'father Coquesne" would have been better out of the bill on an occasion when the theatre was full of quite young people, and that it did not redeem by excellence of art what it made suffer by gruesomeness of material. "The Heir-at-Law," by George Coleman the younger, came next to this and last upon the programme, and, with the humours of the scene at the Blue Boar Inn, Holborn, atoned, with the help of Mr. Cyril Maude and of Mr. G. M. Graham, for what had just before sunk our spirits to low-water level.

* * * * *

Amateurs of the Music Hall will go to see Mr. Owen Hall's little musical interlude, "The Lady Bankrupt," produced this week at the Oxford. A close inspection of the nom de plume of the author will reveal him an expert on the theme of this playlet.

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Mr. Frohman adds a dancer, Miss Ruth St. Denis, at the Aldwych on July 5, 10, and 12 at matinées. Miss St. Denis's dances are East Indian, and if the temperature be not also East Indian on these occasions, it should be pleasant to see the "Spirit of Incense" merge into the dance of the Hindoo Temple.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE CAMBODIAN CORPS DE BALLET.

EUROPEAN Kings who go in for spectacular magnificence and an imposing Court ritual are mere nobodies in this respect compared to Sisowath, now the cherished guest of "Marianne." His hilarious Majesty, whose face is the image of jovial contentment, overtops them all. His *danseuses* wear jewels enough to fill, one may suppose, the gap in M. Poincaré's budget. These gems belong to the Royal treasury: Sisowath's terpsichorean priestesses have only the use of them. Every evening they are collected by the grand mistress of the dancing corps, a no less grand lady than Princess Sonponowong, the King's full sister. Her Royal Highness punishes a danseuse for carelessness in drill by assigning her less fine jewellery when she next dances before the Court. As soon as the Princess passes the jewellery on to the grand treasurer, he and two vice-treasurers consign it to a safe which has three locks with as many different keys. Each of these officials has a key which he is bound to keep suspended from a constantly worn neck-chain. Pearls of such orient! turquoises, rubies, sapphires of a deeper blue it seems to me than any sold in Europe, amethysts, and diamonds are lavished on the dancing costumes. The very large stones are set as *cabochons* in gold embroideries or tissue. The middling-sized and the small ornament network, fringes, sash ends, borders of vestures, breastplates, or flowers appliqués of diaphanous gauzes. The Spaniards lavish jewellery and rare tissues on the thousand and more Virgins in their different Lady shrines. Cambodia profusely decks out with them the King's dancing girls. In both cases the intention is religious. No European queen can in her coronation finery vie in external brilliancy, or in a gorgeousness that is a feast to the cultured eye, with a Cambodian *première danseuse* when she is in full costume. Diamonds are prodigally used, but remain uncut. Their scintillations are not, therefore, so bril-

liant as those we see in the windows of Rue de la Paix shops. An artist with a fine sense of harmony and a delicate æsthetic feeling would prefer the use made of them by Sisowath's jewellers—artisans who work for him alone and never quit the precincts of the palace. They have learned their art from their fathers, and so back to remote antiquity, like the Mysore wood carvers. The Cambodians regard precious stones as having a life of their own, and suffering from the mutilation when cut as diamonds are in Europe. In their eyes it is as bad to cut diamonds as it is to torture animals. The gods are supposed to love jewels and to vouchsafe to them a life at once calm and brilliant. As do the gods, they shine before the world without losing for an instant their imperturbable serenity.

Head-dresses and each combination of gems have a peculiar meaning. They are esoteric meanings only known to bonzes and a few dancers. Why the latter have been thus enlightened I did not ask, but learned that all who had this superior knowledge in former times underwent mutilation of their tongues when a foreign king invaded Cambodia. This prevented them telling the enemy what dancing rites best propitiated the gods. The King's dancers were not then, nor are they yet, taught to write, and they live in utter isolation from the outer world under the severe rule of their Grand Mistress, the Princess Sononowong. Her appearance may be described as that of a small boy, of resolute air. Her charges are allowed the run of the palace gardens, but must not wander beyond. They learn poetry by heart in hearing it read by professional women readers. Lest they should indulge in love vagaries, they are warned of the miseries of marriage, and that outside of the Royal Family there are no heroes. Poets invented heroes to render the gods more propitious to mankind. The Hindoo gods underlie Buddhism in Cambodia, and sometimes spring up through it and cover it in.

The Princess Sononowong is assisted here by three subduennas. The dressers and face painters are an important corps. Those divinities most feared and reverenced in Indo-China Cambodia are supposed to have found their favourite wives in Logos, or the mountainous country which runs from west to east into Se Chouen. These highlands are inhabited by a fair, blue-eyed race of the purest Caucasian type. Hence the supposed preference of the gods for white faces.

The face painters lay on thickly their white and roseate pigments. This is the reason why the arms, neck, and chest are covered with bangles from wrist to shoulder, with collars of many rows and with breastplates. This prevents a sharp contrast of the artificially white face and the brownish-yellow skin.

Dancers of inferior grade are often left unpainted and their lips undebaubed with carmine, but, instead, gilded, and then covered with a pink glaze, producing an agreeable effect. The gilding of the finger nails enhances the movements of the hands, and also the expression. It brings them into harmony with the magnificent costumes. Some dancing garments, jewels, and books that had arrived in the morning were fetched to show me. The "books" were rolls in cylindrical sheaths of ivory, of teak, or of sandal wood, elaborately carved and finished off with gold and ornaments. The rolls giving the scenario of pantomimic dances for temples are kept in the "sacred treasury," in the custody of bonzes. Those giving the scenario of dances for the King's religious edification or merely for his *délassement* are not so carefully preserved. An illustrated roll of high antiquity might have been borrowed from the "Song of Solomon" as dramatised by M. Bonnefou.

Jesters are kept to raise the spirits of the dancers, who are subject to depression. Their services are most needed when the vestals have come out of the robing room. It takes three hours to dress a danseuse of the King of Cambodia and to touch up her face. The tights are sewn on. There must be no unequal stitches, no visible seam, no puckers, no blood drawn by the needle. To draw blood would be sacrilegious. The divinities prize a whole skin. A broken skin is an open door by which low grade evil spirits can enter in.

Helped by the friendly patronage of M. Picart, I obtained access to Thouin, the King of Cambodia's treasurer. His Excellency gave me the information I retail, and enabled me to see what I describe. As the visit drew to a close, he posted me at a window where a view could be had of the rehearsal in the garden of a pantomimic dance in which thirty girls were to take part. The others felt tired after their journey from Marseilles, and wanted to reserve all their strength for the Elysée next day. The bronze-like *figurines* looked like brownies that had dropped down from some other world. The favourites, who sat in crimson armchairs looking on, had happy and almost childish faces. The danseuses seemed austere beings, ignorant of the joys of life. They have the muscularity, the grace, and the sad faces of felines. One is inclined to ask whether they do not belong to a third sex, new to Europe. You must not hope to find in them the prettiness of the Japanese *mousmée*. A beauty of their own they have. But one is not aware of it until they are well on in the dance. The subtlety of their effects, their smooth facility, easy dignity and religiousness place them immeasurably above our ballet stars. The women who beat time add to the strangeness of the performance. Serpents can move as gracefully in curved lines. There are bold movements, reminding one of the spring of a panther, attitudes of dignified resentment, borrowed, may be, from that aristocrat of the jungle, the cobra. The pectoral and throat muscles come into play, and the whole body may be said to dance. The Europeans chiefly see the eloquence of motion in the smile. These Cambodians have an all-pervading plastic eloquence. What with their winged shoulders, their silver bells no bigger than thimbles on their helmets, the tinkling of their bracelets and anklets, their refinement and variety, their speaking hands and arms, and their finely wrought bodies, they are indeed miraculous.

Their dance represented the throes of a soul, pious and humble, just disembodied, followed by the joy of finding itself in the abode of the blest and in the presence of the gods. It was as a page from the Eleusinian mysteries.

The Comtesse Boni de Castellane pursues her divorce suit. The creditors of the Comte sue the Comtesse

for a third of the interests of her fortune as they fall due. It appears they have a fair prospect of obtaining them if the marriage settlement did not stipulate what share of household expenses was to fall on the Comtesse. I think I remember a stipulation that rendered her liable to the amount of £24,000, a sum that Comte Boni could not certainly have equalled, much less exceeded. The creditors state that they furnished goods and lent money to meet housekeeping wants, a rather elastic term which can include stable and mews expenses. Society is hard on the Comtesse for having at one of her receptions made a contemptuous demonstration of jealousy. The object was a lady who has a passion for showy jewellery, which a husband whose income may be expressed by seven figures has not been able to satisfy.

The divorce law and its attendant jurisprudence place married life in upper crust society on exactly the same footing on which it stood in Rome in the second century. M. Waldeck Rousseau, who learned as a practising advocate how very few great fortunes are righteously made, thought this an advantage for society at large. It tended to give instability to ill-gotten gains and to bring back the families benefiting by them to their natural level. He pleaded in this sense in some famous cases, and he declared in private that he spoke according to his convictions before the judges. I once heard him say to Renan that had not facility for divorce broken up the Roman soil, Christianity could not possibly have struck root. Fixed agglomerations of vast wealth must have prevented germination. To this Renan replied: "Vous avez raison. Tout chemin mène au bon Dieu."

It is Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's fate to be all the time at law. M. Félix Liouville, stepson of M. Waldeck Rousseau, has been defending her against the claim of a Brussels *dentellier*, who seeks to make her buy a bed coverlet priced at 3,200 fr. This article was originally ordered for a princess of ultra-brilliant monetary expectations who was engaged to be married to a prince of great pretensions. The price fixed was 5,000 fr., and it really does not seem to have been unreasonable, as the lace was to have been of rich design, with a corresponding flounce. The pattern pointed to the prince's pretensions. Somehow the engagement had to be broken off, and a lady of the princess went to Brussels to countermand the coverlet, though it had been more than half finished. It is a serious matter for a tradeswoman to quarrel with a "High and Mighty" customer. To fall from the patronage of a personage of this rank is to lose the goodwill of her wealthy and influential circle. What was to be done? Somebody said, "Go to Sarah Bernhardt, and represent that the design of the lace on your coverlet will remind her friends of her triumphs in 'L'Aiglon.'" The *dentellière*, acting on the suggestion, came to Paris and saw Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, who, she avers, admired the design and approved of the champagne-coloured silk that was to serve as lining. The *dentellière* had already furnished the actress with different lace collars worth 16,000 fr. each, lace window blinds worth 550 fr. apiece or 1,000 fr. the pair, and silk stockings with lace uppers at 75 fr. the pair. On this account her advocate pleads she could afford to let Mme. Bernhardt have the coverlet at the moderate price stated above. To give satisfaction to a good customer, the very best lace workers to be found in Brussels were set to work to complete the quilt. M. Liouville is instructed to deny that his client ever gave the order. She confined herself to admiring the beauty of the workmanship, and did not so much as excite a hope of purchase by saying "Je refléchirai."

I imagine that if the coverlet were taken to the United States and exhibited there by an intelligent show-woman it might easily be sold at four or five times the price agreed on by the princess. American ladies receive their fair friends in their bedrooms, and are the largest purchasers of hand-made lace in the world. They use it mostly to trim pillowcases and the upper hems of upper sheets, which turn over on coverlets of delicately tinted silks or satins. It would be something to have a quilt on which one might read the heraldic history of the Aiglon, and which just missed covering the couch of a prince nearly related to most of the European crowned heads.

The Poincaré budget has opened our eyes to see what a blessing the German Emperor conferred on France in preventing the "Tunification" of Morocco. If the taking and holding of Algeria cost France about two and a half milliards, what would not have been the expense of seizing on Morocco, a mountainous country with nine millions of warlike inhabitants? There are about three hundred thousand French colonists in Algeria. Most of them would have done better by remaining at home. Were France and Germany at war, Algeria would be a great cause of weakness to the former.

Do you believe that a system of taxation was ever devised that did not weigh heaviest on those dependent on wages? The only way to spare them is by severe economy. When this is practised by statesmen the rich people act with public spirit as in ancient Rome, in the Italian cities of the Medician time, and in the towns of Belgium. When taxes mount public spirit falls and meanness becomes all-pervading. The proposed tax on mineral water is likely to multiply deaths from typhoid fever.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

THERE is street music, dear Lady Betty, and there is street "society"; it is necessary to coin the latter phrase to make clear a situation which is becoming more confused in England every day. Unfortunately, the men and women who write personal paragraphs for the newspapers imagine that street "society" which, as it were, performs under their windows, is the most important, and emphasising and criticising the follies and failings of those irregular social musicians, cause many to believe that the performances of the rest are equally unsatisfactory.

The sermons which have recently been preached at the Catholic church at Farm-street, Berkeley-square, by the Reverend Father Bernard Vaughan, have directed general attention to that which is described in some of the newspapers as "The Sins of 'Society.'" There is

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not one morality for the rich and another for the poor, and it is the duty of a clergyman to condemn misconduct in whatever portion of his congregation it may exist. There is a growing impression that baptism by money releases those who can obtain it from the restrictions of the Ten Commandments and the consequences of their transgressions.

. . . . .

To deal with the matter here it is necessary to divide the five hundred thousand men and women who now more or less compose English "society" into three classes. There are those who are of "society"; those who may be described as members of street "society"; and those who are pretending to be in "society."

As to the first, they are probably better in many respects than were most of their predecessors, except that many of them are induced to do unbecoming and even discreditable things for money, whereas in former times the sordid element was comparatively absent.

The circumstances of the time have created the second class—street "society." The performers in this group are mostly untrained. They play principally for the multitude, and seem to be amply rewarded if a few paragraphs in the newspapers are doled out to them. There are ignorant members of the community who mistake noisy discords of the kind for "society" music. It is mostly the members of street "society" who spend money recklessly, are prominent wherever the public assembles, and figure in disagreeable cases in the Bankruptcy, Divorce, or Criminal Courts.

Out of the five hundred thousand who have been referred to there are about four hundred thousand who are only pretending to be in "society." Most of these are more or less harmless individuals who are seldom heard of out of the district they personally inhabit. They are, however, somewhat interesting in this respect, as it is generally from their ranks that the members of street "society" are recruited—when the latter do not come direct from the East End.

. . . . .

With those premisses, it is possible to deal with the sermons of Father Bernard Vaughan with some probability of making the matter clear.

"Society"—or "the Court," as it was formerly called—in England or elsewhere has seldom been a pattern of virtue. Men and women who have much luxury and leisure, and power and privilege, have generally been apt to run riot somewhat. It is the distressing peculiarity of the time in this country, however, that many in these conditions are prepared to do much which is unbecoming or discreditable for money. Were that factor withdrawn, it would probably be found that most men and women who are really members of English "society" are more reasonable, unselfish, considerate, intelligent, and even high-principled, than generally were their predecessors.

It is the members of street "society," however, who are causing serious scandal, and whose example, moreover, is spreading bad influence in every direction; but they are a body which could easily be swept aside by the combined action of those who have an assured and prominent position, and by a healthy public opinion. It is earnestly to be hoped that the clear utterances of Father Bernard Vaughan will assist to produce the combination, and attain that end.

* * * * *

The Modern English Wife.

Husband.—My dear, there has been a sudden fall in the stocks I hold, and I fear I am completely ruined.

Wife.—How very exciting!

Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

Normal Sporting Powder.—No Gun-headache, no Blow-backs. Superior to all other Nitros. Five Royal and over 3,000 other well-known English Sportsmen are among our clients. Samples Gratis. This season's Illustrated Sportsmen's Catalogues sent on application to the Normal Powder & Ammunition Co., Ltd., Hendon, London, N.W.

SPORTING NOTES.

WE are not likely to hear much more about the Race-owners' Association, which, as a matter of fact, has been supported by scarcely any owners of large studs. Rich men only render themselves ridiculous and contemptible by in any way connecting themselves with such a cadging enterprise. If men do not care to encounter the customary expenses of racing, let them give up the Turf. If they cannot afford to meet such expenses, they must be the most infatuated of fools to own racehorses. It is certainly the height of impudence to importune the railway companies to reduce their charges for the conveyance of racehorses, to say nothing of the absurdity and fatuity of making a request which any one with a particle of commonsense must know would be refused. The clamour for free stabling is not less preposterous. If there was any grit in this egregious association its members would have commenced by demanding free stabling at Newmarket, but they were, of course, afraid to tackle the Jockey Club.

It is utterly untrue that the Jockey Club at any time or in any way encouraged the formation of this Association. Another mendacious tale is the cackle about the King's approval of the Association and its objects, which is the very purest of fiction. As Lord Marcus Beresford is the manager of the King's stud he would have been very much better advised if he had avoided all connection with the Association, as there was no earthly reason why he should have mixed himself up with it, and the appearance of his name in the list of persons attending the meeting last week was certain to create false impressions. The Jockey Club can soon squabash the Raceowners' Association, which from first to last has been an utter *bêtise*.

Persimmon at present heads the list of winning sires, thanks to Keystone II., Lord Derby's mare having contributed £7,750 towards the total of about £10,400 with which the King's horse is credited. So far, however, Persimmon has no good two-year-old. Gallinule comes second with nearly £10,000, his best representatives having been Slieve Gallion and Pretty Polly. It seems probable that Captain Greer's colt will soon bring Gallinule to the top of the list, if it is true that Keystone II. is to be reserved for the St. Leger, instead of fulfilling her engagement in the £3,000 stake at Lingfield next week. Carbine, who is third with nearly £9,000, is indebted to Spearmint for his place, but Gingal ought to credit his sire with the value of a good stake before long. This horse is in reserve for the Eclipse Stakes. Ladas, who comes next, has to thank Gorgos and Troutbeck for the greater part of his £8,400, but he would have risen to second place if River had run straight in the Ascot Derby. Next comes Isinglass, with about £7,500, his best contributors being Wombwell (thanks to his flagrantly fluky victory in the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot) and Buckminster. Winkfield, who is sixth with over £7,000, is indebted to Bachelor's Button for nearly £6,000 of this total. Of the younger sires, the most successful have been Cyllene, Desmond, and Missel Thrush, having regard to the form of their best representatives.

Sagamore ought to win the next race for which he starts, and he was unlucky in being beaten for the Fernhill Stakes at Ascot, where he was running in really good company. The colt is by Sainfoin out of La Sagesse, and he was purchased at Newmarket in April by Mr. W. Raphael for 1,650 gs., at the sale of the late Sir James Miller's racehorses. Of course, Sagamore has important engagements, but there are many valuable stakes still open to him.

Ascot was no doubt a great success in the estimation of the people who regard a smartly dressed mob and profuse luncheons as the aim and end of a race meeting, but from the sporting point of view there was room for a vast improvement. The fields for most of the

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principal events were very poor, nor was there compensation to be found for the small number of starters in the consideration of their high class, except in the Gold Cup and in the King's Stand Plate. As to the three-year-old events, there were six starters (a miserably common lot), for the Prince of Wales's Stakes, with thirty-eight entries. The Ascot Derby, with thirty-four entries, was contested by six wretched crocks. Only five fillies started for the Coronation Stakes, with fifty-five entries, and thirty-three entries for the St. James's Palace Stakes resulted in a field of six. There were eighty-nine entries for the Biennial, but only six starters, and the Triennial, with sixty-five entries, brought out a field of five. The two-year-old events were quite as disappointing. Seven started for the Coventry Stakes, with an entry of 120, and four of these animals might as well have remained in their stables. The Triennial, with fifty-one entries, brought out a field of three, and there were nine starters for the New Stakes, which had 136 entries. This race, moreover, was a farce, odds of 5 to 1 being betted on Slieve Gallion, who cantered in alone. The minor two-year-old events were the most successful, for there were nine starters both for the Biennial and for the Windsor Castle Stakes, each of these races producing plenty of betting. There were only four starters for the Vase, but three of them were really fancied, and it was an interesting race. The All Aged Stakes collapsed altogether, and there were only seven starters for the Fernhill Stakes (this, however, was a capital race), and the same number for the O. M. Biennial, the latter event having thirty-eight entries. The Rous Memorial, with £1,000 added, and fifty-eight entries, brought out five starters, and the race was wholly devoid of interest, being justifiably regarded as a certainty for Andover, who won all the way. There were only three starters for the Hardwicke Stakes, with sixty-four entries, and £2,000 added. The Alexandra Plate, with £1,500 added and twenty-six entries, brought out a field of four, but the race was looked upon as being such a good thing for Hammerkop that odds of 5 to 2 were betted on Major Loder's mare.

The Ascot programme needs a rigorous revision on the lines suggested by me a fortnight ago. Let there be only five or six races on each afternoon, but those must all be events of exceptional value, and all on different lines as far as possible. The money could be provided without any difficulty by raising the price of the so-called "Royal Enclosure" ticket to £10. Eighteen hundred people are said to have been crammed into this pen on each of the principal days, and the crowding and crushing were worthy of pandemonium. A fund of many thousands of pounds would thus be obtained, and it would be a good move to double the price of paddock tickets, which would keep away a number of troublesome people, who only come there for cadging and touting purposes. The enclosure would still be thronged with smart and would-be smart people if a ticket cost £10, and during the last meeting (as usual for many years past) there was a large element of slip-slop in the crowd. A number of persons remained close under the Royal Stand gaping steadily at the occupants of that sanctuary, and no doubt keeping their ears open in the hope of catching stray words of the conversation. In the old days, when the enclosure was really and truly "select," and everyone in it knew everyone else, nobody approached closely to the Royal Stand unless invited to do so. Some of the recent ticket-holders are as devoid of manners and apparently as ignorant of the observances of good society as if they had been all their lives squatting in Central Africa.

It is not long since Count Festetics' mare Patience II., the best racer in Austria or Hungary, met with an accident which terminated her Turf career. Now Mr. Vanderbilt's colt Prestige II., who was without doubt the smartest three-year-old in Europe, has broken down. Prestige II. carried off sixteen races worth over £14,000 during his brief career on the Turf, and he was never once asked to seriously exert himself, having always won with extreme ease. This colt was not bred by Mr. Vanderbilt, but he was purchased by him when a foal. Prestige II. would certainly have won both the Prix du Jockey Club (French Derby) and the Grand Prix if he had been entered for those races, but he had scarcely any important engagements. He was 21 lb. the superior of his stable companion Maintenon, winner of the Prix du Jockey Club. I expressed the opinion, before Pretty Polly's defeat at Ascot, that Prestige II. would beat her if they met at Maisons Laffitte ten days hence in the Prix du Président de la République of £4,000. The pair would have met at weight for age, as this race resembles the Ascot Cup in that there are neither penalties nor allowances. It is said at Newmarket that Pretty Polly will be sent to France to run for this valuable stake, and her most dangerous opponent has been removed from the list of probable starters. Pretty Polly has no other engagement until the Champion Stakes at the Newmarket Second October Meeting, which is also a weight-for-age race without penalties or allowances, and she might again meet Bachelor's Button and Cicero, in which case I would expect her easily to defeat Mr. Joel's horse if in form, the course being A.F.

I hear that Lord Rosebery's colt Traquair will not be started for the Soltykoff Stakes at the Newmarket Second July Meeting, but that he will be reserved for the National Breeders' Produce Stakes of £5,000 at Sandown Park on the 21st. Traquair has incurred a penalty of 9 lbs., and I doubt whether he will be able to give that weight to Mr. Hall Walker's fine colt, Ulpian, who will be more forward in condition than when he ran for the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom. Major Loder's Adora, own sister to Pretty Polly, is likely to make her début in this race. Traquair will afterwards run at Goodwood, where he has two engagements, but he will be reserved for the Prince of Wales' Post Sweepstakes, which will be worth £3,400.

Lord Rosebery must now deplore the premature withdrawal of Cicero from the Eclipse Stakes, as the disappearance of the French four-year-olds would have made that valuable race appear a tolerably good thing for last year's Derby winner. A dreadfully bad lot of animals are left in for this stake. Cicero would have seemed to have an excellent chance of winning the Jockey Club Stakes but for the fact that Keystone II. is entered, and I shall certainly expect the mare to beat the horse if she is all right. They will meet at weight-for-age if Lord Derby's mare is beaten for the St. Leger, but if she should win at Doncaster she would have 3 lbs. the worst of the weights with Cicero in the Newmarket race afterwards.

Keystone II. has a nice engagement on October 18th, in the Sandown Three-year-old Produce Stakes of £5,000. She would meet Gorgos at even weights, and would have to give 8 lbs. to Sancy, which she could assuredly manage without difficulty. As a four-year-old Keystone II. has no engagements. She was entered for the Atlantic Stakes of £2,000 at the Liverpool Summer Meeting, but was struck out when the minor forfeit was declared. However, if she trains on and can stay, Lord Derby's mare ought to win the Ascot Cup of 1907. She is a beautiful and most racing-like animal, and in the opinion of many good judges she is far and away the best three-year-old in training.

Anyone might suppose that certain of the sporting papers are conducted by children or old women, judging from the strange balderdash which they complacently print. A correspondent sends me a paragraph extracted from a daily sporting journal, which states that the aggregate value of the races run for at Ascot was £42,970, and "to this great total owners contributed £18,970 in entrance fees." It is really unpardonable that such trash as this should appear in any sporting paper whatever. Entrance fees are unknown at Ascot. Every penny of the sweepstakes in every race goes to the winner, and there are no deductions whatever. As a matter of fact, the added money which was given this year at Ascot amounted to £23,800. The moon-calf who indited the above bosh adds that "it is not generally known that no surplus profit is claimed by the execu-

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tive, the whole of the money taken, with a deduction, of course, for working expenses, going to swell the amount of the valuable prizes." I do not understand what the writer means by surplus profit being claimed by the executive, but if he knew anything about the matter he would be aware that he is again displaying the most gross ignorance, for, "of course," there is no deduction for working expenses. The revenue at Ascot is enormous, and it might be greatly increased, an easy method, as I have already suggested, being a much higher charge for enclosure and paddock tickets.

Major Loder, who has been elected to the Jockey Club, had been for some time an honorary member of that society. He is one of the Stewards of the Turf Club, Ireland, and an *ex officio* honorary member of the Jockey Club.

After Epsom it was hoped that the Northern Derby would bring out Spearmint and Keystone II., as their meeting at even weights would have been one of the great races of the year. However, both horse and mare were withdrawn, and Lord Derby relied upon Bridge of Canny, who showed good form at Ascot, but this colt was cleverly beaten by Buckminster, who had 4 lb. the best of the weights. There was some heavy betting between the pair, both being very moderate animals. The Northumberland Plate, once a most important handicap and a heavy betting race, now excites no general interest whatever. A field of poor class contested Wednesday's race. Outbreak was backed down to evens (twelve runners), and won in a canter, a result which did not say much in favour of the acuteness of the handicapper. Mr. Newton's horse was obviously a good thing after he had finished second to Pradella for the Ascot Stakes with 8 st. 5 lb. on his back, whereas here he had only 8 st. to carry, and the opposition was exceedingly weak. Thrush was the only horse of really high class which started at Gosforth Park, and he won the Perkins Memorial in a canter from Athi, although a mile is rather farther than his best course. Thrush is now in great form, and he will win the July Cup at Newmarket to-morrow. Orwell was backed against the field (seven starters) for the Seaton Delaval Plate, and she won very cleverly from Plum Blossom, to whom she was giving 7 lb. I wonder that Cynosure was not sent North for this race, for which he was nominated by his breeder, Lord Londonderry.

Spearmint was expected to run for the Sandringham Stakes of £2,000 at Sandown Park, but he did not appear, his owner being afraid of the hard ground, and the race turned out a good thing for Troutbeck, who easily defeated His Eminence, having 9 lb. the worst of the weights. Sarcelle appears to have entirely lost his form, or else he has turned rogue, for he ran miserably, although in receipt of two stone from the winner. It is quite on the cards that Troutbeck would have beaten Spearmint, as the Duke of Westminster's colt has come on wonderfully of late.

Next week there will be racing at Nottingham, Salisbury (Bibury Club meeting), Pontefract, Lingfield, and Haydock Park, which is a preposterous plethora of fixtures, and there are not likely to be large fields anywhere. Duma (winner of the Ascot Triennial) is engaged in the Champagne Stakes at Salisbury. The best sport will be at Lingfield. If Keystone II. is not brought out for the £3,000 stake on Friday it seems likely that Black Arrow will be the winner. Spearmint was entered by his breeder for this race, but he was withdrawn in March, 1905. Troutbeck cannot give 9 lb. to Black Arrow if Mr. Walker's colt will do his best, as at Ascot. The £1,000 race for two-year-olds looks well for Polar Star, who has a breeding allowance of 10 lb.

HENLEY VESPERS.

To the mad and the merry, to the young man and maid who cannot afford Ascot or Goodwood, and even to some of those who can, Henley week, with its cool hay-harvest breezes, and even its pelting showers, is the week of the summer. But to the oarsmen, young and old, the veteran whose days are over, the youngster who is training hard, the coach with the cares of the eight or four upon his shoulders, to every man who loves rowing and good fellowship—to each and to all of them the week before Henley is the merriest week in all the summer year. And what a week it has been this year! Fresh breezes dying to stillness in the evening have cooled the air, a heavy rainstorm freshened woodland and pasture, and wet or fine the crews were at work. In a year when there is no strikingly good crew out for the Grand Challenge Cup, and when for the first time in rowing history the cup seems likely to leave these shores, we find the visitors who will take it being paced by the Leander Stewards four at the start or pulled out by a Leander scratch eight at the finish on one occasion; on another a College crew engaged for the Thames or Ladies renders them like service. And so it is all round; crews and clubs all helping each other to get fit and fast for the great days of the racing. Coaches give their services and advices to all and sundry. There are times to be taken and to be talked over. Everybody knows how everybody else is, and what he is doing. All is fair and above board. The reason is a simple one. It may be found in the definition of an amateur oarsman, illogical and artificial as it is. The sport is free from professionalism, of those who would be professionals if they could. Those who create the atmosphere of Henley are good, sound, honest sportsmen in the best and truest sense of the word. That atmosphere must not be tainted by too many facility clauses. That is just where the trouble has arisen. The gossip of the week has been centred on Mr. Fletcher's amendment, of which he has given notice. It is that no crew from the United States shall in future compete at Henley. The proposition has staggered not only rowing humanity, but a good many other folk as well. For the benefit of those unversed in rowing legislation, let me explain that the foreign and colonial competitors have to be satisfactorily vouched for as to their amateur status by the governing body of the sport in the country from which they come. In the States this body is called the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen—for short, N.A.A.O. Furthermore, a public subscription is not permitted—the money to send a crew over must be raised by members of the club. The N.A.A.O. vouched the Vesper crew that came last year. As a matter of fact, there was a public subscription. Some of the oarsmen were not amateurs within the meaning of the A.R.A. rules, and all of them divided up the money that was left. The cat, I believe, was let out of the bag by reason of dissatisfaction at the division. One gentleman took a larger share and enjoyed a little European trip. The result of the inquiry showed that the N.A.A.O. made no inquiry either as to the status of the oarsmen or as to how the funds were raised. The sworn declarations made by some of the members of the crew before a notary were in some material particulars untrue. And so the Committee at Henley has resolved to exclude the Vesper Club for ever. Mr. Fletcher is a whole-hogger. His position is strictly logical. He would exclude all oarsmen from the States because the N.A.A.O. is the governing body, and as such has proved itself utterly unworthy of any confidence whatever. The atmosphere of Henley must be pure and undefiled. But to this end people say it is not needful to bar Yale and Harvard. To put the matter briefly, I think Mr. Fletcher's motion is too strongly and widely worded. I would frame it that the entry of any club associated with the N.A.A.O. shall be refused. If this includes Yale and Harvard, then it cannot be helped. I know that Oxford and Cambridge would cut themselves adrift from any organisation that had conducted its affairs in the way in which the N.A.A.O. has done. But I would go further. I would cut the Gordian knot, and, except by invitation, I would not let there be any foreign competition at Henley. The matter would rest with the stewards. The rowing men for the most part find the

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racing spoiled by these overseas entries. The local men regard the entries as good for trade, and so favour them. These international crews draw the public, and the local folk make money. The rule that I propose would be that no entries except from clubs in the United Kingdom should be received by the stewards unless an invitation to compete has been issued. These invitations could be sent six months beforehand. In the case of Yale and Harvard the invitation could be a standing one, and so in the case of other clubs that could be named—the Argonauts, for instance. The unpleasant duty of holding inquiries and conducting inquisitions on affidavits would thus be done away with. Home oarsmen feel that with all their precautions the stewards will be hoodwinked, more especially in the case of scullers. The fact that the stewards have been so often hoodwinked disturbs the atmosphere of Henley. There was a full day's racing on Monday at Henley, the chief interest centring in the race between First Trinity and the Argonauts, which the latter won.

Those who fondly imagine that the revival in Lawn Tennis so strongly marked last year was a mere flash in the pan, due chiefly to our American visitors, must have been surprised to find one of the biggest crowds ever seen at Wimbledon when the semi-finals were being played. The men's singles were worth going miles to see. There was Wilding beaten by the veteran, Gore. That in itself justified the latter's selection for the English team as reserve man. Then Smith, who had beaten Holcombe Ward so easily, was overwhelmed by Riseley. A more brilliant fight has seldom been seen at Wimbledon. Of old these players used to drive at one another from the back line. Now they combine this graceful play with volleying and delicate placing. I should certainly not be surprised if in the doubles and singles there was a change in the championship this year. Certainly Riseley ought to have been in the English team before Smith. We can all be wise after the event. What fortunes we should make if, as they say on the Stock Exchange, we could job backwards. At all events, Riseley's backhand volleys are well worth seeing. No doubt to the ladies the interest of the tournament centres in Miss Douglass. It was a pity she had to meet Miss Thomson in the first round. Mrs. Sterry was also playing a splendid game.

Held on the eve of the championships, the London Athletic Club's summer meeting was a very interesting event. Trenner, who is becoming a veteran, won the sprint, and Crabbe, the Cambridge blue, did inside two minutes to win the scratch half-mile, while Denham, with nine yards start, scored a win in the quarter in very fair time. Morton, at Wolverhampton, did good time in the scratch hundred.

Both Oxford and Cambridge Universities were beaten last week by the M.C.C. But the Light Blues had a very much stronger team opposed to them. Their bowling is above the average, and they simply mopped up Surrey, scoring 298 for two wickets. It was very satisfactory to find Young in form again. If only they would hold catches they would be quite a good team. Yorkshire have been trying the nerves of their supporters by getting into tight corners against Kent and Essex. On both occasions there was Hirst, who wound up the week by scoring a thousand runs and taking a hundred wickets. Seven times he has done this in his time, and so did the veteran, W. G. Grace. But in Grace's time there were fewer matches, so this must be remembered. Kent has, besides Woolley as professional, a brilliant bat in Hutchings. Mr. Warner, in his *Westminster* cricket notes, speaks most highly of him, and classes him with Crawford and Spooner as the amateur batsmen of the present and future. I should not be surprised if all these four players were in the Gentlemen and Players match. The glorious uncertainties of the game were shown by Worcestershire's overwhelming victory over Lancashire and Northampton's success against Derbyshire. Middlesex could do nothing against Dwyer's bowling, and Sussex ran out easy winners by an innings and a hundred runs to spare.

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MOTORS AND MOTORING.

A WELL-KNOWN writer on motoring matters, Mr. Filson Young, discoursing on driving, has been giving expression to the opinion that when one is a passenger the car never seems to be going fast enough. I cannot help thinking, however, that so far as most passengers are concerned precisely the opposite feeling is that usually experienced. Indeed, the duty of the ideal motor-car driver in relation to his passengers is too often overlooked. In reality there is much that might be said on the point. Everyone aspiring to drive a motor-car should qualify first as a passenger. This sounds a truism, but in point of fact the practice is seldom followed. As often as not the intending automobilist, having made up his mind to get a car, procures one forthwith, and straightway proceeds to drive it. Nor is there any reason why he should not do this, so far as learning the art of driving is concerned. But previous experience as a passenger is desirable, in order that he may learn properly to appreciate the feelings of those who are being driven, which are not necessarily the same as those of the one who drives. The latter, knowing precisely what he can do and what he intends to do, has no tremors; his companions, on the contrary, feel no such assurance, and in too many cases a motor trip becomes a fearful kind of joy for those behind the driver simply because the latter fails to satisfy his passengers that he is driving with due circumspection and discretion. And even the best intentioned automobilist, who would be horrified to learn the feelings of his companions, is liable to overlook this aspect of the matter unless he has actually had experience as a passenger himself. The ideal driver, in short, will not only drive with what he knows himself to be perfect safety, but will convince his passengers also that he is doing this.

A recent experience supplied a curious instance of the way in which the tiniest possible derangement may sometimes affect the running of a car. In the case in question the car had been running quite perfectly, but suddenly began to go wrong. The only thing which had been done meanwhile had been to substitute a fresh piece of gauze in the air inlet of the carburettor. That scarcely seemed adequate to account, however, for the trouble, which suggested a faulty mixture, though all possible variations of the air and gas availed not to cure the difficulty. Eventually, by way of a mere experiment, the new piece of gauze was removed and the old one put back. Whereupon the car immediately ran as well as ever. The mesh of the new gauze had been almost imperceptibly larger than that of the old, and this had meant too much air, and had upset the running of the engine.

Lord Montagu of Beaulieu opened last week the new works of Argyll Motors, Limited, at Alexandria in the Vale of Leven. The event is certainly a notable one in the history of the British motor industry, for the works are said to be the largest of the kind in the world, and Lord Montagu declared that there were none better equipped—indeed, he had seen nothing to compare with these works in Germany or France. At present the company has about 1,600 employees, but when the new works are in full operation this number will be doubled, and an output of 2,000 cars per annum is anticipated. Argylls have won a very high reputation in the motoring world, and some figures given at the opening last week show that during the past two or three years the business of the company has increased by leaps and bounds. With the vastly improved accommodation and manufacturing equipment that it now possesses at Alexandria, still greater progress can be made.

MAMMON.

Stocks Mostly Weak—Forced Selling of Kaffirs—More Lame Ducks—Home Railways Supported—Russian Bonds Still on Offer.

STOCK market conditions are unsatisfactory. Almost throughout last week there was forced liquidation along with rumours of trouble among two or three of the South African houses. The settlement brought out the weakness of the situation, and the House is looking forward to a further run of realisations towards the end of the present account—which shows that there is nothing like taking a cheerful view of the outlook. The selling of Kaffirs was naturally reflected in other departments, simply from the necessity of making up in one way for losses incurred in another. At one time Americans were very weak, largely from this cause, but Wall Street pulled them together again. In the gilt-edged market there are evidences that the insurance Companies are selling, presumably in connection with their San Francisco losses, and the weakness of Consols is not calculated to conduce to the strength of other descriptions. Home Railways, however, have been in rather better favour, owing to a tardy recognition of their improved dividend prospects—a point to which I have steadily drawn attention. The Continent has not given much assistance, and the persistent weakness of Russians shows that the old inspired support is less in evidence. I am not an admirer of Russian stocks, as my readers will probably know, and I should be sorry to recommend a purchase of any of the more recent issues. But the people who talk about rottenness, default, and the like forget the stake which France has in Russia, which should make such a thing as default impossible. At the same time, I am free to confess that, from the investment point of view, Russians are still much too high.

Money Still Easy—Half Year Pressure—American Gold Inquiry—Paris Threatening.

Now that the half-year has turned, relatively easier conditions may be anticipated in the money market. It is true enough that the American Exchange is threatening; "eagles" to a fairly large amount have already been taken from the Bank, in fact, but the general impression seems to be that this will only be short-lived, because of the knowledge that money customarily becomes more plentiful in New York as July progresses. Of greater consequence is the weakness of the French Exchange and the possibility of a resumption of the gold demand from that quarter on a fairly heavy scale, owing to the uneasiness created by the ominous aspect of affairs in Russia. To a great extent the prospects are dominated by the course of affairs in that country. The last week of June is invariably one of extreme pressure, and it was quite on the cards that the market would have to increase its indebtedness to the Bank to an appreciable extent, and in this connection it may be noted that a proportion of the funds obtained has been by means of discounting short bills. The efflux of cash to the country at the end of June was not very marked in the last Bank return, and the reserve, owing to the large gold arrivals, shows only a slight diminution, being £26,648,000. The next statement will probably indicate heavier withdrawals, but then the infiltration process will soon become manifest.

Consols—Market Still Sickly—Stocks Attractive—Russians Slump—Are they Bargains?

The gilt-edged market is still afflicted with something akin to the spasms. It would be an exaggeration to ascribe all the blame to the stoical indifference of investors and the insurance companies, who have to provide for the losses incurred at San Francisco, or even to the fear of new issues. There is a limit, of course, to the digestive capabilities even of the British investor; but to none of these factors, either collectively or individually, can the whole blame be placed for the parlous condition of the market. Nevertheless the lack of "backbone" is apparent on all sides, and it is not remarkable that there should be sinister hints regarding the decay of the national credit. These, however, are quite unconvincing, and I maintain that not only is there very little scope for further depreciation, but that stocks generally are worth absorbing as investments. Apart from the Guaranteed Two and Three-quarter per Cents., otherwise known as Irish Lands, which give about $3\frac{1}{8}$ per cent. and a security equal to Consols, there are many others that are undoubtedly attractive. The recrudescence of the troubles in Russia and the very ominous aspect of affairs there is reflected in a still lower value of the stocks, which are the outstanding features of the Foreign market. It is significant, indeed, that Russian Fours could be bought to yield a clear 5 per cent., while the new Five per Cent. scrip, which has been as low as 5 discount, would bring in 6 per cent. This is eloquent testimony to the decline in Russian credit, and although the yield is very handsome, it is very doubtful whether Russian bonds are by any means cheap. For my part, I would rank South American bonds, such as Argentine, Brazilian, or Chilian, as more desirable to the investor who likes a high return upon his capital, or better still, the newer Japanese issues bearing a lower rate of interest than the purely "war" loans. These latter afford good security, and return as much as $4\frac{1}{2}$—$4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. Notice is given that in virtue of the law passed by the Italian Parliament the Five per Cent. Rentes will be converted into a new stock, bearing 4 per cent. interest net until the 31st of December, 1906, $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. net for the five years following, and afterwards $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest net, with the guarantee that no further conversion will take place before the 31st December, 1920. Holders of Italian Five per Cent. Rentes, who do not accept the conversion, must present their bonds for reimbursement on or after July 2, up to July 7 inclusive, in London, at the offices of Messrs. N. M. Rothschild and Sons, New Court, St. Swithin's-lane, and all such bonds must bear the English stamp.

Home Rails in Better Favour—Anticipating the Dividends—Some Points for Buyers—The General Outlook—Two Promising Welsh Stocks.

During the last few days spasmodic attempts have been made to give a lift to the Home Railway market. Business has not been actually brisk, but with the dealers none too well supplied with stock it is easy for buyers in this department to make their presence felt. The probability is that the market has been benefiting from the investment in anticipation of some of the July dividends. A few years ago one could have counted upon the quarterly Consol and other dividend disbursements giving a fillip to the investment markets, but for some reason not altogether clear this influence has scarcely been perceptible of late. Certainly there are plenty of sound arguments why Home Rails should be bought at the present juncture, and in view of the high prices ruling for American and Foreign Rails—that is, speaking generally—it will be surprising if the British group does not receive more attention from the investing public during the half-year upon which we have entered. With the main points in favour of the market those who take the trouble to read the advice given in this column week after week must be fairly familiar.

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First of all there is the fact that the leading railways have wound up a half-year which in the matter of gross receipts is one of the best in their history. On the Southern passenger systems the advance in earnings has not been very marked, but upon railways like the North-Western, North-Eastern, Lancashire and Yorkshire, Midland, Great Northern and Great Central, which derive a large portion of their revenue from the carriage of merchandise and minerals, the advance has been striking. I might include in the list one or two smaller systems like the North Staffordshire, the Hull and Barnsley, and the Furness, for upon these three lines the relative increase has also been very large, and the stocks of these Companies, from the point of view of prospects of an advance in capital value are as promising as those of their bigger neighbours. The average rate of increase in the dividends of the Companies just enumerated is likely to be from ½ to ¾ per cent. per annum, and as the yields obtainable at present prices, taking last year's dividends as a guide, are 4 per cent. and upwards, there is little question as to the cheapness of stocks at their existing levels. Moreover, the distribution of the dividends now nearly due is unlikely to mean the culmination of the advance, for the trade revival is still going strongly, and the experience of the Companies during the second half of the year should be no less pleasant than during the first half. In the matter of expenditure, too, there is ground for taking a hopeful view. It is advisable not to lose sight of the agreement come to a few months ago between the North-Western and Midland, in the matter of needless competition, for it is likely that this will make itself felt to a substantial extent in the accounts for the current year, both in the saving of train mileage and in various matters of expense connected with the securing of business and the handling of goods. The example thus set by two of the leading systems of the country is likely to exercise a good effect upon other rival systems, and it will be shown that a spirit of friendly working is more advantageous to all parties than a policy of uncompromising rivalry. So far as the labour outlook is concerned, matters are in a satisfactory state. The threatened trouble between the North-Eastern officials and their men looks like being finally settled, while farther north we hear less of the threatened lock-out amongst the iron workers on the Clyde. There has since the General Election been a lot of talk about Socialistic legislation on the part of the Government, and of the trampling down of vested interests by the trade unions, but gradually investors will be brought to see that their fears have been to a large extent unnecessary, and that the Labour Party in the present Parliament, even if it were bent upon a policy of vandalism, forms after all but a small section of the Government. Altogether, then, there is little to find fault with in the outlook for Home Rails, and a great deal to encourage prospective buyers. To return again to individual stocks, it seems to me that in any recovery the Welsh group should take a leading part, and particularly Taff Vale and Barry issues. These lines derive the principal portion of their revenue from the carriage of coal, and the prosperity enjoyed by the South Wales coal industry this year has put them in a very strong position. The Barry shows increased gross receipts at the rate of £38,000 for the half-year, and should be able to increase its dividend from the 8 per cent. paid a year ago to 9½ or possibly 10 per cent. The stock is a trifle heavy, standing at just over 200, but a purchase now ought to well repay the speculative investor. The Taff Vale a year ago paid at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum for the half-year. This time it has increased its gross revenue at a rate which should give it £22,000, and possibly more, for the six months. Thus a slight advance in the dividend may be made, although even if last year's distribution be merely maintained the yield at current price works out at 4⅞ per cent. Here is my table giving movements on the week:—

Home Rails.	A Year Ago.	Make up, June 26.	Closing Price, June 23.	Closing Price, June 30.	Movement.
Caledonian Pref.	79½	76½	76½	76½	+ ½
Do. Def.	34½	33½	33¾	34	+ ¼
City and S. London	40	41	41	40½	− ½
Central London	91	86	86	86	—
Great Central '94 Pref.	65	—	78	77	−1
Do. "B"	31	37	37	37½	+ ½
Do. "A"	16¾	17	17	17	—
Great Eastern	86	81¾	81⅝	82½	+ ⅞
Great Northern Pref.	102	102	102	102	—
Do. Def.	35	45	45¼	45½	+ ¼
Great Western	140	131	131	132	+1
Hull and Barnsley	46	46¾	46¾	47	+ ¼
Lancashire and Yorkshire	107½	104	104½	104	− ½
London and Brighton "A"	121½	117½	118	117½	− ½
London, Chatham, and Dover	15½	14⅞	14⅞	15	+ ⅛
Do. 4½ p.c. Pref.	97	91	91	92	+1
Do. 2nd Pref.	60	58	58	58	—
London and North-Western	150½	156¾	156¾	157¾	+1
London and South-Western Def.	56	51½	51½	51½	+ ½
Metropolitan Consolidated	94½	66½	66½	66½	—
Metropolitan District	40	25	25	25	—
Midland Pref.	68½	67½	67¾	67½	− ¼
Do. Def.	64½	68	67¾	68	+1¼
North British 3 p.c. Pref.	79	76½	76½	76¾	+ ¼
Do. Def.	44	43⅝	43⅝	44½	+ ½
North-Eastern Consolidated	137	140½	140½	142	+1½
South-Eastern "A"	53¼	49	49	49½	+ ½

Since writing the above, South-Western Deferred stock has relapsed, in consequence of the most deplorable accident at Salisbury.

AMERICAN RAILWAYS—HEAVY LIQUIDATION—CROP UNCERTAINTIES—MONETARY OUTLOOK—RAILROAD EARNINGS.

American Railways during the week have been subjected to heavy liquidation, at the instance partly of operators in New York and partly of speculators here, the latter being compelled to realise in the main because of losses in the Kaffir market, and of the necessity of relinquishing other holdings to make good losses elsewhere. Three or four influences have told adversely. The present high quotations for Ordinary shares take these descriptions out of the investment list, and, while the prosperity of the country is marked and the earnings of the railroads are large, there are the crop uncertainties to keep the market in a condition of suspense. The outlook is uncertain, and therefore speculators may be excused if they decide that they are too uncertain for their requirements, especially as there are half a score of departments which will furnish them with a fair run for their money—which is not what Yankees do. A week-end cable, summarising recent conditions, says:—

This discrepancy between the interest return of the money market and the income return of securities at the ruling level of prices furnished the keynote to the course of the market. Over-extended speculators suffered the most. The interest rates for carrying over to the year's end approached 6 per cent., and with an active demand offerings were scanty. The large capital requirements and heavy outlays for real estate and the usual extra demands for money to be expected in the fall was held responsible for the hardening course of money.

Movements on balance during the past week are shown in my table below:—

—	1905. Highest.	1905. Lowest.	Closing Price. June 16, 1906.	Closing Price, June 23, 1906.	Closing Price, June 30, 1906.
Atchison	96	80⅛	91⅞	92¼	91¼
Do. Five per Cent. Pref.	109	102	106½	106½	106
Baltimore and Ohio Com.	120⅛	101⅛	117½	122	119⅞
Chesapeake and Ohio	61½	46⅜	59½	60⅜	58½
Denver	40 1/16	27⅜	46	45	42
Do. Pref.	93½	85⅜	91½	91	88½xd
Erie	54½	38 5/16	44⅞	44⅜	42
Do. First Pref.	87½	77⅛	81	81½	80½
Louisville	161⅛	140⅛	151½	151	146½
Milwaukee	193⅛	173⅛	184	185	176½
Mo., Kan., and Texas	39¼	24 1/16	35⅜	34⅜	33½
Norfolk Pref.	96½	94	95	95	95
Do. Common	90⅜	77⅜	90½	92½	90
New York Central	169⅜	140⅜	143	141½	139½
Ontario	65½	41⅜	50½	60⅝	48⅜
Pennsylvania	76⅜	67½	68½	67½	65½
Reading	73⅜	40⅞	68⅜	68½	62⅜
Do. First Pref.	49⅜	46	47½	47½	47½
Southern Common	39 7/16	28⅜	38½	38¼	35½
Do. Pref.	104½	97½	102½	102½	102½
Southern Pacific	74	59⅜	66⅜	71⅝	68⅜
Union Pacific	155⅜	116 7/16	152½	153⅜	146½
Do. Pref.	102½	98½	98	98	98
Wabash Pref.	49⅜	37⅜	49	47½	46
Do. "B" Debentures	86⅜	69½	86½	86	84
U.S. Steel Corp. Com.	44½	26	40⅝	39	35⅛
Do. Do. Pref.	110⅛	93⅜	107⅜	107½	103

HOW TO OPERATE IN STOCKS SUCCESSFULLY.—See HALFORD'S ADVISER (post free).—PALMERSTON HOUSE, LONDON, E.C. ESTABLISHED 1869. TELEGRAMS: "MONITOR, LONDON."

Wall Street has, during the last few weeks, been undergoing the remedial influence of liquidation, which, if continued, should reduce loans to a more reasonable level. Temporary stringency in call money may be expected owing to preparations for the $150,000,000 July disbursements, the accumulation of larger trust company reserves, and the Government call for $10,000,000 from the banks. On the other hand, the very preparation by commission houses to avoid stringency, which shows itself in bids of 5¼ per cent. for over the year, may prevent the expected happening. A feature present this year is the unprecedented glut of securities, conservatively estimated to exceed $300,000,000. Moreover, it is current talk that a number of large corporations are only awaiting a half favourable opportunity to enter the market for funds; and, judging by present indications, they will be compelled to issue notes on what is known as a time money basis. It is not surprising that bond syndicates are compelled to borrow heavily to carry underwritings, or that they see little hope of distributing their holdings to the investing public. It is a good point for Americans that the country is prosperous, and that as a result the earnings of its railways are on the up grade. Referring to the earnings for May, the *New York Chronicle* says:—

It is quite noteworthy that the gains in earnings should have reached such large proportions. The statement comprises seventy-one roads, and on these the increase over May, 1905, reaches $9,323,116, or 13.37 per cent., this covering 96,593 miles of road for the present year. Comparison, too, is with pretty good earnings in May, 1905. The early statement covered 74,767 miles of road and the increase amounted to $3,823,386, or 8.58 per cent. In fact, the May summaries have shown continuous gains for the whole of the last eleven years with the single exception of 1904. This fact is made apparent by the following summary of the May figures back to 1897.

May.	Roads.	Gross Earnings.	Increase or Decrease.	Per Cent.
1897	125	$37 604,347	+$1,413,992	3 91
1898	128	44,342 892	+5,648.580	14·59
1899	111	44 569.301	+2,708,016	6·46
1900	114	52,845,746	+4,934,647	10 29
1901	99	57,403 999	+5 236,185	10·03
1902	84	54,942,317	+4,619 227	9·17
1903	81	70,028,295	+7,462,602	11·92
1904	66	52,134 881	−1,866,181	3·44
1905	53	48,367,104	+3,823.386	8 58
1906	71	79,065,712	+9,323,116	13 37
January 1 to May 31:—				
1897	124	179,431,982	−1,462,909	0·81
1898	126	212,802,464	+29,283,147	15·95
1899	110	192,631,594	+9.572,935	5·22
1900	113	258,503,791	+33,419.076	10·84
1901	99	279,458,040	+24,175,443	9·47
1902	84	264,531,088	+20,396,100	8·35
1903	81	340,451,843	+39,723,869	13·21
1904	66	254,210,014	−5 667,279	2·18
1905	51	231,262,020	+14.103,975	6·49
1906	70	$79,538,324	+52,167,778	15·93

These favourable results for the roads as a whole are naturally reproduced in the case of the returns of the separate roads. Out of the whole seventy-one roads reporting, there are only eight altogether which are obliged to confess a decrease in receipts, and in only two instances do the decreases reach amounts of any consequence—these being the two roads already mentioned as having suffered severely from the coal strikes, namely, the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg, and the Wheeling and Lake Erie. On the other hand, the increases are not only general, but many of them are, as heretofore, for large amounts. Moreover, these large gains come from many different parts of the country. There are the Northern Pacific, with $916,144 increase, and the Great Northern, with $713,430 gain, among the transcontinental lines on the north; the Baltimore and Ohio, with a gain of $976,857, and the Lake Shore, with a gain of $516,338, among the trunk lines; the Southern Railway, with $583,679 gain, and the Louisville and Nashville, with $491,786 increase, among Southern roads; and the Missouri Pacific, with $347,000 increase, among South-western roads.

The *New York Chronicle's* compilation of the net earnings of American railroads for the month of April is interesting chiefly for the indication which it furnishes of the presence of the coal strikes in that month, and for the satisfactory showing made by the roads as a whole, in face of that circumstance. Treating the roads collectively, the tables record an increase of $5,399,836 or 5.16 per cent. in the gross earnings, as compared with the corresponding period last year, and an increase of $1,411,064 or 4.67 per cent. in the net earnings. Yet the anthracite coal group alone, comprising the distinctively anthracite carriers, sustained a falling off of $2,624,063, and a decrease in net earnings of $2,553,717, besides which many other roads had their coal traffic largely reduced—either anthracite or bituminous or both combined.

	April. (91 roads.)			January 1 to April 30. (88 roads.)		
	1906.	1905.	Inc. or Dec	1906.	1905.	Inc. or Dec.
	$	$	$	$	$	$
Gr earn	109,998 401	104,598,565	+5,399,836	157,709 639	396,741,413	+60,968,193
Op. exp	78 449 741	74,460,969	+3,988,772	420,763,711	289,738,678	+31,025,033
Net ear	31,548,660	30,137,596	+1,411,064	136,945,928	107,002,765	+29,943,193

It should be remembered that in the anthracite fields there was a complete suspension of mining during the whole month of April. In the bituminous districts the stoppage of work was only partial, many operators having come to terms with the miners, but in certain districts the suspension was as complete as in the anthracite regions. Furthermore, the bituminous fields do not lie within a limited circumscribed area as do the anthracite regions, but extend over the greater part of the whole country. In Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, as well as in Western Pennsylvania and in Missouri and the South West, there was more or less idleness at the mines nearly everywhere. To say this is to say that the coal strikes were an adverse feature with the railroads in many different sections. And it is this fact more particularly that gives importance to the satisfactory character of the exhibit of earnings in face of that circumstance. The Pennsylvania Railroad, which is the largest coal-carrying road in the country, and which in the month preceding was piling up such enormous gains, also sustained a decrease on its Eastern lines, namely, $540,100 in gross, and $96,200 in net, though this was offset by $508,300 gain in gross and $417,700 gain in net on the Western lines, where the coal traffic does not form such a preponderating proportion of the whole. It deserves to be mentioned that Southern roads also had a drawback to contend against in a much smaller cotton movement, the receipts at the Southern ports in April, 1906, having been only 395,426 bales, as against 686,553 bales in April, 1905. In April last year the earnings were very good, showing an increase of $7,386,005 in gross, or 7.07 per cent., and $1,766,018 increase in net earnings, or 5.85 per cent. In fact, the April returns have been continuously favourable year by year for a whole decade, the only exception in this period having been 1904, when there was a loss in both gross and net earnings. The half-yearly report of the New York Central has made its appearance. The practice which the company has just begun of giving out monthly returns not merely for the New York Central itself, but for all the other controlled and affiliated roads, enables one to judge better of the magnitude of the business of the Vanderbilt system as a whole. The figures in this case are limited to the five months ending with May (the month of June not yet being available), but they cover all the roads referred to, whereas the half-yearly statements made public this week relate merely to the New York Central itself and the three other roads mentioned. The distinction between the Central itself and the Central system should be clearly borne in mind. The New York Central itself in the five months in question earned $35,229,579 in 1906, against $32,135,702 in the corresponding period of 1905, an increase of $3,093,877. The Central system, on the other hand, earned no less than $87,524,842 in the five months of the present year, as against $77,963,567 last year, the improvement in this case being no less than $9,561,275, or more than three times the amount of the gain on the Central proper.

In regard to the Pennsylvania, which recently raised a considerable loan in France, the *New York Chronicle* refers to a strong feature which has characterised the management—the development of the traffic of the system and the provision of adequate facilities to permit its uninterrupted expansion. Mr. Cassatt, the President, says the company is now in a position fully to perform its public duty, as its large traffic is being moved with an ease and regularity never before attained. There can, of course, be no question on that point. Moreover, the company's earnings have more

than kept pace with its new capital outlays. It is pointed out that in 1898 the gross income of the company was only $71,000,000; in 1905, the amount was $146,000,000. The net income in the same period has risen from $11,000,000 to $30,000,000. These figures relate only to the lines directly operated east of Pittsburgh and Erie. In these columns some tabulations were given not long ago, demonstrating that for the whole Pennsylvania system the growth of income has been no less striking. For instance, it was shown, that whereas in 1898 the gross earnings of all lines owned, operated and controlled had been $136,130,271, for 1905 the total was no less than $266,069,597. It was also shown that in the same period the number of tons of freight moved one mile on the entire system had risen from 16,329,379,632 tons to 29,503,147,362 tons, and the number of passengers per mile from 1,642,715,043 to 3,075,402,826. Let the reader consider what it means to have to furnish within the brief space of seven years additional track facilities and additional rolling stock and motive power for handling 13 billion tons more of freight per mile and 1,400 million more passengers per mile.

Grand Trunks May Statement—Canadian Pacific Results—Mexican Railway Seconds—Argentines Dull—Other Foreign Railways.

The Grand Trunk statement for May proves to be much above expectation. The market looked for a net improvement of £6,000 at the outside, and instead it got £27,000, which brings the net gain for five months up to £82,700. It was proved that this return might show in an aggravated form the directorial intention to strengthen the undertaking at the expense of the holders of the junior stocks, and the substantial gain means that all necessary outgoings have been provided for, and that the Company is beginning to reap the reward. This being the case, the junior stocks are worth buying for a speculative investment. The Third Preference will, by all appearances, receive at least 3 per cent. for the current year, and as an investment it is worth considering at the present price, provided you are able to hold the stock for a little time. Should you be inclined to put it away for a year or two, you will probably get 50 per cent. or more upon your investment. The junior stocks of the Company are reliable investments, bringing in 4 to 4⅝ per cent., this last being the return obtainable on the Second Preference stock, which has a large revenue behind it. Canadian Pacifics have moved with Americans—that is to say, they have been irregular. They might be bought either on option or to put away, because the Company is doing remarkably well, and because the country is progressing rapidly and has infinite possibilities before it. The revenue statement for May shows that out of a gross increase of $1,350,000, as much as $800,000 was saved in net—which is further confirmation of my statement that the Company is now deriving benefit from the expenditures for "betterments" during the past. Interest is being taken in the Atlantic, Quebec and Western system, which designs to open up the important port of Gaspé on the eastern seaboard of the Dominion of Canada. When the Atlantic, Quebec and Western system is built Gaspé will be in direct communication with Montreal and the whole western system of railroads in the Dominion. This line, it is understood, will be constructed in two parts—(1) The interior section, running westerly from the deep-water harbour of Gaspé to Cedar Hall, on the Inter-Colonial Railway, and thence southerly to Edmundston, an important junction, where connection can be made with the Canadian Pacific Railway and Grand Trunk Pacific systems; and (2) the coast section, which will skirt the seaboard and afford railway facilities to a number of rising townships which are at present without direct communication with the interior. The line in both sections will run through territory which is officially described as admirably adapted to colonisation, wide stretches being suitable to agriculture. The rails will also skirt large forests, where an important lumber and wood pulp industry should be brought into existence. From a British point of view, the chief importance of Gaspé Harbour as a terminal is, perhaps, that it will appreciably shorten the journey to Canada. My table follows:—

—	A Year Ago.	Make-up, June 26.	Closing Price, June 30.
Canadian Pacific	154½	165	164½
Grand Trunks	21⅝	27⅝	27⅛
" 4 per cent. Guaranteed	100¾	102	102¼
" 1st Preference	109	119	119
" 2nd "	99	109	109
" 3rd "	49⅜	66⅜	66¾
Bengal and North-West	150	146½	145½
Madras Railway 5 per cent.	126	123	126
Argentine Great Western Ordinary	110¾	118½	118½
Buenos Ayres and Pacific	122½	126	126
" " 1st Preference	118½	118	118
" " 2nd "	106	108½	108½
" Great Southern	136½	137½	137½
" Western	129	130	130½
Entre Rios Railway Preference	97	87½	87½
Rosario Consolidated Ordinary	104½	114½	113
Cent. Uruguay Ordinary	80¾	85	85
Costa Rica Railway	2⅛	2⅛	2⅛
Mashonaland Railway Debentures, 2nd iss.	—	93½	93
Mexican Railway	19⅞	25⅝	26½
" 1st Preference	106	129½	131
" 2nd "	33	55⅜	56½
Nitrate Rails	13⅝	14⅝	14½

In the Foreign Railway group Mexicans are at the moment most prominent. The First Preference is strong, but it is high-priced at 130-1. This stock is entitled to 8 per cent, and it may be that this rate will be paid next time on the strength of the good earnings, as a result of the increased earnings and the standardisation of the dollar. For a stock to put away for a little time, there is much to be said for the Second Preference. The Company should be in a position before long to meet the First Preference charges, and then the Second Preference will have its turn. This stock is entitled to 6 per cent., and as a speculative lock-up cannot be called dear at about 57. A year ago it might have been picked up at 39, but conditions have altered since then. The Ordinary is also interesting. It stands at a low price, it is a speculative favourite, and seems to give a lot for money, and when the market is at all active it moves proportionately rather more quickly than the rest. On the subject of Argentine Railways there is not much to say. In spite of big earnings, the market is languishing, and movements have, if anything, been on the down grade. But as Argentine is making headway and has great potentialities of expansion, the stocks of its railways are worth buyinging.

Kaffirs Lower—More Forced Liquidation—Helping the Lame Ducks—Has the Market a Future?—Anomalous Conditions.

South Africans continue on their downward way with only a spasmodic attempt at recovery very occasionally. The settlement brought with it a lot of forced liquidation, and two or three rather important houses were said to be in difficulties, while on Pay Day the flatness of Americans was a contributing factor to the depression. No trouble came to light, but it was known that a few lame ducks had been helped over, and this did not aid matters, the closing prices in the Street being at about the lowest. It is feared that there will be more forced selling before the end of the account now running—a not improbable contingency in view of the further decline in values. The whole market, in fact, is in a condition of demoralisation, and unless the big houses make an earnest effort, it must continue so in face of the attitude of the Government on the subject of Chinese labour. This ugly question—ugly for the present Government, I mean—threatens to drag on for some time yet, and will not be settled until the Transvaal has been granted self-government. But I am sanguine enough to believe that the outcome will be satisfactory to the mining industry, and ultimately to holders of South African shares. It requires a lot of courage I allow, to buy on such a market as the present, but if you have faith in the future of the country, it would be difficult to find a better opportunity for the display of that faith. Prices may conceivably go still lower as a

result of further liquidation, but they are undoubtedly cheap, provided there is anything in the outlook, and of that there is no doubt. It is difficult to say whether our friends the magnates cannot or will not give energetic support. Probably the truth is that some of them cannot, and that the larger and more influential will not. Whatever may be the exact truth, however, the one great point is that there is little buying of Kaffirs, and what with aggressive "Bears" and realisations from necessity, the market has no chance of pulling itself together. There are a number of good people who assert that the day of Kaffirs is over. I do not believe it for a moment. If the mineral showed signs of being worked out and profits and dividends were declining, I could understand the contention. But production is growing rapidly, and for one mine which may be getting worked out there are at least half a dozen ready to start, and there is a vast extent of good country round the Rand—country proved to contain minerals, but only partially developed. Therefore, I say, there is a big future for the Rand, and if some of those good people who are trying their utmost to kill the industry could only realise the importance to the trade of this Empire of the weekly shipments of gold from South Africa they would be a little less noisy in clamouring for its destruction. It is not worth while going into details of the week's movements, but I repeat that if you buy Kaffirs to put away for more reasonable conditions you will come out with a good profit. You must, however, be in no great hurry to take that profit.

Westralians Livelier—Sons of Gwalia Dividend—The Position—Associated Developments—Boulder Props. Fingalls.

Even if it must be confessed that there is still no surfeit of business in the market, and that the attitude of the speculative public remains indifferent, several developments have occurred to impart an unusual degree of interest to Westralians. The reduction in the quarterly dividend of the Sons of Gwalia is of first importance. Such a contingency has been anticipated ever since the last report was published, revealing a significant shrinkage in the average grade of the mine, and discounted in advance the shares fluctuating about 1¼. It is added that for the present the distributions will be at the same rate, and that any surplus available will be divided when the accounts for the current year are made up. There are, therefore, possibilities of a bonus; but, apart from this consideration, it may be noted that on the basis of 1s. quarterly disbursements the yield on the shares would be over 16 per cent. at the current figure. As a holding for dividends the shares are attractive, the last statement of reserves being equal to about three years' requirements; while there are also possibilities of development improving. As regards Associated, upon which I have had occasion to enlarge recently, rather more promising information is published respecting the illusory Iron Duke lode, which has been cut at one point and gives a value of 35 dwts. Contrasted with the results previously obtained, this is quite hopeful, but it would be prudent to await the outcome of further development before proof can be obtained that a rich patch has been struck. If anything like this value is fairly well distributed, the item would prove important. As it is the shares have recovered from their recent weakness, but in order to illustrate how generously possibilities are discounted in the existing price of Associated, it is only necessary to say that on the basis of last year's dividend, the return is only a modest 5 per cent. The Great Boulder Proprietary continues to open up in depth in a most promising fashion; and another development is recorded, drilling at the 1900 feet level locating a lode assaying about 11 dwts. Taken in conjunction with other recent developments, this is significant, and the prospects of the mine seem not a little bright, while the shares make a very good holding. Although they have recovered from the lowest, Fingalls remain somewhat sensitive, but in my opinion the shares are still rather interesting speculatively. On the basis of quarterly dividends of 5s., the maintenance of which seems probable, the return at the prevailing quotation of about 4 would be 25 per cent. This figure makes no allowance for possibilities, and altogether Fingalls, as a speculative holding, would appear very interesting. My usual table follows:—

—	1900 High.	1905. High.	1905. Lowest.	Make-up, June 25, 1906.	Closing Price, June 23 1906.	Closing Price, June 30, 1906.
Associated G.M.	7⅛	3⅝	1 3/32	1 1/16	1 1/16	1 1/16
Assoc. Nth. Blocks	3⅝	1 7/16	1 3/32	1 1/8	1 1/8	1 1/8
Brownhill Ext.	3⅞	1/2	1/4	11/-	11/-	11/-
Cosmopolitan	30/3	1/2	1/4	5/3	5/0	5/
Golden Horseshoe	15	8 3/16	6 3/16	6	6	6
Golden Link	8⅛	4/6	0/3	3/-	3/-	3/-
Great Boulder Prop.	37/6	25/6	20/-	25/3	25/-	25/6
Do. Main Reef	2⅞	3/3	1/-	2/6	2/6	2/-
Do. Perseverance	13½	16/6	9/6	10/-	10/.	10/-
Gt. Fingall Cons.	6 1/16	8⅝	6½	4 1/8	4 1/8	4
Hainault	1⅞	1 1/4	5/8	1 3/32	1½	1⅝
Ida H. Gold	—	14/3	3/-	7/-	7/-	6/9
Ivanhoe (£5)	15½	8 7/16	7 3/16	6 15/16	6 5/8	7¾
Ivanhoe South Extnd.	4⅜	3/4	1/4	3/32	1/8	3/16
Kalgurli	9⅜	9 7/8	6 5/8	9 3/4	9½	10
Lake View Consols	5⅜	1⅞	31/32	1⅛	1⅛	1 1/8
L. & W. A. Exploration	1 1/2	15/6	7/-	10/-	10/-	10/-
North Kalgurli	1 1/4	6/-	0/6	1/3	1/-	1/-
Oroya Brownhill	—	3 23/32	2 31/32	3 3/16	3 1/8	2¾ x all
Peak Hill	5⅜	8/9	0/3	6d.	1/-	6d.
Sons of Gwalia	6 1/4	2 5/8	1 27/32	1 7/16	1½	1 1/8
South Kalgurli	6½	2	1/16	1/8	1 1/8	1 1/16
Westralia Mt. Morgans	—	7/8	1/2	3/6	3/-	3/6

Rhodesians Idle and Uninteresting—Bankets as a Gamble—Tanganyika—Copper Production.

Under the dominating influence of Kaffirs the Rhodesian section remains somewhat hyper-sensitive, and though values dip down and bob up again according to the whim of the moment, it can hardly be said that the market is in any way interesting. In connection with Bankets, it may be noted that the shares were banged below 2. At anything like this figure they appear to be worth picking up, more especially if taken off the market for a time, in the hope of normal conditions being restored at no distant date. At the present stage of development they are, of course, purely speculative, and on merits may not be worth 2, even though they were twisted up to 5 last year on "prospects," but, strictly regarded as a gamble, they are certainly interesting at the figure named. The property is opening up well, the railway has been completed, and when market conditions become more healthy these considerations will not be overlooked. Tanganyikas, too, as a lock-up, possess very considerable possibilities, and as the recent hints of a fresh capital issue were unfounded, the shares at the low price prevailing are tempting enough. Although a great deal has been said on the subject of the copper-producing possibilities of the country, little, so far, has been actually accomplished in this direction. The Rhodesia Broken Hill, however, would now seem to have reached the productive stage proper. A large portion of the plant is now in operation, and with the completion of the railway the proper development of the property should now be rapidly accelerated. My usual table is appended:—

—	Capitals. Authorised.	Capitals. Shares Issued.	Denom. of Shares.	Amount Paid.	Highest 1905.	Closing Price, June 23, 1906.	Closing Price, June 30, 1906.
	£		£				
Bechuanaland Ex.	400,000	400,000	1	f.p.	1 1/16	½	½
British S. Africa	6,000,000	4,999,038	1	f.p.	2⅜	1 1/16	1 3/16
Buluwayo Explorat'n.	500,000	187,402	1	f.p.	3/32	1/16	1/16
Buluwayo Syndicate	200,000	194 028	1	f.p.	⅜	⅛	¼
Charterland Goldfields	500,000	344,500	1	f.p.	½	3,6	3/6
Chicago Gaika	250,000	201,000	1	f.p.	1/32	1/16	4/6
Exploring L. & M	500,000	424,525	1	f.p.	1/16	6d	6d.
Globe & Phœnix	200,000	250,000	1	f.p.	1 1/32	1¼	1¼
Lomagunda Dev	250,000	228,000	1	f.p.	2 1/16	1½	1 1/16
Mashon. Agency	400,000	398,976	1	f.p.	1⅜	⅜	⅜
N rth'rn Copper(B.S.A.)	250,000	160,500	1	f.p.	3½	1½	1 1/16
Rhodesia, Ltd.(New)	600,000	600,000	1	f.p.	1	3/8dis	⅛
Rhodesia Expl.	225,000	227,777	1	f.p.	4½	1⅞	1⅜
Rhodesia Glds.	1,000,000	500,677	1	f.p.	1/16	2/-	2/-
Rice Hamilton	175,000	50,000	1	f.p.	2¾	⅛	2 3/32
Selukwe	350,000	321,000	1	f.p.	1 1/8	¼	3/6
Tanganyika Conc.	264 600	234,000	1	f.p.	6⅜	3 3/16	3⅛
United Rhodesia	750,000	660,900	1	f p.	11/3	2/-	1/6
Willoughby Con.	1,000,000	930,000	1	f.p.	⅝	10/9	10/-
Zambesia Explor.	300,000	288,615	1	f.p.	2 1/16	1/8	⅛

West Africans Depressed Again—Esperanzas Promising—Champion Reefs

The growth of cheerfulness in the Jungle would seem to have been checked, momentarily at all events. A contributing factor to this change is no doubt the dissatisfaction produced by the Broomassie report, but the stolidity of the public in refusing to be impressed by the much-flaunted charms of the market is probably the chief cause. Values are being allowed to slip back steadily, but as a whole West Africans are quite uninteresting and featureless. Among Mexicans I still regard Esperanzas as being fairly promising at the existing quotation of a trifle under 4. In this figure is included the 5s. 6d. dividend just declared, and, apart from speculative possibilities, it may be as well to reiterate that on the basis of four quarterly distributions of this amount the yield on the shares would be as much as 25 per cent. This is quite handsome, the more so because the prospects generally appear to be promising. The May return indicates a recovery in profits to about £80,656, so the inference is that the drawbacks experienced with the shortage of railway wagons have been surmounted. Among Indians, Champion Reefs are still being favourably influenced by the belief, alluded to a week ago, that the property is opening up better in depth. So far, however, nothing official has transpired in relation to this matter. The Nundydroog interim dividend of 1s. 2d. per share is the same as for the corresponding period of last year. The Mysore distribution, on the other hand, is only 4s. per share, as against 4s. 6d., but perhaps the reduction may to some extent be ascribed to the interruption resulting from the failure of the Cauvery electric power. This disability has now been removed. My table follows:—

—	Denomination of Shares.	Closing Price, June 23.	Closing Price, June 30.
	£		
Ashanti Goldfields	4/-	10/6	9/6
Akrokerri	1	1¼	1 3/16
Bibiani Goldfields	1	1	⅞
British Gold Coast	1	⅛	⅛
Gold Coast Amalgamated Mines	1	2 5/16	1 13/16
Taquah and Abosso	1	2 5/16	1¾
Wassau (Gold Coast)	1	15/16	15/16
Egypt and Sudan Mining	1	1	1
Egyptian Mines and Exploration	1	3/-	2/9
Nile Valley	1	5/6	5/6
Sudan Goldfields	1	⅛ dis.	⅛ dis
United African Exploration	1	1	1⅛
Anaconda Copper	$25	12⅝	12
Balaghat Gold	1	30/-	30/-
Broken Hill Proprietary	8/-	3¼	3 1/16
Cape Copper	2	6⅛	6
Champion Reef	2/6	18/3	19/-
Le Roi	5	1½	1⅛
Mysore Gold	10/-	6⅞	6½
Nundydroog	10/-	26/-	26/-
Ooregum	10/-	14/6	15/-
Rio Tinto	5	66½	65¾
Tharsis Sulphur and Copper	2	6½	6⅝
Waihi Gold	1	8⅜	8 5/16

Insurance Notes.—Americans for America.

There is an extensive movement in the United States in favour of the American life offices confining their business to the North American continent, and abandoning their British and European branches. I am in complete sympathy with this movement, but my reasons for supporting it are different from those held by American citizens. Their notions are that foreign business is very expensive, the mortality in foreign countries relatively high, and the restrictions imposed unduly hampering. This last contention is true in regard to some countries, and quite recently two of the three great New York companies have decided to withdraw from France rather than comply with a new law, which requires that the reserves for French policy-holders shall be invested in France and in French securities. Investments of this kind would involve a lower rate of interest being yielded by the funds that can be obtained in the States, and I do not see how the companies can comply with such a law without injury to the policy-holders in other countries. My reasons for thinking that the American life offices would do well to give up the attempt to obtain new business in foreign countries, and especially in the United Kingdom, may be summed up in the statement, "They cannot hope for success." I recognise that as a result of recent scandals the New York companies are much better than they were; their solvency is above suspicion; their expenditure will be vastly less than formerly; the objectionable tontine bonus system is now illegal; and the huge new business which was the chief cause of extravagance is now limited by legislation. These changes are calculated to bring about great improvements in the companies, but they cannot hope to compete with British companies with any chance of success. Recent legislation in the United States has abolished all records of past results on policies as a guide to future bonuses. Profits are to be declared annually after this year, and no without-profit policies are to be sold. In choosing a non-participating policy people want to form some idea of future bonuses. No such idea can be formed in regard to the American offices for the next five years, and in the meantime it is inconceivable that people in this country will assure in the New York offices. Then there is the prejudice created by the scandals to be reckoned with. I recognise that the scandals had little adverse financial effect upon the policy-holders, and that permanent features of the business which were not called scandals had a very great adverse effect, but people in general do not look at the matter in this way. I am not horrified at the Presidents receiving £20,000 or £30,000 a year when I know that the managers of the Alliance and Commercial Union Companies here are paid more than £20,000 a year, although these companies are mere pygmies compared with the American giants, yet many people regard such salaries as outrageous. Again, I am not dreadfully shocked that secret service money was employed to buy off legislation which was only introduced in order to be suppressed by bribery. These things only prove that the conditions of American society do not conduce to the flourishing in the States of life assurance at its best, and as we know it in England and Scotland. Yet another difficulty in the way of success is that their sources of profit are smaller than those of the best British companies. The differences between the rates of interest assumed in valuing the liabilities and earned upon the funds are smaller than in British offices, as well as the differences between the expenditure provided for and incurred. Now profits depend on these differences, not upon the rate of interest earned nor the rate of expenditure incurred. Yet again the American offices in this country are further handicapped by the fact that rebate of income tax is allowed on premiums paid to British and Colonial offices, but not on premiums to American companies. These latter must show that they can give as good value for 19s. as a British office gives for £1, so long, that is, as the income tax remains at 1s. in the £. In the face of all these difficulties, success in this country for the American life offices seems impossible. Hence I sympathise with the cry, "Americans for America," which is becoming so loud and insistent in the States. My reasons are not quite those of the patriotic Americans, but my conclusions are identical with theirs.

New Issues.

The following prospectuses have been issued:—

British Maritime Trust.—Applications are invited at par for £250,000 Four per Cent. First Debentures, which are guaranteed, as to principal, interest, and premium on redemption, by Furness Withy and Co., Ltd., and the latter Company also guarantees a 5 per cent. dividend on the shares until all the debentures are paid off. The Company was formed in 1890 as the British Maritime Mortgage Trust, Ltd., for the purpose of carrying on the business of a trust and mortgage company, especially to make advances upon approved maritime securities. In 1896 Sir Christopher Furness and Furness, Withy and Co., Ltd., acquired a controlling interest in the Company, since which time the British Maritime Trust, Ltd., has been regarded as a subsidiary Company of Furness, Withy and Co., Ltd., and has been managed and controlled by them.

J. Lyons and Co.—The shareholders have received a circular inviting subscriptions for 250,000 Five per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £1 each at 1s. per share premium.

Pampa Alta Nitrate.—This Company announces an issue of

Hereford—the lovely Wye Valley. Superb country scenery. Ideal tourists' centre. Ancient cathedral, border castles, &c. Boating, motoring, golf, &c. Booklet free.—Apply, Town Clerk.

6 per cent. Debentures to the amount of £200,000. The Debentures will be secured by a first mortgage on the Company's real property, etc.

Anglo-Argentine Shipping Company.—Issue of 50,000 Seven per Cent. Preference shares of £1 each, and 80,000 Ordinary shares. Of the latter, 30,000 will be taken by the vendors in full payment of the purchase price, and 9,500 Preference and 15,500 Ordinary shares are reserved. The Company is formed to carry out two freight contracts with important Argentine meat Companies, the La Blanca Compania Argentina de Carnes Congeladas and El Frigorifico Argentino, both of Buenos Ayres, in respect of which cash and securities of the estimated aggregate value of £30,000 have been deposited as a guarantee of the fulfilment of the contracts during the earlier voyages. The contracts provide for a regular three-weekly service of steamships to commence during the latter half of the present year from Buenos Ayres to the United Kingdom. Messrs. Chalmers, Guthrie, and Co., Ltd., of 9, Idol-lane, E.C., and the British and Argentine Corporation, Ltd., of Worcester House, Walbrook, E.C., are authorised to receive subscriptions.

A. W. Gamage, Ltd.—This Company invites subscriptions for £100,000 of Four and a Half per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures at par.

"TRUTH" LETTER BOX.

Correspondents will oblige by observing the following rules:—

Name and address, which must accompany all inquiries, should be written on the communication; cards are apt to be lost or misplaced, causing unnecessary trouble.

Anonymous letters will not in any case be attended to.

I cannot reply to inquiries by letter or telegram.

A nom-de-plume or initials (the former preferably) should be given if it is desired that the real name shall not appear in the paper.

Inquiries should be put as briefly as possible, plainly written, and numbered.

Communications received after Friday may not be replied to in the following issue. Delay may also occur where an exceptionally long list of securities is submitted.

I do not recommend brokers.

GOVERNMENT.

Sandhurst.—(1) The sentence should have read "a bucket-shop of mean repute"—it would be better to avoid it. (2) I do not care to prophesy about a recovery in Consols during the next account, but if you can buy the stock and put it away for a few months you will, I feel sure, have a respectable profit. *R. R. W.*—Consols have great attractions, especially at the present price. Within another year they ought to appreciate at least 3 or 4 per cent., and with interest in the meantime of more than 2¾ per cent. you should come out with at least 6 per cent. on a security second to none. *Oriental.*—Keep the Irish bonds and Transvaal shares. *H. W., Clapham.*—I suggest the following:—Brazilian (West of Minas Railway) Five per Cent. bonds, Chilian Fives (1892), and Chinese Five per Cent. Imperial Railway bonds. These will bring in close upon 5 per cent.

RAILWAYS.

Cockney.—Canadian Pacifics are a very desirable purchase both for dividends and appreciation. *S. J. R.*—I will draw attention to the matter. *Keith.*—Quebec and Lake St. John Income Bonds are worth holding. The small decreases during the past winter, have, I am informed, been more than counter-balanced by the decrease in coal and wages during the same period. This saving in expenses is being continued, and the results for May are eminently satisfactory. *Opo.*—Of the two I should decidedly prefer Canadian Pacifics. *G. L., Liverpool.*—You might buy B. A. Western Railway stock. *Coupon.*—Grand Trunk Third Preference and Great Central Preferred Ordinary stocks are both worth buying to put away for developments. *Nesirabad.*—I should be inclined to sell, and with the proceeds to buy Grand Trunk Third Preference. *Applegate.*—Atchison Adjustment bonds are desirable, and they give over 4½ per cent., and Chesapeake and Ohio First Mortgage bonds bring in 3 15-16 per cent. *Missy.*—(1) I should not sell Brighton A, as the stock is likely to have a considerable appreciation before the end of the year. (2) Grand Trunk Thirds are a very hopeful purchase. (3) For investment, Chicago Milwaukee Four per Cent. General Mortgage bonds are quite desirable. *M. H. W.*—Argentine Great Western New Preference shares are desirable.

MINES.

Maritime.—(1) Porges Randfonteins, Arizona Coppers, Great Boulder Perseverance and East Fingalls ought to go higher. (2) The return works out at between 12 and 25 per cent. (3) The Victoria Deep Leads is expected to reach the producing stage within another few months at the outside. (4) Dolcoaths and East Fingalls would suit your purpose. I suggest that you should sell and place the proceeds in something more active. *Lee.*—(1) I should not be disposed to average. (2) "Johnnies" are worth buying for a lock-up. (3) Great Boulder Perseverance cannot be regarded as an investment, but as a speculation they may be bought. *C. W. R., Dublin.*—To my regret I can give you no information about the duration of life of the mine, but the property is well situated, and the Company is well managed, and you should have a good appreciation when other Kaffirs harden. *Y. R., Neath.*—The Company has published no accounts, and it is impossible to say how it stands. The shares are not dealt in so far as I can find out. *Mac.*—(1) Vogelstruis shares might be kept for a better condition in South Africans. (2) Consolidated Deep Leads are a pure gamble, but a very promising one, and if they turn out trumps you will have a big profit. (3) I should exchange into South Kalgurlis. *M. J. R., Limerick.*—Both Tanganyikas and Zambesias ought to be kept because the Companies own good properties, and because when conditions in the South African market are a little more satisfactory they will have a substantial recovery. *R. J. M., Belfast.*—(1) Robinson Deeps, Glen Deeps, East Rands, Goldfields, and Simmer and Jack new shares will suit you. (2) I should not buy either of the other two shares named. *Dubio.*—(1) I should leave the concern alone. (2) Progress Mines of New Zealand make a fair purchase. (3) Willoughbys might be bought. *Mercury.*—Do not join the reconstruction, which is a most unpromising one. *Triangle.*—Do not join the reconstruction. *Novice.* — You might average on No. 1. The other two are quite unpromising. *Rusticus.*—(1) I should choose Broken Hill Props and Block 10. (2) It is not possible to estimate the life of mines, but the ore reserves of the two named ensure prosperity for a number of years to come. *Disgusted.*—I should not take up the new shares. *Macroom.*—(1) The Rhodesians are worth holding for a rise. (2) Randfonteins are a very attractive purchase at the present price, provided you are willing to put them away for better conditions in the market. (3) Porges Randfonteins and Robinson Randfonteins might be bought. (4) The Companies are scarcely on the market yet, but you should be able to get hold of some of their shares through your broker. *Titchborne.*—(1) With more lively conditions in the Rhodesian market your shares will certainly recover. But I am afraid it will be a long time before they again touch the price at which you bought. (2) Apply for shares in the new Company. *Jacobus.*—Johannesburg Consolidated Investment shares are good for a recovery, and the Company is sound, but you may have to wait some time before you get your own back. *Edina.*—I should be inclined to average on Charter Trust shares. *Mansi.*—Modderfonteins are certainly worth buying if you can afford to wait a little time for your profit.

MIXED SECURITIES.

Welsh Owl.—(1) I should not join the reconstruction, as it will probably involve the loss of more money. (2) The South Africans ought to give you a profit if you can hold them for the revival which will probably take place in another month or two. (3) The thing is a gamble, and not a very promising one at that. (4) Support will again be forthcoming before long for Canadian Pacifics, and you will probably see a good profit on your purchase. (5) Grand Trunk Thirds seem safe for a gradual improvement. *R. L. B.*—You might keep British Electric Traction Preference, "Johnnies," and Klerksdorp Proprietary shares for a better market. The Westralians are doubtful. *Argyle.*—(1) All the Kaffirs are worth keeping for better conditions in the market. The selection is a very fair one, both from the point of dividends and ultimate appreciation. (2) One of the best stocks that I can recommend is Consols. You are certain of your dividend, and it is a tolerable certainty that within another twelve months there will be a rise of at least 3 to 4 per cent., so that you will get a 6 per cent. or more for your money. *Scat.*—(1) Ashby's Staines Brewery shares are worth holding. (2 and 3) The South African Breweries shares went too high, but they give a good return, and may be kept. (4) Angelos and Anaconda Coppers will probably recover. *Marguerite.*—(1) Hold the Daimler Motor shares. (2) Ten years ago the Bilbao and Cantabrian Railway decided to pay 10 per cent. and to invest the surplus profits as provision for the repayment of the remainder of the capital when the mines from which the traffic is derived should have become worked out. In 1902 it was decided, as far as profits would allow after making allowance for working reserves, and some further addition by way of margin to the repayment fund, to distribute half-yearly dividends and bonus together equal to 12s. per share per annum. The share capital of £150,000 is now represented by investments valued at £162,621, and by general assets. In the circumstances I cannot see how you are going to lose any of your money.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. L. N., Maidenhead.—You cannot have reasonable security for your money along with such high rates of interest as is offered by the particular concern you name. *C. H. M., Halifax.*—If your dealings with the concern have been satisfactory there is obviously nothing more for me to say about it. *J. C. S., Cardiff.*—The concern is not known in this country, and judging from what you tell me I think it would be advisable to go warily. *Cashier.*—I daresay there is a good deal in what you say about Barnums, but the kind of business which it carries on is uncer-

SOUTHAMPTON.—SOUTH-WESTERN HOTEL.—The new Dining-room, elegant Lounges, Smoke-room, with Restaurant and Grill-room on ground floor now open.—For tariff, apply to Manager.

"TRUTH" will be sent weekly to any address in the United Kingdom for 7s. for 3 months; 14s. for 6 months; or 28s. for 12 months. The subscription for all Countries included in the Postal Union is, 3 months, 7s. 8d.; 6 months, 15s. 4d.; 12 months, £1 10s. 8d. All subscriptions are payable in advance, and cheques and P.O.O.'s should be made payable to the MANAGER, "Truth" Building, Carteret-street, S.W.

tain, and many degrees removed from the gilt-edged; therefore the fact that its shares are selling below par is easily understood. *Stalybridge.*—If you must make the exchange, I suggest the Scottish Widows, the Royal Insurance, London Life, or the Royal Exchange Assurance Company. *Aintree.*—(1) The Imperial Stock and Share Exchange is a bucket-shop, against which I have had occasion to warn readers of TRUTH several times. (2) Keep Federal Supply of South Africa shares. *Neac.*—The Company is a small one, and not long established, and it would be better, I think, to transfer to the Century or the Scottish Temperance. *Insurance.*—The shares have gone down along with other insurance shares, mainly from possible demands arising out of the San Francisco disaster. Both are good holdings, and will recover. *F. L. D., Penarth.*—It would be the lesser of two evils to sell out and place the proceeds in a more progressive undertaking. *China.*—I believe the institution is all right. *Norwood.*—The investment would probably be satisfactory, but the present price of the shares rather indicates inside selling. *Ayrshire.*—The man who calls himself J. B. Mackenzie is a bucket-shop keeper who had better be avoided. *Engineer, Mauritius.*—(1) The bank shares are reasonably good, and there appears to be little prospect of any depreciation in the price of them. (2) The current quotation is 6¼. (3) I suggest that you buy Rio de Janeiro Flour Mill shares and Liverpool Nitrates. *B. E. T.*—TRUTH is not in the habit of "puffing" doubtful concerns.

INDUSTRIALS UNINTERESTING—ANGLO "A" PROMINENT—CHILI TELEPHONES—SHIPPING SHARES—SOUTH DURHAMS AND MEASURES—TEXTILES—ELECTRIC LIGHTING SHARES.

There is scarcely the slightest change of any significance in the general condition of affairs in the Industrial market, either as regards the sentiment prevailing or any other aspect. All initiative "inside" still seems to have been stifled by the tantalising lack of confidence "outside," or vice versâ, whichever you will, consequently the market pursues its humdrum course, almost devoid of animation. Having regard to the bright trade outlook throughout the country, which, in relation to Industrial securities, is a factor of the greatest significance, it must be conceded that prospects are enticing, and with values generally at a moderate level, this market as a whole is, as I have frequently emphasised, worthy of careful consideration by the investor. The feature of the moment is, perhaps, the continued prominence of Anglo-American Telegraph Deferred stock. It would seem that the manipulators are getting tired after their sustained exertions. Anyway, the quotation has dipped to 24. The fantastic estimate of profits may, perhaps, be embellished to revive speculative interest, but I would not recommend Anglo "A" on the strength of such a contingency. As I have frequently pointed out, it is a gamble at best, and at 20, let alone the 26 attained in the recent excitement, it would not be particularly attractive. Telegraph stocks as a group offer plenty of scope for investment, and as industrial securities go are deserving of more consideration, because they afford very respectable security, while at the same time give a relatively high yield, but Anglo "A," of course, is on an entirely different footing. The Chili Telephone Company is a progressive undertaking, and although there is a halt in the upward dividend movement, the present distribution being on the 8 per cent. basis established a year ago, the report indicates still greater profits. Owing to the lower exchange, however, the net revenue converted into sterling shows only an increase of a little over £1,000. Nevertheless, the achievement is quite satisfactory, and, on the strength of the Ordinary shares, which bring in more than 4¾ per cent., would seem to make a promising holding. The following table indicates the yield obtainable upon shipping shares:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
African	16	£5 6 0
Anchor Cumulative Preference	9¼	5 15 0
Amazon Steam Navigation	10½	5 16 0
Ellerman	10	5 17 0
Furness Withy	33/6	8 15 0
New Zealand	5¾	6 12 0
P. and O. Deferred	235	5 14 0
Union of N.Z.	16½	6 0 0

Reference may be made to the advance to £198,300 from £85,100 in the trading profits of Furness, Withy, and Co. This is reflected in the increase from 10 per cent. to 15 per cent. in the Ordinary dividend. The proposal to issue another 10,000 Ordinary shares has not been without effect upon South Durhams, but this does not induce me to alter the opinion frequently expressed upon the subject of these shares. Dividend possibilities are believed to be bright, and South Durhams, together with Cargo Fleets, are worthy of attention from the speculative-investment standpoint. It is not manifest from the report that the Rhymney Iron Company has benefited from the revival which set in towards the close of last year. The profits show little change, and the Ordinary dividend is again only 2 per cent., but it is encouraging to be told that conditions generally are now much more promising. It is significant to note that a resumption of interim dividends is made upon Measures Bros. Ordinary, this being at the rate of 5 per cent., so that it would seem that the concern has recovered from the adversity recently experienced, and the Ordinary are less hopeless than they appeared to be a few months ago. There was some adverse criticism of the financial policy of the British Electric Traction Company at the meeting, but it was not very convincing. It is quite clear that last year's dividend could easily have been maintained, and that the decline is only of a temporary character. From the investment standpoint I still maintain that the Preference, which give a trifle over 6 per cent., are worth holding, and while the Ordinary are certainly a little speculative, they are promising enough at the low price prevailing, provided they are put away for a time. Additional evidence of the prosperity of the textile industry is afforded by the Howard and Bullough report, makers of machinery for this trade. In net the profits expanded by £35,100 to £125,000, and the dividend is ½ per cent. higher at 8 per cent., the bulk of the improvement being utilised to strengthen the reserve. These shares yield 4¾ per cent. The market is still sanguine as to the dividend possibilities of English Sewing Cotton Company, with which I dealt a week ago, but the announcement that the customary statement of the American Thread figures will be delayed by pressure of business seems to imply that the announcement may be later than usual. It may be noted that even on a 10 per cent. dividend—and the estimates range from 5 per cent. to this higher figure—the return would only be 7 per cent. at the prevailing price. The London County Council electric scheme is delayed for another year at least, and in view of this I think it opportune to show the yield given by electric lighting shares. Of course, the possibility of the L.C.C. as a competitor cannot be regarded with complete equanimity, but even in the event of the scheme being sanctioned, the rights of the existing Companies would have to be respected, and over and above this it would be years before the scheme matured properly:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Charing Cross, W. E., and City	4½	£5 0 0
Chelsea	5½	5 4 0
City of London	11	5 7 0
County of London	8½	5 11 0
London	2¼	4 16 0
Metropolitan	9	5 8 0
St. James and Pall Mall	11	5 8 0
South Metropolitan Preference	1⅛	5 2 0

Taking into consideration the difficulties that have beset the Company, it could hardly have been expected that the Baku Russian Petroleum achievement during last year would be particularly satisfactory. The gross production of oil dropped by ten million poods, and the trading account, before any allowance is made for depreciation, which is a very considerable item, shows a profit of £55,300, and this has been carried to the losses by fire and disturbances account. In the end, the debit balance remains at £168,100, and it is to be hoped that the reorganised Board will be able to alter the complexion of affairs.

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QUEER STORY.

AN INVITATION TO LORD'S.

GEORGE LASCELLES was a veteran journalist, of large experience and correspondingly large mind. Indeed, there is nothing like a wide knowledge of men and things to impart breadth to one's outlook and indulgent tolerance to one's views. It is only those who live in little worlds of their own who ever attempt to claim for their particular creed or standpoint the infallibility of absolute truth and righteousness, and who condemn, without benefit of clergy, as knaves or fools, all who may happen to dissent from them. Experience teaches a very different lesson. It makes us see that in all creeds there is some truth and much fallacy; that every great question—religious, political, or social—is many-sided; that absolute truth or righteousness never was, nor is, nor can be, contained within the four corners of any single formula. In short (as the poet hath it), that

> God fulfils Himself in many ways.
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

Lascelles was a man who had thoroughly mastered this lesson. He wrote, indeed, by the force of circumstances, Tory leaders for a Tory paper. But he wrote as an advocate, not as a judge, and while setting out his clients' case to the best advantage in that capacity, and studiously slurring over its weak points, he did so as a matter of professional duty, not as a matter of personal conviction. Not, mind you, that he was a Radical. He was no more a Radical than he was a Tory. Either party, in his opinion, represented a certain phase of political truth (mixed up with a good many political falsehoods), and either party served a useful purpose in the State. Both, in fact, were needed. And it was well that both should have their advocates. Circumstances had made him a Tory advocate, and whatever personal misgivings he may have entertained, at times, of the justice of his client's case, he discharged his duty to that client faithfully.

In private life, he was what is popularly described as a thorough "good sort." His friends were legion. He delighted in helping lame dogs over stiles; and you may be sure that, this being known, many lame dogs resorted to him for his kindly assistance. This was chiefly the case with young men, who through impulse rather than through vice, had made fools of themselves, as, at one time or another, most young men do. And lucky for them if they can find a George Lascelles to give them a leg up. For Lascelles had the knack of saying and doing just the right thing under such circumstances—a knack consequent upon his rare gift of putting himself in the other's place, and so of entering into the particular difficulties of his position. So it was that young men, in trouble through their own folly, could talk to him as they could to few older men. And though they often got advice from him that they didn't like (for he was the last man to mince matters where plain speaking was requisite), yet such advice, however unpalatable, was always imparted with such an air as to disarm resentment. He made them see what young fools they had been, and, though they naturally didn't relish (no one does) having the folly of their conduct rubbed into them, somehow they liked old Lascelles all the better for having done it.

If there were more parents and guardians like George Lascelles, fewer young lives, wrecked on their first voyage, would be allowed to become hopeless derelicts.

It was one morning, towards the end of June in last year, that Lascelles had a call from his young friend, Charlie Peverill. Peverill, the son of a distinguished general, then holding an appointment in the War Office, had recently taken his degree at Oxford, and was going through the form of eating his dinners, preparatory to being called to the Bar.

He was an impulsive, rather headstrong young man, of generous but ill-disciplined character, full of belief in himself and the infallibility of his own opinions, and impatient of parental control. There was undoubtedly the making of a man in him, and a good man, too. There was also in him the making of a disastrous failure. He wanted judicious handling. Indeed, it was upon the handling he received from his father at this critical period that the lad's whole future depended. But General Peverill, as was natural in an old soldier, was too much of the martinet in his dealings with his son. Like the centurion in the Bible, he was in the habit of saying, "Do this," and expecting as a matter of course that young Charles would do it. But young Charles didn't always do it. Hence perpetual ructions between them, the father regarding his son as an ill-conditioned, mutinous young rebel, and the son regarding his father as an unreasonable, arbitrary old tyrant.

Such was the state of affairs at the time of which I write, when young Peverill burst excitedly into Lascelles' rooms, on that June morning, and exclaimed:

"I say, Lascelles, can you spare me a few minutes? I want your advice and assistance most awfully."

"Well, young 'un, what is it? What's the trouble now?" said Lascelles, good-humouredly, as he laid down his pen.

"It's that old governor of mine. He is behaving unbearably. I must tell you I'm just engaged to be married, and the governor has ordered me—ordered me, peremptorily, as if I were a slave—to break it off, because he doesn't approve of the match. Did you ever hear of such high-handed tyranny?"

"Umph. But *why* doesn't your governor approve of the match?" inquired George Lascelles.

"Oh, merely because Pollie Sitwell—the girl to whom I am engaged—doesn't happen to be what is conventionally styled a lady. As if that mattered," cried the young man, with fine scorn, "when she's the best and sweetest girl in the whole world, and I love her with all my heart."

George Lascelles could scarcely forbear a smile. From how many fervent young men had he heard the same story—this "best and sweetest girl in the whole world" story!

"Who is Miss Pollie Sitwell?" he inquired. "And where did you come across her?"

"She's a waitress at Giotti's," replied young Peverill, colouring slightly.

"Umph," grunted Lascelles, with a thoughtful frown. "Umph; a waitress at a restaurant——"

"Well, and there's nothing to be ashamed of in that. It's no disgrace to an honest girl to earn her own living by honest work, is it?" broke in young Peverill, with some heat.

"Far from it. It's rather to her credit than otherwise," admitted Lascelles, soothingly.

"That's just what I told the governor. I said if a girl was a good girl, and she really loved a fellow and a fellow really loved her, her social position didn't matter a button, and that, so far from being ashamed of my engagement to Pollie (as the governor seemed to think I ought to be), I was proud of it—yes, downright proud of it!" cried young Peverill, with generous enthusiasm.

"And what did your governor say to that?" inquired Lascelles, regarding his impulsive young friend with a thoughtful gaze.

"Oh! He didn't condescend to argue the point. The governor never does. He just took the high parental, autocratic line, and ordered me to break off the engagement at once. If I didn't, he said, he'd withdraw my allowance, and wash his hands of me. I tried to persuade him to be more reasonable, but he declined to listen to me, saying that he had spoken his final word."

"Ah," remarked Lascelles, nodding comprehendingly; "and what's your next move going to be, young 'un, in face of this *non possum* attitude taken up by your governor?"

"Well, for one thing I most certainly shall not break off my engagement with Pollie. Nothing would induce me. And for another—I was going to ask you whether you'd have a talk with the governor and see if you can't get him to listen to reason. The governor thinks the deuce of a lot of what you say; and I believe if you'd put it to him, as only you can——"

"Oh, stow the blarney," interposed Lascelles, with a

good-tempered laugh. "There's no need to soft-soap me into playing the mediator for you. If I do the thing at all, I shall do it on its own merits, so to speak——"

"Oh, I say! Thanks, awfully! It *is* good of you!" broke in young Peverill. "But there, I knew you'd stand by me."

"Not so fast! I haven't said I'll do it yet. Perhaps I will. Perhaps I won't. That entirely depends."

"Depends on what?"

"On Miss Pollie Sitwell," replied Lascelles, deliberately. "You see, she *may* be all you say—the best and sweetest girl in the world, a girl whom it is worth while sacrificing everything to marry——"

"She *is*," cried young Peverill, with fierce conviction, as though it were blasphemy to doubt it. "She's a girl in a million—a girl whom a king might well be proud to win for his wife."

"Or," continued Lascelles, in the same deliberate tone, not heeding the other's interruption, "it may only be that your amorous fervour has misled you, and that Miss Pollie, considered dispassionately, is no such great shakes after all. . . . Now, keep calm, my dear boy, and let me finish what I have to say. I don't doubt your *bona fides* in the very least. You think Miss Pollie perfection, and perhaps she is. But before I can take the responsibility of recommending her to your governor as a desirable wife for you, I must first satisfy myself by personal investigation. I shall go to Giotti's and see the girl for myself, and I shall also make some independent inquiries. Then, if—and only if—the result is satisfactory, will I do what you ask. Are you willing to accept my help on these terms?"

"Rather! The more you see of Pollie, and the more you investigate about her, the better I shall be pleased, for it will convince you what an A 1 girl she is," replied young Peverill, with confidence.

"Very good, young 'un. We'll leave it at that, then," smiled George Lascelles. "If I find I can honestly recommend Miss Pollie, I'll have a talk with your governor on the first opportunity. But if I find I can't, I'll let you know at once, and you'll have to look out for a mediator elsewhere."

"Right O!" nodded Charlie Peverill, cheerfully.

It was evident that this much-in-love young man had no doubt about his *innamorata* emerging from the ordeal with flying colours. Nor was he wrong in his anticipations. Three or four days later General Peverill called his son into his study to have a private talk with him.

"Look here, Charlie, my boy," he said, in a grave, though unusually kindly, tone. "About this engagement of yours. Our mutual friend Lascelles has been to see me on the matter, and from what he tells me of the young woman, I am bound to say that—social considerations apart—she seems to be a thoroughly good, nice sort of girl, and—ahem—well, I admit that I have been a little hard upon you, and your mother, with whom I have talked the matter over, is of the same opinion. We neither of us pretend that we like the match. You cannot expect that, Charlie. We are both very sorry that the girl who has won your heart doesn't happen to be a lady. But still, as she *has* won your heart, and your happiness appears to be bound up in her, we have decided to make the best of it, and to welcome her as our future daughter-in-law."

"Oh! I say. Thanks awfully. This is good of you and the mater," cried the young man, beaming with delight and gratitude; for so handsome a concession on the part of his parents far surpassed his wildest expectations.

"I will not deny," went on General Peverill, "that it has cost your mother and me a good deal to decide on this step. But we both see that if we consent to the engagement at all, it is best, for all concerned, that it should be fully and publicly acknowledged. The whole thing must be quite open and above board. The engagement must be announced, and Miss Sitwell must be introduced to your relatives and friends as your future wife without delay. There must be nothing hole-and-corner about the affair. You yourself, of course, will see the desirability of avoiding anything of the kind."

"Quite so, pater. I entirely appreciate what you say. I have nothing to be ashamed of in my engagement, and any sort of concealment is the very last thing I should wish," answered his son, emphatically.

The General nodded.

"When talking over the matter with me yesterday," he said, "your mother suggested that the Oxford and Cambridge match at Lord's, next week, would afford an admirable opportunity of introducing our future daughter-in-law to all our friends. I quite agreed that no more convenient occasion could be found. So your mother went herself to see Miss Sitwell at Giotti's yesterday afternoon, and asked her to spend a few days with us next week, and go with us to Lord's; and I am glad to say that—thanks to your mother's intervention with the proprietor—Miss Sitwell has found herself able to accept the invitation."

On hearing this, something almost like a cloud passed over the young man's face.

"Oh, I say, pater," he remarked, rather dubiously. "Do you—do you—think that's quite—er—*wise?*"

"Eh?" said the General, evidently astonished by the question. "Not wise? What the deuce do you mean, my boy?"

"Why," replied young Peverill, looking a trifle embarrassed, "I mean—well, don't you see—Pollie's hardly used to the—er—manners and customs of our set, and—er——"

"But, as your wife, she's got to get used to them sooner or later," replied General Peverill. "And it seems to me the sooner the better."

"Yes, yes, pater; of course. But—but don't you think it's trying her rather high to pitchfork her, all of a sudden, into a crowd of smart people at Lord's, before she's had—had any opportunity of—of learning our ways? I mean, it will be so devilish awkward for her, poor girl, make her feel so beastly uncomfortable, so very much a fish out of the water, don't you know."

"I really do not think you need feel concerned on her account," replied the General. "Your mother tells me that she is perfectly self-possessed and collected. Besides, she accepted the invitation to accompany us to Lord's with alacrity—which she certainly would not have done unless she had found the prospect quite agreeable. No, no, Charlie! She will not be conscious of any awkwardness, I assure you. It *will* be a little awkward for your mother and me, I allow. We both realise that. But we are willing to face it for your sake, my dear boy, as the best way of letting everybody see that your engagement has our full sanction and consent."

"Awfully good of you and the mater, I'm sure," replied young Peverill, looking, however, by no means so pleased and grateful as he should have done, at his father's words. "But really I shouldn't like you to be put to embarrassment on my account——"

"Oh, don't mention it, my dear boy," interposed the General, handsomely, "We would both of us do a good deal more than this to promote your happiness and welfare. There! Let us say no more about it, but consider the matter finally settled."

And he held out his hand to his son with a cordial smile.

Charlie took his father's hand and pressed it. He could do no less. But the expression on his face as he left the study, of whatever else it was indicative, was certainly not indicative of unalloyed delight.

In the course of the afternoon, he went round to see his friend, George Lascelles.

"I say," he began. "Thanks most awfully for having used your influence on my behalf with the governor. You have certainly talked him round in the most marvellous way."

"Oh, that's all right, young 'un," answered Lascelles, smiling. "After seeing Miss Pollie and making inquiries about her, I was so satisfied of her being a really nice, good girl, that I felt justified in saying everything I possibly could to get your governor to reconsider his decision. I must say he was most decent about it, too, and very much more reasonable than you had led me to expect. He listened with the greatest attention to all I had to say, and I could see that, in

the end, he was quite disposed to give way. However, he said he must have a talk with your mother about it before coming to any conclusion. And I left matters on that footing. What has happened since? Has he agreed to sanction your engagement?"

"He has," nodded young Peverill.

"He has!" exclaimed Lascelles, looking intensely pleased. "Well, then, I must say I think it jolly handsome of him."

"Yes," said the young man, with rather a dubious air, "that is—I mean to say he and the mater have been—er—almost *too* handsome about it, don't you know——"

"Too handsome? What the deuce do you mean?" inquired Lascelles, with an air of very natural perplexity.

"I mean they've rushed rather—rather—too suddenly to—to the opposite extreme. The mater has been to see Pollie——"

"Been to see Pollie? Well, now, I do call that behaving like a brick ——"

"Yes; and not only that, but—but she has actually invited Pollie to join our party at Lord's next week for the 'Varsity match. . . . That was going a little—a little *too* far, Lascelles—don't you think so?"

"Indeed, I don't. I think it was doing just the right thing," exclaimed Lascelles, warmly. "Ask Miss Pollie to Lord's—as a public mark of your people's approval of the engagement, of course? Upon my word, young 'un, that mater of yours has turned up trumps; and you ought to feel jolly proud of possessing such a parent."

"Ye-e-s" (Charlie Peverill's tone was still decidedly dubious), "the mater and governor have both behaved well about it. I don't deny that ——"

"I should think not," interjected George Lascelles.

"And they've done what they've done with the very best intentions," went on the young man. "But—but—this asking Pollie to Lord's is really rather—rather—injudicious, when you come to think of it."

"Injudicious? Why?" enquired Lascelles in evident surprise.

"Oh! can't you see? All my Oxford friends will be there, and you know what 'Varsity men are, so confoundedly critical about a fellow's womenfolk and——"

"Dash it all, young 'un," cried Lascelles, with a look of something very like contempt, "you don't mean to say you are such a confounded young snob as to be ashamed of the girl whom you've promised to make your wife?"

"Ashamed? Nothing of the kind," answered young Peverill, irritably. "I'm proud of Pollie—proud of being engaged to her. I've often told you so."

"Then," retorted Lascelles, with unanswerable logic, "If you're proud of being engaged to her, you must be proud of having the opportunity to introduce her to your friends."

"Oh! You don't understand," exclaimed young Peverill, impatiently. "Don't you see, I want Pollie to learn a little more of the ways of our set before she makes her *début* in it. A fellow oughtn't to be rushed like this. It's not fair," he grumbled, with a sulky frown.

"Rot! She can only learn the ways of your set by personal intercourse with them. And the sooner she begins the sooner she'll pick 'em up. Besides, what is the value of conventional manners, after all? She's a really good, sweet girl—a girl in a thousand. And this being so, no mere accidental circumstance of birth or station matter in the least."

Young Peverill had so often used this argument himself that he was unable now to dissent from it.

He only said:

"Well, I think it much better on all accounts Pollie shouldn't come to Lord's. And I hoped perhaps that you, Lascelles," he added coaxingly, "would, would——"

"Look here, Peverill," interposed Lascelles, curtly, "if you're hinting that you want me to go and see Miss Pollie and persuade her not to come to Lord's next week, you may as well understand at once that I decline to do anything of the sort. I consider your present behaviour most ungrateful, and also most unreasonable. You moved heaven and earth to get me to induce your people to consent to your engagement; and now I've done it and they've behaved even more handsomely than you'd any right to expect, you turn round and grumble because they, very properly, insist on taking the earliest opportunity of publicly acknowledging the young woman as their prospective daughter-in-law. I said before, and I say it again, that they've behaved like trumps. I also say that you ought to be jolly well kicked for an ill-conditioned, ungracious young fool. And if you want Miss Pollie wheedled into crying off the Lord's engagement, you may go and see what you can make of her yourself. I will have nothing to do with any such underhanded trick."

"Oh! If you're going to talk to me like that, I think I may as well retire," answered young Peverill, in an aggrieved and sulky tone.

"I think you may," said George Lascelles, coldly.

Left to his own devices, Charlie Peverill (who had quite made up his mind that Pollie Sitwell should not come to Lord's—for all his smart friends to laugh at her in their sleeve—if he could possibly help it), resolved at length to go and see her himself, and try to put it to her, without offence, that it would be better for her not to show up at the 'Varsity match.

But this was easier resolved upon than done. Pollie, who was a shrewd girl, and endowed, moreover, with plenty of proper pride, saw through her lover's real object before he had got half through his opening speech.

"I see what it is," she exclaimed, breathing quickly and with heightened colour. "You're ashamed of me. You might just as well drop all this pretence of consideration for my feelings, and say so straight out, at once."

"Ashamed of you, Pollie? What nonsense!——"

"Oh! yes you are," retorted Pollie, flashing upon him a glance of wounded and indignant scorn. "That's what all your fine-sounding talk comes to when its reduced to plain English. You're ashamed of showing me to your smart friends. I'm not good enough to be seen with you at Lord's. Well, it seems to me, Mr. Charles Peverill, that if I'm not good enough to be seen with you at Lord's at a cricket match, I'm not good enough to be seen with you at church at a wedding, either . . . I'm not going to become yours, or any other man's wife, on sufferance, I can tell you. Though I *am* only a poor girl, I still have *some* pride . . . So from this moment you may consider everything over between us, and very thankful I am to have found out your true character before it was too late. Fancy what it would have meant to be tied, for life, to a man who was all the while ashamed of me. I have had, indeed, a merciful escape. And now I'll wish you good-bye."

It was in vain that he pleaded and protested. The indignant Miss Pollie resolutely declined to have anything further to do with him. Thus was his engagement brought to a sudden and ignominious termination.

It was indeed a nasty jar to his self-esteem to find himself sent about his business, in so cavalier a manner, by a girl like Pollie, who he had supposed was far too fond of him, and far too proud of the social connection, to dream of voluntarily breaking with him for any mere matter of pique.

But the truth was—as George Lascelles had discovered in the course of his inquiries—that it was rather the glamour of having a gentleman lover, than any true feeling of affection for young Peverill, that had influenced Pollie into accepting his addresses. In fact, her heart was really given (though at the time when she accepted Peverill, she perhaps scarcely knew it) to another young fellow, a man in her own station.

Lascelles, having gained an inkling of this, and putting two and two together, had purposely contrived the Lord's incident, with the connivance of General and Mrs. Peverill, in order to precipitate a cause of discord between the young man and Pollie. For he had gauged Charlie Peverill's character accurately enough to know that he would try to wriggle out of taking Pollie to

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Lord's; and he shrewdly surmised that Pollie's resentment at such conduct and at the light it threw upon her lover's lack of true sincerity, would result in her seizing the opportunity to break off an engagement, of which, at heart, she was already weary.

In this surmise, Lascelles—as we have seen—was perfectly correct.

MUSIC.

THE COPYRIGHT BILL AND ITS CRITICS.

THE musical copyright controversy has long since become a fearful bore, except to those directly concerned; but the many misrepresentations which continue to be put forth on the subject make it almost a duty to insist yet again upon the real facts of the matter. Mr. Caldwell has, for the time, retired into the background, but others have come forward who reproduce his views with almost phonographic accuracy. It is the voice of Byles or Harwood, but the hand of Caldwell; and this being the case, it follows, as a matter of course, that the said views and arguments advanced are not less misleading than those which have been exposed and refuted times without number before.

Once again, what are the facts? They are very simple. Through a defect—admitted by everyone, even Mr. Caldwell—in the existing law, the owners of musical copyright have been deprived wholesale of the rights which they were intended to enjoy under the general Copyright Act of 1842. Owing to the facility with which music, as distinguished from books, newspapers, and other kinds of printed matter, can be reproduced, it pays the unscrupulous to print popular copyright pieces in secret and sell them on the streets through the agency of hawkers for anything they will fetch. As to the fraudulent nature of these proceedings there is no sort of question. The gutter vendor, with his bundle of songs, is as obvious a misdemeanant and as incontestably engaged in fraud as if he were selling in the same way boots, or hats, or umbrellas, or any other class of property stolen from a shop round the corner. But he cannot at present be touched. The Act, when originally framed, never contemplated such a bare-faced defiance of the law, and therefore made no effective provision for dealing with it. The copyright owner has, at present, no practical redress whatever. Thousands of pounds have been spent in hauling the pirates before the magistrates and obtaining the destruction of their goods; also, in effecting seizures of the latter under magisterial order before they have been placed on the streets; but all without the slightest effect in checking the industry.

Hence, therefore, the Bill at present before the House—the last of a long series of such measures which have been introduced but not passed in previous years. The facts being as stated, it is obvious that one thing, and one thing only, is really necessary to stop an admittedly nefarious trade. Make it a punishable offence to sell or offer for sale stolen music, and the whole business would come to an end forthwith. Give the magistrates power not only to order the destruction of pirated music, but also to impose a term of imprisonment on those engaged in its sale, and the knell of the pirate would be sounded. Therefore Mr. O'Connor's Bill legislates in the simplest possible manner on this basis. Any person selling or offering for sale pirated music will be liable to summary arrest, to be followed, on conviction, by imprisonment or a fine; while another clause authorises the forcible entry, on a magistrate's order, of any premises where the storage of pirated music may be suspected. That is the whole of an admirably simple and well-devised measure, which has been approved by the law officers of the Crown, has the support of the Government, and is further backed by Mr. Balfour, Mr. John Redmond, Sir Alfred Thomas, Mr. Keir Hardie, and others, representative altogether of every section of the House. On all sides it is recognised to be a short and simple measure, designed to meet a specific case, and calculated to inflict no sort of hardship or injustice on any conceivable person engaged in an honest business. Yet on purely technical and theoretical grounds it is being opposed tooth and nail by a small knot of members, inspired by Mr. Caldwell, whose objections are manifestly unreal and far-fetched.

Among other things, the Bill is said to violate the principle which assumes a man's innocence until he is proved guilty. The objection sounds alarming, but in fact there is absolutely nothing in it. The case contemplated by the Bill is not that, as the objectors would seem to imply, of some one convicted and punished on suspicion, but of a person deliberately offering for sale stolen goods and being adjudged guilty "unless he proves that he acted innocently." At the same time, it would be perfectly simple to meet the objection referred to by substituting for the words above quoted some such phrase as "unless the magistrate is not satisfied that the offence was knowingly committed." Then the onus would rest on the prosecution of proving, if necessary, the guilt of the accused. But in the particular circumstances of the case the point is a purely technical one, and the amount of stress which has been laid upon it is absurd. Absurd also are the high-flown references to Magna Charta and Habeas Corpus in regard to the other section of the Bill permitting the forcible entry—under the order of a magistrate be it borne in mind—of premises where pirated music is suspected to be stored. "For a bit of pirated music," exclaims Mr. Byles in accents of horror, "Mr. O'Connor would sell the freedom for which generations of his countrymen have suffered and died." Mr. Burchell's famous monosyllable seems the only fitting reply to this sort of thing. And the other objections which have been advanced are of a piece therewith. Happily there is good reason for hoping that the Government will in the end settle the matter by adopting the Bill as their own, and thus ensure its passage.

Another Handel Festival has come and gone, and with an amount of success doing credit to all concerned. The weather was brilliant, the audiences seemed large as ever, while as regards the performances the Festival compared favourably with any of its predecessors. The unusual amount of expression which characterised the singing of the choruses was particularly noteworthy, while the soloists, though including several newcomers, fell in no degree short of their famous predecessors. Perhaps under this head the most conspicuous personal triumph was that of Mme. Agnes Nicholls, whose beautiful voice and finished art serves her as well in oratorio as in opera. Mme. Kirkby Lunn was also a great success, while Miss Perceval Allen and Mr. Robert Radford could be congratulated, too, upon felicitous first appearances under "triennial" conditions. Another who specially distinguished himself was Mr. Charles Saunders; Mme. Ada Crossley and Mr. Ben Davies sang finely as ever; while if the same could hardly be said of either Mme. Albani or Mr. Santley, no one would certainly have suspected this from the enthusiasm with which their efforts were received. Truly the British public is nothing if not faithful to its favourites. Perhaps, however, it is not always recognised as readily as it might be that this very circumstance entails corresponding obligations on the part of those so generously treated. Mr. Santley first sang at a Handel Festival in 1865, Mme. Albani in 1877. The band, with the London Symphony Orchestra as nucleus, was particularly good; Mr. Hedgcock's services at the organ should not be overlooked; while last, but not least, Dr. Cowen, as generalissimo of the whole vast forces engaged, proved himself once again emphatically the right man in the right place.

"Eugen Onegin" has been added at last to Covent Garden's répertoire, but whether the work will secure a permanent position therein remains to be seen. Tchaikowsky's opera contains much beautiful music, but as a music drama its weaknesses are not to be overlooked. Neither its story in the first instance, nor the manner of its treatment, is from the operatic point of

view satisfactory. Certainly there were possibilities in the former, but they were not adequately realised, and Tchaikowsky's music, unfortunately, fails to make good the deficiency. It is music which has many engaging qualities, but it is tender, romantic, and lyrical rather than emotionally powerful or dramatically convincing. But even so, it has such charm and fascination of its kind that its deficiencies in other ways may be cheerfully overlooked. The performance had its good points, but in some respects left a good deal to be desired. Battistini sang well as Onegin, and Destinn was a conscientious Tatiana, but neither, somehow, carried much conviction. A much happier impersonation was the Lensky of Altchewsky, who sang and acted with moving sincerity and feeling.

The only other recent addition to the season's list has been "Aïda," of which brassy work, with Giachetti, Kirkby Lunn, Sammarco, and Caruso (whose "Celeste Aida" alone was worth the money) in the leading parts a sufficiently brilliant account was given, alike vocally, instrumentally, and scenically. On Saturday "Faust" was put on, with Melba as Marguerite—or, as some might be disposed to say, perhaps, with Marguerite as Melba—Lafitte in the title rôle, and a pleasantly individual Mephistopheles in M. Marcoux. This week "Eugen Onegin" is being repeated on Thursday, the revival of Gluck's "Armide" is promised for Friday, and "La Traviata" is down for Saturday.

The Crystal Palace has been the chief centre of musical interest this week, but other important concerts have not been lacking, two of which enjoyed the rare distinction implied by the presence of the King. These were the British Canadian concert organised by Dr. Charles Harris (of Montreal), at which the latter's own "Pan," a gracefully written cantata, was produced, and the last of the Vienna Orchestral Society's three concerts at the Albert Hall on Saturday. For the convenience of his Majesty the latter took place at the unusual hour of twelve o'clock. But notwithstanding this, there was a large and smart audience. The orchestra in question is, of course, a splendid body of players, though I should hesitate to endorse all the rhapsodies which their performances have elicited in certain quarters. I should, however, like to hear them under Richter or Nickisch. Herr Schalk, their present conductor is well-meaning, but mediocre. Another interesting concert on Saturday was that of Mischa Elman at the Queen's Hall, on which occasion he had the assistance of his famous teacher, Professor Auer, who took part with his wonderful pupil in a most refined performance of Bach's double concerto. On Friday afternoon Mr. John Coates gave a second recital at the Bechstein Hall, adding still further to his reputation as a skilled concert-singer; while an older artist heard there earlier in the week was M. Maurel, whose admirers are not to be numbered. A vocalist of a different type who has also been appearing again is Dr. Wüllner, while in the way of chamber music an interesting recent performance was that of the Sevcik Quartet, ex-pupils of the redoubtable Prague professor, who play in a manner worthy of his teaching.

Though Manuel Garcia, who passed away on Sunday in his 102nd year, was a well-known opera singer in his day—seventy years ago and more—it is as a vocal teacher, of course, that he will be more particularly remembered. None, indeed, has ever enjoyed greater repute in this capacity, as the names of his pupils alone might indicate. Jenny Lind, Stockhausen, Antoinette Sterling, Santley, Marchesi—these were only a few of those whom Garcia taught, and one and all agree as to the incomparable excellence of his method—a method which, through the agency of Mme. Marchesi, has been transmitted in turn to singers of a younger day, such as Calvé, Melba, Eames, Ada Crossley, and many more, even as it was derived by Garcia himself through his father from Anzani, the greatest teacher of an earlier time. Manuel Garcia, for all his wealth of years, was not of those who believe only in the giants of their youth; but as regards singing he held that the achievements of the past would never again be equalled. Signor Garcia's vitality remained extraordinary to the last. Down to the end he read his Spanish papers regularly, went to concerts and receptions, and scorned assistance when going upstairs.

Musicians will have been glad to note the name of Mr. Edgar Speyer in the recent Birthday Honours, since the generous support of music in his capacity as Chairman of the Queen's Hall Orchestra has not been the least of Mr. Speyer's many services in respect of which a well-deserved distinction has been bestowed on him. To Mr. Speyer more than to any other single individual we have owed such opportunities as we have had of making acquaintance with the work of Richard Strauss.

The scheme first talked of some months ago for the visit of a Yorkshire choir to Germany has now taken definite shape. The singers in question, who will be those conducted by Dr. Coward in Sheffield and Leeds, will visit Cologne, Düsseldorf and Frankfort in September next, and from the cordiality with which the project has been taken up by leading folk on the other side, the success of the undertaking may be taken for granted. Not only prominent musicians such as Herr Steinbach and Professor Buths are taking a warm interest in the scheme, but the municipalities are also heartily co-operating. At Cologne and Frankfort the choir will probably be heard in "The Dream of Gerontius," while at Düsseldorf it is not unlikely that they will give part of the "Messiah." A trip of this sort costs a good deal of money, of course, but the spirit in which it is being entered into may be gathered from the fact that each member of the choir is guaranteeing a contribution of at least £4 to the expenses.

The rumour which went about some time ago that the London Symphony Orchestra proposed to appoint Dr. Richter as their permanent conductor has been to a large extent verified by the announcement that he has been engaged to direct ten of the orchestra's concerts next season. A better choice could hardly have been made. No doubt it would have been pleasanter still in some ways if the orchestra could have laid their hands on a native conductor of equal worth; but, unfortunately, such an individual has not at present appeared. Meanwhile, what has become of that projected trip to Germany? With Richter at the head of affairs the band would certainly be assured a respectful hearing, while such an undertaking would serve as a pleasant set-off to the recent visit of the Vienna Philharmonic Band. But then, unfortunately, we have no Herr Krupp to find the money.

Mr. Ernest Newlandsmith, who gave what he called a "Peace and Rest" (I had nearly written "Peace and Plenty") concert at the Cavendish Rooms last week, certainly has the courage of his convictions on the concert question. Last year, it may remembered, he gave a concert of "simple music," which it would be misleading perhaps to describe as appealing chiefly to the simple-minded, and this of last week was apparently conceived in a similar spirit. Later in the year this "Peace and Rest" concert" is to be followed by concerts of "Joy and Gladness," of "Mirth and Gaiety," of "Praise and Thanksgiving," and of "Triumph over Adverse Circumstances"; and, "absurd as the titles may sound to most people," writes Mr. Newlandsmith, "I firmly believe that the time will soon come when art is recognised in its true light as a beneficent soul-healer, and not as a mere æsthetic cult." I like particularly the notion of that concert dedicated to the "Triumph over Adverse Circumstances." Concerts, it is true, which might be so described have not been unknown before. But few have Mr. Newlandsmith's courage to label them thus beforehand. Mr. Newlandsmith seems to object particularly to the "æsthetic" in music. Can it be that he himself favours that of an anæsthetic type?

Two new musical inventions of considerable interest have recently been brought to notice. The "Maestro Piano" is a development of the mechanical piano player whereby by means of a recording apparatus the "reading" of any particular work by this or that famous performer can, we are assured, be preserved and repro-

duced at will. It sounds incredible, but such is the claim made, and apparently with justice. The other invention is of a different order, but apparently not less remarkable in its way. The particulars which have been so far furnished are not very precise, but it appears that in this case a means has been found of enormously increasing and enriching the tone of stringed instruments of the violin class, through the agency of an attachment which has been devised by Mr. Charles Parsons, of turbine fame. In the case of either violin, viola, violoncello, or double bass the effect, we are told, is the same—the volume of sound being extraordinarily increased in each instance. Here, perhaps, may be found a solution of the problem which Strauss's prodigious requirements in the way of instruments present to the thrifty concert-giver. But what will the poor instrumentalists say to an invention designed to enable one performer to do the work of half a dozen?

Many will be sorry to hear that that excellent organisation, the People's Concert Society, has latterly been less satisfactorily supported than might be wished, and as it certainly deserves. There can be no question whatever as to the excellence of the work which has been accomplished by the society during its twenty-nine years of existence, and one may well agree with Sir Hubert Parry in deploring the fact that there should be any falling off in its support or restriction of its operations. Doubtless, too, Sir Hubert was right in suggesting that the society might do a little more with advantage to make itself known. Here is a case in which self-advertisement is a duty and self-praise a positive virtue. The secretary and treasurer of the society is Mrs. Robinson-Smith, 7, Wigmore-street, W.

We have it on the authority of Solomon that there is a time and a place for all things, but apparently some folk never realise this—a fact which is constantly demonstrated at the opera by misguided people who insist on bursting in with their applause at the most inappropriate moments, though we have, of course, greatly improved in this matter during recent years. Whereas formerly at the conclusion of every number of note the action was interrupted by applause, this is all saved up nowadays till the end of the act, when it can be bestowed without artistic impropriety. Yet there are always some enthusiasts who fail to grasp this fact, and then the result is often rather ludicrous. It was so at a recent performance at Covent Garden when an interesting début was being made. Again and again a fervent admirer in the stalls strove to stimulate general applause by vigorous clapping, to fail ignominiously every time—the truth being that a Covent Garden audience can seldom be jockeyed in this way. There is about it, in Browning's phrase, "a terrible composure" when it likes. Yet it is astonishing how much may sometimes be accomplished by the efforts of a single energetic partisan. But few have the moral courage required to initiate these single-handed demonstrations and face the gorgonising stare of unsympathetic neighbours thereby entailed.

The question of Army songs has been under discussion again, and mention has been made of a volume compiled by Colonel Barrington Foote, the late commandant of Kneller Hall. That volume has not yet been published, but I believe it is likely that it will shortly appear. It had been hoped that the authorities would help to defray the cost of publication, but in these economical times this is hardly to be looked for. If, however, a sufficient number of regiments guarantee to take copies, the difficulty may be got over, and the Army will then be provided with what is said to be a capital collection of martial ditties. To what extent these will be adopted, however, is rather questionable. There is no doubt that as a rule the men's own inclinations favour the popular music-hall song of the day, though this is not to say that they would not take kindly to something better if given the opportunity of doing so.

A Beautiful Hotel at Bournemouth.—The "Royal Bath." "*Hôtel de Luxe of the South.*" Magnificent sea frontage and private grounds on East Cliff, facing due south. *Only Hotel on East Cliff.*

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—Dr. Johnson thought it extraordinary that he should remember his journey to London to be touched by Queen Anne for scrofula when he was but two years and a half old; while Dickens was proud of remembering something which he had noticed before he quitted Portsmouth—before, that is, he was quite two years old; but in Paul Birukoff's "Leo Tolstoy: His Life and Work" (1), which has had the advantage of Tolstoy's own revision, I find that the Russian Apostle remembers resenting his swaddling clothes! Surely Tolstoy's infantile reflections upon the tyranny and misery of swaddling clothes—if not the very reminiscences of these swathings themselves—are after thoughts? Certainly these precocious outcries against man and fate are characteristic of the future reformer:

> Here are my first reminiscences. I am bound; I wish to free my arms and I cannot do it, and I scream and cry, and my cries are unpleasant to myself, but I cannot cease. Somebody bends down over me; I do not remember who. All is in a half light. But I remember that there are two people. My cries affect them. They are disturbed by my cries, but do not unbind me as I desire, and I cry yet louder. They think that this is necessary (i.e., that I should be bound), whereas I know it is not necessary, and I wish to prove it to them, and am convulsed with cries, distasteful to myself, but unrestrainable. I feel the injustice and cruelty, not of human beings, for they pity me, but of fate, and I feel pity for myself. I do not and never shall know what it was, whether I was swathed when a babe at the breast and tried to get my arm free, or whether I was swathed when more than a year old, in order that I should not scratch myself; or whether, as it happens in dreams, I have collected into this one reminiscence many impressions; but certain it is that this was my first and most powerful impression in life. Nor is it my cries that are impressed on my mind, nor my sufferings, but the complexity and contrast of the impressions. I desire freedom; it interferes with no one else, and I, who require strength, am weak, whilst they are strong.

Hardly less interesting, precocious, and reflective must have been Tolstoy's eldest brother Nicolenka, of whom Turgenef said afterwards that, but for the lack of certain faults—chiefly of vanity—he would have been a great writer. His imagination was so extraordinary and inexhaustible, that in his childhood he could reel off for hours without hesitation humorous or ghastly stories. He established a sort of masonic brotherhood with solemn mysteries of initiation, promising its members, the younger children, that the dearest wish of their hearts would be granted to them if they observed three conditions, one of the three being that they should stand in the corner and *not* think of the white bear! This Nicolenka must have grown up a fine fellow, since he lived the life that his brother preached—in a hut in the outskirts of Moscow, sharing gladly there all that he had with the poorest of the poor. It is curious to find that the improbable scene in "Anna Karenina," where Levin proposes through "primary letters" to Kitty, is autobiographic. It was thus precisely that Tolstoy proposed to his future wife. You, however, will be more at a loss than the lady herself to understand her instantaneous interpretation of the cipher:—

> "I cannot understand," she says, "how I made out the meaning of the letters. It must be true that souls attuned to one another give out the same sound even as do equally tuned chords. He wrote first:—'I.y.f.e.a.f.i.a.t.m.a.y.s.L.Y.a.T.m.d.i.' and then, "Y.y.a.d.f.h.r.m.t.v.o.m.a.a.a.t.i.o.h." The future Countess Tolstoy had not a moment's difficulty in deciphering these to be the initial letters of the words:—'In your family exists a false idea as to me and your sister Eliza. You and Tanichka must destroy it,' and 'Your youth and desire for happiness remind me too vividly of my advanced age and the impossibility of happiness.'"

It is characteristic of the courageous candour of Tolstoy that he then handed to the lady who had accepted him the diaries which recorded all his youthful excesses;

(1) "Leo Tolstoy: His Life and Work." Autobiographical Memoirs, Letters nd Biographical Material. Compiled by Paul Birukoff and revised by Leo Tolstoy. (London: William Heinemann. 6s.)

(2) "Memoirs of my Dead Life." By George Moore. (London: William Heinemann. 6s.)

(3) "Mrs. Grundy's Crucifix." By Vincent Brown. (London: Hutchinson & Co. 6s.)

(4) "The Ferry of Fate." A Tale of Russian Jewry. By Samuel Gordon. (London: Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

(5) "Paul Jerome." By Mrs. Mary Koch. (London: Greening & Co 6s.)

and it is no less characteristic of the lady herself that, though these revelations overwhelmed her and overthrew her ideal, yet after nights of weeping she returned him the diary with a look in which he read not forgiveness only, but a still stronger and braver love. It is tantalising to find that this absorbing biography—I might almost say autobiography—ends like a novel with the marriage of the hero, and we shall have to wait some time for the two other volumes recording the rest of a life which is incomparably of more interest and importance than Ibsen's. For my own part, I can say that I never read a novel, not even of Tolstoy's, with more interest. Only those who wallow with delight in pornographic literature will welcome Mr. George Moore's "Memoirs of My Dead Life" (2). You, if you glance through the volume at all, will be amused to find this recent and fervent convert to Protestantism not only revelling in the memories of past debaucheries—described in the most minute physical detail—but also expressing his loathing of Christianity. Probably, however, he became a convert to Anglicanism through having the idea of it which Canon Ainger's sergeant expressed to the recruit who said he "believed nothing." "Well, *till you do*, you must be a member of the Church of England." Christian burial excites Mr. Moore's special loathing. While attending his mother's funeral, he thinks, first, of one of his mistresses and then of his own obsequies, devising for himself a funeral pyre 50ft. high, and for his ashes a Grecian urn to be consigned to the deepest depths of the ocean. Westminster Abbey, no doubt, had its claim upon his remains, but "not in Westminster Abbey. Fie upon all places of Christian burial!" Thus the country, because of its Christianity, will be denied even the poor consolation for Mr. George Moore's death of a public funeral. Mr. Vincent Brown's indictment of Mrs. Gilpin and her assistant inquisitors in "Mrs. Grundy's Crucifix" (3) would have been more effective if his heroine's having had an illegitimate child was to her credit. It may not have been to her discredit. You cannot tell, since you are not told of any circumstances in extenuation. The presumption is, however, against her, since she is careful to keep her fall concealed from the man who had a right to the knowledge of it—an honourable lover. Under these circumstances even the extreme viciousness of Mrs. Grundy's persecution of the heroine—and it is incredibly vicious—does not strike you with all the horror intended by the author. On the other hand, nothing could be more clever and cutting than the description of the cant, Pharisaism, cruelty, and vindictiveness of Mrs. Grundy, as impersonated by the odious Mrs. Gilpin and her pack of sleuth hounds. It is a long time since I have read a more absorbing novel than Mr. Samuel Gordon's "The Ferry of Fate" (4) Its subject is the Russian persecution of the Jews and the consequent Jewish vendetta, which its hero, a Jew, undertakes to carry out by the ruin of the daughter of the Russian persecutor of his race, who was also the virtual murderer of his parents. While winning her heart, however, he loses his own, and this fine story closes with the tragic separation of the lovers. The Jews, the Russian peasants, the prefect, the governor, and, above all, the governor's daughter, the heroine, are all real to you as life, and your poignant interest in the fortunes of the hero, his bosom friend, and of the girl they mean to offer up as a sacrifice to their murdered brethren, grows from page to page. What will you say to a novel, "Paul Jerome" (5), whose heroine declares her love for him in confession to her confessor? However, her sister's suggestion that she was mad from the first probably explains and extenuates all her delinquencies. I cannot say I took sufficient interest either in her or her two curates to be much distressed by her eccentricities.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, ever yours very sincerely, DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

An interesting contribution to the literature of the fiscal question is made by Mr. Fisher Unwin's publication of an English translation (price 2s. 6d.) of a work on "Retaliatory Duties" by Professor H. Dietzel, of the University of Bonn. It gives an instructive account of the operation of the policy of retaliation in Germany. The translation has been made by Dr. D. W. Simon and Mr. W. Osborne Brigstocke for the Unionist Free Trade Club.

The remarkable success of Messrs. A. and C. Black's well-known colour books is attested by the frequency with which additions are still being made to the series. It is a well-deserved success, for the series has been planned and carried out with conspicuous enterprise and liberality, and, thanks to improved methods of colour-printing, a standard of artistic excellence previously unattainable has been achieved in the reproduction of the pictures which form the chief attraction of each volume. Mr. Warwick Goble was the artist commissioned to visit Constantinople for the purpose of a book on that picturesque city, and he has provided upwards of sixty delightful pictures. The text is by Professor van Millingen, a recognised authority on the history and antiquities of Constantinople, of which he has here given a most interesting sketch. Mr. John Fulleylove, whose exquisite work has already enriched several of these colour books, is responsible for the illustrations in the volume on Greece, and the letterpress is by the Rev. J. A. M'Clymont. Another volume—"Algeria and Tunis"—has seventy charming illustrations in colour from paintings by Mrs. Frances E. Nesbitt, who has also contributed the descriptive text. The price of each of these books is 20s. net.

Quite a number of novels by Miss Adeline Sergeant have been published since her death. "The Coming of the Randolphs" (Methuen and Co., price 6s.) is the latest of these posthumous tales, and it is a much better example of the gifted author's work than some of the others that have recently appeared. The story is concerned with the domestic troubles and complications that arise through the marriage of Colonel Underwood, a widower with a grown-up son and daughter, to Mrs. Randolph, a widow with several sons and daughters. Nothing very exciting happens, but the novel is thoroughly entertaining in a quiet way.

A new edition of Mr. Swinburne's famous study, "William Blake: A Critical Essay," is being brought out by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. It will contain a new preface in which—according to the *Athenæum*—Mr. Swinburne will discuss "what he considers to be the fantastic theories concerning the meaning and value of the prophetic books which have lately been advanced."

Mr. John Long's summer list comprises upwards of twenty new novels, including "Traitor and True," by John Bloundelle-Burton; "The Cattle Baron's Daughter," by Harold Bindloss; "Under One Flag," by Richard Marsh; and "The Alluring Flame," by J. E. Muddock, which have just been published. He will also issue three new sporting stories by Nat Gould—"A Straight Goer," "A Hundred to One Chance," and "A Sporting Squatter"—which will appear in the familiar yellow back form; and a number of novels by popular authors are being added to the same publisher's sixpenny series.

Another last day is due on July 9—the last day for ordering the International Library of Famous Literature from *Lloyd's Weekly News!* No doubt there are old-fashioned people who look askance at anything that is boldly advertised, but to do so betrays a foolish prejudice, and certainly the wide distribution of this library has been a commendable enterprise. The twenty volumes produced under the editorship in chief of the late Dr. Richard Garnett contain a comprehensive selection of the masterpieces of literature which has appealed to many who were book-lovers already, but the most noteworthy feature of the undertaking is that it is introducing a library of good books into the homes of masses of people who otherwise would never have possessed one. Those who buy a set of the books have, too, the satisfaction of knowing that—unlike encyclopædias and other works of reference—they will never get out of date; good literature always remains good. It should be noted that on Monday the publishers will not merely cease to supply the International

Library on the instalment system of payment, but close its sale altogether.

The publication of "Buck Whaley's Memoirs" (Alexander Moring, price 21s.) is the outcome of a chance purchase by Sir Edward Sullivan in a London auction room. He bought two volumes of MSS., solely on account of the rarity of the binding, and the contents unexpectedly turned out to be the long missing memoirs of Thomas Whaley, commonly known as "Buck" or "Jerusalem" Whaley, an Irishman whose follies and extravagances gained him much notoriety in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The great event of his life was a journey to Jerusalem—regarded in those days as a formidable undertaking—which he made in fulfilment of a number of wagers; and that seems to have been the only occasion on which he was ever in pocket by anything that he did. The squandering of money in the silliest and most vicious ways was his main occupation, and in the course of a few years he not only dissipated a fortune of £400,000, but got heavily into debt. The story of his wild, reckless, ill-spent life, if not edifying, is at any rate entertaining.

Mr. Upton Sinclair, the author of "The Jungle," has written another novel, entitled "King Midas," which is to appear serially in the *Gentlewoman*. "King Midas" is a story of an entirely different character to the sensational work in which the horrors of the Chicago stockyards and canning factories were exposed.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—London has had a wonderful week of compressed gaiety, so closely packed together that it was impossible for even the most energetic to enjoy it all. There were four great balls, the Court on Thursday, and innumerable receptions, with a dog show tucked in. You may imagine how society was rushed by this pressure of events. London was as lively at midnight as it usually is at 4 p.m., but for the absence of pedestrians.

Small and unimportant as last Thursday's Court was, there were some lovely dresses worn at it. You will wonder that the day it was held was Thursday, instead of the usual Friday. The change was made by the King, as his Majesty recognised that Friday was an inconvenient night for his Jewish subjects, their Sabbath beginning at sunset on that evening. It was a small Royal circle, only Princess Christian, her daughters, and Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck being present; Prince Francis of Teck also. The Queen wore black silk muslin much trimmed with jet. Her jewels were diamonds only. The Marchioness of Donegall wore a lovely white and silver Court dress, the gown being in Venetian brocade and the train in cloth of silver bordered with silver embroideries. Lady Ermyntrude Malet was beautifully dressed in ivory moire shot with silver and train of fine old Flanders lace bordered with an exquisite embroidery in paste, pearls, and turquoises. The Countess of Caledon's was another lovely dress. Mrs. Herbert Gladstone's was a highly picturesque gown of primrose satin with a little coat of sequined lace. The train was heliotrope soft silk trimmed with old point. Lady White, wife of the Field Marshal, over a white and gold gown wore a very lovely train of cloth of gold bordered with shaded pink rose-petals, the white satin lining edged with shaded pink chiffon ruches to match the petals.

Mrs. Milne wore a lovely pale green chiffon dress, opening over a pleated chiffon panel, and outlined and flounced with fine white lace showered with silver, held in place by sprays of white chiffon roses. The train, of green moire, was slung in a very effective way from the shoulders, rather like the cloak worn by all real fairy-tale princes. It widened out towards the end, showing a very large old shawl of Brussels and Honiton lace, gracefully draped to display its rich corners to the best advantage.

The flowers were lovely. Much admired was the Duchess of Buccleuch's sheaf of Goodyear roses. Lady Home's bouquet of pink roses gave precisely the right finish to her pretty dress of pale pink chiffon and silver lace.

The Ascot ball was, as usual, a great success. The floor, recently relaid, was admirable, and the music excellent. The boxes were railed off from the rest of the ballroom by innocent-looking green and white fences, and the ladies who sat behind them presented all the charm of sweet frocks and splendid jewellery, to say nothing of high rank. Baroness Eckhardstein, in white and pale blue, wore a magnificent diamond tiara, deep dog-collar to match, and pearls. Lord and Lady Vivian danced together. Her turquoise and diamond tiara suited her admirably. Her gown was white and pale gold brocade. Lady Garvagh was very handsome in pale pink brocade and fine jewels.

So numerous were the rooms devoted to the ball that it was not easy to see every one. The courtyard had been cleverly turned into a winter garden with palms and rambler roses, and other flowering plants. A small lake had been contrived at one end, and here darted flame-coloured goldfish in the cool, grey shadows under the water plants. A century-old sundial coquetted with the electric light and fibbed about the hour. A very long buffet in the winter garden was well patronised throughout the evening, and the supper arrangements were as perfect as the rest. The chimney pieces were banked high with shaded roses, and ramblers tossed their rosy blossoms high in every corner. Mr. Douglas White was indefatigable in seeing to everything, and the ball deserved to be the success it was.

It was kept up till four o'clock, and then we came out to find torrents of rain coming down in the slate-grey morning, and were thankful to secure a cab. Their number was strictly limited, and small wonder. The poor cabbies must have been wet through, to say nothing of the poor, dear horses. Our compassion found some small relief in paying double fare.

As we drove past a large house on our way home we had a passing glimpse of a party of bridge players in evening dress being served with breakfast! The meal was unmistakable: cups and saucers, teapot, toast in tiny racks, making up the momentary picture with the green table, the cards, and the shaded lights.

Truly, one-half the world knows not how the other half lives. Another glimpse we had of grey moving shadows, luminous with saturated clothing, passing drearily and aimlessly along. The homeless! So our lovely ball ended with the heartache.

Jim dined us at the Welcome Club on one of the hottest and loveliest evenings of last week. The golden sickle of the young moon smiled down serenely on the gaudy coloured lights, which always awaken something of the child in even the most adult of us. The 21st Lancers gave us of their best, interpreting Wagner under the stars and to the accompaniment of that curious shuffling sound of footsteps that is ever to be heard at the Earl's Court Exhibition. Dining by the open window, with a cool breeze gently wafted through, was quite delicious. You will never guess what the conversation turned upon? Nothing less than the integral calculus. Jim became eloquent on the subject, his charming Irish voice informing us that a proper study of Euclid and mathematics is the road to true poetry. I should never have guessed it. Should you?

We sat out on the lawn after dinner, under one of the famous two-hundred-year-old elder trees that once were the pride of cottage gardens. Crowds passed and repassed in the great space round the bandstand, creating in one's brain a kind of humming, set up by the

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unconscious watching of the perpetual movement. This possibility of spending the evening hours of a hot day in the open air seems to be thoroughly appreciated by Londoners. One wonders that there are not other places where it is possible to sit out in coolness before the hot night settles down upon the great city.

We thought so again when enjoying a garden fête given on Saturday night in the beautiful town garden of a friend. We had been to the opera, revelling in Melba's delicious notes as Marguerite in "Faust," and the Oriental look of the illuminated garden gave the last touch of romance to our evening. All green lawns and arches of elm and ivy, it was laid out by Sir Joseph Paxton, and is kept with loving care. A beautiful garden is one of the few really satisfying possessions in the world. It seems always to need one, and yet never to be exigent.

The previous night was one of the most brilliant we have ever seen, short of a gala performance. Lady Londonderry, in white, wore a high diamond ornament, a diamond necklace, and a pendant consisting of a sapphire about the size of a plover's egg set in brilliants. She was in the box with Lady Lister-Kaye, who also wore white and diamonds. The Duchess of Somerset, in addition to many jewels on a white dress, wore white Court plumes in her hair. Lily Duchess of Marlborough was all tulle and osprey. Mrs. George Cornwallis West looked splendidly handsome in pale pink with a pale green coat, whose black velvet collar was intensely becoming. In every box there was the gleam of diamonds, some of them being in very large diadems. Two ladies wore reproductions of Royal crowns in pearls and diamonds. We judged them to be Republicans. Amidst all the brilliance and glitter there was a very picturesque musicianly element. Mischa Elman was in the stalls, and Signor Sammarco not far off. We also saw M. Gilibert, whose singing a few nights ago in "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" was so perfectly delightful. Karcsay, the Hungarian Gipsy violinist, shook his black hair and flashed his black eyes above immaculate evening dress. There were many other musical and social notabilities. It is not for nothing that our Opera House is called a unique sight. We thought in turn of all our foreign friends, and wished they were present that we might show them what London can do.

I was so delighted to hear a charming American say that her coming visit to Paris had nothing to do with frocks, adding, "I always think there is just as good to be got in London as in Paris, and not nearly so dear." I could have kissed her, and would have done so but for the fear of alarming her. Our dear London has made a wonderful advance in the science of chiffons during the last ten years.

The cheap sales are agitating the feminine community this week. It is an excitement in which we never share. Remembering what Shakespeare tells us,

> "And oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
> Makes ill deeds done,"

we refrain our footsteps from the shops where there are alarming sacrifices and incredible bargains, well knowing that, if we were once to adventure ourselves within the portals, we should buy not only what we really want, but much that we could never use. Jack has had to give up going to art sales, he tells me, for the same reason. A kind of fever of bidding came upon him, and whenever he caught the auctioneer's eye he felt compelled to nod. So now he stays away.

The Ladies' Kennel Dog Show was held last week in beautiful weather in the lovely grounds of the Botanic Gardens. Why cannot they be more freely opened to the lovers of flowers, and turf, and trees? It would be a boon to be able to have tea in this quiet place. There were 1,200 dogs in the show, and 2,170 entries in the different classes. Pekinese spaniels were the most numerous, Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox (beautifully dressed, as usual) working very hard at judging them. The Duchess of Newcastle judged the borzois, and surprised many admirers of the Queen's splendid Vassilka by placing it third in the champion class. Vassilka was first, however, in the limit class.

The grounds were gay with summer frocks, and resounded with the remarks, both grave and gay, of the dogs themselves. They always seem particularly lively at a show. I am sure they know all about it, and are as eager to win prizes as human beings would be in similar circumstances.

Lily and Peggy went down to Barkingside on Saturday to the fête of the Young Helpers' League on the forty-first anniversary of Founder's Day in connection with Dr. Barnardo's Homes. The good done by this wonderful man is certainly not "interred with his bones." The village homes are as prosperous as ever. The girls were delighted with all they saw, and with the buzz of life and success that characterised the day. They say that there was a group of visitors round the late Dr. Barnardo's grave all the afternoon. There were many lovely flowers on it. Immediately opposite is the room that used to be his office at the village. It now contains a number of personal mementoes of him, and was formally opened on Saturday.

Lord Brassey, President of the Homes, took the chair at the annual meeting in the auditorium. Sir John Gorst presented the annual report. The Duchess of Marlborough presented badges to the members of the Young Helpers' League, and an interesting feature was the presence of a number of old boys and girls who marched past, and who are to receive prizes for having kept their situations with credit for periods varying from one to twelve years.

Fred says he wishes he knew how the King manages to keep his cuffs just a line below his coat-sleeves. They are always "just so," and you never see his Majesty fidgeting with them, as most men do, in the effort to have each line of linen of exactly the same width as the other.

The Duchess of Sutherland's garden party on Monday was, as usual, a delightful function. The band on the terrace, the sunshine, the great trees, the numbers of pretty people in pretty frocks, and the charming mixture of gaiety with business, all help to make one happy and at ease. The business is, of course, the selling of the tweeds, and baskets, and shawls, and artificial flowers made by the Scottish Home Industries Association. Lady Alice Leslie, in a pretty flowered dress, sold unnumbered fleecy shawls; while little Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower, who promises to be as tall as her mother, did a roaring trade in artificial flowers made by cripples. The Duchess wore pale blue chiffon with soft Valenciennes insertions, and touches of black velvet, and a semi-transparent chip hat with shaded mauve and blue feathers. She looked as girlish and as beautiful as ever, and when Lady Westmorland joined her, in a flowing dress of lavender silk, the two sisters made a picture together under the flickering green lights of the trees, which makes a gracious thing to look back on. The Duchess of Marlborough's frock was very curious and becoming—deep china-blue voile over sulphur yellow, the voile inserted with blue net and embroidered with blue flowers. A small sulphur-coloured straw hat went with this. The Duchess of Portland was all in cream-colour, with pink and red feathers on her hat. Lady Chesterfield drew all eyes, in a pale blue picture-dress of silk, painted all over with jessamine and pink roses tied with yellow ribbon, and turned back with lavender satin, while the belt was bright china-blue and had long soft ends. Mrs. Asquith was, of course, all in black; her very effective hat was a Napoleon shape worn with the broad part to the side instead of in front.

The performances at the Bath Club on Monday evening in connection with the Royal Life-saving Society were even more interesting than usual. There was a large attendance. The Duchess of Portland sat with Lord and Lady Desborough. The chief event, from a woman's point of view, was the display of swimming and diving by Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson and Mrs. Edgar Syers. Both ladies were very graceful in their feats of swimming under water, gliding,

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imitating torpedoes and propellers, and diving from high spring-boards. Lady Constance added to all this a dive from a trapeze in mid-air, which electrified the spectators. I noticed Mr. Bernard Shaw among them, and also observed that he wore a starched shirt and collar. I thought both were against his principles.

Here is another of Mona's interesting letters on gardening:—

My Dear Madge,—In my letter about the Temple Show I forgot to mention one thing that surprised me very much—a stand of cut blooms of cactus dahlias. In order to make them flower a couple of months before their ordinary time, they must have been started very early and grown in heat. From the nurseryman's point of view the idea is excellent, for the inducement to buy is not only the beauty of the flowers, but also the fact that they will be produced in a few weeks, instead of a whole year, as is usually the case. I bought several of the newer varieties to propagate, and they are now growing here. Among the most charming are Butterfly (crimson, with white tips), Crepusele (pale yellow and buff), J. B. Riding (yellow and orange), Rev. D. R. Williamson (deep crimson with carmine edge), and Pearl (pink tipped, with white). For dahlias the soil should not be made excessively rich, otherwise they make luxuriant growth and do not begin to flower until late in the season, when they are soon stopped by frost. For this reason do defer the application of stimulants until the buds can actually be seen. Early staking is necessary to prevent damage by wind, and if the shoots are too crowded some of them should be thinned out. The worst enemies of dahlias in their early stages are slugs, and at all times earwigs. To protect the plants from the former, they should be surrounded by ashes or else by narrow rings of perforated zinc, over the jagged edges of which the creatures cannot crawl. For earwigs it is customary to place small pots, inverted, on top of the supports, but they are excessively ugly and quite spoil the appearance of the plants. It is far better to suspend short lengths of bamboo, dry bran-haulm or any other hollow stems among the foliage where they cannot be seen. The insects hide in them, and can then be shaken or blown out into a pail of water. This killing business which forms so large a part of gardening is very horrible. I leave it all to David, who is summoned at frequent intervals to act as executioner, and scrunches up a grub between his fingers in the most unconcerned way.

Heaths, azaleas, camellias, and all other hard-wooded plants are now outside. They have practically completed their growth, and exposure to air and sunlight is necessary to ripen it. Unless it is properly ripened they will not bear flowers next year At this stage they naturally require less water than they do when in active growth, but if the soil is allowed to become quite dry they will be irreparably damaged. Should this happen, the pots should be immersed for a few minutes in a bucket of water. It is useless to pour water into them, for it only runs out again. Nothing is more difficult to moisten thoroughly than dry peat. If the sunlight strikes directly on the pots it is very apt to heat them excessively and injure the delicate roots in contact with them inside. For this reason the safest plan is to plunge them in a bed of ashes, the advantage of ashes being that soft-bodied insects cannot crawl over them, so worms and slugs are kept at a distance.

If you want a charming plant for the conservatory I can strongly recommend Schizanthus wisetonensis. If the seed is sown now, it will require some artificial heat during the winter, and as it is only an annual, you might not think it worth the trouble and expense, but it is quite an exceptional annual, altogether charming, and producing great quantities of flowers from March to August. They are individually small, very light and dainty, not unlike orchids, white or rose in colour, with yellow or bronze centres. Like most annuals they are apt to be stunted by any disturbance of the roots, so a few seeds should be sown in each pot, and as the seedlings grow they should be thinned out until eventually only one or two of the strongest are left.

Our Shirley poppies have been lovely. We sow the seed in autumn because the plants grow very much finer than those raised in spring. By the way, I notice that while everybody admires them immensely, very few know what they really are. They originated in a single flower discovered accidentally by Mr. Wilks, Vicar of Shirley, and Secretary to the Royal Horticultural Society. Mr. Wilks's idea was to eliminate the black centres and stamens which are a feature of the ordinary poppy, and this flower offered him a starting point. By its means—selecting the most likely flowers and destroying all others, and so continuing for eight or ten years—he succeeded in producing the present race without any black in the petals and with golden stamens. These are the true Shirley poppies. Sometimes, in a batch of seedlings, there are several which have reverted to the original type. These should always be pulled up as soon as possible. Unless this is done the bees will carry the pollen to the other flowers round about, and when the seed is sown very many of the resulting plants will be found to have flowers with black centres, which spoil their beauty.

How are your chrysanthemums doing? Ours are getting on splendidly. They are all out of doors, of course, and as they have been kept well-watered the warm weather has brought them on rapidly. Fortunately, they are quite free from mildew, rust, and other fungoid diseases. As a precautionary measure, they are sprayed at intervals with a solution of sulphide of potassium (liver of sulphur), half an ounce dissolved in a gallon of warm water, and applied cold. This we have found to be the best and simplest remedy. Once a week we give them some liquid manure—one of the patent fertilisers mixed with water. They are perfectly cleanly and free from smell.—Your affectionate cousin, Mona.

Clara sends me the following from Dublin:—

Dearest Madge,—The restive and strenuous spirit of the age has played havoc with what may be called the restful activities of life, strolling, sauntering, wandering, and such like pleasant things of ancient peace and calm. How out of date they are in these days; even walking for walking's sake is relegated to a place amongst quaint, old world ideas. Who walks by the seaside now, except to wield golf implements on some "links," who goes by lake and river side, or over moorlands and mountains, unless with rod and gun? All must be up and doing, everyone with a definite and active—very active, generally speaking—object, no sauntering, no wandering at one's own sweet will. When the present time becomes the "auld lang syne" of another generation, that generation will have no wandering o'er braes, or idle plucking of gowans, to look back on with sentimental regret. For all that, the pleasures of leisurely leisure remain great, if only they are given a trial, especially in the holiday season of the year, when Nature is in her fullest dress and wears her greatest charms. She is, indeed, worth a long, lingering look rather than a hasty, snatched glance, or, perhaps, on the part of the motorist, no glance at all. Ruskin says, "To any person who has all his senses about him, a quiet walk, along not more than ten or twelve miles of road a day, is the most amusing of all travelling." Imagine anyone now condescending to a mere ten or twelve miles a day! And to a quiet walk! Above all, does not the motorist deliberately divest himself of the greater part of his senses as he "rushes" his scores of miles, with shaded eyes in clouds of dust? The modern heroes and heroines of fiction do not indulge in the pastime of taking country walks, as did those of Jane Austen and other old-time writers. A Watts of the twentieth century would not sing "Whene'er I take my walks abroad."

Of late we have felt very proud of our weather, especially in contrast to yours. We had no birthday rain as you had in your great capital; rain on a scale to suit its greatness. We had nothing to complain of but cold winds, and we did not complain, as they just freshened us up agreeably after the hot ones. Is not a nip of cold in the air just like the spark of light in the eye? It makes all the difference in the world in giving life.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen returned to their kingdom last week, by way of Scotland. They are great examples to us of energy in various directions; our enervating climate seems to have no effect on their activity, and we set so much down to it in our own cases. With a Viceregal suite and some guests, they went to the Curragh for the King's Birthday Review, which was held there instead of in the Phœnix Park, owing no doubt to the larger number of military in the Kildare camp. General Sir Herbert Plumer—as the Birthday Honour made him—was in command. The weather was fine, though the breezes blowing over the plain were more than fresh. His Excellency rode at the review, whilst Lady Aberdeen, with Lady Grenfell and other ladies drove in the Viceregal State carriages. Afterwards the Viceregal party and the leading military people were entertained at Lord Grenfell's official residence at the Curragh. General Lawson on the same day held a birthday parade of troops on the Fifteen Acres in the Phoenix Park, where the Birthday Reviews, in full splendour, were always held until lately. Dublin, however, in the changes of modern times, has

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ceased to be the "militaryist" as well as "cardrivingest" city in the kingdom.

Ireland was not so severely left out of the Royal Honours as usual on the Birthday last week. The Lord Chancellor, who was made a baronet, is popular at the Four Courts and in society, and his wife, Lady Walker, is a charming hostess, who enjoys a popularity not always enjoyed by "Lady Chancellors" owing to a kindly manner and much personal charm. How few—especially of our sex one is forced to say—rise gracefully in the social scale! How many rise Phoenix-like from ashes,—from the ashes of their old visiting list. One's heart goes out to those who do not give themselves "airs." Like the wise man who has not "put his trust in money," they have "done wonderful things in" their lives, and well may we praise them.

In the last years of Queen Victoria, a movement on your side of the water was set going "to discover" Ireland. The beginning of King Edward's reign has developed a movement with us to "discover" ourselves. It has made great strides of late; not only the masses, but the classes, are becoming curious inquirers into national things. Last week Dr. Hyde presided at a Gaelic festival held at Castle Bellingham, the residence of Sir Henry Bellingham. Lord Castletown, Lord and Lady Bellew, Lady Germanstown, Lord and Lady Louth, were amongst the party at Castle Bellingham. Lord and Lady Bute had to leave during the week to be present at a "Court" in Buckingham Palace. Lord Bute is interested in Gaelic things, being a patriotic Scotchman, not a North Briton. By the way, one wonders why the Scots, with their individuality and racial pride, ever allowed Scotland to be merged in Great Britain. We hold very strongly by the "and Ireland" in the King's style and title. We mean to be increasingly Irish now, with our revived tongue which was thought so barbarous by British travellers of old. Imagine when you will have to include "phrase books" in your impedimenta, on crossing the Irish sea.—Yours ever, CLARE.

Try this rec ipe for a good omelette:—

Fry 2 or 3 sliced onions in butter till they are quite done, add 2 beaten yolks of eggs and a little minced parsley; now make two small omelettes, put the onions and a fillet of anchovy upon them and roll them lengthwise; have ready some pieces of bread fried in butter, cut the omelette to the size of the toast, and place them upon it, pour a little liquid butter over the omelette, screen it with fine bread-crumbs and grated Parmesan cheese, hold over these a red-hot salamander, and garnish the dish with sprigs of parsley.

Créme à la Reine is a most beguiling sweet:—

Pound 2 oz. of blanched almonds with two bitter ones, adding a tablespoonful of orange flower water. Put the pounded almonds into half a pint of milk and allow it to stand for three or four hours, then make it into custard with the yolks of three eggs and 2 ozs. of sugar; strain it into a basin, whip the whites of three eggs to a snow, mix them with an ounce of pounded sugar, put them on the top of the custard, and leave it till it is cold. Then mix in lightly a gill of whipped cream and a tablespoonful of best brandy. Serve it in tall glasses with a little chopped pistachios on the top, and vanilla wafers handed separately.

Ever your loving cousin, MADGE.

P.S.—Have you heard the splendid result of the Bazaar held in aid of the Royal Waterloo Hospital on June 14 and 15? The total amount realised was £7,772 3s. 6d.

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We receive hundreds of letters every week from "Readers of 'Truth.'" A large majority of the writers expect replies direct. Of the work, trouble, and expense involved in doing this we say nothing. But as experience has shown that a large number of our "Constant" and "Regular" readers who inquire about individuals with whom we have dealt in our columns over and over again are not actual subscribers to the paper, but merely occasional readers of it at clubs, libraries, or at friends' houses, we consider we must protect ourselves in the matter.

We have therefore decided that henceforth every reader who writes making an inquiry that necessitates a direct reply must enclose a stamped envelope and also a Coupon which will always be found at the foot of the 3rd page of the coloured cover. Without these no notice will be taken of the communication.

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a Coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" send replies by post.

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ENTRE NOUS.

A MONTH or two back I took the liberty of reminding my readers that there is a big deficit hanging round the neck of the Truth Toy Fund. Since then I have received numerous contributions, for which I am grateful, but they have not been sufficiently large or numerous to put the account straight. At the end of last year the fund was in debt to the amount of £168 13s. 0½d. I have since received £55 7s. 2d. The debit balance, therefore, still stands at £113 5s. 10½d. I am naturally reluctant to worry my readers at Midsummer about a Christmas charity, but the time will soon be arriving when arrangements for the next Truth Toy Show must be taken in hand, and in making those arrangements it will be necessary to take into consideration the fact that the fund starts more than £100 in debt. I shall, therefore, be sincerely grateful to any ladies and gentlemen who will help to wipe off this debt in the course of the next few weeks.

The King will leave town for the season on Monday, the 30th, when he is to proceed to Goodwood House on a visit to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. His Majesty will travel by special train from Victoria to Drayton, which is the nearest station to Goodwood. On Friday, August 3, the King will leave Goodwood after the races, and he is to drive to Chichester, whence he will travel by special train to Portsmouth Harbour Station. The King will embark at the south railway jetty on board the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, which is to convey him to Cowes Roads, and he will remain in the Solent until Monday, August 13.

His Majesty's usual apartments at the Hotel Weimar, Marienbad, have been engaged for a month from August 2. The King is expected to arrive at Marienbad about August 15, and the previous fortnight will be occupied in cleaning and redecorating the rooms which he is to occupy. Twenty rooms are required for the accommodation of the King, his equerries, and the servants. His Majesty will stay at Marienbad for exactly three weeks, after which it is expected that he will proceed to Vienna, where he is to be entertained by the Emperor Francis Joseph, at the Castle of Schönbrunn.

The King and Queen will hold the fourth and last Court of the season in the ball room of Buckingham Palace on Friday night, a few hours after their return to town from Alnwick Castle. The Lord Chamberlain's lists for this Court have long been quite full, so there will be a large attendance of general company; but there will be an almost empty entrée and a very small Diplomatic circle. The Prince and Princess of Wales are to be present, and there will be a larger Royal circle than on June 28.

The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland have invited only a small party to meet their Majesties at Alnwick Castle, including Lord and Lady Pembroke, Lord and Lady Halifax, Lord and Lady Ridley, the Bishop of Newcastle, Lord and Lady Armstrong, and Lord Percy, Lord Algernon Percy, and other members of the family.

A weekly contemporary, discoursing on the Percies, in reference to their Majesties' visit to Alnwick Castle, states that the Duke of Northumberland can ride from sea to sea across England without leaving his own estates. This is a pure fiction. The Duke owns over 180,000 acres in Northumberland, and he has an estate of 5,000 acres in the North Riding of Yorkshire, and a

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smaller property in Durham. This is the whole of his property in the North of England, and in the South he has a very valuable estate in Middlesex, and about 4,000 acres in Surrey, including the beautiful domain of Albury Park (an old seat of the Howards), which the late Duchess of Northumberland inherited from her father, Mr. Henry Drummond.

A most entertaining account of the rise of the first Duke of Northumberland of the modern creation is to be found in "Tancred." He was Sir Hugh Smithson, a Yorkshire squire, whose family had received a baronetcy as a reward for their services to the Royalist party during the Civil War. Sir Hugh was so fortunate as to marry the heiress of the Percies. She was the daughter of the Duke of Somerset, and great-granddaughter of the celebrated Earl of Northumberland who took the side of the Commonwealth during the Civil War. After the first Duke of the modern creation had achieved the highest rank in the Peerage he asked George III. for the Garter. His Majesty had granted the dukedom with infinite reluctance, and he refused to add a blue ribbon. "I am the first Percy to be refused the Garter," said the Duke. "Yes," replied the King, "and you are the first Smithson that has ever asked for it."

The King spent most of last week at Newmarket, having proceeded thither on the conclusion of his visit to Lord Sandwich at Hinchingbrooke. His Majesty was not the guest of Sir Ernest Cassel at Moulton Paddocks, as has been generally stated, but he stayed, as usual, at his apartments in the Jockey Club. The King dined twice at Moulton Paddocks, and with Lord and Lady Wolverton and Mr. and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild on the remaining nights of his visit to Newmarket. The King will be again at Newmarket next week for the Second July Meeting.

His Majesty returned to Buckingham Palace on Monday, after a week-end visit to Lord Rosebery at Mentmore House, where the house party included Count Albert Mensdorff, Georgiana Lady Dudley, Lord and Lady Crewe, Lord and Lady Arran, Lady Sybil Grant, Lord Dalmeny, and Sir Ernest Cassel. Mentmore is a magnificent house, which was built and decorated by the late Baron Meyer de Rothschild, who also laid out the gardens and grounds, planted the woods, and literally created the place. The house is filled with practically priceless pictures (notably the works by Fragonard, Rubens, Titian, and Rembrandt), tapestry, china, and old furniture, which were collected by Baron de Rothschild. There is quite a museum of *étagères*, cabinets, and other *objets de goût*. The furniture of one room is Louis XV. (from the Conti Palace), that of another Louis XVI., and in the great hall (which is hung with Arras tapestry) is an immense fireplace from Rubens' house. It was remarked by a shrewd observer that at Mentmore and the other Rothschild domains wealth has been everywhere guided by science, taste, and expert knowledge. In too many gaudy "millionaire" abodes the taste and the knowledge have been conspicuously and painfully lacking.

The Prince and Princess of Wales landed at Port Victoria on Thursday afternoon on their return from Norway. They will stay at Marlborough House until Friday, the 27th, and are then going to Sandringham for a short time. The Prince and Princess and their children will reside at Abergeldie Castle from the end of August until the middle of October.

It was announced in TRUTH several weeks ago that the Duke and Duchess of Sparta would pay a visit to England this summer. They have been staying during the last ten days at Seaford, and came to town on Friday morning, with their children, on a short visit to their Majesties at Buckingham Palace. On leaving England the Duke and Duchess will go to Germany. They are to be present at the christening of the infant son of the German Crown Prince, and they will be the guests for a few weeks of Prince and Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse, at Friedrichshof, near Homburg.

There is to be a great Masonic ceremony at Liverpool Cathedral next Tuesday, when the Duke of Connaught lays the corner-stone of the Lathom Chapter House, and a very large attendance of Lancashire Freemasons is expected. Lord and Lady Derby will have a party at Knowsley to meet the Duke of Connaught, and in September they are to receive a visit from Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll.

The Duke of Connaught was inspecting officially last week in Hampshire and Wiltshire, and he was the guest of Sir Ian Hamilton at Tidworth. The purchase of Tidworth from Sir John Kelk was one of the most foolish of the many fatuous extravagances of the late Government. This place was the famous seat of Mr. Assheton Smith, the celebrated M.F.H., who rebuilt the house between 1826 and 1830, and expended a great deal of money in building hunting stables and kennels, and in laying out the gardens and grounds, which were remodelled and extended; and when the improvement was completed, Tidworth was one of the most beautiful domains in the South of England. Mrs. Assheton Smith was ordered to Madeira for her health, but she did not wish to go, so her husband promised to bring Madeira to her at Tidworth. He built a conservatory 310 ft. in length and 40 ft. in breadth, which was connected with the house by a corridor. This conservatory is now at Bournemouth.

It is probable that the Duke of Connaught will proceed to Berlin on August 10 to represent the King at the christening of the infant son of the German Crown Prince and Crown Princess, which is to take place on Sunday, August 12.

Princess Henry of Battenberg has finished her "cure" at Kissingen, and she is now on a visit to the Grand

For SPECIAL FOR LADIES, see page 119.
For the TRUTH HOTEL LIST, see page 115.
For Selected FOREIGN HOTELS, see pages 114, 115.
For AMUSEMENTS, see page 113.
For APPEALS, see page 117.
For ESTATES, AUCTIONS, &c., see page 109.
For OUR PUZZLES, see pages 125, 126.

Duchess Marie of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, at the Château of Rosenau. Princess Henry is to return to England at the end of this month, and she will reside at Osborne Cottage during August.

The daily papers have been chronicling the movements of "the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz" during the last week. The personage to whom they referred is really the Grand Duchess Anastasia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, mother of the reigning Grand Duke, of the German Crown Princess, and of the Crown Princess of Denmark. The Grand Duchess Anastasia, who had been staying in Paris since she left Cannes, came to England on a short visit to her brother, the Grand Duke Michael Michailovitch, and Countess Torby at Keele Hall. She lunched at Buckingham Palace with the King and Queen on Friday. The Grand Duchess is going to Russia to spend the summer with her father, the Grand Duke Michel Nicolaievitch, at his country seat near St. Petersburg.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen, with a large Viceregal suite, spent last week in visiting the South of Ireland. "Dublin Castle" went to Cork in a reasonable and pleasant spirit, and the visit was in every way a success. Lord Aberdeen received many addresses and made many speeches in reply, which were happy efforts of discreet Viceregal oratory. On Saturday the Viceregal party went to Limerick, where they open the Munster-Connaught Exhibition and are to visit Lord and Lady Dunraven at Adare Manor. This week Lord and Lady Aberdeen visit Kilkee and make a short stay there at Moor's Hotel. Kilkee is a renowned seaside south-western resort, its specialties being grand cliffs and Atlantic "rollers."

The views of moderate men seldom prevail in any part of the world, and never in Ireland. The O'Conor Don was an able and popular Irishman, with a chivalrous character beyond reproach. His death is deeply regretted by a wide circle in his country, where he was well known in society. He had little political power, but, had he lived, might in the future have had more.

Lord and Lady Dudley, with their family, are shortly expected in Ireland, where they will stay for some time at their picturesque residence, Inver Lodge, in the mountains of the Wild West. Lady Dudley will visit the remote places, where she established the nurses for the poor, who have been such a blessing to them.

When I withdrew from Parliament a few months ago on the ground that I felt that it was time to give place to younger men, Sir Wilfrid Lawson wrote to me a long letter in which he protested against my not being prepared to die in harness, and jokingly said that this was a reflection upon him, as he was a few years older than I was. I assured him that politicians only have the age that they feel, as women only have that which they look, and I felt sure that he would survive me for many a year. I confess, however, that I did not believe that he would live long, for he had aged considerably in the last few years, and his strict attendance in the House was, I thought, beginning to tell on him.

Sir Wilfrid laboured, as an M.P., under the difficulty of finding it impossible to be sufficiently solemn in his treatment of issues great and small; he could not refrain from enlivening his arguments with wit and humour. The majority of his audience, therefore, were unable to realise that there usually was a vast amount of sound, hard-headed common-sense in his speeches, for they drew in their own mind a sharp and impassable line between what is amusing and what is instructive. His wit, too, was not bitter or personal, and this somewhat told against it in the House of Commons. Many a pretentious bore, or those who aired commonplaces with the air of a Solomon come to judgment, had far more influence. "Weighty" these speeches were called in newspaper phraseology, and weighty they certainly were—weighty as lead.

A more thoroughly conscientious man than Sir Wilfrid Lawson I never knew. He held strong Radical principles, and whether popular or unpopular, he stood to them. I did not entirely agree with him in his tactics in regard to temperance legislation. But the crusade which he urged bore fruit, and there is no doubt that the consumption of alcohol, both in its use and its abuse, has fallen off greatly of late years. Next to alcohol, he abominated war, and here too his denunciations of the creed of drum and cannon did much to counteract the spread of that braggart and bellicose Imperialism which lately was so rampant. He lived to see the reaction, and I regret that he did not live longer to share in the complete triumph of the cause of peace.

The charm of his wit was that it was spontaneous and in no way laboured. He had a large fund of anecdotes, which he brought in most effectively to illustrate his arguments. But these he could vary when the occasion rendered it necessary. One evening he and I were to attend a meeting (I forget on what subject). I was to take the chair, and he was to be the star performer. He told me that he should be a little late, and asked me to go on until he came. At the same time, he told me a story, which he said he was going to tell at the meeting. It happened that he was very late, so it occurred to me that I might as well use his story to fill up the time, and I told it. At length he arrived and began his speech. Presently he came to the story; on his beginning it the audience shouted, "We've heard this before!" "Not this story," he promptly replied, "but another something like it." And he forthwith so altered it and improved on it that it was generally thought far superior to the one which I had borrowed from him.

One of his happiest hits in the House of Commons was when a gentleman, a little gone in liquor, made a speech in defence of the trade, and on Sir Wilfrid replying, every moment interrupted him. "The honourable gentleman," said Sir Wilfrid presently, "is very full of his subject, but he really must allow me a small share of it on this occasion."

Although an enemy to alcohol, he had a perfect passion for sugar. He would drink lemonade which was positively half sugar. I frequently told him that sugar in excess is as harmful as alcohol in moderation, but I preached to him in vain.

Lady Althorp was a very charming woman, highly accomplished, and strongly intelligent. Her sad death is deeply regretted by all who knew her, and her removal will make a great blank in Northamptonshire, as for nearly nineteen years (ever since her marriage) she had taken a prominent part in the social life of the county, and had actively connected herself with several of its charitable institutions, and with many philanthropic movements. Lady Althorp, indeed, had to a great extent taken the place which was long and admirably filled by her sister-in-law, the late Lady Spencer. She was the founder of the Northamptonshire musical competitions, which have so greatly improved the choral singing in the villages of the county. Lady Althorp was a daughter of the late Lord Revelstoke, and her mother was one of the clever and popular daughters of the late Mr. John Bulteel of Flete, and a granddaughter of the first Earl Grey.

During their married life Lord and Lady Althorp have occupied Dallington Hall, Lord Spencer's place between Althorp Park and Northampton, as a country residence. The house, which has nice gardens and grounds, was built by Sir Joseph Jekyll, Master of the Rolls, who died in 1745, leaving a large fortune for the reduction of the National Debt.

The story of the North Tadworth Farm, related by Mr. Fred Horne in the *Daily News* last week, is a striking confirmation of what I said in a recent article regarding the sacrifice of the interests of agriculture to the amusement of the game-preserver. With the full approval of his then landlord, the tenant of this Surrey farm, Mr. W. Hodson, had been for many years gradually substituting the cultivation of fruit for the growing of corn. A small jam factory was built, and the fruit-growing and jam-making businesses prospered. For the protection of the tenant the lease contained a clause empowering him to kill the rabbits in certain woods on the farm if the landlord refused or neglected to do so, but not otherwise. Down to 1902 Mr. Hodson had no desire or occasion to exercise this power, but by that time the estate had been for two years in the possession of a new owner, who was preserving game much more extensively than his predecessor. In 1902 game damaged Mr. Hodson's crops to an amount estimated by a valuer at £270, and as he was about to plant some young fruit trees he appealed to the landlord to reduce the number of rabbits. The landlord did nothing, and Mr. Hodson then entered the woods, and in a few days he killed about 500 rabbits.

Thereupon the landlord brought an action against Mr. Hodson in the Chancery Division, and an injunction was granted restraining him from entering the woods, on the ground that (though he had actually killed 500 rabbits there) he had not proved any refusal or negligence on the part of the landlord within the meaning of the lease. This action, in which Mr. Hodson had to pay £400 for costs, was followed by another, in which damages were claimed from him for having killed the 500 rabbits, and for having, while doing so, disturbed and driven away pheasants from the covers. In this second case judgment was given for the landlord for £237 and costs. Besides saddling Mr. Hodson with a heavy liability for damages and costs, the litigation deprived him of his supposed security against the destruction of his crops by ground game, and the landlord objected to the planting of any more fruit trees.

A short time back Mr. Hodson, being then in arrear with his rent, was evicted from the farm which he had occupied for thirty years, and although the value of the improvements that he effected by fruit planting and so on must greatly exceed the amount of the rent owing, he has not so far been allowed a penny of compensation. "In the meantime," says Mr. Horne, "the farm is a desert, no men employed, no industry going on. It is quiet enough, and no doubt will furnish excellent shooting this year." In such cases as these it is not of much use to blame the landlord, who, after all, has only done what the law entitles him to do. The point on which attention should be focussed is the necessity for a root-and-branch reform of the land laws which will not only give tenants security of tenure and compensation for improvements, but make it impossible for any owner to retard the cultivation of his land for the sake of sport.

Prince Frederick Duleep Singh has sold his Norfolk property, the Old Buckenham Hall estate, the purchaser being Mr. Lionel Palmer, a gentleman well known in the City.

I have been asked again for information about the Clifton genealogist who calls himself the "Rev." R. H. Owen Thomas. He approaches a possible customer with a very familiar offer:—

> Dear Sir,—I have a very fine genealogical chart, showing all your Royal descents—Norman, Plantagenet, Saxon, and Scottish—and if you care to see it will be very pleased to forward on approval. The document is about ten feet in length, and covers a period of a thousand years.

Not having previously any inkling that there was any of the Blood Royal in his veins, let alone a copious stream flowing from no less than four sources, the descendant of so many Kings felt suspicious about Mr. Thomas, and the table 10 ft. long. The table may be all right. Many years ago I was informed by a dealer in such goods that almost all of us belong to the Royal Family, if we only knew it, and I should be sorry to dispel so pleasing a thought. But before handling one of Thomas's bulky tables, I should advise a reference to the story told in Truth of April 18. In that case a lady to whom Thomas had sent a chart on appro. folded it up when returning it, which lead to a solicitor's letter and a demand—mere bluff, of course—for £6 6s.

Almost every month, not to say week, brings forth some new seer who has had a vision of the over-running of this country by a German army, and has thought it advisable to reproduce it in book form. I found the latest of them on my table the other day, Mr. Heinemann being responsible for its publication. When I saw the title, "The Writing on the Wall," I foresaw the worst, and was not disappointed when I looked inside the cover. Of all the crazy nightmares of its class, I think this is the most irrational. The author disguises himself under the pseudonym, "General Staff," and if his right to it is not as fictitious as the rest of his work, there is at least one member of that august body whose uniform ought to be exchanged for a strait-waistcoat.

Lest I should be thought unjust to the inspired warrior, I append a sketch of his dream:—

Imprimis, behold the whole British Navy assembled in time of peace for a great naval review "in Portsmouth Roads." Down upon it, without warning, comes a fleet of German destroyers and torpedo boats. "Three-quarters of our finest men-of-war" are thus put *hors de combat* in the twinkling of an eye. This does not cause the authorities to anticipate any further aggressive measures on the part of Germany. Consequently, when a week or so later German transports appear in the offing and proceed to disembark army corps innumerable on Brighton Pier and every other equally convenient spot round the coast, we are again caught quite unawares. Having, with their usual German forethought, brought with them a corresponding number of bicycles ("with solid tyres" and packed in "hermetically sealed tin cases") the invading hosts are able to bustle up to London in a few hours. Then are fought over again those serio-comic battles in Surrey and Essex, which are now matters of ancient history, and of which every reader of this class of literature knows the result before the first gun is fired. Copious maps are supplied in the vain attempt "to give an air of verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative."

Having occupied the capital with 250,000 troops and formulated his terms, the invader starts burning it one square mile at a time. With brutal pretence at moderation he kindly notifies his intentions to the London County Council, so that the fire brigade may check the conflagration at the prescribed limits. After the first bonfire, the Government—Liberal, of course—capitulates. Happily, all that the mercenary German wants is £500,000,000 in cash. He departs accordingly with 200 millions on account, a note of hand at three months for the balance, and 500 "English gentlemen of position" as collateral security.

To point the moral, we are presented, in conclusion, with "General Staff's" patent scheme of army reform (No. 1,001). By means of this such regrettable incidents may be effectually prevented in future. *Verb. sap.*

The multiplication of this class of fiction is one of the mysteries of our time. As fiction it is destitute of all merit. From the literary point of view it has not even the vulgar charms of the sixpenny shocker. From the argumentative point of view it falls below the feebleness of the ordinary "novel with a purpose." The only purpose it seems to serve is to show the poverty of professional alarmists both in imagination and reason. If we followed these would-be blood-curdling narratives to their logical conclusion, we should abolish our Navy and prepare to defend ourselves against the ever-threatened foreign attack on the Continental plan by a *levée en masse* of the population. It is out of the question that we can bear the cost of maintaining a fleet designed on a sufficient scale to prevent invasion, and behind it an army equal to that of foreign countries which have only land frontiers to defend. If the Navy is useless for its primary purpose, let us adopt the other alternative. But before that is done the uselessness of the Navy will have to be shown by convincing argument, not by the childish process of first imagining the Navy destroyed, and then depicting in lurid colours the defenceless condition of the country without it.

As if the military scare-mongers were not enough for our nerves and our pockets, the *Daily Chronicle* has put up a gentleman to show us the utter inadequacy of our "three-power" Navy from another point of view—that of defending commerce in time of war. The late naval manœuvres were designed to test this point. Before the Admiralty or the naval world has had time to form a conclusion on the results, they have been relieved of their duty by the *Chronicle's* enterprising correspondent—a gentleman named Jane. The manœuvres have shown, according to this "expert," that a superiority of three to one at sea is all insufficient to protect our commerce. We must have four to one, or five. And after a fierce onslaught on the "false prophets" who have brought us to our present desperate plight, he prays hysterically "God grant us power to read the lesson while we may, before men and women starve and the children cry for bread!"

Now just look what this delirious panic-mongering leads to. Germany has a large and increasing mercantile marine. The German Navy has been avowedly created for the sole purpose of protecting it; and the German Admiralty has lately been at great pains to demonstrate that Germany has not increased the ratio of her war ships to her merchant ships to the same extent that we have in the same time. The *Chronicle* "expert" states that we have shown the Germans in the late manœuvres that our commerce is very much at their mercy. It follows that we have also shown them that their commerce is doubly as much at ours, since our fleet is at least double as strong as theirs. The Germans, therefore, are by his argument entitled to multiply their fleet by eight or ten, and still disclaim anything but defensive aims. France, America, and every other power possessing merchant ships is in the same position. In short, in order to make its commerce safe, every Power must be five times as strong at sea as any other Power. Let us thank the amateur expert for having at last supplied the *reductio ad absurdum* of his own argument. Of all pretentious humbugs now in the field, these gentry are the most pernicious.

The Lower House of Convocation did a good day's work on Wednesday, when it passed an uncompromising resolution in favour of the Street Betting Bill, which has got through the House of Lords without opposition, and it now awaits a second reading in the House of Commons. The motion was moved by Canon Tetley, and seconded by the Dean of Rochester. One satisfactory result of the debate was that Mr. Gladstone received a most influential deputation from both Houses

OSTEND.—ROYAL PALACE HOTEL.—HÔTEL DE LA PLAGE.—Three express services daily. CHÂTEAU RÔYAL D'ARDENNES Four hours from Ostend.—SLEEPING CAR CO., 20, Cockspur-street, S.W.

THE PERFECTION of Sparkling Hock, BURGEFF'S GREEN LABEL, DRY, LIGHT, DELICATE, FINE BOUQUET, 54s. per doz. of all wine merchants.

of Convocation at the Home Office on Friday, and expressed his full approval of the Bill, which he expects to see passed before Parliament rises.

The death of Chancellor Temple is deeply regretted by Churchmen in the North of England. He was engaged in scholastic work at Worcester and at Coventry for fifteen years, and in 1867 he went to Leeds, on being presented to the important living of St. John's. For sixteen years he worked his large parish with conspicuous energy, ability, and success. The chaotic state of the parish when he arrived in Leeds afforded full scope for his organising and administrative powers. He did not limit his activities to his own parish, but took a zealous and useful part in the social, religious, educational, and philanthropic work of Leeds. In 1883 he left Leeds on being presented by a member of the Duncombe family to the small country living of Oswaldkirk in the North Riding, and in 1898 Archbishop Maclagan appointed him to a residentiary stall in York Minster. Chancellor Temple was a High Churchman, and an excellent and most impressive preacher and platform speaker. He sat for many years in Convocation, and exercised much influence in a quiet way. He had been for more than twenty years an important factor in the official life of the Archdiocese of York. He was a son-in-law of Michael Thomas Sadler, M.P. for Leeds, who was well known in his day as an earnest factory reformer.

The Bishop of Ripon is to preach at St. Paul's Cathedral next Sunday at the special evening service, and on the 22nd the pulpit will be occupied by the Bishop of Winchester, and on the 29th by the Bishop of Sodor and Man.

The Simeon Trustees have offered the important living of Bradford, vacant by the resignation of the present incumbent, to the Rev. Herbert G. Jones, who has been vicar of St. John's, Keswick, during the last two years. Mr. Jones, who completed his education at Wycliffe Hall, Oxford, under the present Bishop of Liverpool, was working in South Lancashire before he went to Keswick. He is, of course, a decided Evangelical, and has obtained a considerable reputation as a thoughtful and eloquent preacher.

The following extract from the *Dudley Herald* is amusing and instructive:—

> The Rev. C. T. Powell, Vicar of St. John's, says in his magazine for July that enthusiasm must be kept up if the Education Bill is to be defeated. He states that 15s. 5d. is wanted as a share of the parish towards the expenses of the recent mass meeting. He has only received 3s. so far.

The Churchmen of St. John's, Dudley, may be enthusiastic in their opposition to the Bill. The vicar implies that they are. It is evident, however, that their enthusiasm does not amount to much in hard cash.

The idea of religious intolerance being manifested in the administration of a railway in so ludicrous that I dare say a great many people could scarcely credit the statements that were made in the discussion on the Great Northern (Ireland) Railway Bill in the House of Commons last week. But, as I showed some three or four years ago, it is unquestionably the fact that Irish Protestant bigotry has been extensively manifested in railway management; Catholics being more or less rigorously excluded from all but the humblest berths. Some of the lines on which this was done were largely owned by Catholic shareholders, besides being almost wholly dependent upon the Catholic population for their traffic, and in consequence of the protests that were made the directors adopted a system of competitive examinations for clerkships and other appointments.

The directors of the Great Northern, however, were obdurate, and at the present time that railway is almost entirely staffed by Protestants, chosen for their situations on account of their Protestantism. The House of Commons has now very properly decided that an end shall be put to this scandal by the insertion in the company's bill of a clause providing that appointments to clerkships and other positions shall be made by open competitive examinations. It is nonsense to argue that this is an improper interference with the company's affairs. The State is asked to grant the company valuable facilities for carrying on its business, and it is entitled to say on what conditions it will do this.

My attention has only just been called to an article in the *Universe* of June 29, referring to one in the previous week's TRUTH on "The Catholic Funds Scandal," in which it was said that the Roman Catholic press in England is subservient to episcopal influence, and has shown its subserviency by its silence on this particular matter. The editor of the *Universe* repudiates this suggestion as far as his paper is concerned, and repudiates it with some warmth, observing that it is "as loose and incapable of proof as the ordinary run of anti-Catholic charges." Even if the word charge were appropriate, I hardly see how it can be called "anti-Catholic" to "charge" a Catholic with being subservient to a bishop. I should have thought it was at least an acknowledgment of his ecclesiastical virtues. Nor was the source of the allegation "anti-Catholic," if that is what the *Universe* means. I do not profess to have any intimate acquaintance myself with the Catholic press, and in saying what I did I merely reflected the opinions of the numerous Catholics with whom I have been in communication on this particular question.

It really is not surprising that Catholic papers should fall under the suspicion which the *Universe* so much resents. A serious scandal has arisen which vitally affects the interests of the Church, clergy and laity alike. A whole flood of minor revelations has followed it. The matter has become one of common talk among Catholics in all parts of England. It has engaged the attention of the Holy See, and has been the subject of official correspondence, and, I believe, official action. But a Catholic who turns for enlightenment and instruc-

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"HOW TO BECOME A NAVAL OFFICER" contains in a concise form the new regulations, together with a full description of life at the Royal Naval Colleges at Osborne and Dartmouth.—GIEVE, MATHEWS, & SEAGROVE (LTD.), 21, George-st., Hanover-sq., W.

tion to the papers which are primarily concerned with Catholic affairs, finds nothing but a stony silence on this important topic, except where it is broken by desultory attempts to pooh-pooh the whole business or dogmatic declarations that the bishops impugned are blameless. If the inference that episcopal influence has procured this silence is wrong, the alternative explanation which I should be disposed to draw is that the Catholic papers do not speak because they are afraid to, or because they do not know which way the cat will eventually jump.

I am glad, however, to see an article in the *Catholic Herald* which admits the importance of the subject, and confesses a suspicion that in regard to the careful conservation of Catholic funds, "much has been lacking." A series of articles on the subject is promised when the public examination of Mr. Bishop is concluded. But those Catholics who have been struggling to enlighten the Church at large as to the extent of the maladministration that has occurred would be more thankful for assistance a little earlier in the day.

A correspondent from whom I have already published one communication on this subject writes:—

There is another statement in the *Tablet* which requires notice. The writer says:—"Never at any time, whether as Bishop of Southwark or as Archbishop of Westminster, whether as a trustee or as a private individual, has his Grace lost a single sixpence through an unfortunate investment." Perhaps the *Tablet* will explain how his Grace's former diocesan treasurer, the Rev Canon St. John, comes to be down in the list of creditors of Mr. W. H. Bishop for the sum of £56,281 2s. 8d. It may also explain who the Rev. J. Bellecoq of Paris is, and how he comes to be set down in the same list for £11,945 17s. 6d. It may explain also how on account of the loss under the name of Canon St. John the Southwark Seminary at Wonersh stands to lose some £40,000. The *Tablet* may also like to explain in what way a bishop is not responsible for the acts of his officials, even if the investments are in their names and not his own. As administrator he is responsible to the church for what the trustees do. . . . .

The present Bishop of Southwark recently, I hear, called together the head priests of his diocese, and told them that he was in no way responsible for the heavy loss of money. It is well that it should be known that Bishop Amigo is in no way to blame for the acts of his predecessor.

The latest addition to the lengthy, if not inexhaustible, record of episcopal transgressions in financial administration is as follows:—

When the church at Maidstone, in the diocese of Southwark, was building, the then priest put in some £1,200 of his own. Some time after the Bishop wanted to get rid of him; he refused to go unless the money sunk in the church was repaid. Although there was no legal claim, the Bishop, to suit his own convenience, paid the money by raising a mortgage on the church. This mortgage was not for the benefit of the mission, which would have never been troubled about the money had there been no quarrel between Bishop and priest. Subsequent incumbents refused either to pay the interest or to acknowledge the debt; but one of them (Father Duggan) was told by the diocesan treasurer that the faithful have no power to repudiate the debt or to refuse to accept any arrangement the Bishop might see fit to make. In the autumn of 1898 Bishop Bourne wrote to the priest urging that the congregation should do something. This they were willing to do, provided that it was proved that the debt was legitimately due by the mission. They asked for proofs. The only proof offered was the receipt given twenty years ago by the priest to the Bishop, in which the name Maidstone does not occur, nor is there any indication of the reason why the money was paid. This, of course, was no proof whatever, and as other proof was not forthcoming the congregation sat tight. The Bishop then sold the clergy house, which belonged, not to him, but to the mission, and thus paid off the mortgage. The priest who dared to let the clergy know of the case by a private circular was suspended by Bishop Bourne, a sentence annulled, however, upon appeal to Rome. Rome has forbidden mortgages to be made upon ecclesiastical property.

Personally, I believe that the whole financial policy of the Catholic Church in England is rotten, that we are practically insolvent, and that it is high time for the State to look into matters.

A regimental officer writes at some length to show me that I am all wrong in "hammering away at the wearing of plain clothes by N.C.O.s and men." After discussing the various reasons which lead men to desire to get out of uniform, he continues:—

Now what would be far more to the point would be for the regulations for wearing uniform to be far more stringently applied to *all* ranks. One of the largest expenses of the officer is the keeping up to date of a stock of civilian clothes, which he seldom wears; *e.g.*, top hat and frock coat, swallow-tail dress coat, etc. At a moderate computation, I calculate the expense of civilian clothes, that is the buying of clothes in excess of what would have to be spent on uniform in lieu of them, at £25 per annum, including all such articles as ties, gloves, etc., storing, and transport. . . .

I would make it obligatory for every officer in London to wear uniform, and also in his own garrison, except when actually playing or about to play games where flannels are worn. An officer on leave of absence away from his regiment I would allow to wear plain clothes, except in London, and under certain restrictions.

One of the great advantages of this, I am certain, would be the gain in recruiting. If the village lads saw the young squire in all the bravery, say, of a Lancer regiment, at church on Sunday, it would be worth more than a whole sheaf of "The Advantages of the Army." Again, seeing that the officer was no longer ashamed of wearing uniform would make the other ranks proud to wear it.

Although my correspondent is endeavouring to put me right, he is only saying what has been said in Truth in bygone days over and over again. One of the chief reasons why soldiers covet the privilege of wearing plain clothes is that the King's uniform is so widely regarded as the "mark of the beast," to use the words which Lord Wolseley once dropped in an unguarded moment. That the uniform is thus dishonoured, where it ought to be honoured, is very largely due to the way the commissioned ranks treat it. An officer in uniform is a spectacle unknown to the man in the street, instead of being a familiar object in the streets, at hotels, at theatres, and everywhere else, as he is on the Continent. If officers habitually showed themselves to the public in uniform, a soldier in uniform would no longer be regarded as an inferior creature, and one of the chief objections to wearing it would be removed.

I have argued this over and over again. But it seems impossible to shake the prejudice on this point among the commissioned ranks—and I think most strongly of all at the top of the tree. The writer of the letter above quoted incidentally remarks that the prejudice "comes mostly from the older colonels and generals," and is consequently strongest of all at the War Office. Recognising this hard fact, I have lately adopted the alternative of suggesting that the privilege which is so much valued by officers must, if it is to be maintained, be extended to the rank and file. And this has been now to a great extent conceded. The best thing undoubtedly would be to bring about a change in the public feeling which makes the King's uniform a badge of ignominy. But if that cannot be done, the next best thing is to enable the wearer to get rid of the "mark of the beast" as much as possible.

I have no doubt, however, that my correspondent is right in what he says about the unnecessary cost which the keeping up of two completely different sets of clothing for official and private wear lays upon officers. This is among the reasons why army service is so much more expensive to the British than to the Continental officer. If we succeed in rearing a breed of officers distinguished

for "keenness" above all things, and desirous of being soldiers and nothing else, this view of the matter is likely to have increased weight. Another point to be remembered is that until quite recently officers have only been expected to devote a small fraction of their time to soldiering, and have been paid upon that footing. One natural consequence of this is that they consider themselves as civilians during a great part of their time, and desire to dress accordingly.

There is another point. The dislike of official garb is a British characteristic not in any way peculiar to the Army. In France and Germany civilians love to pose in some sort of official rig-out, indicating a superiority, real or imaginary, to their neighbours. In England, though we are not averse to dressing-up on state occasions, and even the Bumbles of the smallest country towns love to disport themselves occasionally in robes, chains, wigs, and what not, there is a distaste for displaying the insignia of office, except on official occasions. A distinguished Nonconformist divine once declared (with an unfortunate ambiguity) that "he would wear no clothes to distinguish him from his Christian brethren." An Oxford caricaturist subsequently depicted him "wearing no clothes" accordingly, and very distinguished he looked. But the idea that it is "bad form" not to dress in the same style as everybody else about you is deeply ingrained in the British mind. No doubt it is at the bottom of the prejudice of British officers against walking about the streets or going to church or the theatre in full war paint.

Of course, one objection to uniform rests on the score of comfort, and this applies specially to hot climates. I heard the other day from Cairo one of the periodical complaints that come to hand respecting the insistance by the military authorities on the wearing of belts. It seems that a district order was issued in the middle of June requiring that "all warrant, N.C. officers, and men out of barracks must wear waist-belts, whether walking or cycling." Most people would be very sorry to wear a belt in London during the last two or three weeks, and it is easy to understand that this article of costume is not more appreciated at Cairo, especially for walking and cycling. Comfort apart, the belt under such circumstances is not a hygienic article, and whether it adds to a man's beauty is a question of taste, and a very open one.

Whatever differences of opinion there may be about the wearing of plain clothes, when concessions are made by the King's Regulations they ought to be carried out loyally. Not only is there at present great diversity of practice on this point in different commands, but, where the privilege is granted, it is often whittled away by irritating and needless restrictions. For example, at Hong Kong, where there seem to be a good many grievances on this subject, the N.C.O.s of the Royal Engineers when they desire to wear plain clothes have to make an application forty-eight hours in advance. It stands to reason that a man cannot always know two days beforehand when he will desire to avail himself of this privilege; and the effect of this rule must be to deprive the concession of a great part of its value.

Another grievance of the Royal Engineers at Hong Kong is that the sergeants' mess is only opened at noon, and closed again from 2 p.m. till tea time. The effect of closing it at 2 p.m. is that many men are unable to use the mess in the middle of the day. No doubt the commanding officer is actuated by a desire to discourage drinking, but Hong Kong is a thirsty sort of place, where a certain amount of liquid refreshment is almost necessary to existence; and if a man is fit to be a non-commissioned officer at all, it seems to me that he ought to be able to decide for himself whether a drink will do him good or the reverse.

The *South China Morning Post*, in an article criticising the management of tramways at Hong Kong, recently observed that a certain road "was so crowded with the usual aggregation of dirty coolies (loaded with building materials), soldiers, etc., as to make it impassable for residents going city-wards." The bracketing together of dirty coolies and soldiers is characteristic of the attitude of too many civilians, both at home and in the colonies, towards the men whom they pay to fight their battles; and it might have a useful effect if someone in authority at Hong Kong were to convey this to the editor of the *South China Morning Post*.

I have received a letter from an officer's father strongly endorsing what was said in last week's TRUTH on the subject of promotion in the West India Regiment. This gentleman's son is one of several who obtained commissions as a reward for service in irregular corps in South Africa; and, as he justly observes, it is a cruel hardship that after they have been rewarded in this way they should be condemned to serve in the most trying and unhealthy climates on the face of the earth without the remotest prospect of ever rising in their profession. The writer states that if another West Indian battalion is disbanded, and no step taken to find an outlet for the officers elsewhere, there is not the remotest chance of the promotion of a subaltern for at least eight years to come, and, judging from what the condition of things in the regiment has been during the last four or five years, this estimate cannot be far wrong. Something really ought to be done to relieve officers of such hardship, and, considering what we hear about the dearth of officers in other branches of the Army, there ought to be no difficulty in doing this, especially in the case of men who have gained their commissions in South Africa.

A revolting account has been sent to me of the state of things prevailing at a recent date in the Station Hospital, Kildare. Out of nine patients in one ward six were afflicted with one of the most loathsome as well as the most infectious of diseases. The whole nine had

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one bowl to wash in. This is the least unsavoury detail. Others are unfit for publication. As I am not in a position to verify these allegations, perhaps someone in authority may feel it incumbent on him to do so. Unfortunately there is nothing about them incredible to those familiar with the management of military hospitals, though any of the facts mentioned would evoke a storm of public disgust and indignation against the managers of any civil hospital in which they were brought to light. The mere mixing-up of patients of the class referred to with others in a general ward would be impossible in a well-regulated hospital, and it is a wonder and a scandal that such filthy practices should be acquiesced in by Army medical officers, who must know better if they are fit for their position.

An Army Order of February last which dealt with the localisation and reliefs of the Royal Garrison Artillery contains the following paragraph on the subject of foreign service:—

> The period of service abroad entitling officers and men to register their names for transfer home under Para. 816 King's Regulations is six years, but the period at any particular station is that laid down in Para. 1465 A.

In Para. 1465 A it is clearly laid down that in Ceylon the period of service for this purpose is three years. It has recently been ruled, however, on reference to the R.G.A. Record Office, Dover, that under the above order a master-gunner serving at Colombo "is not due for transfer to the home establishment until he has completed the qualifying period abroad—namely, six years." How this decision can have been arrived at it is impossible to understand. The section of the Army Order above quoted clearly provides that Para. 1465 A, K.R., shall remain operative as regards any particular station to which it refers. How, then, can it be possible to argue that a man who under that paragraph is entitled to transfer home at the end of three years must now serve abroad for six?

A great deal of dissatisfaction has been created at the Fort, Allahabad, by the exclusion of men from the company billiard-room, first at 9 p.m., and afterwards at 8, on one night a week, instead of the usual closing time, 10 p.m. After these hours the billiard table is, according to a recent order, to be "at the disposal of the officers, warrant officers, staff sergeants, and sergeants." It is not likely that the officers want the billiard table, having one of their own, and there are no warrant officers of the R.G.A. stationed in the place. The order is, therefore, solely for the benefit of the staff sergeants and sergeants, and these, again, have the use of a billiard table in another N.C.O.'s mess. This fort is in a most out-of-the-way position, where the men have absolutely no means of amusement in the evening outside the billiard room, and it seems a most inconsiderate proceeding that they should be deprived of the use of that room for an hour or two in the evening once a week.

I have been asked to note for the information of those whom it may concern that the books of the sergeants' mess of the R.F.A. at Ewshott show no discounts allowed by tradesmen. These discounts are almost invariably allowed, especially by the brewers, whose bills in this case run to as much as £40 per month. The suspicion consequently presents itself that the mess does not get the discounts it is entitled to, and that someone else does. Even if this suspicion is unfounded, the sooner it is set at rest the better.

Another point worth notice is that by a new rule, introduced about a year ago, the caterer, on taking over the mess at the beginning of the month, has to account for the full amount of the month's purchases in cash or in stock, without any allowance for waste, which is sometimes considerable. Prior to that date, the brewer allowed cost price for waste returned, and the question arises whether he does not do so still, in which case the amount he allows is presumably added to the aforesaid discounts, not being otherwise accounted for. Those whose business it is to check mess accounts would do well to inform themselves about little loopholes of this kind for surreptitious perquisites.

The recent naval mobilisation has brought me a fresh complaint respecting the hard case of marine signalmen employed on "examining vessels." As already mentioned, these men have to go through a special course of instruction, but they get no extra pay for the qualification, nor for the duty when they are put on to it, and at the same time they are prevented from qualifying for any of the ratings which carry higher pay. When I last referred to the matter, I suggested that the grievance would remedy itself by cutting off the supply of men for this duty. But it appears that men are specially told off for it, and have no option but to obey, which makes the case very much harder. To select a man (presumably on his merits) for a special course of instruction and duty, at the same time to cut him off from the ordinary course of promotion, and yet to give him no *quid pro quo*, is a proceeding which even the Admiralty can hardly justify.

Last week I referred to a report that the number of eggs consumed in the Basford Workhouse is 1,650 per week. The Clerk to the Guardians informs me that this is incorrect, the number consumed being only 97 per week. I am sorry for the mistake. The report on which I commented appeared originally in the *Standard*. Of course, I ought to have recollected the perversion of that newspaper to tariff reform, for tariff reformers, as their leader has admitted, are accustomed to handle figures in a free and easy way "as illustrations."

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The King has approved of the appointment of Mr. W. J. Cullen, K.C., to the Sheriffdom of Fife and Kinross, in succession to the late Mr. R. T. Younger, K.C. Mr. Cullen has acted as Senior Advocate Depute since the present Government came into office. He is a very able lawyer, with a large practice, and an acknowledged authority on bankruptcy law, and his promotion meets with general approval in the Edinburgh Parliament House.

The following letter explains itself, and I am glad to learn that my previous correspondent was in error. I hope he was equally wrong in saying that his statements were also applicable to our own Incorporated Law Society:—

The Incorporated Law Society of Ireland,
Solicitors' Building, Four Courts, Dublin,
July 6, 1906.

Sir,—My attention has been drawn to a paragraph in the issue of Truth of the 4th inst., which quotes a letter from an Irish solicitor, in which it is suggested that the expenses of a banquet given in the Hall of the Incorporated Law Society of Ireland last week were defrayed out of the examination fees payable to the Society by apprentices to solicitors. I beg to inform you that this suggestion is wholly erroneous. The expenses of that banquet were not defrayed out of the examination fees payable to the Society, nor out of any other funds belonging to the Society, but were entirely defrayed by the President of the Society out of his own pocket.

I beg further to add that the expenses of all banquets given in the Hall of the Society from time to time have always been similarly defrayed, either by the President for the time being individually, or by the members of the Council of the Society collectively.

I hope you will favour this communication with publicity equal to that which you gave to the communication received by you last week from an Irish solicitor.—Your obedient servant,

Wm. Geo. Wakely, Secretary.

The defence of Mr. Thaw, I gather from the American papers, is to be that he committed murder in a fit of temporary emotional insanity, and the victim is to be represented as a man who led so dissipated a life that the emotional action of his executioner was a virtuous one. But if Mr. Thaw is subject to such virtuous impulses it appears to me that the least which the interests of society demand is that he should be held in safe keeping for the rest of his life. As, however, I am no great admirer of persons acting as judge, jury, and excutioner in their zeal for maintaining the moral tone of a community at a high standard, I should be inclined to bring in a verdict of guilty of murder, on the facts as reported.

I have no patience with pleas of mental irresponsibility as an answer to charges of murder. Either a man knows the difference between right and wrong, or he does not. If the former, his punishment when he commits a crime has the effect of preventing others being carried away by their passions and taking the law into their own hands, and had Mr. Thaw not been a millionaire it is doubtful whether there would be any sympathy for him. Nor do I see what the general conduct of his victim has to do with the matter, for, so far as I gather from the newspaper reports, it is not alleged that there were any criminal relations between the victim and the executioner's wife when the murder took place. The difference between the two men, I gather, was of ancient date. I have no sort of sympathy for the victim, and am far from regretting his fate. But to let off his executioner on a plea of temporary insanity is a different matter. If a murderer is to get off on anything so ridiculous, no man's life is safe.

When I was a lad I was at a private tutor's in the midst of Salisbury Plain, and one day I went to look on at the assizes that were being held at Salisbury. A man was being tried for murder by Lord Chief Justice Denman. He had been working in a field, when he stepped into the road and killed a passer-by with a spade. The defence was temporary insanity, and it was urged that he had never heard of the existence of his victim before the crime. Lord Denman pointed out to the jury that there was no evidence of his being mad, and that, if there was no reason for the murder, there was equally no excuse for it. The jury took this view, found him guilty, and a few weeks later he was hanged. A little more of this grim common sense would not be out of place in these days.

Strange, indeed, are the aberrations of the Great Unpaid on the subject of previous convictions. At Welshpool Petty Sessions last week a man living at Oswestry was fined 20s. and costs for being drunk in charge of a horse and trap at Welshpool. The Oswestry police had furnished the prosecution with a list of previous convictions against the defendant, but Mr. D. P. Owen, the senior magistrate, refused to hear it. "Quarter Sessions and Assizes," said Mr. Owen, "were superior courts, but that was only a petty sessional court, and they had nothing to do with Oswestry." The allusion to superior courts is rather obscure. Does it mean that a petty sessional court, unlike quarter sessions and assizes, ought not to consider previous convictions at all, or is it his worship's opinion that the petty sessional court should take no notice of what has happened to the accused in superior courts? Either of these notions is ridiculous, and still more ridiculous is this sapient magistrate's further remark that "they had nothing to do with Oswestry."

It is a common failing of the magistracy to attach an excessive importance to previous convictions in the case of offences against property or the Game Laws, while ignoring them in the case of offences against the person. But this is the first time I have heard it suggested that a defendant with a bad character should be regarded as a first offender when he breaks the law in a fresh locality. Would the Welshpool Bench apply this theory to a motorist with a record of previous convictions in other parts of the country?

Wedding Presents.—A choice selection of beautiful Dinner and Dessert Services, Breakfast, Luncheon, and Tea Sets; exclusive designs. Mortlocks, Ltd., the Old Pottery Galleries Oxford-st., and Orchard-st., W. Inspection solicited.

"Truth" will be sent weekly to any address in the United Kingdom for 7s. for 3 months; 14s. for 6 months; or 28s. for 12 months. The subscription for all Countries included in the Postal Union is, 3 months, 7s. 8d.; 6 months, 15s. 4d.; 12 months, £1 10s. 8d. All subscriptions are payable in advance, and cheques and P.O.O.'s should be made payable to the Manager, "Truth" Building, Carteret-street, S.W.

My Legal Pillory this week contains a particularly striking exhibition of justices' justice at Staffordshire Quarter Sessions, where one prisoner was let off with a month's imprisonment for maliciously wounding a man, whilst another was committed to gaol for nine months for stealing a piece of beef. Further examples of misapplied leniency in dealing with offences against the person are reported from St. Helens, Old Hill, Aston, and other English and Scottish police courts, and the list also includes a case in the Isle of Man, in which a ridiculously inadequate pecuniary penalty was imposed for an extremely brutal assault upon a girl. The contrasted sentences show the severity with which the magistrates generally punish such crimes as petty larceny, poaching, and sleeping-out:—

Staffordshire Quarter Sessions. Before Sir Reginald Hardy. Wm. Perrens, charged with maliciously wounding Simeon White. One month.

Kirkcaldy Police Court. Before Bailie Westwater. Andrew Kirwin, charged with committing a breach of the peace and assaulting a constable by striking and kicking him. Fined 20s.

Aston Police Court. Before Mr. A. Taylor and Dr. Clarkson. Stephen McNickle, charged with assaulting Joseph Dabbs. Without any provocation he struck complainant on the head with some instrument, causing injuries for which he had to receive treatment at the hospital. Fined 20s.

St. Helen's Police Court. Patrick Quinn, charged with assaulting his wife. After driving his wife out of the house, defendant, who had been drinking, kicked her about the street, where she became unconscious. A policeman and other witnesses gave evidence as to the brutality of the assault. Fined £4 and costs.

Derby Borough Police Court. Before Messrs. C. Boam and R. W. Spriggs. Noah Wood, charged with being drunk and disorderly, and with assaulting a constable. He struck and kicked the officer several times. There were previous convictions against him. Fined 33s., including costs.

Old Hill Police Court. Before Messrs. A. H. Bassano, C. W. Bassano, J. F. Pearson, and J. Green. Samuel Woodhouse and Pollie Gill, charged with assaulting Thomas Whitehouse. Gill struck him on the head with a bucket, and Woodhouse with a brick, inflicting serious injuries and rendering him unconscious. Gill fined 20s., and Woodhouse 40s.

Birmingham Police Court. Before Messrs. Morton-Brown, Brame, Shaw, and Mason. George Moore, charged with assaulting Wm. Clemp, a publican, by striking him violently in the eye and the mouth. Two of complainant's teeth were knocked out. The Bench said it was an aggravated and unprovoked assault. Fined 40s.

Staffordshire Quarter Sessions. Before Sir Reginald Hardy. Robert Richardson, charged with stealing a piece of beef. Nine months.

Paisley Sheriff Court. Before Sheriff Darling Lyell. Archibald M'Donald and Joseph Cruickshanks, charged with being found in possession of thirteen rabbits. Fined £5.

Eastbourne Police Court. Before Sir Alfred Dent and Mr. H. W. Keay. Charles Westgate, aged 60, charged with stealing twelve fowls. He had been out of work for six months, and he said he took the fowls because his wife and children were starving. There were no previous convictions against him for larceny. Six weeks.

Stratford Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. P. Savill and C. Goodman. George S. Bovill, aged 19, charged with stealing a pair of trousers belonging to his father. Six weeks.

Rugby Police Court. Before Mr. A. Morson. Jane Maria Chamberlain, charged with sleeping in an outhouse and having no visible means of subsistence. Fourteen days.

Shropshire Quarter Sessions. Before Mr. R. L. Kenyon. Thomas Davies, charged with stealing a fowl. Six months.

Wokingham County Police Court. Before Messrs. S. A. Hankey and H. C. Mylne. Thomas Knee, charged with sleeping out in a field and having no visible means of subsistence. Fourteen days.

Torquay Police Court. Before Messrs. F. G. Crocker and W. Kerswill. F. Smith, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. A constable said that at mid-day he found the prisoner asleep in a shelter in the Torbay-road. Prisoner said he had come to the town in the hope of getting work. He was tired and fell asleep. Seven days.

Perth Sheriff Court. Before Sheriff Sym. George Young and Arthur Reilly, charged under the Poaching Prevention Act with being found in possession of rabbits and nets. Fined £3 each.

Arundel Police Court. Before Lieut.-Colonel Mostyn. James Willis, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. Seven days.

Exeter Police Court. Wm. French, seaman, charged with being drunk and with assaulting two policemen by kicking them. It was stated that defendant, who was wearing a pair of heavy sea boots, kicked like a horse, and acted like a madman. Fined 15s.

Mansfield Police Court. Louis Heathcote, charged under the Poaching Prevention Act with being found in possession of three rabbits. Fined £2.

Rotherham Police Court. Tom Cannon, charged with stealing a coat from a shop. One month.

Castletown Police-court, Isle of Man. Before High Bailiff Gell and Mr. H. Miller, J.P. Edward Cubbon, sailmaker, charged with assaulting his daughter, aged twenty-two. He ordered the girl to take off her clothes and then thrashed her for a quarter of an hour with a rope. There were marks all over her body. Defendant said the girl had been stopping out late and had been "getting the upper hand of her stepmother." He added that she was simple-minded, and that he had spoken to the vicar about getting her into a home or the asylum. Fined 40s.

The American "gold brick" swindlers really ought to form some kind of trade organisation to protect themselves against the effects of cut-throat competition. A well-known manufacturer died in the Midlands at the beginning of this year, and his will was in due course proved for a considerable sum. At the end of May the usual preliminary letter from the gold brick gentry is addressed to him from "The Denver Special and St. Louis Limited; En route between Denver, Colorado Springs," etc., etc., beginning:—

Dear Sir,—Thomas is in very poor health. He intended coming out of the mines to attend to the matter I am about to set before you, but unfortunately he had a severe hæmorrhage of the lungs a few days ago, and was ordered by the doctor to remain in the high altitude for the present. He feels that you must be anxious to hear from him. . . . We are located in the Cripple Creek mining district, Colorado, and have discovered the richest gold quartz veins I have ever seen, etc., etc.

A week later comes another letter to the same gentleman dated from Arbana, Ohio, and beginning:—

Dear Sir,—I arrived here to-day from the mines in Arizona where I left Henry in poor health. He would have come out had not the doctor advised him to stay in the high altitude for the present, so he requested me to write you fully at my earliest opportunity, as you will be very anxious to hear from him. He has discovered some of the richest gold quartz veins I have ever seen, etc., etc.

Between Thomas of Cripple Creek and Henry of Arizona, the representatives of the deceased gentleman naturally smelt a rat, with the result that they took no steps to obtain possession of the share which was offered them in the "richest gold quartz veins" that the writer had ever seen. It is manifestly impossible to work a swindle of this kind with any success unless the operators can agree among themselves where the gold is, and who has discovered it.

Although the industry is handicapped in this way, I fear there is no doubt that it is still a very profitable one. Almost simultaneously with the above correspondence I received a visit from a gentleman who came to make inquiries about one of these communications from the other side of the Atlantic. His father had died a few months previously, and the cock-and-bull story about Henry or Thomas and the miraculous gold quartz had fallen into the hands of his widow, who had swallowed the bait, and got as far as to make arrangements for at once proceeding to America to obtain possession of her deceased husband's interest in the property. In accordance with the ordinary instructions which are given in the correspondence, she kept the matter very quiet, but her step-son happened to discover what she was doing, and came round to Truth Office as above mentioned, to

Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Nearly 8,000 convictions last year. Complaints marked 'Private' absolutely confidential.—Secretary, 105, Jermyn-st., London.

see if I had ever heard of Henry or Thomas. After what I was able to tell him, I imagine that the lady has not gone to America, and she has not only saved herself an expensive journey, but probably the loss of a handsome sum of money when the trick had been worked up to the point at which cash has to be disbursed. It is astonishing that there can still be so many people in England living in complete ignorance of this ancient swindle, and I can only attribute it to the fact that TRUTH is still not read as widely as it ought to be.

Another flagrant instance of the violation of the Betting Act at Liverpool is furnished by a circular emanating from a bookmaker named Arthur Magnus, 67, Stanley-street, in that city. "Please note," writes Magnus, "I do not open credit accounts, the whole of my business being conducted on the deposit system, and . . . . no commissions will be executed unless I have cash in hand." The deposit system is illegal, and I fancy that in London and most other towns a bookmaker setting the Act at defiance in this brazen-faced way would promptly be haled before the magistrates. I do not know whether the police at Liverpool have an exceptional difficulty in obtaining information from the regular clients of the offenders, but it seems to me that in a case of this kind they are entitled to take steps for procuring evidence themselves. In ordinary circumstances the employment of an *agent-provocateur* is naturally disliked. When, however, a man is actually advertising his own illegal practices it is surely the duty of the police to do what is necessary to bring him to book, and, as a matter of fact, they constantly set traps for offenders without any such excuse as this. Besides, in the case of premises suspected of being illegally used for betting, the police have power to make a raid, and there can scarcely be any doubt that a raid at the offices of a bookmaker doing business on the deposit system would supply ample evidence for a prosecution.

An individual veiling his identity under the letter "Z," and dating from "Constitutional," Upton, Torquay, seems to be a particularly impudent member of the tribe of touting tipsters. On the Oaks day he advertised in the newspapers an offer to wire "outsider, certain winner, long price," to anyone forwarding a reply-paid telegram before 11 a.m. A correspondent says that he sent a reply-paid telegram as desired, but he never received the promised tip, nor did he get any communication whatever from "Z." until a few days ago, when he was favoured with a circular inviting him to pay "Z." one guinea for "three weeks' s.p. coms." In the circular "Z.," who describes himself as "the great southern professional (R.C., N.S.R., C.C.)," makes no reference to the little matter of his misappropriation of the franked telegram form. Such forms must be useful to a man in this line of business, and it would be interesting to learn how many "Z." procured by his advertisement trick. I do not know what he means by calling himself "R.C.," and "N.S.R.," but I fancy "C.C." must stand for Common Cheat.

Another tipster calling himself Harry Goodwin, "late trainer," Ashley House, Newmarket, remarks that his wires are too well known to require "any mountebank trumpeting," but mentions that he may be found in Tattersall's ring and the paddock at the principal meetings, "ever on the *qui vive*, conversing with the élite of the Turf, including owners, trainers, jockeys, and members of Tattersall's, where he will be pleased to meet patrons." It is, I think, a sufficient comment on this bunkum to state that the circular before me was addressed to a youth of eighteen, an ironmonger's assistant in Ireland. His employer expresses the opinion that it is a monstrous thing that such harpies as Harry Goodwin should be permitted to tempt young fellows to bet, and I fully agree with him. Lord Durham has declared that the touting tipsters are a curse to the Turf. They are unquestionably a curse to the community, and their pernicious business—which is essentially a system of obtaining money by false pretences—ought to be rendered illegal.

Two or three weeks ago I alluded to an unregistered moneylender named Thomas Bennett, of St. Albans, who circularises shopkeepers, asking whether the loan of "a £5 note" will be of service in their business, "for more stock, or otherwise?" "If so," he continues, "please write at once. Repay me in six payments of 20s. No other charge or expense for interest." A tradesman in a small way of business at Isleworth who foolishly applied to Bennett for £5 has now given me the following account of his remarkable experiences. He furnished Bennett with references and a statement of his position, including the fact that he was possessed of household furniture and stock worth between £100 and £200. Bennett, having made inquiries, forwarded an agreement bearing a sixpenny stamp, which the tradesman was directed to sign in the presence of a witness and return with a postal order for 1s. 9d. "for costs." The tradesman did this, and unfortunately he took no note of the contents of the agreement beyond the fact that it provided for the payment to Bennett of £6 in six weekly instalments of 20s. each. I have not troubled to work out the sum, but taking into account the reduction of the principal week by week, the charge of £1 for interest on the loan of £5 for six weeks must be at the rate of some hundreds per cent. per annum.

The borrower paid the first two weekly instalments, but when the third became due he wrote to Bennett to ask for an extension of time. In reply he received the following document, a form printed in red ink with blanks for amounts and dates, and headed with the word "Warning" in large type:—

SIR,—I am disappointed and surprised not to have received the agreed payment this day. Please DO NOT SELL or otherwise dispose of ANY MORE of my (*sic*) stock, etc., but pack everything up with the furniture, etc., and unless you send me 20s. by Wednesday evening, with 1s. for expenses, I shall on Friday morning sell them to some one near you who is prepared to buy them of me, but this I should be sorry to do.—Yours faithfully,
THOMAS BENNETT.

This extraordinary communication was not answered,

and on Friday morning the borrower was favoured with a further letter from Bennett as follows:—

> Not having received the cash due to me, I am afraid I have fallen into bad hands; please at once fill up the enclosed schedules of my things, as they will go to two different people who are going to buy, so that there will be no misunderstanding as to what is mine. . . . . Of course, anything over when all expense is paid I shall be pleased to hand over.

The enclosed "schedules" were two postcards, one directed to "Mr. ——, furniture dealer, of Isleworth," and the other "Mr. ——, general dealer, Isleworth." Each card bore the address "Romelandfield, St. Albans," and asked the dealer to state the best price he would give for "the undermentioned things," after which there was a space for the borrower to fill in with a list of "household furniture," and a list of "trade stock, utensils, fittings, and fixtures" respectively. Instead of doing so, however, he brought the correspondence to Truth office, and I advised him to wait for Bennett's next move.

For several reasons it is impossible that the agreement the borrower signed could have been a bill of sale, and whatever it purported to be, Bennett's claim to the furniture and stock is obviously mere empty bluff. He is clearly an unprincipled and rapacious rascal, and I would again point out to the Chief Constable of St. Albans that it is his duty to prosecute him for non-registration under the Moneylenders Act. Meanwhile people who have borrowed money from Bennett may be interested to learn that as he is not registered he cannot compel them to pay him by any process of law.

I have received the following letter from Mr. John R. Wildman, secretary and treasurer of the Easby Society, 17, Albion Street, Leeds:—

> Dear Sir,—The two paragraphs referring to myself and this Society in your issue of June 27 inst. must have been written under some misapprehension.
>
> I now beg to enclose our rules and prospectus, and if you want any further information you are welcome to it.—Yours truly,
>
> John R. Wildman.

Mr. Wildman, is—no doubt, prudently—very vague. He does not attempt to show in what respect, if any, my paragraphs "must have been written under some misapprehension," and I see nothing in the papers that he forwards to cause me to modify the unfavourable opinions I expressed concerning this society "for cheap and safe insurance."

One of my readers forwards another specimen of the correspondence of the man Freydanck, of whose career as a mendicant I gave some particulars a fortnight ago. In this case also Freydanck is desirous of assistance in patenting his precious "Plantavitæ Pure Air Producer and Supplier." He does not forward this time a promissory note for the desired contribution, but encloses a patent agent's bill (unpaid), and expresses his willingness to "share with you by agreement the profits arising out of my discovery, which must not be less than £1,000." Evidently he is very busy at this game just at present. Among other things, he looks forward to being called upon to rectify the ventilation of the House of Commons, and to supply that august assembly, as well as the Twopenny Tubes and Board Schools, "with the finest and healthiest forest air." This is as good as "bringing the scent of the hay over the footlights."

Apropos of the case of Mr. Bawden, who was struck off the Medical Register the other day for holding an appointment to a country club or association which was alleged to have canvassed for subscribers, my attention has been called to a number of advertisements of hospitals which appear regularly in such papers as *The People* and *Lloyd's Weekly News*. In one issue there are as many as six advertisements. The hospitals are all small "special" hospitals in London. The nature of the relief offered and the hours at which patients are received are stated. Although in one case it is mentioned that funds are needed, it is not likely that hospitals would spend money on advertising in papers such as those above mentioned with the idea of obtaining subscribers; and I do not think it can be seriously disputed that the main object in view is to obtain patients and payment from them. Everybody knows that there are hospitals of this class where the out-patients' payments constitute the most regular, if not the largest, part of the revenue.

Now I should like to hear from any member of the General Medical Council wherein lies the difference between a medical man on the staff of a hospital advertising for patients and the doctor to a club or association which canvasses for members. I hope no one will suggest that it lies in the fact that the hospital doctor is not paid while the club doctor is, because that is absolute nonsense. Not to say that this distinction does not touch the "ethics" of the case, which rests I understand on the advertisement, it is notorious that if doctors do not get money from the hospitals they get money's worth, and that if they did not consider the indirect return worth the time they give to the work they would not be where they are. For this reason, and this alone, any struggling practitioner would jump at the chance of a hospital appointment if it came his way. To allow any doctor to be advertised as on the staff of a hospital and thereby to gain reputation and wealth, while damning the humble village doctor whose name appears in a "club" advertisement, is to swallow the camel while straining at the gnat.

The Ceylon newspapers to hand by the last mail show that the indignation which was aroused in the Colony by the leasing of the pearl fisheries to a London company has increased as the full details of that disgraceful job have gradually been disclosed. In its issue of June 19, the *Ceylon Independent* has a crushing exposure of what it stigmatises as a "dishonest statement" by the Ceylon Government regarding the finances of this year's fishery. The lease provided that the proceeds of this year's fishery, though it was to be

worked, as hitherto, by the Government, should be handed over to the company. The rent to be paid by the company is Rs.3,10,000 (or £20,666) per annum. At the close of the season in April it was estimated that though the fishery had been less productive than last year it would, nevertheless, yield the company a sum equal to three or four years' rent. The fact that the company was to get this sum before it had even taken over the working of the fishery was in itself a startling indication of the badness of the bargain that had been made on behalf of the colony, and the Ceylon Government therefore made up their mind that the fact had better be concealed. They accordingly issued a statement in which it was represented that the amount to be paid to the company in respect of this year's fishery was only Rs.4,70,000. This figure has, if I remember rightly, been given in answer to questions in Parliament, and people uninformed as to the details, naturally concluded that out of the Rs.4,70,000 the company would have to pay their first year's rent of Rs.3,10,000.

It now appears that the Rs.4,70,000 is really the balance payable to the company after a series of deductions, including Rs.3,10,000 for this year's rent, Rs.1,81,000 for the price of machinery and other plant that the company is purchasing from the Government, Rs.1,50,000 "reserved" under the development clause of the lease, and Rs.14,000 "reserved" for "final adjustment of expenses." The "reserved" sum of Rs.1,50,000 is only withheld pending the expenditure by the company of that amount in the improvement of the fishery—an improvement of which it will itself get the advantage in future years—and this deduction and the deductions for rent and plant are obviously calculated to create an entirely false impression as to the actual results of this year's fishery. Instead of Rs.4,70,000, the gross revenue of the company ought properly to be reckoned as Rs.11,11,000, the former figure being the net profit. It was mentioned in the House of Commons last week that the company's shares are already selling at a premium of 1,000 per cent., and it is clear that the Ceylon Government and the late Colonial Secretary, Mr. Lyttelton, between them completely gave away the interests of Ceylon when they granted this lease.

Mr. Justice Grantham anticipated, *more suo*, Friday's debate in Parliament by some facetious observations on the new and fashionable pastime of "judge-baiting." He can hardly find any serious cause of complaint, however, in the general tone of the debate, or in the result. He may not like some of the observations of Mr. MacNeill and Sir George Kekewich, but he can dismiss them as mere ebullitions of party spirit. The general feeling of the House was expressed by the Premier, the Attorney-General, and Mr. Balfour, and men of all parties are practically agreed upon the matter.

Everybody who knows the learned judge has a liking for him, and not only that, but all are agreed that he is incapable of consciously saying or doing anything at variance with the ends of justice. But though, as the Prime Minister expressed it, "an honest, straightforward, and amiable gentleman," he has the two faults that he is dominated by very strong convictions and prepossessions, particularly in regard to party politics, and that he is sadly given to talking at random. In consequence, without being guilty of anything calling for the strong measures which Parliament is entitled to take against an "unjust judge," he has conspicuously failed to carry out the ends which the House of Commons had in view when it transferred its jurisdiction over election petitions to an independent judicial tribunal. The House has a perfect right to say this, and it is well that it has said it in a way which is not open to mistake, and which gives no room for the countercharge that the opinion expressed is merely that of a party or a faction.

The *Times* has under-scored the opinions of the Leader of the House and the Leader of the Opposition by a very broad hint that the time has arrived when Mr. Justice Grantham should seek the repose which he has earned. I should be sorry to say as much as that. For the reason that I gave a moment ago, everybody would be sorry that a Judge whose uprightness and honesty of intention have never been questioned should close his career more or less under a cloud, which would be the case if Sir William Grantham accepted the suggestion of the *Times*. The principal mistake that he has made in this instance was in allowing himself to be put on the rota of election judges. "The justice of the case" would be fully met if he took his name off that list.

One important point brought out by last Friday's debate was the need of an appeal on points of law from the decision of election judges. There has always been need of this. The decisions of judges are on many points difficult to reconcile, and authoritative declarations of the law by superior authority are necessary in all such cases. Mr. Justice Grantham has made this more necessary than ever. As the Attorney-General put it, when confronted with a whole cartload of authority in the shape of previous judicial decisions, he unceremoniously upset the whole cartload by declaring that a judge is not bound by preceding decisions, but is entitled to lay down the law as he understands it. In future, therefore, even a judge who considers himself bound by previous decisions will have this particular decision to satisfy himself that he is bound by none. This absurdity makes it imperative that means should be found of laying down the law with an authority which even a Grantham must recognise as binding.

I read the other day, in an article in the *Standard*, the following observations in regard to the Boers:—

> As a race they are unprogressive and inaccessible to new ideas, and they have proved themselves incapable of exercising power, either over the natives, whom they reduced to serfdom, or over Englishmen. They cannot, therefore be trusted with absolute

control over two States, which are living and growing members of a great Imperial organisation.

These, I suppose, are the views of Mr. Pearson, whom Mr. Chamberlain dubbed his champion hustler in the early days of the Protection crusade. For my part, I do not know precisely what is an Imperial organisation; nor should I have said that the Boers proved themselves incapable of ruling either over natives or Englishmen. In any case, their rule over the former was not so harsh as that of the cosmopolitan mine-owners who have succeeded them. Apart, however, from this, it is certainly a new development of self-government that a majority is only to be allowed to exercise rule in a British colony when it is prepared to act as an Imperial organisation, or in other words to be true to the Chamberlainite ideal. Is this also to be the rule in the United Kingdom, and are all who voted against the late Government to be deprived of their votes, if this can be managed?

Why is a public execution deemed too brutalising a spectacle to be permitted in England, and why is it a spectacle making for civilisation for Egypt? Fancy a riot taking place in an English village about the right to shoot pigeons, and two of the rioters and one of the pigeon-shooters being killed, with the result that after a trial of the rioters several were hanged, whilst between the hangings others were publicly flogged. With us, even poachers would not be treated in this fashion, were a keeper or two to be killed by them in an affray. I cannot for the life of me understand why we permit this sort of thing to take place where a population is not white, and that it does not arouse a universal outcry. What should we have said if the Russian Government had treated Warsaw to this sort of exhibition? We have been now in Egypt for about thirty years. During this period we have practically administered law and justice. The country has become richer, but is it likely that exhibitions such as this will ever reconcile the Egyptians to our beneficent rule?

I fully recognise that when a civilised country lays hold of one inhabited by barbarians, its relations with them must be those of a superior to an inferior race. But the Egyptians were not barbarians when we made Egypt to all intents and purposes ours. Their Government was a bad one, in the sense that it was despotic, and, as an almost necessary consequence, corrupt. The rulers and ruled were, and still are, Mohammedans, and the latter in their hearts prefer the former rule with all its evils to the present one. Where I think that they have a ground of complaint is that we have in no way endeavoured to make the people self-governing, although we professed this to be our aim. As a matter of fact, it was not. The Khedive Ismail had incurred a vast debt, and we went to Egypt in the interests of the Egyptian bondholders. So far we have succeeded, that there is now less oppressive taxation, and Egyptian bonds stand higher in the market.

The Cure of Consumption.—Mr. J. Lock, Rowborough, writes: "Dr. Alabone undertook my son's case when other doctors had *given up all hope* in the matter. Dr. B——, senior physician of the —— Hospital, said '*a few weeks—five or six—will end it.*' In six weeks my son had reached Sandown; four months later he was walking ten to twelve miles. He is now roughing it in South Africa, and is in excellent health."—"The Cure of Consumption, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh," price 2s. 6d., by E. W. Alabone, Lynton House, Highbury quadrant, N.

THE DUCK WHO WANTED TO BE A DRAKE.

In a Duck-Pond, as I've heard tell,
A fateful Crisis once befell,
Because Dame Duck the Whim must take
That Nature'd meant her for a Drake.
"No more I'll lend myself, i' Fegs,
To the base use of laying Eggs;
No more wet-nurse my sons and daughters
In first Excursions on the Waters;
But, such ignoble Cares beyond,
Free, like a Drake, I'll sail the Pond."
So spake Dame Duck, and then and there
The Water took with drakish Air;
Yea, e'en essayed (without Avail)
To curl, as Mallards do, her Tail.
'Twas while she tried this futile Fake,
Came sailing up her Lord, the Drake.
"What ho, Dame Duck? Fine Morning, Ma'am."
"Duck me no Ducks. A Drake I am."
"Ha, ha! So, Madam, you would drake it?
Then know the Consequence, and take it."
He speaks, and fluttering his Wings,
Full at the would-be Drake he springs,
Then plies his lemon-coloured Bill
Upon her Person, with a Will.
"Coward! You call yourself a He-male!"
She quacks, "and stoop to peck a Female!"
"Nay," he retorts, between his Pecks,
"But you've *disclaimed* your female Sex.
'Twere cowardly, I don't deny.
My Beak upon a Duck to ply;
For Ducks, as Ducks, are aye, of course,
Immune from Drakes' pugnacious Force.
But who the Sweet of Drakish Power
Would taste *must also taste its Sour.*
A few more Pecks he adds to make it
Quite clear. "If this it is to drake it,"
She quacked—Oh, don't, you hurt—Hi, chuck it,
And let me, safe, from henceforth DUCK IT."

Moral.

The Moral of the Fable gets
At certain Dames called Suffragettes.

SCRUTATOR.

HERO WORSHIP AT BIRMINGHAM.

BIRMINGHAM may be justly proud of Mr. Chamberlain as a fellow-townsman, for he has proved himself a valuable one. When comparatively young he became almost the dictator of this great city, and he showed himself worthy of the trust reposed in him. But the men of Birmingham would have been better advised had they been satisfied to do him honour as a citizen, and not sought to convert the local celebration of his birthday into a national tribute to his abilities as a statesman. His career has shown that a useful town councillor is not necessarily a great statesman. A soldier may be an able cavalry leader without being able to command an army. A cobbler may excel in mending shoes, but the proverb tells us that he will fail if he does not stick to his last. No one questions Mr. Chamberlain's abilities. As a politician he has been active, energetic, and shrewd, and has made his personality felt. Occasionally the country has trusted him, but never for long. The

reason, I think, is that the personal element in his ambition has been too evident. He has always played with men and principles as though they were mere counters in his game. He has adopted with perfect indifference of judgment any views which he thought would advance his own interests. Neither his country, nor even the party to which he belonged, was ever his first consideration. The first and the only one was himself. He was ever prepared to change his opinions if he thought that he would be the gainer. No colleague who stood in the way of his personal aggrandisement could trust him. No follower could be certain that he would not denounce to-morrow what he vowed to-day was absolutely necessary to the well-being of the country. No aspirant to the highest honours in the State ever boxed the political compass with such cynical inconsistency. But whilst pursuing one particular path to power, he neglected no means to attain his goal, and he brought to his help great dexterity in debate, absolute unscrupulousness in method, remarkable shrewdness, and exceptional skill. He plotted and intrigued. He affected a sincere conviction. He pandered to all passions, and he managed to convince all that he had at heart the welfare of the community, and devoutly believed in the particular scheme that he had on hand. His career as a public man is a most interesting one, and not least because it serves to show that no abilities can command complete success in public life when what is called character is wanting.

I do not suppose that he started with very strong innate convictions. He seems to resemble a sponge, which readily absorbs any liquid in which it floats. Birmingham was Liberal, and therefore he became a Liberal. On the other hand, he never does things by halves, and therefore he became a Liberal of a very advanced type. Having taken his side, he continued an advanced Liberal when he entered Parliament. The Conservatives were then in office, and his assertiveness, combined with his great talent as a speaker, soon made him the leader of the ultra-Radicals in the House of Commons. In 1880, when, after a General Election, Mr. Gladstone was called upon to form a Government, he admitted Mr. Chamberlain into his Cabinet as President of the Board of Trade, in which office he showed himself an excellent administrator. In June, 1885, Mr. Gladstone was beaten on a division, and Lord Salisbury replaced him as Premier. It was agreed that he should wind up the session and then dissolve. The General Election took place in November, and the electoral campaign was carried on from June to November. Whilst professing to be a Gladstonian, Mr. Chamberlain now took a line of his own. He had already made for himself an influential position in the party by founding the National Liberal Federation. He now came forward in opposition to the official Liberal programme with an "unauthorised programme" of his own, which was far more Radical. It became evident that he was bidding for the leadership of the Party on Mr. Gladstone's retirement. He attacked Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen, who were the leaders of the Moderate wing of the Liberal Party, in unmeasured terms. In regard to Ireland, he supported Mr. Gladstone in the view that some sort of real self-government ought to be granted to Ireland, reflecting on all local matters the views of the Irish majority. In point of fact he had submitted a Home Rule scheme to the Cabinet early in 1885. The new Parliament, in which the Liberals had a substantial majority, met in January, 1886. Lord Salisbury was beaten on the Address, and Mr. Gladstone became Premier again. By this time Mr. Gladstone's intention of bringing in a Home Rule Bill was known. Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen declined for this reason to join the new Cabinet. Mr. Chamberlain, however, became a member. He thereby avowed himself a Home Ruler, and as he subsequently stated, he "had been a Home Ruler long before Mr. Gladstone." As soon, however, as the Home Rule Bill was produced, he withdrew from the Cabinet, and in the subsequent debate he gave as the reason for his resignation that the Bill went too far, but added that his objections to it would disappear if the Irish representation at Westminster were maintained. After some hesitation he voted against the Bill, which was defeated on the second reading, and the General Election which followed restored Lord Salisbury to office.

Lord Hartington declined to join the second Cabinet of Lord Salisbury, consequently Mr. Chamberlain could not well do so. From 1886 until 1892, therefore, he found himself obliged to support Lord Salisbury without having a seat in his Cabinet. On various occasions he attempted to make up his quarrel with the Radicals, but they declined to have anything to do with him. The next General Election, in 1892, went in favour of Mr. Gladstone. He became Premier, and Mr. Chamberlain joined the Conservatives in opposing him, and in opposing Lord Rosebery, who succeeded him as the Liberal Premier. During this period, from the most Radical of the Radicals, he step by step became a Conservative, until on the defeat of the Liberals at the General Election of 1895, he consummated his political apostasy by becoming the colleague of Lord Salisbury. Had anyone suggested in his Radical days that he was capable of this, great would have been his indignation. But ambition—and especially ambition of a strictly personal character—makes strange bedfellows.

There was some surprise when Mr. Chamberlain selected the post of Colonial Secretary in Lord Salisbury's Cabinet. That he did so was evidence of astuteness. Until then he had made home issues his speciality. But he could hardly expect, as a Minister in a Conservative Cabinet, to be able to give effect to the democratic views which had brought him into prominence. He had, therefore, to strike out a new line of action, and this he realised he might do as Colonial Secretary. He accordingly became an Imperialist. The United Kingdom was to be merged in a vast Empire, not only embracing all the colonies, but ever increasing its area by new annexations; for expansion, he discovered, was the law of our existence as an Empire. In our relations with other powers we were to assume an aggressive attitude, and to adopt this attitude we were largely to increase our armaments. He appealed alike

Thomas Goode & Co.—China, glass, pottery, fireproof ware. Sole agents in the United Kingdom for the famous "Bi-Métal" (copper lined with pure sheet silver) Cooking Utensils. Illustrated catalogues free.—South Audley-street, London.

to our patriotism and to our interests for support in this new departure. Unfortunately the appeal succeeded, and he thus managed to stand out amongst his colleagues as the champion of all that was patriotic. The outcome was annexations of valueless swamps and deserts in Africa, ill-feeling between us and almost all other powers, and enormous additional outlay on our Army and Navy. The Boer war was the culmination of the new policy. It was an expensive one, and its real advantage to us was far from clear. But Mr. Chamberlain had managed to attract attention to himself, and to be regarded as the most powerful man in the Cabinet, and, as this was his aim, he may be said to have secured what he desired.

When the Boer war was over and the Transvaal had been annexed, he betook himself to South Africa to receive the homage of the cosmopolitan financial adventurers who had been his allies in that part of the world. On his return he soon realised that public opinion had considerably altered. Business was bad, taxes were high, a conviction was growing that the Cabinet might possibly not be the exceptionally gifted body of men that had been supposed. It was, in fact, growing unpopular, and Imperialism was nearly "played out." Even amongst the Unionists the impression was gaining ground that Lord Salisbury's nephew was not a success as Lord Salisbury's successor. It seems to have occurred to Mr. Chamberlain that this was an opportunity to replace him, if only he could find some new and startling programme that might infuse new life into the Unionists, and possibly rally to them a considerable section of the working classes. His knowledge of financial matters had always been superficial. Indeed, he is in no sense a well-read or well-informed man outside such affairs as circumstances have compelled him to master. He had been a Free Trader because Protection seemed, as Lord Beaconsfield put it, "not only dead, but damned." But Protection is not dead as long as the majority of foreign nations adhere to it, and the Protectionists always become active when trade is slack, speculation stagnant, and money tight, all which conditions Mr. Chamberlain himself had brought about by the most expensive war we had undertaken for a century. With the growth of Imperialism there had grown up a crazy cry for an Imperial British Zollverein. It now occurred to Mr. Chamberlain that the psychological moment had arrived when Imperial Protection would be a popular cry, and he made no more difficulty about throwing over Free Trade than he had previously made about throwing over Home Rule.

Suddenly the country was astounded by his announcement that Free Trade was ruining us, and that salvation was only to be found by reverting to Protection. As I have said, he never does things by halves. The announcement was shortly followed by his withdrawal from the Government in order to put himself at the head of a Protectionist crusade. Mr. Balfour was afraid to quarrel with him; he therefore blessed the crusade, and said that he had no fixed convictions himself, and possibly Mr. Chamberlain might be right. This led to those members of the Cabinet who had convictions withdrawing from it. Their places were filled by nonentities who declared themselves Protectionists. In the meantime Mr. Chamberlain was working his hardest. He had already packed most of the local Unionist Associations with his hangers-on. He, therefore, induced many of these associations to declare in favour of his fiscal reforms. Mr. Balfour, he boldly asserted, was entirely at one with him, and Mr. Balfour vaguely replied that he only differed from him on a few details. What between Mr. Chamberlain's energy, Mr. Balfour's ambiguous attitude, and their desire not to lose their seats at the next general election, the Unionist M.P.s were terribly exercised in their minds. Some of them declined to change their convictions at the call of anyone. The majority sought shelter under the wing of Mr. Balfour, and declared themselves Balfourites. But each day Mr. Balfour was driven from the half-way houses in which he sought shelter for himself and the Balfourites, until when he was forced into defining his position in view of the general election, he submitted to a conference of the wirepullers and the "delegates" of local associations a scheme which he thought might find favour with the Protectionist goats and the Free Trade sheep. It was at once rejected by the former, and Protection pure and simple became the official programme. Had Mr. Balfour acted with self-respect he would have withdrawn from the leadership of the party. But he preferred to remain in name its leader, in reality the captive of Mr. Chamberlain. All candidates who declined to follow him in this abject submission were ruled out of the Party, and it was under these conditions that what had been the great Unionist Party marched to the defeat which overwhelmed it. Mr. Chamberlain had become the leader of the official Unionist Party, but his baneful personal ambition had almost extinguished it as a political factor. By his double apostasy he had succeeded in the monumental feat of destroying each political party in turn—a performance unique in history.

Since the second catastrophe he has once again come out in a new character. The first important measure of the new Government was the Education Bill. It did not go, perhaps, as far as the majority of Liberals would have desired. But it met with general acceptance by the Liberals in the House of Commons, for it was a great improvement upon the state of things created by the Balfour Act of 1902. The Church of England at once took the field against it. Bishops, deans, rectors, and curates vied with each other in denouncing it as a spoliation of the sacred rights and properties of the Established Church, conceived with the wicked object of freeing electors and ratepayers from the obligation to have the tenets of that Church taught in schools with public money. Mr. Chamberlain is a Unitarian. The sect to which he belongs not only does not accept the religious teaching of the Established Church, but repudiates the dogma upon which the Christian religion is, in the view of all other sects, based. He himself has again and again advocated the disendowment and disestablishment of the Church of England. One would have supposed that the undogmatic and unsectarian Cowper-Temple religion which was to be taught in all State-supported schools would have met with his approval. But if the Lords could be spirited up to throw it out, or to emasculate the Government Bill,

it is possible that this will lead to a dissolution. Mr. Chamberlain and his party cannot well be less numerous in the House of Commons than they are, and there is an off-chance that they may better their position there. He came forward, therefore, as the champion of the Established Church, and urged the Lords to throw out the Bill, no matter by what majority it might be passed in the Commons. And so sure was he that he could dictate to them their course of action, that he confidently announced, as though he were the real power behind the throne, the Peers, and the Commons, that there will be a dissolution next spring. This last incarnation of our respected friend is unquestionably the most startling—and, to my thinking, the most ludicrous—of all that he has gone through. There is something sublimely absurd in Mr. Chamberlain banging the drum ecclesiastic in company with bishops, and urging the House of Lords to stand true to the Established Church, even at the risk of digging its own grave.

Had I been a Birmingham citizen, and had I been asked to join in a demonstration to honour Mr. Chamberlain for his services to my town, I should have been delighted to contribute my mite towards the expenses of the show. He has always been to me a most interesting personality, and I like a man to be, as he is, a strenuous fighter. But it is one thing to pay a compliment to a fellow townsman who is locally popular, has made himself useful to his neighbours, and has cut a figure in Parliament; it is another to acclaim him as a great British statesman and invite the nation to join in paying him homage. My admiration for his abilities and for his energy does not go so far. I wish him on his seventieth birthday many happy returns of the day, but I am enough of a patriot—although a Little Englander—to rejoice that, although he may still cherish the notion that he will yet become Prime Minister of England with a devoted and appreciative parliamentary majority behind him, there is not the remotest chance of his aspiration being crystallised into fact.

THE STATE AND THE RITUALIST.

That a Royal Commission comprising clerics and laymen of every complexion should have produced a unanimous report on the best means of curing the disorders in the Church of England has naturally filled the world with wonder. It is a rare thing for any Royal Commission to produce a unanimous report; and in this case the phenomenon borders on the miraculous. Apart from that consideration, the report is a very interesting document, embodying a deal of learning, historical and ecclesiastical, and revealing a great deal of sound common sense. But whether it can have, under existing conditions, any practical result I greatly doubt. No Government will voluntarily put its hand into such a hornets' nest, and the present Government has special reasons for refraining from any such rash act. The report, however, clearly contemplates Government action. "Letters of Business" are to be addressed to Convocation, calling upon it to prepare a new Ornaments Rubric, and to frame "modifications in the existing law relating to the conduct of divine service and the ornaments and fittings of churches." The Public Worship Regulation Act, 1874, is to be repealed; the Church Discipline Act, 1840, to be considerably amended; the powers of bishops over incumbents are to be increased; the constitution of diocesan and provincial courts, and rights of appeal, are to be altered in this way and that. The Government is thus to set the ball rolling by giving instructions to Convocation; and if it does as much as this it would seem to be under some sort of moral responsibility to give the necessary legislative effect to whatever decision Convocation may come to. It cannot do that without addressing itself at the same time to all the other recommendations made by the Commission; in other words, it must bring in a comprehensive Bill for the amendment of the Book of Common Prayer, the regulation of public worship, and the reform of ecclesiastical discipline. I trust it will do nothing of the kind, and that it will note cautiously the direction in which it is moving before it even takes the initial step. The Royal Commission is a legacy from the last Unionist Government. The duty of dealing with its report by legislation may well be left to the next. The regulation of religious belief or public worship by Act of Parliament is repugnant to the fundamental principles of Liberalism. A Church "by law established" exists in this country, and the Government of the day, whether Liberal or Conservative, must recognise its existence; but no Liberal Government can consistently interfere with the statutes which bygone Parliaments have made for the regulation of the Established Church, short of making a clean sweep of them, and freeing the Church from its connection with the State altogether. To attempt anything of the kind would be as contrary to expediency and party interests as to sound Liberal doctrine. The Education Bill involves quite as much of the *odium theologicum* as any prudent Ministry will desire to incur.

I have no prepossessions or prejudices for or against any party in the Church of England. But as long as a State Church exists I have a strong feeling against any measure which can have the effect of narrowing its limits. Whatever may be said against the Church of England, it has at least the merit of being more broad and comprehensive, less limited by cast-iron formulas and unbroken traditions, than the majority of Christian Churches and sects. This is the result of its curious history. It was brought into existence as an independent organism to suit the domestic exigencies of that pious monarch, Henry VIII., Defender of the Faith, who, whatever he may have been, was certainly not a Protestant. When it first took on, more or less, its present shape, during the minority of Edward VI., the shape was essentially a compromise, and the English genius for compromise, at the expense of logic, has never been more conspicuously manifested. During the three or four centuries of its subsequent existence it has oscillated between opposing forces, which have alternately got the upper hand. In the sixteenth century, under the guidance of Queen Elizabeth, a middle course was steered, and the State was impartially at loggerheads with the Papacy and the Protestants. Under Charles I., non-Papal Catholicism got the upper hand in the Church. With

Charles I. it went down, and with the Restoration it revived. At the Restoration the pendulum once more swung towards Protestantism. With the eighteenth century a period of apathy set in, the natural result of exhaustion after the religious debauchery of the seventeenth. The Church of England now became colourless and lifeless, and so it remained until the Evangelical revival at the end of that century.

The Protestant influence was now again entirely in the ascendant. But, in accordance with the universal law, the pendulum was bound to swing the other way, and in the middle of the nineteenth century we had the Oxford Movement and the "Catholic Revival" in the English Church. By this time men's minds had become imbued with the idea that the Church of England was a Protestant institution, and the Protestant party viewed the new movement with mingled amazement and indignation. The new school of High Churchmen were denounced as violators of the law, and traitors to the national religion, and the power of the law was invoked to suppress them. But it was then discovered—as was only to be expected in view of the ecclesiastical history of the three preceding centuries—that the law was extremely vague, and that the religion "by law established" might mean anything from a more or less orthodox Catholicism to the most pronounced Protestantism. Attempts were then made from the Protestant side to "strengthen the law"—notably in the Public Worship Regulation Act of that devout Churchman the late Lord Beaconsfield. But they failed, and they deserved to fail. They left a great deal to the discretion of the bishops, and the bishops were timid, or opportunist, or, in some cases, sympathetic towards the "law breakers." But the great difficulty was that the movement which it was desired to suppress by law made headway on its own merits. The more prominent of the new High Church clergy were earnest and devoted men who gained the affections of enthusiastic congregations, and the general respect of all those who were not biased against them by theological prejudices. While some ran into excesses which are not to the general taste of Englishmen, the more moderate gradually won over an overwhelming majority of church people. The Catholic Revival, in short, carried all before it, and the idea of suppressing it by law became impracticable.

So we arrive at the position which exists to-day. The State is now asked by a fairly representative body of Church people, by no means unanimous themselves in their views of doctrine and ritual, to take legislative measures for extinguishing the more extreme and uncompromising Catholic section. From whatever quarter it comes, and in whatever shape, this is an invitation to the State to continue the policy of regulating by statute the creed and forms of worship of a considerable section of its subjects—a policy which was never conceived in the interests of the Church or religion, and never had any justification, unless in political circumstances which have disappeared for ever. It is the duty of the Liberal Party to resist, and, if possible, reverse that policy, not to endorse and pursue it, which is what it will be doing if it takes any measures designed to restrict the membership of the Church, and to drive out of it any section of Churchmen who are ready to remain in the fold, and manifest no desire to interfere with the beliefs and practices of their neighbours.

One frequently hears the argument that if men don the uniform and accept the pay of the Church of England they must conform to its laws and serve it loyally both in the letter and in the spirit. But this argument begs the whole question, for at the bottom of the whole situation lies a dispute as to what is the law and what is the uniform. At any rate, the argument can have no bearing upon a proposal to alter the law, and that is the first thing that the Royal Commission proposes. An appeal is made to the State to enforce "discipline." But the State is not concerned about discipline for its own sake. Discipline is only a means to an end, and all that the State is concerned about is that the parson whom it recognises and sets up, directly or indirectly, shall give satisfaction to his congregation. As long as a church is filled by a congregation of worshippers who are perfectly satisfied with the services of the parson, no one who does not attend can be aggrieved by what goes on there, even though it be such unspeakable enormities as the adoration of images and the Mass of the Pre-Sanctified. The grievance only arises when some considerable section of the people who cannot attend a church more to their liking are outraged by those practices, and, from the nature of the case, this can only occur in country parishes where there is but one church readily accessible to the general body of parishioners. But, as is pointed out in the report of the Royal Commission, the extremes of Ritualist practice and doctrine which the Commissioners desire to suppress are extremely rare in country churches. They chiefly flourish in London and other large towns where churches of various complexions are open and accessible to everybody. At most of these churches the congregations are drawn from many neighbouring parishes, and sometimes people travel long distances to attend them. Such churches are supported, as a rule, by their own congregations, or by people who have given money to them because they are what they are. It is, therefore, incorrect to say that the incumbents are receiving "the pay of the Church," if by that is meant the pay of anybody who does not approve of their doings. Churches of this class are exactly in the position of the schools to which Mr. Birrell proposes to give "extended facilities" for religious teaching on the ground that no child need attend them unless its parents wish, and the principle which the State applies in the one case it may reasonably apply in the other. In the case of country parishes it may be legitimate to employ compulsion to prevent the clergy running into extremes which are distasteful to their flocks; though in a properly regulated Church the same end would be more decently gained by appointing to such parishes none but men of moderate views and approved discretion. But in any other case the cry for improved "Church discipline" is no better than the voice of religious persecution. The time has gone by for the State to lend itself to anything of that sort. On the contrary, as it has established a Church

of its own, its duty is to make the Church as wide and comprehensive as possible. The only really defensible form of State Church would be one which included the whole community, like the mediæval Church. Every degree that it falls short of that takes so much off the justification for its existence as a State Church.

If, then, a majority of the Church desires to get rid of a minority whom it regards as aliens and "traitors," its best course is to obtain the power it desires by separation from the State. The Church will then be, in point of law, in the position of a club, which is entitled to make its own rules and expel members who do not conform to them. I do not, however, myself understand how a religious community which lays claim to the proud title of "Catholic" can justify this method of dealing with differences of opinion. True, it is sanctioned by the practice of Christians from the earliest period, and has been employed by Protestants as zealously as by Catholics. But it has manifestly failed to check the growth of doctrinal differences, or to do anything but stereotype and perpetuate the divisions between Christians. It would be well if the Church of England, having already within its fold men of widely divergent opinions, would try the novel experiment of endeavouring to keep them there, and set to Christendom the example of a Church tolerant of differences of opinion, and Catholic in fact as well as in name. This may be a counsel of perfection, but I offer it to the Archbishop of Canterbury and his colleagues as a simpler and easier, as well as a wiser, policy than the time-honoured ecclesiastical method of compelling uniformity by excommunicating heretics. The arguments in favour of it may be found very cogently stated in the advice which Gamaliel tendered to the Jewish council. It may be taken as certain that if all the recommendations of the Royal Commission were embodied in an Act of Parliament to-morrow, not a Ritualist against whom it is aimed, lay or cleric, would be thereby converted from the error of his ways; and if that is so, it is equally certain that the Church of England would gain nothing and no living soul would be the better. That consideration may not affect the ecclesiastical mind, but it is an additional reason why the State should decline the invidious duty of whipping the Ritualists up to the episcopal heel.

MESSRS. SCHOFIELD AND JESSOP.

In reference to the article in last week's Truth, "The Scholastic Agent and his 'Principles.'" I have received a visit from Mr. E. W. Schofield, who has no difficulty in exonerating both himself and his former partner, Mr. O. W. T. Jessop, from all blame in the transactions recorded in that article. These two gentlemen are, in fact, much more sinned against than sinning. Mr. Schofield has given me the full history of the firm of Schofield and Jessop, which was nominally concerned in the transactions described. The firm was started by him, in conjunction with Mr. O. W. T. Jessop, at 32, Sackville-street, in May, 1904. I gather that both gentlemen had been honourably connected with the scholastic profession, and thought that the scholastic agency might be better from a financial point of view, or at any rate that it could not be worse. In this expectation they were disappointed. In October, 1904, Mr. Jessop decided to retire, the partnership was dissolved, and Mr. Schofield acquired the whole business, with the right to use the name. In the following spring Mr. Schofield advertised for a gentleman to conduct the business for him, and thus made the acquaintance of Mr. Duke W. Bullard, with whom he eventually concluded an agreement for one year. Beyond giving Mr. Bullard a little assistance at starting, Mr. Schofield had nothing to do with the management of the business after that date (April, 1905). For various reasons he was so dissatisfied with Mr. Bullard that when the year's agreement expired, he requested that gentleman to clear out. Thereupon Mr. Bullard took an office at 217, Piccadilly, and proceeded to carry on business there as Schofield and Jessop. He still used, as will be seen on reference to the letters which I published last week, not only the name of Schofield and Jessop, but the second address, 32, Sackville-street. Not only this, but he issued the circulars to which I referred, stating that Mr. Schofield and Mr. Jessop were the principals in the business, and he signed the edifying letters which I published in the name of "W. B. Jessop." He also, as appears from additional information which I have since received, interviewed callers in the character of "Mr. Jessop." It was, of course, open to Mr. Schofield to stop these proceedings by an injunction, but that step he has hitherto refrained from taking for the best of reasons. So Mr. Bullard remains master of the situation, and has utilised it in the manner described last week.

Both Mr. Schofield and Mr. Jessop are, therefore, entitled to nothing but sympathy in this matter, and I am sorry that through Bullard's proceedings their names should have been mixed up with the discreditable transactions which led me to warn the scholastic profession against the firm. On the other hand, the foregoing narrative shows pretty clearly what sort of man Mr. Bullard is, and no one who reads it will entertain any doubt as to the true character of his attempts to get money out of unsuspecting schoolmasters. In addition to the facts mentioned last week, I find that the "two Afrikander boys" with whom he baited his hook were offered to two schoolmasters at Brighton, and another in the West of England, and no doubt this does not exhaust the list. In one of the Brighton cases the trick was only too successful. The schoolmaster, after coming up to London and seeing "Mr. Jessop" personally at the Piccadilly office, paid five guineas altogether on the strength of Bullard's representations—one guinea as a registration fee, three guineas as the fee for inspecting his house, and one guinea for "expenses." Needless to say, as soon as the money was paid, he was informed that the gilded Afrikander had decided to send his boys to another schoolmaster. There are other legal processes besides injunctions for stopping transactions of this character, and in view of all that is now known, I think that any other schoolmasters who may have paid money for Bullard's Afrikander boys should consider the remedies available to them. At any rate, I trust that what has now been said will have the effect of saving others from Bullard's clutches, and thus stopping the business of this shady agency.

THEATRES.

"Le Passe," at the New Royalty.

I hope that some of my readers found their way to the Royalty Theatre last week when Mlle. Marthe Brandès was playing M. Georges de Porto Riche's "Le Passé." It was not a hilarious evening that I spent watching Dominique Brienne's struggles in the grip of passion. But, given the mastery of the actress's playing, her reserve changed to fire when the faithlessness of the cynical François Prieur became again too apparent to be ignored even by her devotedness, and given also the story and support of M. André Calmettes in his subdued playing of Prieur, the evening was well spent.

Mlle. Brandès shows us in the first act a woman of forty who has loved this François Prieur to the brink of madness. That was eight years ago, and we see her now established in her studio, a sculptress of high repute. Surrounded by a group of men friends, among whom is one woman, she has created a new existence for herself. All this and much discourse on egotism male and female is the subject of discussion in the studio. I consider that the early parts of this act are furnished with a dialogue more copious than the necessities of the exposition. The author, however, was a profound student of human nature, and never let an epigram usurp the place of an observation, though his wisdom is occasionally summed up in epigrammatic form, as when talking of Dominique some one remarks: "In every woman's talent there is buried a misfortune of the heart." The French phrase is more concrete, but untranslatable with equal concision. The rest of the play is really a development from this romance. For when by the play of circumstances François, whose new mistress is the friend above mentioned, ventures to call upon Dominique, his discarded love, to beg of her not to arrange a reconciliation between his new mistress and the latter's husband, Dominique's wounds bleed anew, and the volatile François feels himself again powerfully attracted by his former love. She raises a show of resistance, but is soon again in the clutches of her old passion, and the pair try to live again as they had lived eight years before. But, as may easily be divined, François is incapable of fidelity to her, or, indeed, to any other woman, and very soon lies are piled upon lies by him and by the friend of Dominique, with whom he very speedily renews relations. Heartbreak, accusations, tears, forgiveness, then heartbreak again, and the same sorry round of lies, until, stung at last to the quick by the cynicism of François, her love for him is definitely killed, and we are left to hope that the doctor who has all along been deeply attached to her will receive the reward of his constancy as he intervenes between her and the fatal knife which she has almost plunged into her own breast.

Few adornments, but life, real life, observed with a master's eye, and transmuted to the gold of art, that is what we saw in "Le Passé." It must make every thoughtful person pause to consider what is the value of the passions as a factor in human life. Are all passions a disease? Are they pathological? In this play we see the passion of love accomplish the ruin of a fine, a noble personality in Dominique Brienne. But there are other passions: ambition and avarice, for instance. Ambition at any rate has been the cause of noble deeds, so, it need hardly be added, has love. To these might be logically added the patriotism of the saint or the soldier, though that has not the individual quality of the other passions. One thing is certain. All the passions in their extreme form may lead to death, and in these cases we may see brought face to face with one another two instincts of great power: the will to live on the one hand, passion on the other, which failing to attain its end drives its victim to death. It appears almost an insoluble riddle to explain how passion is sometimes victorious over the instinct of self-preservation, but the explanation probably lies in the identification of the victim of passion with that passion, so that in reality there is no struggle between the two instincts. Thus the loss of her love drives Dominque to take up the knife to kill herself. She has forgotten her devoted friends, her art, everything, and she can be saved from herself only by the interposition of an alien will which one is left to hope that the doctor exercises successfully.

The most tragic quality of the passions lies for me in this: that they by no means seize upon degenerates, wretched creatures, valueless for themselves as for others, but so often upon the best and brightest among men and women.

"It's a mad world, my masters," and such a play as "Le Passé," which penetrates below the surface and the show of life, brings this out clearly enough.

The Hippodrome.

The variegated programme at this place of entertainment leads our interest on from step to step to the climax of "The Flood" with its plunging horses and bulls, its torrents of rain, and the general immersion of everything from baby's cot to houses and bridge. A most successful piece of realism, the joy of childhood, the amusement of elders.

The Hippodrome really triumphs for the moment in stage effects, if we couple with "The Flood" those vintners hammering melodiously upon the bands that bind their casks when, hey presto—quicker than I can write hey presto legibly—the scene changes and we discover a drawing-room with a drawing-room's adornments of young lady and guitar and attendant swains in dress-clothes. Hey presto! they have vanished, and again we hear melodious hammering of casks and see the jolly vintners at their work. These are the Staleys in their Transformation Act. The Kauffmanns lady cyclists unite grace of motion with complete control of their wheels, which they ride disgarnished of all but essentials, and then unite again to sweep round like a flock of wild white birds that manœuvre in the air as though animated with but one soul for all their wings and heads. Then there is also among newcomers Mr. James H. Lee—beneath whose panther-like bounds the glittering steel wire, now taut, now slack, shivers as though it feared to break with the weight of the audacious dancer. But it does not do so, nor does he fail in any among his variety of perilous

Seeger's Hair Dye.—Dyes the hair by merely combing through. 2s. the Case, or Trial Bottle, mailed free from observation, 7d.—Hinde's Ltd., 1A, Finsbury, London.

leaps and poses in tune with the gay music of the orchestra.

I also enjoyed the highly artistic grouping of the three Olympiers in their selection from antique and modern themes. There was an especial pathos in the third group, "Ajax with the body of Patroclus," and the wrestling group brought vividly back to one the famous Laocöon. The effect of bronze is very happily attained by these living bronzes, and this colour gives more realism and more dignity to the groups from the antique than I have found with like attempts where the white of marble was simulated.

Phrenologists and ethnologists will doubtless be interested to take the measurements of the Microcephalæ, that strange trio exhibited here last week. Their conical skulls, ending almost in a point at the summit of the cranium, their absence of all development at the back of the head—the region in which I believe are located the motor impulses of the brain—those vacant blue eyes of theirs, and their meaningless laugh, all combine to send a shudder down one's back at the thought that these may indeed be among our monkey-like missing links. The precise place of origin of these three monsters in little was not stated the evening that I was present, but presumably the sombre foliage of African forests has waved above their heads as it waved over those of their progenitors for many thousands of years.

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This year, as last, the sun did his very best to make the Theatrical Garden Party a success. This year, as last, was a success, and our leading actors and actresses worked with a will in the same good cause as the sun. It was hot work, too, for the actors to play cricket with bandaged right arm as for the actresses to oppose to them; for that sturdy and humorous showman Mr. Brandon Thomas to vaunt by the hour the horrors of that gruesome grange wherein the crime schemed by several leading dramatists was carried out by several leading ladies and gentlemen, led by Mrs. Tree, a queenly housekeeper. Hot work it was even hat-trimming on that afternoon, when the nimble fingers of Mr. Passmore triumphed over the heroic needle-pricks of Mr. Rutland Barrington. There were bands of music and bands of beauties in every direction. Everyone was smiling, hot, and happy, and if there were some difficulty in obtaining ices as the afternoon wore on, one could console oneself with the thought that the Actors' Orphanage had reaped another golden harvest.

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The present revival for some weeks of Mr. Bernard Shaw's play, "You Never Can Tell," at the Court Theatre, will doubtless attract many of that dramatist's admirers. The cast, including Mr. Louis Calvert, Mr. Ainley, Miss Lillah McCarthy, and Miss Henrietta Watson, gives evidence of that selective care exercised by Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker in all their productions. It may safely be said that this little theatre, which but a short time ago seemed to have sunk to the nadir, is now of first-rate importance as a centre where dramatic art rather than merely money-making inspires the performances. Here money has followed art—not led it, as is but too often the case elsewhere, to the ruin of the latter.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE REHABILITATION OF DREYFUS.

THE curtain will drop in a few weeks on the Dreyfus case. The former prisoner of Devil's Island will be reinstated in his rank. A parade will be held on the Champ de Mars, on the very spot where, twelve years ago, his sword was broken and his stripes torn from his uniform, and the Minister of War, or the Military Governor of Paris, will present Dreyfus with the Cross of the Legion of Honour, after which the Captain will be promoted to the rank of Major. At his request he will be given a furlough of a year or two, after which he will return to active service.

Colonel Picquart, who was dismissed from the army in consequence of a conspiracy against him by Generals Mercier, Billot, Boisdeffre, Pellieux, Gonse, Roget, and their subordinates, will be reinstated by a special Act of Parliament. The bill will be voted by at least an overwhelming majority, possibly the vote will be a unanimous one. It will be interesting to see which way General Mercier, who represents in the Senate *le parti des honnêtes gens*, will vote.

Of all the unexpected turns this affair has taken, none is more extraordinary than the airy manner in which the organ of French anti-Semitism is throwing the General overboard after championing him for twelve years. This is a sign that the game is up. The *Libre Parole* thus prepares its *volte-face*: In tones of feigned respect it reminds General Mercier of his last public speech in 1903, at a banquet which all the Nationalist leaders attended. General Mercier promised on that occasion that when the day would come for him to tell the whole truth he would speak and silence his enemies. Every line of this article of the *Libre Parole* is a poisoned shaft at its old ally. "Do you think," asks the writer, Gaston Méry, "it becomes your dignity to sit still under the Attorney-General's statement before the Court of Cassation that you deserve penal servitude? If you can despise this insult personally you owe it to those who trusted in you to rebut this imputation, which slaps them in the face as it does you."

After further professions of sympathy which read like sarcasm, the *Libre Parole* plays a sort of cat-and-mouse game with General Mercier. After protesting deep respect, the writer, assuming the part of candid friend, goes on: "I cannot help informing you that people are beginning to insinuate that if you do not speak out it is because you have nothing to say. They are comparing you to Mme. Humbert, and they begin to think that your 'facts to give in evidence' are as mythical as her millions." General Mercier, in his open letter to the President of the Court of Cassation, professes to make reply to the charges in the Procurator-General's statement. He speaks as if for the other officers concerned in the Dreyfus affair as well as for himself. He must have had some first-rate advocate at his elbow. Whoever the guide may have been, he knows just as well as Mark Antony how to speak to a public of an oft-varying mood and impressionable.

SCRUBB & Co., Ltd., caution the public against the many injurious imitations of their CLOUDY FLUID AMMONIA that are being offered, and draw attention to their having affixed the signature of SCRUBB & Co. to each bottle, without which none is genuine.

The tone is high, the style chaste, and care is taken that it should be the antithesis of everything in the Procurator-General's statement that is vulgar, diffuse, and in the nature of slaying the slain. One can imagine the legal adviser saying: "You are covered by the amnesty for all the offences connected with the Dreyfus affair. Take care you do not leave its shelter. They want to force you to do so. Mind, too, not to give yourself away, not to do more than state your grievances in dignified and feeling terms, and seek to excite curiosity. The Procurator Baudoin has brought down by his virulence a cause that he ought to have laid himself out to ennoble. Admitting his thesis, it is a noble cause."

General Mercier throws back with some elegance the ugly charges which the Procurator-General flung at him with a roughness ill suited to the law officer's red robe. He is careful not to speak out, and he casts a bait to curiosity? This open letter appears in all the Conservative papers. It gives Drumont an opportunity to vaticinate, prophet-like, on the Jewish victory over "the highest court of law, the Ministry, the Chambers, and poor France."

The allusion in the "open letter" to the night of December 12 is a whet to curiosity. The writer says: "During several hours the question of peace and war seemed in suspense." This is all. Is it not tantalising? He keeps close silence on the relations of M. Herbette, the French Ambassador in Berlin at that time, and for several succeeding years, with the German Emperor It may be that the French Government had to look about for an excuse for recalling him without loss of dignity. It was able to find one. I attended the obsequies of M. Herbette some years later, and witnessed the astonishment of nearly everyone else when a secretary of the German Embassy laid a wreath on the coffin from the Kaiser. The ease with which William II. throws off resentment and his readiness to forget a feud are among his good qualities. He and M. Herbette had certainly some unpleasantness arising from the Dreyfus affair. Could it be to this that General Mercier alludes?

I was long ago told that General Mercier twelve years ago trembled lest Drumont and the Nationalists, who then led France, should throw in his face the British birth of Madame Mercier. Now would possibly be the time for General Mercier to claim mitigating circumstances for the hand he had in the Dreyfus affair. He might gain a point in explaining the pressure put upon him through General de Boisdeffre by Baron Freederickz, military attaché of Russia for many years. The Baron, encouraged by his many sucesses, at last went too far, and the Foreign Minister asked for his recall. The Czar, who is fond of *gamineries*, consented, but directly Baron Freederickz returned to Russia named him head of the military household of H.I.H., a highly brilliant and much-coveted post.

I look on Mercier as being in a bad plight, in spite of the *maladresses* of the Procurator-General to the Court of Cassation.

Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth does not answer to the notion we formed of her. To be frank, we got it into our heads that she must be a bit of a hustler, self-assertive, and too well able to take care of herself to be interesting. The fault should be laid at the door of the American press, or at any rate a good part of it. Chatrain's full-length portrait, so meritorious in many respects, was a mere physical likeness. It gave her slender form and fair hair, but failed to convey the charm of her whole being, which is really comparable to the best light soprano voices of the American lyric stage.

Mrs. Roosevelt Longworth gives one the idea of a flower grown in a favourable soil, in a genial and sunny climate, and vital enough to face without danger unfriendly chills, blight, and other enemies of floral life. This vitality is seen in the light, airy tread, the clear fair skin, the beautiful head of hair, and the spontaneity that runs into every word and action, a sweet smile included. The hair is a medium shade between light brown and gold, but warmer than most medium shades. *Le tout Amérique en Paris* went on Thursday evening to see the President's daughter arrive by the 6.40 train from Calais with her husband. But it took care not to invade the platform near the place where the train was to draw up. The happy pair were there awaited by Ambassador and Mrs. McCormick, the latter provided with a bouquet, the Embassy staff Major, the Comte de Chambrun, Baron Edouard de Rothschild, the traffic manager and the head engineer (civil) of the Northern Railway, and Major Schlumberger, who had been deputed by President Fallières to pay his compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Longworth. The Minister of the Interior, who knows the United States from having been there, easily fell in with the idea of a reception affectionately *empressée* and *distinguée*, but with no aping of a royal one. There were, therefore, no Paoli, no extra police, no Prefect of Police, no green plants along the platform, no white-gloved railway servants, and no Minister for Foreign Affairs. Mr. and Mrs. Longworth travelled like every newly married couple of ample means, in a saloon compartment, and had no suite other than a valet to carry wraps and a maid. The observed of all observers alighted with a springy step that would not have broken the stalk of a field daisy. The dress? Just nothing, but *chic* as it could be, because *admirablement bien porté*. It was a shepherd's plaid costume with bolero jacket over a soft white silk blouse. The wearer was everything. The wide leaf of the brown straw hat—adorned with a single plume—threw no shade on the smiling young face, and it did not hide the *toison d'or* on which it sat so lightly. I suppose I must say a word about Mr. Longworth's habiliments. They were a blue yachting suit and Panama hat, and no *soupçon* anywhere of *faux luxe*. Congressman L. is the undoubted nephew of my old friend Mrs. William J. Flegg, *née* Longworth, of Cincinnati.

On stepping out, Mrs. Longworth heartily kissed Mrs. MacCormick, as an old friend, received the bouquet with a word of thanks, and another word to praise the fresh beauty of the flowers. She rapidly shook hands with the Ambassador, who lost no time in presenting Major Schlumberger to give his courteous message, and the other personages. These civilities got through, Congressman and Mrs. Longworth, the MacCormicks and their party proceeded to the remarkably fine motors

awaiting them in the courtyard, to be whisked off to the Ambassador's residence, where the Longworths stay.

Some of the papers, with questionable taste, present Mrs. Longworth to their readers as the American "Princess." There is nothing in her ways, bearing, or appearance to warrant the epithet which I give, as printed, in inverted commas. Her natural, unconstrained, yet lady-like, manners are the opposite of princessly. She has *chic*, which, too, is unprincessly. Most princesses are shy when they find themselves with ordinary people. They do not know what to say to persons who are not of their caste or in courtly sets. On this account they seem uncivil. The popular phrase generally applied to lymphatic children who give no trouble, because inanimate, is "sage comme une image." It is equally applicable to most princesses who have not lived in exile. Now and then the education received from governesses severely strict in matters of etiquette is rebelled against. Repressed instincts break all bounds. Yet the princess seeking for emancipation remains *figé dans sa grandeur*. The daughters of Don Carlos, of King Leopold, and not a few Archduchesses are examples. The German socialists who helped the Princess Louise of Belgium out of the madhouse and took her through Germany into France felt hurt at her unconscious hauteur. The manners of the Empress of Russia were thought an *injure grave* by the official ladies who helped Mme. Loubet to receive her at Compiègne. The Comtesse de Paris, who was brought up in wealth as a French princess, and a Spanish Infanta at Seville, and in a courtly circle in England, would die of fatigue from long standing rather than deprive herself of an excuse for not asking a visitor of insufficient birth to sit down. The Queen Dowager of Spain can be sweet with cousins and the wives of Grandees, but she is nothing less than forbidding towards ladies of less superfine quality. There would be no throne now at Madrid had she not locked herself up in the Alcazar Real through the King's minority.

Mrs. Longworth *mère* arrived also last Thursday in Paris, coming from New York viâ Havre. She stays with her son-in-law and daughter, the Comte and Comtesse de Chambrun, in the Rue de Varennes, where they have for neighbours in the same street the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris and the Austrian Ambassador. Comte de Chambrun's sister is the widow of the African explorer, the late M. de Brazza. He and she are niece and nephew of that Comte de Chambrun who married the heiress of M. Codin, the boss of the Bacarrat Glassworks. The Comtesse predeceased her husband, leaving him her great fortune, and he disposed of it by will according to the philanthropic desires of M. Codin. He bequeathed I forget how many millions to the Institute for the Pursuit of Social Science, which he had founded in the Square Las Cases. It was perhaps too much the hobby of a very wealthy aristocrat. However, it has brought together for a high and common object some of the first thinkers of our time. M. Bourgeois found in it valuable help in his campaign against tuberculosis and slum lodgings.

The revival of "La Princesse de Bagdad" at the Français is thought a mistake. The play so dates as now to seem antiquated. All the plays of Dumas fils have this defect. The divorce law has killed "La Femme de Claude." "Le Demi Monde" has no longer any interest. Nor has "L'Ami des Femmes." The single passage of "Francillon" that holds its old place is the recipe for the salad. As the bottle of Barsac and the truffles mentioned in it cost a lot this dish is not within the reach of any but wealthy *gourmets*. "La Dame aux Camélias" is the single play which still pleases. This is, I suppose, on account of the dramatic incidents and the sentimental touches that softened the too harsh talent of the author. "La Princesse de Bagdad" requires an actress of beauty and fine physique. Sophie Croizette and Jane Hading had in different ways these attractions. A more magnetic person I never saw than Mlle. Croizette. Jane Hading had the easy and unconscious grace and power of some tropical feline. Lionette (the Princesse de Bagdad) is supposed to be irresistibly lovely. To see her is to be subjugated. Royal blood flows in her veins. But her mother was a notorious courtesan. The pride of the paternal line and the corruption of the maternal way of life combine in her and give her that strange fascination which is necessary to the interest of the play. Her discrepant qualities and her characteristic inconsistencies are easily pardoned when there is a splendid physique to excuse them. That golden hair that she lets down about her shoulders ought to have the vitality which growing out of the scalp gives. The fair wig of Mlle. Sizos does not do. Who that ever saw Mlle. Croizette as Princesse de Bagdad can forget the magnificence of her hair, as, with a brusque movement of her statuesque hands and arms she threw it back from her forehead and let it stream down her back? She had a head of hair equal in length to that of the late Empress of Austria, and far richer in colour. It was of a soft *flave* hue. The terrible jealousy of the husband, Jean de Hun, was more explicable when the wife was Croizette, or Jane Harding, than when she is Mme. Sizos, who is good, or very good *ordinaire*.

Cadet Coquelin, in the involved explanation of Lionette's birth in the first act, lost his memory, and failed to catch the prompter's cues. He might have been only pretending. However, his muddle got on the nerves of the audience, and gave rise to mild *chuts* and to shrugs of shoulders.

Truth is, we know, stranger than fiction. Yet what is strange in Papus being called to Peterhof? His friend and brother seer, Philippe, was for some time the Czar's Minister for Occult Affairs and Communications. He was on his way to St. Petersburg when death came suddenly upon him. When Nicholas visited Compiègne he had Philippe there. They spent three hours in the forest by themselves—we may suppose in conversation about *l'au-delà*. Papus and Pobiedonostzeff are by this time well met. The former is more the astrologer and necromancer than Philippe, who did not set up to explain anything. He had simply gifts—the gift of healing headaches and epileptic troubles included—and he used them. Nothing more. What he did was evident. Sometimes he had glimpses of futurity. Papus can read the stars, see words in their arrangement, and through these words enter the Celestial

Arcana. Papus may see in the stars something favourable to Constitutional Government and the abolition of the Grand Dukes' appanages, for he is really no fool. At the Court of Byzantium there were Philippes and Papuses. Their advice sometimes led to salutary changes.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

THE Power of the future, dear Lady Betty, is poverty; combined poverty.

* * * * *

The decay of restraint is a prominent feature of the time in England. Public opinion has in these days here but one voice, the Press, and if that is silent the mumbling of individuals may be ignored.

The decay is especially apparent amongst women. The English girl of to-day is subject to comparatively few restraints at home, and, therefore, considers those that are imposed upon her to be peculiarly tiresome. It is generally to escape from these that she marries, and it then horrifies her to find there are other restraints in her new condition. She refuses to submit to them, and the husband is, of course, unable to compel her to do otherwise. The results of this are, generally, the same; wrangling, a wrecked home, separation, or divorce.

The New Woman is producing the New Man; the difference between them is merely a degree of latitude.

* * * * *

The Englishwoman of the moment assumes to be an Angel on loan!

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Short Lives Series.—I.

She: "I married my first husband for money; my second, for position; my third, for love."

He: "Were you happy?"

She: "No. None of us were, for my first husband married me for love; my second, for money; and my third, for money and position. Affection never met!"

* * * * *

The following letter is connected with this subject:—

Kensington Palace-gardens.

Sir,—The craze for money which now exists in this country has been caused by many circumstances, one of which has escaped attention. The ordinary man must have an absorbing interest, a stimulus. In former times his interest was mainly centred in his home, where were his wife, children, habits, and property. That for many has been destroyed, and as few of us are able to write, compose, paint, or push ourselves to the front as politicians, we have directed our whole energy upon money-making, a pursuit which is very absorbing, open to all, and enables us to greatly ignore the annoyances which await us at home. The women imagine that this is for the best for them, but it is not. Most of us who are engaged in money-making leave home early in the morning and return to it a little before dinner, and our womenkind are, therefore, more alone than women ever have been since the Crusades. They soon tire of paying visits, shopping, and driving more or less aimlessly about the streets, and eventually many of them take to gambling and drink. It is commonly said by foreigners who visit this country that there are no more soured-looking women in the world than the English of to-day, whereas all the pictures and portraits represent their predecessors as having been especially cheerful, gentle, and happy. It must not be ignored in considering the circumstances of our times that the expression and appearance of both men and women in England have recently strangely changed; the former, clean-shaved and with close-cropped hair, look like a cross between the actor and the malefactor, and the latter like unsuccessful actresses in search of an engagement. They are all busy trying to achieve a precarious position. There never was a time in this country when the prosperous spent more to obtain pleasure, and when they looked less pleased! It is only amongst our poorer women that the gentle, happy look is ordinarily to be seen. There is more happening in England than England knows."

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It is curious that formerly those left England who could not afford to live in it; now, that those leave England who can afford to live out of it.—Believe me to be, very truly yours, MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

FOR the last two years there has been an interval of two weeks between the Epsom Summer Meeting and Ascot, an arrangement which has met with universal and hearty approval. The proposed List of Fixtures for next year has just been published, and, to the general annoyance and disgust of owners and trainers, the Stewards of the Jockey Club have thought fit to revert to the old plan of allowing only one week to intervene between the two meetings, which was both unpopular and exceedingly inconvenient. It is impossible to understand why this objectionable change is contemplated, but it has long been evident that the annual List of Fixtures is not only not drawn up on any fixed principles, but that the Stewards are not guided by any principles whatever. It appears to be a matter of pure skimble-skamble, guided by mere caprice from first to last. Whitsun Monday comes next year on May 20, so Epsom Summer ought to begin on May 28, instead of being postponed until June 4, for no conceivable reason, the result being that the Ascot meeting will commence on June 18, a date which would have suited very well if Epsom had been set for May 28. For several years the Stewards were urged by Truth to cut down the Manchester Summer Meeting to three days, instead of allowing it to be dragged over four days. This change was at last carried out during the present year, and the result of the reduction was that the sport at Manchester improved considerably. Liverpool Summer certainly ought to be cut down from three days to two, and there should be the same curtailment of the Derby fixture in September. The result of Liverpool races being so foolishly and absurdly protracted over a third day is that there will be a clashing with the first day at Newbury, which must, of course, seriously injure both meetings. The old Greek proverb, that half is often better than the whole, is eminently applicable to race meetings, very few of which can now be sustained in a satisfactory manner over three days. It is earnestly to be hoped that the Stewards will reconsider their very unfortunate arrangement as to Epsom and Ascot. If they will only put back Epsom to May 28, their blunder will be rectified.

I notice that the name of Admirable Crichton has been mentioned in connection with the St. Leger. Major Loder's colt has no pretensions to stay the Doncaster course, but he ought to win a good T.Y.C. race before many weeks have elapsed. Admirable Crichton was palpably backward when he ran at Ascot for the New Biennial Stakes (the race won by Athi), but he has since been doing plenty of work, and he is now coming on every day.

Pretty Polly ran the most severe race of her Turf career in the Ascot Cup, and I expect she has not yet recovered from its effects. If she is sent to France this week to start for the £4,000 stake at Maisons Laffitte next Sunday, she will not have much to beat in that race. Maintenon, who is probably the best three-year-old that is likely to start, is more than 21lb. inferior to his stable companion, the unbeaten

Dieppe Casino. Five hours from London. Unrivalled pleasure centre. Operas, plays, concerts nightly, by leading Parisian artistes, Petits Chevaux, Baccarat, Private Club, &c.

Prestige. Presto II., who defeated Pretty Polly at Longchamps in October, 1904, is entered, and will probably run, but this horse appears to have lost his form altogether, and he will not meet the mare on such favourable terms as in the former race.

Entries close next Tuesday for the Great Ebor Handicap of £1,000 at York, minor forfeit £5, to be run on August 29. Also for the Doncaster Cup of £1,000, and Pretty Polly might be entered for this race, the distance being only two miles. Bachelor's Button, who won last year, when carrying a penalty of 7 lb., is certain to be entered, and it may be hoped that Spearmint will be engaged in this race. Pretty Polly and Bachelor's Button may meet again in the Jockey Club Cup at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, as they have both been entered. Major Loder has also engaged Hammerkop, and Mr. Joel has entered St. Denis, no doubt with a view to his making a fast pace, as at Ascot. Challacombe and Radium are the most notable of the other entries. Last year Pretty Polly won this race easily enough, but it was apparent that she was "all out," and that if there had been another quarter of a mile to go she would have been defeated by Bachelor's Button.

Only thirty-one horses have been entered for the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, as against thirty-eight last year, and fifty-four in 1904. I see it is asserted in one of the papers that there would have been a much larger entry if the value of this handicap had been increased. This is an asinine bray which has been heard over and over again, and it only displays an absolute ignorance of the facts. There is a severe and all-round depression in the entry market at the present time. The Stewards' Cup is a stake of £300, the sweepstakes (£10 each, half ft.) all going to the winner. The Duke of Cambridge Handicap of £1,000 at Newmarket obtained only twenty-three entries, and there are only twenty-nine for the Newbury Cup of £1,250, and thirty for the Liverpool Cup of £1,400. In view of these facts it is mere drivel to attribute the poor entry at Goodwood to the small value of the event. There are at present far too many race meetings, and the apoplectic plethora in the list of fixtures is the true cause of the paralytic tenuity in the entry lists.

I am informed that Adora, the two-year-old own sister to Pretty Polly, is intended to make her début at Sandown Park on the 21st, in the National Breeders' Produce Stakes of £5,000, which is the richest two-year-old race of the season. Adora will have 9 lb. the best of the weights with Traquair. Some people at Newmarket maintain that Lord Rosebery's colt is touched in his wind. There was no merit in his victory at Newmarket last week, for all interest in the July Stakes departed when it was found that Slieve Gallion would not start. Traquair had only The Welkin to beat, and, as was stated in TRUTH some time ago, Lord Wolverton's colt had done badly in a trial, so he could not be a dangerous opponent. Lord Wolverton has not been fortunate with the produce of the mares which he has sent to Flying Fox, and The Welkin does not appear likely to compensate him for his disappointments. This colt is heavily engaged, having been entered for nearly forty races.

Thrush cantered away with the July Cup, and it was another excellent performance, as he had 12 lb. the worst of the weights with Melayr. Thrush is evidently one of the most speedy horses that have ever been seen on the Turf. He is a son of Missel Thrush, by Orme out of Throstle. This horse was bred at Eaton in 1897 by the late Duke of Westminster. At the sale of the Duke's racehorses in March, 1900, Missel Thrush was bought for the present Duke for 900 gs. He was highly tried as a two-year-old, but broke down afterwards, so he was sent up for sale, and realised only 410 gs. More than twenty times that price would now be paid for him.

Malua has been lately in the private sale list, but it would be interesting to learn the price at which his owner values him. Next week this colt is to be offered for sale at Newmarket, and no doubt there will be a stiff reserve. Malua was said in the spring to be over 21 lb. superior to Achilles, who created a sensation at the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting by defeating Bachelor's Button for the Burwell Plate, but I fancy that Mr. Joel's horse was not then really fit. Malua ran a good race with Lally and Gorgos for the Newmarket Stakes, when it was thought that he ought to have won, instead of being beaten a head. The colt obviously wanted time, and Mr. Heinemann would have been better advised if he had "thrown him up" for some weeks after the Derby, instead of sending him to run at Longchamps and at Ascot. I shall be greatly surprised if Malua changes hands, as if all goes well with him he will be a very much improved horse in September, and in the St. Leger he will have only Keystone II. to beat. The Doncaster course would just suit this horse's long stride. Lord Derby's mare is very smart, but it must be remembered that she has really beaten nothing but trash in the races which she won so easily.

Mr. Musker had a wonderful sale last week, thanks to the foreign bidders, his racing and breeding studs having realised nearly £90,000. It is said that he is, nevertheless, dissatisfied with the result of the sales. The fact is that the crackbrained rhapsodies of certain writers before every sale fill the heads of vendors with all kinds of false notions and extravagant fancies. Mr. Musker appears to me to have been wonderfully fortunate in all his sales throughout his brief career on the Turf. It was a *coup* worthy of Captain Machell to win several races with Princess Melton and then to sell her for 15,000 guineas, with the result that she never won a farthing for her new owner. Baroness La Flèche was well sold to Sir R. Jardine for 7,500 gs., but her filly foal by Melton was included in the transfer. It was much against this mare that she had been covered this season by Henry the First. Baroness La Flèche is by Ladas out of La Flèche, and she was bred at Sledmere by Sir Tatton Sykes in 1900, and cost 5,200 guineas as a yearling. She was a complete failure as a racer, although a sporting paper refers to her as having "performed brilliantly at two years of age," the fact being that she only won the Acorn Stakes at the Epsom Summer Meeting. The filly could not be afterwards trained in a satisfactory manner, but she was most seduously written up for her three-year-old engagements, and the gullible herd were so humbugged by puffing mountebanks that she actually started at 15 to 8 for the One Thousand, the true odds against her being about 100 to 1. Quintessence was the winner, and she was the best three-year-old of that season when fit and well. Baroness La Flèche started twice afterwards, but without success.

Lord Derby made a judicious purchase when he gave 3,200 gs. for Princess Melton, with her filly foal by Flying Lemur, and she is presumably again in foal to this horse. Temple Hill, own sister to Galtee More, was a bargain to Mr. Houldsworth at 3,000 gs., with her colt foal by Melton, and she went to him again this season. Lovely Morn, by St. Simon out of Bonnie Morn, was purchased for over 5,000 gs. as a yearling at the same time as Baroness La Flèche, but she now realised only 1,650 gs., her purchaser being Count Lehndorff. This mare's value was much depreciated by the fact that her filly foal is by William Rufus, and she went to him again this season. Flying Lemur, own brother to Flying Fox, was cheaply sold to go to Germany at 7,500 gs. This horse has been a fine bargain to Mr. Musker, who paid only 3,000 gs. for him. The other stallions (Admiral Breeze, Chevening, and Orion) were all bought for Hungary.

I was amused to read in the *Sportsman* of last Thursday that "the Jockey Club have now made it clear that they are anxious for the attendance of the public at the headquarters of the Turf." Surely some Rip van Winkle must have indited this venerable twaddle. This same announcement went round the press more than thirty years ago when the R.M. Stand was opened, and yet there is a smaller attendance of the public now (in spite of greatly increased railway facilities) than in the old days, when the only stand was a private sanctuary, and everyone went everywhere else without payment, the only charge being for admis-

sion to the old betting ring opposite the D.M. winning-post. The older members of the Jockey Club who opposed the building of the stand were exceedingly sagacious persons. Newmarket, which was then a very pleasant place, is now absolutely detestable, and the idea that the Heath will ever become a popular resort of the paying public is the wildest of chimeras. The Jockey Club need not have wasted any more money in building stands on the July Course, especially as it has long been apparent that the erection of the R.M. stand was an enormous blunder.

The King intends to be at Goodwood on every day of the races, while next week his Majesty is to be at Newmarket on all three days of the Second July Meeting, and at Sandown Park on Friday to see the race for the Eclipse Stakes, and possibly on Saturday also. The King is going down to Newbury for at least one day of the Summer Meeting, which takes place on the 27th and 28th.

A morning paper, much given to romancing, announced last week that the Prince of Wales is forming a racing stud, and that Lord Marcus Beresford has been buying yearlings at Newmarket for H.R.H. This fiction is only the hash up of a tale which has several times been printed of late years. The yearlings which were knocked down to Lord Marcus Beresford were bought for Baron de Forest. On Thursday morning the Prince of Wales sold two yearlings which had been bred by himself at Sandringham. These were described in the catalogue merely as "the property of a gentleman." A filly by Persimmon out of Luscious fetched 2,100 gs., the purchaser being Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, and Mr. Larnach gave 500 gs. for a filly by Persimmon out of Gold Paste. The Luscious filly was much admired, being a most promising and racing-like animal.

There were fair fields for most of the events at Newmarket, but the racing certainly was not of high class. St. Claire was made a very hot favourite for the Stud Produce Stakes, but Mr. R. Walker's filly had nothing to do with the finish, which lay between Lord Cadogan's The Sun and the Duke of Devonshire's colt by Amphion out of Claque. The Sun owed his neck victory to the fact that he was more forward in condition than Claque colt, but it is the latter that will win the next time this pair meet. My Pet II. won the Exeter Stakes, in accordance with my prediction, and it was a creditable race for him, as he carried 8 lb. extra, and won in a canter. It was thought that Cynosure would be able to win over this easy course, but he did not appear disposed to exert himself, and I hear that it has been decided to add him to the list. The Princess of Wales' Stakes brought out a miserable field, considering the value of the race. I had expected Dinneford to win if St. Amant was not at his best, for, of course, Mr. de Rothschild's horse was the only animal among the starters of fair class. St. Amant would certainly have won if he had done his best in the race, but he ran in a grievously currish fashion. He palpably turned it up when he came to the hill, when it looked any odds on him. Llangibby, who had been the great Newmarket fancy for this race, was obviously backward, and he has been a troublesome horse to train this year. Last week I predicted that Sagamore would win the next race for which he started, and on Friday Mr. Raphael's colt found no difficulty in defeating a field of fourteen for the Princess Cup. This colt ought to have won the Fernhill Stakes at Ascot.

Black Arrow will win the £3,000 stake at Lingfield on Friday if only he will give his best running. Keystone II. is not to run again until Doncaster, and if she had started at Lingfield she would have met Black Arrow with 12 lb. the worst of the weights. The £1,000 race on Saturday is only a question of health for Polar Star, but if he does not start then Silver Heeled ought to win.

Next week will be devoted to Newmarket and Sandown Park. The racing at Newmarket will be of the same character as that of last week. The principal event of the Second July meeting is the Chesterfield Stakes. There are forty-one entries, and I shall plump for Lord Falmouth's dark colt, St. Martin, own brother to Quintessence. The Soltykoff Stakes may fall to My Pet II. The added money to the race is nominally £300, but the owners' entrances amount to £340.

The Eclipse Stakes can be better dealt with next week, and also the National Breeders' Produce Stakes of £5,000. Gingal has been in special reserve for the Eclipse Stakes, and he has no extra weight to carry. He has been doing a lot of good work at Newmarket, and looks well, and he has been going very well in his gallops.

Of the Olympic games this year much was written, and yet this last week in and around London we have had a series of Olympian games—competitions open to the world, and each run by separate organisations without any particular fuss or excitement. There have been international competitions in rowing at Henley, where, saving the absence of the Leander eight, there was the best of home, continental, and colonial rowing. At Stamford Bridge the Amateur Athletic Association held its championship meeting, a world-wide entry being welcomed. At Wimbledon there was a glorious international battle between England and America for the Ladies' Championship at lawn tennis. Ere the finals of the men's events were reached colonial and American friends, and those from Germany and France, had fallen by the wayside. At Lord's there was the match which is the match of the year to everyone who has been, is or will be or would have been if he could at Oxford or Cambridge; and while all these things were pending there were some horses racing at Newmarket for divers sums of money. And for all these things there was fine weather.

Now let us, in the first place, speak of Henley. For the first time in history the Grand Challenge Cup has left home. It fell neither to Canadian nor to American, nor to men who train with professional teachers or practice with rowing machines, but to men whose stroke is the concentrated essence of strength, a tremendously hard beginning, and a fine finish, short, with plenty of leg-drive and bodies upright, a wonderful piston-like action, differing from that of Canada or the States. The Belgians were really never extended. For in the final the Hall had been so rowed out by their gallant fight and victory over the Argonauts that they could do nothing. It was some consolation that Hall, brilliantly stroked by Stuart, upheld our honour against Canada. It was a race over every inch of the course, but Stuart had the best of the start. Third made the best fight against the Belgians. They led them after Fawley for a bit, but then there was weakness in the bows, and they could not stay the course. Of other excellent racing there was plenty. There was the dead-heat between Pembroke, Oxford, and Kingston in the Thames Cup, and when it was rowed again the College crew got home by 6ft., and this was the distance by which Christ's beat First Trinity in the final. In the Ladies', First Trinity came with a splendid spurt along the enclosure, and beat New College by two-thirds of a length in time as fast as Hall had done against the Argonauts. They won the cup. Gibbon, the old Cambridge stroke, after a fierce fight, literally pulled the Royal Artillery four past the post in the heat of the Wyfolds against Bath Avon. This effort was in vain, for the heavy Royal Artillery were useless against a Thames four, who in the final were easily beaten by London, whose victory was very popular, as they unfortunately lost through mumps, Meysey Thompson, the old First Trinity oar, who has been rowing regularly with London all through the winter. Third Trinity had no difficulty in winning either the Visitors', in which they met a Hall four that had been rowed out in the Grand, or the Pairs, as the Belgians practically gave them a paddle over. This was quaint conduct on the part of the visitors, and it was no doubt meant as an apology for a regrettable incident on the day before, when they had met the Stuarts, who at the start slightly fouled

them. They were entitled to claim the race. They rowed on. They then went into the piles; the Stuarts waited for them to get out of their trouble and took no advantage from the incident. Then in a fair race home the Stuarts won, and the Belgians, contrary to all Henley traditions, then claimed the race on a foul. I cannot help thinking that they would never have done so if they had realised the traditions of Henley. It was fully recognised that they apologised by not rowing to win in the final. They would have had no chance, as Powell and Johnstone, the Third Trinity pair, had equalled record in a preliminary heat. At last Blackstaffe has won the Diamonds. There was not an oarsman of any club that was not delighted, from Leander upwards. Eleven times has he entered, and six times he has been in the final. He soon had Captain Darrell beaten, and he defeated Manno, the Austrian, a very neat sculler, after a good run for nearly a mile.

Certainly the race that gave me most pleasure was that between Third Trinity and Leander. Third led for most of the way. They were a very powerful crew, but it was an inch by inch race, and the boats were nearly dead level opposite the enclosure. Guy Nickalls stroked Leander, and with a magnificent spurt he landed his crew ahead by two feet at the post. As an exhibition of fine oarsmanship and strength the effort was superb, and one that many a younger man must envy. If only there were a few young men as keen as Nickalls in and about London, what crews Thames and London might have! He owes his strength to his abstemiousness. He smokes and drinks but very little. In the winter he beagles; in the summer he plays tennis, and always gardens, pulling about a horse roller which, as an old dame in the village where he lives says, was meant for a horse to pull, and not a gentleman. He goes up to the City every day. He takes his holiday for his final fortnight's training, and for many weeks before he is out on the river. He does a long run before breakfast. There is sportsmanlike keenness; the pity of it being that there was no Leander eight at Henley. Surely there must be oarsmen who have come down who would make half the sacrifice that Nickalls, who is past forty, has done to get fit for Henley.

As I anticipated, there were changes in the Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon. The Brothers Doherty were beaten decisively after one of the finest exhibitions of the game ever seen by Smith and Riseley. Riseley was simply superbly brilliant both at the net and with his service. Smith supported with the needful drives and lobs. Both can now lob. Truly, if Riseley had been in the same form in the singles he would have beaten Doherty. As it was he fairly stretched the champion, who had to play his best to win. The ladies' event resulted in Miss Douglass going through from start to finish and never losing a set. In the second set with Miss Sutton she was in a bad way. Her opponent was leading by four to love, but she pulled the game and set out of the fire by 9-7. In this set the umpire gave a wrong decision in her favour, and so Miss Douglass promptly served a double fault. Perhaps American writers will please note this little incident. Some idiots who talk as though the game were only fit for a suburban back garden should note that the leaders of the game never take advantage of an umpire or linesmen if they give a wrong decision. It is a tradition of the game cultivated at Wimbledon, and the ladies are animated by just the same sporting spirit as the men.

Mrs. Sterry was beaten by Miss Douglass very easily. She comes from Surbiton, and the Smiths of Surbiton turned up in strong force to see her play and to cheer her both in this match and in the one with Miss Lowther. Several of those who oppose the championships being held at Wimbledon come from Surbiton, where there are tennis courts. But Surbiton is less get-at-able than Wimbledon, even though it now emulates Brixton and other suburban resorts by possessing tram lines.

There was a huge crowd to see the Amateur Athletic Championships at Stamford Bridge. The event of the day was Lieut. Halswell's win in the quarter. He was only three-tenths of a second outside record. A limited handicap should be framed to help him to cut record, as he most probably can. The track was none too good, as Morton's time for the sprint indicated. Of course, Jupp's win in the 220 yards was immensely popular. Astley (Salford Harriers), in the half, and Butterfield in the mile, both did very good times.

At last Yorkshire have been beaten, after a match in which Notts failed in their first innings scarcely less miserably than Yorkshire did against the bowling of Hallam and Wass in their second innings. This defeat put Surrey at the top of the tree, and the team showed its appreciation by beating Warwick, after brilliant batting by both teams. Sussex scored over four hundred in its first innings against Derbyshire, and yet was beaten by five wickets. It was a week of heavy scoring, and yet a very large percentage of matches were finished. Hayward still scores centuries. I cannot help thinking that batsmen are now going for runs, and not for averages. The University match was interesting. There was a good standard both of batting, bowling, and fielding. Cambridge won the toss, and Payne started off with a brilliant display of hitting. Young found his form and a perfect century and a half, and Colbeck again scored well, while Udal bowled admirably for Oxford, and the side fielded brilliantly. The Oxford men played a very slow game, Foster and Wright showing very sound defence. Napier and Morcom bowled well, keeping a splendid length, and the fielding was good. Eyre very wisely did not let Oxford follow on. As a result he not only gave his bowlers a rest, but he was able to declare on Saturday with a big lead. Once again Foster and Wright came to the rescue, but Buchanan made his usual costly mistake, and let off Foster in the slips. Martin and Curwen staved off the bitterness of defeat by putting on ninety runs for the last wicket, leaving Cambridge winners by ninety-three runs. Napier and May were the successful bowlers. Bird kept wicket finely for the Oxford team, as did Payne for Cambridge.

The qualifying competition for metropolitan and southern players in the *News of the World* professional golfing competition was played at Stanmore. Braid and Vardon tied for first place, and then came J. H. Taylor and Jones, each one stroke worse, and next to them, and only three more than the leaders, a young professional, Mayo, of Chipstead.

MAMMON.

Markets Inactive—Tendency Downwards—Continuance of Liquidation—Continent Apathetic—Support for Home Railways.

STOCK EXCHANGE dealings continue on a very restricted scale, and the prevailing tone is unsatisfactory. There is very little buying in any department, and on the other hand there is a lot of selling of a forced character, which is persistent. Probably the insurance companies are responsible for the realisations in high-class investment stocks, for not only are they selling, but the support which in normal times comes from the investment of their fresh funds is just now withheld, they having immediate use for those funds in the payment of San Francisco claims. But this does not account for all the selling. It was discovered the other day that a very prominent solicitor in the city (who died suddenly) had commitments open for a very large amount, and these have had to be disposed of. They included Kaffirs and the further weakening of these

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descriptions can readily be understood in the absence of public support. Further, the Continent has been a seller rather than a buyer, and the situation in Russia does not make exactly for confidence. One of the most satisfactory markets is that in Home Railways, but even that is not very well supported by the outside public.

Money Easy—Outlook Promising—Bank Rate Possibilities.

Although an element of uncertainty exists in the possibility of a revival of the French demand for gold, the general indications favour the conclusion that the position of the Bank of England within a few weeks' time ought to be sufficiently strong to justify a further reduction in the discount rate. A great deal depends upon the trend of affairs in Russia, and if they do not grow more alarming the Bank will be able to secure the bulk of the gold arrivals unhampered by any excessive competition from Paris. As I anticipated, the inquiry from the United States has fizzled out, and with the position in New York quite satisfactory, it hardly seems probable that any further shipments of the metal will be made to that centre. Owing to the release of dividends, etc., incidental to the turn of the half-year, Lombard-street is enjoying a superabundance of cash, though the large repayments due to the Bank are calculated to reduce the floating supply somewhat. Nevertheless, conditions are likely to remain easy, and this is reflected in the fall in discount quotations, three months' fine paper being scarcely better than 3 per cent. The Bank return is as satisfactory as could have been expected in view of the cover at the end of the half-year, when the withdrawals of cash to the country are invariably on a heavy scale. There will be the natural infiltration, and the reserve this week ought to show a substantial improvement.

Consols Weak—Gilt-edged Stocks Attractive—Russians Still Prominent—Japanese and Chinese for Investment.

The utter lack of "backbone" is still the chief characteristic of the gilt-edged market. The monetary position and prospects ought, in ordinary circumstances, to make a favourable impression upon values, because of the natural susceptibility of these stocks to this influence, but for the time being, at all events, this is unavailing. Many arguments are being put forward to explain this somewhat anomalous state of affairs, but none is very convincing, though there may be more than a grain of truth in the statement that the insurance companies are selling in order to provide for the San Francisco disaster. But even so, this does not explain why values should be at such a low level. In my opinion stocks will not be obtainable on such favourable terms a few weeks hence, and seeing that even on a purely investment basis they can be bought to bring in as much as 3 per cent. they are attractive enough. Russians continue the centre of interest in the Foreign market. The recent display of strength has fizzled out, owing to the unsatisfactory state of affairs in the country. There is little doubt that holders of the bonds are getting plenty of excitement, and it may be that still more is to come. Whether this be the case or not, I am still convinced that the prospective investor could find many more desirable outlets for money than in Russians. They give a handsome yield, it is true, but having regard to all the circumstances it does not of necessity follow that they are cheap. Here is a list showing the return upon Japanese and Chinese bonds:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Japan 4 p.c. (1905)	88¼	£4 10 0
,, 4½ p.c.	97	4 12 6
,, 4 p.c. old	90½	4 9 0
Chinese 4½ p.c. Gold	99¾	4 10 6
,, 5 p.c. ,,	103½	4 17 0
,, 5 p.c. Imp. Rly.	103½	4 17 0

There is little doing in South American bonds, though values as a rule are well maintained. It may be noted, however, that the investor who favours such stocks can obtain Argentines and Brazilians to bring in as much as 5 per cent.

Home Rails and the Half-Year's Traffics—The Returns Analysed—Bright Prospects for the Current Half-Year—Stocks that are Worth Buying.

Judging by the course of quotations, scant justice is still being done to the improved position of Home Railway stocks. It may be, as I am informed, that investment buying is on a larger scale than appears on the surface—the purchases of real stock being largely offset by liquidation of securities that have long been pursued—but in any case it is advisable to emphasise the various points that at the moment make this market so promising a field for the speculative investor. The traffic returns for the complete half-year are now available, and, as may be seen from the table given below, they fully endorse the optimism I expressed at the commencement of the year:—

	Increase or Decrease.		
	Passengers.	Goods.	Total Traffics.
	£	£	£
Great Central	+ 17,100	+ 76,300	+ 93,400
Great Eastern	− 3,500	+ 30,600	+ 27,100
Great Northern	+ 5,900	+ 70,100	+ 76,000
Great Western	+ 29,400	+ 67,100	+ 96,500
Lancashire and Yorkshire	+ 37,800	+ 69,200	+ 107,000
London and North-Western	+ 30,000	+ 232,000	+ 262,000
London and South-Western	+ 23,500	− 400	+ 23,100
London, B. and S. Coast	− 10,900	+ 8,900	− 2,000
Midland	+ 37,700	+ 144,400	+ 182,100
North-Eastern	+ 49,000	+ 208,100	+ 257,100
South-Eastern and Chatham	+ 13,600	+ 10,600	+ 24,200

In all cases it will be observed that the bulk of the total increase has been derived from the extra mineral and goods traffic handled, and the big advance under that heading is just what might have been expected by those who have followed the rapid growth in our foreign trade as demonstrated month after month by the Board of Trade returns. Speaking generally, passenger receipts have not been very striking, though, thanks to the phenomenal takings at Easter and Whitsuntide, most of the Companies show moderate gains in that class. The fact that the North-Eastern and Lancashire and Yorkshire lead the way is worthy of note, because these two Companies are at present amongst the leading lines to adopt electric traction upon portions of their systems. Excepting the Great Western, which has been working forty-two more miles, the results already tabulated have been achieved without material additions to track. Perhaps of more interest to the speculator than the total gross gains for the half-year is some information as to the prospects of their continuance. On this point the following table, showing the gains or losses in the first quarter of the year side by side with those for the second quarter, is of use:—

	Increase or Decrease 1st quarter	Increase or Decrease 2nd quarter	Advance 2nd over 1st quarter
	£	£	£
Great Central	+ 37,100	+ 56,300	+ 19,200
Great Eastern	+ 6,500	+ 20,600	+ 14,100
Great Northern	+ 30,400	+ 45,600	+ 15,200
Great Western	+ 17,300	+ 79,200	+ 61,900
Lancashire and Yorkshire	+ 29,500	+ 77,500	+ 48,000
London and North-Western	+ 114,000	+ 148,000	+ 34,000
London and South-Western	+ 2,500	+ 20,600	+ 18,100
London, Brighton and S. Coast	− 4,300	+ 2,300	+ 6,600
Midland	+ 83,300	+ 98,800	+ 15,500
North-Eastern	+ 105,600	+ 151,500	+ 45,900
South-Eastern and Chatham	− 5,400	+ 29,600	+ 35,000

There is not much here to support the conviction that the crest of the wave has been reached; on the contrary the evidence points strongly to the prospect of the bright results achieved in the first half of the year being eclipsed by those in the second. Therefore in predicting as I did a week or two ago that railway dividends will be advanced next month at an average rate of ½ per cent. per annum, I did not wish to infer that this was all buyers of Home Rails had to "go for." The dividends about due will do nicely to go on with, and on them alone stocks ought to be picked up, especially as the yields based upon last year's distributions are upwards of 4 per cent.; but buyers who are willing to wait six months should have still more reason to congratulate themselves than those who buy for the short run. In making selections I would strongly advise

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my readers to choose only those stocks with real merit behind them. In times of great speculative activity gambling counters like Little Chathams and Little Saras may often be purchased to give the largest immediate turn, but at present there is no boom, and what is more the real points to discount all lie with the sound dividend payers. North Western and North Eastern Ordinary for instance perhaps the two soundest stocks in the market, are good for dividend advances next month of from ¾ to 1 per cent. in regard to which little has yet been done in the way of price adjustment. Great Western Ordinary, too, may easily get another ½ per cent. this time, and although it is true the company recently made its stock unpopular by the big fresh issue of capital, the stock is not without attraction at its present reduced level. Another highly promising security, and one the claims of which I have advocated several times recently is North Staffordshire Ordinary. Last year the stock received 4 per cent., but no difficulty should be experienced in increasing this to 4½ per cent. in respect of 1906, and with the price round about par the yield would advance correspondingly. Among the other likely purchases of a less heavy character I would name Great Northern Deferred, Hull and Barnsley, and Furness. Interim dividends are not unlikely to be paid on either of the former stocks, and such a step should of itself be sufficiently unusual to attract attention in the market. Furness Ordinary in respect of 1905 received 1⅞ per cent., but the revival in the iron and steel trade has caused such a decided change in the fortunes of the company that from 2½ to 3 per cent. should be earned on account of the current year. In the Welsh group I would repeat my recommendation of a week ago regarding Taff Vale Ordinary, which offers the highest yield of any leading railway stock in Great Britain. There are fewer plums in the English passenger group. South Western Deferred is hardly attractive in view of the recent deplorable disaster at Salisbury, which will probably involve the company in a heavy bill for compensation. Perhaps the cheapest selection would be Brighton "A." "Berthas" on the basis of last year's results give a yield of 4¼ per cent. It is possible, although not at all certain that the dividend on Brighton Ordinary may have to be reduced at the rate of ¼ per cent. in respect of the half year just ended, but even so the prospects for the current half year are good, and there the company should make up sufficient leeway to be able to maintain the dividend upon the Deferred when the annual payment comes to be made in January next. Among the Underground stocks Central Londons are well worth buying, but I see little to go for at present in the others. It is understood that the Metropolitan has made arrangements for the placing of a further issue of half a million of Debentures, from which it would appear that the company is still not out of the wood as far as the financing of its electrical installation is concerned. My table shows movements on the week:—

Home Rails.	A Year Ago.	Make up, June 26.	Closing Price, June 30.	Closing Price, July 7.	Movement.
Caledonian Pref.	79½	76½	76½	77	+ ½
Do. Def.	34⅝	33½	34	33⅞	− ⅛
City and S. London	40	41	40½	40	− ½
Central London	92	86	86	86	—
Great Central '94 Pref.	65	—	77	77	—
Do. "B"	31	37	37¼	37⅜	+ ⅛
Do. "A"	16⅞	17	17	17	—
Great Eastern	84⅜	81½	82½	81⅜	− ⅛
Great Northern Pref.	102	102	102	102	—
Do. Def.	35	45	45½	45⅝	+ ⅛
Great Western	139½	131	132	131⅜	− ⅛
Hull and Barnsley	45½	46¾	47	47	—
Lancashire and Yorkshire	107¼	104	104	104	—
London and Brighton "A"	121½	117½	117½	116⅜	− ⅛
London, Chatham, and Dover	15½	14⅝	15	14⅜	− ⅛
Do. 4½ p.c. Pref.	97	91	92	91	−1
Do. 2nd Pref.	59	58	58	57	−1
London and North-Western	149½	156⅜	157⅜	158	+ ½
London and South-Western Def.	55½	51½	51½	49½	−2
Metropolitan Consolidated	92	66½	66½	66	− ½
Metropolitan District	38	25	25	23½	−1½
Midland Pref.	68½	67½	67½	67½	—
Do. Def.	63⅜	68	69	68¾	− ¼
North British 3 p.c. Pref.	79	76½	76⅜	76⅛	− ¼
Do. Def.	43⅝	43⅝	44⅛	43⅜	− ⅛
North-Eastern Consolidated	136⅜	140⅜	142	141½	− ½
South-Eastern "A"	53⅜	49	49½	49½	—

AMERICAN RAILWAYS ERRATIC—CROP PROSPECTS—HILL STOCKS PROMINENT—MILWAUKEES AND PARIS—PENNSYLVANIAS PROMINENT—HARVEST AND TRADE PROSPECTS.

On Independence Day, the 4th inst., the New York market was closed, and for our own market the day was practically a blank. Even those dealers whose boast it is that they can always make a living out of Yankees were forced to acknowledge an exception to their rule. But for the rest of the week the conditions have been tolerably good, though the British public has left the market rather severely alone, in accordance with its practice for the last three or four years. Crop prospects have been a helping influence to Grangers, and the coalers have been aided by the very prosperous condition of the country and by the railroad earnings, which are entirely satisfactory. The Hill stocks came into prominence once more, following upon a report that the arrangement for the sale of the ore lands to the Steel Corporation had been completed. Southern Pacifics were supported on more talk of a dividend—apparently the old, old story which has done service so many times before. Union Pacifics have, as usual, been followed by the punters on a fall, but they are beginning to present a tired appearance. Milwaukees relapsed on a report that the Company was about to follow the example of the Pennsylvania by placing a considerable loan in Paris, but they hardened again on the official denial of the rumour. The outlook for Americans is rather doubtful. Monetary conditions leave something to be desired, and for a couple of months to come the harvest uncertainties will give opportunities to the "Bears." But at least the prospects are hopeful, and the man who fancies Yankees now and can pay outright for them, and is prepared to wait for, say, three or four months for a fair profit, will not be making a mistake. At the same time, I should like to repeat that Americans are best avoided by those who like to sleep soundly at night. Our market is almost entirely in the hands of the Wall Street houses, who pull the strings. But if you are out for a gamble, and can face the chances of a loss with equanimity, you can scarcely obtain anything more exciting. My table below shows the changes on the week:—

—	1905. Highest.	1905. Lowest.	Closing Price, June 23, 1906.	Closing Price, June 30, 1906.	Closing Price. July 7, 1906.
Atchison	96	80½	92½	91½	90⅝
Do. Five per Cent. Pref.	109	102	106½	106	103xd
Baltimore and Ohio Com.	120½	104⅛	122	119⅜	121
Chesapeake and Ohio	61½	46⅜	60⅝	58½	58⅜
Denver	40⅛	27⅜	45	42	41½
Do. Pref.	93⅜	85⅜	91	88½xd	87⅞
Erie	54½	38⅜	44⅜	42	42⅛
Do. First Pref.	87½	77⅜	81½	80½	80½
Louisville	161⅛	140½	151	146½	147
Milwaukee	193½	173½	185	176½	179
Mo., Kan., and Texas	39¼	24⅛	34⅜	33⅛	33⅝
Norfolk Pref.	96½	94	95	95	94
Do. Common	90⅜	77½	92½	90	89⅜
New York Central	169⅜	140½	141½	139½	136½
Ontario	65½	41⅞	60⅝	48⅜	49⅜
Pennsylvania	76⅜	67½	67½	65½	65½
Reading	73⅜	40⅞	68½	62⅜	63⅛
Do. First Pref.	49⅜	46	47½	47½	46½
Southern Common	39⅜	28⅜	38½	35⅞	35½
Do. Pref.	104½	97½	102½	102½	102½
Southern Pacific	74	59⅜	71⅛	68⅜	67⅞
Union Pacific	155⅜	116⅝	153⅜	146½	148⅜
Do. Pref.	102⅜	98½	98	98	97½
Wabash Pref.	49⅜	37⅜	47½	46	46
Do. "B" Debentures	86⅞	69½	86	84	83
U.S. Steel Corp. Com.	44½	26	39	35½	36
Do. Do. Pref.	110⅛	93⅜	107½	103	105

One of the most hopeful speculations in Americans is United States Steel Common. The Company's earnings are very large. The orders booked ensure large earnings for at least a year ahead; the outlook for the country is quite satisfactory, and it is probable that 4 per cent. dividends on the Common Stock will be resumed shortly. A good deal of discussion is going on in the American financial press relative to the recent placing of a considerable line of Pennsylvanian Railway bonds in France. It is admitted that the achievement is one of no mean order. The obstacles in the way were considerable, because our French friends are more than a little conservative. It is a good plan, however, that an extended interest in American bonds should have been created on the other side of the Channel. English

Railway Preference stocks might have been placed there if only people here had been alive to the possibilities of the situation ; but they have not risen to the occasion, and our railways may possibly have missed an opportunity which they will live to regret. The supply of loanable capital in France is very large, and it would be well if some of the total were distributed instead of being left on deposit with the banks, where it obtains a very inadequate return.

Forced Selling of Colonial and Foreign Rails—The Intrinsic Position Sound—Grand Trunk Prospects—Argentine Rails—Cuban Railway Development—Mexican Firsts.

The Colonial and Foreign Railway market has hardly shone during the past week. There has been evidence of considerable scattered liquidation, arising, if rumour may be believed, out of the closing up of a deceased account, and in one or two instances prices have been violently affected. Seeing, however, that intrinsic conditions governing the market remain so promising, these fluctuations may be disregarded by the real holder. In the Canadian group attention may with advantage be drawn to the prospects for the Grand Trunk securities. At the beginning of the year I foreshadowed a substantial addition to the earnings of this line, and how well grounded was this prophecy may be seen from the fact that the takings of the combined system for the six months show an increase of £343,000. It will be necessary to wait for the half-yearly statement, due about the middle of August, in order to ascertain exactly how much of this gross gain has been retained in net, for the Grand Trunk publishes no separate statement for either June or December. We know, however, that for five months the earnings of the main line, the Canada Atlantic, and the Detroit Grand Haven—which are directly concerned with the dividend upon Trunk stocks—displayed an advance of £77,600, and it is not altogether unreasonable to expect that the accounts for the six months will make the increase run into six figures. This would mean that the Third Preference has been earning at the rate of about 3 per cent. per annum during the half-year, and, accepting this as a basis, it is quite within the bounds of probability that the full 4 per cent. will be shown upon this stock by the end of the year, because, in the first place, the December half is the "fat" half-year for the Trunk; and, in the second place, the area to be harvested during 1906 has increased by 10 per cent. upon that date of 1905. There has been talk of an interim dividend being paid upon Thirds in August, but personally I incline to the belief that the Board will defer action in the matter until the accounts for the full twelve months are before them in March next. In any case, the point is of little importance to speculators who are willing to lock the stock away until, say, the end of the year; by that time, whatever occurs in the meanwhile, a profit of from five to ten points ought to be available. In regard to Canadian Pacifics, there is little to add to what I have previously said. The line shows no slackening in its rate of expansion, which is almost phenomenal, and which every week serves to increase the merit of the stock as an investment. Argentine Rails have remained neglected, and forced selling has tended to give a weak appearance to the market which is in no way justified by the general conditions current in the River Plate. All the evidence to hand points to a rapid development of the resources of Argentina, and with the country so prosperous and the political atmosphere continuing tranquil, it seems a little early to advise, as some people are doing, the sale of Railway stocks. Granted that the chances of further dividend increases are not very probable, I cannot see why stocks so well secured as those of the leading Argentine Railways should be parted with, while they return a yield of from 5 to 5½ per cent., and perhaps the most significant commentary is to be found in the fact that offerings here find a fairly ready market among the people of Buenos Ayres themselves. In the Cuban group there is good news for Railway stockholders in the subsidy just granted by the Senate for the construction of branch railways, for it is understood that these will act as useful feeders to both the Cuban Central and the United of Havana. The latter stock is still my favourite, and ought to be worth picking up for an advance when the conversion scheme is put into actual operation. Antofagasta and Bolivia Ordinary was inclined to go back upon the absence of an increase in the dividend, but the course taken by the Board has met with approval among real investors. This Company also has a conversion scheme on hand which will be brought off very shortly, and in view of this scheme and of the continued progress made by the Company, the stock is well worth purchasing. Among Mexican Rails, I would advise my readers not to forget the bright prospects for Mexican First Preference, which, in view of the fact that it is entitled to 8 per cent., and that such a rate is getting within measurable distance of being paid, makes the stock, in my opinion, one of the most likely in the Foreign Railway group. Here is my usual table:—

—	A Year Ago.	Make-up, June 26.	Closing Price, July 7.
Canadian Pacific	156½	165	164½
Grand Trunks	22½	27⅝	27⅛
,, 4 per cent. Guaranteed	101	102	102⅜
,, 1st Preference	109⅜	119	119½
,, 2nd ,,	99½	109	109
,, 3rd ,,	50½	66⅝	67⅝
Bengal and North-West	150	146½	145½
Madras Railway 5 per cent.	126	123	126
Argentine Great Western Ordinary	110¾	118½	117
Buenos Ayres and Pacific	122½	126	123
,, ,, 1st Preference	118¾	118	117½
,, ,, 2nd ,,	107	108½	108½
,, Great Southern	137½	137½	137
,, Western	129½	130	129½
Entre Rios Railway Preference	98	87½	86
Rosario Consolidated Ordinary	105	114½	112½
Cent. Uruguay Ordinary	80½	85	84
Costa Rica Railway	2 3/16	2 1/4	27
Mashonaland Railway Debentures, 2nd iss.	—	93½	90xd.
Mexican Railway	21⅜	25⅝	23¾
,, 1st Preference	109½	129¼	130½
,, 2nd ,,	41	55⅜	55½
Nitrate Rails	18¾	14⅝	14½

South Africans Weak—Further Liquidations—Chinese Labour Again — Government's Attitude — Diamond Shares—Deep Levels.

I am unable to chronicle any change for the better in South Africans. In addition to further forced liquidation, partly due to the realisation of a deceased account of large dimensions, the Continent has been a source of weakness by offering shares, and the statement in Parliament as to the fixing of a time limit in connection with the recruiting of the remaining Chinese for whom licences have been issued was a further disturbing influence. The fall in Government stocks naturally did not help the situation. In the middle of the week there was a slight rally, following an improvement in the other parts of the House. But it was very short-lived, and was brought about by "Bear" covering. The public is not buying Kaffirs. On the contrary, there is a disposition on the part of tired holders to get out of the market altogether. It is not an easy matter to offer advice to those who bought their shares at 60 to 100 per cent. more than they will fetch now. The worst feature of the situation is the undisguised enmity of the Government towards the Rand. I suppose it arises out of the election cry of "slavery," and cannot easily be dropped. It will be found, however, that the Government will get out of the difficulty by leaving the solution of the whole labour question to the Transvaal itself, through the instrumentality of the constitution which is to be granted to it, and that will be the salvation of the mining industry and of the market in South African shares. You require to have confidence in the future if you would buy at present, when everything is adverse except the mining industry itself and when the recognised leaders of the market either cannot or will not help to bring about a change for the better; but I am convinced that if you put away the shares which you may purchase your reward will be substantial. The past week's movements do not call for lengthy comment. Geduldes, Goerz, and General Mining and Finance shares were perhaps the weakest in the list, but really there was not much to choose between them and the rest. Premier

Diamonds showed some recovery, advancing ¾ to 14 7/8. The return for June shows a large falling off as compared with that for May, but it is explained that, owing to the short supply of water, the No. 2 gear was stopped on June 5, and operations had to be curtailed at the No. 3 gear. Both gears are expected to be in full work again about the end of the current month. De Beers and Jagers Deferred have both hardened slightly. Deep Levels, when properly chosen, are worth buying to lock up. Below is a promising selection:—

Cinderella Deep	2
Daggafontein Gold	1 1/2
Do. Prospecting	2 1/2
Glen Deep	2 1/2
Jumpers Deep	1 3/8
Knight Central	1 1/8
Langlaagte Deep	2 1/8
Modder Deep	1 3/8
Rand Victoria	1 1/2
Robinson Deep	4 1/2
Do. Cent. Deep	5 3/8
Rose Deep	3 1/4
Simmer East	1 1/2
Do. West	1 3/8
South Geldenhuis Deep	1 1/4
Village Main Reef	3 1/16
Village Deep	2 3/8
Witwatersrand Deep	3 1/16

WEST AFRICANS IN THE DUMPS—BROKEN HILL PROPS.—ESPERANZAS STILL INTERESTING — ARIZONA COPPER DIVIDEND.

It is not yet possible to chronicle any change of sentiment in regard to the Jungle. The exuberance of which we have heard a great deal recently has not materialised. Perhaps the consummation is delayed until general conditions become more auspicious, but whether this be the case or not, the fact remains that West Africans seem to be resuming their characteristic sluggishness, and so far the alleged rehabilitation of the market is so aggravatingly slow as to raise serious doubts whether the process is a reality. The Broken Hill group continues somewhat uninteresting, with values inclined to droop away. I am still, however, disposed to regard the majority of these shares as a promising purchase, more especially Props. The company must be earning considerably larger profits, and dividend possibilities appear quite encouraging, but despite this the prevailing quotation is relatively low. Esperanzas, to which I have recently drawn attention, remain under 4, and at this figure they still appear attractive, the more so because there is 5s. 6d. dividend in the present quotation. The Arizona Copper Company interim dividend is quite satisfactory, though it hardly comes up to the highest estimates. It is at the rate of 2s. 3d. per share, in comparison with 1s. 6d., while the carry-forward is £40,000 larger than a year ago, from which it is a clear inference that a higher distribution could have been easily made.

—	Denomination of Shares.	Closing Price, June 30.	Closing Price, July 7.
	£		
Ashanti Goldfields	4/-	9 6	9/-
Akrokerri	1	1 3/16	1 1/8
Bibiani Goldfields	1	7/8	7/8
British Gold Coast	1	3/8	3/8
Gold Coast Amalgamated Mines	1	1 1/8	1 1/8
Taquah and Abosso	1	1 1/8	1 1/8
Wassau (Gold Coast)	1	15/16	15/16
Egypt and Sudan Mining	1	1	1
Egyptian Mines and Exploration	1	2/9	3/-
Nile Valley	1	5/6	5/6
Sudan Goldfields	1	3/16 dis	3/16 dis.
United African Exploration	1	1 1/8	1 1/8
Anaconda Copper	$25	12	12 1/8
Balaghat Gold	1	30/-	27/-
Broken Hill Proprietary	8/-	3 11/16	3 1/2
Cape Copper	2	6	6
Champion Reef	2/6	19/-	18/-
Le Roi	5	1 1/2	1 1/2
Mysore Gold	10/-	6 1/2	6 1/2
Nundydroog	10/-	26/-	27/6
Ooregum	10/-	15/-	14/6
Rio Tinto	5	65 1/4	65 1/8
Tharsis Sulphur and Copper	2	6 3/4	6 3/4
Waihi Gold	1	8 5/8	8 1/2

RHODESIANS UNINTERESTING AND NEGLECTED—BANKETS AS A GAMBLE—WILLOUGHBYS.

Rhodesians are still suffering from neglect, and the market as a whole is about as uninteresting and featureless as it possibly could be. This condition of affairs is hardly calculated to inspire those who are pecuniarily interested in the market, especially when it is remembered that the country both as regards the gold mining industry and the development of its general commercial possibilities is progressing in a promising fashion. It, indeed, seems altogether anomalous, but there is apparently no hope of a change until domestic conditions in the market shall have been improved. Meanwhile, values are at a low level, and I am still convinced that Bankets, which are now wobbling a trifle below 2, are interesting speculatively. Intrinsically they may not perhaps be worth even 2, the development of the property not having progressed sufficiently to permit of any conclusive estimate being made of its ultimate value. But there is little doubt that the mine is opening up promisingly, and in addition it must be remembered that the branch railway has been completed. To hold as a gamble for an improvement in market conditions Bankets appear to be fairly attractive. Willoughby's are another share which seem to possess gambling possibilities. They are of the "cheap" sort, and on the strength of the company's interest, actual and prospective, in the diamondiferous deposits being developed by the South African Option Syndicate, the shares seem desirable enough. My customary table follows:—

—	Capitals. Authorised.	Capitals. Shares Issued.	Denom. of Shares.	Amount Paid.	Highest 1905.	Closing Price, June 30, 1906.	Closing Price, July 7, 1906.
	£		£				
Bechuanaland Ex.	400,000	400,000	1	f.p.	1 11/16	1/2	1/16
British S. Africa	6,000,000	4,999,038	1	f.p.	2 3/8	1 3/32	1 1/4
Buluwayo Explorat'n.	500,000	187,402	1	f.p.	3/8	1/16	1/-
Buluwayo Syndicate	200,000	194 028	1	f.p.	3/8	1/16	1/8
Charterland Goldfields	500,000	344,500	1	f.p.	1/2	3/6	3/6
Chicago Gaika	250,000	201,000	1	f.p.	13/16	4/6	4/-
Exploring L. & M	500,000	424,523	1	f.p.	7/8	6d.	6d
Globe & Phœnix	200,000	250,000	1	f.p.	1 13/16	1 1/4	1 1/4
Lomagunda Dev	250,000	228,000	1	f.p.	2 1/16	1 3/32	1 1/8
Mashon. Agency	400.000	398,976	1	f.p.	1 3/8	3/8	7/6
N rth'rn Copper(B.S.A.)	250,000	160,500	1	f.p.	3 1/2	1 1/16	1
Rhodesia, Ltd. (New)	600,000	500,000	1	f.p.	1	1/8	3/8dis
Rhodesia Expl.	225,000	227,777	1	f.p.	4 1/2	1 5/8	1 5/8
Rhodesia Glds.	1,000,000	500,677	1	f.p.	5/16	2/-	2/-
Rice Hamilton	175,000	50,000	1	f.p.	2 1/2	2 2/16	2 1/8
Selukwe	350,000	321,000	1	f.p.	1 1/8	3/6	2/6
Tanganyika Conc.	264 600	234,000	1	f.p.	6 1/2	3 1/8	3 1/16
United Rhodesia	750.000	660,900	1	f.p.	11/3	1/6	1/6
Willoughby Con.	1,000,000	930,000	1	f.p.	1 1/16	10/-	10/-
Zambesia Explor.	300,000	288,615	1	f.p.	2 3/16	13/16	13/16

WESTRALIANS QUIET—IVANHOES STRONG—HORSESHOES—ASSOCIATED DIVIDEND—SONS OF GWALIA.

Westralians contrive to present a tolerably interesting appearance, in spite of the slackness of business. Perhaps the most interesting feature is the firmness of Ivanhoes, ascribed to support from the colony, and in a lesser degree to the dividend declaration. This is an interim payment at the rate of 5s. per share, the same as twelve months ago. These shares, at the existing figure, seem to be fairly attractive. On the basis of last year's dividend the yield would be as much as 17 per cent., while there are also the speculative possibilities to consider. The ore reserves, it may be noted, are equal to about four years' requirements. What is regarded as encouraging news has been received from the Golden Horseshoe mine, and this is reflected in the high value of the shares. They now stand at about 6¼, in comparison with a highest of more than 8 during last year, but this is not surprising in view of the fact that the mine is not so rich as it was, and the reduction in the first interim dividend to 5s., as compared with 6s. a year ago. On the basis of three payments making a total of 15s. for the year, the yield at the current figure would be about 12 per cent., but even though the ore reserves are large, I do not regard Horseshoes as being particularly tempting at the moment. Nothing fresh has transpired regarding the Iron Duke lode on the Associated. This absence of any conclusive information is hardly inspiring, and although the mine in other respects is opening up promisingly, I should say that prospects are generously discounted in the prevailing quotation. The dividend of 2s. per share just declared is the same as a year ago, and on the prevailing price the return is scarcely better than 5 per cent. There is little to add to the remarks I have previously made on the subject of

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Sons of Gwalia shares, which appear to be worth holding for dividends. My usual table follows:—

—	1900 High.	1905. High.	1905. Lowest.	Make-up, June 25, 1906.	Closing Price, June 30, 1906.	Closing Price, July 7, 1906.
Associated G.M.	7¼	3⅜	1 21/32	1 13/16	1 13/16	1 13/16
Assoc. Nth. Blocks	3¼	1 7/16	1 3/4	1 7/16	1 7/16	1 7/16
Brownhill Ext.	3¼	1/4	1/8	11/-	11/-	11/-
Cosmopolitan	30/3	1/2	1/4	5/3	5	5/3
Golden Horseshoe	15	8 7/16	6 7/16	6	6	6 1/4
Golden Link	3½	4/6	0/3	3/-	3/-	2/9
Great Boulder Prop.	37/6	£5/6	20/-	25/3	25/6	25/3
Do. Main Reef	2¾	3/3	1/-	2/5	2/-	2/3
Do. Perseverance	13½	16/6	9/6	10/-	10/-	10/-
Gt. Fingall Cons.	6½	8¾	6½	4½	4	4
Hainault	1¾	1 1/16	7/8	1 1/16	1	1 1/8
Ida H. Gold	—	14/3	3/-	7/-	6/9	6/9
Ivanhoe (£5)	15½	8 1/8	7 3/16	6 15/16	7 3/8	7 3/4
Ivanhoe South Extnd.	4¾	3/4	1/2	13/32	9/16	1/2
Kalgurli	9¾	9 1/8	6 1/4	9 3/4	10	10
Lake View Consols	5¾	1 1/4	11/16	1 1/8	1 1/16	1 1/8
L. & W. A. Exploration	1 1/4	15/6	7/-	10/-	10/-	10/-
North Kalgurli	1 1/8	6/-	0/6	1/3	1/-	1/-
Oroya Brownhill	—	3 23/32	2 1/16	3 1/16	2¾ x all	2 1/16
Peak Hill	5¾	8/9	0/3	6d.	6d.	-/6
Sons of Gwalia	6 1/4	2 5/16	1 17/32	1 1/2	1 3/8	1 3/8
South Kalgurli	6½	2	1/2	1 1/4	1 5/16	1 1/16
Westralia Mt. Morgans	—	1/8	1/16	3/6	3/6	3/-

PHILANTHROPY IN THE CITY.

For the benefit of a few personal clients who like a little speculation "without the trouble, risk, and worry of running an account," a gentleman named Preston, who calls himself managing director of the Stock Exchange Investment and General Agency, Ltd., of 3, Crosby-square, E.C., is forming a small pool with the object of dealing for a quick turn in such stocks or shares as may from time to time seem suitable. He principally intends to sell small "Bears" of shares which have had a rise and which in his opinion are unduly inflated. Mr. Preston says:—

It has been my experience that very few people make money out of buying stocks, and, in nine cases out of ten, if they had sold instead of bought they would have made a handsome profit. In addition, they would have received contango rates instead of having to pay them.

This philanthropist is prepared to receive amounts from £5 to £100. The risk is limited to the amount of your subscription, and he will personally take a quarter interest in the pool. "Any profits over one pound will be sent out each account day, together with a statement of what has been done." It is sincerely to be hoped that there are no readers of TRUTH so foolish as to be inveigled by claptrap such as this into losing money to Mr. Preston.

If one could only believe the statements in the circulars of the London Scottish Stock and Share Exchange, of 20, Bucklersbury, E.C., one might be tempted to go in for one of its "Stock Unions"—a phrase which appears to be synonymous with blind pool. Only a few weeks back I had occasion to refer to a circular by this seedy bucket-shop, in which it expressed regret that an operation had gone all astray. In the circular announcing "Stock Union No. 21A" no mention is made of this failure, and one is led to believe that there has been an unbroken run of successes. If any man of sense were to feel disposed to deal with the London Scottish Stock and Share Exchange, I should think he might be put off by such remarks as the following:—

American Railway securities are usually selected for these operations, as prices fluctuate more, and investments in these stocks, are attended with larger profits. . . . For some time past the London Scottish Stock and Share Exchange have confined themselves principally to the cover deposit or limited liability system of dealing, but there have been so many disadvantages to clients living at long distances, such as Scotland and Ireland, where a large number of their clientele reside, in consequence of not being on the spot to take advantage of every turn and movement of the markets, that they took up the stock union scheme of operating, and the numerous letters of appreciation and acknowledgments of dividends received, are evidence of the decided popularity of this successful mode of stock dealing.

The International Securities Syndicate, of 23, Westminster Palace Gardens, S.W., has a special affection for French Rentes, in which it is supposed to inaugurate operations once a month. The June profit is put down as 5s. for each £5 entrusted to the concern, thus bringing the return since the beginning of last year up to £5 2s. 1d. For every month a profit is shown, ranging from 5s. up to 6s. 8d., and it is a matter of wonder to me that the estimable people behind this concern should be content to make money for those whom they do not know instead of for themselves. This is how they pretend to do it:—

Experience proves that a stock falls quite as often as it rises. This being the case, we open stock both for rise and fall, at divergent prices, insuring the bargains on the premium market, as previously explained. We make certain sacrifices to secure certain gains. On no other method could these regular monthly returns be obtained. A number of deals are contracted during the earlier part of the month (when premium rates are most favourable), and these bargains are closed as opportunities occur. When a satisfactory average profit has been obtained we cease operating for the month and distribute profits among the subscribers, deducting 25 per cent. of same for our expenses and commissions.

We assert without fear of contradiction that the method is sound, business-like, and safe, and is based on the principle of seizing small profits derived from the innumerable variations in the quotations of the stock, protecting ourselves by the premium to prevent possibility of loss.

We guarantee that all our business in French Government bonds (Rente) is absolutely opened on the Paris Stock Exchange (Bourse) with responsible members of that institution. We are frequently amused by observations like the following:—"If such profits are to be obtained, why not keep them for yourselves, and not trouble about subscribers?" In every operation we invest our own capital; the additional capital furnished by clients enables us to operate much more extensively and frequently, thereby securing larger profits. Sceptics who cannot perceive this are indeed poor financiers.

The International Securities Syndicate may have frequent occasion to be amused, but the laugh is seldom with the client.

INSURANCE NOTES.—A CURIOUS AMALGAMATION.

The Star Life Assurance Society is to be taken over by the United Kingdom Temperance Institution. The Star is one of the worst of the proprietary life offices, its bonuses have been dwindling very seriously, and its financial prospects for the future would not be at all promising if it were intending to continue its separate existence. The United Kingdom Temperance Institution, on the other hand, is one of the best of the mutual life offices, and I cannot in the least imagine why it wants to buy the business of the Star. The United Kingdom is already obtaining quite as much new business as is good for the existing policyholders, who will gain nothing by the increased size of the Company, and seem likely to lose through a higher expenditure being incurred. Happily there are no signs that the sale of the business is being utilised for the personal advantage of directors or officials. When I see an amalgamation announced between insurance companies I expect to find out sooner or later that the manager is to have an increase of salary, and that the directors and officials are to be provided with annuities for life by Act of Parliament. No objectionable features of this kind seem to be included in the sale of the Star. The proprietors of the Star are to receive £50 for each share, upon which 25s. has been paid. The normal market price of the shares is about £35, and some proprietors have acquired their holdings at a higher price than £50, thus no exception need be taken to the price which the United Kingdom Temperance have agreed to pay.

The Star is a striking illustration of the absurdity of share capital in a life office, at least from a policyholder's point of view. The paid-up capital of the Star is only £5,000, while the life assurance fund exceeds £6,000,000, and the assurances in force are over £17,000,000. The affairs of the policy-holders are controlled by the proprietors, who, in addition to 5 per cent. upon their capital, receive one-tenth of the surplus. In the past fifteen years this has amounted to £115,000, or something more than 150 per cent. per annum. In such circumstances it is quite a good plan to get rid of the shareholders. The existing assurances of the Star are to be kept in a separate fund, and the management expenses are to be limited to 10 per cent. This is likely to give the present Star policy-holders distinctly better bonuses than they have been having lately. It

seems quite clear that the sale of the business is a good thing for both the proprietors and the shareholders of the Star, but I cannot see in what way it will benefit the policy-holders of the United Kingdom Temperance Institution. The only feature the two Companies have in common is that the connections of both consist largely of Wesleyans and members of other dissenting bodies, many of whom are total abstainers. Doubtless the amalgamated Companies will appeal with irresistible force to these people, and I can well understand that such a connection is of great value to an insurance Company. The mortality is likely to be good, and policies when once effected will generally be kept in force. Perhaps these considerations will justify the action of the United Kingdom Temperance, which on the face of it seems foolish.

Surrender Values.

Few things in connection with life assurance cause more dissatisfaction than the small amount which a policy-holder receives if he finds it necessary or desirable to cease the payment of premiums and take the cash surrender value. I freely admit that recent years have seen a great improvement in this respect in the practice of some companies. I also recognise that the cost of insurance protection has to be paid for, and that the claims of those who die soon have to be met from the contributions of those who survive; but after making all due allowances the fact remains that the majority of companies give hopelessly inadequate surrender values. Policy-holders who cannot keep their policies in force incur a very heavy loss, and receive nothing like proper value for the money they have paid. After a policy has been in force in the Atlas for ten years the surrender value is 56 per cent. of the premiums paid; in the North British and Mercantile it is only 36 per cent. After twenty years the Atlas will return £65 for every £100 paid, and the North British only give back £39. After thirty years the surrender value in the Atlas is 69 per cent., and in the North British 42 per cent. These are the figures for a whole life policy without profits effected at age 40, under which the policy-holder has been assured for £3,828 in the Atlas for a premium which assures only £3,500 in the North British and Mercantile. Considering what a very large number of policies are surrendered, I very strongly advise people to consider the conditions in this connection before effecting their assurance. Another feature nearly, if not quite, as bad as the small amounts which some companies pay when a policy is given up, is the preposterous way in which the matter is dealt with. Very few British policies contain any guarantees as to surrender values. The prospectuses frequently state that these values will be quoted on application, and that "each case will be considered by the directors on its merits." I maintain very strongly that this is an entirely improper method of determining a financial contract. The policy-holder is bound down as to the conditions he has to observe, and the company leaves itself entirely free to make as much as possible out of the policy-holder when he has occasion to surrender his policy. The most frequent cause of ceasing to pay premiums is lack of means, and it makes all the difference to a man whether, after he has paid £100 a year for twenty years he receives £770 from the North British or more than £1,300 from the Atlas. Even if the policy is not surrendered it may be required as collateral security for various business purposes, and its value in this connection practically depends upon the amount of the surrender value. The proper plan is for the surrender values to be liberal, and for the conditions to be scheduled in the policy for each year of policy duration as a binding contract.

New Issues.

The following prospectuses have been published:—

Atlantic, Quebec and Western Railway.—Subscriptions are invited for £750,000 Five per Cent. First Mortgage Bonds at the price of £95 per bond of £100. The company has been formed for the purpose of constructing, equipping and working a standard gauge railway of a total length of 362 miles. The interior section will in connection with the Government Intercolonial Railway form a short and direct "All Canadian" route from the Great Lakes to the Canadian seaboard. The coast section will serve important local fisheries, and great importance is attached, both locally and by the Government, to this portion of the company's undertaking being completed with the utmost dispatch. The interior offers great opportunities for traffic in connection with the extensive forests with which much of that district is covered. A considerable amount of work has already been carried out, and a short length of the railway is ready to receive the permanent way, and the construction is proceeding.

Crystal Palace Company.—This company invites subscriptions for 50,000 Seven per Cent. Preference shares of £1 each. Messrs. Glasier and Sons, in conjunction with Messrs. Fuller, Horsey, Sons, and Cassell, valued the freehold land and buildings in 1898, the prospectus states, at £555,384, since which date further capital has been laid out to the amount of over £130,000.

Highlands and Lowlands Para Rubber.—Subscriptions are invited for 63,546 shares of £1 each. The company proposes to purchase rubber estates and lands in the Federated Malay States, totalling 14,669 acres.

Bristol Corporation.—Applications invited for Three-and-a-Half per Cent. stock to the amount of £620,000. The stock will be redeemed at par on 4th July, 1965, but may be redeemed at par, at the option of the Corporation, on or after 4th July, 1925, upon three calendar months' notice. The proceeds of the issue will be applied, as to £460,000, for the purposes of the new dock undertaking at Avonmouth and other dock works, and as to the balance of £155,000 for the purposes of the Corporation as a municipal, educational and urban sanitary authority. The stock will be secured upon the borough and general district funds and rates.

Browhead Copper.—This company offers 35,000 shares of £1 each. The company has been formed to acquire from the West British Development Syndicate, Limited, a mining property in West Cork, known as the Crookhaven Estate.

"Truth" Letter Box.

Correspondents will oblige by observing the following rules:—

Name and address, which must accompany all inquiries, should be written on the communication; cards are apt to be lost or misplaced, causing unnecessary trouble.

Anonymous letters will not in any case be attended to.

I cannot reply to inquiries by letter or telegram.

A nom-de-plume or initials (the former preferably) should be given if it is desired that the real name shall not appear in the paper.

Inquiries should be put as briefly as possible, plainly written, and numbered.

Communications received after Friday may not be replied to in the following issue. Delay may also occur where an exceptionally long list of securities is submitted.

I do not recommend brokers.

Government Securities.

Stephanus.—I suggest that you spread the money over Japanese Four and a Half per Cent. bonds, Chinese Four and a Half per Cent. bonds (1898), and Buenos Ayres Great Western Ordinary stock. *Martha.*—The following will suit you:—New Zealand Fours, yielding 3 11-16 per cent.; West Australian Fours, giving the same return; Queensland Fours giving 3 15-16 per cent.; and Natals, giving 3⅝ per cent. *Havant.*—I regard City of Mexico Five per Cent Sterling Bonds as a reasonably safe security.

Railways.

R. F.—Victoria Sydney Railway Debentures are quite a good investment. *Three Towns.*—Delays in delivery are sometimes unavoidable, and you had better exercise a little patience, but if you do not receive the transfer within a reasonable time you had better consult the Committee of the Stock Exchange. You are entitled to the dividends. *Anxious, Norfolk.*—The recent heavy fall in Guayaquil and Quito bonds seems to indicate that there is something wrong—in other words, that the interest is in jeopardy. I should not buy any more to average. *Third Degree.*—You can scarcely do better than place you money in Canadian Pacific Railways. Leave the mines you mention alone. *G. W. H., Wimbledon.*—I should not recommend a purchase of Guayaquil and Quito bonds. *Argyle.*—East Londons ought to rise again, but next time you see a profit you had better take it. *Welsh Owl.*—It seems to me that Mexican Railway First Preference is high enough, considering it is speculative, and that the full dividend is not paid upon it. I should be inclined to buy Seconds.

Mines.

L. B.—Perhaps your suggestion is the best, but I cannot ask those who hold Kaffirs to get out of them now, because I have the greatest faith in the future of the Rand, and consequently of Rand mining shares. *W. F. D.*—The Company has been wound up. It is a pity you did not realise when you had a chance of making a profit. *Mid.*—I should feel disposed to hold on to the Kaffirs for a recovery, though it may be some little time before this comes about. *P. G., Dublin.*—The firm of solicitors whom you name are still in existence, and have a high reputation, but it is quite against my practice to recommend any particular firm—certainly not on such a sportive chance as yours. It seems to me that if you carry over out-of-the-way mining shares for four years, with conditions manifestly against you, you have not

got much cause for grievance against the broker. *Cupra.*—Of the shares named, East Fingalls, Deep Leads of Victoria, and Great Boulder Perseverance are hopeful in the way of speculation. *Matchbox.*—The highest price touched by Gold Field Ordinary last year was 8½, and by Modders 11⅛.

Mixed Securities.

A. C., York.—The half-dozen securities which you name are not gilt-edged, but I take it that you cannot afford to be content with 3 per cent. for your money, and, on this assumption, I should say that the investments are about as good as they could possibly have been in the circumstances. *Dispomendo.*—You might retain Nos. 1, 2, 4, and 5; the rest are rather doubtful. *Democritus.*—Your holdings are good, and I see no reason why you should sell any one of them at present. Write to me later if you find developments unfavourable. *H. B. S., Folkestone.*—1. You might hold on to Industrial and General Preference stock. 2. I should be inclined to sell out and buy the stocks of a railway a little more progressive—for instance, Mexican Railway Seconds or Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary. *Mariner.*—1. If you read my article you will see that I am hopeful on the subject of South Africans in the near future; but there are certain conditions operating against the market, mainly political, and you must be prepared to stick to your holding for some time longer if you wish for a profit. On this basis you ought to hold on to all five of the shares. *Ajax.*—(1) British Cotton and Wool Dyers shares might be held for the present. (2) Buy more Johnnies and a few Simmer and Jacks. *Omega.*—(1) You can hardly make a mistake in buying Grand Trunk Ordinary and Great Central Preferred Ordinary for a lock up. (2) If you buy South Africans you must be prepared to wait some time for your profit. The shares you name are among the best which could have been chosen. (3) Broken Hill Propritaries and Arizona Coppers would suit. *Ireland.*—(1) Leopoldinas should have a recovery. (2) I do not care for Schibaieffs. (3) Keep the mine shares if you are in a position to wait for better conditions in the Kaffir market.

Miscellaneous.

Prescience.—1. I should regard London and Provincial Marine and General Insurance as a good investment, subject, of course, to the uncalled liability. A steady 10 per cent. for fifteen years is a distinct recommendation. 2. Furness Withy shares make a desirable industrial purchase to put away for a little time. *C. B., West Croydon.*—The lottery itself is genuine enough, but you must remember that your chance of a decent prize is very remote, and the experience of many of my correspondents is that they do not pay. You have also to remember that you are largely in the hands of the agents, who call themselves bankers, and some of whom are certainly thieves. *W. N., Newcastle-on-Tyne.*—The Company is unsafe. You cannot expect high rates of interest on money left on deposit for long periods with a bank and at the same time have security for your principal. I suggest that you put your money into Japanese Four and a Half per Cent. bonds, and Egyptian State Domains. Your return would average 4⅜ per cent., and your risk would be small. *Silex.*—I should not be disposed to hold for a recovery, but should, on the contrary, transfer into some stock with better prospects. *Steel.*—1. You will probably find South Durhams give you a profit if you can hold them for a little time. 2. A. W. Gamage Ordinary shares are a promising and progressive industrial for investment. The present price is £1 7s. 6d. per share. *One Interested.*—The question is quite outside the province of this journal, and is very complicated. I suggest that your best plan would be to consult a solicitor. *T. L., Newcastle.*—I am obliged to you for passing on to me Hamilton, Smith, and Co.'s circular. The concern is a bucket-shop, against which I have more than once had occasion to warn my readers, and its recommendation of Bonanzas is particularly fatuous. *W. A. B., Stanley.*—The Provident Association of London is one of those concerns which might be avoided to your own advantage. *Subscriber, Birmingham.*—South Durham Steels would suit your purpose excellently. *Port.*—1. I recommend you to have no dealings with the International Stock Exchange, of 139, Cannon-street, E.C. 2. You will find British Cotton and Wool Dyers suitable for your purpose. *E. B. D., Folkestone.*—The address of the Civil Service Bank is 10, Charing Cross-road, W.C. *Rex, Brighton.*—1. The Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation is one of the strongest in the country, and you have no need to worry over your annuity simply because of the San Francisco fire and a temporary depreciation in the value of its stock. 2. You might hold Drury Lane Theatre shares. *Omega.*—1. I believe that you will find yourself fairly treated by both concerns. I cannot undertake to recommend stockbrokers, either inside or outside. 2. Members of the Stock Exchange deal on margin, provided they are assured of your bona fides. *Verax.*—I think both shares are unreliable. *H. T. O.*—You will find Dick, Kerr, and Co. Ordinary shares a very fair purchase in the industrial line. On the basis of the last dividends they returned 5½ per cent. *Bluebag, Moseley.*—I cannot recommend the so-called bank, because its business consists largely of moneylending, and you cannot in reason look for such high returns upon your money with fair security for your principal. *Irex.*—Geographical distributions are almost entirely humbug. I believe the concern you name deals fairly by you, but I cannot undertake to guarantee them. I should prefer to deal with inside brokers, and if you undertake to give your orders through this particular concern the issue remains with yourself. *Junior, Aberdare.*—Rhymney Iron Old shares are the more promising of the two. *Ignoramus.*—I cannot recommend dealings with the Provident Association of London. *Mulberry.*—Why not deal with an inside broker? I know nothing against the firm named, but you have no real protection in case it should deal unfairly by you. *Kilty.*—Commercial Bank of Scotland shares are desirable, but I hope you realise that only £20 out of £100 has been paid up, and that there is always the possibility of a call. *N. W., Chelmsford.*—Hold the Darracq Preferred Ordinary shares at least until the declaration of the dividend. *J. R. O., No. 4.*—(1) A purchase of Thorneycroft shares ought to turn out profitable in the long run. (2) Have no dealing with the bucket-shop keeper who calls himself J. B. McKenzie. *Wellington.*—Imperial Tobacco shares are a high-class industrial. The Preferred Ordinary would meet your requirements. *J. P., Margate.*—Please accept my thanks for the lottery circular. *Logan.*—I am constantly drawing attention to the Continental lotteries, and to the iniquity of allowing the circulars of the agents to pass through the English post. The only thing I can recommend is that all recipients should return them to the Postmaster-General. *Senex.*—The second-named firm is all right for your purpose. *Frugal.*—Osaka City Harbour bonds bring in over 5¾ per cent., and Yokohoma City Waterworks give the same return.

Industrials Lifeless—Anglo "A" Weak—Foreign Telephones—Hudson's Bays—Spiers and Pond Crisis—High Yielding Shares—Apollinaris—Iron and Steel.

The blighting influence of public neglect still dominates the Industrial market. This condition of affairs is, it must be confessed, hardly inspiring, but nevertheless I am still sanguine as to the future, and believe that in view of the steady revival in trade throughout the country Industrial securities, which stand to benefit therefrom, are deserving of consideration, especially as values generally are relatively low. In point of interest at the moment Anglo "A" continues most conspicuous, not by reason of any further upward movement, but because of a somewhat severe drop in the quotation. It still, however, appears to be many points higher than actual merits warrant, and though it is a gamble at best, as I have been constantly emphasising, it would be more than risky to touch at the existing figure. The interim dividend on National Telephone Deferred stock is again at the rate of 5 per cent., but seeing that the appropriation to reserve is larger, profits have obviously advanced. In view of the coming nationalisation of the undertaking, National Telephone stocks have a serious drawback from the investment point of view, but the Deferred seems to possess certain promising speculative qualities, inasmuch as it is entitled to participate in the division of the huge reserve fund. The yield in the meantime is 4½ per cent., and, with the possibilities alluded to, it seems attractive at the low price prevailing. The United River Plate Telephone Company's achievement last year indicates further progress, and the continued growth of business necessitates the issue of £100,000 in Ordinary shares, which are offered to existing holders at par. Seeing that the present price is something like 7, there is a bonus of about £2 involved. The dividend is unchanged at 8 per cent. Here is a list showing the yield obtainable upon Foreign telephone shares:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Chili	8	£4 18 6
Monte Video Pfce.	1⅝	5 0 0
Oriental Pfce.	1½	4 14 6
,, Ordy.	1⅛	4 17 6
United River Plate	7	5 6 0
Do. Pfce.	5½	4 9 0

Nothing of exceptional interest transpired at the Hudson's Bay Company meeting, but it may be noted that the land sales continue on a large scale, the farm lands sold during the past three months realising approximately £129,100, payable over a term of years, and cash receipts £83,900, in comparison with £77,300 and £67,000 for the corresponding period of 1905. As regards Pekin Syndicates, the price of these shares is now lower than at any time this year, and they appear to be deserving of the attention of the speculator who can afford to lift them off the market for a while. They are a gamble pure and simple, and, strictly regarded as such, ought soon to be favourably influenced by the actual production of coal, which, owing to the unfortunate flooding of the mines a few months ago, was delayed. This event seems close at hand, and, apart from this, the other possibilities of the concession are undoubtedly great. I have more than once drawn attention to the unsatisfactory position of Spiers and Ponds as reflected in the serious depreciation in the market valuation of the shares, and it must now be noted that not only is the Ordinary dividend passed again, but the

distribution upon the Cumulative Preference shares is only 1¼ per cent., as compared with 5 per cent., to which they are entitled. The net profits dwindled away to £5,190 from £37,441, although the actual turnover was only slightly smaller. This reveals a very serious position of affairs, and perhaps some enlightenment will be afforded by the conclusions of the Committee of Investigation promised at the meeting. Here is a list of high-yielding shares for the guidance of those readers who desire the utmost return upon their money, and do not object to the risk involved:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Apollinaris and Johannis Ordinary	6¾	£7 2 6
,, ,, Cum. Pref.	8¼	5 18 0
Aux Classes Laborieuses	1	8 9 0
Bovril	1 5/16	6 8 0
,, Deferred	½	8 0 0
Carlton Hotel	1 5/16	8 0 0
Greenwich Linoleum	1 1/16	6 14 0
Hovis Bread	1 5/16	6 12 6

The achievement of the Apollinaris and Johannis Company is very satisfactory, and there has been a further expansion in earnings. The Ordinary distribution, however, is retained at the 5 per cent. rate of the preceding four years. A larger distribution could easily have been made, but the board are evidently cautious. Anyway, the shares, both Ordinary and Preference, appear to make a very respectable holding of their type, the principal attraction being the good return they give. Iron and Steel shares remain more or less neglected, but there are in this group many things that seem worthy of consideration. Vickers Maxims, for instance, would give 5¾ per cent. on the basis of the last dividend, and Armstrongs and Babcock and Wilcox 5 per cent.

VIGILANT.

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QUEER STORY.

ABRAHAM'S BOSOM.

I MUST confess to entertaining a profound dislike for the name Abraham; and this not because the name in question has anything objectionable about it *as a name*. Quite the reverse. But simply because it is inseparably associated, in my mind, with an individual of my acquaintance who was one of the most objectionable beasts I have ever met.

If he had been called Arthur, or Alfred, or Reginald, it would have been just the same. In that case, I should have considered Arthur, or Alfred, or Reginald, the most hateful and hideous name in the whole dictionary of nomenclature. But as my *bête noire* among men happened to be called Abraham, the name Abraham happens, on that account, to be my *bête noire* among names.

The fellow's surname was Cowley. That was why his parents had thus christened him Abraham—after the long-winded and, to my mind, much overrated seventeenth century poet, with whom the family pretended to claim some sort of connection.

Very proud they were, too, of their (supposed) ancestor, whom they never lost an opportunity of trotting out in conversation; but none of them was prouder of the old gentleman than that insufferable ass young Abraham, the poet's namesake.

If it had stopped with his being proud of his ancestor, perhaps I might have forgiven him. For Abraham the elder had done something to distinguish himself, although that something did not amount to much. But the absurd part of it was that Abraham the younger, in all respects the most undistinguished and ordinary of young men, had the absurd impudence to be proud of his own confounded common-place self.

This was simply based on the fact that, in a certain style—the smug, smirking, tailor's dummy sort of style that I have always detested—he happened to be rather good-looking. But as for character—well, he was as weak, insipid, and wishywashy as workhouse tea (always excepting that beverage as supplied to the officials of the Poplar Union); and as for brains—well, he hadn't even enough of them to know that he hadn't any.

Yet he found women to admire him, and not only silly women, either. For strange as it may seem (and to this day the thing is a mystery to me) he was openly favoured and encouraged by Mrs. Littlecross.

Mrs. Littlecross was a young widow, who resided in one of the largest houses in our suburb, and possessed a fortune (entirely at her own disposal) of something like £80,000. When it is added that she was also very pretty, attractive and vivacious—and by no means badly connected, either—it goes without saying that she didn't lack for candidates to succeed to that position in her affections and her household which had been vacated, two years previously, by the defunct Littlecross.

I was one of these candidates. Abraham Cowley was another. It is is not for me to say much about my own claims to the widow's favour. But no one who knows me will be surprised to hear that I stood pretty high in her esteem. Everyone, however, who knows both Cowley and myself, and so is in the position to institute comparisons, will, I am convinced, be astonished to learn that this conceited, brainless fop ran me neck and neck in the amorous chase. What a shrewd and discriminating woman like Mary Littlecross could see in an insufferable ass like Cowley is just one of those things that no mere man can ever understand. Women do the strangest, most inexplicable things. Yet surely no woman ever did a thing stranger and more inexplicable than Mary Littlecross when she bracketed Cowley in her affections with your humble servant.

I keenly resented the humiliation of having to compete with such a rival, even as Spearmint might resent it, if you matched him to run with a donkey. However, there was no help for it. Compete with the jackanapes I must, unless I was prepared to retire and leave him a clear field with the lady—which was out of the question. But as time went on I flattered myself that worth was beginning to reap its due reward, and that I was really at last forging ahead of my contemptible rival.

This fact was impressed upon me one day when I called to see Mary Littlecross, and—to my great delight—found her in a more confidential mood than I had ever found her in before. She actually did me the great and significant honour to consult me about her domestic arrangements.

"Mr. Jervis," she said, "I want to ask you a question. If you had a cook who had an incurable propensity for levying toll upon your whisky and brandy decanters, what should you do with her?"

"I should pay her a month's wages," said I, "and immediately put an advertisement in the papers for another cook."

"But if she was a *very* good cook—in all other respects a perfect treasure?" she persisted.

"Well, if she was really a *very* good cook—a *cordon bleu*—and therefore not easily replaced, I think I should keep my spirit decanters locked up, and give her another chance," I answered.

"I am glad to hear you say that," she said. "For it is what I am thinking of doing with old Jane, my present culinary domestic. I am a good deal worried about Jane. She *will* drink my brandy and whisky, and sometimes gets quite tipsy. But she's such an excellent cook, and so first rate a servant in all other ways, that I can hardly make up my mind to part with her. I was still doubting what I should do, when you came in. But your advice has decided me. I shall give old Jane another chance."

You may imagine how pleased I was when I heard that. Not that I cared about old Jane herself a rap, whether the woman left or stayed. But that Jane's mistress should have consulted me about her household arrangements, and should have attached such decisive importance to my advice, was a fact of unquestionable significance. It implied that I had, and that Mary Littlecross recognised that I had, a personal interest

MALOJA.—Engadine, Switzerland. Palace Hotel Kursaal. 6,000 ft. altitude. Completely renovated 1906. Private Baths. Golf. Tennis.—ED. SMART, Manager. Prospectus on application.

in her ménage. Indeed, I as good as saw myself already established in the shoes of the late Littlecross, and I was about to press home the advantage by making a declaration, there and then, when the butler flung open the door and announced:

"Mr. Abraham Cowley."

I had always hated Cowley; but I may safely say that I had never so thoroughly detested him as at that moment. Nor were my sentiments towards him in any degree mollified when I marked the *empressé* manner with which our hostess received him. Of course, she had to be civil to the fellow, under her own roof. She could not help that. And if there had been nothing more in her demeanour towards him than mere perfunctory civility, I should have had no ground for complaint. But such was not the case. On the contrary, Mary Littlecross behaved to him with a friendly effusiveness very much in excess of what ordinary social politeness demanded. Yes; she actually looked pleased to see the brute—and that though he had interrupted her tête-à-tête with me just at the critical moment. . . . When he entered I could cheerfully have throttled him; but when he had been there ten minutes, and during that time had made open love to the widow, and, I am sorry to say, had been encouraged by her under my very nose, why then I felt that throttling was far too merciful a death for such a creature, and I only wished I could put him into a caldron of cold water, and bring him gradually to a boil over a slow fire like a lobster.

On one thing I was resolved. I would sit the beast out. However much he might try (and I twigged that this was what he was after) to provoke me into retiring from the scene in dudgeon and disgust, I would refuse to let myself be goaded into such a step. Nothing should induce me to leave him alone with Mary Littlecross. So there he sat, and there I sat. Either resolved not to budge while the other remained. And there we might have been sitting still, had not our hostess at length risen and said:

"I hope you won't think me very rude. But I have to go out to tea this afternoon. So I am afraid I must leave you. If, however, you would like to remain and entertain one another——"

At that we both jumped up simultaneously. The prospect of being left tête-à-tête together did not exactly appeal to either of us. Indeed, I, for my part, could certainly not have trusted myself alone in a room with Abraham Cowley—with the fire-irons handy; and I dare say he felt the same about me. So we made haste to bid the widow good-bye. "Made haste," I say. Yet the process took some little time, too. You see, I hung back to let Abraham Cowley go first, in order that I might have the last squeeze of Mary's hand. And he hung back, to let me go first, in order that *he* might have the last squeeze of Mary's hand.

At length Mary settled it by shaking hands with neither of us, but blowing us both a kiss as she left the room. She had rather foreign ways, had Mary; indeed, her mother had been a Frenchwoman, and she had something of the easy, impulsive manners of that nationality.

Cowley and I parted with mutual scowls upon the doorstep. But in Cowley's scowl there was something more than hatred—something suggestive of malicious triumph that made me feel seriously uneasy. Was it possible that Mary Littlecross had lent a favourable ear to his suit?—had given him reason to hope? I could hardly suppose it possible—could hardly believe that she really preferred him to me. And yet how else was I to interpret that gleam of malevolent triumph in his parting smile? I was almost afraid that it must be as I feared. And my fears were soon to receive a terrible confirmation.

On the following afternoon I called again on Mary.

"Mrs. Littlecross at home?" I inquired of Wilcox, the butler.

"Yes, sir," replied Wilcox. "She's taking tea out in the rose-garden with a friend, sir. I was to ask any one who called to walk round and join them."

"A friend with her?" I blurted out, in my anxious trepidation—"who is it, Wilcox? Not Mr.—Mr.——"

"It's Mrs. Clifton, sir, an old friend of the mistress's," said Wilcox, his impassive eye lighting up with something very like a twinkle at my question. "She's staying in the house, sir."

"All right," I answered, conscious of an immense feeling of relief. "I'll stroll round and find them."

Who Mrs. Clifton was I didn't know from Adam—or perhaps I should rather say, from Eve. But so long as she was a Mrs. and not a Mr.—least of all a Mr. Abraham Cowley—I didn't mind.

So off I went, quite happy and contented.

Now, the rose-garden, to which I bent my steps, was enclosed all round with a high box-hedge, so that the two ladies who sat there drinking tea, and whose voices I could hear raised in animated conversation, could not see me as I approached them with noiseless footsteps over the soft velvety lawn.

Drawing gradually nearer, I could catch snatches of their conversation, and soon I was so close to them that I was able to hear all that they were saying. The subject which they were discussing, as it chanced, was one so intimately connected with myself and my own happiness or misery, that, from being at first an involuntary listener, I stopped and played the part of an intentional eavesdropper: for my anxiety to learn the unvarnished truth about this (to me) all-important matter overcame every other consideration.

As a gentleman, of course, I should have coughed, or sneezed, or taken some step or other to apprise the ladies of my near approach. I quite admit that. I don't excuse my conduct. But if any of you, my readers, have ever been desperately in love and consumed with such syncopating anxiety, as I was, to know the best, or the worst, of your chances with the lady, and so be put out of your suspense as soon as possible—you will understand, though you may not condone, my behaviour on this occasion.

They say that listeners never hear any good of themselves. And in my case the truth of the old proverb was certainly exemplified; for what I heard was this.

A strange voice—Mrs. Clifton's, no doubt—was saying:

"Well, Mary, and have you settled the momentous question—which it is to be?"

Though no names were mentioned, I knew at once by a sort of subtle instinct that they were discussing the rival merits of myself and Cowley. Nor, as you will hear, did my instinct deceive me.

"Yes, I think so," replied Mary's familiar voice "It has cost me no end of anxiety. But at last my mind is finally made up."

I bent forward, listening for all I was worth. My heart palpitated wildly with nervous excitement. I was almost suffocated by the terrible suspense of waiting to hear the decisive word—the word that should open for me the gate of eternal happiness or doom me to everlasting despair.

"And which is it to be, Mary?" My heart positively stood still.

"It is to be Abraham," said she, with decision.

I gasped. My head seemed to buzz. A sort of paralysing numbness took possession of my whole frame. I couldn't see my own face, of course, but I knew it had turned ashen grey, with a tinge of green in it, like that of a man I had once seen in the dock at the Old Bailey when the Judge passed sentence of death upon him—even as Mary Littlecross had now passed sentence of death upon me.

"Umph! you have weighed this well?" inquired her companion.

"Yes," replied Mary, deliberately, "I have weighed the matter carefully from every standpoint and have decided upon Abraham. Whether I am wise or not in my choice remains to be seen—but" she added, with a merry little laugh that struck me as strangely callous and heartless under the circumstances (for though it might be very good sport for herself and Cowley, she must have known it was death to me) "I cannot—no, I cannot—tear myself away from my precious Abraham's bosom."

"My dear, how absurd you are," began her companion.

But I did not wait to hear more. I turned and fled.

full of despair and rage, and more sick at heart than I had ever been in all my life. "Abraham's bosom," indeed! To wax poetical—to talk in that indecently sentimental strain about a blithering common-place idiot like Cowley! It was more than bad taste. It was downright disgusting. Well it was for the beast that I didn't happen to encounter him just then. For I should certainly have fallen upon him and sent him somewhere where his infernal tailor-padded bosom would have had no chance of affording a future resting place for Mary Littlecross's infatuated head.

For the next few days, I shut myself up and refused to see anybody. The iron had entered into my soul and —pardon a slight confusion in the metaphor—I required time to digest it. Besides, I didn't want to be condoled with by my friends. I couldn't have borne the humilation of hearing them sympathise with me on having been cut out by a fellow like Cowley.

But, by the end of the week, wh n I had got myself more or less in hand, I sallied forth again to confront the world. My face was schooled to an expression of cheerful indifference. I would so comport myself that all men might suppose that I didn't care a twopenny d——n for what had happened.

By a strange coincidence, almost the first person I met was Mary Littlecross. . . What should I do? Cut her dead; pretend not to see her; or just take off my hat to her with cool unconcern, as though nothing was the matter. The last was the most dignified course, and I adopted it. But Mary, instead of allowing me to pass on, as I had intended, planted herself full in my way and held out her hand.

"How do you do?" she said; of course, I had to take her hand. I could do nothing else.

"How do you do?" I replied, as carelessly as I was able.

"What has happened to you these past three or four days?" she inquired. "Nothing been the matter, I hope. You haven't been ill, have you?"

"Oh, dear, no. Never been better in my life," I answered, coldly. "By the way, may I take this opportunity of offering you my congratulations?"

She looked bewildered. The bewilderment was not, of course, real, but it was without doubt remarkably well acted.

"Your congratulations?—upon *what?*" she exclaimed.

"Has it not been announced, then, yet?" I said.

"Hasn't *what* been announced?" she demanded, looking more and more puzzled.

Certainly, she was a most consummate actress.

"Your engagement to Mr. Abraham Cowley," I answered, fixing her with a steady, and as I flattered myself, a sarcastically contemptuous gaze.

"Great Scott!" she cried. "What are you talking about? Whatever made you imagine anything so supremely ridiculous? Some meddlesome gossip has been spreading false reports about me, I suppose. Who is it? I have a right to ask the name of your informant," she demanded indignantly.

"Your informant," said I, sticking stoutly to my guns and refusing to be deceived by her clever histrionics, "is no other than yourself, Mrs. Littlecross. I heard it, or rather overheard it, from your own lips."

"I don't understand. Be so good as to explain yourself," she said imperiously, tapping the pavement with her neat little No. 4 shoe.

Then I told her plainly what I had overheard that afternoon in the rose-garden.

I expected to see her confused, embarrassed, taken aback. But she was not, in the least. On the contrary, she burst into a sudden fit of laughter, as though it was the funniest thing she had ever heard.

"Why do you laugh?" I demanded, with frigid dignity. "You will excuse me, but I see nothing whatever to laugh at."

"No," she replied, still chuckling. "Well, perhaps, when you've heard what I have to say, you will change your opinion. The fact is, you dear old silly, you've been deluded by a rather naughty nickname which my witty and whimsical friend, Connie Clifton, has bestowed upon old Jane, the cook. She has christened her 'Abraham's Bosom,' and sometimes, for short, speaks of her as 'Abraham.' Can't you see the connection?"

I shook my head.

"I may be very dense," I replied, "but the connection entirely escapes me."

"Then you *are* very dense," she rejoined. "Come. Tell me now. What is the ordinary meaning of the expression 'Abraham's Bosom'?"

"The ordinary meaning, of course," I answered, "is the place of departed spirits."

"Precisely. And that's just what old Jane is; the place of departed spirits—of *my* departed spirits," laughed Mary Littlecross.

MUSIC.

"ARMIDE" THEN AND NOW.

THE revival of Gluck's "Armide" last week added an interesting and beautiful work to Covent Garden's répertoire—the additions to which, it may be noted, have been curiously distinguished by variety this season. If, indeed, the management had gone out of their way to attain this end, they could hardly have chosen works more utterly unlike one another. Thus "The Princess and the Vagabond" gave us a modern operetta, "The Barber of Bagdad" a masterpiece in another genre of half a century since, "The Flying Dutchman" a work of yet another school, "Eugen Onegin" a Russian romantic opera, "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," a modern French "miracle," "Les Deux Pigeons" a ballet, and now in Gluck's famous work we have had—what hardly one of the others is likely to become—a classic. Whether the latest, as it is also the oldest, of the season's novelties will find permanent favour at Covent Garden time will show. Perhaps on the whole, however, chances are rather against this. Classics are not, in a general way, very acceptable to our fashionable opera-goers, and "Armide" is indubitably a classic.

Everyone knows, or has recently read, of the circumstances of its creation, and what Gluck himself wrote concerning his aims in writing it. As in the case of "Alceste," with its famous preface, so "Armide" was made the occasion also, by the composer, of a notable manifesto or confession of faith, a good deal of which, it is true, reads rather naïvely to-day. "I have discovered," he told the world, "the means of making each character express himself in such a manner that you can recognise at once from the style of expression who it is that is speaking. In composing I tried to forget that I am a musician. I might perhaps have written something more beautiful from a musical point of view, and varied it so as to please your ears; but in that case I should only have been a musician, and should have been untrue to nature, which I must never abandon," and so on, and so on. From these and like passages it is plain that Gluck regarded himself as a devil of a fellow and terrible realist when he wrote "Armide." In much the same way one may imagine Wagner justifying the asperities of his Nibelung music and explaining how he could not put mellifluous phrases into the mouth of Alberich. To-day it is its sensuous beauty and old-world charm, rather than its dramatic properties, by which Gluck set such store, which keep his work alive. Dramatic and expressive this music certainly is in its way; quite astonishingly so, indeed. But it no longer "startles and waylays" in this regard. The enormities and brutalities of one generation have become the tranquil beauties and classic graces of another, and we admire our Gluck to-day in the main precisely for those qualities of sensuous beauty and reposeful charm which his contemporary critics declared to be non-existent in his work.

Metastasio expressed a common opinion of his time when he declared that in Gluck's music "spirit, noise and extravagance have supplied the place of merit"; while

SAVOY HOTEL, DRESDEN, has had ten years' reputation as the leading and favourite hotel of English visitors to Dresden. Pension terms.—F. MARGRAF.

the strictures of De La Harpe and others are, of course, well known. It was the latter who wrote of "Armide," that in it Gluck appeared to have made it his purpose to banish song from the lyrical drama, and in answer to whom the composer penned a well known reply. He had been simple enough to suppose, he said, that music, like the other arts, embraced the whole sphere of the passions, and pleased no less when it expressed the troubles of a madman and the cry of grief than when it conveyed the sighs of love. Now, however, he knew differently, since his critics had taught him better. The letter—a wonderfully vigorous and effective bit of writing—may be found in full in Mr. Ernest Newman's admirable "Gluck and the Opera," and is well worth reading, as showing how far Gluck was in advance of his time. Mr. Newman criticises Gluck, indeed, as going even beyond the requirements of the case—as subordinating the claims of music too entirely to those of expression. But where is the incompatibility between the two? Gluck at any rate showed in practice, as Wagner did later, that there need be none.

The performance of the work does great credit to Covent Garden, particularly in respect of the beautiful way in which the opera has been mounted. Gluck, in this work, made considerable demands on the scene-painter and the machinist, to say nothing of the ballet-master, and in the present instance all of these requirements have been most handsomely complied with. Among the several ballets introduced, that of the third act, in which the Furies are summoned by Hate at the bidding of "Armide," is particularly effective, being accompanied by some of the most original and characteristic music in the opera. Very charming also is that of the last act, in the enchanted palace of Armida, in which the exquisite dancing and pantomime of Mlle. Boni were particularly noticeable. As regards the singers, Mlle. Bréval's is the chief triumph in the title part, though if she used her powerful voice a trifle less unsparingly at times the effect would perhaps be more pleasing. Mme. Kirkby Lunn did well, too, as Hate, though some of the music lay rather low for her voice, while M. Gilbert-Lejeune, Miss Gleeson-White, and Mlle. Das, who sang Lucinda's pretty song very sweetly, could also be praised. Of the men, M. Laffite lacks the inches for an ideal Rinaldo, nor were matters improved in this respect by a curiously unbecoming costume. He sang, however, with vigour, as did M. Seveilhac as Hidraot, while MM. Crabbé and Altchewsky as Ubalde and the Danish knight were also excellent.

Apart from the revival of "Armide," repetitions have been mostly the order of the day at Covent Garden lately. "La Traviata" was, however, resuscitated on Saturday with a star cast which included Melba, Caruso, and Battistini, and under the circumstances naturally drew a big house. Caruso, for once in a way, was not quite at his best, but Melba sang better, perhaps, than she has at any previous performances this season, while Battistini, with his noble voice and wonderful way of using it, made a great effect as the elder Germont. This is a singer who exemplifies to the full the art which conceals art, and it is to be hoped that he may be afforded an opportunity of appearing in some part better adapted to display his powers than that named before the season, which now has barely more than a fortnight to run, comes to an end.

Opera lovers will have been glad to note that the Grand Opera Syndicate and Mr. Frank Rendle have made arrangements with the San Carlo Opera Company to pay us another visit. The season, which will begin during the first week in October, will extend over a period of eight weeks, and though particulars are wanting, it may be taken for granted that the performances will be as good and prices as moderate as those of previous years. Messrs. T. B. Davis and Charles Manners also contemplate a season of Grand Opera, in this case in English, about the same time, so that the wants of music-lovers seem likely to be well supplied under this head during the coming autumn.

The concert season is drawing to an end, and none too soon, if steadily diminishing audiences, so far as most are concerned, be anything to go by. Miss Leginska (who foolishly conceals beneath this made-up pseudonym her sturdy British patronymic Liggins) made, however, a great success again at her last piano recital. The works in which she was heard were not, indeed, all of equal interest, but her playing could leave no one in doubt as to her exceptional powers. Miss Perceval Allen is a vocalist who steadily progresses, as she showed once again at her vocal recital last week, when, following up her recent success at the Handel Festival, she displayed the versatility of her art in music of all styles. Another successful vocal recital was that of Miss A. M. Fernie, an American singer, who uses a pleasant but not very powerful soprano voice with considerable skill. A musical season without Mr. Wilhelm Ganz's annual concert is unthinkable, and that of last week at the Æolian Hall attracted, once again, a large audience, who were rewarded by hearing many well-known performers—not forgetting Mr. Ganz himself, who, besides accompanying most of the songs, contributed several piano solos. Mr. Ganz's experiences as a concert-giver must surely exceed in length those of almost any one else before the public at present. This week a concert anticipated with considerable interest is that of Miss Irene Ainsley, a young New Zealand contralto, whom Mme. Melba has taken under her wing. Comment on this must, however, be deferred, since it is seldom judicious to write about such matters before the event—notwithstanding the case of a certain critic, who once remarked with satisfaction that he had written up all his concert notices for a fortnight to come.

The most important work to be heard at the Birmingham Festival in October will be "The Kingdom," by Sir Edward Elgar, being Part III. of "The Apostles," and competition is, it seems, already keen for the privilege of giving the first London performance of the oratorio. Thus, Mr. Allen Gill will do the work at the Alexandra Palace on November 17, while in Central London, Mr. Arthur Fagge and the London Choral Society will give it on December 10. But as to which of these constitutes the "first London performance" I will not attempt to say.

Now that the intention of the Government to adopt the Pirated Music Bill (to employ its correct title) has been definitely announced, there should be no further question as to its becoming the law of the land in due course. Even Government measures are, it is true, sometimes abandoned, but it may be hoped that this one will not experience that fate. "We are extremely anxious to see it passed into law," said Mr. Gladstone, and this being the case it would really seem as though the long-suffering composers and publishers might count at last on the redress of their grievances. Meanwhile Mr. T. P. O'Connor has had no difficulty in answering the arguments of the opponents of the Bill. As to the poor persecuted pirate being compelled to prove his innocence, on which so much stress has been laid, he points out that the departmental commission of the Home Office, which examined the matter, laid particular stress on the necessity of this particular proviso—in which opinion they were confirmed by Sir H. Poland and the magistrates, Mr. Rose and Mr. Dickinson.

A circular recently issued in connection with a projected series of concert recitals contains a statement which is worthy of comment. "At present," it is observed, "the leaders of fashion let concerts severely alone, and among the subscribers to the Philharmonic Concerts is not a single name to be found in the list of subscribers to the opera at Covent Garden." Assuming the accuracy of the statement, and there is no reason to doubt it, the fact is certainly rather striking. Prob-

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ably England is the only country in Europe where a precisely similar state of things can be found to exist. No one would desire concerts to come under precisely the same Society influences as obtain in the case of opera, but it might certainly be supposed that a limited number of leaders of fashion might be found to take interest in high-class concerts as well as in opera, and to be available to give their support and encouragement to any high-class enterprise of this kind. As it is, the divorce between Society and the concert-room is almost complete, and the support of even the most important and attractive concerts is left entirely to those with no pretensions whatever to belong to that exalted sphere. Are there really no genuine music lovers among our "upper ten" at all? If there are, why does the concert-room never see them?

Our old friend the deadhead has been under discussion again. A striking instance of the lengths to which some folk will go in this way came under my own observation quite lately. This was at the recent Mischa Elman concert. It was an attractive concert and the attendance was large. Evidently, however, in the opinion of the individuals referred to, it was not one to be paid for. They presented themselves, at any rate, some time after the concert had begun at the entrance to the grand circle and requested admission. The attendant politely asked for their tickets to receive the somewhat astonishing reply that they had none. They had—in broken English—"only wished to hear a leetle of the concert," and when the attendant explained matters they took their departure manifestly aggrieved. It was, I should say, one of the coolest attempts of the kind on record. The door-keeper, if he had not been too astonished to think of any suitable comment, might have remembered Artemus Ward's famous reply to similar requests to enter his "onparalleled" show—"You can't come in without paying, but you can pay without coming in."

One story is good till another is told. Replying to the charge that he introduced alterations in Mr. Dale's prize variations the other day without the composer's sanction, Mr. Mark Hambourg's defence is, in effect, that the said alterations were submitted to Mr. Dale before the concert and obtained his approval. This, of course, makes all the difference. It would appear, however, that at the concert Mr. Dale altered his opinion on the point, and expressed his dissatisfaction. But if, of course, he had previously given his assent, he obviously had no ground of complaint. Composers vary greatly in the way in which they regard matters of this sort. When Schumann heard Liszt play one of his compositions once he observed that it was not what he had written or intended, but that it was none the worse on this account. That philosophical spirit, however, is probably exceptional, though Mr. Hambourg is right, of course, in his statement that some of the greatest composers have been glad to take advice from executants as to the details of their works. David, for instance, was consulted by Mendelssohn as to every detail of his violin concerto, while Joachim helped Brahms in the same way.

Mr. Cecil Sharp continues to do good service by his lectures and writings on the folk-song and folk-music. The other day he gave a delightful lecture on the subject, illustrated by some of the many examples which he has collected. More recently some interesting articles from his pen concerning the place of folk-music in education have appeared in the *Daily Chronicle*. Mr. Sharp makes a point, too, when he comments on the importance of the folk-song in connection with the formation of a national school of music, and there is probably a good deal to be said for his contention that our musical students suffer, as a rule, from knowing so little of the folk-music of their native land. In Germany it is very different, and one needs only to think of such cases as those of Haydn, Beethoven, and Brahms to realise what the fact means where the greatest masters are concerned.

Great doings are promised at Salzburg next month in connection with the 150th anniversary of Mozart's birthday. These will include performances of "Don Giovanni" and "Le Nozze di Figaro" (with M. Reynaldo Hahn and Herr Gustav Mahler as conductors) and two orchestral concerts with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra under Herr Mottl and Dr. Muck. A chamber concert and a concert of church music will also be given and altogether the celebration, which will last from the 14th to the 20th of August, seems likely to lack nothing in the way of completeness. Some enthusiasts, doubtless, will go on to Salzburg from Bayreuth where this year's festival begins on the 23rd inst. The demand for seats has, it seems, been as great as ever. The "Ring," "Tristan und Isolde," and, of course, "Parsifal," are the works which are being given this time.

Messrs. Elkin and Co., Ltd., 8-10, Beak-street, offer again two scholarships (one for female and one for male voice), consisting of one year's free tuition under Mr. Charles Phillips, the well-known singer and teacher, for the best voice, or voice that shows most promise, at a competition to take place at the Bechstein Hall in September next.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—An unusually well-warranted sarcasm of Talleyrand's always occurs to me when I read the reminiscences of spies. "The greatest scoundrel," cried Fouché to Talleyrand in a fury, "may be Prime Minister under a usurpation if he chooses." "And yet," rejoined Talleyrand, "*you* were satisfied with the Ministry of Police!" It is hardly possible for a man to spend his life suborning others to perjury and treachery without having his own conscience somewhat "subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand." At the very least—and this, I think, you must admit to be true of Sir Robert Anderson, judged by his "Sidelights on the Home-Rule Movement" (1)—at the very least, I say, such an *agent provocateur* must acquire in time a cynical and ingrained disbelief in human nature. Trollope says, somewhere, that a policeman regards every man as a potential criminal, but what of a policeman whose business is of this kind:—

> I pulled out a handful of sovereigns and threw half-a-dozen of them on the table. Then, checking myself, I picked them up, saying, "No, you haven't earned them; you don't seem to know half as much about Fenianism as I do myself." His greedy look as the gold went back into my pocket showed me that I had him. So I gave him a couple of pounds and told him not to come back till he had something worth telling. A month later he was definitely in my pay.
>
> The first Fenian who ever gave me information was murdered on his arrival in New York. I had given his name to no one but Lord Mayo; and he assured me that he had mentioned it only to the Lord Lieutenant, when sitting alone with him after dinner at the Viceregal Lodge. But there happened to be a servant behind the screen, and through him it was, as the Dublin police ascertained, that the information reached the Fenians.

It is perhaps not altogether surprising to find that information purchased at such a cost was sometimes thrown away upon the stolidity of the London police. Sir Robert sent from Dublin a warning that the Clerkenwell prison wall was to be blown up by gunpowder between the hour of 3 and 4 p.m. on a certain day, and that the signal for the explosion would be the throwing up of a white ball. The day came and the hour; the white ball was thrown up and the wall was blown down; but the police, though present in full force to prevent the expected explosion, never thought of moving the cask of gunpowder! The fact was, as Mr. Gathorne Hardy, the then Home Secretary, gravely informed the House of Commons, the warning said the wall was to be blown up, whereas it was blown down!

"The policeman Moriarty," said Mr. Hardy, "walked along

(1) "Sidelights on the Home Rule Movement." By Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B. (London: John Murray. 9s. net.)

(2) "The Heart of the Country." A Survey of a Modern Land. By Ford Madox Hueffer. (London: Alston Rivers. 5s. net.)

(3) "The Grip of Fear." By Sydney Herbert Burchell. (London: Hurst & Blackett, Ltd. 6s.)

(4) "A Veneered Scamp." By Jean Middlemass. (London: John Long. 6s.)

(5) "The Undying Past." By Hermann Sudermann. Translated by Beatrice Marshall. (London: John Lane. 6s.)

by the side of the wall when the cask was there, and nearly all his clothes were blown off in consequence of the explosion. The police thought the wall would probably be blown up from underneath, and had no conception that it would be blown down in the way it really was done."

Not the least interesting chapter in Sir Robert Anderson's book is that which gives his version of the Parnell Commission, and not the least suggestive passage in this chapter is that which hints that the forged letter may have been genuine!

Having regard to Parnell's denials, I am far from asserting that the letter was genuine; but, if it was a forgery, it was concocted for the purposes, not of the *Times*, but of the extremists among the Land Leaguers, who were both scared and exasperated by Parnell's public denunciations of murder.

While on the subject of Ireland, may I say that the contrast between the quickness of the Irish peasant and the slowness of the English to realise his political power has often struck me as extraordinary. It has struck Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer also as "astonishing and even astounding that the peasant should have been content to remain for so long the mere substratum of the body politic." I am quoting from his delightful "The Heart of the Country" (2), which has all the charm and more than all the penetrating sympathy of his "The Soul of London." The English peasant, says Mr. Hueffer, has no corporate self-consciousness, has never "organised," hardly ever, perhaps, thought of his wretched circumstances. "What he has done is simply to go over to the enemy"—that is, to desert to the towns. Only 5 per cent. of the country-born boys Mr. Hueffer has known have stayed on the land; while, as for the girls, "a girl of moderately good looks or of an intelligence at all alert is almost unknown in many villages of England." A friend of Mr. Hueffer's, whose knowledge of country life was unrivalled, after covering a great deal of ground, was amazed to see at last a pleasant and bright-looking girl—so amazed that he got off his cycle to congratulate her upon being content to stay in her own village. "I!" she cried scornfully; "I wouldn't stop in such a dull hole if you gave me £10 a day. I'm visiting my parents for three days." Mr. Hueffer's pictures of peasants from Meary, whose motto was, "Ah, keep all on gooing!" downwards are extraordinarily vivid and interesting. I have not been fortunate in my novels this week. In "The Grip of Fear" (3) the characters act so inconsistently that at times you are inclined to think them as mad as the old housekeeper, Mrs. Marlow, who at the close tries to murder some of them, and succeeds in slaying one at the cost of her own life, and nearly drowning another at the cost of the life of an unborn child. As the author Hibernically expresses it, "Ere the morning a dead heir was born to the Prendergasts." My next venture, "A Veneered Scamp" (4) is the kind of story which in my young days would have been devoured by the readers of "The Family Herald." You find yourself in very fine company, indeed, who are rather stiltedly conscious of their birth and breeding, while the characters have eyes like "orbs of flame," "bite their lips till the blood flowed," "elbow their way through a ballroom with virile force," etc. You are supposed to be interested in a murder and an abduction, but neither outrage concerns you much, since both the victims and the perpetrators seem to you mere melodramatic puppets. Nor are the characters of "The Undying Past" (5), Hermann Sudermann's last novel, very real to you, though the descriptions of Pomeranian manners and customs, scenes and scenery, are strikingly vivid. All the mainsprings which set the principal personages in motion seem to you inadequate, and their inadequacy somewhat impairs your faith in the characters and your interest in the incidents.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, ever yours very sincerely,

DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

One can always look with confidence to Mr. Harold Bindloss for a sound, stirring story, and in "The Cattle Baron's Daughter" (John Long, price 6s.) he is at his best. The scene is the Far West, the cattle barons were the big ranchers who wrested the prairie from the Indians, and the plot turns upon the fierce struggle that arose when these rich settlers found that in their turn they were being displaced by small farmers. The author presents a graphic picture of prairie life, and with some well-drawn characters and plenty of exciting incidents, the story holds the reader's interest from the first page to the last.

By treaty after treaty with other Powers, including Great Britain, Portugal has pledged herself to the suppression of the slave trade. But treaties are not always observed, and in "A Modern Slavery" (Harper and Brothers, price 6s.) Mr. H. W. Nevinson reveals the horrors of the traffic in human beings which is carried on in the Portuguese colony of Angola (West Africa) and the Portuguese islands of San Thomé and Principe. Of course, the slaves on the cocoa plantations are called "contract labourers," but in this case at least the name is an utterly empty pretence, for these slaves, men and women, are brought by force from the African interior down to the coast, openly bought and sold—the average price is about £20 a head—and treated with the grossest brutality. Mr. Nevinson's book is the outcome of a journey of investigation which he undertook in 1904 and 1905.

Everyone who read Miss Norma Lorimer's "By the Waters of Sicily" will welcome the new volume "By the Waters of Carthage" (Hutchinson and Co., price 10s. 6d.), from the same pen. Cast in the form of letters to her husband from the Doris of the earlier book, it is a charming combination of travel and romance, the story of an Englishwoman's unhappy marriage to a wealthy Moor being interwoven with fresh and sprightly descriptions of the life and sights of Tunis and Carthage. The author modestly dedicates her book to "the people who know as little of Tunis as I did when I went there in May, 1905," and they can gain from it a vivid impression of the place and its people in the pleasantest possible way. There are numerous illustrations from photographs, and a coloured reproduction of a picture of Tunis.

After his heavy work in connection with the Education Bill, Mr. Birrell will find congenial relaxation in the editing of the volume of Browning's poems in Messrs. Jack's forthcoming "Golden Poets." This is a new series of half-crown volumes which will have notes and introductions by well-known writers and illustrations in colour by well-known artists.

A second edition of Mr. Arthur Hayden's "Chats on Old China" (price 5s. net), containing a number of new illustrations, has been issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin. Mr. Hayden's chatty papers abound in useful information and guidance for those who possess or desire to collect old china.

Messrs. Methuen have just added a volume on "Edinburgh" (price 4s. 6d), by Mr. M. G. Williamson, to their "Ancient Cities" series. The author gives an admirable historical and descriptive account of Edinburgh, and it should be especially useful and welcome to people visiting that interesting and delightful city during the holiday season. The book is illustrated with a series of dainty drawings by Mr. Herbert Railton.

In their series of shilling novels Messrs. Methuen have issued "Fortune's My Foe," by Mr. J. Bloundelle Burton; "At a Winter's Fire," by Mr. Bernard Capes; "The Sin of Angels, by Miss Evelyn Dickinson; and "Barbara's Money," by the late Miss Adeline Sergeant.

"The Memoirs of the Lord of Joinville" (published by Mr. Murray, price 9s.) is a new version in English,

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by Mrs. Ethel Wedgwood, of one of the most famous of mediæval books. It was as a tribute to the saintly character of Louis IX., whom he accompanied on the disastrous Seventh Crusade, that John, Lord of Joinville, designed his book, but he did not confine himself to the subject of his hero-worship, and his record of experiences and adventures is full of interest.

"The Treasure of Heaven: A Romance of Riches," is the title of Miss Marie Corelli's new novel which Messrs. Constable will have ready this month. The book will have for frontispiece a portrait of the author.

I have received a letter from Mr. W. H. Chesson correcting a statement in a recent paragraph in this column with reference to the proposed publication of a collected edition of the poems of the late Mrs. Chesson (Nora Hopper). The object of the paragraph, which I had been asked to insert, was to make known the fact that the proceeds of this publication would be given to a fund that was being raised for the benefit of Mrs. Chesson's young family, who had been left "almost entirely unprovided for." It is to this statement that Mr. Chesson takes exception. He says that there is "a fairly considerable provision" for the children, and that in the event of his death they would have "a freehold house and an income of not less than £65 a year."

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—London had a terrible week of rush, bustle, and commotion in the interval between Monday morning, July 2, and Saturday evening, July 7. First in the list of bustling events were the cheap sales, which drew thousands upon thousands of London women from their homes to compete for bargains in the crowded, stifling shops. In poured the eager crowds from Hampstead, from Highgate, from Barnsbury, from Islington, from Canonbury, from Hackney, from Tottenham, from Norwood, Lewisham, Kennington, Clapham, Tooting, Balham, and a dozen other of the teeming suburbs. And as though this were not in itself enough to set London on a simmer, there was the Oxford and Cambridge Cricket match, the Botanic Rose Show, the Tennis Championships at Wimbledon, Henley (four days this year), and Newmarket, all going on at once.

We escaped from the noise and bustle on Monday and went down to quiet little Tiptree, in Essex, where a gathering of pleased shareholders in the jam works, that are conducted there by Mr. Wilkin and his sons, enjoyed the country scene, the bushes full of roses, the rows of scarlet poppies under the hedges, and the delicious perfume of the sun-kissed hay. The pickers in the strawberry-fields looked quite gay and decorative in their light frocks, white blouses, and white hats. Think of whole vast fields of strawberries! Does it make you feel just a little greedy?

The concern is now of age, having attained its twenty-first birthday last week. As one of the speakers at the luncheon remarked, the works are examples of what patience, pluck, and perseverance can accomplish against every kind of obstacle. It is also an example of the way in which a business can be conducted on fair principles, allowing each worker in it to share in its prosperity. Mr. Rider Haggard remarked that if there were only enough of such commercial concerns as these, conducted in a generous spirit, and enabling the workers to achieve independence for themselves, the problem of bringing labour back to the land would give no more trouble. It would be solved at once. He spoke warmly and appreciatively of the absolute cleanliness in all the processes.

We went all through the jam works, admiring the innumerable devices for economising time and labour, and the ingenious manner in which the various processes are carried out. We could also see for ourselves that nothing but fruit and sugar went to the making of the jams and jellies—no colouring matter, no glucose, no gelatine. Sacks of beet sugar, packed upon each other in piles from floor to ceiling, awaited the moment when it should join the fruit in making the jam that we have learned to appreciate ever since making its acquaintance at the house of a friend in Norfolk. The fruit is kept whole by this method, and, after having been picked and imperfect berries removed, is never once touched by fingers. Boiled in great copper pans, it bubbles away, smelling most tempting, and is shaken gently hither and thither instead of being stirred. When cool enough, it is lifted in curiously shaped dippers and poured into glass jars. These are all carried along in cases on the tramways that intersect the whole of the works, and in another room girls affix the labels and put the covers on. Such clean, tidy-looking girls. And they all have a blithe and happy air.

During the short strawberry season there are long hours, but at other times the work is not heavy. We saw piles of bottles of preserved fruit ready for tarts, gooseberries, cherries, etc. But the particular specialty of the Tiptree works is the small, scarlet strawberry, which makes such a perfectly delicious jam. Sometimes as many as a million and a half of these go to the ton, so small are they, and whether as jam or preserved whole they are a most attractive preparation. Send to Wilkin and Sons for a catalogue, and when you are sending your order be sure to include a jar of damsonlets, a kind of sweetmeat made from fresh damsons that is unique and excellent, also blacarets, orangelets, and bramblettes. You must also have a box of their lovely crystallised ginger, and their crystallised apricots, by far the best I have ever tasted. They are so soft and juicy in the middle.

If you want anything particularly dainty in the shape of frock for afternoon or evening, teagown, racegown, or fête dress, go to Madame Valentine, 30, Sussex-place. At very moderate prices she turns out the most perfectly finished things, and guarantees the fit. Her cut is entirely Parisian, and she can copy anything you give her, even the tiniest sketch.

The Eighty Club ball, held in the Wharncliffe Rooms on Thursday, was a great success. Lady Crewe, looking very handsome, received the guests. Lady Chesterfield was much admired. The arrangements were excellent, and everyone seemed to enjoy the ball and to appreciate the new floor, now splendid for dancing. A capital supper was served at midnight, and the whole affair reflected the greatest credit upon Mr. Hawkin, secretary of the Eighty Club. At supper I was much amused by the efforts of a party at a table near ours to keep away from politics as a topic unsuited to the scene and the repast.

The Botanic Gardens were beautifully illuminated with orange-tinted Chinese lanterns on Tuesday evening for the Society of Arts conversazione. There was lovely music, too, the Royal Artillery Band in the conservatory and the Scots Guards in the gardens. There were also concerts in the clubhouse and selections from pastoral plays in the grounds. Sir Owen Roberts received the guests, who thoroughly enjoyed the delicious coolness of this charming fête, which was honoured by half a moon. There was also a fine show of roses in a tent on the lawn. So we had royalty, you see—the Queen of Flowers and the Queen of Night.

Among the pretty weddings of last week was that of Miss Fildes, elder daughter of Sir Luke Fildes, R.A., and Mr. Basil Aird Whittaker Ellis. The bridal gown was lace over satin. The five bridesmaids wore painted

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muslin gowns trimmed with pale blue ribbon. Their white net hats were trimmed with pink roses.

A couple of years ago, entering Paddington Station on our way to Maidenhead, we found it echoing with cheers, and the strains of "Auld Lang Syne." Before we could find out the reason, there came another cheer, so hearty, so full of feeling, that we fairly ran towards the sound. We were just in time to see a trainload of Dr. Barnardo's boys steam out, on their way to Canada. They hung out of the windows, their eyes fixed on the Doctor, who stood waving his hat to them, and cheering till they must have been hoarse. We remembered this scene on Friday, when the grounds and great Library of the College in Regent's Park were thrown open for a meeting. We were told many interesting things about the working of the Homes, and in particular the Secretary's speech was full of humour and tenderness. He invited us all to go to Stepney to see the Head-quarters, and our Gretchen afterwards remarked of this invitation, in the charming English she has come over to perfect: "I should like much to go—but no! it would be dreadful to see those poor children—oh, how I am stupid! We should only the good side see, the ones which this so wonderful good Dok-tor has helped." So we are going down one day. The most poignant little detail we heard was the fact that many of the children have to be told why people laugh, and taught how to do it! It makes one ache to be very, very rich, that one might help to buy youth and happiness for these old, old babies.

Bee is longing for three or four men of our acquaintance to propose to her, so that she may make it perfectly clear to them that she does not want to marry them. The idea that some men have imbibed from Bernard Shaw and other false teachers that a woman is a husband-hunter from the time she can speak is a terrible handicap to a girl. It often spoils the pleasant camaraderie that would otherwise be possible. It makes a girl afraid to be nice to a man lest he should misinterpret her, and think she is pursuing him; and she cannot well tell him that she has no idea of the kind. He would at once imagine that she was suggesting it!

We saw such a sweet frock in the Park on Sunday. It was worn by a handsome woman with enormous blue-grey eyes and the prettiest greyish hair I have ever seen. It was china-blue muslin, made and fitted to perfection. The hat was pale rose-pink, with a white lace crown and pink roses. You cannot think how distinguished it looked.

Clare sends me the following from Dublin:—

Dearest Madge,—We can do nothing but rough-hew our ways, circumstances—mostly without the slightest consideration for us—generally take the shaping of them into their hands. Just as our summer plans were either made, or on the make, over here, and the general holiday season was fairly set in, the weather chose to misbehave most dreadfully, and to become everything that was not pleasant, by turns. We found ourselves with our plans, but without our summer, which was very disconcerting—the arrangements, thoughtfully and even toilsomely planned to suit a special situation, and the situation transformed. For my part, I am of the meaner spirited sort, who make an immediate surrender to circumstances, and with meek adaptability try to suit themselves to their capricious changes. Needless to say, the rest of the party had no such old-fashioned ways. It was the modern "We have decided what we have decided, and we are going through with it." The holiday plan must be carried out, summer or no summer. We were to go into the heart of a lovely quiet country, all fields and trees, lawns and gardens, strawberries, sunshine, and simple living. We had found the ideal hotel for the ideal rest. We should "laze" all day amidst the fragrance of flowers, with the blue skies overhead, just lightly flecked with cloud, and the wind softly sighing in the trees. The novelty of giving restfulness a trial had appealed irresistibly to the young people of the party; they had joined with enthusiasm in making the plan, and threw all their strenuousness—diverted for the time from golf, motoring, etc.—into carrying it out. The hotel was all right, and the "fixtures" of the country, as Fred calls them—the fields, lawns, trees, flowers, etc. But the blue sky and the sunshine, the soft breezes and trees of grateful shade! Alas! pouring rain came from leaden skies, the wind blew cold and strong, and the trees dripped on sodden lawns. How was the "lazing" to be done? The weather might be defied in anything else, but who can "laze" on soaking grass and under dripping trees, or eat waterlogged strawberries in a garden, or care to consider the weather-beaten lilies and roses? There was someone who might have said, "I told you so," but nobly refrained. A distinctively summer holiday should not be attempted without the summer; just as we should refrain from making hare soup without first following the famous old recipe of catching the hare. In the end the holiday was centred in the merely human interests of the hotel, and in bridge! A quite another plan was made for the holiday of this week and others to follow. Perhaps if we do not count on a summer, it may—like other contrary things—come.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen had not too bad an experience of the weather in the South of Ireland last week, where they spent a very busy time. Their Viceregal activities made a record that would be very hard to beat, both in speechmaking and philanthropical and benevolent works. The State procession in Cork was a novelty and a success. The Viceregal carriages were sent from Dublin for the occasion, with what we would call here, a suitable complement of Viceregal officials to fill them: Lords Hawkesbury, Herschell, Anson, Powerscourt, and several aides-de-camp. After receiving and answering addresses, the Viceregal party embarked on the pleasant waters of the river of Lee and steamed to Queenstown. The river of the southern capital is a very fine one, majestic even in parts, and picturesque where it flows between beautifully wooded slopes. The scene of the Viceregal arrival at Queenstown was very pretty, and everywhere Lord and Lady Aberdeen were well received. A large dinner party was given at the Admiralty House, where their Excellencies stayed with Admiral and Mrs. King-Hall; on the next evening they were entertained by Sir William and Lady Knox. The garden party given on Friday afternoon in Cork by the Lord-Lieutenant and Lady Aberdeen was a novel departure from Viceregal precedent; an event of quite historic as well as social interest in the southern capital. As befitted such an occasion the number of guests was very great, the Viceregal hospitality being heartily responded to by over one thousand guests. The many pretty faces amongst the guests of our sex showed that the neighbourhood of Cork still keeps up its reputation for beauty. Do you know the Cork accent? The musical cadence of the brogue, which can sound so sweet in soft voices; "pleasant" like the waters of the native Lee? The echo of the past is in the intonation, the memory of the old tongue, which is now so vehemently coming into fashion, and being roused from its long sleep. The weather caused some sinkings of heart to the wearers of pretty costumes, but, on the whole, satisfied itself with threats, which were sufficiently disagreeable. On Saturday the Viceregal party left Cork and Queenstown, and went on to Limerick, where they will stay, some miles distant from the picturesque old town on the Shannon, known in patriotic Irish history as the "city of the violated treaty," at Adare Manor with Lord and Lady Dunraven. Adare is one of the best known of Irish "noble" residences, and has received many Royal and Viceregal visitors. The latest Royal visitors were the Prince and Princess Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, who spent their honeymoon there. For some years past, as everyone knows, Lord Dunraven has been making—or is it trying to make?—history there, through Devolution.—Yours ever, Clare.

Here are quite a number of nice recipes for you. Try poulet à l'Ecaillière:—

Take the breastbone from a nice young fowl and stuff it with the following farce. Pound 8 oz. of scraped raw veal, add 2 oz. of shred beef suet, 2 oz. of butter, and 4 oz. of bread panada. When it is well pounded together, work in two whole eggs, season all with salt and pepper, and rub it through a wire sieve into a basin; then mix in very carefully a dozen blanched and bearded oysters. Having trussed the fowl, wrap it in buttered paper and braise it with stock and vegetables for two hours. After which, remove the string and paper, glaze the breast, and serve it with the sauce poured round it. To make which, reduce the liquor from twenty-four oysters, add it to the skimmed liquor of the braise, thicken it with a roux of flour and butter, and when it is boiled and strained, add half a gill of cream, a pinch of salt, pepper,

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cayenne pepper, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, and the blanched and bearded oysters.

Tartines à la Windsor are a useful savoury:—

Cut slices of brown bread and butter, spread them also with a little French mustard, cut them into rounds and place a round piece of cooked ham on each. Mix 2 oz. of finely chopped chicken with a couple of chopped gherkins and 3 boned anchovies, season them with oil, vinegar, salt and pepper, and pile it on the tartines. Make a tiny border of passed hard-boiled yolk of egg, and sprinkle them with coralline pepper. Arrange the tartines on a napkin garnished with watercress.

Cervelles de Veau à la Provençale are nice for those who do not object to onion:—

Remove the skin from a set of calves' brains and immerse them in water for two hours, then boil them rapidly in salted water acidulated with vinegar for ten minutes. Meanwhile, parboil four or five large minced onions in salted water for five minutes, then strain and squeeze them dry in a cloth. Put the blanched onions into a stewpan with salt, 2 oz. of butter, 1 oz. of glaze, half a gill of stock, and half a clove of garlic finely minced; cover all closely and cook them on the side of the stove until the onion is quite soft, then add a gill of brown sauce and rub it through a hair sieve. Cut the brains into neat scallops, warm them in the sauce, adding a spoonful of blanched parsley. Dish them in an entrée dish that is stuck with a border of cork-shaped fried croûtons, and strew browned bread crumbs on the surface.

Tomatoes à la Muscovite:—

Cut the stalk end from eight or nine small ripe tomatoes, and remove the seeds and skin, turn them out on a plate, and place them on ice. Mix a gill of thick mayonnaise sauce with about 3 oz. of cold, braised sweetbread, a dessertspoonful of chopped truffle, and a tablespoonful of chopped red tongue. Fill the tomatoes with the farce, place them, cut side downwards, on a round piece of tomato aspic, put them on a reversed dish, pour aspic cream over them so that they are slightly coated, arrange a star-shaped piece of truffle on the top with the centre cut out, with a tiny round cutter. Dish them on a silver dish with a few pea-shaped pieces of boiled cucumber, tossed in viniagrette in the centre. Put a border of chopped aspic round the dish. The aspic cream is easily made thus:—Whisk a gill of cold, liquid aspic with half a gill of thick cream till it is on the point of setting.

Rice cassolettes of fowl:—

Dress the rice as for casserole, but use smaller moulds; such as dariole or custard moulds will do; well grease the moulds with butter. The best way is to cut a carrot the proper size, and when the moulds are filled with rice make a hole with the carrot; fill the hole with minced fowl or chicken and rich thick sauce, fill up the mould with the rice, close it without allowing the mince to mingle with the rice or the cassolette will break while frying; fry it in sweet, heated lard, drain and dish it. It is best for a novice to dip the cassolette in beaten egg and bread-crumbs before frying. In making cassolettes the rice must be made quite firm. Velouté should be mixed with a mince and Béchamel sauce with fillets of fish. These may be cooked in the oven as casseroles, but it is best and quickest to fry them in boiling fat.

Finally, these eggs à la St. Botolph are quite charming:—

Cut 6 oval-shaped pieces of bread, slightly hollow the centres, and fry them a delicate colour in oil. Drain and spread them with a purée of foie-gras. Boil 6 eggs for 4 minutes, remove the shells very carefully, place one on each croûte. Pour over them creamy white sauce flavoured with mushroom, and sprinkle them with chopped parsley.

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TO OUR READERS.

We receive hundreds of letters every week from "Readers of 'Truth.'" A large majority of the writers expect replies direct. Of the work, trouble, and expense involved in doing this we say nothing. But as experience has shown that a large number of our "Constant" and "Regular" readers who inquire about individuals with whom we have dealt in our columns over and over again are not actual subscribers to the paper, but merely occasional readers of it at clubs, libraries, or at friends' houses, we consider we must protect ourselves in the matter.

We have therefore decided that henceforth every reader who writes making an inquiry that necessitates a direct reply must enclose a stamped envelope and also a Coupon which will always be found at the foot of the 3rd page of the coloured cover. Without these no notice will be taken of the communication.

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a Coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" send replies by post.

No Coupon will be available that is over a fortnight out of date, except from correspondents residing abroad.

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ENTRE NOUS.

THE King will hold an Investiture of the Bath, the St. Michael and St. George, the Indian Orders, and other decorations next Tuesday at noon in the Throne Room at Buckingham Palace. This will be a very large Investiture, as all the recipients of Birthday Honours have been summoned by Garter King of Arms. The summonses for the officers of the Household who are required to attend have been issued by the Lord Chamberlain. A number of individuals will be knighted by the King. Investitures have usually been confined to the higher classes of the several Orders—*i.e.*, to Knights Grand Crosses and Knights Commanders. The King, however, has very kindly consented also to invest personally the Companions of the Orders, a concession greatly appreciated by the individuals concerned. Levee dress is to be worn. During the last reign there was a strict rule that no insignia should be worn by the gentlemen to be invested, but now they are allowed to appear in any decorations which they have received.

Several of the papers announce that the King is to visit the Emperor Francis Joseph at Ischl during the first week in September, immediately after his Majesty's departure from Marienbad. If the King went to Ischl he would go there next month when on his journey from Flushing to Marienbad. It is practically settled that the King is to be entertained by the Emperor Francis Joseph at the Castle of Schönbrunn, near Vienna, during the first week in September. The King certainly will not go to Ischl when he leaves Marienbad, as by that time the Emperor Francis Joseph will have returned to Vienna for a short stay before he attends the autumn manœuvres.

The King's week-end visit to the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Compton Place, Eastbourne, which was announced in Truth some time ago, will take place next Saturday. It is possible that his Majesty, and the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and some of the other members of the house party at Compton Place may attend Sandown Park races on Saturday, and proceed by special train direct from Esher to Eastbourne, by way of Clapham Junction. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William James during Goodwood race week at West Dean Park.

The papers have all been announcing that the King is going to Berlin to attend the christening of the infant son of the German Crown Prince. This is not only a pure invention, but an absurd one. It would not be in accordance with Court etiquette or with the precedents for the King to attend such a ceremony in person. As a matter of fact, the King will be at Cowes on Sunday, August 12, which is the day fixed for the christening. It was announced in Truth last week that the Duke of Connaught is to represent the King at this ceremony. If it were inconvenient for any reason for the Duke to go to Berlin, Prince Arthur might be sent instead of his father.

The King and Queen were curiously unfortunate in the weather on the day of their visit to Newcastle-on-Tyne, as drenching rain fell there from morning till night. Tuesday and Thursday were both fine days, but

on Wednesday the weather was wretched in the extreme. However, vast crowds had poured into Newcastle from all parts of Northumberland and Durham, and the streets were densely crowded, their Majesties being everywhere received with the utmost enthusiasm during their four hours' stay in the city.

There was a very large Royal circle at the Court on Friday night, including the Duke and Duchess of Sparta, and, as a matter of course, a full attendance of general company, but only a very thin Entrée, and a comparatively small Diplomatic circle. Lady Lansdowne officiated as Mistress of the Robes, in the absence of her sister, the Duchess of Buccleuch. Lord Althorp's duties as Lord Chamberlain were undertaken by Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, one of the King's Lords of the Bedchamber. Lord Crewe acted for the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and Lady Crewe named the Ambassadresses and wives of Chefs de Mission who were present at the Court. Lord Grenfell was in waiting as Gold Stick, in the place of Lord Wolseley, who is on duty this month. The King held a Court in the Council Room before the Royal procession to the ball-room was formed in the White Drawing Room, where his Majesty received the Norwegian Minister and an Indian Prince was presented. The King and Queen and the Royal family, and the Ambassadors and other Chefs de Mission and their wives supped in the Chinese Room. The arrangements in the ball-room were exceedingly good, and the formalities there were got through with amazing celerity. The supper for the guests was excellent in all respects, and very well served.

The King held a Diplomatic Court in the Throne Room of Buckingham Palace last week, when his Majesty received the credentials of the Servian Minister. The Argentine Minister had an audience of the King, and presented the former President of the Argentine Republic. The Mexican Minister also had an audience, in order that he might convey to the King the thanks of the President of the Mexican Republic for the Order of the Bath, which was lately conferred upon his Excellency by his Majesty. Sir Charles Hardinge represented Sir Edward Grey at this function, and the Master of the Ceremonies and the members of the Household-in-Waiting were in attendance. Levee dress was worn.

The Queen will spend Goodwood week either at Sandringham or in the Isle of Wight. In any case, her Majesty is to be at Cowes during the regatta week on board the *Victoria and Albert*. If the Queen goes to Sandringham, she will proceed to Cowes on Friday, August 3, and the special train from Victoria to Portsmouth Harbour will stop at Chichester to take up the King. If the Queen goes to the Isle of Wight (instead of proceeding to Sandringham), she will reside at Barton Court House on the Osborne estate. This is a picturesque gabled manor house, which was rebuilt and much enlarged by Queen Victoria, and it is surrounded by pretty old-fashioned gardens. The manor of Barton originally belonged to the See of Winchester, but was given by Bishop Waynflete to Winchester College, and Queen Victoria purchased the estate from the governing body about sixty years ago. Prince Albert established a model farm of eight hundred acres at Barton.

The garden party given on Thursday afternoon from four o'clock until seven at Marlborough House by the Prince and Princess of Wales, in connection with the League of Mercy, proved a great success. The well-shaded lawns and the flower beds in the grounds were looking very pretty, and the place might have been in the heart of the country but for the hum of traffic outside the walls. The refreshment marquees had been pitched to the left of the house, one being reserved for the Royalties and any guests specially invited by them. There was a great crowd about five o'clock, when the Prince and Princess made a round of the grounds, during which they stopped constantly to converse with guests.

The Prince of Wales will be at Cowes during the regatta week, and on Monday, August 13, H.R.H. will probably proceed from the Isle of Wight to Yorkshire on a visit to Lord Ripon at Studley Royal. H.R.H. will have two or three days' grouse shooting with Lord Ripon and Lord De Grey over the famous Dallowgill moors in Upper Nidderdale. The Princess of Wales will probably go abroad at the end of this month to spend a few weeks in Germany and Switzerland before going to Scotland for the autumn.

The Queen of Spain has been ordered a cruise for the benefit of her health, so her Majesty and King Alfonso are to leave San Sebastian about the 30th, in the Royal yacht *Giralda*, for Cowes. Their unexpected visit to the Isle of Wight will be strictly private, and in no respect official. It is understood that the King and Queen of Spain will stay on the Solent for about a fortnight, after which they will visit Dartmouth and Plymouth, and two or three French ports before returning to San Sebastian.

Princess Henry of Battenberg has hurried back to England from Germany in consequence of the visit of her daughter and son-in-law, and she arrived at Osborne Cottage on Saturday afternoon from Coburg, whither she had proceeded on leaving Kissingen. Princess Henry will now reside at Osborne Cottage until about the end of August, and will then return to Germany, to pay visits to the Grand Duchess Marie of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha at Tegernsee, and to Princess Louis of Battenberg at Heiligenberg

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Lord and Lady Aberdeen have been busy this month with Viceregal duties throughout Ireland, and have been welcomed in every part of the country which they have visited. They have shown themselves to be

For the Truth Hotel List, see page 181.
For Selected Foreign Hotels, see pages 180, 181.
For Amusements, see page 177.
For Appeals, see page 183.
For Estates, Auctions, &c., see page 183.
For Our Puzzles, see pages 189, 190.

specially gifted with the "touch of nature"—of kindly nature—which makes the whole world kin. Lord Aberdeen's official utterances disarm criticism, and hurt the susceptibilities of no party. The force of example in high place was shown in the Twelfth of July celebrations in the North, which were unusually reasonable, and far less blatant than usual in the assertion of the ascendency of the Orange party in Ireland. Lord and Lady Aberdeen will leave Ireland for Lord Haddo's marriage next month, and will visit Scotland. They will, of course, return to Ireland before the end of August, and entertain a large party, according to Vice-regal usage, for the Horse Show week.

The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Bryce are expected to take up their residence in the Phœnix Park next month. They have not lived at their official residence as yet. It is a pleasant and spacious lodge, at this season, in a breezy situation, with fine and extensive views.

The temporary appointment of Sir William Markby as Railway and Canal Commissioner, in the place of the late Sir Frederick Peel, has been generally commended. Sir William has enjoyed a long and varied experience of judicial work in England, in India, and in the West Indies, and he is a very able man, and has succeeded in every post which he has filled. He is the author of several valuable law books.

Major Ogilvy, who has died at Fez of enteric fever at the age of forty-six, was the son of Sir Reginald Ogilvy, of Baldovan, and heir to his father's large estates in Perthshire and Forfarshire. He married a daughter of Mr. Ralph Nevill, of Birling Manor, Kent, younger brother of Lord Abergavenny, and leaves a son, who is at Eton. Major Ogilvy belonged to the 13th Hussars for twenty-one years, and retired in 1902, when he was offered the appointment of Instructor of Cavalry in Morocco. He served for some time in India, and distinguished himself during the South African War. Many members of the Ogilvy family have won fame in foreign service. This baronetcy was granted by Charles I. in 1625, with a special remainder to heirs male generally.

General Sir John Forbes, who has just died at the age of ninety, was a highly distinguished Indian officer, and he served in the East during the greater part of his military career. Sir John was attached to the staff of King Victor Emmanuel during the war of 1859, and he was present at the battle of Solferino. He retired from the Army in 1884, and then settled down at Inverernan, his family place in the Strathdon district of Aberdeenshire, where he had inherited a large estate. He was very popular indeed among his tenants and neighbours of all classes, and was well known in the county as a generous and considerate landlord. He married Miss Drummond of Megginch, and his eldest son succeeds to the estate. Sir John seldom appeared in public, except on the occasion of the great annual Highland Gathering on the Lonach in Strathdon, when he was always received with enthusiasm.

The depression in the market for pictures of the so-called "mid-Victorian" period continues to be very severe. At Christie's a work by Sir A. W. Calcott, which cost 610 gs. in 1884, now realised only 105 gs. A landscape by W. Muller, purchased in 1891 for 610 gs., now went for 180 gs. Two works by J. Brett fell from 100 gs. in 1891 to 48 gs. A large work by T. S. Cooper, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1880, went for only 65 gs., which was not a tithe of the price originally paid for it.

The fine Jewish Library which was formed by the late Mr. F. D. Mocatta has been presented to University College by the Jewish Historical Society. Mr. Mocatta was for many years an extensive buyer of all desirable rare books and MSS. illustrative of Hebraic history, and he expended very large sums of money on his purchases. The collection was bequeathed by Mr. Mocatta to the Jewish Historical Society, and it will be placed in a separate portion of University College, and is to be known as the Mocatta Memorial Library.

Evidently "The Literary Correspondence College," Arundel-street, is not lacking in impudence. Two or three weeks ago I referred to its obliging offer to instruct a novelist in the writing of fiction; and now another author, who has published several important works, mainly on military and political subjects, forwards a circular with which he has been favoured by the College. He is invited to submit one of his manuscripts for "a free criticism." "Until we have satisfied ourselves that it is really worth your while to continue with your literary work," the circular proceeds, "we do not wish to push further our arguments in favour of the 'Success' course." The net is, of course, spread in vain in the sight of a successful writer. Unfortunately, however, such a concern as this so-called College may find many dupes among literary aspirants.

The name of the gentleman who has purchased the Old Buckenham Hall estate from Prince Frederick Duleep Singh was erroneously given in last week's Truth as Mr. Lionel Palmer. It should have been Mr. Lionel Robinson.

There has been considerable difficulty in filling up the Presidency of Queens' College, Cambridge, vacant by the promotion of Dr. Chase to the see of Ely. The revenue of the college has been greatly reduced of late years, and the occupant of the Lodge must possess adequate private means in order to encounter the expenses of the position of President. Mr. J. C. Fitzpatrick, who has been elected to succeed Dr. Chase, is Dean, assistant lecturer, and supernumerary (unpaid) Fellow of Christ's College. He is not only a man of extensive and sound learning in theology, but also a distinguished authority on Natural Science, which, indeed, is his great "subject." The appointment was not generally expected, but it meets with hearty

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approval. Mr. Fitzpatrick is a wide-minded man, but it is certain that he will carefully maintain the Evangelical traditions of Queens' College, which has always been the headquarters of this party at Cambridge, and a strict preserve of thoroughly definite Church principles.

Bishop Welldon is to be installed as Dean of Manchester in the Cathedral next Wednesday, but it is understood that he will not go into residence for several weeks. Canon Barnett, who succeeds to Bishop Welldon's stall in Westminster Abbey, is now in residence at Bristol Cathedral.

The Bishop of Wakefield has filled up the Archdeaconry of Halifax, vacant by the death of Archdeacon Brooke, formerly Vicar of Halifax, by appointing Canon Norris, Rector of Barnsley, who has been beneficed in this diocese for eighteen years. He is a very able man, and an admirable preacher, and he has been for many years actively associated with the administrative work of the diocese. The preferment of Canon Norris is regarded with much satisfaction in the West Riding.

A Service correspondent, writing from the Mediterranean with reference to the arrogant pretensions of the Archbishop Bishop of Malta, vouches for the following statement from personal knowledge. A few months ago a seaman serving in a ship on the Mediterranean station died, and was buried at Malta. The chaplain of the ship walked to the cemetery in his surplice, etc., with the funeral procession. The Archbishop protested in the strongest terms against this proceeding, and insisted that the Government should not allow it to occur again. The Government humbly bowed to his views, and an order was issued that in future only Roman Catholic chaplains would be permitted to accompany funeral processions through the streets wearing their vestments. This order, I understand, is still in force. It seems to me high time that some stop was put to such subserviency on the part of a Colonial Government to a domineering prelate. We have promised the Roman Catholics the fullest enjoyment of religious liberty in Malta, but this must be subject to equal liberty for all other denominations. Our Government cannot allow itself, in Malta or anywhere else, to be made the catspaw of one denomination which refuses to tolerate the public liberty of others.

An appeal, signed by the wives of the English and American Ambassadors at Rome, for aid on behalf of the American Nursing Home in Rome, recently appeared in the *Times*. This Home was established in 1902, and has been most useful. Last year the demands made upon it were so numerous that many applications for admittance and for nurses had to be refused. The appeal is not for maintenance expenses, but to build an annexe, which will add twelve more rooms, and an isolated pavilion for the reception of infectious cases. The land has been already bought for the site, and the estimated cost of the new building will be about £3,400. It is difficult to collect a sum like this from the American and English visitors to Rome, although they are ready to subscribe to the expenses of a going concern. It is to be hoped, therefore, that this appeal will reach them and evoke their help, as well as that of charitable people who have not yet visited Rome. An establishment like this is a great boon, not only to visitors, but to the many comparatively poor foreign residents. The isolated pavilion is very necessary, as there were many cases of measles and other infectious diseases during the past winter. The names of the ladies who make the appeal are a guarantee that money given will not be wasted, and that the building is needed. Subscriptions will be received by Messrs. Plowden and Co., Bankers, Piazza St. Apostoli, or by the honorary treasurer, Mr. R. Young, Grand Hotel, Rome. If anyone wishes to save the trouble of forwarding the money abroad, Truth will gladly receive and transmit it.

While my readers are considering, as I hope they are all doing, the claims of the various holiday funds now appealing for contributions, I hope they will not overlook the Convalescent and Holiday Fund run by the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation for the benefit of poor country clergymen. The claims of this fund upon Church people are undeniable. In their appeal for help the committee of the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation state that "cases are frequent where, for six, eight, or ten years, sometimes even longer, a clergyman has not had a single Sunday from his parish. One, whom his bishop recommended, had not had a single Sunday's rest for twenty-four years." As I have pointed out before, this state of things is as bad for the people as for the priest. I ought to add that the secretary of the Corporation is Mr. Mandeville Phillips, and the address 38, Tavistock-place, W.C.

Another most useful opening for benevolence at this time of year is offered by the various seaside camps for London working boys. I would specially call attention to those of the Boys' Brigade, the secretary of which is Mr. R. S. Peacock, 34, Paternoster-row, E.C. During the next few weeks the Boys' Brigade will have several thousand lads under canvas at different camps on the south and east coast, at incalculable advantage to them, moral and physical. All the boys contribute to the cost of their own holiday, and do it readily, saving up their money for months for the purpose. But outside help is also required, and the more of it that is forthcoming the greater will be the number of boys who will get a holiday in this excellent shape.

The following amounts have been sent to me towards Lady St. Helier's Children's Holiday Fund:—Mrs. E. Wills and Mrs. Lowes, 10s.; Léonie, £2 2s.; G. P. P., 5s.; E. C. M., £5; E. B., £1 1s.; T. P., £2.

I have also received £1 from Frank A. Ferguson towards the deficit of last year's Toy Fund.

Seeger's Hair Dye.—Dyes the hair by merely combing through. 2s. the Case, or Trial Bottle, mailed free from observation, 7d.—Hinde's Ltd., 1A, Finsbury, London.

Tabasco. Tabasco. Tabasco. Tabasco. Tabasco. Tabasco. The only liquid red pepper sauce. All connoisseurs appreciate it immensely. Chefs and cooks recognise it as a great acquisition for giving tone and life to soups, sauces, gravies, oysters, curries, entrees, &c. The flavour is irresistible and quickly grows on one. 1s. 6d. per bottle of all grocers, or post free from Lamont Corliss & Co., 11, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

I cannot say that I view with any approval the vast expenditure of public money on the official "History of the War in South Africa." Not only has the amount expended been out of all reason, but the justification for any expenditure on a Government publication of this nature is utterly lacking. An official history is open to suspicion at almost every point, and can never possess any historical value, except in so far as it may disclose official matter not otherwise accessible to the world; and such matter will not be disclosed if it does not suit the interests of officialdom to disclose it.

In the present instance, the materials for a full and accurate history of the war are available to every writer, and private enterprise has already produced at least one such work—the *Times* History—presumably at a profit to the publishers. The one legitimate reason that the Government could have for producing a history of its own—that of enabling military officers to study all the operations in detail—does not exist. The value of the critical observations from the point of view of the military student must be discounted by the fact that the writers are officials working to order, and if they are human their views must inevitably be coloured by personal considerations, when the events are so recent and the principal actors still living. I therefore look upon the huge sum spent on this "History" as one of the worst examples of the reckless squandering of money by the late Government.

The first volume of the work has now been issued by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett. Under the circumstances the most wonderful thing about it is that it is as good as it is, and the result will add to the reputation of the late Colonel Henderson, under whom the work was begun, and of Major-General Maurice, by whom it has been brought to the point of completion. The present volume contains the history of the campaign down to the moment of Lord Roberts's movement against Cronje, and therefore all those operations in Cape Colony and Natal which are most open to criticism. The narrative is certainly most lucid and complete, and even a civilian can follow and appreciate the significance of every order and every movement. The authors, from the necessities of the case, do not affect to sit in judgment and deal out either censure or praise, but they have managed to tell the story so that the causes of every failure and every success, such as there was, are apparent, and nobody who reads intelligently can fail to see precisely why things happened as they did on those melancholy days at Stormberg, Magersfontein, and Colenso. Spion Kop, and the story of the siege of Ladysmith, we have not yet come to. So far as can be judged from the first volume, the book reflects the highest credit on all concerned in its production, whatever may be thought of the desirability of producing it.

Colonel Sir H. M. Hozier's resignation of the important office of secretary of Lloyd's, which he has held for the last thirty-two years, has been received with great regret by the committee, the members, and, indeed, everyone with whom his duties brought him into contact. Before he went to Lloyd's, in 1874, Colonel Hozier had seen a good deal of military service. He served in the China War with the Royal Artillery, and he was assistant military secretary to Lord Napier of Magdala during the Abyssinian Expedition. He took part in the campaign between Germany and Denmark in 1864, and acted as a *Times* correspondent during the war between Prussia and Austria in 1866. In the Franco-German War he was one of the British military attachés at the headquarters of the German Army. Now that we are again discussing the question of Army reforms, it is, too, interesting to note that nearly forty years ago Colonel Hozier was secretary to a Commission appointed to consider the formation of a reserve for the Army.

The following story of petty tyranny in the Navy reaches me from a trustworthy source at Portsmouth. Just before the recent manœuvres a message was received on board one of the destroyers at that port, summoning her commanding officer to an interview with a superior of flag rank. The commander was ashore, so the warrant officer ranking next to him obeyed the summons instead. In his anxiety to present himself promptly before the great man, he committed the service offence of attending in undress instead of in full uniform. The punishment was deferred, but when the manœuvres were over, the crew of the destroyer, who were looking forward to the week's leave they had earned—such as began at once for the ships' companies in general—learned that the whole of them were to be punished for the warrant officer's fault by the vessel being sent to sea for a lonely vigil of ten days in the Channel, away from fresh provisions and beyond the reach of the mails. This tyrannical, grotesquely unjust sentence has now been worked out, and the ship's company have begun their post-manœuvre leave only this week. When "my lords" have five minutes to spare, they might do worse than institute an inquiry as to who inflicted this vindictive punishment on the entire ship's company for a technical breach of discipline by one man, and what explanation he has to offer for awarding it.

In a communication regarding the treatment of the staff in one of the larger offices of the Indian Telegraph Department it is stated that in a single month as many as eleven hundred fines have been imposed for alleged faults, mistakes or breaches of regulations. It is evident from this that either the staff must be deplorably negligent and inefficient or else that the head of the office is harsh and hypercritical in dealing with them. Seeing that his predecessor was able to carry on the office without any such system of wholesale fines—in fact he only found it necessary to levy one fine in two years—the probability is that the second hypothesis is correct. On the same station a bungalow has been rented by the Department as an office for the telegraph subdivisional officer and also for the use of a probationer's training class. This still left two spare rooms, and in

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these five signallers have been ordered to take up their quarters, thereby forfeiting the house allowances that they have hitherto drawn. The aggregate amount of these allowances is the exact amount of the rent paid for the whole bungalow, so that by thrusting the five signallers into the two rooms the Department is obtaining office accommodation for the sub-divisional officer and the probationer's training class free of charge. This arrangement is naturally resented by the men, and the Director-General of the Department would do well to inquire into the matter and into the general administration of the office in question.

I have received the following letter from Messrs. Bramall and White, solicitors, East India Chambers, 23, Leadenhall-street, E.C.:—

Our client, Mr. B. Cowasjee, of Rangoon, has called our attention to a note with reference to the recent proceedings against him mentioned at page 1,161 of your journal. We think it right to inform you that our client has obtained special leave to appeal against the decision referred to from the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and the appeal is being pressed forward; also that application was made to the Chief Court of Lower Burma for a certificate that the case was a fit one for appeal immediately after the decision, and that that Court would have granted the application if they thought it had the power. Your remarks therefore were made while the matter was sub judice, and you are in error in calling it a criminal trial, and were exceeding, we think, the grounds of fair comment in speaking of it as a "gross case." We think the facts above stated as to the matter being under appeal should have equal publicity given to them as that given to the paragraph in question, and our client reserves his rights against you and the proprietors of the paper in case, as we have every reason to hope, his appeal is successful.

I willingly give publicity to the fact that Mr. B. Cowasjee is appealing against the decision referred to, and, notwithstanding the suggestion at the end of the above letter, I trust that on his appeal he will succeed in showing that he was not guilty of the professional misconduct for which he was dismissed from his office as an advocate of the Chief Court at Rangoon. In reply, however, to Messrs. Bramall and White's remarks, I may point out that when I alluded to the matter I did not know that special leave to appeal had been obtained from the Judicial Committee—indeed, it does not appear, even now, that such leave, making the case *sub judice*, had actually been granted at the time my paragraph was published. As to the use of the words "criminal trial," this expression was not applied to the proceedings against Mr. Cowasjee. What the paragraph showed was that complaints were made against him as the result of "disclosures in connection with a criminal trial," in which he had appeared for the prosecution. With regard to the comment that it was a "gross case," this was the judgment of the Chief Judge and his colleagues against which Mr. Cowasjee is now appealing.

My motoring contributor has dealt elsewhere with the motor 'bus, which has been so much in evidence during the past week. It seems to me that the outcry about the danger of these vehicles is considerably overdone. Such dangers as are most conspicuous are solely attributable to inexperience in driving and management, and to the fact that the vehicles are in a rudimentary stage of development; though, in view of the nuisance and accidents caused by them, Sir Edward Henry has done well to assert the authority of Scotland Yard a little more forcibly. But there is another point of great public importance, though it does not apply to motor 'buses alone, and that is the right of lines of such vehicles to establish themselves in purely residential streets. I urged this a little time back in the case of a hitherto "quiet street" in Pimlico. Sir Theodore Martin has voiced the same grievance on behalf of the inhabitants of Onslow-square. The grievance is an intolerable one. The houses in streets invaded by these vehicles are rendered uninhabitable, and not only are the residents driven from their homes, but the value of the property is depreciated to a degree disastrous to the owners.

When this question was last dealt with in TRUTH, a legal correspondent took up the cudgels for the motor-'buses, arguing from the point of view of the greatest happiness of the greatest number, and contending that people who live in large towns must reconcile themselves to the inevitable incidents of town life. But this argument really will not do. A railway contributes to the general welfare of the community, as well as the profits of the promoters. But a man would not be allowed to run a railway down the middle of a street, or even underneath its surface, without compensating those whose private rights were thereby injuriously affected. The motor-'bus is in many cases not less injurious to private rights than an underground railway. If a company had to come to Parliament for power to establish a line of such vehicles, this fact would be recognised, and no one would attempt to contend that the loss to the private owners should be disregarded because the vehicles would be a public convenience. Until quite recently it would have been as unlawful for anyone to run even one motor 'bus down a London street as to run a railway.

One would suppose that as all public vehicles are licensed by Scotland Yard, and as the police have general powers for the regulation of street traffic, the Commissioner would have power to direct what route lines of omnibuses plying regularly in the streets shall or shall not take. This matter really concerns horse omnibuses as well as motor vehicles, though not to the same degree. From what I have previously heard, however, it seems doubtful whether the Commissioner possesses such a power, and the doubt is rather confirmed by the communications from Sir Edward Henry in response to the representations of the Kensington Borough Council on the complaint of Sir Theodore Martin, for the Commissioner does not appear to consider the possibility of making the offending vehicles take some other route. The police, or other public authority, ought certainly to have such power over all classes of traffic, and the law should be amended in that direction, if necessary.

The argument that people who live in towns must put up with the necessary incidents of town life is a very

THE PRESERVATION of HEALTH is the subject of interesting remarks of Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., on page 188.

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dangerous one." Its cogency depends entirely upon what is or is not held to be "necessary." We have held that it is not necessary for the owner of a furnace to pollute the atmosphere and annoy his neighbours by discharging volumes of black smoke from his chimneys; and we have placed, for the public interest, many other restrictions upon what used to be considered necessary incidents of town life. There is not the slightest reason why we should not take similar measures to protect the quietude of purely residential streets. On the contrary, nothing is more necessary in the best interests of the whole community.

One of the features of modern life is that anybody who can spend a pound or so on his dinner commands the whole gastronomic resources of the known world as completely as did the Roman Emperors in the days of their greatest magnificence—more so, indeed, for the known world is larger to-day than then, and the means of transit easier. I heard the other day at the Carlton that the fish composing the "Truite au bleu," which is a daily feature at that famous restaurant, are brought alive to London. They are picked out alive overnight at the North of England Fish Hatchery, Barrasford-on-Tyne, and perform the 300 miles journey to London by a G.N.R. express in specially constructed tanks surrounded by ice, and are turned out into fresh tanks on arrival at the Carlton in readiness for the evening's dinner. This is a further development of the elaborate arrangements for supplying fresh fish in the Ritz restaurants on the Hamburg-American liners. How little the giddy throng at the restaurant dinner thinks of the care, forethought, and elaborate arrangements that go to make each mouthful of the meal what it is!

AT LAST!

At last have truth and right prevailed,
Though not till twelve long years had passed;
The lie 's been to the counter nailed
At last.

At last the chains of cruel shame
That bound the guiltless martyr fast
Are loosed, and cleared stands Dreyfus' name
At last.

We 're thankful that so foul a wrong
Has righted been, if righted slow,
And marvel why 'twas not done long
Ago.

And why French judges *wouldn't* see
(Despite our interfering fuss)
Facts that were plain as plain could be
To us.

Yet p'raps those Frenchmen, looking *here*—
Whose blindness we so free condemn—
May ask why *we* can't see what 's clear
To *them*;

May ask why Beck—and ask it well—
Guiltless, so long in prison lay;
Why pines Edalji in his cell
To-day.

Will right and truth for *him* prevail
When even twelve long years have passed,
And *that* lie to the counter nail
At last?

The institution of special courts for the hearing of charges against children, so that they may be kept free from the contaminating associations of the ordinary police court, is an entirely praiseworthy arrangement and I am pleased to see that it is now being generally adopted throughout the country. A point of some importance in connection with this movement has been raised, however, by a recent announcement of the Mayor of Taunton that the Bench there have decided that the cases heard in the children's court shall not be reported. This suggests that the Mayor and his colleagues are of opinion that they can deal with these cases *in camerâ*; and if this be so they are certainly labouring under a delusion.

I am told that the same mistaken impression prevails elsewhere, and that in some towns the magistrates now deal with juvenile offenders in private rooms from which every one except the parties concerned is excluded. This system is unquestionably illegal. The law requires that the public shall have access to every magistrate's court, and though it may be a very good thing that there should be children's courts, apart from the ordinary courts, it would not be by any means desirable, even if it were lawful, that such courts should be held with closed doors. The newspapers might, I should think, very well refrain from reporting many of the cases against juvenile offenders. But the secret administration of the law would lead to all sorts of abuses, and the magistrates at Taunton and elsewhere should be made to understand that they have no power whatever to exclude reporters of any other members of the public from these children's courts.

Superintendent Marks, of the Surrey Constabulary, who has long been notorious as a trapper of motorists, met with a well-merited rebuff at the Kingston County Petty Sessions last week. At the previous court a summons against a motorist for driving to the danger of the public was dismissed, and thereupon Marks took out a second summons against him for having, at the same time and place, exceeded the speed limit of twenty miles an hour. The County J.P.s at Kingston have frequently been accused of an antipathy to motorists, and certainly they have on many occasions recorded convictions on very flimsy and unsatisfactory police evidence with regard to the speed of the cars. No doubt Marks has come to think that they will endorse almost any action that he takes in such cases. This time, however, he went too far, even for the Kingston Bench, who expressed the opinion that "it was not fair to prosecute a man twice for the same alleged offence," and suggested that the second summons should be withdrawn. It was with-

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TRAINS DE LUXE.—CARLSBAD EXPRESS, 9 a.m., daily, via Ostend, and 11 a.m., daily, via Calais and Paris to Carlsbad, Franzenbad, Marienbad, &c. ENGADINE EXPRESS, 11 a.m. daily. Coire, Ragatz, Lucerne, Interlaken, &c. SIMPLON-OBERLAND-LEMAN EXPRESS, Monday, Wednesday, Saturday, Calais direct to Lausanne, Montreux, Berne, Simplon Tunnel to Milan direct. Sleeping and Restaurant Car Service to Bale, 2.20 p.m. daily, ex Charing Cross. Other daily Sleeping Car Services to Switzerland, Germany, Italy, Spain, &c. Daily Restaurant Cars to PARIS in connection with 9 a.m. and 2.20 p.m. Trains from London. Time-tables, INTERNATIONAL SLEEPING CAR CO., 20, Cockspur-street, Charing Cross, where all tickets must be obtained in advance.

drawn accordingly, but notwithstanding their own admission that the police had behaved unfairly in bringing him to the Court a second time, with his counsel and witnesses, their worships refused to award the defendant any costs.

A very different course with regard to the costs was adopted by the Leeds Stipendiary in a case last week, in which a local professional man was summoned for being drunk in charge of a motor, and also for driving to the danger of the public. The defendant, who had been arrested and locked up, was able to show conclusively that he was neither drunk nor driving dangerously, and in dismissing the summonses the magistrate granted him ten guineas costs against the police. It appears to have been a most scandalous prosecution, and in the interests of the public further notice ought to be taken of the conduct of the police officers concerned in the matter.

Mr. Curtis Bennett at Westminster last week, made some scathing remarks on the methods of business of Leicester and Co. (alias Todd), the notorious area-gate touts of Twickenham. One of Todd's canvassers bamboozled a servant girl into signing an order for a watch and chain, for which she was to pay £1 15s. by monthly instalments. Being advised that the watch and chain were only worth about 12s. 6d., she sent them back, but after some delay Todd returned them, and a day or two later sent her one of the familiar threatening documents headed "Notice before proceeding in the County Court." The girl asked for the magistrate's advice in the matter. "Send the watch and chain back," he replied, "and if these people venture to sue you, defend the action, take this notice to the County Court, and say the thing is a fraud." The whole business is undoubtedly a fraud, and it is a pity that this rascal Todd is not haled before a criminal court.

By the way, I see that at the Derbyshire Assizes last week two shop assistants were convicted of acting or professing to act under a false colour or pretence of the process of the County Court at Chesterfield by using printed forms, with the heading "Notice before proceeding in the County Court," to demand the payment of debts. It appeared that these bogus notices, to which the name of the Registrar had been appended, were sent out to customers of the defendant's employer, a Chesterfield shopkeeper; and it was stated that other tradesmen in the town had also been using the same forms. In fining one defendant £50 and the other £5, Mr. Justice Walton said the offence was a very serious one, and future offenders would be given a term of imprisonment. I wish the Treasury which instituted this prosecution would now consider whether Todd and other gentry in his line of business cannot be brought to book for the use of similar, if not exactly the same, imitations of County Court forms.

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There are several illustrations in my Legal Pillory this week of the amazing leniency of the Great Unpaid in dealing with offences against the person. It is, of course, customary to let off wife-beaters with a pecuniary penalty, as in the case at Penybont; but the Neath Bench have distinguished themselves by extending the same indulgence to a brute convicted of a savage assault on a little girl, which ought to have been punished by a month's hard labour. What the Swansea J.P.s described as "pure hooliganism" is not likely to be suppressed so long as their worships are content to inflict a fine instead of committing the hooligans to gaol; and the same comment applies to the failure of the magistrates to pass the sentences of imprisonment which the offenders deserved in the cases of ruffianism and brutality at Sparkhill, Leominster, and Chelmsford. By way of contrast to these decisions I give various examples of magisterial severity towards persons convicted of petty larceny, poaching, and the henious crime of sleeping out without visible means of subsistence:—

Chelmsford Borough Police-court. Before the Mayor and other magistrates. William Hance, junior, charged with assaulting Alfred James Cuff by striking him and twice knocking him down. Owing to the injuries that he received, complainant was detained in the infirmary for six days. Fined 40s. and costs.

Neath Borough Police-court. John Price, charged with assaulting his daughter, aged eight years. Both the child's eyes were blackened, she had a cut behind the left ear, and she was very much bruised about the body. Fined 10s., and costs.

Leominster County Police-court. Before Messrs. R. J. Dansey, A. W. Walker, T. D. Bureton, T. Nield, and R. W. Hall. George Passey, charged with assaulting Thomas Hill, by knocking him down and beating and kicking him whilst he was on the ground. Complainant was left there in an unconscious condition. One bone of his nose was broken, and his face was a mass of swellings. Fined 10s. and costs.

Sparkhill Police-court. Before Messrs. Hughes, Jenks, and Lane. George Birch, charged with being drunk and disorderly and with assaulting two policemen, and James Clarke, charged with assaulting the officers. Both the constables were knocked down and severely kicked. Birch fined 25s., and Clark 20s.

East Norton Police-court. Before Messrs. Fenwicke and Burton and Major Dawson. Edward Jelley, charged with assaulting George Palmer, by striking him on the head with a hoe. Complainant was badly injured, and he appeared with his head swathed in bandages. Fined £2 10s.

Chelmsford Borough Police-court. Before the Mayor and other magistrates. John Chambers, charged with stealing articles of clothing from a lodging house. One month.

Hayward's Heath Police-court. Before Major Maberley. Alfred Murphy, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. Ten days.

Nottingham County Police-court. Arthur Nicholson and Thomas Walker, charged under the Poaching Prevention Act with being found in possession of rabbits and nets. Nicholson fined £2 or one month; Walker £5 and costs or two months.

Ironbridge Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. F. G. Beddoes and B. Maddox. John Thomas, Junr., and John Yorke, Junr., two young labourers, charged with stealing coal, value 6d., from a railway yard. Fourteen days each.

Wokingham County Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. S. A. Hankey, J. W. McNabb, G. A. Watson, and H. C. Mylne. Frederick Wise, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. Fourteen days.

Clay Cross Petty Sessions. Before Colonel J. G. M. Jackson and Mr. E. Tinkler. Ann Walters, charged under the Poaching Prevention Act with being found in possession of rabbits, and John Vardy, charged with aiding and abetting her. Walters fined 15s. and costs; Vardy £3 and costs.

Shornbrook Divisional Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. R. Orlebar, C. R. Wade Gery, R. R. B. Orlebar, and Colonel Jackson. William Bridgeford, charged under the Poaching Prevention Act with being found on the highway in possession of nets and a ferret. Fined £5 8s. 6d.

ROYAL SOCIETY FOR PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS. Nearly 8,000 convictions last year. Complaints marked 'Private.' absolutely confidential.—SECRETARY, 105, Jermyn-st., London.

Penybont Police-court. Before Mr. T. Thomas-Moore and other magistrates. Wm. Davies, charged with assaulting his wife by beating her about the head, face, and breast. He had been previously convicted. Fined 40s.

Swansea Police-court. Thos. Stacey, charged with assaulting Jacob Roxmisky, and with maliciously damaging a quantity of lamp glasses. Defendant and other persons broke into Roxmisky's shop, smashed a lot of goods out of sheer wantonness, and beat both Roxmisky and his wife. The Bench said it was a case of pure hooliganism. Fined 40s.

Weymouth Borough Police-court. Before Messrs. B. Morris, C. J. Freeman, and J. E. Robens. Gilbert Hewlett, charged with cruelty to a horse. The horse, which was aged, in poor condition, and completely exhausted, was savagely beaten by the defendant. On the off side there were heavy weals, and on the near side a piece of skin was torn out. Fined 10s. and costs.

Bournemouth Borough Police-court. Before Captain Elwes and Admiral Castle. William Light and Emma Mary Light, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. Seven days each.

Preston Quarter Sessions. Joseph Byers, charged with stealing three blouses. Six months.

Northamptonshire Quarter Sessions. Before Mr. C. Smyth and other magistrates. Frederick Wallis, charged with vagrancy by sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. One month.

Derby County Police-court. Before Messrs. W. M. Jervis, E. Elsey, W. B. Woodforde, A. Woodiwiss, and W. Mallalieu. John Stevenson and William Walker, charged under the Poaching Prevention Act with coming from land where they had been in search of game, and having in their possession three rabbits. Stevenson fined £3 and costs, Walker £5 and costs.

Linslade Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. J. T. Mills and Stewart Freeman, and Dr. Johnstone Harris. William Harding and Joseph Griffin charged with cruelty to a pony. The animal was severely thrashed, and eventually fell to the ground. Fined 15s. 6d. each, including costs.

A very interesting inquest was held last week at Wandsworth upon a patient of the Weidhaas Hygienic Institute, Burgess Hill. The deceased man had been suffering from consumption for upwards of three years, and was attended by a doctor until the beginning of this year, when, according to the evidence of his widow, "he began to treat himself with patent medicines," and in March he tried the Weidhaas Institute. The Institute plied him with all the interesting remedies described in TRUTH on previous occasions, with the result that at the end of three months the patient died of consumption. The medical evidence was to the effect that the case was a hopeless one, and that the Weidhaas treatment had not affected the man's health or life one way or the other. How much money it got out of him was not stated, but presumably the payment was on the usual scale, which begins with three guineas down.

The coroner pointed out that some of the questions by means of which the Institute had diagnosed the disease were such as the patient could not possibly be expected to answer accurately; and this is the most material point in connection with the operations of quack establishments of this class. They deal principally with illiterate people, whose statements of their symptoms cannot possibly be relied upon, and even if they possessed all the skill they brag of, and were not primarily concerned in obtaining fees, it is out of the question that they could give adequate and intelligent treatment under these conditions. It is a great scandal that the law should allow this class of medical practice to be carried on.

One of the most audacious frauds that I have ever heard of has recently been perpetrated by a man calling himself for the time being "J. J. Ham," but doubtless known by many other names. Towards the end of last year, this individual advertised that he would sell a half-share of an old-established business for £200, paying £3 a week salary, in addition to half the profits. He had an office at the time at 11, Wardrobe-chambers, E.C., where he was ostensibly carrying on the business of a dealer in poultry. Possibly he had adopted the name of Ham as appropriate in this connection. A Mr. Maitland answered the advertisement, saw Ham at his office, inspected his books, which showed a considerable volume of business, and eventually agreed to come in as partner. He paid £200 into a bank in the names of Ham and himself, and was to have the sole right to draw upon the account.

The business proceeded accordingly. Ham conducted the sales and the purchases, and brought in each day a sheet showing the transactions. He produced invoices for the goods bought, and Mr. Maitland drew cheques for the amount, for which in due course Ham showed receipts. He produced in the same way and paid into the bank cash representing debts to the firm, which he was supposed to have collected. The transactions, according to Ham's figures, were on a large scale, the sales running to over £380 in February and again in March. They then suddenly dropped to less than half that amount, and at the beginning of June Ham suddenly disappeared, and his partner has never since been able to find him.

It then turned out that the alleged business was fictitious from beginning to end. No goods had been bought or sold. The invoices and receipts which Ham presented to his partner were forgeries concocted by himself or confederates. The debtors and creditors of the firm were either non-existent or were also confederates—at any rate, they could not be found at their addresses when Mr. Maitland endeavoured to look them up. Ham had simply obtained cheques from his partner, cashed them, and returned to him a certain amount of the money as cash collected from creditors. The game went on as long as enough remained out of the original £200 to pay the "salaries" of the two partners, and when the bank balance was exhausted, Mr. Ham took himself off. In its simplicity and audacity the fraud is unique in my experience. But the most extraordinary thing about it is that when the victim communicated with the City Police they refused to move in the matter. This is the more extraordinary because on communicating with the police at places where Ham had resided during the partnership, Mr. Maitland found that he was known to them as a man of thoroughly bad character. It is, in fact, pretty evident that the man must be an experienced, as well as a clever thief, and if the City Police make no effort to trace and arrest him they are neglecting their obvious duty.

Here is a story of a betting transaction which discloses a new dodge on the part of a bookmaker desirous of repudiating a debt. The bookmaker is an individual styling himself "H. Osborne and Co.," 4, Leicester-street, W., and the backer, whom I will call Mr. X., was introduced to him by a friend just before the Epsom Summer Meeting. Mr. X. wired Osborne asking if he was prepared to take £100 on Pretty Polly for the

Coronation Cup, and Osborne wired back an acceptance of the bet, and confirmed it by letter. Pretty Polly won, and Mr. X. became entitled to £18 odd from Osborne, but the money was not forthcoming on settling day, nor did the bookmaker answer a telegram requesting payment. On the Monday after Ascot, when the £18 was three weeks' overdue, Mr. X. made several visits to Osborne's office, but was not successful in seeing him. A few days later Osborne wrote a letter saying that whereas Mr. X. claimed £18 from him, he claimed £82 from Mr. X.

As Mr. X. had only had one transaction with Osborne, he was naturally astonished and puzzled by this letter, and so he went to the office again to ask for an explanation. This time he saw Osborne, who produced what he represented as a press copy of a letter which he alleged that he had addressed to Mr. X. on June 15. The purport of it was that Osborne "supposed" that Mr. X. wanted his "usual £100 on Pretty Polly" for the Ascot Gold Cup, and that unless he heard to the contrary he would be "on" as per Mr. ——'s (his friend's) instructions. Mr. X. had never received any such letter, nor, of course, had his friend ever given Osborne any such instructions. Even if the friend had said (but, of course, he did not do so) that Mr. X. would have £100 on Pretty Polly every time she ran, it would still have been preposterous for Osborne to assume that he was entitled to book the bet in the absence of any confirmation from the backer himself. On this impudent and preposterous pretext, however, Osborne has, so far, refused to pay the £18. It is evident, therefore, that he is one of those bookmakers against whom backers should be on their guard.

A correspondent describing himself as "a sportsman" —one of the numerous class who fancy they are sportsmen because they back horses—has sent me some publications relating to betting systems, which he thinks "are worth a good show-up in the boldest type." He seems to have been a good customer of Beston, of Birmingham, for three of these booklets, "The Backer's Winning Guide" (price 5s.), "The Racing Book of Fortune" (2s.), and "The Daily Winner Finder" (1s. 6d.), are issued by that notorious harpy. My correspondent remarks that a backer following any of the systems set forth in these publications "would soon be in Skinner-street," and if this means the local bankruptcy court I fully agree with him. The roaring trade that is done by tipsters and betting system mongers like Beston is a sad reflection on the intelligence of the British public. It seems to me, indeed, that the people who not only believe in the existence of an infallible method of making a fortune by betting but expect to be placed in possession of such a gold mine for the outlay of a few shillings must be double-distilled idiots.

It seems a decidedly audacious proceeding for a blood-sucker to do his bloodsucking among the servants of the law within the precincts of the High Court of Justice, but an action in the Marylebone County Court last week showed that for some years this has been the practice of a Jew named Jocelyne. He runs a usury-shop in Fleet-street, of which his wife is the registered proprietor, and many of his victims are clerks and law writers in the High Court. In the case at Marylebone he sued a youth of twenty, employed as a law writer in the High Court, for £8, the outstanding balance on a series of moneylending transactions at exorbitant rates of interest, which began when the defendant was only seventeen years of age. With the object of getting round the law, Jocelyne obtained letters from this boy in which he represented that he required money for necessaries, but counsel for the defence easily disposed of that pretence—as a matter of fact, the loans were mainly squandered in backing horses—and on the plea of infancy judgment was given for the defendant with costs.

The action was defended at the instance of the Board of Scriveners at the High Court, and Mr. Stringer, one of the chief officials, gave some interesting evidence respecting Jocelyne's nefarious business. In some cases the interest exacted by this avaricious and unprincipled usurer works out at the enormous rate of 500 or 600 per cent. per annum, and the clerks who fall into his clutches are squeezed in the most abominable manner. Jocelyne haunts the courts in order to dun his victims, and the attendants have been specially instructed to keep an eye on his doings, but unfortunately he cannot be excluded from the parts of the building open to the public. He is an astute as well as an impudent rascal, and though he over-reached himself in the case of this minor, it is apparently impossible to protect even the employees at the Law Courts from such a harpy. That fact is, indeed, a striking proof of the impotence of the Act of 1900 as a check upon the evils of moneylending.

In common with many of my readers, I have been favoured with a circular from Gerald Chesney, 25, Regent-street, intimating that he makes "prompt and strictly private advances of cash in sums of from £50 to £5,000 to responsible persons." Of course, it is very gratifying to find that he regards me as a responsible person. One of the responsibilities that I undertake, however, is the warning of the public against the sharks of usury, and although it may seem an ungrateful return for his kind attention, I feel compelled to point out once more that Chesney is a particularly dangerous shark. His real name is Pockett, and his methods of extortion have often been exposed in the courts, including a criminal court, where some years ago he was convicted of preliminary fee frauds.

Since my reference last week to the operations of an unregistered usurer named Bennett, of Romelandfield, St. Albans, I have been furnished with a copy of the agreement which he requires borrowers to sign. The copy in question was forwarded by Bennett to an applicant for the loan of a "£5 note," which he offers in his circulars and advertisements. It is a remarkable document. In return for the £5 the borrower agrees to pay back £6 in six weekly instalments of 20s. each, and "by way of security" he assigns the whole of his house-

The latest examples of stamped Note Paper, At Home Cards, &c. Over 60 specimens sent free. Parkins & Gotto, Stationers to H.M. the Queen, 54, Oxford Street, London, W.

hold furniture and effects to Bennett, with power to the latter to take possession of the same "in any of the events specified as causes of seizure in Section 7 of the Bills of Sale (1878) Amendment Act (1882)." This outrageous agreement is not, of course, a bill of sale—no bill of sale can be given for less than £30—and I have not the least doubt that any court of law would hold it to be null and void. The case that I gave last week shows, however, that this impudent extortioner (whose full name is Jabez Thomas Bennett) uses the document to intimidate simple-minded borrowers, and I would once more remind the police at St. Albans that it is their duty to prosecute him for non-registration under the Moneylenders Act.

References have been made in TRUTH on many occasions to the shady tricks resorted to for obtaining orders for trade announcements in the directories published by William Macdonald and Co., Ltd., of Edinburgh and London. In a case recently communicated to me, a lady who carries on a business in London gave an order in November, 1904, for an advertisement in Macdonald's "English Directory and Gazetteer," paid 2s. 6d. in cash, and took a receipt. Quite recently a man called and demanded payment of 5s. for the same order, and when she refused to pay he became threatening and abusive. He produced what purported to be an order, signed by the lady, but otherwise filled up in pencil, and here the amount due was given as 5s. Fortunately, the lady was able to lay her hand upon the receipt, which proved to be a counterfoil of the order and bore the same number. The receipt having been given on the counterfoil, it is obvious that the firm must have known that it had been given. The attempt, therefore, to obtain payment the second time after an interval of a year and a half speaks for itself. Such incidents apart, I would strongly advise business people to think twice before paying for insertions of their addresses, etc., in these directories, which are quite valueless for advertising purposes.

The following correspondence throws additional light on the tactics and character of Mr. D. W. Bullard, who is carrying on a scholastic agency at 217, Piccadilly, and making free with the names of Messrs. Schofield and Jessop. The first letter was written on February 23 last to a schoolmaster at Eastbourne:—

DEAR SIR,—We wrote you a short time since respecting our pupils registration system, but not hearing from you, fear it has escaped your notice. We are looking for a suitable home for two boys, ages 12 and 14, sons of a Spaniard holding a high office in the Chilian Government. They speak English fluently, but it is desired to place them where there are no other Spanish speaking pupils. Having no friends or relations in this country, sole charge will have to be taken, including holidays. Good fees will be paid.

If you think they would suit you kindly let us know your fee per annum, inclusive of everything, except clothing and pocket money.

It is intended that they shall remain three years.—We are, dear Sir, yours truly, SCHOFIELD AND JESSOP.

The bait does not seem to have been swallowed in this case. On July 2 the following letter was written to the same schoolmaster:—

DEAR SIR,—We wrote you a short time since respecting our pupils registration system, but not hearing from you, fear it has escaped your notice.

We are looking for a suitable school for three French-Canadian boys, two brothers and a friend, ages 11, 13, and 16 years respectively. It is not absolutely necessary that they should be together, but it would be preferred. They speak English, and it is desired to place them where there are no French pupils. They have no friends or relations in this country, it is therefore necessary that sole charge should be taken of them, including holidays.

Good fees will be paid.

If you think either, or all, of them would suit you, kindly let us know your annual fees, including everything except clothing and pocket money.—We are, dear Sir, yours truly,

SCHOFIELD AND JESSOP.

For convenience of reference I subjoin the original letter about the Afrikander boys, which was given in TRUTH of July 4. This letter was written on May 23:—

DEAR SIR,—We wrote you a short time since respecting our pupils registration system, but not hearing from you, fear it has escaped your notice.

We are looking for a suitable home for two boys, aged 11 and 12, sons of a successful Africander. They speak English, but it is desired to place them where there are no German or Dutch pupils. They have no friends or relations in this country; it will therefore be necessary for sole charge to be taken of them, including holidays.

Good fees will be paid.

If you think they would suit you, kindly let us know your annual fee, inclusive of everything, except pocket money.—Yours truly, SCHOFIELD AND JESSOP.

As already mentioned, the two Afrikander boys have been offered to no less than seven schoolmasters to my knowledge, and Bullard alone knows to how many more.

If any doubt previously existed as to the true character of the said Afrikander boys, it will be dispelled by the above correspondence, which shows that Bullard has been systematically practising this trick for months past, using a common form for the purpose, and merely varying the nationality and ages of the pupils whom he professes to have at his disposal. I should judge that he has obtained a good deal of money by this trick. In addition to the schoolmaster mentioned last week who paid five guineas for the Afrikander boys, but did not get them, it appears that another gentleman at Eastbourne, though not the one to whom the above letters were addressed, paid Bullard's guinea registration fee on the strength of the story about the two Chilian boys—only to be thereupon met with the suggestion that the agency should personally inspect the house, at the cost of another three-guinea fee. The letter in which this last suggestion is made is also to the same effect as, and in very similar terms to, the corresponding letter in the case of the Afrikander boys, published in TRUTH of July 4. There is not the slightest doubt, therefore, that, if they are not disposed to do more, the gentlemen who have paid their fees to Bullard on such representations as the above, have a good case for the recovery of their money. All the necessary materials are in my possession, and I shall be glad to place them at the disposal of anyone who is not disposed to "take this sort of thing lying down."

Mr. John R. Wildman, secretary and treasurer of the Easby Society, 17, Albion-street, Leeds, has sent me the following further letter:—

Your comment in to-day's issue respecting my letter of the 5th inst. is unfair; if the paragraph in your issue of June 27th were not written under a misapprehension, I shall be glad if you will either prove or withdraw your statement that our advertisement was "open to the serious objection that it is likely to delude and humbug people in the matter of assurance against sickness, accident, and death."

In his first letter Mr. Wildman said that my paragraphs "must have been written under some misap-

THE PERFECTION of Sparkling Hock, BURGEFF'S GREEN LABEL DRY, LIGHT, DELICATE, FINE BOUQUET, 54s. per doz. of all wine merchants.

prehension." My comment on this, which he describes as unfair, was to the effect that he made no attempt whatever to point out any evidence of my alleged "misapprehension." As to his present letter, the Society's advertisement was in the form of a coupon, or, as Mr. Wildman called it, "life insurance note," and for the privilege of publishing it newspaper proprietors were coolly asked to pay a guinea a year instead of being paid themselves. The advertisement represented that the Society would accept one of these coupons as of the value of 2½d. "in part payment of every whole shilling in any monthly premium for assurance"—*e.g.*, if a person insured at a monthly premium of 2s. sent two such coupons cut from a newspaper, he would only have to pay 1s. 7d. in cash. It seemed to me that this pretence as to the value of the coupons for the purpose of the insurance was likely to delude and humbug people, and to that opinion I adhere.

The following tasty paragraph appears in a prospectus of "weekly amusements," issued for the benefit of visitors to Guernsey:—

"Tuesday, July 10th, 10 a.m.—Excursion to Sark from Albert Pier. 10 a.m.—Trial of Plihon, charged with murder. 8.15 p.m.—"Gaieties" at Candie Grounds, etc.

Londoners grumble about their water rates, but they may go further afield and fare worse. Recently a correspondent removed from Wood Green to Barnet. At Wood Green he occupied a house at £30 a year, and the water rate, both under the old New River Company and the new Metropolitan Water Board, was 18s. 4d. a year. At Friern Barnet he occupies a house at £28, and the water rate levied by the Barnet District Gas and Water Company is £2 5s. 8d. a year! The bathroom and other conveniences are exactly the same in both houses, so that the difference between the charges cannot be explained away on that ground. At Barnet, moreover, the company does not give a constant supply, nor does the water appear to be of the superior quality which might be expected at such a high price.

The tariff reformers are naturally rejoiced that the Congress of Chambers of Commerce should have passed a resolution in favour of preferential tariffs within the Empire by a majority of something like two to one. No one will grudge them any small comfort which may serve to keep up their spirits in the day of their tribulation. But Chambers of Commerce are representative of a small section only of the community, and this matter will never be determined by the voices of that section alone. The Tariff Reform League is principally recruited from the class which the Chambers of Commerce represent, and we know to what extent the League represents the opinion of this country. India, even in its Chambers of Commerce, shows little sympathy for preferential tariffs, or any other nostrum of the same class; and the voice of England and India with a population of something like 350 millions of people counts for a good deal more than the voice of our protectionist colonies, even if it were certain that these are correctly represented by their Chambers of Commerce.

JEFFREY & Co.'s ARTISTIC WALL PAPERS are on view at their New Showrooms, The Wallpaper Gallery, 31, Mortimer-st, W. To be had of all decorators.—Factory, 64, Essex-rd., Islington, N.

We shall now be told, I suppose, once more that the Colonies are making us a generous offer which Little Englanders reject in the name of Free Trade. But a general resolution of this kind is worth nothing as a business proposition. We have yet to learn that when they pass from abstract declarations of policy to concrete schedules of customs duties, the Colonies are ready to give us anything commensurate with what we should have to give in order to meet their views as to the meaning of preferential trading. So far as has been seen at present, all that the Colonies are prepared to do in the way of preference is to make their "tariff walls" slightly higher against the foreigner than against the English and Scotch exporter. Of lowering the wall to the point where it will cease to protect efficiently the colonial producer against competition from the home country they show no intention. As long as a protective tariff is maintained as against ourselves, it is of little benefit to us that the foreigner is a degree worse off. We, on the other hand, allow the colonial producer to compete in our own market on equal terms with our own; and we can only give him a preference by establishing a tariff against the foreigner, which, to be effectual, must raise prices in the home market. As long as this situation remains, we stand to lose by preferential tariffs and to gain nothing in exchange.

The "Imperial" idea is used to give plausibility to what is essentially a protectionist scheme, and to mitigate the objections of those who would judge the scheme on purely economic grounds. But from the Imperial point of view the case is weaker than from the economic, because Imperial preferential tariffs have been tried and found wanting. This point has never yet been sufficiently emphasised by Free Traders, and consequently the Tariff Reformers ignore it. The crazy project of "knitting the Empire together" by means of customs tariffs, would find no adherents outside the ranks of professed Protectionists if it were known that preferential tariffs for the benefit of the Colonies were in force for half a century before the Free Trade era, that they did the Colonies more harm than good, and produced a feeling in the Mother Country towards the Colonies which, had it continued, would have brought about a speedy disruption of the Empire. When Lord Beaconsfield, the first Imperialist, spoke of the "wretched colonies" as a "millstone round our necks," he expressed the general sentiment of his time, and the result of a long course of fostering the Empire by preferential trading.

A correspondent rebukes me for wishing Mr. Chamberlain "many happy returns" on the occasion of his seventieth birthday, pointing out that it was his seventy-first, and inquiring how it is that "so many editors have made the same *stupid* blunder." I am not certain that the stupidity is on the side of the editors. A man's birthday, as the term is ordinarily used, is the anniversary of his birth. The first anniversary, and consequently his first birthday, is therefore the day on which he is one year old, and so on up to the day when he is seventy years old. The blunder is only so common because this view of the matter is so common, and it is only a blunder if you consider the day of a man's birth as

his first birthday. If you do that, you seem to imply that his subsequent birthdays are also days on which he is born—which seems to be decidedly stupid.

THE BUNKUM OF BRUMMAGEM.

(With Apologies to R. Southey.)

It was a summer afternoon,
And I upon my feet
Stood with three thousand others packed
In Birmingham's New Street;
When through our dense and serried throng
A stately motor passed along.

There in the motor sat a man,
Who looked as pleased as Punch,
Or as an alderman might look
After a City lunch.
He bowed and smiled to all the crowd,
Who cheered the great man long and loud.

"Now tell me what this hero's done?"
I asked my neighbour then—
A solid, navvy chap, whose name
I since have learnt was Ben.
"What has he done that all the crowd
Are cheering him thus long and loud?"

Old Ben he spat—as navvies do—
A most impressive spit,
Turned o'er my question in his brain,
Then thus he answered it.
"Lor bless yer. Don't yer know?" said he.
"Why this 'ere buffer's Joey C."

"I didn't ask you who he was,
But what he'd done," said I.
"Done? What a funny question, mate,"
Old Ben he made reply.
"Ain't it enough for you to know
That 'e's our one and only Joe?"

"But what's he done?" I pressed him home.
Old Ben his eyebrows raised.
"Not know what Joey C. has done?
God bless me—' I'm amazed.
More sense it were to ask me, Son,
What hain't our only Joseph done.

"Why, Joseph's done, and said, and been
—For Joe's an all-round man—
Well, every blessed thing, in fact,
That Politician can.
But Tory, Rad, Fair Trade or Free,
Our Joey's still the boy for me.

"And lately Joseph's gone and left
Dissenters in the lurch
(Though he 's a sort of one himself)
And taken up the Church.
But of whatever creed he be,
Our Joey's still the boy for me."

"What! Have you then no principles?"
I in amazement cried,
"Or are you like the shifting sands?"
"Lord love yer," Ben replied,
"In Brum. one principle we know,
And only one. Its name is Joe."

The band struck up "God Save the King,"
I heard the opening bar,
Then cried, "Great Scott! Do you then take
Your Joseph for E.R.?"
"Oh! E.R.'s very well," quoth he,
"But Joey, 'e's the king for me."

Lord Milner came out last week as an advocate of conscription. This is natural enough, for conscription and Imperialism must necessarily go hand in hand, and it is well that the Imperialists should do what they can to bring this home to the public. In his speech in the House of Lords Lord Milner laid stress upon the alleged moral and physical benefits which a nation gains from compulsory military service. He made light of the cash expenditure on this ground. "You get it back," he said, "in vastly improved physique." And later on, after dwelling on the alleged industrial benefits, he observed that "perhaps the most striking fact is the physical benefit derived from the exercises of drill, gymnastics, and a regular life."

This argument seems to me quackery. Impartial investigation has shown that the allegations respecting the physical deterioration of the British race have been exaggerated; and whether our town population is inferior to that of any of the nations which enjoy the advantages of compulsory military service is extremely doubtful. On the other hand, it is quite certain that such physical deterioration as exists is due to unhealthy social conditions; and to advocate military drill as a corrective is merely like dosing a man with drugs when he is suffering from the effects of either over-feeding or under-feeding. That is why I speak of it as quackery.

Side by side with this speech of Lord Milner there appeared in the *Daily Chronicle* an article by the Editor of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Dr. Brill, recording some of the impressions which he derived from his visit to England with the other German journalists. After paying us many compliments, Dr. Brill turned to the other side of the picture, and referred specially to what he saw at the East End of London. Here are one or two suggestive remarks:—

> The contrast between the wealth and the poverty of London is immense. We have both rich and poor, but our wealth is not so ancient, and our poverty not so intense. Berlin is a large city, not so large as London, but still its population runs into the millions. It has many home workers and other poor wretches whose lot in life is not to be envied; but search where you will, you will not be able to find even one case of such misery as abounds in the East End of London, and, as I have been informed, in other towns, notably Liverpool.
>
> The cause of all this trouble lies in a nutshell. It is the accumulation of years of *laissez-faire*. It has been forgotten that altering conditions require alterations in legislation, and the only remedy will be a new system. . . . Of one thing I am certain, and that is, if England would only make up her mind to recover the ground she has lost in social reform we will soon see her taking her place among the foremost progressive nations.

Let not any tariff reformer jump to the conclusion that when the worthy Doctor talks of "laissez-faire" he suggests that free trade is the cause of the trouble. His previous observations show clearly that what he has in his mind is our neglect of insurance, old age pensions, and other legislative measures that have been taken in Germany for the benefit of the working classes; and he would probably have laughed had he known that one of our most eminent statesmen was advocating conscription as a remedy for the consequences of the social conditions prevailing in the East End of London, in Liverpool, and in other large towns. We have been exhorted of late to "wake up" in order that we may keep abreast of other nations in the march of progress, but there is a good deal of difference of opinion as to the direction in which we are to proceed. It is very interesting, therefore, to find a German critic arriving at the conclusion that we may once more be numbered among the progressive nations when we go in seriously for labour legislation.

The Luxury of a Bath is incomplete without the addition of Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia, which refreshes and invigorates. Insist on Scrubb's. Makes Home Sweet Home In Deed.

Lord Milner has also a strong belief in the moral value of compulsory military service. I would recommend him to study the opinions prevailing on this subject in France, and particularly among French mothers, who have sometimes been regarded as the backbone of their country. He will find the opinion widely held that conscription is a source of wholesale demoralisation, and that its effects are most conspicuous in the rural districts, where modern nations have to look for the preservation of the healthiest type of manhood. I do not say that such results of military training are inevitable, and they may not be everywhere visible. But I have a strong opinion that a country that has to look to soldiers for the moulding of character in its young men, and the inculcation of morals, will fare as badly as the nation which relies on similar agency to counteract the causes of physical degeneration.

I have received the following communication on stationery headed "Section du Parti Monarchique Russe.—Présidence.—à Kieff." I don't quite know why it is sent to me, but I publish it, first as a remarkable proof of the tone which friends of the Russian monarchy nowadays adopt towards the Government, and secondly as an example of the conflicting views about contemporary events which prevail in Russia. A parallel to this conflict could only be found in Ireland, when that country is in a "disturbed" condition. It is not surprising that the accounts of what is going on transmitted by press correspondents also exhibit some discrepancies, and I take this letter as an example of the way in which one side or the other seeks to promulgate its own version of facts through the medium of the press. I am evidently expected to believe that the Russian Jews, at any rate in the Province of Kieff, are an organised association of desperadoes bent on exterminating all their Christian neighbours, but I prefer to preserve an open mind on this point for the present:—

A Monsieur le Directeur du Journal THE TRUTH à Londres.

MONSIEUR,—La Presse Européenne, qui souvent puise ses renseignements sur la Russie aux agences hostiles à celle-ci, et, pour la plupart, influencées par les Juifs, ne se rend pas bien compte de l'état d'esprit qui, pour le moment, règne surtout dans les provinces peuplées par les Juifs.

La copie ci-jointe d'un télégramme que les associations politiques de la ville et de la province de Kieff, réunis en assemblée générale sous ma présidence, ont resolu d'expédier au Ministre de l'Intérieur, peut vous donner une idée de ce qu'éprouvent les patriotes loyaux russes indignés de l'ineptie du Gouvernement, qui, depuis des mois entiers, ne paraît avoir qu'un seul souci—celui de protéger les Juifs, armés de bombes et d'armes à feu, contre toute action défensive de la part de la population pacifique mise à bout de patience par les actes nombreux de haine et de cruauté de la part des Juifs.

Veuillez, Monsieur, agréer l'expression de ma parfaite consideration, PRESIDENT B. ZOUSEFOVITCH.

TELEGRAMME

Expédié au Ministre de l'Intérieur, à Pétersbourg, à la date du 18 Juin—1 Juillet, a.c., par les différents partis et groupes politiques de la ville et de la province de Kieff, réunis en assemblée générale.

L'assemblée générale des partis et groupes patriotiques de Kieff sollicitent votre Excellence de bien vouloir compléter sa note circulaire sur les mesures à prendre pour la cessation des pillages des Juifs et autres, par des ordres également énergiques indiquant la nécessité urgente du désarmement des bandes armées juives, fut-il même nécessaire de bloquer dans ce but les habitations et les quartiers juifs, et d'y faire des perquisitions minutieuses. Si le Gouvernement ne prend pas des mesures radicales contre les provocations, les calomnies et les mensonges de la presse gérée par la Juiverie, et s'il ne met pas de frein au cruautés juives qui amènent journellement à des assassinats et des brigandages en plein jour, les massacres des Juifs deviendront inévitables, et nulle force ne pourra les empêcher d'éclater. Le Gouvernement s'est prononcée pour la liberté de conscience, et cependant quelques uns de ses agents sans vergogne ont interdit actuellement toutes processions religieuses chrétiennes par la seule raison qu'elles ne conviennent pas aux Juifs, et jusqu'à présent cette mesure n'a pas été désapprouvée. Le Gouvernement Russe, en votre personne, a parfaitement eu raison de recommander aux employés, grands et petits, de servir la patrie avec dévouement et abnégation; mais pour donner plus d'autorité à cette recommandation il devrait commencer par en donner l'exemple; car la nation Russe est en droit d'exiger du Gouvernement Impérial qu'il se dévoue aux interêts Russes et non à ceux des Juifs. Ces dernières paroles ne doivent pas être prises en forme de reproche, mais nous avons voulu rappeler au Gouvernement qui paraît l'avoir oublié qu'il y a en Russie une centaine de millions de Russes, profondement blessés de la clémence et de la faiblesse avec lesquelles sont traités en Russie les révolutionnaires et les Juifs.

THE SQUID AND THE SHRIMPS.

In a Sea-Pool, some Rocks amid,
There once hung out a certain SQUID,
Whom all the little Crabs and Shrimps,
And other wee crustacean Imps,
Viewed with impressed and awe-struck Eyes
Because of his gigantic Size,
Which seemed to those small Fry to be
The Acme of Immensity.
They vowed he was—upon their Sam—
The biggest Fish that ever swam;
Yea, in such terms his vastness hail,
As he had been a Greenland Whale.
One Day our SQUID the Notion took,
Forth from that pool to sling his Hook,
And, roaming the Atlantic wide,
See for himself the World outside.
But ere he's long enjoyed his Wish
And Fins has rubbed with deep-sea Fish,
This Giant of the Pool finds he
's a Pigmy in the open Sea,
Meeting some Monster every Minute,
With whom, for Bulk, he isn't in it.
So, scarce perhaps it needs to mention,
Our SQUID attracted no Attention.
"By Tentacles," he cries, "'Tis clear
Unrecognised 's my Value here.
I 'll wash the Waters of the Main
Off from my Tail, and Home again.
There in my Pool at least they know
My Worth, and Rev'rence due bestow.
Yea, there, where they have ne'er set Eyes
On any Fish of half my Size,
My vast Proportions all they 'll hail,
And think me still a Greenland Whale."

MORAL.

If, Reader, you 'd the Moral know,
Refer to Brummagensian Joe.

SCRUTATOR.

OUR DOINGS IN EGYPT.

WE first interfered in Egypt because the Khedive Ismail had borrowed large sums of money at very high interest of financiers, and they had obtained the money by the issue of loans to the public. Probably not one-third of the nominal amount of these loans had found its way into the Egyptian exchequer. This resulted in our obtaining a firman from the Sultan dethroning Ismail. He was replaced by his son. Against this son Arabi Pasha rebelled. The rebellion resulted in this son accepting Arabi as his Prime Minister. He called together a sort of Parliament, and announced parliamentary government. On this we bombarded Alexandria, and after a battle occupied Cairo. There is no doubt that the Egyptians were bitterly opposed to this occupation. The son, however, came over to the winning side, as his sole chance of not being dethroned. Since then, to all intents and purposes, Egypt has belonged to us, and been administered by us. On our becoming the masters of the country, we announced that our occupation would be but temporary, and that

our object was to establish a sound Egyptian Government. We have established a far better Government than exists in any independent Mohammedan State. The finances have been settled most advantageously to the country. Good laws have replaced bad ones, and law is firmly administered. Naturally Egypt under our rule has prospered. But we have converted a temporary into a permanent occupation, and far from taking steps to build up a sound native rule, we have done absolutely nothing to educate the Egyptians in self-government. Our rule is a benevolent foreign despotism.

With the increase of the spread of European ideas, and of prosperity amongst the Egyptians, it is not particularly surprising that a feeling of distaste of a foreign rule should be growing amongst them. They are Mohammedans and we are not. Up to a certain point, this indisposes them to us, and predisposes them in favour of a Mohammedan rule. Mohammedans are fanatically attached to their religion, and are always ready to fight for it. Their scheme of civilization is not ours, nor is it so good a one. But they prefer their own with all its defects, to ours with all its excellences. This, no doubt, will always be a bar to their being really well affected to us. Apart, however, from all this, our presence in Egypt as masters of the country and the people is a standing grievance.

We have been so long in Egypt that we have forgotten that our political and military occupation of the country was for long regarded as a very questionable policy. Mr. Gladstone was strongly against it. So was Lord Salisbury. The latter stated in a conversation with the French Ambassador (published in a French Yellow Book) that he regarded it as a standing danger to us, and that this was not only his opinion, but that of all our naval and military authorities that he had consulted. Again and again both Liberal and Conservative Ministries commenced negotiations with the Porte with a view to our withdrawal, which fell through owing to something occurring which rendered it necessary to defer the event. The doctrine then generally held was that our military occupation must always oblige us—in the event of war with some great naval power—to maintain our supremacy in the Mediterranean, although this might be false tactics. We should, too, have to increase our garrison in Egypt enormously, on the chance of our enemy effecting a landing, although it was not easy to see whence the troops could be drawn, if the safety of the Empire had to be everywhere guarded. It was said that our wiser and easier course would be to close the southern exit from the Red Sea, and that the neutrality of the Suez Canal might be secured by some international agreement.

These views do not seem to me to have lost their force. Sir Edward Grey has, with considerable truth, suggested a possibility of our having to increase our garrison in order to maintain ourselves against an Egyptian outbreak. At the same time, the present Government is determined to reduce our outlay on the Army. Sir Edward's declaration will probably be used by our Jingoes, who would rather find a reason for increasing that expenditure than for reducing it. I regard it as well worthy of consideration whether our occupation of Egypt is so great an advantage to us as to counterbalance the disadvantages. In any case, I think that we are bound to do our utmost—as we pledged ourselves—to enable the Egyptians to govern themselves. They are not savages; and our scheme of rule seems to be far too much based upon doing our best to prevent them learning how ever to govern themselves, lest they should feel inclined to insist on doing so.

I am quite willing to believe that there has been some exaggeration in the descriptions of the recent executions in Egypt. But the hard facts remain. There was a fracas in an Egyptian village because the villagers objected to English officers shooting there. Very possibly the villagers may have been originally in the wrong, too, and the court was right in finding them guilty. The fact, however, remains that several were sentenced to be hanged, and others to be flogged. The hanging and flogging took place in public, and the natives looked on. After each man was hanged two men were taken out and flogged whilst the corpse remained hanging. A more scandalous and brutalising exhibition it is difficult to conceive, and it would be tolerated in no European country. The object was presumably to strike terror in the breasts of the natives, and the excuse is that there was a fanatical spirit manifesting itself which took the form of attacks on English officers. Nothing seems more likely to increase that spirit. I regard the whole thing as a disgrace to our flag, and to our civilisation; and if this is the only way that we can maintain our rule in Egypt, it is a very strong argument against our remaining there as its rulers.

THE HALDANE PROGRAMME.

It is altogether misleading to speak, as most of the papers do, of the various military measures which Mr. Haldane sketched out last Thursday, as a "New Army Scheme." The phrase implies a recasting of our military organisation on a new basis. Mr. Haldane's speech was merely a declaration of policy, and a statement of the immediate steps to be taken in pursuance of it. It includes one reform which embodies a new principle, the adoption of the militia system for a section of the foreign service army. This may conceivably open the door for a reconstruction one of these days of the whole army on a new basis. But with this exception the Cardwell system remains untouched, and Mr. Haldane's programme is merely a series of changes within the limits of that system, designed to effect economy and increase efficiency. To what extent it will achieve either of these objects time alone can prove. I do not give much weight to the predictions of Parliamentary or journalistic experts on one side or the other. But the programme looks decidedly more promising from the point of view of efficiency than from that of economy.

Mr. Haldane is obviously trying to sit on two stools. He opened his speech with an impressive allusion to the desire of the democracies of the world that "the crushing burden of armaments" should be lightened. He

For Mosquito Bites, Wasp or Bee Stings, nothing allays the irritation so quickly as Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia. Insist upon Scrubb's. Makes Home Sweet Home In Deed.

followed this up by declaring, amid enthusiastic cheers, that "we mean to give the lead." Yet before he got to the end of his speech he was asking the House to believe that by the time his reforms are carried out the War Office will be in a position to mobilise a force nearly 160,000 strong—5,546 officers and 154,074 rank and file of all descriptions—as soon as the transport for them can be got ready. The country has learned to look with suspicion on all such estimates. Experience has shown that when the crisis arrives the numbers are never forthcoming except on paper. But not only is the number far in excess of anything yet accomplished, it is in excess of anything that any previous War Minister has hoped to accomplish, even on paper. It is about five-and-twenty per cent. in excess of the total number of regulars mobilised in the first six months of the Boer War. There is no evidence here, therefore, of any reduction of armaments; and so far from having "given a lead" in that direction, Mr. Haldane seems desirous of giving it in the opposite one. True, he proposes to disband ten battalions of infantry; but even here he tells us that he wishes to avoid throwing men on the streets—a very laudable desire. For this reason, as I understand him, he has selected, except in the case of the two battalions of Guards, battalions which have never been recruited to their full strength; and the officers and men now composing them will be transferred to other units. The process of reduction, therefore, can at best only be carried out very gradually, and it looks to me as if it was only to be performed on paper. In short, Mr. Haldane's aim seems to have been to gratify the aspirations of his own party by what look like measures of retrenchment, while remaining in a position to affirm that he will "add 50 per cent." to the effective strength of the Army, and thereby taking the wind out of the sails of Opposition criticism. He may be able to work this miracle; but a sceptical age is disposed to regard all miracles as mere conjuring tricks—in other words, deception. The Opposition and all those who are sighing for a big army at once shout that they can see through the trick, and that the Army is not really to be strengthened. Liberals are naturally more disposed to stand by the conjurer, but they would be innocent indeed if it did not occur to them that the boasted reduction of armaments may be mere hocus-pocus designed for their mystification.

They would probably be more ready to believe that "there is no deception" if the prospect of financial saving were more promising. Mr. Haldane held out hopes in that direction, but there is in those parts of his speech a disquieting avoidance of details in the shape of figures—the more conspicuous, because in other passages he revelled in details. In regard to the artillery, he thinks he sees his way to a saving of £300,000 a year, but is careful to add that he "does not wish to be too sanguine about it." In the case of the disbanded battalions, if only the *cadres* are to go while the men remain, the saving of money will not amount to much, at any rate for the present. The introduction of the militia principle into the Army Service Corps and other departments would seem to offer a prospect of saving; but on the other hand Mr. Haldane is pledged to the reorganization of the Auxiliary Forces, which will certainly not be done without money. Whatever case there was before for the rehabilitation of the Militia is strengthened immeasurably by the new part which Mr. Haldane is assigning to that force; indeed, if he cannot put the Militia on its legs, his programme falls to the ground. Bearing all this in mind, it is not surprising that he does not promise the taxpayer anything very definite. However, we shall know more about this when the next Estimates are presented.

No one could hear or read Mr. Haldane's speech without being impressed by his mastery of the big business over which he presides, his grasp of details, and his perception of their relation to principles. Though somewhat addicted to preaching, he inspires confidence as an administrator. We may hope, therefore, that he will be able to improve the efficiency of the Army without adding to its cost, and possibly to effect some small reduction of expenditure. It is impossible to believe that our Army need cost as much as it does. A mere comparison of what we get for our money with what the French or Germans get for theirs must bring this home to everybody, even with allowance for the difference in conditions. Mr. Haldane conveys the impression that his labours at the War Office have already revealed to him much unprofitable and unnecessary expenditure. In course of time he may discover more. He may succeed, in short, in giving us considerably better value for our money, and this is not to be despised. But more than this I personally do not expect from him. Though he may render lip service to abstract aspirations for the reduction of armaments, as becomes a Minister representing a party chiefly Radical, his political prepossessions and antecedents preclude him from translating his words into action—at any rate, without stronger pressure than has been applied as yet. For the same reason the attacks on his proposals, whether by mere politicians or by those who are agitating for an enormous increase in the military strength of the country, may be altogether disregarded. Looking on Mr. Haldane as at once a capable administrator and a Minister who will do nothing to reduce the military strength of the country, unless under irresistible compulsion, and accepting all the measures he proposes as having the approval of his professional admirers on the Army Council, I would take his word that he is increasing the strength of the Army in preference to any contrary opinion of an ex-Minister or a journalistic critic, even if my own unaided intelligence did not lead me to the same conclusion. While it is clear, on the principle of the strong man armed, that we must be able to show a foreign service army capable of supporting our fleet by land operations in distant parts of the world, it is equally clear that the necessity for creating behind it vast reserves of military strength with a view to an invasion of the Continent, or to engaging in a long land war with a great military Power in some other part of the world, does not exist. It is also certain that if such a force were created a corresponding reduction

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of our naval strength would inevitably follow, with the result that on the balance our strength as an Empire, even for defensive purposes, would be reduced.

Two minor points mentioned by Mr. Haldane foreshadow important reforms. One is contained in the following passage:—

> How are you to get the Volunteers and the number of militiamen required for these special services of which I have spoken? You cannot get them through the War Office. The War Office has broken down in reorganising the Volunteers. We must have county associations of some sort or kind. I start with the principle that unless you give some sort of home rule to the Volunteers you will not get efficient service. We find that we are constantly maltreating the Volunteers for want of local knowledge, and we feel it to be absolutely essential that they should have the power of organization in the counties of controlling their own affairs. If that be so, it seems to us that the best way is to form some kind of association in the counties.

I quote the words from the *Times* report, because they seem to have given rise to some misapprehension, and I read in one of the Liberal papers an article strongly deprecating a supposed project of putting the Volunteers under a civilian local authority. The passage is a trifle vague—one of those passages in which Mr. Haldane formulates principles without details. It seems to cover two things which are in their nature distinct, and which I should think had better be kept separate. There is first the obtaining of the requisite number of militiamen and Volunteers, for which county associations are pronounced necessary. There is next the concession to the Volunteers of some degree of local control over their own administration. The first idea has been propounded in Truth, and whether or not I am responsible for its appearance in an official programme, I naturally approve of it so far as it is reproduced. What I have said on this subject is that the whole business of recruiting, for the regular and auxiliary forces alike, should be transferred to the civil authorities. I believe that this is the best, if not the only, way of getting over all recruiting difficulties. Mr. Haldane seems to adopt this suggestion so far as the Militia and the Volunteers are concerned. There really is not much difficulty about the Volunteers, for by general consent we have as many as we want. But with the Militia the case is very different. The Militia has not merely to be reorganised; practically it has to be created. For that purpose local effort of some kind must be employed. The War Office will never be able to raise the Militia it wants, except by bribery at the expense of the taxpayers. Local patriotism and local influences must be called into play, and, personally, I have not the slightest doubt that they would have the desired result if the local agency were wisely selected or constituted. A good deal may depend on what Mr. Haldane means by "county associations," and I do not see how they could be the same sort of associations which are to be the means of conferring "home rule" on the Volunteers. But we seem to have here the germ of a most valuable reform.

The next point is the future of the soldier after his discharge. On this Mr. Haldane merely referred to the labours of Sir Edward Ward's Committee. The report of the Committee has since been issued, and I must pronounce my blessing on it, for it embodies point after point at which Truth has been hammering for months and years past. But for detailed discussion of it I have no space here, and it must wait a week. Finally, Mr. Haldane had some very important statements to make about the medical department of the Army, and particularly about the arrangements for securing the health of troops in the field. I am glad to see that he has the courage to impose upon regimental officers some degree of practical instruction in hygiene, and even to extend it to N.C.O.s and men. As was observed in Truth a few weeks ago, it is an invidious task to add to the burdens that have lately been laid on the regimental officer. But we learned in South Africa that enteric can be a more deadly enemy to an army in the field than the rifles of the best marksmen in the world, and the Japanese have taught us, conversely, that the scientific study of hygiene may do more to keep up the strength of the fighting line than a legion of recruiting officers. Among all the recent lessons of war this is one of the most important, and the smaller your army, and the smaller the reserve behind the fighting line, the greater the need for learning it betimes at any cost. If Mr. Haldane will only bring the scientific mind and the best administrative capacity to bear in the same way on all the minutiæ of military organisation, his boast of adding 50 per cent. to the effective strength of the Army may be justified, even though the paper totals of men do not work out in accordance with his calculations.

RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF JURYMEN.

Some remarks in Truth a few weeks ago apropos of Sir John Hollams's "Reminiscences of an Old Solicitor" have brought me an interesting letter, which it may be useful to publish. I am not at liberty to mention the writer's name, but I can answer for his title to speak on the subject with authority:—

> There is, I think, no doubt that the Act of 1870, which altered the qualification of special jurors, has worked unsatisfactorily. Before that Act the qualification was a merchant or esquire. No doubt in practice this was somewhat indefinite, but it excluded many who are now competent, but have no special qualification, and are practically of the same class as the common juror. It has let in publicans, lodging-house-keepers, tradesmen, and shopkeepers of a low class. I have referred haphazard to a recent jury list, and I find eleven publicans. The lower class of jurymen generally attend, as a guinea is acceptable, and publicans especially can spare the time in the day, and probably like to recount what has happened to their customers in the evening. It would, I think, be very desirable to raise the qualification, but probably it would not be easy to do this, as the really qualified jurors would doubtless object. It is in the present day very seldom that a leading merchant, or gentleman of position, is seen on a London jury. Formerly it was otherwise, especially in the City of London, but the duty was found very onerous, and leading men paid the fine rather than serve, and on several occasions I have been told by clients that they pay an annual sum to the summoning officer not to summon them. No doubt many cases are now tried by a special jury which might just as well be tried by a common jury. Thus the duties of a special juryman are more onerous than they would be if the right to a special jury was limited to suitable cases.
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> There is, I believe, no valid foundation for the practice of treating those in the special jury list as exempt from serving on common juries. This practically adds to the mischief, inasmuch as it induces undesirable persons to endeavour to be put on the special jury list.
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> As pointed out in the article in Truth, there is also serious objection to the present unwarrantable practice of summoning a number of jurors from the same locality, with the result that the jury is apt to be in a great measure composed of men engaged in the same kind of business, or having the same religious or other views. I believe this practice arises from the convenience to the summoning officer of serving many notices in the same district, and it ought to be put a stop to.
>
> The old system in nominating a special jury was that a card with a number upon it—the number corresponding to the number in the jury book—was placed in a bag, and these cards were then drawn indiscriminately. Thus it was quite a matter of chance what jurymen were selected. Forty-eight jurymen were chosen in

this way, and each party was entitled to strike out twelve names, leaving twenty-four to be summoned. It would, doubtless, be impossible to revert to this system, although it worked far better than the present one; but there seems no reason whatever why the names should not be taken indiscriminately by chance as formerly.

No doubt, the modern practice of yielding to an application from the jury for an extra payment beyond the legal payment tends to prolong cases, as some jurymen are pleased to get a guinea a day, and it certainly operates as a kind of blackmail, for though the extra payment can only be made by consent, no prudent litigant ever ventures to refuse his consent.

There is, doubtless, great difficulty in requiring an impecunious plaintiff to give security for costs. The evil is not confined to actions for libel. Many frivolous actions are commenced in the hope that the defendant, who knows that in any event he will have his own costs to pay, will pay something to the plaintiff rather than have the certainty of paying his own costs of defending the case. I do not think there would be any real danger of a judge thus stopping an action brought on any reasonable grounds.

This letter in a great measure confirms my opinions about the unsatisfactory way in which juries are summoned and special juries constituted. In confirmation of it I might add that another eminent firm of solicitors recently told me that they had of late ceased altogether to set down cases for trial by special jury. Their reason for this is that there is no perceptible difference between the calibre of special and common juries—at any rate, none which justifies the additional cost of the former. After trying this experiment for some time the firm is perfectly satisfied with the results.

The truth is that the whole system requires root and branch reform. This was pointed out in TRUTH a good many years ago, and the precise nature of the reforms required was illustrated in a contribution which I received from a high official of the Law Courts, who had made a special study of the question, and understood it in all its bearings. I find that this was as long ago as March, 1891, but the subject dropped out of sight, and the law and practice remain in 1906 precisely as they stood at that date. When I first took the question up I was inspired by an aggrieved juryman, and it was consequently approached from the point of view of the jury box. Unquestionably the juryman is as much concerned in this question as anybody; indeed, more so, for a juryman who does not evade the obligations of citizenship finds himself in the box every three or four years; whereas the mere suitor does not go into court more than once in a lifetime if he can help it. I have been there a good deal oftener myself, but I cannot help it. The jurymen's grievances, therefore, have the first claim to our consideration.

As I said when last dealing with this subject, jurymen as a class are entitled to nothing but the admiration and sympathy of their fellow-countrymen. According to my experience, they devote ungruding care and attention to the discharge of duties which are not of their own seeking; they very seldom make mistakes; and when they do, it is not unfrequently the fault of the judge. I can only speak from experience as a litigant, but I suppose my experience in that character to be more extensive than that of any man living, and I should be surprised if the conclusion to which it has led me is not confirmed by the experience of those whose every-day business lies in the Law Courts. But, so far from obtaining any practical recognition of the services they perform, and the admirable qualities displayed in their performance, jurymen from beginning to end of their service are treated with little more tenderness or consideration than the felons on whom they occasionally have to sit in judgment. They are summoned from home or business in numbers far exceeding the requirements of the Court. The summons is as peremptory as that which is addressed to a criminal, and attendance in response to it is as imperative, however urgent may be the need of the victim's attendance in any other direction. Having got them into its presence, the Court makes little attempt to discriminate between those whom it wants and those whom it does not. It keeps the latter waiting about the premises for hours and days, when they might just as well be attending to their own business. Those whose services are utilised are herded into a comfortless pen, like cattle at a market, and condemned to sit, sometimes for several days in succession, in a condition of bodily suffering. As I said on a previous occasion, "if they are unscrupulous men, they will, on the conclusion of the case, at once secure their own liberation by agreeing to anything that they can agree to in the shape of a verdict. Failing that, they are made prisoners, and locked up in the most convenient dungeon within reach, until cold and starvation have reduced them to desperation and unanimity. A parting insult is then offered in the shape of an ignominious payment of a few shillings, and they are dismissed with the consciousness that they carry with them the hatred or contempt of all with whom they have been brought into contact." Their sense of grievance must be aggravated by the knowledge that while they suffer thus for the conscientious discharge of their duty, many of their neighbours are escaping service by accident, or evading it by bribery.

It is a simple and easy matter to reform all these grievances and all the abuses to which the present system lends itself. A Bill for the purpose was brought in so far back as 1873 by the late Lord Coleridge when Attorney-General. It was drafted by one of the masters of the Supreme Court—the same gentleman who communicated with me when the matter was under discussion in TRUTH in 1891. The Bill passed through committee, but from pressure of business did not get any further. It was re-introduced in 1874, but was eventually withdrawn, for the reason that the House had so extended the list of exemptions from service as to virtually nullify the intentions of the Bill. Nothing more was ever afterwards heard of it. This Bill provided, among other things, that the jury lists, after being prepared, should be revised by Justices in open court; that the Sheriff should summon every juror on the list in alphabetical order; that the summons should be sent by post, and in no other way; that jurymen not immediately required in the box should be released as early as possible; and that the jury actually serving should be allowed fire and refreshment during their deliberations. All these points are of great practical utility. The public revision of the jury lists, supplemented by a reduction of the present far-reaching list of exemptions from service, would ensure that every man liable to serve was upon the list. The summoning by the Sheriff in alphabetical order, accompanied by a proper record of the issue of the summons, would ensure that each man was called upon in turn. It would also get rid of

the present system of summoning men in the order in which their addresses appear on the list, which results in a whole jury being composed of men from the same street or the same immediate neighbourhood, who more or less know one another, are influenced by one another's opinions, and, what is most important of all, may be readily approached by evil-disposed persons desirous of "getting at" them. The delivery of the summons by post would get rid of the opportunity at present offered of bribing the Sheriff's officer who serves the summons. The Jury Act, 1862, provides that all jurors "may" be summoned by post, but the practice thus authorised has never been adopted—a fact which is in itself significant. By making postal service compulsory, the intervention of any minor official between the Sheriff and the juror is excluded.

There are several other provisions which I should like to see added to this abortive Bill of 1873. In particular, the fullest facility should be granted to every juror to exchange the day of his service for another, when the date for which he is summoned is inconvenient to him. At present a man in this position who has urgent business elsewhere may get off by the favour of the Master or the Judge; but it is purely a matter of favour, whereas it ought to be a matter of right, on due cause shown. Moreover, as the juror must make a personal application for release, he has to attend in the morning for that purpose, and this may be in itself a serious source of inconvenience and loss to him. Ample opportunity should be given to every man summoned of getting the date of his attendance altered before it actually arrives. If this were done, and if, as soon as a jury has been got into the box, all jurors in waiting were dismissed for the day, the worst hardships of service would be removed; but by way of further softening the juryman's lot, I would put a cushion underneath him, something better than a backboard behind him, and give him a rest for his arms, and room for his elbows. This could be done without an Act of Parliament. Among other reforms, it seems desirable that if the distinction between special and common juries is to be maintained, something should be done to make it a reality instead of a sham. I confess, however, that I do not quite see how this can be done effectually by anything short of a competitive examination for jurymen; and it may be that it would be better to abolish the distinction, which seems to me rather out of date, and trust to indiscriminate selection, irrespective of place of residence, to leaven each jury with a sufficiency of intelligence and education. A far more important point is that every juryman should receive a "living wage," which should be proportionate to his property qualification. If this principle were recognised, there would no longer be any reason for the vicious system of granting jurors an additional payment out of the pockets of suitors when a trial is protracted beyond one or two days. Every juryman should be liable to serve for a definite number of days. If the accident of a lengthy trial requires his detention beyond that period, the surplus days should be carried forward as a balance to his credit when he is next summoned.

We are now blessed with a Radical Lord Chancellor. I would urgently commend the foregoing points to his consideration. The laws of England offer him a wide scope for the exercise of his reforming energies—a wider field probably than he will be able to cover during the lifetime of one Parliament. But nowhere in that field will he find an easier opportunity of making himself useful than in the reform of the Jury Laws, the materials for which, as above indicated, lie ready to hand, while the work involves nothing of a contentious nature, and is therefore unlikely to make much demand on the time of Parliament or the energies of Ministers.

MESSRS. WYMAN AND THE NEWSPAPERS.

Three months ago Messrs. Wyman and Sons, Limited, who now hold the bookstall contract on the Great Western and London and North-Western Railways, raised a storm in the newspaper world by issuing a circular to their employees directing them to make every effort to "push the sale" of four London daily papers. The outcry was so loud that the firm hastened to retrace the false step they had taken, and the obnoxious circular was withdrawn by another which was duly communicated to the press. In the second circular, after notifying that the previous one was cancelled, the Chairman and Vice-Chairman of the company said:—

> We also wish to take this opportunity of re-affirming the principle guiding the firm, which is that the public is to be supplied freely with everything, and that *no preference is to be given to any one paper or periodical to the detriment of another*, and we direct that this general instruction is to be followed at all our branches.

This declaration was accepted as an adequate admission that a mistake had been made, and that it would not be repeated in any shape; and the incident was generally regarded as closed. I was, therefore, very much surprised to learn a week or two later that the employees at Messrs. Wyman and Sons' bookstalls bore upon their arms the name of one of the daily papers, as though to indicate that they were in some way specially connected with it. The paper in question is the *Daily Mirror*, one of the four papers the sale of which Messrs. Wyman and Sons had directed their employees to "push all you can." The name of the paper appears to be woven in, or embroidered on, the sleeves of the jackets worn by Messrs. Wyman and Sons' boys. I am credibly informed that the boys' jackets are actually supplied by the proprietors of the *Daily Mirror*; but whether this is so or not is immaterial, for either way the uniform is that of the paper quite as much as that of the employers of the boys.

This is so palpably at variance with the policy announced in the circular quoted above that when I first discovered the fact I concluded that it was merely a part of the "pushing" policy which had been abandoned, and that in due course the name of the *Daily Mirror* would disappear from the boys' coats. On making inquiries, however, of Messrs. Wyman and Sons I learned that this was not the case, and on May 22 I was favoured with a visit from Mr. Grinling, the bookstall manager of the firm, who desired to explain to me his views on this point. What Mr. Grinling told me was, in effect,

that the display of the name of the *Daily Mirror* on the boys' jackets was merely an advertisement, and that the firm considered that they were entitled to confer such an advertisement on a trade customer. What I told him was that the firm had again taken a very wrong-headed view of their duty to their trade customers generally. I pointed out that if one newspaper was allowed to advertise in this way, all must be. I asked him whether the firm were prepared to allow the names of the *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Standard*, the *Daily News*, the *Morning Leader*, the *Daily Express*, and the rest of the morning and evening papers to be embroidered on the jackets of their employees at a fixed scale of payment. I suggested to him that I might like an advertisement of this kind myself. But I did not gather that the firm would be prepared to extend this advertising privilege to me or to newspaper proprietors generally. I put it to him that, if this was so, the firm were clearly granting a special privilege to one particular newspaper, and that this was a violation of the declaration of the directors that "no preference is to be given to one paper or periodical to the detriment of another." Mr. Grinling appeared to me to be perfectly unable to make any reply to my contention. All he could do was to promise to lay what I had said before the directors. I begged that he would do so, and asked him to let me know the result, which he promised to do. Having heard nothing more from him, on June 12 I wrote to ask him whether he had had an opportunity of discussing the matter with his directors. I have waited patiently until the present date for a reply, but my letter remains unanswered. I can, therefore, only assume that Messrs. Wyman and Sons, Limited, are not disposed to discuss the matter further, though I think it would have been more polite had they vouchsafed to tell me so.

I mention what has passed primarily for the information of the press generally; but, as has been previously pointed out, it also concerns the public. The railway bookstall business is in the nature of a monoply. A railway company leases all the bookstalls on its system to one firm, which is thereby secured against competition, and invested with absolute control over the sale of newspapers, magazines, and books in a very large market. Recognising this, the railway company in their lease to Messrs. Wyman and Sons have inserted a clause guarding against the use of the privilege conferred to the prejudice of any publication which may be in request by the public. It is obvious that if the contractor, from whatever motive, undertakes to favour one or more publications at the expense of others, the public will not be properly and impartially served, and it is as important for the public that no restriction should be placed on their obtaining the article they prefer as it is for the publishers that they shall all be allowed to compete in the market without favour. In their original circular of April 6, instructing their employees to "push the sale all you can" of certain specified newspapers, Messrs. Wyman and Sons grossly violated this principle, and, there can be little doubt, committed a breach of the terms of their lease. They were in the wrong all round, and it might have been expected that having been ignominiously detected, and compelled to make a sort of public retraction and apology, they would have been the more careful in future to guard against any similar misfeasance. But this does not appear to have been the case. They have openly, not to say ostentatiously, conferred a special privilege upon a particular newspaper—and one of the very newspapers over which they had got into trouble before. The argument that the display of the name of this paper on the uniform of their staff is merely an ordinary advertisement is manifestly untenable, because they cannot give a similar advertisement to every one who may be ready to pay for it. At any rate, if it were granted to several papers, it would cease to be of any value, and no one would pay anything for it, whereas it may be well worth the while of any newspaper proprietor to pay for the exclusive privilege. Another material point is that the advertisement, being an exclusive privilege, no one but Messrs. Wyman and the proprietors of the *Daily Mirror* knows what price is paid for it. If it were an ordinary business transaction, the price could be ascertained by any one desirous of doing business. Messrs. Wyman and Sons are, therefore, in the position of giving to this paper precisely that "preference, to the detriment of another," which the directors have publicly declared that they will not give; and at the same time, in giving it, they place their whole business under suspicion, for they are accepting a special subsidy of unknown amount from one particular firm, and no disclaimer on their part can remove the suspicion that they will be disposed to extend their favour to that firm in other directions. This is of the more consequence to the newspaper trade generally, because the *Daily Mirror* is merely one of a large group of publications the proprietors of which are closely allied.

Coming on the top of the indefensible circular of April 6, this confederation of Messrs. Wyman and Sons, Limited, with one of the largest groups in the trade will raise on all sides a very serious doubt as to whether the firm is fit to occupy the very delicate and responsible position which it has obtained. Ever since the first railway bookstalls were opened in England, Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons have carried on this business in a manner which, on the whole, has been thoroughly satisfactory to the public and the newspaper trade. They have shown how the business ought to be done and how it can be done. Monopolies are never popular, and when it became known that another firm, in competition with Messrs. Smith and Sons, had secured the bookstall contract over two of the largest railway systems, there was a general disposition to welcome their advent, if only because competition was considered likely to be of advantage to the public and the trade. Messrs. Wyman and Sons, Limited, therefore, started with a general feeling in their favour. That feeling, however, they have entirely forfeited in the space of less than six months. They stand under suspicion of being ready to confer preferential advantages—on terms, and unless they can so alter their methods of business as to dissipate that suspicion, it will be the duty of the railway companies to seek other tenants when the present contract expires.

BOVRIL AND HOME MISSIONS.

In Truth of July 4 some particulars were given of what seemed to be a new departure in the relations between the children of this world and the children of light. It was revealed in a tasteful card displaying on one side an advertisement of Bovril, with valuable instructions as to the composition of that useful article of diet, and on the other a list of the daily and weekly services at the church of All Saints', Walworth, concluding with a note intimating that:—

> This card is presented to you by permission of the Vicar, with a most cordial invitation to the services and meetings, by the Rev. Rupert St. Leger, B.A. (Cantab), Bovril Missioner.

While hailing the Bovril Missioner as the pioneer of an important movement, which would enhance the financial resources of the Church and relieve the needs of the poorer clergy, by combining the cure of souls with the business of soliciting orders for wholesale or retail houses, I suggested that the movement might need watching by the ecclesiastical authorities. The Rev. Rupert St. Leger is a beneficed clergyman, vicar, in fact, of Ridgewell, Essex, and it seemed desirable that if a country vicar is conducting a mission in a London parish, partly spiritual, partly commercial, due provision should be made for the discharge of his parochial duties during his absence—however light they might be. I did not blame Mr. St. Leger, for his stipend at Ridgewell is but £152 per annum (with a house), and I don't see how any one could blame a clergyman for attempting to supplement such a pittance by any honest means, provided he did not neglect his first duty.

However, I am afraid that the Bovril Missioner is not blameless in this matter. I have received a visit from the Rev. A. T. Ellis, Vicar of All Saints', Walworth. He is very deeply concerned about the matter, and he has reason to be. He tells me that he knew nothing of the Bovril Mission, or the card above described, until his attention was called by somebody a few days ago to the paragraphs on the subject in Truth. It is untrue, therefore, that the card was presented to anybody by his permission, and Mr. Ellis desires me to contradict in the most emphatic terms possible the statement of the Bovril Missioner on this point. He states that Mr. St. Leger approached him as a country clergyman with spare time on his hands, desirous of doing voluntary work in a poor London parish. In that character Mr. Ellis accepted him, and never had the slightest reason to suppose that he came in any other. The Vicar allowed him to undertake house to house visiting, and to officiate in the church on two or three occasions, and entertained him at the vicarage while he was so engaged. Mr. St. Leger asked his permission to distribute cards with a list of the church services, and naturally Mr. Ellis did not object; but beyond this he knew nothing about the card. He naturally feels, therefore, that he has been imposed upon, and he is fully entitled to sympathy. On learning the facts from Truth he telegraphed to Mr. St. Leger requesting him not to come to the parish again. Mr. St. Leger then wrote a letter from which it is evident that he had nothing to say in his own defence. The only point worth notice in it is his observation that Mr. Ellis had never asked him any question about the financiers." As he had represented that he was offering his services gratuitously, Mr. Ellis obviously had no reason to suppose that anybody was financing him, and no reason to ask him about "the financiers."

I thought I should like to know more about the Bovril Missions generally, so I sent one of my staff to see the chairman of Bovril, Limited. From what he learned I gather that this was the only religious movement with which the company is connected, and that it really originated with Mr. St. Leger himself. Among other methods of making the merits of Bovril known to the public, the company has established lantern lectures, but of a purely secular character. Mr. St. Leger was employed as one of their lecturers. Later on he told them that, not having much parochial work, he was desirous of assisting in some poor London parish, and suggested that, if his expenses were paid, he could put in a useful word for Bovril here and there in the course of his work. The company thought this a good idea from every point of view, and agreed to pay him a guinea a week. They also printed the cards used in connection with the Bovril Mission in Walworth, which is what I supposed. On hearing, however, from the Vicar that he disapproved of the whole proceeding they terminated the engagement of their missionary. Their share in the proceedings is therefore irreproachable from beginning to end. Bovril requires to be known in order to be appreciated. Like other good things, it needs the aid of advertisement in order to make it known; in fact no big business can be kept together in these days by any other means. If a clergyman is willing to act as an advertising medium, no tradesman could hesitate to employ him; and, seeing that by means of such agency the tradesman can minister to the spiritual at the same time as the bodily welfare of his customers, he might well give a preference to the clerical agent. The only person open to any reproach in the business is Mr. St. Leger, and the chief ground on which he is open to reproach is that he has deceived Mr. Ellis and made a most indefensible use of his name, though he does not seem to have acted very straightforwardly towards the Bovril Company, who naturally assumed that the statement on his card about the Vicar's permission was true. His offer of his services as an advertisement distributor may not be in particularly good taste, but his conduct in the other respects is totally unworthy of a clergyman, and seems to call very strongly for the notice of his ecclesiastical superior.

THE THEATRES.

French Plays at the Royalty.

The French play has again last week proved to be of interest, thus atoning for the inevitable closeness of the theatre at this season of the year.

"La Bascule" was "The See-Saw" that kept a constant breeze of freshness blowing upon the brow in the early part of the week. It may as well be said at once that this play of Maurice Donnay's is not suitable for adaptation, even "improved" with songs and dances. The genius of Mr. George Edwardes, united with that of Mr. Tanner, will hardly make of this a "Spring Chicken." But in its natural tongue "The See-Saw"

has much to make us smile. "Why can't every man have three wives?" was the refrain of a lyric, popular at the music-halls a year or two ago. Hubert de Plouha is more modest, and only desires two permanent establishments; it is on the strength of the rival attractions of these that the see-saw in Maurice Donnay's farcical comedy turns. The piece has a moral ending, as Hubert finally elects for his legitimate spouse, but it is eminently Parisian, even Palais-Royalish in construction and development. In itself merely a clever trifle, the play serves to bring out the versatile talent of its author, when one remembers that it was also Maurice Donnay who wrote that powerful and serious drama "Le Retour de Jérusalem," produced the other day at the Coronet Theatre by Mme. Jane Hading. M. Huguenet and Mlle. Dorziat admirably interpreted this comedy, and were adequately supported by an excellent company.

On Saturday I saw "Petite Peste," a light comedy which showed the talent and charm of Mlle. Marthe Regnier to advantage. We are here in an upper bohemian environment. Mlle. Regnier plays Marceline, the seventeen-year-old child of a much-absent theatrical touring manager. She is staying with friends, a married couple who love her as they would have loved the child they have never had. There is the would-be lover of the married woman, a young man whose affections are volatile, for although he has arranged a clandestine meeting with the married woman, Marceline, who loves her friend, has detected the intrigue and is decided to save her at all costs, and so works upon the young man that he fails to keep the appointment. Mlle. Regnier's talents are brought out after she has succeeded in thus foiling the young man whom she does not love, thereby incurring the displeasure of her friend and driving the middle-aged bachelor, for whom she has more than a liking, to despair. At length, however, after many fluctuations, her secret is forced from Marceline by the reproaches of her friend. Her flirtation with the young man, who has the conceit to think that Marceline will marry him when he deigns to ask her hand, was but a blind to prevent his ruining the life of her friend the married woman. Her middle-aged adorer's eyes are at last opened to the bliss of knowing that she loves and will marry him, and the husband and wife, her friends, are reunited in a happiness which has been secured to them by the irresponsible child to whom they had been kind in her loneliness.

A very pretty little story, *lived* by the players, among whom I especially liked M. Luguet as the long-suffering husband who, as he tells his wife before the curtain falls, loved her too well to risk losing her altogether by a rupture, though her intrigue was clear to him as day.

This week we have the sparkling Mlle. Jeanne Thomassin and M. Félix Galipaux with a varied programme in which the names of De Flers and Capus augur well for our diversion.

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The airiest of theatres is the Palace, the temperature being sometimes even a degree or so below what it stands at outside. The constantly changing programme here bore last week the mark of Evan Evans the Welsh comedian, and was indented with the well-wielded clubs of Selbo, who seemed to be followed by these missiles as he strolled about the stage, and they conveniently sought his hand. There was another feat performance — namely, the shooting act of Mlle. Bordeverry and company, who repeats upon her William Tell the incident of the apple, with candle-end variations. Personally, I do not much enjoy these feats, where apparently the least deflection of aim may cause permanent injury, but I daresay there is much less real risk than one is led to suppose, for otherwise the performance would probably not be licensed. The Coleberg family's performance boasts the smallest "conductor" in the world, and the ladies sitting in the neighbourhood were rapturous over the miniature Sousa. Fred Niblo has a series of amusing verbal quibbles and logical absurdities, which he reels off something in the manner of Fuller Golden. His assumption of complete detachment is rather amusing, and he certainly elicits laughs, as he tells the ladies just what they are worth. Mlle. Guerrero dreams and dances her picturesque nightmare for the last times, and the Bioscope furnishes, among others, excellent moving pictures of the start for the balloon race at Ranelagh, and reflects incidents of the theatrical garden party, some of them arranged, but the more amusing revealing theatrical stars as they are when merely perspiring human beings.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE SOURCE OF THE DREYFUS CASE.

TO-DAY I talked with a judge, truly of light and leading, and certainly no blind partisan about the events of last week. He said: "The Conservatives are dead against us (the Court of Cassation) for not convicting an innocent man. If they only knew how much it now goes against the grain of many of us to reject the appeal of a guilty one." I expressed surprise. My impression of French judges had been that they enjoyed convicting just as much as a first rate "gun" enjoys at a shooting party bringing down game. Judges had seemed to me, on the bench dogmatic, narrow minded, and as infallible in their own estimation as, say, bishops in dealing with parochial clergy. I often knew them to be every whit as unfair as the generals and other officers who combined to uphold the finding of the first court-martial against Dreyfus. "Les innocents" whom in my time assize judges sent to the guillotine, or to Cayenne, or sentenced practically to penal servitude for the rest of their lives, would fill a long roll. It seemed shocking to me that the Court of Cassation did not find means to turn some cobweb technicality in favour of Danval the pharmaceutical chemist. M. Loubet, doing what he could to right a frightful wrong, had "pardoned" him. This he did after the convict had passed twenty years in New Caledonia. M. Loubet has a legal training and mind.

MALOJA. — Engadine, Switzerland. Palace Hotel Kursaal. 6,000 ft. altitude. Completely renovated 1906. Private Baths. Golf. Tennis.—ED. SMART, Manager. Prospectus on application.

He went into the whole case against Danval as carefully as perhaps the counsel for that unfortunate person. The Court of Cassation refused to see a new fact in the scientific discoveries of Dr. Galippe now universally admitted. If they are to be accepted, then the sentence against Danval ought to be quashed and damages allowed him.

"Yes," replied the judge, when I put some of these reflections to him; "it is a pity that figments stand in the way of a just finding. But what you say about French judges applies to a generation which the age limit is fast clearing away. Presidents of this Republic who have practised as advocates have greatly shaken up stiff and old-fashioned judges. They are less of a *bloc* for mutual support than they used to be. Air has been let into the offices of *juges d'instruction*, who can now only examine accused parties in the presence of counsel. An assize court judge bent on systematic severity knows that if he is indifferent to public opinion the Minister of Justice is not. He cannot be dismissed, but he can be over-ruled. Questions may be asked about his goings on in the Chamber of Deputies. Paris has sent the humane judge of Château Thierry, Magnaud, to the Chamber of Deputies. She has now a 'good judge' of her own in President Séré de Rivière."

I asked my informant, how in his opinion the Dreyfus affair came about?

He said it would never have happened had there been a Grévy or a Loubet at the Elysée in the winter of 1894. They would have seen through the tales and fuss of Val Carlos and Baron Freederickz. The late Czar's life was despaired of in the autumn. A Military Convention with Russia had been signed, but it was feared that the coming Czar, who had been engaged to a German Princess nearly related to William II., might depart from his father's policy. When Alexander III. died and Nicholas II. married there was almost a panic in the high official centres in Paris. Val Carlos, the Spanish military attaché, repeated at the War Office what he had been hearing at the different embassies and legations. He had to earn the 4,000 fr. a month given him by Colonel Sandherr. The War Minister had quietly, in the course of the autumn, been reducing the Army by means of long furloughs, without effecting any reduction on paper. He had reduced it by 60,000. This came round to Baron Freederickz, who flared up, made a pother, and declared that he would think it his duty to tell the coming Czar to put no trust in the Russo-French Military Convention. The long-furlough system of retrenchment had been carried on, as it was thought, with secrecy. Who could have betrayed the secret? Suspicion fell on Dreyfus. The two military attachés were appeased by the prosecution of a Jewish officer, and the Russian War Office congratulated the French on its energy and perspicacity, which had given the young Emperor satisfaction.

Dupuy, the Prime Minister, an intriguing, cunning person, who had always a little game on hand, and who hoped to bring about M. Casimir Perier's resignation and slide himself into the Presidency, made the muddle and confusion worse. Every one forgot that Russia had signed the Military Convention, not because she loved France, but because she wanted loans and French diplomatic help. M. Félix Faure also swallowed all the foolish tales of Val Carlos.

The Dreyfus affair had its sources in the Spanish and Russian Embassies, but mainly in the Russian, in the time of Baron Mohrenheim.

The *Daily News* was the first paper to call attention to the wrongs of Captain Dreyfus, and long before any other London journal. It did so in the time of Sir John Robinson. He at first could not believe what is now plain to all. The person who brought him round, and not easily, was Mr. Robert Crawford, whom he had sent to Russia to write about M. Félix Faure's visit to the Czar. Sir John, when the subject had been well launched, committed it to Mr. Crawford's charge, and he sent him to Rennes to furnish day by day accounts of the second Dreyfus trial there.

The papers still insist that the Empress Eugénie went to Ischl on a match-making errand. She wants, we hear, "the hand of a grand-daughter of Francis Joseph for Prince Louis Napoleon." The Emperor of Austria has no unmarried grand-daughter old enough to be given in marriage for the next two or three years. The eldest grandchild, Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria, is the wife of Baron Stedfried, the second of the Archduke Joseph, and the eldest daughter of the Archduchess Valerie, another Elizabeth, is but fourteen. Her sisters, Hedwiga and Gertrude, particular favourites of the aged grandfather, are respectively six and five years old. I rather think the Empress Eugénie went to Ischl to thank the Emperor for the letter, so feeling and so generous in spirit, which she received from him on her eightieth birthday. She had lost a husband as he had lost a wife, and he and she had survived an only son. Their lot had been alike though seemingly so different at the outset. He did not allude to the death of his brother Maximilian. I dare say that he banished it from his mind as he penned the letter. He would have wished to write in the feeling of a good Christian whose course has nearly run to a lady four years his senior. He received her at Ischl with a tender deference, for which her first visit to Austria in 1867 would not have prepared her.

In that year Napoleon III. and Eugénie went to Salzburg to meet the Emperor and Empress of Austria. That town was chosen because it is on the frontier of Bavaria, where the Napoleonic dynasty was still popular, as I believe it yet is. Those Austrians among whom Maximilian had been brought up felt so rancorously about the Mexican adventure, into which the Court of the Tuileries had led him, that it was judged well not to receive the Imperial visitors in any central part of the Empire, and on no account to invite them to Ischl. The war of 1859 was not forgotten. The tragedy of Queretaro had revived the hatred fostered by Metternich. This rancorous state of mind obliged the Austrian police to take special measures to protect Napoleon III. and Eugénie from insult and, as it was feared at the time, from assassination.

It is not Continental etiquette for Sovereigns to visit or receive each other's visits in mourning. I first learned this from M. Guizot, who mentioned the rule in connection with the visit of Louis Philippe to Windsor in

1844, when Queen Victoria remained in Court mourning, softened, however, into second mourning by a wreath of white roses which appeared to French eyes as "un peu mortuaire." Likewise, the Emperor and Empress of the French went to Salzburg in deep mourning for the Archduke Maximilian. The former had a crape band on his hat, black studs in his shirt, and took off black gloves as the train brought him to the end of his journey. Without being narrow-minded, the Emperor of Austria is a stickler for etiquette on State occasions. He and his Court had put aside their mourning and were in garments of festal brightness, in the rather gaudy German style. Eugénie still wore a crape bonnet and veil, and a black stuff dress. As the Empress Elizabeth had been wondering what fashions "La Montijo" would bring from Paris, the ladies and gentlemen on the platform grouped round their Apostolical Majesties did not try to hide their astonishment. The breach of etiquette could not have been meant as a slight. But it showed the visitors to be *mal appris* and more worthy to reign in Hayti than in a capital which sets up to hold the sceptre of fashion. The smallest princelet, or even baron, present had thought himself better than the upstart sovereigns. The lapse in what seemed to him a sacred regulation confirmed him in his pleasing conceit. Short dresses had come into fashion. The Empress Eugénie wore a skirt that barely reached her ankles. The Empress Elizabeth said it was to show her small feet. Elizabeth had slender feet; but they were long.

The object of the visit to Salzburg was to bring the Emperor of Austria into a triple alliance against Prussia. He did not ask better than to join it. But Hungary had become almost the satellite of Bismarck, and the unavoidable changes in the Constitution must be a disturbing cause for years to come in every part of the Empire and in every branch of the public service. Two great wars at a seventy years' interval had left the treasury dry. In no case could the Austrian Empire risk at the outset taking sides with France. It could agree to act as a reserve to be drawn upon six weeks after France had declared war, and then only if the campaign had been favourable to France. The Austrian Emperor accepted an invitation to visit with the Empress Elizabeth the Paris Exhibition at the close of the Compiègne season and to take his brother Charles Louis with him. The Archduke Albert could meet them at Nancy in the course of a very private tour of military inspection in the Vosges. As said so done. The French Court came to Saint Cloud early in November, and the Imperial Austrian guests, without the Empress, in the third week. Heavy wagers had been made at the Rue Royale and other clubs that the Empress Elizabeth would or would not come. She did not. She excused herself on the score of delicate health. Towards the end of April in the following year she gave birth to the Archduchess Valérie. While Francis Joseph visited the tombs and palaces of his Lorraine ancestors and conferred with Napoleon, who went round the Paris Exhibition and showed a particular interest in the Krupp exhibits, Elizabeth hunted at Gödöllö. She could condescend to be the friend rather than the patroness of a professional circus rider, but she could not, before sorrow had softened her pride, go on a visit to a parvenu Emperor and Empress.

All this now seems in the perspective of thirty-nine years of small consequence. Up to 1866 Napoleon III. figured as the "arbiter" of Europe, and Eugénie as the "arbitress" of fashion all the world over. She ran that course for four years more, and then came the crash, which she had been greatly instrumental in accelerating. She met the Empress Elizabeth at Cap Martin, and the Emperor Francis Joseph, who went there to dissuade his wife from buying property on the lake of Geneva, called on the discrowned Empress. He had not since seen her until they met the other day at Ischl.

The Empress Eugénie's brilliant fortune dazzled time-servers—and they, unfortunately, are the most numerous—to the hypnotic point. I notice that the epithet of "the richest man on earth" as applied to John D. Rockefeller has the same effect. I wonder what the power behind evolution will do to upset that apple cart.

M. Méline, of the Protectionist tariffs, married off his second daughter last week. The bridegroom is a young architect of talent and good professional standing. The bride opens to him the conservative side of the official world, which is now allied to the aristocrats of the Cercle des Pommes de Terre, whose fortunes have been so increased by her father's fiscal policy. She is a head taller than the bridegroom — a M. Mougenet. M. Méline is entirely played out at the Palais Bourbon, but he has still some influence at the Luxembourg as a Senator. When M. Fallières presided there the Demoiselles Fallières and Méline were as sisters. This is why she acted as a bridesmaid with three other young ladies. This means that she took round in the church an alms bag elegantly got up. Her cavalier, M. André Chazel, is the close friend of her brother at the Paris Bar, and a young advocate of brilliant prospects and some performance. Présidente Fallières and ex-Présidente Loubet came to the religious ceremony at St. Thomas d'Aquin, but their husbands stayed at home. M. Lamy represented the Catholic wing at the Academy, M. Doumer the ambiguous party at the Chamber of Deputies. No member of the present Cabinet or of le Bloc appeared. As a set-off numerous Senators of nearly all the groups at the Luxembourg offered their congratulations. One ambassador in active service and not a few heads of Legations represented diplomacy. The tall stature of the Marquis de Montebello, ex-Ambassador to the Court of Russia, rose high above that of the bride's father, a tall man too, in the sacristy, where the Marquis offered congratulations in a most cordial manner. This nobleman's name had been mixed up with those of direct agents of the Duc d'Orléans in the "complot" brought to light last April. But few generals attended. The one with the most curiosity—General Billot—is a member of the Senate, and sits near M. Méline. Of course, he came wearing his grand cordon and all his military decorations. At French weddings one crowds all sail in such matters. General Billot is the shadow of his

former self. He must have anticipated the finding of the Court of Cassation and smarted under an attack made on him the same day in the Dreyfusite papers.

Mlle. Fallières finished her education at the Luxembourg when her father presided over the Senate, a function he discharged for seven years. She was therefore accustomed to palatial surroundings and his position before she went to the Elysée. There she remains, unaffected and modestly ornamental. She is the constant companion of the President in his outings whenever it is possible for her to be so. He cannot prevent her. If he perishes from a bomb she will, being at his side, share his fate. Apprehension when with him is less terrible than the suspense she feels when he leaves her at home. As the presidential family must not approximate to a royal one, she does not ask to go with him when he leaves the Elysée to discharge some duty as head of the State. I cannot imagine how any human being, though the most rabid of anarchists, could cast a bomb at the President. The straight, frank, kindly blue eye of M. Fallières ought to disarm the worst fanatic. This honest amiability is repeated in the eyes of "Mlle. Anna."

The Presidential family go shortly to Rambouillet, a place easy to guard and with a light porous soil that renders walking in the forest enjoyable in all weathers. It is an ideal soil for gouty people. In August the whole family will move south to Lupillon. By the way, I find in "L'Annuaire des Adresses" the following: "Armand et Mme. Fallières, née Bonnen, à la Domaine de Lupillon, près de Mézin, Tarn et Garonne, et au Palais de l'Elysée, Paris."

The word "Domaine," as here used, means a vine property, where wine is made for sale in the cask. M. Fallières' red wine is sold wholesale to an Agen merchant, who retails it in Paris at 75 centimes a litre, and does not hesitate to state on a bill posted on his shop window from what "domaine" it comes. The white wine from the Fallières vineyards is of a higher quality. It is sold also wholesale to the Agen merchant, who buys the Lupillon red *ordinaire*. He furnishes it to restaurants there at about 1 fr. 50 c. a bottle.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

IN England now, dear Lady Betty, almost everything is new but the mental attitude of the English, and it is interesting to watch our fellow-countrymen and women endeavouring to reconcile their prejudices with their altogether altered practices.

The situation is caused by this, that we are moving forwards, not because of a force which is in ourselves, but because we are compelled to advance by circumstances from without. The discoveries and improvements from the United States, the example of the Americans and of our self-governing colonists, the developments in Europe, and French and German influences, have driven us forward. We complain that competition is ruining us; but we are not competing, we are advancing under compulsion.

. . . . .

Our home being on a small cluster of islands, we built ships when others had to form armies. Our ships visited the remotest shores, which were inaccessible to our neighbours, and we founded markets for our products. The adoption of Free Trade here caused our neighbours to send the commodities they produced to England to be conveyed from there to the markets we had established, and where our agents disposed of them. Our shipowners, being anxious to increase their carrying trade, advanced money to foreign manufacturers to enable the latter to produce more, and these have become rich with the assistance of British capital, have built ships for their own use, and have established agents of their own in every market in the world. That has changed the whole commercial situation in England, and must affect us even more seriously still. Were we to return to Protection it is obvious that the loss of that which remains of our carrying trade would be much more rapid than it will be in the present conditions, for it would then be of little advantage to foreigners to use England as a distributing centre. We have to realise that circumstances have changed and are changing, and to adapt ourselves to the new conditions to thrive.

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There was a period of exceptional prosperity in the reign of the late Queen, and during that time thousands of middle-class men in England accumulated large fortunes, and most of them sent their sons to fashionable Public Schools to be educated. At these the latter learnt to look upon business as an "ungentlemanly" pursuit, and when they left college they either refused to concern themselves with it, or were too fine to attend to it seriously as did their fathers. One great business after the other has diminished in prosperity, or has faded altogether away, from this cause. On the other hand, thousands of untrained "gentlemen" have been compelled to concern themselves with business in recent times to earn a livelihood, and either through their ignorance or indolence have been the cause of much mischief.

. . . . .

The capital that the ordinary English "gentleman" brings to a business that he associates himself with is (a) his connection, and (b) his influence through that. His connection is mostly useful in the first instance as a market, for to it can be sold the shares or commodities he is concerned with. Every unscrupulous business man in England has taken advantage of this during the past twenty years, and the West End has been stripped of almost all it has! There have been more enterprising "business men" still who have greatly prospered by making use of the second form of capital, the influence. They have associated with themselves and their schemes men who possessed great names, and whose exposure would cause such serious scandal as to be almost a danger to the existing political system. When exposure was threatening the latter exerted themselves for their own sake to avoid it, the authorities did their utmost for political purposes to assist them, and the unscrupulous "business men" were, generally, able to escape unharmed, and with the profits of their rascality. With all those circumstances to contend against, is it surprising that the commercial condition of the country is unsatisfactory and is causing anxiety?

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The word "decay" is so repeatedly used in England now in conversation and in print that it would not be surprising soon to see a column in some London newspaper with the permanent title of "Decay Day by Day"! It is a word that is seldom used in the United States, France, Germany, or in any foreign country, and it is most improbable that it is so continually repeated here without cause. We commonly say that the English are in the habit of depreciating themselves, but the evidence of the proverbs and familiar sayings

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is altogether in the contrary direction. If conversationalists and writers of the time so generally agree that there is "decay" in morals, manners, and most other circumstances, here, it is probable that there is, and indeed almost all see it in their own experience. The establishment of the money standard of personal value may be a material cause, for the artist or writer strives more to make money than for lasting fame; the business man to make a fortune than to be honest; and the ordinary man and woman to become rich than to be respected for legitimate reasons. All is sacrificed in England now to money, and money excuses almost everything! "He is enormously clever," says one. "He made a million through the most gigantic fraud of modern times." "He is a scoundrel, no doubt, but he is enormously rich; a most delightful man," says another. "It is beautiful," says a third. "It cost several thousands." "He is a wonderful artist," says a fourth. "He makes twenty thousand a year"! The money standard of value is the only one there is here now!—Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

A PARAGRAPH went round the press last week which contained some distracted drivel about the "excitement" and the "intense interest," and so on and so forth, which the doings of the Racehorse Owners' Association are said to be arousing on the Turf. The alleged excitement and interest are purely imaginative, for the vagaries of this egregious Association have been regarded with general contempt and derision. The really funny feature in the business has been the feverish haste with which the Association has been dropped by certain sporting papers which had previously supported it, and, indeed, these journals had written it up all round with infinite solicitude when it was first started. However, sentiment and sympathy have given way before the serious claims of "business," and in the interests of the advertisement columns the Association has been either drenched with a cold douche of criticism or has been latterly ignored altogether. The objects of the Association were always regarded by TRUTH as being chimerical, unreasonable, and nonsensical. The view generally taken is very well expressed in a letter which has appeared in a weekly journal, from which I give an extract:—

> The Racehorse Owners' Association was started by a few energetic busybodies who, I suspect, cannot understand what is obvious to most other people—why the doors of the Jockey Club are closed against them; and, realising the hopelessness of their ambition to get into the Club, they have started what they fully desire to make a rival body. They have written, and circularised, and sought to secure members, and they have met with a certain amount of success, owners, in many cases, at any rate, vaguely supposing that as it may do them some good to join, and as it cannot do them any harm—they may as well go in for it, and see how things progress. They do not perceive that it is the object of their committee to force them into such antagonism with the Jockey Club as the Club will condescend to allow. The Association, however, while ready to oppose the Club, reckoned without the Racecourse Owners' Association, representative of valuable properties and important interests, and not in the least inclined to have their business managed for them by the mischievous people who are thrusting themselves so pertinaciously to the front. There are a few rich men in the Racehorse Owners' Association, but it possesses absolutely no weight except that of money, and, incidentally, it may be observed that the Turf policy of some of its leading members has earned them anything but popularity. I am disposed to fancy that the Association will not last long, and nobody except those who took the totally unnecessary trouble of inventing it will regret its decease.

If rich men do not care to encounter the great and manifold expenses of a racing stud, let them give up the Turf, instead of cadging in this huckstering fashion on the railway companies and the race meetings for contributions towards their outlay. As to men who are not rich, they have no business to own horses, and everything possible should be done to keep them off the Turf, as the certain and speedy result of their participation therein is utter ruin, usually irretrievable, and often disgraceful. If a man cannot afford (well afford) to race he ought not to race at all. This is the most ordinary common sense. Only fools or knaves will do anything to encourage "little men" to smash themselves and ruin their unfortunate families by going on the Turf.

The Tuesday after the Newmarket Second July Meeting is now one of the most important nomination days during the year, as many of the principal weight-for-age stakes close and name on that day. There are seven events at Newmarket, including the July Stakes and the Chesterfield Stakes for next year. The July Stakes, which was established in 1785, is the oldest two-year-old race in England. The conditions, however, are obviously in much need of alteration. The race is a sweepstakes of £50 each, £30 forfeit, not one penny being even nominally added. In these days £30 is regarded as a heavy liability in a race for yearlings, and particularly when there is only the owners' sweepstakes to run for. The Chesterfield is also a stake of the sweepstakes only, the amount being £30 each, £20 forfeit. There is a draggle-tail sort of fatuity about Newmarket management, or races would not be advertised with such curiously unattractive pecuniary conditions as the Hastings Plate and the Zetland Plate. A hundred years ago it was all very well to have no penalties for winners in the July Stakes, but now it is utterly foolish that the winner of such valuable events as the Coventry Stakes and the New Stakes at Ascot should not be required to carry extra weight. The result of the blunder in sticking resolutely to the old conditions is that the July Stakes scarcely ever produces an interesting race in these days. Another event at Newmarket closing next Tuesday (for now foals) is the Boscawen Post Stakes of £100 each, to run at the First October Meeting, 1908.

The managers of the Ascot Meeting are a slumberous lot, and as resolutely opposed to changes as was Lord Eldon himself. Here are the Coronation Stakes (for now yearling fillies) and the St. James's Palace Stakes (for now yearlings), both to run in 1908, with the same muddyminded conditions as of old. It is really the height of absurdity to find that in these races the whole of the added money (£300) is given to the second horse, while the third saves stake, the winner being thus also deprived of £100 out of the sweepstakes. I suppose this is a miserable sneaking device to ensure a field. The added money to both these stakes ought to have been raised to £1,000. At Goodwood the events closing on Tuesday are next year's Richmond Stakes, with £500 added, and the Sussex Stakes for 1908, with £500 added, both for now yearlings.

The Epsom entries, however, excite the most interest. The Derby is a stake of £6,500, with £400 for second and £200 for third. If there is not a sufficient surplus from subscriptions to provide these sums the difference is to be made up out of the Race Fund. This year £1,845 was added to the Derby, while last year £2,095 was given, with £2,480 in 1904, and £1,570 in 1903; while in 1902 there was a surplus of £420. The Oaks of £5,000 cost the fund £985 this year, £1,510 last year, £1,725 in 1904, and £715 in 1903, while there was a surplus of £705 in 1902. In this race the second gets only £200, and £100 is given to the third filly. Until 1902 the minor forfeit was declared on the last Tuesday in January, but in 1903 the date was postponed until the last Tuesday in March.

Some mooncalf has sent a paragraph round the press which announces that "the Jockey Club Stakes and the Princess of Wales' Stakes will be heard of no more." It so happens that the entries for the Jockey Club Stakes of £10,000 for 1908 are to be found in the Book Calendar, and the same volume contains the entries of the Princess of Wales's Stakes up to 1909. The value of this race, however, is now reduced to £6,000. The loss on the Jockey Club Stakes last year and in 1904 amounted to £1,456, but in 1903 there was

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a surplus of £2,917, and in 1902 the race was £940 to the good. There has always, moreover, been an interesting race for this stake. The Princess of Wales' Stakes has cost the fund about £13,000 in five years, and only once has there been a race of any interest, which was in 1901, when Epsom Lad defeated Diamond Jubilee. This miserable failure is due entirely to the infatuated conduct of the Jockey Club in deciding to exclude three-year-olds. This imbecile alteration was applauded to the skies by harebrained writers who brayed in asinine chorus about the enormous advantage which the change would prove, and Truth was then quite alone in pointing out that the result would be a disastrous failure. I predicted what has come to pass, and now the writers who then cackled the most loudly in praise of the crazy change in the conditions are obliged to acknowledge that they were utterly wrong, and that the exclusion of three-year-olds has been a huge error. The Jockey Club could not leave well alone, for in the earlier years of the stake, when three-year-olds were allowed to start, there was always a race of the greatest possible interest, while the subscription was usually in excess of the advertised value of the stakes.

The Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park is now represented as being the only one of the £10,000 races which has been carried out without loss. As a matter of fact, this event cost the fund £1,250 last year, while there was a loss of £1,067 in 1904. There was a surplus of £1,221 in 1903, and of £390 in 1902. The conditions of the Eclipse Stakes are a great deal more satisfactory than are those of the Newmarket event of the same class. At Sandown Park there is no maiden allowance, while the extreme penalty is only 10 lb., nor are there breeding allowances. These conditions are all in favour of the really good horses in the entry. The Newmarket conditions are all against the high-class horses, and in favour of the platers in the entry. It is preposterous laxity, moreover, that any horse should be entitled to claim a breeding allowance after he has won a certain sum in stakes. It was really the bathos of absurdity to see Rock Sand in the enjoyment of a 6 lb. breeding allowance after he had won the Two Thousand, Derby, and St. Leger. What pedantic foolery also to impose penalties only for winners of weight for age races, the result being that Dinneford could win the Royal Hunt Cup of £2,120 and yet carry no extra weight in the Newmarket event. There should be penalties for winners of all races of £1,000 or upwards, and if this had been the arrangement at Newmarket, Dinneford would have carried 6 lb. extra. Mr. Reid Walker's horse incurred a 3 lb. penalty for winning the Gordon Stakes at Goodwood last year, but this was more than extinguished by a breeding allowance of 9 lb.

I hear that St. Amant is to run for the Goodwood Cup, a race which certainly will not take much winning this year. Mr. de Rothschild's horse has incurred the extreme penalty of 21 lbs., but every likely starter has extra weight to carry, and there is scarcely anything in the list which can stay the course. Gorgos will no doubt run for this race, but St. Amant can surely beat the Two Thousand winner over this distance at the weights. St. Amant would have won the Princess of Wales's Stakes if he could have been induced to exert himself, but he ran like a rogue from start to finish.

About this period of the summer one always reads a lot of twaddle about the next Derby being "over," or something to that effect. It seems to me perfectly idiotic to attempt to estimate the form of the two-year-olds until after the Newmarket Houghton Meeting. There is invariably a tendency to crack up the Epsom and Ascot winners most extravagantly. My own opinion is that Slieve Gallion is considerably the best colt that has been seen out this season. As to Traquair, it is highly probable that he is already touched in his wind, but if he is not now a roarer it is most likely that he will soon discover that infirmity, being a grandson of Goldfinch, and a great-grandson of Ormonde. Whatever Traquair may achieve on Saturday at Sandown Park, he cannot well lose the Prince of Wales's Sweepstakes of £3,400 at Goodwood. The Sun will have no chance with him, although Lord Cadogan's colt has a breeding allowance of 6 lbs., and Traquair walked away from The Welkin in the July Stakes. Lord Rosebery may start his colt for the Prince of Wales's Plate at York, or for the Gimcrack Stakes, as he is entered for both events. He may win whichever race he goes for on Knavesmire, and no doubt there would then be a chorus of trumpeting about his superlative merits, but however well Traquair may perform during the next few weeks I shall confidently predict his defeat by Slieve Gallion in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, when the pair will meet at even weights.

The election of Admiral Hedworth Lambton to the Jockey Club has given general satisfaction. Lord Durham now has two of his brothers sitting with him at the meetings.

The second reading of the Street Betting Bill is fixed for next Friday, and I hear that Mr. Gladstone will then take charge of the Bill as a Government measure, in which case it is certain to pass into law before Parliament adjourns, although a sporting paper audaciously announces that "the attempt to pass the Bill may still be frustrated." The bill will squabash the street bookmakers, but it does not go far enough. Its provisions should be enlarged so as to close the betting houses of so-called "turf accountants," and the numerous establishments for starting-price betting which are a most pernicious nuisance, and really the curse of the turf.

It is odd that some of the sporting papers persisted in giving Keystone II. as the probable winner of the Lingfield Plate, although it was announced, after she had won the Coronation Stakes at Ascot, that the Oaks winner would not run again until Doncaster. The *Sportsman* stated on Friday that Lord Derby's mare will start for the Yorkshire Oaks. It is certainly unlikely in the greatest degree that Keystone II. would miss a stake of £3,000 in order to go for one of £400, especially as she would have to carry 10lb. extra at York, and would be giving 17lb. to maidens. Keystone II. has been kept going at Newmarket, as if it was intended to run her for some race shortly, and I am informed that Lord Derby has decided to start her for the St. George's Stakes of £2,000 at Liverpool next week, after which she will be reserved for the St. Leger and the Jockey Club Stakes.

Slieve Gallion was probably somewhat jarred by the hard ground at Ascot, as he has been resting since he returned to Beckhampton after that meeting. His unexpected absence from Newmarket a fortnight ago was much regretted, the race for the July Stakes being consequently of no interest whatever. Slieve Gallion has engagements during the summer at Newmarket, Liverpool, Newbury, Kempton Park, and Hurst Park, but I am informed that he will now be kept for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster on September 11, after which, if all goes well with the colt, he will start for the Middle Park Plate. He is also engaged for the Dewhurst Plate.

The Bibury Club Meeting was a failure in all respects, with poor fields composed of horses of bad class. It is preposterous that this fixture should continue to be dragged over three days, as there are really not the materials for two days' decent racing. In the old time of Stockbridge the best horses in training were seen out, and the meeting was one of the "smartest" of the summer, but it has now degenerated into an orgie of plating.

The Hurstbourne Stakes, which was named as a compliment to the late Lord Portsmouth, and which was much regretted, the race for the July Stakes being brought out a moderate field, Billidere being made a hot favourite. Lord Carnarvon's colt appeared a good thing on public form, but collateral running is often dreadfully misleading, and especially in the case of two-year-olds. Mr. Faber's Candahar, by Ayrshire, who cost 1,000 gs. as a yearling, managed to beat the favourite on the post by a head. Duma was certainly

Goodwood Races are most conveniently attended by motoring from the Hotel Metropole, Brighton. Pleasant run of 25 miles through charming scenery. Garage. Gordon Hotels, Ltd.

"all out" to win the Champagne Stakes, and she was stopping so fast that if there had been another dozen yards to go Mr. James's filly would have been beaten by Spume, who had much the best of the weights.

Black Arrow was made favourite for the Lingfield Park Plate of £3,000, and he won easily from Sancy, a result which was in accordance with my prediction. Black Arrow was certainly lucky in that Keystone II. did not start, and also because Spearmint, who was entered for this race by Sir Tatton Sykes, was withdrawn from it when the minor forfeit was declared. The Derby winner would have carried only 9 lb. extra, as he had a 3 lb. breeding allowance, so he would have been giving 8 lb. to Mr. Hall Walker's colt. Whatever Black Arrow may do at Liverpool next week, he appears likely to win the Sussex Stakes at Goodwood. Polar Star, of course, won the two-year-old race at Lingfield on Saturday, which was obviously a mere question of health for him. Silver Heeled did not start, and I hear that Mr. Cunliffe's colt is in reserve for the Lavant Stakes at Goodwood, in which race Traquair is engaged, but he is not likely to start, and, in any case, I do not believe he could beat Silver Heeled at 7 lb.

The Eclipse Stakes will not excite one-hundredth part of the interest of this same race last year, when Val d'Or defeated Cicero. Unless the stable estimation of Gingal is altogether wrong he certainly ought to win, as he has 7 lbs. the best of the weights with both Gorgos and Lally.

Next week there is again the mischievous plethora of meetings which is now so common except during the Newmarket weeks, when the Stewards of the Jockey Club are provident enough in cutting down any threatened opposition. There will be no general interest in the sport at Leicester or at Windsor. On Wednesday Keystone II. may win the St. George's Stakes at Liverpool, as she can certainly defeat Gingal, Radium, and Troutbeck at the weights. Lord Derby may win the Mersey Stakes of £750 for two-year-olds. Ulpia is quite likely to win the Great Lancashire Breeders' Produce Stakes of £2,000 on Thursday, and Bridge of Canny may take the Knowsley Dinner Stakes of £800. The Atlantic Stakes of £1,000 on Friday looks well for Black Arrow. It is probable that the largest fields will be seen out next week at Newbury on Friday and Saturday.

Pretty Polly and Bachelor's Button have both been entered for the Jockey Club Cup on October 26. It is strange that Spearmint has not been engaged in this race, considering that the Derby winner has so very few engagements, and especially as there are neither penalties nor allowances. Pretty Polly won last year, but I quite expect that Bachelor's Button will beat her in October if they meet. Mr. Joel's horse has improved with age. It is quite possible that the pair may meet in the Doncaster Cup, which closes this week, each having earned a penalty of 10 lbs.

The number of people who went to see the match between the Gentlemen and Players at Lord's afforded ample evidence that there is no decline in the popularity of the game. And yet the public interest would seem to be centred rather in the individuals than in the finish of the match. For on the last day, when the Players had to go in to win or lose, there were comparatively few people present. It was a great match worthy of a great occasion, and on each day there were incidents that will make the game long remembered in cricket circles. It was the hundredth anniversary of the game, and to mark the event and to keep in time with the reform notions of the day, the Kent bowler, Fielder, foreshadowed the decimal system by taking all the Gentlemen's wickets in the first innings. Of course, Jackson, who had not played in first-class cricket this year, won the toss. And to show that this is not his only qualification for first-class cricket, he saved his side from disaster by a long, slow innings for forty-five runs. The only other men to make runs were Bosanquet and Martyn, who hit brilliantly. The wicket was clearly helping the fast bowlers. Denton had a bit of luck; Hayward, who was badly hit, batted superbly, and the Players left off thirty-two runs ahead. Then came the Gentlemen's turn. H. K. Foster could do nothing for a long time. He was badly missed, and then stopped with Spooner to make 156 for the first wicket. Spooner played a perfect innings of 114. There was no more run-getting until Jessop came with seventy-three not out, scored in his most gloriously unorthodox manner. He ran out to the fast bowlers. Martyn did not hit. He stone-walled to help Jessop. Brearley kept his wicket for half an hour, neither of the bowlers trying to york him. In this innings Lees had the best analysis.

The Players had the whole of the third day to score 290 runs. Their innings began in a sensational manner, Knox clean bowling Denton, Bowley, and Tyldesley, who made five runs between them. Twice he sent the stump flying out of the ground. Hayward again was playing like a book, and with Hayes he made a stand. He called for an impossible run, and Hayes declined. He was run out, and people quarrelled and said Hayes should have sacrificed his wicket. But the squabblers must remember that Hayes made 55. Rhodes and Gunn made a good stand, Lees hit out boldly, and the Gentlemen won a really, to use Mr. Bosanquet's favourite word, interesting game by 45 runs. Tyldesley's fielding at deep third man and in the long field outclassed everybody.

Those who despise the Eton and Harrow match as merely a social function are surely rather snobbish. Certainly, Eton and Winchester is just as good cricket, and many other public schools turn out as fine cricketers as any of those youngsters that play at Lord's. To me the match is representative of public school cricket. The enthusiasm of the boys makes one wish oneself young again. There are, and always will be, boys who think more of luncheon and tea than of the game. But the huge majority are there for the game, and ofttimes there is the son of some player known of old, and one recalls Horace's equine tag as to heredity. This year Pearson-Gregory, a son of Pearson who played for Middlesex, scored 91 in the first innings and saved the rot in the second innings and the game for Eton when the wickets were tumbling down to Bird's bowling. Over anxiety caused catches to be missed, or Eton had not got home. It was a good game, and some of the boys will be players of a very near future.

County cricket has been in the background. Taylor has come into the Yorkshire team, and they beat Sussex easily. Surrey trampled on Essex. Goatly is batting brilliantly, and Raphael has quite recovered his form. The Surrey men did well to win, as Knox had to stop bowling in the second innings after taking the first two wickets, owing to a bad leg.

"The great river festival: The course during the racing at Henley." It was fortunate that the proprietors of the *Graphic* thus described a double-paged illustration. The picture was full of punts and people, but for the life of me I could not make out what part of the Bucks or Oxon bank was like unto the forefront of the picture. There was the river, and there were two crews racing, so that which shore was which was clear to the geographician. But to the rowing man things are not what they seem. The picture was an impressionist sketch with a dash of imagination. The leading crew had six oarsmen and no more. Bow and two by no demands of perspective could have been blotted out by a punter. And yet no wonder this crew was leading, for bow, two, and three in the crew behind were all rowing on the same side. Neither crew was at Henley.

A well-known oarsman tells me that the Belgian rowing must not be lightly dismissed as a short, snappy style, unworthy of reference or consideration. It is on the contrary worth studying. There must surely be something worthy of consideration in a style that brings a crew over the Henley course in seven minutes dead without any signs of fatigue and distress. He observes that the Belgian style differs from that of Canada as chalk from cheese. The Canadian method is lug and plug, and heaps of it may be seen at Hammersmith any day amongst the tradesmen's clubs. Now the

Belgians have studied English rowing to some purpose. If one observes them carefully one sees that all the blades of the oars strike the water at precisely the same time. In other words the shortest reach forward without over-reaching is the reach of the whole crew. Thus they get a beginning marked by the whole crew instead of the small variations that must be entailed by our stroke. The same methods characterise their finish. It is hard and united. There is a good leg drive and swing all through the boat. The eight was composed of picked men, the club being the equivalent of our Leander. It will have been noted that there was no stream during the race. In the absence of heavy rains the lockkeepers were able to hold up the water.

I said last week that in lawn tennis the leading players took no advantage of umpires' or linesmen's mistakes. Now a correspondent considers that the game should be strictly played, and that such errors are a rub 'o the green. The rules are rules, and, as in cricket, the umpire's decision should be final. Without entirely agreeing with this view, I can cordially endorse the further comments of my correspondent, who suggests that linesmen who do not wear spectacles should be selected, and that accommodation should be provided for them to lie prone on mats, as they would have to do if shooting at a rifle range. He considers it almost impossible for any man to judge the pitch of a fast-driven ball when he is sitting in a chair. He also asks that a high screen should be provided at the ends of all the courts, as well as at the ends of the centre courts, and that ladies should be excluded from standing behind these barriers, as their dresses and parasols obscure the flight of the ball. He highly commends the way in which Mr. Scrivener got the players on to the courts in good time without any bustle or shouting. I know the players and officials highly appreciated the way the new referee did his work.

Mr. F. W. Payn, ex-champion of Scotland, has kindly sent me his book on "Secrets of Lawn Tennis," published by Upcott Gill. There are some suggestions in the book which will certainly be of use to many who are more than beginners at the game and wish to improve the standard of their play. It is a pity that the publication was not deferred till after the championships, as the play of Riseley is hardly, if at all, referred to. The writer particularly calls my attention to what he says as to the relations between the All-England Lawn Tennis Club and the Lawn Tennis Association. On this matter I do not propose to write again at present. I am glad, however, to see that he considers the club's attitude in regard to Mr. Everleigh, the late referee, was quite correct. There is no doubt Mr. Payn has a keen appreciation of Mr. Vaile's position as an authority on lawn tennis. The bounce of the best tennis ball is as nothing compared with that antipodean writer.

I cannot help thinking that the All England Lawn Tennis Club would be well advised if in the future all the competitors had to play through from the beginning of the tournament, subject to this proviso, that I would classify the players, and that I would compel those in the lowest classes to play off preliminary rounds at the beginning of the meeting. Then there would be no chance, for example, of Riseley meeting Doherty on the first day while the heroes of Surbiton and Brixton might find themselves playing in the final or semi-final owing to the luck of the draw. Handicapping in Lawn Tennis is such a fine art that there should be no difficulty in making out this list. I do not think that the strain of playing through the tournament is really so great as some people make out. There is no doubt that the present system does keep the public interest at a high tension till the finish.

Rowing men may rejoice at the glorious weather for their regattas. Kingston was a huge success. Captain Darrell beat Manno, the Hungarian, in the sculls. Thames beat London for the Grand after a fine race. In the senior fours London had the best of Kingston in the final. Bourne End had a pleasant up-river type of meeting at which Reading beat Marlow in the race for the Challenge Cup for fours with coxswains.

Mr. G. W. Beldam and Mr. C. B. Fry have followed up that notable work, "Great Batsmen: their Methods at a Glance," with a companion volume dealing, on the same lines, with "Great Bowlers and Fielders." It contains 464 action photographs illustrating the style and methods of nearly all the leading bowlers and fielders, including members of the Australian and South African teams. Many interesting and instructive points in their play are brought out in these pictures; and, in addition to the explanatory text, there are chapters on bowling by Mr. F. R. Spofforth, Mr. Bosanquet, and Mr. Schwarz, and on fielding by Mr. Jessop. The work, which will delight every cricketer, is published (price 21s. net) by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

MOTORS AND MOTORING.

THE recent appalling calamity on the Brighton road has naturally elicited various sagacious comments of the "after the event" order, not a few of which, however, have been rather wide of the mark. Criticism has been passed, for instance, on the instability of the type of vehicle in question, based, apparently, on the strength of the earlier reports to the effect that the 'bus with its unhappy occupants "toppled over." There appears no reason, however, to suppose that lack of stability or tendency to top weight had anything whatever to do with the accident, which it seems clear arose simply and solely from the car getting out of control going down the hill—whether in consequence of the failure of the brakes themselves or of some other portion of its mechanism remains at present to be definitely ascertained. In point of fact, the motor 'bus is by no means a top-heavy vehicle, owing to the great weight of the chassis, which by itself is said to weigh almost as much as the whole body of a horse omnibus. One thing, however, is certain, and this is that the problem of providing sufficient braking power to enable vehicles of such weight as these motor 'buses to negotiate hills like Handcross is very different from any with which motor designers have previously had to grapple. The heat generated by the friction of an ordinary band brake in cases of this sort must, of course, be enormous. There is, indeed, one kind of brake to which no such objection applies, and that is the old fashioned "shoe," whereby one or both of the back wheels can be lifted bodily off the ground, while in the case of a motor 'bus it would help very greatly also to save the tyres in the course of long descents. But this mode of braking is, I believe, now forbidden in most parts of the country in consequence of the damage caused thereby to the roads.

Another "felt want" which has recently been under discussion in connection with the motor 'bus is an effective device of the "cow-catcher" order to pick up the stray wayfarer who gets in its path. The suggestion sounds a trifle farcical, since there seems no particular reason why motor 'buses should need such a device more than any other vehicle, bearing in mind how much more readily controlled they are than many. Apparently, however, the notion has been seriously considered by several of the companies, though it is not very surprising to learn that none has yet succeeded in devising quite the ideal attachment for the purpose. One difficulty, it has been pointed out, is presented by the inequalities of the road surface, which are such as to prevent the use of a scoop or catcher nearly touching the ground. Perhaps, however, an extending platform mounted on small wheels might meet this particular difficulty. Or there are the Simms pneumatic buffers, which, in the case of ordinary motor cars, at all events, seem to be an exceedingly useful contrivance. In the current *Autocar* there is, for instance, an account of an

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extraordinary mishap in which their value was remarkably exemplified. A motorist was, it seems, driving through Rickmansworth when, in turning sharply over a canal bridge his wheels skidded, and he collided violently with the iron railings of the bridge. Flung by the force of the impact to the opposite side of the road, the car then ran into a cottage, knocked down the front wall, went over a sofa, and came to a standstill in the grate with the engine still running—the only damage sustained being a broken lamp glass!

The report of the Royal Commission may be expected now almost immediately, and naturally the utmost curiosity, not to say anxiety, is entertained in motor circles regarding its contents. If rumour proves correct the abolition of the speed limit will not be recommended, though it is whispered that in general the recommendations of the Commissioners will prove at least as friendly to the movement as could be expected. Since the Commission was appointed a good deal has happened. The magnitude of the interests at stake and the vital significance of the industry to the entire community have come to be more clearly recognised than was possible before, and it is hoped and believed that the report of the Commission will recognise and reflect the altered state of public opinion on the subject.

Mr. Edge is doing good service once again by calling attention to the haphazard system of rating at present in vogue to denote the power of motor cars. For reasons of their own manufacturers have a habit of ridiculously underestimating the actual power of their cars, describing this one as a 20 h.p. car which really is a 35 h.p. or 40 h.p., and modestly calling that a 35 h.p. which, in fact, should be classed as a "sixty" or "seventy." "Horse power" itself is, of course, an arbitrary affair, but this would not matter if all adopted the same standard. As it is, makers who rate their engines with some approach to accuracy, calling that which gives approximately 40 h.p. a 40 h.p engine, and so on, find themselves disadvantaged by the apparent disparity between their performances and those of rivals whose nominal horse power bears little or no relation to that actually developed. And this, of course, is the secret of the whole thing. The under-rating practice is simply a dodge on the part of the trade to exaggerate the achievements of their cars by imputing to them a lower rating than they should actually bear.

In the ordinary way it does not matter much one way or the other, since the custom is generally understood and allowed for. In the case of hill-climbing handicaps, however, distinct injustice often results therefrom, and the Automobile Club would be well advised, therefore, if they took Mr. Edge's advice, and adopted a standard scale of rating to regulate such contests. Mr. Edge suggests for this purpose the formula of one-horse power per seven inches of cubic capacity in the engines. On this basis a 24 h.p. F.I.A.T. would work out at 63 h.p., a 30 h.p. Daimler as a 63 h.p., a 60 h.p. De Dietrich as a 104 h.p., a 40 h.p. Napier as a 43 h.p., and so on. Then we should all know where we were, and nominally small horse-powered cars would not enjoy the cheap advantage of beating others apparently much more powerful.

A more important matter than this is, however, the whole question of hill-climbing competitions as they are at present conducted, and few will be disposed to dispute the recently expressed opinion of Mr. Jarrott, that as matters have developed of late they too often leave much to be desired. As invariably happens when trade interests are involved, fair play and sportsmanship go to the wall, and, as Mr. Jarrott puts it, every kind of subterfuge is resorted to by manufacturers to obtain an unfair advantage, and make advertising capital out of what were originally designed as purely sporting events. Instances are even cited of cars being taken to the scene days in advance with a supply of variously geared back axles, and tested before the event with a view to ascertaining exactly which would yield the best results. In other cases whole squads of cars of one make will be entered in various names, with the object of improving the chances of this or that firm. This sort of thing is, of course, altogether at variance with the right spirit which should govern these events. What is the remedy? Mr. Jarrott suggests the following:—

> If every club agreed that no members directly or indirectly connected with the trade should take part in any of these events, and that every member taking part should reside within twenty miles radius of the headquarters of the club, and should also be a bona-fide owner of the car driven by him in such event, and be prepared to submit to the organising committee, if necessary, proof of such ownership, a very undesirable element in connection with these various trials would be eliminated, and the sporting character of each event retained.

The suggestion is drastic, but I should not care to say that it goes farther than the circumstances warrant.

Whether the recent Grand Prix, on which so many thousands of pounds were expended, will benefit to the extent of a penny piece a single one of the firms which took part in it is exceedingly doubtful. But one thing, at least, it has accomplished, and that is to bring before the motoring world in the most prominent manner imaginable the possibility of sensible relief from the most troublesome form of annoyance (bar one) associated with motoring to-day—namely, tyre trouble. Detachable rims are no new thing. In America they have been freely used, it is said, for a considerable time. But their general use in Europe is likely to date from the Grand Prix of 1906, which was chiefly won by their aid. When replacing a tyre is simply a matter of unscrewing a few nuts and substituting one rim with tyre thereon all complete for another, tyre worries will lose half their terrors. At the same time, it may be gently pointed out, perhaps, that the motorist's millennium will not be completely ushered in by the *jante amovible*. After all, one can carry only a limited number of these articles, and hence can provide against only an equal number of punctures. An additional supply of inner tubes for use in the old sweet way will, therefore, still be needful. But the *jante amovible* should prove none the less acceptable so far as it goes.

The question of the training of drivers is doubtless an important one, but the suggested institution of a special establishment where, having completed their course at one or other of the various teaching schools, would-be chauffeurs could obtain practical experience hardly seems a very feasible one. Who is going to be obliging enough to provide the cars for such a purpose? It is suggested that motorists in general are so vitally interested in the maintenance of a proper supply of trained drivers that they should contribute to this end either in cash or in kind. The project seems too visionary, however, to be likely to tempt many to take such a course. As a matter of fact, a chauffeur who has learnt his business properly, either at one of the schools or elsewhere, and who has obtained in addition one of the Automobile Club's certificates, as he ought to be able to, should have no difficulty in obtaining an engagement straight away. Not a few owners, indeed, would prefer a young driver of this stamp to one who has been on the road a long time and has acquired in the process probably an inordinate conception of his own importance. In any case, the notion of an establishment maintained expressly to give youthful chauffeurs the benefit of free driving of other people's cars is too fantastic to be seriously considered.

Anyone in doubt nowadays as to the future of the motoring industry could not do better than pay a visit to the London show rooms of some of the leading firms. In respect of their magnificence and costliness they are significant of much. One of the most recent additions to the list is that of the Carnstatt Automobile Supply Association, who have now moved into splendid premises in Regent-street, where a fine show of the cars in which they deal may be seen. The Mercédès, Leon-Bollée, and Benz cars are all of the first rank, as everyone knows, that last named having come to the front especially of late after a period of comparative obscurity. To-day the Benz enjoys a reputation second to none.

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MAMMON.

Stock Markets Irregular—Helping the Lame Ducks—"Impending Smashes" Talk—"Bears" Active—The Time to Buy.

DURING the past week dealings on the Stock Exchange were on a small scale, and the tendency was not towards higher values, except in one or two departments. Although no actual failures were announced, it was known that more than one operator was in difficulties, and had to be helped over the stile in the old familiar way, and the fear of contingencies kept the professionals from doing much, while the public, as usual, was conspicuous by its absence more than by anything else. There is a lot of vague talk about "impending smashes" and all that kind of thing, but it all originates with the "Bears," and my own inquiries among the leading authorities fail to elicit any confirmation whatever of the rumours. There is little confidence in the present Government. The Chinese labour question is one thing, but there is a fear of socialistic legislation, which tends to the restriction of speculative effort. This fear seems to me to be quite unwarranted, and with very easy monetary conditions assured for some months ahead, prices ought to improve. The present spell of inaction can scarcely endure—there are plenty of reasons why it should not, and very few why it should. The man who buys good stocks now will have no occasion for regret; the next six months will give him a handsome return, and he has no occasion to worry in the meantime.

Money Abundant and Easy—Prospects Encouraging—Bank's Position.

After the temporary disturbance inevitable to the turn of the half-year the monetary position is assuming a more settled appearance, and unless indications are very deceptive it would seem that a period of ease and abundance has set in. The market has been able to write off its indebtedness to the Bank without any apparent effort, and though there is still a trifling liability in respect of discounting this is of no consequence. Owing to the heavy dividend disbursements and the release of Japanese funds the available supplies of cash are more than sufficient for current requirements, and in these circumstances it is not surprising that day to day loans command scarcely anything above 1½-¾ per cent. There is, however, no inclination to allow discount rates to fall away, three months' fine paper being still about 3 per cent., because of the possibility of a recrudescence of the foreign demand for gold. So far this has not become a very serious consideration, being merely a possibility to be reckoned with. At present it looks as though the Bank will continue to secure the metal arriving, and thus materially improve its position, and if the process should go on uninterruptedly the reserve during the next few weeks ought to reach very substantial proportions. The last return makes a very satisfactory showing. The tail end of the provincial efflux of cash was neutralised by the receipt of gold from abroad, and owing to the contraction in the note circulation the reserve is £777,660 larger at £25,746,550, the ratio being 7 per cent. higher at 48.4 per cent.

Consols Sensitive—Cheap Stocks—Russian Erratic—Japanese in Favour.

There may be a slightly better tone about the gilt-edged market, or, to be more precise, the sensitiveness recently in evidence is less marked, but this is about the best that can be said in regard to general conditions. It is not reflected in any improvement in values which remain at an unduly low level, and the conclusion that the market lacks backbone is becoming more and more evident. Monetary influences are favourable, but they are unavailing in the circumstances. For my part I do not believe that there is scope for any further depreciation, and stocks generally seem to be worth absorbing in view of the relatively good yields obtainable at current figures. Here are a few stocks that give more than 3 per cent.:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Guaranteed 2¾ per Cent. (Irish)	88½	£3 2 0
Transvaal Threes (Guaranteed)	98	3 1 6
Local Loans	98½	3 1 6
Water Board	93	3 4 6
London Threes	88½	3 8 0

Russian bonds continue the chief centre of interest in the foreign market. Values show no material improvement, because of the uncertainty created by the unrest throughout the country. In connection with the new Five per cent. scrip I am still of opinion that neither this nor any of the other bonds are an attractive holding, despite the high return they give. There is a quiet investment demand for Japanese stocks. These afford very good security, and give a good return, and those which have a large currency and bear a low rate of interest appear attractive.

Home Rails Brighter—The Dividend Dates—Selections for Purchasers—A Comparison of Prices—The Rhondda and Swansea Bay Absorptions.

The past week has been one of comparative strength in Home Rails, all the more noticeable because of the depression shown in most other departments of the Stock Exchange. The fact that they were actually in the account in which some of the dividends would be announced seemed to have aroused the dealers to take rather more interest in the market, and with scarcely any floating stock about a few inquiries quickly served to start prices on the upward track. A few of the companies have already intimated the dates on which their half-yearly results will be declared. The Metropolitan opened the ball on the 17th, while on the following day the dividends of the Great Eastern and London, Brighton, are due. The South-Eastern and Chatham Managing Committee's statement will be out on the 20th. For the convenience of my readers, I set out below the dates on which the other companies declared their results a year ago, as these will serve as a close guide at the present juncture:—July 19, District; 20, Tilbury; 24, Lancashire and Yorkshire; 25, South-Western and North Staffordshire; 26, Great Central; 27, North-Eastern; 28th Great Northern; August 3, Great Western and North London; 4, North-Western and Midland. With the prospect of increased dividends in most cases, with money cheap and practically no speculative account left, there is much in favour of Home Rails at last being given a run, and I think it would be as well if intending purchasers did not delay further before getting to business. One need not search very deeply for bargains. I have several times lately mentioned those stocks which seem most promising, but as a reminder, I may repeat that the trade group offers the best opportunities, either to the investor or the speculator. Just to mention a half-dozen stocks that are in the front rank for a rise, I would name Great Northern Deferred, North Staffordshire Ordinary, North-Eastern Consols, North-Western Ordinary, Great Western Ordinary, and Great Eastern. All these are sound dividend payers, and, allowing for the forthcoming dividends, the yields range from 4⅛ to 4⅜ per cent. Such returns, not long ago, it was quite impossible to obtain on English Railway stocks, and yet not only are the yields likely to be maintained, but they will probably be sensibly increased by the distributions in respect of the second half of the year. In regard to Berwicks, a factor that has weighed upon the market for some time has been the dispute between the company and its men, but all danger of a strike is now happily at an end, the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants having accepted the terms offered by the company. In view of the increased attention that is beginning to be paid to Home Rails, the following comparison of prices may be

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of use, as demonstrating the small extent to which the prices responded to the great change in the positions during the twelvemonth:—

	A Year Ago.	Highest, 1905.	Lowest, 1905.	Highest, 1906.	Lowest, 1906.	Present Price.
Central London	91	94½	88½	93⅓	84¾	87
Great Central "A"	16⅜	19 5/16	15¼	19½	16⅛	17¼
Great Eastern	85½	93 15/16	80¾	91½	81⅛	83
Great Northern Defd.	35¾	45 3/16	33⅜	47⅛	43⅛	46½
Great Western	140½	145¾	135½	144	130⅜	132½
Lancs. and Yorkshire	108	112⅝	103¾	109¾	103½	105
Brighton "A"	121	131¼	116½	130⅝	116¾	117
Chatham Ord.	16¼	17 11/16	15¼	16⅞	14 13/16	14⅞
Do. 1st Pref.	98	103½	95½	99½	89½	92
London and North Western	149½	161⅞	147	163½	154½	160
London and S. W. Defd.	56	60⅜	52½	57½	50⅝	49½
Midland Defd.	63¾	74⅝	62⅛	74⅞	66½	68¾
North Eastern	137	146⅞	133⅜	147⅛	138⅛	142⅛
South Eastern Defd.	54½	60⅝	48¾	55¾	48⅝	49

In many cases it will be observed that quotations are actually lower now than at the corresponding date in 1905, while the difference between the current level and the highest touched either in 1905 or during the current year is in many instances striking. In the group of minor securities one of the most interesting movements has been in the £10 ordinary shares of the Rhondda and Swansea Bay Railway, which have risen to par. The explanation is to be found in a circular just issued by the board, asking the proprietors to assent to an offer made by the Great Western for a lease of the line. The terms involve the securing of dividends on Rhondda and Swansea Bay Ordinary, at the following rates:—1906 3 per cent., 1907 4 per cent., 1908 and thereafter 5 per cent. In addition the proprietors will be entitled to half the net revenue beyond that required to pay these rates of interest, subject as regards such surplus revenue to an average clause providing against strikes or other unforseen contingencies, which, however, in no way affects the minimum secured dividends. Having regard to the position in the immediate future, the offer is indeed a plum for Rhondda and Swansea Bay shareholders, and there is little doubt about its acceptance. This little Welsh "coaler" line of thirty-one miles was established in 1882, and has lately made good progress. Ordinary dividends commenced in 1902 at the rate of ¾ per cent., and there has been steady expansion since. In respect of last year, the rate was 2¼ per cent., and indications point to about 3 per cent. being earned on account of 1906. In view of this record, and of what is said about the line by those on the spot, there is no reason to doubt that the Great Western's terms will ultimately prove to have been justified. At the same time, the offer of 5 per cent. within a couple of years, made in perpetuity, together with the right to one half of any profits that may remain after such a rate has been met, is not one that is likely to go begging. My table is appended:—

Home Rails.	A Year Ago.	Closing Price, July 7.	Make up, July 10.	Closing Price, July 14.	Movement.
Caledonian Pref.	79½	77	77	77¾	+ ¾
Do. Def.	35⅛	33⅞	34⅛	34¼	+ ⅜
City and S. London	40	40	41½	43	+3
Central London	91	86	87	87	+1
Great Central '94 Pref.	65	77	—	77	—
Do. "B"	31	37⅜	37½	37½	+ ⅛
Do. "A"	16⅞	17	17	17½	+ ⅛
Great Eastern	85½	81⅜	82	83¼	+ ½
Great Northern Pref.	102	102	102	102½	+ ½
Do. Def.	35½	45⅝	45¼	46¼	+ ⅝
Great Western	140½	131½	132½	132½	+ ½
Hull and Barnsley	46	47	47	47	—
Lancashire and Yorkshire	108	104	104	105	+1
London and Brighton "A"	122	116¾	117	117½	+ ¾
London, Chatham, and Dover	16⅛	14⅞	14⅞	14¾	- ⅛
Do. 4½ p.c. Pref.	98	91	91	92	+1
Do. 2nd Pref.	60	57	57	57	—
London and North-Western	149½	158	160	159¾	+1¾
London and South-Western Def.	57	49½	49½	49	- ½
Metropolitan Consolidated	91	66	65¾	64½	-1½
Metropolitan District	38	23½	23¾	24	+ ⅜
Midland Pref.	68½	67½	67¾	67½	- ¼
Do. Def.	64½	68¾	69	68¾	—
North British 3 p.c. Pref.	79½	76½	76½	76½	—
Do. Def.	44½	43⅜	43¾	43½	+ ⅛
North-Eastern Consolidated	137	141½	142	142¾	+1¼
South-Eastern "A"	55	49½	49½	48¾	- ¾

How to Operate in Stocks Successfully.—See Halford's Adviser (post free).—Palmerston House, London, E.C. Established 1869. Telegrams: "Monitor, London."

American Railways—A Weak Tendency—"Bears" Rampant—Monetary Prospects Favourable—Crop Reports—Coal Trade Troubles.

In Americans, as in most other branches of the House, the week has witnessed a run of liquidation. Operators here have found it necessary to sell shares in order to provide for losses in other directions, and the "Bear" cliques have been uppermost in New York all the way through. The monthly report by the Bureau of Agriculture on the subject of the crops was favourable, but stocks were sold under cover of it. Monetary conditions are easier, but this fact has not been of much assistance owing to doubts of its continuance. Enquiries in the best quarters indicate an easy state of the market down to September, and no undue pressure afterwards, and it would appear that the "Bears" are making too much of a situation which is in reality encouraging. The general business situation in the United States is excellent; the latest report states that "industrial conditions are universally prosperous," but "the pressure upon the market causes uneasiness and the possibility of a reaction." The champion "Bear" of copper stocks is again on the war-path, and in the present sensitive condition of things, with most of the market leaders away, he and his following are scaring for the time being, and they are depressing railway stocks incidentally. In connection with Yankees it is worth while remembering that the labour troubles and strikes in the bituminous or "soft" coal region are now numbered among the things of the past. The outlook is uncertain, and speculatively the market is not likely to present any feature of interest for some weeks to come, but the man who pays outright for what he buys is likely to come out well in the autumn at the latest. My table gives the changes on balance in Americans on the week.

—	1905. Highest.	1905. Lowest.	Closing Price, June 30, 1906.	Closing Price, July 7, 1906.	Closing Price, July 14, 1906.
Atchison	96	80⅛	91⅛	90⅝	89⅛
Do. Five per Cent. Pref.	109	102	106	103xd	103
Baltimore and Ohio Com.	120⅛	104⅛	119⅝	121	119½
Chesapeake and Ohio	61½	46⅞	58½	58⅝	56½
Denver	40 1/8	27⅜	42	41½	39⅝
Do. Pref.	93⅛	85⅞	88½xd	87⅛	87
Erie	54½	38 5/8	42	42⅛	41⅝
Do. First Pref.	87½	77⅞	80¼	80⅛	80
Louisville	161⅛	140⅛	146⅞	147	144½
Milwaukee	193⅛	173⅛	176⅛	179	179
Mo., Kan., and Texas	39⅞	24 1/8	33⅛	33⅝	32⅜
Norfolk Pref.	96½	94	95	94	94
Do. Common	90⅜	77⅜	90	89⅜	88⅛
New York Central	160⅜	140⅛	130½	136½	133¼xd
Ontario	65⅛	41⅞	48⅞	49⅜	47⅜
Pennsylvania	76⅝	67½	65½	65½	64⅝
Reading	73⅜	40¼	62⅜	63⅝	60¼xd
Do. First Pref.	49⅜	46	47½	46½	47½
Southern Common	39 3/8	28⅜	35⅛	35½	34⅜
Do. Pref.	104½	97½	102½	102½	102½
Southern Pacific	74	59⅝	68⅜	67⅞	67⅛
Union Pacific	155⅜	116 7/8	146½	148⅜	146½
Do. Pref.	102⅜	98½	98	97½	97⅛
Wabash Pref.	49⅛	37⅞	46	46	46
Do. "B" Debentures	86⅜	69½	84	83	83
U.S. Steel Corp. Com.	44½	26	35⅛	36	34½
Do. Do. Pref.	110⅛	93⅝	103	105	103⅝

The records of mercantile insolvencies for the first six months of the year reflect the favourable trade conditions which prevailed. From the reports collected by Messrs. R. G. Dun and Co. it appears that the number of commercial failures during the first half of 1906 was only 5,612, as against 6,210 defaults in the corresponding six months of last year. This is obviously a satisfactory comparison, and it may be added that the number is the smallest for these six months of any year since 1900. In amount of liabilities involved, however, this year's total for the six months is 62,664,074 dols., as against only 55,904,585 in the six months of 1905. Analysis of the returns shows that the increase in liabilities has occurred mainly in speculative lines and among certain classes of dealers who must have suffered by reason of the San Francisco conflagration. The manufacturing insolvencies number only 1,260 for 21,989,522 dols., as against 1,426 for 23,343,220 dols.

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last year. The *Railway Age* of Chicago reports that the construction of new lines in the United States is progressing on a more extensive scale than for many years past, but too much should not be predicated from this fact. The Chicago paper states that

the mileage of track laid on new lines during the first half of 1906 was larger than that of any corresponding period for the past fifteen years, with the exception of 1902, when 2,314 miles of track were completed from January 1 to June 30. The track laid during the first six months of 1906 is given as 2,298 miles, and the opinion is expressed that the new mileage for the entire year will exceed that for 1902 and 1903, when 5,634 miles and 5,786 miles respectively were completed. Construction is being pushed in all sections of the country, we are told, but the preliminary work of surveying and grading has taken up a good portion of the first six months of the year—particularly in the North and North-West—and the track-laying stage has not yet been reached on many of the most important extensions. With work already so far advanced on many projects, quite likely the expectations of a large total of new track for 1906 will be realised; but as to anything beyond that it is not well to cling too tenaciously to any preconceived notions. There are an unusual number of uncertain elements in the situation at the moment. The Hepburn Rate Bill, which goes into effect in sixty days, introduces an entirely new set of conditions. Not only is the Inter-State Commerce Commission given a degree of control over railroad rates which it has never previously possessed, but there are certain provisions in the new enactment which will change entirely the character of railway operations in certain respects.

Canadian Railways—Grand Trunk Junior Stocks—"Canadas" for Investment—Mexican Railway Seconds—Argentine Preference Issues—Cuban Railways.

Grand Trunk Railway issues are receiving a considerable amount of attention, and the Third Preference and Ordinary stocks in particular are favoured by speculative investors, who are convinced that the outlook for the Company is all right. It is quite possible that the directors may pay a little on the Thirds in respect of the past half-year, because the net earnings will justify such a course. But whether a little be paid now and more in another six months, or whether the whole will be paid next half-year, is a point of secondary importance. The fact is that the Company is earning enough to pay the full 4 per cent. on its Third Preference stock, and this, in spite of heavy appropriations out of earnings to pay for betterments. It seems to me that either Thirds or the Ordinary would make a very promising purchase to put away for a time, for a substantial appreciation in value is as good as certain. The Company opens its new half-year well with an increase of £11,700. The Canadian Pacific, too, has made a splendid start with an increase equal to £63,000, but the market in its shares is not very interesting at the moment owing to the affinity with Americans, which are not particularly strong just now. But the Company is in an exceedingly strong position, and its shares make one of the best purchases I know in the railway market. If you want prior charge stocks, the following would suit:—

	Price.	Yield p.c allow for redem. £ s. d.
Alberta 4 per Cent. Prior	100	4 2 3
Do. 5 per Cent. Debentures	100	4 17 6
Atlantic and North Western	121	3 17 3
Calgary and Ed.	108	3 14 3
Canada Atlantic	105½	3 16 9
Canadian Nor. Ontario Dividend 30-year	106	3 12 3
Do. Preference Debenture	100½	3 19 9
Canadian Pacific Preference	105	3 16 3
Do. Sterling	111	3 15 0
Do. 50-year	104	3 7 0
Grand Trunk Pacific	92	3 5 9
Do. Ser. "A."	104	3 17 9
Do. Super	104	3 17 9
Grand Trunk Guarantee	102½	3 13 0
Do. 1 Preference	119½	4 3 9
Do. 2 do.	109½	4 11 6

Foreign Railways are not attracting much attention at the moment. The traffic returns of the leading Argentine lines are entirely satisfactory, but the market continues to present a tired appearance, and while investors put in an appearance they do little, and the stocks do not possess any of the speculative chances of two years ago. But to keep for a very respectable yield with the prospect of a good ultimate appreciation Argentines are worth looking at. The following table shows the yield which you can command for your money:—

	Price.	Yield p.c. £ s. d.
Argentine Great Western	119	5 1 0
Do. Preference	126	4 15 3
Do. 1st Debenture	105	3 17 0
Do. Irr. Debenture	101	4 0 6
Argentine Trans. A Debenture	99	4 1 0
Do. B Debenture	81	7 12 9
Bahia-Blanca	87	3 9 0
Do. Debenture	102	3 19 3
Buenos Ayres & Pacific	127	5 10 3
Do. 1st Preference	119	4 5 6
Do. 2nd Preference	110	4 11 0
Do. 1st Debenture	104	3 17 0
Do. 2nd Debenture	104	4 6 9
Do. 5 p. c. Debenture	104	4 6 3
Buenos Ayres & Ros.	115	5 4 0
Do. Deferred	108½	5 10 9
Do. Preferred	17½	4 1 3
Do. Preferred	105	4 5 6
Do. Debenture	105	3 16 3
Buenos Ayres G. S.	138	5 1 6
Do. Preferred	119	3 17 6
Do. Debenture	109	3 14 6
Buenos Ayres West	131	5 7 0
Do. Preference	13	3 17 0
Do. Debenture	105	3 12 3

An effort is being made to extend the public interest in Mexican Railway First Preference. The Company is certainly doing well, and it will benefit greatly from the standardisation of the dollar in common with the whole country. It seems to me that Firsts are tolerably high at about 130, but that Seconds are quite promising to put away. Of course, on Firsts you do at present get a dividend, and on Seconds you do not. As against this, however, you have to remember that on the present price of Firsts much prosperity has been discounted, and that when the full 8 per cent. looks probable it will be the turn of the Seconds, which rank for 6 per cent. Cuban Railways are firm, and ought, in my opinion, to be bought now, especially Western of Havana and Cuban Centrals. The United Railways of the Havana is doing remarkably well, but here again the stock has had its rise, and can hardly be recommended for much further appreciation, while, as an investment, it is second-class. My table below shows movements on the week:—

—	A Year Ago.	Make-up, July 10.	Closing Price, July 14.
Canadian Pacific	155¾	164	163¾
Grand Trunks	23⅞	28½	28½
,, 4 per cent. Guaranteed	101½	102½	103
,, 1st Preference	110¾	119	119½
,, 2nd ,,	101	109	109½
,, 3rd ,,	52	68	68½
Bengal and North-West	151	146	145½
Madras Railway 5 per cent.	127	123	126
Argentine Great Western Ordinary	112½	117	117½
Buenos Ayres and Pacific	125	123½	125½
,, ,, 1st Preference	117½	117½	117½
,, ,, 2nd ,,	107½	108½	109½
,, Great Southern	140½	137	138
,, Western	130½	129½	130
Entre Rios Railway Preference	98	86	87
Rosario Consolidated Ordinary	107½	112½	113½
Cent. Uruguay Ordinary	83	83½	84½
Costa Rica Railway	2⅛	27	27
Mashonaland Railway Debentures, 2nd iss.	—	88½	89
Mexican Railway	24½	25⅝	25½
,, 1st Preference	114½	130½	130
,, 2nd ,,	46½	55	55
Nitrate Rails	13¾	14½	14½

West Africans Depressed—Dolcoath Dividend Estimates—Esperanzas.

In the Jungle there is still no material change one way or another, in spite of all that has been said on the subject of the gradual rehabilitation of the market in general esteem. The fact that the leading operator in this section has been hammered is not a very hopeful augury, and may be taken to imply that the much-delayed boom is once again postponed. Indeed, it would not be too hazardous to anticipate a generally lower range of values within the immediate future. Whether the insiders will eventually succeed in creating a greater degree of confidence in the market is a matter for conjecture, but there is one serious obstacle against West Africans, and that is that the market has not yet completely lived down its "terrible past." Although the tin market continues to disappoint, the shares of the producing companies keep relatively firm, and as regards Dolcoaths, estimates of the forthcoming dividend are sanguine. The returns show that the company realised £97,268 for its output during the last six months in comparison with £79,669 during the second half of 1905. Broken Hill shares continue somewhat

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neglected. I am still convinced, however, that they are worthy of consideration at the prevailing quotations, which are comparatively moderate in view of the augmented profits that the mines must be earning as a consequence of the higher values of the metal. As regards Esperanzas in the Mexican group, the shares still strike me as being attractive as a holding for high dividend and possibilities of appreciation. The existing price seems very low.

—	Denomination of Shares.	Closing Price, July 7.	Closing Price, July 14.
Ashanti Goldfields	£	9/-	8/6
Akrokerri	4/-	1	1 1/8
Bibiani Goldfields	1	1/8	1/8
British Gold Coast	1	5/8	5/8
Gold Coast Amalgamated Mines	1	1 1/8	1 1/8
Taquah and Abosso	1	1 1/4	1 1/8
Wassau (Gold Coast)	1	1/8	1/8
Egypt and Sudan Mining	1	1	1
Egyptian Mines and Exploration	1	3/-	2/6
Nile Valley	1	5/6	5/6
Sudan Goldfields	1	3/16 dis.	3/16 dis
United African Exploration	1	1/8	1/8
Anaconda Copper	$25	12 3/8	11 15/16
Balaghat Gold	1	27/-	23/6
Broken Hill Proprietary	8/-	3 1/8	3 1/8
Cape Copper	2	6	5 1/4
Champion Reef	2/6	18/-	17/6
Le Roi	5	1 1/2	1 5/8
Mysore Gold	10/-	6 1/2	6 1/2 xd
Nundydroog	10/-	27/6	26/6
Oregum	10/-	14/6	13/-
Rio Tinto	5	65 3/8	64 3/4
Tharsis Sulphur and Copper	2	6 1/4	6 1/4
Waihi Gold	1	8 1/4	8 1/16

SOUTH AFRICANS STEADIER—PUBLIC INDIFFERENT—"LAME DUCKS" AGAIN—ANOTHER RECORD OUTPUT—ALIEN LABOUR POSITION—CASON'S CONTRIBUTION.

A slightly better feeling has characterised the Kaffir market during the past week, but the tone has not been very satisfactory, and public support—the one thing lacking—has again been withheld. The news of the death of Mr. Alfred Beit on Monday was received with great regret in the City. Like other mining magnates, Mr. Beit had sometimes during his career inevitably laid himself open to unfavourable criticism, but he was generally held in high esteem both as a financier and on account of his good personal qualities. He had been in bad health for a long time past, and the news of his death had practically no effect on the market. French buying has been small and fitful, and with doubts concerning the issue of the settlement (happily arranged in the end without any defaults, although two or three lame ducks had to be assisted over the stile), the slack condition of the market can be understood. The output of gold for June ought to have been a help, because it constituted a fresh record, but in the circumstances it had next to no effect. The total shows an increase of 14,773 fine ounces as compared with May, and beyond the Cason's contribution of 13,130 oz. there remains over 16,000 oz. to be accounted for for the one day less. A great point is that the value of the output has now passed the £2,000,000 limit, as will be seen from the table which I append:—

—	1902.	1903.	1904.	1905.	1906.
	£	£	£	£	£
January	298,786	846,489	1,226,846	1,568,508	1,820,739
February	345,782	834,739	1,229,726	1,545,371	1,731,664
March	442,303	923,739	1,309,329	1,698,340	1,884,815
April	507,980	967,936	1,299,576	1,695,550	1,865,785
May	588,746	994,505	1,335,826	1,768,734	1,959,062
June	606,493	1,012,322	1,309,231	1,751,412	2,081,813
July	663,674	1,068,917	1,307,621	1,781,944	—
August	691,322	1,155,039	1,326,468	1,820,496	—
September	725,532	1,173,211	1,326,506	1,769,124	—
October	770,706	1,208,669	1,383,167	1,765,047	—
November	795,922	1,188,571	1,427,947	1,804,253	—
December	832,652	1,215,110	1,538,800	1,833,295	—
Totals	7,269,888	12,589,247	16,054,909	20,802,074	11,283,878

Numerous estimable members of society are of opinion that this country pays too much attention to the mere accumulation of gold. I am not prepared to discuss this proposition here, but we are a commercial nation, our credit system is enormous, and if we are not to slip back, further supplies of gold are essential. Those good people who appear to be directing all their efforts to the destruction of the Rand mining industry—out of political spite or economic ignorance—would do themselves and perhaps their country a service if they would only endeavour to ascertain what would happen should this supply of gold be withdrawn or greatly curtailed. They talk glib nonsense about enriching the helots of Park-lane, forgetful of the fact that it is not the helots, but their own countrymen, who have invested heavily in South Africans, who would be the chief sufferers, and it is largely because their funds are locked up in South Africans that these investors are without liquid funds, and the Stock Exchange is idle and depressed. The one unsatisfactory feature is the labour outlook. Last month 6,047 "boys" were distributed among the mines by the Native Labour Association, but as the wastage by expiry of contract, etc., was 7,172, the net loss was 1,125, and the number of natives at work is reduced to 77,557. There is consolation in the fact that there are 52,329 Chinese on the Rand, but very few more are to arrive, and unless the labour question is to be settled by the colony itself, the outlook for the mines cannot be particularly bright. But it will probably be found that the solution of the question will be left to the Transvaal itself after the granting of a constitution, which will settle the whole business to the satisfaction of all concerned. My table of movements on the month will be found below:—

—	High. in 1895.	1905. Highest.	1905. Lowest.	Make-up, July 9, 1906.	Closing Price, Jan. 16 1906.	Closing Price, July 14, 1906.
Angelo	7 1/8	7 1/16	4 3/4	3 1/2	3 3/4	3 1/2
Anglo-French	7 1/8	4 5/8	2 5/8	1 13/16	1 1/2	1 1/2
Aurora West	3 1/4	1 5/8	5/8	4/9	1/2	1/2
Buffelsdoorn	—	1	1/2	3/-	1/2	1/2
Bantjes	7 1/8	1 1/8	7/16	1/4	1/2	1/2
City & Suburban (£4)	5	6 1/2	4 1/2	4 1/8	4 1/8	4 1/4
Cons. Goldfields Def.	19 3/8	8 1/4	5 1/16	3 1/8	4	3 5/8
Cons. Main Reef	—	2 1/16	1	1/16	1/16	1/16
Crown Reef	12 3/4	16	11	16 3/4	11	10 1/2
De Beers Pref.	—	18 1/2	17 15/16	17 7/8	17 3/4	17 5/8
Do. Def.	—	18 5/16	16 1/2	17 1/4	17 3/8	17 1/4
Driefontein	4 5/8	5 1/2	3 5/8	1 1/4	1 3/4	1 5/8
Durban-Roodepoort	8 15/16	5	3 1/2	3 1/4	3 1/4	3 1/4 xd
East Rand Ext.	—	3	1 1/2	3/4	15/16	7/8
East Rands	12	9 1/32	6 3/32	3 1/2	4 3/8	3 7/8
Ferreira	22	25	17 1/2	19	19	19 1/2
Frank Smith Diamond	—	2 1/4	1 5/8	1 1/8	1 5/8	1 7/8
Geduld	—	7 3/8	4 11/16	2 1/4	2 11/16	2 5/16
Ginsberg (New)	2 1/2	2 3/4	1 7/8	13/16	1	1
Goch (New)	3 1/2	3 3/8	1 1/2	1 1/8	1 1/4	1 1/4
Goldenhuis Estate	7 1/4	5 15/16	3 15/16	4	3 1/8	3 1/8
Glencairn	4 1/2	1 5/8	1/4	1/16	5/8	1/2
Goerz, A., & Co., Ltd.	—	3 5/8	2 1/2	1 7/8	1 1/2	1 3/8
Henderson	5 1/2	1 5/8	5/8	7/9	8/-	8/-
Heriot	12 1/2	4 1/2	3 5/8	3 1/4	3 1/2	3 3/8
Jagersfontein (New)	12	8 1/4	7 1/2	8 1/16	8 1/4	8
Joh. Con. Invest.	6 3/4	3 5/8	1 15/16	1 1/2	1 5/8	1 1/2
Johannesburg Est.	—	1 5/8	1 1/2	1 1/2	1 5/16	1 1/2
Goldfields	—	1 5/8	5/8	1/2	1/2	1/2
Jubilee	12 1/4	4 1/4	2 5/8	2 1/2	2 5/8	2
Jumpers	8 3/4	2 1/4	1 5/8	1 7/8	1 3/4	2
Kaffir Cons.	—	—	—	23/32	1	19/-
Kleinfontein (New)	6 1/4	2 1/4	1 5/8	1 1/8	1 5/8	1 7/8
Knight's	11 1/2	6 1/8	3 1/4	2 5/8	2 15/16	2 5/8
Langlaagte, Block "B"	3 3/4	1 1/8	1/4	3/8	3/8	3/8
Langlaagte Estate	7 1/2	4 1/16	2 3/8	2 1/16	2 1/16	2 1/16
Langlaagte Exp. & Building	—	2 3/4	1 1/4	3/4	1 1/8	3/4
Luipaard's Vlei (New)	2 1/2	2 1/4	1 1/2	11/16	13/16	11/16
May Consolidated	4 1/8	4 1/8	2 15/16	2 3/8	2 15/16	2 5/8
Meyer and Charlton	8 1/4	5 5/8	4 1/4	4 1/2	4 3/8	4 1/2
Modderfontein (£4)	17 3/4	11 1/2	6 3/4	4 1/2	5 15/16	4 5/8
Mozambique	3 1/16	1 3/4	1	3/4	3/4	3/4
Nigel	8 1/8	2 15/16	2 1/4	2 5/16	2 1/4	2 1/4
New African	—	4 1/8	1 1/16	7/8	1 1/16	7/8
New Comet	4 1/2	3 3/8	2 1/4	1 1/2	1 3/8	1 15/16
New Rietfontein	6 1/2	3 1/8	1 5/8	1 5/8	1 13/16	1 7/8
Oceana Cons.	1 5/8	1 15/16	1 1/8	15/6	16/-	15/6
Primrose (New)	8 1/8	3 5/8	2 7/16	2 1/8	2 1/4	2 1/16
Princess Estate	4 1/2	1 15/16	3/4	5/8	5/8	5/8
Rand Mines (5/-)	11 1/8	11 1/32	7 1/16	5 1/2	6 1/16	5 7/8
Randfontein	4 1/8	3 1/8	2	1 5/8	1 13/16	1 13/32
Randfontein Porges	3 1/2	1 5/8	1 1/8	1 1/16	1 1/16	1 1/16
Robinson	2 1/16	2	1	1 3/16	1 1/8	1
" North	—	2 1/4	1 1/8	1 1/8	1 1/16	1 1/8
Randfontein Block "A"	—	1 3/4	1/8	1/8	11/16	1/8
Robinson (£5)	11 1/4	10 1/8	8 1/2	8	8 1/2	8
Roodepoort United	8 1/2	4	2 1/8	1 5/8	1 13/16	1 1/2
S. A. Gold Mines	—	9 3/8	5 1/2	2 1/2	2 3/8	2 3/8
S. A. Gold Trust	12 1/8	7 7/16	3 5/8	2 3/16	2 1/16	2 1/16
Simmer and Jack	*8 1/4	2 5/8	1 7/8	1 1/8	1 5/8	1 1/8
South-West Africa	—	16/9	9/6	11/3	12/6	12/-
Transvaal Con. Lands	4 1/8	4 1/2	2 3/16	1 3/4	2	1 3/4
Transvaal Development	2 1/2	1 3/8	15/16	10/-	10/9	10/6
Transvaal Exploring	—	10/6	4/6	2/6	2/6	2/-
Transvaal Goldfield	8 1/4	2 1/8	1 5/8	1 1/8	1 5/8	1 1/16
Treasury	5	4 1/2	2 15/16	1	1 1/8	1 1/16
Van Ryn	11	4 1/8	2 15/16	3	3 1/16	2 15/16 xd
Village Main Reef	9 1/2	7 1/2	4	3 3/4	4	3 13/16
Violet	—	3 3/16	1 1/2	1 1/8	1 1/8	1 1/2
Vogelstruis	6 1/8	1 1/2	5/8	1/2	5/8	5/8
Welgedacht	—	8 1/2	5	3	3	2 3/4
W. Rand Central	—	3/4	5/8	1/16	1/16	1/16
(New)	—	2 7/16	1 1/16	1/16	1/16	1/16
Wolhuter	12	3 3/32	2 3/8	2 1/8	3 1/2	2 3/4
Worcester	6 1/2	1 5/8	1/2	3/8	1/2	1/2

* £5 shares. † New Deferred shares.

CITY LIBRARIES HOWELL'S

Appended is my table showing the output for last month, as compared with previous months:—

—	1902.	1903.	1904.	1905.	1906.
	Fine. oz.	Fine. oz.	Fine. oz.	Fine. oz.	Fine. oz.
January	70,340	199,279	288,824	360,258	428,638
February	81,405	196,513	289,502	363,811	407,668
March	104,127	217,465	308,242	399,823	443,723
April	119,588	227,871	305,946	399,166	439,243
May	138 602	234,125	314,480	416,395	461,202
June	142,780	238,320	308,219	412,317	476,975
July	149,179	251,643	307,840	419,505	—
August	162,750	271,918	312,277	428,581	—
September	170,802	276,197	312,286	416,487	—
October	181,439	284,544	325,625	415,527	—
November	187,375	279,813	336,187	424,757	—
December	196,023	286,081	362,264	431,594	—
Total	1,704,410	2,963,749	3,776,621*	4,897,221	2,180,474

* Includes 7,949 oz. or £33,766 not declared in year.

The contributions of individual mines are given in the next table:—

—	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	April.	May.	June
	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.
Angelo (110; 105)	7,965	8,264	7,967	7,800	9,980	11,708	10,823
Bonanza (55; 55)	4,475	4,660	4,558	4,248	4,256	3,977	3,867
City and Sub'n (160; 160)	9,549	9,729	8,904	9,478	9,339	9,565	9,587
Cons. Main Rf. (120; 110)	6,273	6,242	5,753	6,077	6,122	6,398	6,174
Crown Deep (200; 185)	11,460	11,443	10,721	11,120	11,342	11,382	10,785
Crown Reef (120; 120)	11,482	11,399	10,996	10,987	10,728	10,976	10,553
Driefontein (220; 160)	8,819	7,601	6,491	8,711	5,993	6,444	6,211
Durban-R'dep'rt (80; 80)	4,426	4,562	4,360	4,517	4,199	4,298	4,362
Do. Deep (60; 60)	4,097	3,798	3,397	4,023	3,709	3,885	3,741
Ferreira (150; 120)	12,343	12,686	12,200	12,703	12,715	13,033	12 894
Ferreira Deep (100; 120)	11,781	12,090	11,638	12,275	12,279	12,462	12,386
French Rand (120; 115)	5,899	5,620	5,063	5,807	5,820	6,191	6,410
G'ld'nhuis Dp. (200; 200)	9,973	9,621	9,142	9,913	9,393	9,708	9,224
Geldenhuis E. (120; 115)	7,300	7,758	6,647	7,271	6,996	7,185	7,102
Ginsberg (60; 60)	3,145	2,861	2,875	3,030	2,949	2,402	2,196
Glencairn (160; 100)	3,986	4,090	3,877	4,122	3,836	3,928	4,095
Glen Deep (100; 100)	5,836	5,609	5,498	6,090	6,136	6,801	6,830
Heriot (80; 70)	3,670	3,819	3,519	3,813	3,756	3,816	—
Jumpers (100; 80)	4,521	4,809	4,321	4,447	4,393	4,720	4,967
Jumpers Deep (100; 100)	5,876	6,068	5,335	5,870	5,381	6,141	6,147
Knight's Deep (300; 100)	7,704	7,576	7,413	7,653	7,620	7,988	8,933
Lancaster (100; 90)	4,445	4,040	3,775	3,708	4,230	4,758	4,160
Lancaster West (40; 40)	2,681	2,490	2,244	2,204	2,111	2,042	2,034
Langlaagte Dp (120; 120)	6,766	6,962	6,418	7 098	6,694	7,782	7,444
Langl'gte Est. (200; 180)	7,702	7,748	8,002	9,000	9,250	9,500	9,221
May Consldtd. (100; 100)	5,961	5,982	5,736	6,088	5,906	5,908	5,898
Meyer & Ch'lton (80; 65)	4,806	4,657	4,397	4,856	4,853	5,266	5,226
New Comet (115)	6,305	5,630	5,244	6,354	6,596	7,297	6,885
New Goch (60; 60)	4,966	5,088	4,892	5,609	5,900	6,896	7,148
New M dd'rf'nt'n (60; 60)	3,637	3,619	3,563	4,231	4,157	4,276	4,092
New Primrose (160; 120)	7,279	7,090	6,585	6,865	6,738	7,378	7,256
New Unified M.R. (60; 60)	2,670	2,560	2,072	2,242	3,405	2,436	2,255
Nigel (50; 50)	3,456	3,712	3,659	3,028	3,679	3,624	4,123
Nourse Mines (180; —)	11,751	11,471	10,667	11,877	11,324	11,945	11,865
Robinson (200; 210)	18,960	19,161	18,548	19,843	19,711	19,544	20,312
Robinson Cent. Deep (150; 90)	9,291	9,419	9,413	10,483	10,710	11,025	10 914
Robinson Deep (200; 200)	14,877	15,387	14,197	16,121	15,251	15,623	15,636
Robinson Randfontein (100; 100)	5,694	5,346	5,116	5,500	5,750	5,827	5,705
Roodepoort Cent. Deep (50; 50)	3,070	3,019	2,936	2,883	5,697	3,113	3,147
Roodepoort United Mn. Reef (110; 65)	4,199	4,022	3,967	4,445	4,356	4,649	4,483
Rose Deep (200)	8,809	8,829	7,876	8,943	8,353	8,821	9,504
Simmer & Jack (320)	20,104	19,605	18,944	20,010	19,814	20,104	20,013
Sth. R'ndf'nt'n (100; 90)	5,826	5,922	5,654	6,000	6,000	5,937	5,923
Transvaal Gold Mining Estates (80; 70)	3,804	4,041	3,587	3,867	3,887	4,075	3,883
Treasury (60; 55)	2,354	2,580	2,305	2,489	2,242	2,696	2,830
Van Ryn (160; 160)	8,057	8,091	7,930	8,725	8,520	9,163	9,392
Village Mn. Rf. (160)	9,554	9,538	9,065	9,680	13,444	14,184	14,172
Wolhuter (100; 100)	—	—	3,993	5,015	5,728	5,868	—

Westralians Fairly Interesting—Fingalls as a Speculation—Associated—Deep Leads.

The Westralian market may not be surfeited with business, but it continues to preserve a good tone and a tolerably interesting appearance, and collectively the shares seem to me to be deserving of more consideration. The industry is prosperous, and is, unlike that of South Africa, not threatened by any political nightmare nor any serious trouble with labour. The leading shares, too, can be bought to bring in a good return, coupled with speculative possibilities of no mean quality. Great Fingalls continue more or less depressed, and at 3¾ ex dividend they seem to make a very promising speculation. It is true that the position of the mine is not devoid of an element of uncertainty, but this seems to be generously allowed for in the current price. Assuming that the quarterly dividend will be maintained at the reduced rate of 5s. per share—and judging from the monthly returns this seems almost assured—the yield at the preceding figure would be the equivalent of 25 per cent. It may be remarked there is no allowance of possibilities in the price of the shares, the profit in sight estimated on the last statement of ore reserves being more than the present valuation. As regards Associated, to which I have drawn attention recently, the latest development report does not show any improvement in the opening up of the mysterious Iron Duke lode. This continued delay is not very inspiring, and I am still of opinion that the allowance for possibilities in the existing price is a trifle too generous. The Deep Lead shares are being quietly supported, more especially Loddon Valleys and Victorians, from both of which properties good news is anticipated, as I have previously remarked, before long. The impression prevails that the Loddon Valley ought soon to enter the golden wash, while in the case of the Victorian it is believed that the water pressure will be appreciably reduced within the near future. These shares are gambles, but, strictly regarded as such, they seem interesting. My usual table is appended:—

—	1900 High.	1905. High.	1905. Lowest.	Make-up, July 9, 1906.	Closing Price, July 7, 1906.	Closing Price, July 14, 1906.
Associated G.M.	7¼	3⅝	1 21/32	1 25/32	1 25/32	1 25/32
Assoc. Nth. Blocks	2⅜	1 7/16	1 3/32	1 5/16	1 5/16	1⅜ xd
Brownhill Ext.	3¾	15/16	¼	11/-	11/-	10/-
Cosmopolitan	30/3	½	½	5/6	5/3	5/3xd
Golden Horseshoe	15	8 3/16	6 7/16	6¼	6⅛	6⅜
Golden Link	3½	4/6	0/3	2/9	2 9	2/9
Great Boulder Prop.	37/6	25/6	20/-	25/3	25/3	25 3
Do: Main Reef	2¾	3/3	1/-	2/3	2/3	2/6
Do. Perseverance	13½	16/6	9/6	9/9	10/.	9/9
Gt. Fingall Cons.	6½	8⅝	6½	4	4	3¾xd
Hainault	1¾	1 1/16	⅝	1 3/32	1⅛	1 3/32xd
Ida H. Gold	—	14/3	3/-	6/6	6/9	6/-
Ivanhoe (£5)	15½	8 5/16	7 1/16	7 3/16	7⅛	7⅛
Ivanhoe South Extnd.	4¼	¾	¼	½	½	¼
Kalgurli	9½	9¾	6⅝	10	10	9 15/16 xd
Lake View Consols	5¼	1⅞	11/16	1	1 1/16	1
L. & W. A. Exploration	1 1/16	15/6	7/-	9/3	10/-	9/6
North Kalgurli	1⅜	6/-	0 6	1/-	1/-	1/-
Oroya Brownhill	—	3 3/16	2 11/16	2¾	2 15/16	2¾
Peak Hill	5¼	8/9	0/3	-/6	-/6	-/6
Sons of Gwalia	6⅛	2 5/16	1 27/32	1 5/16	1 5/16	1⅛
South Kalgurli	6½	2	1 5/16	1 5/16	1 5/16	1 5/16
Westralia Mt. Morgans	—	1/16	1/16	3/8	3/-	3/-

Rhodesians Uninteresting—Another Record Output—Bankets Attractive—Diamond Items.

In ordinary circumstances it would not be too much to expect that excellent monthly gold production figures would impart a slight degree of interest to the Rhodesian market. As it is, all favourable factors pass unheeded, and, as a group, Rhodesians are quite as lethargic and neglected as we have grown accustomed to of late. The output for last month constitutes another record, and this is all the more satisfactory because there was only one day less during May, thus indicating an increase in the average daily production. The aggregate is 47,664 oz., bringing the total for the half-year up to 262,377 oz. The anticipated production of 50,000 oz. monthly may yet be realised before the end of the year. The following table shows the yield since the beginning of 1902:—

—	1902.	1903.	1904.	1905.	1906.
	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.
January	15,955	16,245	19,359	32,531	42,950
February	13,204	17,090	18,673	30,131	38,037
March	16,391	19,626	17,756	34,927	44,574
April	17,659	20,727	17,862	33,268	42,423
May	19,698	22,137	19,424	31,332	46,720
June	15,842	22,106	20,402	35,256	47,664
July	15,226	23,571	24,339	34,693	—
August	15,747	19.187	24,669	35,765	—
September	15,164	18,741	26,029	35,785	—
October	16,849	17,918	24,919	33,383	—
November	15,923	15,714	26,183	32,861	—
December	16,210	18,750	28,100	37,116	—
Total	194,268	231,872	267,715	407,048	262,377

In spite of the unpropitious state of affairs existing, I am still disposed to regard Bankets as being interesting speculatively for the reasons frequently put forward. They still hang at 2 or a shade lower, and there can be little doubt that at this low figure they make a promising gamble. As regards Willoughbys, it may be noted in connection with the development of the diamond deposits being worked by the South African Option Syndicate that the working tests of the plant are quite satisfactory. They have, however, been made on ground that will have to be cleared away before the heavier

diamondiferous deposits can be systematically opened up. This deposit should be reached by the end of this month. As regards No. 4 strike the deposit has been proved to a depth of 35 feet over a width of 180 yards, and it is estimated that there are now some 3,000,000 loads in sight. Willoughbys, as a cheap gamble on the strength of possibilities in this direction, are not unattractive. Here is my usual table:—

—	Capitals.		Denom. of Shares.	Amount Paid.	Highest 1905.	Closing Price, July 7, 1906.	Closing Price, July 14, 1906.
	Authorised.	Shares Issued.					
	£		£				
Bechuanaland Ex.	400,000	400,000	1	f.p.	1 1/32	7/16	1/2
British S. Africa	6,000,000	4,999,038	1	f p.	2 3/8	1 1/4	1 5/16
Buluwayo Explorat'n..	500,000	187,402	1	f.p.	1/-	1/-	1/-
Buluwayo Syndicate ..	200,000	194 028	1	f.p.	1/8	1/8	1/8
Charterland Goldfields	500,000	344,500	1	f.p.	3/6	3/6	3/6
Chicago Gaika	250,000	201,000	1	f.p.	1/2	4/-	4/-
Globe & Phœnix	200,000	250,000	1	f.p.	1 3/8	1 1/4	1 5/16 xd
Lomagunda Dev	250,000	228,000	1	f.p.	2 1/16	7/8	7/8
Mashon. Agency	400,000	398,976	1	f.p.	1 3/8	7/6	7/6
N rth'rn Copper(B.S.A.)	250,000	160,500	1	f.p.	3 1/2	25/32	1
Rhodesia, Ltd.(New)..	600,000	500,000	1	f.p.	1	3/8 dis	1/2
Rhodesia Expl.	225,000	227,777	1	f.p.	4 3/8	1 5/8	1 5/8
Rhodesia Glds.	1,000,000	500,677	1	f.p.	5/16	2/-	1/6
Rice Hamilton	175,000	50,000	1	f.p.	2 1/4	1/2	1/4
Selukwe	350,000	321,000	1	f.p.	1 1/16	2/6	3/6
Tanganyika Conc.	264 600	234,000	1	f.p.	6 3/4	3 1/16	3 1/16
United Rhodesia.....	750,000	660,900	1	f.p.	11/3	1/6	1/6
Willoughby Con.....	1,000,000	930,000	1	f p	1/16	10/-	10/-
Zambesia Explor.	300,000	288,615	1	f.p.	2 1/16	1/16	1/16

Insurance Notes.

If anybody were to have the bonus system adopted by life assurance offices explained to him without having heard of it previously, he would inevitably wonder how such a clumsy system could be tolerated. Policy-holders pay more than is necessary for covering the cost of assurance, in order to have the excess returned to them in one form or another at a later stage. The bonus system has a certain vogue among retail shopkeepers in poor neighbourhoods, sometimes taking the objectionable form of paying a high price for tea and getting as a bonus a teapot which is not worth the difference; but in the majority of commercial transactions commodities are sold for a fixed price, and when the goods are of equal quality the trader who charges the lowest price receives most of the custom. The bonus system was excusable, and perhaps inevitable, in times past when the mortality among assured lives was not known with any accuracy. Such uncertainty no longer exists, and as the rate of expenditure is under the control of the management of a life office, the only doubtful element is the rate of interest that will be earned in the future. A distinguished actuary said to me some time ago that life assurance would never be at its best until the bonus system was abolished. I scarcely think that we are ready for the total disappearance of bonuses, but it will come sooner or later, and every sound move tending in that direction is to be welcomed. The Atlas, the Clerical, Medical, and General, and the Commercial Union issue non-profit policies at very low rates of premium. The Law Union and Crown has recently followed their example, and its premium rates for ordinary policies are lower than those of any other company. I am sorry, however, that while making this change the Law Union did not introduce a further improvement which is coming slowly but surely, that of giving liberal surrender values on these policies. The minimum surrender value which is guaranteed is one-third of the premiums paid. This is adequate for the first few years, and doubtless on policies of longer duration the surrender value would be at a higher rate. The company is not prepared to state the exact terms of surrender, and by leaving its conditions in this respect indefinite and inadequate, it has missed an excellent opportunity. If the new rates were accompanied by proper conditions in regard to surrender, the policy would be one of the most attractive in existence, but, as it is, a policy-holder would do better to pay a few pence more to one of the other companies mentioned in order to have the advantage of specified surrender values on a liberal scale.

Quite a charming story has been told me by an unfortunate correspondent who lost a lot of money in the Absolute Assurance Company. I have had full opportunity for examining all the facts, and the circumstances are such that I think they fully deserve publicity. The Absolute Life Assurance Company commenced in 1894 and ended its unsatisfactory career in 1902, since which time the process of winding-up has been going on in a fashion which, to say the least of it, is leisurely. The liquidator was Mr. D. F. Basden, of Mellors, Basden, and Co., the receiver for the debenture holders was Mr. D. Rae Fraser, and the solicitors are Messrs. Nye, Morton, and Clowes, of Serjeants' Inn. Of course, there were numerous other solicitors connected with the affair, but for the present their transactions are immaterial. The policies of the company were transferred to the Profits and Income Insurance Office. Among the numerous methods employed for finding money to run the Absolute some debentures were issued, the interest upon which it was not found convenient to pay. Some of these debenture-holders were persuaded to exchange their debentures for paid-up life assurance policies. This arrangement was not unwelcome to Mr. H. R. Pope, the secretary of the company, who was paid a commission on these policies. By becoming policy-holders instead of debenture-holders the people who made this exchange apparently acquired prior rights to those of other debenture-holders. Before the failure of the Absolute the directors agreed to pay a surrender value for two of these policies, part of which was paid, and for the balance judgment was obtained against the Company on April 28, 1902. This judgment remains unsatisfied at the present time. The Profits and Income Insurance Company, who have taken over the liabilities to policy-holders, are willing that this amount should be paid. Mr. Fraser, who is the receiver for the debenture-holders, is willing that it should be paid, and thinks it ought to be; but in spite of the representatives of both the debenture-holders and the policy-holders being willing that the amount due should be paid, Messrs. Nye, Morton, and Clowes object, and maintain that there must be further legal proceedings before a settlement can be allowed. Their attitude is a peculiar one. They assume that there is some doubt as to whether the directors were justified in taking the surrender of debentures as payment for the policies, and wish to make this matter the subject of litigation. I fancy it will take a great deal to persuade a court of law that a duly executed life policy is not a policy at all, and as far as my knowledge of the law goes my correspondent seems to have undoubted right to the priority which attaches to policy-holders. Of course, if the solicitors think that this policy-holder is not entitled to preference he ought not to receive preference. If he will come to terms with them they will make an application that a reduced sum should be paid to him; otherwise, they will argue in favour of the view that he is not even a debenture-holder, but an ordinary creditor, and as such would get nothing. This attitude seems to imply unfair treatment of somebody or other. If he is a policy-holder it is unfair to pay him less than the full amount that is due; if he is an ordinary creditor it is unfair to the debenture-holders to pay him anything at all. It seems inevitable, therefore, that the course suggested by the solicitors is unfair to someone. With anything like decent business management the whole matter should have been settled in far less than four years, but it is

So far brewing has been an involved process, and the result no, always the expected one or satisfactory. With the S. T. Ferment Co., Ltd. (proprietors of the Johnson and Hare patents), howevert it is simplicity itself. By their patents, brewing requires less time, less plant, less wages, less capital, and no cooling machines, and the beer brewed is declared perfect in taste, brilliancy and condition. The Company have a model brewery in Fairview Road, Norbury, S.W., which they invite capitalists large and small to visit, and nearly one hundred representatives of French and Belgian Scientific societies have made a special journey to do so. Professor Lindner, at the Government Technical School in Berlin, said of the patentees' application of the yeast by which they get it pure and free from other yeasts, "This is something quite unheard of, and about which one has until now known nothing at all." Any of their fifty-five patents can be negotiated for.

still hung up indefinitely. It would seem appropriate for the Profits and Income Company, who are trustees for the policy-holders, and for the liquidator or the receiver for the debenture-holders, to make some effort to overcome the objections that have been taken to a more immediate settlement than seems likely to be arrived at.

VALUABLE TO CITY MEN.

Mr. Walter R. Skinner has favoured me with a copy of his *Mining Manual* for the current year, and I beg leave to add my testimony to its value as a work of reference. It is, in brief, indispensable to all who are concerned to any considerable extent with mines and mining shares. The issue in its present form constitutes the twentieth number of the *Mining Manual*, and every effort has been put forth to make the information as full as possible. Particulars are brought down to the latest date, and care has been taken to avoid the omission of details of importance. Every section of the mining market is covered, and the volume provides a most comprehensive book of its kind. Although there has been a certain increase in some directions, a smaller number of companies is dealt with in the present issue of the *Manual* than in the last edition, but the decrease is not important, as the constant flow of new developments tends to counterbalance the loss from amalgamation and liquidation. The reduced size of the volume, indeed, is to a great extent due to a closer form of setting, which has enabled the bulk of the work to be contracted without disturbing any of its well-known features. In addition to particulars of yields and the statements of ore reserves included in notices of Australasian companies, it has been found advisable to emphasise by reference note the fact that at the end of that section there is to be found the usual table giving full details of tons crushed per month, yield per ton, etc., for each company, similar to the Transvaal and Rhodesian crushing tables found at the end of the South African section, and the Indian tables at the end of the Miscellaneous section.

I have to thank Messrs. Frederic C. Mathieson and Sons, of 16, Copthall-avenue, E.C., for their tabular statement of Mining Dividends for the past year. The information given comprises, as far as possible, date of announcement, amount of dividend, period for which and when payable, and other details of value. The cost of the work is 5s. net. I have also received the same firm's Home Railway and American Traffic Tables, which facilitate comparison with earnings for the second half of last year, and cost sixpence each.

NEW ISSUES.

The Company promoter has not been active during the past week, but the following prospectuses have been issued:—

Havana Telephone Company.—An issue is offered of 1,200,000 dols. of Five per Cent. First Debentures at the price of 97 per cent., which is equal to £19 18s. 1d. sterling per 100 dols. Debenture. The purposes of the issue are to redeem a present outstanding indebtedness of 500,000 dols., carrying interest at 6 per cent., and to pay for new construction, buildings and works now partially completed, and no portion of the proceeds of the issue will be parted with except for redeeming such indebtedness and against the execution of a mortgage and trust deed constituting a first charge on all the real property, franchises, and other property of the company now owned and that may be acquired in the future. The company, the prospectus states, owns or controls concessions in the City of Havana and its neighbourhood, which are exclusive in character, for a period of twenty years from May 25, 1905.

Temiscouata Railway.—The Bank of Montreal will receive subscriptions at par for £50,000 Five per Cent. Prior Lien bonds, which are a first mortgage charge, privilege and lien upon the whole undertaking, lands, equipments, tolls, and revenues and franchises of the company in priority to all other existing charges.

Middleburg Steam Coal and Coke.—This company invites subscriptions for 45,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each. The company has been formed to take over as a going concern from the Middleburg Steam Coal and Coke Company, Limited, the colliery and others assets of that company.

OSTEND.—ROYAL PALACE HOTEL.—HÔTEL DE LA PLAGE.—Three express services daily. CHÂTEAU ROYAL D'ARDENNES Four hours from Ostend.—SLEEPING CAR CO., 20, Cockspur-street, S.W.

"TRUTH" LETTER BOX.

Correspondents will oblige by observing the following rules:—

Name and address, which must accompany all inquiries, should be written on the communication; cards are apt to be lost or misplaced, causing unnecessary trouble.

Anonymous letters will not in any case be attended to.

I cannot reply to inquiries by letter or telegram.

A nom-de-plume or initials (the former preferably) should be given if it is desired that the real name shall not appear in the paper.

Inquiries should be put as briefly as possible, plainly written, and numbered.

Communications received after Friday may not be replied to in the following issue. Delay may also occur where an exceptionally long list of securities is submitted.

I do not recommend brokers.

GOVERNMENT.

New Castle.—I suggest: Consols, Transvaal Threes, Cape of Good Hope Fours (19-23), New South Wales Fours, West Australian Fours, Great Western Railway Preference, and London and South-Western Four per Cent. Preference (1884). *Puckero.*—Your previous letter must have gone astray. You will find Egyptian State Domains and Japanese Fours suitable investments. *M. M., Bournemouth.*—I should be inclined to sell and buy Japanese Four and a Half per Cent. bonds and Chinese Five per Cent. Imperial Railway bonds.

RAILWAYS.

Rusticus.—Grand Trunk Ordinary and Great Central Preferred Ordinary are among the best lock-up purchases which I can recommend. *Avenue.*—Your proposed exchange into Grand Trunk Thirds should prove profitable. Or, by way of precaution, you might sell only one of the industrials, both of them being steady dividend-payers. *Mariner.*—I should say that Mashonaland First Debentures are quite good for investment.

MINES

Andromeda.—I regret that I cannot give you particulars of English, French, and German holdings in South African mines. As a matter of fact, such details are not available. *Beta.*—The shares are worth buying for a speculation. *E. M. W., Dulwich.*—(1) The life of the Meyer and Charlton Mine is estimated at about eight years. (2) Neither of the shares recommended by the Liverpool outside broker is desirable. *Hottentot.*—Of the shares named the best are Goldfields Ordinary, Gold Trusts, and East Rands. *W. S., Birmingham.*—There appears to be plenty of ground for the removal of the directors, but the shareholders will not combine easily. *A. R. G.*—I should say that Premier Diamonds are an attractive purchase at the current price. *Myfanwy.*—(1) You might buy Broomassies. (2) Hold Village Main Reef for better conditions in the South African market. *N. K.*—(1) You might buy Waihi Grand Junctions, but Waihi are a trifle high for a speculation. (2) Zinc Corporations are worth buying to put away for a time. *Fiennes.*—The probability is that the Australian Deep Leads will turn out well. The gold is there, but it is a question whether it will be possible to drain off the subterranean water. This is being reduced, and on one or two properties the producing stage is quite near.

MIXED SECURITIES.

Bon Accord.—In your list the stocks worth holding are Consols, Transvaal Threes, the Japanese and Chinese, B. A. Rosario Ordinary, J. W. Cooks Preference, City and Midland Bank, and Union Discount Bank shares, together with Great Boulder Proprietaries. The rest I should be inclined to sell. *W. J., Plymouth.*—Both shares are undesirable, and I should be inclined to sell. *Sydney.*—Westralia Mount Morgans make a fair speculation. The other company I am not acquainted with. *Drake, Dublin.*—(1) You had better buy Grand Trunk Second Preference shares. (2) Brighton Railway Deferred stock would meet your requirements. *Albert.*—(1 to 6) An interesting selection of stocks, but if you see a fair chance of a profit on them it would be the part of wisdom not to hold on too long. (7) I should not care to sell a bear. (8) South African mines are certainly the most favourable at the moment for bear selling. *Scilpel.*—(1) Your three holdings are quite reasonably promising. (2) Lyons Ordinary shares would suit. *Provisional.*—All your holdings are satisfactory, considering the yield they give.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Crow.—(1) The secretary of the Dublin Stock Exchange would supply you with a list of members of that particular Exchange. (2) The phrase means that the broker acts for the Government. (3) He is a member of the Stock Exchange. *T. B., Huddersfield.*—I was aware that the one man masqueraded under two names. *J. D., Sevenoaks.*—I am obliged for your communication and for the facts contained therein. *Sligo.*—Both concerns ought to be avoided. *Monsoon.*—It would be more advisable to place the money on deposit with the Chartered Bank of India, rather than with the concern you name, which is small and local, and which has few resources. *Lincoln.*—The lottery is fair enough, as Continental lotteries go, but you are practically certain to lose your money. I have on more than one occasion explained in the columns of TRUTH the real incidents of these gambles. *Liblick.*—I should not fancy any Hotel Ordinary shares for an investment. The Carlton has done well, but the fashion may

change. *M. V., North Shields.*—The bank you name does a money-lending business more than anything else, and I think you would be foolish to place your money with it on deposit for any lengthy period. It is a truism that you cannot obtain a high rate of interest and at the same time get reasonable security for your capital. *J. T. D.*—I agree with you that the circulation of these Continental lottery circulars is highly pernicious. But the Postmaster-General will not take action, and the only thing I can suggest is that all recipients should return these circulars to the P.M.G. *Smarsh.*—Rubber shares are quoted regularly in the *Financier and Bullionist*. *C. N. C.*—Pryce Jones Preference shares are quite good as industrials go. *H. R. W. Wrexham.*—The concern is a bucket-shop which ought to be avoided. *Dicky Sam.*—1. Have no dealings with the concern. 2. I believe it is respectable. *N. H. K.*—Robinson and Cleaver Preference shares are desirable.

INDUSTRIALS NEGLECTED—TELEGRAPHS FOR INVESTMENT—TELEPHONE DEFERRED AND THIRD PREFERENCE—VICKERS AND SONS' SHARES—NIGERS AND PEKINS—OMNIBUSES—ATTRACTIVE BREWERIES.

No change of sentiment can be chronicled in relation to the general attitude towards industrial securities, the market in which pursues a humdrum course devoid of feature. The reason why investors should continue to hold aloof with such stoical persistency may to a certain extent be ascribed to the prevalence of a vague idea that something is going to happen. What the "something" really is it would be hazardous to assert, but nevertheless it serves to engender a lack of confidence, or at all events prevent the growth of confidence. For my own part I do not regard this with any seriousness, and in view of the industrial prosperity of the country am still convinced that industrials as a whole are deserving of consideration at the relatively moderate level of values prevailing. In point of interest telegraph stocks remain most conspicuous. As regards Anglo "A" there appears to be less of that wild optimism on the subject of the prospects than was the case a short time ago, and this is reflected in the downward movement. It has not, however, reached such a low figure that I would be disposed to consider it promising as a gamble. For some time past an increase in the Direct United States Cable dividend on the Ordinary shares has been regarded as a certainty, and the event has been discounted in advance. The final distribution brings up the total to the equivalent of 4¼ per cent. as against 3¼ per cent. This is satisfactory. The Eastern dividend is maintained on the 7 per cent. basis for the ninth consecutive year. This stock, in spite of the fact that it contains £3 5s. dividend stands at the lowest of the year, and to me appears worthy of attention. It seems opportune to give the following table, indicating the yield obtainable upon telegraph stocks which, as I have frequently emphasised, make excellent investment holdings of the commercial class:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Anglo-American Preferred	113	£5 5 6
Direct Spanish Preference	8¾	5 11 0
Direct U.S. Cable	15¾	5 6 0
Eastern	142	4 17 6
Eastern Extension	14¼	4 16 9
Indo-European	58	5 10 0
Western	14½	4 16 0

The National Telephone Company continues to go ahead, and though the interim dividend on the Deferred stock is unchanged, the appropriation to reserve is £10,000 larger at £120,000. In view of the forthcoming nationalisation of the undertaking, there is not much attraction for investors in the stock, though the Deferred, which stands to benefit from the distribution of the surplus assets, including the reserve fund, appears attractive as a speculative holding. In the meantime, it gives about 4½ per cent., and the possibilities seem great. It may be noted that the Third Preference shares, according to legal opinion, rank with the Deferred in the division of the surplus assets, and these, which have the advantage of being a "light weight," may be bracketted with the Deferred. In connection with iron and steel shares, it may be noted that the interim dividend of Vickers, Sons and Maxim is the same as a year ago. The price of the shares remains rather low, and on the basis of a repetition of last year's distribution the yield is just a trifle under 6 per cent. The shares are not devoid of speculative possibilities. South Durhams also appear fairly interesting at the prevailing figure, the yield upon which is about 6¼ per cent., and amongst others that seem interesting may be included Cargo Fleets and Weardale Steel. There seems to be a fairly generous allowance for possibilities in the existing price of Niger Co. shares. The profits for the past year show a reduction to £49,588 net, but the dividend is maintained at 10 per cent., on which basis the return is less than 3¼ per cent. at the existing figure. Extensive tin deposits are known to exist, but before they can be thoroughly developed transportation will have to be provided. It may be repeated that owing to the character of the deposits no great outlay upon plant will be necessary. Pekin Syndicate shares remain somewhat neglected, but in view of the fact that the productive stage—delayed, it will be recalled, by the flooding of the mine—is close at hand, I am still of the opinion that they are worth picking up as a gamble. They seem to possess great possibilities. Owing to the uncertainty as to the effect of motor 'bus competition, and all the complication this has involved, it is not remarkable that the shares of the omnibus companies should stand at a low level. The dividend prospects are full of uncertainty, and this explains why London General Ordinary stock and Road Car shares are no better than 87 and 4¼ respectively, at which figures they would give about 7¾ per cent. on a repetition of the last distributions. Despite this uncertainty these shares seem preferable to those of the recently formed motor concerns, and certainly afford more security. Here is a table showing the return given by traction shares:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Anglo-Argentine Trams	6¾	£5 12 6
Brisbane Cumulative Preference	4¼	5 11 0
British Columbia Electric Deferred	116½	5 2 6
Do. do. Preferred Ordinary	108½	4 11 0
British Electric Preference	9¼	6 5 0
B.A. and Belgrano "B" Preference	5¼	5 9 0
Calcutta	8¼	4 11 0

Brewery shares continue to be neglected, thanks to the uncertainty that exists as to the policy of the Government in regard to the trade, which outweighs all the influence of the better industrial condition throughout the country. With the cost of raw material lower, and sales on the increase, profits ought to be on a larger scale, and those who possess the temerity to pick up stocks at the low level existing, in my opinion stand to benefit. I refer more particularly to the securities of the provincial undertakings, which are not overburdened with capital. Such Ordinary shares can be bought to bring in anything from 5¼ per cent. to 5¾ per cent. Collectively they appear to be deserving of attention.

VIGILANT.

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QUEER STORY.

LEX TALIONIS.

RICHARD PODSTRIP, solicitor, practising as Podstrip and Co., sat in his dingy little office in Coleman-street feeling rather well pleased with himself. He had just been successful in an action which, while it reflected very little credit on his morals (for it had been a shamefully "put-up" case, supported by perjured testimony and false affidavits), yet did reflect a good deal of credit on his unscrupulous ingenuity, and, moreover (the most important point of all), had replenished his exiguous bank balance with a considerable sum in hard cash.

The facts of the case, stated succinctly, were as follows: A young parson of the name of Arkwright, vicar of a small country parish in the home counties, had been appointed sole executor of his estate by a certain eccentric old farmer in the parish. The estate consisted of stocks and shares to the amount of some thousands of pounds, and also of a sum of £1,500 in ready money, which this eccentric person, for some reason or other, kept in his house. The stocks and shares were devised by the testator to his wife and daughters; and the £1,500 cash to his son, who, under the cloak of an exceptional, not to say obtrusive, zeal for religious observances (indeed, he was a regular com-

municant and a Sunday school teacher), concealed as dissolute and unprincipled a disposition as that of Uriah Heep himself. However, up to the time of his father's death, and for some while subsequently, he imposed upon everybody, and was considered to be a most exemplary young man.

Within a month of the testator's demise, his executor, the Rev. Reginald Arkwright, had duly distributed the estate in accordance with the very brief and simple terms of the will. But, ignorant of the perils and pitfalls of such a course (for he was a veritable babe in business), and influenced by a laudable desire to save expense, he did the whole thing himself without employing a solicitor. It was while thus acting as his own lawyer that he committed the incredible folly of handing over that £1,500 cash to the testator's son, George Willard, without even troubling to take a receipt from him.

You may scarcely believe that he could have been such a simpleton. Nevertheless, I tell you the gospel truth. And presently our unfortunate parson had to pay dearly for his infantile guilelessness.

George Willard had a cousin. And that cousin was Richard Podstrip, the solicitor, mentioned above. These two choice specimens of humanity, both being in want of money—for Willard had quickly gambled away his inheritance, and Podstrip was always hard up—entered into a little conspiracy together to make the Vicar pay that £1,500 over again, and to go halves in the swag.

So Podstrip wrote him a professional letter, on behalf of his client Mr. George Willard, expressing surprise that the legacy of £1,500 bequeathed him by his father had not been paid—although more than the twelve months allowed by statute had elapsed—and requesting that a cheque for the amount might be forwarded without delay.

Of course, the Vicar wrote an astonished and indignant reply to the effect that he could not understand the solicitor's letter, inasmuch as he had personally handed the money to George Willard within a month of the testator's death.

To this Podstrip wrote, in answer, that he was amazed at a reverend gentleman thus making a statement which he knew perfectly well to be untrue. And this letter was immediately followed by the issue of a writ.

The action came on in due course; and the jury, knowing nothing of the real character of either Willard or Podstrip, and regarding the Vicar's story that he had paid over so large a sum as £1,500 in cash without taking a receipt as absolutely incredible, found for the plaintiff for the full amount claimed.

To describe the Vicar's horror and indignation at this verdict no words are adequate. It was not so much the having to pay the £1,500 over again that troubled him; though this was bad enough, since, with the costs of the action, it absorbed nearly every penny of private means he possessed. It was the cruelly unjust stigma cast upon his personal character. For the verdict of the jury, in effect, publicly branded him as a liar, a perjurer, and a thief. He felt that, entirely innocent though he was, he should never be able to hold up his head among his fellow-men again. Indeed, the thing preyed upon his mind so much that, within a few weeks of the trial, he sought death by his own hand.

When Richard Podstrip heard of this tragic event—made all the more tragic by the fact that the unhappy man had left behind him a wife and two children totally unprovided for—he did not experience the slightest feeling of shame or remorse. He was rather glad than otherwise of his victim's death, as removing one whose frenzied sense of wrong might have rendered him dangerous to his (Podstrip's) personal safety, and also because the fact of Arkwright's suicide would be generally regarded as presumptive confirmation of his guilt.

"Yes," he thought to himself. "Things couldn't have fallen out better. There's no saying what men in that condition mayn't do. As likely as not, he might have tried to murder me. But now he's out of the way, I've nothing more to fear. Yes, yes, I can't help saying it. That silly simpleton's suicide is jolly good biz. May Heaven—or, p'raps I should say, may t'other shop—be eternally praised for it."

Among solicitors, as among men of all other professions, there is a tolerable sprinkling of heartless, unscrupulous rascals. But of all the black sheep whose presence on the rolls disgraces a generally honourable profession, none was more heartless and unscrupulous than Richard Podstrip.

While this worthy individual was turning over in his mind the amiable sentiments described above, his clerk entered the office with a card in his hand, which he laid on his employer's blotting-pad.

"Gentleman called to see you, sir."

"Who is it?" inquired Richard Podstrip, taking up the card and inspecting it through his pince-nez. "'Mr. William Ashpitt.' Don't know the name. Who is he? What does he want?"

"He's quite the gentleman, sir—very well-dressed and well-to-do. And he says he wants you to undertake a little job for him. Will you see him, sir?"

"Yes, yes. Show him in," replied Podstrip, who hadn't so many clients that he could afford to turn away business.

The clerk retired and a minute later ushered in Mr. William Ashpitt—a tall, good-looking individual, about fifty years of age, quietly but very well dressed, and having the unmistakable air of a prosperous and substantial man.

Richard Podstrip took all this in at a glance, as he begged his visitor to be seated, and then inquired what he could do for him.

"It is perhaps rather unusual for me to call upon you like this, without any introduction," began Mr. Ashpitt, half apologetically. "But the fact is, Mr. Podstrip, I have heard of you as being an uncommonly smart man in your profession; and as I have a little business on that needs uncommonly smart handling, I have ventured to come and ask you whether you will undertake it for me."

"I shall be better able to answer that question when I have heard the nature of your business," smiled Richard Podstrip.

"Quite so. Well, the fact is I want to divorce my wife," replied William Ashpitt, speaking with as cool an unconcern as though he had merely been giving instructions for the collection of a small debt in the County Court, or some other equally trivial matter.

Richard Podstrip nodded.

"Have you evidence against the lady?" he said.

"Nothing to call evidence. That is why I have come to you. I want you to take up the case and to obtain evidence for me," answered William Ashpitt, in a meaning tone, fixing his keen eyes full upon the solicitor.

Richard Podstrip had no difficulty in grasping the suggestion that the other evidently intended to convey to him. Indeed, if Mr. Ashpitt had openly used the verb "concoct," instead of the word "obtain," he could scarcely have made his meaning more apparent.

"I see," said Podstrip, also showing by his look that he fully understood what was required of him. "And is there likely to be much trouble in—ahem—obtaining evidence?" he inquired.

"I think there is. It needs a smart man to do it. That is my reason for seeking *your* assistance," answered William Ashpitt, with a slight emphasis on the possessive pronoun.

Again Podstrip had no difficulty in reading between the lines, and he smiled the smile of intelligent sympathy. Here, indeed, was a kindred soul—a man after his own heart.

It would be a real pleasure to act for such a client—always provided he were able and ready to pay a handsome price for the services required. That was the question. And the question must be satisfactorily settled, too, before Richard Podstrip could think of undertaking the job.

Therefore, by way of throwing out a delicate feeler, he said:

"Cases of this kind come rather expensive. They always involve a heavy outlay in out-of-pockets. I don't know how far you are prepared to go——"

"Oh, damn the expense," interrupted the other,

impatiently. "Money's no object to me. I'll pay any sum in reason to get my divorce. Look here, to show you I'm in earnest, I'll give you carte-blanche up to a couple of thou.; and, as we're strangers to one another, and you naturally may not feel disposed to do my work on credit, I'll draw you a cheque on account *now* for a thousand pounds. How will that do you?"

"You are very good. That will be quite satisfactory to me," replied the solicitor.

Here, in truth, was something like a client. £1,000 down, before he had begun to do a stroke of work! Richard Podstrip felt that he was positively on velvet.

"All right," said William Ashpitt, briskly. "I've got my cheque-book with me. Give me a pen, and I'll write the cheque at once."

He did so, with as lordly an indifference as though it might have been a humble cheque for £10.

"And now for detailed instructions," he said, as he tossed the cheque across the table to the solicitor.

Richard Podstrip drew forward some sheets of draft paper and prepared to take his instructions down. As these were very lengthy, not to say rather dry and tedious, I will spare you a recital of them. Suffice it to say that they amply confirmed the solicitor's original surmise that he was expected to get together—or rather, in more brutally plain parlance, to manufacture—sufficient evidence to establish a charge of unfaithfulness against a rather indiscreet, but apparently quite innocent, lady. For this is what the instructions came to, although William Ashpitt was too guarded to commit himself by saying it in so many words.

Upon one point he was particularly insistent:

"I don't want you to go employing any inquiry agents," he said. "Inquiry agents have the devil of a bad name in the Divorce Court just now. No one believes a word they say. I want you to conduct these investigations yourself. It will take up a lot of your time, of course. But I'm willing to pay for that. You've got that thousand to go on with, and when that's done, just let me know, and I'll draw you a further cheque. I know one can't monopolise the services of a smart and busy man, like yourself, without stumping up for it. And you may take it from me, that if you do my work well, I'll make you a handsome present over and above your professional charges."

"You are very kind, I'm sure. I shall certainly do my best," answered Richard Podstrip.

These instructions not to employ an inquiry agent fitted in very well with Richard's own views. He didn't want to have to pay away a large slice of that thousand to other people. He wanted to pocket it all himself. So he made no difficulty about concurring in his client's wish.

The cheque for £1,000 was duly cleared, and Podstrip also took care to satisfy himself by private inquiry that his client really was, as he had given him to suppose, a substantial and wealthy man; being, in fact, an East India merchant, in a large way of business, and enjoying the highest credit in City circles. Having thus assured himself on these important points, Richard Podstrip began to apply himself to the case in hand.

It appeared that William Ashpitt and his wife had never got on well together from the first, and had now been living apart for some time. Podstrip also heard whispers of the gentleman having paid rather marked attentions to a younger and prettier woman, which made it pretty clear what his reasons were for wishing to get a divorce from his wife. As to the latter, it was common knowledge that she was a frivolous, indiscreet person, much given to flirtation and somewhat careless of appearances. But, so far as Podstrip could ascertain, indiscretion seemed to be the worst thing of which she could be justly accused. Still, indiscretion of this sort in a woman, living apart from her husband, might easily be twisted into something worse by unscrupulous manipulation; and Richard Podstrip thought it quite possible that, with such a basis, he might get up a case against her sufficiently strong to go down with a jury.

But, after keeping a careful eye upon her for some weeks, he rather modified this opinion, and began to doubt whether, after all, it were worth his while to run the risk inseparable from bringing into court a case bolstered up by falsehood and perjury. Would it not be infinitely safer (he asked himself), as well as infinitely less trouble, to delude William Ashpitt into the belief that he was working up a case, and to sustain the delusion as long as there was any money to be got out of him, but, in point of fact, to do nothing whatever?

Sooner or later, of course, Ashpitt must see through his game, and cut up rough about it. But what of that? With no one to supervise him, it would be impossible for Ashpitt to prove that he had not really undertaken all the expeditions of search which he had entered on his reports or incurred all the heavy expenses for which he had charged in his accounts. And even if his client were able to prove it, his own position as a fellow conspirator was such that he would never dare to expose him. This being so, he decided to adopt what was at once the easier, safer, and more lucrative course—that is to say, to draw Ashpitt's money, under colour of expenses in connection with purely imaginary investigations.

At the end of three months, during which period he had rendered Ashpitt several verbal reports of the good progress he was making, he pretended that the expenses of his investigations had eaten up the £1,000, but that he now was on the verge of obtaining important evidence which would complete the case, and that another hundred or two, placed in the right quarter, would secure the testimony of the necessary witnesses. This false statement was made with such circumstantial details that Ashpitt, evidently believing it, drew him a cheque for another £500.

But when a further three months had gone by and the case against Mrs. Ashpitt was still very much "as you were," the merchant's suspicions were at length aroused, and he came round one day and demanded an explanation of Richard Podstrip.

A rather stormy interview ensued, at the end of which William Ashpitt left the solicitor's office in a white heat, vowing he would make him pay dearly for having thus swindled him. But such threats Richard Podstrip regarded with serene unconcern.

"Pooh!" he said to himself, "the fellow can't prove anything against me, nor, considering that he himself has practically put me up to suborn evidence, would he dare to take proceedings, if he could."

He had reckoned, however, without his host, not knowing that, in crossing swords with William Ashpitt, he had pitted himself against a man no less astute and not one whit more scrupulous than himself. But this disagreeable fact was brought home to him next morning in a startling manner, when, to his intense amazement, he received the following letter from a well-known firm of solicitors in Cannon-street:—

1700, Cannon Street, July 5, 1902.

Dear Sir,—Our client, Mr. W. Ashpitt, having been unable to get anything satisfactory from you in reference to two sums of £1,000 and £500 placed in your hands for investment on January 2nd last and April 3rd last respectively, has instructed us to apply to you for the immediate return of the money.

We must ask you therefore to remit the sum of £1,500 to us, *before noon to-morrow;* in default of which we have our client's peremptory instructions to take a certain course.—We are, yours faithfully, Sinkins and Jewsbury.

Richard Podstrip, Esq., Solicitor.

When Podstrip read this letter, he was first amazed, then indignant, and, finally, when he had had time to think over it a little, seriously alarmed. Supposing that the letter was not merely an empty piece of bluff (and this could hardly be the case, for a firm of such standing and repute as Sinkins and Jewsbury would never lend themselves to such a proceeding), and supposing that William Ashpitt persisted in swearing to the false statement that those two sums of £1,000 and £500 had been placed with him for investment—what would be his position? He now remembered that all his divorce instructions from Ashpitt had been by word of mouth, and that he had not a single letter to produce in evidence of them. Even his clerk (he had but one) had not been present at any of the interviews, nor had he thought well to mention the matter to him. It would, therefore, simply be Ashpitt's word against his. And which would be likely to carry the greater weight,

the word of a well-known and highly reputed City merchant, or the word of an obscure and rather shady solicitor, who, having to face a criminal charge, would naturally be supposed ready to swear anything to save his skin?

Besides, independently of Ashpitt's greater credibility as compared with his own, the other's story (absolutely false though it was) was distinctly the more natural and probable *in itself*. For while it might perhaps seem strange that Ashpitt should have placed money with a total stranger for investment, it would seem simply incredible that he should have paid so large a sum as £1,000 down in settlement of costs in advance In fact, Richard Podstrip couldn't help seeing that his version of the affair, minus any corroborative evidence, would be regarded by all impartial persons as extremely thin.

As these uncomfortable facts were borne in upon him, he broke out into a cold sweat of agitation and horror. What was to be done? He decided that his best course was to go round and see Sinkins and Jewsbury at once, express his amazement at their letter, indignantly repudiate the charge of fraud implied therein, and lay before them the true facts of the case.

He did so. Mr. Sinkins, the senior partner, whom he saw, received his statements with marked coldness. It was evident that he didn't believe a single word of them, and supposed that Podstrip's astonishment and indignation were all put on.

"I am afraid it would be waste of time for me to listen to any more of this," he said, gravely. "Our client wished us to give you an opportunity of refunding the money before taking criminal proceedings against you. Believe me, you had much better do so without attempting further excuses; otherwise—and I do not mention this as a threat to extort payment, but simply as a serious and painful fact—we shall be forced to the conclusion that you have made away with the money, and compelled to apply for a warrant for your arrest."

"But I swear—I swear by Heaven," cried Richard Podstrip, excitedly, "that what I have told you is the truth."

Mr. Sinkins smiled an incredulous smile.

"I hope you will think better of it before noon to-morrow," he said. "It would be very painful to us to have to prosecute a brother solicitor; but our client's instructions leave us no alternative. There, there! Mr. Podstrip, it is quite futile for us to discuss the matter any further."

Podstrip was now so thoroughly frightened by the position in which he found himself, that, innocent though he was, he would have refunded that £1,500 if he could have done so. But, alas! he couldn't. He had squandered every penny of it in riotous living.

Next day but one he was brought up on a warrant at the Guildhall, and what the alderman who heard the case thought of the relative value of William Ashpitt's and Richard Podstrip's veracity was shown by the fact that he committed the prisoner for trial, and refused bail.

A month later—on the strength of Ashpitt's entirely false but diabolically plausible evidence—Podstrip was convicted at the Old Bailey, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

* * * * *

Such is the true story of William Ashpitt's revenge on Richard Podstrip. And yet, as perhaps you will have guessed, it was not because of Podstrip's having cheated him in the matter of the divorce investigations that he had taken this vindictive step; indeed, those divorce investigations had simply been played by Ashpitt as the opening move in a deep, ulterior game—the game of dealing with Richard Podstrip exactly as Richard Podstrip had dealt with the unhappy Reginald Arkwright.

From the moment when his daughter, Marian Arkwright, had been made a widow, and her children orphans, through Podstrip's villainy, William Ashpitt had been possessed, like Hamlet, with one single thought—the thought of condign vengeance; and he swore that, whatever it might cost him, he would make that scoundrel stew in his own juice—the juice of falsehood, fraud, and perjury. How he effected his design, and with what complete success, you have seen.

MUSIC.

MUNICIPAL MUSIC AND ITS PROBLEMS.

MUSIC may have charms, but the savage breast of the county councillor is sometimes proof against them. So at least it would seem, from the lively debate which took place at Spring Gardens last week over the innocent proposal of the Parks Committee to introduce a little vocal music in the parks, in addition to the band performances already provided. Some evidently saw red ruin and the breaking-up of laws in this sinister suggestion, and spoke accordingly. One hon. member, I read, conjured up a vision of the London parks being turned into a species of Margate sands, with pierrots and niggers all complete, another denounced the Council's indoor concerts as one of the worst forms of municipal trading, while a third warned the Council that if it hearkened to the proposal it would be insidiously led on to go in for "opera, stages, and green-rooms." "A step towards municipal music halls" was the warning of one objector, while "the protection of the parks" was the battle-cry of another.

Up to a certain point I sympathise with the attitude of the opposition. If some folks had their way there would be no limits to the burdens imposed on the long-suffering ratepayers by ill-considered enterprises outside the proper sphere of municipal activity. Mr. Manners, for instance, has recently been telling us that the L.C.C. would do much better if it dropped its steamboats and gave us municipal opera instead, though whether he fondly fancies that it would recover by the one enterprise what it is losing on the other I do not know. In any case, this suggested addition of vocal music in the parks to that already provided is a proposal belonging to a very different category. It may be noted, moreover, that it is by no means new. For some years past suggestions to this effect have been put forward, and the only matter for surprise is that they have not been taken up before, especially seeing that no increased expenditure whatever ought to be entailed thereby. There are plenty of suburban glee clubs and choral societies whose members would doubtless be delighted to give their services from time to time, while the wealth of music available for the purpose is almost inexhaustible. For part-songs, glees, and madrigals we do not need, at all events, to go abroad.

Another question brought up was that of charging for seats and programmes at the Council's performances—indoor and outdoor—in which connection quite a startling confession was made. The Council are, it seems, demanding payment for these luxuries at present in the parks without the smallest legal authority. Here is a chance, therefore, for some stout Moderate to prove his mettle. Where is the Hampstead Hampden or Peckham Pym who will rise to the occasion? In the case of the winter concerts, given indoors, the Council has the power at present to give the concerts but not to take payment for them. It is, therefore, a move, not in the direction of extravagance, but of economy, to seek authority to do this. As the Chairman of the Parks Committee has explained, their aim in the matter is not to spend money but to save it. It is quite a sound principle, too, that those who patronise such concerts should contribute a trifle to their support There is only one drawback to municipal concerts of this latter kind, and that is the effect which they necessarily have in many cases on similar undertakings given on a commercial basis. Professional musicians have a stiff enough struggle already, and it is undoubtedly hard from their point of view that they should be called on further as ratepayers to support rival undertakings given at less than cost price. But assuming that indoor concerts are to be given it seems a sound rule

to endeavour to make the music so provided self-supporting instead of an additional burden to the rates.

Some time ago a novel idea was put forward by Dr. Coward, Sheffield's famous chorus trainer, to the effect that municipal corporations should make a practice of buying up all the unsold seats for high-class concerts and distributing them gratuitously among the poorer ratepayers. The suggestion sounds sufficiently odd, though it may be admitted that, from the professional musician's point of view, the proposal has much to commend it. Certainly the average concert-giver would rejoice at the thought of being able to unload his or her unsold tickets on the County Council. Whether, however, the average ratepayer would view the arrangement in quite the same light is, of course, another matter. The notion was hardly one to be taken seriously, of course, but it serves to illustrate the curious views which are entertained by some as to the claims of music on the municipal purse. Happily a juster conception of the matter appears to prevail at Spring Gardens, and so far as last week's proposals are concerned the sternest foe of municipal extravagance need have nothing to say against any of them.

Some fine performances have been enjoyed at Covent Garden lately, notably that of "Aïda" on Saturday, when the cast, with Destinn, Kirkby Lunn, Caruso, Journet, and Battistini, in the leading parts, was about as fine a one as could possibly be compassed in these days. Mlle. Destinn's impersonation of the name part was particularly noteworthy. This is an artist who has her failures as well as her successes, but the part of Aïda must certainly be reckoned among the latter. On Thursday we had "Madama Butterfly" again, with Giachetti as the heroine and Sammarco, as Sharpless, taking the part with which Scotti has been more particularly associated hitherto, and it was interesting to note the various differences between the two assumptions, though as to choosing between them it must be a matter of taste. Giachetti's Butterfly differed considerably also in various points of detail from that of Destinn, though here again the one reading could be no less heartily admired than the other. It illustrates the strength of the Covent Garden Company that it can offer such variety in this way. The production of "Andrea Chenier" having been postponed, "Don Giovanni" only remains of the works originally announced, and this was down for performance, with Destinn, Caruso, and Battistini in the cast, on Tuesday.

Among recent concerts quite the most interesting was that given by M. Joseph Hollman, at which Dr. Saint-Saëns appeared and took part in the performance of one of his latest works—a sonata in F major for 'cello and piano—which had not before been heard in London. Like almost everything else from Saint-Saëns's pen, it is a work full of spirit, lucidity, and grace, and, being perfectly played, naturally produced a great impression. Saint-Saëns is certainly the most wonderful old man among modern musicians. Alike as composer and executant, his powers are still astonishing, despite his years. Miss Irene Ainsley, at her recent début, achieved all the success which had been anticipated. Mme. Melba's judgment was not at fault. She has a wonderfully fine voice, which should carry her far. Another Marchesi pupil who has just made a successful London first appearance is Miss Marguerite Claire, a lady from Georgia, who uses an agreeable soprano voice with considerable skill. Promising vocal débutantes have indeed been numerous lately. Yet a third was Miss Elizabeth Dodge, likewise a daughter of the Stars and Stripes, who has not only an excellent voice, but uses it with more than common intelligence. Instrumental soloists appearing of late have included a clever young pianist in Mr. Cecil Baumer, a talented lady 'cellist in Miss Lucie von Hulst, and one of the best of our native violinists in Mr. John Dunn, who, in Brahms's violin concerto, showed himself to be something more than a mere virtuoso.

Mr. Charles Manners has announced a five-weeks' season of grand opera in English at the Lyric Theatre, to begin on Saturday week, and everyone will certainly hope that success may attend the venture. It is impossible, however, to regard the period of the year chosen as quite the most propitious for such an experiment. Grand opera in English is, at the best, a tender plant, and the atmospheric conditions of July and August can hardly be reckoned the most favourable to its cultivation. The autumn or winter would, of course, have been a much better time for such an undertaking. But Mr. Manners is too accustomed to forlorn hopes to lose heart, even if he does not positively adopt the poet's advice and "welcome each rebuff"; while it may also be taken for certain that he will do his utmost to give his hearers good value for their money. The works to be presented will be chosen from a répertoire of twenty operas, including "Eugen Onegin," and "The Huguenots," among others more often heard. There will be seventy in the chorus and fifty-five in the orchestra, while the prices will range from 1s. to 10s. 6d.

Meanwhile as regards the San Carlo season at Covent Garden in the autumn this will begin on October 4, and seems likely to prove not less attractive than those of former years. The engagement of both Mme. Melba and Mme. Giachetti is proof of the Syndicate's intentions to do things in style again, while various other well-known artists will also be heard. The works to be given will include along with those more familiar "Andrea Chenier," "Fédora," "Gioconda," "Lorelei" and "Mefistofele." Signor Mugnone will again be the conductor, and the prices will be moderate.

The passage of the Pirated Music Bill may now be regarded as assured, but it is tolerably evident that, although there is almost universal agreement as to its necessity and urgency, it would never have got through if the Government had not adopted the measure. Such is the power possessed by the most microscopic minority in the case of so-called "private" legislation, even when the question at issue is one of urgent public importance. Now, however, that the Government has come to the rescue the situation is, of course, different, and it is confidently anticipated that the Bill will go right through without further trouble. As to the manner in which it is likely to work when passed, if it does not kill the whole industry inside of a month its promoters will certainly be grievously disappointed.

Periodically some one comes forward to suggest, as quite a brilliantly novel idea, the revival of the Savoy operas, and invariably the proposition is hailed with such delight that one might imagine the entire public to be languishing for the opportunity to renew acquaintance with Gilbert and Sullivan's works. Unfortunately, however, there is not the slightest reason to suppose that those works if revived to-day would in fact draw the public in sufficient measure to make the enterprise pay. The owner of the Savoy copyrights is one possessed of extremely sound judgment in these matters, namely, Mrs. D'Oyly Carte, and if she had cause to suppose that the public would support the enterprise there is no reason to doubt that she would be only too glad to take advantage of the fact and put the works on again in London. There is no doubt, certainly, that a great many people would be delighted to hear such things as "The Mikado" and "The Pirates" again, to say nothing of the younger generation which has grown up since they were shelved. Also it hardly needed the enterprise of the *Tribune's* interviewer to tell us that Miss Isabel Jay, Mr. Rutland Barrington, Mr. Courtice Pounds and the rest would be glad to reappear in them. But this is by no means the same thing as saying that it would actually pay to revive them.

Mr. Malcolm Sterling Mackinlay is engaged on a life of the late Manuel Garcia, and hopes to have the work ready in time for publication in the spring. As a former pupil of Signor Garcia, Mr. Mackinlay, who is also a ready writer, is excellently qualified for the task, and having in view the wealth of material at his disposal he should be able to turn out a very interesting work. It is not every day that the biography of a centenarian is written. Mr. Mackinlay, who has now a large teach-

ing connection of his own, was one of the last pupils to receive lessons from the late veteran maestro.

Caruso is, it seems, not the only operatic artist who is also a skilful caricaturist. Going by a number of examples of his work reproduced in a recent number of the New York *Music Courier*, Mr. Blass, the well-known American basso, is even more gifted in this way. It would be impossible, indeed, to imagine anything better than some of these extremely rough but extraordinarily clever sketches. One of Van Rooy is worthy of Max Beerbohm. Another of M. Plançon is equally good in a different way, while Caruso, Richter, and Burgstaller are other victims of Mr. Blass's ruthless but veracious pencil. If singing fails him Mr. Blass will know what to turn his hand to.

Miss Toupie Lowther, who has been giving her views on recent performances at Covent Garden to the readers of the *Throne*, is evidently a believer in plain speech. Performers and performed are dealt with equally faithfully by her vigorous pen. Thus of one well-known artist she tells us pleasantly that "he has not much voice, and what there is of it is bad." Another, we learn, "sang out of tune the best part of three acts, and when she did not transgress in this respect the poor quality of her voice was still evident." Mme. Melba is advised that "it would be a good thing if the idea would strike her to increase her repertory; experience of different new *rôles* might improve her acting, which is much to be desired." Her deficiency in this respect becomes crudely noticeable when one has been seeing artists of the standard of Giachetti and Destinn." A genial little appreciation of "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" includes the following:—"An example of Massenet at his worst . . . . . dull in the extreme . . . . . a disjointed agglomeration of recitatives . . . . . totally uninteresting from the technical point of view, and equally lacking in melodic interest." Miss Toupie clearly has the courage of her convictions.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—Sir Harry Johnston's "Liberia" (1) is doubly encyclopædic, after the fashion of the *Times* monumental venture, in the avoirdupois weight of each of its two vast volumes, and in the exhaustiveness of the information—historical, geographical, anthropological, zoological, and botanical—with which it supplies you. It is, besides, superbly illustrated. Perhaps you may have the courage of your ignorance to ask, what is Liberia? Well, Liberia is a civilised and exclusively negro state established in the West African forest. It is, says Sir Harry, an attempt at an atonement—an attempt made by England and America, and a paltry attempt at that, to atone for the iniquity of the slave trade by the establishment of a republic of freed and civilised slaves in West Africa. By England and America you must not understand the English and American Governments, but English and American philanthropic societies and individual philanthropists. As for the governments of these two countries, America was the last civilised State to acknowledge the Liberian Republic, while England robbed Liberia of territories which were hers unquestionably—so unquestionably, that our Government held the Liberian Republic responsible, and exacted from her indemnities, for acts of violence committed by the natives of these very regions. "If," contended Liberia, "these territories belonged to you, why should we have had to pay indemnities for the outrages committed by their inhabitants? These very outrages, again, were indirectly provoked by your merchants attempting to run smuggled cargoes on our coasts. When your vessels are wrecked in this dangerous attempt, the natives no doubt plunder both the ship and its crew; but that is the penalty these smugglers pay for an attempt to defraud us; and that we should have to indemnify them for their failure to rob us is hardly equitable." In any controversy, however, between a wolf and a lamb—especially a black lamb—such conclusive arguments are mere waste of breath. Has Liberia been a success? Not, perhaps, from the point of view of the American philanthropists who originally founded it with the view of repatriating freed American slaves. The pure-blooded negro, born and bred for generations in America, while subject to European diseases, not yet endemic in tropical Africa, is also more subject than the indigenous blacks to malarial fever. Hence the number of repatriated American negroes who survive in Liberia is small. Sir Harry thinks that those United States negroes who cannot be absorbed into the Amerian community without risk of civil war should seek new fortunes in the West Indies and in portions of tropical South America, rather than in Liberia, since they have become too widely separated in physical constitution, and in political and commercial ideas from Africa to resume with ease the African citizenship of their forefathers. On the other hand, Sir Harry Johnston's interesting history of the Republic shows that its establishment did much to shatter the slave-trade in those parts, and to provide the liberated slaves with secure homes and prospects. As for the prospects of the Liberian Republic itself, Sir Harry Johnston considers, and supports his opinion by many and substantial reasons and statistics, that they would be promising if the Liberians had the courage to be themselves rather than second-hand and third-rate Americans. A Liberian, Sir Harry thinks, ought to aim at an African rather than at an American or an Asian or a European ideal:—

> The Liberian should try to develop a special African architecture, an African school of painting; and should certainly try to develop the inherent musical talent evinced by the natives. He should attempt to domesticate the red bush-pig, and not introduce Berkshire swine; the red buffalo, and not the English shorthorn; the Agelastes guinea-fowl, and not the Cochin-China. Along this route there are life, hope, and a future before the Liberians; whereas in their obstinate adhesion to the ideals of New England there is a hopeless stumbling-block in the way of their very existence. They must turn their backs on America, and their faces towards Africa, or they will dwindle to nothing, leave no heirs, and implant no permanent civilisation on those whom they have come to redeem.

The scientific interest of these two volumes is at least as deep as their historical interest, and both together render "Liberia" as profitable as it is pleasant reading. Encyclopædic also in its interest and variety is General Sir Thomas Edward Gordon's record of military and civil service, of sport, of travel, and adventure, "A Varied Life" (2). It opens with the brilliant exploits of young Gordon and his regiment, the 7th Punjab Infantry, at the tail end of the Indian Mutiny—stirring reading—but Sir Thomas's chief services to his country were political. Let me give you two suggestive stories from this autobiography:—

> The late Czar was playing whist with one of our Royalties as a partner, and one of his own equerries and a Scotsman as opponents. The Czar towards the end of a game, having a good hand, said, "We've got the game—four by honours and the odd trick." "Let us play the hand out, your Majesty," said the Scot. At the close of the game the Scot said, "Your Majesty revoked." "I!" exclaimed the Czar, "I never in my life revoked." "Perhaps your Majesty was never told of it," rejoined the undaunted Scot, who then turned the tricks over and showed the revoke. Next day the Czar, happening to meet the Scot, said, "I have been thinking over what you said about that revoke; it is very likely true that I never was told."

The other story that struck me is that of the mode of appeal of a certain Hindu village to Sir Thomas Gordon as representing the Supreme Power against its transference by a native State to Mohammedan and oppressive rule.

> The deputation came bearing the charred hands of two women who had volunteered to be burnt alive—the awful sacrifice known as *Johur*—to make the appeal effective. At first three men and four women volunteered for the sacrifice; but, as the women would not hear of the sacrifice of men, and as two of the four

(1) "Liberia." By Sir Harry Johnston, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., D.Sc. With an Appendix on the Flora of Liberia, by Dr. Otto Staff, F.L.S. Illustrated. Two Vols. (London: Hutchinson & Co. £2 2s. net.)

(2) "A Varied Life." By Gen. Sir Thomas Edward Gordon, K.C.B., K.C.I.E., C.S.I. With Maps and Illustrations. (London: John Murray. 15s. net.)

(3) "An Independent Maiden." By Adeline Sergeant. (London: John Long. 6s.)

(4) "The Sweetest Solace." By John Randal. (London: Hurst & Blackett, Ltd. 6s.)

(5) "Clemency Shafto." By Frances G. Burmester. (London: Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.)

women shrank back at the last moment from the ordeal, only two mothers mounted the pyre. When they were enveloped in flames they called for their sons to chop off their hands, held out to them through the blazing flax, as proofs of the consummation of the propitiatory sacrifice, and the sons came and chopped off the charred hands, which the deputation laid reverently on a piece of cloth on the ground before Sir Thomas and his colleagues.

"The cry is still they come!" of the posthumous novels of Miss Adeline Sergeant, of which, I think, "An Independent Maiden" (3) is the sixth. Its heroine is a seaside lodging-house servant-girl, who is heiress to an estate upon the conditions that she must not be married when the news of her good fortune reaches her, nor, after it has reached her, must she marry before she has attained the age of twenty-one, on pain of the property going to the next heir, who happens to be the hero. She magnanimously marries the hero before she is twenty-one in order that the property might fall to him. There is an extremely melodramatic villain in the story who does not serve to make it more probable. There are two heroines in Mr. John Randal's "The Sweetest Solace" (4), which has chiefly to do with the rehabilitation of their father's character by these charming girls. Some of the male personages are no less pleasant, especially an old admiral and an old maid, Peggy Blackiston, over against whom are set some truly villainous limbs of the law. Altogether "The Sweetest Solace" is a pleasant, wholesome story with an appropriately happy ending. "Clemency Shafto" (5) is neither pleasant nor wholesome, since its heroine is the daughter of an illicit love intrigue of her mother's with a man whose son is this daughter's lover. The discovery that they are brother and sister separates the lovers. There are all sorts of mysteries or suggestions of mystery that neither come to much nor much interest you, and you close the incoherent novel with a sense of relief.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, ever yours very sincerely, DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

In "Highways and By-ways in Dorset" (price 6s.) Sir Frederick Treves has made an admirable contribution to the well-known Highways and By-ways series published by Messrs. Macmillan. The famous surgeon has previously shown that he can write a delightful book of travel—witness "The Other Side of the Lantern"—and on the present occasion he had a subject with which he is peculiarly well qualified to deal. He is a native of Dorset, proud of his county, thoroughly acquainted with its historical and literary associations, a lover of its varied and picturesque scenery, its charming old-world villages and ancient churches and castles. The outcome of a happy combination of knowledge and enthusiasm with literary skill is a bright and interesting volume, whose attractiveness is enhanced by a series of charming illustrations from drawings by Mr. Joseph Pennell.

"The Ha'penny Millionaire" (Methuen and Co., price 3s. 6d.) is an amusing story of the adventures of an elderly bank porter in a country town, who, being pensioned off, thinks that he will "see life and take a wife." In the pursuit of this idea the simple-minded Mr. Melia goes off to the seaside, where he has some diverting experiences under the guidance of a nigger-minstrel, whose acquaintance he makes on the sands.

To the series of "Handbooks of Practical Gardening" Mr. John Lane has just added "The Book of Market Gardening," (price 2s. 6d. net), by Mr. R. Lewis Castle. It gives valuable information in regard to the planning and cropping of market gardens, the grading and packing of fruit, vegetables, and flowers for market, and, in fact, the whole business side of profitable horticulture.

A cheap edition of Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson's charming book on "The New Forest," with fifty pictures in colour by Mr. Walter Tyndale, and four animal studies, also in colour, by Miss Lucy Kemp Welch, is announced by Messrs. Methuen.

Among the books that Messrs. Longman have in the press are "Homer and His Age," by Mr. Andrew Lang; "English Local Government," by Mr. Sidney Webb and his wife; and "Recollections of a Lucknow Veteran, 1845-76," by Major-General Ruggles.

The late Sir Henry Irving had accepted the dedication of a story by Mrs. de Courcy Laffan, entitled "The Vicar of Dale End," which Messrs. Digby, Long and Co. are publishing. The book is now dedicated to the memory of the great actor.

Mark Twain's "Eve's Diary," which Messrs. Harper and Brothers are bringing out, is a companion volume to his humorous "Extracts from Adam's Diary."

Miss Mary Cholmondeley, the authoress of "Red Pottage," has a new novel, entitled "Prisoners," appearing with Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. The scene is laid partly in Italy and partly in England, and the story turns upon an early love affair of the heroine, revived after her marriage.

"The Iron Gates" is the title of a novel by Annie E. Holdsworth (Mrs. Lee Hamilton), which Mr. Unwin will publish almost immediately. It is primarily a study of the character of one man, a slum philanthropist, but many varied types of the denizens of the East End are introduced.

A volume of "Economic and Statistical Studies, 1840-1890," by the late John Towne Danson, has been published by Mr. Unwin, price 21s. On the establishment of the *Daily News*, under the editorship of Charles Dickens, Mr. Danson was appointed the chief leader writer on economic, political, and financial topics, and to the first number he contributed an article in support of free trade. Some years previously he had assisted Tooke in the preparation of his well known "History of Prices," and although in later life Mr. Danson's remarkable mental activity was exhibited in writings on many diverse subjects, his best work was done in the region of economic and statistical investigation. The present volume contains a valuable series of diagrams, showing the fluctuations in the prices of commodities from 1851 to 1890, an essay on the changes in the condition of the people from the harvest of 1839 to the harvest of 1847, and a pamphlet on the commercial progress of the colonies from 1827 to 1846. A memoir of Mr. Danson by his daughter and an introduction by Professor Gonner, of Liverpool University, are also included in the volume.

On the occasion of the tercentenary of the birth of Rembrandt, which was celebrated at Amsterdam on Sunday, Mr. Heinemann has published an exceedingly handsome memorial volume (price 30s. net), containing seventy reproductions in colour and photogravure of the artist's most famous pictures, drawings, and etchings. These superbly executed plates would alone ensure the success of the volume, and in addition it has the attraction of an account of the master's life and criticism of his work from the pen of M. Emile Michel, the author of the best biography of Rembrandt.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—The London season is now practically over, and the contrast between the appearance of the West End this week with its crowded, congested condition but eight days since is striking.

The last Court of the season was well attended, and there were some interesting presentations. Most people considered Lady Jean Cochrane the prettiest débutante. She was presented by her handsome mother. The gowns of the girls presented were nearly all embroidered in silver and mother-o'-pearl, and both silver and gold tissue were much seen. The Countess of Ilchester wore a beautifully picturesque gown, white satin with white muslin-velvet train, trimmed down one side with magnificent Venetian point. The other side was embroidered in silver in a design of roses.

A great number of black dresses were worn, probably in compliment to the Queen's deep mourning. Her Majesty's gown was crêpe-de-chine, embroidered in jet, and relieved by large diamond stars on the bodice,

and the blue ribbon of the Garter, besides other Orders. The Princess of Wales was in white brocade and lovely old lace, the train being lined with silver tissue. There was a much larger Royal circle than there had been at the previous Court, the Crown Prince and Princess of Greece being present, in addition to the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Princess Royal, Princess Victoria, Prince and Princess Christian and their daughters, the Duke of Connaught, Princess Patricia, Prince Arthur of Connaught, and Princess Alexander of Teck.

Among the brides presented were the late Maids of Honour of the Queen, now Mrs. Douglas Haig and Mrs. Bell. Lady Loch, another bride, wore her wedding gown, of soft satin and lace, with train of gold tinsel and cream-coloured silk shot moiré velvet, caught with gold roses and leaves. One of the handsomest gowns was worn by Lady Katherine Hardy, also a bride. It was white chiffon over net powdered with diamonds and flounced with Brussels lace. The white satin Court train was beautifully embroidered with white roses in relief and true lovers' knots.

Many lovely flowers were taken to court. Nothing makes so perfect a finish to a gown. Among the bouquets most admired were Lady Grey Egerton's dark red roses, Mrs. A. Hanbury-Tracy's pink roses and white orchids, and Lady Emily Digby's lovely Good-year bouquet of Frau Druschki roses tied with tulle. Mrs. Morrison's Abel Chatenay roses were exquisite in themselves, and exquisitely arranged. Lady Jean Cochrane carried a sheaf of Madonna lilies tied with silver and tulle. It was perfect with her snow-white gown.

On Tuesday evening we witnessed in the Botanic Gardens the inauguration of the Legion of Frontiersmen, a body of men who pledge themselves to guard the frontiers of the British Empire whenever occasion may arise in that part of the world where they happen to be. This romantic, yet practical, notion has caught on in a remarkable manner. It was started by Roger Pocock, author of "Curly," a great traveller and a well-known author.

The Earl of Lonsdale—hunter, explorer, sportsman—is chairman of the Council of the Legion. The London organiser is Commandant de Hora. The scheme is to organise throughout the Empire a civilian, self-governing, self-supporting body of frontiersmen associated for Imperial interests in time of peace, and available, should occasion arise, in time of war. The Legion has been recognised and approved by the Secretary of State for War. But what is a frontiersman? Here is the hon. secretary's own definition. A man trained and qualified by previous completed military service, or by working, hunting, or fighting in wild countries or at sea, who for various reasons cannot serve in the military forces of the Empire. A thousand fresh members were enrolled last week alone. The list of qualifications is interesting. It includes miners, naturalists, stage drivers, mail riders, voyageurs, cowboys, stockmen, ranchers, horse-breakers, guides, scouts, hunters, trappers, pearlers, sea-hunters, etc. There are three degrees of rating: first, headquarter subscription, half a guinea, the member pledging himself to military service in time of war; Class B, a guinea each for those prepared to act as guides or assistants; and honorary membership, costing £2 2s., or more, for those who are in sympathy with the aims and objects of the Legion.

The lighting of the bivouac fire on Tuesday was marvellously picturesque, and gave us some idea of what our soldiers, explorers, and pioneers have to undergo in the shape of personal hardships even when matters are at their best. The lighting was well managed after some essays which succeeded in moving the stage moonlight about in a most erratic manner that would have convinced the casual observer that the moon must be dancing a very lively *pas seul* all over the heavens.

The uniform is khaki, rather more picturesque in detail than that of our troops in South Africa. There is a touch of orange somewhere in it, and a yellow handkerchief is round the neck or hanging loose. The badge is a Union Jack and the words on Gordon's signet ring, "God guard thee."

The League of Mercy reception at Marlborough House was, as usual, one of the very pleasantest events of the season. The weather was kind, though it bestowed a short shower upon the proceedings. The Princess of Wales' beautiful figure was displayed to perfection in a painted blue silk muslin trimmed with lace. Princess Mary made a charming impression on those who observed her, so natural and unspoiled was her manner. Her frock was pale blue Liberty silk trimmed with lace, and she wore a large hat with feathers. Her two elder brothers are now promoted to Eton suits. Undeniable satisfaction with them was plainly depicted on their young faces. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein was in grey voile. Princess Alexander of Teck had a sweet frock in cream voile with guipure in a design of clusters of grapes. The League of Mercy shows steady progress. Last year it handed over £15,000 to King Edward's Hospital Fund. It has now over 200,000 associates and 1,200 presidents. So said the report read at the meeting of Presidents earlier in the afternoon at Marlborough House. Forty-eight recipients of the Order of Mercy were handed the badge by his Royal Highness.

Can you imagine the main street of a country fair uplifted bodily and planked down in the Botanic Gardens? This was the effect of the booths and other diversions on Friday and Saturday for the Dumb Friends' League, and instead of country folk in their Sunday best there were crowds upon crowds of gaily-dressed girls and women enjoying the fun of the fair. Some of them rode on the galloping horses to the braying music that is always an accompaniment of this amusement. Others tried their skill in the shooting saloon. Still more displayed their prowess with cup and saucer in Miss Isabel Jay's tea-tent. An Irish jaunting car, with a beautiful little brown horse in the shafts, conveyed passengers up and down the broad walk "for a consideration." A tall girl in green personally conducted a barrel-organ from spot to spot, collecting contributions as she went.

The booths were amusing. The Marchioness of Sligo had a Punch and Judy show. The Countess of Yarmouth had a fan booth. Miss Jean Crocker amusingly exploited the American freaks, among whom was a fearsome gollywog, terrific to look upon, but very young and small and gentle. Contiguous was a large tent devoted to a waxwork show under the patronage of the American Minister and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid.

The gate money must have reached a large sum. People poured in the whole afternoon, and the motors and carriages stretched in a double line half-way round the inner circle of the park.

There was an immense crowd, as usual, at the Eton *v.* Harrow match at Lord's, where we went on to tea with friends. When the shower came on there was a panic. Hundreds of wearers of pretty frocks made a dash for the gates and home. The cab supply was soon exhausted, and the plight of the cabless was pathetic. Not knowing that it was but a shower and would soon pass over, they stormed the motor and other 'buses, and, failing these, walked in the rain to the railway station or down Park-road in the hope of finding empty cabs. The pavements on either side blossomed like the rose with the bright colours of dainty frocks and rose-pink sunshades, the latter doing duty as umbrellas for the nonce.

I saw two things in the West End last week that made me indignant. One was a policeman stopping the tired horses in an omnibus on the hill in Bond-street to make way for a smart motor car with gaily dressed women in it, to cross from Grafton-street to Clifford-street. Why not have stopped the motor to make way for the heavy-laden horses? It would have been humane, to say the least of it. The ladies themselves

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may have been as indignant as I was. That policeman was at heart a first-class snob.

The second thing that made me feel desperately angry was the conduct of some well-dressed women in an omnibus. They were plumed and white-gloved, muslin-garbed and festive-hatted, on their way to the Eton and Harrow cricket match. In got a little work-girl; a quiet, pretty little thing, neat enough, but gloveless, and wearing the usual pearls and a large picture-hat. Unsuitable, of course, but are not these ornaments a striving upwards towards the beautiful? Must imagination go for nothing in the sordid lives? That pearl necklaces go badly with shabby frocks and gloveless hands I readily admit. Also that picture hats of the cartwheel order are not the most appropriate headgear to accompany shabby boots. But what kind heart would grudge these hard-worked girls the joy they get out of these things? I resented the disdainful looks cast upon our fellow traveller by her more prosperous sisters. A girl in white muslin whom the quiet worker was frankly admiring looked at the poor necklace with a scornful smile, and then turned to her companion a meaning glance that could not be misconstrued by the object of it. It was too unkind.

Vulgarity? Yes, Amy. The little working girl showed some vulgarity in her dress, but then each class has a vulgarity of its own. The thing is to suit your special form of vulgarity to that of your circle. As I looked at those over-dressed girls and women I thought it vulgar of them to be so decked out in an omnibus. The vehicle is intended for those who cannot afford cabs. Yet I have often seen tired working women unable to get a seat because all were occupied by well-to-do persons. It is really the well-to-do who are intruders.

The fashionable short sleeve shows the very ugliest part of the arm when the glove fails to meet it. I have seen a number of hideous elbows during the season. The round, white, dimpled ones are not common. I would beg of the owners of knubbly, bony, brick-coloured elbows to spend a little more money on the length of their gloves, or else to let their sleeves be a little less ultra-smart.

It is a sad mistake on your part not to come up for the summer sales at Robinson and Cleaver's. They have the cheapest and prettiest light summer frocks and the neatest inexpensive travelling and country costumes I have ever seen. The neat finish and the tasteful trimming of these make one wonder how they can be so moderate in price. Fancy getting for three guineas a well-cut black and white check, the skirt strapped and pleated, and the coat finished with strappings and the most becoming rose velvet collar and revers you ever saw!

We looked in at Madge Laird's one day, and found all her dainty hats marked down to figures so low that we fled before temptation, and do not intend to go near her until the sale closes at the end of August.

At Bosworth's, where I went to execute your commission, we really did succumb to the attractions of a country suit in brown tweed, with a leather vest, and sweet little wooden brown buttons. Is it Hibernian to remark that one of the charms of these country costumes are the perfectly sweet Homburg hats made of stitched cloth, to be worn with them? They have cleft crowns, and can be trimmed with one's own particular tartan, a wing or two dyed to the tones of the costume bringing them into harmony with it. These Bosworth hats are very becoming. They are in different sizes, the smaller ones suiting some wearers best. One we saw was in emerald straw, with greenish blue ribbon in flat bows—a triumph.

You could still be in time for Hampton's sale, where there are always bargains in carpets, tapestries, and linens. Their Irish hand-embroidered bed coverlets are very tempting. You would like their Scotch net and real lace curtains. There are also bargains in china and glass to be had, cheap dinner and tea services, dessert services, and breakfast sets. Send for a catalogue to Pall Mall East, S.W.

A new kind of portrait has been a great success this season at the Stereoscopic Studios at 106, Regent-street. They are really ideal imitations of the portraits of Romney and Sir Joshua Reynolds, and are a league away from the ordinary conventional photograph. The management of the light, and the shading of the background are arranged to produce a picture so soft and harmonious as to amount to a revelation anent the possibilities of photography. As miniatures these Romney portraits are quite exquisite, whether in softly shaded tones of the photograph itself or assisted in effect by a delicate tinting, to which this style especially lends itself. The portrait has the appearance of being enclosed in a frame, this idea being cleverly conveyed by the shading of the photograph. Even more clever is the way in which the light seems to come from above or from the side, and, falling on the face of the sitter, glances on the pictured frame. A lovely one had the light glancing across the picture, bringing the half-profile and one beautiful shoulder into the high light, then touching to brightness one corner of the frame. In another I noticed a true Sir Joshua background, a bit of blue sky, white cloud, and a branch of green tree.

For men the style is rather more severe. Yet there is the same charming softness of tone and shading that brings out at its best the expression of the face and moulding of the features, and yet gives explicitness to the character expressed in the countenance. It is a new development of the great art of photography. You must be done in this way when next you come to town, and get Henry to be taken too. Your girls and boys will treasure the portraits for art's sake, as well as that of the originals. This is more than can be said for the truly awful photographs of our parents in their youth, which we carefully hide away and occasionally glance at with a shudder, yet do not like to destroy.

You ask me if I know of an inexpensive but comfortable residential club for ladies in town, where a woman of moderate means can find the quiet and refinement of home life without the troubles of housekeeping. I know of such a club, situated close to Victoria Station, where all the advantages you enumerate are to be found. Write for a prospectus. The address is 35, St. George's-square, S.W. As a guide to the rate of charges I may mention that the entrance fee is half-a-crown, and the annual subscription amounts to a similar sum. Anna has been staying there for some time, and is going to stay on. She is delighted with it.

I have received the following letter from Mona:—

My Dear Madge,—It is perhaps a feminine trait to imagine our experiences to be exceptional, but I really do not think that the roses which you planted last autumn have done worse than anybody else's planted at the same time. The season has been very unfavourable for them. The severe frosts in April and May tried them sorely, and the deficient rainfall rendered it very difficult for them to recover. Some of ours kept dying back in an alarming way, and not until June did they show any sign of life. They owe their existence to the fact that the ground around them was repeatedly saturated with water. Mere sprinklings would have been worse than useless. When a plant is moved it needs an abundance of moisture until it becomes established again. Where for any reason that is impossible, there must always be serious risk in moving it. If the ground is still dry, water all your roses if you can—heavily and frequently. People are so apt to neglect them when they have finished flowering, but that is just the time when they require the most attention. For unless they make strong growth now they cannot be expected to flower well next year. If a little artificial fertiliser is mixed with the water about once a week you will soon see an improvement in them. To get rid of the aphides which infest the tips of the shoots, syringe with a decoction of quassia chips mixed with soft soap. It is made by boiling half-a-pound of the chips in two gallons of water, straining and then stirring in half-a-pound of soft soap. It should be used when cold, and should an hour or two after be syringed off with clean water. This is important,

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for the soft soap, if allowed to remain on, clogs the pores of the leaves and so kills them. Don't let the young shoots crowd one another. If they are too thick, especially in the middle of the bush where the wood cannot ripen unless light and air are admitted, they should be thinned. Apart from all else, it is a mere waste of energy to let them grow in order to cut them away later.

Our lilies are lovely. We have great beds of them, sheltered from the hot mid-day sun by a screen of trees. It is a mistake to grow them in the open border, as is often done; they do much better and last much longer in partial shade. No more suitable position could be found for them than in a bed of rhododendrons. There they get peat soil which most of them like and some shade, while the dark green background sets off their flowers to perfection. A group of them round the base of a deciduous tree with a moderate amount of foliage is also very effective. The old-fashioned white garden lily, candidum, is one of my favourites. By the way, have you ever noticed that the white flowers in the florists' shops are without their yellow anthers? This quite spoils their appearance, but unless the anthers were cut off before they were packed for market, the pollen would be shaken over the petals and would stain them. We sent away a great many of the flowers and, before doing so, we had to perform this operation upon them. All the packing, I should tell you, is done by Brada and myself, for it requires great care. Fastening the boxes and carrying them to the station is David's work.

Among the lilies now in flower are Brownii (white with chocolate markings outside), longiflorum (white trumpet-shaped), and speciosum in its several varieties, some white, others splashed and spotted pink or crimson. Dr. Johnson, in his dictionary, described an attic as "the highest room in a house," and a cock-loft as "the room above an attic." In speaking of lilies, it is difficult to avoid making the same mistake, the one that you happen to be looking at always seeming to be the most beautiful of all. Still, charming as those which I have mentioned are, they must give place to auratum, the "golden-rayed lily of Japan." This is certainly the queen of lilies. The one drawback is the difficulty in acclimatising it. Planted in pots or in the open ground, it will flower well the first year, but though quite hardy the bulbs afterwards dwindle away and eventually disappear. The reason is that, like a good many other lilies, it has or ought to have two sets of roots, one at the base of the bulb, the other at the base of the flowering stem. The function of the former is to feed the bulb and thus to store up nutriment for future years; of the latter, to feed the stem so as to obviate the necessity of drawing heavily on the stored up supply. When the bulbs are lifted in Japan for exportation, both sets are cut off to facilitate packing; and in consequence, when they are planted on their arrival in England, they have no time to repair the damage. They make only the lower set, and the flowers are produced at the expense of the bulbs. If the flowers are removed the first year the loss may often be avoided, but this is a sacrifice which few people care to make. The best thing to do is to buy only home-grown bulbs if they can be procured. Of course, they are much more expensive, for it takes from five to seven years to grow them to flowering size from seed. Still a good many firms—ourselves among the number—are doing this, so in time home-grown bulbs will be cheaper. A very common cause of failure with lilies is that they are often planted, even in clay, just like potatoes. It is essential that they should form roots, and for this reason, if the soil is in the least heavy, a thin layer of sand should be placed underneath each. If a little powdered charcoal is mixed with the sand, it may help to ward off the fungoid disease which has lately caused much injury to these beautiful plants.—Your affectionate cousin,

MONA.

Clare sends me the following from Dublin:—

DEAREST MADGE,—St. Swithin has outstayed St. Valentine in our memories, although he, too, has fallen from a higher estate. He has more of a day than St. Valentine, for it is still honoured with some observance, though it be but the slight one of connecting him, in our minds, with the weather. Most of us, when the old Saint's festival day comes round, if we remark on the weather—who does not make daily observations on it at the holiday time of the year?—will add, cheerfully, or otherwise, according to circumstances, "and it is St. Swithin's day!". That much deference, at least, we pay to the saintly tradition, though we put as little trust in it as in the forecasts of our meteorological authorities. Perhaps, for all our doubts too, we just "sniggle" in a little bit of faith that works on the eternal spring of hope; we feel more cheerful when "St. Swithin" is fine, forty good days to look forward to is a cheery tradition, if nothing more. One wonders if there ever were forty days without rain in our climes. Supposing them to come now, they would certainly take the form of a blessing in disguise. Think what the "motorious" roads would be with the dust of forty days! Even three or four dry ones make them deplorably suffocating and destructive. What a revolution in dress would arise inevitably. Masks, goggles, wraps, and veiling would be the necessary wear for all who used the public roads. Cousin Jane is very vehement on things as they even now are, with nothing to complain of with regard to want of rain. She lives in a country of good roads, beloved of motorists and inviting to pace; in taking her daily rounds in the governess cart she sorely needs the complete outfit of a motorist. Needless to say, with her uncompromising spirit, that she does not adopt it. She faces unarmed and unprotected the terror that rushes by day, and suffers accordingly, and not silently, it may be added. In this case, of course, there is a good deal in her diatribes; the dust grievance, in connection with motors, is even more serious than the speed one. Think of all the road microbes with which, in clouds and crowds motor traffic fills the air and our unlucky lungs.

Last week we had mixed weather all over our island. We had no time to grow tired of any particular sort before we were given a change. Tourists had the opportunity of seeing us in many aspects, in mists and breezes, sunshine and rain.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen, with a Viceregal party, have been making quite a tour through the south and west of the country, visiting many tourist resorts and many wild and remote districts as well, in which motors come in very usefully. They visited, after leaving Limerick, Lahinch, remarkable for its golf links and the comforts of its hotel, and Lisdoonvarna, celebrated of old for its "springs," and now holding a high place in hygienic renown for its fresh air, which is classed with that of Braemar, in Scotland, and Ilkley, in Yorkshire—moorland breezes, mixed with the distant breath of the sea. Both these places are in Clare, the northern boundary of which is Galway Bay, which beats on the bleak coast, the Burren, so beautifully and powerfully described by Miss Lawless in "Hurrish." Lord and Lady Aberdeen stayed for a few days at the Malaranny—sometimes called Mulrany—Hotel, a very favourite resort on the Atlantic, near Achill Island. Apropos of the name of the place, we never, just now, know what our own names, or those of our native places are. Which comes apparently through the process known as a "Renaissance." Some day, perhaps, it will also catch on with you; you will be going back to your old British, Saxon, Danish, etc., names, as the case may be. The difficulty seems to me to be how to know where to stop, once the process of "retreating back," as we say here, is commenced. When is finality in a family name to be reached any where between any of us and the universal ancestor Adam? Is it not the Stanley family who bravely and thoroughly begin their family tree with Adam de Stanley?

The rain came in from the sea on several of the days of the Viceregal visit, but it interfered in no way with the Viceregal enthusiasm in going the round of schools, industrial concerns, etc., and in saying kindly and encourgaging words to everyone. Their motors enabled the party to go into all sorts of remote and wild districts, where the first sight of a "Lord and Lady Lieutenant" in material form must have caused a curious change in many weird creations of the imaginations of an imaginative people. What an amazing contrast between "Dublin Castle" as shown in native journalism and oratory, and as represented by Lord and Lady Aberdeen! But life is full of such puzzles, and not least of all where politics come in. On Saturday Lord and Lady Aberdeen finished a most satisfactory week's tour by going on a visit to Lord and Lady Dudley at Inver Lodge, in Connemara, for a few days. Lord and Lady Dudley, with their family, had arrived there during the week, in the picturesque country of mountains, lakes, and rivers, to which Lord Dudley had taken such a fancy in the time of his Viceroyalty in Ireland. The Lord Chancellor and Lady Walker have taken a place for the summer in the West, where they usually spend some months, fishing being the Chancellor's pastime. Sir Antony MacDon-

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nell's holiday had many interruptions; last week he was called back to England by the death of his brother, Dr. M. MacDonnell, who was formerly a Nationalist member of Parliament. Lady MacDonnell has been spending some weeks in London. The end of this month will see many leading members of society returning to Ireland, and the end of the next will bring the crowds of the Horse Show week.—Yours ever, CLARE.

Do you want some nice recipes this week? Fish pie made thus is an excellent luncheon dish. It is also very good at a picnic:—

Put 1lb. of flour into a basin, make a well in the centre, break in two yolks of eggs, add a little salt, and mix it into a smooth pliant dough with 2oz. of butter and a gill of water melted together. Cover the dough and leave it for an hour. Then roll it out and, with it, line a well-greased raised pie mould. Pound 12oz. of white fish, either haddock or whiting, add 6oz. of bread panada, 4oz. of butter, and two whole eggs. Season this with salt and pepper, and when it is well amalgamated, rub it through a wire sieve. Line the mould with the farce, and then fill it with alternate layers of fillets of white fish, slices of hard-boiled eggs, chopped parsley, and the remainder of the force-meat. Moisten it with fish stock. Cover it with the paste, make a hole in the centre, ornament the top with leaves of the paste, brush it over with beaten egg, and bake it two hours very carefully. When it is done, pour some strongly reduced fish stock through the hole in the top, and leave it to get quite cold.

You will approve this turban of rice:—

Prepare the rice as for a casserole, peel and quarter some apples and stew them in syrup, but do not break the quarters. Dish the rice and put a jam jar in the centre to form a hollow to hold some whipped cream; dress the rice round the jar and smooth it with a spoon; now arrange the apples round the rice until you reach the top, then place the whole in the oven, leaving it there only long enough to dry up the syrup which adheres to the apples. Decorate it with preserved fruit, such as greengages, cherries, and angelica. Just before sending it to table remove the jam jar and carefully fill the space or hollow with a well-whipped cream, which may be sweetened to taste or flavoured with any essence.

Stewed spinach:—

Wash the spinach in several waters, and then put it to drain. Have ready a large pan of boiling water, in which throw a tablespoonful of salt and two lumps of sugar. Put the spinach into the water and let it boil for two minutes, then take it out and drain it. Put the spinach into a tossing-pan with enough butter to moisten it. Turn and toss it until the spinach is quite dry and of a green colour. Put it upon a plate and press it flat with another plate, both of which must be very hot. Then cut the spinach into diamond-shaped pieces and dish it up on toast fried in butter. Upon each diamond or square lay a nicely poached egg, and send all to table very hot.

Compôte de Pêches.

Boil down a tin of preserved apricots and rub them through a hair sieve. Reserve a gill of the purée. Mix ½ oz. of gelatine with the remainder, adding a little syrup, if necessary, and pour it into a plain border mould which has a sunk top. Mix the remaining gill of purée with half a gill of syrup, and place it on the ice. Cut half a dozen sound, ripe peaches in halves and put them into the syrup on the ice, keeping them turned frequently. Whisk a gill and a half of cream with a spoonful of sugar and a spoonful of maraschino. To serve: Turn the border out on a dish, pile the cream in the centre and arrange the peaches round the top.

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TO OUR READERS.

We receive hundreds of letters every week from "Readers of Truth." A large majority of the writers expect replies direct. Of the work, trouble, and expense involved in doing this we say nothing. But as experience has shown that a large number of our "Constant" and "Regular" readers who inquire about individuals with whom we have dealt in our columns over and over again are not actual subscribers to the paper, but merely occasional readers of it at clubs, libraries, or at friends' houses, we consider we must protect ourselves in the matter.

We have therefore decided that henceforth every reader who writes making an inquiry that necessitates a direct reply must enclose a stamped envelope and also a Coupon which will always be found at the foot of the 3rd page of the coloured cover. Without these no notice will be taken of the communication.

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a Coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" send replies by post.

No Coupon will be available that is over a fortnight out of date, except from correspondents residing abroad.

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ENTRE NOUS.

THE King will be at Goodwood House next week from Monday evening until Friday afternoon, and the party invited by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon to meet his Majesty includes Count Albert Mensdorff Pouilly and M. de Soveral. The King will embark at Portsmouth Harbour for Cowes on board the *Victoria and Albert* about half past five o'clock on Friday, August 3. His Majesty may possibly proceed in the Royal yacht on Saturday, August 11, or on Sunday, the 12th, direct from Cowes to Flushing, on his way to Marienbad, without returning again to London before he goes abroad.

The Prince of Wales is to dine at the Castle, West Cowes, on Tuesday, August 7, at the annual house dinner of the members of the R.Y.S. It is expected that the King of Spain will be present at this dinner. His Majesty was elected a member of the R.Y.S. last April.

The papers are rather wild in their announcements as to the projects of the King and Queen of Spain. There will most certainly not be any "entertaining" on board the *Victoria and Albert*, except small dinner parties. Anyone would suppose that these personages were going to pay a "sovereign" visit to England, whereas their trip to the Isle of Wight is to be most strictly private. It is stated that King Alfonso is going to Balmoral on August 12 for grouse shooting, which is all rubbish. Balmoral will then be closed, and the King is not expected there until about five weeks later on in the autumn.

King Alfonso changes his plans from day to day apparently, but it is understood that after spending about a fortnight on the Solent, he and his wife will proceed on a short yachting cruise before returning to Spain. Any project of a trip to Scotland is not likely to be encouraged at Court, the fact being that the visit of the King and Queen of Spain to Cowes just at this period would gladly have been dispensed with in what are termed "exalted" quarters. A newly-married King and Queen have invariably remained in their own dominions for at least a year after their union, and it would be impossible to find a precedent for the return of a Queen to her own country after only two months of matrimony. The trip to England is a complete breach of the old Court etiquette, but a short cruise is said to have been ordered for the benefit of the Queen of Spain's health and spirits.

The King is to be the guest of Lord and Lady Savile at Rufford Abbey during Doncaster race week. His Majesty will arrive at Rufford on the afternoon of Monday, September 10, and he is to stay at the Abbey until either the night of Sunday, the 16th, or the morning of Monday, the 17th, when he will proceed to Scotland.

The King spent the week-end with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Compton Place, Eastbourne, where there was a small party to meet him. On Sunday afternoon his Majesty drove to the Duke of Devonshire's stud farm at Polegate. Compton Place was rarely visited by the late Duke, who lent it for many years to his mother, Mrs. Cavendish, and later on it was occupied by his brother-in-law, Mr. Charles Howard. The house was built in the eighteenth century, and has pleasant gardens and well-wooded grounds. The Eastbourne estate came to the Caven-

dish family in 1782, by the marriage of Lady Elizabeth Compton, daughter of the Earl of Northampton, to Lord George Cavendish.

The Prince of Wales is to have a few days' grouse shooting during the first week of the season on the Duke of Devonshire's celebrated moors in Upper Wharfedale, and H.R.H. will be the guest of the Duke and Duchess at The Hall, Bolton Abbey. There will be only three shooting parties this year at Bolton Abbey, between August 13th and 31st, as on September 1st the Duke of Devonshire will leave England to join the Duchess at Aix-les-Bains. Very heavy bags are usually obtained on the Upper Wharfedale Moors, and driving begins on the first day of the season.

Prince Christian will be among the guests of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon at Goodwood House during the race week, after which he is going to Kissingen for the waters, and he will stay in Germany until about the middle of October. Princess Christian is going to Nauheim for the waters, after which she will visit the Grand Duchess Marie of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, either at Rosenau or at Tegernsee. H.R.H. is to return to England about the middle of September, and she will then go to Scotland to pay some visits.

The Duchess of Sparta concluded her visit to their Majesties at Buckingham Palace on Saturday, when she left town on a visit to Count and Countess Alexander von Münster at Maresfield Park, Sussex, whence she was going on to Seaford to join her children.

The Duchess of Skaane and her infant son have arrived in London from Stockholm on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and the Duke of Skaane is coming to England to join them as soon as he can get away from his military duties. The King has lent Birkhall to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who will probably be accompanied to Scotland by the Duke and Duchess of Skaane, and it is expected that they will reside on Deeside for several weeks.

Vanity Fair is all wrong about the Empress Eugénie, whose success "in bringing about the union of the King and Queen of Spain" is a mere flim-flam of romancing journalists. The Empress Eugénie had no more to do with this marriage than had the Empress of China. The tale about the anxiety of the Empress to see the Count of Turin betrothed to an Austrian Archduchess is a nonsensical fiction. How on earth is the Empress Eugénie concerned with the affairs of the Count of Turin? It is hard that all kinds of projects should be so recklessly attributed to the Empress, considering how entirely she has secluded herself for many years past. The Empress has been staying during the last week at the Hotel Continental, Paris, on her way back to England. By a curious coincidence the Comtesse de Paris arrived on the same day at the Continental, from her seat in the Puy de Dôme, where she had been residing since she returned to France from Spain early in May.

The Vienna correspondent of the *Tribuna* of Rome reproducing an announcement in Truth respecting the King's forthcoming visit to the Emperor of Austria speaks of "il giornale Truth, organo ufficioso della Corte." This is very flattering, but modesty, as well as a sense of duty to others, requires that I should deny the soft impeachment. Truth is in no sense the official journal of the Court, nor has it ever been. I hope there will be no further misapprehension on this point.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen have returned from their tour in the South and West of Ireland, on which they stayed at many of the hotels in the favourite tourist resorts. The hotel "industry" is rapidly developing all over Ireland and the beauties of the country can now be enjoyed without any sacrifice of the comforts, which are so essential to the modern traveller that he will generally leave Nature alone in her scenic beauty, unless he can contemplate her comfortably, fortified by good food, well cooked, and with the environment of electric light, "hot and cold laid on," with telephones and all up-to-date appliances. The modern pilgrim and stranger is in perfect accord with the poet, that "civilised man cannot live without cooks."

This week Lord and Lady Aberdeen are in residence at the Viceregal Lodge, where cricket matches will take place on the Viceregal ground on several days. Lord and Lady Aberdeen have issued invitations for garden parties in honour of the matches. The Viceregal cricket ground is a pleasant one adjoining the pleasure grounds and surrounded by stately trees affording desirable shade.

Sir Antony MacDonnell was in Ireland last week where the cares of State allow little time for holiday to the Under-Secretary at Dublin Castle. Sir Horace Plunkett has also been busily engaged with the duties of the much harassed Department over which he presides. The light that beats upon a throne does not surpass in fierceness that which is now beating upon the Agriculture Department in Ireland. Last week the Royal Commission of Inquiry, who have been going through the country, were in the north.

Lady Curzon's death is an irreparable loss to her husband, for whom the deepest sympathy is everywhere felt, as she had so entirely associated herself with his interests and pursuits that every passing hour will bring something to remind him of her. She was not only a woman of brilliant ability with all the instincts of a *grande dame*, but she was endowed with the sound practical sense of a vigorous and healthy mind. Lady Curzon was never capricious or uncertain, and she was always perfectly natural, both in manner and character. She was exceedingly generous, and will be gratefully remembered for innumerable unostentatious acts of kindness. She was a perfect hostess, and every

For Special for Ladies, see page 251.
For the Truth Hotel List, see page 241.
For Selected Foreign Hotels, see pages 240, 241.
For Amusements, see page 243.
For Appeals, see page 245.
For Estates, Auctions, &c., see page 237.
For Our Puzzles, see pages 249, 250.

ere she was the ornament and delight of the society which she moved.

A correspondent writes:—

The lamented death of Lady Curzon has once more aroused rsistent rumours that her dangerous illness at Walmer Castle the autumn of 1904 was the outcome of the defective state of ainage existing in this historical building. It is only fair there- re to state that subsequent research has proved that the sani- y arrangements were, and are, absolutely faultless, and had thing whatever to do with Lady Curzon's illness—terrible as was.

Walmer Castle, like that of Deal the residence of Lord George amilton, who is its "Captain"—has undoubted drawbacks as residence, but then it must be remembered that both were ilt by Henry VIII. as fortresses. Much was done to the terior of Walmer to modernise it before Lord Curzon's occupa- on of the Castle, but for various reasons it was impossible to ing it entirely up to the standard of twentieth century comfort, e of the most objectionable features being the dulness of the drooms, caused by the windows being set "high up," in deeply ojecting walls.

Queen Victoria, however, who with the Prince Consort was e guest there, in her young married days, of the Duke of ellington, was so delighted with the place that her originally tended visit of a week extended to three.

The Bishop of Truro, who died suddenly on Saturday, id been in a precarious state of health for a long ne past. He belonged to a very old and highly teemed Leeds family—the Gotts, of Armley, who ere among the principal pioneers of the woollen cloth dustry in Yorkshire. Dr. Gott had obtained a great putation as an active, popular, and successful parish ergyman, and a most able organiser, when Mr. Glad- one appointed him to the Vicarage of Leeds in 1873, the promotion of Dr. Woodford to the See of Ely. fter twelve years of hard work at Leeds, Dr. Gott as transferred by Lord Salisbury to the Deanery Worcester, succeeding Lord Alwyne Compton, who ecame Bishop of Ely, and here also he did much good ork, and made himself a general favourite. He id spent five years at Worcester when he became ishop of Truro, the See being vacant by the resigna- on of Bishop Wilkinson.

Bishop Gott was generous and hospitable, and for me years he worked zealously in the diocese, siting all the more remote parishes; but his piscopate has not been a brilliant success, for he as not only a most advanced High Churchman, but e had unluckily expressed the opinion in print at the Anglican clergy should not join with Non- onformists in supporting undenominational societies. very one knows that Cornwall is a stronghold of issent. However, his genial manner, his munificent harities, and his genuine kindliness made him person- lly popular, and his sermons and speeches were loquent, vigorous, and original.

Mr. Wolrige-Gordon, who died last week at the age f seventy-five, was the head of a very old Aberdeenshire mily. They have owned the estate of Hallheads since he fourteenth century, when it was purchased by homas Gordon, a younger son of Gordon of Ruthven. obert Gordon of Hallheads purchased the Esslemont roperty early in the seventeenth century, and his eldest n was "out" in the Jacobite rising of 1745, and his states were confiscated for several years. These family states in Aberdeenshire will now pass to the second son the late laird (Major Wolrige-Gordon) as the eldest n, Major Gordon-Gilmour, succeeded in 1887 to the valuable estates of Craigmillar and Liberton in Midlothian on the death of his great-uncle, after which he assumed the name of Gilmour.

The sudden and unexpected death of Dr. Evelyn Shuckburgh has caused general and very deep sorrow at Cambridge, where he was a universal favourite, and his removal will make a great blank in University society, particularly in the common room of Emmanuel, to which college he is an irreparable loss. Dr. Shuckburgh was a man of remarkably wide reading, and a superlatively good historian and classical scholar. He wrote many admirable books, one of his last productions being a most excellent history of his college. He had been for many years one of the most popular residents in Cambridge, and his cheerful manner and unfailing geniality made him always good company.

With deep regret I have to record the death of Mr. Artemas Aglen Dowty, which took place at Horley on Wednesday last. Mr. Dowty had been a member of the staff of TRUTH from the first appearance of this journal, and it is a somewhat remarkable circumstance that he is the first member of the original staff who has been removed by death, with the exception of the late Mr. Grenville Murray, who died quite in the early days of the paper. During nearly thirty years he has been a constant contributor in verse and prose, and his pen will be missed as much by the readers of TRUTH as by its editor. Except for one year, when his health failed him, he wrote the whole of the TRUTH Christmas Numbers, and his collaboration with Sir Carruthers Gould produced some of the most popular and successful of them. But he was an invaluable all-round journalist, and could turn his hand to any work with good effect. Some years ago, being in need of an art critic, I asked him to fill the gap on an emergency, and he did it so well that he has continued to do it ever since.

Mr. Dowty first made a mark as a journalist as "O.P.Q. Philander Smiff," of the old *London Figaro*, and the "Comic History of England" and the "Comic Natural History" which he contributed to that paper were good enough to be successfully republished in book form. He became really famous—though it was only anonymous fame—with the production of "The Coming K——," the most successful of Beeton's Christmas Annuals. I suppose the number of men who can remember "The Coming K——" is rapidly diminishing, but no book of its kind has ever made a more sensational hit. "The Siliad" and other annuals which followed in the same series were also Mr. Dowty's work, and after that he took to cultivating the hardy annuals of TRUTH. There was a vast amount of speculation at the time as to the authorship of "The Coming K——" and "The Siliad," and it would have been a surprise to the public and everybody else to have discovered the venomous author of those truculent satires in the smiling, unobtrusive little clerk of the Paymaster-General's Office—for Mr. Dowty was a Civil Servant, and, like a good many of his colleagues, found no difficulty in combining active journalism with the punctual discharge of his official duties. He had, indeed, not a particle of venom in his nature, and was one of the most modest as well as the

most amiable of men. No one who knew him can fail to deplore his death as deeply as I do myself, in company with all his colleagues.

Subscriptions are collected every summer at Bromyard for some local fête, but it is stated that this year many of the usual contributors have refused to give, as a practical manifestation of their displeasure at the result of the election for that division of Herefordshire, which unexpectedly ended in the return of a Liberal. It would be difficult to imagine anything more mean and paltry than this line of conduct, but the same thing has been going on at many places where the Tories were smashed last winter.

A Scotch correspondent writes:—

Much amusement has been caused in the North by the insane nonsense printed by the *Daily Express* on the subject of the well-known deer forest of Glenquoich, in Inverness-shire, where the King was the guest of Lord Burton, both last autumn and in September, 1904. This shooting has been vacated by Lord Burton after a tenancy of thirty-four years, and has been let to Mr. Phipps, of Pittsburg, who has occupied Beaufort Castle, Lord Lovat's seat in Inverness-shire, for several seasons. The *Express* announces that the "rent and expenses" of the forest of Glenquoich amount "to about £100,000 a year." The conductors of the paper must be grossly ignorant when they can print such trash. The rent of this shooting is under £5,000 a year, and the "expenses" cannot possibly exceed that sum.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CATERPILLARS.

(Which Didn't Come Off.)

With Apologies to Byron.

The *larvæ* came down on the trees of the Park,
And swarmed, in their hordes, on the leaves and the bark;
They fell from above, thick as manna divine,
Or as rain when it poureth on long Serpentine.

Yea, from their arboreal perches they dropped,
And down on the heads of the passers-by plopped;
They crawled up their legs and they crawled down their necks,
Irrespective of age, or of rank, or of sex.

Ah! that was the worst. For if only they had
Kept *out*side, it wouldn't have been quite so bad;
But *in*side your "neathies" to tickle and crawl,
Where you couldn't get at 'em, was rather *too* tall.

Then home ran each Johnny, half maddened by itches,
He tore off his shirt and he pulled off his breeches;
And each damsel took off—never mind. Off she took it,
And over a foot-bath she vig'rously shook it.

But the chap in the Park, who looks after the chairs,
When he sees 'em all empty, he fumes and he swears,
And vows, "If these grubs 'ere ain't quick sent to h—ll O,
Precious soon I'll be out of a job, like Othello."

Then the Office of Works—I believe that's the name—
Woke up, and at length took a hand in the game.
They sent disinfectants, in nine-gallon jars,
To play with a hose on those caterpillars.

"It will kill them at contact; not one will be spared,"
So this confident Office of Works it declared.
"Aye! the host all alive that to-day crawls and creeps
Will lie there to-morrow in shrivelled-up heaps."

Came the morrow, and came the park-keeper, who found
Those *larvæ* NOT lying in heaps on the ground,
But, up in the trees, livelier far than before,
Like Oliver Twist, *they were asking for more.*

The Cure of Consumption.—L., M.R.C.S.Eng., writes: "It having been my good fortune to meet several patients of Dr. Alabone, I feel bound to add my testimony as to the success of his treatment, having proved it by personal observation of the changes effected in their appearance, and their gratifying statements made by their own free will. I have seen cases pronounced '*utterly incurable' by the highest chest specialists* quite recover."—"The Cure of Consumption, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh," price 2s. 6d., by E. W. Alabone, Lynton House, Highbury-quadrant, N.

The Lord Chancellor has made an excellent appoin ment to the vacant Canonry of Bristol Cathedra The Rev. Reginald T. Talbot, who has been Vicar o St. Werburgh's, Derby, during the last six years, is "a round" a very able man, an admirable preacher an platform speaker, an excellent organiser and admini trator, and distinguished for that priceless qualit shrewd common sense, in which the clergy are usuall lamentably lacking. He is eminent as a theologic scholar, and he worked in the diocese of Durham unde the immediate supervision of Bishop Lightfoot, wh had a high opinion of him. Mr. Talbot is a decide Radical, and a reasonable and tolerant Broad Churc man, and he has never concealed his advanced politic views. He hates all sham and humbug, and has app rently regarded the violent opposition of the clergy t the Education Bill with considerable contempt. It is i the greatest degree probable that the new Canon o Bristol will be promoted to a bishopric before man years have elapsed. Canon Barnett is a great loss t Bristol in all ways, but if any man can fill his place is his successor in the stall.

Lady Smyth, of Ashton Court, has presented the Rev Charles P. Way, curate of Hartshill, Staffordshire, t the vicarage of Henbury, Gloucestershire, which is o the net value of about £500 a year, with house. Thi living has become vacant by the resignation of Canc Way, father of the new vicar, who was presented to i in 1860 by his cousin, the late Sir Greville Smyth.

A Bill regulating the emoluments of the Deanery o Manchester has been introduced into the House o Commons. An Act of Parliament was passed in 185 which gave the Dean a stipend of £1,500 a year (£1,00 as Dean of the Cathedral and £500 as rector of th parish), with an official residence, which has been l for many years past. A new Deanery was provided 1904, and the old house in Deansgate was let on lea at £1,100 a year. When the late Dean died, the incon (from stipends and rents) amounted to about £2,400 year. The new Bill (to which Bishop Welldon ha assented) gives the present Dean £1,500 a year, wit the residence. The balance (about £900 a year) will b applied to purposes connected with the services of th Cathedral.

A correspondent suggests that the bishops of th Church of England ought to regulate in some way th practice of making a charge for showing churches t visitors, and the application of the income derived fro this source. He mentions the case of one church i Dorsetshire, where a regular charge of 6d. is made fo showing the church, and where there is "an incessan stream of visitors on Saturday afternoons and holidays, so that the amount raised is considerable. I suppo that it is the business of churchwardens to look aft the money obtained in this way; and it ought to go, should think, towards the maintenance of the fabric o the church and the payment of any verger or othe official who may be put in charge to look after th place and to enlighten visitors with those interestin

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Chambers to Let in Bloomsbury. Suitable for a bachelor Resident housekeeper on premises Rent £38.—Apply, House keeper, 34, Great Ormond-street, W.C.

istorical details for which vergers are famous. The dea, however, of exacting a fixed charge for admission o a church seems to me profane, and it is quite indefen- ible in the case of the buildings of the Church of ngland, which are public institutions. They ought all o be open to the public free during certain hours of he day, and I should think that the right of the clergy r churchwardens to close them at all times when service s not going on is very doubtful.

A retired army chaplain came to me the other day ith a grievance against the Clergy Pensions Institu- on. He had subscribed to the institution for some ears, with a view to obtaining an annuity at the age of xty-five. The institution offers such annuities on milar terms to those of ordinary life offices; but it lso supplements them, in certain cases, from what is lled the "Annuity Augmentation Fund," which is rmed from charitable subscriptions, profits on the usiness, etc. In this particular instance the army haplain expected that his annuity would be augmented this way, but when he came to apply for it he was eferred to a clause in the rules to the effect that if an nnuitant is in receipt of "a grant from any fund for roviding clergy pensions," other than the funds of the stitution, he shall only receive an amount of ugmentation sufficient to make his annuity up to the mount which would have been granted had he not een in receipt of income from such other sources. As he chaplain had retired with the usual pension, the irectors hold that he was entitled to no augmentation t all.

It seems quite clear that the decision of the directors n this point is indefensible, having regard to the terms f the rule. An army chaplain's retired pay cannot irly be described as "a grant from any fund for pro- iding clergy pensions." It is a payment out of the mperial taxes, which are levied every year for miscel- neous purposes, of which the providing clergy ensions is certainly not one. On the other hand, the se of an army chaplain is certainly analogous to the se of any retired parochial clergyman who is in receipt a grant from some other source than the funds of this rticular institution; and the directors may therefore ntend that the case is within the spirit of the rule ough not within its letter. Rules of this nature, how- er, ought to be worded so that there can be no possi- lity of misunderstanding. The directors would do well alter this particular rule so that it will clearly cover e case of a pensioned army chaplain; and in the eantime it seems desirable to point out to the chaplains at they can obtain no special benefits by becoming bscribers to the Institution.

If any of my readers would care to do an act of kind- ss to the old people in the workhouse of one of e poorest London parishes, Miss Alice Grey, one of e Guardians for Lambeth, asks me to say that she ill be very grateful for contributions to give them a y in the country. Recent incidents may have con- yed to the public the impression that all paupers in orkhouses live like fighting-cocks. This, however, is ite erroneous. Miss Grey states that there are some hundreds of old people in Lambeth who have not had as much as a day's outing for several years, and last time they got one it was in some measure due to the generosity of readers of TRUTH. I hope it may be so again. Miss Grey's address is St. Anne's Cottage, Oxshott, Surrey.

An old acquaintance of mine is recalled to my notice by the following interesting appeal which is now in circulation:—

MY MISSION

(OR BIBLE TRACT MISSION).

HERR A. ROSENSTRAUCH,
Late Student King's College, Univ. London.
Resident Missionary.

67, Gt. Russell-street, W.C.
May, 1906.

OBJECT.

A.—For the circulation amongst "The Hebrews" and others, an Autobiography and Sketch of Herr A. Rosenstrauch's conversion to Christianity (Jan. 27th, 1886), published together, with select portions of the Bible, being "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction."

B.—To partly support Herr A. Rosenstrauch during his incapacity or until he recovers the use of his ankle-joint and walking powers to some extent.

C.—Funds are required to meet the publisher's Account.

To this is added a medical certificate respecting the disease of Mr. Rosenstrauch's ankle joint, and the prospect of his recovery of his walking powers.

This man Rosenstrauch is a thoroughgoing humbug, and I would warn all persons against his appeals. His story has already been pretty fully given in TRUTH. He is an Austrian Jew, who came to London many years ago, studied at King's College, and embraced Christianity. He used at that time the name of Abraham Hornstein. Since his conversion he seems to have gained his livelihood by posing as a Christian missionary to the Jews, and begging vigorously in that character. In 1893 he wrote to the Chief Rabbi, renouncing Christianity, for reasons which he gave, and begging Dr. Adler to "kindly receive him back to the fold of Israel." The Chief Rabbi seems to have thought that the fold of Israel would be better without him, so Hornstein renounced his renunciation, and returned to the business of collecting subscriptions for the conversion of the Israelites to the Christian fold.

After the first warning against Rosenstrauch's appeals was given in TRUTH, he wrote to inform me that it was his intention to apply to the High Court for permission to issue a criminal summons against me for malicious libel. His chief ground of action appeared to be that I had spoken of him as Hornstein *alias* Rosenstrauch, whereas he really was Rosenstrauch *alias* Hornstein. At the same time he mentioned that in the event of the High Court not allowing him to issue a criminal summons, he was desirous of bringing a civil action against me, for which purpose he asked me to lend him £100, not having means of his own available for the purpose. Subsequently he called at this office, and informed one of my clerks that he had been before a Judge in Chambers, and obtained the necessary permission for a criminal summons; but for some reason he did not issue that formidable process. Coupling this incident with his oscillation between Christianity and Judaism, I conclude that he is of a shilly-shallying disposition generally, and I confess to a suspicion that his account of the proceedings before the Judge in Chambers was

an effort of his imagination. I did not lend him the £100 for the purpose of bringing a libel action against me, because, though he had offered to "repay me handsomely" out of the damages awarded by the jury, this security did not seem to be quite good enough.

Here is another appeal of the same class, written, I am sorry to say, by the Rev. J. W. Jones, vicar of Mydrim, Carmarthen, but dated from the Clergy House of Rest, Llanfairfechan:—

Dear Sir,—Do please help us in this year's "*exceptional*" outlay, so much sick, especially to bring home our two daughters from South Africa, after four years for their health, only worse, we are warned, and poor Millicent "*in consumption.*" So much unavoidable cost, and we are on the "*brink of bankruptcy,*" and *driven* to seek help to avert it.

1. We had to ask them to "borrow," for their long journey home from Bloemfontein, repayable on their landing on the 24th.
2. After such four years, they "*need*" a complete new outfit.
3. As they are so very frail, their anxious mother and I *will* meet them (D.V.) at Southampton, and with all the train fares and the apartments, it will cost several pounds, and we, honestly, have not a pound to spare, because, although we do net, when all is deducted, just over £200, there "never" can be a florin over.

Then follow further details of domestic expenditure under four more heads, and after that distressing particulars of the illness of the writer and his wife. All this, communicated to a perfect stranger, plainly denotes the practised hand. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that Mr. Jones has been distributing appeals of this kind for the last five or six years at least, besides receiving help from the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation. No one appreciates more than I do the terrible distress of some of the beneficed clergy, but those most deserving of sympathy are not generally those readiest to proclaim their poverty in the above way; and I do not think that a man with an income of £200 a year and a house provided for him can have any justification for systematic begging.

In this connection I may mention an appeal now being addressed to well-to-do Scotchmen and Scotchwomen by a Mr. John Duncan McGregor, a Scottish journalist in London. In a lengthy printed statement, Mr. McGregor gives an egotistical account of his career, in the course of which he has been connected with several leading newspapers in Australia and in London. He is now undoubtedly in an advanced stage of consumption, and he asks for money to assist him to get out to South Africa. He uses as a reference the names of several well-known gentlemen on the London Press, from some of whom he has received contributions. He does not mention, however, that a few weeks ago his case was brought to the knowledge of the Scots Corporation, who invited him to call, and informed him that such assistance would be forthcoming as would render a general appeal on his part unnecessary. In point of fact, he refused this offer, anything but gratefully, and wrote a letter insisting on his right to appeal to the "big-headed and big-hearted men of Scotland." The big-headed and big-hearted ought certainly to know this.

The following amounts have been received by me towards Lady St. Helier's Children's Holiday Fund: R. F. D., £2; Eileen, Bobo, and Denise, £25; H., £3.

I have also to acknowledge £5 from Lady Bevan towards the Toy Fund.

Apropos of a paragraph dealing with the anomalo results of the present system of assessing N.C.O pensions, the following illustration is sent by correspondent who recently retired from the Roy Horse Artillery in India. He was promoted to se geant at the end of nine years, twenty-nine days' servic consequently just twenty-nine days short of the tim necessary to complete twelve years' service as sergea by the end of his twenty-one years. He was promoted battery sergeant-major about nine years later, and, his time expired at the beginning of the Boer War, l was retained in the Service until he had complete 26 years 112 days. When it comes to assessing h pension he gets only 2s. 3d. a day for his service sergeant and sergeant-major down to the completion his twenty-one years, and another 5d. for the five yea beyond twenty-one. For the last 112 days he ge nothing, although he loses 3d. a day for life for want twenty-nine days in the original date of his promotion sergeant. I am not going to suggest that if a man h failed to get promoted to sergeant in his first nine yea he should be allowed to reckon any time after twent one years towards the twelve years necessary for h pension. This would inevitably lead to a large increa in the number of men allowed to extend their servi beyond that limit. But anomalies like the above wou be got rid of, to all intents and purposes, if a penn increase of pension were given for every year's servi instead of 3d. for three years.

The eccentricities of Army justice are illustrated the case of four men of 86 Company, R.G.A., who we recently in trouble through being absent at night wit out leave. They all lost two days' pay, but two, t two oldest soldiers, were punished with ten days' C. besides, another, the youngest, with an admonition, a the fourth with six days' cells. There seems to be nothi in the men's records to justify this extraordinary di crepancy in the sentences, the man who got the senten of imprisonment having only had one entry against hi during nineteen months' service, which only involv seven days' C.B., while one of the other men who g off so lightly had had a sentence of imprisonment only month previously. These sentences were not passed b the C.O., but by a subaltern belonging to another batter and they seem to raise the question whether juni officers should under any circumstances be allowed inflict so heavy a punishment as six days' cells.

Yet another complaint from the Fort, Allahabad. man who only joined the 85th Company, R.G.A., January, 1905, was appointed sergeants' mess wait about two months later, which appointment he he until May last, when he was relieved. He was th appointed acting-bombardier, was examined for p motion to corporal, and failed. Yet in June he w appointed to take charge of the coffee shop, still retai

Mr. Lange, 15, Rue Duret, Paris, has just received f immediate delivery, a most practical and luxurious touring ca New 50-h.p Panhard-Levassor, 4 cylinders 145×160, oscillati magneto, Krebs hydraulic regulated carburetter, perfectly fitte price £2,000. He has likewise one of the well-known a thoroughly reliable 40-h.p. Berliet chassis, price £800. In a fe days he will receive from Renault works, a 40-h.p. Renault chas price £1,280. Purchasers, to avoid disappointment, are advised telegraph him.

his pay as acting-bombardier. It is not surprising t a man who has spent upwards of a year as mess ter should fail in his examination for corporal, and interests of efficiency seem to suggest that he should required to remain at duty until he has qualified for motion instead of being given another non-duty ointment with pay as an acting N.C.O.

During the last few weeks some very outspoken ticism of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Nursing Ser- e has been appearing in the *Broad Arrow*. For a g time past I have had my suspicions that the organ- tion of the female nursing element in the Army is working satisfactorily, but I have kept my suspicions myself, because they were chiefly based on what I ve heard from officers and orderlies of the R.A.M.C., d one must make some allowance for personal and fessional sentiments in accepting evidence from that arter. But the articles and correspondence that have peared in the *Broad Arrow* contain a great deal more an can be explained away by any consideration of that nd, and the time seems to have come when the atten- n of the Secretary of State and the Army Council ould be directed to the matter.

The cost of the service last year was £37,000 in pay d allowances, and I gather from the *Broad Arrow* at about 270 nurses were employed (including those South Africa), though the authorised establishment much higher. The service, therefore, can hardly be nsidered cheap. In regard to efficiency, no mplaint seems to have been made against the rsonal qualifications of any of the ladies em- oyed. But it is very strongly alleged that the atus and authority conferred upon the nurses has been ejudicial to discipline, and it is the opinion of many edical officers that the efficiency of military hospitals s suffered from this and analogous causes. By an rmy Order of 1904 female nurses rank in authority xt to officers of the R.A.M.C. and above the warrant ficers and N.C.O.s and it is pretty clear that this rrangement has caused a good deal of trouble, as it ight have been expected to do.

Another point of importance is the allegation at friction between the nurses and the male rderlies, and the relegation of the latter to bordinate, not to say menial, duties is tend- g to drive the best men out of the R.A.M.C. may be answered that, if true, this is of consequence, if the nursing is better done by ladies. ut it has to be remembered that the extent to which male nurses can be employed in war is limited. They ust be more or less confined to base hospitals, and the st care of the wounded at the front will almost always in the hands of male nurses. In accordance with the inciples now professed at Headquarters, the efficiency the nursing service, like that of other branches of the rmy, must be judged in relation to the conditions of ar, not the working of an ordinary hospital in time of ace. It seems that the nursing section of the A.M.C. is now only 800 strong, which does not look uch for the requirements of Mr. Haldane's great ex- ditionary force when it takes the field.

It will surprise many people, as it did me, to learn that, in addition to the professional acquirements of a nurse, an undefined degree of "social status" is required of a lady who aspires to the privilege of nursing a soldier in time of sickness. It is difficult to understand the necessity for this. It may have occurred to the organisers of the service that "a lady by birth" may be better trusted to comport herself with propriety amid the temptations of Army society. But I am not sure myself that a "flirtatious" disposition in the female sex has any relation to social status, and I should think that the better a nurse looks after her patient the better it is for him all round, even though a susceptible individual here and there may lose his heart to the ministering angel. It seems to me that all dangers of this kind are best obviated by reducing the number of females in a military hospital to a minimum. I dare say there is room for women in this work, both in war and peace. But there is no room for petticoat government, whether in military hospitals or in any other branch of Army administration.

A youth was brought up at Brentford the other day on a charge of heartlessly robbing an infatuated woman who had taken pity on him when he was homeless and destitute. The report ends with the statement that "he was remanded on bail, and advised to join the Army." There seem to be a certain number of magistrates on the Bench, who, whenever they get an unmitigated blackguard before them, indicate their opinion that the Army is the best place for him, and it seems about time that someone in authority took steps to check this form of magisterial aberration. In olden times, when we were hard up for soldiers and sailors to fight our battles, it used to be the custom to offer prisoners, whether debtors or criminals, an opportunity of obtaining their liberty by enlistment. But we have got past that, and what difficulty there is in obtaining recruits is aggravated by people like these Brentford Justices, who do their best to propagate the notion that the Army is the proper place for bad characters.

Some interesting notes on a murder trial in the Bombay High Court are sent to me by an officer who happened to look in during the proceedings. The prisoner was a private of the Connaught Rangers. The dock which he occupied during the trial was placed amid the spectators, mostly natives, who could lean their arms on the rails and thus stare at the prisoner in comfort. When the jury retired to consider their verdict, another prisoner was placed in the dock side by side with the first; and when the jury returned the second trial was suspended for a few minutes while the verdict was given, and the first prisoner was summarily condemned to death and removed. The condemned man was then marched outside to a sort of cage adjoining the public corridor, from which it was separated by bars. Here he remained during the luncheon interval, and presumably to the end of the day's proceedings, exposed to the interested gaze of a

THE PERFECTION of Sparkling Hock, BURGEFF'S GREEN LABEL DRY, LIGHT, DELICATE, FINE BOUQUET, 54s. per doz. of all wine merchants.

crowd of curious sightseers, mostly natives again, struggling to have a look at him. We show somewhat more respect for decency when trying a man for his life in this country, and I do not know why they should be less particular in India when trying a British soldier in the presence of natives.

From inquiries which have been addressed to the Commonwealth Government by Mr. Henniker Heaton, it appears that the great Griffin snowball has at last fulfilled some useful object, inasmuch as it has provided the Australian Postmaster-General with an argument for obtaining from the recent Postal Congress at Rome an additional regulation under the Postal Union Convention to deal with insufficiently prepaid letters. The new regulation, however, only provides power to dispense with the obligation to return to the country of origin snowball letters, insufficiently prepaid, which have been refused by the addressee. This will no doubt save the postal authorities a good deal of time and trouble, but can have very little effect upon the progress of a snowball which has once been set rolling. I am afraid that it would be almost impossible to frame a regulation which would effectually prevent any one engaging in this form of idiotcy in future, but I would have suggested that the Postal Congress should at least have made it not worth while any one starting a snowball by refusing delivery of letters to the author of the scheme.

At intervals during the last twelve months references have been made to the certificates granted by the superintendent of the House of Lords refreshment department to different firms who claimed to be the authorised purveyors of the only true "House of Lords" Scotch whisky, and in the last of these special mention was made of the certificate given to Messrs. James Saunders and Co., Ltd., of London and Glasgow. I have recently heard from Messrs. Saunders and Co. that though they did not think it necessary to say anything on the subject at the time, they have since found that my remarks have created an impression in Canada, Australia, and other distant parts of the world where the Truth paragraph has had a large circulation, that they are not the suppliers of whisky to the House of Lords, whereby their trade has been injuriously affected. Though this may be in a sense flattering to me I have no desire to cause such a result, and I therefore publish the following statement from the firm as to the history of their relations with the House of Lords refreshment department. It will be seen that Messrs. Saunders and Co. have every right to describe their brand as "House of Lords" whisky, and I hope that there will be no misapprehension in future on that point:—

Jas. Saunders and Co., the predecessors of the present Limited Company, have, ever since 1879, supplied Scotch whisky to the House of Lords Refreshment Department in considerable quantities, and on the 12th of February, 1898, Mr. William Aggas, who was then Superintendent of the Department, gave them a certificate in the following words:—

Refreshment Department,
House of Lords,
February 12, 1898.

Dear Mr. Saunders,—Your O B Whisky is the only Scotch Brand supplied in bulk to the House of Lords since January 1, 1879, to the present date.—Yours truly,

(Signed) William Aggas.

This certificate was given at that date in consequence of another firm stating that they were Sole Suppliers of Scotch whisky to the House of Lords, when in fact they were not so.

On April 7, 1898, in consequence of statements by other persons that they were suppliers, or sole suppliers, of Scotch whisky to the House of Lords, Mr. Aggas gave a further certificate in the following words:—

House of Lords,
Refreshment Department.
April 7, 1898.

I hereby certify that from January 1, 1879, to March 31, 1898 the whole requirements of the House of Lords in Scotch whisky have been supplied by Messrs. Jas. Saunders and Co., Limited, under their O B mark, with the exception of about ten cases and one cask supplied by "another firm."

(Signed) William Aggas.

Mr. Aggas remained Refreshment Superintendent up to 1902, when he was succeeded by Mr. Casbon. Since the appointment of Mr. Casbon it may be that some very limited quantities have been supplied to the Refreshment Department by firms other than Messrs. Saunders and ourselves; but we and our predecessors have ever since 1879 up to the present time been the continuous bonâ fide suppliers of Scotch whisky to the House of Lords with the small exceptions above referred to.

We sell considerable quantities of the same whisky that we supply to the House of Lords in the Colonies and elsewhere, stating on the labels on the bottles (as we are perfectly justified in doing) that the whisky in question is the same whisky as has been supplied to the House of Lords since 1879. Some firms dealing principally with the Colonies, anxious possibly to get the benefit of our reputation, and notwithstanding that they were not in fact suppliers of whisky to the House of Lords, began to use labels bearing the words "House of Lords," and describing their whisky as House of Lords Scotch whisky. In one case the whisky is simply called "House of Lords Scotch Whisky." In another case the words used are "House of Lords Whisky As supplied to the members of the House of Lords," which, of course, may be accurate, but the reason for the use of the words "House of Lords" is quite obvious.

We felt that what was being done was unfair, and, in fact, misleading to the public, and in 1904 Mr. Casbon gave us a certificate in ordinary typewriting, and bearing his signature and seal. We printed that certificate in a particular and quite distinctive manner, and put it on our bottles in the form of a label, a specimen of which is sent herewith, and we would call your special attention to the form in which the certificate was so printed and got up.

Soon after we did this, a company of the name of Munro and Son, Limited (registered, we believe, in 1904), advertised Scotch whisky called "House of Lords," describing themselves as Purveyors by Warrant of Appointment. A specimen of one of these advertisements is sent herewith. Messrs. Munro apparently obtained from Mr. Casbon a certificate, but it will be noticed that the words "continuously supplied the House of Lords with whisky for . . . years," which appear in our certificate, or any words to that effect, were omitted from such certificate. Messrs. Munro, not satisfied with getting the certificate, reproduced it as will be seen, in the advertisement exactly in the same way as we had reproduced our certificate, and, not satisfied with taking the words "House of Lords," they use a facsimile of the form of our certificate.

Another firm, trading as Simpson and Co., also obtained a certificate from Mr. Casbon, and they adopted the form used by us, and they went a step further, and called themselves "the real suppliers of Scotch whisky in bulk and bottle to the House of Lords." Objection was made to Messrs. Simpson that the use of the words "the real suppliers" would lead people to believe that they were the only suppliers, and to the objection Messrs. Simpson replied that there was a certain firm advertising themselves as the only Scotch whisky distillers supplying the House of Lords with Scotch whisky, notwithstanding that they had ceased to supply the House of Lords long ago; and therefore so long as that firm continued to advertise themselves they untruly they would not drop their advertisement.

In February, 1906, and after what appeared in your article we had various interviews with Sir Henry Graham at the House of Lords, which resulted in our submitting to Sir Henry a form of certificate which he thought Mr. Casbon might be fairly asked to sign, and to this certificate in the undermentioned form Sir Henry Graham stated he had no objection:—

To Jas. Saunders and Co., Limited.

I beg to state that you are purveyors of Scotch whisky to the Refreshment Department of the House of Lords, and that you have continuously supplied whisky to such Department for the last twenty-eight years.

Superintendent of the Refreshment Department,
House of Lords, London.

As you will see from the foregoing, the real facts are that we have for a great number of years past been real and bonâ fide suppliers to the House of Lords, we have put our whisky on the market bearing the title "House of Lords," and some members of the trade (some of whom have not supplied

Grand Hotel, Broadstairs. Perfectly appointed modern hotel, beautifully situated. Fine tennis lawns. Large private gardens to cliff edge. Gordon Hotels, Ltd.

Motor Cars Insured against Accidental Damage, Fire, Explosion, Self-Ignition, and Burglary. Public Liability also covered.—Imperial Accident, Live Stock, and General Insurance Co., Ltd., 17, Pall Mall East, S.W. New "Motor" Prospectus" sent on application.

ky to the House of Lords at all), without any justification, are g to get the benefit of our trade by calling their whisky use of Lords whisky," and, not even satisfied with that, some em use facsimile reproductions of the form of our certificate s. So far from the "trade" having reason to complain, as apparently have done to you, of our action, we think we reason to complain of the trading methods adopted by persons.—Yours truly,

For Jas. Saunders and Co., Limited,
W. M. Saunders,
Managing Director.

desire of so many firms to advertise themselves as er the patronage of the House of Lords is a remark- proof of the estimation in which our hereditary slators are held in the Colonies and other distant s of the Empire as judges of whisky. In case any ck should be made upon the constitutional rights he Upper House, I think that an important fact of kind in their lordships' favour ought in fairness e recorded, though I may be myself in the attacking y.

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et another letter has reached me from Mr. John Wildman, secretary of the Easby Society, 17, Albion- ct, Leeds. It seems that he is not satisfied with my arks last week (which is not at all surprising), but he will be satisfied if I will publish his society's penny-halfpenny insurance coupon "exactly as it ds," together with "the whole of the explanatory 10 paragraph from our prospectus," so that my lers may judge for themselves "whether or no our pon is likely to 'delude and humbug' people, or ther it does not in fact really offer and effect a a fide saving of 2½d. in the shilling on every recur- g premium." I am afraid that Mr. Wildman must ain unsatisfied, for I certainly do not intend to ply with this modest suggestion. The facts that I e already given are quite sufficient to enable my lers to judge for themselves as to the fairness of my ments on this society's coupon advertisement. Mr. dman concludes his letter with the remark that "our ss premiums (industrial) are no higher than those rged by *other first-class societies*." The italics are e. The Easby Society has not the remotest claim be considered a first-class society, and I should ngly advise persons desiring to insure themselves to so in better established offices.

My allusion last week to the excessive charges of the rnet Water Company has brought in sundry com- ints of the same kind from customers of water com- ies in other towns and districts. Unfortunately, the es levied by the companies have been authorised by liament, and so it is of little use to indulge in mere unciations of their rapacity. The only practical rse is for the oppressed consumers to agitate locally the transfer of the water supply to the Town or trict Council, though even then—as Londoners know n the present charges of the Metropolitan Water rd—the companies usually have to be bought out at a an exorbitant price that no immediate reduction of rate is possible.

In the case at Woolwich Police Court which figures in my Legal Pillory this week the magistrate, Mr. Mead, anticipating unfavourable criticism, announced that he did not care what people said. What people will say, whether he cares or not, is that he passed a monstrously harsh sentence. It does not appear from the report that the juvenile defendant had been previously convicted, and the majesty of the law and the rights of turnip-growers would surely have been sufficiently vindicated by giving the delinquent a severe warning, and binding him over to come up for judgment if called upon. By committing this boy of fourteen to prison for three weeks on such a paltry charge, Mr. Mead certainly has incurred the serious responsibility of which he spoke, and I trust that the Home Secretary will at once revoke the sentence. The following list contains further examples of magisterial severity in dealing with such crimes as petty larceny, poaching, and sleeping out, while, by way of contrast, I give sundry illustrations of the misguided leniency with which acts of brutality are treated:—

Southampton Police Court. Before Messrs. J. E. Le Feuvre, L. Butler, E. Whitaker, and other magistrates. David Riley, charged with being drunk and disorderly, and with assaulting a policeman. Upon being arrested on the first charge prisoner threw the constable to the ground, kicked him, and "butted" him with his head. He was very violent all the way to the police station. Fined 30s. and costs for the two offences.

Buckhaven Police Court. Before Bailie Condie. Frank Dods, charged with assaulting David Anderson. The accused dragged Anderson out of the latter's house into the road, where he was kicked and beaten. Fined 30s.

Coventry City Police Court. Before Messrs. J. Marriott, Rowland Hill, E. Turrall, and W. J. Wormall. Ernest John Fitter, charged with assaulting a policeman. Owing to defendant's violence his wife left the house in the middle of the night and complained to the officer. The latter went back with her to the house, where defendant, who was drunk, again struck her several times in the face and then assaulted the policeman. Fined 5s. and costs.

Welshpool Borough Police Court. Before Messrs. E. Wyne, M. Jehu, D. P. Owen, and W. Humphreys. David Evans and Ellen Trow, charged with assaulting Thomas Joseph Morris. Complainant was knocked down and kicked on the head and in the stomach. He was left in an insensible condition, and he had since been under medical treatment. Evans fined 12s. 6d. and Trow 10s.

Newport Police Court. Charles Haslett, charged with assaulting his wife by striking her on the head with a piece of iron. She had been under medical treatment for a week for her injuries. Fined £3.

Southampton County Police Court. Before Colonel F. Willan, Sir A. S. Lethbridge, Major Chapman, and Mr. Pember. Aaron Middleton, charged under the Poaching Prevention Act with being found in possession of nets and game. Fined £3 and costs; in default one month.

Brigg Police Court. Frederick Kaywood, charged with stealing two fowls. Six weeks.

Lytham Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. T. Fair, W. Hodgson, W. A. Winstanley, W. Benson, E. W. Mellor, W. S. Hodgson, and T. W. Fairbrother. Robert Fisher and Robert Littlefair, charged with poaching. Fined £2 each and costs.

Spalding Police Court. Before the Rev. J. T. Dove, Messrs. W. H. Mills, E. Howard, and W. J. Hardy. Wm. Madison, charged with stealing a piece of meat value 4s. from a slaughter-house. One month.

Longton Police Court. Charles Colley, charged under the Poaching Prevention Act with being found in possession of nets and rabbits. Fined £5 and costs.

Woolwich Police Court. Before Mr. Mead. Henry Harris, aged 14, charged with being concerned with three other lads not in custody in wilfully damaging turnips in a field. It was stated that the lads were seen pulling up the turnips. Mr. Mead said he did not care what people said, but he was going to take upon himself a serious responsibility. He had no power to order the prisoner the sound thrashing that he deserved and to impose a fine would be no good, as he had no money. He would therefore be sentenced to 21 days hard labour, to undergo which an appropriate prison would no doubt be found for him.

he latest examples of stamped Note Paper, At Home ds, &c. Over 60 specimens sent free. Parkins & Gotto, tioners to H.M. the Queen, 54, Oxford Street, London, W.

Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Nearly 8,000 convictions last year. Complaints marked 'Private.' absolutely confidential.—Secretary, 105, Jermyn-st., London.

Wolverhampton Police Court. Before Alderman Gibbons and other magistrates. Wm. Henry Corbett, charged with assaulting his wife and also a policeman. After he had assaulted his wife the officer was called to the house and defendant struck him several times. The Bench said he was evidently a violent man. Fined 20s. for each assault.

Plymouth Police Court. John Harrington, charged with assaulting James Box. Complainant said that defendant rushed into his house, dragged him into the street, and struck him on the temple with a buckle strap, causing a large wound. The Bench characterised the assault as a most serious one. Fined 40s.

Grays Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. C. B. Russell, E. J. Goldsmith, and F. H. D. C. Whitmore. James Sutton, charged with cruelty to a horse by withholding from it sufficient food. A constable said the animal was nothing but skin and bone, and a veterinary surgeon said he was of opinion that it had been slowly starved to death. Fined 20s. and 4s. costs.

Epping Petty Sessions. Before Sir T. Powell Buxton and Messrs. N. S. Lawrence, W. C. Waller, and W. Petchett. John Savill, charged with stealing a shirt, value 2s. 6d. One month.

Kilmarnock Sheriff Court. James Wyper and John Paterson, charged with poaching. Fined £5 each; in default 30 days.

Tiverton Police Court. Before Messrs. H. Mudford, E. M. Winton, J. F. Ellerton, G. Hill, and J. Barnes. Samuel Blight and Matilda Blight, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. They were offered the option of paying a fine of 10s. each, and in default were committed to gaol for seven days.

Ayr Sheriff Court. Before Sheriff Sharp. Alexander Smith, charged with poaching. Sixty days.

Worcester County Police Court. Before Mr. F. J. A. Wood. Thomas Wright, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. Fourteen days.

In some comments on the expensiveness of the Bath Quarter Sessions—which last year cost the city £458 for four sittings of a day or less than a day each—the *Bath Herald* mentions a curious custom in regard to the conduct of prosecutions. It seems that if two or more charges are made against the same prisoner, two or more counsel are briefed for the prosecution. Thus at the Sessions last week a youth was indicted for two separate but similar larcenies, and two barristers were retained for the prosecution—one for each charge. Not long ago four exactly similar and quite trivial charges were preferred against a prisoner, and on that occasion four learned gentlemen each received a brief and a fee for the prosecution. There are not very many briefs going at Bath, and I dare say that this distribution of "soup" is grateful and comforting to the junior members of the Sessions Bar. But it is hardly justifiable that the system of one barrister one job should be worked out to so fine a point if—as is apparently the case—this saddles the ratepayers with additional expenditure. It would, of course, be another matter if there were a division of fees corresponding to the division of briefs in such cases.

In spite of the recent circular from the Home Office, a good many magistrates are still too muddy-minded to understand the conscientious objection clause of the Vaccination Act, or else too pig-headed to give effect to a law with which they happen to disagree. At Thornbury Petty Sessions last week an applicant stated in answer to the Bench that he believed one of his children, who afterwards died, suffered from the effects of vaccination, and that since then he had been granted a certificate of exemption in respect of another child. He was clearly entitled to the further certificate for which he asked, but, nevertheless, it was refused. In another case, at Castle Hedingham Petty Sessions, where a certificate was similarly refused, Mr. Taylor, J.P., interrogated the applicant as to whether there was anything in the condition of "this particular child" which led him to believe that vaccination would be injurious to it. This would be a perfectly legitimate question if it were a condition of the granting of a certificate that the parent should show that his child is unfit to undergo vaccination owing to weakness or ill-health. But, as the circular from the Home Secretary points out, the Act imposes no such condition, and it is a monstrous impertinence for a magistrate to do so.

Here is the latest illustration of the little tricks of employment agents. A few weeks back a firm in the City advertised for a junior clerk. They received in reply a letter signed "A. L. Roberts," dated from the Empire Mercantile Agency, 158, Fenchurch-street, E.C. A. L. Roberts described himself as eighteen years of age, with three years' experience in a City solicitor's office, able to use a Barlock typewriter, and to do shorthand 60 to 70 words per minute. On answering this letter, the firm received a visit from a lad who brought a note from the Empire Mercantile Agency, explaining that A. L. Roberts had obtained a situation, and offering the bearer in his place. The firm did not engage him, nor others who were subsequently sent on by the agency.

The firm then advertised again. In reply they at once received a letter signed "C. H. Roberts," and dated from the Empire Mercantile Agency as before. The letter of C. H. Roberts is unmistakably in the same handwriting as that of A. L. Roberts, but this time the writer was seventeen years of age, had four years' experience in general office work, could do shorthand 90-100 per minute, and could use the Remington as well as the Barlock typewriter. On answering the letter out of curiosity, the firm received a call from another boy, who, on being interrogated, stated that he had approached the agency in consequence of an advertisement of theirs which he had seen. The firm who had this experience state that most of the letters sent to them as clerks were merely looking for light porters' jobs. One sees here the whole mechanism of a fee-grabbing agency of this class. The agency first advertises indiscriminately for employees to whom it can offer no suitable work; and then makes a show of doing something for them by sending them on to employers to whom it has introduced itself by answering advertisements in a fictitious character.

The latest addition to my list of professional beggi letter writers is a lady named Julia Mansford, resid at present at Clovelly, London Road, Norbu Although she has only just come under my notice find that she has been begging systematically for ma years, and that her name has long appeared on "cautionary card" of the Charity Organisation Soci —a fact which speaks for itself. She is the widow o gentleman who occupied a good position in New Z land, and she has at different times started schools the suburbs of London and at Reigate. In begging letters she has generally wanted loans to ass in carrying on her schools, or to pay off debts on furniture. She has specially selected bishops and he masters of schools for these attentions. More recen

e was endeavouring to obtain money to start a lending rary and fancy-work shop, and apparently she tained that money, for in the latest of her appeals the rary is threatened with collapse owing to the illness her daughter and herself, and a loan of £9 is needed save it. All these stories are the usual begging- ter writer's stock-in-trade, and those who receive such istles are always safe in assuming that the writer is better than an habitual mendicant.

I see the daily papers note
As strange—and so it seems to be—
While on the liner same afloat
That babes were born to matrons three.

Of whom the dame who travelled "*first*,"
Gave birth, appropriate, to *one*;
The *second*-class was blessed—or cursed—
With *twins*, a daughter and a son;

While she—or so it 's been averred—
(I'm glad the lady 's not *my* wife)
The dame, I say, who travelled "*third*"
Brought healthy *triplets* forth to life.

But though, at first, it may seem strange—
E'en as the daily papers note—
That Fate these births should just arrange
To suit their classes on the boat,

Yet, really, when you think it o'er,
Fate, who 's a most facetious dame,
Drawing on her ironic store,
Plays daily much the same odd game.

To wealthy folk, who well can stand
The cost, she children, niggard, doles;
But on the poor, with lavish hand,
She showers unwanted babes in shoals.

The British Association is to visit York next week r the fourth time. The previous meetings at York ere in 1831 (the first), in 1844, and in 1881. It is not nerally known that the real founder of the Association as the Rev. William Vernon Harcourt, Canon of York d Rector of Bolton Percy. He was the eldest son the Archbishop of York, and father of the late Sir illiam Harcourt. A reception fund of £3,000 has en raised at York, and a full programme of meetings d social functions has been arranged for the week, e of the entertainments being a garden party to be ven by the Archbishop and Mrs. Maclagan in the autiful grounds of Bishopthorpe Palace. Special rmons are to be preached in York Minster on Sunday, ugust 5, by the Bishops of Ripon and Bristol.

In the recent debate in the House of Lords on C.C. finance, a great deal was made by one noble- an of the fact of the cost of the Vauxhall Bridge d other big works having exceeded the estimate. never yet knew of any great engineering work that d not exceed the preliminary estimate of cost, unless e estimate was embodied in the tender of some great m or company, in which case it would, of course, clude an ample margin for contingencies, as well as handsome allowance for profit. However, the L.C.C. orks Department in its last report shows a handsome ving on its own estimates, in which there should be such margin, and this side of the account ought to be edited to the Council if noble legislators think that it should be debited with the excess of expenditure over official estimates in the case of works executed by contract.

The steamboats remain the one item in regard to which the Council finances do not show up satisfactorily, and it is evident that they must continue for some time to swallow up a good deal of the profit on other municipal undertakings, besides serving as a useful weapon to the enemies of the Progressive party. I have never disguised my opinion of this enterprise as a commercial speculation; but, having gone into it, I think that if I were a member of the Council I should be in favour of reducing the number of boats rather than doing away with them. There is probably something in the argument that the taste for using the river as a means of communication will grow if the facilities for it are maintained. The river steamers in Paris are well patronised and profitable, though it is true that they are smaller and less costly than the type to which the L.C.C. has committed itself. It is a trifle absurd for Peers and others to make this failure the ground for an attack upon the municipal ownership of trams, etc., or to use it as evidence that the finances of the County Council are ill-managed. Without being a Socialist, I hold that all means of communication, all supplies of gas, electricity, water, and such like monopolies, should be in the hands of the local authority. Surely the amount we have paid to get hold of the water supply, and the price we are still paying for our gas, should serve as a lesson to us not to build up new monopolies of a like character.

The pearl fisheries lease is still being denounced in Ceylon as a shameless robbery of the people of the colony for the benefit of a hungry gang of London financiers. This is strong language, but it is warranted by the facts of that discreditable transaction, which, as the *Ceylon Independent* affirms, has grievously damaged the honour and prestige of the British administration of the premier Crown colony. The matter is to be discussed in the House of Commons on the Colonial Estimates, and I hope that attention will be especially directed to the parts Sir J. West-Ridgeway, the late Governor of Ceylon, Mr. Lyttelton, the late Colonial Secretary, and Sir Henry Blake, the present Governor, played in this very ugly business. But though it is important that the whole affair should be thoroughly exposed, there is a feeling in many quarters that the matter ought not to be allowed to drop with the censure of the officials concerned, but that so indefensible a job should be quashed even now, notwithstanding the fact that the lease has been executed. On this point a correspondent writes:—

> The present Colonial Secretary says that the lease which had been granted by his predecessor cannot be cancelled. This possibly may be the law. But the scandal is so outrageous, the inhabitants of Ceylon, native and foreign, have been so abominably fleeced that it seems to me that a short Act should be run through Parliament abrogating the lease. Ceylon is not in the enjoyment of self-government, and it is so essential that there should be no connivance between British authorities and gangs of London financiers in regard to "concessions" in our Eastern dependencies that something of a drastic character ought to be done in this matter, if our good name is to be maintained. Very possibly it may have been a case of negligence and ignorance so far as the authorities in Ceylon were concerned. But culpable negligence is an offence at law. We are responsible for the conduct of our officials, and that responsibility we cannot evade if we have any sense of justice.

There has lately been a good deal of hugger-mugger recruiting of "soldiers of fortune" for service in Natal. In consequence of a reference to his name in a case in which a mysterious corps of "roughriders" was mentioned, a gentleman signing himself "Chas. F. Barrett, Capt.," sent a disclaimer to the *Daily Mail* of July 4, but at the same time mentioned that having recruited some men he was "determined to take them out to Zululand himself," and that he would be pleased to hear from any desirous of joining. The natural result was that other volunteers applied. They learned from Captain Barrett that they would have to pay their fare out (£23), but that the shipping company would refund £10 on arrival at Durban; that they were to serve for one year, receiving first-class trooper's pay; and that cheques were to be sent by July 14, the squadron sailing on July 21. By this time, therefore, it must have left. I shall be interested to hear whether the troopers get their £10 refunded at Durban by the shipping company or anyone else, and how long they draw first-class trooper's pay. Seeing that the Natal Government has publicly declined all offers of assistance, the people who have paid cash down for the privilege of joining these irregular forces must be extremely foolish.

It is satisfactory to know from Mr. Winston Churchill's statement last week that a fair proportion of wounded Zulus can be accounted for otherwise than by the assumption that they have been added to the list of killed. The process of disposing of the wounded by killing them is not unknown in wars with savages, and in the absence of specific information as to the number of the wounded and their subsequent fate, a suspicion may naturally arise that this method has been employed once again.

I tried to elucidate the fate of the wounded by questions in the House of Commons during the advance of the forces of the Chartered Company against Lobengula. There was one somewhat important engagement. Many of Lobengula's forces were killed, and the ground on which the engagement had taken place was occupied by the Chartered braves. Those of the enemy fled. What became of the wounded? I asked. In reply it was first suggested that they might have been carried off by their friends. This theory was given up. Then it was suggested that probably they were carried by our forces to Bulawayo. This seemed improbable, as there was no means of conveying them there, and it appeared on investigation that they were not so dealt with. When later on I asked for further information, I was told that a large number of the enemy were tenderly cared for in a hospital at Bulawayo. But no one could explain where this hospital was or how it had been erected. In fact, it was self-evident, either that the wounded were killed in cold blood, or left to die where they fell. The former appeared most probable, as our forces had with them a certain number of friendly natives, and they were left to roam on the battlefield after the engagement.

Revolutions are slow operations in old-established countries, even when the preliminary stages are passed. Two years elapsed between the meeting of the Long Parliament and the outbreak of the Civil War; about the same time between the meeting of the States General and the flight and capture of Louis XVI. One is sometimes tempted to wonder whether the movement in Russia is making any progress, but the same doubt may exist in looking at a glacier. When one compares recent events in Russia with the progress of very similar events in France and England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it will be seen that Russia is moving quite as fast as they did, and to all appearance in precisely the same direction. The Duma has come into existence, quarrelled with the Sovereign, and been dismissed, in less than three months. Judging by the other precedents, the life of the Russian autocracy is hardly worth a year's purchase at this moment, however much we may hope that the Tsar himself may escape the fate of the two monarchs whose example he seems bent on following.

In cases of this kind prediction is impossible, and most of all in Russia, where the prevailing conditions are obscure to all outside the country. But it looks not unlikely that a large section at least of the Duma will refuse to bow to the decree of the Sovereign and persist in meeting and acting, in which case it will rest solely with the army whether or not armed and organised rebellion against the Government is to break out forthwith. Failing that, the present chaotic condition of things will be protracted till the next Duma meets, and it seems certain that the next Duma, if it ever meets, will be more revolutionary in its temper and less amenable to the Sovereign's will and pleasure than its predecessor. One way or another the fat seems to be drifting into the fire slowly but surely.

THE LAWYER AND HIS CLIENT.

Once—through a daily paper Ad.—
A Man I know got badly "had,"
And lost a Tenner in a Ramp
Put up by some designing Scamp.
When he discovered he 'd been done,
Off to his Lawyer see him run,
And seek Advice how best to track
The Thief and get his Money back.
Doubtful, the Lawyer shook his Head:
"I 'll do my best for you," he said;
"But much, I fear—the Truth to state—
You seek, good sir, Advice *too late.*
Now if *before*, so free and rash,
Parting with all that ready Cash
You 'd only come and asked me *then*,
You 'd ne'er have lost those 'Thick 'uns' Ten.
Why *didn't* you adopt that Course
And shut the door *before* the Horse
Was stolen?" "Why? Because I hate
The Cost of paying Six-and-eight."
The Lawyer smiled: "And yet, my Friend,
It comes far cheaper in the End,
By putting Six-and-eightpence down
At first, to save yourself Ten Poun',
Than *afterwards* be 'Six-and-eight'-ed
For legal Services belated
In getting, when it 's gone, your Tenner
Back (*if you can*) from deep Gehenna."

Moral.

The Moral isn't far to seek;
Pay Sixpence for your Truth each week.
The Tizzies thus laid out were found
To save your Pocket many a Pound.

SCRUTATOR.

PROSPERITY AND STOCK MARKETS.

OUR City pundits are surprised that trade goes up, and yet that the prices of securities fall, and the mount of business done on the Stock Exchange is iminishing almost to the vanishing point. Yet his is not difficult to understand. Consols rose above heir legitimate value, because their amount was not ufficient for the requirements of those who had to hold hem to buy them; and the rise was not even arrested y the reduction in their interest. The rise dragged up he price of all first-class securities. This told upon all xed incomes, and to make up the loss incurred many ook to speculation in order to maintain their scale of xpenditure. About the same time came the boom in he South African gold industry. Companies were rmed, good, bad, and indifferent, but almost in every se over-capitalised. As the rise in the shares in these mpanies was phenomenal, everybody fancied that he ad only to buy in order to become rich by selling again few months later. Those who bought and sold at a rofit once imagined that they had only to continue this me in order perpetually to gain. They therefore eated their profits as though they were income. When e fall came, they were holders of shares, and not only as their source of income cut off, but they had to find oney to meet their loss, or to remain owners of shares, ost of which paid no dividends. The fall was aggra-ted by the course of events in South Africa. But the ss was not only in Transvaal mining shares. When ce a speculative mania breaks out, promoters bait eir hooks with various promising opportunities to ow rich, and these baits are eagerly swallowed. When e mania has passed off, company promoters, financiers, d stockholders naturally regret the profits and commis-ons that have ceased to flow in, and are under the impres-n that the country is going to the dogs because they have ased to make money. But, although individuals may ve suffered by the collapse of speculation, the country s gained. People turn their attention to more legiti-ate and less risky business. Money is found for trade; ill and enterprise are engaged in it. The result is at our trade has increased, and is increasing, to the eat benefit of the entire community. It is the gamblers ho cry out that times are hard, and very probably ey are hard to them. There is a large class that ds that it cannot spend as it did. In the main they e the drones in the hive. They never increased the tional wealth—drones never do, and this is why the rking bees in a hive massacre them when the summer over. For my part, I do not hold that the prosperity the Stock Exchange is any evidence of a country's osperity, but rather the reverse. There are, indeed, ly two ways in which a nation waxes rich—by honest de and by saving income.

The public rarely makes by speculation. There are le and intelligent men who do, because they under-nd the game and devote their entire time and energies to it. The public does not understand the game, and very often it finds itself playing against cogged dice. The late Mr. Jay Gould was asked how to make money on the Stock Exchange. He said that a speculator should observe the highest and lowest point that a security had reached in the last few years, and buy at the lowest point and sell at the highest. This was sound advice, although he might have added that the amateur would do well not to play against him. But do speculators ever act on it? Another rule is to buy when others are selling, and to sell when others are buying. The public, however, almost always does the exact reverse. What the ordinary speculator does is to buy on a rise under the impression that this will continue, or because some friend has been given a tip to buy some particular security, and has confided this to him. At the bottom of this is the greed for money acquired without work, and without trouble. And this greed has of late been very sharply developed owing to so many people wanting to live above their means. I never saw myself any moral iniquity in gambling. If a man has a family dependent on him, he is wrong to risk reducing it to beggary. If he has not, I do not know that anyone except himself suffers by his being ruined. The money does not disappear. It is only transferred from his pocket to that of someone else. What I contend is that for inexperienced dolts to imagine that they will in the long run be better off by Stock Exchange speculation is as silly as to suppose that they will be so by playing a system against the bank at Monte Carlo, and it is equally an error to suppose that the volume of speculation on the Stock Exchange is a criterion of national prosperity.

In the last thirty years the standard of living has gone up vastly with us. So far as regards the working classes this is beneficial, for their standard was too low for decent comfort, and precluded any possibility of putting by for a rainy day or old age. Their fault just now is that they spend more than they can afford on sport, and take too many holidays to look on at it. They should take example by the French and Germans, and put by the money that they now waste. The upper and the middle classes live too often above their means. They used to save. I doubt if they do now. If they manage to make two ends meet it is as much as they do; they cannot put by. This is not how England became the wealthiest country in the world. I was struck by an observation that a friend of mine made to me this morning. "How is it," he asked, "that so many people that I know who were not able to keep a carriage, now keep an automobile, for the latter is more expensive?" For automobile read the gratification of any fancy whim, or the mania for ostentation, and the reason for so many overspending is to be found. A very rich man can indulge in such follies. A comparatively rich man cannot, and he must learn not only to cut his coat according to his cloth, but not to use up all his cloth in coats. For their numbers the Dutch are the richest people in the world. And why? Because, whatever a Dutchman's income may be, he seldom lives up to it. I heard the other day a story of Mr. Rockefeller (which probably was not true). When his children were young

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he thought that they burnt a good deal of gas in their rooms. To find out what they did spend, he put a meter at each of their doors. At the end of a month he showed them the amount registered, and promised them that any month in which less was burnt, he would give them the difference in the cost. At the end of the first month they received a trifle of money. A few days later he asked them how they had spent it, and great was his parental joy when they told him that they had put it in the savings bank. Considering Mr. Rockefeller's fortune, this was somewhat the exaggeration of a virtue. But the idea was sound, as including the "waste not, want not" of the copy book.

Nothing is more contrary to all true principles of political economy than the notion that money is well spent in luxuries, because it gives work to many. The labour and the capital employed in articles of luxury are only beneficial if the articles produced are sold abroad. If consumed at home, the country is not richer, whilst a want is created which only serves to make many discontented, and reduces some to difficulties because they gratify it. What are called *Articles de Paris* are mainly exported, and consequently their manufacture enriches France. It is not Frenchwomen who make the fortunes of French dressmakers and French milliners. These are derived from English and Americans who wish to be in the fashion, and spend often half the incomes of their husbands on their own backs. The morals of Mayfair may be all that Father Bernard Vaughan says they are, but his sermons are not likely to alter them. What would be of more benefit to his fashionable congregations would be to point to the reckless manner in which they outrun their incomes, and the readiness of many of them to beg, borrow, and steal to make two ends meet. They set the example of this scheme of life, and it is followed by numberless imitators. But I am not just now discussing morals. What I want to show simply is that our prosperity is not dependent upon there being a rush of business on the Stock Exchange, but upon our trade being sound, and upon the reduction of the number of the silly people who are reduced to expedients in order to appear richer than they really are. This is no new doctrine, only of late it has been too much ignored, and there are too many of our guides, philosophers, and friends who apparently deem it an erroneous one.

THE CATHOLIC FUNDS SCANDAL.

The *Universe* of last week contains a lengthy editorial article under the title "Truth and Ourselves," dealing with certain remarks in the previous week's Truth, so far as they relate to the *Universe*. My contemporary is desirous of rebutting the suggestion that the silence of the Roman Catholic press in reference to the various disclosures that have been made in Truth respecting the arbitrary and unbusinesslike dealings of bishops with Roman Catholic funds is due to pressure exercised by the bishops themselves. So far as the *Universe* is concerned, I cheerfully accept the Editor's repudiation of any such suggestion. I did so in my last remarks on this question. He now charges me with resorting to "'a quibble and a play upon words'" in answering his previous remarks; but I shall not trouble my readers with a controversy on a mere by-point. The *Universe* applied the term "anti-Catholic charges" to what has been said in Truth. I objected to "anti-Catholic," and it is enough to say that I adhere to my objection. Of more importance is the following passage in the same article:—

> The correspondents who have suggested to Truth that a episcopal muzzling order is in force in all the Catholic newspaper offices have never tested the idea in relation to the *Universe*. We cannot recall that one line of criticism in connection with the Bishop bankruptcy or any other of the occasions referred to in Truth has ever been sent to us by these gentlemen. Had they invoked our columns, we should, at any rate, have insisted that criticisms of Catholic bishops by name must appear over the signatures of their authors. We are not here concerned with the accuracy or otherwise of the statements that have appeared in Truth in this connection, but we confess to a preference for such matter when it is associated with a reputable name, rather than when it comes to us from anonymous writers, who secure respect for their anonymity in the columns of a secular journal.

If justification were needed for the prevailing feeling among Roman Catholics that they have not been properly served by their own press in this matter, this passage, coming from a journalist who is vindicating himself against the charge of subserviency to episcopal wishes, would surely supply it. The deprecation of anonymity is generally the last resort of a controversialist with a bad case. Whenever a man is unable to answer statements made in a newspaper, whether editorially or by correspondents, he takes refuge in the plea that no weight need be attached to a statement as the identity of the person making it is unknown. In the present instance this plea is more than usually feeble. Notoriously, the discipline of the Roman Catholic Church is very strict. Neither layman nor priest—and priest even less than layman—can publicly impugn the conduct of a high ecclesiastic without incurring the risk of ecclesiastical censure, which will be the more terrible to him the more sincere is his churchmanship; and, apart from personal considerations, it is very doubtful whether he will not place himself at a serious disadvantage in the controversy, quite irrespective of the merits of his case, by revealing his own identity. For these reasons, no Catholic can be blamed for seeking anonymity in a controversy of this nature, nor will less weight attach to his statements on that account in the eyes of anyone who desires first and foremost the elucidation of the truth. When, therefore, the Editor of the *Universe* states that he would not have allowed criticism of a Catholic bishop to appear in his paper except over the signature of its author, he practically admits that his paper is closed to criticism of bishops; and when he confesses to a preference for criticism "associated with a reputable name, rather than when it comes from anonymous writers," he reveals a prejudice which stands in the way of that full and unreserved publication of facts affecting the interests of his readers of which no impartial editor ought to be desirous.

It must not be supposed that the letters from Roman Catholics that have been appearing in Truth are anonymous, except in the sense that the names of the writers have not been published with them. In other words they are only anonymous in the same sense as the present observations and any other article that appears in Truth, and the same sense as the very article in the *U*

erse to which I am referring. Nine-tenths of all the tatements that appear in newspapers are anonymous in nat sense, and no rational person would impugn their ccuracy on that account. The responsibility for all natter published in a newspaper rests primarily with ne editor. In the present instance I am satisfied that ne writers of these letters are Roman Catholic church-nen in a position to know what they are talking about; nd I might add that I am fortified in that opinion y the fact that none of their statements have been efuted up to the present time. My only reason for ublishing the statements in the form of letters, instead f editorial observations, is that I do not profess to have nvestigated the facts for myself, which I always prefer o do before making a statement on my own respon-ibility. But whatever legal and moral responsibility ttaches to the publication of these letters is mine, and have no desire to evade it; and I consider that these etters are entitled to more weight as direct communi-ations from well-informed and loyal Catholics than any tatements or observations of a lay journalist could ossibly possess.

I trust that I have said enough to enable my Roman Catholic readers to appreciate how this matter stands, nd to prevent their being misled, either by the observa-ions or the silence of that section of the religious press hich is professedly devoted to the special interests of he Church. The various statements that have appeared n TRUTH are either true or untrue. If they are untrue heir untruth can be readily and conclusively demon-trated, for chapter and verse has been given in every ase, and unless such demonstration is forthcoming heir truth must be assumed. If they are true they oint to the need of radical reforms in the administra-ion of ecclesiastical affairs in England. In case after ase the Bishops are shown to have assumed the right to eal with endowments as arbitrarily as if they were andling their own private money. Not only have unds given for one purpose been unceremoniously iverted to others, not only has money been squandered y the undoing under one prelate of expensive work one under his predecessor, but in a number of in-tances, of which the Bishop bankruptcy affords only the atest example, large funds contributed by wealthy enefactors of the Church, or accumulated by years f self-denial on the part of the poorer laity, ave been impaired or altogether lost in foolhardy ttempts to increase them by speculative investments r downright gambling. The immediate losses are the east part of this evil. The continuation of the condi-ions under which such things are possible must be isastrous to the Church; and every devout Catholic ust desire to see measures immediately taken which ill ensure the safety of all ecclesiastical funds in uture and restore the confidence of the laity. Yet rom the nature of the case such reforms are most ifficult to effect. The very men whose natural duty t is to initiate them are the men implicated in the candal—one of the most deeply involved being the rchbishop himself—and they cannot move in the direc-ion which is needed without virtually admitting their ault. In this situation, the English Catholics can only ook to the Papal authority for deliverance; and that authority is not likely to be exerted unless representations are made to Rome independently of the English hierarchy. It must rest, therefore, with the general body of Catholics, and chiefly with the laity, whether the necessary measures of reform are taken, or whether the matter is allowed to slide into oblivion, as it will, naturally and inevitably, if the Archbishop and his colleagues have their way.

Beyond pointing this out to Catholics at large, I have no interest in the matter; and I should not say as much as this if I did not see a general disposition either to shirk the issue, or to misrepresent it on the part of those whose business it is to voice, not to say give the lead to, Catholic opinion. The Editor of TRUTH, says the *Catholic Weekly*, "is the last man whom we should have suspected of the tender regard which he effusively manifests for the best interests of the Catholic Church." The point of this impertinence escapes me. The Editor of TRUTH is as little in the habit of airing his own religious convictions as of troubling himself about those of other people. Hitherto he has been more often accused of undue tenderness for Catholic interests than of hostility to them; but whether he is, as some have held, a Jesuit in disguise, or, as the *Catholic Herald* seems to suspect, a somewhat more fanatical Protestant than the late Mr. Kensit, is quite immaterial to the present issue. His position in this matter is simply that of a journalist ventilating a question of vital importance to a large section of his readers. The question is one of business pure and simple, and there is no more reason why a purely business question affecting a church should not be threshed out in a "secular journal," than a similar question affecting a charity, a club, or a public company; on the contrary, I am inclined to think, after recent experience, that a secular journal may be by far the best medium for the purpose. As a man of business, and that alone, I have given my own opinion about this ecclesiastical scandal, and I do not think that among men of business there can be two opinions on the subject. I have been told of late by many Catholics, both personal friends and correspondents who are unknown to me, that since the restoration of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in England by Pius IX., the local government of the Church has never been precisely on the same footing as in other countries, and that in many respects English Catholics have been dissatisfied with the management of their affairs. What the precise truth about that may be I am not in a position to say; but I cannot believe that such incidents as have come to light in the columns of TRUTH during the last two or three months could occur in any Catholic country, and it requires no deep knowledge of business to see that if ecclesiastical administration continues on the same lines, the ultimate consequences to the Church must be disastrous. If those who profess to be more directly concerned than I am for "the best interests of the Catholic Church" are unable to see this, so much the worse for the Church.

I ought to add that I have been in correspondence with the Rev. Father Howarth, of Corby, and others respecting the statements made by one of my correspondents a few weeks back relative to the Corby school. Father Howarth denies all the statements made, categorically

and emphatically, and after I had communicated with the original author of the statements and referred again to Father Howarth, he now insists on the publication of the letter conveying his denial. I have not the slightest objection, but as my space is limited, and as the matter at issue is six years old and was pretty fully discussed in the press at the time it occurred, no harm will be done to Father Howarth or anyone else by keeping it over for another week.

THE STATE AND THE "TIME-EXPIRED."

It is characteristic of the way in which military subjects are handled among us that, while the newspapers have been full for the last week of criticism, more or less intelligent, of Mr. Haldane's Army programme, the report of the Committee on Civil Employment of Ex-Soldiers and Sailors has scarcely called forth a word of comment. Of the two things it is hardly the less important, for it goes direct to the root of the most troublesome problem of military administration—namely, the provision of the raw material of the Army, and the provision of raw material of adequate quantity and quality is certainly not less important than any question as to how the material is to be handled when you have got it. A few months back I remarked that if the present Government wished to begin with the Army question at the beginning, they would have to start with the recruiting problem. The report of this Committee takes them straight to the starting-point, for there can be no question that the paramount cause of all difficulties in obtaining the right sort of men for military service lies in the forbidding prospect before the soldier on his discharge. The Army can never compete for recruits on equal terms with other fields of employment until this prospect is altered and some security given to the working-man who devotes the best years of his life to military service against being turned adrift at the end of that time, hopelessly handicapped in the battle of life. I have been preaching this fundamental truth for a long time past, and I rejoice to see it recognised and emphatically stated by Sir Edward Ward's Committee. They say, in their concluding remarks:—

> The State and civilian employers of labour do not compare favourably in this matter, for whilst in the one case an employee who has proved his value by good conduct and diligence may reasonably expect to continue, should he so desire, in the same employment until his infirmities render him unfit for further work; in the other, the State, having received from its soldiers and sailors diligent service during the best years of their lives removes them from its employment on the completion of their contract, and leaves them to face unaided and unequipped the competition of the labour market. . . . In the public service the civil servant and the policeman can, without fear, look forward to steady employment during their working lives, with an adequate pension at the end, but this privilege, with comparatively few exceptions, is denied to those men who, in addition to giving of their best service, place their health and lives also at stake.
>
> We regret that the result of the strong representations made on this subject by former Committees has been so inadequate. It is the duty of the State to set the best example in the method of treating its servants, and it seems to us essential that it should at once take steps to carry out such important recommendations, and to place itself on at least as favourable a footing as regards its employees as that of other employers. . . . . .

Henceforth the State will have even less reason than heretofore if it fails to carry out what is at once its duty and its interest, for the Committee has shown exhaustively and minutely how it should go to work. Foremost among its proposals I place the provision of employment for discharged soldiers and sailors in the public service. This matter has been fully discussed in these columns during the last year or two, and I have stated my own opinion that a term of military service should be made a necessary condition of civil employment under the Government and under the various local authorities of the United Kingdom, so that soldiers of all ranks—the principle ought to be applied to officers as well as the rank and file—could be passed from the Army into other fields of public employment. It may be remembered that an article elaborating this idea appeared in TRUTH of February 15 last, and the suggestion was favourably received in many quarters. It would be too much to expect a departmental committee to recommend so heroic and far-reaching a measure. But I hoped that at least the principle of the suggestion would commend itself to the War Office Committee, which was then at work, and I have not been disappointed. The principle is recognised in the passage just quoted, and it is carried out in a series of practical recommendations. The Committee in their report point out in detail the various forms of public employment for which soldiers are suited, under the Post Office, the Customs Department, in the various public offices, in the Metropolitan and provincial police, and under the county and borough councils. They show precisely what obstacles to their employment in certain of these directions exist at present, and how they should be removed, and they urge in regard to many of them that preference should frankly be given to men who have completed a term of service in the Army, and also in the Navy. A very important recommendation which directly embodies the principle for which I have contended is contained in paragraph 43 of the report, namely, the amalgamation of civil and military or naval service for the purpose of superannuation, so that the man who enters the civil service from the Army or Navy will be on the same footing in respect of his ultimate claim to pension as the man who enters it direct. This is a most important point, and the case for it is unanswerable, for it is a gross injustice that previous military service should count for nothing in the civil pension, and that the longer a man has served in the Army the worse will be his position when he is finally discharged from the service of the State. An analogous point is the recommendation in paragraph 45 that in the case of reduction of establishments, where the junior men are discharged first, previous military or naval service should count in measuring seniority. This point is of less importance, but the principle is the same.

Not less valuable is the recognition that the local authorities throughout the Kingdom should play their part in providing employment for men who have done their term of service in the Army and Navy. In addition to pointing out the various openings for such employment which are afforded in the police and in the service of borough and county councils, the Committee make the important recommendation that branch agencies for securing employment for soldiers should be formed throughout the country, under the auspices of lords lieutenant of counties and the mayors of provincial

cities and boroughs. My own view is that, concurrently with the opening of the local public services to army men, the whole business of recruiting should be transferred to the local authorities. I have no doubt that this is an essential part of the solution of the recruiting problem, as it is the simplest and most effectual means of enlisting local interest and influence in everything relating to military service. But so far as concerns the provision of employment for men when they have served their time, official local committees, provided only that the right men are put on them, ought to be able to exercise a powerful influence on the local authorities, and to secure useful openings in the local public services for time-expired men of the local regiments. It is a step entirely in the right direction, and it points the way to more important reforms.

I dwell specially on these points because they square with the policy that has been suggested in Truth, and I naturally welcome any movement towards realising it. There is another method of improving the position of the time-expired man, which has also been a good deal discussed in these columns, namely, the improvement, while he is still in the Army, of his training for subsequent civil employment. It is very satisfactory to know that the extensive investigations of this Committee do not afford any support to the prevalent opinion that military service tends actually to disqualify men for civil employment. Two pages of the report are filled with extracts from the evidence of witnesses who testify to their satisfactory experience of soldiers in various classes of work. Among them are representatives not only of Government offices and of the London and provincial police, but of railway companies and other private employers; and the Committee observe that, though there is some difference of opinion, "the general purport of the evidence we have thus obtained goes to show that . . . there is good reason to believe that for certain classes of employment ex-soldiers, when compared with civilians of the same class, are as good, even if they are not, as some witnesses aver, better than the latter." But the limitation "for certain classes of employment" is significant. In point of fact, nearly all the evidence quoted relates to those fields of employment in which character and trustworthiness rather than technical acquirements are the chief qualifications. Except in the case of men coming from those few branches of the Army in which some kind of technical skill, other than that implied in military efficiency, is required, the soldier is hopelessly handicapped in the skilled labour market, and this is one of the chief causes of his troubles. Whether it is possible to remedy this to any material extent by giving him the opportunity of acquiring a trade during his service, I have always doubted, for two reasons. In the first place, the great majority of soldiers have little disposition for manual labour, skilled or unskilled, which is one of the reasons why they are soldiers; in the second, the daily business of soldiering, with all its incidental duties, takes up a great part of their time, and every advance in the higher military training of our troops means a reduction of the time available for practising ordinary handicrafts. In other words, soldiering is itself a skilled trade, and tends to become more and more so, and you cannot expect any but the most industrious men to master a second trade in his spare time. Moreover, the experiments that have been made in this direction have not been attended by very hopeful results. However, Sir Edward Ward and his colleagues are of a different opinion, and they know more about the subject than I do. They think that the experiments that have been made have not been at all wisely conducted, and they instance the very different results obtained in the Royal Marine Artillery at Eastney. They are "strongly of opinion that every soldier should be taught some description of technical work during his military career," and they make detailed suggestions as to what can be taught and how it is to be done. I can only say that their recommendations ought undoubtedly to be tried, and that I hope they will be justified by the results. I may here remark that if I have discussed the whole question of civilian employment chiefly from the point of view of the soldier rather than the sailor, it is because the problem seems only to exist in a serious shape in the case of the soldier. This is partly because the Navy man has always his own trade of a sailor open to him when he takes his discharge, and partly because his naval training makes him essentially a "handy man" for many forms of work on shore. The object which the Committee have in view is to make the soldier a "handy man" too. They think that short service in the Navy will hereafter increase the difficulty of the discharged seaman in finding employment. As long as he is a sailor, I rather doubt this, but it is, of course, only right that the Navy should be considered so far as its needs go in all arrangements for employment after discharge which this report suggests.

One other matter of immediate practical importance is dealt with in the report—namely, the need for the amalgamation and improvement of the existing agencies for assisting ex-soldiers and sailors on their return to civil life. No less than ten of these are described by the Committee, besides a group of miscellaneous organisations on a commercial rather than a philanthropic basis. The mere statement of the number is sufficient to show the need of reform in this direction. The work of the agencies overlaps at all points; the "waster" class are enabled to "ring the changes" on the different offices without any check; and the mere expenses of administration must be increased something like tenfold by the reduplication of the machinery. To get rid of all these abuses, the formation of one central organisation is recommended, with an advisory council on which all the London municipal authorities should be represented. The local committees above referred to are to be branches of this central organisation. It is proposed that a Government grant of £16,000 should be made for this purpose, which means an additional public charge of £15,000, an annual grant of £1,000 being at present made to the National Association for the Employment of Reserve and Discharged Soldiers. This proposal brings the Chancellor of the Exchequer on to the scene, but I think the expenditure will have to be faced. If the State chooses to solve the problem by arranging for every soldier to pass from the Army into the civil branches of the public service, it will not need to spend a penny on assisting them to find employment

on discharge; but as long as it adheres to the practice of throwing them back on to the labour market, to compete there at a serious disadvantage, it ought to lend them a helping hand, and it cannot do this without spending money. The present expenditure is a stingy and inadequate recognition of an obvious duty, which ought to be discharged generously and effectually.

It is of urgent importance that the obstacles which at present stand in the way of the recruiting of a sufficient number of men of the best stamp for the Army should be removed with all possible speed. Not only does military efficiency require it, but the whole of the mischievous agitation that is now going on for the adoption of compulsory military service rests upon the alleged impossibility of adequately recruiting our military forces on the basis of voluntary enlistment. Every unsatisfactory report from the Recruiting Department, every decrease in the strength of the Militia, is used to enforce this conclusion; and such arguments can only be convincingly refuted by showing that the alleged impossibility has been performed. Of all questions, therefore, with which the present Secretary of State is confronted, none is of more urgent importance than the supply of "raw material." My own firm conviction is that the whole of the reasons for the difficulty of recruiting, whether for the Army or the Militia, may be summed up in the statement that the State does not deal fairly with the men. The case of the militiaman is not before us at the moment. But the case of the regular soldier is for all practical purposes contained in the report of Sir Edward Ward's Committee. We have done a great deal in recent years to improve the conditions of army life. We have increased the soldier's pay to the utmost reasonable limit, if not beyond it. But we have made no attempt to remove the greatest of all the disadvantages of the Army, the life-long handicap to which every man is necessarily exposed who volunteers to devote himself exclusively to military service for eight or twelve years between the ages of eighteen and thirty. All available evidence goes to show that this is the root of the reluctance of the more provident and ambitious section of working-men and working-men's wives to allow their sons to enter the Army, and the feeling of the fathers and mothers is far more potent in such matters than that of the children. The War Office has now obtained an authoritative exposition of the best means of removing this feeling. It remains for the Government—for the matter concerns the Government collectively, and not the War Minister alone—to translate these recommendations into fact. As the Committee point out, they are only working on the lines of others who have preceded them, and whose recommendations have been deliberately shelved. If that happens again, whatever the motive, the Government will be greatly at fault, for not only will they have failed to deal justly with the thousands of young men who, if only they are treated justly, are perfectly ready to place their lives at the disposal of their country, but they will have greatly aided the agitators who are seeking to convince us that Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen can no longer be induced to take to soldiering except by compulsion.

THE SCHOLASTIC AGENCY SWINDLE.

Evidence continues to accumulate of the extent to which schoolmasters have been swindled by the man Bullard, of 217, Piccadilly, in the name of Messrs. Schofield and Jessop. Almost every day during the past week has brought me a communication from some proprietor of a private school from whom this rascal has obtained fees by his story of the Afrikander boys, or the Peruvian boys, or the French-Canadian boys, or from some one on whom the trick has been tried unsuccessfully; and on the principle that in cases of this kind only a small percentage of the victims bring their experiences to light, it is to be assumed that Bullard has been trying the trick all over the country for all he is worth. In all these cases the *modus operandi* is precisely similar to that already described in Truth, and the letters by which the victim is lured into paying the fees are in virtually identical terms. The two Chilian boys, mentioned last week as having been offered, though in vain, to a schoolmaster at Eastbourne in February last, were offered about the same time to three other gentlemen, all of whom paid fees to Bullard on the strength of his representations, but needless to say without securing these highly eligible pupils. In one of these cases a notable feature is that although the money was paid last March—of course, without result—in July Bullard sends to the victim his circular, "again calling attention" to the success of his system of registration, and inviting the payment of the fee. It would seem from this that he does not even take the trouble to register the names of the people who have paid their guineas for that purpose. The other case of the Chilian boys is still more instructive, because the game was played out by Bullard much more elaborately. In this case, after the registration fee had been agreed to, the name of the guardian of the boys was disclosed—W. Gordon, Esq., 18, London-road, Liverpool—in order that the schoolmaster might forward prospectus, etc., direct to him. Next, in the character of "W. B. Jessop," Bullard notifies that "the gentleman is coming up to-morrow to see me"; which is followed in due course by the identical letter which appears later on in the case of the Afrikander boys (see Truth, July 4). "Jessop" has had to admit to the client that he has not seen the school, and has offered to visit it at the client's expense. This the client has declined on the ground that it is the schoolmaster's business, so "what's to be done"? A novelty at this point, however, is the following paragraph:—

> I may add that there are only two of you for it, also that there is no hurry for a few days.

This shot told, and the schoolmaster invited the agent down, at the same time inquiring about fees. Bullard keeps up the game by enclosing with his reply a copy of the letter which he has sent to the other competitor for the Chilian boys, giving the same information. He adds:—

> To again refer to your chance I may add that both establishments are entirely unknown to me, but I have the pleasure of knowing you both personally. I shall report as I find and promise nothing.

Seeger's Hair Dye.—Dyes the hair by merely combing through. 2s. the Case, or Trial Bottle, mailed free from observation, 7d.—Hinde's Ltd., 1A, Finsbury, London.

There is another illuminating touch in the same letter:—

> You overwhelm me with your offers of hospitality, but I am such a busy man my week-ends mostly consist of rest. However, look out! I may get you out l.b.w. some day!!

To appreciate this last touch it is necessary to remember that Bullard is writing in the character of "W. B. Jessop," a member of a great cricketing family. He certainly got the schoolmaster out in the end, but, if I may speak as the umpire, I should give it as "caught," not "l.b.w." The catch came off at once. Jessop visited the school and took away £4 7s. The negotiations after this point consist of mere dilatory pleas on Bullard's part interspersed with inquiries and visits to 217, Piccadilly, by the schoolmaster. In the end, of course, the other man gets the two Chilian boys—a result thus explained by Bullard:—

> I did my best to get Mr. Gordon to come down to see you first, but a beautifully illustrated prospectus, views mostly with no connection to the school, did the job. He went to the other school first and closed. "Verb. sap."
> Better luck next time!

It is unnecessary to inquire whether the two Chilian boys ever existed, or who Mr. Gordon, of Liverpool, may be. It is enough that, as already mentioned, notwithstanding Bullard's statement that "there are only two of you for it," he had, as already mentioned, got fees out of two other gentlemen, one of whose schools he also inspected at a charge of three guineas, on the strength of the two Chilian boys, and that neither of these was the fortunate but unknown individual who is said to have secured these two youths. "Verb. sap."

In another case the victim first paid his guinea for registration, and afterwards £3 10s. 6d. for inspection and "expenses," on the strength of the offer of the three French-Canadian boys, who also figured in one of Bullard's letters published last week. The guinea for registration in this case was paid on June 27. Nevertheless, on July 2, Bullard was endeavouring to get a guinea out of another schoolmaster on the strength of the same three French-Canadian boys. There is another interesting feature in the correspondence in this case. In reply to the first letter, the schoolmaster gave his terms as 30s. a week inclusive. In reply Bullard wrote:—

> As our letter states, everything must be included in one yearly fee, except pocket money and clothing. *There is no need to cut it much.* Higher fees than you mention will be paid for a suitable home and environment.

On the strength of this the schoolmaster put his inclusive fee up to £500. Then comes another of Bullard's common forms, stating that he had seen his client, who appeared satisfied with the fees, but wanted the agent's personal report on the school. In this way the agent gammons the victim into paying a further £3 10s. 6d. for inspection. It is while waiting for the payment of this fee that he offers the same three French Canadian boys to another schoolmaster, although he has already given the first one to understand that his client is disposed to send the boys to him.

One of the victims asks me whether he has any remedy. This is a question for a lawyer, but I gave my own opinion on it last week. I do not think there can be any doubt that on the evidence now available any gentleman who has paid fees to Bullard could recover them by civil action, on the ground of fraudulent misrepresentation. It may be a question, however, whether the man is worth powder and shot, and it seems to me that the public interest would be better served by a more drastic mode of procedure. If that view commends itself to the victims generally, I may say that one of those whose experience is related above tells me that he is "willing to join any of his confrères in prosecuting." It will be a pleasure to me to put any other gentlemen whose sentiments are similar into communication with one another, and to place at their disposal all the evidence in my possession, which I feel sure that any lawyer will pronounce to be sufficient for the purpose. In the meantime, however, I must say that I think Mr. E. W. Schofield and Mr. O. W. T. Jessop, on whose names Bullard is trading, owe it to themselves, if not to their profession, to take some steps to stop the man's proceedings. It appears that Bullard has made a practice of seeing clients, both at their own houses and at his own office, in the character of "Mr. Jessop," and playing the part thoroughly by talking familiarly of his distinguished brother. A man who is being personated in this way, and who "takes it lying down," must not be surprised if the consequences are unpleasant to him. One of my correspondents mentions that on calling at the Piccadilly office less than a fortnight ago, after the Truth exposure, he saw piles of circulars addressed to schoolmasters, ready to be sent out. Apparently therefore Bullard is still active, and this makes it the more necessary that his proceedings should be stopped.

SHYLOCK BEFORE THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

The judgment of the House of Lords last week on an appeal under the Money-Lenders Act will be hailed with satisfaction by everybody except the tribe of Shylock. Briefly, the facts of the case, which have previously been stated fully in Truth, were as follows. A gentleman named Alton was introduced by Henry Sagar, a notorious tout, to the tender mercies of Braham and Philip Samuel, two bloodsuckers trading under the alias of "P. Saunders." Owing to intemperate habits, Mr. Alton, who possessed considerable wealth, had become singularly reckless and improvident in affairs of business, and he fell an easy prey to these bloodsuckers. He first borrowed and repaid a sum of £1,000, on which most exorbitant interest was charged, and he then accepted a second loan of £2,000, which was to be repaid, with £1,300 for interest, in twelve monthly instalments of £275 each. The interest on this second loan, which the usurers knew that they could advance without any risk, worked out at the rate of 104 per cent. per annum. A month or so afterwards, however, Mr. Alton died, and his executors very properly refused to carry out this iniquitous transaction. The promissory note contained the usual provision that the whole amount of the principal and interest remaining unpaid should become payable immediately default was made in the payment of any instalment; and the Samuels at once brought an action against the executors for the recovery of the £3,300. This would have increased the rate of the interest to 418 per cent. per annum. A defence under the Money-Lenders Act

was set up, however, and Mr. Justice Kekewich decided that the plaintiffs were not entitled to more than the £2,000 actually advanced, with interest at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum. This decision was upheld by the Court of Appeal, and last week the plaintiffs' further appeal to the House of Lords was also dismissed.

Besides holding that this particular case was one in which the terms of the contract with the usurer should be revised, the Lord Chancellor and his colleagues made some pronouncements of great importance in regard to the correct interpretation of the Moneylenders Act. It is provided by the Act that a bargain with a moneylender may be set aside or altered when the court is satisfied that

the interest charged in respect of the sum actually lent is excessive, or that the amounts charged for expenses, inquiries, fines, bonus, premium, renewals, or any other charges are excessive, and that in either case the transaction is harsh and unconscionable, *or is otherwise such that a court of equity would give relief.*

In some of the earliest actions that arose under the Act, both Mr. Justice Ridley and Mr. Justice Channell took the view that the words I have italicised so qualified the preceding words that relief could only be given to borrowers in cases in which a court of equity would give relief to expectant heirs and others in a like situation. In effect, the two Judges appeared to substitute "*and* is otherwise" for "*or* is otherwise such that a court of equity would give relief." I ventured at the time to contend that this was an utter and inexplicable misconstruction of the plain meaning of the Act, seriously impairing its usefulness. The Court of Appeal afterwards took this view, and last week the Lord Chancellor, Lord Macnaghten, and Lord James of Hereford all expressed the same opinion. In future, therefore, no judge will be able to refuse relief to a borrower, on the ground that, though the interest is excessive and the contract harsh and unconscionable, it is not one of the limited class of cases in which the Court of Chancery would give relief. If its benefit were restricted to such cases, the Act, as Lord Macnaghten said, would be a mockery. Their lordships, furthermore, declared that excessive interest of itself may be sufficient to render a contract harsh and unconscionable. This corrects another error into which some of the judges have fallen, for borrowers have several times been denied relief because a transaction presented no other harsh and unconscionable conditions, apart from what was admittedly an excessive charge for interest.

For once in a way Braham and Philip Samuel have acted as public benefactors. At a heavy cost they have carried to the House of Lords "a very idle appeal," as Lord Macnaghten called it, which has afforded that tribunal an opportunity of authoritatively settling two or three of the most vexed questions as to the construction of the Moneylenders' Act. The result is a judgment which will put the administration of the relief section of the Act on a better basis, and, it is to be hoped, prevent any repetition of the miscarriages of justice which have undoubtedly occurred in the past. A court of law, the Lord Chancellor observed, ought not to be alert in placing a restricted construction upon the language of a remedial Act. That remark assuredly conveys a well-merited rebuke to some of the judges who have been called upon to deal with cases under this Act.

THE THEATRES.

"The Prince Chap," at the Criterion.

The playgoers who enjoy having the chords of their moral sensibility constantly touched will possibly like to see "The Prince Chap." They must not, however, expect any very great refinement of sentiment in this crude appeal to the moral feelings. They must be prepared to see the elementary virtues paraded unadorned. The hero of the play, Peyton, the Prince Chap, a poor artist, who can yet afford a man-servant, takes pity on a good-looking woman whose misfortunes have been due to another. He befriends her, and when she dies adopts her very little girl, who reigns in his studio. Here we may admire Generosity, Continence, and the Paternal Instinct—though he is not the father of the child. For comic relief we have such incidents as the exciting moment of his undressing the little one and putting her to bed—with family prayers; the religious feeling. It is all very guileless and simple, and will probably touch the heart of many a housekeeper. It is, however, void of dramatic interest. The part of the little girl is played by three different young ladies. In the second act Miss Wilson shows her still in very short frocks, but in the third Miss Janet Alexander makes the most of her attachment to the artist, who has come to regard her and she him in an altogether unpaternal manner. This is proved by her rejection of the offer of marriage by the artist's friend, a real live earl, and her rapturous delight when the artist, whose Self-denial (another virtue) has been such that he has prepared to resign her to the aristocrat, speaks his love and claims her for his wife.

Amusement of an obvious sort is afforded by the maid-of-all-work in the artist's studio, to whom the artist presents a ring (Generosity) in the first act. In combination with the man-servant, Runion, well played by Mr. George Shelton, Miss Hilda Trevelyan uses every atom of material afforded by her part, which had in it (very distant) memories of "'Op o' me Thumb," that admirable one-act study of real life.

Enough has, I think, been said to let the reader see the sort of play he may expect if he go at present to the Criterion. The ingredients are sugar and water. It is quite wholesome for those who like the mixture.

French Plays, at the Royalty.

The French plays provide a rich *régale*. In the "Petite Fonctionnaire" Mlle. Thomassin and M. Galipaux, the stars of last week, gave us, thanks to the wit and talent of the author, M. Capus, a most amusing sketch of French provincial life.

Nominated post-mistress in a little country town, the pretty Mlle. Thomassin finds there an old school friend. Rapturously received and invited to lunch as an equal, the school friend's ardour cools marvellously when she finds that she has invited the post-mistress to meet the local aristocracy. That little lady at once sees the effect the announcement has produced, and declares that a previous business engagement will make her late for lunch, "and I am *sure* you lunch early." The friend eagerly assents, hoping that at some future

date she may be able to entertain the post-mistress. A delightful little comedy scene, admirably rendered. Very soon the pretty post-mistress has all the men at her feet. One of them, an elderly married man, admirably played by M. Paulet, sends every day a quite unnecessary telegram to an acquaintance that he may have the opportunity of seeing the post-mistress. At last the latter telegraphs back that he does not want any more telegrams! This drives the elderly gentleman to the decision of offering the young lady a flat in Paris. But he cannot do so verbally, as her assistant is present. So he writes his proposal out as a telegram and hands it to the post-mistress, expecting a momentous reply. Not at all: she merely says, "Two francs fifty, please." But the third act shows that she has accepted the offer conditionally: *en tout bien tout honneur*, and we find her installed in Paris. Down upon the elderly gentleman swoops his furious spouse, almost coinciding in her visitation with the visit of the illiterate provincial vicomte, who has married between the acts and found good grounds for divorce at once. After a very pretty scene between M. Galipaux and Mlle. Thomassin, the vicomte, who had made a similar offer to the one she had accepted, makes another more serious, in spite of all appearances. The curtain falls as she promises to prove to him as his wife that he had not done wrong to trust her. *En tout bien tout honneur.* The little play sparkled like brilliants on the lips of the players, and I hope that I may have reflected for the imaginative a flash or two of the diamonds.

"The Husband's Chance" is a one-act play, and a lesson to husbands how to manage semi-hysterical wives of to-day. "Where there is one Don Juan about, immediately procure another; they will cut each others' throats," might be given as the maxim of this husband. He triumphs, but only, as he says, for the next ten days or so.

Preceded by a flowery discourse, the "Chansons de 1830," found in Mlle. Thomassin and M. Cooper interpreters who felt the charm of those ditties that had delighted their grandparents "Jenny" and "Colinette." The former especially pleased me, sung with the stiff little naïvetés of an ingénue of the thirties. Her little mittened hands alternately upraised, the actress made the house shout with laughter as she vaunted the virtues of the work-girl Jenny, whose bird sings in every refrain.

So mercurial was M. Galipaux that I thought at first he had gone mad in the one-act "Macédoine" which concluded Friday night's entertainment. But I soon saw that he was only making amiable fun of us, of our musical comedies, and of our "choose a card" conjurors, who run about the audience. One particularly witty moment of this extravaganza was the reproduction of a cinematograph picture, in which M. Galipaux, all shivers, advanced to meet a shivering lady, whom he clasped in a shivering embrace.

This week is the last of the French plays, and my readers should see as much as they can of M. Antoine, whom they will not have a chance of seeing again, as he is leaving the stage. The varied programme of his single week's engagement offers a choice to suit all tastes.

At the Palace Theatre there is again a great change in the programme, to which it may be worth while drawing attention should the weather be as hot as heretofore. Grotesque dancers from America, a pantomime sketch, a Parisian songstress, Messager's "Les Deux Pigeons," scenes on the Bioscope, are among these changes.

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"Coming events cast their shadows before," and Mr. Frederick Fenn's adventure in words and music, to be produced in August at the New Theatre, should have an interest greater than that which attaches to an ordinary machine-made musical comedy. The scene, Egypt; Pharaoh, Mr. Rutland Barrington; Miss Ruth Vincent as an Egyptian Princess; composer, Mr. Michael Faraday; writer, Mr. Fenn. These ingredients should mix well with others equally promising. *Qui vivra verra.*

NOTES FROM PARIS.

SARAH BERNHARDT AND THE RED RIBBON.

THERE is much to be said for the refusal of the Council of the Legion of Honour to countersign the nomination of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt to the red ribbon. There is also a good deal to be advanced on the other side. Unfortunately, one can only say in meeting the objections: *glissez mortel; n'appuyez pas*, unless that in the eyes of the Council there has been too much *cabotinage* and too little tact in the career of the famous actress. Tartufferie has its advantages, as have quarantine rules, which are a sin against the sacred principle of liberty. I do not see that, in having decorated Mlle. Bartet, the Minister of Public Instruction was obliged to decorate Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. The pretext of the former being a "functionary" who had regularly for nearly thirty years discharged the duties of her function in a State theatre may have been hypocritical. But are there not thousands of little hypocrisies and fictions which are a necessity of civilised life? When we approach a more ideal state their use will disappear with that of quarantines and legal figments, *congé d'élires*, and much else that now offends simple-minded folk. Having said this, let me now, as a near spectator of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's career, go into some of the considerations which M. Briand might urge, and which he doubtless would urge, on the recalcitrant Council of the Order.

Sarah (I drop the "Madame" as belittling) Bernhardt's theatrical battlefield has been all Europe, including Pera and Athens, and North and South America. Her pluck and resource in the fight for fame and fortune have been indomitable. She has done more for the sale of French dictionaries, vocabularies, grammars, and plays than all the commercial travellers of all the Paris publishers. When the time came for her to sink into the stage mother, she bravely created third sex rôles. Hamlet, Werther, L'Aiglon afforded her brilliant triumphs. She had the glory, in her last professional tour, of defeating the theatrical trust and of teaching that, with talent, courage, and the power

to strike responsive chords in a big public, one can set up a theatre in a tent with the certainty of drawing and delighting crowds. As a theatrical manager she stands high. Theatrical critics have long ceased to eulogise her, for the good reason, I dare say, that their stock of eulogistic adjectives and epithets has been worn threadbare. Her constancy in friendship with real and non-professional friends is evidence of a very good heart. One should have heard her secretary, who died in the course of her American tour, speak of this virtue. He had been with her for twenty years, and knew that death alone could put an end to the friendship. If her earnings have been enormous, her generosity is great. I know that her parish priest, when she lived in the Ruy Prouy, never appealed in vain to her to relieve cases of distress. She always did so with an ungrudging spirit and an open hand. He hoped, and indeed expected, that she would have to the end of her life the patronage and protection of the glorious saint who poured out the three hundred pennyworth of precious ointment on the feet of one who must have seemed a mere tramp to the fine folks of Jerusalem.

Personally, I never cared much for the acting of Sarah Bernhardt, and thought her more attractive in drawing-rooms, or no matter where, in private life, than on the stage. She was delightful at a *vernissage* or at an artistic lunch at Le Doyen's. Sarah Bernhardt's mannerisms seemed to me to shut out the heroine, such as the author imagined her. This huge egotism, to my mind, ran counter to the first great law of theatrical art. I often, for I do not like to feel in a small opposition minority, felt vexed with myself for not being more appreciative. I was only reconciled to my way of thinking on comparing notes with Tourgueneff and a few other men of eminence. She was more a woman's favourite than a man's. They meant the favourite of *cocodette* women with a spice, or more, of hysterical egotism, and a passion for shining through dress and attitudes. This criticism applied more to the early than the later phases of her career. She had in a rare degree the chic of the Boulevards. It permeated all her rôles and prevailed over them. I think she lost what was too pronounced in it during her long tours abroad. She produced, when so typical of Boulevard feeling in art, lay figure effects of drapery that made the great dressmakers and their patronesses wild with admiration. There was always in her something that kept trade going. In this respect she could not be more of her time.

Sarah Bernhardt had the good fortune to make her début just as a violent reaction set in against padded chests and crinolines. The balloon skirt had rendered the filled-out chest necessary to the general harmony of the fashionable figure. At the end of sixteen or seventeen years the Empress became unfashionable, more because people were tired of her style of dress than anything else. It was that of a Madonna in the sacristy of a Spanish church, and borrowed from a portrait by Velasquez of the daughter of Condé de Haro. The perfectly straight lines of Sarah Bernhardt's slight figure (slight almost to the skeleton degree) relieved after this long surfeit. I think she reached her highest pitch of perfection in one of her very early rôles, that of Zanetto in "Le Passant" of Coppée, acted at the Odéon. Zanetto is an Italian lad of sixteen or thereabouts, and a pendant to Mignon. He is musician, vagrant, and in sentiment a poet; sleeps, for want of a friendly roof, in the open place of a town, and is expected to have that physical grace one so often sees in Italian lads of low birth. The actress, judging of his situation from private family experiences, entered into it completely. She was delicious. Her voice had dulcet tones that owed nothing to teaching or affectation. Its velvet had not been pressed down by those violent tirades in the Sardou rôles.

Again, six or seven years later, Sarah Bernhardt had the good fortune to be the only actress at the Français suitable for the rôles of Dona Sol and Marie de Neubourg, Queen of Charles II. of Spain, in "Hernani" and "Ruy Blas." Victor Hugo's "Chatements," though published in Belgium in 1852, had only been known in France in 1872. They deeply stirred—indeed, electrified—the whole nation. The author took the rank of a seer in the eyes of *les intellectuels* and the millions. Did I say a seer?—of a god. Sarah Bernhardt in personating Dona Sol and Marie de Neubourg, shared in Victor Hugo's popularity, which now seems almost fabulous. Her smooth feline grace which she since perfected in the study of cub-lions, a certain langour of manner in speaking, and her attitudes had the charm of novelty. They induced no suspicion of dull insensibility. This rested tired-out nerves. We had gone through the excitements of the summer and autumn of the terrible year, the convulsions of the two sieges of Paris, the emotions of an unsettled political situation. A King might have been any day proclaimed at a night sitting at Versailles, and the proclamation followed by civil war and another invasion and amputation. A Duse coming then would have been a failure. The languid sing-song of Sarah Bernhardt in Victor Hugo's long tirades in verse was just what we needed. Her fresh dulcet voice and perfect intonations soothed. They were as a lullaby. Her chest and throat had great sustaining power. She could get, without any sign of shortness of breath to the end of the longest tirade. "Hernani" and "Ruy Blas" had for eighteen years been excluded by administration order from all French theatres. Their revival at the Français was prodigiously successful. They had the effect of quite new plays, with the prestige of Victor Hugo's great name. The author gave a banquet at the Continental to the actors and actresses. Sarah Bernhardt sat beside him in a robe of white satin that might have passed for Royal. At the close of his speech of thanks to "mes interprêtes," he kissed her hand. In doing so he dropped into it, to replace the tear that did not fall, a big, unset diamond.

In her early days, Sarah Bernhardt never forced her effects. She had then only played before a French public, the quickest in the world to seize shades, innuendo, and light touches. She had, and has, innate distinction, and she could never be guilty of vulgarity. To sum up, she is no ordinary person, and she is a great artist. Her defects are peculiar. In the eyes of many they appear, or used to appear, qualities worthy of imitation, but inimitable, because idiosyncrasies. She is now at her place at Belleisle, on the coast of

Brittany. For the sake of her grand-daughter she has been almost passionately eager to be decorated. Otherwise, one might say: *elle aspire à descendre.* The red ribbon would make a difference in the matrimonial prospects of the grand-daughter, who is now grown up. The word *cocodette* used above belongs to the lingual *ephemeræ* of the boulevard, and is dying out. It meant a woman setting up to elegant style, and a cocotte, save in being classed as such.

The Princess Beatrice de Bourbon, great-niece of the late Comte and Comtesse de Chambord and daughter of Don Carlos, derives greater benefit from "equivalent rights" than she possibly could from "equal rights." In virtue of the former Mlle. Corisande de Gramont obtained 50,000 fr. a year, apart from the advantage secured by the marriage settlement made by her ex-husband, Prince Leon Radzivil. The Princess Beatrice gets from Prince Fabrizio Massimo twice as much. He is the third son of Prince Camillo Massimo and Dona Francesca Lurchesi Palli, half sister of the Comte de Chambord by the Duchesse de Berri's second marriage. Prince Camillo claims descent from that Fabius Maximus who won by delay. The Princess Beatrice's "equivalent rights" give her the enjoyment of a residence in Rome and of the Villa Massimo at Tivoli. She has not certainly a Fabian slow-going temperament. Two years ago, prompted by a jealous impulse, she threw herself into the Tiber and was saved with difficulty from being drowned. The present Pope officiated as Patriarch of Venice at her marriage, which took place nine years ago. She comes out of her matrimonial troubles much better off than her sister Alice, the divorced wife of Prince Frederick Schönberg-Waldenburg, who is now fortuneless, and has a son without a title. The present head of the Massimo family is, through his mother, a great-nephew of Prince Eugene of Savoy Carignan, the first cousin and the able and judicious helpmate of Victor Emmanuel II. in the work of Italian unity.

Exit Sisowath in the state in which he arrived. I fear his visit to France will have some sad consequences. The cost was estimated at 200,000 fr. It will not be covered with 800,000 fr. The balance is to be paid by Cambodia. The ladies arrived at the P.L.M. terminus half an hour in advance of the King, their arms laden with automata—dolls and other mechanical toys. They are not up to such achievements in Cambodia. What seems to us of small account strikes the danseuses and favourites as almost miraculous. They are extremely curious. It was thought prudent to warn them not to meddle with the alarm apparatus of the corridor car in which they went back to Cambodia. If they did, they were told they would unloose the Evil One and he would wreck the train. One of the four Princes, much against his wish, returns home with Sisowath. His constitution is too delicate to resist French winters. The eldest has entered St. Maixent, a military school for cadets who have risen from the ranks. For several days before the King's departure this Royal youth walked about Paris with a lady.

Sisowath offered President Fallières any four of the dancing damsels he might choose, and to send him a peerless Cambodian beauty. M. Fallières' face was suddenly suffused with crimson. When he recovered presence of mind he pointed to Mme. Fallières and begged the interpreter to enlighten his Majesty as to the jealousy and indocility of European wives, and the commandments of his protocol. The protocol restricts to a single wife. Sisowath protested that he meant no disrespect to anyone or anything. He had been under the mistaken idea that there are ways for evading protocol rules. The protocol has served as "the disagreeable partner."

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

THE following announcement, dear Lady Betty, is of the utmost importance:—

"Change of Name.—I, John Bull, do hereby give notice that by a deed poll bearing date the 21st day of July, 1906, duly executed, and attested and acknowledged, and enrolled in the Central Office of the Supreme Court of Judicature, I formally, wholly, absolutely, and utterly renounced, relinquished, and abandoned the use of my said names, and declared that I had Assumed, adopted, determined, and intended thenceforth upon all occasions whatsoever to use and subscribe myself as Johannes Bullheimer, and so as to be at all times thereafter called, known, described, and distinguished by the name of Johannes Bullheimer exclusively."

It has for long been perceived by all observant Englishmen that the terminals "heim," "heimer," "berg," "stein," "smid," and "smidt" confer peculiar advantages on those who have them in their names. They are at once supposed to be rich, shrewd, and intelligent, and the supposition not only facilitates their advance in any condition in life, but unnerves those who compete with them. The magic properties of the terminals are many and varied, for all feel well-disposed towards any who are imagined to be exceptionally rich and resourceful. It is generally thought that by altering the name of John Bull to Johannes Bullheimer our fellow-countrymen will at once imagine that each of them has personally increased in wealth and intelligence, and will be enabled to compete more confidently and successfully with those whose names possess these endings.

. . . . . .

The greatest change that has recently occurred in the country is this, that formerly it was an English England; now it is a foreign.

. . . . . .

Three of the more important forces that form the character of a people are climate, cooking, and circumstances. The characteristics of the English which are the results of climate are unaltered, for the latter is unchanged. Our cooking and circumstances, however, are altogether different from what they were even half a century ago, and it is obvious, therefore, that the national character has altered with them.

Ours is a damp climate, and from time immemorial the English have mostly occupied themselves in endeavouring to become dry, especially by swallowing scorching liquids and engaging in violent exercise. They were silent because it is unwise here to open the mouth unnecessarily and let the damp into the lungs, and they do not gesticulate because moving the head, arms, or hands localises the rheumatic fluid and may cause pain. Those conditions have not changed, and it is, therefore, with the utmost concern that the observant and patriotic amongst us perceive that our fellow country men and women eat rich foreign dishes; spend much of their time seated in an office, at the bridge table, or on a motor car; are endeavouring to be talkative as are the French; and are inclined to be less inanimate. Those

developments must assuredly bring about a national attack of rheumatism which will further handicap us in the commercial struggle in which we are engaged.

* * * * *

The money-standard of value is established; the following is the new method of attracting the attention of the newspaper reader which a "poster-writer" has introduced:—

"£364,000 FIRE.
£100,000 MARRIAGE.
£80,000 ACCIDENT.
£20,000 FAILURE.
£10,000 RACE.
£500,000 DEATH."

* * * * *

A well-known Radical Member has coined this happy phrase:—"It is a pity that the Government has not as much courage in office as it had conscience in Opposition."

* * * * *

In England, Ministers never understand the people; they only understand the wire-pullers.

. . . . .

If you want poetry, look for it in the prosaic, in those who feel that which they cannot express, not in those who express that which they do not feel.—Believe me to be, very truly yours, MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

GOODWOOD week marks the close of the first half of the racing season, and on Tuesday, August 7, entries close for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. The races at Goodwood were established in 1802 by the fourth Duke of Richmond as a practically private meeting, to replace a gathering which had been held for many years in Petworth Park, which Lord Egremont had just discontinued. The meeting was on such a limited scale that the old stand was not built until about 1828, but it became one of the great fixtures of the year under the auspices of the fifth Duke of Richmond, with the cordial assistance of Lord George Bentinck. The racecourse is beautifully situated on the border of Goodwood Park, and it commands extensive views in all directions. The bridle paths lead for many miles across the downs along the heights of the chalk hills, and there are extensive walks through the woods, which are principally of beech. The park is large, and finely timbered, the Lebanon cedars, the cork trees, and the chestnuts being especially remarkable for age and size; and there are splendid views from the higher grounds, but the domain is inferior in the beauty of its scenery to the neighbouring parks of Parham, Petworth, and Arundel. Goodwood House, which has but little architectural merit, was built by Sir William Chambers, and enlarged by Wyatt. It is ornamented with towers, and the interior is well arranged, the principal rooms being very handsome. There is a valuable and interesting gallery of portraits in the house, and some superb Sèvres china, which was presented by Louis XV. to the third Duke of Richmond, and a large and important collection of historical relics.

There will be some interesting sport next week, but the fields for the weight-for-age races are not likely to be large. There was a collapse in many of these events at Ascot, and nobody can reasonably expect big fields so long as the present preposterous plethora of meetings is permitted.

Forty-four two-year-olds are left in for the Richmond Stakes on Tuesday out of an original entry of seventy-two. Major Loder may win this race with Weathercock, as this colt ought now to be fit enough to beat the moderate lot of animals which are engaged. There are twenty-six entries for the Ham Produce Stakes, which race will be worth £1,600 if six start. The entry includes Auber, Ulpian, The Sun, Ste. Claire II., and the filly by St. Simon out of Satirical. I expect that Auber will win, as he has a 6lb. breeding allowance, and he is evidently in good form just now. There are fifty-six entries for the Lavant Stakes on Wednesday, including Traquair, who will probably be reserved for another and more valuable engagement. Silver Heeled ought to win this race. Fifty-seven two-year-olds are left in for the Rous Memorial Stakes on Thursday, and I expect that Bellavista will win this race for Mr. Russel. The Prince of Wales' Post Sweepstakes, which will be worth £3,400, will be a good thing for Traquair, who has no extra weight to carry. Some very highly-bred animals are engaged in this race. The Molecomb Stakes on Friday will be won by Lord Falmouth's dark colt St. Martin, if he is all right. This own brother to Quintessence was sent to Ascot to run for the Triennial, but was withdrawn from that race on account of the hard ground. Then he was put aside for the Chesterfield Stakes, but he was not sent to Newmarket last week. The best public form in the Molecomb Stakes is represented by My Pet II. If St. Martin does not start at Goodwood he will no doubt be kept for either the £1,000 stake at the Derby September meeting, or for the Rous Plate at Doncaster. He is not entered for the Middle Park Plate, but he has a nice engagement in the Buckenham Produce Stakes at the Newmarket First October Meeting, a race in which there are neither penalties nor allowances, so it will be good policy to win a race previously with him.

Twenty three-year-olds are entered for the Gratwicke Stakes on Tuesday, and the Duke of Portland ought to win with Quair (by Orme out of Memoir) if she is worth keeping in training, for surely Gorgos cannot give her a stone. Thirty-eight horses are left in for the Sussex Stakes on Wednesday, and the acceptance includes Wombwell (winner of the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot), Lally, Minos, Black Arrow, and Troutbeck. I fancy Black Arrow over the easy New Mile. There were ninety-three entries for the Gordon Stakes of £1,000 on Friday when the race closed in September, 1904, and thirty-five horses are left in, including Troutbeck, Radium, Nulli Secundus, and Admirable Crichton, and Major Loder's colt may win. Keystone II. will win the Nassau Stakes if she runs.

Scarcely any of the horses left in for the Goodwood Cup have any pretensions to staying the course, and the best class is represented by St. Amant, but the race can be better dealt with next week. The Stewards' Cup will be left alone by all prudent people until the numbers are up, as the early betting on this race is now all mere fiddle-faddle. Bushey Belle, who has been the early favourite for this race, and who was generally regarded as wonderfully well handicapped, has been scratched, and Fallon's stable will not be represented in the field.

The Stewards of the Jockey Club have very properly refused the unreasonable application of the Doncaster Race Committee for an additional autumn fixture, thereby acting in accordance with the advice which was offered to them several months ago in TRUTH. Most of the sporting papers warmly supported the project for a third meeting at Doncaster in their usual dunderhead fashion.

Only thirty-six horses have been entered for the Great Ebor Handicap of £1,000, which will be run at York on Wednesday, August 29. The weights are to be published on August 9, which is a week too early. There have been very few French entries for this race, but Comte de Moltke-Huitfeldt has engaged two animals this year. The best class horses in the list are Major Loder's Hammerkop, Mr. Imber's Sandboy, Captain Bewicke's Clifton Hall, Mr. Neumann's Llangibby, Mr. Henning's Airship, Lord Brackley's Imari, Lord Derby's His Majesty, Mr. Dalgleish's Buckminster, and Mr. L. de Rothschild's River. The Great Ebor Handicap was formerly a great betting race, but it now excites very little public attention.

DIEPPE CASINO. Five hours from London. Unrivalled pleasure centre. Operas, plays, concerts nightly, by leading Parisian artistes. Petits Chevaux, Baccarat, Private Club, &c.

There have been some feeble attempts to start betting on the St. Leger, but speculation on this race languishes, which is not wonderful, after the crash which backers experienced last year. Keystone II. is a strong favourite, and she has won her races very easily, indeed, but, of course, she has really beaten nothing. However, the colts are a miserably moderate lot, and the last has been seen of Flair on the Turf. Malua's form last week was not calculated to encourage hopes that he will carry off the St. Leger, and probably Troutbeck will prove the best of the colts. Malua would have stood a better chance of distinguishing himself at Doncaster if he had been more judiciously managed. He ought to have been "thrown up" for a few weeks after the Derby, and then prepared steadily for the St. Leger. It is said that the French colt Storm is expected to do well at Doncaster. The St. Leger now excites no general interest until the beginning of September, whereas at one time there was heavy betting on this race every day after the Derby settling.

Sixty-six two-year-olds have been struck out of the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, out of an original entry of 118. I only wonder that a larger number has not been withdrawn, as there are neither penalties nor allowances, and Slieve Gallion and Traquair are both engaged in this race, besides Galvani, My Pet II., and other winners. It is quite obvious that most of the animals which have accepted must have been left in by mistake.

Thirty-two are left in for the Tattersall Sale Stakes, and there are sixty-five acceptances for the Rous Plate. It is quite wrong that the minor forfeit in the Champagne Stakes should be grabbed for the fund, instead of going to the winner, who, by this arrangement, is deprived of £330 which ought properly to be added to the sweepstakes. The owners, by their entrances, subscribe £569 to the endowment of the Rous Plate, the value of which race is £500, so it does not cost the fund one penny. Lord Derby has accepted with Keystone II. for the Doncaster Stakes, and only twelve horses are left in for this race.

The Stewards of the Jockey Club were obliged to draw upon the Newmarket race fund for no less a sum than £4,449, in order to make up the advertised value of the Princess of Wales's Stakes. Last year the deficiency over this race was £2,569, and in 1904 there was a loss of £2,366. I am pleased to remember that when the fatal mistake was committed of excluding three-year-olds from this race, Truth was alone in protesting against the change, and the view then taken by this journal of the infatuated conduct of the Newmarket authorities has been proved to be entirely correct by the irresistible logic of events. The idea that owners would keep their horses until they were four years old in order to run them for the Princess of Wales's Stakes was a most hare-brained chimera. One might as well look out on Newmarket Heath for the unicorn or the phœnix as for the owner who would carefully put a horse aside for his four-year-old engagements, instead of training the animal at two years old. Of course, every one knows that the paramount object of owners in these days is to get their horses ready for racing as soon as possible, and every week we see backward animals brought out which would do much better in the long run if they were not trained for their early engagements, but were allowed time to mature. The result of this pernicious system of forcing two-year-olds is that when their four-year-old season arrives they have either been turned out of training or have lost any form which they may ever have possessed. A rule should be passed limiting two-year-olds to four races in their first season, which would do more to improve the breed of horses than all the hugger-mugger proposals put together by unpractical people. Suppose that Doncaster had been trained and raced as a two-year-old, the chances are that he never would have won the Derby or the Ascot Cup; and if a second Doncaster now appeared, the odds would be enormous against a waiting policy being adopted with him.

The Duke of Westminster's three-year-old filly Crown Gem, own sister to Sceptre, has been sent back to Eaton from Kingsclere, and I suppose she has been found to be of no use for racing. If this filly had been sold as a yearling she would no doubt have realised 5,000 gs. at least, and about the same sum would certainly have been obtained for her contemporary Pipistrello, the own brother to Flying Fox, who was as good-looking and promising a yearling as could be wished, but he has proved a doleful failure on the Turf, and I do not fancy that his two-year-old brother Flying Leap is likely to win any important races.

Some of the papers have been announcing that Bachelor's Button has run his last race, which statement I believe to be all nonsense and rubbish. If it had been intended to take this horse out of training, Mr. Joel would not have entered him for the Doncaster Cup, which race closed last week. Bachelor's Button has earned the extreme penalty of 10 lb., as also have Pretty Polly and St. Amant. I expect that business is meant at Doncaster with the Ascot Cup winner if he is all right, as St. Denis is also entered, no doubt with the view of making a strong pace, as at Ascot. Hammerkop and Velocity have been engaged, and among the three-year-olds are Buckminster, Achilles, and Radium. Last year Bachelor's Button won this race, defeating Mark Time by a head; and in 1904 Mr. Joel's horse was second, Robert le Diable winning by five lengths. Bachelor's Button has come on wonderfully, and at seven years of age he is no doubt a very much better horse than at the earlier stages of his Turf career. It is foolish and absurd that a winner of valuable handicaps should have no extra weight to carry in the Doncaster Cup.

There were fair fields at Newmarket last week, but most of the racing was not of high class, and very few of the events excited much interest, except to those distracted doodles who bet upon every race. There was a desperate finish between Cherry Ripe and Malua for the Dullingham Plate, Gold Riach having started favourite. It was very hard that Lord Hamilton of Dalzell's colt should have been disqualified on a purely technical objection, and a victory gained by such tactics cannot be regarded with satisfaction, and certainly has no affinity with "sport." Saxham was looked upon as a really good thing for the Soltykoff Stakes, but he appears to be a rank rogue, and Turpitude just won from Peach. Lord Rosebery's filly is grandly bred, being by Velasquez out of Serpentine, but she is a long way from being within measurable distance of first-class form.

On Wednesday Auber showed excellent form in the Sale Stakes, as he won cleverly from Ortyx, having 16 lb. the worst of the weights. My Pet II. is evidently one of the very best two-year-olds of the season, as Auber had no chance with Mr. Raphael's colt at Ascot. There was some heavy gambling between Sancy and Slavetrader over the Zetland Plate, and Mr. Bass's colt won by a head after a most exciting race.

Galvani was made a great favourite for the Chesterfield Stakes on Thursday, and Major Loder's colt won in a canter from the colt by Amphion out of Claque, while behind the pair was Simon Square, who was regarded by misguided enthusiasts as a veritable flyer after he had shown respectable form at the Newmarket Spring Meeting. Galvani, who is by Laveno out of Gallinaria, is a very nice colt, and still palpably capable of much improvement. He has been left in for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, but I am told that he will start at Kempton Park on the Friday before that race is run for the £1,000 Breeders' Foal Plate, where his 10 lb. penalty is reduced by a breeding allowance to 7 lb. It will be remembered that Lally won this race last year, Black Arrow having started favourite, on the strength of his runaway victory at Derby three days previously.

A miserably poor field came out for the Eclipse Stakes, and the three-year-olds must certainly be a deplorable lot when they are "lost" by such a crock as Llangibby, who was obviously in very much better racing trim than when he finished second to Dinneford at Newmarket. Gingal, who was the great Newmarket

tip, thoroughly disgraced himself, as he had no chance with Mr. Neumann's horse, although having 7 lb. the best of the weights. Gorgos is a pretty sort of beast to have won the Two Thousand, and Polymelus apparently cannot be trusted. Lally, who had been tipped by many of the papers, looked wretched, and was never prominent in the race. The Eclipse Stakes has this year been as abject a failure as the first of the Newmarket £10,000 races.

The regular regatta season for first-class crews wound up at Molesey last week, when the crowd of boats was greater than ever. The programme was very heavy, and Mr. C. W. Kent, the old Oxford stroke, deserves credit for carrying things through so well. Thames followed up their victories at the Walton, Staines, and Metropolitan and Kingston regattas by winning the senior eights. As at Henley, London was successful in the senior fours. At last Manno, the Hungarian, met with his reward. He won the senior sculls. Vesta showed for the first time real go and life, and were easy winners of the Thames Cup eights. In fours for the Thames Cup, a neat Reading four, stroked by Haslam, won the event, while Third Trinity, represented by R. V. Powell and T. Hughes, had no difficulty in winning the Hastie Memorial Cup for the pairs.

Forty-four years ago Grace played his first match for the Gentlemen. At eighteen years of age he was admittedly the best bat in England. Against a really good professional team he scored over seventy at the Oval last week on his fifty-eighth birthday. I congratulate the Oval authorities on having got two such good teams for this Gentlemen and Players match, and also on their prudence in only putting on a sixpenny gate. Phenomenal scoring and many drawn games marked the end of the week's play. Leicester made 701 for four wickets against Worcestershire, and that county replied with two for 344. Surrey and Warwick ran up huge scores, Hayward making his eleventh century this season. He has to make three more to beat Fry's record. By beating Somerset, Yorkshire tie with Surrey for first place. The match between these counties is attracting as much interest as England and Australia. By the way, as I anticipated, the squabble in Australia, at the bottom of which was gate-money, has resulted in the killing of the mother goose that lays the golden egg. Peace has been made too late for the M.C.C. to send a team over this year. I can assure the Australian public that, having regard to the behaviour of a certain section of the crowd, our players do not rush at the notion of going over on tour.

Streatham had a delightful cricket week, marked in the match against Surrey Club and Ground by an incident that delights the mind of the golfer rather than the cricketer. One run is needed to win. The umpire calls no-ball. The batsman hits it and attempts a run. He is run out. Is the match a draw, and is the batsman out? Answer: The batsman is out and the match is won. The reasons are that a no-ball is not scorable if runs are made from the bat. Until that is decided the run is carried, as it were, to suspense account.

Swimming records are still being set up. This season the record-maker is an American, C. M. Daniels. He has cut the record for the hundred yards and that for fifty yards further.

MOTORISTS AND THE LIABILITY FOR ACCIDENTS.

Having always protested vigorously against the setting of police traps, and having ever regarded the average Justice's method of hearing and determining charges and fining motorists as being only equalled by their crude and unjust ways with reference to poachers, I feel that I cannot be considered as being the natural born enemy of motors, whether the vehicle be public or private. As to their speed, I have always recognised that whether they be going at ten, twenty, or thirty miles an hour, they are, apart from the dust nuisance, for which the highway authorities are chiefly to blame, much more easily controlled than a pony and trap going at six or eight miles an hour, provided always that nothing goes wrong with the works. But it is just because this does happen that damage is caused, not merely to the occupants, who must be left to their own remedies, but to the life, limb, or property of the public. Now, it is with reference to the liability of the motorist—and be it clearly understood that I include both public and private cars in what I am going to say—that I wish to make a few remarks. In my opinion, the present state of the common law does not offer sufficient protection to the public for injuries that they may suffer at the hands of motorists. Briefly speaking, a man is liable for his negligence or that of his servants arising in the course of their duty. For such negligence he is liable in damages, whether he be a corporation or an individual, and the action is against him personally. Judgment is not given against specific articles of property. Now consider how the motor owner escapes liability. If an accident occurs owing to something going wrong with the works by reason of a latent defect or flaw against which no human foresight could have provided, then he is not liable. The amount of damage to life or property that such an accident might cause might easily be paralleled only by a railway accident. Imagine a motor 'bus or car running amok in Piccadilly-circus, and picture the amount of injury that might be done, and yet no liability be incurred. Well, it will be said, neither is there any liability on the part of a railway company. That is true. But trains run on the private property of a corporation. They do not use the public highway. It is because of the danger to the other users of the highway that I consider that a liability should be imposed on the owners of motor-cars. Another instance of immunity from accident involved in the principle that I have enunciated is the case of side-slip. A motor is being driven carefully, and suddenly side-slips owing to the state of the road, and whether a lamp-post or a person is hurt there is no liability. This is a case that has happened more than once within my own knowledge, and at least one County Court judge has intimated that if there is to be liability the law needs amending. To put the case briefly, I would put the motorist in the position of a man who drives or rides a horse he knows to be vicious—that is to say, he should drive a motor at his peril and be liable for all accidents, unless caused directly by the contributory negligence of the person injured.

Now to consider the freedom from liability if the servant is not acting in the course of his employment. A motor is not like a horse. In its master's absence it does not need exercise in order to keep it in health. Despite his master's orders the chauffeur takes it out, or if ordered to a certain place goes first of all on a little trip on his own account. In that event the owner incurs no responsibility if an accident happens, neither would he if he had lent the car to a friend, or let it out on hire to a stranger. All of these may be men of straw, and, if not the chauffeur, at all events the others, may be inexperienced drivers, or men unaccustomed to that class of car. I would make the owner as well as the bailee or driver of the car liable, but I would permit the owner to have a remedy for the damages in which he might be mulcted against the actual bailee and driver. In other words, I would not let the principle that there is no right to contribution amongst tort-feasors apply. In thus extending the liability of motor owners at common law, I would not extend it for the benefit of those who ride in the car, whether the vehicle be a public motor 'bus or a private car. If people choose to adopt that mode of conveyance they must protect themselves by contract. My reason for extending the liability as regards the general public is that the public has a right to the safe use of the highway, and therefore, if people use vehicles that imperil that safety, they should do so at their peril.

Goodwood Races are most conveniently attended by motoring from the Hotel Metropole, Brighton. Pleasant run of 25 miles through charming scenery. Garage. Gordon Hotels, Ltd.

It is, however, very little good increasing the remedies of the public unless there is a prospect of getting some fruits from victory. Now whether or not there is to be an amendment in respect of liability, there should clearly be an amendment as to the form of judgment. At present the judgment in the case of an action for negligence is against the person, or, as the law says, *in personam*. The litigant then has to levy execution and get his money as best he can. Having had plenty of experience of the disadvantages of barren judgments I can deeply sympathise with those who get such judgments against motorists. One way in which the effects of a judgment may be defeated is by the defendant being penniless. Such a one may have hired a motor for a day. Other methods well known to lawyers are debenture policies, bills of sale, and, above all, the ever-blessed creation of Chancery, the marriage settlement. Now there is an exception to this law of judgment being against the person. In the case of ships the ship is primarily liable for the accident. This is called an action *in rem*. Similarly, in the case of motors I would make the vehicle itself liable for the amount of a judgment as well as the owner or hirer. In other words, a debenture policy, bill of sale, or marriage settlement would not avail, nor would the owner of a car be able to dispose of it or use it until the judgment was satisfied, unless sufficient security had been given to the satisfaction of the Court. Reforms on the lines I have indicated would I feel sure do more to protect the public than any amount of speed legislation or fines inflicted by a magistracy blinded by prejudice. The alterations I would make are not revolutionary; they are the natural consequences of the use of the highway by vehicles which may cause damage of such a serious character that the existing common law is not sufficient for the proper protection of the public at large, who have a right to the use of the highway secure from unnecessary danger. The result of my amendments would be to give the public a security somewhat similar to that which workpeople enjoy under the Factory Acts.

MAMMON.

Markets Inactive—Russian Developments Cause Uneasiness—Public Shy—Bargains to be Picked Up.

THE unfortunate developments in Russia have dominated the stock markets throughout the past week, and they have had a very adverse effect upon prices. Some time ago I stated that I did not believe the English public had given the handsome response which was claimed to that portion of the last loan which was floated here, and it would appear that the Syndicate which obligingly relieved the underwriters with the idea of attracting the outsiders have been placed in a very awkward position. At all events, the new scrip, which was at first at about 3 premium, is now over 10 discount, and, personally, I think it anything but attractive at that figure. The latest news from Russia is very disconcerting, because it may spell revolution, and because it may upset Paris and the other Continental bourses, which are largely interested in Russian bonds. We in this country do not hold Russians in any appreciable quantity, but it would be a serious matter for us, indirectly, if there were any default on the coupon payments; for that might cause French and other holders to throw their bonds on to the market in a fright, and the result would be selling of other securities, thus ensuring weakness all round. It is this circumstance which is mainly responsible for inactivity and the lack of confidence on the London Stock Exchange. People see no good reason for supporting stocks and laying out their money with such uncertain conditions prevailing.

Money Still Easy and Abundant—American Gold Demand Threatening—Bank's Position.

The revival of a somewhat aggressive demand for gold from the United States is the one important development of the monetary situation. This is reflected in a harder tendency in bill quotations, fine three months' paper being something like 3 3-16 per cent., but owing to the element of uncertainty in the immediate prospects, no freedom is displayed in discounting. As regards money, the available supplies remain more than sufficient for current requirements, day to day loans commanding an average of scarcely more than 1½ per cent. The American absorption of the gold arrivals is not likely to last, and is consequently not regarded with any seriousness. The Bank's reserve shows a further slight improvement of £127,887 to a total of £25,874,400, but this is more than a million below the figure at the corresponding period of last year. On the whole, however, the showing is satisfactory enough.

Consols Sensitive — Russians Prominent — Cheap Investment Stocks—Russian Fives—Critical Position.

Instead of improving, the condition of the gilt-edged market is becoming more serious. Its utter lack of backbone, and consequent hypersensitiveness, are more manifest, and it is significant that Consols should have dipped to 87 during another spasm of "nerves," resulting from, so it is alleged, a most lurid Russian nightmare and heavy liquidation. The Russian bogey is predominant everywhere, but there can be not the slightest doubt that its dimensions are being unduly magnified, and that it is exerting an influence out of all proportion to its actual significance. Values are now at a level which is unmistakably low, and there is an excellent opportunity for the investor who possesses a little courage to pick up bargains. The following table shows the yield obtainable upon an investment basis, and I think that any further comment upon the excellence thereof is quite superfluous:—

	Price	Yield per Cent
Consols	87	£2 17 6
Transvaal Threes	97	3 2 6
Local Loans	98	3 2 0
Irish Guaranteed	87½	3 3 0
London County Threes	87¼	3 9 0
Water Board Threes	92	3 5 0

The new Russian Five per Cent. scrip has been at more than 11 discount, although now it is above the worst. All the blame is put upon the British public, who do not favour Russian securities—which is not in the least remarkable—and who would not even consider the last offer of Fives, thus leaving the Syndicate in a pretty quandary. If only the trend of affairs in the country would improve, the position of Russian securities would not be so critical, but as it is it is rather serious. Apart from Russians, the Foreign market is uninteresting, and devoid of any particular feature.

Home Rails and the Dividends—Satisfactory Brighton Figures—The Great Eastern Results—The Tilbury and Underground Distributions—Stocks that are Worth Buying.

The Home Railway market has been prevented during the past week from showing its proper appreciation of the dividends by the doubt and depression reigning throughout the Stock Exchange as a whole. All the same the results so far to hand fully bear out the hopeful anticipations previously formed. The first companies to publish their half-yearly statements are those in the passenger group, and therefore no great measure of improvement was looked for. The more substantial advances in ordinary distributions will, of course, be made known later by the group of lines which derive the largest proportion of their revenue from freight. At one time a fair amount of buying was seen in Great Northern Deferred, a stock which the dealers talk to

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60 before the end of the year. The movement was fostered by a pointed comparison made between the quotations and prospects for York Deferred and those for Dover A, a matter which has for some time constituted one of the most striking anomalies in the House. Another influence was the success of the Company in its fight against the burden of rates. The case just won against Hitchin is the third success achieved quite recently, and there are more cases of a similar character to follow. As the Hitchin success alone is understood to mean about £5,000 a year to the Company the aggregate saving should be something worth having. To come back to dividends, one of the most encouraging yet published was that of the Brighton. As that Company was alone among the leading lines to show an estimated traffic decrease, and there were extra capital charges to meet a falling off of ¼ per cent. in the Ordinary dividend had been feared in some quarters. The Brighton, however, has managed to maintain last year's dividend, at the rate of 3¼ per cent. upon the Ordinary without impairing the carry forward. From the report it is made apparent that, instead of a decrease in traffics, as estimated, the line enjoyed an increase in receipts of £10,400, all of which, with the exception of £1,000, was retained as extra net revenue. The passenger record showed that a decline in ordinary daily business had been practically neutralised by larger season ticket revenue, and an advance in the receipts for the rail motor service, which has proved a great success. This information is valuable, as showing that the loss arising through the competition of the motor-car is being made up in other ways. Assuming, as now seems most likely, that the dividends are maintained for the whole year, Brighton Ordinary yields 4¼ per cent., and the Deferred (which has to wait until January next for its dividend) about 4⅜ per cent. Both, therefore, must be regarded as cheap stocks. The Great Eastern is paying at the rate of 1¾ per cent. per annum for the six months. This is an increase of ¼ per cent. upon the rate paid a year ago, and the Board could have distributed ⅛ per cent. more had it elected to reduce its balance forward. Instead of this, the amount carried over is £6,000 in advance of last year. The Great Eastern has only recently begun to feel the benefit of expanding trade and larger passenger receipts, and the prospects are that the line will show to better advantage in the current half-year than in that just closed. Consequently, as the stock on the basis of the last two dividends announced gives a return of 4 per cent., it may be regarded as well worth buying for a six months lock-up. Among the smaller lines the Tilbury dividend calls for a word of comment. At 3½ per cent. as against 4 per cent. a year ago it looks on the surface very bad, especially as the line had a published gain in traffics of £11,500. The result is less disappointing when I mention first, that 1 per cent. per annum for the half-year only means £4,600; secondly, that the company brought in £7,000 less, while it is carrying out £3,000 more, and that a year ago it took £5,000 from special reserve, while it is now taking nothing from reserve; and thirdly, that the Company has recently had to spend rather freely upon capital in connection with the electrification of a portion of its system and other important works, the benefit of which will be seen later on. Even allowing for the reduction, Tilbury Ordinary gives a return of £4 11s. at the current price, and the stock is therefore under rather than over priced. Of the Underground group the Metropolitan dividend was expected to be a lean one, and one can only say that expectations have not been falsified. The Company had a published traffic decrease of £31,000 and had £2,000 more fixed charges to meet. Accordingly it has had to reduce the dividend on the Ordinary from 2½ to 1½ per cent. per annum, and the balance forward from £6,000 to £4,000. There has at the same time been a fair saving in working expenses, because nothing this time has been withdrawn from special reserve, whereas last year £9,000 was so taken. Making all allowances for the special circumstances against which the Company has had to contend, I cannot regard "Mets." as cheap at present price. The yield on the basis of the last two half-yearly dividends announced is a mere £2 18s. per cent., and, seeing that the Company is likely to continue its run of traffic decreases till next April, there is nothing to "go for." It is doubtful, indeed, if the stock has yet "gravelled." The City and South London has managed to pay an extra 1¼ per cent., and the Central London, in face of a traffic decrease of nearly £6,000, has maintained its dividend at 4 per cent., although the carry-forward is rather less. The "Tube" is one of the steadiest dividend-payers we have, and, notwithstanding greater competition offered by the older undergrounds since their electrification, it taps such a magnificent route that any permanent falling off in passengers is unlikely, while its revenue from rents and other sources should steadily increase. As the Ordinary gives a yield of £4 10s., and the Deferred a return of 5 per cent., they both seem to me stocks worth picking up. My table gives the changes on balance on the week:—

Home Rails.	A Year Ago.	Make up, July 10.	Closing Price, July 14.	Closing Price, July 21.	Movement.
Caledonian Pref.	79	77	77¾	77¼	– ½
Do. Def.	34	34⅜	34¼	33⅞	– ⅜
City and S. London	40	41½	43	42	–1
Central London	91	87	87	87	—
Great Central '94 Pref.	65	—	77	78	+1
Do. "B"	30⅞	37½	37½	37	– ½
Do. "A"	16⅜	17	17¼	16⅞	– ⅜
Great Eastern	84⅛	82	83¾	82	–1¾
Great Northern Pref.	102	102	102½	102½	—
Do. Def.	31½	45⅞	46½	45½	– ⅜
Great Western	139	132½	132½	132	– ½
Hull and Barnsley	46	47	47	45½	–1½
Lancashire and Yorkshire	107½	104	105	104½	– ½
London and Brighton "A"	121	117	117½	116	–1½
London, Chatham, and Dover	15⅝	14⅞	14⅞	14⅜	– ½
Do. 4½ p.c. Pref.	97	91	93	92	—
Do. 2nd Pref.	59	57	57	57	—
London and North-Western	147¾	160	159¾	159	– ¾
London and South-Western Def.	55	49½	49	47¾	–1¼
Metropolitan Consolidated	91½	65⅜	64½	63½	–1
Metropolitan District	37½	23⅜	24	23½	– ½
Midland Pref.	68⅛	67¼	67½	67	– ½
Do. Def.	62½	69	68⅜	68	– ⅜
North British 3 p.c. Pref.	79	76½	76½	76¼	– ¼
Do. Def.	43⅞	43⅞	43½	43⅜	– ⅛
North-Eastern Consolidated	135½	142	142½	141½	–1
South-Eastern "A"	52⅞	49½	48⅞	48½	– ½

AMERICANS QUIET—LITTLE PUBLIC OR PROFESSIONAL INTEREST—"SHORTS" BUYING BACK—HOW PRICES HAVE FALLEN THIS YEAR—SOUTHERN PACIFICS—HARVEST PROSPECTS—HIGHER DIVIDENDS.

In Americans the interest of the British public continues very restricted. The American public is scarcely less apathetic, and in the circumstances the slackness of English operators can be readily understood, though as a matter of fact the English speculator, the professionals apart, has done very little indeed in Yankees for some years past—not to any material extent since he got out on the big rise of about three years ago. Union Pacifics have been to the front as usual, the shares being the most prominent in the market. The outlook for the company is very bright, and the speculators who sold "short" have thought it advisable to buy back. It is a good point for Americans that while intrinsic trade conditions remain as satisfactory as ever, prices now should be much more moderate than they were at the beginning of the year. It is pointed out by Mr. Henry Clews that Milwaukees have dropped over 20 points since January, the high level period of this year, Chicago North-West over 40 points during the same interval, Lackawannas 60, Illinois 10, Missouri Pacific 15, Atchison 10, New York Central 25, Ontario and Western 10, Pennsylvania 25, Reading 45, Southern Pacific 10, Southern 10, Union Pacific 20, Amalgamated 20, Smelting 30, Anaconda 65, United States Steel Common 12 and Preferred 13. The week has been devoid of much feature, but reference may be made to Southern Pacifics, which have once again been supported on the strength of talk about a dividend, the company being one of those few which can pay a dividend but does not, as distinguished from that of the class which does pay dividends although it does not earn them. I am not certain about the immediate position of Yankees,

HOW TO OPERATE IN STOCKS SUCCESSFULLY.—See HALFORD'S ADVISER (post free).—PALMERSTON HOUSE, LONDON, E.C. ESTABLISHED 1869. TELEGRAMS: "MONITOR, LONDON."

because although the trade conditions are satisfactory, the harvest prospects are a little problematical. Good authorities in New York are of opinion that the market is entitled to at least a moderate recovery after the recent radical decline of which I have given details. But it is allowed that much depends upon the course of the money market. Until crop demands assert themselves, all should be clear sailing in the money market. Mr. Clews writes:—

After that business necessities will come first and speculative wants last. There is a greater abundance of money than usual in the West, and each year that section shows a growing ability to finance its crops without dependence upon Eastern banks. Material aids to the money market are, moreover, to be expected either through gold imports, which promise to increase via Australia and the Klondike, or through an expansion of the currency, which will be promoted by issue of Panama Canal bonds and other Government operations. Through the latter means it is estimated that 125,000,000 dols. additional will be available for circulation purposes. Thus liquidation, lower prices, gold imports and increased currency supplies are all favourable developments in the money market, the principal offset being large business and crop requirements, which will begin with the latter part of August and heavy security issues. The weakest feature of the situation is the real estate speculation, which has been conducted upon a large scale in all parts of the country, and which has, unless all signs fail, reached its zenith, and must hereafter decline. Our crop situation is satisfactory. Fair yields of wheat, corn, and cotton are promised. Agricultural products generally are bringing good prices and our farmers expect to maintain the prosperity which has favoured them for the last five or six years.

My table below shows movements and balance during the past week:—

—	1905. Highest.	1905. Lowest.	Closing Price, July 7, 1906.	Closing Price, July 14, 1906.	Closing Price, July 21, 1906.
Atchison	96	80⅛	90⅝	89½	91½
Do. Five per Cent. Pref.	109	102	103xd	103	103
Baltimore and Ohio Com.	120½	104	121	119½	121½
Chesapeake and Ohio	61½	46⅜	58⅜	56½	57⅝
Denver	40	27⅜	41½	39⅝	42
Do. Pref.	93¾	85⅜	87½	87	87½
Erie	54½	38⅝	42⅛	40⅜	42
Do. First Pref.	87½	77⅜	80½	80	79½
Louisville	161¾	140⅜	147	144½	148
Milwaukee	193½	173⅜	179	179	183
Mo., Kan., and Texas	39¾	24⅛	33⅝	32⅜	33⅜
Norfolk Pref.	96½	84	94	94	94
Do. Common	90¾	77⅜	89⅜	88½	90⅜
New York Central	169⅜	140½	136½	133½xd	137
Ontario	65½	41⅜	49⅝	47⅝	49½
Pennsylvania	76⅜	67½	65½	64½	65⅜
Reading	73⅜	40⅜	63½	60½xd	63½
Do. First Pref.	49⅜	46	46½	47½	47½
Southern Common	39⅞	28⅜	35½	34⅜	35½
Do. Pref.	104½	97½	102½	102½	102
Southern Pacific	74	59⅝	67⅜	67½	72½
Union Pacific	155⅜	116⅞	148⅜	146½	151½
Do. Pref.	102⅜	98½	97½	97½	97⅜
Wabash Pref.	49⅜	37½	46	46	46½
Do. "B" Debentures	86⅜	69½	83	83	81
U.S. Steel Corp. Com.	44½	26	36	34½	36½
Do. Do. Pref.	110⅛	93⅜	105	103⅜	105½

Bradstreets draws attention to a noteworthy feature relative to large railroads and industrial corporations in respect of the first six months of this year—the tendency to pay increased dividends. This tendency is in accord with the large gains which have been generally shown in the gross and net earnings of railroad corporations, and with renewed prosperity, which in most cases has attended the operations of various industrial combinations. The following table gives a list of various companies which have increased their dividends during the period in question, showing also the old rate per annum which they paid upon their stocks, and the new one:—

	Former Rate. Per Cent.	New Rate. Per Cent.
Amalgamated Copper	5	6
Anaconda Copper	3½	4½
Baltimore and Ohio Common	5	6
Mackay Companies Common	2	4
New York, Ontario and Western	1½	2
Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chic. and St. Louis Pfd	4	5
Pennsylvania Company	5	6
Union Pacific Common	5	6

The above stocks, it should be mentioned, are all listed and dealt in at the New York Stock Exchange, but in addition thereto there have been similar increases, particularly in the cases of mining stocks which are not traded in in the New York market. The Quincy Mining Company, for instance, has gone from a 12 per cent. to a 20 per cent, per annum basis, and the Osceola from 16 per cent. to 25 per cent., while the Mohawk Mining Company made an increase from an 8 per cent. to a 12 per cent. basis, the Calumet and Arizona from 25 per cent. to 30 per cent., and the North Butte Mining Company from 8⅓ per cent. to 13⅓ per cent. In respect of new dividend payments, the record is also an encouraging one, five important companies having within the past six months distributed initial dividends to their shareholders. Another important circumstance bearing upon the situation is that various companies which had been forced to suspend dividend payments have been enabled to resume them. In this category is included the Chicago Great Western Railway, which from February, 1904, until April of the present year paid nothing upon its Preferred "A" stock, and the Colorado and Southern, which passed the October, 1904, dividend on its First Preferred, but again paid the full 2 per cent. semi-annual rate this spring.

Canadian Railways—Qu'Appelle, Long Lake Absorption — Attractive Terms — Trunk Prospects — A Word About Cuban Issues—Some Investment Selections Among Foreign Rails.

Among Canadian Rails the feature of the week has been the sharp rise to 103 in the 6 per cent. bonds of the Qu'Appelle Long Lake and Saskatchewan Railway, caused by the announcement that the company is to be acquired by the Canadian Northern. For some years it has been regarded as highly probable that this line would be bought up by one of its larger neighbours—the Canadian Pacific used to be considered the most likely purchaser, and those holders who have faithfully held to the bonds through the bad times experienced by the concern are now about to reap their reward. The terms of absorption are that every existing £100 6 per cent. bond will be exchanged for £107 in Qu'Appelle 4 per cent. debenture stock, having thirty years to run, principal and interest guaranteed by the Canadian Northern. Interest is to accrue as from the 1st inst., and to be payable half yearly. The scrip certificates that have been issued from time to time for balance of unpaid coupons up to and including the coupon due 1st August, 1906, will be exchanged for 30 per cent. of their face value in the new 4 per cent. debenture stock. The offer strikes me as a very generous one, and I shall be surprised if any difficulty is found in obtaining the sanction before 28th August of the 80 per cent. of bondholders necessary to ratify the deal. The market for the leading Canadian Railways has been fairly well maintained, and had it not been for the gloom cast over the House by the slump in Internationals, there must surely have been a more substantial response to the splendid traffics published both by the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk. Speculators naturally are paying most attention to the earnings of the latter, for every weekly increase means so much more for the benefit of the Third Preference holders. Therefore, it is certainly desirable to emphasise the bumper gain of nearly £22,000 recorded by the Trunk the other day, an increase that was quite £10,000 above the dealers' estimates. If the line goes on like this there will be more than a sporting chance of the Thirds getting their full 4 per cent. in respect of the current year. Comparisons, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, are "odorous," but it does seem strange to me that Trunk Thirds are allowed to stand 10 points below Great Central 1894 Preference. The latter is a 5 per cent. stock, but it is getting nothing at present, and the payment of the full dividend, even making due allowance for the progress of the line, is still a good way off. Trunk Thirds, on the other hand, received 2 per cent. last year, and even on a conservative estimate, should get not less than 3 per cent. in respect of the current twelvemonth. Turning to Foreign Rails, it cannot be said that the department has shone lately, so far as price movements go. It is, however, comforting to know that the selling has been due to external rather than intrinsic conditions, for as far as traffics are concerned, there is still a general uniformity of excellence. The Cuban results, perhaps, were not quite so brilliant last week, but insiders were prepared for a decline in the rate of progress, as this

is the lean half-year—the sugar crop having been harvested in the first six months. As an investment United of Havana should be kept, the payment of a dividend at least as good as last year being practically assured. Another share that the speculative investor might put away with advantage is Cuban Central Five and a Half per Cent. Preference. If the Company could in the worst times manage to meet its Preference interest, there is certainly good reason to expect the rate to be regularly forthcoming now that the forward movement in the country has made such decided headway. The yield on these £10 shares is about 4⅞ per cent. Owing to the rise of the last few years in Foreign Rails, it is necessary to use much more discrimination in the selection of securities for investment, but here are two or three other issues that seem to me to possess stability with the prospects of a moderate further capital appreciation:—Argentine Great Western Preference, yield 4¾ per cent.; Buenos Ayres and Pacific Second Preference, yield 4⅝ per cent.; Costa Rica First Debentures, yield 5 per cent., and Second Debentures, yield 6 1-16 per cent.; Great Western of Brazil 6 per Cent. Permanent Debentures, yield 4 per cent. Here is my usual table:—

—	A Year Ago.	Make-up, July 10.	Closing Price, July 21.
Canadian Pacific	155¾	164	164⅜
Grand Trunks	22⅛	28¼	27⅞
,, 4 per cent. Guaranteed	101¼	102½	103½
,, 1st Preference	111	119	119¾
,, 2nd ,,	102	109	109½
,, 3rd ,,	51⅜	68	68⅝
Bengal and North-West	150	146	147
Madras Railway 5 per cent.	127	123	124½
Argentine Great Western Ordinary	113	117	116
Buenos Ayres and Pacific	127½	123½	124
,, ,, 1st Preference	117⅛	117½	118
,, ,, 2nd ,,	109	108½	109½
,, Great Southern	141⅛	137	138
,, Western	132½	129½	130
Entre Rios Railway Preference	99½	86	87
Rosario Consolidated Ordinary	108	112½	113
Cent. Uruguay Ordinary	84	83½	84
Costa Rica Railway	2⅜	27	29
Mashonaland Railway Debentures, 2nd iss.	—	88¾	89
Mexican Railway	23	25⅝	24½
,, 1st Preference	113	130½	128½
,, 2nd ,,	44	55	53½
Nitrate Rails	13⅞	14½	14½

South Africans Idle—Better towards the End—Mr. Beit's Death—Waiting for the Commission's Report—Labour Again—Shares to Put Away—Premier Diamonds.

The best that can be said of Kaffirs is that towards the end of the week they managed to dissociate themselves from the depressing influences which were so noticeable in some other departments, but there has been no sign of public support, and the only striking fact is that the liquidation is over, at all events, for the time being, and, this being the case, the "Bears" are showing a disposition to cover, and prices, as a consequence, show a tendency to harden, though not in a striking manner. It is quite out of the question that outside buying on any considerable scale should be induced at present. The labour question remains unsettled, the report of the West Ridgway Commission has yet to be published, the market leaders cannot or will not give more support than is necessary, and matters remain very much at a standstill. At the same time, the mining industry goes ahead, and its prospects are quite bright, provided that an adequate supply of labour be assured. As it is more than probable that this vexed question will be settled by the Transvaal itself on the granting of a Constitution, I recommend a purchase of any of the leading shares to put away for developments. But as a "spec." for a quick turn, it must be allowed that South Africans are not particularly promising, in spite of the fact that values are now very low. The features of the past week have been few, and, generally speaking, not of much consequence anyway. The death of Mr. Beit, greatly regretted though it was, did not exercise much adverse influence upon prices, presumably for the reason that his South African holdings will continue to be well held. To the man who has the courage to put shares away for a time, I recommend a purchase of any of the leading shares, including Rand Mines, Gold Fields Ordinary, S.A. Gold Trusts, East Rands, Johnnies, Modders, and Randfonteins, the last being an especial bargain; and among the less popular things, I should suggest Geduldes, Casons, General Mining and Finance, Geldenhuis Estates, and Simmer and Jack. In the Deep Level class, you can scarcely make a mistake in buying Glen Deeps, Knight's Deeps, Robinson Deeps, and Rose Deeps; while, speculatively, Simmer Wests, Simmer Easts, Rand Victorias, and Daggerfonteins are also worth buying. Diamond shares might be picked up on the same basis—that is, to hold for better conditions to follow the solution of the labour question. De Beers seem moderately high, but they are usually good for a quick recovery after a fall, because Paris is so fond of them. Premiers have had a considerable drop during the last two or three months, but they might be bought now, in view of the installation of tube mills for experiments in crushing the blue ground on arriving from the mine instead of "smothering" it for some months.

West Africans Depressed—Broken Hill Props.—Esperanzas Interesting.

The West African market pursues a most uninteresting course, with business, either on professional or public account, dangerously near vanishing point. Despite this, the insiders profess to believe that there is a better future before the Jungle when interest in Stock Exchange affairs shall have again been revived, but for my part I am inclined to the opinion that this change is not so near at hand as we are told. Broken Hill descriptions remain somewhat neglected, though values are holding their ground tolerably well. The Proprietary's interim dividend is quite satisfactory, there being a resumption of bonus distributions, which were temporarily withheld in consequence of the fire. The dividend is 1s. 6d. per share, and the bonus 1s., making 2s. 6d., or the same as was paid in February. With the price of the metals at a fairly high level, the mines of this group ought to be earning good profits, and the shares are worthy of consideration at prevailing values. Among Mexicans I still regard Esperanzas as being attractive. The mine is earning large profits, those for June being more than £91,000, and dividend possibilities are undoubtedly bright, added to which the prevailing quotation, which contains 5s. 6d. interim dividend, is very low. The yield on the basis of a repetition of last year's distribution would be very handsome. My table is appended:—

—	Denomination of Shares.	Closing Price, July 14.	Closing Price, July 21.
	£		
Ashanti Goldfields	4/-	8/6	8/6
Akrokerri	1	1 1/16	1
Bibiani Goldfields	1	3/16	11/16
British Gold Coast	1	3/16	1/4
Gold Coast Amalgamated Mines	1	1⅜	1⅜
Taquah and Abosso	1	1 3/16	1 11/16
Wassau (Gold Coast)	1	3/16	3/4
Egypt and Sudan Mining	1	1	1
Egyptian Mines and Exploration	1	2/6	1/9
Nile Valley	1	5/6	5/-
Sudan Goldfields	1	1/16 dis	1/16 dis.
United African Exploration	1	3/4	1 1/16
Anaconda Copper	$25	11 11/16	12⅝
Balaghat Gold	1	23/6	26/-
Broken Hill Proprietary	8/-	3 3/16	3¼
Cape Copper	2	5 1/16	5⅜
Champion Reef	2/6	17/6	17/6
Le Roi	5	1 5/16	1⅜
Mysore Gold	10/-	6 1/16 xd	6 5/16
Nundydroog	10/-	26/6	27/-
Ooregum	10/-	13/-	13/-
Rio Tinto	5	64¾	65⅛
Tharsis Sulphur and Copper	2	6½	6⅝
Waihi Gold	1	8 1/16	8⅛

Westralians Quiet—Fingalls Still Cheap—Kalgurlis—Associated—The Illusive Iron Duke Lode.

Not unlike other sections of the House, the Westralian market is suffering from a general paucity of business, and this is reflected in a somewhat featureless and uninteresting aspect of affairs. Values, too, do not show to much advantage, but despite this, I am not

disposed to modify the opinion frequently expressed on the subject of the attractiveness of many of the shares, notably Great Fingalls, which look exceedingly cheap now that the quarterly dividend of 5s. has been deducted. They are highly speculative, it is true, because of the uncertainty attaching to the position, but from the monthly returns it would hardly seem possible that the quarterly distribution will have to be reduced any more for some time to come. With the monthly output restricted to £45,000, the net profit averages a little above £22,000 per month, or say £270,000 per annum, which is quite sufficient to maintain the quarterly distribution of 5s. per share with a surplus over. Ivanhoes, too, are not unattractive, having regard to the fact that the prevailing price contains 5s. dividend declared, allowing for which the actual price is undoubtedly cheap. Encouraging developments have also been reported from the mine, and the shares possess rather speculative possibilities. As regards Kalgurlis, though the shares may seem somewhat high, it must be remembered that the mine is earning considerably larger profits, and consequently future dividend prospects are bright. They are not unattractive at the existing figure. Here is my usual table:

—	1900 High.	1905. High.	1905. Lowest.	Make-up, July 9, 1906.	Closing Price, July 14, 1906.	Closing Price, July 21, 1906.
Associated G.M.	7⅛	3⅜	1 3/16	1 3/16	1 3/16	1⅛
Assoc. Nth. Blocks	3⅜	1 7/16	1 3/16	1⅜	11xd	1⅛
Brownhill Ext.	3½	3/16	¼	11/-	10/-	9/6
Cosmopolitan	30/3	¼	¼	5/6	5/3xd	5/-
Golden Horseshoe	15	8 3/16	6 3/16	6¼	6 3/16	6 3/16
Golden Link	3¼	4/6	0/3	2/9	2/9	2/9
Great Boulder Prop.	37/6	25/6	20/-	25/3	25/3	25/-
Do. Main Reef	2⅜	3/3	1/-	2/3	2/6	2/6
Do. Perseverance	13½	16/6	9/6	9/9	9/9	9/6
Gt. Fingall Cons.	6¼	8⅜	6¼	4	3¾xd	3 15/16
Hainault	1⅜	1 1/16	⅜	1 3/16	1 3/16xd	1 1/16
Ida H. Gold	—	14/3	3/-	6/6	6/-	6/-
Ivanhoe (£5)	15½	8 7/16	7 3/16	7 3/16	7 1/16	7¼
Ivanhoe South Extnd.	4¼	¾	¼	¼	¼	¼
Kalgurli	9⅝	9⅞	6 1/16	10	9 11/16 xd	9⅝
Lake View Consols	5⅝	1⅜	1/16	1	1	31/32
L. & W. A. Exploration	1 3/16	15/6	7/-	9/6	9/6	10/-
North Kalgurli	1 1/16	6/-	0/6	1/-	1/-	1/-
Oroya Brownhill	—	3 3/32	2 31/32	2¾	2¾	2⅞
Peak Hill	5⅜	8/9	0/3	-/6	-/6	-/6
Sons of Gwalia	6 1/16	2 5/16	1 27/32	1 7/32	1¼	1 1/16
South Kalgurli	6½	2	1/16	1 1/16	1 1/16	1 1/16
Westralia Mt. Morgans	—	7/16	1/16	3/6	3/-	3/-

The Associated report is satisfactory, in that it reveals a reduction in treatment costs, and an extension in the ore reserves to 263,700 tons, of an average of 11.4 dwts. from 109,071 tons of 12 dwts. As regards the illusory Iron Duke, the unrealised possibilities of which are responsible for the high level of the shares, the directors are sanguine that it will yet "prove of great importance."

Rhodesians Neglected and Uninteresting—Tanganyikas for a Lock Up—Zambesias Attractive—The Prospects—Bankets.

The Rhodesian market continues quite uninteresting and neglected. To say this is to make known everything, because there is scarcely a feature or a semblance of activity anywhere, and values remain at an extremely low level. This, in my opinion, seems to afford a good opportunity to the courageous speculator who believes in the market. Take, for instance, Zambesias, which are hovering about ¾, which is the lowest for five years. They were 6 in 1903. That, of course, is a detail, but one would imagine that the shares should be receiving a gentle fillip from the progress made with the Cape to Cairo Railway, which will enable the development of Northern Rhodesia to be taken in hand thoroughly. The company has large possibilities, not perhaps so great as those of the Tanganyika Concessions, but nevertheless large, and the shares as a lock-up appear attractive. One advantage they have over Tanganyikas is that they are a "light weight." The Tanganyika Concessions, it may be noted, will be developed by the Lobito Railway scheme. As regards Bankets, I still maintain that the shares are worthy of consideration at the prevailing quotation of a little below 2. They are a gamble pure and simple, but strictly regarded as such ought to touch a higher figure when any improvement in domestic conditions occurs, and the satisfactory development of the property would thus have a chance of influencing the price. My usual table follows:—

—	Capitals. Authorised.	Capitals. Shares Issued.	Denom. of Shares.	Amount Paid.	Highest 1905.	Closing Price, July 14, 1906.	Closing Price, July 21, 1906.
	£		£				
Bechuanaland Ex.	400,000	400,000	1	f.p.	1 1/32	½	10/-
British S. Africa	6,000,000	4,999,038	1	f.p.	1 5/32	1 5/32	1 1/32
Chicago Gaika	250,000	201,000	1	f.p.	2⅜	4/-	¼
Globe & Phœnix	200,000	250,000	1	f.p.	1 13/32	1 3/16xd	1 1/32xd
Lomagunda Dev	250,000	228,000	1	f.p.	2 11/16	⅞	⅞
Mashon. Agency	400,000	398,976	1	f.p.	1⅜	⅜	7/8
N rth'rn Copper (B.S.A.)	250,000	160,500	1	f.p.	3½	1	1
Rhodesia, Ltd. (New)	600,000	500,000	1	f.p.	1	½	31/32 dis
Rhodesia Expl.	225,000	227,777	1	f.p.	4¾	1⅜	1⅜
Rhodesia Glds.	1,000,000	500,677	1	f.p.	5/16	1/6	2/-
Rice Hamilton	175,000	50,000	1	f.p.	2⅜	1/16	1/16
Selukwe	350,000	321,000	1	f.p.	1 1/8	3/6	2/-
Tanganyika Conc.	264 600	231,000	1	f.p.	6¾	3⅛	3 1/16
United Rhodesia	750,000	660,900	1	f.p.	11/3	1/6	2/-
Willoughby Con.	1,000,000	930,000	1	f.p.	15/16	10/-	10/-
Zambesia Explor.	300,000	288,615	1	f.p.	2 5/16	11/16	¾

Criticism of Insurance Companies.

In many financial matters the prevailing morality is no better than the law permits, and sometimes worse, but insurance companies, and especially life offices, have set up standards for themselves which are morally far better than the law, and they are thus financially much stronger than they would be if a legal standard of financial strength were adopted. Recognising these features of life assurance companies in this country, I always pay them the compliment of comparing them with their own ideals. I believe in insurance so thoroughly, I know that its best exponents in the United Kingdom are so excellent, and, moreover, it is so important that the existing conditions and customs should be maintained, that I consider any lapse from the normal standard should be pointed out. Life offices have faults of various kinds, which it is appropriate to deal with in different fashions. The bonuses may be poor, investments may be badly managed, policy conditions may be illiberal, shareholders may take too large a share of the profits, and so on. In such cases as these the companies may not be much to blame. The results of even inferior companies would be remarkably well worth obtaining were it not that better ones can be obtained elsewhere. Hence from time to time I point out to my readers the relative merits of policies in various companies, in order that they may have the benefit of assuring to the best advantage.

In other cases, which are happily rare, companies issue statements which, if verbally accurate, are really misleading, and ought to be exposed. The prospectus of the London Assurance Corporation contains the following paragraph headed "Expenses of Management":—"The system of the London Assurance is in various important particulars favourable to the Policyholders. In the Participating Series, the Assured are entitled at each valuation to Two-thirds of the *Gross* divisible Surplus, arrived at without deducting the Expenses of Management; and the Expenses of Management are defrayed entirely by the Shareholders out of the One-third of the Surplus allotted to them. At the present day, when the expenses of conducting Life Assurance business show a marked tendency to increase, even in the most carefully managed Societies, this arrangement is a safeguard to the Assured that their interests will not suffer." Now, I have no hesitation in saying that there is nothing whatever in this system of the London Assurance which is of any advantage to policy-holders, but that, on the contrary, there is a great deal in it which is seriously to their disadvantage.

I have not the smallest objection to the London Assurance Corporation conducting its business on these lines if it thinks fit to do so. The consequence of it is that the results under its policies are so indifferent that policy-holders can do better elsewhere. Moreover, I think it is foolish for the proprietors, who bid fair to kill the goose which lays the golden eggs. What I do

object to in this matter, and what seems to me at variance with ordinary insurance practice, is for the Corporation to suggest that a system which is very disadvantageous for the policy-holders is specially favourable to them.

Let me put the matter in another way. Out of every £100 paid for non-participating policies 2.9 per cent. is used for commission, 8 per cent. for expenses, and 27.6 per cent. for the proprietors, making a total expenditure for management and shareholders of 38.5 per cent. Taking the total of the non-participating and the participating premiums, and treating the accounts of the London Assurance in the same way as those of other companies are presented, I find that 4 per cent. of the premiums is absorbed in commission, 8 per cent. in expenses, and 11.6 in dividends to shareholders, making a total expenditure of 23.6 per cent. The dividends paid to the proprietors bring no benefit to the policy-holders. The life assurance fund is ample for meeting all liabilities and share capital as a source of security is superfluous, while the affairs of the policy-holders are managed not by themselves but by the proprietors, an arrangement which can scarcely be called favourable to the policy-holders.

This makes it clear that the policy-holders are paying large sums of money in return for which they are receiving no benefit. The prospectus states that the participating policy-holders are receiving two-thirds of the gross surplus, and that the expenses of management are defrayed entirely by the shareholders out of their one-third of the surplus. This is verbally accurate. Participating policy-holders receive two-thirds of the surplus on participating policies, but they receive no share of the profits on non-participating policies, as they do in all mutual companies and in most proprietary ones. Although the shareholders pay the expenses they do not pay the commission, and, after all, commission is an expense, and would be so regarded by the majority of policy-holders. The real facts are that the shareholders receive more than one-third, *i.e.*, 36.4 per cent. of the total surplus as clear profit for themselves after paying all expenses.

The same prospectus, dealing with the subject of bonuses, says quite correctly that the cash return to the participating policy-holders amounts to 5s. 6d. out of every £1 paid in premiums. It needs a little calculation and a certain amount of knowledge to find out that if the policy-holders had control of their own affairs, instead of paying shareholders to look after them, they could receive a further 3s. 2d. in the pound which is now taken by the proprietors. This would make the cash bonus to the policy-holders 8s. 8d. in the pound, instead of 5s. 6d. as at present. In the light of these facts I would suggest to the directors of the London Assurance Corporation that they should revise their prospectus so that the ordinary man when he reads it should be able to appreciate the real facts of the case a little more adequately than he can at present.

From the latest valuation returns published by the Board of Trade it appears that in the course of five years the premiums from non-participating policies amounted to £210,336, and from participating policies to £578,750, a total of £789,086. From the non-participating branch the proprietors received £79,730, and paid £46,593 for expenses. The total net profits to the proprietors in the course of five years came to £91,211, or 36.4 per cent. of the surplus as usually calculated, leaving 63.6 per cent. of the surplus for the participating policyholders. The usual arrangement in proprietary life offices is for the policyholders to have 90 per cent. of the net surplus, and the shareholders 10 per cent.

The Case of Preston.

I recently had occasion to deal with a circular sent out by a gentleman named Preston, the managing director of the Stock Exchange Investment and General Agency, Limited, of 3, Crosby-square, E.C., in which he invited "a few personal clients who like a little speculation without the trouble, risk, and worry of running an account," to join him. Mr. Preston was strong on the "Bear" tack, and he said explicitly that in his experience "very few people make money out of buying stocks, and in nine cases out of ten, if they had sold instead of buying, they would have made a handsome profit," and would have received contango rates instead of having to pay them. Mr. Preston has written me a letter of protest. He was formerly a member of the Stock Exchange, but was hammered, owing, as he says, to having been let in by a large Paris operator. "This little company," says Mr. Preston, referring to the Stock Exchange Investment and General Agency, "is a private affair, and carries out every transaction strictly under the rules and regulations of the Stock Exchange, and acts solely as agents. All transactions are carried out by an old-established firm of brokers, and the Company depends entirely for its remuneration upon a rebate allowed by them." Mr. Preston adds that my remarks are calculated to do him considerable harm—a circumstance which I should be the first to regret and express sorrow for if I thought I was in the wrong. But I do not believe in blind pool operations, and Mr. Preston must pardon me if I cannot acquiesce in his scheme for "forming a small pool with the object of dealing for a quick turn in such stocks or shares as may from time to time seem suitable."

On Thursday Mr. Preston brought an action before the Lord Chief Justice and a special jury against a Mr. John Briggs for an alleged libel contained in a letter written by the defendant to the secretary of the London Stock Exchange on April 15, 1905, in the course of which he said, "I beg to inform you that Mr. E. Preston, of 4, Drapers'-gardens, obtained £150 from me in June, 1903, under the pretence that he would hand it to a client. . . . I shall be glad if your committee will obtain his consent to investigating the matter, so that they will be able to ascertain if he has acted in an honourable manner. I may add that this transaction has nothing to do with one I mentioned last February." According to plaintiff's case, he was charged with having obtained money under false pretences, and he was accused of having acted in a dishonourable and discreditable manner. It is not worth while going into the details of the case. It will be sufficient to say that whilst the plaintiff was being cross-examined the jury stopped the case, and under the direction of the judge a verdict for the plaintiff was given for one farthing on the issue not justified, and a verdict for the defendant on the issue which had been justified. Judgment for the defendant, with costs, and payment out to him of the balance of the money in Court.

Company Formation Abuses.

Owing to want of space, I was prevented last week from dealing with the report of the Company Law Amendment Committee, which was appointed in December last to consider what amendments were necessary in the "Acts relating to joint stock companies." The attention of the Committee was particularly directed to the following questions:—(a) The growing practice of issuing Companies without a prospectus; (b) the registration outside the United Kingdom of Companies carrying on business in England and appealing to English investors; (c) the extension of the provisions of the Companies Act, 1900, with regard to the registration of mortgages and charges so as to include all mortgages and charges as well as those created before January 1, 1901; (d) the amendment of table A in the first schedule to the Act of 1862. After careful consideration, the Committee came to the conclusion that the recent diminution in Company promotions has been due to several causes:—

1. We think that the diminution has in part been caused by the great drain occasioned by the heavy loans which in 1899 and 1900 were, in consequence of the war, required for the public service. These loans largely diminished the capital available for

Over-stoutness is not difficult to permanently cure when the right remedy is found. "Antipon" is now in universal favour. The *Methodist Recorder* says:—"It is satisfactory to know that 'Antipon' is the practical result of a specialist's researches and discoveries, so that reliance can be placed upon its efficacy." Price 2s. 6d. and 4s 6d. per bottle, of all chemists, or of The "Antipon" Company, 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.

investment. 2. We think that the diminution is also in part caused by the extra duty on the registration of companies imposed by the Finance Act, 1899, which came into operation on the 20th of June of that year. 3. We think that the diminution has also been caused in part by the provisions of the Companies Act, 1900. On the 1st of January, 1901, that Act came into operation and largely added to the difficulties and risks of company registration and promotion, especially in the case of companies with large capital intended to be offered to the public for subscription. 4. We think, too, that various recent decisions on the Income Tax Act to the effect that a company registered or controlled in England and doing business abroad is liable to be taxed on the whole of its earnings, whether made abroad or in the United Kingdom, and wherever its shareholders may be domiciled, have adversely affected the registration of companies in this country, and have led to their reconstruction so as to place them under colonial or foreign law. These decisions have also to some extent encouraged the formation abroad of companies which might otherwise have been registered here. 5. Lastly, we think that the diminution is also attributable, in some degree, to the fact that during 1896, 1897, and 1898, the capital of companies registered was abnormally increased.

I am all the way through in sympathy with Sir Edgar Speyer, who, in a note to the Committee's report, says that, while he does not dissent from the view that directors should be protected in the matter of prospectuses and statements of material facts therein, the clause may create the impression that all that is necessary to amend the existing conditions is to protect directors against mistakes honestly committed. Like many more of us, he holds very strongly that, while directors in these instances should be protected, their liability for negligence generally with regard to the conduct of the business of a company should be increased, otherwise the public may conclude that our Committee is satisfied with the manner directors generally perform their duties. Having had twenty years' experience of business life in the City of London, during which he has had every opportunity of watching the development of joint stock enterprise in this country, Sir Edgar Speyer is more than ever impressed with the following defects and abuses:—

(a) The growth of pluralists or "guinea-pig" directors, particularly among men in public life. (b) The fact that such ornamental directors are sought after obviously in many cases as decoys on the front page of a prospectus. (c) The enormous increase in the number of companies that have gone into liquidation and consequent losses to the shareholders and creditors. (d) Cases of company frauds. (e) The impossibility of making directors personally liable for negligence in the discharge of their duties as directors.

As the law is laid down, directors cannot be made liable for negligence, as understood by ordinary business men, having regard to the facts of each particular case. To make them liable "their negligence must be not the omission to take all possible care; it must be more blameable than that; it must be in a business sense culpable or gross." Until the law is altered in this respect and directors are made personally liable for negligence, the other abuses, flagrant as they are, which have been mentioned above, will continue to exist unchecked. But it may be urged, what reason can be adduced that an alteration in the law in this respect will put an end to these other abuses? It is to the law and experience of other countries, in which joint stock enterprises flourish, and in which these abuses are rare, that attention should be directed.

New Issues.

The past week's issues include the following:—

Friswell (1906), Limited.—Formed to acquire the business of motor-car auctioneers and agents, etc.; carried on at Albany-street, Regent's Park. Capital £150,000, divided into 60,000 Six per Cent. Preference shares and 90,000 Ordinary Shares, both of £1 each. There are now offered 50,000 Preference and 50,000 Ordinary shares.

Temiscouata Railway.—This Company invites subscriptions, through the Bank of Montreal, for an issue of £50,000 Five per Cent. Prior Lien bonds, in 500 bonds to bearer of £100 each, with half-yearly interest coupons attached, payable May 1 and Nov. 1.

Lovell and Christmas.—In order to provide for the acquisition of the business of George Wall and Co., Liverpool, and to furnish capital for further developments, this Company has increased its capital to £1,000,000, and it offers for subscription 30,000 Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £5 each at the price of £5 10s. per share.

Rosario Electric Company.—This Company announces an issue 15,000 Six per Cent. Cumulative Second Preference shares of £5 each of the Rosario Electric Company, Limited

"Truth" Letter Box.

Correspondents will oblige by observing the following rules:—

Name and address, which must accompany all inquiries, should be written on the communication; cards are apt to be lost or misplaced, causing unnecessary trouble.

Anonymous letters will not in any case be attended to.

I cannot reply to inquiries by letter or telegram.

A nom-de-plume or initials (the former preferably) should be given if it is desired that the real name shall not appear in the paper.

Inquiries should be put as briefly as possible, plainly written, and numbered.

Communications received after Friday may not be replied to in the following issue. Delay may also occur where an exceptionally long list of securities is submitted.

I do not recommend brokers.

Government Securities.

B. W.—1. Japanese Fours are a desirable holding. 2. Chinese Five per Cent. Imperial Railway Bonds might also be bought. *W. C. J.*—I suggest a purchase of Consols, which will give you a direct return of close upon 3 per cent., and certainly more than that indirectly, making about 6 per cent. in all. *P. F. Co.*—Egyptian State Domains would suit you. They bring in over 4 per cent. *O. H.*—1. It would be best in the circumstances to buy Irish Land Stock. 2. Buy Westralian Fours, which will bring in 3⅜ per cent.

Railways.

Betty.—I regret that it is not in my power to help you. You chose to go in for a bucket-shop's blind pool operations against the thousand-times repeated advice of this journal, and you have no remedy against the keeper of the bucket-shop (unless you can prove fraud), because the operations are barred by the Gambling Acts. *Intro.*—Buy Grand Trunk Third Preference, Great Central Preferred Ordinary, and Brighton Deferred. *Investor, York.*—1. San Panto and Rio Claro Ordinary stock should be held. 2. You will find Western of Havana shares worthy of attention. On the basis of the last dividend, they bring in rather more than 5 per cent. *H. H.*—It would be foolish to sell North-Western and Midland stocks now, although at the prices at which you bought, they give you a fair profit. *E. D. T., Weston-super-Mare.*—1. United of Horona Preference stock would make a good investment. It brings in almost 4½ per cent. 2. I do not much fancy Manila Sixes at the present figure. *Malwa.*—Keep the Canadian Pacifics.

Mines

S. A. F.—Consolidated Deep Leads are a reasonably promising speculation, but, until developments have been concluded, they cannot be looked upon as anything else. Should the subterranean water be brought under control, the prospects are very bright, because there is no doubt that the gold is there. *Kerlin.*—Boston Coppers should go to a higher level, but they were recommended for a purchase in Truth when they were about half the present price, and I am loth to recommend them now for a heavy rise. The Company is doing well, and the management is sound. *Youngster.*—If you can hold your South Africans for better conditions they are likely to give you a profit. I should not sell any of them. *Srinagar.*—Nerchinsks are a healthy gamble, but nothing more. The present price is 3s. *J. B. A., Bournemouth.*—The Charter Trust and Agency Company will not pay a dividend in respect of the past year. *S. M., Taunton.*—You ought to put yourself into communication with a broker in Redruth. I am unable to furnish the information.

Mixed Securities.

Zaza.—1. The profits have fallen off considerably, owing to competition, and that, I am afraid, will become more severe in the near future. 2. Jay's Preference, Weldon's Preference, and Robinson and Cleaver Debentures make good industrial investments. *Cranbourne.*—The two mining shares are fair speculations, but nothing more. The other share might be bought. *Lincs.*—1. Canadian Pacifics are safe for a rise, and you might average. 2. Shansis will give you a profit if you can afford to hold on, but if it is a question of carrying over from account to account it may not pay you. *Kobe.*—1. The Canadian Bonds are redeemable in 1910 at par, and you have to consider this fact if you make a purchase. I suggest that Japanese Fives (1896) or Japanese Four and a Half per Cents. would be more attractive in the circumstances than either of the two other stocks you name. 2. Mexican Railway First Preference stock seems to me tolerably high, the Seconds would be better for a speculative lock-up, though at present it is not receiving any dividend. 3. Your best plan would be to sell Cape Electric Tram shares. *Mid-Kent.*—1. The shares are worth holding on to for the present. 2. The outlook seems very poor. 3. Very good investment, as mining investments go, but the life of the mine is estimated at no more than half the figure mentioned by you. *B. C. M., Manchester.*—If you spread the money over San Paulo Ordinary, Brazilian (West of Minas) Five per Cent., and Yokohama Six per Cent. Water Bonds, you can scarcely be making a mistake, so long as you want more than is returned by the gilt-edged group. *Molla.*—1. Japanese Fours would be the best of the three. 2. The security of the London County Council is very good, but the yield on its stocks is little more than 3 per cent. 3. There should be no difficulty in realising Bristol Corporation Three and a Half

per Cent. stock in case of necessity. 4. Welsbach shares seem good enough to hold, as the Company is picking up and has very decent prospects. *Renoops.*—All the stocks are dividend payers and are worth holding, for the present at least. If you wish to sell get rid of the Hungarians. *N. L. D.*—1. Canadian Pacifics are quite safe to hold. 2. I should not sell the South Africans, if you can afford to hold. *Monkton.*—1. Zinc Corporations are good to hold as a speculation. 2. There is no reason why Consols should be sold now, unless the Russian troubles become very much more serious. *M. S., Sanders.*—1. Keep your railway stocks, and the South Africans are also all right if you are in a position to hold them for better conditions in the market.

MISCELLANEOUS.

G. S. F., Burton-on-Trent.—The concern you ask me about is a third-rate outside broker, and I should not recommend dealings with it. *R. P., Wallasey.*—Robinson and Cleaver Preference shares bring in 4¾ per cent., and they are to be regarded as desirable of their class. On Read Bros. Ordinary shares you get a little over 6 per cent. *Old Swindon.*—I should not care to have dealings with the Company. *C. W. G., Weston-super-Mare.*—There are a great deal too many motor companies already in the market, and I see no particular reason why the one whose prospectus you send me should be supported. *Inquirer, Manchester.*—I do not recommend dealings with the Provident Association of London. *Biker.*—The association has apparently good prospects. *R. W., Tunbridge Wells.*—I am obliged to you for the documents, but it is probably superfluous to advise you to have nothing to do with the people. *J. B., Harrogate.*—I believe it is the same man, and shall be glad if you care to furnish me with the further information about which you speak. *D. C. O., Wolverhampton.*—I believe you will find the firm reliable. *Keith.*—The concern is quite a genuine one, but from its nature you must wait a little time before its commercial value can be improved. It is essentially a speculative investment. *A. B. C., Newmarket.*—They are both connected and both tarred with the same brush. *S. M. Johnson.*—Better consult a lawyer. One concern can purchase another's shares without restrain. *Richard, Cardiff.*—I have no knowledge of the Company. *Uno.*—You would do well to avoid the first two, which are inseparably connected. The other is a very small and unimportant concern. *Armstrong, Clifton.*—If you are correct in your belief that the Company has been taken over by another with a similar title, it might be best in the circumstances to cut the small loss you have made. *Colonial Speculator.*—With the development of Canada, the shares possess speculative merit, but these possibilities have already been discounted to a material extent. *Cecil.*—You might hold for a possible recovery. *Debit.*—Would strongly advise you not to take up the certificate. I have a poor opinion of the company, which can scarcely carry out all that it says it will. *Violent.*—You might find it more satisfactory to exchange into the English office that offered to continue the policies. *Rubber Pyke.*—If you care to send me the particulars alluded to I shall be obliged. *Insurance Agency.*—You might leave it alone. *Campbell.*—John B. McKenzie's circular to his "special correspondents" is most amusing. *James, Abergavenny.*—Leave Cunliffe Russell and Co., of Paris, severely alone. They charge exorbitantly for the bonds, many of which are rubbishy. *Jay, Jay.*—Apollinaris and Johannis Ordinary are worth holding as a high yield industrial. *Cautious.*—The only drawback to most bank shares is the liability in respect of uncalled capital. This risk is remote, however. They bring in anything from 4 to 4½ per cent. *H. R., Dundee.*—Regarded as investments your holding of Telegraph shares is quite desirable. Imperial Tobacco Preferred Ordinary yie'd 4½ per cent., and the Cumulative Preference 4 per cent. Bovrils make a good holding of their type, and are preferable to Jas. Nelsons.

INDUSTRIALS QUIET—OMNIBUS SHARES—PEKINS—GAS STOCKS—IRON AND STEEL—SEWING COTTONS—BREWERIES—NITRATE SHARES — ANGLO-AMERICAN TELEGRAPH DIVIDEND.

Whatever may be the actual cause—and all the likely theories have been exhausted—of the general neglect of Industrial securities, the fact remains that the market is still quite out of favour. It has ceased to deserve the distinction of being the favourite of the average investor, but I am sanguine enough to believe that this is only a temporary phase, basing this on the assumption that merits in the long run will assert themselves. Anyway, in view of the continued trade revival throughout the country and the fact that values are relatively low, I still regard Industrials collectively as being worthy of consideration. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the moment is the weakness of motor 'bus shares, consequent upon the unpleasant notoriety achieved by these vehicles. The shares of the older omnibus concerns are comparatively unaffected, perhaps because of the fact that they have suffered quite enough depreciation, as a result of the possibilities of competition and increased capital, to discount any other ordinary contingencies. In any case, they are, in my opinion, preferable to those of the recently formed undertakings, and at the prevailing figures both Road Car shares and General Omnibus stock appear speculatively interesting. The following table showing the yield obtainable upon gas stocks may be useful to those whose fancy runs in this direction:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Bromley Gas "A"	123	£4 17 0
Commercial 4 p.c.	114	4 10 0
Continental Union	126	5 1 0
European	24½	4 8 0
Gas Light & Coke	97¼	4 10 0
Imperial Continental	178	5 12 0

Iron and Steel shares continue more or less uninteresting in spite of the fact that the industry continues prosperous, and in this connection it is worth while referring to the satisfactory achievement of Pease and Partners. The resumption of interim dividend payments foreshadowed increased distribution, and this is brought up to the equivalent of 8 per cent. on the Ordinary, as compared with 5 per cent. and 3 per cent. for the two preceding years respectively, while the Deferred shares, too, receive 16s., or 8 per cent., after being without dividends since 1902-3. Vickers Maxims, to which I referred a week ago, appear particularly attractive, and South Durhams, Cargo Fleets, and Weardales are also promising. Amongst textiles, which remain very uninteresting, Sewing Cottons are not benefiting from dividend possibilities. The announcement is due within a week or two, and anything from 5 per cent. to 10 per cent. is expected, as I remarked when dealing with the matter before. If the profits of the American Thread Company show a recovery—and the idea is that they will—the realisation of the more sanguine estimate seems quite possible. Brewery securities show no sign of throwing off the lethargy that has clung to them for such a long time, the effect of expanding sales implied by the industrial revival, and also the lower cost of raw materials, being neutralised by the uncertainty as to the Government's policy in regard to the "trade." Values are still very low, and amongst the better class provincial shares there are in my opinion many promising things to be picked up. It may be noted that a scheme of capital reduction has at last been formulated by the Manchester Brewery Company. It is very drastic, the Ordinary shares being cut down to £3 from £10, the Five per Cent. Preference shares to £6 from £10, in consideration of receiving a cumulative dividend of 6 per cent., with a contingent non-cumulative payment of an extra 1½ per cent., when the Seven per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares, which are to rank for only 5½ per cent. in future with a contingent non-cumulative payment of an extra 1½ per cent., receive the full 7 per cent. The denomination of the Seven per Cent. Preference shares is unchanged, but both classes are to forego arrears. If the scheme is sanctioned, all classes of shareholders are within sight of dividend payments. Although the industry is flourishing, Nitrate shares are not holding their ground particularly well, and this seems to afford an opportunity to those who fancy such descriptions. The following table shows the yield obtainable on the basis of the last distribution:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Anglo-Chilian Nitrate & Railway	13½	£6 18 0
Colorado	13½	6 7 0
Liverpool	16½	11 1 0
New Paccha	3	9 10 0
Salar del Carmen	13	10 17 6
San Jorge	2¾	9 12 0
San Sebastian	2	11 15 0

Telegraph descriptions are not receiving much attention, save perhaps for Anglo "A," which are still somewhat inclined to droop away. Dissatisfaction is expressed over the interim dividend, though this is undoubtedly good, the payment for the half-year on the Ordinary being 30s. per cent., as against 29s., and 60s. per cent. on the Preferred, as against 58s. per cent. The fact of the matter is that, as I have said all along, operators had permitted their imagination to run to fantastic lengths. The carry forward of £20,000 compares with £1,300, and is significant in relation to the Deferred dividend possibilities. But operators anticipated something even better. The business of the Gordon Hotels, Ltd., last year showed an improvement. Compared with the previous year, there is an increase of £11,895 in the amount of business done. In pursuance of the policy of the board, all the hotels have

been maintained in a high state of efficiency. During the twelve months ending May 31, a sum of £62,788 was charged to revenue for repairs, maintenance, and in writing off suspense balances. VIGILANT.

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QUEER STORY.

THE S. P. F. S.

DO you know what the above initials, S.P.F.S., stand for? No! Then I will tell you. They stand for "The Society for Promoting Female Suffrage"—a society formed in London several years ago (though now defunct) which owed its inception to the zeal and energy of that brilliant, but erratic, social and political luminary, the Countess of Hurlingham. This distinguished lady resembled the notorious Duke of Buckingham, as described in Dryden's contemporary satire. She was "everything by turns, and nothing long." But used as Society was to her frequent choppings and changings, to her ever new and unaccountable whims and caprices, great surprise was felt when she suddenly took up with this fad of female suffrage. For hitherto, despite her whimsical and volatile disposition, Lady Hurlingham had never shown any sign of being a masculine woman, or betrayed the least inclination to run a tilt at those laws and customs which, for good or evil, govern the relation of the sexes in this country.

However, take up the Female Suffrage fad she did, and—as always, when she did take up a thing—she threw herself into it heart and soul. No half measures for Lady Hurlingham. Positives she despised. Comparatives she held in contempt. Whatever subject occupied her fancy for the time being, she always declined it in the superlative degree.

The Society was inaugurated at a meeting of some fifty ladies, held in the Countess's drawing-room in Berkeley-square. Lady Hurlingham herself took the chair and addressed the meeting in a very eloquent and impassioned speech. Her ladyship's keenness—the energy and conviction with which she championed the rights of her sex—soon communicated itself to the rest of the meeting, and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed. A resolution "that this meeting pledges itself to further by any means in its power the just and righteous cause of Female Suffrage, and hereby forms itself into an organised Society for the promotion of that object," was carried unanimously, amid loud applause, and a small committee was elected, with Lady Hurlingham as chairwoman, to draft rules and regulations for the Society and to submit them to the next meeting.

Most of the speeches at this first inaugural meeting were made by the older women present, many of them veteran platform orators; but one or two *débutantes* also spoke, of whom Lady Agatha Fishlake, the hostess's youngest daughter, was distinctly the best.

Lady Agatha was then in her twenty-second year, though she looked no more than eighteen. She was a strikingly pretty girl, very plastic and impressionable, and easily infected by the influence of her surroundings. When she came to that meeting, I doubt if she had any very decided views on the subject of female suffrage, one way or the other; but the speeches which she heard and the enthusiasm which prevailed so worked upon her susceptible nature, that she was fairly caught by the spirit of the movement and carried off her feet.

Although she had never spoken in public before, she stood up spontaneously, glowing with excitement and fired by enthusiasm, and made a really excellent little speech, the eloquence of which surprised everybody who heard her, herself included.

At the close of the meeting she was warmly complimented on her effort by Miss Mewling, a strong-minded lady of uncertain age and great platform experience, who had just been elected Hon. Sec. of the budding Society.

"My dear child," she said (Miss Mewling invariably addressed every woman under thirty as "my dear child," perhaps because by so doing she felt that she was knocking, by implication, some twenty or thirty per cent. off her own mature age). "My dear child, your speech was a positive revelation. I had no idea you were such an orator, or so enthusiastic in the good cause."

"I didn't know it myself," replied Lady Agatha, blushing with pleasure at this high praise from so distinguished a public speaker. "At least not until I got upon my feet; and then somehow it all seemed to come."

"And those are just the best and most effective speeches of all," answered Miss Mewling. "The speeches that come—come straight and warm from the heart, without forethought or preparation. My dear child, I see in you the coming champion of our righteous cause. I can only say 'macte nova virtute, puella; sic itur ad astra.'"

"What does that mean?" inquired Lady Agatha, who had no Latin.

"It means, my dear, 'go on as you've begun, and before long you'll find yourself at——Westminster,'" smiled Miss Mewling.

"At Westminster?" queried Lady Agatha.

"Yes, at Westminster, to be sure," answered Miss Mewling. "For the natural corollary of women having votes is that they should be eligible to stand for Parliament. And I dare swear that a few such speeches as the one you have just made, delivered from the hustings, would ensure your triumphant return for any constituency."

Lady Agatha blushed deeper than ever, and positively trembled with pride and pleasure at the compliment.

She felt, in her girlish enthusiasm, as if a new and great career, a high and serious career hitherto unthought, undreamed of, were suddenly opened up for her (till now) dilettante and frivolous self. Fancy becoming leader of her downtrodden sex in the great crusade for the assertion of its rights! Fancy making an epoch in the Constitutional system of the realm! Fancy having her name emblazoned large on the pages of history! She glowed with pride at the thought.

Lady Agatha with her mother, Miss Mewling, and two other ladies, formed the committee elected to draft rules and regulations. They met, the same afternoon, in the Countess's boudoir, and devoted some hours to their important task. I have not space, nor probably would you have patience, for a recital of the exhaustive code of rules which they drew up. The only one that calls for any comment, and which subsequently aroused any difference of opinion and debate at the next general meeting, was Rule VIII.

Rule VIII., as drafted by the committee, read as follows:—

> That every spinster in this Society pledges herself to decline to listen to the addresses of any suitor, unless he shall first have become a member of the Society and shall have given satisfactory assurances of his resolve to do all in his power to further its objects.

This rule was proposed by Miss Mewling and warmly supported by the Countess, who expatiated at some length on the advantages that would accrue from it. "Already," said her ladyship in the course of her remarks, "more than thirty young and attractive girls have enrolled themselves members of our Society; and there is no reason why the number should not be largely increased. It goes without saying—I speak quite candidly on the subject—that most, if not all, of these girls are in the position to attract, if they will, admirers of standing and influence. Now, if every one of these girls lets it be clearly understood that no man has a chance of winning her favour unless he has first qualified for it by publicly espousing the good cause—think what a tremendous access of strength it will mean to our fighting line. . . Why, my dears, we shall have nearly half the influential young men in London actively engaged

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in pushing our claims. There's something so poetical, so romantic about the idea too," cried the enthusiastic Countess. "It quite recalls the days of chivalry, when no fair lady would look at a knight until she had first tested his valour and devotion by calling upon him to perform some doughty deed for her. Our modern fair ladies must imitate their example. They must call on their knights to do doughty deeds for them in the political arena, by charging, lance in hand, against the giant Prejudice, who now holds our downtrodden sex in thraldom and subjection.

Her ladyship's zeal and logic carried all before them in committee, and Rule VIII. was adopted by these five ladies *nem. con.*

"It is possible, however," said the Countess, "that opposition may be offered to this rule at the next general meeting. There may be—I do not say there are—but still there may be half-hearted supporters of the cause among our members who will be too much afraid of risking their matrimonial prospects to care about exacting any such pledge from their admirers. . . . And for this reason it seems to me that the proposal will come with much greater force if it emanates from some young, unmarried girl who is herself, so to speak, in the same boat with those to whom the Rule applies. I suggest, therefore, that you, my dear Agatha, as the youngest unmarried member of this Committee, should propose Rule VIII., and speak in its support at the general meeting."

"Hear, hear," said Miss Mewling. "A capital suggestion."

"But, Mamma," expostulated Lady Agatha, blushing with mingled embarrassment and pleasure at being chosen to fill so important a post, "Don't you think you might—might—find somebody better—more capable to—to——"

"No, no," interrupted Miss Mewling. "Lady Agatha has already won her spurs, if I may put it so, in the inaugural debate, and I say that Rule VIII. could not have a more eloquent and persuasive advocate."

"Of course, if you really wish it," began Lady Agatha——

"What do you say, ladies?" inquired the Countess. "Those in favour please signify in the usual way."

The other three immediately held up their hands.

"That is settled, then," said the Countess, patting her daughter on the shoulder affectionately. "Agatha, my dear, Rule VIII. is now under your wing."

"Yes; and we leave it there with every confidence," added Miss Mewling.

Lady Agatha, blushing yet more deeply with pride and pleasure at thus being chosen, at her age, to stand in the forefront of the battle, did not attempt any further remonstrance.

Opposition, and considerable opposition too, *was* offered to Rule VIII. at the general meeting. It was contended by some of the young spinsters present that it was at once bad taste and bad precedent to introduce politics into their private affairs, and, moreover, that it was requiring more than could be fairly expected of them.

"In these bad times," declared one more than usually outspoken girl, "when men are every year more and more backward in undertaking the obligations of matrimony, women cannot afford to risk putting them off by making unreasonable demands of them."

This frank declaration was received with cries of mingled favour and dissent. Indeed, at one time, it almost looked as though Rule VIII. would be lost. But Lady Agatha, roused to still greater earnestness and enthusiasm by the opposition she had to face, made so eloquent and stirring a speech that she carried the day; and Rule VIII. was adopted by more than a two-thirds majority.

"You were splendid," said Miss Mewling to her, at the conclusion of the debate. "Yes, my dear child, you fairly excelled yourself. If it had not been for you, we should never have carried Rule VIII. I must positively shake hands with you on your magnificent effort. . . . Countess, you have, indeed, reason to be proud of your gifted daughter."

"I am proud of her," beamed the Countess. "I don't deny it. I should be more, or less, than human, were I not. Agatha, my darling, though I, your mother, say it, you have a great future before you. Only be true to the grand cause you have espoused, and before long your name will be a household word with women through the length and breadth of the land. Come here, my child, and let me kiss you."

The compliment was all the greater inasmuch as her ladyship was not usually demonstrative of her affection towards her children. Lady Agatha, thrilling with pleasure and elation, submitted to the caress.

But one person there was—a man named Harold Markby—who was by no means pleased when he heard of Lady Agatha's exploits. Harold Markby, a member of the Junior Bar, at which he already enjoyed a largish practice, had, now for some time, made no secret of his admiration for Lady Agatha Fishlake. Lady Agatha, on her part, entertained a distinct liking for Markby, who was also something of a favourite with the Earl, her father, and, further, got on very well with the Countess, her mother, who enjoyed and appreciated his witty and cynical conversation. He was constantly at their house in Berkley-square, running in and out almost as he pleased; and it was generally understood that he would ultimately marry Lady Agatha, though no engagement had as yet been announced.

The fact was that Markby, who was a prudent and practical young fellow, was waiting to make a formal offer for Lady Agatha's hand until his income amounted to £2,000 a year. Even now, it fell little short of that figure, and he was just contemplating proposing to her ladyship when he heard of the formation of the S.P.F.S., and of the prominent part taken by Lady Agatha in its inaugural debates.

The thing annoyed him a good deal for several reasons. In the first place, he held strong views on the subject of "spouting women"—as he somewhat impolitely designated ladies who put themselves forward on public platforms—and, in the next place, he had always consistently ridiculed the idea of female suffrage, and had written any number of letters and contributed several clever skits thereon to various leading organs of the press. One of these, in particular—a skit that had appeared over his name in the *Microscope*—had attracted general attention by the brilliance of its wit and the pungency of its satire, so that he regarded himself as publicly identified with the anti-female suffrage party. And now to find the girl whom he intended to marry occupying a prominent post in the opposite camp—well, it was, to say the least of it, devilish annoying.

He determined to remonstrate seriously with Lady Agatha, and, at the very next opportunity, carried out his determination.

"I say Aggie," he began (for he was sufficiently intimate with her to call her by her Christian name), "I'm sorry to hear you've taken up with this female suffrage business."

"Why sorry, Harold?" she rejoined rather stiffly; for she resented the slighting, not to say contemptuous tone, in which he spoke of the good cause.

"Because—well, you know what *my* opinion is of women who agitate for votes and thrust themselves forward on public platforms," he replied in his "superior" way, as though that settled the question. He had always been accustomed to take this high-handed line in his discussions with Lady Agatha, who had hitherto looked up to him as a sort of Delphic oracle and bowed, unquestioning, to his intellectual superiority, and he supposed that now she would submit meekly as usual. But he was very much mistaken. Lady Agatha, the zealous convert to a righteous cause, and Lady Agatha, the easy going society girl with no opinions of her own worth speaking of, were two widely different persons.

She retorted, with spirit:

"Yes, Harold. I do know what your opinions are on this subject very well. And I must tell you candidly I think them very unjust and absurd."

Harold Markby stared at her in amazement. *His* opinions openly characterised as absurd by a girl who

till now had always accepted everything he said as gospel! What the deuce had come over her? Never before had his self-esteem received such a rude and sudden shock. It touched him on the raw, so to speak, and made him inwardly wince, though he affected to treat the matter with an air of amused and patronising superiority.

"My dear child," he said, "you don't know what you're talking about."

Alike the words and the tone were the most ill-judged he could possibly have adopted in the particular circumstances. To be pooh-poohed, as though she were a mere baby—she who was even then tingling with the proud consciousness of her recent oratorical achievements and half intoxicated by the new wine of praise and public recognition—it was more than Lady Agatha could put up with. Her eyes flashed.

"Since you adopt such a tone as that, Harold," she said, drawing herself up to her full height, "I decline to continue this discussion. You will find my father in the library. You had better go and talk to him. His views agree with yours; and you can pat each other on the back to your heart's content. Good morning."

And with head erect and flaming cheeks, Lady Agatha sailed majestically from the room.

Next day Harold Markby came again, in a somewhat humbler mood, to apologise to Lady Agatha and to try not this time to bluff her, but rather to reason her, into a more sensible frame of mind. But, unfortunately for him, he could not help making it apparent in his manner that he thought it a distinct condescension on his part to reason with a girl at all. And so, with the best intentions of making it up, he only succeeded in further provoking her resentment.

"Come," he exclaimed at length, in desperation. "Don't let us quarrel. You and I have always been such friends, Aggie; and you know I had hoped—had hoped——"

"What had you hoped?" inquired her ladyship, chillingly."

"To—to—call you soon by a dearer name," he stammered. "No! no! Aggie, do listen——"

"I may perhaps listen to you," she interrupted, stiffly, "when——"

"When?" he cried anxiously.

"When you have been converted to the good cause," she answered, "and have proved your bona fides by enrolling your name as a member of our society."

"But you know that is impossible," he protested.

"Then it is impossible I can ever listen to you," rejoined Lady Agatha.

And to that determination—in accordance with Rule VIII.—she resolutely adhered. Indeed, even apart from Rule VIII. it is doubtful whether she would have listened to Harold Markby then, an any terms, for the manner in which he had pooh-poohed the great cause she had so enthusiastically espoused—as though it were too contemptible for serious consideration—had offended her girlish pride almost beyond forgiveness.

The Earl, her father, however, had a word of comfort for the mortified and disconsolate young barrister.

"It's all right, my boy," he said. "This fad of Aggie's won't last. It will have passed and gone in six months; just as her mother's crazes always do. You see if it won't."

"Six months? Yes, perhaps. But six months is a long time," growled young Markby.

"Oh! It will have gone before you know where you are," was his lordship's consoling remark.

Markby just shook his head gloomily. He made no reply. It was useless to discuss the point with Lord Hurlingham; for the Earl was not a lover and could form no idea what an eternity six months seems, when it involves separation and estrangement from the girl you love. Besides—irrespective of that—so many things may happen in six months. It was not as though Lady Agatha hadn't other admirers. There was Jonas Blathwayt, the cosmopolitan financier, for instance. True Blathwayt was old enough to be her father, and was, moreover, credited with the possession of several unofficial wives in different parts of the world already; but people don't make much of that in a triple millionaire. And if the worthy Jonas, who had neither scruples nor principles, should take it into his head to humour Lady Agatha's present exalted enthusiasm by playing down to her Female Suffrage craze—there was no saying, in the girl's temporary intoxication, what results might not ensue.

And this is what Jonas Blathwayt actually did. In point of fact he thought the whole female suffrage movement tommy-rot, and considered the newly-formed society an egregious absurdity. But he had the *nous* to see that it gave him a chance, such as he might never have again, of playing a trump card with Lady Agatha, and he played it. That is to say, he not only enrolled his name as a member of the S.P.F.S., but actually sent a cheque for £10,000 towards its funds, accompanied by a letter which for sheer heroic mendacity surpassed (and I cannot put it more strongly than that) the finest thing he had ever done on the front page of any of his company prospectuses.

This letter, reinforced by so princely a subscription, effected its object. Lady Agatha was quite overcome when she heard it read out at the next general meeting. She swallowed every word of the high-sounding phrases in which Jonas Blathwayt declared his ardent devotion to the noble and righteous cause of Female Suffrage. Nor was it only Jonas's words that she swallowed. She soon afterwards did a yet more gullible thing than that. She actually swallowed Jonas himself.

* * * * *

"Well, my dear, was it not excellently calculated?" inquired Miss Mewling of her friend, Lady Hurlingham, a few weeks later. "And was not my advice of the very soundest?"

"It was," admitted the Countess, her face wreathed in smiles. "You were quite right in what you said. If I had put direct pressure on Agatha to give up young Markby, it would only have made her the more determined to stick to him. Agatha is like her father in that. If you try to drive her one way, she always will go the other."

"Besides," said Miss Mewling, "even though you had worried her into throwing up young Markby by such means, you would still have done nothing to make her gorge that uncommonly tough mouthful, Blathwayt. You see it was necessary, not only to ensure a breach with Markby, but also to present Blathwayt to her through a rose-coloured medium. And I flatter myself that, by this S.P.F.S. dodge, we have managed to adjust spectacles of the needful hue upon dear Aggie's nose most effectually."

"Most effectually," nodded the Countess. "So effectually indeed that the letters S.P.F.S. will for ever afterwards be associated in my mind with an entirely new and ulterior significance."

"What significance?" inquired Miss Mewling.

"The Society for Protecting Foolish Spinsters—against themselves," laughed Lady Hurlingham.

MUSIC.

THE SEASON'S RECORD AT COVENT GARDEN.

ANOTHER Covent Garden season has come and gone, and on the whole it has been a very successful one, its most noteworthy feature having been, perhaps, the number and variety of unfamiliar works introduced or revived. Of eight novelties originally announced the management actually produced seven, namely, "Armide," "The Barber of Bagdad," "Eugen Onegin," "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," "The Princess and the Vagabond," and M. Messager's ballet, "Les Deux Pigeons," in the way of actual additions to the repertory, and "The Flying Dutchman" as a revival. The only one not heard was Giordono's "Andrea Chenier." Here, surely, was something of a record, and when it is borne in mind what the production of novelties means

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at an opera house like Covent Garden, where a different programme has to be provided every evening, it must be agreed that Messrs. Higgins, Messager, and Forsyth, and the rest of the managerial staff, have thoroughly earned their holidays. If none of the works named caused an absolutely unmanageable run upon the box-office, the authorities can hardly be held responsible for this. They did their best, at any rate, to cater for all tastes. It is not every day that a "Madama Butterfly" turns up. One can hardly expect a mere classic like Gluck, or a masterpiece of sixty years since, such as Cornelius's work, to draw like Puccini.

That last-named clever composer has, at any rate, every reason to be satisfied with the season's work. His music may not be very lofty or profound. Certainly it would be rather deplorable to think that it represented the best of which opera is capable nowadays. But undoubtedly Puccini has the knack of tickling the ears of modern opera-goers in a manner which none of his contemporaries can rival, and in a day of small things one may cheerfully recognise that such works as "La Bohème," "La Tosca," and "Madama Butterfly" deserve all the success which they have enjoyed. It used to be humorously said of Wagner that his works were not really half so bad as they sounded. In the case of Puccini one might put it that his works are often better than they seem. That is to say, their more superficial qualities, such as their catchy melodies, clever scoring, and effective orchestration would go for much less but for the genuine dramatic power which lies beneath these things. One has only to compare Puccini's work with, say, that of Tchaikowsky, as exemplified in "Eugen Onegin," to realise this. Tchaikowsky was a richly endowed composer. Considered purely as music, the score of "Eugen Onegin" is infinitely more attractive than any of Puccini's. Yet the one falls flat, while the others draw the town. The explanation is simple. Puccini's music is essentially dramatic; that of Tchaikowsky is not. Or consider, again, such a tiresome work of more recent date as "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame"—a "miracle" of dulness, as it has been unkindly styled—and count it unto Puccini for righteousness that at least he has perpetrated nothing so boring or so insincere as this.

As to the other new works heard, Poldini's "Princess and the Vagabond" proved a pretty little piece, the reason for whose presentation in such an unsuitable house as Covent Garden was not, however, quite apparent; those lovers of ballet who had long enjoyed the piquant strains of "Les Deux Pigeons" abroad were delighted to renew acquaintance therewith in London; while the "Flying Dutchman" and "Armide" made appeal to music lovers of a more serious type. Then we had the "Ring" once again, though under conditions this time not wholly satisfactory. Owing to "skiey influences" and other causes, the perennial problem of the German tenor presented itself in a form unusually acute, and representation after representation was shorn of its rightful effect by the indifferent singing of the chief performers. There is no need to mention names. Let the dead past bury its dead. They did their best, no doubt, but their best was too often, as the man in the story said, "thundering bad." But there were, of course, bright exceptions. It was delightful, of course, to hear Ternina again; Frau Wittich was another who could be praised without stint; Mme. Agnes Nicholls and Mme. Kirkby Lunn made one wish that the management would take their courage in both hands and find us a few English-speaking tenors as well; Fraulein von Mildenburg produced a profound impression, though she appeared only twice; while Messrs. Van Rooy, Jörn, Knüpfer, Whitehill and others among the men stood forth in shining contrast to some of their comrades.

As regards more recent doings, old favourites such as Melba, Destinn, Caruso, Scotti, Gilibert, and the rest have renewed old triumphs, while others of less fame worked not less hard for the good of the cause. No newcomers of commanding note have made their appearance, but the general standard has been as high as ever. Many were glad to hear that fine artist Mme. Giachetti again, also her comrade from Naples, Signor Sammarco; M. Laffitte proved himself a useful tenor, as likewise did M. Altchewsky; Dr. Richter, M. Messager, and Signor Campanini shared the labours of the conductor's chair, all doing well in their several ways and unto the measure of their talents, while Mr. Neil Forsyth "in front" has been, as ever, the personification of *bonhomie* and tact.

By what strange perversity does it come about that grand opera in English—that most hazardous of undertakings, even in the best of circumstances—seems invariably to be offered in London under conditions which would be fatal to even the most attractive kind of entertainment? There are twelve months in the year, but those chosen for ventures of this kind seem always the ones least suitable of all. A few years since we had one such season, for instance, given simultaneously with that of Covent Garden; another time August was chosen; and now, as if to ensure both the competition of Covent Garden and the disadvantages of the deadest month in the year, Mr. Manners has started a season at the Lyric Theatre, which began last Saturday and will run to the end of August. One can only say that if English opera can be made to pay under these conditions, it deserves to be reckoned the most lucrative kind of enterprise in existence. All other classes of entertainment find this naturally the slackest period of the year. Nearly all the theatres are closed or closing; Covent Garden is following their example; all who can are going away. Surely it argues extraordinary faith in opera in English to look for support at just this time of all others. However, Mr. Manners may be presumed to know his own business best, and certainly he had quite a good audience at his opening performance. "Lohengrin" was the opera, and was given, with Mme. Fanny Moody, Miss Toni Seiter, Mr. Wilson Pembroke, Mr. Lewys James, and Mr. Manners himself in the leading parts, in quite excellent style. That misgivings may be falsified and equal success attend the remaining performances of the season, everyone, of course, will wish. But in the alternative event the circumstances of the case should not be overlooked. When will someone arise to give us a season of English opera under really promising conditions?

Concerts are virtually at an end now, but one or two of some interest have been given during the past week, notably that on Thursday at the Royal College of Music, which wound up the school's summer term. The programme was ambitious, including such things as Strauss's "Don Juan" and the third part of Schumann's "Faust," but in one and all the young performers acquitted themselves excellently under the vigilant direction of Sir Charles Stanford. A couple of new works, styled "Songs Without Words," for a small orchestra, by Mr. Gustav von Holst, which were introduced, made a very favourable impression. At the corresponding Royal Academy of Music concert, given at the Queen's Hall, some excellent performances were also heard. The Duke of Connaught was present at this concert in his capacity as President of the Academy, and had many pleasant things to say concerning what he had heard — particularising especially a work by Mr. Hubert Bath, entitled "Orpheus and the Sirens," which he characterised as "a very charming piece of music, full of light and shade, melody, and go." The Duke of Connaught is known to the world as a soldier, but evidently he has in him the makings of a discerning musical critic. Another concert recently given was that of Miss Constance Hazeldine, a violinist whose intentions seemed better at times than her execution, which was not always beyond reproach.

Is there any place in the wide wide world where music is supplied quite so copiously or so continuously as in

Scrubb & Co., Ltd., caution the public against the many injurious imitations of their Cloudy Fluid Ammonia that are being offered, and draw attention to their having affixed the signature of Scrubb & Co. to each bottle, without which none is genuine.

London? With Mr. Manners's opera season bridging the interval between the closing of Covent Garden and the opening of the Promenades, there will be this year absolutely no recess whatever of even the briefest nature, though it may be noted as some sort of compensation that concerts have come to an end earlier than ever this year. The prospectus of the Promenades is always an interesting document, and that just issued is no exception to the rule. As usual, a large number of unfamiliar works, both native and foreign, are announced. As regards the former, Messrs. Vaughan Williams, Norman O'Neill, Granville Bantock, J. H. Foulds, George Halford, and Josef Holbrooke are the lucky ones this year. In the case of the latter it is noteworthy how many, such as Liadoff, Moussorgsky, Sibelius, Arensky, and Borodine, hail from the newer musical lands of Europe, to the north and the east. Of all the new works announced, only one is described as a symphony (this being a work by R. Glière); the rest are rhapsodies, music poems, symphonic poems, overtures, suites, *tableaux musicales*, symphonic triptyches, etc., etc., all in accord with the most approved notions of up-to-date musical nomenclature. The symphony pure and simple will soon be as dead as the dodo—or the pianoforte sonata.

In connection with the Promenades, by the way, it is pleasant to note that since last year the ventilation of the auditorium of Queen's Hall has been considerably improved, a step rendered the more necessary by the fact—which counts for so much with many—that smoking is permitted at these concerts. It is to be hoped that the alterations which have been effected in this respect may have the desired result. In previous seasons the atmosphere has been almost unendurable at times, constituting a serious drawback to concerts otherwise to be reckoned among the most enjoyable ever given in London.

The Pirated Music Bill—which it is really a mistake to go on calling the Musical Copyright Bill, seeing that it does not, properly speaking, deal with the question of musical copyright at all—has now safely passed the perils of Committee, and should be law before the end of the session, since it is hardly likely that even with a Liberal Government in power the House of Lords will offer any opposition to a measure so manifestly designed to safeguard the rights of property. Messrs. Byles, Harwood, Lupton, and other friends of the poor persecuted pirate, struggled valiantly in committee on behalf of their unsavoury clients, but right and reason, reinforced, luckily, by the big battalions of the Government, eventually prevailed, and the Bill went through in the end substantially unaltered. The amount of practical knowledge brought to bear on the subject by the handful of cranks who opposed the Bill may be estimated from the sagacious remark of Mr. Lupton that he saw no reason why the procedure should be by criminal prosecution when a civil action would be sufficient! Is it possible that Mr. Lupton can be so egregiously ignorant of the very rudiments of the question at issue as not to know that the said civil procedure has been tried again and again and proved in every instance absolutely and hopelessly ineffective?

The question of municipal music continues to be discussed from various points of view. Mr. J. Spencer Curwen enforces a point made here last week by dwelling on the injustice which professional musicians are liable to suffer at the hands of rate-supported rivals. If indoor municipal concerts are given, he suggests that they should be either (1) self-supporting or (2) be given in congested tenement districts only. It has certainly been exemplified again and again in various parts of the country that subsidised concerts of this kind tend to kill those organised by private enterprise. Another point is taken by a gentleman who protests against the too serious character of the programmes provided in the parks, and who clearly is of opinion that "classical music," of which he speaks with befitting contempt, consists mainly of "funeral marches." Most of those who listen to the park bands desire, he tells us, to be "livened up," and, this being so, I can well understand that the "funeral marches" prove unsuitable. Unfortunately, the "joyful and inspiriting" music which he desiderates instead would probably prove as distressing to other listeners as the "funeral marches" do to himself and his like. But are the parks programmes really distinguished by such devotion to the classics? It seems too good to be true.

Mme. Clara Butt will be heartily congratulated by her innumerable friends and admirers, known and unknown, on her successful recovery from the serious operation which she was recently called on to undergo.

We in London are so often told that for real musical enthusiasm and culture one must look (in Sir Edward Elgar's historic phrase) "somewhere farther North," that it is astonishing to find it authoritatively stated that such a town as Sheffield has not known a real high-class orchestral concert for four years. But what is even more astonishing, perhaps, is to read of opposition being offered, and by professed music lovers, too, to suggestions put forward for remedying this melancholy state of things. The proposed engagement of Mr. H. J. Wood and the Queen's Hall Orchestra for a series of performances might, it was urged, seriously interfere with the success of the triennial festival, which, if so, would seem to say little for the drawing capacity of those famous music meetings. Happily, however, more enlightened counsels eventually prevailed, and Sheffield amateurs are, apparently, to be given the opportunity of hearing once again what a good orchestral concert is like.

Those who, finding Elgar so much more entertaining as composer of brilliant orchestral music than as the writer of oppressive oratorios, had hoped that with the completion of "The Kingdom" his labours under the latter head would be concluded for the present, will learn with something like dismay that the oratorio to be produced at the next Birmingham Festival, under this title, is only "Part I." of the complete work. What strange obsession induces Sir Edward to squander his talents on works of this kind, when he might be giving us an epoch-making English symphony, an English opera which might actually become popular, and many other things equally badly needed, it is impossible to say.

"The Kingdom," by the way, will receive its first performance in Central London on December 10 at the hands of the London Choral Society, who have arranged, also, to give in the course of next season Enrico Bossi's sacred cantata "Paradise Lost," and to repeat Brahms's "Requiem" and Saint-Saëns's "Samson and Delilah," which they gave last season. At a fifth concert one or two of the most successful of this year's festival novelties will probably be introduced.

So it would seem that the impulsive Herr Weingartner was reckoning without his host—or (to be more precise) his Hülsen—when he announced his resignation as conductor at the Berlin Royal Opera the other day, and all the tears which were expended over his supposed impending retirement for ever and a day from public life were shed in vain. It was, I suppose, the artistic temperament which induced him to overlook the trifling fact that a considerable period of his contract with the opera authorities—no fewer than seven years it is said—had yet to run; so now he will be in the somewhat uncomfortable position of one, who, having taken an affecting farewell, turns up again immediately. Intendant von Hülsen, who is, it seems, holding Herr Weingartner so brutally to his bond, is a son of the famous von Hülsen, who, in the same capacity, was such a thorn in the flesh to Wagner—though doubtless he, good man, would have put the case in quite another way. His son, the present intendant, is a great figure in Berlin society, and one of the Kaiser's most intimate personal friends.

Full particulars of this year's Wagner and Mozart performances at Munich are now available. The "Ring," "Tannhäuser," "Die Meistersinger," "Figaro's Hochzeit," "Don Giovanni," and "Cosi fan tutte" are the works to be given, and the performers are a strong list, including Ternina, Schumann-Heink, Kraus, Knote, Burrian, Van Rooy, and many more well known at

Covent Garden. The conductors will include Herr Mottl and Dr. Strauss, and the performances are to extend from August 2 to September 7. A drawback to this festival is that it is usually so unbearably hot in Munich at this season of the year. Otherwise it is a very pleasant place to stay in, while the performances are among the best to be heard in Germany.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—Mr. Henry Nevinson's "The Dawn in Russia" (1) is exciting, but as sad, and even sickening, in parts, as it is exciting. The Moscow atrocities of Admiral Dubasoff were no doubt a blunder as well as a crime; but they were not such a blunder as his failure to shoot Mr. Nevinson when again and again that daring *Chronicle* correspondent had given him the chance; since nothing that has been written of the ferocity of Russian methods of suppressing disaffection approaches the revelations made in this volume. There is nothing so violent as weakness, and nothing so cruel as terror, and weakness and terror combined with Tartar ferocity explain some of the monstrous outrages recorded by Mr. Nevinson. I have often noted with wonder how a great organisation, say a railway, gets infected throughout with the spirit of its heads, and the weakness and feebleness of the head of Russia, with their complementary violence and cruelty, are really and ultimately responsible for such gratuitous ruffianism as Dubasoff's. After the Moscow *émeute* had been brutally but effectually suppressed, this Dubasoff ordered the police to arrest all the suspected boys and girls in the Moscow schools, to bring them to the police station and hand them there over to the soldiers, who, having stripped them, whipped with their hands all under fifteen, and with rods all—boys and girls alike—between fifteen and eighteen. The spirit of Dubasoff, in turn, infected his instruments:—

> As a small patrol of Cossacks was riding by, a little boy of eight, who had come to the mill with his mother, shook his tiny fist at them from a window. By command of their officer the men rode into the mill yard, dismounted, entered the machinery rooms, bayoneted the child, and then fired at random upon the people at work. Eight were killed where they stood. The man who told me of the deed escaped through a side door and hid himself under the boilers till the soldiers rode away elated with victory. Then the workmen dragged out the dead, and the boy's body was given to his mother.

If boys, girls, and children are thus punished for the mere suspicion of disaffection, what of the men who have been taken in arms? They pass into a darkness like the darkness of death, and what tortures awaited them in that other and under world only their torturers know. On man, indeed, "a quiet ordinary citizen with no reason for lying," assured Mr. Nevinson that from his workroom he could reach a window which overlooked a police yard where he saw the prisoners brought in, briefly examined by an officer, and then strapped to a board and beaten almost to death. If, however, they were people of no account, they were handed over to their executioners "to be broken up"—their bones smashed, their legs and arms lopped off with swords, till death put an end to their sufferings. The fact is, in Russia, as elsewhere, the soldiers and police are more true to their salt than to their country, in part from habit, in part from a sheep-like gregariousness, and in part from cowardice. Those sporadic mutinies in the army and navy which encouraged the Russian revolutionists with the hope that these forces were on their side, were due, I fancy, rather to dissatisfaction with their salt than to patriotism. They might well be dissatisfied with their salt. Anything more piteous than Mr. Nevinson's description of the return of the soldiers from the war I have seldom read. Covered with filth, their uniforms torn and patched and matted with mud and snow, they staggered through the streets without a word of welcome.

> On reaching the barracks the Reservists among them were discharged, and then the crowds of beggars were increased by many tattered figures. They limped about in traces of departed uniforms, and as they passed, people said, "A soldier from the war." One night I saw two or three of them seated on a curbstone beside a fire which had been lighted in the street. One was swaying gently backwards and forwards, and continually repeating, "At home and alive! At home and alive!" The others took no notice, but stared like imbeciles into the flames.

That the Jews, who stand all the world over for the most conservative and pacific of pursuits—money-grubbing—should in Russia be the hand and brain of the revolutionists, is intelligible when you remember that in her treatment of the sacred people, as in other things, Russia is mediæval. Under laws which were professedly temporary, but which for fifty years have continued unrepealed, no Jew may buy or rent land, may sit on the Zemstvo or hold any State appointment, may be an officer in the army or navy, or a schoolmaster, professor, or teacher, may live in the country, or in any but specified quarters of the town, may move from place to place without special permission or without such a special form of passport as is granted to prostitutes. To make anarchists of her cleverest subjects, who are at once racially and professionally intensely conservative by instinct, is, indeed, a triumph of Russian stupidity. None of the numberless books on Russia that I have read has given me anything like such a vivid impression of the country at this supreme crisis as Mr. Nevinson's. The general impression it leaves upon you might, I think, be best expressed in the words of Tolstoy to Mr. Nevinson:—

> You are young and I am old, but as you grow older you will find, as I have found, that day follows day, and there does not seem much change in you, till suddenly you hear people speaking of you as an old man. It is the same with an age in history; day follows day, and there does not seem to be much change, till suddenly it is found that the age is become old. It is finished; it is out of date. The present movement in Russia is not a riot, it is not even a revolution, it is the end of an age.

In spite of improbability upon improbability of incident and of coincidence, and perhaps even of character, Miss Elizabeth Godfrey's "The Bridal of Anstace" (2) is a story in which your interest grows and deepens from the opening, where the bride upon her wedding-day is mysteriously deserted by her groom, to the close where she adopts his child by a former and still living wife. The bridegroom, a Greek, discovering on his wedding-day that his first wife is living, effaces himself and becomes a monk in the hope that he might be thought dead; but the shock to the abandoned bride is so terrible that her hair in a night becomes snow-white! She is, however, so beautiful a soul that her character deepens with her trials, and you come through her to realise how "he who loses his life may find it." In a word, "The Bridal of Anstace" is the story of a spiritual struggle and triumph charmingly told. Tennyson's

> As cruel as a schoolboy ere he grows
> To pity—more from ignorance than will.

might be the motto of Mr. Shan F. Bullock's story of a friendship, "The Cubs" (3). Certainly, if the infernal young ruffians he describes in this extraordinarily vivid picture of an Irish school—probably autobiographic—fulfilled as men the promise of their boyhood, they must have come to the gallows. But there are heroes as well as dastards in Thalma, and hours of peace and gaiety as well as of cruelty and misery; and, above all, there is the friendship between Brunel and Jan, stronger than the death which seemed to divide it, to redeem the ruffianism recorded in "The Cubs"; and you close this very clever story with the conviction that it is as true as

(1) "The Dawn in Russia; or, Scenes in the Russian Revolution." By Henry W. Nevinson. Illustrated. (London: Harper & Bros. 7s. 6d. net.)

(2) "The Bridal of Anstace." By Elizabeth Godfrey. (London: John Lane. 6s.)

(3) "The Cubs." The Story of a Friendship. By Shan F. Bullock. (London: T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)

(4) "Frere's Housekeeper." By Margaret Smith. (London: Hurst & Blackett, Ltd. 6s.)

(5) "The Financier." By J. Harris-Burland. (London: Greening & Co. 6s.)

(6) "Man and Maid." By E. Nesbit. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

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it is interesting. If you will reverse the description of the novel which sent the hero of "Frere's Housekeeper" (4) to sleep at a crisis of his life—"a tame record of tame events in a tame existence, lamely told"—you will have an adequate general description of this most promising first story of Miss Margaret Smith's. The one fault to be found with it is that its hero—leaving out of the balance his birth, wealth, and position—is quite unworthy of such a staunch and sterling little heroine as Janet Day. She endures her numberless troubles and mortifications with such spirit that you rejoice in the happy issue out of all her afflictions—of her marriage to the Squire—rejoice now without, perhaps, a misgiving about its happiness. Will Pearce Hardy prove himself worthy of her? However, Miss Margaret Smith, who understands character so well, believes that he will, and so we ought to be satisfied. John Gramphorn, the hero of "The Financier" (5) bears some resemblance to Cecil Rhodes, though the severest critics of the latter's character and career would reject the idea that the resemblance is anything more than superficial. Gramphorn is a financier who imagines that he is a patriot, and the plot is hinged upon an unscrupulous scheme by which he seeks to secure the addition of Mashangideland to the British Empire. But love and jealousy, as well as international politics and Stock Exchange operations, play an important part in the plot, and Mr. Harris-Burland has produced a really well-contrived and vigorous story, full of exciting incidents. "Man and Maid" (6) is a collection of cleverly-written short stories, mostly of a bright and amusing kind, though in some a deeper note is struck.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, ever yours very sincerely,

DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

"It is the art of literature that I practise, and by my achievement or failure in this art I am to be judged," says Mr. Edward Hutton in "The Cities of Spain" (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net). This is by way of answer to any Gradgrind-like critic who may complain of his avoidance of guide-book facts. Mr. Hutton has no reason to fear the judgment he challenges. His book is a notable literary success. His impressions of the romance and fascination of Spain, the charm of her cities, the glories of her cathedrals and palaces, the treasures of her art galleries, are delightful reading, though sometimes, perhaps, Mr. Hutton's word-pictures seem to be a little too highly coloured. A series of exquisite illustrations in colour, by Mr. A. Wallace Rimington, enhance the attractiveness of the volume.

As a new volume in their Waterloo Library, Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co. have issued an illustrated edition (3s. 6d.) of Sir A. Conan Doyle's story, "Uncle Bernac: A Memory of the Empire."

In a handsome volume, lavishly illustrated from photographs, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have published (price 30s.) an authorised translation from the Russian of Captain Klado's account of "The Battle of the Sea of Japan," more familiarly known to English newspaper readers as the Battle of Tsushima. The author is an outspoken critic of the faults and shortcomings that brought about the defeat of Admiral Rojhdestvensky's fleet, and his work will be of great value to naval students. To the general reader probably the most interesting part of the book will be that containing a collection of personal narratives by Russian officers and others actively engaged in the naval battles in the Far East.

Mr. R. S. Clouston's "English Furniture and Furniture-Makers of the Eighteenth Century" (Hurst & Blackett, 10s. 6d. net) is a useful and interesting contribution to the literature of the subject. One valuable feature of the book is the presentment of "a reasonable working system for the assignation of dates to eighteenth-century furniture," and another is the attention Mr. Clouston has given to the less known designers and makers—Mainwaring, Ince and Mayhew, the Gillows, and others—whose reputation has been overshadowed by the fame of Chippendale, the Adams, Hepplewhite, and Sheraton. Many choice specimens of the furniture of the period are illustrated in the volume.

"Suzanne," by Miss V. Hawtrey (John Murray, 6s.), is quite a notable romance. The scene is Chatelfors, the time the 14th century, and Suzanne is a peasant girl with whom the Sieur of Chatelfors falls in love and marries. Revealed thus baldly the skeleton of the story would seem to differ but little from the framework of a thousand others. But Miss Hawtrey has clothed the skeleton with real flesh and blood. Besides Suzanne, she has given us three other finely contrasting portraits of womanhood, to say nothing of a number of admirably drawn pictures of peasant life, while the final episode of Suzanne's bereavement and renunciation is one of the most moving, as it is one of the most restrained, to be found in modern fiction.

Mr. John C. Van Dyke tells us that he designed "The Opal Sea" (Werner Laurie, 6s. net) as a book of colour and atmosphere, and it assuredly has many purple patches. But if the author is rhapsodical over the glamour and the wonder and the mystery of the sea, his rhapsodising is singularly well done. Nor does the attractiveness of the book lie only in its fine writing, for Mr. Van Dyke has many interesting things to relate about the sea and sea life in all its aspects.

The New Jersey coast some seventy years ago is the scene of Miss Margery Williams's novel "The Bar," which Messrs. Methuen are issuing immediately. A country girl in whom runs the blood of many seafaring generations is the heroine of the story, and there is a strong love interest throughout, with an element of adventure touching on tragedy.

Lady Betty Balfour has edited two volumes of "Letters Personal and Literary of Robert, Earl of Lytton (Owen Meredith)," which will be published by Messrs. Longmans.

"Adrift in New Zealand" is the title of a book announced by Mr. Murray. The author, Mr. E. W. Elkington, arrived in the colony with only threepence in his pocket, and spent seven years in various occupations, from bullock-driving to journalism.

Mr. Horace Wyndham may have been animated by the high moral purpose of pointing out the pitfalls which lie in the path of aspirants to stage honours when he set about chronicling the adventures of "Audrey the Actress" (Grant Richards, 6s.), but if so his story is not likely to deter any stage-struck maiden from taking the first opportunity of accepting an engagement, since within a year Audrey not only makes a success in a leading part at a London production but also wins a husband. The result is not to be wondered at, for Audrey is a very charming heroine, who shines the more by contrast with the vulgar crowd amongst whom she is forced to live awhile. Obviously Mr. Wyndham knows the theatrical world, though he is a little cruel in the way he analyses it.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—The question from everyone we meet is, "Where are you going?" Everyone is off and away from noisy London, some to equally noisy seaside places, others to the few quiet spots that are left in England. We have actually found a place where no motors pass. It is in one of the highest parts of Sussex, ideally situated, and a very comfortable house, with first-rate cooking. So please envy us when you read this. Think of no housekeeping for a whole month! Nothing to do but explore the hilly joys of dear, beautiful Sussex.

We do not go until September, for August in London is much pleasanter than that month in any so-called health resort in England. The great city has banished her smart children and makes herself pleasant to the quiet ones who are left. If only we can hope for some reduction in the motor noises, we shall be more than thankful. The great omnibuses crash and

grind, scrunch and rattle, snort and hoot, at least three times louder than they did when first put on the streets. We have for years been on the search for some quiet spot where silver silence reigns. One result of our wandering is a conviction that at least two-thirds of the houses in the West End look out on mews at the back, with their noises of hoofs and clanking chains and gruff voices.

Then, too, London is such a network of railways that it is a matter of difficulty to get away from the noises of the trains, the screams and shudderings of engines, the scraping noises of wheels, the rumblings through tunnels, and the sharp whistles that signal the departure from stations. Those who live close by any line of railway may add to this selection of noises the making up of trains in the early mornings, with the necessary shunting and consequent rattle, the calls of the engine-drivers and stokers, and the sharp whistle with just sufficient interval to allow one to grow sleepy before the next. No one can feel lonely in London for want of noise.

Our immediate forbears complained of the cries of London, beginning with the sweep and the milkman in the morning, and lasting until the evening bell of the muffin man. Now there is such a constant racket that the whoop of the sweep and the jödel of the milkman cannot be heard amidst the din. Even the barrel-organ is only partly audible between the roar of the trains, the hoot of the motor-fire-engine, and the scrunching, grinding, brain-racking noises of the motor-'buses. Traffic of the ordinary sort grows heavier and heavier with every year. Vans, drays, waggons, milkwains are not only twice as numerous as they were five years ago, but they go about at double the rate of speed. It may be that the motor-van has accelerated the pace by creating rivalry, but whether that be the cause or not, certain it is that the leisurely jog-trot of the dray or van is now replaced by a degree of speed that adds at least 200 per cent. to the noise it makes. The cart horses in London must wonder why their wonted amble no longer satisfies their drivers, why they are now expected to tear along with the unwieldy bumping of the vehicle sounding crashingly behind them, why the whip is plied so much more freely than it used to be. Some friends of ours tried Primrose Hill, and thought that they had at last found the boon of quiet. But they succeeded only in finding a new and undreamed of noise. Who can guess it? Night after night the coughing of the sheep keeps them awake! It is a low comedy noise. It must be, to all but the poor sheep, for everyone who hears of it immediately begins to laugh.

"Live a little way out," says a friend. But those who do so tell us that Suburbia is the prey of the motor-fiend, that noise and dust and horrid petrol smells are now the accompaniments of every hour from midday to midnight. "Whatever you do," advises another friend, "don't go beyond the range of watercarts. Our pretty cottage in the Surrey hills is scarcely habitable, so incessant are the clouds of dust from motors on the road outside." Is there a quiet spot left in England? one inclines to ask. The roar of traffic, the shrill whistling for cabs, the grinding, crashing, scraping noises of the motor 'buses and motor vans, the uproar of the all-pervading trains, must exercise a very injurious effect upon the brain, and more particularly on that of the worker. Let seekers after the cause of increased insanity direct their attention to the noises of the world.

Lady Mary Acheson's going-away dress was a lovely Paquin production, in white linen, heavily embroidered to half way up the skirt. The bodice was ruffled with Valenciennes and inserted with remarkably fine white Irish crochet. With this went a very picturesque little cloak of claret-coloured cloth, with a short upper cape fastened at each side of the front with gilt buttons. The lining, of Oriental satin in the same shade, was drawn forward in two full bands, crossing in front, which kept it in place when it was thrown open, and acted as straps. Her bridesmaids also wore Paquin frocks, dainty and sweet, made of full white chiffon, the skirts adorned with ruched white satin ribbons frayed into fringes. The bodices had full yokes of white Alençon lace, outlined by a band of silver, and from their rose-pink waistbands fell long Alençon ends bound with the same colour. We saw two pretty frocks for the trousseau as well, a severely smart dark blue serge, and a sprigged tulle dinner-dress, with a high draped bodice and a lace collar.

We had a pleasant outing at Molesey Regatta on Saturday. It was a grey day, with a thousand shades of that restful colour on the river and in the sky. The sun mercifully abstained from shining, and as a direct consequence the temperature was precisely right, neither too hot nor too cool. This regatta, we were told by an expert in such matters, is famed for the number of pretty girls to be seen on the river. Saturday seemed to be a record day for these, and for dainty frocks and delightful hats. In a very perfect punt sat a girl in green with large, soft brown eyes, creamy complexion, and a quietly humorous expression about the lips. Her gown was made with white bretelles crossing each other, and edged with écru lace. Short skirt and short sleeves, of course, and small but capable white hands wielding a paddle. Curved on the dark hair was a white plateau hat with snowy plumes. A brunette with clear complexion should always wear a white hat.

In the same boat, or close by, was a very pretty girl with a lovely bloom and great grey-brown eyes, wearing a muslin covered with tiny pink rosebuds, and made with the immortal shaped flounce, certainly one of the most useful forms of trimming ever invented. With her was another very nice-looking woman, whose straw hat had a cache-peign of smoke-coloured gauze and long ends of the same twisted loosely round the neck, then falling over the gown. Such a rest were these quiet-toned toilettes amidst the riot of colour in frocks and headgear on the river. I counted seventeen roses on one hat!

Among the successful dresses was one in beige-coloured lawn, with a long, tight-fitting coat to match, the skirt unlined and almost as long as the gown itself. With it was worn a brown straw hat wreathed round with brown gauze and with the indispensable cache-peigne of the same. One large cream-coloured rose was the sole trimming. Another reposeful costume.

We have seen so much bright colour this season in painted muslins, flower-decked hats, and scarves of brilliant tones, that our taste is perhaps for the moment a little morbid. I noticed on Saturday that we picked out all the neutral tints for admiration. There were some astounding hats, Amy dear. One was made of some sort of green moss or seaweed, and rose at the back like the hull of a liner. It would be difficult to find anything uglier or less becoming.

I liked the pink shirts worn by a few of the men. They were very becoming. Striped ties, the stripes horizontal, were in a majority. I suppose they were rowing club colours. Otherwise, green seemed in great favour—which reminds me to mention that a young man in a green tie who was making his way in a punt, inch by inch in the crowd of craft, was whispering to himself the most bloodcurdling expressions I ever heard. He wore the mildest of countenances, and I fancy he was quite unaware of what he was saying.

Our own particular expert with the oars managed to guide us close to the winning post, and yet evaded the shouting protests of the Thames Conservancy men, occupied in the difficult task of clearing the course. A task, by the way, that they very imperfectly accomplished, for there were at least two fouls in the races, caused by a punt or skiff loitering outside the line. Very sickening for the racing crews.

A man fell in the water, and we watched him swim, fully dressed, and saw him refused admission on one boat but received on board another, where the water poured from him in streams. We felt sorry for him,

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but could not feel surprised that the first boat had declined so very damp an occupant. The next excitement was caused by a man who, leaning too heavily against the paling that barred away a lawn from the river, caused it to fall out on the path, he with it. He was soon picked up, carefully dusted, and restored to his friends.

A houseboat moored by the same lawn was beautifully decorated. A line was carried from prow to stern and thickly wreathed with smilax. The roof had pots hung round it with deep brown foliage plants and pale green ones, and on it stood hydrangeas and pelargoniums. Orange-tinted Chinese lanterns hung in the fore-part. It was a picture of cool greenery and bright colour, and its name was "The Emerald Isle."

Arrived at our hostess's house for supper—such a welcome meal after some hours on the river—we found our way to her wonderful garden, where she personally coaxes the best of every flower to bloom. Flowers are very certainly more responsive to some personalities than to others. You must have noticed it?

"Oh, what is this?" we asked each other, as we saw a small white marble stone in the grass at our feet:—

"Peter.
January 27, 1906."

The dear Aberdeen that welcomed us so hospitably a year ago!—The faithful friend and self-imposed guard and guide of his mistress for three or four years. We were sorry.

Have you ever tasted coupe-jack? It is a kind of sublimated fruit salad and water-ice combined, a most delicious combination. We made such a supper! Beginning with crab-cream (which I have eulogised to you before), we went on to home-cured ham and boned chicken, finishing up with peaches à la Melba, and the inexpressibly excellent and oddly-named coupe-jack.

We got home at midnight, and never woke next morning until ten o'clock! How delightful a thing is a day upon the river. Such a contrast to our normal day in town of rush and bustle, that I have dwelt upon it at the risk of boring you.

Quite a large party went down to the picturesque old town of Ware last week—making the journey much more comfortably than John Gilpin did—to inspect the factories in which the famous "Allenbury's" foods for infants are manufactured. The reputation of Messrs. Allen and Hanbury stands so high that the public can hardly need any assurance on the subject, but still, in view of various revelations that have recently been made, it is perhaps well that it should be known that the "Allenbury's" foods are prepared under perfectly ideal conditions. The purest milk, obtained from cows pastured in the vicinity, is used, and the wonderful processes by which it is reduced to the form of the familiar food are carried out in mills designed and managed throughout on hygienic principles. Everywhere one saw the most scrupulous cleanliness, the most rigid precautions to ensure the absolute purity of the manufactured articles.

In spite of the unfavourable aspect of the weather, quite huge crowds of people were present at Sandown on Friday, when the Eclipse Stakes was run for. Perhaps, from the racing point of view, the meeting was not so exciting as usual, and it was certainly not so attractive from a social standpoint. There were, of course, lovely dresses, and lovely hats, but I have often seen a smarter gathering on Eclipse Day. The most beautiful dresses were those in broderie Anglaise mousseline, and the lovely pompadour ninons. The latter were mostly made with plain taffetas bands at the neck, or soft rouches of lace and ribbon. Large picture hats were never prettier than this season. Some had just one large tulle or mousseline string, which was cleverly arranged round the throat, or simply thrown over the side of the shoulder. A large rose crin hat was entirely circled by a huge Réjane feather, which hung quite nine inches over the arm. White chip hats are trimmed with clusters of purple and white grapes. The latter, of a crude chalk white, are neither pretty nor natural looking; and certainly handsome panaches of plumes are much more becoming on these headgears.

'Tis a funny, extravagant age. We trim our washing dresses with unwashable colours, and the smartest white gowns have black velvet collars, bows, and bands, which, though doubtless very smart and becoming, must entail some trouble if the garments are ever cleaned or washed. How beautifuly the graceful princess robe has to be cut and fitted. I think some of the thin cloth ones are the most effective. One in a pale apricot shade had simply two rows of tiny cloth buttons and sham buttonholes, extending from the hem in front over the shoulders to the hem at the foot of the long, sweeping train. The vests of these severely cut gowns are of the most diminutive form, and either in a "long, narrow square" or tiny V shape.

To those whose figures are too slight for these princess robes, the high corselet ceinture of old gold ribbon is most becoming, and the little bretelle-shaped pelerine in plain silk is also a dainty finish to a Pekinese silk gauze dress or a pompadour muslin. One of the best dresses was in elephant silk gauze incrusted heavily with Chantilly lace of the same shade, and velvet ribbon ornamented the base of the skirt in circular endings. The hat worn with this was a white flat crin, with several feathers and a pendant veil, over which just one soft pink feather peeped to relieve the "elephantine" colour. A pretty figure wore a smart tailor-made embroidered linen in pastel blue. It had a tiny black and white striped silk waistcoat and some lingerie frilling trimmed the sleeves and neck. How very few women can wear these Parisian frills at their throats! An entire costume of orchid lace made in redingote style was not a success. Neither was a cheap coarse lace princess robe, fastened behind, of course, but, unfortunately, showing too plainly where it was fastened. I believe the one aim in wearing these tight-fitting garments is to make them act as puzzle garments—the solution being to determine how the wearers get into them.

I saw at Sandown one or two pretty little Empire coatees in orchid taffetas, and in emerald greens. They were made very short, and matched the flowers in the pompadour muslin dresses. How pretty the pendant veil is when properly adjusted to the back of the hat! It differs entirely from "the crossing-the-Channel veil" we have seen so much of at times. These veils should be of the same colour as the hat.

Clare sends me the following from Dublin:—

Dearest Madge,—The art of taking holidays is not the least difficult amongst the minor arts which the daily round of life calls on us to practise. The difficulty is all the greater, too, because it seems as if there ought to be nothing easier in the world to do than to take a holiday. The thing should come spontaneously, with a joyous inspiration, no labour and no worry in the matter. It is an interval of go-as-you-please, of relaxation in the rule of the road through life. And that is just what makes the difficulty. We can do as we like; but what do we like? It is so much easier to know what we do not like than contrariwise; especially in the matter of taking a holiday. When the world is all before us "where to choose" for our place of recreation, then, indeed, we learn the embarrassments, the difficulties, the botherations of freedom of choice. There is so much choice and so much freedom, we are lost amongst the prodigious number of alternatives which surround us. We readily eliminate what we dislike—the destructive policy is so much more easily practised than the constructive—but when it comes to those that we like, then indeed the worry begins. They are so numerous; something in each of them appeals to our many-sided tastes and desires. Like with children at a feast, choice is a perfect agony, we go through such vacillations and haverings. The mental strain is direful; how different the "holiday-planning face," with its drawn and worried lines, is from the "holiday face." In the throes of our indecision do not many of us frequently, it secretly, sigh over our freedom of choice, as the prisoner of Chillon sighed over his regained liberty? If only there were something to constrain us, or some one else to make up our distracted minds!

Lord and Lady Aberdeen completed their little Irish tour last

week, and returned to the Viceregal Lodge, by train from Galway, known in Irish history as the "city of the tribes." They visited some of the wildest and most remote places of the West, all alike picturesque and poetic, and, alas! poor. Ought one to say "alas!"? The poverty of these regions of dreamy loveliness, wildness, fresh air, and spacious skies, having so many compensations, as compared to the riches in the crowded surroundings of prosperous commercial places. All who yearn for the simple life should betake themselves to the West Coast of Ireland, and, above all, to the islands off that coast, rising up grey—and perhaps a bit grim, too—amongst the waves of the mighty Atlantic. Dreamers, too, will find a land to dream in, with not so much as the faintest of faint echoes of the modern hum of the "mighty workings" of the world to disturb their dreams. The Viceregal party's visit to Lord and Lady Dudley, at their picturesque residence—an island one—was an interesting incident of the Connemara tour. The Lord Lieutenant and his predecessor must have had so many notes to compare and so many kindly sympathies in common. As for "Her Excellency" and "Her ex-Excellency," they belong to the same school of advanced and practical philanthropists. They are both practised speakers, too; ready to "speak their works" as well as to do them. And how well—almost a universal rule—our sex speak, when they do speak. No wonder men are not anxious to give us an extended political scope. I own to being old-fashioned enough not to want any further rights of citizenship, and even go so far as to wish to be divested of those which I have, in the matter of paying rates and taxes. Lord and Lady Aberdeen motored from Connemara, making many stops on the way, and reaching Galway by the wild and lovely road bordering Galway Bay on the north. Spiddal, which gave the well-known Lord Morris to the kingdom, lies on the way some twelve miles or so from Galway. Here Lord Killanin, his son, resides; the Viceregal party made a pause to visit him and take tea. Few towns in Ireland are more interesting than Galway. No look of modern prosperity has taken from its old historic interest. It has memorials of the history of many ages, and still bears notable traces of its old connection with Spain. In connection with Cromwell, it is interesting as the chief town of the province to which he banished all the old race who kept the old faith. "Hell, or Connaught," was the alternative of that seventeenth century man of blood and iron. Perhaps the territorial power over the former, which he seems to claim in the assignment of places of banishment for victims, may have something to do with the obloquy that still rests on his name in Ireland. We have very long memories in our island, and our remembrances are not those of happier days. Lord and Lady Aberdeen will visit Belfast before crossing the water to go to their son's marriage in the beginning of August, and, of course, they will return to do the honours of the Horse Show in the usual Viceregal way.

Everyone is more or less on the move just now, flitting and tripping. Lord O'Brien, having finished his legal labours on "circuit," has joined Lady O'Brien and his family in England, whence they go abroad. Lord and Lady Lansdowne are expected to spend some time at their romantic residence, Derreen, on the southern shore of Kenmare Bay, with the wild Kerry mountains rising on all sides. Lord and Lady Grenfell are at their residence on the Curragh, where Lady Grenfell has just given her first garden party of the season. Only last week did we have some real summer heat over here, and we shall be glad to have more.
—Yours ever, Clare.

Here are two nice recipes for you. Bordure à la Naples:—

Mix 4oz. of chopped braised sweetbread with a gill of white sauce in a stewpan, add 2oz. of finely chopped tongue and two whole eggs, season it with salt and pepper, and steam the mince in a buttered border mould, which has an indented top. Cut the red part of a cold tongue into slices, then into round pieces with a cutter, and warm them in a little sherry in an omelette pan, pour in a little thin glaze. Turn the mould out on a dish, arrange the scallops in a close circle on the top, pour good tomato sauce round, and garnish the centre with pieces of well-boiled Naples macaroni, mixed with an ounce of butter and an ounce of grated Parmesan cheese.

The charm of this "pain de cerises" lies in the mingling of the delicate acid of the gooseberry with the sweet flavour of the cherry:—

Take a pound of ripe cherries that have been stoned, and steep them in a basin with 4oz. of pounded sugar for an hour. Stew a pound of green gooseberries with half a pint of water and strain them through a hair sieve. Then boil the juice with 12oz. of loaf sugar for fifteen minutes, stir in ½oz. of soaked gelatine, the cherries, and a few drops of cochineal. Pour it into a wetted mould, and serve it when turned out with whipped cream in the centre.

Canapés au Jambon:—

Fry seven or eight round pieces of bread in butter, and, when they are cold, spread them with purée of ham mixed with butter. Cut a cucumber into three or four pieces, pare them, and take out the seeds with an apple corer. Boil the cucumber in salted water for ten minutes, then drain it. Pound 4oz. of cold cooked ham with half a gill of thick white sauce and the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, season with coralline pepper, and work in the yolks of two eggs, then rub it through a wire sieve. Fill the pieces of parboiled cucumber with the purée, cook them in a buttered sautepan, moisten with a little stock, and a greased paper over for fifteen minutes. When the pieces of cucumber are cold, cut them into thick slices, place one on each croûte, put a farcied olive in the centre of each, pipe round the olive with a little anchovy butter, and dish them prettily garnished with small cress and chopped jelly.

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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TO OUR READERS.

We receive hundreds of letters every week from "Readers of 'Truth.'" A large majority of the writers expect replies direct. Of the work, trouble, and expense involved in doing this we say nothing. But as experience has shown that a large number of our "Constant" and "Regular" readers who inquire about individuals with whom we have dealt in our columns over and over again are not actual subscribers to the paper, but merely occasional readers of it at clubs, libraries, or at friends' houses, we consider we must protect ourselves in the matter.

We have therefore decided that henceforth every reader who writes making an inquiry that necessitates a direct reply must enclose a stamped envelope and also a Coupon which will always be found at the foot of the 3rd page of the coloured cover. Without these no notice will be taken of the communication.

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a Coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" send replies by post.

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ENTRE NOUS.

THE King is to arrive in Cowes Roads on Friday evening from Goodwood on board the *Victoria and Albert*, and his Majesty will stay in the Solent until the morning of Monday, the 13th. The King will then return to London, and after the Royal yacht has landed his Majesty at Portsmouth Harbour she will proceed to Sheerness. The King will embark at Port Victoria on Tuesday morning, the 14th, for Flushing, whence he is to proceed direct to Marienbad, where he will arrive early in the evening of Wednesday, the 15th.

During Cowes Regatta week the King will probably pay visits to Lord and Lady Montagu of Beaulieu, at Palace House, Beaulieu, their picturesque old seat in the New Forest; and to Mr. and Mrs. George Cavendish-Bentinck at Highcliffe Castle, the late Lady Waterford's beautiful place on the Solent, near Christchurch, where his Majesty has several times been a guest.

A great deal of imaginative nonsense has appeared in some of the papers about the "brilliant Royal entertainments" which are alleged to be in contemplation at Cowes next week. Nothing of the sort is really in prospect. The only entertainments on board the *Victoria and Albert* will be one or two dinner parties, and Princess Henry of Battenberg may give a dinner party at Osborne Cottage to their Majesties and the King and Queen of Spain, whose visit to England is to be most strictly private.

The statement that there had been some idea of their Majesties holding a fifth Court at Buckingham Palace is a pure invention, no such function having ever been contemplated. The King has decided that in future there are always to be two Courts before Easter, and two between Easter and Whitsuntide, and the first Court of the season is to be almost exclusively Diplomatic and Official.

The Queen is going to Balmoral after Cowes regatta week for a stay of three or four weeks, after which her Majesty will proceed to the Continent, intending to spend about a month in Denmark. It is probable that the Queen will pay a visit in September to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland at their beautiful seat on the Traun See. About twenty years have elapsed since her Majesty's last visit to the Traun See, and she then made an excursion to Ischl when staying with her sister and brother-in-law.

The Duke of Connaught will probably pay a visit during the autumn to Sir Reginald and Lady Gordon Cathcart at Cluny Castle, their fine seat in the Strathdon district of Aberdeenshire.

The Duchess of Albany and Princess Louise of Wied have been paying visits to the Bishop of Guildford and Mr. Sumner at The Close, Winchester; to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Moreton at Crookham, Hants; and to Brigadier-General and Mrs. Julian Byng at Bridge Place, near Canterbury.

The King and Queen of Spain are to be the guests of Lord and Lady Leith at Fyvie Castle, Aberdeenshire, during the week after next. It is understood that their Majesties will proceed from Cowes to Aber-

deen in the Royal yacht *Giralda*, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg. King Alfonso is to have a couple of days' grouse shooting over the moors near Gartly, which are rented by Lord Leith from the Duke of Richmond and Gordon.

Fyvie is one the finest of the old castellated houses of Scotland, and it has been enlarged and restored with admirable taste. The castle, which is built in the form of the letter L, with three immense square towers, is remarkably well situated, overlooking the river Ythan. There are beautiful gardens, and a well-wooded park of seven hundred acres. This place is in the lowlands of Aberdeenshire, between Inverurie and Turriff. The oldest part of Fyvie Castle dates from the thirteenth century, but it was principally built by Alexander Seton, Earl of Dunfermline, who was tutor to Charles I. There is a walled-up room, as at Glamis. Fyvie is one of the stateliest houses in Scotland.

The *Daily Mail* is under a strange misapprehension about the succession to the Dutch Throne. It stated that, in the event of Queen Wilhelmina dying without issue, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar would not renounce his own throne in order to become King of "Holland" (the ruler of that country is always described as King or Queen of the Netherlands), and that next to him come the three sons of Prince Albert of Prussia, and then "the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Wied." If the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar declined to accept the Dutch Throne, the succession would pass to his aunt, the Princess Reuss (the wealthy widow of the former German Ambassador at Vienna), who has two sons. If her line failed, the next heir would be Prince Albert of Prussia (son of the late Princess Marianne of the Netherlands), and then his three sons. After them would come the Princess of Wied, and if her line became extinct, the Royal family of Denmark would be the next heirs.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen have discharged their Viceregal duties during the summer with an energy as untiring as that with which they fulfilled them throughout the Castle season. "Their Excellencies" have been a great success in the South and the West. The "Lady Liftenant" has been accorded the highest Celtic praise, that "she is not a bit like a lady," whilst "himself" has won the golden opinion on every side that "he is just plain, like ourselves." During the Zingari cricket week, Viceregal hospitality was dispensed each day at the Viceregal Lodge. Several small dances were given in the evenings, as well as the tea parties of the afternoon. This week Lord Aberdeen visits Belfast, after which visit Lord and Lady Aberdeen leave Ireland for the marriage of Lord Haddo.

The Horse Show at Ball's Bridge is a coming event that casts a long shadow before. As August approaches, the leading social arrangements in Ireland hinge on it. Already "house parties" have been arranged for the "week" and rooms secured in the leading hotels in and about Dublin. Lord and Lady Ardilaun, who went to Harrogate after their visit to London, will return to Ireland in August. They usually have a large party at St. Anne's, Clontarf, for the Horse Show, Lord Ardilaun being President of the Royal Dublin Society, which holds the Show.

Royal Commissions of inquiry into Ireland and things Irish are as numerous as Arctic expeditions to inquire into the North Pole and its affairs. Ireland and the North Pole, notwithstanding these constant endeavours, seem to hold their secrets with equal closeness. Nothing ever comes of an Irish Commission—or, perhaps, hardly ever—except another Commission. Last week the new Commission on Congestion in Ireland, with Lord Dudley as chairman, made arrangements for their first meeting to be held in Dublin in September. On this occasion there may be some useful result. Sir Antony MacDonnell, who is a Commissioner, has gone as near to penetrating the mystery of the Irish question as any man in the kingdom. He has been for several years, like his fellow Commissioner, the Bishop of Raphoe, a member of the Congested Districts Board. These two Commissioners are, therefore, in the unique position of being, in a certain measure, inquirers into themselves.

The office of Lord Lieutenant of Dorsetshire, vacant since last December by the death of the late Lord Ilchester, has been given to Colonel Batten, who is very popular in the county, but it had been generally expected that Lord Wimborne would get this post.

Lord Northbrook, who has accepted the office of High Steward of Winchester, has presented a valuable painting by Opie to the Corporation, and it is to be hung in the Guildhall, in the Banqueting-room.

Mr. Edward Chapman, who died suddenly last week through an accident, was one of the best known and most popular public men in Cheshire, and he had been for many years actively interested in the administration of local affairs both in that county and in Lancashire. He was Vice-Chairman of the Great Central Railway, and a director of the South-Eastern. Mr. Chapman was the son of a former member for Great Grimsby, and he was a zealous promoter of the great dock extension scheme at that port. He himself sat for the Hyde Division of Cheshire in the last Parliament. He was a Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and a staunch Tory and Churchman.

Bishop Gott was a man of many accomplishments and a genuine lover of books. He had a fine and well-cultivated taste in art, literature, and music. He delighted in Italy and Switzerland, and usually went abroad every year. He declined to live at the official

For Special for Ladies, see page 311.
For the Truth Hotel List, see page 305.
For Selected Foreign Hotels, see pages 304, 305.
For Amusements, see page 302.
For Appeals, see page 299.
For Estates, Auctions, &c., see page 299.
For Our Puzzles, see pages 309, 310.
For List of Approved Charities see pages 306, 307.

residence of the See of Truro, because there was no room in the house for his splendid library, his gallery of pictures, and his collection of objects of art, all of which he had inherited. Dr. Gott rented Trenython, a large country house, overlooking St. Austell Bay, which is within a short distance of Par Station. The late bishop publicly declared on more than one occasion that he had never received one penny from the revenues of the Church for his own benefit either directly or indirectly. His official income was always spent on Church work and public and private almsgiving.

A correspondent writes:—

I think you and some other editors have made out Bishop Gott to be very much more of a High Churchman than he was. I knew him intimately for 25 years. We were brought up in the straightest sect of the Evangelicals. Dr. Gott took up the standpoint, by degrees, of Dr. Hook at Leeds, but his preaching was distinctly Evangelical, all along warmly coloured by early training and his own convictions. In matters of ritual he was nowhere, having evidently no interest at all in it.

I know that by his preaching and personal work with individuals he was of untold value to many lives in preparation for many deaths.

The death of Bishop Gott gives a seat in the House of Lords to Dr. Lloyd, Bishop of Newcastle. The next vacancy on the Episcopal Bench will be filled by Dr. Robertson, Bishop of Exeter.

The See of Truro is worth £3,000 a year, with the old vicarage of Kenwyn as a residence. The Bishop has the patronage of three endowed canonries in the cathedral (of which he is, *ex officio*, the Dean), of two archdeaconries, and of twenty-eight livings, most of which are of very small value. The See of Truro would probably not have been founded to this day but for the munificence of the late Lady Rolle, who gave £40,000 in 1876 to the endowment fund.

Chancellor Newbolt is to be the Canon-in-Residence and Sunday afternoon preacher at St. Paul's Cathedral during August, replacing Archdeacon Sinclair. Dean Gregory will be out of town during the next two months.

A weekly contemporary ingenuously expresses satisfaction that Archdeacon Utterton (who replaces the late Archdeacon Sapte as Archdeacon of Surrey) should have been collated to a canonry in Winchester Cathedral, an appointment which was announced in Truth several weeks ago. My contemporary is evidently not aware that on accepting the Archdeaconry of Surrey Dr. Utterton became, *ipso facto*, a residentiary Canon of Winchester, a stall in the Cathedral being annexed to that office. Bishop Samuel Wilberforce was for several years Archdeacon of Surrey and Canon of Winchester before his appointment by Sir Robert Peel to the deanery of Westminster, from which he was promoted in a few months to the See of Oxford. Those were the days of pluralites, and Archdeacon Wilberforce was also rector of Alverstoke, which was then one of the best livings in the diocese of Winchester.

Sir Matthew Wilson has presented Archdeacon Kilner to the Vicarage of Gargrave-in-Craven, near Leeds, which is worth about £550 a year, with house, and it has become vacant by the preferment of the Rev. John A. V. Magee to the Crown living of St. Mark's, Hamilton-terrace. Archdeacon Kilner has been Vicar of Bingley since 1891, and in 1896 the Bishop of Ripon appointed him to the Archdeaconry of Craven. He will vacate the important living of Bingley, which is worth about £450 a year, with house, and in the gift of the Bishop of Ripon.

Mr. Alexander Young's splendid gallery of pictures, which he has collected during the last half-century, has been privately sold to Messrs. Agnew, with whom Messrs. Wallis are associated in the transaction. This collection, which was valued by a well-known expert some years ago at about £600,000, includes upwards of fifty works by Corot, and all the masters of the Barbezon School are well represented.

One of the most beautiful English mediæval manuscripts which have come into the market for some years was sold last week at Sotheby's for £1,500, Mr. Quaritch being the purchaser. It was a history of the life and miracles of St. Cuthbert, Bishop of Lindisfarne, and consisted of one hundred and fifty leaves, all richly illuminated.

Dr. Nuttall, who has been elected Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, is an American. He has gained a world-wide reputation as a bacteriologist, and is an expert on tropical diseases. Dr. Nuttall settled at Cambridge about six years ago, and he has been for some time University Lecturer on Bacteriology and Preventitive Medicine.

THE ETON SLOUCH.

The Iron Duke, or so they say,
Affirmed that, when the French he'd beaten
At Waterloo, he won the day
Upon the playing-fields of Eton.

Now, was the man who used this phrase—
For which tradition is my voucher—
Was he, I ask, in boyhood's days,
Himself a young Etonian sloucher?

For if he was—and 'tis, in truth,
Most likely that young Arthur followed
This fad that every Eton youth
With *Alma Mater's* milk has swallowed—

Why, then, that Eton slouch, methinks—
'Bout which Sir Laurence waxed so biting,
And which so in his nostrils stinks—
Can scarce unfit a lad for fighting.

And e'en if Arthur's case we yield,
How many lesser lights who've beaten
Our foes on stern and stricken field
Once slouched about the streets of Eton!

Too long a task their names to trace;
Enough to say, whate'er the pinch, sir,
Nay, never, in the tightest place,
Was Eton sloucher known to flinch, sir.

For, troth, although a gait upright
And chest stuck out and well displayed, sir,
May look a pretty *outward* sight,
'Tis not of *these* the fighter's made, sir;

But rather of the stuff *within*—
The pluck that knows not when it's beaten,
The grit that dares to die, or win—
And *that* we know's all right at Eton.

Then, spite the language smart and pat
In which his gibes the Gen'ral's couching,
So long as you can fight like that—
Eton, by all means, *go on slouching*.

I have been asked for information respecting a curious appeal issued by the Vicar of Weston, near Otley, the Rev. Charles L. Tweedale. In a printed circular Mr. Tweedale says:—

> As a country clergyman whose available income is only £86 per annum, I write on behalf of my wife to beg of you to be so good of (*sic*) to allow her to send you some of the 17 catalogues mentioned below with a view to supplying you with whatsoever you may require. I am the vicar of this small parish, and I have vainly endeavoured to obtain a benefice with a living wage attached to it. "The labourer is worthy of his hire." I have also in vain tried to obtain paying guests in the vicarage, the inconvenient situation of the place making it quite impossible.
>
> Unless we are to *starve* it is absolutely necessary to increase our pittance of income in some way. In despair, my wife has taken up agencies from a number of the leading and best firms in this country. Will you kindly allow her to send you illustrated catalogues in any of the following classes of goods as over?

Then follow seventeen classes of goods, beginning with motor-cars of all types, and ending with carriages, dog-carts, etc. You can buy through the lady bicycles, clocks and watches, jewellery, gas and oil engines, air guns, plate and cutlery, and almost anything else.

I heard of this reverend gentleman some four years ago, when he was offering for sale, with similar statements as to his distressed condition, violins of his own manufacture. From inquiries which I made then, and which I have repeated since, I doubt the accuracy of his statement about the violins, and about his distress. The income of the living is given in "Crockford" as £120 net, with a house. A man with that income, though none too well-off, is in no danger of starvation. In point of fact, Mr. Tweedale appears to live in a very comfortable style, and, if he has not independent means, it would seem that he has been able to supplement the income of his benefice substantially either by the sale of the violins or by his business as a commission agent. I have, therefore, no hesitation in advising people not to respond to his appeals, because I understand that, apart from natural objections to the Vicar's methods of raising the wind, his ecclesiastical superiors have good reason to be dissatisfied with the condition of things prevailing in the parish.

Clerical beggars seem to be more than usually in evidence just at the present moment. One of my readers forwards the latest addition of the perennial appeal of the Rev. S. S. Browne, of North Cove, Beccles, for the restoration of his church. These appeals have come under notice in Truth at intervals for many years past, Mr. Browne having exposed himself to criticism by his continual repetition of the same story about the dangerous condition of the tower, and by his failure to render any account of the money he has collected by his persistent begging.

Mr. Browne states that he has expended £550, "an account of which, and also of what has been done, you will find on the opposite page." As a matter of fact, all that appears on the opposite page is a list of subscriptions, under initials, to the amount of £10 17s. On the back of the appeal is reprinted a description of the church from *Church Bells*, which contains an account of restorations effected by the late rector, as well as by Mr. Browne. Here, once more, we are told of the dangerous condition of the tower, the cost of repairing which will be about £120, and it is added, "the rector being now in his eighty-first year he scarcely hopes to see the work completed." The date of this article is not given, but as Mr. Browne also states in the accompanying appeal, which is dated "1906," that he is in his eighty-first year, the article must have appeared recently. Yet I find that Mr. Browne was asking for money to remedy the dangerous condition of the tower nearly six years ago. Evidently he has over-estimated the danger, and the people who have been contributing money during these six years may reasonably ask what he has done with it. Another mysterious point is that although he backs his appeal with this account from *Church Bells* of the immediate need of £120 to save the tower, in the appeal itself all Mr. Browne professes to be concerned about is to pay off a debt of £35 remaining on the £550 which he has already expended.

Any one can see that Mr. Browne's statements are altogether inconsistent and unsatisfactory. He is a very old man, and very possibly his memory and capacity for handling figures are not as good as they once were. But that does not make it the less regrettable that he should go on year after year obtaining money by means of such loose statements, and failing to render any account of it. Nor is the position improved by the fact that the reverend gentleman's living is only worth, according to his own account, £110 nett, out of which he has to provide a house—in other words, that he is a very poor man, unless he has independent means. There really ought to be some official control over promiscuous begging by individual clergymen, whether for their own personal benefit, or for ecclesiastical objects.

The "Bovril Missioner," the Rev. Rupert St. Leger, Vicar of Ridgewell, sends me a letter in justification of his missionary enterprise at All Saints', Walworth. He explains that he "was not working with a view to gain." Parish after parish having had to decline his services because they could not pay his expenses, "it occurred to him that a large commercial firm might be willing on reciprocal principles to pay expenses, so that he could offer his services free to the Church." Hence the Bovril arrangement. I confess I should like to know how the Missioner made up his expenses to a guinea a week, seeing that he only lives in Essex, and was entertained by the London vicar during the mission.

But this is a minor point. The principal criticism which Mr. St. Leger has incurred rests on the fact that this combination of a parochial mission with an advertising expedition on behalf of a commercial firm was concealed from the Vicar of the parish. On this point all that Mr. St. Leger says is:—

> As regards the Vicar of All Saints, I certainly felt justified in stating that the card was issued "with his permission," though it was in no way necessary to say this, inasmuch as he supplied me with the Parish Magazine, *for the express purpose, as I informed him*, of having a list of services, etc., printed on cards, which I was to circulate as I visited in the parish, and

he raised no sort of objection, and never hinted that he had the slightest objection or expressed a wish to see one of the cards. Had he done so I should have been happy to have complied.

So that, having obtained a list of services for the purpose of having it printed on a card for distribution in the parish, this gentleman considers himself justified in adding a trade advertisement to the information of the card, and circulating it as issued by the Vicar's permission, although such a proceeding is contrary to all accepted notions of propriety, and would be as strongly disapproved of by almost every clergyman in the kingdom as it was by the Vicar in this instance, when he discovered it. So far as I can see, he considers himself justified in printing anything he chooses, no matter how objectionable, upon the card, and if the Vicar complains, he thinks it a sufficient answer to say that he could have seen the card if he had chosen to ask for it. Such a contention speaks for itself.

I was interested to learn the other day that Dr. Clifford is a lay rector of the Church of England, being one of a body of trustees known as the "Sabbatarians," who hold the manor and estate of Little Maplestead in Essex, carrying with it the advowson of the living. This curious state of things came about in the following way: Towards the end of the seventeenth century one Joseph Davis, the lord of the manor of Little Maplestead, acquired a meeting house in Mill Yard, Goodman's Fields, where there was established a sect known as the Sabbatarian Protestant Dissenters, and in 1700 Davis vested the chapel in trustees for the use of the congregation. In 1706 he died, and devised by his will to trustees for the benefit of the Mill Yard congregation a rent charge of £50 out of his manor, which was left to his son. The son died without issue, and the whole estate reverted to the trustees, in whose hands it has since remained. I do not know whether the Baptists of to-day are the residuary legatees of the Sabbatarian Protestant Dissenters of 1700, but something of that sort seems to have happened, and Dr. Clifford is now head of the trustees. In 1901, the charity, whatever it may be, was resettled by an order of the Court, which now regulates it.

The correspondent who brought these facts under my notice seemed to think that the Church has some grievance against Dr. Clifford and his co-trustees because only £10 a year out of the income goes to the incumbent, and the trustees have declined to sell the advowson, or to do anything for the benefit of the Vicar, the church, or the congregation. This is, of course, nonsense. The trustees can do nothing which the terms of their trust do not provide for. There are, as I suppose everyone knows, plenty of benefices in the Church of England which are in the hands of either lay rectors or patrons who are not members of that Church, and the Little Maplestead case is merely a conspicuous example of the anomalies to which the legal and constitutional position of the Church gives rise.

"We have been applied to," write a firm in the City, "for a donation to the Children's Help Fund, 31, Paulet-road, Camberwell, and shall be much obliged if you will kindly inform us, through your columns, if this is a bonâ-fide charitable institution." No, it is not; on the contrary, it is the rankest of charitable swindles. I never heard of it by the name mentioned until this inquiry came; but I now find that the Children's Help Fund is the latest alias of a woman named Eagles, who has been frequently referred to in Truth in conjunction with another female named Allen. Allen and Eagles formerly carried on the "St. Mary's Protestant Home for Little Girls," St. Mary's-square, Kennington. As usual, they kept two or three children on the premises, as their stock-in-trade, and lived themselves on the subscriptions collected for the benefit of these children. They were in sole control of the concern, and had mutually appointed one another "honorary secretary" and "honorary treasurer" of the institution. They employed agents to collect money on commission, and their collecting-boxes were in evidence all over the country.

It seems that since I last referred to this swindle, nearly two years ago, Allen and Eagles have dissolved partnership, and Eagles seems to have been carrying on the same sort of business on her own account. She went into lodgings accompanied by her daughter and one "orphan"—all that was left of the stock-in-trade on the winding-up of the Kennington firm. In April last she took a house at the above-mentioned address, letting off the two upper floors, and carrying on the "Children's Help Fund" upon the ground floor. The fund is recruited, as before, by travelling canvassers, who get 4s. in the pound commission on their takings. It was one of these collectors who applied to the firm who send the above inquiry to me, and it may be inferred from this that they have been working the City systematically. The City Police would do well to cast an eye upon them, and their brethren at Scotland Yard ought to do the same by the head of the firm, who resides within their jurisdiction. The business is a rank fraud, and the police are to blame that Eagles' wings have not been clipped sooner.

I was asked for information the other day about the "Trades and Workmen's Legal Aid Society; Head Office, 6, Whitefriars-street, E.C.; Branch, 36, Orchard-street, Dartford, Kent; Manager, H. G. Lane." It seems that canvassers go about collecting from workingmen annual subscriptions of 6d. to this "society," on the representation that

> By joining the above Society your Name and Address is registered, and you supplied with a Registered Number.
>
> You can then at any time be placed in direct communication with a reliable firm of Solicitors, where the Member can have
>
> Legal Advice Free.

One of the Prettiest Spots in England—Dormans Park Hotel, Dormans, Surrey (L. B. & S. C. R.). Write to Manager for Illustrated Booklet and Terms. An Ideal run for Motorists, 28 miles from London or Brighton.

A Beautiful Hotel at Bournemouth.—The "Royal Bath." "*Hôtel de Luxe of the South.*" Magnificent sea frontage and private grounds on East Cliff, facing due south. *Only Hotel on East Cliff.*

On hearing of this, I sent at once to Whitefriars-street, in the hope of seeing the manager and finding out how it is done, for I should be glad myself to get all the legal advice I want in the course of a year for an annual subscription of 6d. My representative was unable to find the name of Mr. Lane or of the T.W.L.A.S. at the address given, which is a small house, with a barber's shop on the ground floor. He learned, however, from the barber, who is the tenant of the house, that Mr. Lane "shares an office" there, and calls there from time to time to receive his letters. I take this to mean that 6, Whitefriars-street, is merely the accommodation address of the T.W.L.A.S., and that the business is really carried on, not at the Head Office, but at the Dartford Branch.

As it is not convenient at the moment to send all the way to Dartford, perhaps Mr. Lane would not mind communicating to me the name of the "reliable firm of solicitors" who are ready to give advice free upon all matters (including "Business Work and Private Affairs") on the strength of a subscription of 6d. per annum to a "society" which will naturally want a considerable share of the sixpences to cover the expenses of collecting and administering the money, and paying the manager. This reliable firm ought to be better known, and I dare say the Incorporated Law Society would like to know about it. For the present, however, I should recommend tradesmen and workmen to keep their sixpences in their pockets, notwithstanding the hint on the collectors' cards that you should "Join at once—To-morrow may be too late."

I am sorry to receive from Lady St. Helier the following unsatisfactory account of the progress and prospects of her Children's Holiday Fund. I can only hope that the publication of it may speedily lead to an improvement in the situation, and I shall be pleased, as before, to receive and forward any contributions which my readers may send for the purpose:—

May I venture to appeal to your kind readers for my Holiday Fund this year, which I am sorry to say is not as flourishing as I could wish, owing to the large amount of money which is now being diverted by other schemes (very excellent in their way) for sending children away to the country for one day. The work that is done, and the numbers of children sent, is much greater in comparison with that which my fund undertakes, but I still hold strongly to the opinion of those best qualified to judge, that there is no doubt, for the lasting benefit of the children, that the longer stay in the country does infinitely the most good. No doubt the happiness of the greatest number appeals to the kind-hearted public, but what is really required is a sufficiently long stay in the country to build up the children's constitutions and send them home permanently improved in health. One of my kindest supporters is for various reasons unable to help me to the longer holiday this year, and I am here face to face with the terrible alternative that, unless I can get about £400 more than I have, over 500 poor children who have been saving their pennies all the winter towards paying their railway fares will not be able to be sent away, for my funds are nearly exhausted. I am sure I need only ask you to publish my little appeal for those of your readers who love children to come forward and help towards averting this real calamity. I do not suppose any of us can in the faintest degree realise what the disappointment and grief (to say nothing of the misfortune from the point of view of health) the abandonment of the holiday would be to these poor little souls who have thought and dreamed of little else these last three months. May I most earnestly plead your kind insertion of this in the next issue of TRUTH?

In the meantime I have received the following contributions to Lady St. Helier's Fund:—S. P., £1; May Robinson. 10s.: H. L. W., £1 1s.; A. C., £1: P. M., £5.

I am always very pleased to receive the opinions of military men upon Army questions; but I really cannot publish all the correspondence with which I have been favoured in reference to Mr. Haldane's army policy. Apart from the length at which officers, especially when they are retired, state their views on military problems, most of these questions have been discussed *ad nauseam*. And another point which weighs with me is that the writers are often so diametrically opposed to one another that their criticisms are mutually destructive.

For example, a retired officer who has often favoured me with his views, for which I have the highest respect, writes to me to urge that our only hope of an efficient army lies in the "unlinking of our regiments." So long as the linked battalion system remains, no Secretary for War, he thinks, "will ever be in a position to place our land services on a satisfactory and economical basis." I open another letter from a retired officer of equal experience, and find that, while he also has his remedy for all that is amiss with our land services, he is delighted that Mr. Haldane has decided to adhere to the linked battalion system. Obviously the publication of these letters could only tend to the bewilderment of the public, if not of Mr. Haldane himself. And so it is with only too much of the guidance and inspiration vouchsafed to the laity by the military priesthood.

So far as a mere civilian can judge, it seems to me that the Cardwellian system, or so much of it as is comprised in the linked battalion arrangement, is about the most businesslike way that can be discovered of providing for the requirements of what is chiefly a foreign service army. It provides regimental training at home for the drafts which feed the battalions stationed abroad, and it is the most economical way of maintaining at home the *cadres* which are to be brought up to war strength by the calling up of the reserves in the event of mobilisation. The alternative to training the drafts for foreign service in this way is to train them at depots. This method is favoured by the officer whom I have referred to above. But the best military opinion, so far as I can judge, is against depot as distinguished from regimental training.

There is yet another alternative, namely, that of entirely separating the Indian from the home army, of which Sir Charles Dilke is one of the foremost exponents. There is a great deal to be said for this, but it practically means the abolition of the existing army, and the construction of some entirely new system in its place. We should probably get in this way a system much more easy to work. Whether our military strength all round would be increased I rather doubt, and if it were we may feel pretty sure that we should have to pay for the increase. Most of the high authorities who instruct us in military matters point to the defence of India as the chief military problem with which we have to deal, and the present system places the requirements of India in the forefront of the programme. Putting all

these considerations together, the public may well conclude that the present system is at least as well adapted to our requirements as any other, and a War Minister may well hesitate about exchanging it for something else from which the one result which can be confidently relied on is increased expenditure.

A correspondent writes:—

I have read your article on the report upon the employment of ex-soldiers, and quite agree with all you say, but there are other ways of improving the prospects of soldiers besides finding them employment on discharge. One of them is the grant of more commissions from the ranks, and many senior N.C.O.'s like myself are hoping that Mr. Haldane will do something to improve prospects in that direction.

Without being enthusiastic on the subject, I think it deserves consideration. I cannot say that I have much faith in the "field-marshal's baton" as an incentive to recruiting, but it may be a potent incentive to additional exertions on the part of non-commissioned officers, and consequently an aid to efficiency; and something might be done in this way to increase the supply of competent officers and to improve military spirit all round.

The present regulations in regard to commissions from the ranks are defective, and the direction in which they ought to be improved has been more than once pointed out in Truth. The chief objection to them is the age limit, which makes it almost impossible for a man to hope for a commission unless he enlists before he is 20, and gets his promotion quickly. But of course the main difficulty is that of £ s. d. It will never be possible to promote any considerable number of men from the ranks on their merits until the principle of a living wage for subalterns is recognised. If this were done by the method of increasing pay by length of service, instead of by rank, and if men promoted from the ranks were allowed to reckon for this purpose the whole of their service, there would no longer be any difficulty about granting commissions to all non-commissioned officers who prove their fitness for them.

I had a letter on this subject the other day from a man in the Army Service Corps. It was written before Mr. Haldane's speech, and is somewhat discounted by the project of placing the Army Service Corps on a militia basis; but I daresay there is a good deal of truth in what the man says. His chief point is that the absence of any reasonable prospect of promotion is a discouragement to many well-educated young men, the sons of people in a small way of business, who would be very useful in the non-combatant branches of the Army, but who prefer to go into the service of banks, commercial houses, or what not. He points out that the staffing of the Army Service Corps entirely with men of the ordinary soldier class is one of the reasons for the scandals that have come to light in connection with the South African War, and a good deal more dishonesty and corruption which has not come to light. There may be something in this, but if the status of the Army Service Corps is to be so completely altered, I do not know that the matter is worth discussing in detail.

On the question of the Army Nursing Service I have received a letter from a lady, who says:—

It would never do to have nurses of the same social rank as the men—simply because *men are men*. This is particularly the case in the East, where women of Tommy's rank are few, and where grave complications would most certainly arise were the men and their nurses on equal terms.

I said nothing, however, about the East, where these perils exist, but spoke solely of the establishment at home and in South Africa. I do not think that my correspondent has read my remarks very carefully, or she would have seen that I anticipated this argument about the "complications," and answered it, according to my lights. Am I wrong in supposing that in civil hospitals also the men are men? It may also happen, of course, that the nurses there also are "ladies," though the term is very difficult to define; but what we are discussing is the reason why a degree of "social status" should be insisted upon in military hospitals which has not been found necessary in civil establishments. I rather question, too, the assumption that if this qualification is insisted upon the nurses will necessarily be of the same rank of life as Tommy. I doubt if this is at all generally the case in the civilian nursing profession, and I have known many hospital nurses who have a perfect right to be considered "ladies," though I doubt if they would have passed the "social status" test as laid down for the Army.

With regard to the question of military rank or authority, the same correspondent writes:—

That the nursing sisters are given authority over the orderlies and their hospital subordinates is another reason why ladies are required for these posts. The orderlies will obey and respect a lady where they will not obey or respect a woman of their own class.

That it is necessary that the sisters should be given such authority arises from the fact that they have to teach the men their duties, and that they are directly responsible to the medical officers that his orders are carried out.

But, unfortunately, what is first in question is whether it is desirable to entrust females with these duties, when it involves their being placed in this position of authority, so the argument does not carry us much further. If the placing of females in this position increases the necessity for their being ladies—that is to say, a different sort of ladies to the rest of the nursing profession—this seems an additional reason why they should not be placed there.

The lady goes on to observe that in judging whether nursing sisters are or are not of use in military hospitals, she would take the opinion of the patients, who she believes are "always largely in favour of the sisters." No one denies that women are better nurses than men, whether in the Army or anywhere else. The question is whether the present organisation of the Army Nursing Service and the threatened supersession of the nursing orderly is calculated to promote the efficiency of the medical service from the military point of view. It may seem to the female mind that the judgment of the patients in hospital ought to be decisive of the question; but the male mind thinks it necessary to look first to the primary business of an army, namely, war service.

The various railway companies are now issuing to the press particulars of the special arrangements which they are making for excursions in connection with the approaching Bank Holiday. I confess I am astonished at the growth of railway enterprise in this direction. There is hardly a line running out of London which does not offer tempting opportunities of reaching almost every part of its route at prices which are within the reach of the humblest Cockney excursionist, and the only wonder is that there should be anybody left in London nowadays during the week-end which is followed by a Bank Holiday. It is quite impossible to notice all these arrangements in detail, but I would advise anybody who has not obtained the requisite information from other quarters to apply at once for the holiday programme of the company whose line he contemplates using.

"A Ratepayer" objects, in reply to my observations on the profit of L.C.C. enterprises, that the housing business is not generally profitable, and that "the rates contributed £155,000 towards the cost of the buildings in Clerkenwell." He adds, I suppose sarcastically, that perhaps I shall "be able to show that this is good business." I hope that this ratepayer's ideas of business are clearer than his exposition of them on paper. I do not know anything about the Clerkenwell buildings to which he refers, but an expenditure of £155,000 looks like capital expenditure, and in order to judge whether the expenditure is profitable, one must look to the profit and loss account, and that only. But apart from this, municipal housing schemes are not solely justified by the desire of making a profit on them. They are undertaken quite as much on sanitary grounds, and for the sake of the general welfare of the community; and if they are wisely undertaken, there is an indirect profit out of all comparison with any immediate return in £ s. d. My correspondent might just as well ask whether the expenditure of millions on sewers is "good business."

A "provisional manifesto" found its way into the press last week, drawn up by the Progressive Education Council in view of the next L.C.C. election. One of the points in it is that every Progressive candidate shall pledge himself to support "the re-creation of a separate education authority for London, directly elected." It seems to me that this is a great mistake, and that it should be struck out of the programme before the document is finally settled. No doubt there were strong reasons why the old London School Board should have been left in existence. The last Government recognised that the case of London is peculiar by excluding London from the Act of 1902, and dealing with it in a separate Act the following year. One of the strongest reasons against the London Act was that the London County Council did not desire to become the education authority. But the thing has been settled; the County Council has accepted the settlement, and has got its machinery into working order; and from the educational point of view it is most undesirable that, just when the machinery is beginning to work efficiently, it should be again pulled to pieces and reconstructed.

The matter, however, is of far less importance from the educational point of view than from that of the general efficiency of the London County Council, and, looking at it from this side, many Progressives may sympathise with the desire for a new education authority. The administration of the Education Acts in London, if it is to be properly performed, must demand the whole time of the committee engaged upon it. The County Council had its hands quite full enough before the Education Act, and the withdrawal of nearly one-third of its members for educational work exclusively must necessarily affect the other work of the Council, and add materially to the labour required of members individually.

But the proper remedy for this is to increase the strength of the Council. When the Act of 1903 was before Parliament, Dr. Macnamara suggested that a new member should be added for every existing L.C.C. constituency, and he thought that it would be possible that the additional number should be elected solely as an educational member. Whether this were expressly provided for or not, it is very probable that such additional members would in most instances come forward and be elected chiefly as educationists. From every point of view it is desirable that the L.C.C. should be strengthened in point of numbers, and the Progressive Education Committee would do far better to address itself to this reform than to waste its time and divide the party by crying for a new London School Board.

Apropos of the letter from Messrs. James Saunders and Co., Limited, on the subject of "House of Lords" whisky, which I published last week, my attention has been called to a report of the Chief Inspector of Liquors, presented to the Legislative Assembly of West Australia last year. The Inspector says that, having his suspicions about certain whiskies and brandies on sale at licensed houses, he purchased samples and submitted them to the Government analyst. The analysis, which he appends, shows that 50 per cent. of the whiskies are not true whiskies, whilst two of them are nothing more than patent or silent spirit flavoured or coloured—the process on which the British public has been fully instructed by the recent litigation of the important question, "What is Whisky?" The Australian official continues:—

> This silent spirit is so highly rectified that most of the higher alcohols are abstracted from it. This process seems to make the silent spirit more injurious than true whiskies. I received a letter from a gentleman in the country stating that the local publican was selling whisky that drove the men who drank it mad. I inspected his liquors, and found he was selling the whisky marked No. 3 on the analyst's report.

The whisky marked No. 3 is a "House of Lords Old Scotch Whisky," produced by a firm at Glasgow—one of the spurious brands of House of Lords whisky to which Messrs. Saunders and Sons referred in their letter. This fact shows the necessity for putting some restriction on the abuse of the title "House of Lords Whisky," and those who ask for that article should see that they get it by looking at the label and certificate. With the Education Bill just coming before the House,

it is satisfactory to know that there is no reason to suppose that our Lords Spiritual and Temporal have been in the habit of drinking a whisky which makes men mad.

There is no satisfying some people. About a year ago the owners of that much-advertised and sweetly-named remedy, "Bile Beans," brought an action in the Court of Session to restrain an Edinburgh chemist from selling as Bile Beans pills of his own manufacture. A full account of the case was given in TRUTH of September 21, 1905. The defence was that there could be no proprietary right in the word "bean" as applied to a pill; that the so-called Bile Beans were merely pills made from drugs in common use; that the proprietors put them on the market with a grossly mendacious story of their origin and composition; and that as this story was a fraud on the public, even if they would otherwise have had a right to an injunction, they had forfeited any claim to relief. Lord Ardwall, who gave judgment, adopted this view, and refused an injunction accordingly.

One would have thought that the revelations at the trial and the judgment of Lord Ardwall would have cured the firm of any desire for further publicity in the law courts. They seem to have thought, however, that a little more notoriety would be a good thing for the beans, so they appealed to the Second Division of the Court. If this were not a serious journal, I should be tempted to say that the Court gave them beans. Anyhow, Lord Ardwall's judgment was in all respects confirmed by the Lord Justice-Clerk and his colleagues. I append the judgment, as reported in the *Glasgow Herald*, as it not only affirms the judgment of Lord Ardwall, but also all the observations which were made upon the case at the time in TRUTH:—

The Lord Justice-Clerk said the bile beans of the complainers were said to be made of Australian vegetable substances discovered by a Charles Forde. The place of the discovery, the mode of it, and the instrument of it were all deliberate inventions, without any foundation in fact. The story was that Charles Forde, who was described as a skilled scientist, had noted the fact that the natives were free from bodily ailments, and that after research and investigation he had ascertained that that immunity was obtained by the use of vegetable substances. All that in every particular was false. There was never such a person as Charles Forde, and there was no eminent scientist engaged in such research in Australia. The truth was that the complainers had formed a scheme to palm off upon the public a medicine obtained from America, and they created a demand by flooding the country with advertisements, placards, pamphlets, and imaginary pictures. The complainers desired protection for the name "Bile Beans," but being themselves engaged in perpetrating a fraud upon the public, they were not entitled to any such protection.

The other Judges concurred.

I trust that this judgment will be duly noted by all those to whom the Bile Beans advertisements are offered. There is, of course, no objection to the sale of Bile Beans in the ordinary way upon their merits. They are a common aperient medicine, and no doubt useful for the ordinary purposes of such drugs. The fraud which has got the proprietors into trouble in the Scottish courts lies entirely in the false representations that have been made as to the nature and origin of the remedy. But this is, of course, the kind of fraud on which all big businesses in quack remedies are built up.

Below I give my Legal Pillory for the week. The contrasted cases from Southampton are instructive as an illustration of the views of the magistrates with regard to the relative heinousness of wife-beating and of vagrancy by begging or sleeping out. Another example of misapplied leniency in dealing with a wife-beater is furnished from Nottingham, and the Reepham, the Heanor, and the Coventry J.P.'s have also distinguished themselves by imposing ridiculously inadequate pecuniary penalties for brutal assaults; while a similar indulgence has been extended to animal-torturers at Liverpool and elsewhere. In the opposite column of the list are sundry instances of magisterial severity in cases of poaching and petty larceny:—

Southampton Borough Police-court. Before Messrs. J. E. Le Feuvre, F. J. Tilling, F. A. Dunsford, C. J. Thomas and other magistrates. Thomas Francis Mason charged with assaulting his wife, who said he pulled her out of bed, kicked her, and otherwise maltreated her. He had previously appeared before the magistrates. Fined 5s. and costs.

Basingstoke Petty Sessions. Before Sir R. Rycroft and Mr. W. A. Wallis. George Kneller charged with cruelty to a pony. The pony had been shockingly overworked and had to be left in a meadow, where it fell down and was unable to rise again. Next day it had to be killed. Fined £3.

Heanor Petty Sessions. Jack Brown charged with being drunk and disorderly and with assaulting a constable. He was exceedingly violent, kicking the officer, and behaving "more like a madman than anything else." There were sixteen previous convictions against him. Fined 5s. and costs for the first offence and 10s. and costs for the assault.

Liverpool Police-court. Before Messrs. T. Burke and S. Yates. Thomas Molyneux charged with cruelty to a dog. Seeing some movement of the ground at a spot in the Jewish burial ground, a policeman removed a large stone and some soil and then discovered a bull-terrier, gasping and struggling in the last stages of exhaustion. It was found that the animal had been buried alive by the defendant. Fined £3.

Nottingham Police-court. Patrick Corcoran charged with assaulting his wife, who said he struck her on the cheek, cutting the flesh down to the bone. She received treatment at the dispensary. Fined 20s.

Holt Petty Sessions. Before Sir Alfred Jodrell and Messrs. W. Leggatt, J. B. Rogers, and C. J. Temple Lynes. James Drake charged with cruelty to a pony. He beat the pony unmercifully, and pushed a stick up its nostrils. Fined 40s. and costs.

Southampton Borough Police-court. Before the same magistrates. John Morton charged with begging. Seven days.

Southampton County Police-court. Before Mr. W. S. Wells. Harry Rustick and Charles Salter charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. Rustick had 4d. and Salter 1½d. in his possession. Seven days each.

Basingstoke Petty Sessions. Before the same magistrates. George Mills and Thomas Watson charged with stealing a plough trolley, value 15s. Watson, one month, Mills two months.

Perth Sheriff Court. Before Sheriff Sym. David Macpherson charged with poaching and being found in possession of two nets. Six weeks.

Kettering Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. J. T. Stockburn and G. W. Sumner, Captain Heycock, and the Rev. Wentworth Watson. Harry Corvell, Alfred Abrahams, and Enoch Bates charged with poaching. Three months each.

Arundel Police-court. Charles Taylor charged with stealing a pair of boots from a shop. Two months.

Chichester County Police-court. Before Messrs. W. L. Gibbings, P. T. Mackeson, W. Smith, and E. E. Street. Charles Neale and Henry Welch, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. Seven days each.

Brynmawr Police-Court. Before Messrs. William Roberts and John Watkins. James Foley, charged with stealing a box of sweets from a shop. One month.

Wolverhampton Police-court. Before Messrs. A. C. Twentyman, N. H. Mander, and E. Simpson. Alexander Ball, charged under the Poaching Prevention Act with being found in possession of a rabbit and a net when searched on the highway. Fined £5 and costs; in default, two months.

Stoke-on-Trent Police-court. Cicely Lewis, charged with stealing a pair of trousers from outside a shop. One month.

Ayr Sheriff Court. John Shaw, charged with poaching. Sixty days.

ROYAL SOCIETY FOR PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS. Nearly 8,000 convictions last year. Complaints marked 'Private.' absolutely confidential.—SECRETARY, 105, Jermyn-st., London.

Reepham Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. J. Gay, J. A. Kendrew, W. E. Norris, and J. E. Cremer. Samuel Rayner convicted of assaulting a boy by knocking him down and kicking him on the back and on the jaw. Fined 15s.

Wellington Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. W. Dugdale and H. Shepard. Alfred Jones charged under the Poaching Prevention Act with being found in possession of a rabbit and wires when searched on the highway. Fined £2 and costs.

Coventry Police Court. Wm. Anthony, charged with being drunk and disorderly and with assaulting two policemen. He struck and kicked both the officers. Fined 12s. 6d. and costs.

In the Court of Session the other day Arthur Peel, described as of 37, North Castle-street, Edinburgh, applied for an interdict to restrain one Sheridan from carrying on business in the city of Edinburgh as a mortgage, reversion, general financial dealer, agent, or broker, or from acting as the agent of any one engaged in such a business. It appeared that Sheridan was formerly manager for Peel, but was dismissed, and then entered the employment of John Thomas Higgins, of London, who opened an office in Edinburgh. Higgins is in the same line of business as Peel (whose headquarters are also in London), and Sheridan was under an agreement not to be connected with any competing office for five years after he quitted Peel's service. In granting the interdict Lord Salvesen made the following noteworthy observations:—

> Whether in carrying through the transactions the complainer (Peel) and the respondent (Sheridan) acted in a fraudulent manner so as to acquire reversionary interests at sums greatly below their true value might well be the subject of inquiry at the instance of the parties defrauded, but was no ground for holding that the respondent in breach of his agreement should now be free to enter into a competing business of the same class as the complainer's.

I have from time to time heard of very shady transactions on the part of this man Peel and a firm of London solicitors with whom he works, and parties desiring to raise loans or sell reversionary interests should give him a wide berth. Higgins is also a bloodsucker, who should be carefully avoided.

In the *Morning Post* on or about July 12 there appeared an advertisement without any name attached, in which "a gentleman about thirty, about to travel considerably, sought the services of a smart, well-educated youth (18-21) as companion." I should be interested to know whether any people answered this advertisement, and, if so, with what result. To one boy who answered the advertisement the advertiser wrote that he had selected the reply out of a large number, liking "the way you write." He intimated that his desire was to adopt the youth he selected, but he went on to explain that the "outfit in the way of cloathing (*sic*) would require an outlay of £100," and it was apparently his intention that the money should be deposited with him to use at his discretion. This proposal from a wealthy gentleman desirous of adopting a lad does not look quite the thing, and its appearance is not improved by the fact that the advertiser was living in lodgings in a street in Leeds decidedly not aristocratic. As the negotiation in the above case collapsed, it may be that he has turned his attention to others of the large number of applications which he had received, and in that case I should much like to know what has followed.

The Preservation of Health is the subject of interesting remarks of Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., on page 508.

A correspondent forwards a cutting from the *Leeds Mercury* containing four advertisements in which marvellous bargains in bicycles are offered from different addresses at Weston-super-Mare, in the names of different individuals, who purport to be private owners selling them second-hand. The mere appearance of these advertisements side by side, involving a substantial expenditure of money, is sufficient to show that they are not what they pretend to be, and it is surprising that any newspaper should publish them—the more so, as it must know, or could easily learn, the source from which they emanate. I called attention to these advertisements, which are very widely distributed, in Truth of March 1. The advertisers are really a firm called Warrilow and Co., cycle manufacturers at Weston-super-Mare, and the dodge by which they dispose of their goods is, of course, precisely similar to the second-hand piano trick, and others of the same class, against which I have often warned the public.

A West-End doctor writes to me very strongly on the subject of the latest advertisement of the notorious quack, Keith-Harvey. It is headed, "Parliament and the Children. 12,000 Unrecognised Deaf in one Town. Wrongly punished for 'Inattention.'" After referring to the alleged fact that the "Royal Commissioners on Physical Training in Scotland" found 12,000 children in Edinburgh schools "suffering from unrecognised deafness," the advertisement goes on to give a pretended interview with Keith-Harvey on this discovery, and his views upon the treatment of deafness in schools, winding up with the statement that "Professor Keith-Harvey's researches have done much to relieve the sufferings of thousands, and will save the hearing of many tens of thousands more, as his method of cure becomes still more widely known."

Some of the papers which publish this advertisement mark it as such; but as the obvious intention is to convey to the reader that the thing embodies a press interview with Keith-Harvey, the mere "advt." at the end does not count for much, and I cannot understand how respectable newspapers allow their columns to be used in this way, especially by notorious quacks who are more likely to do harm than good to those who answer their advertisements. The advertisement is a monumental example of the audacity of such quacks, for this "professor," who poses as a high authority on the treatment of deafness in public elementary schools, is a mere vendor of a quack electrical appliance, with no legitimate pretensions whatever to medical knowledge.

The following attractive offer is published in the *Chemist and Druggist*:—

> WANTED by Doctor, for Hull, lady Dispenser, willing to give assistance in light household duties; salary £2 a month, board and lodging, no laundry. Apply, with references and photo, "Cantab," 3, Pavilion Square, Scarborough.

It would be interesting to know the nature of the "light household duties" which the lady dispenser is to perform, seeing that the pay is below the wages of a good plain cook, who would certainly expect her "laundry" as well as board and lodging. The idea seems to be that a sort of under-housemaid or nursery-

maid is to do this doctor's dispensing for him. Such are the advantages of higher education for women!

It is very interesting to find a notorious humbug inveighing violently against the summary American process of suppressing such businesses by means of Post Office "fraud orders." The man Hanson, otherwise the "Nutriola Company," of Chicago, and other addresses, is one of the sufferers by this wholesome procedure, and I have just received an interesting illustrated pamphlet issued by him, which bears on its title page the inscription, "The Fraud Order Peril, or the Department of Destruction that is Wrecking the Business, the Reputation, the Liberty, and the Homes of American Citizens." I take it that American citizens consider the boot to be on the other leg, and, as a British citizen, I would myself cheerfully run the risk of having my business, reputation, liberty, and home ruined, by conferring similar powers on our own Post Office.

The Nutriola Company seems to be now established in London, at Nos. 9-15, Oxford-street, W., and this is a further example of the way in which, owing to the laxity of our laws, the gentry of this class who are hunted out of the United States transfer their operations to this country. I have never seen any reference to this evil in the columns of the newspapers which profess to be so much exercised over the migration of undesirable aliens into England. This I attribute to the fact that the undesirable aliens from the United States yield a handsome revenue to the London press through their advertising columns, and, of course, an alien who does this cannot be considered undesirable from the newspaper point of view. I am specially interested to see that the Nutriola Company has set itself up in London, because, a year or more ago, when I first called attention to Hanson's advertisements, I was informed by some one representing him in England that he was going to communicate with me personally, and would probably call. But if he ever had such an intention he evidently thought better of it.

Apropos of some recent remarks on the improper use of threatening notices demanding the payment of alleged debts, a correspondent relates a youth's experience with a trick-advertising concern called the Pictorial Card Company, 62, Middle Abbey-street, Dublin. By the promise of a present of a watch the youth was gulled into obtaining from the company three dozen postcards, which he was to sell at a penny each or return within a month. Not being able to sell the cards, he returned them within the stated time. Now, after the lapse of three months, he has received a printed document from a firm styling themselves "Holmes and Holmes, debt recovery and inquiry agents," George's-street, Cork, who have previously come under notice in these columns. The document notifies that they have been instructed by the Pictorial Card Company to apply for payment of 3s. "for goods sold and delivered," and that if this amount, with 1s. 1d. for costs, is not paid within seven days, "we will serve you with a debt recovery writ."

Last May I mentioned a case in which Holmes and Holmes had addressed a similarly unwarrantable threat to a child who had been tricked by the Irish Pictorial Card Company, of Maylor-street, Cork. Very likely the Pictorial Card Company, of Dublin, is the same concern under another name. The threat held out by Holmes and Holmes is, of course, a piece of empty bluff. But young and foolish people of the class who are duped by trick-advertisements are easily intimidated, and such menacing notices probably secure the payment of many amounts which are not really due or legally recoverable.

The agents of the man Eichler (trading this time as the Southern Premium Publishing Company) have lately been busy in Aldershot and the neighbourhood, bamboozling silly women into becoming subscribers to trashy novels "printed in Germany," and issued in weekly parts. The bait is a so-called "present" in the shape of a "beautiful drawing-room mirror" or a "handsome musical album" for subscribers to the twopenny edition (complete in 100 numbers), or a "solid rocking-chair" for those taking the twopenny-halfpenny edition. The customer really has, of course, to pay through the nose to secure one of these shoddy articles, and, apart from other objections, Eichler's business is a pernicious one, inasmuch as the works of fiction that he publishes in this curious manner are chiefly of a demoralising and—in one instance, at least—obscene character.

Another book "printed in Germany" is now being advertised by means of a prospectus posted from Friedrichshafen, Berlin, in envelopes marked "private," but unsealed. According to the author-publisher's own account, a court in Berlin acquitted him of a charge of obscenity in connection with this work, but, judging from what he says in his prospectus, I doubt whether he would escape so easily in a prosecution over here. The book is manifestly intended to appeal to the prurient-minded, and the Postmaster-General ought to stop the delivery of these prospectuses.

I have been in correspondence with the bookmaker styling himself "H. Osborne and Co.," 4, Leicester-street, W., in reference to the remarkable story of a betting transaction which was related in Truth a fortnight ago. The gist of the story was that a gentleman whom I called Mr. X. won £18 odd from Osborne by backing Pretty Polly for £100 in the Coronation Cup, run at Epsom on May 31, that Osborne neither remitted the £18 nor answered a telegram demanding the money, and that three weeks later, after Mr. X. had unsuccessfully tried to see him at his office, Osborne claimed £82 from Mr. X. on the ground that the latter had lost a second bet of £100 on Pretty Polly for the Ascot Gold Cup, run on June 21. Mr. X. had no knowledge whatever of this second bet. Osborne's sole attempt to substantiate it was to produce what he represented as a press copy of a letter which he alleged that he had posted to Mr. X. on June 15. The letter was to the effect that unless he heard to the contrary he should assume that Mr. X. desired to have his usual

£100 on Pretty Polly at Ascot, in accordance with the instructions that had been given by Mr. —— (a friend who had introduced Mr. X. to Osborne). Mr. —— denies that he ever gave Osborne any such instructions, and Mr. X. denies that he ever received any such letter from Osborne.

With the exception of a statement that the above-mentioned telegram from Mr. X. did not reach him, Osborne's first communication to me threw no additional light on the affair. I therefore put one or two questions to him, and in reply he wrote:—

> You ask me whether I consider that I am justified in booking the second bet about Pretty Polly. I most certainly did think so at the time, although I must admit that I might have worded my letter to Mr. X. in a different way. I should have said "that unless we hear from you, you will not be on," but I unfortunately said, "if we do not hear from you, you will be on." Mr. X. denies having received this letter, but he is able to give you the contents of the letter. How is it he knows what was in the letter if he did not receive it?
>
> With reference to his friend, it was not a suggestion that Mr. X. desired the £100 on Pretty Polly the next time it ran, but a distinct order, and knowing that this man, Mr. ——, was a most intimate friend of Mr. X., and had at various times made bets for him, I took it for granted that this man was speaking the truth. . . . . .

Osborne proceeds to make some observations about "this man" which have nothing to do with the case, and which it is, therefore, unnecessary to discuss. As I have already stated, Mr. —— denies that he ever informed Osborne that Mr. X. would have £100 on Pretty Polly every time she ran. But even if he had given the "distinct order," it would still be childish for Osborne to contend that he was entitled to book the bet against Mr. X. in the absence of any confirmation from the latter. Osborne, indeed, virtually recognises this by his admission as to the wording of his letter to Mr. X., or, rather, the letter which he asserts that he sent. The suggestion that the letter "must have reached Mr. X. because he told me what it contained," is simply silly, for, as my original paragraph explained, Osborne himself had previously shown Mr. X. a copy of the alleged letter.

Osborne seeks to make a point of Mr. X.'s omission to claim the £18 immediately it became due. This was really owing to the fact that at the moment he had mislaid the bookmaker's address. Until his telegram was ignored, however, he believed that the money was perfectly safe, and I quite fail to perceive how the delay that occurred in demanding payment excuses Osborne's failure to pay. He now avows his willingness to submit to a mutually agreed upon arbitrator the question whether he owes Mr. X. £18, or whether Mr. X. owes him £82. It is really nonsense to propose arbitration in such a case. Even on his own account of the facts, Osborne's liability is absolutely unmistakable. I am not sure whether he is an exceptionally ingenuous or merely an exceedingly impudent bookmaker. In my time I have heard many strange reasons assigned by bookmakers for the non-settlement of accounts, but I do not think I have ever come across anything quite so sublimely ridiculous as Osborne's suggestion that, without the slightest authority from the backer himself, he was entitled to assume that he would have another £100 on Pretty Polly for the Ascot Gold Cup. That he should still persist in this outrageous suggestion assuredly shows that my previous warning against him was abundantly justified.

Last week a turf tipster who hides his identity under the title of "Course and Club," Red Lion Square, London, imprudently enabled a number of people to judge of the value of his prophecies, free, gratis, and for nothing. In a circular dated Monday night, and impressively endorsed "private and confidential," and "very urgent," he announced that he had just become acquainted with "a very special piece of information for Liverpool on Wednesday," which he was hastening "to send along to you." You—the party thus favoured—were exhorted "to have an extra good win on what we know to be a certainty," and to remit "Course and Club" the odds to five shillings immediately after the race, whereupon you would be furnished with another "certainty" for the Liverpool Cup on Friday. "We were never so sure," said the circular, "because we never had such genuine and undeniable information." Wednesday's "certainty" was Kearsage for the Molyneux Plate; and Kearsage did not win, nor was he placed. Such is the very special, genuine and undeniable racing information that emanates from Red Lion Square.

Many innocents labour under the delusion that when a tipster does not ask for any payment before the race he must at least be acting fairly. But in any event it is for him a game of "heads I win, tails you lose," for it is your money that is being risked. Besides, if he cares to do so he can very easily play the game so that he is bound always to be a winner. To do this he simply has to ring the changes with the names of the horses engaged in a race by tipping each one in turn to a different set of dupes. If, for example, there are ten probable starters, and he sends out 1,000 circulars, he can make sure of giving the winner to one hundred persons, the majority of whom can be counted upon to reward him for what they regard as a clever prediction. I am not aware whether this is the *modus operandi* of "Course and Club," but it is undoubtedly a common trick of the touting tipster.

The following advertisements in the *Newcastle Daily Journal* have been brought under my notice:—

> £1 invested pays 4s. weekly; £5 invested pays £1 weekly. Send addressed envelope. C. Wood, 148, Old Street, London.
>
> 10s. Weekly.
> Profit on each £5 invested. Send envelope for particulars. J. Lester, 25, Richmond Street, London.

It is discreditable to any newspaper that it should insert such advertisements as these, which are obviously designed to impose upon its guileless readers. "J. Lester" is a new acquaintance, but I have little doubt that the "investment" which he offers is in a betting system, and, anyhow, it is clear that his promise of a

Jeffrey & Co.'s Artistic Wall Papers are on view at their New Showrooms, The Wallpaper Gallery, 31, Mortimer-st., W. To be had of all decorators.—Factory, 64, Essex-rd., Islington, N.

profit of 10s. a week on each £5 invested must prove a delusion and a snare. "C. Wood," I know, has been for years engaged in obtaining money from greenhorns on the pretence that he has discovered an infallible method of backing winners. He is really a common swindler, and the City Police ought to have long since laid him by the heels.

Two or three months ago a Lancashire usurer named Mark Shaffer, alias "Maurice and Co.," was convicted under the Moneylenders Act of trading in more than one name. At Preston County Court last week another useful section of the same Act was put in operation against him, Judge Coventry reducing his charge for interest on a small loan from upwards of 100 to 15 per cent. per annum. As it was, moreover, ordered that the amount awarded should be paid in instalments spread over several months, the judgment constitutes a salutary check upon Shaffer's rapacity.

It was a strange fad on the part of the late Mr. Beit to leave so large a sum towards making a Cape to Cairo railway, for such a railway is neither a political nor a business necessity—and he certainly was a very acute man of business. We own South Africa and occupy Egypt. If we were without the command of the sea it might be desirable to connect the two by a railroad through the interior of Africa. Having the command, the railroad is of no political value to us. As a business proposition, it is—to say the least—a very doubtful one. The through traffic will be—if it be ever made—a comparatively small one. The intermediate traffic will be still smaller, for Europeans will not settle in tropical Africa. It is to be hoped that Mr. Beit's legacy will not lead the money of others to be wasted in this speculation.

I was greatly struck with Mr. Beit's grasp of all the details in connection with his businesses when examining him before the House of Commons Committee on the Jameson raid. He had a clerk behind him with a number of large ledgers. If he wanted to refer to some particular question, he would point to the book in which an explanation was to be found, and mutter the page. But before his clerk had time to find it, he would take the book out of his hand, rapidly turn to the page, and put his finger on the exact spot where whatever he wanted was to be found.

In private life he seemed to me a modest and somewhat retiring man, neither ostentatious nor puffed up by his wealth. I met him several times over a meal. Naturally we neither of us alluded to our differences of opinion in regard to African millionaires, but talked on other subjects, like casual acquaintances. I remember his once telling a story which was portentously long, and seemed to have no point in it. Out of civility I pretended to be greatly amused, but I was thinking all the while what an exceptionally simple person he was outside his own business—indeed, I rather liked him for this simplicity.

I should be sorry to see a Bill passed on the lines recommended by the Lords Committee on juvenile smoking. Of course, there may be cases in which the use of tobacco is harmful to persons of any age, but the same is the case in regard to strawberries and sweetmeats, whilst there are persons of such peculiar constitution that they go into hysterics if there is a cat in the room. But I do not believe that the use of the weed is, as a general rule, harmful to persons, whatever age they may be; and laws are based on the rule, not on the exception. The first cigar or cigarette is like the first sea voyage. It produces a sickly feeling, but this has been got over before a dozen cigars have been smoked. Afterwards the effect is soothing, as well as pleasant. Smokers are rarely angry, or even excited, nor are they a prey to their nerves. The tobacco habit probably prevents many impulsive crimes, more, I should say, than religious teaching in elementary schools, whatever its shape. There are countries in the East where the children are hardly ever without a cigar between their lips, and they never seem to be the worse for it.

My own impression, however, is that the law will not hinder much infant smoking. The boy will always be able to get someone to buy him a few pennyworth of tobacco, if he has the coppers. He will not perhaps smoke in public, but in the course of the day two or three will get together and smoke, out of sight of policemen and teachers, just as they do in the public schools. They will enjoy it all the more, because they are violating a law without committing any crime. This will possibly engender a certain habit of lawlessness, which will be far more pernicious than the worst tobacco. The whole crusade is a grandmotherly performance. As it is, Parliament cannot find time for the many serious reforms that are needed. What time it has at its disposal might be surely a good deal better employed than in reforming the habits of school-boys. The same may be said of the police, if they are to carry out the ridiculous duties that the Lords' Committee would place on them. Are they to pass their time lying in ambush for juvenile smokers, chasing them through the streets, and searching their clothing in quest of contraband cigarettes, as though they were Anarchists armed with bombs? I really have no patience with this sort of legislative tomfoolery.

Conservatives anxiously looking for the first faint indications of another swing of the pendulum will not find much to comfort them in the result of the Bodmin election. It is a mistake, however, to attach too much importance in either direction to an election like this, for notoriously constituencies are apt to resent the un-

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seating on petition of the member whom they have just elected. The fact that this is so seems to me to show that the practice of unseating members on petition is radically wrong. If a candidate has gained his seat by wholesale bribery, and in the opinion of the judges he is responsible for the bribery, it is right that he should be punished by ejection from the House of Commons. But when, as in the Bodmin case, the member is personally acquitted of any blame, and such irregular practices as can be proved do not bear any proportion to the majority by which the candidate has been returned, there seems to me to be no reason for putting the constituency to the expense and bother of a fresh election.

Regard ought to be had in all these cases to the probable effect of the irregularities upon the result. If a candidate had been returned by a majority of two or three, and two or three electors were shown to have been bribed, there is a reasonable probability that if the election were held over again the result might be different, and this may rightly be accepted as a reason for declaring the election void. But when a man has been returned by a majority of over a thousand, and nothing more can be alleged than was alleged in the Bodmin case, it is a moral certainty that a new election will merely repeat the previous verdict, and all experience justifies this expectation. It seems to me, therefore, that the law should be so altered as to leave wide discretion to judges in declaring an election void, with a definite instruction to them that they should only do so where they either hold the member personally responsible for corrupt practices, or find good reason to believe that the honest opinion of the constituency as a whole has not been expressed in the result. Except in these cases, justice as well as convenience would be better served by the personal punishment of those who have been concerned in whatever irregularities have been proved.

THE BATSMAN AND THE FOGEYS.

Jones, when he took to County Cricket,
And made his *début* at the Wicket,
In Batting showed a style that 's al-
Together unconventional.
For instance, when some Bowler leery
Assails him with the "off-side Theory,"
(A Ball which should, as 'tis well known,
Be left, on Principle, alone),
The dangerous Thing Jones, daring, tips
And snicks it safely through the Slips.
Thus, though, by all the Rules of Cricket,
He should (so 't *seemed*) have lost his Wicket,
He adds, *in fact*, a useful Four
To his already useful Score.
But all the fogey Critics, who—
Hide-bound by their old-fashioned View—
Can 't stomach anything that 's new—
These all through the Pavilion waddle,
A-shaking each his solemn Noddle,
And fuss and fume: "What! Jones play Cricket?
I tell you, Sir, his Style is wicked.
By rights, his fav'rite off-side Tip
Should be, each time, a Catch at Slip
No man can safe defy—'tis flat—
The Canons of the Game like that.
Mark what I say: You 'll soon have Proof,
And Jones (the Fraud!) will get the Hoof."
So said they all, their Noddles shaking;
Yet Jones went on his Fifties making;
Till one fine Day, before the Board
Had registered a Single scored,
Young Jones, for once, *was* caught a-trippin',
And lodged the Ball the Hands of Slip in.
The Critics to the Captain go,
And, in triumphant Accents, crow:
"There, Skipper—there, we told you so.
Now that you 've had this signal Proof,
Of course, you 'll give young Jones the Hoof!"
"What? Hoof, a man who 's Fifties notched
So oft, 'cos *once* for Duck he 's cotched?"
"Most certainly," those Critics said,
A-nodding each his solemn Head.
"For though, till now by sinful Luck
"He' 'scaped the well-deservèd Duck,
He *ought*, by Reason and by Rhyme,
To bag a Brace, sir, every Time."
"*Ought?* Well, that Point discuss I won 't.
The fact that matters is—he DON 'T!"

MORAL.

One Handcross, spite the Fogeys fussing,
Won't spell the Doom of Motor-'busing.

SCRUTATOR.

PEACE AND RETRENCHMENT.

THE International Parliamentary Conference of last week was the most successful of the series, and Mr. Cremer, and all associated with him in the organisation of these meetings, deserve the thanks of all nations for having brought the movement to the stage of development which it has now reached. It is not to be expected that the millennium will be converted into an accomplished fact by the mere spontaneous fraternisation of legislators from the four corners of the globe, even when blessed by a British Prime Minister, and inspired by such eloquence as that of Mr. Bryan's maiden speech at Westminster. But such meetings tend to a better understanding between nations, and to the removal of those sentiments which, far more than the antagonism of interests, prevent the peaceful adjustment of international disputes. If the sword is ever to be permanently laid aside by civilised nations in favour of the ploughshare—as everybody professes to desire, but too many refuse to hope—it will be on the initiative of the people, not of the governments. It is a good sign, therefore, that the advance of democracy is accompanied in all countries by a growing conviction that all war "may and ought to be avoided." When once this conviction becomes universal the thing is practically done. In point of fact, all that is needed is the conviction that war ought to be avoided, for when you have once made up your mind on that point the means by which war may be avoided will be found without any difficulty. The one thing necessary, and the thing most difficult of realisation, is that the feeling should be identical on both sides. It is no use when there is a quarrel brewing for one party only to be of opinion

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that a fight ought to be avoided; on the contrary, that may tend to precipitate a conflict. The movement, therefore, to be effectual must be international, and must proceed *pari passu* in all countries. That is why it is a good thing that the legislators of all countries should meet together to further the movement, and to report progress to their constituents. We must look upon them as the leaven which in the fulness of time will leaven the whole lump.

The difficulties that beset all attempts to translate into practice mere abstract declarations in favour of international peace are shown by the reception accorded by the opponents of the Government to the announcement of a reduction in the naval shipbuilding programme. Alike from the national and the international point of view the case for the reduction is irresistible. Our naval expenditure has grown beyond all reason, and combined with our army expenditure represents a burden such as no other nation attempts to bear. An expenditure of over sixty millions a year on armaments in time of peace impairs the industry and prosperity of the nation, and thereby saps the resources which it should have in reserve in time of war. There is nothing in international circumstances to justify it. The very two-power standard of naval strength which we have long exceeded, was founded —erroneously as we can now pretty clearly see—on a condition of things which has ceased to exist. The combination of any two first class naval powers against us is not to-day within the range of practical politics, and it is palpable folly to waste your strength and resources on guarding against contingencies which are not reasonably probable. Even if the contingency were probable, there can be no justification for our laying down as necessary for our defence a standard of strength which no other nation can possibly set up for its own use. What better right have we to declare that our navy must be equal in strength to the navies of any two foreign nations than a Continental power to declare that its army must be equal to any possible combination of two armies against it? Not even Germany, with land frontiers assailable by three different neighbours, has ever ventured to formulate such a standard of safety. In one of the papers the other day appeared an article arguing that, however improbable a combination of the French and German fleets against us may appear at the present moment, we cannot count upon the continuance of the present state of things, and must therefore be prepared against this improbability. If the intrinsic foolishness of such reasoning is not self-evident, look at the consequences to which it leads. The combination of the British and German armies against France may appear improbable to-day, but the situation may change. Frenchmen are therefore bound in self-defence to at once prepare an army sufficient to meet a joint attack on them by England and Germany. Still less improbable is a combination of Austria and Germany against France; France therefore cannot consider herself safe until she has an army equal to those of Germany and Austria combined. Germany, in order to be safe, is equally bound to have an army equal to those of France and Russia. Nobody is safe until everybody is twice as strong as everybody else. Such is the absurdity to which our present standard of naval strength commits us.

However, this standard of naval strength stands. The present Government adheres to it. It only proposes, with the approval of its naval advisers, to take the first step towards the gradual reduction of the Navy to that standard. Instantly every Jingo is on the war-path. A traitorous Liberal Government is "tampering with the Navy" and undermining the foundations of our national safety. The Opposition in the House of Commons gives the cue, and the cry is taken up in a score of newspapers, and advertised in sensational headlines. The whole cry is utterly irrational, but there is a chance of turning a bit of party capital out of it, and no other consideration counts. It is just the same with the Army. Under what circumstances our land forces are likely to be mobilised in the next few years it is most difficult to imagine, and outside the occasional exigencies of small wars with savage tribes on the frontiers, the Army seems to be chiefly kept up because it is necessary to persuade the world at large that we could strike a blow on land somewhere if we wanted to, and because the world would not pay much attention to us if it did not think we could. A Liberal War Minister, taking a hand in the endless game of reorganisation, proposes to make a slight reduction in a monstrous military budget, by gradually getting rid of a few thousand professional soldiers, and supplying their places with less expensive troops, claiming, again with the approval of his military colleagues, that the Army will be really strengthened in the process. This raises just the same sort of outcry as in the other case; and this time Lord Roberts lends the weight of his authority to it, and makes a speech in the House of Lords warning us of the nameless dangers which we shall incur if, instead of cutting down our military expenditure, we do not take immediate steps to convert the whole rising generation into sham soldiers.

Unless we resolutely turn a deaf ear to the voice of the professional alarmist and listen to that of reason, it is idle waste of time to hold inter-Parliamentary caucuses and Hague Conferences, and talk pious platitudes about the barbarism of war and the desirability of reducing the burden of armaments. The insane competition between nations in preparation for possible or impossible wars must go on until one after another drops exhausted in the struggle, or takes its chance of terminating it by an immediate appeal to arms. The Government, therefore, has done well, in the interest of this country not less than in the general interest of Europe, to give a lead in the opposite direction, and go to The Hague with an invitation to others to follow it. In a case of this kind somebody must begin. There is good reason why we should be the beginners: first, because we occupy an infinitely stronger defensive position than any of our competitors; secondly, because in the matter of naval armaments we began the game, have carried it further than anybody else, and are directly responsible for all the increase of the naval budgets of the Continental Powers that has followed on our lead. If we desire now to act with effect in the

opposite direction, it is necessary that the reduction we propose in our future programme should be sufficiently substantial to preclude the suggestion that we are proposing a sham reduction in order to humbug other nations into a real one. In the case of their Army proposals the Government would certainly be open to this retort—in fact, after Mr. Haldane's speech, they could not decently go to the Hague Conference with the contention that they are doing anything to reduce our military strength. But the Continental Powers are not concerned with our Army, which makes no pretence of entering into competition with theirs. It is far otherwise with the Navy, in which one at least of them sees a source of danger to itself, and a reason for keeping its own expansion closely abreast of ours. The one and only reasonable ground for condemning the proposed reduction of the building programme is that it is insufficient to satisfy the panic-mongers on the German side that we are really in earnest. The threat that if Germany does not agree to take the same course as ourselves we will revert to our original intentions, however useful in taking the wind out of hostile criticism at home, is out of place as preliminary to a conference on disarmament, and may defeat its own purpose by provoking resentment. It should be qualified by an alternative promise that if Germany and other Powers follow suit to our lead, we are ready to go another step afterwards on the same understanding. But at least our Government has made a practical attempt to arrest the tendency the mischief of which is now appreciated by almost everybody. It has done enough to give weight to whatever proposals it may make at The Hague, and if any international agreement in the direction of disarmament can be arrived at there, the good effect will not be measured by the two or three millions that the British taxpayer is promised off the next Budget.

THE UNSPEAKABLE SMART SET.

A lady, not unknown in the Society which is spelt with a capital S, sends me the following letter:—

Dear Truth,—I have the misfortune in live in Mayfair, because my husband owns a house there, and because what he calls his Parliamentary duties bring us to London every year for about six months. While in town I dine occasionally at the Carlton. I generally go to Ranelagh once a week, and to Sandown when there is racing there. As a rule I get an invitation to a friend's house for Ascot, and to another friend's yacht for the Cowes week. I have two motor-cars and a box at the opera. I prefer a pretty frock to an ugly one, and the *Daily Mail* sometimes reports—by no wish of mine—that I have been seen in the Park on Sunday afternoon or shopping in Bond-street on a week-day. When we are not in town we like to entertain friends in the country, where the men hunt and shoot, and after dinner we frequently amuse ourselves with a game of bridge.

I think that I have now made a clean breast to you of all my worst crimes. Without professing to be a saint, I have always hoped that I was not quite the worst of sinners. I have never been in the Divorce Court, even as a spectator. I always pay my dressmaker regularly, and I assure you that I have never had to think of pawning my diamonds. Perhaps I am a little frivolous, but, alas, I have no children, and my husband spends a great deal of time at Westminster—at least, he says so, and I believe him. My domestic duties are consequently light, and I don't think I neglect any of them in order to enjoy myself. I don't spend *quite* all my money on myself, even in town. I think I have been a good friend to a few of my own sex. I try to be useful in the village when I am in the country, and the vicar generally comes to me when he wants anything, which is not an uncommon event. So hitherto I have managed to hold up my head as a respectable member of society.

But now all is changed. On the evidence of the newspapers I belong to the "Smart Set." You know now what that means. Father Vaughan has told the world all about us at Farm-street, and all my sins stand revealed to a shocked and indignant public. It may not so much matter in town, because all my friends are tarred with the same brush, and if we have not the strength of mind to brazen it out, we can at least share our burden between us and comfort one another in affliction. But it is different in the country, where one is more or less marked out for spiteful gossip. All my neighbours there know that I have done the things to which I have pleaded guilty above. They will infer all the other dreadful enormities that Father Vaughan describes so eloquently. I feel that I can never hold up my head again.

What am I to do? How can I persuade my neighbours that I am not a candidate for the Divorce Court, that my husband does not employ a private inquiry agent, and I do not cheat my tradespeople, and I am not indifferent to everything in the world but my own pleasure, that I never made a book on a race or lost more money at bridge than I had in my pocket, that I never conspired to fleece a youth at my own card table, or to ruin a young girl who was a guest under my roof? The newspapers have put me into the Smart Set, and then published Father Vaughan's sermons. As the newspapers have taken away my character will none of them help me to recover it? Can you not take pity on me yourself? Believe me, I am not the only innocent victim—not the only one by many hundreds. But I only dare to sign myself Anonyma.

From what I hear around me, I think that most people will be ready to accept my correspondent's disclaimer, and that she and the other ladies who feel temporarily under a cloud may hope that the cloud will speedily roll by. The truth is that the good Father has laid on his colour with rather too thick a brush, and spattered it about rather recklessly, not to say inartistically. All who know him will admit without question that he believes himself to have solid justification for the charges he makes. But he must have been in some cases too ready to accept, without reservation, what somebody else has told him, and he has obviously committed the fault of generalising too broadly, both from merely second-hand information, and from isolated facts which have come within his personal knowledge. This was particularly evident in his onslaught upon the gambling and card-sharping propensities of the "Smart Set," which was well answered in a letter in the *Daily Telegraph*. That too many people play more bridge than is good for them, no one who moves in the world will dispute. It is as unquestionable as it is that many eat and drink more than is good for them, and indulge to a vicious degree in many directions. The revived fashion of card-playing is also pretty certain to bring with it an increased amount of card-sharping. When, therefore, the preacher talks of a modern Prodigal Son set upon and plucked by "fast, smart women," it is quite possible that such a thing may have occurred. But when he speaks as though it were an incident of everyday occurrence in polite society, he is talking manifest nonsense. In the nature of things such incidents cannot be repeated frequently in fashionable houses. The good Father is talking still more at random when he curdles the blood of his audience by hinting at "the series of pictures he might put up for their gaze, depicting the fall and ruin of innocent and beautiful English girls over the card-table." It is commonly reported and believed that something of this kind did happen—once. The story was current some two or three years ago, and I specially remember it because it formed the basis of a "Queer Story" published in Truth. But here again the mere fact of such a thing being known to have happened in a certain house and under the auspices of a certain woman, is a pretty good guarantee against its happening again. The categorical statement of Father Vaughan that "many a débutante"—just think what that means!—"many a débutante has been drawn into the vortex in some instances by the hostess herself, and sucked

down before the end of play to the lowest degradation to which a woman could come," is a self-evident exaggeration. I believe myself that the sole foundation for it lies in one story, which may or may not have been true, but which has been multiplied and embroidered by irresponsible gossip until it has reached the ears of the preacher. It may reasonably be suspected that many other of his pictures of social depravity bear much the same relation to the facts. Godly men who themselves lead blameless lives are always apt to look at sin through a magnifying-glass. Emotional men are always apt to exaggerate any evil which shocks their feelings. Men possessed of the gift of fervid eloquence are always apt to let their tongues run away with them. Father Vaughan is at once a godly man, an emotional man, and an orator. This combination of qualities has resulted in the production of a picture of modern London society, founded no doubt on fact, but inspired chiefly by imagination.

I have no ambition to figure as the apologist of what is called "the Smart Set." Like most slang phrases, the term is lacking in precision, and different people use it in different senses. But if it means that section of the "idle rich" who are most given up to pleasure-seeking, and least burdened with a sense of moral and social responsibility, it no doubt connotes a great deal that is bad. The reason for this is to be found in the nursery maxim that Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do; and if, in addition to being idle, the hands have at their disposal pockets lined with inexhaustible stores of cash, the mischief is certain to take the form of unlimited self-indulgence, which is only another name for vice. This has been exemplified whenever social and political conditions have brought about big accumulations of wealth in individual hands. Smart Sets flourished and kicked up their heels riotously in ancient Greece and Rome, and no doubt before that in ancient Egypt, as well as in Nineveh, Babylon, and the Cities of the Plain. They reappeared very little changed in sixteenth century Italy, and very soon reproduced themselves across the Alps. In England, I should say that the first well-developed Smart Set rose to eminence at the Court of Charles the Second. In the present day London has no monopoly of this ornament. Paris and New York, Berlin and St. Petersburg, can all compete with it. For anything I know to the contrary, there may be Smart Sets in the Colonies. Simla is reported to have a very good imitation of one. Johannesburg used to possess a remarkably fine specimen, though I understand that it has withered under the influence of the war and the slump. Through all these variations of time and place, the Smart Set has preserved its identity, led the same devil-may-care existence, broken the same Commandments, inspired the same indignation in moralist, satirist, and preacher. Between Jonah in Nineveh and Father Vaughan in Mayfair nothing has changed. If London differs from any other breeding-place of Smart Sets, present or past, it is only because, being bigger, it is more prolific in newly acquired riches, and because as an Imperial centre the newly enriched gravitate to it from all quarters of the globe. But to take the Smart Set of London or any other capital as typical of the general society, or even the best society, of the time is an inexcusable mistake. Father Vaughan's sinners are but a handful of London's millions, and a still more insignificant fraction of contemporary English life. No doubt they tend to infect the society in which they move, and the example of the upper classes is aped more or less all down the social scale. I do not say that the present age has no need of a censor to rebuke its faults, but the censor who overstates his case generally defeats his own purpose; and as for the Smart Set, you will never cure them by preaching at them. Probably they rather like it. It is an advertisement which confers an air of distinction on trumpery peccadilloes and vulgar vices, and may give them a new zest when they are growing stale. For the reform which will purge the world of Smart Sets and all the demoralisation that they may bring with them we must wait for the Social Revolution, or the Day of Judgment —whichever comes first.

CATHOLICS AND THEIR BISHOPS.

As briefly mentioned last week, the Rev. Father Howarth, of Corby, Grantham, has favoured me with a contradiction of a statement made by a correspondent whose letter appeared on July 4. The original letter had reference to the arbitrary dealings of the Roman Catholic bishops with trust funds. Several instances of this were given, and among them the following:—

> The late Bishop of Nottingham suspended from ecclesiastical office the clerical trustee of a charity connected with the Catholic school at Corby because he would not betray his trust by allowing the Bishop to use the money for other purposes than the trust allowed. The priest, well known and respected by all, suffered this indignity, but held to his position. While submitting to the suspension he appealed to Rome; the Bishop was summoned there, ordered to remove the suspension, and made to resign his see.

On the appearance of this letter I received from Father Howarth a categorical denial of the statements, under four heads. For the sake of convenience I referred to my first correspondent before publishing Father Howarth's letter, in order that both sides of the dispute might be given together. My first correspondent's answer appeared to me complete, and was fortified by numerous extracts from the *Tablet* bearing out his statements. I thought, therefore, that it would only be waste of time and space to go into the matter, and I accordingly wrote to Father Howarth stating that I could not accept his mere contradiction unless he could give me proofs in support of it, and pointing out that if I were to go into the matter it would be necessary to re-open the whole discussion of the Corby school case, which had been fully thrashed out in the *Tablet* in the year 1900. Father Howarth replies with another letter, and insists that I shall publish it, putting his request in such a way as leaves me no alternative but to comply. He writes:—

> In reply to yours of the 17th inst. I beg to repeat (1) it is not true that "the late Bishop of Nottingham suspended a trustee of a charity connected with the Catholic school at Corby, because he would not betray his trust by allowing the Bishop to use the money for other purposes than the trust allowed." (2) It is not true that "the Bishop was summoned to Rome" in consequence of the above alleged suspension. (3) It is not true that the Bishop was "ordered to remove" the above alleged suspension. (4) It is not true that "the Bishop was made to resign in consequence of the above alleged suspension." You published the above statement on the authority of some one who is allowed to remain practically anonymous. You refuse to publish my contradiction, although I am an official connected with the case and give you my name for publication. I submit that this incident alone is proof that your action in publishing the recent articles on Catholic funds is not impartial.

Father Howarth appears to be in the habit of using stronger language than the facts warrant. His last remarks are an instance of this. I had not refused to publish his contradiction; I had merely told him that I could not "accept" it without proof. His suggestion, therefore, that my action in this matter is "not impartial" is founded upon a distinct perversion of what I said to him, and it is peculiarly out of place seeing that it is made in another letter written for publication.

The facts of the Corby case, as given to me in detail by my first correspondent, and supported by extracts from the *Tablet*, are as follows: On June 2, 1900, Father Howarth, who was then missionary rector of Corby, published an advertisement in the *Tablet* appealing for the sum of £50 for the support of the Catholic school at Corby, stating that "unless it can be raised immediately the school must be closed and our Catholic children sent to a Board school." In the following issue of the paper, June 9, appeared a letter from Monsignor McKenna, the Vicar-General of the diocese of Nottingham, and a trustee of the Corby school. After remarking that the advertisement had "given pain to the friends of the late Canon Baron, who founded the school," Monsignor McKenna wrote:—

> The school year ends on June 30. The school grant, fee grant, and aid grant, for the year ending the 30th of this month, amount to £95 17s. 6d., and in addition there is a sum of £41 from two trusts, showing an income for the year of £137 17s. 6d. The average attendance last year was about 50. There is no debt upon the school, and the mission itself is self-supporting.

In conclusion, the writer observed that the statement that unless the £50 could be raised immediately "the school must be closed and our Catholic children sent to a Board school" was misleading. On this point there cannot be two opinions, unless Father Howarth could give facts and figures in answer to Monsignor McKenna's statements. He did not even attempt to do so, but he took refuge in the following letter, which appeared in the *Tablet* of June 16, 1900:—

> Sir,—It is not my habit to discuss in the public press matters which can only be dealt with by those who hold canonical authority. What any newspaper correspondent, lay or clerical, may write, say, or think, is to me a matter of supreme indifference. I can afford to treat their innuendos with the contempt they deserve.—Yours, etc., Arthur W. Howarth, M.R.

This was the beginning of a lengthy newspaper discussion, which extended over several months, and of which I can only give here an outline. A circular letter was issued by Father Howarth, explaining that he had decided to change his school from a public elementary school to a certified efficient school, and had appealed to the public for the necessary funds; and the *Tablet*, commenting on this on June 23, observed, quite correctly, that "it would seem that the £50 was wanted, not to prevent the instant closing of the school, but to effect a revolution in its character." In the same issue appears a letter from Bishop Bagshawe, the Bishop of Nottingham, expressing his hearty approval of Father Howarth's efforts, while not feeling called upon "to discuss with your correspondents the circumstances of the case." On July 2 the Bishop issued the following edict to his clergy:—

> We hereby give you notice that by our episcopal authority we forbid any priest in our diocese to publish or to circulate, either in the public press or by any other means, any circular, letter, or other document reflecting on our action, or on the action of any priest of our diocese without our express permission. And we declare hereby that any priest who shall presume to violate this our command shall thereby incur suspension *ipso facto*. This our decree to be in force until expressly revoked.

This was the Bishop's method of putting a stop to the correspondence which had broken out in the *Tablet* on the Corby case.

On November 17, 1900, Mr. E. T. Collingwood, one of the managers of the Corby school, and a trustee of one of the two trusts referred to in Monsignor McKenna's letter of June 9, wrote to the *Tablet* as follows:—

> The Catholic school has been closed by the Rev. Father Howarth and the children sent to the Board school, which is the only public elementary school in Corby. As one of the managers I was not consulted in this matter, nor were the parents informed of it till the deed was done.

After this event, Mr. Collingwood and Monsignor McKenna, as the trustees of the two endowments of the school, declined to pay over the income to it, on the ground that the school had ceased to be, as the trust contemplated, a public elementary school in connection with the Roman Catholic faith. A letter from Monsignor McKenna's solicitors in the *Tablet* of December 1, 1900, explained that he was acting under their advice. It is evident, though I cannot find it expressly stated, that the Bishop of Nottingham ordered Monsignor McKenna to pay over the funds to the Corby school. On April 13, 1901, the *Tablet* stated that the Bishop of Nottingham had given formal notice to suspend Monsignor McKenna "if he does not comply with his ruling as regards the endowments before the expiration of a month"; and it was added that "notice of appeal to Rome has been given by the trustee." The suspension thus threatened was inflicted on May 7. The Bishop shortly afterwards departed for Rome. On May 16 the suspension was unconditionally withdrawn by the Bishop, while on his way to Rome. He arrived at Rome on May 17. On May 28 he was received by the Pope, and resigned his see.

Such are the facts. With them before him, the reader can judge the value of the four categorical denials which Father Howarth offers to my original correspondent's statements. (1) The Bishop suspended the trustee because the latter refused to pay over the money at the Bishop's order to a purpose which he was legally advised was not within the terms of his trust. (2) The Bishop went to Rome in consequence of the appeal of the trustee to Rome. (3) The Bishop withdrew the suspension while on his way to Rome, and therefore most certainly did not withdraw it spontaneously. (4) The Bishop resigned as soon as he got to Rome, and the significance of a resignation under such circumstances is understood by everybody. How Father Howarth reconciles his four contradictions with these facts is a question between himself and his conscience. At any rate, they are denials in form only, and to go through the form of denying in this way what is true in spirit and in substance seems to me a disingenuous proceeding. In order to deprive him of any grounds for repeating his imputations on my partiality, I now give the rest of his letter, though I think he would have done better not to have written it:

> You say that "documentary evidence in the *Tablet* of 1900-1901 is more than sufficient to substantiate the statements given by our correspondent." In reply, I beg to point out that the Roman Catholic press persistently and deliberately published falsehoods about the Corby school case, and, moreover, refused to publish

facts supplied to them by responsible persons for publication. With the articles and facts before him, his Eminence the late Cardinal Parrocchi, the Vicar-General of Leo XIII., characterised the action of the Roman Catholic press in this matter as "monstrous and scandalous." I found it necessary to warn the late Cardinal Vaughan, then owner of the *Tablet*, that unless he kept his editor within bounds I might find it necessary to institute proceedings against his Eminence for libel. You try to scare me away by saying it will be necessary to go into the question of the publishing in the *Tablet* of June 2, 1900, of my advertisement for £50. I have no reason whatever to fear the most strict, unbiased scrutiny of my advertisement. The money was absolutely necessary for the maintenance of my school. I had not got it, so appealed publicly for it, and in response I received £21 8s. 8d. net, which was necessary and applied for school purposes. The sum duly appears in the school cash book, which is open to you or to anyone else. The appeal was made with the knowledge and sanction of my Bishop. The actual deficit for the school year ending June 30, 1900, was £26 6s. The Catholics here are few and poor, and therefore the only means of raising the money that I could see was the only one I am glad to say I adopted. I fail to see anything dishonourable in publicly appealing for funds for the education of the children of the poor. I enclose a page from the *Grantham Journal* of August 3, 1901, containing a letter of mine which gives an account of the history of Corby school during the years 1900-1901. I shall be pleased to answer any questions you may be pleased to ask me about the school.—I am, yours faithfully,

ARTHUR W. HOWARTH,
Rector of the Catholic Church, Corby.

I am not concerned to defend the Roman Catholic press against the criticisms of Father Howarth and Cardinal Parrocchi. There is no doubt that all the facts stated above are true, and Mr. Howarth was well advised in not bringing the libel action with which he threatened Cardinal Vaughan. Nobody has suggested that he misappropriated the money which he received in answer to his appeal, still less that "there is anything dishonourable in appealing publicly for funds for the education of the children of the poor." His reverence is here again seeking to escape by raising a false issue. His appeal was impugned on the ground that it contained a misleading statement, and it does not appear that he has ever seriously attempted to answer that criticism. But I am only concerned with his appeal in so far as it is connected with the subsequent action of the Bishop of Nottingham towards Monsignor McKenna as one of the trustees of the school. That conduct was cited by my original correspondent as an instance of the tyrannical and indefensible dealing of a Roman Catholic bishop with trust funds. Father Howarth has only succeeded in showing how fully that view of the incident was justified. This being the only attempt that has been made to refute any statement that has been made in the course of the correspondence in TRUTH on this subject, I am not a little impressed by the result of it.

I continue to receive a great many communications from Catholics in reference not only to the administration of trust funds, but to the general management of ecclesiastical affairs in England, which seems to be growing out of the original question; and several of these letters are of so much weight that they call for publication in full. I place first one received from a cleric who is abroad, and who adds one or two fresh cases to those already given:—

Allow me to congratulate you upon your campaign against our episcopal mismanagement of trust funds. But Rome *will speak* if one knows how to go about it. For example, on St. Mary's, Moorfields, being put up for sale, the Rector appealed to Rome, and managed to bring it under the jurisdiction of the Charity Commissioners. Rome's decision, and the result of the scheme approved by the Charity Commissioners, was that the proceeds of the sale were not diverted to episcopal schemes, but provision had to be made for the building of a new church in the district, the payment of the clergy, and for depreciation and repair of the new buildings, and only after this was the remaining sum allowed to go towards the new cathedral.

Again, before the present St. Patrick's, Soho, was built a sum of several thousand pounds—£10,000 if I mistake not—had been left for the new church. Meanwhile, a mission was established at Ogle Street, and the Rector, knowing of the existence of this sum in the hands of Cardinal Manning, persuaded him by the promise of a heavy interest to part with it. The result was that when St. Patrick's was built, the priest in charge found to his amazement that the sum belonging to his mission had disappeared. The threat of wiring direct to Rome if some of it was not forthcoming in a week's time frightened the poor old Cardinal into obtaining a part of it; but the rest is still owing by the neighbouring mission, and it is said that the interest has not been paid on it.

Many are the pranks that bishops have played with the deeds of the missions. Many of the deeds of the archdiocese are missing, which has led to serious loss through mission lands having been encroached upon by neighbouring buildings and the mission having no means of redress. In the three southern dioceses the bishops have played at will with the monies of their dioceses. In the North Liverpool is by far the best. Its neighbour is far too much under the influence of one family.

What is wanted is a strong representation to Propaganda by some of the leading laymen. Till we get Canon Law in England to clip the autocratic government of the bishops, the Catholic Church will remain where she is. Ireland, Scotland, America, Australia are all advancing, but in them there is a continuous line of policy. Such a thing as each bishop undoing the work of his predecessor is unknown, if not impossible. I pray your efforts may be successful.

The next writer calls attention to a matter which, to my knowledge, is exercising the minds of many loyal Catholics—I mean the financial history and position of the Westminster Cathedral. In the course of private conversation, I have several times heard strong observations upon the mystery in which the financing of this great work has been wrapped, and the feeling on this point is likely to be increased by the recent revelations of the shortcomings of bishops as financiers. I suppose I shall be right in assuming that the building fund is not yet out of debt, and looking at the matter merely from the point of £.s.d., it seems to me that it would be of advantage if a full account of the history and position of the fund, such as is here asked for, were issued:—

Apropos of "The Catholic Funds Scandal" correspondence, you perhaps can hardly realise how deeply indebted to you many English Catholics, both lay and clerical, feel for affording them the opportunity of expressing their sense of episcopal high-handedness. That the Roman Catholic press in England has been, is, and will be utterly "subservient to episcopal influence" is as certain as that no Roman Catholic, cleric or layman, who desires to remain on friendly terms with his co-religionists, instead of being ostracised, will ever venture over his own name to expose episcopal shortcomings in the public press.

The Catholic Church in this country is just now suffering severely from several causes. First and foremost, there is the notorious fact that many preferments or appointments of late years have been the direct results of intrigue or ecclesiastical jobbery, instead of those influences which ought theoretically to have weight and prevail in these high spiritual matters. How many Catholic bishops of late years have received their mitres owing to the voice and choice of their cathedral chapters? Can the collect for the guidance of the Holy Ghost, ordered to be said when the See is vacant, be counted on to counteract all wire-pulling? This reveals the primary source and origin of many of our difficulties.

The other causes of trouble are not far to seek, springing, as they partially do, from this first fount. TRUTH has at least fastened upon one—and fastened pretty tightly—the irresponsible and high-handed way in which some of our prelates have latterly dealt with money matters, and other things and persons within their reach. . . . . What the public really wants to know is, why our bishops do not publish balance sheets with regard to all public moneys. It is begging and "special collections" all the time, but no one knows the details of expenditure. This question of publicity in place of the "stony silence" policy is at the root of endless ill-feeling and trouble. Take the case of the new Westminster Cathedral. The finest Catholic church in the world built since the Reformation is St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City. In the porches for the benefit and information of all who enter is to be found a most instructive and detailed statement with regard to the financial steps whereby the glorious building has been reared to God, on a site which is now valued at millions sterling. Would not the cathedral at Westminster profit enormously if the authorities were to take the public into their confidence, and go into details with regard to the purchase of the site, the moneys collected for the building of the clergy houses, as well as of the church; the funds applied arising from sources other than collection and donation, for example, from the sale

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of Moorfields; the cathedral's prospective income, etc., etc.? All these are matters of deep interest to a poor but generous Catholic public, which at present knows little or nothing except by hearsay or vague rumours, which are pretty sure to be at best inaccurate. The same public would naturally like to hear that Cardinal Vaughan's great scheme with regard to all the adjuncts of a great metropolitan church, its chapter and minor functionaries, is being gradually carried out, and what prospect there is of its being brought to maturity.

I come now to a letter which opens up the general question of the law and government of the Roman Church in England, and goes, so far as I can judge, to the root of the whole matter:—

Sir,—Your important article of to-day, July 25th, anent "The Catholic Funds Scandal," has this passage: "I have been told of late by many Catholics, both personal friends and correspondents who are unknown to me, that since the restoration of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in England by Pius IX., the local government of the Church has never been precisely on the same footing as in other countries. . . . What the precise truth about that may be I am not in a position to say." May I help you, from accurate and certain knowledge?

No, our local government is not, and never has been, on the same footing as in Catholic countries or in other countries with a regularly constituted hierarchy, such as Ireland. We are still, alas! what is called a "missionary" country. There are here no priests with the full rights of parish priests, no cathedral chapters with the rights of cathedral chapters. As Rome once significantly reminded Dr. Crookall, then Vicar Capitular of Southwark, when on Bishop Danell's death he ventured to remonstrate against the complete passing over by Rome of the chapter's wishes and votes, the English chapters only have by privilege what others may have by right. In fact, he was told not to talk about rights. Parish priests with rights there are none in this country. The bishops themselves are the only full and rightful parish priests; and, as one of your former correspondents implied, the head priests are just their vicars or curates, and as for those clergymen who are not head priests, they have not merely no rights, but no privileges; in fact, ecclesiastically, they have no *locus standi* at all. They are absolutely *ad nutum episcopi*.

Naturally, the bishops are not anxious for the restoration of the normal state of things, which would considerably curtail their own powers. It is said that Rome has more than once, not merely offered to appoint an apostolic delegate for this country, but even to grant the full canonical rights, and that their lordships were not eager to accept either offer. This may be true or not. What is quite certain is that, as a missionary country, Rome directs our affairs through "Propaganda," that we have no parishes or parish priests with the rights attached to such, no canons with full canonical rights; in fact, that the bishops can do pretty much as they like, as they have done since the days of Cardinal Wiseman. Latterly they have not infrequently had the chief say in appointing their successors, or other bishops, as Cardinal Manning appointed Dr. Coffin, and Bishop Butt Dr. Bourne. This is likely to lead to as much trouble as anything else.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully, Canonicus.

Before making any remark upon this letter, I give one more, written by one who, though he is personally a stranger to me, I have known by name for many years as a devout servant of the Church, and one enjoying the respect of all who know him, regardless of creed:—

Dear Sir,—Let me thank you earnestly for your article "The Catholic Funds Scandal" in this week's Truth. It is not only able, but very moderate. There is one point, however, to which serious exception must be taken. You say, "In this situation the English Catholics can only look to the Papal authority for deliverance." Not so. In these matters of deeds, trusts, and endowments of all kinds, we ought to look for and find protection in the laws of our own country. It must be brought home to Archbishop Bourne that he is "responsible in the use of his discretion," not only to God and the Holy See, but to the laws of the land.

To make these laws effective, a petition to Parliament, setting out the necessary enactments, was, two or three years ago, sent round to Catholic Missions. It would be a great help to us in our struggle if you could find room for this interesting and important document.

In any case, be sure, Sir, that you have the grateful thanks, not only of the intelligent laity, but of many of the clergy, in opening your columns to matters of vital importance to the Catholic Church in England.—I have the honour to be, dear sir, yours truly. Vindex.

The petition to Parliament here referred to was mentioned and quoted in a letter from another correspondent published some weeks back. I have now a copy of it, and it is a very interesting document, but it is impossible to do more here than state its general effect. After estimating that the value of the property of the Church in England—including that of the religious orders—is not less than £30,000,000, it describes the arbitrary powers over this property claimed and exercised by the bishops, subject only to the "altum dominium" of Rome, and refers to the consequent dangers to both Church and State. It points out the despotic power exercised by the bishops over both clergy and laity, as well as property, in a country where the Canon Law does not run, and the helplessness of both to obtain any protection against abuses of such powers except by the difficult and costly process of an appeal to Rome. It urges as the remedy for this state of things that the British Government should conclude a Concordat with the Roman Curia—including a veto for itself upon the appointment of bishops—under which the administration of the affairs of the Roman Church in England will be placed under the rule of definite laws, and its property controlled by "Ecclesiastical Commissioners chosen from the Roman Catholic clergy and laity." I cannot myself think that a British Concordat is within the scope of practical politics, though it might have many advantages both for Church and State; and as this petition to Parliament seems to have perished still-born, that was presumably the view of even those Catholics who are dissatisfied with the present condition of things. The document undoubtedly indicates accurately the reason of the grievances that are felt, and its arguments have acquired much additional force from the facts that have come to light since it was drawn up. But with all respect to "Vindex," I still adhere to my opinion that English Catholics must look to the Papal authority in the first instance for the correction of what is wrong in the Church. It is all very well to say that they "ought to look for and find protection in the laws of their own country." I suppose that they can do so up to a point. The case of the Moorfields church, described in an earlier letter, shows that the jurisdiction of the Charity Commissioners may be invoked successfully against episcopal perversions of trusts; and other writers in the course of the present discussion have urged recourse to this remedy. But the question who shall bell the cat precedes the use of any appeal to "the law of the land." The very petition to Parliament which "Vindex" calls attention to contains the significant observation that "the Bishop cannot be sued in even our Civil Courts by either clergy or laity without the prosecutors incurring the most grievous religious disabilities." As long as that is so, it is idle to talk about protection from the law of the land. The limitation of the despotic power of the bishops is a condition precedent to all reform, and this must be done by ecclesiastical law. The initiative, therefore, seems to me to rest with Rome, and that is also the opinion of many Catholics well qualified to judge. Though mistakes are made at Rome, as elsewhere, I have myself a great respect for the intelligence and foresight of Papal statesmanship. I should say that it never stood higher than to-day, and, if that is so, when the true state of the case is sufficiently understood at Rome, it will not be long before the grievances of English Catholics are redressed, and the affairs of the Church in this country placed on a more regular and businesslike footing.

PROFESSOR RICHARD'S RECORD.

A swindling quack named Albert Edward Richard received at the Staffordshire Assizes last week the justice to which I have been for many years commending him. During a life of crime, this scoundrel has sported dozens of aliases. The police in different parts of the world have known him—to mention only a few of his aliases—as Signor Alberto Geismardo, Aaron Seiswar, Professor Albert le Grand, Ernest le Blanc, Professor Moross, Professor Mexico, and Professor Albert Seblond. But for the last dozen or fifteen years he has more or less consistently styled himself "Professor Richard, M.E.," sometimes adding as another distinction, "By Royal Letters Patent." The latter words appear to have been used apropos of the fact that he had registered a patent in one of the colonies. "M.E." was supposed to signify "Medical Electrician." He was a professor only in the sense that he professed to be able to cure all the ills to which flesh is heir. It is these professions, made fraudulently for the purpose of obtaining money, that have now landed him in gaol. This itinerant quack first came under my notice over a dozen years ago, when, in consequence of what I heard, I deemed it desirable to publish warnings against him, more especially in reference to his conduct towards female patients—conduct which had repeatedly got him into trouble. These warnings caused him to make a hurried departure from several provincial towns in which he appeared, and eventually he left England for a long tour abroad, in the course of which he visited South Africa, Australia, Hong Kong, and other places in the Far East, India, and Ceylon. Before this he had been known under various names in South Africa and Australia, and on several occasions during this tour he was exposed through the instrumentality of readers of TRUTH, with the result that the police compelled him to move on. This was his fate at Calcutta in the early part of 1903, the authorities making an order for his expulsion from India. He went from India to Ceylon, where he informed the representative of a Colombo newspaper that he was coming to England to bring an action for libel against the proprietor of TRUTH. If I remember rightly, he announced that he should claim the modest sum of £15,000 as damages. When he reached London, however, Richard thought better of this idea, and instead of serving me with a writ he offered me the valuable privilege of publishing his autobiography.

The manuscript which Richard submitted for my consideration was an extraordinary document. Previously I had possessed only an outline of his disreputable career, but he was obliging enough to fill in all the unsavoury details. Nothing was extenuated. He made a clean breast of his many misdeeds in Europe, America, Africa, and Australia, the charges that had been brought against him, and the sentences of imprisonment that he had undergone. It was an amazing record of rascality. Richard was born in Alsace in 1847. As a young man he removed to Antwerp, where he became a rag dealer. He was first married in 1870 and divorced in the same year. Before he was twenty-five he had been twice convicted of fraud and expelled from Belgium. He spent the next two or three years in Germany and in France, where he married and deserted at least one woman, and possibly others. About 1879 he was in the United States, where he contracted several bigamous marriages and carried out various swindles, though he was lucky enough to escape a conviction. One of his swindles was perpetrated at the expense of his trade creditors in connection with a glove store, which he ran at Louisville. In 1884 he was in Australia, running a glove shop at Melbourne. He tried the same game there, but with less success, for though he absconded he was brought back and sentenced to four months' imprisonment for defrauding his creditors. Prior to this Richard had dabbled in electric healing quackery, and henceforward he devoted himself to that line of business. He returned to America, and at Portland, Oregon, in 1886, he was condemned to three years' penal servitude for a criminal assault upon a female patient. This was the first of a number of similar offences with which he was charged, and time after time he seems to have escaped a conviction by the skin of his teeth. He came to England in 1889, touring the provinces as a "healer," and in 1891 he was convicted and sentenced to eight months' imprisonment for an assault upon a girl at Newcastle-on-Tyne. It was after this that attention was drawn to Richard's doings in TRUTH, with the result that, as already mentioned, he went abroad until 1893. There is little doubt that if he had received his deserts he would have been convicted in numerous other cases of assaults on females, both here and abroad, and also in half a dozen more cases in which he bigamously married women and then heartlessly deserted them.

Some time in 1903, soon after he had favoured me with the written account of his vicious career, Richard visited TRUTH Office and asked for an interview. I found him a very plausible old rogue. He frankly confessed that he had led an evil life, but protested that he was penitent, and that he meant to turn over a new leaf. He shed some tears, and begged me not to rake up his past and so deprive him of his only means of livelihood in his old age. It was, he suggested, rather as an entertainer than as a "healer" that he was then making his livelihood, and his entertainment was a perfectly harmless and amusing series of tricks with electricity. I told Richard that I could not, of course, make him any promise, but that so long as he did nothing wrong it was not likely that I should have any occasion to refer to him in TRUTH. For some months afterwards I refrained from noticing his doings, though a few complaints reached me from provincial towns. It then became evident, however, that Richard was again practising the most cruel frauds at the expense of poor sufferers. On reaching a town his custom was to give a series of shows in some public hall, advertising lavishly in the local newspapers, and by means of circulars and pamphlets. The lame, the halt, and the blind were invited to attend, and the Professor, besides giving his entertainment, and boasting of his miraculous powers, went through the form of treating some patients. These performances in the public hall served as a bait to lure victims to his consulting rooms. If he thought that any money could be got out of the patient he would undertake to cure any sort of disease—to make the lame

walk, to restore hearing to the deaf, or sight to the blind. Crowds of afflicted persons—mostly poor and ignorant, but including some who might have been expected to know better—flocked to the quack's rooms and were bamboozled into paying for his wonderful treatment. The fees ranged from two to three guineas to as much as £40 or £50. Richard charged £7 7s. for an electric coil worth at the outside £1 1s., and £15 15s. for an electric chair which would have been dear at £3 3s. In some pathetic cases working people parted with all their savings, or sold household goods, in order to meet the Professor's demands, only to find in the end that the promised cure had not been effected. Richard knew, of course, that his business was essentially fraudulent, and, with the idea of protecting himself, he tricked the patients into signing what purported to be a counterfoil of the receipt that he handed to them. This counterfoil contained a statement (which did not appear in the receipt) that the money was paid without any guarantee of a cure, whereas the truth was that such a guarantee was almost invariably given verbally by Richard.

Since the end of 1904 I have frequently directed attention to Richard's business, and urged that he should be prosecuted. Owing to the supineness of the police, however, he was permitted to continue his frauds in town after town till he got to Wolverhampton last February. The police there seem to have had a clearer perception of their duty than their colleagues elsewhere, and three weeks after his arrival in Wolverhampton Richard was arrested on a charge of obtaining money by false pretences. The magnitude of his frauds may be gathered from the fact that in this town alone he had already taken between £600 and £700, mainly from poor people. I was glad to be of some assistance in furnishing information for the purpose of the prosecution, and, if necessary, scores of witnesses could have been secured from different parts of the country to testify to the swindles that Richard had perpetrated. There was, however, plenty of local evidence. The prosecution were able to prove case after case—some of them of an extremely distressing kind—in which the accused had obtained payments by definitely promising cures which he knew perfectly well that he could not effect. When a quack has treated hundreds and thousands of patients he is, of course, pretty sure to have a small percentage of cases in which the sufferers imagine that they have been benefited, or even in which the treatment may have chanced to benefit them. Richard was able to call some such dupes, including, strange to say, Captain Sterne, Chief Constable of Wiltshire; but the jury estimated their testimony at its proper value. Really the evidence for the prosecution left not a shadow of doubt as to the fraudulent character of the prisoner's business, and the jury had no hesitation in returning a verdict of guilty. The sentence of twelve months' imprisonment which Mr. Justice Bigham passed on Richard certainly did not err on the side of severity. However, the thorough exposure that the trial involved should be sufficient to put an end to the career of this dangerous scoundrel in England, at any rate, and on this result I think that the officials responsible for the prosecution at Wolverhampton deserve to be heartily congratulated.

THE THEATRES.

"Down our Alley," at the Garrick.

The delicate and fastidious talent of Anatole France once found expression in the story of a French costermonger at odds with justice, or what passes for justice in the daily traffic of the French law courts. The story is full of pity and of irony; it tells of the arrest of the man for a pretended insult to the police, of his conviction and imprisonment; how, when he emerges, a free man again, he finds his means of subsistence destroyed; how he struggles to regain his former trade; how piteously he fails; finally, how, in despair of finding food and lodging elsewhere than in prison, he applies that offensive epithet to the police for which he had originally been punished, although, on that first occasion, he was really innocent. The irony of France is exquisite in the termination of his tale, for a kindlier policeman now refuses to arrest the coster in whom he sees a broken-down old man.

Anatole France was tempted to adapt this little story for the stage, but it had no success. Mr. Arthur Bourchier seems to have been greatly impressed with its possibilities in an English garb, and he, too, has ventured to tempt with it the footlights. But the very simplicity of the little story, from which the aroma of the French author's style is perforce absent, militates against it here as across the Channel. The necessity of expanding the single episode which touches one's heart into a series of chaotic happenings, not at all, or but remotely, connected with the misfortunes of Joe Parrot, while it distracts, and it must be admitted often tries the attention, also diminishes the impact of the essential idea.

Thus we have a series of street scuffles in the East End street, the bickering of rival costers and of newspaper boys, the brummagem jeweller's vaunting of his trashy wares, and other episodes, ending eventually in the coster's arrest for not "moving on" with his barrow when ordered to do so by the policeman. The scene in the police-court of the next act is lengthy, and anything but a faithful rendering of the behaviour of a police-court magistrate. Mr. Charles V. France, who played the magistrate, is a fine actor, and dealt with the material at his disposal in a masterly manner, but he failed of convincing us because that material was not "observed," but selected with the purpose of making the judge appear a careless and prejudiced person. Mr. Arthur Bourchier's attitude, all huddled up and full of quaint, helpless gestures of appeal to the senseless Draco on the bench, was one of the best things in the piece. Both here and in the last act, when Joe Parrot reappears upon the scene and eventually insults the policeman unavailingly, Mr. Bourchier made a living personage of the coster. The story has a comparatively happy ending in the English, for a friend of the old man's, known as the Rat, takes pity on him, and they start partnership together with the barrow which has been bought for Joe by a pitying gentleman who had taken up his defence in the police-court.

I quite see what fascinated Mr. Bourchier in "Crainquebille." The mistake lay, not in the playing, which was good all round, but in the belief that a

number of accidents grouped round the kernel of innocent Joe's conviction would form an organic whole. But they do not; they only serve to hide it with their useless leaves.

"Monsieur de Paris," a gruesome tragedy in one act, was revived, and preceded "Down our Alley." Mr. C. V. France, as Monsieur de Paris, the executioner, was in all conscience grim and terrible enough. It showed his talent that he never once was ridiculous, even when he had to point to his daughter's necklace of red beads and say that they looked like blood. To my mind, Miss Violet Vanbrugh chaunted her part of the executioner's daughter too much. She rarely seemed to be speaking, but rather intoning some formula. The same remark applies to Mr. Julian L'Estrange, who would also have been more impressive had he spoken in the tones of ordinary conversation until the crucial episode which culminates in the assassination of her faithless betrothed by the hangman's daughter.

Monsieur Antoine, at the Royalty.

The great actor has come and gone. His performances have proved, as I foretold, of first rate interest and varied excellence. The power that comes with reserve and the ease that belongs only to complete mastery, these are his. The three short plays, in all of which he appeared on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of last week, were typically well selected to show some of his facets.

In "Depuis Six Mois," he is the comically irresponsible husband who bribes the maids engaged by his wife to throw up their situations, lest they should get to know too much of his doings and inform his wife. He fails, at last, with one of them, and the curtain comes down upon the husband in the wife's clutches, with the virago of a maid shrieking revelations.

"Discipline," which filled the middle place, is from the German, and is a serious study of garrison life in a frontier town. Monsieur Antoine played the part of the Captain whose firm principles and rigid sense of honour set him at variance with his Colonel. The latter is a superficially suave and temporising person. Rather than risk a scandal, he apologises to his subordinate for an inaccurate statement, but bears him, for this, a deadly grudge. War is on the point of breaking out in the last act, and the Colonel holds his revenge. He orders the Captain to remain behind in charge of the depot. This is too much for one, who, for years, has been working and waiting for a chance of distinguishing himself. He loses self-control, shouts the truth of his Colonel's vindictiveness to him, and is promptly put under arrest which will be followed by degradation and imprisonment. He begs leave to retire for a moment to write to his wife, and the curtain falls as we hear the revolver shot with which the unhappy man puts an end to his existence.

Monsieur Antoine and his company made us at once feel the reality of the struggle of personalities that was all the time on the point of breaking through the barriers of military discipline, and was so long pent up, only to come before us as more terrible in the end.

In "Asile de Nuit" the protean actor appears as a genuine pauper mistaken for a "copy"-seeking journalist by the keeper of a workhouse, and consequently treated like a prince. This humorous little piece has been presented in an English form, but its humour and its *esprit Gaulois* come out with redoubled brightness in the original.

These brief remarks are, I know, inadequate to convey more than a suggestion of the great actor's gifts. An enthusiastic personage among the large audience on Thursday evening suggested to me that a letter of admiration should be prepared to be signed by the principal people present and forwarded to Monsieur Antoine, as a proof that he had been fully appreciated. But although this project was feasible, I do not think that it was necessary, for from all parts of the house Monsieur Antoine was greeted with that special quality of applause that is the spontaneous tribute to great work.

I trust that Monsieur Antoine's decision to retire is not irrevocable, and that we may again have the satisfaction of seeing the greatest all-round actor of our time tread the boards.

* * * * *

In September Covent Garden will be reopened as usual for a season of fancy-dress balls, which will be held every alternate Friday. The eight weeks' season of grand opera in Italian, commencing about October 4, will be given concurrently with the fancy-dress balls.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

FALLIÈRES CHEZ COQUELIN.

THE asylum for old actors and actresses at Pont aux Dames is in an agreeable outer suburb, between Meaux and Lagny. The single drawback, as it seems to me, is the stiff clay soil of the whole region. The Home for Theatrical Artists is in what used, before the Revolution, to be the grounds of the Abbey du Pont aux Dames, to which, on coming to the throne, Louis XVI. relegated Mme. du Barry. President Loubet opened last year the actresses' wing; President Fallières last week opened the one for actors. The whole building is handsome, not devoid in the details of elegance, and the aspect is the contrary of depressing. As much can be said of the interior, which is fairly roomy, well lighted from without, well warmed in winter with hot-air tubes, and carefully drained. Hot and cold water are laid on throughout. The cornices are elegantly decorated with *sgraffito*, in the Italian style. The ladies have the left wing and the gentlemen the right. The central building, joining both, comprises refectories, a general salon, and separate sitting-rooms for the different wings. There cannot be much danger of jealousy, the principle of equality being acted upon in every arrangement. Thus all the bedrooms, which are more than cubicles, are exactly alike, save in the colour of window curtains and coverlets. The occupant of each can have what colour he or she chooses. One may prefer reddish patterns, another blue, and another rose on the furniture chintzes and the settee and armchair. The grounds are quite charming. The part of the Abbey that survived the Revolution is restored, with many alterations, and turned into a residence for

the director and directress. The attic is for the servants. Many are not required. The architect, M. Binet, has been at so much pains to render service easy and expeditious.

The inmates of this Home of Rest owe it to the efforts of Coquelin *aîné*. He found a considerable portion of the funds needed in special performances, one of which he gave in the great auditorium of the Trocadero. Rothschild helped him. Ferrières is not far distant, and, as a member of the Academy des Beaux Arts, Baron Alphonse de Rothschild patronised the undertaking. His brother Gustave also largely helped. M. Waldeck Rousseau was, perhaps, the personage who, after Coquelin, took the warmest and most practical interest in the scheme. He had laid the foundation stone three years ago. M. Loubet last year inaugurated the then finished wing. He is, and all his life has been, a playgoer, and so is his successor.

M. Fallières drove last week in his motor with his secretaries to Pont aux Dames, so called because the ladies at the Abbey had the exclusive right to pass over the Marne on a private bridge. A highly distinguished and large party had been invited by Coquelin to attend the inauguration. I cannot think of any Minister being absent. The one noticeable absence was that of M. Henri Brisson, President of the Chamber of Deputies. He rather courts retirement, and has done so ever since he lost his wife. M. Bourgeois, whose natural sensibility has been heightened by family bereavements; M. Clémenceau, who cannot be outdone in kindness of heart; and M. Briant were the Ministers most in sight. M. Antonin Dubost, President of the Senate, came with M. Clémenceau in a motor from Paris. M. Dubost is a Lyonnais, visibly shrewd to the wide-awake point, and so restless that one asks oneself how he can manage to keep quiet in the Presidential chair. His small, good-humoured eyes denote capability, and the habit of judging rapidly on the sample. The broad shoulders and compact figure are adapted to bear heavy burdens. He is intrepid, but, having no brilliant quality, when he brought despatches from beleaguered Paris in a balloon, nobody thought of exalting him as a hero. Without being at all an artist, M. Dubost is a thorough connoisseur, prefers French art of our time to that of almost any former period, hardly cares for the Bergerades and Berquinades of the eighteenth century, and would gladly give a place in the Panthéon to Courbet. The President of the Senate often talks in company in half-whispered asides, to which knowing glances give more meaning than meets the ear. He takes an amused and tolerant view of "*les coquineries des femmes.*" Not that he wants seriousness. In proof thereof I may mention that he is the most thorough disciple of John Stuart Mill that I know in France, and that he was one of the band of Positivists who kept watch for some weeks round the death-bed of Littré to keep away the clerical friends of Mme. and Mlle. Littré. M. Dubost has amazing cleverness in dealing with an unexpected emergency. As Vice-President of the Senate, he presided at the last Versailles Congress, in the place of M. Fallières, who was debarred by his candidature for the Presidency of the Republic. Other guests of Coquelin, whom we supposed to be *chez lui*, were Mmes. Carré and Simon-Girard, Febvre, of the Français, Bérard the painter, Mme. Anna Thibaud, Marc Varennes, who came as a poet, and not as the President of the Republic's civilian secretary. Neither Coquelin nor Clémenceau is decorated. One thought of what Talleyrand said of Lord Castlereagh at the Congress of Vienna. Coquelin, we all know, wars against the Red Ribbon, but did not always do so. It is no longer a case with him of sour grapes. But he has got into the pose of a *frondeur* against that badge of official favour. It is not easy to quit a pose once we have hardened in it. Coquelin now says his nose is decoration enough. He is singled out by it from most other actors. To his nose he attributes much of his success. Clémenceau would as soon think of seeking distinction in a red ribbon as in wearing the crown of feathers of a Red Indian.

Rows of chairs had been set on a gentle rise in the lawn in front of a semi-circular colonnade with wings, a back corridor, and cubicle dressing-rooms. This is a theatre. It is for the amusement of the retired players. They can invite friends and neighbours to their entertainments at this *théâtre de verdure*, or open-air theatre. In its new whiteness and green setting it looked a proper abode for comedy when tired of the footlights and needing the refreshment of nature. The rows of chairs promised a post-prandial entertainment. The President of the Republic did not keep the chef long waiting. He professed to come as a friend merely, and to have laid aside all official character. He certainly seemed to enjoy having escaped the fuss and formalities which a railway journey must have entailed.

M. Fallières has friendly manners, not exactly bluff, for he has lived too much in the thick of party politics for angles not to be rubbed off. On alighting, he took both hands of Coquelin and wrung them. He had come as a friend, and not in an official quality, as an old playgoer who owed a long score personally to the Coquelin family and to the theatrical profession. Looking round, he whispered that he saw no snapshotters nor writers of block notes, and made a gesture of thankfulness for this privacy. As to dress, the *tenue de campagne* reigned. The ladies present had adopted a garden style of dress, fresh, simple, by no means costly and elegant. One of them had fastened on her garden hat a branch with the seed vessels of the burr thistle, one of the most sculptural of plants and the cleanest in outline. Somebody remarked that she was now a case of *qui s'y frotte s'y pique*. "So much the better since this is the season for flies." "Oh, yes, and you have so much sweetness. What fly could help settling on you were it not warned off by your thistle?" No high hat appeared. There were boating hats, melon hats, hats of soft felt, and panamas. M. Fallières' panama had a band of black crape round it in sign of mourning for the late Bishop of St. Brieuc. The vestons, the "smokings," the "complets" of tweed, the loose alpaca coats, were in the tone of the hats, as were the manners of the company. Eight years ago this informality would have been impossible at an inauguration attended by

the President of the Republic, and the Senate, and a whole Cabinet. Pont aux Dames is in the rich and not very picturesque Brie, famous for its cheeses. The locality supplied the melons, fish, flesh, fowl, vegetables, and fruits served at lunch. At dessert, Coquelin sprung a mine on the President, in raising and lifting his glass in his honour. You no longer drink to the health of any one; you "lift" your glass. A warm speech followed this elevation of a tumbler filled with water, not meant to be drunk.

Coffee was served in the shady parts of the grounds. Then followed the unveiling of a statue of Molière and of the busts of Waldeck, Rousseau, and Rothschild. Coquelin asked M. Fallières to add his bust. "You are, my dear Coquelin, in too great a hurry; the Church does not canonise saints in their lifetime. In that respect I am a good Catholic. You must wait for my bust until I am dead." "That would be too long a time to wait." M. Fallières fumbled in his waistcoat pocket. "You are not, M. le President, thinking of looking at your watch?" "Not exactly, though time flies, and I expect company to dinner." Looking slyly at Febvre, the President took out of the pocket a small morocco leather case, and, going up to the actor, drew from it a cross with a red ribbon, which he pinned on Febvre's breast, and embraced him. He then decorated the housekeeper and doctor with the palms of the Academy. All the décorés shed tears of emotion, a good way of returning thanks. No time is lost, no *bêtise* perpetrated, no awkwardness committed, in the shedding of a tear or two. The personage so thanked may have responsive eyes. If so, nearly every eye near him joins in the response, and he is spoken of as *un homme sensible*. A theatrical entertainment ended the fête. Coquelin recited verses by M. Marc Varenne on "Fallières chez Coquelin." Cadet Coquelin and Galipeaux gave monologues. Polin sang soldiers' songs, some droll, some pathetic.

The Marquis de Dion, with the help of his very able and active partner, the mechanic Bouton, will clear off the caste to which he belongs. The Bonaparte nobility, enriched by marriages with great heiresses, are bitten with the motor mania. The motor gives scope to their lawless instincts. The first article of the Bonapartist creed is that laws were made to bind other people only. Country mayors will tell you that not more than a tenth part of the motor catastrophes get into the papers. The others are hushed up when the victims are poor or obscure people. The worst of the motor is that it hatches in wealthy idlers any seed of madness that may lurk in them. A furious driver is no more worthy of sympathy when his mania has for himself a fatal ending than an anarchist dynamited by his own bomb. Indeed, the anarchist is comparatively harmless. In the part of the country where I have arranged to pass the summer the rural population lives in terror of the furiously-driven motor. There is no means of securing safety from these motors in bends of the roads. One that is a mile off may be thundering down on you in a single minute. It may have gone to the left side of the road to avoid some obstacle, or from nervous inability to hold the steering wheel properly. This constantly happens. If the pedestrian has time to rush to the other side of the way he may be taken by a vehicle coming in a direction contrary to the one he tries to escape from. Cyclists are in as great danger as pedestrians. Children going to or coming from school are among the frequent victims. A few weeks ago two children of a wealthy Versaillais, under the care of their bonne, were run over as they crossed the road to school from their father's villa. So far, in this country, the motor has been almost entirely in the hands of very wealthy people. Its tyranny falls heavily on the delvers whom those who live to be amused despise. We hear that the peasants of Mitterteich deplore the Eugène Murat fatality. In the neighbourhood of Champlieu, where I have been spending some days, they receive the news with such phrases as "tant mieux," or "C'est une mort qu'il n'a pas volée."

All the Murats, Neys, Suchets, Massenas, under the princely and ducal titles of Moskowa, Albufera, Essling, Rivoli, have enriched themselves greatly by their marriages. M. Rouvier committed what must be spoken of as a grave offence in buying them out of their majorats on the pretence of financial probity, at the cost of nearly a million sterling. Joachim Murat, now of Roquencourt, near Versailles, and Chambly, in the Oise, married a demoiselle, Ney d'Elchingen, the favoured granddaughter of Mme. Furtado Heine. The daughter (by adoption) of that over-opulent old lady married first that Duc d'Elchingen whose suicide proved a fortune to blackmailers. She became, some time after that event, the wife of the Duc de Rivoli, now Prince d'Essling. A Rothschild of Frankfort brought a large fortune into the Wagram (Berthier) family. The Empress Eugénie, by a stroke of policy which belongs to "*les dessous de l'Empire*," secured the ducal title of Mouchy, with Spanish grandeeship, to the Princess Anna Murat, and an annual income of about 800,000 fr. That Prince Joachim Murat who so constantly wrote begging letters to Napoleon III. first married a Berthier of Wagram, and then, failing to secure Miss Cantwell, the widow of Baron Hinguerlet, one of the great money-bags of the Second Empire. He secured for sons-in-law a wealthy Italian Prince and Count Goluchowski, the heir apparent to the largest territorial fortune in Galicia, that of his mother, *née* Baborowska. His son, Achille, owed to the cousinly interest of Napoleon III. his marriage with Salomé Davidovna Dadian, daughter of the Prince of Mingrelia. The wedding, which vastly flattered the vanity of her family, and also that of the French Imperial family, took place not long before the opening of the Suez Canal. What a number, to be sure, of journalistic rockets were sent up on the occasion! What brilliant festivity at the Tuileries celebrated the event! The bride and bridegroom had for their country house the château of the Comte of Provence at Brunoy, and their eldest son, Lucien, is now practically heir to the actual Prince of Mingrelia. Achille's brother Lucien married with considerable pecuniary benefit another subject of

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the Czar, Eudoxia Sumow, Princess-Dowager of Orbeliani. They bought the château of Breevannes, in the Seine et Marne, and their eldest son, Eugéne, married a granddaughter of Mme. Furtado Heine. Of all the parasites whom Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* brought to the top, the Murats derived most indirect advantage from that adventure. The first and second Princes Joachim could not, if importunate mendicants, be called bad men, and shone by comparison with some of the Berthier Wagrams. The second had a kindly disposition and the third resembles him. This Murat keeps a stud and hounds at Chambly, his own (not his wife's) place in the Oise. The Prince Murat who served as a volunteer in Manchuria is a cavalry officer in a French regiment, and son of the late Mingrelian Princess.

A scheme is on foot to prolong the Avenue de Neuilly to St. Germain, and to break the monotony of so long a route with gardens and places of amusement. The projectors speak of a sunken (not underground) sideway for motors only, with dips at cross roads or footways. Motor companies, if come to stay, might generalise this part of the scheme. They could then make swifter machines without any disadvantage except to their owners. In England motorists seem law-abiding. There are in France strong revivals of tyrannical instincts in the Royalist and Bonapartist nobility. Prince Eugéne Murat had the lawless Russian instinct. He was like those St. Petersburg Jehus who drive the sledges of Grand Dukes. They stand in front of the box, lash the horses with all their might, and never dream of calling to anyone or turning a few feet out of the straight course. When they run down somebody they keep on the rush forward. The incident is of no consequence.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

"THE Bitter Cry of Belgravia," dear Lady Betty, is the title of the following letter:—

"317, Belgrave-square.

"Sir,—The preacher, politician, patriot, moralist, novelist, satirist, and journalist, are all denouncing English 'society.' May I describe the situation as it appears to a Duchess?

"My ancestors, and those of my husband, were powerful men, who governed the country for their own benefit, confiscated the property of their weaker neighbours, imprisoned each other in the Tower, and executed each other on Tower Hill. We have been deprived of all those advantages, but the title has been left to us which is little else than an oppressive encumbrance.

"A Duke and a Duchess have their duties; we have to live in big houses on a big scale. In former times the country provided the money for this; now we have to procure it for ourselves, and we can only do that by obtaining the assistance of rich men and women to whom we may be of use socially or otherwise. That is a very demoralising circumstance, and it is not to be wondered at, therefore, that we, and others who are in the same situation, are not as particular as were our predecessors. If the Duke enables an unscrupulous millionaire to obtain a concession from the authorities, or consents to act as a director for a questionable company, his conscience tells him he is acting improperly, but he must have money to maintain the position he has inherited. If I associate with rich women who are prepared to ignore every Commandment to obtain notoriety, I know I am acting improperly too, but I cannot afford to offend them, for it is their husbands that support mine, their sons that are to marry our daughters, their daughters that are to marry our sons, and their money that is to save our treasures, estates, and reputation.

"We owe many thousands of pounds. What would the critics have us do? We might sell our treasures and estates, pay part of our debts, become bankrupts, and remove to a semi-detached three-storied house at Upper Tooting. Our sons have not been trained for business, and could not earn a living; our daughters have been brought up in luxurious surroundings, and could not settle down as the wives of obscure men; and I and my husband are not of an age to work to support ourselves. There are all the elements present for making a new criminal line!

"We have become 'unscrupulous,' 'unprincipled,' and 'undignified'! The community and circumstances have made us so. Titles were invented to suit conditions which the modern English have removed; for those who possessed so much power that the State had to support them and the community to submit to be robbed by them. Those were the only sources of income we had beyond the land which we had become possessed of by seizure, forfeiture, or some other contemporary process—not admissible in these more constitutional days—or by extorting money from our dependants and powerless neighbours.

"I and all my family are Conservatives, and it is for patriotic purposes that I now entreat my fellow-countrymen and women to return to the conditions of the past. Give back to us the system which enabled those who had important titles to live at the expense of the State, to plunder the public, to extort money from their tenants and weak neighbours, to extend their estates by confiscating those they could seize, and to imprison, torment, and execute any who resisted them. It was by those methods that the England of our predecessors was made great and rich, that the hundreds of magnificent houses and parks there are throughout the land were built and planted, that the millions of art treasures were obtained, and it is only when the system which should accompany titles is re-established that we who have them to our names can regain that dignity, scrupulousness, and sense of duty which enabled us to severely discountenance even any appearance of impropriety—in those beneath us.

"The great pay to keep up the workhouses of the poor; is it not just that the poor should pay to keep up the palaces of the great?—Faithfully yours,

"A Distressed Duchess."

* * * * *

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain exhorts the electors to think imperially. That would enable the rich to live imperially, and provide opportunities for the poor to die imperially.

. . . . .

"The Country" is a confusing expression. Does it mean a system, a political party, the "governing class," the land, or the majority of the community? Thousands fought for "the Country" in South Africa, but the system, the land, and the interests of the majority of the people were not in danger, though a political party was, and a group of financiers and their impecunious well-connected supporters wrongly imagined they could improve their circumstances by annexing the Transvaal.

* * * * *

A modern West-end club might be described as a dull place where most of the members eat as if they were invalids, and talk as if they were imbeciles. The club-cure seems to be a fashionable remedy for derangements brought on by over-feeding outside! It has now taken the form of simple dishes and well-chosen claret, and, probably, this is the first step towards a return to English cooking, which is best suited to our climate. It is peculiarly interesting in this respect that those who know the British character have for long predicted that the foreign customs we have recently adopted will soon be abandoned; we will become almost as motionless as we were, and as devoted to plain dishes, sound claret, strong port, and ale.—Believe me to be, very truly yours, MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

IT is probable that there will be an important change at Newmarket in 1908, as it is proposed to transfer the races run at the Second Spring Meeting to the July course. It would be an excellent plan to use this course for the third of the spring fixtures. When the ground is hard at Newmarket the B.M. "going" is much better than is that of the R.M. The notion of a third summer meeting at Newmarket is preposterous nonsense, as there is no room for such a fixture, nor would the Stewards of the Jockey Club find it easy to draw out a tolerably attractive programme with the funds at their disposal. It is a pity that the July course should be used for only seven days' racing in the year, while there are races over other courses on the Heath on twenty-two days.

It is earnestly to be hoped that the Stewards will so far revise the proposed list of fixtures for next year as to allow of an interval of a fortnight between Epsom and Ascot, which can be easily done by making the Epsom Summer Meeting commence on May 28, with Ascot on June 18. Liverpool Summer Meeting and the Derby September fixture should each be cut down to two days, and there ought to be considerable reductions in the number of meetings, there being now a ruinous plethora, especially during the summer months. There are several fixtures which might advantageously disappear altogether.

A writer in an evening paper expresses sorrow at the idea of the Eclipse Stakes sharing the fate of the Princess of Wales's Stakes and disappearing from the "Calendar." It is a pity that sporting writers do not consult Messrs. Weatherby's excellent and complete volume of "Races to Come" before they commence their dissertations, as if this precaution were taken they would not commit such flagrant blunders as are now daily to be met with. So far from the Princess of Wales's Stakes having "dropped out," the entries for the race of 1909 were made last December, and the race does not seem at all likely to collapse, as there are 212 subscriptions for that year. The Princess of Wales's Stakes has not suffered through having the value of the race reduced from £10,000 to £6,000, as there were only 184 entries for this year, when the larger sum was still to be won, and there are 216 for next year (value cut down to £6,000), and 183 for 1908. The entry for next year's race includes Cicero, Llangibby, Spearmint, and Black Arrow. Cicero will have 3 lbs. the worst of the weights with Spearmint, and the Derby winner will have to give 12 lbs. to Black Arrow. Spearmint is entered at Ascot next year for both the Rous Memorial Stakes and the Hardwicke Stakes, but he was withdrawn from the Atlantic Stakes of £2,000 at the Liverpool Summer Meeting when the minor forfeit was declared. It is a great pity that Spearmint should have been withdrawn from this year's Jockey Club Stakes, as his meeting with Keystone II. and Cicero in that race would have been very interesting. He has a good engagement in the Gatwick Stakes of £5,000 on October 16, and his penalty of 12 lbs. is reduced to 3 lbs. by a breeding allowance. Spearmint may run for the £1,500 race at Kempton Park on August 16, when he would have to carry 11 lbs. extra, but he would really have nothing to beat, as Troutbeck (who would have 8 lbs. the best of the weights) will be reserved for the St. Leger. Spearmint is entered for the Great Yorkshire Stakes at York, and he has a penalty of 7 lbs.

Lord Rosebery's two-year-old colt Bezonean, half-brother by Velasquez to Cicero, who was fancied for the Khedive Plate at the Newmarket Second July Meeting, got off very badly for that race, and he will certainly be a winner before long. Bezonean has no engagement until the £1,000 race at Kempton Park on September 7.

Keystone II. had been kept galloping, so it was supposed at Newmarket that she would run for the St. George's Stakes at Liverpool, but she was not sent for that race, and I understand that Lord Derby has decided to reserve her for the St. Leger and the Jockey Club Stakes. She will not run at York, and it was certainly unlikely in the greatest degree that she would miss more valuable engagements in order to go for such a trumpery stake as the Yorkshire Oaks.

There is nothing to beat Traquair to-morrow in the Prince of Wales' Post Sweepstakes, which is the second richest two-year-old race of the season, being worth £3,400, of which the winner takes £3,200. Traquair has an engagement at Hurst Park on the 24th, but I hear that he will be kept for York, where he may start for either the Prince of Wales' Plate or the Gimcrack Stakes. It is most likely that Lord Rosebery's colt will "go for" the former race, as the distance is five furlongs only. Traquair is so heavily engaged that his owner might decide to reserve him for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, where he will be set a very much harder task than he has so far accomplished, as he will meet Slieve Gallion at even weights, and Galvani, winner of the Chesterfield Stakes at Newmarket.

Gorgos appears to have gone all to pieces, and Mr. James was wonderfully fortunate in winning such a race as the Two Thousand with so moderate a colt. Gorgos ought to be thrown up for the remainder of this season after this week, and then he might do better at four years old. He is entered for next year's Eclipse Stakes, but he was withdrawn long ago from the Princess of Wales' Stakes. If all goes well with this colt he is quite likely next season to win the four-year-old heat of the Ascot Triennial.

Traquair's performance at Sandown Park has thrown a number of sporting writers into dangerous paroxysms of enthusiasm. Two years ago the same scribes were indulging in hysterical rhapsodies of a similar epileptic character about the superlative merits of Cicero. At that time they were apparently in ignorance of the existence of Jardy, who afterwards won the Middle Park Plate, and who would have walked in for the Derby if he had been all right; nor was anything known to them of Val d'Or, who so easily defeated Cicero for the Eclipse Stakes, and who would have won the St. Leger by many lengths if he had been sent to Doncaster. Last year at this period of the summer Black Arrow was being praised to the skies as a wonderful flyer, a real gem, and so on and so forth. At that time nobody entertained any idea that Spearmint would win the Derby, and that Keystone II. would carry off the Oaks, nor was Flair then regarded with any respect. It is simply idiotic to indulge in laudatory rant of the summer two-year-olds. The form of these animals, and of all the others of the same age, cannot be properly estimated until after the race for the Dewhurst Plate, and it seems to me that it would be full time to discourse on the subject three months hence. When Traquair has met Slieve Gallion and My Pet II. we shall discover whether he is the best two-year-old of the season, as has been so prematurely asserted.

There is no reason why My Pet II. should not be the best two-year-old of the summer. This colt has won all his races with consummate ease, but it is said that at home he is inferior to his stable companion, Sagamore. My Pet II. is a French-bred colt, being by Perth out of My Mary, and he was purchased at Deauville last August for Mr. Raphael. Perth was a really good horse, and a rare stayer. He broke down when the Ascot Cup was considered to be a certainty for him. There was a Perth running in England during the early part of the season of 1870. This colt was one of the highest-tried two-year-olds ever owned by Mr. James Merry, but, after winning one or two races, he broke down, and there was an end of him. If the Turf career of this Perth had been prolonged, it is quite on the cards that he would have won the Derby of 1871, instead of Favonius, and the St. Leger instead of Hannah. My Pet II. runs at Goodwood on Friday for the Molecomb Stakes, which race he ought to win (if he can beat the dark colt St. Martin), and his next engagement is the Gimcrack Stakes at York, but he will, no doubt, be kept for the Champagne Stakes, and in the Doncaster race he can meet Slieve Gallion and Traquair at even weights. This colt's autumn engagements are the Hopeful Stakes, the Middle Park

Plate, and the Dewhurst Plate; while next year he is entered for the Two Thousand and the Grand Prix, but he is not engaged in the Derby. If Sagamore (who is a most racing-like colt, but evidently very lazy) is really better than My Pet II., he is probably the best two-year-old in training. Sagamore, who is by Sainfoin (winner of the Derby) out of La Sagesse (winner of the Oaks), was purchased by Mr. Raphael for 1,650 gs. at the sale of Sir James Miller's racehorses. Unluckily, this colt has now no engagements, but if his breeder were still alive he would be regarded by many good judges as the most likely two-year-old that has been out to win the Derby next season. Sagamore ought to have won the Fernhill Stakes at Ascot, but he made amends for his defeat there by his hollow victory in the Princess Plate at the Newmarket First July Meeting. Among the beaten lot in that race was Roquette, half-sister, by Chaleureux, to Rock Sand, who was purchased for 2,500 gs. by M. E. Blanc at the same sale, and she was said to have been well galloped, but her former stable companion made a sad example of her.

Ayrshire now heads the list of winning sires with a total of about £12,300, towards which sum Traquair has contributed over £8,100. Dinna Forget has been brought into second place (for the time being) by Dinneford's victory in the Princess of Wales's Stakes, which brought in £10,000. Carbine comes third, thanks to Spearmint and Gingal. Persimmon, who is fourth, would have stood higher if Keystone II. had fulfilled her valuable engagement at Liverpool, as Lord Derby's mare would certainly have beaten Gingal. Gallinule, who comes next, has been best served by Pretty Polly and Slieve Gallion. Ladas is the last sire with £10,000 to his credit, and Gorgos and Troutbeck have been his best representatives. Gorgos may be able to win the Goodwood Cup with such a poor lot of opponents, and even if Troutbeck cannot beat Keystone II. at Doncaster, yet the Duke of Westminster's colt ought to win some good races before the season closes, as he is probably the most improved three-year-old in training. It is unfortunate that Troutbeck should have been struck out of the Jockey Club Stakes when the minor forfeit was declared. The race for the Great Yorkshire Stakes on August 5 would be most interesting and important if Spearmint and Troutbeck both started. The winner of the Derby would be giving 3 lb., and if Troutbeck won he would become first favourite for the St. Leger, a position now held by Keystone II. It must be remembered that, although Lord Derby's mare has won both her races of this season in a common canter, yet she has beaten nothing of any merit whatever, either at Epsom or at Ascot, and we have yet to learn that she can stay the Doncaster course.

Vedas, the winner of last year's Two Thousand, has performed miserably ever since he carried off that race. This horse has greatly degenerated, but he won a paltry handicap of £100 at Aintree last Wednesday from two opponents of deplorable class. Vedas is leased by Lord Derby from Lady Meux, but it now requires very clever placing to get even a small race out of him. Llangibby is the great Newmarket tip for the Goodwood Cup, and he ought to beat Gorgos on public form, but Mr. James's colt is probably the better stayer of the pair.

Rock Sand has arrived at New York after a good passage, and he was accompanied across the Atlantic by Topiary, who was lately sold to Mr. Belmont by Lord Hamilton of Dalzell for £2,000. She is in foal to Melton. Topiary, who is by Orme out of Plaisanterie, was bred at Sledmere in 1901 by Sir Tatton Sykes, and she cost 3,000 guineas as a yearling. She was heavily engaged, but she proved a dreadful failure on the Turf, and never won a race.

M. E. Blanc is said to own a very highly-tried two-year-old in Quadi Halfi, by Persimmon out of Yesterling. This colt was bred by Lord Clonmell, and he is entered for the £2,500 stakes at Gatwick on October 17th. Next year Quadi Halfi is engaged in the Derby, but he was withdrawn from both the Jockey Club Stakes and the Eclipse Stakes when the minor forfeit was declared. There was a good deal of talk two or three months ago about the great promise of M. Blanc's colt Vichy, by Cyllene out of Vicuna; but he was not sent over to run for the Coventry Stakes at Ascot. Vichy is engaged in the Middle Park Plate, and next year he is entered for the Two Thousand.

There were miserable fields at Liverpool last week for most of the events, and it is perfectly idiotic to allow this meeting to be dragged over three days. On Thursday, seven races brought out only thirty-two horses. When there are a very bad lot of three-year-olds running, a heavily engaged animal, however poor may be its form, is tolerably sure to pick up a race if its owner waits patiently and places the beast judiciously. Gingal's turn came at Liverpool, where an abject lot of wretches came out for the St. George's Stakes of £2,000, Haytor being favourite. The winner cannot stay, and Prince William, who finished second, is also deficient in stamina. Dumbarton Castle carried off the Molyneux Plate, the principal T.Y.C. handicap at the meeting, and it was certainly his turn to win. The horse has been repeatedly backed for handicaps, but he had not won on the flat since he carried off the Durham County Produce Plate at Stockton three years ago. Last year Dumbarton Castle won a hurdle race at Sandown Park. He won easily last week from Roseate Dawn, as well he might, for the second had 23 lb. the worst of the weights! Saxham compensated for previous disappointments by winning the Mersey Stakes in a canter from Angouleme, who was well backed by "the sharps." The best two-year-old which ran at Aintree was Lord Wolverton's colt by Florizel II. out of Marsh Marigold, who cantered away with the Great Lancashire Breeders' Produce Stakes, although he had considerably the worst of the weights. This colt was, of course, favourite, after his excellent performance in the Fulbourne Stakes at the Newmarket First July Meeting. He must have been highly thought of as a yearling, for he was entered for upwards of forty races. His next engagement is the Prince of Wales's Post Sweepstakes to-morrow, and we shall see how he gets on with Traquair. There were only three starters for the Atlantic Stakes of £1,000 on Friday, out of an entry of fifty. Black Arrow, with 3 to 1 betted on him, refused to start, and Vedas followed his example, so Albert Hall (price 6 to 1 offered) had practically a walk over. This was a direful event for plungers.

Chaucer just won the cup from Velocity, a result which was received with the greatest enthusiasm. It was a lucky victory. The Princess of Wales's Stakes form came out badly, for Dinneford was beaten a long way for third place. Maher rode a great race on the winner. It was a very fine exhibition of horsemanship. Every starter was more or less backed, and Wild Lad, who was favourite at the finish, performed wretchedly.

The only event of any interest at Newbury on Friday was the Summer Cup, for which Ramrod started favourite, and he won in a trot from King Duncan, who was also heavily backed. At Gatwick on June 27, odds of 5 to 1 were betted on Ramrod for the Diamond Welter Plate, but King Duncan gave him a stone and won by three-quarters of a length. On Friday King Duncan was giving only 5 lbs., but Ramrod simply "lost" him. Lord Dalmeny's horse must surely have been amiss at Gatwick, for on no other theory can such contradictory running be explained away.

Entries close next Tuesday for a number of important events, including the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire, the Great Yorkshire Handicap at Doncaster, and the Portland Plate, and Prince of Wales's Nursery of £1,000 at the same meeting. There are also the Great Eastern and October Handicaps at Newmarket, and several nurseries to be run at the October Meeting.

There is a really frightful plethora of racing next week, meetings having been licensed at Birmingham, Hurst Park, Ripon, Paisley, and Haydock Park, in addition to the old-established fixtures at Brighton and

Lewes, which in calmer times divided the week between them. The most valuable race of the week will be the Lewes Stakes of £3,000 on Friday, and the original entry fills between seven and eight pages of the Book Calendar. Forty-nine three-year-olds are left in for this race, including Scylla, who has a breeding allowance of 12 lbs. Last year Mr. Neumann won this race with Llangibby, who was then allowed 9 lbs. This race has not lasted long, for it will be run next week for the second and last time.

HARVARD AND CAMBRIDGE BOATRACE.

An engagement has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Harvard University and Cambridge University. I prefer to adopt the newspaper society formula relating to marriage in order to announce an event of which, as I was under the strictest pledge of secrecy, I could say nothing a week ago. Briefly, Cambridge and Harvard will row over the Putney to Mortlake course on September 8. In order that there may be no screeching and no growling, I should like to explain how the matter came about. To the men of Cambridge and of Oxford there are in the United States two Universities, those of Harvard and of Yale. There are others, but theirs is another story. Harvard is even more exclusive. For her there is one University in England, and that is Cambridge. To her Oxford is as nothing. Her pious founder was an Emmanuel man, and the first visit that any Harvard man pays at Cambridge is not to the great court of Trinity or the chapel of King's, but to the stuccoed-front of Emmanuel. Thus does he teach modesty, and the lesson that things are not always what they seem. Well, this year Harvard beat Yale in their own particular boatrace on June 28. Incidentally, a crew from Cornell beat them in a race in which they have to join, as they are a republican University, but that was only over a two-mile course. Then one of F. C. Burnand's happy thoughts struck someone in Harvard: Why not get Cambridge to invite us over to a friendly match from Putney to Mortlake? No sooner said than done. The emissary was already in England. In his pre-matrimonial days, Mr. R. C. Lehmann, M.P., had coached Harvard. So to him little more than a fortnight ago greetings were sent by wire, and a letter followed. Harvard just wanted a friendly match, and no struggle for international supremacy or any nonsense of that sort. Naturally, in such a match each would prefer to have been the winners of its own boatrace. Bred as they were, so far as their University blood goes, of Cambridge stock, they wished to meet the Light Blues. It might be years before their victories coincided, and their crew could come over, and, further, Mr. Higginson, an old Harvard man, had taken a place at Bourne End, and that was where Cambridge trained. Get a crew together even if it is only a scratch crew, the missive ran. The young man who sent out that challenge is a diplomat. He should one day represent his country at the Court of St. James's. It was obvious there could not be a formal challenge or acceptance. In vacation the Colleges could not be summoned for a meeting. Therefore Goldsmith, the president of the C.U.B.C., foregathered at the House of Commons, with Messrs. F. I. Pitman, C. Gurdon, Claud Goldie, and others who had rowed in their time. It was resolved to accept or to issue the invitation that Harvard should come. There was some doubt as to the precise form the document should take. The clerks of the House of Commons could provide no precedent, and the Lords had risen. However, the emissary who had had the privilege of providing the dinner dispatched a satisfactory wire. The conspirators kept their secret well. It was not until the Harvard craft was shipped that the news leaked out from America. I pointed out to one or more of the Cambridge representatives that I might just as well inform an interested public, a week ago, of the result of the negotiations. America was bound to know when the eight was dispatched. Some explanation would have to be given, or the halfpenny press would not hesitate to announce that an American eight was about to practise mine-sowing in the Solent, the object of the Press being to inflame popular feeling over the Navy Estimates. The news did come from America, and the baronial press of England remained calm but dejected. It is very fortunate that all but one of the Cambridge crew, and that is the younger Powell, who is abroad, will be able to row. His place will be taken by Baynes, who rowed for First Trinity in the winning Ladies' crew at Henley. Baynes will take Johnstone's place at five, and the Third Trinity man will be seven. The crew will be stroked on the bow side. They will train at Bourne End, where the eggs grow, and they will row from Fieldhead, the emissaries' boat-house, for two and a half weeks, and then spend the rest of the time at Putney. Muttlebury will coach them for most of the time, but Escomble will take them for a week or ten days in the middle of their work. The names of the crew are: Cochrane (Third), bow; Benham (Jesus), 2; Goldsmith (Jesus), 3; Donaldson (First Trinity), 4; Baynes (First Trinity), 5; R. V. Powell (Third Trinity), 6; B. C. Johnstone (Third Trinity), 7; and Stuart (Trinity Hall), stroke; Scott (cox.).

The Harvard's crew's names are Jappin bow, S. Fish 2, Morgan 3, Glass 4, Richardson 5, Robert Bacon, Junr. 6, D. A. Newhall 7, O. D. Filley stroke, Blagden cox. Their average weight is 12st. 7lb., and they have a 7st. cox. They, too, will train at first at Bourne End. They will probably be in the hands of Wrey, the Australian professional sculler, who has been coaching them at home. Neither Mr. Storrow nor Mr. Perkin, old Harvard men who have coached the crews, can spare the time to come. It would be imprudent on the part of the Harvard men to change their methods out of a kindly regard for our insular susceptibilities. This is a friendly match, conceived, as it will be consummated, in the most sportsmanlike spirit. The Cambridge men knew how the crew would be coached, and I have not the least fear of there being any friction whatever. There will certainly be no secret trials or anything of that sort. The crews will almost train together, and I should not be surprised if both crews used the Leander boat-house at Putney. On the date fixed for the race the tide serves in the afternoon, and I can promise our visitors a record crowd to see this friendly match over the Putney to Mortlake course. In one of the sporting papers it was stated that it had yet to be decided whether the the race should be on the Cam or the Thames. There was never any thought of the Cam. Obviously there is no room for a race there. When will the world recognise that Cambridge men row in spite of the Cam being called a river, and not because it is a river?

After the excitement that prevailed last week, no one can pretend that cricket is in need of public support. All the week through Yorkshire and Surrey held the attention of cricketers. Both looked as though they would be beaten in the matches that they played during the first half of the week. Sussex seemed to be all over Yorkshire. Killick had scored a brilliant century, and the Northerners had done very badly in their first innings. But there was the usual Yorkshire recovery, and Hirst bowled so well that it looked as though the match would have been won, instead of being drawn, if full time had been played. Surrey looked like being beaten by Worcestershire, but Hobbs and Gordon each played brilliantly, and the result was an easy win. Then came the match that was to decide the County Championship. It was played at the Oval for Lees's benefit. The weather was splendid, and so was the cricket. Lees had all the luck. The thunderstorm kindly missed the Oval. Yorkshire played finely after a disastrous start. Tunnicliffe scored two good innings, and in the second innings he was well backed

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up by Rhodes. Hirst played a characteristically plucky innings, and Lord Hawke kept in for an hour for eight runs. But the bowling of Knox was too good or too fierce for the Northerners. The Surrey tail had a merry time. Lees batted excellently. May, after pawing with the first few balls, hit furiously, and Lord Dalmeny and Crawford made many runs. Of course, Hayward was perfection. Surrey scored a win by nine wickets, Lees secured pretty nearly a record benefit, and Yorkshire badly needed a fast bowler. Meanwhile, at Leyton, Essex were beaten by the narrow margin of thirteen runs. Harry, who did not bowl a single over for Lancashire in the first innings, took seven wickets for fifty-eight runs. Hants scored a splendid victory over Northants, owing to a finely played century by Johnston.

MOTORS AND MOTORING.

THE SPEED-LIMIT QUESTION.

MOTORISTS express themselves in general as well satisfied with the Royal Commission's report, and not without cause. Its conclusions are, on the whole, far more friendly and sympathetic than most had dared to hope for. Whether its recommendations will be adopted when Parliament comes to legislate on the subject is, of course, another matter, and I cannot help thinking that there is a rather rude awakening in store when the time arrives for those who have somewhat precipitately taken this for granted. As to the proposed abolition of the speed limit, for one thing, there will certainly be strenuous opposition offered. It is all very well to point out that speed should not be in itself an offence, that whether the speed is dangerous or injurious to the public is what should really govern the matter, that it may be safe to go at forty miles an hour along an empty country road, and criminal to proceed at a quarter of that speed under other circumstances, and so on. Unfortunately there are many who utterly decline to accept this line of reasoning. It is, indeed, not quite true to suggest that it makes no difference in the open country whether a car is driven at twenty or forty miles an hour, and in view of the enormous power of so many of the more expensive cars on the road to-day, it is certain that not forty or fifty or even sixty miles an hour would be the limit in many cases.

At present such speeds—which, in point of fact, are totally unsuited to our picturesque but twisty and dangerous English roads, though in many parts of France they may be maintained with little danger—can only be attempted, even by the most reckless and inconsiderate, under very special circumstances. If the speed limit were abolished, it would be open to all possessed of the requisite power to attempt them at any time where there happened to be a clear road. Hence the argument, which cannot be ignored, that much greater discomfort to the general public, and also to the more careful and moderate motorists, would result. Certainly it is very necessary to insist that the withdrawal of the speed limit should not be regarded as an invitation to higher speeds than already obtain. Otherwise the consequences may be serious, and in the end disastrous, to motorists themselves. The public undoubtedly suffers grievously in many ways, unfortunately inevitable, from the motoring movement at present, and a general acceleration of the existing speeds on the strength of the abolition of the present arbitrary limit might conceivably have a very undesirable effect. Hence, while the abolition of a hard and fast limit, which experience has shown to be capable of such abuse at the hands of prejudiced police and magistrates, is desirable, it will be incumbent more than ever on motorists, in the event of the suggestion being adopted, to use the greater powers conferred on them with circumspection and consideration.

As to the suggested twelve miles speed limit "in towns and villages and at dangerous corners, steep hills, and similar places where caution is required," this recommendation, though perfectly sound in itself, might conceivably be perverted so as almost to cancel the effect of the abolition of the general limit. For there are really very few roads in England without "dangerous corners . . . and similar places where caution is required" every half a mile or so. If, therefore, local authorities of the anti-motoring persuasion propose to schedule all of these as twelve-mile-an-hour stretches, they will be kept busy for some time, while motorists, in their turn, may, in the end, find their last state worse than their first, and wish that the Royal Commission had left things alone. As regards the towns and villages, the application of a twelve-mile limit would be accepted without demur by all right-minded automobilists, though I was under the impression that the local authorities already had powers under the existing Acts to make such regulations. But a universal and compulsory rule on the subject would do no harm in checking the instincts of the Hooligan section of the fraternity.

But this question of speed is only one of many important matters dealt with in the report. Closely connected with it, however, is the suggestion that owners should be held responsible for offences committed by their paid drivers—when they are on the car at the time, of course. There is a good deal to be said for this, though whether it would commend itself to Mr. Balfour and other eminent motorists who have frequently escaped the penalty attaching to breach of the law by shunting the responsibility therefor on to their chauffeurs is, perhaps, rather doubtful. Obviously, however, the wealthy owner who sits by the side of his servant and allows, if he does not actually instruct, him to transgress should properly be regarded as an accessory before the fact, and be held equally accountable to the law in the event of anything happening. In the same connection the obligation of the motorist, whether driver or owner, to stop in the case of accident is properly insisted on, and the law might well be strengthened in this respect.

The suggestion that the fines extracted from motorists should go towards the upkeep and improvement of the roads the Commissioners do not favour; nor was it very likely that they would. The proposal is essentially that of the amateur law-maker, and quite out of keeping with the established practice in such matters. It might be pleasing to motorists to feel that if held up and fined the money extracted from them would, at any rate, go to the good cause of road improvement, but there is sound sense in the Commissioners' remark that there is "no justification for treating the motoring interest differently from other interests affected by fines that may be imposed upon them under various acts of the Legislature." In other words, automobilists have no more right to look for special benefit from penalties exacted from their fellows than the drunk and disorderly, say, to ask for the allocation of his little contribution to the betterment of his particular lot. On the other hand, the Commissioners agree that the revenue derived from the taxation of motor-cars might with advantage be devoted to the bettering of the roads—through the agency of a central department appointed for the purpose; and this suggestion is quite a good one, though a good deal more money than that so raised would be required to do any real good in this way.

The road question lies, of course, at the root of the whole motoring problem, and the Commissioners might well have gone further under this head by insisting more strongly on the need of one central authority responsible directly to Parliament in respect of all the main roads throughout the country. The existing condition of things is chaotic and unsatisfactory in the extreme. Thus, as Mr. Arthur Stanley, M.P., has

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pointed out, the control of such a thoroughfare as the Great North Road is under some sixty or seventy different authorities. Obviously it is hopeless to look for uniformity of practice and policy under such circumstances. As to the best method of road-making, no very decided opinion is expressed, though the Commissioners cordially agree that in more scientific road construction lies the only real remedy for the dust evil. Another might, perhaps, be the prohibition of the horse with his disintegrating hoofs and the ordinary iron-shod wheel of commerce; but the Commissioners are not bold enough to recommend this. They do, however, express the confident opinion that the best-made road is in the end the cheapest, and it may be hoped that local authorities throughout the country will lay the point to heart.

The proposed increased taxation of motor-cars has been generally anticipated, but will not be received with any more enthusiasm by motorists in general on this account. Nor is there, on the face of it, any very obvious reason why the motor-car, which, with its rubber tyres, does infinitely less damage to the roads than the ordinary horse-drawn vehicle, should be specially penalised in this way. At the same time, no very violent opposition will probably be offered to a proposal which will certainly be voted for with both hands by the general public, and motorists themselves will benefit indirectly if the further suggestion above referred to be adopted of devoting the increased amount so raised to the betterment of the roads. At the present time, it may be noted, motor-cars contribute to the revenue of the country about £100,000 per annum.

In regard to the burning question of the motor-bus, it has been assumed in some quarters that the recommended reduction of the speed of heavy vehicles on non-resilient tyres to five miles an hour is intended to apply to these, but this is, of course, quite a mistake, as the Commissioners speak specifically elsewhere of the present limit of twelve miles being retained. At the same time they recognise the acute character of the problem involved in this case, and recommend, by way of remedy, more stringent regulations as to unnecessary noise, vibration, and so on. Residents of Onslow-square, and a good many others, will, however, note with regret that in regard to the choice of routes they do not see their way to recommend increased powers being given to the police in this respect. But the motor-bus question will probably be dealt with more thoroughly in the report of the House of Commons Select Committee which has been investigating the matter.

With reference to the issue of licences, it will be noticed that the Commissioners have not seen fit to adopt the suggestion which has been urged so often, that the issue of these should be subject to a driving test, wherein I think they are quite right. Not the smallest necessity has ever been shown for altering the existing law on this point. As has been pointed out again and again, it is not the timid inexperienced drivers who cause accidents, but the reckless, highly-skilled ones, who would pass with ease any possible test which could be devised. "Let well alone" should be the attitude of motorists in this matter, and the Commissioners evidently take the same view. They do, however, recommend that in the case of endorsements the transgressor shall be allowed a clean licence again after two years if he has not offended again in the meantime, and this seems a fair suggestion. Discretion as to endorsement is also advised, so that magistrates may not be compelled to endorse for perhaps mere technical offences, and this also will commend itself to most reasonable folk. Generally, the Commissioners, who seem to have gone about their work with conspicuous openmindedness, are to be heartily congratulated on the wise and moderate character of their recommendations.

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MAMMON.

Stock Markets Improve—Public Nibbling—Russian Fears Relaxed—Money Prospects Easy—Market Prospects Good.

STOCK Exchange business during the past week has been on a scale less restricted than we have been accustomed to for some time past, and that is something to be thankful for, especially having regard to the fact that we are now in the middle of the summer, when people are away, or are about to go away, on their holidays, and are not troubling much about the search for anything but rest. The tendency, however, is towards higher values. The mysterious pressure to sell has been relaxed, and Russians, which were at the bottom of all the trouble, have experienced a good recovery. It is a considerable time since we enjoyed a business boom at midsummer, and I see no reason why we should have such a luxury now. At the same time, the outlook is promising all round, and stocks seem deserving of a purchase. The only disturbing element on the Continent—Russia, as usual—appears to be settling down, and anyway there need be no question about the maintenance of the interest on the foreign debt, which is the only question at stake, and Russia itself is rich enough if only its resources are developed, and in the right manner. There are very few markets of which it can be said that prices are higher than, or even as high, as is justified by the outlook, and the wise investor who can put his stocks away for a little time will find himself on velvet.

Money Still Easy—Outlook Satisfactory—American.

Little change of any significance is to be observed in the monetary situation generally, though as a result of fairly important displacements, coupled with the customary preparations for the end of the month, the easy conditions recently prevailing are less marked. As a matter of fact, the market has been compelled to go to the Bank for assistance to tide over this temporary shortage. But nevertheless, rates are comparatively easy, the average charge for day to day loans being only about 2½ per cent., while the more hopeful view of the Russian question and the probability of the Bank continuing to secure the gold arrivals is reflected in lower discount quotations, fine three months' paper being scarcely better than 3 3-16 per cent. The general impression is still favourable to a continuance of relatively easy money conditions. The American Exchange could be more promising, but it is not anticipated that this will become very serious, and if Paris continues to regard the Russian crisis with equanimity the Bank ought to be able to steadily strengthen its position preparatory to the autumn drain of gold abroad. The last return shows a reduction of £187,000 in the reserve to £25,687,000 consequent upon the efflux of cash to the country, while the ratio to liabilities was 1 per cent. lower at about 48.1 per cent.

Consols Improve — Less Nervousness — Russian Bogey Ignored—Russians Better—Yield of Foreign Stock.

The pessimism so long predominant in the gilt-edged market has given way to a cheerful feeling of confidence, and values have benefited accordingly all round. These need not excite wonderment, even though it came so unexpectedly. As I have been constantly emphasising, the depression has been largely overdone, and there was no genuine reason why values should have been knocked down to such a low level, save, perhaps, for the significance of the trend of Russian affairs, and even this has been magnified out of all proportion to its real importance, else why should not prices have

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slumped upon the receipt of the more recent news? Whether the present movement will prove sustained or not remains to be seen, but in any case it serves to controvert the view of the pessimists, and in my opinion it hardly seems probable that the recent abnormal low level of prices will again be touched. With money easy and likely to remain favourable, stocks from Consols downwards still appear interesting, and can be bought to bring in a relatively high yield. Russian stocks still remain the centre of interest in the Foreign market, though they show a fairly substantial recovery. This is more especially the case with the Old Fours, but even the Five per Cent. Scrip is no longer obtained at a discount of 12. The discount is now about 10, but even so it does not induce me to modify my opinion of the undesirability of Russian stocks as an investment. They are too highly charged with speculative uncertainty for my fancy. To those who desire a high return upon their money, there are other Foreign stocks which are more desirable. Here is a list showing the yields obtainable:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Argentine 4 p.c. Rescission	92½	£4 6 6
Brazilian 5 p c. Funding	104½	4 16 0
Chinese 4½ p c. Gold	100½	4 9 6
Do. 5 p c. Gold	104½	4 16 0
Chilian 4½ p.c.	94	4 16 0
Japan 4 p.c	88	4 11 0

Peruvian Corporation issues are gaining prominence once more, consequent upon rumours that negotiations with the Government have again been broken off. How much truth there is in these it is difficult to ascertain, but in any case I do not regard Peru. Preference as being worthy of attention. Even at the best it is a very risky gamble, while the price now is relatively high.

Sharp Recovery in Home Rails—A Strong South-Eastern Report—South-Western's Indifferent Showing—Some Trade Lines Results—The Leeds Great Central, "Potts," "Berwick," and Great Northern.

After the recent slump, caused by the exaggerated fears surrounding the Russian political position, the Home Railway Market towards the end of last week pulled itself together in quite unwonted fashion. The carry-over disclosed a shortage of stock in many instances, and with continuation rates as a rule not exceeding 5 per cent., speculators were encouraged to lay in a little stock, the more especially as the dividends and reports so far to hand have almost without exception been of a decidedly satisfactory character. A very good effect was produced upon South-Eastern and Chatham stock by the results for the half-year. The Managing Committee's report showed an increase in gross receipts of £37,000 or £13,000 more than the estimated figures, while the growth in expenses was less than £4,000. An analysis of the expenses shows the actual position to be more satisfactory than appears from this summary. About £11,000 additional was spent on maintenance of way, and £3,200 extra on carriage and wagon repairs, while upon ordinary expenses, as distinct from "betterments," there were fair savings all round. It is interesting to note that the expenses in connection with Charing Cross roof, amounting to £35,200, at the close of the half-year, are not included in the accounts, but are to be paid out of the reserves of the two Companies. The sum of £20,000 paid to Mr. Cyril Maude in settlement of claims in connection with the Avenue Theatre is to be treated in the same way. The increased revenue permits of a dividend of 1 per cent. per annum on South-Eastern Ordinary, as against ½ per cent., and an additional 3s. 6d. for the half-year on Chatham First Preference, the dividend on the latter stock for the Company's financial year thus being £3 13s. 6d. per cent. The report of the South-Western Company hardly bears out the hopes inspired by the dividend. It may be remembered that the Company, while only managing to maintain its dividend at the rate of 4 per cent. upon the Ordinary stock, announced that £20,000 had been placed to reserve fund, presumably in connection with the Salisbury disaster. It now turns out that this addition to reserve has been provided at the expense of waiving the usual appropriation, representing a corresponding sum, for steamboat renewals. While the Company earned £31,000 in gross receipts, it spent £30,200 more, and the addition of £5,300 to the surplus available for dividend was nearly all due to smaller interest charges. Another feature of the report that will hardly be relished by the proprietors is the proposal to obtain sanction for the issue of £1,500,000 stock with the usual borrowing powers, over and above the extra stock needed to provide for the purchase of the Waterloo and City and Axminster and Lyme Regis Railways. A good deal of the money will probably be wanted shortly, for the Company has at present a debit balance to capital account of £671,000. Turning to the trade lines, one of the most substantial advances in dividend was that of the Lancashire and Yorkshire, which is paying at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, against 3¼ per cent., with about the same balance forward. The Company's gross increase as estimated was £107,000, and the extra ¾ per cent. requires about £70,000. There was a little disappointment in the market over the Great Central dividend, but the result is actually a very good one. The Company is now paying in full on the 1881 Preference, and at the rate of 2 per cent. upon the 1889 stock, with about £8,000 forward. A year ago only 3 per cent. was paid upon the 1881 Preference, and the extra sum now distributed amounts to nearly £30,000. If the profits for the current half-year are only maintained this means that the full 4 per cent. will be paid on the 1889 Preference for the year 1906, and about 1 per cent. on the 1891, but of course indications point to a substantial advance in net receipts during the current six months. The North Staffordshire report reveals, as expected, a comfortable state of affairs. The Board is paying at the rate of 4 per cent., as against 3¾ per cent., while it is carrying forward £10,300 as against £5,300, the extra amount being equal to another ¼ per cent. Out of a gross increase of £20,500, the sum of £12,000 was returned as extra net revenue, of which £3,500 went to meet increased capital requirements. The Company maintains its character for modesty in the matter of capital expenditure. Only £9,600 was spent last half-year, and the estimated outlay for the current period is about the same. At the current price, North Staffordshire Ordinary, allowing for accrued dividend yields £4 5s. per cent., a return which looked at in conjunction with the bright prospects for the current half-year makes the stock a desirable purchase. The North-Eastern dividend was perhaps not quite up to the expectations of the market. The Board is distributing at the rate of 5¼ per cent. per annum, as against 4¾ per cent., and carrying forward £62,000, as against £41,000. The general hope had been that the Company would pay ¾ per cent. more. Before criticising the dividend, however, I should like to inspect the accounts—which have not come to hand at the moment of writing. If the Board, in pursuance of its past policy, has been spending freely upon maintenance and renewals out of returns there will be no reason to grumble. Besides, it should be noted that the increase in the balance forward alone represents another ⅛ per cent. In the case of the Great Northern, the dividend is the same as a year ago, namely, at the rate of 3 per cent. on the old Ordinary, giving the full dividends on the "B" and Preferred stocks, and nothing on the "A" and Deferred. The carry-forward, however, has been increased by £16,000 to £51,400, and the addition alone is equal to about ½ per cent. (actual) on the Deferred. In respect of the year 1905, York Deferred got 1½ per cent., and, therefore if no improvement in receipts occurs during the current half-year the stock should receive 2 per cent. On such a basis the yield at the present price would be £4 7s. per cent., a return which for a security standing at more than 50 per cent. discount makes the stock a quite desirable purchase,

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without saying anything about prospects of bigger earnings. My table is appended:—

Home Rails.	A Year Ago.	Make up, July 25.	Closing Price, July 21.	Closing Price, July 28.	Movement.
Caledonian Pref.	78½	77½	77½	77½	—
Do. Def.	33¾	33¾	33¾	34¾	+ ¾
City and S. London	39	43	42	45	+3
Central London	91	88	87	87	—
Great Central '94 Pref.	65	—	78	78	—
Do. "B"	30	35½	37	36½	- ½
Do. "A"	16½	16½	16¾	16⅝	- ¼
Great Eastern	83½	82	82	82xd	—
Great Northern Pref.	100½	102	102½	102½	—
Do. Def.	34	45½	45½	45¾	+ ¼
Great Western	137½	131	132	131¾	- ¼
Hull and Barnsley	45½	45½	45¼	46	+ ¼
Lancashire and Yorkshire	106½	104½	104½	105	+ ½
London and Brighton "A"	118	115¾	116	116½	+ ¼
London, Chatham, and Dover	15⅜	14¼	14¼	14½	+ ¼
Do. 4½ p.c. Pref.	97	92	92	93	+1
Do. 2nd Pref.	57	57	57	57	—
London and North-Western	147¾	153	159	159½	+ ½
London and South-Western Def.	54½	47½	47¾	47¾	—
Metropolitan Consolidated	91	63	63½	67½xd	—
Metropolitan District	36½	23	23½	25	+1½
Midland Pref.	69	66¾	67	67½	+ ½
Do. Def.	63	67½	68	69	+1
North British 3 p.c. Pref.	79	76	76½	76½	+ ½
Do. Def.	43⅜	43	43⅜	43⅝	+ ¼
North-Eastern Consolidated	135½	141	141½	141¾	+ ½
South-Eastern "A"	52½	48½	48½	50½	+2

STRONG REVIVAL IN AMERICANS—THE OUTLOOK DISCUSSED—ENCOURAGING BUSINESS AND CROP CONDITIONS—THE MONETARY BUGBEAR—CAUTION STILL URGED—A WORD FOR STEEL ISSUES.

During the past week a complete change has come over the aspect of affairs in the American market. In place of the former neglect and sagging prices there has been quite a strong "Bull" movement. Helped largely by an over-sold "Bear" position, Wall-street, which has just been reinforced by the return of such leaders as Messrs. Morgan, Hill, Harriman, and William Rockefeller, has given a whip-up to values more determined than for many weeks past. The daily turnover of sales on the New York Stock Exchange has been several times near the million mark, and once exceeded it, whilst many of the rumours of forthcoming dividends and combinations that invariably turn up with a rising market have been in active circulation. As far as London is concerned, there has been practically no awakening of general public interest—a remark which probably applies also to the United States—but the professionals have been inclined to take a larger share in the game. The rise in values has been substantial and well distributed, extending to a number of leading iron and steel and other industrial securities that are little known here, and it is significant that extensive profit-taking indulged in at times has had only the most temporary effect in checking the advance. In considering the general position with a view to gauging the likelihood of a continuance of the "Bull" movement, it must be admitted that in most respects the outlook is decidedly promising. The high prices for staples, such as iron, steel, and copper, afford evidence of continued activity in the leading branches of industry, and, according to experts, the stability of the markets for these products is assured over the winter. In general trading circles, too, there is no indication of a falling-off in business. The crop outlook, which at this season affords an invaluable guide to the economic prospects of the States, also makes most encouraging reading. The last Government report indicated a wheat crop of over 722,000,000 bushels, or nearly 10,000,000 bushels greater than the prospects of a year ago. The corn estimate is 2,700,000,000 bushels, which is almost a record crop, and 50,000,000 bushels above last year's indications. Cotton, too, despite the damaging predictions made in certain quarters, bids fair to be a good average crop, if not a bumper. When we turn from commerical agricultural conditions to the state of the Money Market we are on less sure ground. It is an inevitable penalty of a long period of prosperity that there should be a wholesale demand for capital to finance extensions of manufacturers' plant, and to establish new enterprises of all kinds. This year the capital revival in the States has been on a prodigious scale. I mentioned earlier in the year that the programme of railroad building alone involved the creation during 1906 of bonds and stocks amounting to upwards of $1,000,000,000, and already during the first six months of the current year the new capital issues have aggregated more than those raised during the whole of 1905. Such output has necessarily involved the tying up of a large proportion of surplus funds that would otherwise be available for the purchase of older stocks, and has in many instances doubtless been the cause of selling of the latter. Some idea of the pressure put upon the Money Market as a result of this wave of borrowing may be gathered from the report of the Comptroller of the Currency for July 18, which showed the loans and discounts of the national banks to be $4,206,000,000, compared with $3,899,000,000 in May, 1905. There has thus been an increase of over $300,000,000 in thirteen months. A good deal of attention was drawn a short time ago to the success of the Pennsylvania in being able to place a $50,000,000 loan with Paris houses, the incident being hailed as the opening up of a new channel for United States borrowers. So far, however, I have not heard that any further loans of the kind have been arranged in France, and the matter is already causing disappointment in New York circles. Of course, there is nothing to be said against the security of bonds offered by such Corporations as the Pennsylvania, but the fact is that Parisian financiers are fairly well employed already over impending Government and municipal loans. With the bond market in New York already congested, and with the heavy currency demands that lie ahead in connection with the moving of the crops, the monetary position will need to be still very closely watched by speculators in Americans, and because of the uncertainty regarding this all-important factor, I do not see my way to alter the very cautious attitude that I have for some time adopted towards this market. If there are any cheap stocks in the market, it seems to me that those of the United States Steel Corporation best deserve the title. If my readers know a better 5 per cent. investment than the Second Mortgage bonds of this Corporation, I should like to have it pointed out. There are $162,000,000 of these bonds, which means that they do not suffer from narrowness of market. Behind them is $360,000,000 of Preferred stock, earning 7 per cent., and $509,000,000 of Common stock, at present receiving nothing, but earning at least 4 per cent. The yield on the Preferred at present price is about 6¾ per cent., and here again I do not know where equal security could be got upon a stock returning such a rate. The Common, of course, must be left to the speculator pure and simple. Perhaps the talk of an immediate dividend is premature, and stock-holders may have to wait at least until after the close of the year. The earnings should prove a powerful lever in raising the price, but personally I would plump for the two fixed interest stocks. Here is my table:—

—	1905. Highest.	1905. Lowest.	Closing Price, July 14, 1906.	Closing Price, July 21, 1906.	Closing Price. July 28, 1906.
Atchison	96	80½	89½	91½	94¾
Do. Five per Cent Pref.	109	102	103	103	103½
Baltimore and Ohio Com.	120½	104⅛	119½	121½	122½
Chesapeake and Ohio	61½	46¾	56½	57⅝	59½
Denver	40⅛	27¾	39⅜	42	44¾
Do. Pref.	93¾	85½	87	87½	88
Erie	54½	38⅞	40⅝	42	44
Do. First Pref.	87½	77¾	80	79½	81
Louisville	161½	140½	144½	148	147½xd
Milwaukee	193¼	173¾	179	183	186½
Mo., Kan., and Texas	39¾	24⅜	32¾	33¾	34⅝
Norfolk Pref.	96½	94	94	94	94
Do. Common	90¾	77¾	88½	90½	91¾
New York Central	160⅜	140½	133½xd	137	140½
Ontario	65½	41¾	47⅜	49½	48¾xd
Pennsylvania	76⅝	67½	64½	65⅜	67⅝
Reading	73⅜	40⅞	60½xd	63¾	66½
Do. First Pref.	49⅜	46	47½	47½	47½
Southern Common	39⅜	28⅜	34⅜	35½	37¾
Do. Pref.	104½	97½	102½	102	102
Southern Pacific	74	59⅝	67½	72½	74½
Union Pacific	155¾	116⅞	140½	151½	155¼
Do. Pref.	102⅜	98½	97½	97⅜	97½
Wabash Pref.	49¾	37¾	46	46½	48½
Do. "B" Debentures	86⅞	60½	83	81	83
U.S. Steel Corp. Com.	44½	26	34½	36½	40½
Do. Do. Pref.	110⅛	93⅝	103⅜	105½	109¾

Canadian Pacifics' Position—Grand Trunk Junior Stocks—Argentines Improve—Mexicans—Brazilian Railways.

Canadian Pacifics are proceeding to justify my recommendation of them as an admirable speculative investment. Strong support has come from New York and from London and Montreal by way of New York, and the shares have enjoyed a substantial gain on the week, standing to-day (Monday) at 169⅞. The crop reports show excellent conditions, and the ingathering of the largest harvest in the history of the country is expected to commence this week. Meantime, the Canadian Pacific piles up big traffics. For the third week of July an increase of $291,000 is reported, this bringing the improvement for three weeks up to $909,000. Shareholders would like to see the dividend raised above 6 per cent., and they are not unreasonable in their desire. For it would be possible for the directors to distribute at least 2 per cent. more on the basis of the earnings, and they have little reason to fear that the future may bring calamity. I insist that "Canadas" are one of the most promising purchases to be obtained, and that before long they will stand considerably higher. Grand Trunks should also be bought, the prior stocks down to the Second Preference for investment, and the Third Preference and Ordinary for a good profit in the way of appreciation. The Company's outlook is of the best, and recently, under the influence of strong support from this side and from the Continent, the market has been strikingly firm when most others have been weak. The latest traffic shows the good increase of £19,400, and if the Company goes on at anything like the present rate, there should be no question concerning its ability to pay the full 4 per cent. on its Third Preference for the current year. In addition to what may be distributed, the purchaser will have the satisfaction of a rise in the price of the stock. My table shows the movements on the week in Colonial and Foreign Railways:—

—	A Year Ago.	Make-up, July 25.	Closing Price, July 28.
Canadian Pacific	157	165¼	168⅜
Grand Trunks	22½	28¼	28⅝
" 4 per cent. Guaranteed	101½	103¼	103½
" 1st Preference	110⅜	119½	120
" 2nd "	101½	109½	110
" 3rd "	50¾	68½	69⅜
Bengal and North-West	154	146½	147
Madras Railway 5 per cent.	127	122	124½
Argentine Great Western Ordinary	115½	116	117
Buenos Ayres and Pacific	130	124	127
" " 1st Preference	117½	117½	116xd
" " 2nd "	108	109½	109½
" Great Southern	142½	138	138½
" Western	133½	130	131
Entre Rios Railway Preference	102	86	88
Rosario Consolidated Ordinary	109	112½	113⅜
Cent. Uruguay Ordinary	85	82½	83
Costa Rica Railway	—	27½	27xd
Mashonaland Railway Debentures, 2nd iss.	—	89	90
Mexican Railway	24¼	24½	25½
" 1st Preference	115½	130½	130½
" 2nd "	46¼	53½	55
Nitrate Rails	—	14¼	14¼

It is satisfactory to note, also, a better tendency in Argentine Railway issues. These do not possess the speculative possibilities of a couple of years ago—they are now, in fact, well established on the investment basis, and I contend that they are very desirable, having regard to the progress and prospects of Argentina, and to the yield derivable, which ranges up to 5½ per cent. Brazilian Railways include some excellent investments, including Great Western of Brazil Ordinary shares, which bring in 4⅝ per cent., San Paulos giving 5⅞ per cent., and Rio Claras 5⅛ per cent.

South Africans Healthier—More Public Support—Magnates' Daring Move—Diamond Shares—"Bears" Running to Cover—The Constitution and the Labour Question.

It is satisfactory to notice an increase in the volume of business in the Kaffir market. It is doubted whether the public has participated to any great extent, but inquiries made by myself among some of the biggest brokers show that there has certainly been more than a little "nibbling" on the part of the outsiders, and it is not without significance that many professionals have abandoned the "bear" tactics to which they have for a long time been devoted, and have started to load themselves up with the shares. The buying has been induced to some extent by the expectation of a favourable report by the West Ridgway Commission, which most probably will solve the problem of alien labour in the Transvaal; and it is tolerably clear what the verdict of the country itself will be. The past week has developed few outstanding features, the rise being general. The speculator who is already a holder of South Africans will find this a favourable opportunity to average on the shares which he already possesses, and those who are not holders might consider the advisability of getting in now, as it looks as though bottom had been touched, and values were on the up grade again. At all events, I do not see how you can stand to lose if you are in a position to take up your shares and to hold them for a month or two. The two striking facts are, (1) that the solution of the labour question will be left to the Colony, and (2) that the mining industry is making astonishing progress. Below I give a selection of South African shares which are worth buying for a speculative investment.

Rhodesians Buoyant—Tanganyikas and Zambesias' Substantial Jump—Bankets Steadily Improving.

A pronounced change is observable in the Rhodesian market, the ingrained pessimism and neglect so long in evidence having given place to enthusiasm. As I have been constantly emphasising, values of the better class Rhodesians have been unduly depressed, and it only required the growth of a more confident sentiment to produce a recovery to a more normal level. This is what has happened. Tanganyikas and Zambesias are the principal centres of interest, and those who acted upon my advice regarding the attractiveness of these shares ought to see substantial profits. It is, of course, the railway influences that are at work. Heavy buying of Tanganyikas has been in progress to the accompaniment of a rumour that a large sum is being provided for the construction of a further portion of the Lobito Bay line, which will obviate any appeal for funds—for the present, at all events—to the Tanganyika shareholders. In addition the Beit bequest of £1,200,000 for the Cape-Cairo scheme is exerting an influence upon these shares as well as Zambesias. Whether the present movement will be sustained or not remains to be seen, but for my part I am inclined to regard both these shares as worthy of attention as speculative "lock-ups," especially upon any reaction. Bankets, to which I have been before alluded as a desirable speculation, are also advancing cheerfully. Even at the prevailing level I am still sanguine that Bankets would turn out a profitable speculation in the long run. My table follows:—

—	Capitals.		Denom. of Shares.	Amount Paid.	Highest 1905.	Closing Price. July 2 1906	Closing Price, July 28, 1906.
	Authorised.	Shares Issued.					
	£		£				
Bechuanaland Ex.	400,000	400,000	1	f.p.	1½	10/-	⅞
British S. Africa	6,000,000	4,999,038	1	f.p.	½	1½	1⅞
Chicago Gaika	250,000	201,000	1	f.p.	2⅝	¼	5/6
Globe & Phœnix	200,000	250,000	1	f.p.	1½	1½xd	1 5/16
Lomagunda Dev	250,000	228,000	1	f.p.	2⅛	⅜	1⅝
Mashon. Agency	400,000	398,976	1	f.p.	1⅝	7/6	15/16
N rth'rn Copper(B.S.A.)	250,000	160,500	1	f.p.	3½	1	1½
Rhodesia, Ltd. (New)	600,000	500,000	1	f.p.	1	½dis	¼
Rhodesia Expl.	225,000	227,777	1	f.p.	4½	1⅝	2
Rhodesia Glds.	1,000,000	500,677	1	f.p.	⅛	2/-	2/-
Rice Hamilton	175,000	50,000	1	f.p.	2½	⅛	⅜
Selukwe	350,000	321,000	1	f.p.	1⅛	2/-	2/6
Tanganyika Conc.	264 600	234,000	1	f.p.	6¾	3⅞	4⅛
United Rhodesia	750,000	660,900	1	f.p.	11/3	2/-	3/-
Willoughby Con.	1,000,000	930,000	1	f.p.	⅛	10/-	11/9
Zambesia Explor.	300,000	288,615	1	f.p.	2⅜	¼	1⅛

West Africans Stagnant—Broken Hills—Esperanzas—Indian Mines.

Stagnation is still the chief characteristic of the Jungle, and there is scarcely a semblance of interest in any quarter. Of course, general conditions continue unpropitious, and the all-pervading sluggishness is consequently not remarkable, but it is interesting to note

the confident whispers on the subject of the coming rehabilitation of the market in public esteem. For my part, however, I must confess to some doubt upon such change occurring within the near future. The Broken Hill group, too, remain somewhat neglected, the good Proprietary dividend making no impression. The South Company announces a dividend of 2s. 6d. per share, which is quite satisfactory, and another item to be noted is that milling on the North Junction property has been resumed after a long stoppage, consequent upon the fire. In this group there are certainly many promising shares worth picking up, prices being relatively moderate, while profits ought to be much larger owing to the better metal markets. I am not disposed to modify the opinion I expressed on the subject of the attractiveness of Esperanza shares. The prevailing price seems unduly low, especially in view of the increased profits and the dividend possibilities thereby opened up. Among Indians, I have recently discussed the position of the Champion Reef, and the reduction in the second interim distribution to 9d., as against 1s. 4d. last year, shows that I did not exaggerate the uncertainty. Nothing official, by the way, has yet been made known regarding the rumoured improvements. Here is my table:—

—	Denomination of Shares.	Closing Price, July 21.	Closing Price, July 28.
	£		
Ashanti Goldfields	4/-	8/6	8/3
Akrokerri	1	1	1 1/2
Bibiani Goldfields	1	3/16	3/16
British Gold Coast	1	1/2	1/2
Gold Coast Amalgamated Mines	1	1 1/8	1 1/8
Taquah and Abosso	1	1 1/16	1 1/8
Wassau (Gold Coast)	1	3/4	11/16
Egypt and Sudan Mining	1	1	1
Egyptian Mines and Exploration	1	1/9	3/6
Nile Valley	1	5/-	6/6
Sudan Goldfields	1	1/4 dis.	1/4 dis.
United African Exploration	1	1 1/8	1 1/8
Anaconda Copper	$25	12 5/8	12 15/16
Balaghat Gold	1	26/-	26/-xd
Broken Hill Proprietary	8/-	3 1/2	3 3/4
Cape Copper	2	5 3/4	5 13/16
Champion Reef	2/0	17/6	17/6
Le Roi	5	1 3/4	1 15/16
Mysore Gold	10/-	6 1/4	6 1/4
Nundydroog	10/-	27/-	26/-xd
Ooregum	10/-	13/-	13/6
Rio Tinto	5	65 3/8	65 1/2
Tharsis Sulphur and Copper	2	6 3/8	6 3/8
Waihi Gold	1	8 1/4	8 1/4

Westralians Quietly Good—Fingalls Still Depressed—Associated Report — The Shares Over-valued — Deep Leads.

There may not be an appearance of exceptional energy about the Westralian market, but nevertheless it is the centre of quite a fair degree of interest. And this is not surprising, having regard to the fact that many of the leading shares are cheap owing to the deduction of the interim dividends. This is most marked in the case of Fingalls, with which I dealt a week ago, and although the shares continue somewhat depressed, consequent upon the element of uncertainty in the outlook, I am not disposed to modify my opinion as to the speculative attractiveness of these shares. That they are highly speculative is beyond question, but it must be noted that there is a generous allowance for adverse contingencies in the prevailing price. The report of the Associated is deserving of attention. So far as the actual profits are concerned, there is no scope for enthusiasm, and, on the whole, my contention that the present price of the shares contains a most generous allowance for possibilities in connection with the Iron Duke lode — possibilities so far unrealised—is fully borne out. There is, however, no doubt that the new manager has accomplished something, and that the position is much improved. Working costs have been substantially reduced, and further economics will be effected, while the ore reserves have been practically doubled. The Deep Lead group remain unaffected by the impending developments at the Loddon Valleys and the Victorian. It is expected that the former will — accidents, of course, excepted — shortly reach the productive stage, and if the anticipations regarding the auriferous wash are realised, the shares will be influenced. As a cheap gamble they appear interesting. My table follows:—

—	1900. High.	1905. High.	1905. Lowest.	Make-up, July 24, 1906.	Closing Price, July 21, 1906.	Closing Price, July 28, 1906.
Associated G.M.	7 1/4	8 3/8	1 31/32	1 15/16	1 1/2	1 13/16
Assoc. Nth. Blocks	3 3/4	1 7/8	1 3/16	1 7/16	1 1/2	1 5/8
Brownhill Ext.	3 3/4	1/4	1/8	9/6	9/6	9/6
Cosmopolitan	30/3	1/2	1/2	5/-	5/-	5/-
Golden Horseshoe	15	8 7/16	6 7/8	6 1/4	6 3/8	6 1/4
Golden Link	3 1/4	4/6	0/3	2/9	2/9	2/9
Great Boulder Prop.	37/6	25/6	20/-	25/3	25/-	25/6
Do. Main Reef	2 3/4	3/3	1/-	2/4 1/2	2/6	2/-
Do. Perseverance	18 1/2	16/6	9/6	9/6	9/6	9/3
Gt. Fingall Cons.	6 1/4	8 3/8	6 1/2	3 11/16	3 15/16	3 1/4
Hainault	1 3/4	1 1/4	3/4	1 1/16	1 1/16	1 1/16
Ida H. Gold	—	14/3	3/-	6/-	6/-	5/9
Ivanhoe (£5)	15 1/2	8 1/8	7 1/16	7 1/8	7 1/4	7 1/4xd
Ivanhoe South Extnd.	4 1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
Kalgurli	9 1/2	9 1/2	6 1/2	9 1/2	9 1/2	9 15/16
Lake View Consols	5 1/2	1 7/8	31/32	1	31/32	1 1/32
L. & W. A. Exploration	1 1/2	15/6	7/-	1/-	10/-	10/-
North Kalgurli	1 1/2	6/-	0/6	1/-	1/-	1/-
Oroya Brownhill	—	3 3/32	2 1/16	2 3/32	2 3/4	2 1/8
Peak Hill	5 1/2	8/9	0/3	-/6	-/6	1/-
Sons of Gwalia	6 1/4	2 5/8	1 27/32	1 5/8	1 5/8	1 5/8xd
South Kalgurli	6 1/2	2	15/16	1 3/16	1 5/16	1 1/8
Westralia Mt. Morgans	—	1/8	1/8	3/6	3/-	3/-

Insurance Legislation

At the present time a Committee of the House of Lords is considering the status and the working of life assurance companies having their head offices outside the United Kingdom and transacting business in this country. This means that the investigation applies to companies from the Colonies and the United States. Sometimes a committee thinks it necessary to recommend legislation, and occasionally legislation follows such a recommendation. I am glad to see that the witnesses who have appeared before the Committee so far have been strongly opposed to any such step. The official heads of actuarial societies and life assurance associations, as well as the actuarial adviser to the Board of Trade, and the managers of some important insurance companies have been unanimous in their testimony against requiring Colonial and American life offices to deposit funds in this country to the amount of their liability to British policy-holders. They are all dead against any departure from the principles of the Life Assurance Companies Act, for either British, Colonial, or American companies. So long as the Committee listens to the evidence of insurance men of long experience and of proved capacity, they will have this evidence repeated time after time. Probably no Act of Parliament ever accomplished its purpose more admirably, on the whole, than the Life Assurance Act of 1870, and after thirty-six years no substantial modifications are required. It would be better for the legislature to leave life assurance altogether alone, rather than open the question for the purpose of remedying the small defects which changes in practice have created.

Several of the witnesses expressed the opinion that Colonial and American companies should be required to give particulars of the business done in the United Kingdom in a separate statement from that which concerns their business as a whole. Such information would be quite interesting and well worth having, and it is probable that a request from the Board of Trade would produce it in all cases, especially if the House of Lords Committee recommended that it should be given. A natural corollary of a separate return of this kind would be that British offices doing business in the colonies and on the Continent should state separately, both in their annual accounts and in their valuation returns, details of their business in the United Kingdom. None of the witnesses seem to have made this suggestion. Information of this kind, besides being of some value in judging the condition of individual companies, would enable the records of life assurance in the United Kingdom to be compiled with greater accuracy than at

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present. The Board of Trade publishes, every year, a summary of the balance sheets and revenue accounts, as well as an estimate of the insurances of different kinds which are in force. These summaries exclude the British business of Colonial and American offices, and include the Colonial and foreign business of British companies. If official statistics, about any subject, are to be published at all, it is obvious that they should be as accurate as possible.

The Life Assurance Companies Act requires information to be filed in accordance with certain schedules which, as a whole, are the best with which I am acquainted. The especially valuable part of them deals with the valuation returns of the companies; this is fairly closely copied by some of the colonies, but there is nothing corresponding to it in the blanks used by the Insurance Departments of the principal States of America. The American forms are better than the British for annual revenue accounts, balance sheets, new business, and assurance in force; but the British form, and the Colonial forms based upon it, are the only ones which call for any information of a fundamentally important character. Considering that such good forms exist, it is to be regretted that conformity with them is not insisted upon by the Board of Trade. This point was urged by several of the witnesses before the House of Lords Committee, and I hope, some day, to give specific examples of misleading or deficient returns which appear in the Board of Trade Blue Books.

If the recommendations of the House of Lords Committee reflect the evidence received, it is not likely that any legislation will be recommended, but in case anything of the kind is in contemplation, it is worth while describing the muddle that has been caused in New York by certain new laws which, in the picturesque phrase of an American contemporary, were "jammed through the legislature by the dragooning methods adopted by the Armstrong Committee." Each State in the Union has an Insurance Department and is provided with a beautiful arrangement of retaliatory laws, the object of which is to enable one State to retaliate on another if the first does something which the second doesn't like. Before an insurance company can do business in any State it has to obtain a licence, which is renewed annually, from each State in which it does business. A New York company is licensed by the Connecticut Insurance Department to do business in Connecticut, and a Connecticut company is licensed by the New York Insurance Department to do business in New York; then if New York is nasty to a Connecticut company, Connecticut retaliates by cancelling the licenses of the New York offices. Quite a pretty little State war seems looming ahead in consequence of laws which have recently been passed by the State of New York; for instance, the New York legislature has recently been foolish enough to decide that insurance companies may not sell non-participating life assurance: the companies of other States want to sell such policies, since they find that a great many sensible people prefer them to with-profit assurances. If the companies of other States sell non-profit policies in New York, or, so far as I can make out, anywhere else, they break the insurance laws of New York, and their licences must be cancelled. Again, the laws of Massachusetts insist upon a cash surrender value being given if the payment of premiums is discontinued, whereas the New York law requires a policy to be continued in force for the full amount for a limited period. The company that obeys the law in New York has its licence cancelled in Massachusetts, and the company that obeys the law in Massachusetts cannot do business in New York.

Inasmuch as all the elaborate legislation of past years has failed to prevent, in America, the worst abuses known to insurance history, it seems to me that as we have got along amazingly well without any legislative interference at all, it is highly probable that we shall continue to flourish best by leaving insurance legislation altogether alone, and I hope and think that the insurance committee of the House of Lords, or at any rate that the House of Commons, will take the same view.

New Issues.

The past week has seen the issue of the following prospectuses:—

City of Tokyo Five per Cent. Sterling Loan for £1,500,000.—The loan is repayable at par on August 1, 1936, the municipality retaining the right to redeem at any time after the next ten years, on six months' notice. The proceeds will be applied to the repayment of outstanding loans, amounting to £561,969, and the balance to harbour works, street improvements, and other public works.

J. J. Ford and Sons, Ltd.—This firm is making an issue of £64,000 Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £1 each. The Company has a total share capital of £100,000, and £20,000 of Debentures to carry on the old-established hotel now known as Brown's, in Dover-street, Albemarle-street, which has been in existence for nearly a century.

Wagon Finance Corporation.—Capital, £1,000,000, with power to issue Four per Cent. Debentures, which are not expected to exceed the uncalled and unpaid capital of the Company. Applications are invited for the whole of the share capital in £10 shares at par, and £200,000 of First Mortgage Four per Cent. Perpetual Debenture stock at the price of £94 per cent.

"Truth" Letter Box.

Correspondents will oblige by observing the following rules:—

Name and address, which must accompany all inquiries, should be written on the communication; cards are apt to be lost or misplaced, causing unnecessary trouble.

Anonymous letters will not in any case be attended to.

I cannot reply to inquiries by letter or telegram.

A nom-de-plume or initials (the former preferably) should be given if it is desired that the real name shall not appear in the paper.

Inquiries should be put as briefly as possible, plainly written, and numbered.

Communications received after Friday may not be replied to in the following issue. Delay may also occur where an exceptionally long list of securities is submitted.

I do not recommend brokers.

Government Securities.

Cobra.—It is very probable that Consols will have a good appearance before the end of the year, and if you add this to the direct yield, you will have a very high return upon your money. *P. H. R.*—Buy Chinese Fives and Japanese Fours, new series. One of the Argentine loans might be added.

Railways.

Comox.—The stocks named are quite safe. *Gum.*—Buy Canadian Pacifics. *Dubious, Norfolk.*—San Paulo Ordinary stock is quite desirable at the present price. It brings in just 6 per cent. *Leopold.*—Leopoldina Debenture and Ordinary stocks might be bought. The first gives over 4½ per cent., and the second 5⅜ per cent. *X. Y. Z.*—You had better buy North-Westerns and North-Easterns. *W. W., Hoylake.*—1. B.A. Great Southerns and B.A. Westerns are good, and B.A. Rosarios are likely to go higher. 2. The highest price touched by Cordoba and Rosario First Preference this year was 108⅜, and the highest last year 125½. *Medicus.*—On Great Eastern Four per Cent. Preference stock you will obtain 3½ per cent. Great Central Preference of 1874 brings in nearly 3⅞ per cent.

Mixed Securities.

F. H., Hartlepool.—1. Brighton Deferred Ordinary stock should give you a profit of at least 10 per cent. before the declaration of the dividend for the year, apart from the dividend on the stock for the twelve months. 2. Hold on to Bankets, Johnnies, and Angelos. 3. It would be advisable to buy Lyons and Eastmans. 4. The shares would not make a desirable purchase. *X. Y., Pall Mall.*—1. I should hold Northern Pacific shares. 2. Union Pacifics and Atchisons ought to be held so long as you can keep them, for a return of active conditions in the American market. 3. I should hold on to Anacondas. There are few better copper mines in the world. 4. You are wrong, so far as Truth is concerned, because a purchase of the shares has been advocated steadily for a long time past—since, in fact, the shares were less than half their present price. *Alpha.*—Spread the money over Consols, Irish Lands, North-Westerns, Midland Deferred, Johannesburg Fours, Canadian Pacifics, and Grand Trunk Seconds. *Bob.*—*Standard* Newspaper Preference shares are all right, and Korean Waterworks Debentures are likely to turn out well. The other I do not think well of.

Mines.

Saunders.—The future of the South African mining industry is assured, provided the requisite supply of labour be forthcoming. I agree with you that Mr. Rathbone's suggestion about encouraging the natives to settle near the mines is a good one. *T. H. B.*—At the time of writing Arizona Coppers are quoted at 7ls. 6d., ex dividend, and Mount Lyells at 42s. 6d. I regard the former as a good purchase, the shares to be put away until the new concentrator has got into full operation. *Senex.*—All three are gambles of a not very hopeful character. *B.*—Knight's Deep are a

very promising speculation in view of the Kaffir outlook. *Beta.*—Do not buy Fresno Coppers. You will find Dolcoaths and Tasmanian Coppers much more promising, the first for preference. *Ormeau.*—I see no reason to modify my view as to Rhodesian Bankets or Tanganyikas. *A. K., Manchester.*—I do not believe that you are right in your view. You can deal freely enough in London without such results as you speak of. *H. Mat.*—Both concerns are hopeless, I fear. *Perplexed, Alicante.*—You might sell Tati Blue Jacket Syndicate and Cassal Coal shares. *Copper.*—The explanation is that Arizona Coppers are expected to go to a much higher price as soon as the new concentrator is working to its full capacity. The reserves of ore are very large, while those of the Mount Lyell Company are restricted.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Alma.—You would be well advised to leave the concern alone. *Nemo.*—They are not altogether unattractive as a commercial holding, seeing that they may benefit from any improvement in South African affairs. Dividend just declared of 10 per cent. *Bridle, London.*—You ought to leave the concern alone. Its advantages are somewhat doubtful. *Marguerite.*—A third-rate company, and one that I would not recommend. *McGregor, Edinbro'.*—I know nothing against them. *Eller.*—A very common bucket-shop dodge, under which category both of the concerns are classified. *Queenie.*—I would strongly warn you against the Company, which charges exorbitantly for the bonds. They are not very desirable holdings, but if you want them they are obtainable of N. Keizer and Co., 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C., at market price. *Pollard.*—Their chief attractiveness is that there is a remote chance of winning a prize. Genuine enough. Do not purchase them from Parisian touts. *Ignoramus.*—You would be wise to spread the money over two or three shares. One-third of the amount of Apollinaris would be enough, I should think. *F. B., Belvedere.*—The competition you write about was fully dealt with in TRUTH of May 9 and 30 last. *Telephone.*—With one or two exceptions they make decent commercial holdings, but I do not anticipate a rise. Oriental Café shares do not strike me as being attractive. 2. Not promising as a lock-up. *Wicklow.*—1. It makes a tolerably decent commercial investment. 2. The concern has been pilloried, and you might avoid it. 3. As banking shares go they would make a good holding. *Pale Face.*—The concern is one that I would not recommend. There are better established companies doing the same business that are much more desirable. *Joskin.*—No, it is not a good investment. Think you ought to leave it alone. *Peculiarity.*—In the circumstances the best plan would be to cut your loss. I would advise you to hold on to the insurance shares, which ought to gradually recover. *Single.*—You cannot expect a yield of 10 per cent. coupled with gilt-edged security. There are many industrial securities which give about 7 to 8 per cent., and make fairly desirable holdings. *A. J. C., Maidstone.*—The man who calls himself John B. McKenzie, and has his offices at 23, Rood Lane, E.C., is a humbug if not a fraud, and should be sedulously avoided. *Turner.*—Anglo-American Telegraph Deferred is a gamble which is worth considering on a fall. The Preferred Ordinary would suit you better. For investment purchase I should recommend Direct United States Cable shares, which will give 4⅝ per cent. yield on the basis of the last dividends, while it is certain that in the immediate future the distributions will be increased. *Chicago.*—1. I have no means of ascertaining information about the concern. 2. Bovril, Ltd., ought to benefit rather than be adversely affected by the Chicago scandals, and I should certainly not advise a sale of the shares. *Phast.*—Buy Lyons and Slaters. *Rectus.*—The Company has taken over an unprofitable extension, and the prospects have changed materially. *P. D., Stirling.*—I am obliged for the documents with which you have favoured me. *Marge.*—I believe the concern is all right. You can scarcely blame it simply because you have incurred a loss through depreciation in value of the shares which you took on margin. The best thing you can do in the circumstances is to cut the loss. *N. H. T.*—The security behind the Debentures is quite good. *J. E. P., Helmsley.*—I am obliged to you for passing on the circulars. *Kerlin.*—Leave the concern alone.

INDUSTRIALS IN BETTER FAVOUR—SEWING COTTON ACHIEVEMENT—TELEGRAPHS—ANGLO-AMERICAN FIGURES—PEKINS—INDIA DOCK DEFERRED—BREWERY ITEMS—HIGH-YIELDING SHARES—MUSIC HALLS.

A change of public sentiment in regard to matters relating to the Stock Exchange is believed to be developing. Belated though this may be, if it proves to be sustained, and not merely spasmodic, it would be nevertheless welcome in the Industrial market, and in the circumstances natural, because, as I have frequently emphasised, conditions are undoubtedly promising. Everything considered, there is no apparent reason why confidence should not "grow," and merits as a consequence receive due recognition. On the one hand, values as a rule are comparatively low, while prospects are quite bright, and therefore I may repeat that by the exercise of a little discrimination there are many bargains to be obtained in the Industrial section. In point of interest, the achievement of the English Sewing Cotton Company is worth alluding to at the outset. The resumption of dividend payments on the Ordinary shares has been generously discounted in advance, as I have had occasion to point out recently, but the actual distribution does not leave much to be desired. The Ordinary receive 8 per cent. for the year, as compared with estimates of anything from 5 per cent. to 10 per cent., the disposable profit being £272,302, as against £123,666 only. It would have been quite possible to make a larger distribution, but instead of so doing the position of the concern is strengthened by the liberal appropriation of £70,000 to reserves, and carrying forward a much greater surplus. As a contributory factor to this result, the dividend of 14 per cent., as against 8 per cent. from the American Thread Company, is an important item. Telegraphs maintain their prominence, though I do not consider that these stocks are receiving the attention from investors who desire a good yield and desirable security that they deserve. Here is a table showing the return obtainable:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Anglo-American Preferred	113½	£5 5 6
Do. Ordinary	67	4 15 0
Direct Spanish Preference	8¾	5 11 0
Direct U.S. Cable	16	4 16 6
Eastern	144½	4 16 0
Indo-European	58	5 10 0
Great Northern	40	5 17 0
Western	14½	4 16 0

The Anglo-American Telegraph report shows an expansion of £23,600 in receipts, accompanied by an advance of £6,100 in expenses. This is satisfactory enough, but although there is £19,600, as against only £1,300, to go forward, something better had been anticipated. Operators, as I have frequently said, allowed their imagination too much rope. As regards Pekin Syndicate, a slight recovery from the recent depression is to be noted, consequent upon the announcement that by the end of August work ought to be resumed. I still consider these shares as being worthy of attention at anything like the existing quotation. They are purely a speculation it may be observed, but strictly regarded as such they are promising. The interim report of the London and India Dock does not augur well for the dividend possibilities of the Deferred stock, which is paid at the end of the year. The surplus to go forward is some £11,000 smaller, and seeing that the distribution in respect of 1905 was only 1¾ per cent. the outlook is scarcely promising. At 52 I do not consider the stock as being very attractive. In connection with Brewery stocks it is of interest to note that Watney, Combe, Reid and Co. will distribute 3 per cent. on the Deferred shares, as against ½ per cent. in respect of the preceding year. This result, however, is not so satisfactory as it looks at first blush. The profits, it is true, show the fair expansion of £30,000, but such a dividend would not have been practicable but for the reduction of 75 per cent. in the amount of deferred capital a year ago. The Licensing Act is weighing heavily upon Brewery stock. The reduction of 1 per cent. to 8 per cent. in the distribution of Parker's, Burslem Brewery is to be wholly ascribed to this cause. Profits, it may be noted, expanded materially, but owing to this item and the uncertainty as to the attitude of the Government the board are moving very cautiously. Apart from increased provision for usual contingencies, the surplus carried forward is £10,100 as against £4,400. But as I have said before, such developments as this are generously discounted in the low values prevailing. Here is a list of high-yielding Industrial shares:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Apollinaris and Johannis	6½	£7 5 0
Carlton Hotel	1½	8 0 0
Chadburn's Ship Telegraph	1¼	8 8 0
Greenwich Linoleum	1⅛	6 11 0
Hovis Bread	1⅝	6 14 0
Idris "A" Ordinary	1⅜	6 19 0
Slaters	2⅛	6 15 0

The music-hall world would seem to have experienced more prosperous times. Thus the New Tivoli shows gross revenue £52,600, as compared with a mere £10,400, and though the expenses were higher, the net earnings were £13,000 as against £3,600, and as a result the dividend will be 14 per cent. in comparison with 6 per cent. This is satisfactory, but in the earlier days the undertaking did much better than this.

VIGILANT.

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QUEER STORY.

A LITTLE COUP AT GOODWOOD.

"I REALLY don't know which are the worst," pronounced the Colonel with a truculent scowl, "women who agitate for votes, women who smoke cigarettes, or women who back horses. If I had my way," he added, in an outburst of unrestrained ferocity, "I'd jumble 'em all together in a big sack and consign 'em, carriage paid, to the Infernal Regions."

Maud Elsington, who sat beside the Colonel at dinner, and heard his words, shook in her elegant little satin shoes. She had never agitated for votes indeed. On that point her conscience was quite clear. But she *had* enjoyed a cigarette *sub rosâ* not infrequently. Also, she had been backing horses regularly, ever since she came to years of discretion. Indeed, at that very moment she had a tenner on Spinning Jenny both ways for the Goodwood Cup.

But as you may wonder why Maud was moved to shake in her shoes by the Colonel's fossilised prejudices on this or any other subject, I will explain to you the exact position.

Colonel Bratton, a very wealthy man, was the father of an only son, young Charles Bratton, and between Charles Bratton and Maud Elsington existed a private understanding, which they were waiting for a favourable opportunity to communicate to the Colonel. You see, the Colonel was, to put it mildly, a man of moods. If you caught him in the right mood, he was an Angel Gabriel. But if you caught him in the wrong mood, he was a veritable Beelzebub. Moreover, he was one of those high and mighty personages who hold it derogatory to their dignity ever to admit an error, a hastiness, or an injustice, and whom nothing can induce to depart from their spoken word. So whatever he said in a temper, to that he adhered when he was calm again, as though it were a law of the Medes and Persians.

This will make it quite clear to you why it was that Maud and Charlie were lying low, and waiting so anxiously to catch him in the right mood. For if they caught him in the right mood, and he once said: "You have my consent and my blessing," his consent and his blessing were theirs, inalienably, for evermore. But if they caught him in the wrong mood, and he said: "Go to blazes! I won't hear of it," then he never would hear of it again as long as he lived. He had said he wouldn't. Ergo, he wouldn't. The thing was conclusive. Which meant that if they married at all, they must marry without his consent—*i.e.*, without his money; which, as Euclid would say, was impossible.

Now you know why Maud, guiltily conscious of cigarettes and betting-books, shook in her satin shoes when the Colonel aired his opinion about these unfeminine iniquities.

They—and by "they" I mean Colonel Bratton, his son Charles, and Maud Elsington—were staying, at the time, with Sir George and Lady Stailace, who were entertaining a house party for Goodwood at their Sussex seat, Stailace Manor, near Chichester. Sir George, domestically considered, was a nonentity. Lady Stailace ran the whole show. She was a woman of *nous* and capacity, and also, being something of a matchmaker, was given to interesting herself in the affairs of her young friends. It was on this account that she had made a point of asking the Brattons and Maud Elsington, for she liked both Maud and Charlie, and wanted to do them a good turn by engineering matters to a satisfactory climax. She, too, was thoroughly conversant with the Colonel's little ways, and was quite alive to the tact and delicacy required in the conduct of the operations.

So far, she was glad to see, Colonel Bratton showed distinct signs of liking Maud. He spoke of her to Lady Stailace as a nice, modest, well-brought-up, well-behaved, and thoroughly feminine girl—a refreshing change from the modern monstrosities who dressed like jockeys, talked like bookmakers, and generally devoted themselves to aping the manners and customs of the other sex. You see he only knew Maud—and Maud took precious good care that he only should know her—as she appeared when on her best early Victorian behaviour. With the later-date Maud (which was, in fact, the real Maud) he had hitherto made no acquaintance. And Maud didn't mean that he should—not, at least, until she was safely engaged to Charlie. Then, the Colonel once having given his irretractable consent, she might, perhaps, afford to be a little less mindful of her Ps and Qs. But, in the meanwhile, angelic innocence, demureness, and simplicity must be the order of the day.

Lady Stailace impressed this very strongly on her young *protégée*, and Maud entirely concurred in her prudent advice.

"Now listen to me, my dear," said her ladyship. "I can see—and, of course, you can see, that the longer we keep this little matter hanging about the greater the risk of something happening to upset the apple-cart. Some one may say something to enlighten your prospective father-in-law, or you yourself, in an unguarded moment, may give away the show. Matters must be brought to a favourable climax without delay. You must play up to that ridiculous Colonel fast and furiously, and then we must strike while the iron's hot," declared Lady Stailace, with a noble disregard of consistency in her metaphors. "And I'm going to give you your chance to-morrow. I have arranged, in fact, that the Colonel shall drive you over to the races and act as your cavalier for the day. And you must seize the opportunity to make yourself especially sweet and early Victorian to him—see?"

"Rather," rejoined Maud Elsington, her pretty little mouth expanding into an intelligent smile.

"And mind," continued Lady Stailace, "that you play the card of simplicity and maidenly innocence for all it's worth. Pretend to know nothing about anything. Most of all, pretend to know nothing about horses or jockeys. Ask the old boy as many silly and childish questions as you like—the sillier and more childish, the better. He thinks you a refreshing *ingénue* and you've got to sustain and strengthen that desirable delusion. You follow me?"

"You bet," answered Maud, her smile expanding into a broad grin. "I'll out-Miranda Miranda herself in my ignorance of the world."

Next day (which was Cup Day) Colonel Bratton, obedient to his hostess's arrangements, drove Maud Elsington over to Goodwood in a mail phaeton. Maud was simply yet becomingly attired in virgin white—a colour suitable to, and emblematical of, that spotless innocence which was to be her rôle for the day. She kept looking up at the Colonel from under the brim of her picture hat with big, childish eyes, and prattled to him with the prettiest and most winning artlessness. How astonished she was at everything, too, as though she were a miss just fresh from the schoolroom, now seeing life for the first time!

As regards the racing, in particular, she asked her companion a string of questions so simple as to be almost fatuous. It was: "Oh! what are they ringing that bell for? *Do* tell me!" Or: "What are they putting those numbers on that board for?" Or: "Who are those men in that enclosure there with note-books and pencils?" "Bookmakers!" (in an awe-struck tone). "I *have* heard of bookmakers. But I never saw one before." (And this though there was hardly a man in the ring whom she didn't know by his Christian name.) Or: "What, dear, pretty creatures the horses are. It's a shame to gallop them at that pace; don't you think so!" And so on.

The Colonel was delighted. He thought her the very ideal of what a young girl ought to be. Besides, he liked having his superior knowledge appealed to, and he responded benignly, and with indulgent good humour, to all this artless damsel's artless inquiries.

But, alas! Nemesis—that terrible Nemesis that loves to dog the footsteps of fibbers and to expose their deceits *in flagrante delicto*—was close at hand. Maud Elsington, in taking a second pocket handkerchief from the wrist-bag, which she always carried, and which

contained her purse and other valued treasures, by the most unfortunate accident pulled out—what do you think?—her gold cigarette-case and her Russian-leather betting-book. These, before she could stop or return them, fell right on the turf at the Colonel's feet.

In a terrible fluster, she stooped to pick up the tell-tale things. But it was already too late. The Colonel was before her. He had stooped first, and, picking them up, handed them to her in awful silence—a silence that, like the darkness of Egypt, could be felt. His face was a sight. Indignation, rage, disgust, and withering contempt were all there blended. He forgot everything else — even the rules of common politeness — in his incensed fury at the imposture which had been practised on him, and, turning his back on Maud Elsington, stalked away, purple in the face, and snorting like an enraged grampus.

Maud's own dismay and mortification were intense, and those of Lady Stailace, who had been standing near and witnessed the catastrophe, scarcely less so. She hurried up to Maud, and, after exchanging a few brief excited remarks with her, went in pursuit of the Colonel. But that gallant warrior was in far too great a passion to be soothed by her utmost blandishments. Indeed, he was so occupied with his own suppressed wrathfulness that he made no pretence of listening to—and perhaps scarcely heard—a word she said.

In the meanwhile, Maud, acting on a hint that Lady Stailace had given her during that brief colloquy, went off to find Charlie Bratton. The young man was engaged just then in conversational small-talk with an elderly lady of his acquaintance. But seeing, from Maud's demeanour, that she wanted to speak to him on some important matter, he managed to detach himself from the elderly lady, and to walk aside with his *innamorata*.

She soon apprised him of what had happened. His face fell, and he gave vent to a long, low whistle of dismay.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "the fat *is* in the fire now. After this, nothing would induce the governor to hear of our engagement. You see, it's not only the betting and smoking—though that's enough by itself to dish you for ever in the governor's eyes—but it's his having found you out in pulling his leg as well. Even if he'd overlook the other things—which he wouldn't—he'd certainly never forgive that."

"I know, Charlie; it's a dreadful state of affairs. I feel as if I could fairly cut my right hand off for such stupid clumsiness. However, there may be a way out of it yet," she declared, with earnest excitement. "Only if this forlorn hope is to come off, you're to do exactly as I tell you. Do you hear?"

"Oh! I'll do what you tell me fast enough, as far as that goes," he answered. "What's the game?"

"You've got to come with me to some place near where your pater is standing, and to make open love to me under his very nose," said Maud, fixing on him a steady and impressive gaze.

"Oh! I say. Dash it all. But that will only make the governor wilder than ever," remonstrated Charlie Bratton.

"I want your governor, as you call him, made wilder than ever," answered Maud, with decision. "That's part of the game."

"Ah! But you don't know what the governor is when he gets really wild. He'll say and threaten the most insanely virulent things, and then, having once said them, he'll make a point of sticking to them," remonstrated her lover. "You know it's the governor's pride that he never goes back on anything he's once said, however absurd or extravagant."

"Precisely. . . . And it is just that on which the success of our plan—or, rather, Lady Stailace's plan, for it was she who put it into my head—depends. . . . Oh! come along, Charlie, there's no time to lose. I'll explain exactly what I mean to you as we go along."

Thus adjured, Charlie allowed her to lead him away in the direction of where the Colonel and Lady Stailace were standing, and as they went she made her promised explanation, in eager, hurried tones.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed young Bratton, when he had at length taken it all in. "As it's the governor, I'm not sure but what there's hope for us, after all, in this wild suggestion of yours. Though if it were any one else the ruse would be too absurd for anything."

"Ah, that's just it," rejoined Maud, knowingly. "It is simply and solely because your governor is what he is, that I'm attempting it."

By this time they had arrived within twenty yards of where the Colonel and Lady Stailace stood. Here they stopped. At a sign from Maud, Charlie drew her daintily-gloved hand through his arm, squeezing it rather palpably as he did so. At that moment the Colonel caught sight of them, and his visage grew lurid. But, so far, neither Maud nor Charlie had seemed to notice him, both, to all appearances, being entirely engrossed with one another.

The love-making continued. More and more lurid grew the Colonel's visage. Lady Stailace marked it turn from pink to red, and from red to purple. The glare of his eyes was like the glare of a basilisk.

Then it was that Charlie Bratton, looking round, appeared for the first time to be conscious of his father's proximity and observation. He hesitated nervously for a moment, as if embarrassed by the discovery. Then, evidently pulling himself together, and steeling himself to a bold and desperate course, he led Maud straight up to where the Colonel stood.

That particular corner of the lawn was for the time being almost deserted, the crowd having flocked to the course to watch a race which was just then about to be run. So that the actors in this little drama had the stage practically to themselves.

As young Charles, carrying his head erect, though looking very pale and nervous, came up with Maud upon his arm, the concentrated passion in the Colonel's face was something fearful to see. Not a word he spoke. He maintained a dead, yet terrific silence—a silence like the appalling stillness that precedes the outbreak of a typhoon in the tropics.

"Father," began Charles, trying to speak firmly, though his voice shook. "Father, I have come to ask you a question on your answer to which"—he glanced meaningly at Maud—"my whole future happiness depends. I——"

"Then you may save yourself the trouble of asking it," broke in the Colonel, with an angry snarl. "I know very well what your question is going to be, and my answer to it, sir, is 'No! No! NO!'" cried the furious old gentleman, emphasising each of the three negatives by jabbing the ferule of his malacca cane viciously into the turf.

"But, father, it is not fair, before you've even heard me ——"

"I tell you I don't want to hear you," roared the Colonel—"I know beforehand what you want to ask me; and I know equally well what my answer's going to be . . . . It's 'No.' I repeat: 'No—*No*—No—NO—NO!' Is that plain enough for you, sir?"

And again the Colonel emphasised his negatives with correspondingly violent jabs of his Malacca cane.

"But, father, won't you reconsider ——"

"No, sir, I will not" (the Colonel was now fairly bellowing). "How dare you suggest such a thing to me? Did you ever know me reconsider anything? Did you ever hear me go back on what I have once said? I tell you, for the last time, that my answer to your question is 'NO!' If you talk till doomsday, you'll never get any other reply from me."

"But, father, you've not yet heard my question ——"

"Damn you, sir, I don't want to hear it ——"

"I am going to ask it, all the same," replied Charlie, resolutely. "And my question, father, is this: Have you any objection to accepting Miss Elsington as your future daughter-in-law, and to making us a suitable allowance on which to marry?"

The Colonel's face, when he heard that question, was a study. He saw the trap that had been laid for him, of course, and that he must either walk meekly into it with his eyes open, or, recanting that emphatic "No," must, for the first time in his life, go back upon his spoken word.

No other man alive would have hesitated for a moment to treat so farcical a ruse with the contempt it deserved. But then, you see, the Colonel being the Colonel, and having always made it his boast and his pride to stick to *the very letter* of his once expressed *dicta*, however rash and ill-considered, felt himself in the devil of a dilemma.

For the fractional part of a second he wavered. But pride—"the ignominious pride of a fatal consistency," as Macaulay would style it—carried the day over all other considerations.

"I tell you my answer to that question, you young devil, is 'NO!' he roared. "Ten thousand *million* INFERNAL CONFUSTICATED *NOES!*"

MUSIC.

"PROMS." AND PRO-BRITISHERS.

THE pro-Britishers are up in arms against the "Proms." Of twenty-three new works proposed for the forthcoming season, only six are by British composers, as against seventeen from the pens of their foreign rivals! And such foreign rivals, too!—Henriques, and Enna, and Dorlay, and others of whom no one has ever heard before. What is the meaning of it, they ask? Does Mr. Wood really believe that an honest British audience would rather listen to a symphonic triptych by Blockx than to a tragic overture, say, by York Bowen, or an epithalamium by Mr. B. J. Dale? Perish the thought!—likewise all foreigners who usurp in this way the rightful prerogatives of true-born Britons! Six new British works, indeed! What are these among so many? A beggarly half-dozen all told when, as Mr. S. Ernest Palmer puts it in his eloquent letter of protest, "it is, happily, too late to say that brilliant works from the pens of young British musicians are not available." Now Mr. Palmer is, of course, the founder of the Royal College Patrons' Fund for the encouragement of our budding Stanfords and Parrys, and naturally he thinks that there is nothing like leather. The outsider may be forgiven, however, if, without failing to recognise for a moment Mr. Palmer's public spirit and munificence, he cannot quite adopt his attitude.

The Palmer Fund concerts have brought to light many promising and interesting works, but none, so far as I recall, to which any much stronger term could be applied—very few, certainly, which could be honestly recommended for inclusion on their merits in the programmes of concerts devoted mainly to masterpieces. But works by the Palmer Fund prodigies are not, it may be urged, the only ones available; and doubtless there are others written by some of our later musicians with even greater claims. Still, to raise such an outcry because only half-a-dozen of such works have been chosen seems rather overdoing things. It is all very well for Mr. Palmer to talk of the Promenade Concerts being supported by the British public. That is perfectly true, but what, unfortunately, has never been demonstrated is that the said British public has the slightest inclination to support native music of the kind for which he pleads. It is, I imagine, a pure piece of good nature on the part of the Queen's Hall management to give these British compositions at all. They will gain nothing whatever by doing so. On the contrary, they have any number of works in their repertory which would certainly prove more attractive. Properly enough, however, they have always shown a disposition to encourage, even at some sacrifice, native composers, and have once again included therefore in their scheme various works which, so far as the general public is concerned, might all be omitted without causing the smallest regret.

As to the foreign novelties announced, I confess that I know nothing as to most of them. But, presumably, those who have chosen them for performance are better informed on the subject. In this case, at all events, there is obviously not the slightest inducement to produce works not likely to give satisfaction. So far as I am aware, Fini Henriques' suite in F for oboe and strings, may be a miracle of grace and beauty; M. Glière's symphony in E flat may leave all the efforts of Beethoven, Brahms, and Tchaikowsky in the rear; and August Enna may reveal himself as a musical genius of the highest order. In any case, with more than a quarter of the total novelties proposed coming from British pens, it is rather absurd to talk of another injustice to England. The fact of the matter is that the bitter cry of the native composer has been considerably overdone of late years. There really never has been a time when that aspiring individual has received so much encouragement and notice. It is quite right and proper that this should be so; but a good case is only injured by being pushed too far. Certainly, Mr. H. J. Wood and the Promenade directors are the last to be attacked for not doing more for a cause which they have, in fact, long been foremost in supporting.

At the same time there is one thing which they might do with advantage, and that is repeat occasionally works by British musicians which have happened to achieve exceptional success. It is really not so much the first performance of a new work as the second which native composers—and foreigners, too, for that matter—find it so fearfully difficult to obtain. However great may be the success which a work achieves, it is the hardest thing in the world to get it given again, and it is this which so disheartens the young composer. Whether his work succeed or fail, the chances are equally remote of its being heard a second time. After the first performance he may as well burn his score as hope for a further hearing. Why not, therefore, instead of doing fresh works every year repeat occasionally one which has made a success in a former season? Last year, for instance, Mr. Wood produced at one of the Promenade Concerts a capital symphony by Mr. Hamilton Harty, which produced an immense effect and delighted all hearers. Why not give that again this year? It is idle producing new works year after year if none can ever be given a second time. This is a much more important point than whether six or twelve, or twenty, novelties are produced in a given season, and I venture to hope that Mr. Wood may perhaps see his way to consider the suggestion here advanced with a view to acting on it.

Concerts are at an end at last, and for a brief space there will be rest and respite for the critic. On the whole, it has been a season of a "fair to good" rather than sensational kind. While the number of concerts given has, as usual, been ridiculously in excess of the demand, few or none of a very epoch-making character have been heard. Grieg and Saint-Saëns have headed the usual long list of distinguished visitors, which has included also the names of Dr. Strauss, Herr Nikisch, and many more of note, not forgetting the members of the Viennese Male Choir and the Vienna Symphony Orchestra. Prodigies, like the poor, are always with us, and several new ones have been heard, though I cannot "charge my memory" (as they say in the House of Commons) with their names at the moment, while among other débuts, that of Miss Irene Ainsley, Mme. Melba's protégée, is too recent to have been forgotten. But on the whole it has been a season of rather small things.

Covent Garden has closed its doors, but the excellent Moody-Manners Company hold on their course in Shaftesbury-avenue, and if it cannot be said that the Lyric Theatre has been positively besieged with bediamonded duchesses never wearying in opera-going, the attendance of more homely folk has been gratifyingly large, and there seems every reason for hoping that Mr. Manners may not have occasion to repent him of his rather audacious venture after all. Those who heard and liked "Eugen Onegin" at Covent Garden may make further acquaintance with that charming work through the medium of the capital performances thereof being given by the Moody-Manners company. "Les Huguenots" is another opera not too often heard in

these days, in which Mr. Manners (a capital Marcel) and his company give an excellent account of themselves, and generally the performances to be seen at the Lyric just now are a pleasant earnest of the still better things to be expected in the days to come when greater resources than are at present available permit of this.

Advices, private and otherwise, from Bayreuth, speak in glowing terms of the opening Festival performances. "If you had been here," one enthusiast writes to me, "you would have been the first to retract your disparaging remarks about German singing. The performance of 'Tristan' was simply marvellous, both as regards singing, orchestra, and scenic effects." I am heartily glad to hear it, and can only hope that we may be equally favoured at Covent Garden next year. It is just worth noting, however, that performance at Bayreuth does not necessarily imply that the singer is a German vocalist. On the contrary, Frau Cosima Wagner has wisely recognised in recent years that the best voices are usually to be obtained elsewhere. Hence some of the most famous singers associated with latter-day Bayreuth performances, such as Ternina, Gulbranson, Marie Brema, Van Rooy, Van Dyck, and others, hail from anywhere but Germany.

M. Gailhard, who is retiring from the direction of the Paris Grand Opera, has had his critics as occupant of a very difficult post, but, on the whole, he seems to have been voted a success, his administration having been marked in the main by judgment, tact, and discretion. Everyone who is anyone in the Parisian musical world seems to be aspiring to succeed M. Gailhard, who, it may be recalled, knows his London exceedingly well since he sang during many seasons at Covent Garden a few years since. M. Gailhard is, indeed, almost as much interested in the question of a national opera for England as we are, and not long ago put forward a rather quaint scheme of his own under this head. A Conservatoire having been founded, inspectors on the look-out for voices would travel the country, visit church choirs and choral societies, and be empowered to make contracts with promising vocalists, who, in return for support during their training, would be at the disposal of the opera for a term of years when trained. Perhaps, now that he is free, M. Gailhard will come over here and put his little plan in practice. Unfortunately, he neglected to say where the money was to come from.

The direction of such an organisation as the Paris Grand Opera is no light task. The musical staff of the Opera comprises over four hundred persons, including 50 soloists, 100 chorus singers, 106 orchestral players, 140 dancers, 3 orchestral conductors, 8 choral conductors, and a vast number of "supers"; and the administrative staff is not less numerous, consisting of, in addition to the director, a general administrator, a general secretary, an under-secretary, a property master, two archivists, two librarians, a chief accountant, a cashier, a general manager, a stage manager, and a vast army of sub-controllers, clerks, engineers, attendants, and other subordinates of all kinds. In all some 1,200 or 1,300 persons are on the regular pay roll, while, in addition, there are, of course, hundreds more—painters, decorators, copyists, costumiers, and so on—who draw their incomes indirectly from the same source. No wonder that even the huge annual subsidy of £32,000 hardly suffices at times to make both ends meet. The highest possible takings for a single performance are £920, but this figure is rarely reached. The average receipts per night are about £650, and as the cost of each performance works out at about £800, the necessity of the subvention to keep things going is obvious.

Those who hold, by the way, that we ought to have a similar arrangement in this country, would do well to learn the views of those best acquainted with the actual working of the system at close quarters. Not long ago, M. Messager, for instance, was asked if he would recommend a subventioned opera house for London, and his reply was significant. "*Ah, ça non, par exemple!* I should know something of the State-subventioned theatres. At our Opéra Comique, in Paris, we receive 300,000 francs a year from the Government. Do you know what it costs us? Not less than 247,000 francs-worth of free seats, which we have to give away every year to the *gens du Gouvernement; et je vous garantie, ces sont les meilleurs places.*"

Talking of M. Messager, the many admirers of his charming music will be glad to note that he has found time between the intervals of operatic management in Paris and in London to write another opera. This is founded on "Le Chandelier" of Alfred de Musset, and will be produced at the Paris Opéra Comique during the forthcoming season. It has been whispered that M. Messager was one of the many candidates for M. Gailhard's post; but this, it seems, is not true.

What's in a name? That which we call the San Carlo Opera Company, by any other name, it might be thought, would sound as well, but Mr. Henry Russell, differing seemingly in this from Shakespeare, and Mr. Neil Forsyth, takes the other view, and is very indignant with the Covent Garden management accordingly. "Whilst the authorities of Covent Garden," he writes, "asserts that they are bringing this company back to London next October, I can state positively that I am taking it to America in that month. One of these two declarations is obviously untrue"—and, needless to say, Mr. Russell imputes the unveracious one to Covent Garden. The truth of the matter is, of course, that, as was long ago pointed out, there is no such thing as a genuine San Carlo Opera Company at all. As Mr. Russell admits in his letter, it was a deliberately misleading name, bestowed in the first instance on a scratch company recruited mainly in Milan. It hardly lies in his mouth, therefore, to wax virtuously indignant over its continued employment by the Covent Garden management. At the same time the latter would probably be well advised if they ceased to employ a title which means nothing whatever.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—Dr. Emil Reich's "Plato and the Criticism of Life" (1), always interesting, is often bewildering in its sweeping and unsupported generalisations and its audacious paradoxes. Let me take one or two of these merely in illustration of the doctor's wide and wild deductions. "The Americans," he says, "have and can have no literature, no great writers either of prose or poetry." A little later he says, "where there are no great poets, there are no inventors"; and, on the other hand, where, as in Italy, you have great poets, there you have such a supreme inventor as Marconi—who, by the way, is but half an Italian. "Now, the invention of wireless telegraphy may be considered almost superhuman. It comes from Italy—a wave of imagination has swept over New Italy, where there is a rush of inventive genius." But without going outside this special field of electrical inventions, what of Edison, a product of that America which has not and cannot have any great poets, and therefore has not and cannot have any great inventors? Again, the doctor says,

> If we have been to North Germany we must have been struck with the angularity and the lack of charm of the women there. The North German woman is uncharming, not because of her race, but because the growth of the Hanseatic towns brought great wealth into North Germany, and moneybags married moneybags. They treated marriage as a matter of business, not of love, and it is so that ugliness results.

But what of the Irish peasant women of whose beauty Dr. Reich speaks with a well-deserved enthusiasm?

(1) "Plato? As an Introduction to a Modern Criticism of Life." By Emil Reich (Dr. Juris). (London: Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 10s. 6d.)

(2) "The Balkan Trail." By Frederick Moore. With Sixty-two Illustrations and a Map. (London: Smith, Elder & Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

(3) "The Spoils of Victory." By B. Paul Neuman. (London: John Murray. 6s.)

(4) "Bess of the Woods." By Warwick Deeping. (London: Harper Brothers. 6s.)

(5) "The Compromise." By Dorothea Gerard (Madame Longard de Longarde). London: Hutchinson & Co. 6s.)

Their mothers' marriages were also matters of business, not of love. A great friend of mine, an Irish poetess, asked an aged and experienced shopkeeper in Youghal if she had ever known a marriage among the peasantry which was not a pure business transaction? "Only one," replied the shopkeeper, "and that was not a success." Once more, let me set against Dr. Reich's theory that men who use their imaginations during the day never dream at night—"Lessing, Goethe, Shelley never dreamt, or dreamt the most commonplace things"—let me set against this theory Coleridge's *Kubla Kahn*, which came to him in a dream; Stevenson's weirdest stories, which came to him in dreams; and, above all, this passage from one of our finest critics—Elia:—

> The degree of the soul's creativeness in sleep might furnish no whimsical criterion of the quantum of poetical faculty resident in the same soul waking. An old gentleman, a friend of mine and a humourist, used to carry this notion so far that when he saw any stripling of his acquaintance ambitious of becoming a poet, his first question would be, "Young man, what sort of dreams have you?"

For all its hasty generalisations and daring paradoxes, Dr. Reich's "Plato and the Criticism of Life" teems with wise and deep thoughts on love, marriage, motherhood, education, besides his interpretation of Plato, which, if often forced and fanciful, is always suggestive. Dr. Reich would probably agree with Mr. Frederick Moore in what he says in "The Balkan Trail" (2) about Englishmen. Mr. Moore—who, by the way, is an American—says that the Bulgarian and the Englishman get on admirably together, because "the strong strain of barbarism in the Bulgar finds sympathy in the breast of the Britisher. The Bulgar maintains for ever a dignity and distance in the presence of the stony one, and this is exactly the way to gain the esteem of the Englishman, who recognises a diamond in the man who can cut him." This recalls to me the advice a Frenchman who knew us well gave to his son when the youth was about to visit us:—"Tu es bête et tu n'es pas beau; sois insolent, c'est le seule chance." Mr. Moore himself, it must be admitted, is the reverse of stony. "I extended my hand," he says, with charming naïveté, "to Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, as I would to Mr. Roosevelt, but the Prince stood still and fixed me with a withering glare. Another correspondent, acquainted with us both, came to the rescue, and presented me to the Prince. The Prince mustered his English and conversed with me in my own tongue for quite five minutes. But he did not apologise for his rudeness." *His* rudeness! Push, however, is the first, second, and third qualification of a correspondent, especially of a correspondent of an American newspaper, and Mr. Moore's push and pluck stood him in good stead when he ran the gauntlet of Turk and Bulgar in the Balkans.

> 'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
> Between the pass and fell incensed points
> Of mighty opposites.

and more dangerous still, when civilisation, as impersonated by Mr. Moore, comes between the fell incensed points of savagery, no less adequately represented by Turk and Bulgar. The ferocity with which the Turk wiped out the inoffensive village of Armensko, outraging women and girls, and slaughtering indiscriminately both sexes and all ages, is worthy of their old reputation. On the other hand, here is a romantic story showing with what savage earnestness the Bulgar fights for freedom:

> A pretty young Bulgarian girl, inspired at once by love and patriotism, joined with her betrothed a band of insurgents, and for weeks together fought and marched by his side. At last, however, her strength began to give out, and but for the support of the strong arm of her lover she must have fallen behind in many a weary night march. As she had thus become an impediment to the band, its captain summoned her lover and said, "We cannot be hampered with women. To-night that woman must be left behind, while you must continue with the band." The lover protested, entreated, threatened, to no purpose. That night the insurgents started, and as the man declined to accompany them without his sweetheart, they then and there murdered him. The girl found his body in a secluded dell and buried it in leaves.

"The Balkan Trail" gives you a wonderfully vivid impressionist picture of the internecine struggle in those regions between Turk and Bulgar, and incidentally of the various Christian churches, which hate each other with truly Christian fervour. Mr. Paul Neuman's "The Spoils of Victory" (3), "adulterates," to use his own expression, imaginative truth with history, though I should have thought fact the genuine article and fiction the adulteration. He has done a more daring thing still. He has "translated," to use the expression Quince applies to Bottom's metamorphosis, a great French novelist into an English one. He leaves you to discover the novelist, with, however, such an unmistakable clue as this, "Yes," he cried, jumping up and beginning to pace the room rapidly, "isn't it grand? My work will be a regular encyclopædia of mankind." Indeed, he follows his original's biography very closely, and invents only the incidental characters. At all events, Mr. Neuman has succeeded, for "The Spoils of Victory" is at once a fine study and a brilliant story. In "Bess of the Woods" (4) you have all the old elements of romance—a stolen child, a hidden treasure, a chivalrous hero, a noble heroine, a duel, a fight between soldiers, Revenue men, and smugglers, and finally a sinking ship with a drunken crew, all made as fresh to you as though you had never met them before. In a word, "Bess of the Woods" is a stirring story of the eighteenth century admirably told. There is not much stir about Dorothea Gerard's "The Compromise" (5), which ambles along in a leisurely way; not that the novel lacks incidents and romantic incidents, but they are hardly sufficiently frequent and thrilling to make it exciting. The compromise is that created by the marriage to a worldly woman of a minister who had resolved upon a life of spiritual and ascetic devotion to his fellow-men. His failure, so to say, propagated itself, and realised itself in his children. "His son a murderer, his daughter bereaved, and almost widowed by his son's act; his household revealed to him as a very hot-bed of baffled ambition and frustrated greed!" As a matter of fact, none of these terrible things was true; but that is how at the crisis of the story they appeared to be to his somewhat morbid conscience. "The Compromise" is interesting throughout, for I do not think Miss Dorothea Gerard could write an uninteresting story; but it is not enthralling.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, ever yours very sincerely,

DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

"Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman" (Eveleigh Nash, 6s.) is a re-issue in one volume of two books originally published separately under the titles of "The Amateur Cracksman" and "The Black Mask." It comprises the best of Mr. E. W. Hornung's fascinating series of stories about the gentleman turned burglar, whose acquaintance many playgoers have been making in the play at the Comedy Theatre.

In "Life in the Law" (Werner Laurie, 6s. net) the late Mr. J. G. Witt, K.C., appears as a frank critic of various abuses and a bold advocate of legal reforms. What he says on these matters is well worth consideration, but it is, of course, chiefly on account of its personal reminiscences and legal anecdotes that the book will appeal to the general reader. In these respects it is extremely entertaining. Mr. Witt gives his impressions of the great judges and famous lawyers with whom he came into contact during his forty years' experience at the Bar, and his pages are enlivened with many good stories.

There is no end to the making of books about gardening—indeed, one is sometimes inclined to think that the subject is being over-cropped. No such thought, however, will obtrude itself in the mind of the reader of Mr. Eden Phillpotts's delightful volume, "My

SAVOY HOTEL & RESTAURANT, LONDON.—The most beautiful garden and river view in Europe. The Restaurant of the world. Hotel rooms bright, fresh, and delightfully quiet.

SOUTHAMPTON.—SOUTH-WESTERN HOTEL.—The new Dining-room, elegant Lounges, Smoke-room, with Restaurant and Grill-room on ground floor now open.—For tariff, apply to Manager.

Garden" ("Country Life" office and Newnes and Co., 12s. 6d. net). At his home in Devonshire the popular novelist is happy in the possession of a beautiful garden, and of this garden and his gardening experiences he gives an account, marked by a rare literary charm, in which practical information is agreeably mingled with interesting comments and humorous stories. The book has many illustrations.

"You, Teresa, though unknown and unacknowledged, are the greatest, the most far-reaching, and the most potent power in London to-day. You are a woman of secrets. A thousand eyes watch on your behalf. It is you who can make or mar a Ministry; you who can place a man upon the pinnacle of Fame, or if caprice seizes you, your unseen hand can hurl him to ruin or to death." This is the wonderful creature, fascinating, clever, wicked, whose acquaintance the reader makes (or, perhaps, renews) in the pages of Mr. William Le Queux's latest story, "The Woman at Kensington" (Cassell, 6s.). It will be enjoyed by those who enjoy this sort of story.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus are bringing out a translation of a new novel by Georges Ohnet, the author of "Le Maitre de Forges." It is concerned with the careers of a prima donna and a composer, and a rich American family also figure in the story. Another new novel promised by the same publishers is "The Old House at the Corner," by Miss Florence Warden.

"By Order of the Company" and "The Old Dominion," two charming stories by Miss Mary Johnson, of which many impressions have already appeared, are now issued by Messrs. Constable in their attractive series of half-crown pocket editions of copyright novels. "The Meredith Pocket Book" (2s. 6d.), published by the same firm, is a little volume of selections from Mr. Meredith's prose works, with some from his poems.

There is no lack of variety in the short stories Mr. Richard Marsh has brought together "Under One Flag" (John Long, 6s.), and all are eminently readable. He shows a good deal of power in such a gruesome tale as "The Anti-Tobacco League"; but still better is his work in the lighter vein in which the majority of the stories are written. The fun of "A Foursome" will appeal to the golfer, though four balls ought not to have been played.

Mr. G. S. Layard, having been commissioned to write the life of Shirley Brooks, will be glad to hear of letters, reminiscences, and any other information which may help to make the book as complete as possible. Mr. Layard's address is Bull's Cliff, Felixstowe.

Mr. W. A. Dutt, author of "The Norfolk Broads," has written a book on "Wild Life in East Anglia"—a district famous for its abundant wild life—which is being issued this week by Messrs. Methuen and Co. It has sixteen coloured illustrations by Mr. Frank Southgate.

A new edition of Mr. Swinburne's "William Blake: A Critical Essay" has been published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus in a volume (price 6s.) uniform with the collected editions of Mr. Swinburne's poems and tragedies. In the forty years that have passed since the first appearance of Mr. Swinburne's masterly study of William Blake, there has been a great growth of interest in that remarkable, mysterious genius. Some writers have claimed that Blake was a Celt, and on this fact Mr. Swinburne makes a characteristic comment in the prefatory note to the new edition of his essay. "If," he says, "we regard him (Blake) as a Celt rather than an Englishman, we shall find it no longer so difficult to understand from whence he derived his amazing capacity for such illimitable emptiness of mock mystical babble as we find in his bad imitations of so bad a model as the Apocalypse; his English capacity for occasionally superb and serious workmanship we may rationally attribute to his English birth and breeding."

THE LUXURY OF A BATH is incomplete without the addition of SCRUBB'S CLOUDY AMMONIA, which refreshes and invigorates. Insist on SCRUBB'S. Makes Home Sweet Home In Deed.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—You should see the deserted condition of the West End, now that the finest and fairest have left London for Goodwood, Cowes, yachting, seaside places at home and abroad, Scotland, Norway, and other parts of the world on the select list of our wealthy and high-placed section of society. The streets look even worse than they usually do at this time, for many of them are banked at either side with a wall of huge black blocks, ready for laying in the roadway. The wear and tear of the streets has been, and is, enormous, owing to the motor-'buses, motor-waggons, etc., etc.

Last week went to the music of wedding-bells. Of the marriages of the rich and great you have read in the papers; columns about the gowns, other columns about the presents and the guests. It was a record week for weddings. Among the long list I notice that of Mr. William Maxwell, author of "Vivien," one of the two novels of the year (the other is Mr. Galsworthy's "Man of Property"). What a brave girl the bride must be to marry a man with such a piercing insight into the heart of woman as Mr. Maxwell displays in that very remarkable work!

Among the thousand-and-one things for which we owe grateful thanks to previous generations—only we seldom think of it—is the indispensable condiment, mustard. I have often looked at the fields of yellow flowers and wondered who first had the idea of preparing it, how he came to taste it, and by what ingenious process he suited it to his palate and, incidentally, to that of his fellow-creatures. A recent visit to Norwich, the headquarters of mustard, gave me an opportunity of seeing how up-to-date processes are carried out, and, full of my accustomed curiosity, which I personally dignify with the title of a desire for knowledge, I gladly availed myself of it. Norwich itself is a city of narrow streets, with many a quaint and picturesque "bit," and all leading to an open square, flooded with sunshine the day I saw it. On the banks of the Wensum are the great Carrow works, where the Colman family carries on the manufacture of not only mustard, but starch, cornflour, blue, and, last, but far from least, self-rising flour. The centenary of this great concern was celebrated just a twelvemonth since. The papers wrote about it, and recalled the fact that the family is of ancient lineage; also that the founder of the present immense business was christened Jeremiah James. How clever of his parents to choose these names! How could the boy fail to be wise, prudent, far-seeing, and sagacious? The first name would be almost a guarantee of these qualities, with a slight tendency towards grumbling and lamentations immediately corrected by the second name.

But to our mustard! We saw the seed, white and brown, then the flour into which it is made in the crushing-room, with its immense hoppers and bins, and then the separating-room, where husk and seed say (or do not say) an eternal farewell to each other, and the pure mustard powder falls, afterwards to be mixed with a small proportion of pure wheaten flour. This is the best and most palatable mustard. The husk is not wasted. It is so dealt with that the valuable oil, useful to sufferers from rheumatism, is all pressed away, and the remaining pulpy mass is formed into large cakes, which make an excellent manure, and are sent away on some of the numerous wherries we saw waiting at the many wharves in the works.

I will not tell you more about the processes, but will only mention that in the mustard works everything is yellow, including the men, and in the blue factory everything is blue. But there is nothing unhealthy about either.

What interested me far more than the machinery or the various well-ventilated and lighted departments was the bright, cheerful look of all the workers, both male and female. They had that free-from-care appearance that implies a mind at ease and a body well looked after. I said as much to my kindly guide, and he

answered, "And so we ought; we're well looked after," and went on to explain that, by a graduated pension scheme, 8s. a week are assured to those employees who reach the age of sixty-five. Another branch of the scheme secures an extra 2s. a week, or a sum of money down, to those who contribute 2d. per week. Each foreman who serves twenty-five years, and whose wage is 50s. a week, retires after twenty-five years on a pension of £1 10s. a week, plus the 8s. from the general fund, and plus any further amount that may be accruing from his accumulated twopences.

The vivid personal interest in the welfare of the workers that resulted in this generous pension scheme has also shown itself in the recreation buildings, one for boys, one for girls; in the clothing club, the dispensary, the schools where girls may learn all the arts of housewifery, as well as cutting out and sewing, and in the large, cool dining-rooms, where food is supplied at incredibly low prices, good creamy milk at 1½d. a pint, and cold beef at a penny a slice! I feel sure that they all like mustard with it!

As to the dinners, I was assured that they covered expenses, and were in no sense a charity; but it was difficult to think it of a tariff that includes ¼ lb. roast meat, with dumpling, gravy, and vegetables, for 4d., and good Scotch broth at 1d. a pint. And this apart from the fact that two trained lady cooks are employed. There must be a very excellent organisation.

There are allotments, too, for the Carrow workers—but I could go on for a long time about the excellent relations that subsist between the Colmans and their 5,000 workpeople, who substantially, if indirectly, share in the profits of the firm. If all commercial concerns were conducted on similar principles, what a huge increase to the happiness of the world there would be!

Bee went on Friday to the Printing Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, on the track of certain post-cards, and came back in a most extraordinary state of mind, babbling of ogres and the forces of nature. It appears that the magic began on the top of Pentonville Hill, when she looked back, on a morning all misty with heat, and saw the towers and spires of St. Pancras hanging in the sky like a pearl-coloured palace in a dream. She besought herself to be practical, even in a place inhabited at various times by Mr. Pickwick, Charles Lamb, and Peter Ibbetson, and went on to the Exhibition. It was early, and her particular stall-holder had not arrived, so she wandered about and saw many things which she did not understand in the smallest degree, and with every step felt smaller and more insignificant. There was one machine which, according to Bee, moaned without stopping, and every bit of it turned a different way; it yawned at frequent intervals, but while its mouth was shut it did an enormous amount of work in the way of printing its secret thoughts on paper. In the middle of it there was a cave of black iron, in which an eye of intense light winked wickedly all by itself. This is where the ogre came in. There were other machines doing marvels in the Sandow line, with iron arms that stretched out and grabbed things which they immediately flung over steel shoulders into iron mouths. Even in an exhibit of toys there was the same spirit, for the chief of them was a complete model of an engineer's workshop, where, on touching an electric switch, the same whirring and clacking and turning and grabbing went on in miniature. It would be a happy boy that got that toy; and his mother would do well to collect old linen for bandages. Bee went back to stare at the thing that moaned all the time, and then came home quoting "M'Andrew's Hymn" and Hans Andersen.

The experience evidently made her feel strenuous, for that same afternoon she took Gretchen down to Stepney to go over Dr. Barnardo's Homes. Gretchen had a disappointment when she saw the Whitechapel Road; she had an idea that a murderer would be lurking in every doorway, and that the light of Heaven never penetrated there. She says the coolest place she has been in for days was the roof of the Barnardo Hospital, and the liveliest people she has seen since the heat were the invalids in it, especially a little fellow in the babies' ward, who was trotting round paying "doctor's visits." There are some lovely chidren there, and also in the crêche, with almost Murillo faces. Their cleanliness sat on them like a garment, and they were beaming. The girls saw all the workshops, and the work going on, and came home full of useful information as to how bread is baked and how to sole boots. A Hungarian count had been over it all just before them, to study the methods of organisation, and the lady who showed Bee and Gretchen over said that people from every part of the world come for the same purpose, and carry back with them, to do infinite good, the methods invented by the wonderful brain of Dr. Barnardo.

They drove back on a motor right through the City, to Gretchen's joy, Bee only too glad to be able to talk undiluted London to anyone. At Hyde Park Corner they saw a crowd, and decided to wait on the chance of seeing the Queen, which Gretchen was longing to do. After about a quarter of an hour her Majesty came, looking very sweet, as usual, in black. Bee bobbed and got a bow, and clutched at Gretchen's hand to bob also, as they were rather by themselves, and conspicuous. But Gretchen was absolutely rigid with attention and delight; it was like hauling at a statue, her knees were like stone. She received a bow and a smile, nevertheless, by her rapt expression. In another minute the passengers in a Vanguard omnibus were enlivened by the irruption into their midst of a perfect whirlwind of excitement—Gretchen, raving in mingled English and German about the way the Queen bows, and the way she smiles, and the way she sits in her carriage—"so beautiful and friendly, but royal—ach, I find royal altogether. Oh, I am so happy." It is delightful to go about with such an effervescent creature, whose store of enthusiasm is simply limitless.

One of our great daily papers had, a week or two since, an eloquent tirade against the cruelty of women who wear bird-of-paradise plumes and ospreys, and on another page informed its readers, in a fashion article, that "paradis" and ospreys are more à la mode than ever. Surely this latter piece of information is a distinct encouragement to continue wearing the spoils of birdland? If fashion-writers and journalists were to combine in a resolve never to advocate such adornments, and further, never to describe the toilette of any woman which included either of these, more good would be done to the cause than by a thousand diatribes.

I have received the following letter from Mona:—

My dear Madge,—Of course, you grow a number of pansies—probably in a bed by themselves. They are charming in that way or in any other, but I strongly recommend you to try them as a groundwork for roses. If the bed receives the usual dressing of manure in autumn, they do not injure the roses in the least, but, on the contrary, render them a service by screening the ground from the hot rays of the sun and checking evaporation. The slight shade of the bushes also benefits the pansies, and they consequently retain their beauty longer than they do when exposed to the full sunshine. But the chief advantage of growing them in this position is that they cover up the bare earth, which should never be visible in any properly managed garden during the summer. It is useless to keep old pansies, for they always deteriorate the second year, but if you have any that are specially fine you may raise young stock from them by cutting them back after flowering, and using as cuttings the shoots which start near the base. These cuttings, if inserted firmly in sandy soil in a cold frame, and kept moist and shaded, will soon form roots. As a rule, however, it is not worth the trouble, sowing seeds is so much simpler, and the result, if you buy them from a trustworthy firm, is quite as good. They should be sown at once. Personally, I prefer a mixture. There is much to be said, I admit, in favour of masses of the same colour, but the great charm of pansies is their infinite variety, even flowers on the same plant, in spite of their family resemblance, seldom being identical, each as it opens being found to have some added touch. This increases immensely the interest

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of mixed pansies, an interest which they lose when you know that they are all blue or all yellow. But whether you raise them from seed or from cuttings, do not wait, as most people do, until spring to plant them out in their permanent quarters, but do this in autumn. You will find that they produce much finer flowers and for a much longer period, for they are enabled to send their roots deeper into the soil, and thus to resist better the heat of summer.

Another of my pet plants—I have many pets in the garden—which does not like the hot sun is the auricula. It used to be grown almost exclusively in pots, and with exhibition varieties this is still the practice, for the rain is apt to spoil the flowers by washing away the powder which covers them. In such cases it is easy to give the plants the situations which suit them best at different seasons. The frames in which they are sheltered are made to face north from May to October, and south during the other months. During severe frost mats are laid over the lights, but, as damp is more to be dreaded than cold, fresh air is admitted at every possible opportunity. Should they need water, it is applied to the soil around them with the spout of the can, never with the rose, for if it lodges at the base of the leaves it is almost sure to cause decay. Fortunately, however, hybridists have produced a hardier race, scarcely, if at all, less beautiful, which may safely be grown all the year round in the open ground, provided only that the soil is well drained and the position sufficiently open to prevent any accumulation of damp. They are delightful plants in the border in spring. As it is not advisable to move them according to the season, it is best, as a sort of compromise, to give them a north-east or north-west aspect, thus securing for them some sunshine, but not too much. In the course of a year or two they are improved by division, and this may be done now that they have finished their growth. This is also the best time to divide polyanthuses. For edging beds of wallflowers in spring, these plants are exceedingly effective.

As I write, Brada is layering carnations and David is putting in pink pipings. This is interesting and exhilarating work—interesting because it gives an insight into nature's methods, exhilarating because it is very pleasant to see a single plant (which one has perhaps bought as a novelty at a great price) expand into a dozen or more. The essential feature in either operation is a wound. When a wound is left exposed to the air, the issuing sap hardens over it and forms a protective covering; but when it is covered with moist soil, or in many cases placed in water, the sap produces first a soft excrescence called a callus and afterwards roots. This is what happens when a cutting is "struck." It should be cut off immediately below a joint because roots are most readily formed at that point, and a few leaves near the joint should be removed because, if they come in contact with the soil, they are apt to decay and to cause the decay of the stem. It should be inserted so firmly that it cannot move in the soil, which should be light and porous, and never dry. As cuttings have no roots to keep them supported with food, the less the evaporation from the leaves the better, for which reason they are always shaded from sunshine, and often covered with handlights or placed in a frame. In the case of pink cuttings or pipings, this is not necessary; a large proportion of them will root quite well in the open ground. A layer is merely a cutting which remains attached to its parent until it can feed itself by means of its own roots. Layering is, therefore, the more certain method, and is employed where cuttings would be likely to fail. A slicing cut half-way through the stem is made at a joint, which is then pegged down into the soil. We use wavy hairpins for the purpose, and find them excellent. When the layers are well rooted they are severed, and a few days later lifted and planted separately. Do you think you can now propagate your carnations and pinks?—Your affectionate cousin, MONA.

Clare sends me the following from Dublin:—

DEAREST MADGE,—Last week it was well with those who have the habit—the "vacation habit," as he called it—so much despised and condemned in his philosophy of life by a late renowned American millionaire. May we not well exclaim "Poor man!" of the rich man who professed to have no aim, thought, or pleasure in life but money making. Only imagine anyone going through the world indifferent to its beauty, its wonders, and mysteries of every kind; too busy to feel the sweetness of the light, or to know what "a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." Never to have enjoyed the delights of a live-long summer's day, which can only be tasted in their fulness by the possessor of a "vacation" mind, in which working day cares and business are, for the time, as though they were not. We have lately had many such days over here, and we know that the multitude of their delights deserve and demand for their enjoyment all our energy. The delicious weather came at a critical time, when the vacation habit was perhaps pressing a bit heavily upon us. It swept away, all at once, doubts, difficulties, and waverings, the worries that had been troubling us under darker skies. Our holiday, as it were, planned itself. We had days that could, should, and would be enjoyed, go where we might. The important thing was to go, to seize the opportunity of the moment. What a leading factor in the affairs of life weather is. Far more than we usually imagine in the great, as well as the minor, things. With regard to the latter the conventional "weather permitting" lightly acknowledges its power over us. How little we know or even suspect, however, all that the weather either permits, or does not permit, in regard to the great things of life—the actions which are inspired by fair or foul weather, by sunshine, or darkness and gloom. Most of us, whether we know it or not, are barometric creatures, with "ups and downs" under the immediate influence of the weather. How strong we are to do and dare when the mercury is rising, how much more ineffective and wanting in initiative when it is falling.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen spent last week in the exercise of hospitality and fulfilment of social duties, at the Viceregal Lodge. They had a party of visitors there, including Lord Compton, Hon. Jean Bruce, Sir F. Harvey Bathurst, Miss Herschell, Miss Farquharson, and Mr. A. Cadogan. It was a cricket—a "Zingari"—week, according to old custom, at the Viceregal Lodge. Matches were played each day on the Viceregal ground, where, in the afternoon, a band played, and Lord and Lady Aberdeen entertained a select number of guests at tea on the lawn. Cricket does not absorb interest to the same extent in Ireland as in England; in fact, sports and games, to inspire real enthusiasm over here, must be connected with the "horse." The cricket at the Viceregal Lodge, however, drew together each day a fashionable crowd of spectators and others. If the contests were not very exciting it was pleasant to look on at them in the delicious weather from under the shade of the trees, and to the accompaniment of military music. One might have felt inclined to pity the strenuous ones who were engaged in the contests in the sun. But this is the age of the "strenuous" and of the "flannelled fools," and one's pity would only have returned on one's self, with a large addition of contempt. Man starts his playing with a ball in the cradle, and never willingly gives up the toy until on the verge of the grave. Is not his love for it one of the most curious of life's smaller mysteries? Dinner parties were given each evening at the Viceregal Lodge, followed on most occasions by small dances, which were very enjoyable to the select few bidden to them. Lord and Lady Hawkesbury came over specially to Dublin Castle, the former having chiefly to manage the festivities of the "week." They were very successful, Lord and Lady Aberdeen being the most agreeable and kindly of Viceregal entertainers who ever dispensed hospitality in Ireland. The next "week" will be perhaps the most important of all the "weeks" for Viceroyalty, as well as for the whole of Ireland—that is, the Horse Show week at the end of August.

Lady and Miss MacDonnell returned to the Under Secretary's Lodge, and are staying there. Sir Antony flits backwards and forwards, his crossings of the Irish Channel bidding fair to rival the records of those of Lord Ashbourne, when at the beginning of his career as Lord Chancellor of Ireland. In Sir Antony's case, as in Lord Ashbourne's, during Lord Carnarvon's Viceroyalty rumour connects these constant journeys between the kingdom's capital and Dublin Castle with a scheme of "Home Rule," a phrase defined, as the flavours in cookery are used, according to individual taste.

The end of July is the record time for flitting; everyone, of all sorts and conditions, is on the move. Lord and Lady Dudley returned to our Wild West, which seems to "call" them, with its picturesque attractions, last week. Lord and Lady Carysfort took up their residence at Glenart for the summer, near the Vale of Avoca, the meeting of whose "bright waters" has been sung of by Moore. And to such a sweet old air! One wonders why the Irish airs are so sweet; there is so little sweetness in the old history of the country. We were always, no doubt, as we still are, unexpected in our ways.—Yours ever, CLARE.

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some recipes for you. Fillets of sole à la Novice are very good indeed:—

Trim the fillets of a pair of soles, season them with salt and pepper, fold them over, and arrange them in a circle on a buttered fireproof dish, pour on half a glass of white wine, put a suspicion of scraped onion and a tiny piece of butter on each fillet, and moisten all with purée of tomato. Cook the fish in a brisk oven. Put ball-shaped pieces of boiled potatoes, tossed in butter, pepper, salt, and chopped parsley, in the centre, and serve them on the same dish.

Fonds d'Artichauts à la d'Orléans are an excellent savoury:—

Drain a bottle of artichoke bottoms and season them with oil, vinegar, salt, and pepper. Put a slice of ripe red tomatoes in each, which season with salt and pepper. Mince 2 oz. of white cooked chicken very finely, add two finely-minced gherkins and three minced anchovies. Mix them with a little thick mayonnaise sauce, and put a spoonful on the top of each artichoke in such a manner that the red edge shows. Dust them with coralline pepper. Place each on a slice of seasoned cucumber, and dish them garnished with small cress and chopped aspic jelly.

Here is a new way of dressing neck of veal, "à l'Anglaise":—

Take the bones from 3lb. of best end of neck of veal, scald, strain, and beard a dozen oysters, return the strained liquor to the stewpan, and stir in about 4oz. of bread crumbs, adding a little good stock if necessary. Remove it from the fire, work in 2oz. of butter, an egg, salt and pepper to taste, a squeeze of lemon juice, and the minced oysters. Put the forcemeat in the veal, roll the flap over, and sew it tightly with strong thread, and for further security, bind it with tape. Put the veal into a stewpan with stock herbs and vegetables. After making the stewpan boil on the stove, place it in the oven to simmer gently for two hours. Then take out the veal, remove the fat, and convert the stock into a good sauce, adding thereto half a dozen blanched and bearded oysters, half a gill of cream, a little lemon juice, and salt and pepper.

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TO OUR READERS.

We receive hundreds of letters every week from "Readers of 'Truth.'" A large majority of the writers expect replies direct. Of the work, trouble, and expense involved in doing this we say nothing. But as experience has shown that a large number of our "Constant" and "Regular" readers who inquire about individuals with whom we have dealt in our columns over and over again are not actual subscribers to the paper, but merely occasional readers of it at clubs, libraries, or at friends' houses, we consider we must protect ourselves in the matter.

We have therefore decided that henceforth every reader who writes making an inquiry that necessitates a direct reply must enclose a stamped envelope and also a Coupon which will always be found at the foot of the 3rd page of the coloured cover. Without these no notice will be taken of the communication.

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a Coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" send replies by post.

No Coupon will be available that is over a fortnight out of date, except from correspondents residing abroad.

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ENTRE NOUS.

THE King will not be present this year at the Braemar Gathering, which is to take place at Invercauld on Thursday, September 6, eleven days before his Majesty's arrival at Balmoral. It is expected, however, that the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children will attend the Gathering, as they will then be in residence at Abergeldie Castle, and, of course, the Princess Royal and the Duke of Fife will be present with their guests at Mar Lodge.

A newsagency sent a paragraph round the papers last week which announced that after the King's departure from Buckingham Palace for Goodwood "it will be some time before his Majesty again makes a prolonged stay in London." It will certainly be "some time," for the King is not to reside again in London, except for a day or two when passing through town, until the beginning of February.

Some of the papers, by the way, are constantly making imaginative engagements for the King. A weekly contemporary announced recently that when his Majesty is in Scotland he will pay a visit to Dunbar, and will reside for three days at Holyrood "Palace." There is not a particle of foundation for these statements, which are pure inventions. The King is to arrive at Balmoral on Monday, September 17, proceeding thither on the termination of his visit to Lord and Lady Savile at Rufford Abbey, His Majesty is to reside at the Castle until Friday, October 5, or Saturday, the 6th, and will then travel direct to London.

It is expected that some members of the Royal family will attend this year's Festival of the Three Choirs, which is to be held at Hereford. The Royal visitors will probably be the guests of Sir John Cotterell (Lord Lieutenant of Herefordshire) and Lady Evelyn Cotterell at Garnons, their beautiful seat in the valley of the Upper Wye.

The Prince of Wales is next week to be the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at the Hall, Bolton Priory, and H.R.H. will have a few days' grouse shooting over the Duke's famous range of moors in Upper Wharfedale before going to Scotland. The Hall is a picturesque modern house, the central portion being the ancient gate-house of the Priory. It contains some choice old furniture, and a gallery of interesting portraits, including the Cobham family, on canvas, being a replica of the famous panel picture at Longleat. The Hall is near the picturesque ruins of the old Priory, the nave of the former church having been admirably restored by the late Duke of Devonshire. The scenery of the Bolton Woods, which extend for miles along the Wharfe Valley, was described by Wordsworth as of "the finest and most rememberable character." The forest and sylvan scenery of the domain is very beautiful, and there is a grand prospect from the hill of Simon's Seat and the ancient deer-park. The Bolton Priory Estate was purchased in 1542 by Henry Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, from whose family it passed by marriage to the Boyles, Earls of Cork, and thence by descent to the Duke of Devonshire.

It is rumoured that the Prince of Wales will pay a visit towards the end of this month (just before he goes

to Abergeldie Castle) to Lord Durham at Affaric Forest, Inverness-shire. This celebrated shooting, which is on the Chisholm estate, and which was rented for some years by Lord Cadogan, has been let to Lord Durham for the season. Affaric Forest, which comprises upwards of 30,000 acres, is nearly thirty miles from Beauly. The ground is heavily stocked with red deer of remarkable size and quality, and over one hundred heavy stags have been killed in a single season. The shooting lodge is finely situated on Loch Affaric, and is surrounded on all sides by magnificent scenery.

Princess Christian is to be the guest of Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam at Wentworth Woodhouse during the last week of October, and on Wednesday, the 24th, H.R.H. will pay a public visit to Sheffield for the purpose of opening a bazaar in aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Wentworth is an immense and very stately house, having a front of 600 ft., with a fine portico, and is surrounded by a well-wooded, much varied, and very large park. There is a splendid gallery of pictures in the house, including the finest Vandykes in England, the gem of the collection being the portrait of Lord Strafford in the library. He is represented in black, dictating to his secretary, Sir Thomas Mainwaring, who is in red. Vandyke's portrait of Lord Strafford in armour (in the Vandyke Room) is another grand picture.

The Duke of Sparta was staying last week at Sandringham, on a visit to the Queen, and the Duchess joined her children at Seaford when she concluded her visit to their Majesties at Buckingham Palace. The announcement in several daily and weekly papers, that the Duke would go to Goodwood for three days, was altogether wrong, no such arrangement ever having been contemplated. The Duke and Duchess of Sparta passed through town on Saturday on their way to visit the Duke and Duchess of Portland at Welbeck Abbey, where they stayed until yesterday, and they inspected the annual Welbeck Tenants' Agricultural Show, which was held, as usual, in the park.

The famous Hôtel Bellevue at Brussels, which was recently sold to King Leopold, has been pulled down, and his Majesty is going to build a palace on the site, which he intends to present to his daughter, the Princesse Clémentine. The back of the Hôtel Bellevue overlooks the gardens of the Royal Palace, while the front windows look out on the park. The Hôtel Bellevue dates from 1776, when the Empress Maria Theresa sold the old Brabant ducal palace to M. de Prost, who built the hotel in its place, and his heirs disposed of the property in 1862 to M. Dremel.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen, who left Ireland at the end of last week, will not be long absent. In the last week of August the Horse Show will be held, at which there will be the usual Vicerégal State attendance. Lord and Lady Aberdeen will return to the Viceregal Lodge before that time. They have accepted an engagement to be present on the 23rd inst. at a Soldiers and Sailors' Help Fête, to be held at Lord and Lady Meath's residence, Kilruddery, near Bray. Kilruddery is a stately house, with handsome gardens, and a picturesque and extensive domain, amongst the Wicklow mountains. In the late Lord Meath's time Mr. Gladstone was more than once a visitor at Kilruddery, but in his pre-Home Rule days.

The Prime Minister will spend the first month of the recess at Marienbad, and intends to return to England about the third week in September, when he will go to Belmont Catle, his place in Perthshire, until Parliament reassembles. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman will spend a week at Balmoral Castle during the King's stay on Deeside. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has rented Glen of Rothes, a place in Morayshire, for the season. Mr. Herbert Gladstone is also going to Scotland, and so are the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Haldane, who will be at Cloanden, his place in South Perthshire. Lord Ripon has gone to Studley Royal, where his small party next week for the opening of the shooting season on the Dallowgill moors in Nidderdale will probably include the Prince of Wales. Lord Tweedmouth will be in Scotland during the recess, and is to spend a week at Balmoral as Minister in attendance when the King goes North. Lord Tweedmouth is the tenant of the northern division of the Ceannacroc section of the great deer forest of Invermoriston, in Inverness-shire.

The death of the Duke of Rutland is the disappearance of a familiar and honoured figure, and the extinction of a great social light. There never lived a more popular man, and he was everywhere held in the highest esteem by all who knew him. He resembled some of the best characters in Scott's mediæval romances. The Duke had been in public life for sixty-five years. He was returned for Newark in 1841, as the colleague of Mr. Gladstone (with whom he always maintained a warm friendship), and he at once commenced to take an active and a very useful part in the House of Commons. The Duke, who figures prominently in "Coningsby" and in "Tancred," was the most influential of the "Young England" party, of which Lord Beaconsfield made such excellent use. He was the *doyen* of ex-Cabinet Ministers. His official career commenced in March, 1852, and he sat in seven Tory Cabinets, retiring from Ministerial life in August, 1892. More than sixty years ago the Duke induced his father to establish allotments on a large scale on the family estates in Leicestershire, Lincolnshire, and Derbyshire, and the experiment proved most successful. The Duke, as a young man, was regarded as a visionary, but there

For Special for Ladies, see page 357.
For the Truth Hotel List, see page 356.
For Selected Foreign Hotels, see pages 355, 356.
For Amusements, see page 354.
For Appeals, see page 358.
For Our Puzzles, see pages 361, 362.

was much practical common sense mingled with his enthusiasm. He was beloved by his tenants, and most deservedly, for he was a most generous and considerate landlord. The better he was known the more he was liked and respected.

The *World* is altogether wrong in stating that Harcourt House, Cavendish-square, "stands on Lord Howard de Walden's London property." Lord Howard de Walden is no more concerned with Harcourt House than is the Duke of Westminster. The freehold of the House and its gardens belonged to the Harcourts of Nuneham Park until the property was sold by the late Mr. Aubrey Harcourt early in 1904, shortly before his sudden death. Harcourt House, which was built by Lord Bingley, was let on a ninety-nine years' lease by the last Earl Harcourt to the third Duke of Portland in 1804, and when the property reverted to the freeholder at the expiration of this term, it was at once sold. The *World* is also quite mistaken in stating that Harcourt House "owes much of its modern appearance" to the late Duke of Portland, who, as a matter of fact, never spent one penny on the property. His father, who died in 1854, and his grandfather considerably improved Harcourt House, and there is a picturesque description of the mansion in Lord Beaconsfield's "Political Biography of Lord George Bentinck."

A paragraph has appeared in the press during the past week announcing that Professor Ray Lankester has been asked to resign the directorship of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. This is not quite an exact way of putting the matter. What has happened is that Professor Ray Lankester automatically retires next year on reaching the age of sixty, and the trustees of the British Museum have not invited him to retain the position, as they have power to do. It is to be hoped that in filling the vacancy the trustees will not follow the course adopted on the last occasion. The appointment is vested in the Speaker of the Commons, the Lord Chancellor, and the Archbishop of Canterbury. The three gentlemen occupying these exalted positions, by appointing Professor Ray Lankester, ignored an almost unanimous recommendation of the general body of the trustees in favour of another candidate for the position, and it need hardly be said that the adoption of such an attitude is scarcely conducive to the harmonious working of the Museum.

Both in England and in America, the cost of sleeping accommodation on trains is much cheaper than on the Continent, and there seems no valid reason for this. But my principal objection to the Continental system is that it is impossible for a person to get a compartment to himself, unless by paying not only the cost of two berths, but of two railway tickets. When two friends are travelling together there is no reason why they should not take a two-berth compartment; but it is disagreeable to find oneself at such close quarters with a total stranger. On the Continent, the sleeping-cars belong to the International Sleeping Car Company, and, I believe, not only have they to provide and maintain the vehicles, but have to pay a percentage on the tickets that they sell. Why the railway companies themselves should not have their own sleeping-cars I do not know. But to whomsoever the cars may belong, surely they might so arrange the compartments that there should be double or single ones. If the company cannot plan such a car, its directors would do well to send one of their employees to learn how to do so, by seeing what is done by others. There ought to be, in all the companies' carriages, single sleeping compartments, with a lavatory for the use of the occupant, and a lamp, so hung that it is possible to read by its light.

THE REASON WHY.

Of all the folks, by Jingo,
That discourse in British lingo,
  If there's one above all others hateful, I
Affirm, sans hesitation,
It's that devil's own creation,
  The chap that asks the reason why.

At every turn he haunts me,
He persecutes, he taunts me,
  And claims some inconvenient reply
To questions that I can't, Sir—
Or do not want to—answer,
  This brute that always asks the reason why.

If at Bridge a hand I'm taking,
And fail "the odd" in making,
  As my partner hear him heave an injured sigh
And "sit" on all my errors
With the "Crowner's Quest"-like terrors
  Of his zeal to ferret out the reason why.

Or if, when "in" at cricket,
I lose the chap his wicket
  By calling for a run it's rash to try,
As pavilionwards retires he,
In blaspheming tones inquires he
  What the something quite profane's my reason why.

Or, again, 'tis most unpleasant
When, ladies being present,
  My youngest hopeful, scarcely three feet high,
At some nameless subject rushing,
Sets us furiously blushing
  By demanding, loud and shrill, the reason why.

So would I could make vanish,
And incontinently banish
  To that region, where the climate's hot and dry,
This devil's own creation,
This live interrogation,
  The beast that always asks the reason why.

Some correspondence which has been sent to me by a gentleman connected with the management of the opera at Covent Garden supplies an admirable illustration of the lengths to which the deadhead will go in pursuit of his prey. The letters are written on note-paper headed "Appleton's 20th Century (Illustrated

"How to become a Naval Officer" contains in a concise form the new regulations, together with a full description of life at the Royal Naval Colleges at Osborne and Dartmouth.—Gieve, Mathews, & Seagrove (Ltd.), 21, George-st., Hanover-sq., W.

Polyglot Magazine), "Official Organ International Rendezvous World-Travellers' Club, Appleton's Investment, Land and Colonisation Association and International Bureau of Universal Education," and the first of them reads as follows:—

42, Mount Ararat-road,
Richmond-on-Thames, Surrey.
July 17, 1906.

My Dear Mr. ——,

I gave my personal card to Mr. —— in the foyer of Covent Garden last Saturday evening in the hope of seeing you a few moments on my way to the theatre with Mrs. Appleton and a party of friends.

We arrived in London a few months ago from Egypt and the Riviera, where I had gathered elaborate illustrations and matter for publication in a European edition of my polyglot magazine, to be published in English, German, French, Spanish, Italian, and Swedish for Continental and Colonial distribution.

Although we have been many times in London, we have never happened here during the opera season before.

As you know, the great artists all come to America, where our Metropolitan Opera House in New York, Auditorium in Chicago, and other Auditoriums throughout the United States provide the highest excellence in acoustic properties, and enable the artists to do their best.

You will pardon me, I am sure, for repeating to you here a very generally believed rumour in America and among Germans that the acoustic properties of Covent Garden are defective. Of course, I do not speak from personal opinion, as I have never heard an opera in Covent Garden, but as I very much desire to be perfectly just in what I shall say in my magazine regarding the present opera season in London, I shall be very much indebted to you personally for any statement you will authorise me to make regarding your world-famed auditorium. Will you not also oblige me with a photograph of yourself for reproduction in the August number of my magazine? There will be no expense to you in the matter.

If you can arrange a box (or five seats) for a Caruso evening for myself and our house party now in Richmond without affecting the box receipts, I should regard it a very nice courtesy which I have no doubt it will be in my power to reciprocate.—Very sincerely,

A. Stewart Appleton.

Enclosed with this letter was a pamphlet giving particulars of "Appleton's 20th Century Library," which apparently consists entirely of works by A. Stewart Appleton, and purporting to be published at No. 1, Northumberland-avenue, Trafalgar-square. "My dear Mr. ——," not having heard previously of Mr. Appleton and his polyglot magazine, instructed a subordinate to write for a copy, while he himself sent personally to Mr. Appleton a polite expression of regret at being unable to comply with his request for a box on "a Caruso evening." In reply, he received a typewritten communication from the "Twentieth Century Publication Mgr.," dated "London, July 23, 1906," enclosing a typed copy of an article which was stated to have been prepared for the musical department of the August number of the magazine, but withheld until Mr. Appleton had investigated some of the statements made therein. Following this came a request for photographs, with a view to reproduction in a volume of the "20th Century Library," which, it was hinted, is sold on subscription only at a guinea a volume, or £10 10s. the complete set of eleven. As for the article enclosed, the following extract sufficiently shows its drift:—

The most distressing feature of the opera, as German and Italian critics have essayed, was the evident strain under which Caruso was compelled to keep his voice, quite depriving it of the heart-reaching tones, in order to overcome the so-called acoustic imperfections of Covent Garden Theatre. London, it seems, should have some better auditorium for great singers.

When this correspondence came into my possession, being aware that the name of Appleton is known all over the world as that of one of the principal American publishers, I at once placed myself in communication with the head of the London branch of the firm, and, as I had anticipated, I was at once assured that A. Stewart Appleton had no connection in any way with the firm in question, that of D. Appleton and Co., of New York, Chicago, and Boston. I also learned from the same source that the individual now summering in Mount Ararat-road, Richmond, has adopted for the title of his proposed library a very passable imitation of the title given to one of Messrs. D. Appleton and Co.'s most popular series of publications, and it is a natural inference that Mr. A. Stewart Appleton has adopted this title in order to confuse his identity with that of a reputable firm. In regard to the address 1, Northumberland-avenue, given as the office for the publication of the polyglot magazine and the rest of the 20th Century publications, I find that it is merely an accommodation address where letters are received for Americans while visiting this country, and that the magazine has not up to the present made its appearance. In the light of these facts, it seems to me that Mr. A. Stewart Appleton is a type of summer visitor who would be better bestowed on Mount Ararat itself than in Mount Ararat-road at Richmond. Meanwhile, I should very much like to hear whether any one else has had any experience of Mr. Appleton's persuasive efforts to obtain either free theatre tickets or subscriptions for his "library."

A very choice collection of old stained glass (principally English, with some fine specimens from France and Flanders) has been presented to Durham Cathedral. This glass was collected in the eighteenth century by a former Canon of Durham, and has since been preserved in the prebendal house on College Green, which was occupied by the late Canon Tristram for more than thirty years.

The Bishop of Zululand, who has so zealously taken up the cause of the natives, belongs to a very ancient and highly distinguished Cornish family, and from his "breeding" (as Lord Beaconsfield would have phrased it), he ought to be a Tory of the most "stern and unbending" type. He is a son of the Rev. Sir Vyell Vyvyan, who was for a short time rector of Withiel, and who succeeded to the baronetcy (which dates from 1644) and estates in 1879, on the death of his uncle Sir Robert, who was for many years a well-known member of the House of Commons, and he exercised great influence among the more austere Tories during the reigns of George IV. and William IV. Trelowarren, the family seat, is a stately castellated house which contains some fine portraits by Vandyke and Kneller. There is a portrait of Charles I. by Vandyke which was presented to the Vyvyans by Charles II. as a mark of gratitude for their services during the Civil War.

Claridge's Hotel, Brook-street, Grosvenor-square.— Over 300 rooms; nearly 100 bathrooms. Royal suite, private entrance. Situation ensures perfect quiet.

The late Archdeacon Sapte, who was Rector of Cranleigh, Surrey, for sixty years, is to be replaced in that benefice by the Rev. Philip Cunningham, Vicar of Wonersh, near Guildford, on the presentation of the trustees of the late Sir Cuthbert Peek. The living of Cranleigh is of the net value of about £600 a year, with house. Mr. Cunningham was presented to his present benefice by Trinity College, Cambridge, and it is of the net value of about £300 a year, with residence.

The Duke of Portland has presented the Rev. B. S. Batty, Vicar of Medmenham, Berkshire, to the living of Bolsover, Derbyshire, which is of the net value of about £400 a year, with house. There is a very fine church at Bolsover, which was carefully restored about thirty years ago. It contains the Cavendish Chapel, in which are several splendid monuments. Bolsover Castle is a castellated house, which stands on a high and wooded terrace, and it contains some beautiful rooms, which are most elaborately decorated, and filled with priceless old furniture. It was built early in the seventeenth century on the site of an ancient Norman stronghold.

There is a rather droll juxtaposition of paragraphs in the July number of the St. Andrew's, Chew Stoke, Monthly Magazine. It seems that the Rector of this rural parish is yearning for harder work. He informs his flock that he will probably leave Chew Stoke this year, as he has felt for some time that "he ought to be working in a town parish where there is so much to be done and so few to do it." In the next column of the magazine is a series of announcements of the postponement of the "Mothers' Meeting," "Band of Hope," "Service in Church, Wednesdays," "Men's Evening," "Rifle Club," and "Working Party." No reason is assigned for these postponements, but one may be inferred, from allusions elsewhere in the magazine to the effect that the Rector had been "away on holiday" during June, and was not returning home till about the middle of July. During this period, it appears, St. Andrew's was left without a resident clergyman. There is certainly an appearance of inconsistency in all this, but perhaps the worthy cleric has only been girding himself up for the more strenuous life to which he is going to devote himself.

By a slip of the pen, which I much regret, the *Catholic Herald* was erroneously mentioned in my article on the Catholic funds scandal on July 25. The journal which, as I said, seemed to suspect me of being "a somewhat more fanatical Protestant than the late Mr. Kensit," was not the *Catholic Herald*, but, as the context indicated, the *Catholic Weekly*, and it was to the latter that my comments were intended to apply.

The following amounts have been received by me towards Lady St. Helier's Children's Holiday Fund. Paul Pry, £1 1s.; Church Farm, £1 1s.; M. D., £5; Townbound, £1; P. M. F., £1 1s.; E. W. E., 10s.; W. £2; R. S. O., 10s.; Dorothy, Madge, and Dick, 5s.; C. D. G., £1; Sibyl, £1 1s.; C. F., £50.

Anent the last paragraphs in Truth on the subject of uniform and mufti, an officer writes that he would welcome a rule that uniform should always be worn except on privileged occasions, provided that the Government supplied the uniform. Probably, many others would take the same view, and there is reason in it. The fact that the Government supplies the uniform of the rank and file gives a right to insist upon the wearing of it which does not exist in the case of officers, who are required to clothe themselves. But my correspondent remarks that if his suggestion were carried out, it might be necessary to insist that every article of uniform should come from Government stores, otherwise "Heaven help the *poor* officer!"

Here is another suggestion, as an alternative to making the wearing of mufti a privilege:—

> Why not make the wearing of uniform the privilege—limit it to barracks and lines except when on duty? In India one sees officers at the club, at "gaffs" given by travelling companies, and even at railway dances in uniform.
>
> Let every man keep up a suit of plain clothes, and when out as a civilian let him appear as such. Why should it be presumed that he will misbehave any more than other citizens? If he is a ruffian and wishing to commit a burglary or any other crime, he can easily change into civilian clothing.
>
> Try the effect of this on recruiting. Also abolish "church parade." Policemen, postmen, Government clerks, are not forced to go to church.

The last suggestion I heartily agree with. And I would urge it on religious grounds as well as on that of expediency. It may be remembered that a year or two ago an Army Chaplain wrote very forcibly in Truth, urging the abolition of compulsory public worship as a hindrance to religion.

The following extract from a newspaper report of the Pershore Petty Sessions has been sent to me by an Army officer:—

> The licence of the Crown Inn, Defford, was transferred from Mr. Hollier to Sergeant Greenway, the present instructor of the Pershore Volunteers.

There are very serious objections to a sergeant-instructor of Volunteers carrying on the business of an innkeeper, and it would be interesting to learn whether Greenway has now left the Army. If not, he should be required to do so, or else to give up his public-house.

A colour-sergeant serving in India writes to inquire when the Army Order of February last, increasing the pay and allowances of his rank, is to come into force in that country. Not having the terms of the order before me, I cannot say whether or not it may apply to India, but very possibly it does not, and perhaps somebody better informed can enlighten me on the point. I have an impression that this order had some relation to additional work thrown upon colour-sergeants under the new system of financial administration, in which case it obviously has nothing to do with India. My correspondent suggests that colour-sergeants' financial work has always been heavier in India than in England, and that they have a good right on that ground to share in the increase of pay. This, I should think, is very likely.

A grievance has been created at Beaumaris by the employment in the pier band of bandsmen belonging

to the Engineer Militia. If they were selected for their work on their merits as musicians, nobody would have a right to complain; but it is alleged that the reason for their employment is that they are ready to work below the usual rates of pay because they have their military pay behind it. I should think that this is probably correct, and if it is, it may happen in other places. It is manifestly most unfair and undesirable from every point of view that military bandsmen should be used as "blacklegs" to cut down the wages of civilians, or throw them out of employment, and there ought to be some regulations to prevent their taking supplementary civil engagements on such terms.

I have had a touching letter from a soldier at Middelburg, Cape Colony, who protests against American tinned meat being issued to the troops on that station after the recent revelations. The feeling which he expresses is no doubt general, and is not to be wondered at. Everybody knows that civilians, who have a choice in the matter, have been fighting shy lately of American tinned provisions, and soldiers, who have no choice, ought not to be compelled to eat them, at least until every proper precaution has been taken to test their wholesomeness. This was recognised at home by Mr. Haldane as soon as the scare broke out, and I believe every proper precaution has been taken to ensure the quality of such tinned provisions as are in use. But it may not be so in the Colonies, and at any rate some steps should be taken under present circumstances to assure soldiers that any tinned meat issued to them is quite fit to eat. Of course, it is absurd to suppose that everything that comes in tins from the United States is as bad as the products of the worst-managed Chicago packing establishments. That will no doubt be recognised in time. But for the present discrimination is certainly desirable.

A recently-published pamphlet by Major Arthur Haggard, on "The Social Status of the Soldier," deals with a branch of Army reform which deserves more consideration than it receives. He refers briefly to the question of employment for time-expired men, but his main theme is the need for an improvement in the conditions of the soldier's daily life during his period of service. His pay has been increased till there is now nothing to complain of in that respect; but too little regard has been given to the changes that have taken place in the home-life of the class of people from whom it is most desirable that recruits should be drawn. Working-class families, as a rule, have now become accustomed to many little amenities that were unknown to them a generation ago, and conditions of existence that were accepted then are now deemed repulsive and intolerable. Too many disagreeable conditions are—as is shown by incidents that I record from time to time—unnecessarily retained in barrack life. Luxuries are not wanted, but, as Major Haggard makes clear, there are scores of ways in which the soldier's lot could be made more pleasant and more interesting without any sacrifice of military efficiency or any but the most trifling additional expenditure.

A little matter affecting the navigation of the Upper Thames, which a correspondent brings under my notice, is well worthy the attention of the Thames Conservancy. Until the present year the guide posts to the locks, as well as the woodwork of the locks themselves, have been painted white. This year, however, the paint used has been of the colour adopted by the Admiralty for painting torpedo destroyers, with the result that at night not only is the use of the guide posts destroyed, but they become absolutely dangerous. I cannot conceive any reason for any alteration. It certainly cannot be on æsthetic grounds, since the new paint is about as ugly a colour as it is possible to mix, and for that reason alone should be debarred from use.

The ugly impression which the Ceylon pearl fisheries scandal has produced in the minds of the public both in the colony and here will not be in the least degree dispelled by Mr. Lyttelton's lame and unconvincing statement in the House of Commons last week. The late Colonial Secretary says that his concern was to see that the very best possible terms were obtained for the lease. Just so. But how did he fulfil his duty? Actually by accepting such terms as could be got from the only persons who had been permitted to know that he was willing to grant a lease. It is true that after the fishery of 1905 had produced for the colony the enormous profit of £150,000 Mr. Lyttelton demanded a rent of £20,666 per annum instead of the £15,000 which he had previously contemplated accepting. But even £20,666 was manifestly an utterly inadequate rent, and the reasons Mr. Lyttelton has now given for his failure to put the lease up to tender are extremely weak and unsatisfactory.

We are told that one reason was that it would have been "a breach of faith" to have offered the lease to anybody but the parties who had originally asked that such a lease should be granted to them. The absurdity of this is transparent. If someone came to Mr. Lyttelton with a proposal to purchase property of his, would he consider that he was thereby placed under an obligation to refrain from ascertaining whether a better price could not be secured by a sale at auction? The second of the reasons given was that it is not the practice of the Colonial Office to invite tenders for concessions of this sort, "because if they did they either had to accept the highest tender and perhaps get an undesirable person to deal with, or if they rejected the highest tender they had to enter into awkward explanations." This is still more ridiculous. Government departments and public bodies daily receive tenders without binding

One of the Prettiest Spots in England—Dormans Park Hotel Dormans, Surrey (L. B. & S. C. R.). Write to Manager for Illustrated Booklet and Terms. An Ideal run for Motorists, 28 miles from London or Brighton.

themselves to accept the highest (or lowest), regardless of any such question of "awkward explanations," which, indeed, need not be given.

Of course, nobody has ever suggested that there was anything "in any sense fraudulent on the part of the syndicate or anybody else in this transaction." It is not a fraud, but a job, that is complained of—a job perpetrated for the benefit of a gang of London financiers at the expense of the people of Ceylon. In regard to Sir J. West Ridgeway's connection with the affair, Mr. Lyttelton laid stress on the fact that he was not Governor of Ceylon at the time of his negotiations with the Colonial Office for the lease. So far as I am concerned, in the comments on the matter that have appeared in Truth it has from the first been made clear that Sir J. West Ridgeway had retired from the Governorship before he approached Mr. Lyttelton on behalf of the syndicate. But my view has been, and still is, that it is a highly objectionable proceeding for a Colonial Governor on his retirement to come home and secure a valuable concession in the colony he has just left—more especially a concession so detrimental to the interests of the colony as the lease of these pearl fisheries for £20,666 a year.

An Indian correspondent recently called my attention to numerous advertisements of a dental surgeon who advertises in the *Sind Gazette* as "Dr. N. J. R. Sethna, M.D., the only London Dental Surgeon in Sind." In a native paper the description is put more precisely as "Dental Surgeon, M.D. (London)." Both descriptions, however, are obviously designed to convey that the dentist in question is an M.D. of London University. This is not the fact, nor is it probable that an M.D. of London would advertise himself as Mr. Sethna does.

I am glad to hear that the recent observations in Truth upon the treatment of certain of their employees by the Gas Light and Coke Company have not been without effect. Certain official action seems to have been taken, and the fitters have been given to understand that one or two of the interferences with their pay and holidays which were referred to in Truth are to be cancelled. The men believe that this is due to the remonstrances of a shareholder. I do not know how that may be, but the ultimate responsibility, of course, rests with the shareholders, and it is to be hoped that they will express their opinion on the subject at the next half-yearly meeting, which takes place shortly. What is really required is an increase of pay to the current level in the labour market, and I should also hope that the man whose case has directed public attention to the subject will be reinstated.

Any one who imagines that Bumbles of the stern, unbending, cold-blooded, parsimonious, old-fashioned kind are now extinct should read the report of the last meeting of the Guardians of the Longtown Union, Cumberland. A poor widow, over sixty years of age, applied to these worthies for 3s. a week out-relief. The chairman, Mr. R. Bell, subjected her to what is described in the *Carlisle Journal* as a sharp cross-examination. Two damning facts were elicited: First, she possesses a donkey and cart, with which she earns a trifle (though it is sometimes scarcely more than enough to keep the donkey) by carting garden produce to market for her neighbours; secondly, she has living with her a married son and his wife and child. This son is in a situation where he receives a wage of 9s. a week, plus part of his food, and the widow was asked why he did not "keep them all." Her reply that the man's wages were barely sufficient for himself and his wife and child was deemed very unsatisfactory. "We have to be careful," the chairman exclaimed; "we cannot throw 3s. a week away," and a proposal that the application should be granted was rejected by a majority of the Board, on the ground that the widow had "a certain amount of property (namely, a donkey and cart), and 9s. a week coming in"!

The relieving officer afterwards admitted that he had been guilty of the enormity of giving this widow temporary relief in kind to the amount of 5s. At that time her son was out of work, and she had not "a bite in the house," and was starving. Both the chairman and the clerk severely censured the officer, the chairman remarking that the woman had "means of raising money without coming on the rates." In other words, she might have sold her donkey and her small stock of household goods, and lived on the proceeds until, being absolutely destitute, she was forced to enter the workhouse and "come on the rates" altogether for the rest of her life. This is, indeed, the chairman's ideal poor law policy. "I don't wish to be hard on poor people," he said, "but I would refuse every one out-relief. I would give them the chance of the 'house.' We must be careful."

It is difficult to perceive how any saving of the rates—the only thing of which these Longtown Guardians think—can be effected by driving into the workhouse old people who, with a little assistance, could maintain themselves outside. The economic result is, however, a minor consideration in comparison with the harshness to the poor such a system involves. Nobody desires to see out-relief given indiscriminately and extravagantly. But the most deserving of the aged poor often have a strong repugnance to the workhouse, and there are a great many cases in which they can properly be helped in their own homes. This is now recognised by humane and enlightened administrators of the poor law, and it is deplorable that its administration in any union should be in the hands of Bumbles of such an unsympathetic and unregenerate type as these Longtown Guardians.

The letter printed below comes from one of the small number of solicitors who have seriously exerted themselves to put an end to the scandals by which their profession has for many years past been discredited. I entirely agree with his point. A solicitor who has been made a bankrupt stands in a different position from a trader when it is a question of resuming business after he has obtained his discharge. The whole circumstances of his bankruptcy ought to be carefully looked into before he is allowed to practise again, and Mr. Hastie is quite right in holding that after all that has happened in the past the Council of the Law Society cannot be trusted to decide the question. It may be ready enough to make things warm for the small offender, but there is no security that it will deal impartially with the big one:—

Sir,—At the time when the first of my letters on the subject of the Council and the Discipline Committee of the Incorporated Law Society appeared (in 1899) Benjamin Green Lake was the President of the Discipline Committee and a Past-President of the Society. On January 22, 1901, he was sentenced to twelve years' penal servitude for frauds upon his clients. In the course of my letter I indicated that other serious failures might be anticipated, and that they were in the air was well known to many members of the profession. A very few months after sentence had been passed on Lake, one Charles Cheston was elected a member of the Council. Charles Cheston served upon the Council for three years, and the clients of his firm are to-day mourning the loss of money conservatively estimated at half a million pounds.

Although the Council is nominally elected by the Society at large, it is its very proud boast that for many years no one has been elected on the Council who has not been previously on their selected house list. Of all the solicitors who have served on the Council in the last twenty years one in every twenty-three has left the profession in circumstances discreditable to himself and disastrous to his clients. The percentage of members of the Council who leave the profession in such circumstances is steadily increasing, yet the Council have now the effrontery to put forward a Bill in Parliament seeking to give them further powers, namely, the power of discriminating as to which bankrupt solicitors shall and which shall not be allowed to practise. The opinion of those members of the profession who are I think best entitled to be heard is that no solicitor who has been bankrupt should be permitted to practise except by permission of the Court, and the right to grant such permission should most certainly not be vested in the Council. Since the Bill is, I believe, now coming forward in Parliament, you will render a public service by stating these facts. I have not yet seen it anywhere publicly stated that Charles Cheston was one of the comparatively recent recruits of the Council.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A. H. Hastie.

65, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C., July 25, 1906.

Will the Lord Chancellor please give his attention to the conduct of Mr. S. Lloyd Stacey, J.P., in the following case at the Tottenham Police Court last Thursday? An applicant, described as an intelligent-looking young man, asked the Bench for a certificate of exemption from vaccination, stating that he conscientiously believed that vaccination would be prejudicial to the health of his child. Mr. Stacey made various attempts to trap him, one of his questions being, "You object to vaccination altogether?" If the young man had simply replied in the affirmative no doubt the application would have been refused—as many have been—on the ground that a general objection to vaccination was not sufficient. Being too alert to be caught in that way, this applicant answered: "In the case of my child I do. My conscience forbids me to have it vaccinated." There was then a consultation between Mr. Stacey and the clerk, after which the applicant was sworn and examined as follows:—

Mr. Stacey: The only question for the Bench to ask you is what do you understand by being injurious to the health of the child?

Applicant: That it will be detrimental to her physical health. I have come in contact with children who have suffered severely with vaccination, and have had the painful duty of burying others who have been killed by it.

Mr. Stacey: Refused.

Applicant: Well, I can tell you it won't be vaccinated.

No unprejudiced person can doubt that this applicant ought to have been granted a certificate in accordance with the provisions of the Vaccination Act. It is equally plain that the refusal of the application was due not to mere muttonheaded stupidity on the part of the magistrate, but to his worship's deliberate determination to frustrate the intention of the law he is sworn to administer. Admonitions from the Lord Chief Justice and circulars of advice from the Home Secretary are wasted on magistrates of this type. The only way of teaching them to obey the law is by removing from the commission of the peace those who disobey it. I venture to suggest to Lord Loreburn that it would have a salutary effect if he took that course with Mr. S. Lloyd Stacey.

A legal correspondent writes:—

The Lord Chancellor is a just man, but he is doing an injustice. In January last a considerable number of well-known junior barristers applied for silk—several of them ought to have had it at once. It is well known that when a man applies his junior practice falls off. People say, "Oh, I shall not employ X, as before the case comes off he will be a K.C., and I shall have to get another junior." No silks have now been appointed for about eighteen months. The result is that there is stagnation, and that younger men are kept back, and the industrious "clerk" does not reap the fruits of his industry. There may be too many silks, but that is no reason to refuse it to those who ought to have it.

Most bookmakers are aware of the illegality of betting on what is known as the deposit system, though a considerable number of starting-price offices are conducted surreptitiously (and some openly) on this system. But I imagine that it will be as surprising as it will be disagreeable to the majority of the fraternity to learn that the law entitles persons doing business with them in this way to recover any money that they have so deposited, even if the money has been actually lost in bets. This interesting point was decided by Mr. Justice Joyce last week in the action of Vogt v. Mortimer. The defendant is a bookmaker whose advertised address is 51, Lexington-street, Regent-street, W. He received from the plaintiff the sum of £116, to be used in accordance with the plaintiff's instructions in working a betting system. The defendant asserted that he duly executed the instructions wired from time to time by the plaintiff, with the result that losses were incurred which more than exhausted the sum in question. On the other hand, it appears from the judgment that a dispute occurred "as to whether the defendant had treated the plaintiff fairly according to the code of morality or honour among persons who engaged in such transactions." Mr. Justice Joyce did not deem it necessary to express any opinion on this dispute, what he had to decide being a pure question of law upon the construction of the Act for the Suppression of Betting Houses, 1853.

Besides imposing penalties upon the owner or occupier of (or any person using) any house, office, or other place for the purpose of receiving deposits of money with a view to betting, the Act (section 5) pro-

ides that money thus unlawfully received by "such erson aforesaid" may be recovered from him with osts in any court of competent jurisdiction. Under his section of the Act Vogt sued Mortimer for the eturn of the £116. The only question of law in the ase arose from the fact that the defendant was not in he ordinary sense of the words the owner or occupier f any office at 51, Lexington-street, this being simply n accommodation address where he called for letters. t was contended that the meaning of "such person foresaid" was limited to the "owner or occupier," but, fter considering the several different sections of the tatute—of which I have, of course, only been able to ive a bare outline—Mr. Justice Joyce came to the onclusion that the phrase also applied to any person sing a place for the prohibited purpose, and that the efendant was a person so using 51, Lexington-street. His lordship, therefore, gave judgment for the plaintiff or £116, with full costs.

This decision puts those so-called turf commission gents who really do a ready-money betting business n a very awkward position. They may succeed in luding the police, but they are now absolutely at the nercy of any client who, repenting his folly, would like o get back the money he has lost. The question whether the bookmaker has acted honourably or not is mmaterial. Backers are entitled to recover any money hat they have paid in advance for the purpose of betting, even if they have lost the bets, and, although it may seem a mean thing to do, some are sure to be ready to exercise the right the law gives them. No sympathy need be extended to the bookmakers in such cases, for if they choose to carry on their business in an unlawful manner they must bear the consequences.

At the Glamorgan Assizes the other day a man named Joseph Harwood was tried before Mr. Justice Jelf upon a charge of obtaining money by means of a forged cheque. The prisoner was defended by counsel, and he was not called to give evidence on his own behalf. Mr. Justice Jelf, in summing up the case to the jury, is reported to have "commented on the fact that the prisoner had not *dared* to go into the witness-box and offer an explanation of the transaction." In drawing my attention to the case, a lawyer characterises the Judge's remark as very unfair to the prisoner, and also very unusual. It is, he points out, an elementary rule of English law in criminal cases that the prosecution shall make out by evidence the case against the prisoner, and that a prisoner is not bound to give any explanation of the matter in respect of which he is charged. This rule was not altered by the Criminal Evidence Act, 1898. That Act enables a prisoner to give evidence on his own behalf, but it is provided by section 1, subsection (b) as follows:—

> The failure of any person charged with an offence, or the wife or the husband, as the case may be, of the person charged, to give evidence shall not be made the subject of any comment by the prosecution.

The intention of the Act is unmistakable. It is that a prisoner shall be competent to give evidence on his own behalf *if he elects to do so*, but that he shall not be compelled to give evidence, and that his failure to offer himself as a witness shall not be commented upon to his disadvantage. It is true that the above-quoted section refers to comments "by the prosecution." But if the prosecution is debarred from making this point against the prisoner, surely the judge ought not to make it? Coming from the judge in his summing up, the comment that the prisoner "has not dared" to give evidence—the implication being that this is a proof of his guilt—is infinitely more damaging than it would be if made by counsel for the prosecution, whose remarks might be answered or corrected by the prisoner or his counsel. I fancy that my correspondent is mistaken in saying that it is unusual for judges to make such comments when prisoners do not choose to go into the witness-box—at any rate, I have often read summings up in which this has been done. But the practice certainly seems to be contrary to the spirit, if not the letter, of the Criminal Evidence Act.

In a letter signed "C Division," I am invited to say whether the evidence given before the Police Commission last week does not make the newspaper comments on the D'Angely affair look extremely foolish. Certainly it now seems probable that the assumption that the woman was wrongly accused was incorrect. But who was responsible for this assumption? Why, the police themselves! The magistrate adjourned the case in order that inquiries might be made. At the adjourned hearing the police inspector who made the inquiries reported that the prisoner and her husband bore high characters for respectability, and thereupon the magistrate, concluding that a mistake had been made, dismissed the charge. In the light of this fact it appears to me that it is the police rather than their critics who were foolish.

A home employment swindler of a familiar type was brought to book at Glasgow last week when Thomas James Holmes, described as "a stylishly-dressed man, said to be an ex-evangelist," was charged with obtaining money by false pretences. His victims were hooked by an advertisement offering "home employment" at which 20s. a week could be earned. They were told by Holmes that his "firm" wanted them to write copies of a circular of seventy words which would be paid for at the rate of sixpence per dozen copies, but that before "joining our clerical staff" they would have to make a payment of half a crown to cover expenses for stationery, ink, etc. Those who paid the half-crown were supplied with a dozen sheets of cheap paper, a small bottle of stuff that could be dissolved and used as ink, and the circular which they were to copy. When they sent in the dozen copies of the circular he replied in a type-written communication to the effect that his firm's experts "considered their writing was not satisfactory to the requirements." The magistrate very naturally considered that this method of business was "not satisfactory," and Holmes is now serving a sentence of sixty days' imprisonment. There are, unfortunately, still at large, however, dozens of persons engaged in precisely similar swindles.

My Legal Pillory this week includes a case at Stockport in which a man charged with a cowardly and savage kicking outrage on a woman was awarded a month's imprisonment. This is certainly an improvement upon the common practice of letting off such miscreants with pecuniary penalties, but still, considering the seriousness of the assault and the prisoner's previous convictions, even a month's imprisonment was an inadequate sentence, and, as will be seen from the appended list, it stands out in marked contrast to the punishment inflicted on two youthful prisoners elsewhere for thefts. The list contains several further examples of misguided leniency in dealing with offences against the person, and in reference to the case at Glasgow it may be mentioned that strong complaints are being made of the prevalence of hooliganism in that city—a state of things which is not at all likely to be altered so long as ruffians with "terrible records" are allowed to escape with fines for brutal assaults. The penalties in two cases at Hayward's Heath are decidedly interesting as an illustration of the views of the magistracy with regard to the relative heinousness of wife-beating and poaching:—

Hayward's Heath Petty Sessions. Before Colonel W. H. Campion, Major Lister, Major Moberly, and Messrs. G. C. Hawes, E. Huth, H. F. Walker, and J. Gibbon. John Bishop pleaded guilty to assaulting his wife. He threw a rolling pin at her, and then thrashed her with a gardening tool, knocking her down and cutting her head, which bled profusely. Fined 20s. and bound over.

Queen's Park Police-court, Glasgow. Before Police-Judge W. Maclay. Robert Connell, Junr., charged with creating a breach of the peace and with assaulting a constable by seizing him by the throat, butting him on the face, and kicking him about the legs. The magistrate said the accused had a terrible record. Fined 42s.

Wincanton Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. H. Hobhouse, T. F. Fowler, J. S. Donne, and other justices. John Cave, charged with assaulting John Greatwood. Without any provocation he rushed at complainant, knocked him down, and beat him about the head. Complainant had to be attended by a doctor. Fined £1 13s., including costs.

Greenock Police-court. James Porter, charged with assaulting John Nicholson by knocking him down and striking him about the head and face with a stone. Fined 40s.

Worksop Police-court. Before Messrs. H. O. Machin and R. L. Towne. Charles Lee, charged with assaulting his wife by striking her on the head and kicking her about the legs. Fined 20s.

Hayward's Heath Petty Sessions. Before the same magistrates. Albert Grant, charged with trespassing in pursuit of game, and with assaulting a gamekeeper by kicking him on the leg. Fined £2 10s. for the first offence, and committed to gaol for one month for the assault.

Newnham Police-court. Before Mr. A. Thomas. Charles Fraser, charged with sleeping out. Seven days.

Birmingham Police-court. Before Messrs. Short, Wright, Waters, Brame, Tangye, and T. F. Walker. Patrick Farrell, charged with stealing a satchel containing 8s. This was his first conviction for felony, and he was "let off" with two months' hard labour.

Shepton Mallet Police-court. Before Mr. C. R. Wainwright. Edward Veal, charged with sleeping out. Seven days.

Perth Sheriff Court. Before Sheriff Sym. Edward Baker and Robert M'Donald, charged with trespassing in search of game. Fined £1 15s. each; in default, ten days.

North Walsham Police-court. Before Mr. Taylor and other Justices. John Brown, charged with stealing two glasses, value 6d., from a public house. Fourteen days.

Daventry Divisional Petty Sessions Before Messrs. C. Rodhouse and W. Murland and Captain Clarke. Alfred Smith, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. Seven days.

Basingstoke Borough Police-court. Before the Mayor and Messrs. W. Cannon and W. Buckland. Thomas Gill, charged with stealing a pair of boots from outside a shop. Fourteen days.

Framlingham Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. J. W. Reade, G. Walker, T. P. Borrett, and G. E. Jeaffreason. Ernest Cody, charged with assaulting Emma Goodwin. He struck her two violent blows on the forehead and face, twisted her fingers, and scratched her neck, causing bleeding. Fined 15s. 6d., including costs.

Spilsby Police-court. Before Mr. J. W. Walker and other magistrates. George William Grunt, convicted of what the Bench described as a most cowardly assault on Gertrude Ranyard. Besides being bruised about the arms and body, she had both her eyes blackened and a wound on the nose which had to be stitched up by a doctor. Fined 40s. and costs.

Stockport Police-court. Before the Mayor and other magistrates. John William Walsh, charged with assaulting Adelia Donohue. He went to complainant's house and asked for his wife, whom complainant had previously protected from his ill-treatment. On being told that his wife was not there, defendant brutally assaulted complainant, knocking her down and kicking her. He then dragged her into the street, where he again kicked her. She was removed in an unconscious condition to the infirmary, where she was detained for several days. There were previous convictions against defendant. One month.

Hartismere Police-court. Before Mr. J. Tudor Frere and other magistrates. Eli Pooley, charged with trespassing in search of game. Fined £1 8s. 10d.

Lydney Police-court. Before Mr. J. Lauder. John Noble, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. Seven days.

Hastings Police-court. Before Mr. F. A. Langham and other magistrates. Annie Brown, charged with stealing a pair of boots from outside a shop. Fourteen days.

Midhurst Police-court. Before Lieutenant-Colonel Lascelles and Mr. F. Piggott, John Harris, charged with sleeping out by the roadside and having no visible means of subsistence. Ten days.

Southampton Borough Police-court. Before Messrs. J. E. Le Feuvre, E. Whittaker, J. J. Burnett, M. Emanuel, and other magistrates. Ernest Albert Chalk, aged sixteen, charged with stealing two shillings and two packets of chocolate from a shop. A police officer gave the boy a bad character. Six weeks.

Leeds Police-court. Henry Leaman, a youth, charged with embezzling 7s. 6d. Three months.

Garstang Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. G. Singleton, H. P. Hornby, and J. Butler. Edward Simpson, charged with sleeping out in a hay field and having no visible means of subsistence. Two months.

A man collecting on behalf of the Gordon Memorial Day Nursery for Little Children—the swindle on which the notorious "Bishop" McLaglen lives—made his appearance the other day in Cambridge. One gentleman on whom he called happened to have been warned previously that the alleged charity was a swindle, and called in a constable. On the matter being reported, however, to the borough police authorities, the magistrate's clerk advised that no offence had been committed, and the matter was dropped. It is difficult to understand the view taken by the magistrate's clerk, for, if no offence had been committed, the attempt had certainly been made, and it can only be assumed that the clerk was insufficiently informed of the facts. It would be a good thing if arrangements were made for keeping the local police authorities better posted up in regard to the operations of impostors of the McLaglen order.

I need not go again into all the details of McLaglen's swindle, for they have been frequently given in Truth. But I may add to what has been previously said that when the so-called Gordon Memorial Day Nursery was visited about a year ago, in consequence of suspicions which had been aroused by the operations of the collectors in the provinces, it was found that there were on the premises fourteen children's cots and exactly seven children. One woman was in charge. The place is an ordinary *crêche*, to which mothers bring their children in the morning, calling again for them in the evening, and they pay 2d. a day for the accommodation.

Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Nearly 8,000 convictions last year. Complaints marked 'Private.' absolutely confidential.—Secretary, 105, Jermyn-st., London.

If such an institution is not self-supporting, a subscription of a few pounds a year will easily meet any deficit on the working expenses. It is manifestly preposterous that an insignificant charity of this description should have canvassers running about all over London, and all over the South of England, begging for money for its support. The thing is essentially a swindle, because it is the sole means of livelihood of the bogus "bishop" who runs it, and the half dozen or so of children whose mothers pay him for looking after them are nothing but the ordinary stock-in-trade of charity impostors.

Not only are McLaglen's appeals and receipts headed with the name of the Gordon Memorial Day Nursery for Little Children, but there is added to this description the words "And Shaftesbury Memorial Shoe-black Out Door Brigade, for Homeless, Destitute, Deaf, Dumb, and Crippled Boys." No such institution exists, and McLaglen has admitted as much to a witness who can be produced. The description of the charity, therefore, on which the appeals are founded is a downright fraud. McLaglen ought to have been locked up long ago, and it is deplorable that when the police are put in motion, as they were at Cambridge, the proceedings should be baulked by pedantic legal quibbles.

During the last year or two I have come across one or two copies of an appeal put forth under the imposing title "Manifesto of the Larger Hope Society and Universalist Mission, Founded April 28, 1904." The personnel of the society is stated thus:—President, Rev. W. Browne; Secretary, Percy G. Mocatta, Esq.; Collector and Librarian, Sister Elizabeth, L.H.S. The sister's decoration stands, I suppose, for Larger Hope Society. The "society" was originally located at 21, Finsbury-pavement, but the last copy of the manifesto which I have seen requests that communications may be addressed to 54, Achilles-road, West Hampstead. The manifesto is of a religious character, profusely sprinkled with texts and hymns, and I gather that the Larger Hope Society is chiefly concerned in enlarging our hopes of a future state by combating the doctrine of eternal punishment. But it also has a number of publications on sale at prices specified, and it is anxious to receive financial help, from the dimensions of "the Widow's Mite" upwards, from all who can afford it. It also holds meetings in Hyde Park, twice on Sundays and twice in the week, and I should not be surprised if it takes any widows' mites that are to be picked up in the neighbourhood of the Marble Arch.

I have hitherto refrained from any observations upon this interesting religious movement, not being perfectly sure of the identity of its presiding genius, the "Rev." W. Browne. But any doubt that existed on that point has now been removed, the said Browne having been identified as an ex-convict and an unmitigated rascal. He seems to have started in the mission line of business as far back as 1884, when he was collecting on behalf of a Protestant Evangelical Mission, and living in the neighbourhood of Notting Hill. He removed to the north of London, leaving behind him not only debts, but a bad character in other respects. Later on he occupied apartments over a fried-fish shop in Drummond-street, Hampstead-road, which he styled a mission hall, and again he left without paying his rent. At this time he was known as a lecturer in Regent's Park, and the police had to keep an eye on his performances in consequence of the violent and inflammatory language which he used, and which led to some disorder.

In May, 1895, Browne appeared at Liverpool Assizes on an indictment for bigamy, on which he pleaded guilty. It then appeared that, having deserted his first wife in 1890, he went through a form of marriage with another woman in the following year, and deserted her. In March, 1892, he went through the form of marriage again with another young woman, whom he seems to have known for some years. He had proposed marriage to this victim in a letter written to her sister, in which he stated that he had long desired to make the girl his wife, but had been restrained by circumstances; but, having been appointed to a church in New York, the duties of which he was about to take up, he thought the time had arrived when he might declare his affection. With the consent of her relatives, therefore, the girl went through the form of marriage with Browne, drew out a sum of £500 which she had in some investment, and left with Browne for America. He there abandoned her, and she had to return to England alone.

Browne was tried before Lord Brampton, who expressed his opinion about him in his usual forcible language, and sentenced him to seven years' penal servitude. The reader will see from this how much right the man has to the title of "Reverend," and what are his qualifications for carrying on a religious mission. Anybody who may have responded to his appeals would do well to communicate with the police, who are aware of his identity, and will no doubt be ready to do anything in their power to stop his operations. Without having any love myself for the doctrine of eternal punishment, I certainly think that a few more years would not do Browne any harm.

The German papers seem to be a good deal more active and outspoken than our own in warning the

"Truth" will be sent weekly to any address in the United Kingdom for 7s. for 3 months; 14s. for 6 months; or 28s. for 12 months. The subscription for all Countries included in the Postal Union is, 3 months, 7s. 8d.; 6 months, 15s. 4d.; 12 months £1 10s. 8d. All subscriptions are payable in advance, and cheques and P.O.O.'s should be made payable to the Manager, "Truth" Building, Carteret-street, S.W.

public against swindles, and they are specially down on the class of Germans who reside in this country for the purpose of preying on their fellow-countrymen at a safe distance. The *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* in a recent issue warns its readers against a party, who, it says, has been for years practising in London as an employment and matrimonial agent under different names, and is now carrying on business at 58, Gloucester-street, Pimlico, under the style of G. Theobald, Limited. The same person has been mentioned in Truth, and it is as well that the German opinion of him should be known in this country. There was an account in the *Hanover Courier* a few weeks back of the experience of a German lady who had answered a local advertisement for a home for a baby boy, with a payment of 10,000 marks attached to the infant. An answer to this advertisement led to a request for further particulars, and a payment of M. 2.50, which was to be forwarded to Frau Terni, 124, Hampstead-road, London, N.W. Needless to say, this is merely an accommodation address, though it is one which the "Frau" has used for three or four years consecutively. Herr Terni —the "Frau," it seems, remains discreetly in the background—has received thousands of letters during this time, and, as he pays 1d. each for them, it is clear the business is a profitable one.

The following communication is sent to me by the official in Canada to whom it was addressed. He tells me that he frequently gets similar applications from trading firms, and there is no reason to suppose that he is peculiar in this respect, though I fear he is in making it a rule, as he says he does, to consign such applications to the waste-paper basket. People who live in the uttermost parts of the earth often wonder how quacks get hold of their addresses for the purpose of sending them circulars. This letter may help to elucidate the problem, for no doubt this firm, like others, is ready to dispose of the names and addresses on its list when it has done with them:—

Dear Sir,—We are urgently needing a copy of the Voters' List for your district ———. Will you please send us same by return post. We are enclosing a two-cent stamp to pay return postage for same, and if there is anything to pay for the List, we will remit it to you upon receipt of same with charge.

Will you please oblige us by letting us have this by return post.

We shall also be glad to receive new list from you whenever same is published.—Yours faithfully,

The Bilean and Zam-Buk Company.
Henry W. King.

P.S.—If you would cross out from the list duplicates and non-residents we would esteem it a favour.

Yet another example of the trade done in names and addresses for advertising purposes is furnished by the following letter. The well-known firm to whom it was addressed naturally looks upon the request as a gross impertinence, and so do I. To sell private correspondence is a breach of trust which one would imagine no reputable firm would be guilty of, but from the number of examples which come under my notice, it is a practice which is very rapidly increasing:—

Contractors to His Majesty's Government.
Direct Agents of American Manufacturers.
NICHOLS AND SELLERS.
6, 7, and 8, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.
July 31, 1906.
Advertising Department.

Dear Sirs,—In connection with your business, we presume you have a considerable accumulation of letters from private individuals. If so, we should be pleased to purchase same. We use a considerable quantity for circularising purposes. If you have any to sell, let us know how many, and the price per thou[illegible]. Yours truly, Nichols and Sellers.

I have had a good deal of correspondence lately respecting people calling themselves the Dereham Road Cycle Company, of Norwich. This firm has introduced into the cycle trade the popular advertising trick of offering the goods ostensibly on credit, but with an insidious proviso that the goods will be delivered on payment of the last instalment. The dupe only discovers the trick when he has paid his "deposit," and is expecting to receive the article ordered. Like the other gentry practising this trick, the Dereham Cycle Company then inform him that they do not cancel orders, so he is left in the position of having either to forfeit the money he has paid, or to go on paying by instalments for so many weeks or months in advance of the delivery of the goods. I expect that many of them, considering that they have been taken in, prefer to abandon the deal and lose the money they have already paid, and that this is where the principal profit of the business comes in. The newspapers which publish these advertisements seem to me quite as much to blame in the matter as the parties who work the trick, for any one accustomed to handling advertisements can see the game at a glance.

A characteristic piece of sharp practice on the part of a moneylender named Arthur George Whiteman came before Judge Edge at Clerkenwell County Court last week. Besides being one of the partners in the notorious bloodsucking firm of "Seymour and Whiteman," 32, Walbrook, E.C., Arthur George Whiteman carries on a similarly nefarious business under the alias of "Cox and Co.," 229, Seven Sisters-road. It seemed that in the latter character he took out a summons against a borrower at Tooting who, when served with the summons, was invited by Whiteman's representative to fill in a form admitting the claim and stating how much he was prepared to pay per month. On the assurance of the server of the summons that if he did this it would be "all right" and he need not attend at the Court the borrower filled in the form, offering to pay 5s. a month. The next thing he heard was that in his absence from the Court Whiteman had obtained judgment against him for the full amount claimed, payable forthwith. No such judgment would have been given if the defendant had been present to explain his financial position and the circumstances of the transaction, and when informed of these facts Judge Edge at once stayed all proceed-

ngs in the case till October 2, at the same time xpressing the opinion that Whiteman had practised trick of a most improper kind. It is a trick that eserves to be severely dealt with, and I trust that is Honour will deal with it accordingly on the djourned hearing of the case.

The Leicester usurer who conceals his own name of olomon Margolies under the euphonious alias of "S. Maggs" is just now making a lavish distribution of his irculars by the halfpenny post, so that these missives re open to the perusal of postmen, domestic servants, ffice boys, or any one else through whose hands they ass before reaching the addressee. The envelopes are, noreover, endorsed "or occupier," Solomon being vidently averse to any waste of money in postage. I have received several letters complaining that this s an aggravation of the annoyance that is caused by uch impertinent offers of "temporary financial assist- nce." For my own part, however, if I am to be estered with moneylenders' circulars I think I prefer hem in this form, which ensures their immediate con- ignment to the waste-paper basket, rather than in nnocent-looking envelopes marked "private," which ne is bound to open.

I happen to have had, and to have, a few shares in the Union Discount Company, and therefore I receive the official reports of its general meetings. In the report of the meeting of the 19th ult. I was greatly struck by the speech of Sir Thomas Jackson, the chair- man, on the reasons for the depreciation of gilt-edged securities, for they seemed to put the matter clearly and briefly. For all I know, Sir Thomas may be a Protectionist or a Free Trader. After pointing out that there have been signs during the last six months of great commercial prosperity, and quoting figures to show that our foreign and home trades are on the increase over those of last year, although it was a record year, he says:—

> The stock market has been a dull and stagnant one, and a serious fall in the value of gilt-edged securities has undoubtedly sapped speculation and contracted credit. Many reasons have been suggested to account for this untoward condition, and doubtless the full solution is not to be found, except in a variety of complicated and cumulative causes. But I think that the broad explanation lies in the necessity to make good the losses of a devastating war—devastating, that is, to capital—the heavy outlay entailed by the San Francisco disaster, and the better employment and increased demand for money in profitable industrial enterprises. It requires time to save, but profits are accumulating, and it will not be long before we may expect to see surplus profits again seeking for investments and the Stock Exchange restored to its wonted activity. In the United States and the Argentina, in Canada and India the crop fore- casts are unusually good. There is no reason to fear that the rising prosperity of our manufacturing industries is likely to suffer a check for want of the raw material on the abundant supply of which their ultimate success depends. Politically, too, the horizon is untroubled, and peace, surpassing even raw material in importance, is unbroken and unmenaced.

The loss of the late Sir Wilfrid Lawson's old seat at Cockermouth is a regrettable incident, but in view of the figures the most optimistic Tory can scarcely regard it as a sign of any revival of the popularity of his party or any slackening of confidence in the Government. In Sir John Randles the Tories had the advantage of an exceedingly strong local candidate, who had represented the constituency in the last Parliament. Yet on Friday he polled nearly 200 fewer votes than when he was defeated by Sir Wilfrid Lawson at the General Election in January. Sir John Randles has indeed actually been returned by a minority of the votes recorded, for those polled by the Liberal and Labour candidates combined amount to a majority against him of no less than 746. The election is another example of the folly of these triangular contests in which a split in the Progressive forces brings about the election of a candidate to whom both sections are opposed.

The recommendations made by the Select Committee on London Cabs and Omnibuses are, as a whole, such as are likely to commend themselves to the majority of sensible people, though already the parrot cry of "ruined industry" is being raised by interested parties who are unable to see beyond the length of their own noses. The proposal to limit the running of motor-omnibuses to the main thoroughfares is perhaps the most revolutionary of all the recommendations. The proposals for the regulation of cabs are all such as I have recommended at various times for years past. The abolition of privileged cabs, the institution of the sixpenny fare, and the adoption of the taxameter are all of them urgently needed reforms if the cab business is to be put on a profitable basis. The London cabman is a staunch conservative, however, when any reform which touches his present method of doing business is proposed, and he will no doubt make strenuous objection to any alterations. Even if he is so blind as not to see that these reforms will be to his ultimate advantage, it is quite time that he should learn that the public interests have to be considered as well as his private predilections.

Hitherto it has been a matter of reproach to the State that as the owner of some 70,000 acres of agricultural land it has done nothing for the extension of the small holdings system, although, as I have repeatedly pointed out, the State is in a better position than any private landowner to carry out such an experiment. Thanks to the action of the President of the Board of Agriculture, this reproach is now to be removed. The last report of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests showed that Crown farms in different parts of the country, containing in the aggregate over 4,000 acres, are unlet for want of suitable tenants, and it has now been decided that these vacant farms shall be divided up into small holdings. The first of the farms to be so divided is one of 916 acres, at Burwell, Cambridgeshire, and it is stated that men in the immediate neighbour-

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Best Sporting Powder is Normal.—The new illustrated catalogue proves this, copy of which, as well as gratis samples, will be sent to all Sportsmen on application to The Normal Powder and Ammunition Co., Ltd., Renter's Lane, Hendon, London, N.W.

hood promptly applied for the whole of the holdings, which will range in size from two to twenty acres. In some quarters doubts have been expressed as to the suitability of this land for small cultivators. But Lord Carrington, under whose control the scheme is being carried out, has an unrivalled experience in connection with small holdings, and, no doubt, has satisfied himself that the Burwell farm can be successfully dealt with in this way.

The cost of the administration of the Ecclesiastical Commission appears to be extravagantly high, and the sooner that a more economical system is introduced the better it will be for all concerned. The expenses reached the enormous sum of £54,653 in 1905, and they have never been lower than £46,392. The income of the common fund, which was £1,151,047 in 1891, had risen last year to £1,531,177. The administrative outlay may be taken to average about £50,000 a year. Establishment charges have varied from £30,592 in 1903 to £34,801 in 1902. Legal expenses rose to upwards of £14,000 in 1890, while in 1898 they amounted to £6,543. The surveyors appear to cost about £6,500 a year, while architects receive about £1,200 a year. Considering the extensive and increasing demands upon the funds of the Commission, a lavish administration is much to be censured, and there certainly seems to be abundant room for economy without impairing the efficiency of the department.

Planters in British Central Africa are making serious complaints in regard to the game-preserving policy of the administration. There are now three game "reserves" in the Protectorate, and, in spite of the shooting that goes on, lions and other "fearful wild fowl," as Bottom called them, have multiplied to an alarming extent. In a recent letter a planter tells me that the reign of terror at Chiromo, which was reported some time ago, still continues, and that the danger from lions has greatly aggravated the difficulties of overland transport to Blantyre. During the larger part of the year goods can only be conveyed up the river as far as Chiromo, and have to be carried thence overland to Blantyre, a distance of about eighty miles. Bullock teams cannot traverse this road, and traders and planters, therefore, have to rely upon native carriers. The road in question, however, passes through a portion of the game reserve known as Elephant Marsh, and the country is infested with lions and other wild animals to such an extent that natives—not unnaturally—are increasingly reluctant to undertake the journey.

It appears that the Chamber of Commerce and Agriculture has made representations on the matter to the authorities of the Protectorate, but so far without success. My correspondent says that he is himself one of the keenest sportsmen in Central Africa, but that he considers it a disgraceful thing that this particular game reserve, which is undoubtedly detrimental to the agricultural and commercial interests of the country, should be maintained for the enjoyment of a few sportsmen, mostly officials and visitors. That is an opinion which will be generally endorsed, and it is to be hoped that this grievance of the settlers and natives will receive more sympathetic consideration from the Colonial Secretary than it has done from the Government of the Protectorate.

THE ASS AND THE BEAR'S SKIN.

You've heard of Æsop's Ass, who wore
The Lion's Skin, in Days of yore.
I sing an Ass who's wont to wear
The Skin of a Caucasian Bear.
Yea, Winter, Summer, Fall, or Spring,
This Ass puts on the shaggy Thing,
P'raps 'cos he thinks it suits his Beauty,
P'raps from some Tory Sense of Duty,
Which prompts him always to adorn
Himself in what he's always worn;
But anyhow—the Cause whate'er—
Or cold, or hot, he dons the Fur.
One Day, 'twas piping hot and dry,
And *Sol* blazed fierce in cloudless Sky,
And all the Beasts of varied Races
Had, panting, sought the shady Places,
When lo! our Ass, his Fur arrayed in,
Came through the Sun's full heat paradin',
While, 'neath the shaggy Coat he wore,
Pig-like, he sweats at every Pore,
And cries, exhaustedly, "Oh, Lor!
'Tis awful that the Sun's Rays beat so.
I wish I didn't feel the Heat so!"
A Zebra, lying in the Shade,
Who heard, this prompt Rejoinder made:
"Then what the Zoo, Sir, makes you wear
The Skin of that Caucasian Bear?"

Moral.

Why, when the Sun doth tropic beat
And all cry out against the Heat,
Do hide-bound Men conceive it proper
To swelter in a "Frock" and "Topper"?

SCRUTATOR.

C.-B.'s FIRST INNINGS.

RARELY has a Prime Minister addressed to the Leader of the Opposition a more scathing rebuke than that which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman administered to Mr. Balfour at the close of the debate on the Transvaal Constitution scheme. Sir Henry's epithets were strong, but Mr. Balfour deserved them. Some of Mr. Lyttelton's remarks earlier in the evening were indiscreet enough, but, after all, nobody pays much attention to what Mr. Lyttelton says. It is a more serious matter when the Leader of the Opposition sets himself to stir up ill-feeling and make all the mischief he can by delivering such a reckless, intemperate, inflammatory harangue as Mr. Balfour's. Happily, the sinister cue that he gave has not been taken up—not, at any rate, by anybody whose voice carries any weight. In the Tory press his only whole-hearted backer was the halfpenny paper which, with its customary fatuity,

Thomas Goode & Co.—China, glass, pottery, fireproof ware. Sole agents in the United Kingdom for the famous "Bi-Métal" (copper lined with pure sheet silver) Cooking Utensils. Illustrated catalogues free.—South Audley-street, London.

shrieked about "another Majuba," and implored Greater Britain to rise in its wrath against the surrender of the Transvaal. Anybody can "call spirits from the vasty deep," but whether they will come when they are called is a question which the Carmelite-street journal—despite constant disappointments—never stops to consider. The more responsible Tory newspapers criticised the proposals of the Government with a moderation in marked contrast to the violence of Mr. Balfour's tirade—indeed, the *Morning Post*, whose editor happens to be exceptionally well-informed on South African affairs, has declared that the scheme is just and sound. Naturally, it does not please those who wanted a Constitution so gerrymandered as to establish a hateful plutocratic oligarchy in the Transvaal. From the opposite point of view, also, there are some details to which exception may perhaps be taken. But, on the whole, the scheme deals equitably and justly with conflicting interests, and holds the balance evenly between British and Boers. In the Transvaal the new Constitution has been received with general approval, and at home the attempt to get up a show of hostility to it has ignominiously failed. Even the Kaffir Circus has remained calm.

In this matter Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Government have undoubtedly scored one of the most notable successes of what has been up to the present a conspicuously successful administration. It is interesting and amusing now to recall the self-conceit and the insolence with which the puffed-up members of Mr. Balfour's Cabinet used to talk of the advent to office of a Liberal Ministry. Some of the Tory Ministers had been pitchforked into the Cabinet because they were noblemen or scions of noble houses, some because they were relatives of Mr. Balfour, and some because they were hacks of Mr. Chamberlain. A poorer lot—apart from all question of politics—never had managed to divide among themselves official loaves and fishes. But no sooner had the General Election proved that the nation estimated them at their true value than they sought to explain their defeat by assuming that a temporary craze had afflicted the country, and that it would revert to its allegiance to them after a short experience of their Liberal successors. Mr. Chamberlain prophesied that Parliament would be dissolved in a year, thanks to the House of Lords. Mr. Balfour continued to chop straws with the same pleasure that Ophelia found in winding them in her hair, and, as usual, no one could understand what were his real views. Mr. Arnold-Forster was convinced that the country would soon see that it could not get on without him as its War Minister. Before the Election Mr. Gerald Balfour had announced that he anticipated much entertainment in seducing the new Government to ridicule and contempt so soon as Parliament met, but when Parliament did meet Mr. Gerald was without a seat. They all of them seemed to regard the substitution of Liberals for themselves as a huge joke that could not last. The only one of them who seems to have thought that possibly a Liberal Ministry might last was Lord Selborne, who intelligently took refuge in a well-paid office in South Africa—and still grimly holds on to it. Well, now that the first part of the Session is over, what is the position of the Opposition? The general opinion is that, if possible, it is more dejected, impotent, and discredited than it was when Parliament first met. And what is the popular verdict on the Ministry? I believe there never was a Ministry more truly popular. This view may be right or wrong, but that it is the view of the large majority of the nation is undoubted. In Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman the nation has thorough confidence. It has found him a man who can be trusted, a thorough Radical, and yet wise enough not to run the risk of doing nothing through seeking to do too much at once. There is a pawky simplicity about him that has won him the respect even of his opponents, coupled with a hard-headedness which makes him what Premiers seldom are — a good, practical leader. It was said that he would never be able to form a Cabinet. He found no difficulty in this task, and his Cabinet certainly compares advantageously with its predecessor. On his own side there were men of ability who thought that his selection as Prime Minister was undesirable. When he offered them office they accepted it, and willingly and honestly have worked under him. In almost all cases the round man is in the round hole and the square man in the square hole. Politicians, although of the same party, are given to snap and snarl at each other like angry women; but there seems to be nothing of this kind in the Campbell-Bannerman Cabinet. Each man has shown sound administrative ability in the department over which he presides, and has proved himself able effectively to defend his action against attack. Some Radicals may think that the Cabinet might move more quickly on their reforming path, some Liberals may think that they move too quickly, but all are united in the determination to support them. And the constituencies are of the same mind as their representatives in Parliament. Personally I am for secular education in our public elementary schools. But although I regret that public opinion is not yet sufficiently sound to entirely secularise our schools I regard the Government Education Bill as likely to show a vast improvement on the system established by Mr. Balfour in deference to the Church of England. It is possible that the Lords may—as was threatened in the debate last week—attempt to emasculate the Government Bill in October, and I almost hope that they will, for they will be digging their own graves. But the Lords themselves know this and I doubt whether they will, after all, follow Mr. Chamberlain's advice and force on a General Election, which would then turn on the issue whether these hereditary legislators are to be permitted to retain their power to thwart the declared will of the people.

The Estimates of this year had to be accepted practically as framed by the last Government, which clung on to office till it was too near the financial year to alter them materially. But I make no doubt that the Estimates of next year will show the large reductions that have been promised in the expenditure on the Army and Navy. Thank heaven, we now have a Government that does not "think Imperially," in the Birmingham

sense of the word. Its members—one and all—eschew the rampant, roaring oratory with regard to our foreign and Colonial relations in which Mr. Chamberlain and other Unionist patriots revelled. The aim of the Government is to live in friendship with all foreign nations, It neither cringes to one nor abuses another. Because we are friends with France we are not necessarily enemies of Germany. I had thought that Sir Edward Grey might be somewhat inclined to dally with that unclean thing, Jingoism. I have been agreeably disappointed. The most ardent advocates of peace cannot complain of anything that he has done. He has not meddled in matters that do not directly concern us and he has brought home to all that peace is the corner-stone of our policy. We are now as peaceful as we were warlike under the Unionist sway. We seek no expansion of Empire. We are prepared to exhaust every method to avoid war by reference to friendly arbitration, should we happen to differ on any matter with one or other of our neighbours. The Government not only preaches reduction of the armaments, which are almost ruinous to every nation, but sets an example—which is far more effective than precept. As regards our Colonies we recognise that we are not likely to strengthen the tie that binds them to us by drawing it closer, and we have got over the notion that they will separate from us, unless we tax our necessaries for their benefit. In South Africa the Government inherited difficulties which were the result of the subserviency of the late Government to their friends, the cosmopolitan mine-owners of the Transvaal. It has had to act cautiously. But of this we are now assured. There will be no further recruiting in China to work the mines of those worthies on the cheap. The self-government that has now been granted to the Colony is a fulfilment of our promises to the Boers, and I am convinced that, just as they fought us bravely, so will they maintain their alliance honestly with us, provided that we do not attempt to reduce them to the position of an inferior race or tamper with their just rights as our fellow-citizens. In all domestic legislation connected with social matters this Parliament is thoroughly Radical, and the Government has shown itself in thorough accord with Parliament. It was almost a stroke of genius for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to have appointed Mr. Burns a member of his Cabinet. In doing so he gave a hostage to the working-men that their interests would be looked after. Mr. Burns occupies the post formerly held by Mr. Gerald Balfour. These two appointments are as good an instance of the feeling that actuates the two Governments in their social legislation and of their respective intelligence as can well be adduced. Mr. Gerald Balfour knew nothing of either trade or of its relation to labour—but he was a brother of the Premier. Mr. Burns understands both. He was not even a distant cousin of the Premier, but a working man. Before the present Parliament is dissolved I look forward to the question of Home Rule being settled once and for all by granting it to Ireland. In this way alone can Irish discontent be ended. I think that this is being realised by Great Britain more and more every day. The Irish are showing their common sense by not pushing the settlement to an immediate solution, for Mr. Redmond is a born Parliamentarian. The time is not yet quite ripe, and they are wise to give the Government time to reform a few gross abuses in Great Britain first. Their aim just now should be to establish a fast and close alliance with British Radicalism.

And what has the Opposition been doing during the Session? So far as I see they have, for the nonce, shelved Protection, although professing that we shall all be ruined—stock and block—if we do not adopt it. They have attempted to get up an agitation in favour of Church of England schools, and they and the Bishops have been banging the drum ecclesiastical. The drum has made a good deal of noise—drums generally do, although empty. But they have not taken much by their banging. On every division they have been thoroughly beaten, and, in proportion to the thoroughness of each beating, they and their episcopal friends have raged. This neither benefits them nor harms the Government. In every country there will always remain a number of persons to wrangle over dogmas and creeds, and to attempt to force their own religious views on others. But their number is diminishing, and in each nation the majority of its inhabitants is coming to feel but a faint interest in such squabbles. As an endowed and established Church the Anglican Church is not likely to last long. The day is not far off when there will be perfect tolerance for all religions, but when the teaching of none of them will be deemed the business of the State. I have neither prejudice for, nor prejudice against, any religious sect. There is some good and considerable exaggeration in all. The Conservatives have before now made a good deal of political capital out of their support of "Church and State." No one can, however, greatly believe in their sincerity, so long as they fight the battle of the Church with Mr. Chamberlain as their protagonist. The Unionists have varied their zeal for what they are pleased to call the cause of religion, by occasional denunciations of all who would reduce the expenditure on armaments, interfere with the beneficent rule of Capitalism in the Transvaal, legislate on behalf of the workers, or in anything else act up to the principles to give effect to which they have been elected. But they have done this so recklessly and so clumsily that their present position is even worse than it was immediately after the General Election. It signifies, however, little what they do or what they say. For the present, at least, their case is hopeless. We have rendered them almost a negligible quantity in politics for the nonce, and—if only the present Government and the present Parliament continue to act as they have done up to now—I think that it will be a considerable time before we shall be cursed with such a Parliament and such an Executive as we were cursed with for so many years.

"Truth" will be sent weekly to any address in the United Kingdom for 7s. for 3 months; 14s. for 6 months; or 28s. for 12 months. The subscription for all Countries included in the Postal Union is, 3 months, 7s. 8d.; 6 months, 15s. 4d.; 12 months, £1 10s. 8d. All subscriptions are payable in advance, and cheques and P.O.O.'s should be made payable to the Manager, "Truth" Building, Carteret-street, S.W.

A HINT TO HOTEL KEEPERS.

During the last few weeks people have been arguing with me by post as to the reasons for or against the high tariffs that generally prevail among the hotels of this country as compared with those of Continental holiday resorts. With all respect to them, I cannot see that they add very much to what has already been said on the subject in Truth, particularly in my article of June 27. There are those who think that if the price is higher you get more for it in an English hotel than a foreign one. There are those who think that you get better value for your money abroad, particularly in the matter of food. There are those who think that it would be impossible, for one reason or another, to run an hotel at an English holiday resort profitably at the same scale of charges as suffice to make the business profitable in Switzerland or the Black Forest. There are those who believe, with me, that if the same methods of management were adopted the same thing could be done here as in other countries. As the mere expression of these views on paper does not lead to much result, I have not encouraged the discussion of the subject. But while it has been before me, I have come across one piece of information which seems to throw light on the problem. There is in Scotland a group of hotels called the Scottish Highland Hotels, which have been brought together for the purpose of affording accommodation to holiday-makers and tourists at all the principal centres on a uniform daily tariff. They are ten in number, and, starting at Troon on the south, they are dotted over the country as far as Gairloch and Inverness on the north. Any one who will obtain a list of them will see that the various routes on which the hotels lie enable the tourist to cover practically the whole of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, while for those who desire other recreation than running about seeing sights and admiring scenery, they supply such amusements as golf, fishing, sea-bathing, boating, and mountaineering in unlimited quantities. Now, the fact to which I would call attention is that coupons available at all these hotels are issued at the price of 10s. 6d. a day, this charge including board, lodging, and attendance. I do not say that this is a miracle of cheapness, but it should be good enough to satisfy any ordinary man who can afford a comfortable holiday, and is not tied down to a lodging-house at the seaside town nearest to his home. It is substantially below the usual *en pension* terms of British hotels, which, so far as my experience goes, rarely fall below four guineas per week, and it has the supreme advantage that the terms are fixed *per diem*, instead of the usual rule of per week, so that the traveller can move about at will, and yet enjoy the advantage of moderate inclusive terms, and of knowing in advance exactly what his hotel bills will come to.

As Mr. Forbes, of the Brighton Railway, observed a few weeks ago when speaking of the difficulty of opening up the United Kingdom to the foreign tourist, the central fact of the situation is that the traveller in this country must reckon that he will have to pay, taking one hotel with another, from 15s. to 20s. a day for accommodation which he can get almost anywhere on the Continent at 10 or 12 francs. The difference is quite enough to explain why so few foreigners spend their holidays in Britain, and why so many Britons spend theirs on the Continent. What has been done by the hotels above mentioned is to reduce British prices to about the average Continental level. I may point out that 10s. 6d. a day is the price of the first-class foreign hotel coupons issued by Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son, which ensure as good hotel accommodation as any ordinary traveller requires in all parts of the Continent frequented by English tourists. Cook's hotel coupons are used by thousands of travellers, who like to be sure of what they will have to pay, and to be rid of all necessity for bargaining in a foreign language, and of all fear of overcharge and "extras."

But I may add that there are few hotels in the most frequented holiday resorts of Switzerland, France, Southern Germany, and the Italian Lakes—I am not speaking of Monte Carlo in the season—where you cannot make an *en pension* arrangement at 12.50 fr. if you are stopping for not less than a week. In other words, 10s. a day is about the normal boarding rate on the Continent. The Scottish Highland hotels have got it down to 10s. 6d. in North Britain, and if ten hotels can do this, there can be no reason why a hundred or five hundred should not. Neither can there be any reason why combinations of hotels in other parts of the United Kingdom should not jointly afford to tourists who may be only spending a day or two in several places the same *en pension* advantages as are offered by this Scottish group. It is only a modification of the Cooks' coupon system. It will readily be seen that a combination of hotels working together in this way will share their advertising expenses, and all participate in the benefits. If with this were combined the practice of only opening hotels for the season, and keeping them closed for the larger part of the year, my belief is that boarding terms might in a great many cases be reduced to 8s. or 9s. a day, and still leave a profit. It is the "season" system more than anything else that gives the advantage to the Continental hotel-keeper, and though it may not be suitable to all situations, it must always be the most economical and business-like arrangement where the hotel can only be anything like full during three or four months of the year. There cannot be any difference between England and the Continent in this respect.

I have heard a great deal lately of the attractions offered at British hotels, and no one can deny them. Undoubtedly there are now plenty of country hotels in all parts of the United Kingdom which will compare favourably with any to be found abroad in every respect but price. I tremble to mention any of them by name, for whenever one is singled out in this way, a dozen others at once insist that their attractions are equally entitled to notice. For this reason I had better say at once that I have no intention of suggesting that the Scottish hotels above mentioned are the only hotels in Scotland, or that they are necessarily superior to all others. Everybody who knows Scotland knows the excellence of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway hotels. A new

one has just been added to them at Turnberry, on the Ayrshire coast, and the reader will please understand that here also he can be boarded for a week at 10s. per diem, which is 6d. below the scale previously mentioned. The Turnberry hotel is a beautiful building, with a splendid sea frontage, and I should guess that it is within reach of more golf links than almost any hotel in the kingdom, for almost every town and village on the Ayrshire coast has its golf course. On quite the other side of Scotland, at Edzell on the North Esk, just on the edge of the Grampians, there is another first-rate hotel, the Panmure Arms. I cannot say that I know it personally, but I know Mr. Thiem, who has recently acquired it, and I know the Peebles Hydro, with which he has long been connected, and that is quite enough to justify a recommendation of any house under his management. I see that Mr. Thiem is able to board his visitors for three guineas per week upwards, and after that I require no further proof of my contention that even a first-rate hotel can afford to take boarders at 10s. a day and even less. If more hotel proprietors would try the experiment, and if they would turn to account the other hints which I have given above, we should hear much less of the badness of the business, the impossibility of making holiday hotels pay in this country on the same terms as in the rest of the world, and the perversity of Britons in persistently patronising foreign resorts and neglecting the attractions offered to them at home.

A SNARE FOR SHYLOCK.

The discomfiture of an avaricious, unconscionable usurer is always a satisfactory spectacle, and I heard the other day of an incident of this kind which, besides being interesting in itself, may afford a useful hint to many unfortunate borrowers. Although the fact does not yet seem to be generally known, a moneylender who is not registered in accordance with the requirements of the Moneylenders Act cannot recover by process of law any money that he has lent or any interest that he has charged. This important point was first brought out in a judgment by Mr. Justice Buckley last August, which is thus summarised in Mr. J. B. Matthews's book on "The Law of Moneylending":—

> In the Victorian Daylesford Syndicate v. Dott, Buckley, J., held that Section 2, sub-section c applies to the case of a moneylender who has not registered his name under the Act; and that the result is that he cannot make any valid agreement in the course of his business as a moneylender with respect to the advance and repayment of money, or take any security for money in the course of his business as a moneylender.

This judgment has since been affirmed by the Court of Appeal. As at present settled, therefore, the law of the land is that the moneylending contracts of an unregistered moneylender are void. He cannot sue successfully for either his principal or interest, and all who have borrowed money from him may, if they please, repudiate the transaction. Nor is it only the unregistered moneylender who is in this position, for—as I gather from Mr. Justice Buckley's judgment—the same disability applies to the moneylender who, though registered, makes moneylending contracts otherwise than in his registered name—a by no means uncommon proceeding. The professional usurers are generally regarded as particularly sharp individuals, and one would have expected that they would be careful to make themselves acquainted with the provisions of the Act on the subject of registration. Many, however, have failed to do this, and among them is (or, rather, was) Wm. Henry Burgess, alias "Richards and Co.," 39, Lombard-street, E.C. It is Burgess who figures in the instructive case which came under my notice the other day. He is a bloodsucker of the worst type, carrying on his nefarious business mainly among clerks in banks and public offices. On several occasions I have given examples of his extortion, and his victims are continually being haled before the judges in the City of London Court. Burgess was not entirely ignorant of the necessity for his registration, for he registered himself at Somerset House on September 5, 1902. But it seems that he either overlooked or else forgot the important fact, plainly set out in Section 3 of the Act, that the registration ceases to have effect at the expiration of three years, though it may be renewed from time to time for similar periods.

Burgess's original registration expired on September 4, 1905, and he did not renew it until April 20, 1906. Between those dates he was, therefore, an unregistered moneylender. It so happened that during this interval he was bringing pressure to bear upon a borrower, who, in return for advances amounting to between £400 and £500, had paid back nearly £900, but who was still liable to the usurer for a further £400. Interest had been charged at a most monstrous rate, and the borrower was unable to meet the bill which became due. He asked for a short extension of time, and Burgess eventually consented to take a fresh bill in consideration of the payment by the borrower of a sum of £30 for this accommodation. When this fresh bill became due, however, it was still impossible for the borrower to pay the £400. Burgess attempted to put on the screw. It was then politely pointed out to him that as he was not registered as a moneylender at the time of this transaction he possessed no legal remedy against the borrower. One can easily imagine the rage and dismay this little bombshell must have produced in the office at 39, Lombard-street. Rarely has there been a more complete and effective turning of the tables on a moneylender. No doubt Burgess had some anxious consultations with his solicitor to discover whether the non-renewal of his registration really had reduced him to this state of impotence. The judgments on the point, however, are clear and unmistakable, and with an anguish such as one of his fraternity does not often experience, Burgess was obliged to abandon all idea of recovering the £400. Prudence, indeed, demanded that he should bear this loss in silence, for if he had carried the case into court he would simply have been advertising the fact that all the moneylending contracts that he entered into between September 4, 1905, and April 20, 1906, were void. I now make known this fact, for the information of all whom it may concern. During those six months, Burgess, otherwise "Richards and Co.," was carrying on his moneylending operations as actively as ever, and probably scores of persons fell into his toils in that period. Those who have not yet escaped must decide for themselves whether they should take advantage of his non-

compliance with the statute to refuse to fulfil their contracts, or at any rate to obtain more favourable terms of repayment. It is quite certain that Burgess is powerless to enforce any of the contracts in question, and he is such a harsh and unconscionable usurer and engaged in such a peculiarly mischievous branch of the business that I for one shall not be disposed to blame any of his victims who use this means of extricating themselves from his clutches.

Besides being divested of any right to enforce his contracts, the unregistered moneylender may also be heavily punished for breaking the law by making such contracts. The Act provides that any moneylender failing to register himself, or carrying on business otherwise than in his registered name, shall be liable on conviction to a fine not exceeding £100, and in the case of a second or subsequent conviction, to imprisonment for a term not exceeding three months, or to a fine not exceeding £100, or to both fine and imprisonment. In the above-mentioned judgment, Mr. Justice Buckley expressed the opinion that the penalty might be imposed, not merely "once for all," but as often as the prohibited act was done, so that Burgess actually incurred this liability to a fine of £100—to say nothing of the terms of imprisonment—in respect of every one of the illegal contracts which he made in the period of his non-registration. The fact that he was not prosecuted though he was openly trading as a moneylender during those six months is a striking proof of the impunity with which this section of the Moneylenders Act is violated. Since the Act was passed in 1900 there have been less than a dozen prosecutions, although hundreds of offences have been committed. I have myself repeatedly called attention to cases in which unregistered persons have undisguisedly carried on the business of moneylenders, or—what is the same thing for the purpose of the statute—advertised or held themselves out as doing so. In addition to these cases, a search of the file at Somerset House would show that not a few moneylenders have, like Burgess, neglected to renew their registration immediately on the expiration of the three years, or—as is equally necessary—when making use of altered or additional addresses. The Commissioners of Inland Revenue register any one making an application in the prescribed form and paying the prescribed fee of £1. But they apparently hold that it is not one of their duties to take proceedings against non-registered moneylenders, or even to notice omissions to renew registrations. The police, as a rule—there have been one or two exceptions—seem to be similarly convinced that they have no responsibility in regard to the detection and prosecution of such offenders. The enforcement of the statute is, in short, treated as nobody's business, with the natural result that everybody neglects it. Surely it is time that an end was put to this scandalous state of affairs. The police show plenty of zeal and vigilance in the administration of various laws and by-laws that are of much less consequence to the welfare of the community than the Moneylenders Act. I fail to perceive any reason why they should not show the same zeal and vigilance in dealing with the sharks of usury.

THE THEATRES.

IN MEMORIAM J. L. TOOLE.

Died July 30, 1906.

Not long since Irving paid stern Nature's debt
And passed 'neath Death's inexorable rule.
Now his last fellow 's gone; our eyes are wet
For Johnny Toole.

Dear Toole, thou King of happy, harmless mirth
That bubbled up spontaneous from thy heart,
Thou play'dst supreme upon this gloomy Earth
The jester's part.

How oft, in other days, that tone, that look,
That gesture, thine, and no one's else beside,
Hath made us, while the very building shook,
Laugh till we cried!

And yet, although for forty years or more
Thou mov'dst us nightly with thy humour's strokes
And lavish'd from thy own abounding store
Unnumbered jokes,

There never passed thy lips, through all that time,
One doubtful word, one hint of nameless things,
But aye thy humour, scorning mud and slime,
Drank of clear springs;

Those springs that well within his breast alone
Whom contact with the world hath not defiled,
Who to the last remains pure Nature's own
Pure-hearted child.

The Drama in the Doldrums.

Of the theatrical season which has just closed its ineffectual wings and ceased trying to soar into success, there is little new to be said, for it is a matter of common knowledge that it has been one of the worst on record. A brilliant success at the St. James's, where Mr. Pinero's "His House in Order" has just triumphantly weathered its two hundredth night, and two or three successful musical comedies, such as "The Beauty of Bath" and "The Dairymaids," these are about all the productions which managers can think of without a shudder. I sometimes wonder, though, whether theatrical managers really seriously consider the causes of failure. The explanations usually offered are that the weather is hot, that the play was American, or that it was over the heads of the public. Mr. George Alexander, in his most successful days, never made this last mistake, or excuse. The Court Theatre management never make it now, but if there is one belief which I should like to see knocked out of the heads of those who provide us with dramatic fare it is this: namely, that the general public is necessarily less intelligent than theatrical managers. "My dear boy," one or other of these people will say to you when you urge the production of such and such a piece, "of course, it is a fine play, and *you* and *I* appreciate it, but it would be caviare to the general, and there is not a penny in it." They used to say this of Mr. Bernard Shaw. It is true that I have heard that eminent dramatist say that his plays do not attract audiences, but a congregation. The same people come again and again, until their faces are wearisomely familiar; but what manager need object to this, so long as the congregation pays and fills the stalls? There is many a West End house which needs a congregation, and might have

one, if the sermon or play were only a little out of the common. What astonishes me, to take only one branch of the "drama," is not that certain musical comedies fail, but that any succeed. They are usually so monotonously alike, so painfully unfunny, and so beautifully staged. We are suffering from brilliantly produced bad plays. It will be interesting to see whether Mr. Louis Calvert, who has a considerable reputation as a good "producer," will inaugurate his management at the New Theatre next week by giving us something really original and out of the common.

Actors, of course, have a different point of view in talking about the bad state of affairs. Mr. H. B. Irving would like State aid—so he explains in the *Fortnightly*. "No art that is left to the mercy of popular taste, that has to fight for its existence, can escape some measure of corruption." I profoundly disagree with him. The best work the world has known has, in thousands of cases, had to fight for its existence. It is this fight which has often been the stimulus, and the theatre or the actor no more requires State aid than the dramatist. The real fact of the matter, with regard to actors at the present time, is that they are not enough concerned with acting as that very shrewd critic, Mr. Anthony Ellis, has pointed out. They do not sufficiently realise that whatever the art in which you are interested, if you are going to take it seriously, you have got to make sacrifices for it. They go on tour, not to act primarily, but to play golf, and when at home they want to lecture, to talk, or to write papers on the Theatre. Of course, there are a hundred exceptions, but this is a growing tendency in all arts. I would go so far as to say that the minute a man, whether painter, sculptor, dramatist, novelist, poet, or actor, begins to devote the time which should be given to expressing the best that is in him, to explaining in public what is wrong with his profession (or to arguing with his critics), that man is on the downgrade.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE MANIA FOR MOVING-ON.

A NEW disease, which comes within my scope, has burst upon us. The doctors have given it some name in spoiled Greek. Ordinary people call it *la bougeotte*. It is a state of nervous trepidation that obliges sufferers from it to be constantly on the move. The King of Spain, the German Emperor, M. Octave Mirbeau, motor enthusiasts, and Americans most of any, are stricken with *la bougeotte*. That motor ride of King Alfonso from Segovia, by Soria, to San Sebastian, so exciting, dangerous, and modern in its incidents, did not ease the King's impulse to keep rushing on and about. Had there been a fatality through the dash of the King's motor on a lean old cow, the death would not have been exactly "noble." In French it could not, for want of nobleness, have been spoken of as tragical. The German Emperor has bought an eleventh motor, and is ready to purchase a faster one if it can be made. Those afflicted with *la bougeotte* cannot prevent themselves rushing over all the roads of Europe, "to gain time." To hear them talk one might imagine their time is not of less value than a Kimberley diamond mine. As "gainers of time" they take a passionate interest in steerable balloons, motor river launches, undergrounds for motors, and feel disgust at having to content themselves in villages with the pace the town council ordains. Generally, they pay no attention to municipal rules. Prince Eugène Murat, a case of *la bougeotte* of long standing, hardly ever did. I read in a Franconian paper that he passed like a hurricane through quiet old Nuremburg and the suburb where Fate waited for him round a corner.

There could be no clearer case of *la bougeotte* than the late Empress of Austria, except, perhaps, the cases now furnished by the Archduke Leopold Salvator and his family, M. Octave Mirbeau, and certain American millionaires, who rush round Europe just as indifferent to municipal rules as any Murat. The Archduke came here with his wife and daughters to study the improvements made by M. Santos Dumont in steerable balloons. He is out of conceit with the motor, against which rustics nearly everywhere think of warring; and because country roads are, and must always be, either dusty or muddy, he wants to be able to fly about in upper air, away from the din and racket of earth. Already he has crossed the Pyrenees and the Styrian Alps in balloons. The Archduchess, who is the eldest daughter of Don Carlos, feels quite impatient at loss of time in wheeled vehicles. One must not expect to see the will-o'-the-wisp of lunacy gleaming in their eyes. A more ordinary couple, so far as appearance goes, one could hardly find in a prosperous English congregation. She has in twelve years furnished eight christenings to her parish church. The last girl, Assunta (four years old), seems to have the aerophile passion of both parents, and cries to make with them and her sisters ascensions in balloons.

As to M. Octave Mirbeau, he confesses his inability to resist the impulse to move on and on at the highest possible motor pace. Not long ago he arranged to spend a fortnight at Amsterdam, where he wanted to see well the picture galleries, the Rembrandt Exhibition, the quaint old town, the wharves, and the population, so characteristic in many respects. He found the hotel where he pulled up to his liking, and went to bed, thinking himself fortunate to find himself in the noiseless and yet so busy old Dutch capital, after the fever and racket of Paris. His chauffeur Paul knew M. Mirbeau better than he did himself, and had, fearing a change of plans, refused to join in an excursion planned in the servants' hall. Next evening, as the shades of evening drew on, the brilliant author felt he must jump out of his skin if he could not be off immediately. To be obliged to wait for dinner seemed to him unbearable.

The Danger to Health of obesity is not sufficiently emphasised. Stout people should know that "fatty degeneration" of the heart and liver is a constant menace to them. The *Sketch* says:—"This pleasant, rational, and most efficacious remedy may be warmly recommended to stout persons, as much for health's sake as for the attainment of perfect elegance of figure." Price 2s 6d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle, of all chemists, or of The "Antipon" Company, 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.

The desire possessed him of motoring through the cool hours of the night and not halting until he crossed the German frontier near Crefeld. Telephoning to Paul at the *garage* he asked whether he knew the road well enough to follow it by the mere light of the motor lamps. Paul, a little put about by the thought of a night journey at hurricane speed, thought to gain time by asking if he could wait to take a mouthful of dinner before starting. Leave was granted, but as he noticed impatience in the tone, he made haste. When he went round to the hotel, he asked "Monsieur" whether he had reflected on the narrowness of the Dutch roads, the abrupt ascents and descents from polders, the intricacies of the canals, and the plaguy night flies coming from the stagnant water. Yes, everything had been thought of, and Paul resigned himself to his fate. "Are you not," asked his *patron* (the man at the steering wheel is not a servant, and does not work for a master), "surprised at my sudden change of plans?" "Not at all," answered Paul. "I saw queerer decisions *chez plusieurs de mes anciens patrons. Monsieur reste presque dans les limites de la bonne raison.*" It would not have astonished Paul if M. Octave Mirbeau had directed him to drive straight to Turkey.

M. Mirbeau paid cheerfully a forfeit to the landlord for non-fulfilment of contract. They were off in less than half-an-hour from the time the *bougeotte* impulse was first felt. This disease grows on what it feeds on. Commissioners of Police report that the morbid state of motor enthusiasts shows itself in recklessness, want of respect for human life, of gentlemanly feeling, and, indeed, of the most elementary moral sense. The peasants on the other side of the scale nurse a ferocious spirit against *les riches.* It is only the very wealthy who can afford to keep iron greyhounds that can go at a speed of 70 to 100 k. the hour.

To recur to the Archduchess Leopold Salvator, should Don Jaime die a bachelor, her sons Renier, Louis, and Anthon will succeed to Jaime's pretensions. Failing them, the six daughters, beginning with the Archduchess Maria de los Dolores and ending with the little Assunta, follow. They all bear Spanish names indicative of mystical piety, and "Ignatius" (Loyola) figures in the nomenclature of sons and daughters. If bitten with *la bougeotte*, the Archduchess Leopold Salvator is essentially "respectable." As a "wife and mother," no stone can be cast at her. She comes up to the respectable English standard of the reign of Victoria. Four years ago I saw her with a daughter holding her hand, another wee creature, hardly able to walk, clinging to her skirt, and the baby Assunta in her arms. Two nurses and the other five children stood in the background. There is not much to boast of in the way of plastic beauty or beauty of expression in either of the Italian Bourbons, a reflection that stays my pen from describing these descendants of both. The very motherly Archduchess bears the given name of Blanche of Castile—a name full of promise to ultramontanists, and of threat to free-thinkers in Spain.

The decision of the French Government to abolish capital punishment is a sign of the increasing gentleness of public manners. In this, as in many other matters, France has moved surprisingly in the last twenty years—under the influence, as I think, of the common school and undenominational education. That merciful provision of French criminal law, "extenuating circumstances," which allows juries, while returning a verdict of "guilty" against a murderer, to save him from the scaffold, has been taken advantage of with increasing frequency. And in cases where capital sentences have been passed, the President of the Republic has in the majority of cases used his prerogative of mercy.

Partisans of the death penalty—Conservatives as a rule—justify their position by the assertion that on its abolition "criminality will increase in frightful proportions." Now is their chance of proving to the world the soundness of their judgment. The same people also aver that the common school "is a hot-bed of crime." I hope they will only take the trouble to collect statistics and publish them every year. But will they? The Home Secretary might make a note of the subject, and ascertain in two or three years whether criminality in France has increased by leaps and bounds, or whether, as I anticipate, it has rather diminished.

The institution might have dragged on its existence a few years longer but for a small, and apparently insignificant, circumstance. *Petites causes, grands effets* is as true in present as in past history. Owing to fast electric transit in the east-end, the value of land in the neighbourhood of the Roquette Prison increased enormously. This is the prison where Paris criminals were transferred after their sentence, their execution taking place in the public square just outside. The State decided to sell the land for tenement buildings, and transfer the inmates to the country. But the law provides that criminals must be executed publicly in the town where they have received their sentence, and in no other place. The Prefect of Police was aware that no ratepayers of Paris would submit to the indignity of having the guillotine in their midst, and the Government, out of respect for the very strong feeling on the subject, has not allowed any execution to take place in Paris since the Roquette was pulled down five or six years ago.

My great objection to capital punishment is that it makes the executioner a more loathsome object and a worse man than the wretch he executes, however horrible his crime. The late M. Deibler could not say, "My poverty, and not my will, consents." He had about 17,000 francs a year from the Ministry of Justice, between his salary and perquisites, or *petites bénéfices*, and was also allowed a couple of aides. Among the perquisites were the calves he and his men guillotined to keep their hands in. Heindricks, his predecessor, executed two calves to gratify the curiosity of American young ladies whom Me. Jones, of the Cour d'Appel, brought to see him at his villa at Champerret.

The late M. Deibler between "jobs" collected pictures for rich South Americans, and might be called *fournisseur en titre* to the new churches of that Con-

Scrubb & Co., Ltd., caution the public against the many injurious imitations of their Cloudy Fluid Ammonia that are being offered, and draw attention to their having affixed the signature of Scrubb & Co. to each bottle, without which none is genuine.

tinent. He had an interesting collection of his own. He left his family very well off, and his son resides in the paternal villa near the Parc aux Princes. I do not suppose one could rent it for 1,500 francs. He takes pride in his physical strength, also a heritage. The yard where *le bois de justice*—the slang name for the guillotine—is kept at the other side of the town is also used by the executioner for a poultry yard. This is another of the *petits bénéfices*. Deibler is Monsieur de France as he is the single executioner for all France and Algeria.

M. Clemenceau would have had something to say against capital punishment at the Ministerial Council held at Rambouillet on Tuesday se'nnight. Some years back I heard a visitor in his parlour give him an account of the last ten minutes of Pranzini's life. When he had done, M. Clemenceau said: "I have listened to every word of your narrative. It exactly agrees with my own impressions of a similar scene and use of *le bois de justice*. Of all the monstrous sights that memory can bring back to me, of all the filthy and cowardly sins against what is best in human nature that I am cognisant of, capital execution is the vilest."

Somebody said: "The English have their executions within the prisons."

"Don't talk to me of what the English do. I am a great admirer of the English, and I have paid dearly for being so. But they have one defect at least—they are empirical, and shrink from going to the root of any matter. What I object to is not the publicity, but the fact of the execution. Is it less odious for taking place within a gaol, in the sight of twelve or half a dozen or less officials? The privacy does not change one pin's point what sets me in revolt."

Berthelot is against capital punishment in France or any country where there are, or ought to be, the means of making crooked natures straight. The objections to it are not, in his mind, of universal application Thus in savage countries, where the moral sense scarcely exists, and there are no prisons, capital punishment, or even torture, may be necessary. In rendering prisons so merciful, Mahommed laid on Moslem Governments the necessity of massacre. The Turks have either to break the command of their Prophet, or massacre. Barbarians, who had no means for keeping large numbers of prisoners of war, put them, in self-defence, to the edge of the sword.

An old drama—it dates from 1826—has been brought to light, which served as a wattle to Victor Hugo's imagination in writing "Le Roi s'Amuse." The exhumed play is by Arvel, a friend of Victor Hugo, and a poet of promise, who died young. Its title accounts for no theatrical manager being able to obtain a censor's licence for it: "La Mort du François I." As I am not M. Brieux, it is impossible for me to go into any details touching that death, though the last moments of François I. are wrapped up in poetry by the playwright. The leading characters are Ferron and La Belle Ferronière, his wife, a Reformer, the Cardinal of Lorraine, a jester, the Queen of Navarre, and Diane de Poitiers. The final scene is laid at Rambouillet, in the room in which M. Fallières sleeps. I can say, without wearing a Brieux mask, that Ferron, as a Pilgrim who wants to expiate a crime against his wife and the King, comes in at the death. She is dead in consequence of his vengeance, and François is dying, at the age of fifty-two

The third opening, by a third Emperor, of Charlemagne's tomb has been a fine advertisement for Aix la Chapelle. Not that the Imperial city wanted one as a watering-place. I wanted to go there for a "season," but have been prevented by the crowded state of the hotels and the rise in the prices of lodgings elsewhere. Wealthy Russian fugitives have been crowding there since the military failure led to revolt in so many places. They still come, and many of them fear that their estates will have the same fate as those of the French nobility who fled from the Revolution. Charlemagne had one amiable quality—a passionate love for flowers. He probably was the first who awoke a taste for them in Paris. I came across, a short time ago, one of his edicts, which compelled Parisians to plant flowers in boxes on their window-sills and to cover the walls of their gardens and court-yards with flowering creepers.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

RESTLESS fever, dear Lady Betty, is a disease, and it is raging at the moment in England. It is a curious circumstance that our fellow-countrymen and women generally cease to suffer from it on reaching the Continent, and become as restful at a German bath, or on the Riviera, as they were formerly in their own country! An eminent foreign medical man has addressed to me the following letter:—

"Sir,—The English nation is in a most alarming condition, and I am astonished that the medical profession in your country appears to ignore this. Climate and circumstances have made your people an unexcitable and almost motionless race. Steam, electricity, the influence of the United States, and various modern developments have greatly altered the circumstances of life in England, and the English have been so affected by the change that they are for the moment in a continual state of hurry. My English patients here all describe to me the same symptoms. When in England, it appears, they are in a condition of continual restlessness; they feel as if they had hundreds of important matters to attend to, and it was a race against time to keep abreast with the occupations and engagements of the day. 'Do they write more and longer letters than they did formerly?' I ask, and they answer that they do not. 'Do they stitch, knit, embroider, keep diaries, paint, read, or attend to household duties more than did their parents?' Again they assure me that they do not. They complain that they cannot settle down to any consecutive work, or even prolonged entertainment. They dress in a hurry, travel at full speed, eat as if against time, cannot engage in any sustained conversation, when at dinner are eager to be at the theatre, when at the theatre to be at supper, and when at supper to be back home! On reaching the Continent, however, that sense of hurriedness almost at once vanishes, and though we have as fast trains on this side of the Channel as there are on the other, more motor-cars and tramways, and far more amusements, they at once regain their former tranquillity, and feel like keen competitors who have obtained an interval of rest! Those are the premonitory symptoms of an insanity which threatens to become a national disease!

"It is calculated that if the increase of visitors from England to the Continent continues to grow at the rate it has in the last ten years, there will be, ten years hence, twenty million of English men and women annually amongst us! Do you seriously suppose that the foreigner is going to make the Continent into a vast hydropathic establishment for the British people? A species of waiting-room to the violent ward?

"If your people were twenty-five years in advance of modern civilisation—as are the Americans—the devouring restlessness which the former experience would be explicable; but England is behind most other nations in this respect. Does this not make clear to you that your fellow-country men and women are in a very serious condition?"

* * * * *

In the United States they build their houses many stories high, and these they call skyscrapers. In England we are adopting the contrary system, and build a multitude of basements artificially ventilated; these should be called h—ll-scrapers.

* * * * *

The English always suspect civility; they imagine that those who are polite cannot afford to be rude, and despise them for it.

* * * * *

The recent attacks upon the dresses worn at night by women in England are only a continuation of the complaints made by preachers and writers for generations past. The following was published in a London newspaper over a hundred years ago!

"Evening Dress.

"In an evening dress, the nymphs now-a-days,
Scarce an atom of dress on them leave;
Nor blame them—for what is an evening dress,
But a dress that is fit for an Eve?"

* * * * *

The "Canned-meat" scandal has had apparently a more atrocious predecessor in this country. The following extract is from the *Morning Paper* of 1822:—

"It is estimated that more than a million of bushels of human and other bones were imported last year from the Continent of Europe into the Port of Hull. The neighbourhoods of Leipsic, Austerlitz, Waterloo, and of all the places where, during the late bloody war, the principal battles were fought have been swept alike of the bones of the hero and of the horse which he rode. Thus collected from every quarter, they have been shipped to the Port of Hull, and thence forwarded to the Yorkshire bone-grinders, who have erected steam-engines and powerful machinery for the purpose of reducing them to a granulary state. In the latter condition they are sent chiefly to Doncaster, one of the largest agricultural markets in that part of the country, and are there sold to the farmers to fertilise their lands. The oily substance gradually evolving as the bone calcines, makes more effective manure than almost any other substance, particularly human bones. It is now ascertained beyond any doubt that a dead soldier is a most valuable article of commerce. It is a singular fact that Great Britain should have sent out such multitudes of soldiers to fight the battles of this country upon the Continent of Europe, and should then import their bones as an article of commerce to fatten her soil!"

* * * * *

The announcement of the sudden death at Ems of Mr. William Baptiste Scoones—the celebrated "crammer" for the Diplomatic Service, the Foreign Office, and the Guards—will have been read with regret by all who studied under this most experienced and amiable master. For over a quarter of a century he had the care of almost every candidate for the Diplomatic Service, and the writer, as an old pupil, wishes to express his great regret at the loss of an able master, whose friendship he enjoyed to the last.—Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

IT has been a great disappointment to most people who are interested in Turf affairs that the Stewards of the Jockey Club have refused to make any alteration (however obviously desirable) in their original list of race meetings for next year. There is a return to the old, inconvenient, and very unpopular arrangement of letting only one week intervene between Epsom and Ascot, and the mulish obstinacy of the Newmarket authorities in declining to rectify this blunder is much to be regretted. Then there is again a disastrous clashing between Liverpool and Newbury, which would have been avoided if the Aintree fixture had been cut down to two days, which would have been the proper course to adopt, as there is most assuredly no justification for dragging this meeting over three days. The managers of the Newbury fixture will do well to postpone the race for the Cup—their principal handicap—until Saturday, as it is altogether preposterous to let it be run on the same afternoon as the Liverpool Summer Cup, owing to the question of jockeys, as the services of the best riders are, of course, demanded in two places at the same hour. There is an excellent course at Newbury, and the stands are models, while no fault can be found in any of the other arrangements; but it was always maintained in Truth that there is no room for such a meeting until there has been a large reduction in the number of fixtures. After all the hysterical rhapsodies of the sporting papers about Newbury being "the Western Newmarket" and "a second Ascot," and so on and so forth, the result of the first year's meeting has been something of a bathos, for the sport has been neither better nor worse than at any average fixture, and no brilliant success in the way of high-class racing has been achieved. It is a serious misfortune for Newbury that somehow or other this meeting seems to be generally regarded as being more or less identified with the egregious Racehorse Owners' Association, an idea which tended at the last meeting to reduce the attendance of the sort of people that the managers of such a fixture most particularly desire to see in their stands and enclosures.

It is stated, by the way, that the officials of the Racecourse Association were so infatuated and idiotic as to send out a request that no entries should be made to the National Breeders' Produce Stakes of £5,000 at Sandown Park for 1909, a race which closed last week. The result of this ill-conditioned interference has been that no fewer than 421 entries have been obtained, which is by far the largest number on record.

Llangibby injured himself after arriving at Goodwood from Newmarket, and it was found necessary to strike him out of the Cup, which was a piece of bad luck for Mr. Neumann, as he appeared tolerably certain to win this race. Llangibby's next engagement is the Jockey Club Stakes, but he can have no earthly chance for that race, as he has incurred a penalty of 12 lb., and is held perfectly safe by Keystone II. and Cicero. This valuable stake would have been a good thing for Spearmint if he had been left in, as his 12 lb. penalty was reduced to 6 lb. by a breeding allowance, but Major Loder struck him out in March, 1905.

M. E. Blanc has begun well with his two-year-olds, as he won several races last week, one with Allah, colt by Flying Fox out of Finaude, and another with Orange II., filly by Flying Fox out of Poupée. They had evidently been highly tried, as each started favourite in a large field. Allah was struck out of next year's Derby when the minor forfeit was declared, but he is entered for the Eclipse Stakes. Orange II. has now no English engagement, as she was withdrawn from the Oaks on March 27. M. E. Blanc still has two colts in the Derby—Myram, own brother to Jardy, and Quadi-Halfa, by Persimmon out of Yesterling, who is to make his début at Deauville, and is said to be very smart. He has also two fillies in the Oaks—Helene, own sister to Ajax and Adam II., and Zahra, by Flying Fox out of Bass. Myram was made favourite

for the Omnium at Maisons Laffitte, starting at 5 to 4 on in a field of over twenty. He was beaten by M. Ephrussi's Ascalan, who was defeated at Newmarket last month when heavily backed.

Slieve Gallion is to miss his engagements this month at Kempton Park and Hurst Park, being in reserve for the Champagne Stakes, and after Doncaster he will be started for the Middle Park Plate. This colt's first engagement at three years old is the Craven Stakes at Newmarket, but he will, no doubt, be kept for the Two Thousand, and he is entered for the Derby, and for several stakes at Ascot.

The King's two-year-old Slim Lad, by St. Simon out of Laodamia, is stated in a weekly paper to be a smart colt, but I am told there is no reason whatever to anticipate that he will turn out a flyer. If Slim Lad does develop into a high-class racer, those who have watched his gallops will be considerably surprised. The colt has already missed eleven engagements, and he certainly is not likely to create a surprise by winning the Champagne Stakes. After the cross of Persimmon and Laodamia had been persisted in for several seasons (the produce having been all worthless for racing) the mare was sent to St. Simon, but it would have been a wiser policy to try an entirely fresh strain of blood for her. Laodamia went last year to Cyllene, which was an excellent choice for her. The three-year-old Mores, half-brother by Ladas to Zinfandel, is spoken of as likely to distinguish himself, but the writer can know little or nothing about this colt. It will require very clever placing to get a fair race out of him, supposing that he ever gets through a preparation. If Mores is worth keeping in training, and presuming him to come to the post tolerably fit, he would have a good chance for the Scarborough Stakes at Doncaster, in which race a very poor lot of three-year-olds are engaged, and he would have a great advantage in the weights. Perambulator, by Persimmon out of Spyglass, may turn out to be his Majesty's best two-year-old. Perambulator is entered for the Gimcrack Stakes at York, and he has accepted for the Champagne Stakes, and is entered also for the Rous Plate at Doncaster; he has several engagements too at the Newmarket October Meetings.

Goodwood was a great social success. There was a large party from "The House," headed by his Majesty and the Prince of Wales. The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk brought a party of nearly twenty from Arundel Castle, which house had not been represented at Goodwood until last week for twenty-seven years. Lord Leconfield had a number of guests at Petworth House, which has been closed for nine months in order that a variety of improvements might be carried out. Indeed, most of the large country seats in the district sent parties, and many people came daily from yachts moored in Portsmouth Harbour. Goodwood will now be deserted by its owner for several months, as the Duke of Richmond and Gordon and his family leave to-day for Gordon Castle, until the middle of November.

When writing on the Goodwood programme a fortnight ago I gave plumpers for Weathercock for the Richmond Stakes and for Auber for the Ham Stakes, and both colts won. Weathercock is now much more fit than when he ran behind Traquair at Sandown Park, and no doubt his race on July 21 was greatly beneficial to him. He is a nice colt and still capable of much improvement, but I doubt whether he will turn out to be a stayer. Mr. James's dark filly Sixty, by Diamond Jubilee, was the great Newmarket tip for this race, and she was considered to have been well galloped, and was heavily backed, but she was never in it with the winner. The filly, however, will do better next time, as she will be benefited by her race last week. Among the starters was Captain Homfray's colt Asian, by Ladas, who cost a large sum as a yearling. This animal made his début in the New Stakes, and he was thought to have come on considerably since Ascot, but he did very badly in a trial on Saturday, July 28. The Liverpool winner—the colt by Florizel II. out of Marsh Marigold—was made a "boiling" favourite for the Ham Stakes, but Auber won very easily, and, considering that he had 6lb. the best of the weights, the plunge on the favourite appeared distinctly fatuous, as Sir Edgar Vincent's colt has shown form which was more than respectable. I had expected that Quair would beat Gorgos for the Gratwicke Stakes, but the Duke of Portland was represented instead by Greendale, who won easily at the finish, as well he might, having a stone the best of the weights. The Two Thousand winner's recent form has been so deplorable that it did not seem possible for him to give a stone to anything in training that could raise a gallop. Greendale was so highly thought of as a yearling that he was entered for over forty races, but this was his first success. He is by St. Simon out of Ismay, and therefore own brother to Darley Dale.

Rocketter started favourite for the Stewards' Cup, and he won very easily indeed. All the starters were more or less backed, but Golden Gleam, who was a strong tip from Newmarket, carried most money after the winner, and Twelvebore was well backed, as also was his stable companion, Cyanean, who began so slowly that she was practically out of the race from the first. Foresight was interfered with at the start, but he ran creditably enough, and it is on the cards that Lord Fitzwilliam may win the Portland Plate at Doncaster with this colt. Admirable Crichton did not appear to be fit, and Golden Gleam, in the opinion of most good judges, was decidedly over-weighted.

The Duke of Westminster's three-year-old Pipistrello, own brother to Flying Fox, broke down while running for the Gratwicke Stakes. This colt was a handsome and racing-like two-year-old, and during the spring of last year a brilliant Turf career was predicted for him, but his failure at racing was complete and ignominious, and he never won a penny.

There was no interest about the race for the Goodwood Cup, but Thursday afternoon afforded a direful sensation in the defeat of Traquair by the Marsh Marigold colt, which was a dreadful crash for plungers. Traquair may have been suffering from the effects of his severe race at Sandown Park on July 21, but it is simply nonsensical to attribute his failure at Goodwood to lack of stamina, in view of his previous performances. I gave a plumper for Bellavista for the Rous Memorial, and she retrieved her reputation by a very easy victory. Colonel Baird's dark filly Geronima was a general tip for this race, and she was very heavily backed, but failed to stay the course. The St. Victorine colt, who finished second, is ridiculously backward, and he ought not to have been started on the hard ground. This colt will distinguish himself in the autumn if all goes well with him.

My Pet II. had not much to beat for the Molecomb Stakes, in the absence of the dark St. Martin. I had predicted the success of Mr. Raphael's colt, who is the smartest two-year-old that has started, putting aside Slieve Gallion, and the Goodwood winner would make Captain Greer's colt gallop his very best. Keystone II. was wisely withdrawn from the Nassau Stakes, and she will not run before Doncaster. Lord Derby was able to win this race with the grandly-bred filly by Isinglass out of Canterbury Pilgrim, and he also took the Gordon Stakes with Victorious, Greendale being a hot favourite, but he is exceedingly moderate.

The speculation of purchasing bloodstock at Newmarket for re-sale in Germany has proved exceedingly disastrous. At the First July Meeting a mare and foal were bought for 34,640 marks. At the Hoppegarten sale the pair realised 21,200 marks. Another mare and foal, which had cost 31,500 marks, now went for 14,000 marks, while a third lot, bought for 26,200 marks, went for 13,400 marks, and a fourth lot went down from 26,200 marks at Newmarket to 10,600 marks. A mare purchased for 8,600 marks realised only 3,300 marks at the Hoppegarten.

It is remarkable how many weight-for-age races with large entries have collapsed at the last during the present season. There were fifty-six entries for the Lavant Stakes and thirty-eight acceptances for the Sussex Stakes; but last Wednesday the former event was reduced to a match, and there were only three

starters for the three-year-old race. I had expected Silver Heeled to win the Lavant Stakes, in the certain absence of Traquair, but Mr. Cunliffe's colt was not seen at Goodwood, and I suppose he has been amiss, as he has been withdrawn from several good engagements. Silver Heeled is entered for the principal two-year-old Stakes at the Derby and Manchester September Meetings, and he has accepted for the Tattersall Sale Stakes at Doncaster.

Golden Measure and Hammerkop were great favourites for the Goodwood Plate—which handicap, by the way, ought to get back its old name, the Goodwood Stakes. Golden Measure fell when going well, and Hammerkop was never dangerous, but this good mare will do better in the autumn. Winwick, who was not backed for one penny, won cleverly at the finish from Sandboy, and so little was his success expected, that Lord Ellesmere did not come down to see him run. Winwick was heavily backed for the Summer Handicap, at the Newmarket Second July Meeting, but he ran in that race like an arrant rogue, and no doubt the stable were afraid to trust him again. This race was run at a fast pace, thanks to River, but Mr. de Rothschild's horse was done with after going one mile and a half. St. Wulfram would have been the winner with another twenty yards to go.

There will be racing next week at Kempton Park, Nottingham, Redcar, and Windsor. Redcar, which is the first of the so-called Yorkshire meetings, sustained a great loss by the death of Mr. James Lowther, who always brought a large party from Wilton Castle. Another calamity was the closing of Upleatham Hall, Lord Zetland's place in the neighbourhood, which had become uninhabitable, as the house had been undermined. It is expected, however, that Lord Londonderry will have a party for the meeting at Wynyard Park, and he has subscribed most liberally to the principal weight-for-age events, having six entries for the Redcar Stakes and eleven for the Great National Breeders' Foal Stakes. The racing at Redcar is not likely to be of much general interest, and the best sport next week will be at Kempton Park. There are forty-one acceptances for the International Two-year-old Plate of £800, including Slieve Gallion (who will not run), Simon Square, and Galvani, who is understood to be in reserve for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster. All Black may win this race. Thirty-four three-year-olds are left in for the City of London Breeders' Foal Plate of £1,500, including Spearmint, whose penalty of 14 lb. is reduced to 11 lb. by a breeding allowance. Troutbeck, who will have to carry 3 lb. extra, might be able to win in the absence of the Derby winner, but I should certainly expect Spearmint to beat the Duke of Westminster's colt at 8 lb. over this course—one mile and a quarter.

THAMES CADS.

On Sunday, July 29, two men, aged about forty, well dressed and well spoken, one fair, the other dark, and with a distinctly foreign accent in his speech, were, about five p.m., clearing up their luncheon. They were all the members of their party. Their craft was outrigged, with swivel rowlocks. The place was the backwater at Cookham, where the path crosses to the bathing-pool. Close by was a party of three young men in a punt. The scullers proceeded to clear up their luncheon by throwing three empty bottles into the stream. Then they prepared to throw the straw cases, whereat one of those in the punt begged them to desist, but they asked, "What had it to do with him?" He said he liked the river, and they were spoiling it. To show their independence, they threw the straw cases in. The objector then walked up to them, told them they were cads to spoil the river in that way, and threatened to report the matter to the Conservancy. He of the foreign accent asked what they were to do with the things when they had finished. The fair one said he had been on the river for ten years, and humorously asked the objector if he had had anything to eat. He and his friend then proceeded to wipe up their plates with paper, which was also thrown into the stream.

I heartily congratulate the young man on the firm and dignified protest that he made. These men were cads pure and simple to act in the way they did. If they had been thoughtless or ignorant they would have stopped, and not merely apologised; they would have fished the straw cases out. They were cads because they persisted in their task of polluting the river. One of them on his admission has been a frequenter of the Thames for ten years. No wonder the river is polluted if, as must be the case, there are many of his kidney about. How on earth can one expect bean-feasters to respect the amenities of the Thames when a man of apparently decent social standing conducts himself in that way? As to his friend, who considered that the river was the proper receptacle for what he could not swallow, I can only say that he is as selfish as he is thoughtless. The mess these two men made shows how easily the river can be spoiled. For this spoliation the heedless and selfish minority are responsible. All who are guilty of throwing bottles, tins, paper, and other refuse into the river, or of leaving like substances on the bank, I place in the category in which that young punter placed these two men—they are cads, they are Thames cads.

On the Bourne End reach on Sunday I noticed many corked bottles floating in the main stream. The river is low, and in shallow parts old bottles and tins could be seen. But these things do not stop the Thames cads. At Quarry Woods, of which but little is left, a man is employed on Sundays to prevent picnickers leaving their refuse behind. But he has no control over the river, and there I saw some people in a punt throw a bottle and a tin into the water, and then shy stones at them. The banks of the islands below and the backwater at Cookham were strewn with dirty pieces of paper. It never seems to occur to these frequenters of the river that the Thames is neither a refuse ashbin nor a waste-paper basket. Clearly the time has come for repressive legislation. I confess I do not know what power the Thames Conservancy possesses. As the guardian at Quarry Woods pointed out, he could prevent the rubbish being left on the shore, but he had no control over the river. If the Conservancy has power to deal with the matter, I earnestly hope that the by-laws will be properly enforced. If the necessary power is lacking, I hope that the chairman (Lord Desborough) will endeavour to get the power by statute. I can assure him that he would receive the support of all parties and persons, while the House of Lords would be far better employed than in discussing baby smoking. The scope of the power to be sought should be such that it would be possible to impose penalties by means of by-laws for leaving any refuse on the banks or within a certain limit thereof without the leave and license of the owners, and also prevent bottles, tins, and other refuse being thrown into the river. The Thames cad has no regard for social amenities. He cares nothing for the beauties of the river. He has, however, regard for his breeches pocket. A few smart fines would settle the matter.

Dr. Clifford Allbutt is the Regius Professor at Cambridge to whom young men submit their theses for the degrees of M.B. and M.D. He has been giving prizes away at Leeds Grammar School, and he has made the inevitable speech, in which he is reported to have said that "games in which players cannot hurt themselves or each other are of no good whatever." This observation might be said to be true from his professional standpoint. But he went on, "I cannot bear to see undergraduates playing tennis seriously; it is great waste of time from a character point of view." Then he talked absolute drivel. There is more exercise in tennis in a little time than in any other sport. It requires steadiness of temper and purpose, and keen tenacity. No one can play who does not keep himself healthy. If tennis is an instance of the more general proposition that he enunciated, then the Doctor should include boat-racing and foot-racing in his category. In cricket, bowlers like Knox are alone worth anything. Slow bowlers like Rhodes are worth nothing as makers

of character. They do not hurt. To put the matter briefly, the Doctor, as reported in the Press, talked nonsense. For his sake and that of the Cambridge medical school I hope that there was a mistake somewhere.

As an instance of the good feeling that prevails among every class of amateur rowing club on the Thames, I may mention that the Reading Club invited the Curlew four to come to their regatta, and also offered to provide them with a boat. The Curlew Club row at Greenwich or Gravesend. They met Reading in the final of the Junior Fours at Bourne End. Their No. 2 broke his stretcher. As a result there was this sportsmanlike invitation.

There was plenty of excitement in cricket last week. Hayward's twelfth century mattered not. There was a regular Surrey rot and a bad beating at Blackheath. The young bats of Kent are real triers. Seymour, Hutchings, and Woolley batted admirably, for the bowling was not to be despised, even though Knox was lame. Yorkshire, after the Surrey match, at once produced a fast bowler, Sedgwick, and on the same day a new one for Lancashire made his name. Both performed the hat trick, and in each innings took a large proportion of wickets for practically the same analysis. Essex had an uphill fight with Middlesex. In both teams' first innings the bowlers were the scorers, Hearne and Mead saving their sides from getting out for very few runs. Essex afterwards had to make over 340 runs, and they won by seven wickets, Fane and Douglas giving them a great start.

I was not in the least surprised to hear that Wolff had failed in his desire to swim the Channel. He had no earthly chance after straining his sciatic nerve a few weeks ago.

MAMMON.

Markets Irregular and Inactive—Consols to Buy—Merits of Home and Colonial Railways—Holiday Slackness.

On the Stock Exchange the week has been a short one and features of interest have been few. The most important point has been the decision relative to the Transvaal Constitution, which scarcely pleased the South African market, although it had its good points. For the rest, the position remains much as before, with prices not much changed on balance. It seems to me that a purchase of Consols at the present time should turn out exceedingly profitable. After all, you cannot improve upon the best, and although it is true that the direct yield upon Consols is under 3 per cent., the probability is that the stock will have an appreciation of at least that much within the next few months, and if you sell then you will have about 6 per cent. for your money with the best security in the world. Other good purchases are Home and Canadian Railway stocks, and for a lock up it would be difficult to improve upon South Africans.

Money—Month-End Pressure and the Holidays—Outlook Still Promising.

The monetary position remains quite satisfactory, and no change of any significance has occurred, save perhaps that the threatened resumption of the gold demand on American account fizzled out at the last moment, thus enabling the Bank to secure the bulk of the arrivals of the metal. It is true that Paris has been inclined to "nibble," but so far this is of scarcely any consequence, and unless the ominous trend of Russian affairs should prompt the augmentation of the already large stock of gold in that centre, it looks as though the Bank will go on steadily strengthening its position preparatory to the customary autumn drain. There has been the inevitable end of the month pressure, accentuated by one or two displacements of considerable magnitude, which served to deplete the market of its surplus supplies. The usual holiday drain to the country, too, served to make matters worse, but the whole thing is quite temporary, and day to day loans, after commanding anything up to 3½-¾ per cent., are now obtainable on much easier terms. The belief in a spell of tolerably easy conditions in money is reflected in the downward tendency of discount quotations, three months fine paper being scarcely better than 3 1-16 per cent. Owing to the heavy withdrawals incidental to the holiday, the Bank return shows a considerable reduction in the stock of bullion, and this, with an expansion in the note circulation, is responsible for a fall of £1,058,000 in the reserve to a total of £24,620,187.

Consols Quiet—Holiday Atmosphere—Stocks Interesting—Colonials—Russians "Wobbling"—Peru.

With a holiday atmosphere predominant, and business consequently meagre, the market in gilt-edged stocks is naturally somewhat lethargic. The Russian "bogey," too, is reasserting itself, but not to any appreciable extent. It would, in fact, seem that the market is growing more or less indifferent to this spectre. At any rate, there is no inclination to magnify its proportions and significance. It is undoubtedly an important factor to be reckoned with in relation to the course of values, but at the same time there is the compensating advantage of satisfactory money conditions, and I am still inclined to regard gilt-edged stocks, from Consols downwards, as being particularly interesting from the investment standpoint. At the low figures ruling the yields obtainable are undoubtedly good, ranging up to 3⅛ per cent. The following table shows the return given by Colonial stocks:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Cape 3 p.c.	83½	£3 12 0
New South Wales 3½ p.c.	101	3 9 6
Do. 3 p.c.	87½	3 9 0
Queensland 3½ p.c	99	3 10 6
Do. 3 p.c.	86½	3 9 0
South Australia 3 p.c.	86½	3 9 0
Victoria 3½ p.c.	99½	3 10 6
West Australia 3 p.c.	88	3 8 0

Collectively, Foreign stocks are somewhat uninteresting, though Russians continue prominent owing to the trend of affairs in the country. Both the Four and the Five per Cent. scrip are lower, but are still above the low level record of a week or two ago. No significance attaches to this, however, and I am still of opinion that these bonds would be profitably avoided. At first blush, the Fours at about 71, thus yielding almost 5¾ per cent., and the Fives at a huge discount, might strike one as attractive, but it must be remembered that the future is full of uncertainty. Japanese stocks are still being absorbed by investors, and these, together with Chinese, are in my opinion attractive. As regards Peruvian Corporation issues, they are quite uninfluenced by the firm attitude adopted by the board on the question of the differences with the Government.

More English Railway Dividends—The Tale Now Complete—The Results Analysed—Favourable York and Leeds Reports—The North London Position.

On Friday last the tale of English Railway dividends was completed by the announcements of the North-Western, Great Western, and Midland. Unfortunately, these results were not up to the level that might have been expected from the various dividends declared earlier. The Great Western result, indeed, was distinctly poor. That Company had a published increase in receipts of nearly £100,000—probably a good deal more allowing for under-publication—and yet it was only able to maintain its dividend at last year's rate of 3¾ per cent., and to carry forward £42,000 against £28,500 a twelvemonth ago. This lean performance throws a strong light upon the Company's ambitious policy of capital outlay during recent years, and I shall be surprised if it does not call forth some pertinent criticism at the meeting. The Midland Railway is increasing the dividend on its Deferred stock by ¼ per cent., making the rate 2¼ per cent., while the carry-forward of £23,400 compares against £12,200. The Midland had a published traffic increase of £183,000, of which the extra dividend requires only £50,000. However, as the Company a year ago entered upon a

policy of greater generosity in the matter of appropriations out of revenue upon maintenance, it is probable that the report will provide consolation for those who had looked for a bigger distribution. Upon North-Western Ordinary the dividend is at the rate of 5½ per cent., with £96,000 forward, as compared with 5 per cent. and £74,400. This cannot be described as more than a very moderate performance, seeing that the extra dividend takes £107,000, whereas an increase in traffics was published of £262,000, and the gain was no doubt actually larger. The report of the Great Northern gives further support to the remarks I made a week ago concerning the attractiveness of the Deferred stock. The Company indulged in under-publication to the extent of nearly £40,000, the actual gain in receipts turning out to be no less than £113,900, or 4.14 per cent. Thus the Company has not only recovered the loss of £70,000 registered during the corresponding half of 1905, but has added a further £44,000. Coaching yielded an extra £20,000, of which £12,800 was from passengers and a further £5,000 from season tickets. Goods advanced by £26,000, but, like most other British railways, the Great Northern derived its chief gain from minerals, which are £49,000 up. The increase in expenditure amounted to £67,800, the ratio to receipts being reduced only from 65.63 per cent. to 65.39 per cent. If the Company has not been as successful as some other lines in pulling down its expenses, it is simply because of the paring down process that had been going on for several half-years previously, which naturally left less scope on the present occasion. It is satisfactory to observe that over one-third of the increased expenditure was incurred upon "betterments"—£5,000 more being charged upon maintenance of way and nearly £20,000 more upon carriage and waggon repairs. The Company expended the relatively moderate total of £181,600 upon capital account during the half-year, of which nearly £66,000 was contributed to joint lines over whose administration the Great Northern has only limited control. The estimated capital outlay during the current six months is £211,000, of which £99,000 is for new rolling stock. Owing to the recent issue of £316,000 Debenture stock, the debit balance on capital account is now only £154,000. Like the Great Northern, the Lancashire and Yorkshire also proves to have considerably under-published its receipts, the gross increase being £131,500, instead of the £107,000 shown by the traffic return. Owing in part, no doubt, to the electrification of its system between Liverpool and Southport, the Company had the substantial addition of £41,000 to its coaching revenue, while the number of passengers carried increased by 1½ million. The advance in expenses was £54,600, so that out of an addition to gross revenue of £131,000 as much as £77,000 is retained as extra net profit. Perhaps of most interest to the market is the fact that the whole of this net improvement goes to the Ordinary stockholders, who, as I mentioned a week ago, receive at the rate of an extra ¾ per cent. The only unwelcome feature of the report is the disclosure of a debit balance on capital account of nearly 1½ million. The large addition to the revenue of the Hull and Barnsley Railway, as expected, was derived almost entirely from minerals, the receipts from this source being £114,900 as against £79,000 a year ago. Although the Company has not seen fit to declare an interim dividend upon its Ordinary stock, the increased carry forward represents nearly 1½ per cent. per annum for the six months, and, without allowing for any improvement in receipts during the current half-year, Hulls should receive 2⅛ per cent. for the twelvemonth ending December 31 next. In regard to capital expenditure, an outlay of £91,000 is foreshadowed during the current half-year, the bulk of the money being wanted in connection with the Hull Joint Dock, upon which work has already commenced. Among the Metropolitan lines, a good deal of comment has been aroused by the further cut in the North London Railway dividend. The Company is paying at the rate of 4½ per cent. per annum, as against 5 per cent., although the carry forward has been increased by £3,700. As the line had a published falling off in traffics of about £5,000, and the drop in the dividend represents only an equivalent sum, the position as compared with a year ago is perhaps not quite so bad as it looks. I have not the report before me at the moment of writing, but if the Company has this time done without drawing upon the reserve for dividend purposes—last year it appropriated £7,000—the results might be considered as distinctly satisfactory in the circumstances. Perhaps such a contingency is too much to hope for. Leaving aside the comparison of results for two half-years, there is no disguising the fact that the decrease in the prosperity of the North London for some time past has led to a good deal of criticism of the management, one of the chief complaints urged by stockholders being that the line is subject to too great a control at the hands of the North-Western and that it confers benefits upon the latter for which it obtains no proper compensation. Mr. C. Pownall, of 8, Douglas House, Maida Hill, W., has issued a circular to the stockholders in which he refers to a communication he made a year ago drawing attention to the continuous decline in the prosperity of the Company. Mr. Pownall says that the principal features of that circular were:—

1. That the London and North-Western Railway Company owns more than half the ordinary capital of the North London Railway. 2. That of the ten directors composing the North London Railway Board, six are also directors of the London and North-Western Railway. 3. That the North London Railway is used as a collecting ground for London and North-Western Railway traffic, and its booking offices are, in effect, canvassing agencies to divert traffic to the London and North-Western system, for which services the North London Railway is inadequately remunerated. 4. That the average price of the North London Railway stock has declined £110 per share during the last eight years, whilst the London and North-Western stock has only declined £56 per share during the same period.

It was only to be expected that these facts as stated in the circular would receive some mention from the Chairman at the general meeting of the North London Railway held on February 15, 1906. They were, however, completely ignored. I may supplement statement (2) by the information, that according to the list of shareholders as supplied by the secretary of the North London Railway, only one of these six London and North-Western Railway directors on the Board of the North London Railway has any personal holding in the North London Railway, and that not sufficient to qualify him as a director. Statement (3) that in its docks at Poplar the North London Railway possesses an extremely valuable property: anyone who chooses to refer to Ackworth's (*sic*) "Railways of England," pp. 134 and 135, can plainly see that in this quarter especially every opportunity presents itself for enriching the London and North-Western Railway at the expense of the North London Railway. What the ultimate result of this policy will be is not difficult to foresee. The North London Railway shareholders will be eventually frozen out, and apparently have been unconsciously undergoing that process for several years. Considering the present position the contention that directors can occupy seats on the Boards of both railways simultaneously, and act for the conflicting interests of both at the same time, is preposterous.

No doubt we shall hear more of the matter at the forthcoming meeting.

Here is my usual table:—

Home Rails.	A Year Ago.	Make up, July 25.	Closing Price, July 28.	Closing Price, Aug. 3.	Movement.
Caledonian Pref.	79	77½	77½	77½	- ½
Do. Def.	34½	33⅞	34⅛	34¼	- ⅛
City and S. London	39	43	45	46	+1
Central London	91	88	87	87	—
Great Central '94 Pref.	64	—	78	78	—
Do. "B"	30½	35½	36½	35⅞	- ⅛
Do. "A"	16½	16⅜	16⅝	16½	- ⅛
Great Eastern	83xd	82	82xd	82xd	—
Great Northern Pref.	100½	102	102½	102½	—
Do. Def.	34	45½	45⅝	45⅞	+ ⅛
Great Western	138	131	131⅞	131⅞	—
Hull and Barnsley	45	45½	46	46	—
Lancashire and Yorkshire	105½	104½	105	105	—
London and Brighton "A"	119	115⅝	116½	116½	—
London, Chatham, and Dover	15½	14⅜	14⅝	14⅝	—
Do. 4½ p.c. Pref.	98	92	93	93	—
Do. 2nd Pref.	57	57	57	56	-1
London and North-Western	149½	158	159½	159½	- ½
London and South-Western Def.	54⅜	47½	47⅞	47½	- ½
Metropolitan Consolidated	91xd	63	67½xd	65½xd	-2
Metropolitan District	36½	23	25	24	-1
Midland Pref.	69½	66⅛	67¼	67¼	—
Do. Def.	63⅛	67¼	69	68½	- ⅝
North British 3 p.c. Pref.	79	76	76½	76½	- ½
Do. Def.	44½	43	43⅝	43½	- ⅛
North-Eastern Consolidated	136	141	141⅞	142½	+ ⅝
South-Eastern "A"	53	48½	50½	50½	- ½

How to Operate in Stocks Successfully.—See Halford's Adviser (post free).—Palmerston House, London, E.C. Established 1869. Telegrams: "Monitor, London."

Canadian Pacific Earnings—12 per Cent. Shown Upon the Common—The Bright Outlook—Grand Trunks—The Prospects for Thirds—Brazil Great Southern and Other Brazilian Rails.

The revenue statement of the Canadian Pacific Railway for June, which thus provides the figures for the complete fiscal year, has drawn fresh attention to the wonderfully strong position of this great undertaking. Taking first the month's record, there is an increase in gross revenue of $1,047,000, obtained at the cost of an additional $612,000 working expenses, so that $434,000 is left as extra net revenue. On the twelve months there is an expansion of $11,187,000 in gross earnings and of $7,499,000 in net receipts, the ratio of working expenses having been 62.74 per cent., as against 69.34 per cent. in 1905. It would thus seem that the Company has earned about 12 per cent. on the capital ranking during the year. Even allowing for the recent new issue of capital, which ranks during the current twelvemonth, the earnings for 1905-6 would have been sufficient to pay about 10 per cent. There is, however, every reason to look for a further increase in revenue during the current year. At any rate, for the first three weeks of July the line has put up a gain in traffics of $909,000, equivalent to about 30 per cent., which compares against an average increase in 1905-6 as against the previous year of about 22 per cent. Whether the Canadian Pacific Board will raise the dividend in respect of the year just ended is a doubtful point, but the shares of a concern that pays 6 per cent. while earning at double that rate are worth noting for their investment value alone. Of course, the yield of 3⅝ given by Canadian Pacifics on the basis of a 6 per cent. dividend looks small, but as I may again remind my readers, there is always the possibility either of an increase in the dividend or of a bonus in the shape of a new issue of capital. The Grand Trunk market has been quiet of late. This company publishes no separate working statement for June, the figures being embodied in the usual half-yearly returns. There has been talk of an interim dividend being declared on the Third Preference, but personally I am inclined to doubt it. In any case the point is not of great importance, for any surplus after the payment of the Second Preference interest will go towards swelling the amount available for the Third Preference holders at the end of the year. Meanwhile it is of interest to observe the steady and rapid growth in the traffics of the line, all sections of which are now contributing in proportionate degree. In view of the bright harvest prospects I still think there is a fair chance of the full 4 per cent. being earned this year upon the junior Preference. An increase of 1 per cent. upon the 2 per cent. paid in respect of 1905 is in any case highly probable, and therefore, seeing that at the worst the payment of the full rate can only be a matter of a little waiting, I regard Trunk Thirds as one of the brightest speculative stocks in the markets. Among Foreign Rails a little interest has been taken in Brazil Great Southern upon the publication of the annual report, which shows for the first time a surplus of receipts over expenditure in Brazil. The report speaks hopefully about the future. "The net earning capacity of the railway being now established there is every reason to believe that with the development of the district which seems to have permanently set in, and the early coupling up of the line with the entire railway network of Rio Grande do Sul, the improvement in receipts will continue." The Board refers to the "adverse and incomprehensible judgment of the Brazilian Court of Appeal in the Company's suit against the Government in connection with the arbitrary cancelment by executive decree of its concession for the St. Angelo extension of the line," and states that embargo proceedings have been commenced to prevent that judgment being made final. I am glad to hear that the Company's earning prospects are brighter, although the financial position is still so weak that its securities are scarcely attractive. In the Brazilian Railway group I think investors might most profitably employ their funds in San Paulo Ordinary, which yields £5 16s. 6d. and is secured in a manner that few Ordinary issues are; Great Western 6 per cent. Preferred shares (yield 4¾ per cent.); and 6 per cent. Permanent Debentures (yield 4½ per cent.). The latter might be called a gilt-edged security. Here is my usual table:—

—	A Year Ago.	Make-up, July 25.	Closing Price, Aug. 3.
Canadian Pacific	159	165½	171½
Grand Trunks	22⅜	28½	28½
" 4 per cent. Guaranteed	102	103½	104
" 1st Preference	111½	119½	120½
" 2nd "	102½	109½	110½
" 3rd "	51½	68½	69½
Bengal and North-West	155	146½	146½
Madras Railway 5 per cent.	126½	122	122
Argentine Great Western Ordinary	115½	116	117
Buenos Ayres and Pacific	129	124	126
" " 1st Preference	115xd	117½	116xd
" " 2nd "	108	109½	110
" Great Southern	142	138	138
" Western	133½	130	130½
Entre Rios Railway Preference	102½	86	87
Rosario Consolidated Ordinary	108½	112½	113
Cent. Uruguay Ordinary	88	82½	83
Costa Rica Railway	—	27½	27½
Mashonaland Railway Debentures, 2nd iss.	—	89	90
Mexican Railway	24½	24½	24¾
" 1st Preference	115½	130½	129¾
" 2nd "	46½	53½	54
Nitrate Rails	—	14½	14½

Yankee Railways Buoyant—Good Trade and Heavy Traffics—Increased Dividends Forecasted—The Rise in Milwaukees and Pacific Issues—General Outlook Discussed.

The "Bull" movement in American Rails to which I referred a week ago has made decided progress within the last few days. Although there has been no great awakening of activity on this side of the Atlantic, the volume of sales in Wall Street upon three consecutive days last week exceeded one and a quarter million shares, and the increase in commission house business suggested that the invitation to the public to take a hand was meeting with some measure of success. The rise was fostered by excellent trade and agricultural reports, by heavy railroad earnings and by confident talk of increased dividends. The advance of $1,000,000 in Atchison net earnings for June encouraged the talk indulged in lately about the stock going upon a 5 per cent. basis. Chesapeakes, too, were given a fresh twist up, although, as the shares have now been raised above 60, the market appears to have pretty well discounted an advance in the dividend even to 3 per cent., as compared with the 1 per cent. paid last year. The greatest interest, however, has centred around Milwaukees and the Pacific issues. There has been a good deal of talk lately about a deal between the Milwaukee and the Union Pacific interests, which would obviate the building of the former's proposed competitive line to the Pacific coast. Mr. Harriman, however, has emphatically denied the rumour that he has acquired control of the Milwaukee, and Wall Street has begun to doubt the likelihood of a change of control being effected in Milwaukees, because the shares are closely held, and largely by wealthy persons. The latest theory, indeed, is that the rise in Milwaukee is simply the result of determined clique operations. As regards Pacifics, the improvement in earnings would no doubt largely account for the rise in stocks. Some operators have expressed the belief that Union Pacifics will go to a 7 per cent. basis, and that Southern Pacifics will shortly get a dividend at the rate of 3 per cent. In the latter event the Union, by virtue of its large holding in the Southern Pacific, would get nearly $3,000,000, or almost enough to pay such an increase on Union Pacific stock, if, indeed, the dividend be increased. At one time Union Pacifics hung fire on a report that the Company has secretly borrowed $10,000,000 for six months at 5½ per cent. interest, while efforts were made to depress Southern Pacifics on the strike amongst the freight handlers at Oaklands. The set-back, however, was quite temporary, and as far as the labour troubles are concerned the matter has now been settled by the Company's accession to the men's demands. With the market in such a good temper, with interests that formerly advised caution, talking with comparative

confidence and, above all, with the public more ready to come in, it would be rash to predict that the rise in values will not go further. It is the general belief that financial interests on the other side are in favour of a further rise in stocks with a view to creating a better bond market, and to permit the flotation of many new issues now on their hands. Whether, however, the extension of the speculative position can go on without before long meeting with a check in the shape of tighter money remains to be seen. It must not be forgotten that the surplus reserves of the Associated Banks are none too large to meet the demands that will shortly be made upon them in connection with the movement of the crops, and if Wall Street means at the same time to indulge in a lively gamble in stocks it will be laying itself open to a sharp rap over the knuckles from the Banks a little later on. I append my table of movements:—

—	1905. Highest.	1905. Lowest.	Closing Price, July 21, 1906.	Closing Price, July 28, 1906.	Closing Price, Aug. 3, 1906.
Atchison	96	80⅛	91¼	94⅜	96⅜
Do. Five per Cent. Pref.	109	102	103	103½	104
Baltimore and Ohio Com.	120⅛	104⅛	121¼	122½	124⅛
Chesapeake and Ohio	61⅛	46⅜	57⅜	59½	62⅜
Denver	40⅛	27⅞	42	44⅜	47⅜
Do. Pref.	93¾	86⅜	87⅛	88	88⅛
Erie	54⅛	38⅜	42	44	45½
Do. First Pref.	87⅛	77⅜	79⅛	81	82
Louisville	161⅜	140⅛	148	147½xd	150
Milwaukee	193⅜	173⅛	183	186½	193½
Mo., Kan., and Texas	39¾	24⅛	33⅜	34⅝	35⅛
Norfolk Pref.	96½	94	94	94	95
Do. Common	90⅞	77⅜	90½	91⅞	93⅜
New York Central	169⅜	140½	137	140½	146
Ontario	65½	41⅞	49½	48⅜xd	49½
Pennsylvania	76⅜	67¼	65⅞	67⅝	68½
Reading	73⅜	40⅜	63⅜	66½	69½
Do. First Pref.	49⅜	46	47⅛	47½	48
Southern Common	39⅞	28⅜	35½	37¼	38⅜
Do. Pref.	104½	97⅛	102	102	102½
Southern Pacific	74	59⅝	72½	74⅛	77¼
Union Pacific	155⅞	116⅞	151⅛	155⅛	162¼
Do. Pref.	102⅜	98½	97⅜	97½	98
Wabash Pref.	49⅜	37⅞	46½	48½	49¼
Do. "B" Debentures	86⅞	69½	81	83	85
U.S. Steel Corp. Com.	44½	26	36½	40⅛	41⅜
Do. Do. Pref.	110⅜	93⅜	105½	109¼	110⅜

South Africans Quiet—The New Constitution—Well Regarded—Liquidating Mr. Beit's Holdings—Outlook Promising—Prices Very Moderate.

As usual before a holiday, the volume of business in the Mining Markets has been small, and the South African department has been undecided over the terms of the Transvaal's new Constitution. As a consequence, business has been decidedly poor, and movements on the week have been immaterial. A number of members on the announcement of the decision of the Government described the terms as "satisfactory" or "favourable," but the tone of the market nevertheless was dull. The leading speculative counters opened well below the level of the previous night's closing in the Street, and prices continued to droop throughout the morning, sales from Paris assisting the fall. There was also a suspicion that Mr. Beit's holdings were being liquidated, but of this there was no distinct evidence, and such a thing is improbable at the present time. But while Kaffirs are low, it is held in some good quarters that the period of uncertainty which must elapse before the new Transvaal Legislature meets and the questions of British or Boer supremacy and of Chinese labour can be settled is likely to be accompanied by inactivity and a drooping tendency in the Kaffir market, there being nothing to "go for," and consequently nothing to attract the public. But the public might buy Kaffirs to put away for a time. Prices are very moderate, and it is probable that the man who has a little courage will come out right. The mining industry is making headway rapidly, and has a great future before it, and there can be little doubt that the Boers, even should they gain the supremacy in the Transvaal—and that is a very doubtful point—will soon realise the necessity of encouraging alien labour until such time as the native supply shall have increased. It requires courage, as I have said before, to buy South Africans under the circumstances, but I am convinced that a purchase will turn out well in the end.

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West Africans Stagnant and Featureless—Champion Reefs Decline—Dolcoath—Esperanza.

The principal characteristic of the Jungle is still the all-pervading stagnation, and there is scarcely a feature of the slightest interest anywhere, which, one would imagine, is not productive of much gratification to those optimists who believe that the West African market has a future. For my part, I am still convinced that there will be no material change in the general sentiment towards the market until the industry makes considerably more progress. As regards Indian Mining shares, Champion Reefs continue more or less depressed, consequent upon the unsatisfactory dividends. In order to illustrate the changed fortunes of this mine, it is only necessary to point out that for this year two dividends of 9d. each have only been paid, in comparison with 1s. 3d. and 1s. 4d. for the corresponding period of last year. Of more consequence, perhaps, is the fact that the rumoured improvement in development at depth has not yet been confirmed. To my mind, these shares seem a trifle high even at the existing figure. In connection with the shares which have gained considerable prominence of late owing to the dividend possibilities arising out of the boom in the metal, it may be noted that the Dolcoath will distribute 1s. 6d. per share, an achievement regarded with satisfaction. I am still of opinion that Esperanzas, in the Mexican group, are speculatively interesting at the unduly low figure ruling. These shares are much to be preferred to El Oros, which are now benefiting from good developments reported, but even El Oros ought to be influenced by the better monthly returns. The following are the market variations:—

—	Denomination of Shares.	Closing Price, July 28.	Closing Price, August 3.
	£		
Ashanti Goldfields	4/-	8/3	8/6
Akrokerri	1	1⅛	1⅛
Bibiani Goldfields	1	⅜	⅜
British Gold Coast	1	⅝	⅝
Gold Coast Amalgamated Mines	1	1⅛	1⅛
Taquah and Abosso	1	1⅜	1⅜
Wassau (Gold Coast)	1	¾	¾
Egypt and Sudan Mining	1	1	1
Egyptian Mines and Exploration	1	3/6	3/-
Nile Valley	1	6/6	5/-
Sudan Goldfields	1	⅛ dis.	⅛ dis.
United African Exploration	1	1⅛	1⅛
Anaconda Copper	$25	12⅝	13⅛
Balaghat Gold	1	26/-xd	25/6xd
Broken Hill Proprietary	8/-	3⅝	3 9/16
Cape Copper	2	5 1/16	5¼
Champion Reef	2/6	17/6	16/9
Le Roi	5	1⅛	1⅛
Mysore Gold	10/-	6¼	6 1/16
Nundydroog	10/-	26/-xd	26/-xd
Ooregum	10/-	13/6	13/-
Rio Tinto	5	65⅞	66⅛
Tharsis Sulphur and Copper	2	6⅜	6⅜
Waihi Gold	1	8⅛	9

Westralians Quieter—Fingall—Better Developments—Associated—Deep Leads.

With South Africans monopolising attention the Westralian mining market is somewhat in the background, but, nevertheless, it continues to preserve a fair degree of interest, and in my opinion Kangaroos are, taken collectively, deserving of the attention of the general speculator. The weakness of Fingalls is still the outstanding feature. At one time they almost touched 3, which to my mind seems abnormally low, especially as current earnings seem to imply a maintenance of the quarterly distributions at the enhanced level of 5s. This further depreciation is to be ascribed not so much to nervous misgivings as to the future, but to the liquidation of the holding

of a deceased account. Speculatively, I still regard Fingalls as being interesting, even though they have now responded to an appreciable extent to the better developments at the No. 12 level. This is regarded as hopeful. As regards Associated, these shares are not being sustained by the contents of the recently issued report. The fact is that holders are beginning to despair of the much discussed potentialities of the Iron Duke lode, to which, as I have frequently emphasised, the high price established is to be ascribed. It is true enough that the position of the mine has been greatly improved, that development has been much ahead of production to the benefit of reserves, and that further economies will be effected, but even so, judged by the distribution and making allowance for the possibilities of the illusory Iron Duke lode, I consider the shares are still a trifle overvalued. The Deep Lead group are not particularly active in spite of the impending developments at the Loddon Valley and the Victorian, but still, I consider that these two shares, more especially the first, as a cheap gamble, are worth consideration. It is expected that before the end of this month the Loddon Valley will have entered the auriferous wash. My usual table of prices follows:—

—	1906 High.	1905. High.	1905. Lowest.	Make-up, July 24, 1906.	Closing Price, July 28, 1906.	Closing Price, Aug. 3, 1906.
Associated G.M.	7⅜	3⅝	1 21/32	1 27/32	1 15/16	1 15/16
Assoc. Nth. Blocks	3⅜	1 7/16	1 3/32	1 3/32	1 7/16	1⅜
Brownhill Ext.	3⅞	15/16	¼	9/6	9/6	9/-
Cosmopolitan	20/3	½	¼	5/-	5/-	4/9
Golden Horseshoe	15	8 7/16	6 7/16	6½	6¼	6
Golden Link	3¼	4/6	0/3	2/9	2 9	3/-
Great Boulder Prop.	37/6	£5/6	20/-	25/3	25/6	25/3
Do. Main Reef	2¾	3/3	1/-	2/4½	2/-	2/6
Do. Perseverance	13½	16/6	9/6	9/6	9/3	9/6
Gt. Fingall Cons.	6 15/16	8⅜	6½	3 15/16	3½	3 15/16
Hainault	1¾	1 1/16	⅝	1 5/16	1 11/16	1⅝
Ida H. Gold	—	14/3	3/-	6/-	5/9	5/-
Ivanhoe (£5)	15½	8 7/16	7 7/16	7 7/16	7¼xd	7¼xd
Ivanhoe South Extnd.	4⅜	¾	¼	½	½	½
Kalgurli	9¾	9¾	6 5/8	9⅜	9 15/16	9 15/16
Lake View Consols	5⅜	1⅜	21/32	1	1 1/32	1
L. & W. A. Exploration	1 1/16	15/6	7/-	½	10/-	10/-
North Kalgurli	1 1/16	6/-	0/6	1/-	1/-	1/-
Oroya Brownhill	—	3 3/32	2 21/32	2 3/32	2 13/16	2 13/16
Peak Hill	5⅜	8/9	0/3	-/6	1/-	1/-
Sons of Gwalia	6 1/16	2 5/8	1 27/32	1 5/8	1½xd	1⅝
South Kalgurli	6½	2	25/32	1 5/8	1 7/8	1 7/8
Westralia Mt. Morgans	—	7/16	⅛	3/6	3/-	-

Rhodesians Less Prominent—Still Cheerful—Tanganyika Report Interesting—Zambesias—Bankets.

It may be less pronounced perhaps, but the recent spasmodic outburst of interest in the Rhodesian market has not so far fizzled out. Values in the Northern group, including Tanganyikas and Zambesias, are still well maintained, and from all indications one would conclude that the unduly low figures recently attained will not again be touched. This reflects the more hopeful sentiment pervading the market, but whether it is a correct impression remains to be seen. Anyway, upon a slight reaction—which seems not improbable with the Dog Days close at hand—I would regard both shares as attractive as lock-ups. The report of the Tanganyika Concessions comes very opportunely, and in regard to the rumours in circulation respecting the financing of another section of the railway project, it is mentioned that "a fresh contract has been arranged for the extension of the line beyond Monte Sahoa," which seems satisfactory enough. The general impression conveyed by the report is that the possibilities of the undertaking are very great, and it is of interest to note that the negotiations for the formation of a mineral company in conjunction with the Belgian co-partners, to include the Tanganyika Company's interests in Katanga, are well advanced, and the matter will be submitted at the adjourned general meeting. As regards Bankets, there is little to add to what I have frequently said on the subject of the attractiveness of these shares as a gamble. Strictly regarded as such, they appear to be very interesting. Here is my customary statement:—

—	Capitals. Autho-rised.	Capitals. *Shares Issued.	Denom. of Shares.	Amount Paid.	Highest 1905.	Closing Price, July 28, 1906.	Closing Price, Aug. 3, 1906.
	£		£				
Bechuanaland Ex.	400,000	400,000	1	f.p.	1 11/32	1 7/32	¼
British S. Africa	6,000,000	4,999,038	1	f.p.	1 11/32	1 3/32	1½
Chicago Gaika	250,000	201,000	1	f.p.	2⅜	5/6	5/6
Globe & Phœnix	200,000	250,000	1	f.p.	1 7/8	1 5/8	1½
Lomagunda Dev	250,000	228,000	1	f.p.	2 11/16	1⅝	1⅝
Mashon. Agency	400,000	398,976	1	f.p.	1⅝	1 5/32	7/16
N rth'rn Copper (B.S.A.)	250,000	160,500	1	f.p.	3¼	1½	1½
Rhodesia, Ltd. (New)	600,000	500,000	1	f.p.	1	¼	¼
Rhodesia Expl.	225,000	227,777	1	f.p.	4½	2	1⅝
Rhodesia Glds.	1,000,000	500,677	1	f.p.	⅝	2/-	2/6
Rice Hamilton	175,000	50,000	1	f.p.	2½	¾	¾
Selukwe	350,000	321,000	1	f.p.	1 7/8	2/6	4/-
Tanganyika Conc.	264,600	234,000	1	f.p.	6½	4 1/16	4½
United Rhodesia	750,000	660,900	1	f.p.	11/3	3/-	3/6
Willoughby Con.	1,000,000	930,000	1	f.p.	⅝	11/9	10/6
Zambesia Explor.	300,000	288,615	1	f.p.	2 7/8	1 7/8	1⅞

Insurance Notes—Amalgamation Facts and Rumours—United Kingdom and Star—United Provident and Yorkshire Provident.

The policyholders of the United Kingdom Temperance Institution have had a meeting at which the proposal to purchase the Star was agreed to. As might have been expected, the chairman had no reasons to give in favour of this course of action. His main attempt in this direction was to say that there would be a considerable saving in expenses by working the two offices together. The Star business is to be managed at the fixed rate of 10 per cent. of the premiums, and all new business is to be conducted by the joint Company. The United Kingdom is probably not spending more than 6 or 7 per cent. of the premiums in managing its old business, so that there is every probability of a loss from spending 10 per cent. on managing the old business of the Star. At least, for some years unremunerative expenditure will result from the over-lapping of two sets of directors, officials, and agents, while it is not in the least likely that the new business transacted by the combined companies will be so large as the sum of the amount that would be written by the two offices separately.

On the other hand, the chairman of the Star had an easy task in showing that the shareholders would benefit by selling their business. In the course of his speech he frankly admitted that an obstacle in the way of their progress was the objection which many people felt to the owners of £5,000 of share-capital managing the affairs of policyholders assured for £17,000,000 and taking one-tenth of the surplus from the business. I remember that the chairman, at a recent annual meeting, was eloquently enthusiastic about the advantages of the Star, and said that the best thing people could do was to take life assurance policies in that Society. Quite obviously, this was very far from being the best thing for people to do, and the change in the chairman's tone is rather amusing. Everything was *couleur de rose* when it was desired to sell second-rate assurance for the purpose of earning dividends for the shareholders, while a pessimistic gloom had settled over things when it was necessary to persuade the shareholders to sell their business. The pessimistic gloom has the better justification in the facts of the case.

Another small amalgamation of Insurance Companies is announced. The Yorkshire Provident is to be taken over by the United Provident. The former Company, which, of course, must not be confused with the Yorkshire Fire and Life, was founded in 1870, and has had a particularly unsatisfactory career. In the thirty years up to the date of its last valuation, at the end of 1899, the Company received £106,543 for premiums, spent £72,283 for expenses, and paid policyholders and annuitants £45,462, a total of £11,000 more than it received in premiums. Including such items as office furniture and agents' balances, the assets available for the policyholders at 1899 amounted to less than £4,000. The latest accounts published by the Board of Trade reveal assets of £4,611, but the liability to the policyholders is not shown in the annual

Romano's Restaurant, Strand, is a Parisian Restaurant in London. The prices are moderate, and the cuisine is excellent. New Russian and Venetian Rooms.

accounts, so it is difficult to judge whether or not they are properly secured. In 1899, when the last valuation was made, the premium income was £12,000, and the net liability to the policyholders was started at £3,548. By 1904 the premium income had been more than doubled, but the assets had only increased by £615. Excluding the liability to shareholders, the balance sheet at 1904 shows paid-up capital £19,085, debenture-stock £2,450, and other liabilities making up a total of £22,288. In face of such a record, nothing could be more appropriate than the absorption of this Company by another office.

The United Provident was only founded in 1900, but has already taken over one or more other companies; a somewhat risky proceeding for so juvenile an office. It is early days yet to forecast whether success or failure will attend its efforts. It is paying the shareholders and debenture-holders of the Yorkshire Provident the par value of their securities, which is apparently something over £21,000. I shall be glad to see the last of the Yorkshire Provident, but it seems a pity that a promising new Company should damage its chances of future success by making such a bargain as the United Provident contemplates.

"Truth" Letter Box.

Correspondents will oblige by observing the following rules:—

Name and address, which must accompany all inquiries, should be written on the communication; cards are apt to be lost or misplaced, causing unnecessary trouble.

Anonymous letters will not in any case be attended to.

I cannot reply to inquiries by letter or telegram.

A nom-de-plume or initials (the former preferably) should be given if it is desired that the real name shall not appear in the paper.

Inquiries should be put as briefly as possible, plainly written, and numbered.

Communications received after Friday may not be replied to in the following issue. Delay may also occur where an exceptionally long list of securities is submitted.

I do not recommend brokers.

Railways.

Suco.—1. Canadian Pacifics are a good investment. 2. Grand Trunk First Preference stock is all right as a holding. *R. H.*—Buy Great Central Preference of 1874. It brings in nearly 3⅞ per cent., and is well secured. *Trustee.*—To my regret, I cannot suggest anything that will suit your case. *Z., Simla.*—You had better buy Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary. *Jim.*—Delhi Umballa Kalka Ordinary stock are worth buying. It is a trustee investment, and brings in nearly 4⅜ per cent. *Trustful.*—You will find Canadian Pacifics a good purchase. They are a safe investment. *Acorn.*—Hold Bengal and North-Western Ordinary stock. *Bill, Carmarthen.*—Buy Grand Trunk Third Preference. *Honesty, Canterbury.*—Mashonaland Railway Debentures are safe. *Aberdeen.*—Hold on to Mexican Railway First Preference. *Xeno.*—I should prefer the railway. *Agate.*—I should be inclined to transfer into Grand Trunk Thirds. *Gozo, Malta.*—Buy Canadian Pacifics, Grand Trunk First Preference, North-Westerns, and Buenos Ayres Western. Deal with a broker rather than with a bank.

Mines.

H. W., Bangor.—Of the shares suggested, I prefer East Rands, Gold Fields Ordinary, and Zinc Corporations. *D. O'Connor.*—With the exception of No. 1, which is doubtful, all the shares are worth buying, provided you can afford to put them away and wait until, say, the autumn for your profit. *S. R., Liverpool.*—I do not advise a purchase of the West African named. *Delta.*—Arizona Coppers are worth buying. *C.P.*—Mysores might be bought, but I think I should leave Champion Reefs alone. *Rhino.*—1. Sell the shares for what they will bring. 2. The completion of the railway to the mines may be a matter of a year or more, but a purchase of the Company's shares, at the present price, will mean a good profit ultimately, and I should certainly hold on. *T. C. K.*—The only shares that I should hold on to are East Fingalls and Vereenigings. Sell the others which you hold. *M. S.*—For a lock-up, South Kalgurlis are promising. *Anxious, Enniskillen.*—The shares are certainly good to buy and sit upon. *T. I. H.*—You will find Zinc Corporations a most promising speculation, but you must be prepared to take them up. *H. S.*—1. The mine is all right, I believe. 2. I suggest Gold Trusts, Rand Mines, Randfonteins, Gold Fields Deferred, Great Boulders, and Zinc Corporations. *Lindum.*—Buy East Rand Mining Estates; the other share is not very promising. *Styx.*—Zambesias are a good purchase for a lock-up. *Jap.*—Jubilees might be bought to put away for better conditions in the Kaffir market. Leave the other alone. *Selu Kwe.*—Due to the slump in South Africans. *Junior, Bradford.*—1. All applied for, I believe. 2. The Company has had an indifferent year. 3. I should not buy any more shares. 4. "Johnnies" are worth locking up for better conditions in the Kaffir market. *Limerick.*—I should not be inclined to join the gentleman. *Gordon.*—Buy Arizona Coppers, Zinc Corporations, and Anacondas.

Mixed Securities.

Hebe.—1. Can you give me further details? I do not know the company. 2. You had better spread the money over North-Western Railway Ordinary stock, Canadian Pacifics, and Grand Trunk Third Preference. *S. D. H.*—1. Agricultural Bank of Egypt shares should be kept. 2. I do not see any reason why you should sell your Consols now. On the contrary, they will give you a good profit if you care to hold on for a few months. *Roma.*—Buy Johannesburg Fours, Buenos Ayres, Great Southern Ordinary stock, Grand Trunk Second Preference, and London and Brighton Preferred Ordinary. *Knowall.*—1. Buy Japanese bonds. 2. I believe that the concern deals fairly by its clients. *W. T., Bradford.*—You will find the following reliable: Johannesburg Fours yield 4 3-16 per cent., and Pietermaritzburg City bonds 4½ per cent. I cannot recommend Home or Colonial stocks which will give a return of 4 per cent. or more, and Guaranteed Indian Railways at the money are quite out of the question. *Norris.*—You had better transfer into B.A. Pacifics. *Volunteer.*—1. Hold your present investments, which are of a good class. 2. You might place the cash now at your disposal in Consols, which should have a good appreciation during the next few months. *W. H. B., High Wycombe.*—1. Your holdings 1-8 are all right. 2. Try to sell the rest. *Watsonian.*—The five stocks are quite desirable. *Beaucaire.*—I cannot suggest any absolutely safe investments to bring in 5 per cent., because they are not to be had. The purchases you suggest are reasonably good.

Miscellaneous.

W. K. S.—1. I should be disposed to buy Amalgamated Newspapers shares rather than the other named. 2. Lyons are quite a promising purchase, and so are Slaters and Raphael Tucks. *Murree.*—Have nothing to do with the concern, which is a fraud. *Gum.*—You will find the following all right: Anglo-Argentine Trams yield 5⅝ per cent.; Calcutta Trams, 4¾ per cent.; and Madras Electric Debentures, 4 15-16 per cent. *H. W. L.*—Vickers Maxim shares might be bought. On the basis of the last two dividends, they give a return of 6 per cent., and the prospects for armament companies are good. *X. Y. Z., Alnwick.*—1. I have no knowledge of the club. 2. Cargo Fleets are promising. 3. Armstrong Whitworths are one of the most excellent industrials to be obtained. *Prescience.*—I suggest British and Australasian Trust and Loan, Tarapaca Waterworks, Furness Withy, and South Durham Iron and Steels. *P. G.*—Read Brothers are a good purchase. *L. H. H.*—Buy Jeremiah Rotherham and Lyons shares. The first gives you over 5 per cent., and the second over 6 per cent. *W. D. S., Crowborough Beacon.*—I am greatly obliged for the bucket-shop circular. *A. R. A.*—I cannot recommend dealings with the institution. *Suspicious.*—Do not have dealings with the International Securities Syndicate, of 23, Westminster Palace Gardens. *Norfolk.*—Brunner Mond Ordinary shares are quite a good industrial investment. *Disturbed, Ventnor.*—Do not surrender the policy. *Credo.*—I believe the concern is all right. *F. Parsons.*—Both are reliable, but of the two I should select the second. *Kuropatkin.*—You have a clear case against the broker, and as the Stock Exchange list is final, you had better write him and get the return of your money. *S. M. J., Bedford.*—You had better consult a lawyer. The question is outside the province of this paper. *F. C. I. S.*—The shares make a hopeful purchase.

Industrials Cheerful but Quiet — Pekins — British Columbia Electrics — "Trust" Stocks — Telegraphs — Textiles — Guest, Keen — Iron and Steel Shares — Oil and Cake.

Making due allowance for the holiday influences at work the industrial market, though not unnaturally quiet and rather subdued, preserves a relatively good appearance. Values are well maintained and there seems to be a greater degree of confidence. Whether the idea as to an impending change of public sentiment towards the market will be realised it would be hazardous to predict after recent experience, but at the same time there is little doubt that industrial securities, as a group, are deserving of more consideration. Values are still comparatively low, while prospects, judging from the continued revival in trade throughout the country, are bright, which, in relation to this market, is of the utmost significance. One of the chief features of the moment is, perhaps, the recovery in the Chinese group, notably Pekin Syndicate, which have been unduly depressed for a considerable time past. It is beginning to be recognised that the undertaking is, so far as the coal mines are concerned, nearing the productive stage, a point that I have emphasised recently. I am by no means inclined to modify the opinion frequently expressed on the subject of the attractiveness of these shares as a lockup, and the existing figure is

still comparatively moderate. The stocks of the British Columbia Electric Railway have more than once been referred to in this column and, judging from the published receipts, the dividend possibilities seem promising. The net earnings for the year show an extension of about £26,700. As it involves only about £4,000 to pay an additional 1 per cent. on the Deferred stock, such a distribution at least seems probable. This would make 7 per cent., and after such a dividend has been paid the Preferred Ordinary ranks equally in the division of the surplus. But even on the basis of the 6 per cent. paid in respect of the past two years, the yield would be 5⅛ per cent. The following table shows the return obtainable upon "trust" stocks:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Army and Navy Deferred	116½	£5 2 0
Bankers' Investment Deferred	82	4 17 0
Foreign, American, and General Dfd.	102	5 5 0
Government and General Deferred	104	5 3 6
Railway Debentures and General	8	6 1 0
Scottish Investment Deferred	72	4 15 0

There is not much fresh to chronicle in relation to the Telegraph group, though it may be remarked that many of the stocks have already recovered the better portion of the dividends deducted. This is not surprising, because they looked exceeding cheap, and even now are deserving of consideration, the prevailing prices being quite moderate. As regards Anglo "A" the speculative enthusiasm seems to have simmered down somewhat, but the stock has not yet reached a sufficiently low figure in my opinion. The Ordinary, which is not devoid of speculative merits, is worthy of attention, while the Preferred, which is ex-dividend, can be bought to bring in more than 5¼ per cent. on an investment basis. The English Sewing Cotton report fully bears out the satisfactory impression created by the preliminary details and the presumption of Ordinary dividend payments. The gross receipts have increased from £170,000 to £322,000, the manufacturing profits being £185,058, and the dividends from subsidiaries, etc., £136,239. If the textile industry continues to prosper, and the indications are still favourable, these shares would not be unattractive, seeing that in the existing quotation there is a year's dividend. Isaac Holden and Son, another textile undertaking, has shared in the prosperity, and the increase of £3,000 in the net profit enables the distribution of 5 per cent., as against 4 per cent. Iron and Steel shares continue somewhat neglected in spite of the satisfactory trade conditions reflected in enhanced profits and dividends recently declared. Guest, Keen, and Nettlefold's report shows an expansion of almost £20,000 in the profits to £337,200, but there is no alteration in the dividend. Instead there is the huge appropriation of £150,000 to reserve, and the equally large carry-forward of £167,000. This seems to be an ultra cautious policy, but, of course, it augurs well for the future, and though they give only 3¾ per cent. on the 10 per cent. distribution, the Ordinary shares are not unattractive. Here is a list showing the yields obtainable upon Iron and Steel shares:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Armstrong Whitworth	58/-	£5 12 6
Babcock and Wilcox	3⅞	5 0 0
Cays Fleet	15/16	5 0 0
Cammell Laird	9¼	5 5 0
Pearson and Knowles	4½	4 15 0
Richardsons Westgarth	13/16	6 3 0
South Durham	1	7 5 0
Vickers Son and Maxim	49/-xd	5 18 0

Judging from the interim report—a departure, by the way—the fortunes of the British Oil and Coke Company would seem to have changed. There is a surplus of £12,100 after meeting the half-yearly Preference dividend, the profits being £28,600, as against only £33,100 for the whole of last year. There seems a possibility of Ordinary dividend payments being resumed in respect of the current twelve months, and these shares do not seem altogether unattractive from the speculative standpoint. The Preference, which are cumulative, give 6¼ per cent. In spite of rather adverse conditions, including the lower prices realised for by-products, the Metropolitan Gas undertakings have done fairly well. The South Metropolitan report shows a gain of about £11,000 in net revenue, while the Gas Light and Coke records an increase of about £62,000 in gross receipts, and the net is £60,000 higher. Gas would seem to be more than holding its own against electricity, and these shares, from an investment point of view, have many merits. VIGILANT.

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QUEER STORY.

THE KAISER'S WIRE.

COUNT BLUCKSDORP (which, I may tell you at once, is not the gentleman's real name), a young Prussian of excellent family and considerable abilities, was some time ago attached to the German Embassy in Paris. While there, he met and fell in love with the Hon. Ermyntrude Chalcot, a pretty English girl, daughter of Viscount Chapmanslade, who was then on a visit to friends in the French capital

The Count was a good-looking fellow, and, as the German nobility go, not badly off; that is to say, his income ran into something like 150,000 marks per annum. So that, taking into consideration also his rank, family connections, and personal attractiveness, he was, if not the most eligible of matches, at least hardly one to be sneered at.

Indeed, there were quite a number of damsels in Berlin Society undisguisedly eager to attach him; but the only one of them to whom he showed the least disposition to fling the handkerchief was Fräulein Freda von Hochspuhl, the pretty, but rather solidly built daughter of General Baron von Hochspuhl, the Chief of the Imperial staff. Indeed, he half-believed he was in love with the damsel until he met Ermyntrude Chalcot in Paris. Then he knew his mistake. Freda was forgotten. Ermyntrude alone filled his whole horizon. He was really desperately enamoured of her; so much so that his passion got the better of his natural phlegmatic reserve, and he made love to her with all the abandon of a man who, in losing his heart, has also said good-bye to his head.

The fair Ermyntrude, though not herself an emotional girl, caught the infection from her wooer and became, as her friends said, downright silly about the handsome young Teuton. With the wisdom or folly of her conduct I have, however, nothing to do. I only have to record that she succumbed to his suit, and promised to become his wife. The announcement of the engagement duly appeared in the London *Morning Post*, the Paris *Figaro*, and the Berlin *Tageblatt*.

It was while he was thus desperately in love, and could think of nothing else, that Count Blucksdorp made that stupid muddle over a despatch that was fraught with such unpleasant complications to German Ministers and such disagreeable consequences to himself. He enclosed a despatch intended for the British Foreign Office in an envelope addressed to the Russian Ambassador, and a despatch intended for the Russian Ambassador in an envelope addressed to the British Foreign Office. These despatches, being more or less confidential, and also, to put it mildly, not quite consistent the one with the other, rendered the mistake extremely mortifying to the German Government, which was thereby given away rather badly. When the Kaiser heard of it he was in such a rage that, for some hours, everyone was afraid to go near him. He gave orders that Count Blucksdorp should be instantly recalled.

This was done; and the young man returned to Berlin in fear and trembling, wondering what his fate would be, and whether they would twist it into a case of *lèse majesté* and incarcerate him for a term of years. But, fortunately, by the time he reached Berlin the Kaiser's rage had cooled a little, and he contented himself with ordering young Blucksdorp into rigid confinement in a fortress for six months.

This was less than the Count had expected. Still, to a man just engaged to be married, and longing to be with his lady love, it was sufficiently annoying and irksome. He growled and swore to himself, and said all sorts of things about the Kaiser under his breath.

What these were I may not repeat. The Editor of Truth draws the line at blasphemy! And during the whole six months of his incarceration Count Blucksdorp blasphemed daily to himself, in the most shocking manner, against the Lord's Anointed.

When, at length, he found himself a free man again, he lost no time in coming to England to join Ermyntrude Chalcot; and while here he no longer blasphemed under his breath. He spoke his mind about the Kaiser aloud and unreservedly—rather too unreservedly, indeed, for his own interests, as the event proved.

The Cowes week was then at hand. Now, Count Blucksdorp, I must tell you, was a keen yachtsman, and he had had his smart cutter, the *Meer-Mädchen*, brought over as usual for the Regatta, having previously ascertained that Ermyntrude Chalcot and her family would be coming to Cowes. And here befell the circumstance that was so pregnant with future consequences. Count Blucksdorp, being still in the sulks with his august Sovereign, declined to turn out his yacht—as he had always done in former years—for the Kaiser's Cup.

Nor was that the full extent of his treasonable indiscretion. He went further. He proclaimed, in the most unguarded terms, his reasons for declining to race his boat in that particular event.

It came about thus. Viscount Chapmanslade, surprised at his behaviour, addressed him in tones of friendly remonstrance:

"What, Count! How's this? Not turn out the *Meer-Mädchen* for the Kaiser's Cup?"

"Nein," replied Count Blucksdorp, shrugging his shoulders and shaking his head expressively. "Nein, I vill not race mine boat for de Kaiser's Cup."

"But why not, man? Especially when you have such an excellent chance of winning the cup, with your liberal time allowance."

"Bah! I do not wish to win de Kaiser's Cup," ejaculated the Count, with a contemptuous air. "Ve haf too much Kaiser. Eef it is a christening, he want to be de baby. Eef it is a wedding, he want to be de bride. Eef it is a funeral, he want to be de corpse. Bah, I tell you, ve haf too much Kaiser."

He uttered it—yes, he did; he uttered that blasphemous, if witty, epigram aloud, and in broad daylight. And the heavens did not fall and crush him. Moreover, there were others standing by who actually smiled—smiled, if you will believe me—to hear that rank heresy against the sacred author of the gospel of the mailed fist.

Then, after a little, they all turned to watch the racing through their field-glasses, as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened. Never, surely, was such callous irreligion since the days when Jehoiakim cut with his pen-knife the roll of the book written by Bosneh the Scribe, at the mouth of Jeremiah, and tossed it contemptuously on to the fire. "Yet were they not afraid, nor rent their garments, neither the king nor any of his servants."

But vengeance overtook those ancient scoffers, all the same. And, in the fulness of time, vengeance overtook this modern scoffer, Count Blucksdorp.

His witty, though impious, epigram on the Kaiser made such a good story that it was repeated from mouth to mouth, until at length it came to the ears of that august monarch himself. Then, indeed, as you will readily understand, the fat was in the fire.

In the meanwhile, Count Blucksdorp himself, thinking no more about it, nor dreaming that his indiscreet and hasty words, uttered in a moment of irritation, would ever get round to the Kaiser and bring the mailed fist down upon his devoted head, had been having a capital time in England with his adored Ermyntrude. He had tried to get her to fix an early date for their union, but her parents saw no immediate occasion for hurry—their daughter being still very young—and they decided that the wedding should not take place for another twelve months. The Count was rather disappointed at this. He wanted to espouse her at once. Still, he accepted Viscount Chapmanslade's decision, conveyed to him in the most courteous manner, with a tolerably good grace, and made the best of what could not be helped.

He saw his Ermyntrude every day, and several times a day, having taken a small furnished house within a stone's throw of the Viscount's place, so that he could run in and out like a member of the family, as, indeed, he already considered himself, and enjoy the society of his beloved to his heart's content. This fact alone made him supremely happy, and he was in the highest and most radiant spirits when, one day—a black and gloomy day, never to be forgotten—he received a telegram.

The telegram—which was in code—when decodised, was found to read as follows:

> Your insolent and treasonable words about me spoken at Cowes Regatta have been reported to me by one who heard them. You will be good enough to return home by the next boat and explain yourself to me in person.—Wilhelm R. and I.

Count Blucksdorp was a brave man. In his student days, at Heidelberg, he had been the champion duellist of the University, and since then he had more than once proved his nerve and grit while big game shooting in Central Africa. But that little slip of buff paper which he held in his hand had an effect upon him that no opponent's sword, no spring of lion, no charge of elephant, or rhinoceros, or buffalo had ever been able to produce. He quailed. His face blanched. His hand shook. In short, he was in the bluest of blue funks.

"Gott in Himmel!" he gasped, while the cold sweat stood in beads upon his forehead. "Gott in Himmel! Der Teufel! Donner und Blitzen! Here, inteet, as dese Eenglish say, is a pretty go!"

He bitterly regretted, now, the rash utterance of that witty epigram, upon which at the time he had so plumed himself. . . . Explain the words! Of what explanation were they capable? He might, indeed, plead that they had been uttered in jest, and that he had meant nothing by them. But that would scarcely mend matters. For the mere fact of making so august and sacred a personage the subject of a frivolous joke would, in itself, be looked upon as treason of the first water.

He could deny them, of course, *in toto*. In fact—morality apart—this was, perhaps, the best course. But then, being naturally of a frank disposition he was a bad liar, and he doubted whether he should be able to tell the falsehood convincingly—especially with those eagle eyes upon him, keen to mark the slightest sign of the hesitation or confusion of conscious guilt. Besides, even if he should manage to fib with an air of verisimilitude, it was long odds the Kaiser would not believe his denial, and in that case his line of defence would only make matters worse.

There was, indeed, a third alternative. He might refuse to return to Germany at all. But that would mean condemning himself to perpetual exile, and might, in addition, involve the confiscation of his estates in the Fatherland. No. He must obey the summons, and make the best he could of a bad business. Moreover, he must obey at once. To procrastinate would merely be an aggravation of his offence. The Kaiser's wire said, "By the next boat"; and by the next boat he must go.

With a heavy heart, and all the spirit knocked out of him, he rang for his servant, and ordered him to pack his things. Then he hurried over to say good-bye to Ermyntrude.

Ermyntrude, though a good deal concerned when she heard what he had to tell her, took a less serious and desperate view of the situation than her lover.

"After all, Heinrich," she said, "the Kaiser can't eat you for a few light words spoken in jest. Indeed, I should say that, if he has any sense of dignity, he will content himself with giving you a private wigging, and will refrain from visiting you with any official mark of displeasure. Really, he ought to be ashamed of himself, as it is, for having listened to the tittle-tattle of tale-bearers at all."

"Ah, mein Ermyntrude, dat is an Eenglish view; but it is not a German view. Least of all is it a Hohenzollern view," sighed Count Blucksdorp. "Of de Sovereign of this country you may say vat you vill. If he hear, he

only laugh. But of de Sovereign of my country, he will not laugh, oh, nein. He makes you laugh—vat you Eenglish say—on de wrong side of your mouth. Yah! it will be many months—perhaps years—before I shall behold you again, mein Ermyntrude."

"I cannot believe such a thing. I am confident I shall see you back in a few weeks at farthest, Heinrich," she replied confidently.

But the Count gave his head a gloomy shake. He knew the Kaiser, and already saw himself immured in some remote fortress on the Silesian or Pomeranian frontier.

"Nay, mine beloved," said he, while he held her in a last long farewell embrace, "It will be long before I shall kiss these sweet, sweet lips again. But you will be true to me during my absence—you will not let any other fellow usurp mine place in your affections."

"No, indeed, my Heinrich; not likely. I could never love any other man as I love you."

And she fondly kissed him a last good-bye.

Three hours later the boat express from Victoria was whirling Count Blucksdorp—and a very dispirited, dejected count he was—towards Queenborough, *en route* for Flushing and Berlin.

Nothing further was heard of him, as far as the public was concerned, for several months; but it was known in well-informed circles that, after having had a particularly bad quarter of an hour with the incensed Kaiser, he was placed under arrest in the custody of General Baron von Hochspuhl, chief of the Imperial Staff, who had instructions to "entertain" him (such was the polite euphemism employed) at his country seat in the wilds of Silesia pending the Kaiser's further orders.

There he remained, nominally a guest, though really a prisoner, for four months, during which time he was neither allowed to receive or despatch letters, nor communicate in any way with his friends. Indeed, if it had not been for the efforts made by his hostess, the Baroness, and her daughter Freda, to enliven the deadly monotony of that existence, he must almost have gone mad of *ennui*.

Freda's society he found especially soothing. She was so considerate, so sympathetic. He found he could talk to her about Ermyntrude and the cruelty of his enforced separation from her, and Fräulein would listen and condole in her artless, girlish way.

You see, he wasn't aware that as soon as he was safely relegated to the wilds of Silesia, his *fiancée* had been prevailed upon by her parents to lend a favourable ear to the suit of that wealthy admirer of hers, Cyrus P. Bagwort, the Yankee Coal King, and to allow him to lead her, within two months of acceptance, to the altar of St. George's, Hanover Square. Count Blucksdorp did not learn that until he was released from confinement. Then he was in a fearful taking. He even talked of suicide; but it ended in talk. His actual conduct was far more sensible. That is to say, he ended by consoling himself—and a very efficient consolation she proved—with Freda von Hochspuhl.

Not many months afterwards, while out walking in Berlin with his bride-elect, he met the Kaiser.

His Imperial Majesty, instead of passing him by with scowling disdain, as he had expected, not merely smiled quite affably, but even stopped and spoke, in the friendliest way, to the young couple.

"Ha!" he said, twirling his moustaches, while the Imperial eye twinkled, "so we are going to have a wedding. That is where I always come in so strong, according to your view—eh, Count? But this time I will be less ambitious. I will not aspire to be the bride. I will content myself with giving the bride away. And, by and by, I suppose" (here the Imperial eye positively winked with sly enjoyment of his little joke), "there will be a christening." (Freda averted her face in blushing confusion.) "But I give you my word I will not claim, on this occasion, to be the baby. I will be quite satisfied to play second fiddle in the capacity of the baby's godfather. Don't forget that, Count. But one thing I do insist on. If it is a boy, you shall call him Wilhelm; but if it is a girl, Wilhelmina. Mind that, now."

And the Kaiser, in his sprightliest and merriest of moods, nodded and passed on, chuckling to himself consumedly.

Count Blucksdorp, while not a little relieved by his Sovereign's unwonted affability, was, at the same time, greatly astonished and perplexed by his facetious references to that treasonable epigram, by which, when he had last seen him, his Majesty had appeared to be so violently incensed.

"The Kaiser seems amused," he said to Freda. "It is the first time I ever knew him find fun in a stroke of wit perpetrated at his expense. I am amazed. I simply cannot understand it."

"Nor can I," replied artless Freda.

But she could—in fact, she did—understand the cause of the Kaiser's good humour perfectly well. For she had been cognisant all along of the artful little plot in which his Imperial Majesty had played up to the designs of his two old friends, Viscount Chapmanslade and Baron von Hochspuhl, with a view to detaching the Count from Ermyntrude and attaching him to Freda.

"He laughs loudest who laughs last." And the Kaiser was now laughing to think how he had managed to get in the last pull at that satiric young gentleman's leg.

MUSIC.

COMPOSERS AND LIBRETTISTS.

If Puccini writes operas on all the subjects which, according to the reports, he has been considering for this purpose, he should be kept pretty busy for the next few years. First it was "Cyrano de Bergerac"—if only M. Rostand's consent could be obtained, which it seems has not proved the case. Then a libretto by D'Annuzio was talked of—which, however, would appear also to have fallen through. Later, we were told that a version of Paul Loüy's "La Femme et le Fantin" had greatly taken the composer's fancy, while Marie Antoinette is yet another theme which has been frequently mentioned in the same connection—a subject which, however, like most of the others above-named, it is understood Puccini has entertained only to abandon. The problem of finding suitable libretti is, of course, a perennial one, perplexing every composer who aspires to write an opera. Beethoven searched long before he found a book which suited him in "Fidelio," and even then it was far from an ideal libretto which he discovered. Schubert wasted his talents on some of the absurdest libretti which have ever been penned. Mendelssohn, in spite of incessant attempts, found but one subject to satisfy his demands, and that only when the opportunity was passed, so that it was Max Bruch who used the libretto and completed the opera which Mendelssohn had designed and begun to write. Brahms pursued an equally fruitless search throughout his life; and many other instances might be cited.

Modern composers might well sigh, indeed, for the palmy days of two hundred years ago, when Metastasio and Zeno were the fashionable librettists, and supplied all that was required in this respect with unfailing satisfaction. But the requirements which they had to fulfil were very different from those of the present, though exacting enough in their own particular way. In those days the themes were drawn almost invariably from classical history and mythology, and for such minor qualities as human interest and dramatic truth there was little demand. And this was just as well, perhaps, seeing how, in other respects, the books of that time had to be constructed. In Hogarth's "Memoirs of the Opera" there is a well-known passage giving particulars on the subject:—

The number of characters was generally limited to six, three of each sex; and if it were not a positive rule it was at least a practice hardly ever departed from to make them all lovers. The principal male and female singers were each of them to have airs of all the different kinds—*Aria cantabile, Aria di portamento, Aria parlante*, etc. The piece was to be divided into three acts, and not to exceed a certain number of verses. It was required that each song should terminate with an air; that

the same character should never have two airs in succession; that an air should not be followed by another of the same class; and that the principal airs of the piece should conclude the first and second acts. In the second and third acts there should be a scene consisting of an accompanied recitative, an air of execution, and a grand duet sung by the hero and heroine. . . . And so on, and so on.

Gluck was the first to alter this condition of things. He actually attached importance to his "books," re wrote libretti which did not suit him, maintaining that the music should conform in character to the action and the words, and forbade his singers to alter a single note of what he had written. No wonder that he was thought a revolutionary, a rebel, and a bold bad man.

Yet the days of poor libretti certainly did not disappear with Gluck's arrival on the scene, and some of the most famous operas in existence go to illustrate this fact. While the libretti of "Le Nozze" and "Don Giovanni" may pass, the books of "Die Zauberflöte" and "Cosi fan tutte" are as hopelessly inept as any ever written. By contrast, "Fidelio," despite the doggerel of its verses, must be accounted a miracle of dramatic truth, though later works of the "romantic school" which it preceded were less happy in this respect—Weber's "Euryanthe," for instance, and some of those examples to which poor Schubert was persuaded to wed his exquisite music were even worse. Verdi found many good libretti and some amazingly bad ones; nor were the best libretti always associated with the most successful operas. One of the most popular works which Verdi ever wrote is "Il Trovatore," the book of which is certainly not its strongest feature. At other times, as in the case of "Rigoletto" and "La Traviata," Verdi had the sound instinct to rely on stories whose moving and dramatic qualities had already been proved and tested in other forms. And this is a practice which Puccini, in his turn, seems also to favour. "Manon Lescaut," "La Bohème," "La Tosca," and "Madama Butterfly" are all works which serve to illustrate the point. "Books" of this class have dangers of their own in the shape of these preconceived notions as to the leading characters and so forth, which their hearers usually bring to them, but also they have advantages not less manifest.

On the other hand, the notion that the success of an opera is vastly influenced by its libretto is certainly not one to be accepted without considerable reservation. Many other instances could be cited besides that of "Il Trovatore" above referred to, in which a fatuous book has not in the least stood in the way of an opera's popularity, while examples of the opposite kind—*i.e.*, of operas possessed of excellent libretti which have none the less failed—could be even more readily named. But this is only what might be expected, since few will dispute, when all is said and done, that it is the music which in the end determines an opera's fate. So far as the general public is concerned, the libretto is of very small importance indeed, and if the members of a high-class Covent Garden audience could be examined as to the actual knowledge of the incidents of even the most familiar operas in the repertory, the answers obtained would probably be astonishing. Yet, doubtless, we are improving in this respect. Modern composers attach more and more importance to the choice of suitable and effective themes for operatic treatment, and therein, doubtless, even though it may be the music, and not the "book," which really counts in the long run, they are wise.

Mr. Manners continues to give his supporters excellent performances of opera in English at the Lyric Theatre, and though the audiences have not been invariably so large as might be wished, they have at least been a good deal better than might have been anticipated. Further, it is impossible to attend one of these performances without being struck by the genuine appreciation and enthusiasm manifested. There is no doubt whatever as to there being plenty of opera-lovers among Londoners of the ordinary middle-class theatre-going sort—though it is certain that the number would be enormously increased given more opportunities of hearing performances of the right sort. Among last week's doings may be named an excellent presentation of "Tannhäuser," with Mme. Fanny Moody and Mr. Joseph O'Mara doing admirably in the leading parts, while on another evening "Lohengrin" was put on in equally good style, with Mr. O'Mara again in the name part and Mme. De Vere as a very pleasing Elsa.

Two interesting revivals are contemplated by the Carl Rosa Opera Company for their forthcoming season in the shape of Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," and Verdi's "Otello." Both are delightful works, and each ought to go admirably in English and with English audiences.

The Pirated Music Bill has now safely weathered all the rocks and shoals of the House of Commons, and gone to the smoother water of the Lords, where, all being well and no unanticipated opposition being encountered, it may be expected to receive the Royal assent in due course. Mr. Herbert Gladstone had to make certain concessions at the last in the Commons, but none likely to affect in any serious way the efficacy of the Bill. Members of the profession and the trade may certainly congratulate themselves. Yet, in point of fact, the general feeling on the subject is said to be by no means so optimistic as might have been supposed. It will take a long time, say some, to recover the ground which has been lost, and no one acquainted with the facts will be disposed to maintain that the outlook in the musical publishing business is particularly rosy just now. This, however, is as it may be. The main thing at present is that the suppression of the pirate and his kind may at last be regarded as assured, and few would be prepared to credit, probably, how much that means to some. To Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., who has laboured so hard in the matter, the warmest acknowledgments are due, as also to the Government for sticking to the Bill after they had once made it their own.

The Promenade Concerts will begin at the Queen's Hall on Saturday week, and there seems every prospect of an attractive and successful season. The orchestra, it is announced, remains in general unchanged, though there will be one important addition to its *personnel* in a new principal horn player, Herr W. C. Breethoff, of the Concertgebou Orchestra, Amsterdam. He comes with high recommendations, it seems, from Dr. Richard Strauss, who pronounces him one of the greatest living masters of his instrument, and Dr. Strauss ought to know a good horn player when he meets him, seeing that his father was a famous performer on the instrument, and that one of his own earliest works was a horn concerto, which, it may be recalled, Hans von Bülow paid him the compliment of including in the programmes of the famous Meiningen orchestra. Some of the most magical and romantic passages in all music owe their charm to the horn, which musicians are generally agreed to regard as perhaps the most human and lovable member of the whole orchestral family.

Many will learn with regret that Mr. H. J. Wood has withdrawn from the interesting scheme with which his name has been associated as conductor for giving the "Ring" in English in the provinces. No reasons are given beyond the statement that Mr. Wood has resolved never again to try his hand at the direction of opera—an announcement which will be regretted by many who had long ear-marked Mr. Wood as the obvious occupant of the conductor's chair of that national opera house which so many hope to see in the days to come. Immediately, however, Mr. Wood's decision is the more regrettable from the standpoint of the Moody-Manners scheme. More than anything else, almost, Mr. Wood's presence at the head of affairs and the co-operation of the Queen's Hall Orchestra would have helped to secure the success of that project, though it may be hoped that even now it may still be found possible to proceed with it.

That experienced operatic entrepreneur, Mr. Maurice Grau, has been giving his opinion (in the New York *Musical Courier*) as to the prospects of the projected new opera house for New York, under the direction

of Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, and apparently they are none too rosy, in his judgment. Even wealthy New York, he considers, will hardly support two separate operas, while if it could do so, there would be still greater difficulty, he thinks, in obtaining the requisite talent of the first class to supply two such undertakings. Meanwhile, undeterred by these and like misgivings, Mr. Hammerstein seems to be prosecuting his arrangements with the utmost vigour, and, according to his friends, is going to do great things. Jean de Reszke, it is stated, he has not succeeded in securing, even at a record fee; but Melba, Edouard de Reszke, Renaud, Bonce, and other well-known singers, figure in his list, while Campanini will be one of his conductors. As to the works to be produced, a leading card will be "Parsifal," which, it appears, it is proposed to give in French!

Puccini's star may be in the ascendant at present, but Leoncavallo clearly does not intend to allow him to have matters all his own way. Whether, however, he will bring off the interesting project with which he is credited of establishing an international opera-house in the Champs Elysées in Paris is, perhaps, a trifle doubtful. It is said, however, that the Municipal Council are considering the project, which is being backed, it is understood, by a leading firm of Milan music publishers, so something may possibly come of it. The site occupied by the former Franconi Circus is that talked of in connection with the scheme.

Musical readers of the *Manchester Guardian* have suffered a loss by the transference of Mr. Ernest Newman, who succeeded the late Mr. Johnstone as musical critic of that great northern newspaper, to Birmingham, where he has been appointed in a similar capacity on one of the principal dailies of the city. Mr. Newman is a penetrating critic and a forcible writer, and wherever he elects to publish his opinions they are always sure of attentive hearing. The movement of recent years in the direction of musical decentralisation, whereby the greater provincial cities, such as Manchester and Birmingham, are assuming such importance as individual musical centres is one of the healthiest signs of the times.

Mr. John Dunn makes effective reply to a critic who recently censured him for having introduced a cadenza of his own composition in Brahms' Violin Concerto, in preference to relying on the more familiar one of Joachim. Among other things, Mr. Dunn states that the concerto has been played quite recently on no fewer than five different occasions with five different cadenzas, none of which was that of Joachim. Why, therefore, he asks, should he be especially condemned? Further, he points out that his own cadenza was not of the firework order, but one designed to be strictly in keeping with the character of the work as a whole, which being the case, he asks, fairly enough, why he should be criticised for introducing it. After all, a cadenza is supposed to give opportunity to the individual performer, and it is contrary to the whole idea of the thing invariably to reproduce a carefully elaborated exercise of some one else. The Joachim cadenza in the Brahms Concerto is a beautiful piece of work, but it is absurd to maintain that it must be adopted by every one.

Music and caricature would seem to go together to some extent. Caruso's prowess with the pencil is known to two hemispheres. A week or so since I referred to similar talent possessed by another well-known operatic artist, Herr Blass, while now Dr. Saint-Saëns, whose versatility knows no limits, comes forward in the same capacity with an amusing sketch of his old friend M. Hollmann. But then one might have expected as much in the case of the composer of "Samson et Dalila," who turns out operas and symphonies, plays and books, astronomical treatises, and volumes of verse, with equal facility.

Mme. Melba has a grievance. A daily paper innocently reproduced a statement to the effect that she received only a miserable fee of £200 a night, and she has written requiring immediate retraction of such a scandalous reflection on her. Such statements she complains of as "untrue" and "calculated to injure her reputation as a singer." So far from her accepting such a paltry fee as that named, she informs her traducers that whereas she received 2,500 dols. a night during her last visit to America, on her next she is to be paid 4,000 dols. No wonder she was indignant! The labourer is worthy of his hire, and so, no doubt, is Mme. Melba; but art for art's sake is clearly not a doctrine which appeals to this gifted child of song. Meanwhile a "star" of another order—namely, Mr. Rutland Barrington—has been telling an interviewer that he made the initial success of his career in London in "The Sorcerer" for the stupendous stipend of £6 a week; and, unlike Mme. Melba, he actually boasts of it!

Savoy Hotel, Dresden, has had ten years' reputation as the leading and favourite hotel of English visitors to Dresden. Pension terms.—F. Margraf.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—The sea seems to decide commerce, wealth, and empire. Italy was supreme when the Mediterranean was the sea of the civilised world; when, upon the discovery of America, the Atlantic became the great ocean highway, England rose into importance; and if, as Berkely prophesied,

> Westward the course of empire takes its way;
> The first four acts already past,
> The fifth shall close the drama with the day:
> Time's noblest offspring is the last—

it will be because the Pacific has displaced the Atlantic as the supreme ocean. It is curious that, as Mr. Edgcumbe Staley tells you in his "The Guilds of Florence" (1), this city in the days of its glory meditated cutting a kind of Manchester and Liverpool ship canal to connect it with the ocean. Mr. Edgcumbe Staley has lavished not labour only, but love, upon this sumptuously got-up history of the Guilds of Florence, ransacking books and MSS., and putting under contribution illuminated manuscripts of the British Museum and of the Laurentian Library in Florence. I can understand, without wholly sympathising with, "the hundredfold increase" of Mr. Staley's love of the "City of the Lily" as he worked through his story of "The Guilds of Florence"; since the details of the life of this city of shopkeepers, so vividly disclosed, give you a deepening interest in its prosperity. At the climax of her prosperity, in 1336, the population of Florence was 180,000, her State revenue £150,000, while her ordinary expenditure was but £20,000. Three years later, however, she was ruined by the repudiation of its debts by the Crown of England, involving the companies of Bardi and Peruzzi alone in a loss of £700,000, in those days a colossal sum. Earlier, indeed, England helped towards the ruin of Florence by a war of tariffs, which reads like a modern object lesson on free trade and protection. Under Henry VII., a law was passed to prohibit the export of unshorn cloth, a blow to Florentine manufacturers which was met by a decree of the Grand Duke Cosimo I. prohibiting the importation of serges and light woollen cloths from England. "This action was by way of 'cutting off one's nose to vex one's face,' and was a final and deadly blow, and the whole stately edifice of the 'Arte e Universita de' Mercanti di Calimala' tottered to its fall." Indeed, the decline of Florentine commerce seems not only to date definitely, but to be definitely due to a policy of Protection. "A remedy was sought in a policy of Protection, which whilst for a moment offering a solution of the difficulties that confronted the members of the Wool Guild, really led to disastrous consequences." In view of the

(1) "The Guilds of Florence." By Edgcumbe Staley. Illustrated after Miniatures in Illuminated Manuscripts and Florentine Woodcuts. With Bibliographical and Chronological Tables. (London: Methuen & Co. 16s. net.

(2) "Coniston." By Winston Churchill. With illustrations by Florence Scovel Schinn. (London: Macmillan & Co. 6s.)

(3) "Latter-Day Sweethearts." By Mrs. Burton Harrison. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

(4) "Mave." By Randal Charlton. (London: Methuen & Co. 6s.)

(5) "Cæsar's Wife." By R. Melton. (London: Methuen & Co. 6s.)

riotous protests of our suffragettes, it is amusing to read of the trouble women gave the authorities of Florence in those days. They were absolutely forbidden to enter a Court of Justice, while judges were explicitly warned to give no ear to the complaints of a woman. Indeed, a statute of 1294 quaintly warns the Courts that "Women are a sex to be looked upon as most dangerous in disturbing the course of justice." It was probably their resistance to the sumptuary laws against the excesses of fashion which made them so troublesome, for there is a report extant by a notary, who was commissioned to enforce these laws, which shows how he was baffled and bewildered by feminine sophistry. "One woman," he reports, "whose headdress was too high, refused to lower it, saying, 'This a headdress! Don't you see it is a wreath?' Another, taxed with wearing more than the legal number of buttons on her dress, thus defended herself, "Buttons! These aren't buttons. Don't you see they have no hanks?" A third, charged with wearing ermine, replied, "This is not ermine at all; it is the fur of a suckling." "A suckling? What is a suckling? "Oh, it's only an animal!" The most striking story in the volume is that of Ginevra—not Rogers' "Ginevra,"—but the wife of Francesco Agolanti, who was supposed to have died of the plague, and was even laid in the grave. She had, however, only been in a swoon, from which she wakened to cast off her grave clothes and to hurry, wrapped only in her shroud, to the house of her husband. At the sight of what he supposed a ghost he fled, as did every other friend and relative to whom she appeared, till she was like to die of exposure and hunger, when a boy lover, Antonio Rondenelli, by chance encountering her, embraced her, an embrace which she ardently returned; and, indeed, he was rewarded for his robust faith in her flesh and blood by her accepting him as her second husband. The Via della Morta commemorates this strange resurrection from the dead. In a word, "The Guilds of Florence" re-creates for you in a wonderfully graphic way mediæval Florence at the time when she realised Dante's description of her, "Firenze, la Bellissima e Famosissima, Figlia di Roma." Read Mr. Winston Churchill's "Coniston" (2) if you would understand the strength and the weakness of the States—of the American individual and of the American Government, if indeed you can dissociate the two. "We have begun obscurely to recognise," says Lowell, in a passage chosen as the text of the novel, "that things do not go of themselves, and that popular government is not in itself a panacea—is no better than any other form except as the virtue and the wisdom of the people make it so, and that when men undertake to do their own kingship, they enter upon the dangers and responsibilities as well as the privileges of the function." The wisdom and virtue of the people of Coniston politically are the wisdom and virtue of a boss with the cunning to drive, and of his team who lack the spirit to resist and resent the whip. But you get at once to admire and pity the boss, and you become absorbed in the conflict between his political success and his domestic failure. Not his character only, nor only that of his adopted child, the heroine, but those of all the actors in the story are so drawn that you cannot but believe that they lived. Mrs. Burton Harrison's "Latter-Day Sweethearts" (3) has also to do with Americans, and very entertaining Americans too. An American millionaire, as an effective protection against fortune-hunting suitors for the hand of his daughter, gave out that she would have no dowry. When the inevitable poor suitor arrives and wins this daughter's love, he is dismissed by her in a half-hearted way, because she cannot sacrifice her comforts to her affections. He, however, takes his dismissal so seriously that he engages himself to another girl, and the meeting of the two rivals and their mutual bearing toward each other during the voyage to Europe are lightly and brightly described. Towards the close there is an interchange of partners, and poetic justice is satisfactorily administered all round. Different indeed is the ending of Randal Charlton's "Mave" (4), where horror is heaped upon horror's head. Perhaps you cannot quite believe sufficiently in the heroine to be intolerably harrowed by her fate. But some of the characters in this grim book will seem to you natural, even though the incidents are for the most part wildly improbable. As for "Cæsar's Wife" (5), you will not feel sufficient interest either in Cæsar or in his wife or in her lover, to care much for what happens to them at the close of the story. Nor do the politics of the novel—for Cæsar is the leader of the Tory Opposition in the House, and the gentleman who with reason is suspected to be his wife's lover is the ringleader of a revolt in the party—interest you deeply.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, ever yours very sincerely,

DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

Mr. Alan St. Aubyn's latest story, "The Red Van" (Digby Long, 6s.) is not, as the title would leave one to suppose, a study of the propaganda work of the Land Nationalisation Society. One wishes it had been, for in such case the author could not have helped, in some degree, coming in contact with reality. As it is, he is content to serve up a strong dish of melodrama, in which gipsies and lawyers and squires and wills all play their accustomed parts. It is to be hoped that the public will tire of this old recipe some day, though it is to be hoped that they will not signify the same in the usual manner yet awhile—for Mr. St. Aubyn's sake.

The ambition of "That Ambitious She," Miss Lucie Simpson's novel (Greening, 6s.) is of a typically feminine type. It leads "She"—or should it be "Her"?—to the giddy height of shaking hands with a Duchess, even though she is only a lecturer on some unspecified subject under the L.C.C. It leads her to declare that she will marry the first man she meets on her arrival in London at a Bloomsbury boarding-house, though this ambition is hardly surprising, for the man in question is quite the feminine idea of a hero. One could forgive the ambitious She even this ambition if she did not talk so much about things she does not understand, but after all, that may be Miss Simpson's way of subtly suggesting the exceeding femininity of the character.

Mr. David Christie Murray has done better work than "The Brangwyn Mystery" (John Long, 6s.), but nevertheless the book will make many an otherwise dull hour of the holidays speed away. It is always unfair to give away the solution of the plot of a detective story, but there can be no harm in stating that in arranging for his murdered man to be buried in modelling clay, from which he emerges seven years later, dead, it is true, but comparatively fresh and quite recognisable, Mr. Murray has hit on an idea at once ingenious and novel.

In his preface to "The Invasion of 1910," which has now been brought out in a six-shilling volume (Eveleigh Nash), Mr. Wm. Le Queux proudly announces that translations of this remarkable example of war-scare fiction have already been published in the German, French, Spanish, Danish, Russian, Italian, and Japanese languages. This is not at all surprising, for a work which holds England up to derision and contempt as a nation of fools and poltroons naturally appeals to many readers abroad. Next to the depreciation of the British Navy, the British Army, and the British people, the exaltation of a certain firm's halfpenny and other newspapers seems to be the object of this farrago of nonsense. It is a pity, though, that the author has not taken *Punch's* tip. His narrative might have been so nicely embroidered with occasional graceful allusions to the *World and His Wife*, the *Sunday Companion*, *Comic Cuts*, and the rest of the same firm's publications.

A book of great value to social reformers has been published by Mr. Fisher Unwin under the title of "Women's Work and Wages: A Phase of Life in an Industrial City" (price 6s.). The authors are Mr. Edward Cadbury, Miss M. C. Matheson and Mr. G.

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Shann, and their principal aim has been to give a complete survey of the conditions under which women are earning their livelihood in one large city. Birmingham is the city dealt with, and as the outcome of careful investigations, extending over a period of three and a half years, the authors—each of them possessing special qualifications for the task—present a mass of interesting and important facts. Much of the information they furnish as to the lives of poor women workers is extremely painful reading, and though all their conclusions may not be accepted, the book deserves to be studied by every one interested in the social and economic problems which it discusses.

Mr. Alston Rivers is publishing this week a new novel entitled "Collusion," by Mr. Thomas Cobb, whose last book, "Mrs. Erricker's Reputation," was so warmly praised for its piquancy and smartness of dialogue.

Mr. W. B. Maxwell's new novel, "The Guarded Flame," which Messrs. Methuen will have ready this week, gives a realistic picture of the home life of a great thinker—a picture which is a study of mind and matter, and of the resultant conflict between thought and life. It is announced that the demand for the book in advance of its publication has been so great that a second edition is already in preparation.

Mr. N. W. Thomas is the general editor of a series of ethnographical handbooks which Messrs. Constable and Co. will issue under the title, "Native Races of the British Empire." The series is intended to convey accurate information in a popular and readable form, and the first volume will be devoted to the Australian aborigines.

"Stories of the Italian Artists from Vasari" is the title of a book designed "to give an idea of the liveliness of the Renaissance in Italy," which will be published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. It will have numerous illustrations in half-tone and in colours.

Early in September Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. will begin the publication of a new edition in eight volumes of the works of Mrs. Gaskell. In this "Knutsford Edition," as it is called, Mrs. Gaskell's works will be arranged as far as is possible in chronological order, and will include several contributions to periodicals which have not hitherto been reprinted, together with two poems and some unpublished fragments of stories. There will be an introduction to each volume (the first being a biographical introduction by Dr. A. W. Ward, who has received the assistance of the Misses Gaskell), and the edition will contain portraits of the author and other illustrations.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Laura has just run in to tell us all she saw at Goodwood. Never, she declares, did pretty women look half so pretty as on the tree-shaded luncheon-lawn or in the paddock. A few of the immense Paris hats were to be seen—so huge as to make the wearer entirely out of drawing. Princess Henry of Pless wore one. It was pink, and trimmed with a number of pink feathers. Her gown was pink muslin. This material was the order of the day. Every third woman wore muslin. On the first day the Duchess of Devonshire was in light brown muslin, with sash and shaped belt of pale mauve silk. She wore a Tuscan straw hat with shaded roses. Countess Cadogan had lavender muslin, and Lady Ilchester was in black and white muslin with a very becoming feathered hat. She is, of course, still in mourning for her late father-in-law. Lady Londonderry was in pale grey, with large black hat trimmed with ostrich feathers. Lady Carnarvon wore muslin in the same soft shade of silver-grey. Mrs. Willie James was in pale pink muslin, trimmed with Liberty satin to match. Lady Mar and Kellie's biscuit-coloured muslin was much admired. Her hat was red, of a damask-rose shade. Among hundreds of other muslin gowns were those worn by Mrs. Arthur Sassoon, pale blue and white; Lady Noreen Bass, pale pink; Countess of Lonsdale, white; Duchess of Norfolk, white.

Few appeared in serge, owing to the heat, but among those few were Lady Wolverton, Mrs. Featherstonhaugh, and Lady George Nevill. A few silk gowns were seen, chiefly in white or pale colours.

Lina describes the heat on Thursday as almost unbearable, and frightfully unbecoming. It was impossible to keep decently cool, and the deceptive breezes were hot themselves. Muslin more than ever was the rule. Lady de Trafford managed to look cool in blue linen and a round hat. Lady Ilchester was in black muslin; Lady Evelyn Cotterill in cream muslin; and Lady March in pale grey muslin, with flowers in her hat. The Duchess of Devonshire wore her pretty green and white striped muslin. There were many cool-looking voile gowns, and one or two cloth ones, but the latter looked far from cool. The prettiest dresses there were the bordered muslins, Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox's, in hydrangea shades, excelling all the others.

The sky was of wonderful beauty in Thursday night's storm. Floating in a sea of exquisite blue was the moon, very near the full, well on her way to the west. Behind a bank of cloud to the south and again in the east were the two centres of sheet lightning, the latter much the stronger and more vivid. The flashes were almost continuous. Sometimes the two came simultaneously, the one from the south almost swallowed up in that from the east. Every now and then from the latter quarter came a peculiarly bright and luminous flash, lighting up the whole sky with a violet flush. It was like a great, beautiful eye opening upon the earth. I have never seen a more grandly beautiful sight.

Fred has just presented Lina with the most perfect little camera you can imagine. It folds into so small a size that it can practically be hidden in the hand. But this advantage, great as it is, is scarcely so important as the wonderful slyness of the thing. There is a tiny mirror adjusted at an angle that admits of the owner of this camera taking a snapshot in quite an opposite direction from that in which he is looking. This seems impossible, but these eyes have seen it. Think what an advantage this gives to the snapshotter! It is really almost uncanny. The photographs produced by this camera are 2½ inches by 2, but can be enlarged. We saw some that had been enlarged, and noticed what an amount of additional minute detail comes out in the larger picture, proving that the little dainty camera does its work as conscientiously as if it did not look just like a toy. The Stereoscopic Company, Regent-street, has produced this little gem, and sell it complete with all its travelling luggage compactly stowed away into a small case. Astonishing how this can be made to hold a telescopic full-size tripod as steady as possible, besides plates, lenses for different distances, a ruby lamp with night-lights, and a notebook for recording different exposures. Even a post-box for dropping the photographs in is provided, all that is needed being to unscrew the lid, insert the plates, and post them to the Stereoscopic to be developed. Apart from this case, the camera fits into one tiny bag like a purse, the plates into another, and one can easily be carried in each pocket. What an interest it adds to life to be able to photograph interesting places, persons, and animals!

It is lovely to dine at the Welcome Club by a widely opened window on these hot evenings. There is a chance of getting a table just now when the sea-side claims so many, but it is just as well to send a wire in the morning, so many of the members liking to entertain their friends there in the beautiful coolness. Sitting

Wedding Presents.—A choice selection of beautiful Dinner and Dessert Services, Breakfast, Luncheon, and Tea Sets, exclusive designs. Mortlocks, Ltd., the Old Pottery Galleries, Oxford-st., and Orchard-st., W. Inspection solicited.

Redfern.—Exclusive and original Models in Day and Evening Gowns. Smart Paris Millinery, Blouses, Lingerie, Furs, &c. 26, Conduit-street and 27, Bond-street.

out on the lawn under the old elder trees is pleasant, when the cool sunset breeze has sprung up and the moon looks down on a crowded scene outside. Within the barrier all is placid repose.

I went to help Lilla choose a dressing bag before she left town, and we saw such nice ones at the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company's Showrooms in Regent-street, that I feel sure you will like to hear about them. It is a new department of the firm and, consequently, everything is perfectly fresh and new and up-to-date. As all the bags are made in London, and the fittings also made on the Company's premises, good value is secured. The convenience of tourists and travellers is particularly studied, and another specialty is the fitting cases to private motor-cars. Some of the daintiest of the bags we saw are for use on cars. One in particular received our suffrages, a little one in morocco, lined with watered silk. The fittings include everything necessary for the toilet, for writing, and for sewing. It is a dear little bag. Larger ones have cut-glass bottles and jars with chased silver tops and toilet set, in African ivory. Men's suit cases vary equally in size, or almost equally. There is not one quite so small and light as the one at £10 15s. A very nice one, which would make a capital present, is in fine pig-skin with handsome silver fittings, including two stands that lift out for the dressing table. Another, in polished morocco, is even more complete in its fittings. All these bags have strong waterproof covers.

Few things are more refreshing in this hot weather than 4711 Eau de Cologne in the bath. Even a few drops in the water in which one washes one's face make it feel cool and soft. The dust of London has been terrible during the last few weeks, and one has very often to wash. Try the 4711. It has a wonderful effect in strengthening the skin against the lassitude of heat and the enervation that comes of exposure to dust during these long days. I can also recommend it as a mouth wash, and it is absolutely indispensable when travelling as a remedy against insect stings and bites. I never leave home for a little wander without packing in one of the well-known blue and gold bottles with its convenient little corkscrew attached. Also a bottle of the same firm's delicious Cordiale perfume. Bee prefers their Rhine Violets.

I see from *Food and Cookery* that M. Escoffier, whose delicious sauce Melba and Sauce Diable you and I appreciate so highly, pleased the German Emperor very much by a dinner specially prepared for his Majesty on board the steamship *Amerika*. The Kaiser sent for the famous chef, shook hands with him, said he had never dined so well before, and added: "Vous êtes vraiment l'Empereur de la cuisine." This was the menu:—

Hors-d'Œuvre Suédoise.
Consommé Glacé.
Tortue Claire.
Suprème de Sole au Vin du Rhin.
Selle de Pré-salé
aux Laitues à la Grecque.
Petits Pois à la Bourgeoise.
Poularde au Paprika Rosé.
Cailles aux Raisins.
Cœurs de Romaine.
Asperges Mousseline.
Ecrevisses à la Moscovite.
Soufflé Surprise.
Mille Feuilles — Petit Duc.
Friandises — Pêches.
Nectarines — Ananas — Muscat.

The Emperor presented M. Escoffier with a diamond pin. I suppose cookery is the only one among the arts in which his German Majesty has not attempted to excel.

Clare sends me the following from Dublin:—

Dearest Madge, — What prophetic souls poets possess. Although Gray lived so long before the conception and institution of the Bank Holiday, does anything suggest it more accurately and expressively than his "madding crowd"? Especially the August Monday, with its riot of holiday-making and maddest of madding crowds. Even if we do not go into the crowd, nor so much as view it from afar, still we feel it in some occult way; we have a sense of its distant surging, just as one has the sense of the Atlantic in the West of Ireland, though at some resort out of sight and sound of its great waters. We know the might that is being put forth throughout the length and breadth of the land and on the sea in taking the holiday; it may be through some vibration in the air, a sort of wireless telegraphy unconsciously worked by the strenuousness of the strenuous millions. The "vacation habit" does not exhibit itself at its best on the occasion; indeed, without being curmudgeonly, we might very well admit that it may possibly be open to objections. Still, however that may be, a crowd has, and always had, attractions for a crowd.

The thought may console those who, at some time or other, have had their hearts moved to compassion by the sight of a Bank Holiday railway station, or similar place where the holiday-taking is in active work. Humanity is undoubtedly gregarious, and likes to go in herds. Do not the various "seasons" of different places show that we all like to crowd, crush, and rush together. Every one wants to be where every one else is. Crowds are the mark of success in public entertainments; possibly Bank Holiday-makers would be depressed by a "thin attendance." And certainly if, as philosophers say, the struggle to possess a thing is more enjoyable to humanity in general and in particular than the possession of it, there is no doubt about the enjoyable struggle for amusement in the crowds of a Bank Holiday.

The Viceregal Lodge visitors dispersed last week, but Lord and Lady Aberdeen continued in their strenuous ways until their departure across the water at the end of the week. They paid a flying visit to Chester, in connection with the Hawarden festivities, on the occasion of Mr. W. Gladstone coming of age, and then returned to Dublin, whence they went to the North of Ireland to fulfil several public engagements. Lord and Lady Aberdeen, as Presbyterians, have many sympathies with the best sections of the Irish northeners, who concern themselves rather with advancing their country's and their own prosperity than with trying to maintain ascendancy over their fellow-countrymen and keep them back. Lord and Lady Aberdeen were the guests of the Lord Mayor of Belfast (Sir Daniel Dixon) and Lady Dixon on the night preceding the opening of the new City Hall. The building is a very fine one, the finest of the kind in Ireland; the foundation-stone was laid by Lord Cadogan about eight years ago. Their Excellencies were entertained at luncheon in the great Banquet Hall; amongst those present, in addition to the Lord Mayor (who presided), the Lady Mayoress, and the leading people of Belfast, were the Dowager Lady Dufferin and Ava, Lord and Lady Shaftesbury, Lord and Lady de Ros, Lord and Lady Inverclyde, Lady Clanmorris, Lord Powerscourt, and many others. Lord Aberdeen, as usual, made a pleasant speech; Lord Shaftesbury was also amongst the speakers. Not even a distant or muffled tap of the Orange drum marred the harmony of the proceedings, where all was sweet reasonableness. What a glory it will be to Lord Aberdeen's viceroyalty if the "North" recognises that "wisdom is the principal thing," and at last, with all its getting, gets understanding. We ought to be tired by this time of trying to keep each other down in our small island. There is no knowing how far we might go if we tried "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether." The wonder is that the novelty of the idea does not appeal to us more strongly; we are so fond, as a race, of variety.

This is pre-eminently the season of crossings of the Irish Channel. The end of the London "season" brings many back to Ireland, whilst the tourist "season" takes many from the country to seek recreation in "fresh fields and pastures new" on the other side of the water, or of many waters. The Duke and Duchess of Abercorn are at Baron's Court, in Tyrone—where they went after the Duke tried the Llandrindod "cure," which has come into such fashion and favour of late. Lord and Lady Ranfurly have also returned to their home—Northland House, in the same county—whilst Lady Caledon has arrived at Caledon. Lord Kilmaine, with his son and Lady A. Browne, is to spend some weeks at Lahinch, in the county of Clare, where

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the comfortable hotel is much favoured by golfers, the Lahinch "Links" being renowned in the golf world. Lord Kilmaine has given a cup for competition to be played for some time this month, on the Lahinch Links. What a leading part the golf-ball plays in helping the tourist "industry" in the kingdom now! Scenery bored so many at tourist resorts; now they can safely frequent them, owing to golf, and need not trouble about the scenery at all. Also—the greatest advantage of all in these climes—the golfer is independent of weather; "foul or fair" is all one to him or her.—Yours ever, CLARE.

Here are three nice recipes for you.

Braised veal à la Maréchale is a useful supper dish:—

Take the bones from about 3lb. of best end of loin of veal, lay the under fillet back, and remove the surplus fat. Pound 1lb. of sausage meat with 4oz. of chopped, cooked ham, free a dozen white mushrooms from the skin and gills, chop them, sprinkling them with lemon juice to keep them white, put them into a stew-pan, sprinkle them with salt, add 2oz. of butter and a squeeze of lemon juice, and cook them with the lid on until the water draws out, then mix in 2oz. of bread crumbs and a spoonful of cream. Allow it to re-boil, and, when it is cold, mix it with the pounded meat, work in two whole eggs. Spread the forcemeat on the inside of the veal, roll it tightly, sew it with strong thread. Then tie it in a buttered cloth, sew it its length, and braise it with stock, vegetables, and herbs to flavour, for two or three hours, and leave it to cool in the liquor. Next day, remove the cloth, draw out the thread, absorb the moisture in a cloth, and brush it over with liquid glaze. Dish it with a nice border of croûtons of jelly and an outer border of chopped aspic.

Croûtes à la nouvelle are an excellent savoury:—

Fry a sufficient number of round pieces of bread in butter. Cut three hard-boiled eggs in slices, take out the yolks, pound them with montpellier butter, and rub them through a hair sieve. Replace the purée in the white rings of the eggs, placing each one on a croûte, place a stoned olive, farced with montpellier butter in the centre of each, and garnish round the edge with passed hard-boiled yolk of egg. Arrange the croûtes on a dish garnished with chopped aspic and mustard and cress.

Blanch, by boiling them in salted water, a large handful of parsley with a sprig or two each of chervil tarragon and chives. After passing them through cold water, wring them in a cloth, pound the herbs with a tablespoonful of capers, a couple of boned anchovies, the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, and 2oz. of butter. Add a tablespoonful of French vinegar at intervals, season all with salt, pepper, and a pinch of cayenne, and rub it through a hair sieve.

Mousse de Volaille is seasonable:—

Set a plain Charlotte mould with aspic jelly and decorate it with truffle and tiny cutlet-shaped pieces of green pea purée, that is set with aspic and gelatine. Place a jar filled with cold water in the centre and pour aspic round, so that when it is set, and the jar removed, it will leave a deep border of jelly. Mince a small cold boiled chicken and pound it well, add half a gill of white sauce and 2oz. of butter, season with salt and pepper, and rub it through a wire sieve. Mix the purée with a gill of liquid aspic, pour it at once into the prepared mould, with a little liquid aspic on the top. When it is turned out, garnish with alternate groups of cold green peas and cube-shaped pieces of tomato tossed in viniagrette, and an outer border of chopped aspic.

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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TO OUR READERS.

We receive hundreds of letters every week from "Readers of 'Truth.'" A large majority of the writers expect replies direct. Of the work, trouble, and expense involved in doing this we say nothing. But as experience has shown that a large number of our "Constant" and "Regular" readers who inquire about individuals with whom we have dealt in our columns over and over again are not actual subscribers to the paper, but merely occasional readers of it at clubs, libraries, or at friends' houses, we consider we must protect ourselves in the matter.

We have therefore decided that henceforth every reader who writes making an inquiry that necessitates a direct reply must enclose a stamped envelope and also a Coupon which will always be found at the foot of the 3rd page of the coloured cover. Without these no notice will be taken of the communication.

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a Coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" send replies by post.

No Coupon will be available that is over a fortnight out of date, except from correspondents residing abroad.

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ENTRE NOUS.

IT is generally expected that one result of the meeting between the King and the Emperor William will be a State visit of his Majesty and the Queen to Berlin next year. It is well known that the Emperor has been most anxious to receive this visit. It is said also that the Emperor wishes for a restoration of cordial relations between our Royal family and the Grand Duke of Hesse, intercourse having ceased since the divorce of the Grand Duchess Victoria Melita, who is now the wife of the Grand Duke Cyril Vladimirovitch.

A paragraph has gone round the Continental press, and has appeared in several of our own papers, which states that the King and Queen are to pay a visit to the Court of Spain "in the middle of September," at San Sebastian, and that they will stay there for three days, during which "official banquets will be given at Miramar, and on board the British Royal yacht." Of course, this is all a farrago of fabrications, and it is amazing that any responsible journal can have printed such palpable nonsense. No such expedition has ever for a moment been thought of, and there would have been quite as much reason in attributing to their Majesties an intention to visit Central Asia or Patagonia. The King will be in Austria during the first week of September, in England during the second week, and in Scotland during the last fortnight of next month.

It has also been announced, in a number of home newspapers, that King Alfonso is to accompany his Majesty to Doncaster races, and that the two Sovereigns will be the guests of Lord and Lady Savile at Rufford Abbey, arriving there on Saturday, September 8. It was announced in Truth several weeks ago that the King is to be the guest of Lord and Lady Savile at Rufford Abbey during Doncaster race week, and that his Majesty would arrive there on Monday, September 10, and would stay for a week, proceeding thence direct to Balmoral. There has never been any idea of the King of Spain going to Doncaster or of his staying at Rufford, and, as a matter of fact, King Alfonso and his Queen are expected back at San Sebastian by the end of next week.

The King and Queen of Spain are expected to pay a flying visit to Balmoral Castle this week. It is expected that they will drive thither by motor one day during their stay at Fyvie. The Queen of Spain has not seen Balmoral since the death of Queen Victoria, and this is her first visit to Scotland since November, 1900.

The romance about "the two Kings" being seen at Doncaster was dished up with the tale that they would not go to the races on Thursday, September 13, but that on this day they would be entertained by the Duke and Duchess of Portland at Welbeck Abbey, which place is always closed for about two months, from the middle of August, as its owners are then away in Scotland. There has not been any "entertaining" at Welbeck during Doncaster race week for at least fifteen years.

The Prince of Wales is to pay a visit this month to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon at Tulchan Lodge, Morayshire, and he will have a few days' shooting over the Advie and Tulchan moors, which are on the Seafield estate in Strathspey. During his stay at Tulchan the Prince of Wales will probably have one day's shooting

over Lady Seafield's Castle Grant moors, which are about the best in the district.

The announcement, which went round the papers last week, that after the Prince of Wales has paid his visits in Yorkshire (to the Duke of Devonshire at Bolton Abbey and to Lord Ripon at Studley Royal) he will go to Abergeldie, is incorrect. H.R.H. has some visits to pay in Scotland before he goes to Deeside, and the Princess of Wales and her children will have arrived at Abergeldie Castle from Windsor some time before the Prince gets there.

The Duchess of Albany left Claremont last week for Germany, accompanied by her cousin, Princess Louise of Wied, who has been visiting her during the last three months. The Duchess went first to Neuwied, on a short visit to the Prince and Princess of Wied, and thence to Coburg, to join the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha at the Chateau of Kallenberg. The Duchess of Albany is to be absent from England until about the middle of October, and on her homeward journey from Germany she will spend a fortnight in Holland, on a visit to her sister, the Queen Dowager of the Netherlands, at the Chateau of Soestdijk, near Utrecht.

The Princess Royal and the Duke of Fife have arrived at Mar Lodge, from Duff House, and will stay on Deeside until the end of October. It is probable that the King will visit Mar Lodge during the latter part of September, when staying at Balmoral, in order that his Majesty may take part in the annual deer drives in Mar Forest, which comprises 110,000 acres. This is one of the oldest deer forests in Scotland, having been a noted preserve for many centuries.

The Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia of Connaught will probably leave England the week after next for France, intending to make a short stay at the baths of Bagnoles de l'Orne, in Normandy.

Princess Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein have been staying for ten days at Osborne Cottage with Princess Henry of Battenberg. Prince Christian has gone to Germany for about two months, and is now taking the waters at Kissingen. Prince Christian will be present at the christenings of the infant sons of the German Crown Princess and of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

The late Duke of Rutland inherited the literary and artistic tastes of his mother (a daughter of the fifth Earl of Carlisle), who was one of the most accomplished women of her day. He was a man of very high culture. After the Duke succeeded his brother, the splendid gallery of pictures at Belvoir and the superb collections of miniatures and objects of art were overhauled and re-arranged by the late Mr. George Redford. The Belvoir gallery consisted of old masters and portraits, but many of the pictures were burnt in the fire of 1816. Several of the papers state that Belvoir is the original of Beaumanoir in "Coningsby," which is a mistake. Beaumanoir is an exact description of Stowe, and at the time when "Coningsby" was written Lord Beaconsfield had never visited Belvoir.

The Duke was one of the great territorial magnates of the country, his largest estates being in Derbyshire and Leicestershire. In addition to Belvoir he had country residences at Stanton Woodhouse, a picturesque old manor house near Rowsley, and at Longshaw, between Bakewell and Sheffield, which latter place is surrounded by many thousands of acres of grouse moors. Shortly after his succession the late Duke sold the Cambridgeshire estate for something over £250,000 to the late Colonel McCalmont, who rebuilt the house at Cheveley, where there had only been a shooting lodge since the original house was burnt about ninety years ago. Cheveley has been known for the last two centuries as one of the best sporting estates in England.

The late Duke of Rutland received his blue ribbon from Lord Salisbury in 1891. This is the first Garter which has fallen to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and it will probably be given to Lord Carrington.

Sir Alexander Moncrieff belonged to a very old Perthshire family, and he long ago gained a European reputation as a sound and eminent authority on ordnance and fortifications. He distinguished himself in the Crimea, and was afterwards specially employed by the War Office for many years in applying the well-known Moncrieff system of heavy ordnance and other valuable inventions. Sir Alexander was a man of good literary taste and high culture. He was learned in genealogy, and some years ago he printed a very interesting book for private circulation on the history of the various branches of the Moncrieff family. His own branch had long owned the Culfargie and Barnhill estates in Perthshire, and about twenty years ago Sir Alexander purchased from the trustees of the late Colonel Macdonald, of St. Martin's, the beautiful domain of Bandirran, between Perth and Coupar Angus, which was an old seat of the Drummond family. He had since passed several months of each year at Bandirran House, and he died there at the age of seventy-eight.

The death of Mrs. Brodrick, wife of Canon Brodrick, Master of St. Cross Hospital, after a long illness, has caused deep sorrow at Winchester, as she was greatly beloved by all classes. Mrs. Brodrick was the authoress of a number of successful books and magazine articles, a graceful speaker, and an excellent lecturer on literary and artistic subjects. In parochial work she was most efficient, and her tact, kindness, and generosity made her very popular.

For the Truth Hotel List, see page 417.
For Selected Foreign Hotels, see pages 416, 417.
For Amusements, see page 413.
For Appeals, see page 418.
For Our Puzzles, see pages 421, 422.

The death of Mr. Frederic Lovell, of Brockenhurst, is much regretted in the New Forest district, where he spent the greater part of his life. He was for nearly twenty years one of the elective Verderers of the New Forest, and was widely known as a vigorous defender of the rights of the commoners. He was for many seasons the very popular and efficient Master of the N.F. Deerhounds, and was a liberal supporter of the N.F. Pony Association. Mr. Lovell, who was a younger son of Mr. P. H. Lovell, of Cole Park, Wiltshire, married Lady Rose Somerset, a daughter of the seventh Duke of Beaufort. He served for eighteen years in the 1st Life Guards, and went through the Crimean War, during which he was severely wounded, and lost his left arm.

As the Grand Panjandrum of Folkestone, Lord Radnor seems to be badly served by his local representatives. Their latest performance is to prohibit people from using their own camp stools or chairs on the beach. Presumably the purpose of this edict is, as the *Folkestone Herald* suggests, to increase the revenue from the letting of chairs, and the only wonder is that the autocratic authority known as "The Estate" does not carry this policy to its logical conclusion by prohibiting people from sitting on the beach itself. The pebbly beach does not make a very comfortable seat, but still, many visitors squat upon it instead of paying a penny or twopence for a chair, as "The Estate" evidently expects them to do. It is one of the anomalies connected with the government of this fashionable watering-place that the control of the foreshore is in the hands of one man, instead of being vested, as is usual in other seaside towns, in the Corporation. But after all, Lord Radnor is himself heavily interested in the prosperity of Folkestone, and it is therefore amazing that he should permit his agents to make foolish and irksome regulations of this kind, which annoy and irritate visitors, and in the long run must seriously damage the town.

While admitting the accuracy of what I said last week about the relative cost of sleeping accommodation on trains in England and on the Continent, a correspondent states that in Germany and Austria the excess is considerably less than elsewhere, though even in those countries the prices are not so low as here. In Germany and Austria, moreover, the Sleeping-Car Company is compelled to provide second-class sleeping accommodation. According to my informant, this second-class sleeping accommodation is equal to—in fact, identical with—the first-class; but each holder of a first-class ticket is entitled to have a two-berth compartment to himself. This rule certainly minimises the grievance to which I referred so far as travellers in Germany and Austria are concerned.

"How to become a Naval Officer" contains in a concise form the new regulations, together with a full description of life at the Royal Naval Colleges at Osborne and Dartmouth.—Gieve, Mathews, & Seagrove (Ltd.), 21, George-st., Hanover-sq., W.

THE OVER-SQUEAMISH BRITAIN.

The *Daily Tel.*, it seeks to learn
If we 've too squeamish got;
Not that it really cares a durn
Whether we have or not;
'Tis just a game a paper plays
To "fill-up" in the holidays.

For Questions such it knows will catch
The public like a bait,
And letters by the ream will fetch
From folks of every state;
From "Constant Reader," "Anti-Cant,"
From "Married Man" and "Maiden Aunt,"

From "Fair-play," too, and "Common Sense,"
And all the motley crew
Who hail the chance, with glee intense,
Themselves in print to view;
But wise or silly, gay or solemn,
All 's one—they help to fill a column.

Yet—chaff apart—the question here
Which John Strange Winter raises,
And answers in her wonted clear,
Uncompromising phrases,
Is one which may right well engage
The mind of every thoughtful sage.

"Are we too Squeamish?" Is it plain
In prudish humbug's trammels
We lie, and, while at gnats we strain,
We wholesale swallow camels?
You ask me for my candid view:
I say with Winter, "Yes, we do."

Consider, now. A maiden's limb—
I daren't more plainly hint it,
Since, thoughtful for the public's whim,
My Editor'd not print it—
A maiden's limb, though clothed in stocking,
We strain at as a thing *too* shocking!

And yet for dinner when she's "drest"
(Oh, most misleading term!),
Her naked back and unclad breast
We swallow sans a squirm.
Don't think I deem this wrong, I beg;
But why shy at her stockinged l—g?

Again, when we to Paris go,
Our stomachs over-nice
Revolt with many a queasy throe
At that gay City's vice.
We strain at *that*. Perhaps we're right;
Yet swallow Regent-street at night!

Once more, how oft soft-hearted dames,
Who big subscriptions pay
To that Society whose name 's
The R.S.P.C.A.,
Turn sick to see a beaten cur,
Yet ospreys in their bonnets wear!

Still nations all *some* vice possess,
And ours—so let it be—
Consists in over-squeamishness;
E'en so, 'twixt you and me,
With all its faults, I'd have my bit on
This good old over-squeamish Britain.

Raphael's "Madonna of the Tower" has been presented to the National Gallery by Miss Mackintosh, daughter of Mr. R. J. Mackintosh, who bought it in 1856 for 480 gs. at the sale of the Rogers Gallery. This picture was sold in 1792 for 150 gs. at the sale of the Orléans Gallery, and it then passed into the Henry Hope Collection. It was exhibited at Manchester in 1857, and at Burlington House in 1903.

There still seems to be considerable misapprehension existing in regard to Dr. Ray Lankester's retirement from the directorate of the Natural History Museum. I have certainly never been a hard and fast advocate for compulsory retirement at the age of sixty of capable public servants, who are then frequently at the zenith of their powers. Nor have the trustees of the British Museum shown in the past any bias in this direction, so that, although Dr. Lankester retires in accordance with the Treasury regulation, the responsibility rests entirely with the trustees, within whose option it was to have asked him to continue his services. As to the reasons which have actuated the trustees in their decision I know no more than anyone else, but I cannot imagine that the distinguished body of gentlemen with the Prince of Wales at their head, which is responsible for the retirement, can be actuated by any other motives than the welfare of the institution it controls.

As for the question of pension, it seems to me that the Treasury has acted even generously in the matter. Dr. Lankester was not entitled to any pension at all until he had served ten years. By the time his retirement takes place he will have served nine years, and the Treasury have added six years more to the qualifying period in order to enable him to draw a pension of £300 a year. I do not see that the Treasury could have done more without creating a dangerous precedent, and my contemporaries who have commented on the parsimony of the Treasury seem to have been blinded by the fact that Dr. Lankester is a distinguished scientist. To my mind that fact does not entitle him to any different treatment to that accorded to the humblest Government official. I should be the last to question Dr. Lankester's claims to distinction, and the services he has rendered zoology might very well be acknowledged in the Civil List, but so far as his retiring allowance is concerned, the Treasury appear to have treated the matter in a liberal spirit.

Dr. Paton, Superintendent of the Research Laboratory of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, has been selected by the Government for the Regius Chair of Physiology in Glasgow University, vacant by the resignation of Professor McKendrick, who had held it for many years. This is a very good appointment, and will meet with general approval in the north. Dr. Paton, who is a son of the late Sir J. Noel Paton, the well known artist, has for some years been recognised by competent judges as a most distinguished physiologist, and he is also an expert on fishery subjects. The Chair of Physiology at Glasgow is worth about £1,100 a year.

Last week my contributor "Madge" alluded to an article in *Food and Cookery* regarding a dinner which M. Escoffier, the famous chef at the Carlton, specially prepared for the German Emperor on board one of the Hamburg-American liners. The editor of the *Evening News* tells me that the article in question originally appeared in that paper, a fact of which "Madge" was, of course, unaware when she ascribed it to another journal. I now mention the fact all the more readily as Truth constantly suffers in the same way from such unacknowledged appropriations of its contents by contemporaries.

LINES PICKED UP NEAR THE DIVORCE COURT.

(i) *(By a virtuous and indignant elderly spinster, victim of an unfortunate error.)*

Well done, Sir Judge! That sketching brute
Had really got past bearing.
You know my niece's, Rosie's, suit
Which I was called to swear in?—
If you'd believe, some artist drew
Me, Rosie's virtuous, fond aunt,
And labelled in his next issue
As "Lady Co-respondent."

(ii) *(By a fair, but frail, habituée of the Court.)*

"Oh, bother Barnes! 'Tis quite a shock.
What boots it now, when I
Am called, to sport my newest frock
And choicest millin'ry?
I loved to have them in the press
Portrayed for public view;
But now, adieu, dear D.C. dress,
Sweet *Nisi* hat, adieu!

The Bishop of Ripon has presented the Rev. L. S. Robinson, Vicar of Richmond, Yorkshire, to the important living of Bingley, Leeds, vacant by the preferment of Archdeacon Kilner to the rectory of Gargrave-in-Craven, in the presentation of Sir Matthew Wilson. Mr. Robinson succeeded Archdeacon Danks as Vicar of Richmond in 1897, and he was for three years domestic chaplain to the Bishop of Ripon. Bingley is a very large parish, and the net stipend is about £450 a year, with house.

The Rev. Hugh Singleton Wood, chaplain of Greenwich Hospital, is to succeed Archdeacon Harris as Chaplain of the Fleet. He has been a naval chaplain for twenty years.

Many names have been mentioned in connection with the See of Truro, but I have not noticed any reference in the press to the Bishop Suffragan of St. Germans, whose promotion has been strongly urged in certain influential quarters, and his appointment would be very popular in the diocese. Bishop Cornish has been placed in a somewhat awkward position, as he only became Suffragan in December last, and now his commission has lapsed, and is not likely to be renewed, as the work in the diocese of Truro is not heavy, and can be got through perfectly well without assistance. Some of the dignitaries whose names have been brought forward would probably decline the See of Truro. The stipend is comparatively small and the patronage is poor, besides which the climate of Cornwall is terribly relaxing, and this would break down many

The Cure of Consumption.—J. Hunt (London, S.W.) writes: "After having been '*given up*' as a '*hopeless victim to consumption*' by the most eminent physicians at the Brompton and Royal Chest Hospitals, I am now after nearly twenty years, enjoying good health, for which I have to thank Dr. Alabone."—"The Cure of Consumption, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh," price 2s. 6d., by E. W. Alabone, Lynton House, Highbury-quadrant, N.

men. It certainly affected both Archbishop Benson and Bishop Wilkinson.

It is understood that the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's found considerable difficulty in filling up the important living of St. Pancras, vacant by the appointment of Dr. Paget to the Suffragan Bishopric of Ipswich, in the Diocese of Norwich. Dr. Paget succeeded the present Dean of Gloucester, whose predecessor was Dr. Thorold, afterwards Bishop of Rochester and of Winchester. The Dean and Chapter have presented the Rev. Edmund L. Metcalfe, the head of the Hackney Eton Mission, who has been working in the East End of London for the last ten years with conspicuous energy and success. Mr. Metcalfe was for three years curate of Holy Trinity, Leeds, under Canon Bullock. St. Pancras was formerly worth about £2,000 a year, with house, but the net stipend is now much reduced. In the old days the Vicar drew a huge income from burial fees alone.

Some religious fanatic in the United States has added a new terror to the "snowball" method of charitable procedure by applying it to prayers instead of the collection of cash. A lady sends me a curious document to this effect received from some unknown source in America. The idea of it is that the recipient is to recite the prayer, and set nine other pious persons praying in the same form. Failing this, he, or she, is threatened with alarming consequences. After setting forth the prayer the document proceeds as follows:—

> At Jerusalem during the Holy Mass a voice was heard to say the above. It was sent by Bishop Lewis, and recommended to be sent out to nine persons. They who do not write this prayer after receiving it shall be afflicted by a great calamity; and he who pays no attention to it shall be punished by an accident. They who write this prayer for nine days, and deliver it to nine persons, by the mail, beginning with the day on which he receives it, and sending daily one each day, will receive great joy after nine days.

This is indeed a nine-days' wonder!

In the above version, the inception of the snowball prayer is attributed to Bishop Lewis, but I see that the New York correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* states that the Right Rev. William Lawrence, Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts, has been worried by the receipt of shoals of letters in consequence of the origination of the chain being fathered upon him. The annoyance has become so great that Bishop Lawrence has issued a statement denying authorship of the prayer, and attributing it to some "demented and mischievous person." The people who keep the thing rolling seem to me to come within the same category.

The following amounts have been received by me towards Lady St. Helier's Children's Holiday Fund:—J. T. F., £2 2s.; Mrs. Montague Ballard, £5; T. L. B., £5; J., 10s.; H. E. N., £1 1s.; Bengali, 10s.; M. K., £1; B. M. F., £1; Rev. E. L. Browne, £2; F. H. Cooke, 6s.; G. F., £2; "Macer," £1 1s.

I have also to acknowledge the following amounts towards the Truth Toy Fund:—Howard Ellis, 10s.; Rev. E. L. Browne, £1; Punjabi, 10s.; "Macer," £1 1s.

Not rogues but fools, is the gist of the judgment of the War Stores Commission on the conduct of the officers mainly responsible for the "preventable loss" to the taxpayer of a sum estimated as between £750,000 and £1,250,000. There was "ample evidence of a widespread system of corruption" in South Africa, but though a good number of N.C.O.s took money from contractors, only three or four commissioned officers in subordinate positions did so. It was through the stupidity and the incompetence, not the corruption, of officers that contractors piled up fortunes at the expense of the public. "Inexcusable carelessness," "extraordinary ineptitude," "a want of intelligence that is deplorable"—these are some of the epithets applied by the Commission to the officers of the Supply and Pay Departments. Really Sir William Butler's memorable allusions to "pantaloons in putties" and "harlequins in helmets," though unusual in official documents, were not at all wide of the mark. Lord Justice Farwell and his colleagues say practically the same thing in more decorous language. Some of the transactions described in the report are so amazing that in spite of the absence of any evidence of bribery by contractors it is a little difficult to accept the theory of mere crass imbecility on the part of the officers implicated. But even if this theory be accepted it does not afford very much consolation to the taxpayer, whose money has disappeared.

In view of the action for libel which Colonel Morgan successfully brought against the *Times* the report of the Commission on his case is particularly instructive. While finding no evidence to show that any fraudulent conspiracy between Colonel Morgan and the contractor Meyer and Frank Morgan, ever existed, the Commissioners say that the conduct of Colonel Morgan, who was Director of Supplies, in arranging that his brother Frank should come out to South Africa to enter the employment of Meyer at a large salary "was contrary to the spirit and letter of the King's Regulations." There is "good ground for believing that the very small number of tenderers at Pretoria and other stations is to be explained by the general knowledge that F. C. Morgan was in Meyer's employment and the suspicion so easily engendered in South Africa that no tenders would have a chance against theirs." And, finally, the Commissioners observe that "Colonel Morgan can hardly complain if his conduct in these matters has given rise to grave suspicion." Comment upon this condemnation—more severe than anything that was said by the newspaper which had to pay him damages for libel—is hardly necessary.

During the last few weeks several officers have favoured me with their opinions on the proposal for promotion by a general list, instead of regimentally, which was one of the points discussed in a recent article on "Army Reform for Officers." The general tendency of Service opinion on the subject seems to be pretty much what one would expect. A large number of officers are vehemently opposed to the abolition of the regimental system, and regard it as the

foundation of all that is great in the traditions of the British Army, and all that is most agreeable in military life. Naturally, these are all senior officers. A smaller number, judging from my correspondence, regard the system as a fruitful source of injustice to individuals, and a fatal obstacle to promotion by merit, and, consequently, a hindrance to the highest efficiency. This view—naturally again—seems to commend itself to the younger men, but it is, of course, held by others, who consider that they have suffered in their own persons by the existing system.

There does not seem to be much object in publishing individual opinions on this question, though I am pleased to receive them. They are necessarily coloured, one way or the other, by personal prepossessions or individual experiences, which lead one man to think that whatever is is right and another to think that whatever is is wrong. An officer writing from India is of opinion that the proposal to abolish the existing system could only be made by an officer who is serving on the staff, and has had little regimental experience. The surmise happens to be wrong, and I do not quite see how it could be arrived at, for the letter in which the proposal was made (with a number of others) indicated that the writer had unfavourable personal experience of the existing system; and, even without that, it is obvious that the men who have most reason to be dissatisfied with the system will be, for the most part, regimental officers who believe, rightly or wrongly, that the accidents of regimental promotion have handicapped them unfairly, and that on their merits they would have risen higher if they had been competing in an open field, instead of within the narrow limits of their respective regiments.

That many thoroughly good and efficient officers have a just grievance on this score I have no doubt. I have come across many such cases—cases where the circumstances preclude any doubt about the merits of the men concerned. It seems to me to stand to reason that the present system must introduce an undue amount of chance or luck into an officer's career. It is no use to reply, as one of my correspondents does, that luck plays a part in all professions, and in all the business of life. Of course it does, and always will. But that is no reason for adopting a system in which the element of chance has the maximum of play, and that of merit the minimum. Such a system is bound to have mischievous results, extending far beyond the mere injustice to this individual or that.

Of course, every officer who writes in defence of the existing order of things has a great deal to say about the value of regimental *esprit de corps* as a factor in the efficiency of an army. There is, doubtless, something in this point, but not one-quarter as much as those who use it suppose. The example of the Navy is quite enough to show this. The Navy has nothing analogous to the regimental system, but it has nothing to learn from the Army either in *esprit de corps* or general efficiency. The fact that a ship's company are drawn together from all quarters of the service for the brief period of each ship's commission does not prevent their taking a keen personal pride in their ship for the time being, or acquiring for that time a sort of corporate spirit of comradeship. Why should one suppose that the mere interchange of officers between different regiments of the Army would produce consequences of which there has never been any sign whatever in the Navy? It is not difficult to see that regimental *esprit de corps* has evil as well as good consequences, and I am disposed to think that the former out-number and out-weigh the latter. It has been responsible for many regrettable incidents on active service, ill-feeling, and lack of co-operation between different corps at critical moments, jealousy and friction between officers in command. That collective loyalty to the Service as a whole which constitutes *esprit de corps* in the Navy is a more useful quality, and the Army is at a disadvantage for the lack of it.

I find the following in a recent communication on the subject of officers' pay:—

> An officer with some 20 years' service, age about 40, married (with family), draws, with "fuel and light," under £220 p.a. Being married, is unable to occupy bachelor quarters in barracks, but draws no lodging allowance. Government professes to provide him with a charger free, but makes him pay 10s. a month to a groom, though the groom does less work by far than a "duty" man. The horse is only used on parade. Surely a free charger should be fed and groomed, and its saddlery be cleaned at the public expense.

I think so—and very strongly. If a man is required to be mounted for the performance of his duty, the Government should mount him, and pay all the incidental expenses. A cavalry trooper may reasonably be expected to groom his own horse; but an officer cannot reasonably be expected to do so, and consequently Government ought not to expect him to bear the cost of employing a groom. The arrangement implies that officers have to pay out of their own pockets a part of the cost of keeping up the Army. This idea is altogether wrong, and ought to be abandoned all round. An officer might just as well be expected to pay for the ammunition that his men use in musketry training.

In the above case, also, it seems to me that a man has a right to complain of not getting lodging allowance. Being a taxpayer myself, I do not think that the country should be called upon to provide quarters for the wives of all officers and for all the children that they present to their husbands. On the contrary, I think that matrimony should not be encouraged among junior officers, any more than among the rank and file. But when a man gets to a certain age—say thirty, for the sake of argument—his right to acquire a wife should be recognised, and arrangements be made accordingly; and as years go on the possibility of other encumbrances following should also be taken into account by his employers. As women and children are not wanted in barracks, and cannot be very comfortable there, it should be recognised that the man must live elsewhere, and he should have a suitable lodging allowance accordingly. There could

Jeffrey & Co.'s Artistic Wall Papers are on view at their New Showrooms, The Wallpaper Gallery, 31, Mortimer-st., W. To be had of all decorators.—Factory, 64, Essex-rd., Islington, N.

be no reasonable objection to this, if the principle of marrying "with leave" and having a certain number of married men "on the strength" were extended to the commissioned ranks.

Something was said in last week's TRUTH as to the right of colour-sergeants serving in India to the additions which were made to the pay of the rank by an Army Order of February last—6d. a day in pay, and a further 6d. as extra duty pay in the case of men performing the duty of company accountant. Another letter that I have since had from India puts the matter in a stronger light. The writer points out that everywhere but in India a colour-sergeant gets a 1s. a day for his work as company accountant, but in that country only seven rupees a month; so that the man in India is actually worse off to the extent of £1 a month, and there is certainly nothing in Indian service which can be considered as a compensation for this loss. A company officer in India gets an allowance of one rupee a day, and the idea seems to be that this is to pay for clerical work in connection with the company accounts; but if that is the intention the money ought to go to the colour-sergeant, if he does the work.

By the way, I am glad to hear that orders have recently been issued under which second-class accommodation on transports is to be given to colour-sergeants, "whenever available." I urged some time ago that this ought to be done, and it is always encouraging to know that the seed has fallen on good ground and borne fruit.

At Sheerness recently an able seaman on H.M.S. *Black Prince* received a telegram stating that his mother was dead. He applied for leave to attend the funeral, but it was refused on the ground that the ship might leave any day for Ireland. Next day a petty officer received news of a relative's death. He was given leave, and told that if the ship left before it expired he was to join her at Belfast. Why should less consideration be shown for the feelings of a bereaved seaman than for those of a petty officer?

The working of a new promotion rule in the Indian Opium Department has created a good deal of discontent among the gazetted officers. Prior to 1904 every officer entering this service was entitled to expect that in the ordinary course of events—that is, unless he actually did something deserving of the punishment involved in a refusal of promotion—he would rise to the Rs.900 grade, and thus be able on retirement to draw the maximum pension of Rs.5,000 per annum. Up to this grade vacancies were filled up as they occurred by the advancement of each officer in his turn, promotion by selection only beginning when the Rs.1,000 grade was reached. By the new rule, however, promotion to the Rs.900 grade is also made by "selection for ability and good service," with the result that at the discretion of the opium agent under whom they serve a number of officers may be permanently cut off from the salary and the pension which they would have obtained under the old order of things. In theory promotion by selection is, of course, an ideal system; but in practice it facilitates acts of favouritism, especially when its operation is wholly in the hands of one man. Certainly such a system ought not to be introduced to the detriment of existing officers who have entered the service on the clear understanding that they would be promoted by seniority.

The report of the Indian Police Commission, published three years ago, contained the following strongly-worded passage concerning the superintendents of police in the Presidency towns:—

> These superintendents are for the most part promoted from the lower ranks of the European staff, and as a class they do not possess the character, intelligence, and education requisite for the supervision of police work in large cities, nor can they afford the Commissioner of Police the assistance and relief which he requires and which he could obtain from officers in whose integrity and capacity he had full confidence. The Commission recommend therefore that the post of superintendent should be filled by officers of the rank of district superintendent in the regular police force in the province, to be styled Deputy Commissioners, who could be given a special house and other allowances.

By a resolution of the Government of India of March, 1905, this recommendation was accepted, and the appointment of superintendent of police as then existing in Calcutta and Bombay was abolished. Objection was, however, taken to this course by the Governor of Bombay (Lord Lamington), with the result that the present superintendents will be retained, and, so far as they are concerned, there will be no change in organisation. In Calcutta no such arrangement has been made. On the contrary, it is understood that the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, who was the president of the Police Commission, is determined to carry out his recommendation in Calcutta at the earliest convenient opportunity.

At present it is not convenient to the Bengal Government to get rid of the superintendents of police in Calcutta. Some time ago these officers inquired when they might expect to be relieved of their appointments, and what provision would be made for them in the future. The reply was that they might not be relieved for years, as there were no officers in the province available to relieve them, and that no definite information could be given as to their future prospects. But the fact is that they are being kept on to complete the pending reorganisation of the force, for this job could not be undertaken by officers brought in from districts where they have had no experience of the peculiar conditions of police work in a Presidency town. The retention of the Calcutta superintendents, in these circumstances, puts them in a most unpleasant and unfair position. The class to which they belong has been stigmatised in the most public way as lacking in intelligence, integrity, and capacity. If this charge is applicable to them, it is manifestly wrong that they should be continued in their appointments for an indefinite period and entrusted with the execution of

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THE PRESERVATION of HEALTH is the subject of interesting remarks of Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., on page 420.

the reorganisation scheme. If it is not applicable to them personally, they should surely be given some such guarantee as has been given to the present superintendents in Bombay.

There is a strong feeling in Calcutta that the slur that was cast upon the superintendents by the Police Commission was utterly undeserved, and it is understood that various influential public bodies intend to make representations on the subject to the Government of India. It is a subject that certainly merits the sympathetic consideration of the Viceroy. Even if it should be deemed desirable to carry out eventually the recommendation of the Commission—and many experienced persons in the Presidency towns are of a contrary opinion—there is no reason or excuse whatever for treating the existing officers with such reprehensible injustice.

MY FAVOURITE PAPER.

By grandma *Times* some swear,
To the *Standard* some adhere,
  Some vow the *Morning Post's* a perfect nailer;
Some the *Telegraph* they choose,
Some the *Chronicle* or *News*,
  But, for my part, I'm a fervent *Daily Mail*-er.

The *Times* I find so stodgy,
While in bulk it's rather podgy,
  And the *Standard's* so Conservatively frantic;
And the *Tel.*—there's too much in 't,
And the *Post* dull facts *will* print;
  But the *Daily Mail's* right breezily romantic.

For the dullest rag, I wis,
Can report a thing that *is*;
  'Tis nothing but mechanical relation.
But to serve up fresh and hot
Things of interest that are *not*
  Is creative work of high imagination.

If Herodotus, the famed,
Who by pedants has been blamed
  For blending with his facts such glaring snorters;
If that "History's Pa," I say,
Were alive and here to-day,
  He'd be chief of all the *Daily Mail's* reporters.

Or if Plutarch, who, 'tis said,
Wrote history from his head,
  And livened up his "Lives" with many a fable;
If *he* now lived, the *Mail*
Would his genius gladly hail,
  And seat him at its editorial table.

On novels new my store
Of cash I spend no more,
  Nor with fiction more my bookshelves am adorning.
What need such works to buy
For four-and-six, when I
  For one halfpenny get better every morning?

Then Harmsworth's darling, hail!
Dear, breezy *Daily Mail*,
  Thou consecrated offspring of the Fancies!
Long may'st thou pull my leg,
As I eat my morning egg,
  With thy fascinating Carmelite romances!

"One of the Prettiest Spots in England"—Dormans Park Hotel Dormans, Surrey (L. B. & S. C. R.). Write to Manager for Illustrated Booklet and Terms. An Ideal run for Motorists, 28 miles from London or Brighton.

I forget whether Father Vaughan said anything about marriage broking in his diatribes on the sins of the "Smart Set." If he omitted to do so the Townshend inquiry must now have shown him that he missed a rare chance for the exercise of his remarkable power of invective. It is a matter on which he might have used strong language with better justification than he had for some of his philippics. Of course, I do not for a moment wish to imply that the parties concerned in the Townshend case belong to what is usually known as the "Smart Set." The latter have sins enough of their own to answer for, goodness knows, without being saddled with those of another class of society. No, the "Seedy" or the "Shady Set" would be a more appropriate name for some of the persons whose doings have figured most prominently in the inquiry before Mr. Justice Bucknill. At the same time it is nonsense to pretend that there is anything very uncommon in such arrangements as were made by his so-called friends in connection with the marriage of the Most Honourable John James Dudley Stuart, Marquis Townshend. A good many worthy people have been shocked at the idea of a nobleman being hawked about on commission in the matrimonial market for all the world as if he were a mining concession or something in that line. But, as a matter of fact, this kind of marriage broking, where a title is offered for cash, has long been a more or less recognised industry in the society which—with or without the prefix "Smart"—it is customary to spell with a capital "S."

In the present case some unknown "gentleman of title" is said to have first suggested that the impoverished and weak-minded Marquis should secure a wife with plenty of money, and, according to the witness Robins, Lord Townshend was "very nearly" married to an enormously wealthy American heiress. Apparently it was after this failure that Lady Fawcett and Mr. Dunne, the Somerset House clerk, undertook to find the Marquis a rich wife on the terms arranged with his lordship's self-styled "factotum," Robins, which were disclosed at the inquiry. It was a fitting climax to the sordid story of this amazing marriage that the father-in-law, who had been counted upon to pay down £27,500, should turn out to be an undischarged bankrupt with liabilities amounting to a quarter of a million. Dunne is evidently aggrieved because he only received a small percentage of the commission for which he bargained. But really this worthy marriage broker seems to be a very incompetent hand at the business, or he would not have allowed himself to be so easily deceived with regard to Mr. Sutherst's financial position.

As to Mr. Sutherst's part in the affair, the Judge expressed the view that it "reflected very little credit upon him." Most people will hold that this censure does not, at any rate, err on the side of severity. I think most people will also be of opinion that the person who has come best out of the investigation is the Marquis himself. He seems an amiable, not wholly unintelligent, but decidedly feeble-willed man, and the verdict of the jury that he is not of such unsound mind as

to be incapable of managing himself and remaining at liberty, but that he is incapable of managing his affairs, was fully justified by the evidence. It is, however, a droll commentary on our system of hereditary legislators that, although he is thus found to be incapable of managing his own affairs, this nobleman, as a member of the House of Lords, is still supposed to be capable of helping to manage the affairs of the nation.

One of the most satisfactory features of this inquiry has been Mr. Justice Bucknill's firm stand against the practice of suppressing names or communicating matters privately to the jury. He very properly insisted upon the public disclosure of one or two names which witnesses desired to withhold, and also upon the reading openly in court of a letter which, it had been suggested, only the judge and jury should see. "If," said his lordship, "you come into a public court of justice, where something very disagreeable may come out, you must put up with it. I don't like this hole and corner way of doing things." The practice in question has increased a good deal during the past few years, and in the interests of a proper administration of justice it ought to be stopped.

FROM LINCOLN'S INN.

Yes, Justice Bucknill, yes; you're right:
Those who 've a shady case,
And bring it to the Law Court's light
The consequence must face.

One can't make public property
Only what suits one's side;
But, what does *not*, from public eye
Coolly expect to hide.

As well might those the mud who raise
In ponds essay to stop
That mud from following Nature's ways,
And rising to the top.

One of the creditors sends me an account that he has received from the Senior Official Receiver of the winding-up of a concern called the Geddes Manufacturing Company, Limited. The assets realised £54 15s. 1d., which was insufficient to pay the costs of the winding-up. Board of Trade and court fees absorbed £18, and after payment of various other charges only £17 11s. 11d. was left to meet the law costs of the petition, which had been taxed at £29 2s. 7d. It certainly seems scandalous on the face of it that more than half the assets should be swallowed up in official fees and law costs; but at the same time I do not see how under any conceivable system anything is likely to be saved for the creditors from the winding-up of a company with such a small estate.

A serious defect in the law with regard to the licensing of theatres, as well as a gross injustice to a licensee, is revealed by the case of Mr. Albany Ward, lessee of the Empire, Oxford. The City Bench have granted an annual dramatic licence for this theatre for the last sixteen years, and Mr. Ward has been the licensee since 1900. In June he applied for the usual renewal. It was understood that the Bench had before them a report by the Watch Committee in opposition to the renewal, but there was no disclosure of the contents of the report, or even of the grounds on which this opposition was based. No statement or evidence was tendered to the court of any sort of objection to the theatre or complaint against the management. The only witnesses examined were those called in support of the application. With regard to the structural suitability of the building for the purpose of a theatre it was shown that some recommendations which the magistrates made two or three years ago were duly carried out. As to the management, several citizens testified that the theatre was well conducted.

Mr. Ward was questioned as to some alleged disturbances by undergraduates. He said that the Empire was not so much patronised by undergraduates as the other theatre, but he admitted that on one or two occasions, in spite of his efforts to preserve order, they had got noisy and excited. He added that he had heard of this happening at the other theatre. On this evidence the Bench, without giving reasons for their decision, refused to renew the licence. Section 20 of the Theatres Act, 1843, provides for an appeal to Quarter Sessions against "any order" of the licensing justices. Mr. Ward appealed, but the Recorder was of opinion that the justices' mere refusal to grant the licence did not amount to an "order," and that even if it did, it was not such an "order" as was contemplated by the words of the section. The Recorder accordingly held that the appeal must fail, though he postponed his formal judgment for a period of three weeks—expiring on Saturday next—to enable Mr. Ward to carry out certain engagements before the theatre is closed.

Such is the position in which the case now stands. It seems to me difficult to conceive anything more flagrantly unjust. The licensee of the smallest public-house has a right of appeal against the refusal of his licence. But if the Recorder of Oxford has correctly interpreted the law, the holder of a theatrical licence is absolutely at the mercy of the magistrates. For any reason, or no reason at all, and without hearing a scrap of evidence in support of such a course, they may arbitrarily refuse to renew a theatre licence, and because the mere refusal does not constitute an "order" within the meaning of the law (though it virtually involves the confiscation of a valuable property), the licensee possesses no right of appeal.

It may be added that some of the members of the Watch Committee who had previously in camera resolved to oppose the licence sat as magistrates at the hearing of the application, that the vice-chairman of this committee is the managing director of the other Oxford theatre, and that one of the J.P.s on the Bench (though he did not adjudicate) is the owner of a plot of land nearly opposite the Empire on which it is proposed to erect a new theatre. There may be no significance in these facts, but they certainly do not impart a pleasanter aspect to the affair. Moreover, as though the refusal of his theatre licence were not a

sufficient hardship, Mr. Ward has now been prohibited from holding open-air entertainments in a field adjoining the Iffley-road. Here again no reason whatever has been given for what has been done. The entertainments have simply been prohibited by the Mayor under the authority of a local Act.

In the interests of commercial morality, as well as for the protection of the poor crofters engaged in the Harris tweed industry, the prosecution by the Board of Trade at the Thames Police Court last week is to be welcomed. The defendant, a tailor in the Minories, offered "Harris tweed suits" at 32s. 6d., his advertisement stating that he was enabled to do this by means of "arrangements with the Highland peasants," and that his suits were equal to those worn by "the well-dressed aristocrat." Of course, the description of this cheap stuff as "Harris tweed" was false, and the reference to the "Highland peasants" aggravated the fraud. I consider, therefore, that Mr. Mead, the magistrate, was perfectly justified in inflicting a sentence of imprisonment instead of a fine, though, seeing that this was the first prosecution for this particular offence, two months' imprisonment was, perhaps, rather a stiffer punishment than was required.

By the way, I have received from the Irish Industrial Development Association, Cork, a copy of a correspondence which that body has had with a firm of woollen manufacturers in Yorkshire. It appears that this firm, in common with others in Yorkshire, has been in the habit of marking and selling some of its tweeds as "Donegal tweeds." The association pointed out that this was contrary to the provisions of the Merchandise Marks Act, and the firm have promised to cease using the word "Donegal" on their goods, though they say that it has been well known to their customers that the word referred only to the style or design of the cloth, not to the place where it was manufactured. This may be so, but the marking of Yorkshire made tweeds as Donegal tweeds is obviously wrong, and in order to avoid possible unpleasant consequences, the other Yorkshire firms adopting this brand would now do well to drop it.

To place money for infant legatees in the care of the County Court is doubtless a safe and prudent proceeding, but the following case shows that it has the disadvantage of being extremely expensive. Three girls were left £20 each under the will of an uncle, whose executor paid the £60 into the Westminster County Court for investment in the Post Office Savings Bank till they came of age. Recently the eldest of the legatees became entitled to her money, and inquiry was made of the Registrar of the Court as to what steps she should take for its withdrawal. He replied that a petition must be presented to the Court asking for the Judge's order for the payment of the £20 and accrued interest, such petition to be supported by an affidavit proving that the young lady had come of age, and identifying her as one of the legatees referred to in the will. It was also suggested that the petition should ask for liberty to apply in chambers when the time arrived for the payment of the two other legacies, so as to save the expense of a further application by petition.

This course was adopted, but it necessitated the employment of solicitors, and the result is that in obtaining the payment out of Court of the £20 (and eventually of the two remaining legacies) costs have been incurred to the amount of £11 7s. 3d., which included £4 17s. 7d. for court fees and other disbursements. This seems to be an unreasonably heavy expenditure in connection with the withdrawal from a County Court of so small a sum as £60, and a simpler and cheaper mode of procedure in such matters might surely be devised.

At Liverpool Police-court last week, John Charles Parkinson, a solicitor practising in that city and residing at Southport, was fined £20 and costs for defrauding the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company by travelling without having previously paid his fare. It was alleged that he had systematically practised an ingenious method of defrauding the company, and it appeared that in 1898 he was summoned and fined on three informations for similar offences. There are people with such peculiar consciences that they can see nothing wrong in cheating a railway company, though they would scorn to cheat any one else. But it is desirable that the Discipline Committee of the Law Society should consider whether a gentleman twice convicted of this moral obliquity should remain a member of an honourable profession.

The Judges have lately been coming down on the bloodsuckers with a severity which stands out in pleasing contrast to the tolerance that has too generally been accorded to these gentry. Two cases of the kind occurred last week, and by a coincidence the usurer concerned in one of them was the man Burgess, alias "Richards and Co.," whose awkward predicament owing to his registration having been allowed to lapse for several months, was described in an article in last week's Truth. This question of his registration did not arise, however, in the action before the Lord Chief Justice in which Burgess was the plaintiff. The action was reported in most of the daily papers on Thursday, but reported in a manner which gave a most imperfect idea of the rapacity, not to say rascality, that Burgess had displayed in the case.

The defendant was a clerk in a shipowner's office who, in April, 1902, borrowed from Burgess £45, repayable in instalments, with interest at the rate of 70 per cent. per annum. The loan was required by the defendant to meet certain expenses, which he expected to be reimbursed, but this expectation was not fulfilled, and before the end of the year he borrowed from Burgess two further sums of £40 and £71 respectively, making a total of £156. Burgess, as the Lord Chief Justice said, found out at an early date that in the defendant he was dealing with a perfectly

honest man—a man who could be squeezed—and he availed himself of this knowledge to bleed him remorselessly. In a series of promissory note transactions the defendant's indebtedness to Burgess went up by leaps and bounds, though he received no more cash. He submitted to this extortion owing to a fear that the matter would come to the ears of his employers—a fear on which Burgess unscrupulously traded by sending messages to him at his office and by threatening to make him a bankrupt. As the outcome of a system of intimidation which was morally indistinguishable from a system of blackmailing, this unfortunate borrower in a little over two years paid Burgess no less than £281 7s. 6d. in return for loans amounting to £156, and still owed a further sum of £158 10s.

Not content with what he had already obtained, Burgess imprudently sued the defendant for the balance outstanding on the last of the promissory notes. The action was defended, and the Court was asked to grant the borrower relief under the Moneylenders Act. The Lord Chief Justice had no hesitation in doing so. He found that Burgess had unjustly and inequitably taken advantage of the defendant's difficulties to extort excessive rates of interest. His lordship therefore directed that the various transactions between the parties should be re-opened, and that Burgess should refund to the defendant any sum that the latter had paid in excess of the amount actually advanced, with interest at 25 per cent. The result is that instead of getting his full pound of flesh, this City Shylock has to disgorge a substantial portion—over £50—of the plunder he had secured, and also to pay the defendant's costs.

In the other case, which was tried before Mr. Justice Kekewich, the moneylenders are registered under the title of The Equitable Investment Company, Limited. The plaintiff was a lady, who, being in pressing want of funds, obtained a loan of £400 from the company on a mortgage of a farm valued at £850. The deed which she signed at the company's office, and which she alleged was not explained to her, turned out to be a mortgage for £500 (not £400) at 5 per cent. interest, payable at the end of six months; and she now claimed to have the transaction reopened under the Moneylenders Act. For the company it was contended that the plaintiff knew that she was to be charged a bonus of £100 for the loan; but Mr. Justice Kekewich did not believe this story. He was of opinion that the plaintiff had been defrauded and that the transaction was a swindle, and accordingly, in pursuance of the practice of the Court of Chancery, and without reference to the Moneylenders Act, he granted a declaration that the mortgage should stand only as security for the £400 actually advanced, and interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum. The mis-named Equitable Investment Company has thus been given an evidently much-needed lesson in equity.

Justice has at last overtaken one Maxwell Boyle, of Glendarragh, Ederney, Fermanagh, a J.P. for the County Cavan, who, at the Dublin City Commission last week pleaded guilty to a charge of writing a defamatory libel in a letter addressed to a young woman. The prisoner advertised for a housekeeper, and the letter in question, which was sent to one of the applicants for the situation, was stigmatised by Mr. Justice Wright as a most abominable production—so abominable that it was difficult to believe that anyone in his right senses could have written such a thing. Counsel for the defence suggested that "apart from this particular failing, the prisoner was a gentleman of character and good repute"! A pickpocket might just as well talk about his character and good repute "apart" from his larcenies. Boyle is really a scoundrel whose conduct towards women has been notorious in his own neighbourhood for years, and he has got off lightly with a sentence of six months' imprisonment.

The West Powder Bench at Truro have been commended to my attention by several correspondents on account of their decision in a case the other day, when two farmers, named William A. Richards and Isaac J. Richards, were convicted of assaulting Frank Capel, a labourer, and his wife. Capel was haymaking, and after complaining that he did not work fast enough, Isaac Richards knocked him down, kicked him on the head, and "pounded him" in a savage manner. He also kicked Capel's wife. After this treatment the couple went home, but they were followed by William Richards, who, entering their cottage, knocked Capel down and kicked him. Capel then went to a neighbouring village for the police, and in his absence his wife was again assaulted. On his return, Capel was waylaid by both the defendants, who had thrown him to the ground when the constable arrived and prevented his further ill-treatment. The defendants departed for the time being, but in the middle of the night they came back to the cottage and threw stones through the windows, smashing nearly every pane of glass. Evidence as to the injuries sustained by Capel and his wife was given by a medical man.

The bench unanimously found that the case against the defendants was proved—a finding which implied that in absolutely denying all these allegations the defendants were guilty of perjury. Clearly the only adequate punishment for these two ruffians was a stiff sentence of imprisonment. Instead of inflicting it, however, the bench simply imposed fines and costs amounting in the aggregate to £15 11s. 10d., the Chairman (Sir George Smith) at the same time reminding the defendants that this was not their first appearance before the Court for assaults, and telling them that if they came again the magistrates "would seriously consider whether a fine would meet the case"! If such a series of assaults had been committed by two labourers on their employer and his wife, the bench—quite properly—would not have allowed the accused the option of paying fines, and it is a flagrant failure of justice that these farmers have been let off in that way.

For Mosquito Bites, Wasp or Bee Stings, nothing allays the irritation so quickly as Scrubb's Cloudy Fluid Ammonia. Price 1s. per bottle. Beware of imitations.

That justice should be tempered with mercy is an excellent rule, but, as my Legal Pillory shows, magistrates are too apt to let mercy override justice altogether in dealing with offences against the person. It is, for instance, a ridiculous travesty of justice—as one of the magistrates recognised—that hooligans guilty of such brutal and unprovoked outrages as those reported from Bishop's Castle should be given the option of paying a fine instead of being committed to gaol. The same criticism applies to the decisions at Buxton, Stockport, and Nottingham, the last-named case being particularly instructive as an illustration of the views of the Bench with regard to the punishment that should be awarded to a wife-beater for "a very serious assault," which "might have killed the woman." So much compassion is lavished on undeserving ruffians of this type that the Great Unpaid never seem to have any left for the petty thief, the poacher, or the vagrant. Just now, indeed, their worships appear to be especially busy in inflicting sentences of hard labour on the homeless wanderers who, in this hot weather, excusably prefer to sleep out rather than be cabined, cribbed, and confined in the stifling atmosphere of the common lodging-house or the workhouse casual ward:—

Perth Sheriff Court. Before Hon. Sheriff-Substitute Nicholson. Alexander Harris, convicted of assaulting his wife by seizing and compressing her throat, and striking her about the face; with assaulting his step-daughter by striking her in the face with his fists; and with committing a breach of the peace. Fined £2.

Nottingham Police Court. Before Messrs. J. T. Spalding and J. H. Bradwell. George Mitchell, charged with assaulting his wife. He threw a flat-iron at her, the missile striking her on the side of the head. The magistrates said it was a very serious assault; he might have killed the woman. Fined 20s.

Buxton Police Court. Before Messrs. A. W. Wall and F. Rowland. Three men, named Durkan, Merry, and Coleman convicted of assaulting Charles Watts. He was knocked about in a brutal manner, his injuries including a wound on the head three and a half inches in length and extending to the bone. Fined 20s. each, including costs.

Boston Borough Police Court. Before the Mayor and Mr. F. Harrison. Frank Lancing, charged with assaulting John W. D. Wyse by knocking him down and striking him about the head and body whilst he was on the ground. Fined 10s. and costs.

Doncaster Police Court. Frances Walton, charged with unlawfully wounding Julia Grant by striking her about the head with a poker, rendering her unconscious. The charge was reduced to one of common assault, and defendant fined £3.

Perth Sheriff Court. Before Hon. Sheriff-Substitute Nicholson. Joseph Allison and Wm. Ferrie, charged with poaching. Ferrie fined £2; Allison committed to prison for 30 days.

Brentwood Police Court. Before Mr. B. Tabrum. George Smith, charged with sleeping out, and having no visible means of subsistence. Seven days.

Nottingham Police Court. Before Messrs. W. L. Hardstaff and J. H. Bradwell. Harry Cousins, charged with stealing a pair of spectacles from a stall in the market place. One month.

Eastbourne Borough Police Court. Before the Mayor and other magistrates. George Curtis, charged with sleeping out. Seven days.

Lindsey Police Court. Before the Rev. Canon Hutton, and Messrs. E. Pratt, F. H. Hutton, and P. C. Wright. John Frederick Swaby and Christopher Janney, charged with trespassing in search of game. Fined £1 17s. each.

Lewes Police Court. Before the Mayor. John Devany, charged with sleeping out. Seven days.

Belper Petty Sessions. Before Sir J. G. N. Alleyne, and other magistrates. Isaac Coleman and John Bollington, charged with trespassing in search of game. Fined 40s. each and costs, and in default of payment committed to gaol for one month.

Wakefield Police Court. Robert Sandy, Samuel Whitaker, and James Hobson, charged with stealing old iron, value 7s., from a brickyard. One month each.

Colchester Police Court. Before Mr. W. G. Benham. Thomas H. Seagar, charged with sleeping out in a meadow. Seven days.

Stockport Police Court. Before the Mayor, Messrs. L. Rivett, A. Berry, and H. A. Johnstone, and Colonel C. E. Wilkin. James Gallagher, charged with assaulting Patrick Tuhay. Without any provocation defendant struck him a violent blow in the face, breaking his spectacles, and then threw him down and tried to bite him. There were many previous convictions against the defendant. Fined 20s. and costs.

Aylsham Police Court. Before Major Marsham and other justices. Herbert Kerrison, charged with assaulting Edith Tortice, a neighbour. While under the influence of drink he went into her garden and threw her down against a door, cutting her head open. Fined 5s., including costs.

Ipswich Police Court. Before the Mayor, and Messrs. J. H. Grimwade, S. R. Anness, W. O. White and R. D. Fraser. Robert Murray, charged with doing wilful damage to the amount of 2s. 6d. by breaking a public-house window. Fourteen days.

Diss Petty Sessions. Before Mr. F. Taylor and other magistrates. Wm. Brown, charged with sleeping out in a field. Fourteen days.

Mansfield Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. T. Taylor, G. Stevenson, J. P. Thompson, T. Savage, and C. H. Kitchen. Arthur Musgrave and Arthur Richardson charged with trespassing in search of game. Fined 40s. each; in default one month.

Bishop's Castle Borough Police Court. Before the Mayor and Mr. A. H. Sykes. George Simons, John Price, and John Wardman, charged with assaulting Wm. C. Haring and Stanley Harrison. Because he refused to give one of the defendants a drink all three set upon Haring, knocking him down and kicking him severely on the face and body. He still bore marks of the shocking ill-usage that he had received. With the aid of a fourth man, who could not be identified, defendants also savagely assaulted Harrison. Fined £5 each, including costs. Mr. Sykes said it was a most abominable and brutal assault, and if he had had his way defendants would have been sent to prison for two months, without the option of a fine.

At an inquest at Parkhurst Prison on Saturday it came out that a convict known to be subject to epileptic attacks had been condemned to three days' solitary confinement in a matted cell for a breach of the prison rules. When the warder made his round in the morning the convict was found dead on the floor of the cell, and his death was attributed to syncope during an epileptic attack. To a juryman's suggestion that this epileptic ought not to have been punished with solitary confinement, the coroner sapiently replied that "prison rules had to be enforced." But even prison rules should be carried out with some regard for common humanity and common sense, and it seems to me that neither quality was displayed in the treatment of this afflicted prisoner.

The following experience of what seems to have been an impudent swindle is related by a gentleman who was last year awarded the medal of the Royal Photographic Society for certain tricolour photographs. Early in the present year he received a letter inviting him to send these photographs to Paris for exhibition. The letter had the printed heading:

Deuxième Exposition Internationale de la Photographie et des Arts, Sciences, et Industries qui s'y rattachent. Paris, 1906. Grand Palais des Champs Elysées. Telephone 709-84.

It was signed "Le Commissaire Général, L. Gastine." Believing that it was a genuine affair, the owner of the photographs forwarded them, together with a small fee that was demanded for space for their exhibition. No acknowledgment reached him, but in June a letter came intimating that the exhibition was postponed till next year. This letter had the same heading as before, but stamped across it was a new address, "Bureaux, 13, Avenue de la Motte, Picquet," and the signature was "p.p. le Commissaire Général, Charpentier."

Applications were at once made both by letter and telegram for the return of the photographs. These communications, however, were not answered, and

Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Nearly 8,000 convictions last year. Complaints marked 'Private.' absolutely confidential.—Secretary, 105, Jermyn-st., London.

subsequent inquiries in Paris have elicited the information that the whole thing was a fraud, and that the parties who carried it out cannot be traced. It will probably be found that many other persons have been victimised in the same way. No doubt the dating of the first letter from the Grand Palais facilitated the fraud, and it is to be hoped that the authorities there will in future take better care that that address is not used by swindlers.

The "Railway Clearance Sale" tricksters seem to have been pretty busy of late in Monmouthshire and South Wales. One of the firms, trading under the name of Messrs. Walkerly and Co., of Fore-street, London, E.C., heads its circular "Important Railway Notice! By order of the Companies," and announces that it has been "specially appointed and instructed to commence the sale of delayed and damaged goods." Another gang, describing themselves as "Steward and Co., Commission Salesmen, of London and Liverpool," introduce themselves as "having again been instructed by the several railway companies to carry out their annual sale of all kinds of merchandise which has accumulated on their hands during the past year through delay in delivery, non-payment of charges, and other causes." In either case the statements are so manifestly false, and the attempt to palm off shoddy goods under such pretence so obviously fraudulent, that it seems to me that an active and wideawake chief constable of a county or borough would have a good opportunity of distinguishing himself and benefiting the public if he would prosecute the gentry in question for attempting to obtain money by false pretences.

A week or two ago I received some inquiries from Eastbourne respecting a young American who had visited the town and had extracted fees from various boarding-house keepers on pretence of booking rooms for visitors, the fees being ostensibly for placing the name and address on the books of the firm of Colyer and Colyer, estate agents, of 3, Featherstone-buildings, High Holborn. I sent a representative to interview the firm, and the lady clerk who was in sole charge, while explaining that the principal was absent, assured my representative that on his return to town Mr. Colyer would be only too glad to demonstrate the bona fides of the business. The interview for this purpose has now been indefinitely postponed, for at the hands of the Scarborough magistrates Colyer has been sentenced to six months' hard labour for defrauding Scarborough hotel keepers, while the firm has been ejected from its office owing to inability to pay the rent. The case is useful, not only as a warning to landladies and hotel proprietors not to pay fees in advance, but also as a much needed object-lesson to rogues of the Colyer stamp who prey upon them.

There seems to be great activity amongst bogus agencies of all kinds just now, and especially amongst those which prey upon the proprietors of schools. The latest example brought under my notice is the work of a person calling himself H. Newton Lane, and describing himself as secretary of "The Scholastic Registration Association," of James Street. Lane wrote the other day to the proprietress of a ladies' college on the Norfolk coast on behalf of an old client, "now quartered in the Bombay Presidency," offering to place two girls, aged 10 and 12, for three years at the school for an inclusive charge of £60 per annum for each child. He said the school had been recommended to him by a clergyman of his acquaintance as being likely to suit his client's requirements, and an immediate reply was necessary in order that the girls might be provided for. As, however, he is "not allowed to do any business with schools not on our register" Mr. Lane felt that he "must ask" for a fee of one guinea to be forwarded with the reply if the offer was entertained. Mr. Newton Lane also asked that, in order to save time, communications should be addressed to his private house, 179, Replingham-road, Merton-road, Wimbledon, from whence he was writing, as he was just recovering from a short illness and was endeavouring to attend to a few urgent matters therefrom.

The lady who received the offer very wisely replied that she would be pleased to pay the usual percentage for introduction, plus the guinea agency fee, when arrangements for the entry of the girls had been completed, with the result that she received a further communication from Lane, stating that "our rules render it quite impossible for me to do anything more until you are on our register, unless I pay the fee *myself*, and it would be manifestly unjust to *others* who are already on the register to waive those rules in individual cases." At this point the correspondence was forwarded to me, and I at once took steps to find out something about Mr. Newton Lane. He is, however, a gentleman of so retiring a nature that it is difficult to learn much about him. His "Scholastic Registration Association," of James-street, is not discoverable in the directory, while the private house, 179, Replingham-road, where he is recovering from a short illness, turns out to be a little confectioner's shop, where, at intervals, he has for some months past received letters addressed to him in a variety of names. His methods are reminiscent of the man Ridley Carr, alias Paget, and if Carr had not been sentenced in March last to twelve months' hard labour, I should certainly have concluded that Newton Lane was only another alias of that rascal. At any rate, he seems to be making strong efforts to qualify himself for sharing Carr's retirement.

A medical practitioner sends me a circular with which he has been favoured by a concern called The Ebor Educational Agency, 10, St. Oswald's Terrace, York. It suggests that "when on his daily rounds" he should "ascertain in the ordinary course of conversation, without letting the parents think he is interested in the matter, whether they are likely to be sending their sons or daughters away to school," and, if so, that he should forward their names to the agency together with any other particulars that he can give. One guinea is promised him for every pupil the agency places at a school through his introduction. "We have," says the circular, "many doctors in different parts of the country now acting for us." Possibly, but, nevertheless, the majority of the profession will, I am sure, regard the agency's proposition that they should became its secret touts as extremely impudent and offensive.

As I anticipated, the "gentleman about thirty, about to travel considerably," to whose advertisement for "a smart well-educated youth" I referred a week or two ago, did not limit his correspondence to the one case to which I then called attention. While he was still in communication under the name of Roberts, from 31, Hanover-street, Park-lane, Leeds, with one youth, with a view to "adopting" him, he was also writing from the same address to another under the alias of W. S. Lancaster. In each case it appears that the ability to provide £100 to be expended in an outfit was a *sine quâ non* to engagement. This passion for adoption of youths at £100 a time, bears so sinister an air as to warrant the attention of the police.

Yet another example of the way in which the notorious Jesse Fletcher, of Garnham-street, London, W., bamboozles tradesmen into paying fancy prices for puffs in his latest publication, *Gentlefolks*, has been brought to my notice. A firm of butchers were the victims, and as a result of their acceptance of Fletcher's request to describe their most excellent establishment in *Gentlefolks*, they ultimately found themselves sued in the Shoreditch County Court for £13 4s. 3d., the price of the blocks used for illustrative purposes. Fletcher won his action, for there was not the slightest doubt that the defendants had agreed to purchase the blocks at 1s. 6d. per square inch, though it is clear that until the bill came in they had no idea as to what these terms meant.

Meanwhile, the following advertisement, which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* a few days ago, would seem to show that Fletcher is meditating an extension of his business to the provinces. J. Spencer Milne's name appears on the door of Fletcher's place of business in Garnham-street, and the name of the same person has also figured as editor of *Gentlefolk* in some of the correspondence which has been brought under my notice. I need hardly say that provincial journalists are not likely to add to their reputation by becoming connected in any way with Fletcher's publications:—

JOURNALIST REQUIRED (disengaged), to reside provinces. Good descriptive article writer. Good appearance. Aged about 30. State particulars, salary expected. No reply entertained otherwise.—Letters only, Milne, Garnham-street, N.

"How can I invest my savings so as to produce the maximum return with a minimum risk?" This question is the heading of a circular now being issued from 60, Haymarket, S.W., by "J. Morris, investment broker, registered under Act of Parliament, 63 and 64 Vict., c. 51." The Act mentioned is the Moneylenders Act, but it is in the character of a borrower, not a lender, that Morris introduces himself in the circular. "In order to cope with his daily increasing business, he is prepared," he says, "to receive sums of money from £25 and upwards on deposit, to bear interest at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum." My advice to people is to have nothing to do with Morris, or, indeed, with any of the tribe to which he belongs, either as borrowers or lenders.

Some unknown philanthropists who veil their anonymity under the title of the "British Arbitration Committee," are now circularising the corn merchants and farmers of the United Kingdom. They send out a prospectus, from which it appears that the B.A. Committee undertakes to settle disputes between buyers and sellers of farm produce for the modest fee of 12s. 6d. Enclosed with the circular is a form to be filled up and signed by the parties to a disputed bargain, and also a covering letter, wherein, after stating that "we have saved many of our clients much money, time, and trouble," a desire is expressed to render the recipient a like service. The B.A. Committee does not, however, appear to have attained so far to the dignity of offices of its own, so one is compelled to the conclusion that its many clients have not been lavish in their acknowledgment of the services rendered them. Indeed, the Committee's address, 20, Upper Richmond-road, London, S.W., is merely a photographer's shop, where the Committee calls occasionally for letters, and where even the name of the secretary is unknown.

A heart-rending appeal for funds to send children for seaside holidays is now being issued by one Ernest H. Walters, of "The Mission to Children," Harrow-street, Hessle-road, Hull. Walters declares that "we have scraped together every available farthing, and are still £3 10s. short, and have to find it in five days. Will you help us? Poor, hungry mites, I dread to face them with a broken promise." Walters first came under notice in Truth in the early part of 1903, when in reply to my questions he produced accounts which showed his mission to be a comparatively small affair, a large proportion of the funds received going into his own pocket. Since that time the secretary to the mission, and other members of the committee, have resigned, in consequence of their dissatisfaction with Walters's conduct.

Walters describes himself as "minister" to the mission, but from all I can gather it is the mission which ministers to Walters. No proper accounts are issued, and Walters is practically uncontrolled in his collection and administration of the receipts. These alone are sufficient reasons why he should not be entrusted with the administration of charitable funds. Under these circumstances, and especially in view of the fact that there are a number of admirably managed fresh-air and country-holiday funds in existence, I would strongly recommend any one who receives it to turn a deaf ear to Walters's appeal to send him "a pound, or a shilling, or even a sixpence."

During the past week I have been inundated with letters from disappointed participants in the puzzle competition advertised by a firm calling themselves Fraser and Co., 51, Milton-street, E.C. The sum of £5 was promised to everyone solving a puzzle seductively described as so simple that a ten-year-old boy "produced an answer in two minutes." It was, in fact, the venerable "15" square puzzle, with which most people are familiar. There was the usual diagram in the advertisement, showing nine squares, with the figure 5 occupying the centre square, and the conditions were thus stated:—

The puzzle is to place a number on each of the eight empty

uares, so that they shall add up to 15 in as many ways as ossible. No two squares may contain the same figure. was further required—this being, of course, the bject of the business—that each competitor should ay Fraser and Co. 2s. 6d. for three dozen picture ostcards. The cards supplied were rubbishy produc-ons, not worth sixpence.

When this advertisement first appeared in various ewspapers and magazines last May I predicted that ne competitors would be tricked. So it has turned ut. Fraser and Co. have now issued a circular "to eport the truly surprising result that not a single ompetitor sent in a correct solution." They print hat they style "the correct solution," in which the 5 can be added up in ten different ways, but this s only accomplished by such devices as the use of $8+\frac{8+8}{8}$ to express 10. This averts the use of the ame figure in a second square; but on the other and, a compound fraction can scarcely be called "a umber," and it was "a number" which was to be laced in each square. However, it was obvious from he first that the so-called competition must really e a "catch" of some kind, and I have not much ympathy with the people who seriously expected that hey would get £5 for solving "a simple little puzzle." Fraser and Co. evidently have a profound belief in he gullibility of the public, for in the very circular n which this square puzzle imposition is revealed they ctually have the effrontery to invite their dupes to buy another lot of picture postcards, in order to qualify for another competition for "a prize of £5 each," which is practically certain to be equally delusive.

The following seductive notice has been recently dropped into letter boxes in the Temple, enclosed in an envelope merely bearing the name of the occupant of the chambers written in pencil.

The writer, being an author, and otherwise connected with the profession, has many tickets to dispose of for the leading theatres, music halls, etc., etc.—stalls and best parts—at a low price. References and particulars will be given. If this is likely to be of use to you, perhaps you will kindly write, in the first instance, to "Simpson, c/o Messrs. Steinender, 205, Shaftesbury Avenue, W."

Inquiry at 205, Shaftesbury-avenue, reveals nothing more than the fact that Mr. Simpson calls there for letters, so I have been unable to ascertain how it is he has so many tickets for the stalls and best parts of the leading theatres to dispose of that he is able to hawk them from door to door in the Temple. I reproduce his modest advertisement, however, for the benefit of the managements of the leading theatres, so that they may be on their guard against this enterprising dead-head.

At the beginning of the year I called the attention of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers and their general secretary to the undesirability of allowing a masked advertisement for a firm of patent agents to appear in the society's "Journal," pointing out that, as a rule, advertising patent agents are among the most rapacious harpies who live on the ignorance, vanity, or delusion of their fellow creatures. I cannot think that the executive of the society can be indifferent to whether or not their fellow workmen fall into the clutches of such harpies, in spite of the fact that the announcement that application to the "Patents Editor" of the "Journal" will secure free advice and information from a well-known firm of patent agents still appears in its columns. But certainly I expected that the executive of the society would before this have seen the objections to advertisements of this character, and I regret that my expectations have not been fulfilled. Surely the few paltry shillings which are thereby drawn into the society's coffers are not the consideration which has decided the committee to retain the advertisement. Of course, it may be possible that the executive of the society has realised its responsibility in the matter and made arrangements to safeguard readers of the "Journal" against any loss. If so, perhaps Mr. Barnes, or one of his colleagues, will, through me, reassure the correspondents who have communicated with me on the subject.

A correspondent sends me the following particulars of an attempt to trade upon the vanity of a presumably amateur author. He received through the post a copy of an eight-page weekly, entitled *Pictures*, published from 8, Fisher-street, Kingsway. The principal feature of the journal appears to be a £5 Picture Puzzle Competition, but as short stories are also included among its contents, my correspondent thought he would submit a specimen of his work to the editor. Upon doing so, he received a communication to the effect that his story showed considerable promise, and "if touched up by a professional man would be suitable for publication in *Pictures*," and if he was agreeable to the suggestion no doubt terms could be arranged. His curiosity being excited, the author thereupon wrote asking what the terms were, and by return of post received the reply that for the fee of five guineas everything necessary would be done.

As this seems a fairly substantial fee to be paid for the "touching-up" of a short story, even if the honour of having it appear in the columns of *Pictures* afterwards is included, I, too, became curious to see something of the work of the literary genius who puts so high a price on his advice. Accordingly, I obtained a copy of the current issue of *Pictures*, and the following excerpts from "Notes by the Editor" show more clearly than any comment of mine would do the sort of "touching up" the story would be likely to receive. Obviously impudence is not the least of this gentleman's claims to be considered "a professional man."

. . . . . who wants to scan Editor's notes, especially in the hot weather? So much absolute tiddle-diddle they are generally voted. . . . . An Editor is naturally the recipient of pet names, not the least common among them being "Silly Old Fathead." Exactly what this means I have yet been unable to solve, but presume it is a near relation of "after a night out."

Note the Third.—I am off to have a drink. It his hot.—Sincerely yours, Fathead.

Incapable Lord T. 's been found
Of managing his pelf,
Yet capable—though odd 'tmay sound—
Of managing himself.

Which means: his own affairs unfit
To run sans limitations,
He still among the peers may sit
And help to run the Nation's.

It is a truly comic situation which has been produced by the judgment of the Court of Appeal on the Education Act of 1902. The authors of that measure undoubtedly intended that the local education authorities should be compelled to pay for the religious teaching in the non-provided (that is, the old voluntary) schools. Everybody, Liberals and Conservatives, Churchmen and Dissenters, assumed that the Act did what it was intended to do. All the local authorities have administered the Act under that impression—with the notable exception of the County Council of the West Riding of Yorkshire. Passive Resisters had their household goods distrained upon or went to prison rather than submit to the supposed law. Innumerable meetings were held on the subject. It was one of the chief questions before the country at the General Election. The House of Commons has since devoted most of its time to the consideration of a Bill having for one of its principal objects the relief of the rates from any liability for denominational instruction.

And now it appears that everybody was wrong—everybody with the exception of the West Riding Council. The Act does not make it obligatory upon local authorities to pay for denominational teaching in non-provided schools, and though the point did not come before the Court of Appeal, it seems at least doubtful whether they have any power whatever to make such payments. How has this monumental miscarriage of the legislative scheme come about? I think the *Westminster Gazette* has hit the right nail on the head. It is yet another case in which Mr. Balfour has been rather too clever. His great idea was to harp on the pretence—it was nothing more—that the Bill secured public control of the voluntary schools. A plain statement that it saddled the ratepayers with the cost of religious teaching in those schools, but denied them—as the Act does—any control over such teaching, would have given away the show. Mr. Balfour, therefore, preferred to attempt to accomplish his object in a less straightforward way, and the result has been this humiliating and ignominious fiasco.

The judgment of the Court of Appeal should certainly have a chastening effect on the opponents of Mr. Birrell's Bill. It is ridiculous, however, to talk as if the need for the Bill had disappeared, and the education controversy could be settled on the basis of the managers of non-provided schools undertaking to pay for the religious instruction. There still remain to be dealt with such important questions as the abolition of all religious tests for teachers and the establishment of full public control over the management of all rate-supported schools.

THE WISE CALIPH AND THE EVASIVE SUITOR.

An Oriental Caliph sat
Squatting upon his Judgment Mat,
To whom a Suitor came along
And begged him to redress his Wrong.
"My wicked Neighbour, Judge," said he,
"Has spread most base Reports of me.
He says my Wives I'm always beating,
Or cruel otherwise entreating,
Yet flat declines to let me know
The Names of those who 've told him so.
Wherefore, I claim that either he
Be made to tell those Names to me,
Or else receive this honoured Court's
Commands to cease his base Reports."
"Friend," said the Judge, "I note that you
Don't urge that this Report's *untrue*.
So first—before your claim I try—
I ask: 'Do you his Words deny?'"
"That 's not the Point," the Man replied,
Evasive, as the Judge he eyed.
"The Point is this—these Tales he tells
He owns he 's heard from someone else,
Yet won't disclose, though pressed, you see,
This someone else's Name to me.
Which, mighty Caliph, I declare,
Is most unjust and most unfair,
That he should objurgate me thus
On Evidence anonymous."
"Quite so. If *false*—I take your View.
But how, if what he says is *true*?
Swear that your Wives you do *not* beat
Or cruel otherwise entreat,
And up I 'll pull your Libeller short
By process of this honoured Court.
But if the Facts are not denied——"
"Sir," the evasive Suitor cried,
"I came not here, I tell you flat,
To ask that you 'd go into *that*,
But to prefer my righteous Claim
To know his base Informant's Name."
"Nay, Man, th' Informant's Name does not
Matter one single little jot.
If what he says you 'll swear untrue,
Why, then, an ill-used Man are you,
And this most honourable Court
Will give your Claim its full support.
But if you won't, 'tmust be, say I,
Because the Facts you can't deny;
Which, being so, 'tis plain and clear
The Court can't justly interfere,
Nor help you scathless off to ride
On Issues that are quite aside."

Moral.

The R.C. Journals fume and fuss
'Bout Truth's Reports anonymous,
Yet don't, despite their wild ado,
Deny that such Reports are true.

SCRUTATOR.

PERSONALITIES IN PARLIAMENT.

A FRIEND of mine—a Liberal M.P., and one of those who think more than they talk—in writing to me about a personal matter, gave me the following sketch of the political situation:—

"You were right when you always said that C.B. was the man for the place. He is now all-powerful. The Party is enthusiastic about him, and speaks of him with affection. The Liberal Imperialists would not have a dog's chance if there was an intriguer pushed into the open against him now. He speaks without notes at present, and improves day by day. In the country, he is the only one of the lot that has caught on. The others create no enthusiasm either in the House or out of it. Asquith is the ablest speaker on the Front Bench, but as you used to say, he is too forensic. He is quite loyal to C.-B., who, I fancy, thinks more of him than of the others. Our friend Edmund Robertson made a great success with the new Naval scheme. This rather astonished some folk, but not you or me. In the smoking room they say that he did more in forty minutes than Haldane did in his two and a half hours. It was expected that the reductions would cause a row, but all went smoothly, and the Liberal Imperialists took them like lambs. C.-B. contrasts very favourably with Balfour as Leader. He says clearly what he thinks, and what he says everyone knows that he means,

whereas the other man was always refining, and his speeches were further chapters in his defence of philosophic doubt. He has not done well in Opposition. He snatches at any occasion to score a point against the Government that he fancies may tell at the moment, without caring for anything else. It was considered rather a dirty trick on his part to only leave C.-B. one minute to reply to his lengthy attack on the Transvaal Constitution. But C.-B. used that minute well, and squelched him, to the great delight of the Party. Joe has gone off in his oratory. He flounders in the ditch that he has dug for himself. I suspect that the wise men of the Party would be glad to get rid of both, and reform their broken ranks under Devonshire or Lansdowne. Walter Long, Arnold Forster, and Lyttelton speak a good deal. They were not much listened to when they were Ministers. Now they are still less. Wyndham is very gushing, but he is personally popular—and that goes a great way in the House. Amongst the new members there are no speakers likely to take the world by their oratory, but there are many hard-headed, practical men. Business, however, will never be got through excepting by perpetual closure, unless some rule is passed to limit the length of speeches. The Prime Minister and the majority are thoroughly Radical, and though some may wish to force the pace, none are disposed to upset the Government. The Education Bill is—but I am repeating here my own personal opinion—in a muddle. A good many of the principles on which it was based have disappeared in Committee. But you know what it is when religion—or what passes for religion—is touched. If I had my way, I would have the Sermon on the Mount taught in schools, and nothing more of a religious character at public cost. There is no dogma in it, but it is a good compendium of the morality that ought to exist between man and man. It probably has come down to us more or less as delivered. In it the Founder of Christianity explains what He would have men do, and what more can be needed by the most ardent Christian? Who was the author of the Apostles' Creed I do not know; but it certainly was not the Founder. It is full of dogma, which He apparently did not deem necessary for salvation. I object myself as much to Pope Perks as to the Archbishop of Canterbury—I think that I object the most to the former, for, *au fond*, there is more fanaticism amongst the Dissenters than amongst the Bishops. I suppose that the Lords will alter the Bill in the autumn. We shall have to cut their claws. Probably—if their amendments are not too outrageous—it will be better to pass the amended Bill, rather than at once dissolve. When the time comes for that we can pass a second Bill, which the Lords will not accept, and then we can go to the country on the cry of 'The People v. the Lords.' Winston is doing well. He scored in his speech upon the new Transvaal Constitution, and great is the indignation of the mine-owners and their friends here, at there being no gerrymandering to secure them a majority in the Transvaal Legislature. They say that we shall lose all that we have gained by an outlay of £250,000,000 on their precious war. The money is lost and past praying for; all that can be done is not to send good money after bad. By the bye, you see your old friend Beit has joined the majority. His will shows how Rhodes dominated his every thought. What a gullible lot the English people are. Even with Chartereds down to almost nothing, those who bought them at 4 or upwards still regard Rhodes as a philanthropist who thought only of Empire. I am surprised that Selborne is not civilly bowed out of the place into which he was pitchforked so unceremoniously, and I have heard Unionists even say that he would best consult his self-respect, if not his pocket, by resigning. They say that Ripon will soon resign. I don't know if this is true. If he does, C.-B. would do well to make Tweedmouth Lord Privy Seal, and Robertson First Lord. Tweedmouth is a good party man, and by no means wanting in gumption. But I don't suppose that he knows more of Admiralty matters than I do of logarithms; and, even if he did, the heads of the two spending Departments should be in the House of Commons. It was a fortunate thing for the House that the Unionists were able, before their collapse, to elect a Speaker. Lowther is really an ideal one. He is absolutely impartial, has thoroughly mastered the mystery of the rules, but exercises a wise discretion in his mode of administering them. He interferes but seldom, and when he does his influence is the more effective. This is my notion of what a Speaker should be. It would do your heart good to see the Unionists. You must remember how they bullied us when they had their majority; how Balfour sneered at us; how the rank and file howled at us; and how they generally behaved like beggars on horseback. They are not yet humble; but they have been put in their right place. Gilbert Parker still reads us lectures, and occasionally they all make much inharmonious noise. They are, however, so utterly smashed and demoralised that we do not complain of these spasms. They comfort themselves by dismal anticipations of the immediate future, and I suppose that they really do hope against hope that they will soon turn the tables on us. They may some day, but there are no signs of a reaction in their favour as yet. There was an attempt made at a big Conservative gathering the other day to reduce the Party to a Joe Party, but Acland-Hood defeated it. Our new head Whip is an excellent one."

SIR ROBERT ANDERSON AND PARNELL.

I.

I have been reading Sir Robert Anderson's "Sidelights on the Home Rule Movement." To Home Rule Sir Robert is a fanatical opponent of the Ulster Protestant type. According to him, the word "romance" would be inadequate to characterise the chapter of Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone," in which he deals with the Special Commission on the Parnell letters, and Mr. Parnell, had he been strong in his own innocence, would not have waited for the Commission to bring the issue before the Courts. It was most improper that the defence before the Commission, after having obtained a confession from Pigott, kept it back, until the case for the *Times* had been disclosed, and Sir Charles Russell, in so doing, showed himself a "great master of Nisi Prius tactics." As for Sir Richard Webster, he conducted his case throughout as though he were prosecuting for the Crown, although he appeared as a private barrister, and no competent lawyer would have called Pigott as a witness for the *Times*. Even the Judges find scant favour with Sir Robert Anderson. In fact, everything went wrong, because Sir Robert himself was not Judge, leader for the *Times*, and witness. All this is not likely to alter the conviction that the verdict of the Commission did substantial justice to the parties concerned.

Sir Robert is of opinion that the famous Parnell letter may possibly have been a genuine one, but inclines to the opinion that it was written by one O'Keefe, an assistant editor of *United Ireland*, and that the signature was Parnell's. For this he adduces—so far as I can see—no very clear evidence. He may be correct, but whether the letter was written by Pigott or by O'Keefe on a sheet of paper that had been surreptitiously obtained with Parnell's signature, has

"Truth" will be sent weekly to any address in the United Kingdom for 7s. for 3 months; 14s. for 6 months; or 28s. for 12 months. The subscription for all Countries included in the Postal Union is, 3 months, 7s. 8d.; 6 months, 15s. 4d.; 12 months, £1 10s. 8d. All subscriptions are payable in advance, and cheques and P.O.O.'s should be made payable to the Manager, "Truth" Building, Carteret-street, S.W.

only an interest of curiosity. The fact remains that Parnell had nothing to do with it, and did not know of its existence until it was published by the *Times*. I should say, however, that the strong probability is that it was written by Pigott. He had undoubtedly forged the letter which purported to have been written by Parnell to Egan, and not only the letter but the signature. He had also forged the Egan letters. Independently of his own confession, this was proved to the hilt. All these letters were in the hands of Houston, who handed them over to the *Times*, and Houston had obtained them from Pigott. It was never suggested that O'Keefe confided the Parnell letters to Pigott. The overwhelming presumption is, therefore, that he forged all, and sold all to Houston, who, we may take it, obtained the cash to pay him for them from the *Times*. When Pigott confessed to the forgeries, there seems no reason why he should have said that he forged the Parnell letter had he not done so. I can absolutely guarantee that he received nothing for his confession. He certainly did once suggest a gift of money, and I told him in reply that I would pay for documentary evidence to confirm his confession, provided I was convinced that it would strengthen the case against the *Times*, and that he could prove to me that it was genuine, and not forged by him. Nothing of the sort, however, was forthcoming. After his written confession, just before his flight to Spain, I again suggested to him that I should like to have letters, etc., that he might have received from Houston, and, probably, had he given them to me I should have given him a trifle. He replied that they were in a box in his home at Kingstown, and that I should have them. I offered to send over to get them if he would give me an order to the occupier of the house, who was taking care of it and his children. But this he would not do. As I thought that they might be valuable, I determined to send over a safe man to get into the house under some pretext, and to lay hands on the box. But on my mentioning this to the legal gentlemen in the case, they seemed to think that my plan smacked too much of burglary, and registered a protest against it. The next day I met Davitt, and told him how the matter stood. He took the evening train, got into the house the next morning, and asked the servant for the box. She replied that it and its contents had been burnt owing to a telegram received from Pigott on the previous day. Whether he really sent it, or whether it was sent by some one else, I do not know.

It may be asked, why did Pigott confess at all, if he gained nothing by it? I take it that he was to a certain extent frightened of being prosecuted for forgery. I told him—which was the case—that the evidence against him was overwhelming, and that probably a prison would be his fate, whereas if he made a clean breast there certainly would be no prosecution on our side. He was a poor, weak, nervous creature, and anxious to escape anyhow out of the positon in which he found himself. What he had received originally from the other side for the letters I do not know. He was receiving a sort of living allowance before the trial, and I gathered that he thought that he was not paid according to his deserts.

It is a curious fact that Parnell himself never entirely believed that Pigott had written the famous letter. He was inclined to believe that some one had got hold of a sheet of paper with his signature at the top of a page, and written up to it. The signature, he said, was more like what his had been some time before than at that date. When I brought him and Pigott together, and the latter told his tale, he said to him: "Was O'Shea in it?" And after Pigott had left, he said to me: "I am sure that Pigott is lying, and we shall get into a mess if we defend the case on the ground that he wrote the letter." In vain I pointed to the evidence, irrespective of the confession, that Pigott had forged the Egan letters, and that they and his own two letters had been obtained from Pigott by Houston. He had just then O'Shea on the brain. To such an extent did this fixed idea carry him, that he one day explained that O'Shea had been seen in some pot-house near the Seven Dials some months before, and urged that spies should be put on to watch the house after midnight. As no one could see the necessity of this, he disguised himself, and for a week hung round the door of the house for an hour or two after midnight. He had not a vestige of evidence that O'Shea had anything to do with the forgeries, and I am convinced that he had not. But when asked for some reasonable ground for his suspicion, he only replied "I am certain of it."

What Sir Robert Anderson says of Parnell's strange love of solitude and mystery is quite correct. Both before and during the Commission he kept his address a secret from all. I happened to find it out in a curious way. One of the *Times* lawyers, supposing that I knew it, asked how I thought that they had discovered it. He went on to tell me that a great deal of smoke was often seen to proceed from the chimney of a certain small house in the Borough, and some one was occasionally seen mysteriously entering and leaving the house. In vain the rate-collector rang. No one answered, and consequently application had been made to the owner to learn the name of the tenant, who turned out to be Parnell. He was fond of chemistry in connection with metallurgy, and there he lived, and worked at a laboratory. Once it was necessary that certain of his leading followers should see him. They sent a letter to a person likely to know, and requested that it should be forwarded to him. In a few days a reply was sent from him from a house, and suggesting that they should call on him the next day. When they did they found him apparently living there. But on returning two days later, the landlady said that the gentleman (I forget under what name he was passing) had taken apartments for a week, had come there early on the day upon which they had called, and had not been seen there since. Frequently he would call on me very late, for I generally go very late to bed. Guessing who it was, I would open the door, and he would remain there some time, then put on a sort of ulster, a slouch hat on his head, and walk off with a black bag in his hand. I remember on one occasion suggesting to him that he would do well to keep clear of the scene of Jack the Ripper's exploits, as otherwise he would certainly be arrested on suspicion.

In conversation I always found Parnell an agree-

able man, although his talk was mainly on politics and metallurgy. He was intensely suspicious. One day it was a question of sending some one over to Paris on a certain matter. He wanted a detective to be sent over. I suggested that it would be better to send over an M.P. "Davitt and O'Kelly are away, and I can trust no other M.P." "But surely," I said, "you do not suppose that they are not faithful to you?" "I do not mean that," he replied; "but have you known many Irishmen who can keep a secret? They almost invariably talk, and it comes out without their intending it." Once an amusing circumstance occurred. It was just after a bomb had been exploded in the Palace of Westminster. He and I were sitting in the smoking-room of the House of Commons, and, as a question of art, discussing how a person ought to proceed who wanted to do the greatest damage there. He held that gunpowder should be used rather than dynamite, as it spreads more. The question then was, how a sufficient amount could be secretly deposited within the House. I thought that the drains might be used; he was for a passage being made, after the manner of Guy Fawkes, from some neighbouring house. Suddenly a very mild-looking Conservative, whom we had not seen, jumped up from a chair and fled, with his hair standing on end, and very probably revealed to the police the terrible plot that was under consideration. I really had a sincere liking for Parnell. I believed in Home Rule, so did he. He showed great ability in forcing it to the front, and in that most difficult task of converting a discontented mob into an organised army. He was a sincere patriot, he never approved of outrages, and he hoped to gain his end by strenuous passive resistance to the exactions of Irish landlords, and by rendering it impossible, so far as he could, for the Parliamentary machine to work at St. Stephen's, so long as the legitimate demand for local self-government in Irish matters were not granted.

ENGLAND FOR THE FRENCH.

We witness, at our point of "the ever-widening spiral" of human evolution, a reversion to the time when mankind moved in hordes and dwelt in tents as easy to be transported as the bag and baggage of a modern tourist. The movements of hordes now take place in railway trains and steamboats. The civilised world grows more and more nomadic. Hotels and boarding-houses replace the tent of the far back ages. The crowds of nomads, whether first, second, or third class, precipitate themselves on the fairest spots of earth and the most brilliant cities of the old world. The *entente cordiale* should bring English trooping into France and French into England, which so far has not been highly favoured by foreign tourists. English hotel and inn-keepers will be wise to carefully consult French tastes, and without loss of time. They have now an opening, and if they do not seize it other nations will step in and prove successful rivals. It is the duty of the local and other authorities to help in every possible way. Could not private parks and historical mansions be thrown open to all French visitors bringing vouchers from the mayors of their communes, the rectors of the educational establishments where their boys are being educated, or from their consul or minister, or the deputy of their electoral district? French boys are not at all destructive, but are really gentle as little girls. Their tastes run rather in the direction of natural history and landscape painting, and the commonest French people have an ingrained respect for the property of other people, and are too self-respectful to incur angry observations from rural police or park rangers. If many French tourists came to stay through the holidays at any locality, might not subscription fêtes be got up in their honour? Weather is generally settled in England in August and September, and there are charming parks, gardens, and recreation grounds near watering or other tourists' resorts. Why not turn them to hospitable account, for the good name of Old England?

I think we should not join in any un-British attacks on English hotels. Fairness ought to come in when we write about them. In no country, not excepting Switzerland, can one find better hotel, inn, or "hydro" management than in Scotland. It may be said of the North Briton that nearly a hundred years' practice makes perfect. Scott rendered his native Caledonia, "stern and wild" in his day, a tourists' country. I have still a recollection of a lunch at a hotel on Loch Katrine, which cost 2s. 6d. One could find nothing better at the price on this side of the restaurant in the Berne railway terminus, the first of the kind in Europe. A 5s. dinner at the St. Enoch's Hotel, Glasgow, amazed me by its excellence. An International exhibition was in full swing there, and the chef had evidently laid himself out to give satisfaction both to foreigners and fellow-countrymen. In England hotels vary in merit. Good ones are, no doubt, to be found in all districts. In London, of course, they are cosmopolitan in character, and the managers are accustomed to cater for all nationalities. But in the country districts it may be well at this juncture that the art of pleasing French taste should be studied. Long experience of French people and French ways may perhaps enable me to give one or two hints as to how this may be done.

Keepers of English family hotels, and those who let furnished lodgings, will drive away French guests if they cannot give them soup at dinner, and soup that is highly spiced. No French person can do without soup. It blunts the edge of a sharp appetite, prevents overeating, and that cerebral congestion and muddle which is a certain source of discomfort after a too solid dinner. British cooks use nutmeg, mace, cinnamon, ginger, cloves. French cooks do not. One has to go to special grocers, or to the chemist's, for these spices, save cloves. The only use for the clove is in the *pot au feu*. A single one is stuck in the big onion which, with leeks and carrots, helps to flavour about ten or twelve quarts of beef *bouillon*. The beef is served as a *plat*, with the vegetables, on the first day. The cook sells in the district market what remains over of the *boulli*, to the advantage of the working-class people of the neighbourhood. Pepper is the one spice the French palate tolerates. It is mainly used with melon, along with salt. We should use powdered sugar.

Undoubtedly one of the great drawbacks of English

hotel life in French eyes is the dearness and bad quality of the wines. The clarets and burgundies sold at most country hotels at 4s. or 5s. the bottle are often unfit to drink, and generally inferior to what can be obtained anywhere in France for a couple of francs. Practically there is no drinkable French wine except the leading brands of champagne, and not only are these sold at prices which horrify a Frenchman, but the very dry champagnes which the English like, or affect to like, are not champagne at all as the French understand it. Whisky and soda, in which the Englishman takes refuge, has not yet been discovered by the French, and they have no liking for brandy and soda with their meals. Nor do the French care for beer at luncheon or dinner, or for heavy English beer under any circumstances. Beer-drinking between meals has greatly increased in France of late years, but it is always of light beer of the German style, such as the "lager" beers, to which some English brewers are now turning their attention.

An English hotel-keeper who intends to cater for French visitors must make a point of providing them with the wine of their own country at reasonable prices. There is no difficulty in obtaining good clarets, sauternes, and burgundies in London at prices only exceeding the French by the amount of the duty. The difficulty is that so few country hotel-keepers know a good wine from a bad one. They should make it their business to learn, or to find competent buyers, and they should abandon the idea that an hotel-keeper is entitled to 100 per cent. profit on every bottle of wine he sells. What is most to be desired is that brands of light wines—red and white, German, and French—should be put on the market by houses whose names will be a guarantee of quality—just as is now the rule in the case of champagne. English customers would appreciate this as well as French. One hears bitter complaints from English hotel proprietors of the loss to the trade from the decreased consumption of wine. They are themselves in some measure to blame for this. No doubt wine-drinking has gone out of fashion in England, but plenty of people still drink it in their own homes who never touch it in hotels. Why? Because in an hotel, for the reasons given above, it is always a case of champagne or nothing.

Hotel-keepers unacquainted with French tastes will also find benefit in remembering that our *entente cordiale* friends are great milk drinkers, but never take their milk uncooked. They can have it at home as *café au lait*, in *chocolat à la bavaroise*, in milk or vegetable soups, and indeed in very many *soupes maigres* for Fridays. The Comte de Paris lost the esteem of his English servants because he would have for himself and his children a leek soup, or some sort of milk soup, or *chiffonade*, in the morning. The *chiffonade* is milk and water in about equal proportions, with vermicelli, or pearl barley, or some other thickening, and flavoured with some green garden stuff—chervil, cress, and very delicate *ciboulinc*, a grass-like variety of the onion. Tarragona or parsley would excite horror.

HEREFORD—the lovely Wye Valley. Superb country scenery Ideal tourists' centre. Ancient cathedral, border castles, &c Boating, motoring, golf, &c. Booklet free.—Apply, TOWN CLERK.

I fail to see, too, how French guests can for any length of time do without the kind of bread to which they are used. English bread is only used by French cooks as toast on which to serve snipe and other game *en canapé*, or for sandwiches. Otherwise it is disliked. The spongy *flute* roll is the only form of bread that *chef* or *cordon bleu* will use in soup, cut in rounds or otherwise. All other sorts of bread thicken in the hot fluid and are stodgy.

Without being profuse, very rich Frenchmen and women like to do handsomely, and are generous in the right place and time. At watering-places they go to first-rate, second-rate, or even to very unpretending hotels. Their choice is greatly influenced by the reputation of the chef and the cellar. For example, the late M. Henri Say, who made his wife a gift "from hand to hand" of £2,000,000 to save her from the worry of litigation if he died before her, often remained in town when Mme. Say and the children were in Switzerland. He had to attend to great turf and sugar interests. Often when alone in Paris he used to run down in his motor to Monthléry to lunch at "La Couronne." This is an inn with a table d'hôte for notaries' and *avoués'* clerks, the chemists' assistants, professors, and peasant farmers. The landlord spent three years as *chef des ragoûts* in the kitchens of the Grand Duchess Catherine, and as chef at the Hôtel de France at St. Petersburg. M. Say, who had many other millions than those he gave to his wife, preferred a mid-day meal at La Couronne to anything he could have had at his *cercle* or at any first-class restaurant. The plainness of the country hotel or inn pleased him. As is the case with most educated Frenchmen, he hated *faux luxe*. He sometimes slept at La Couronne to have the pleasure of drinking a cup of Russian tea on rising in the morning. There are chairs in bent wood with caned seats round the little tables, in the best room. Those set round the table d'hôte are in deal frames, with rush seats. All this is very French. Does it not show the homogeneousness at bottom, of the Fench nation? The French desire, as customers of inns and hotels, the essentials of a high civilisation, and not the gew-gaws. Their dislike to *faux luxe* is as strong in the common people as in the educated. Every one is satisfied with an hotel that can offer airy rooms, clean beds, with immensely long upper sheets that double nearly the whole way over the quilts, springy mattresses, and chimneys free from return smoke. The sitting-room furniture may be extremely plain. Objection will not be made in country or seaside quarters to chairs, fauteuils, and even sofas in cane. Each meal may be served on a table covered with a dark oil-cloth. The white damask table-cloth is reserved generally for dinner. The veriest lout requires a napkin at all his meals.

French children are on a different footing from English children. There is no nursery in France, except in houses where there is snobbish Anglomania. Nor is there a "children's dinner," either at home or at hotels. Having company is not a reason to exclude the child, or the one or two children, from the table of the grown-up persons. The disadvantage is that food unsuitable to extreme youth may be sometimes taken;

but with a little management a milk soup and a sweet *entremet* may serve to blunt the appetite for heating dishes. The advantages are that the child unconsciously imitates the manners of the adults with whom he dines, and learns to express himself in a natural manner with neat elegance. He falls into the mould of good behaviour. One hardly ever sees more than a couple of children in a French family. A whole tribe of near relations go together to the seaside or country quarters in the holidays. The grandparents are included. If the child or children of a family is small, a *bonne* is of the party. She has to govern her charge or charges by moral suasion. The law severely forbids corporal punishment, and public opinion supports it.

THE MORALS OF THE SMART SET.

I have received the following interesting letter from a correspondent who has for many years been well-known in Society:—

With a good deal in your article on the "Smart Set," I agree. Father Vaughan was too general, too sensational, and too exaggerated in his philippic. What he said is true of a considerable number of women, who, to judge by the fashionable items in the newspapers, would be thought to give the tone at present to all good society. This is hardly correct. Notwithstanding that the world is told, and very often, what these ladies wear, where they walk, where they visit, and generally what they do, there is a very large section of Society, that does not imitate them, but avoid them as much as possible. It is indeed, more to the newspapers than anybody else that they owe their notoriety. I do not wish to do injustice even to the "Smart Set." There manners with men are free, but as a rule there is nothing criminal in their relations with what they call their pals. They do play a great deal at bridge and bet a great deal on races. Often they do not pay when they lose. Both they and their pals are not very refined in their language, and their language is, I suspect, the mirror of their ideas. They spend more than they can well afford on their dress, and when reduced to expedients to find means to clear off their liabilities, they are not very particular in the choice of them. But when Father Vaughan asserts that young girls are entrapped into playing for high stakes, I think that he goes beyond the mark, and takes the very rare exception for the rule. Personally, I know very little of women's clubs, and in some of them I have heard that there is very high play. Where this is the habit it may be, perhaps, as difficult to prevent a woman playing beyond her means as would be the case in a man's club. But young unmarried women are very rarely allowed to become members of such clubs. At country houses—although I am not a card-player myself—I have seen a good deal of high play, and so I did long before the "Smart Set" was heard of. A girl is usually accompanied there by her mother, or by some elder relative. Even if she would permit her to play high, the hostess would—in nearly ninety-nine cases out of a hundred—throw out so strong a hint that this would very soon cease. A great deal, a very great deal, of time is spent at bridge, but those who spend it would not be doing anything inspiring to themselves were cards and gambling not to exist. The girl of the period is no longer the soft, gentle doll that used to be deemed in accordance with the fitness of things. Most of them affect to be manly until it becomes a second nature. They indulge far more in athletic pursuits. They do not maintain the distinction of the sexes, and are often tomboys. But their health is improved, and their muscles are strengthened at the expense of what I am old enough to believe is the principal charm of women. Honestly, however, I do not think that their morals have deteriorated. If they have more liberty, they know better how to take care of themselves, and in this they have learnt a lesson from their American unmarried sisters. Appearances are often deceptive, and the intersexual freedom, which is now the habit, leads those who are surprised at it to form wrong conclusions. A good deal of this is true in regard to young married women. Unquestionably, they flirt a good deal more than they did, or rather, perhaps, I ought to have said, they flirt more openly than they used to. But to suppose that, even in the Fast Set, infidelity to the marriage vows is the rule, is a monstrous error. What is true, however, is that probably there are a good many more open and recognised liaisons than there used to be, and in these liaisons money plays a more important part than sentiment. There was a time when a husband who winked at his wife's infidelities, and profited by them, would have found the cold shoulder turned on him. Now it seems to be regarded as a matter between the husband and wife, and the business of no one else. The liaisons are an open secret, known to almost all, and tolerated by all. The husband plays and bets, and so does the wife, and I suppose that they have a common purse. They live far above their means, and so long as they can beg, borrow, be put on a good thing upon the Stock Exchange or the racecourse, win at bridge, obtain credit from tradesmen, or induce some silly fool to pay them for an introduction into their set, they flourish. But, I repeat, such goings on are the exception, and those who pursue them soon lose all social currency, unless they have some high-sounding title, or belong to some great family, or have something to recommend them that conduces to tolerance of their goings on. Father Vaughan says that the divorce courts would be closed were it not for the habits of intemperance of women, and as he said this in a diatribe against the "Smart Set," it is to be presumed that he specially alluded to the women of the "Set." I think that he was entirely in error. Some of the "Smart Set" women may drink more wine, perhaps, than is desirable, but very few can be termed intemperate, or indulge in morphia or such-like drugs. They are not weak, hysterical degenerates incapable of acting rightly, but usually strong, healthy women, with no very strong moral sense, and a determination to keep their places as units in what they deem Society, by hook and by crook, so long as they possibly can.

When first I knew Society it was very much smaller than it is now. Everyone at a ball in one of the great London houses knew each other more or less. The women certainly appeared more virtuous than those of to-day, but whether they really were I am not so sure. Some were known to have lovers, but as this was only whispered, and there were no open signs of the illicit affections of these sinners, no one objected. More men gambled than they do now, but it was the rarest exception for a woman to do so. Manners were a good deal more formal and better than now. Entrance into Society was difficult for those not born to it. Girls had little chance to flirt, even if they felt inclined, and married women at least did not do so in public, or parade their beaux. The *mari complaisant* was almost entirely unknown, and so was the woman who traded on her charms to fill her purse. Foreigners in Society were few, and it would have been difficult for anyone who was not in the best society in his own country to get beyond its outer fringes in London. At present, almost all the entertaining is done by ambitious and wealthy plutocrats, some of whom retain their nationality and others do not. The idea of going to a party given by one of these people never entered any one's head. A lady who sent out invitations for a *nouveau riche* would have been as much lost as if she had run away from her home with some adventurer, and no one would have accepted such invitations. Every one had his or her recognised place in society. Those who could not get into what was deemed the best society did not pass their time struggling for entrance into it, but associated with their own frends and acquaintances. Society people passed more time in their country homes than they do now. Some entertained, and others went a tour of the houses of their friends. The country houses were not particularly lively. There was very little gambling in them even amongst the men. Occasionally the guests

consisted of pleasant people, but as a rule, without the guests being unpleasant, they bored themselves and bored each other. But this was accepted as the normal state of things. In London, more politics were talked in drawing-rooms than now, and there were a good many ladies whose bent was to political intrigue. Literary subjects, too, were more frequently discussed. I do not think that the women were very profound, but they were not quite so futile as their children now are. It is not likely that we shall ever return to that scheme of social exclusiveness. It had its merits and its demerits. But Father Vaughan may rest assured that the present generation of society women, and even of "Smart Set" society women, are not morally much worse than their predecessors, although they are more vulgar, more pushing, more reckless in all matters of money, and more ready to welcome any one to their acquaintance who can aid them in their struggle to keep the ball rolling.

THE THEATRES.

Criticism and Comic Opera.

I have often noticed when a hot summer is drawing to a close that some one or other profession suddenly grows fractious, like a teething baby. This year it is the theatrical profession. Every paper I open seems to contain letters from Mr. Bourchier admonishing critics or explaining his position. This is very distressing to me, because I am sure that critics as a body much admire Mr. Bourchier as an actor. It is only when he becomes playwright or lectures that we get restless. Of course, he modestly disclaims the title of playwright, but I should like him to think again, because any successful adapter of a play from another language must of necessity have the instincts at least of a dramatist. I am not going to argue out the question anew—I do not think these inter-theatrical squabbles are of vital importance, or of any interest to the ordinary public—but I should like to add a few remarks to what I said last week about "talkers." I have no use for people—as an American friend of mine would say—who are always explaining why they do things, or criticising their critics. The artist in any profession should himself know why he does a thing, and leave other people to find out. Any one who produces a work challenges criticism, and should be strong enough to suffer this in silence. Any fool can talk and write, but we are suffering at the present time from a paucity of capable men who can work and hold their tongues. The art of being silent is one of the most difficult arts, and it is rendered more difficult because nothing ever receives its just due of praise or blame. The good thing is over-praised, the bad thing over-abused.

In the new comic opera, "Amasis," by Messrs. Fenn and Faraday, just produced by Mr. Louis Calvert at the New Theatre, Mr. Rutland Barrington sings a topical song, containing a verse about an American dramatic trust, in which these lines occur:—

> We own the Press in every town,
> And judge our own productions,
> We are a bit too kind, I own,
> But it saves a lot of ructions.

I do not want to see ructions saved in this way, but the sensitiveness which becomes eloquent on the smallest provocation is becoming rather tiresome. A curious thing, though, about criticism at the moment is the difference between morning and evening paper notices. The morning papers, with few exceptions, received "Amasis" with chilly approval. The evening journals were almost to a paper enthusiastic. I am wondering mildly whether this is because the evening critics had more time in which to write their notices or less time. At first blush one is disposed to say that they have more time, but I am inclined to think that they have less, for, owing to the feverish haste with which daily papers now go to press, half the notices are written after seeing dress rehearsals. If "Amasis" had been produced by Mr. George Edwardes, I fancy the whole press would have given him unstinted praise for grasping the fact that there is a public for something better than musical comedy, and it is certainly an honest attempt to provide something more healthy. There is a straight story, and the music is very charming. It remains to be seen, though, whether those critics are right who aver that no light opera can succeed on its merits unless it contains an irresponsible "Tomfool" comedian who is given unlimited licence. Any new musical comedy is, of course, only compared with other musical comedies. Any attempt at higher class light opera is, of course, compared with and judged by the highest standard known to us—namely, the brilliant collaboration of Gilbert and Sullivan. This may be hard, but it does no harm, and is, in fact, a compliment. I only saw "Amasis" on the second night, but a crowded house seemed to be enjoying it very heartily, in spite of its curious blend of humour, sentiment, and grand opera. The stage pictures are certainly charming.

The great difference, though, between Mr. Calvert's venture and all other forms of musical entertainment now to be seen is that at no other theatre is such good singing to be heard. You would have to go to grand opera to find anything approaching it. Miss Ruth Vincent acts most pleasingly, but she is an exquisite singer, endowed with a voice which has a most wonderful sympathetic quality. I do not remember ever hearing her to greater advantage than in some of Mr. Faraday's ballads, and her triumph is absolute. Mr. Whitworth Mitton, the tenor, comes from the concert halls, and has sung himself into huge favour. His rendering of one of the prettiest lyrics in the play, "The veriest gambler—I," received, and rightly, an enthusiastic encore. Miss Madge Vincent is dainty and charming, Mr. Norman Salmond is finely portentous, and Mr. Roland Cunningham, the other tenor, has a fine voice and an equally fine presence; moreover, he is an actor. If I could, I would like also to mention the chorus individually, for there is certainly no better chorus in town. Some of us get a little tired of the interminable series of voiceless young women who potter about the stage in so many musical plays, and whose inane faces adorned with perpetual teeth-revealing smiles stare at you from picture postcards in every shop window. At the New Theatre there is nothing of this, and "Amasis" should certainly succeed if London in the dog-days contains a public capable of appreciating admirable singing and delightful melody.

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The mysterious veiled dancer, who hints at aristocratic connections by the simple device of an embroidered coronet upon her domino over her left eye, is to make her appearance at the Palace Theatre next

Monday. "Le Domino Rouge's" specialty is a "Mirror Dance," which, apart from the question of the identity of the dancer, promises to afford quite a new sensation.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

MY friend Xaintrailles, an authority on genealogies, clubmen's affairs, *chic*, *tenue* tailoring, has come from the wedding of Prince Albert Edward of Solms-Braunfels and Mlle. de Sinçay. The former is a grandson of Frederica, the thrice married Queen of Hanover, née of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and son of the Prince Charles of Solms-Braunfels who was once entered as a candidate for the hand of Queen Victoria. His daughter Eulalia is the second wife of Prince Edward de Ligne, who married first in London forty years ago a Cunyngham closely connected with the Court of Queen Victoria. She left no children. The second wife brought him into the most ultra Catholic connection in Europe—that of Salm-Salm and Löwenstein-Wertheim-Rosenberg, which gave wives to the first and second Dons Miguel, two nuns, still living, to the Benedictine Convent at Cowes, Isle of Wight, and another nun to the Sisterhood of Poor Clares, somewhere near Klein Heubach, the birthplace of these pious princesses. Prince Albert Edward is in diplomacy. After serving as secretary of Legation in Vienna, Lisbon and Berlin, King Leopold named him the head of the Department for Foreign Affairs of the Congo Free State. "The example," says Xaintrailles, "of a Solms-Braunfels marrying an Erlanger, of a Ligne, of the main stock, a grandchild of the *sucrier* Constant Say, was not lost on Prince Albert Edward. He had the moral courage to propose for Mlle. Sinçay, daughter of the General Director of La Vieille Montagne at Liége, and the good fortune to be accepted. Congratulations poured in on the day of the *fiançailles* from the ultra aristocrats of the Braganza (Legitimist) Löwenstein, Bisaccia, D'Arenburg, Mérode, D'Ursel and Gontaut-Biron connections. It was a case of nothing succeeding like success."

"But," I asked "what about consistency?"

"Consistency," answered Xaintrailles, "*est une vertu des imbéciles.* When the way of the world is constant, and *le bon Dieu* abides by His own laws, the clever people will practise this virtue. The noble class was never consistent. I am not going to bore you with a historical disquisition. I will only ask you, Was that Flavian saying on a malodorous subject consistent? Were the Tory nobility of Great Britain consistent in enrolling themselves some sixty years ago under the banner of Disraeli, and thirteen years ago under that of Chamberlain? Consistency, or the pretence of being consistent, is a mere screen behind which the augurs wink and stick their tongues in their cheeks. Thanks to his scorn for logic and consistency, King Leopold has created for himself one of the largest private fortunes in Europe. Prince Albert Edward has not received in vain direct lessons in the art of sitting with a *dégagé* air in the seat of the scorner and of doing exactly as he pleases, without scandalising those excellent people who stand by fettering usages and proprieties. He will profit by the anonymity of La Vieille Montagne to tap the Pactolus, and by his illustrious ancestors' relatives and connections to keep throwing dust in e-es and keep off the herd. . . . As the great-grandson of Queen Frederica, Prince Albert Edward is the great-grand-nephew of the celebrated Queen Louise of Prussia, one of the ancestral deities of the German Emperor. The relationship helped him in the Berlin phase of his diplomatic career. But it remains to be seen whether they do not think a marriage with a Sinçay of La Vieille Montagne a *mésalliance*, though he is ready to give his benediction to the Bülow-Bohlen and Krupp couple."

"Krupp, you see, cast those siege guns which sent shells from the terrace of Meudon into Paris. He may be regarded as an industrial *aide* to Mars, and therefore essentially a kriegherr. . . . But to return to our *moutons*. Tell me something more about the bridegroom whose past seems to have paved the way for a brilliant future."

"You are right there. Well, he is polyglot, has a softened resemblance to the Hohenzollerns—something that speaks of kinship to the late Emperor Frederick—has flexible manners and style, but does not know how to dissimulate shrewdness. Shrewdness, you may have noticed, is the dominant quality of most scions of the reigning families of Germany. Mind, I do not say sagacity. Very few of them are sagacious. To be so would be to rise above the instinct of self-preservation, so strong in all of them. Prince Albert Edward took care to wear what is now known in Brussels as the King Edward coat at the contractual soirée, and the other nuptial ceremonies. It is in Royal blue, the colour of the dark Sèvres blue, with cuffs and collar of black velvet, corded ganses, with black faille, and brightened by two rows of gilt buttons. He is the first foreigner of distinction to wear away from England the King Edward coat, and will find imitators among his father-in-law's guests. His empressement in adopting this garment may facilitate in London a smoothing-down of the present thorny developments of Congo affairs."

The civil marriage was a far finer affair than a corresponding ceremony could be in France. What is civic in Belgium is held in the highest honour. Royalty is an upstart element in the national life of the Belgians. The King's Palace is generally *felt*—nobody says so—to be of small account compared with the Town Hall. The life of every district centres round the latter and the burgomaster. In Wallon and Gallic Belgium the passion for municipal institutions is combined with the free love spirit of the Gaul—free love in the widest sense; that is to say, in the sense of free evolution, free admiration, free laughter, freedom of personal caprice. Liége is nearer to Paris in these respects than any other capital, and entirely free from the sodden heaviness that marks the Fleming and the Anglo-Saxon *pur sang*.

The magnificent seat of M. Sinçay at Anglour, near Liége, and the approaches to it were decked out as if for some great public event. The gardeners and decorators took care not to hide picturesque rudeness in different parts of the grounds. School children in pretty dresses,

furnished as a gift of the bride's family, came to present flowers and recite compliments. The Burgomaster's genial address to the happy pair gave general pleasure and had touches of *esprit*, none of which was lost on the Wallons who listened. His French would pass muster in the salon of Mme. Camille Pelletan. The bridegroom's witnesses were the Prince of Solms-Braunfels, Chamberlain to the Emperor of Austria, and Prince de Ligne. Those of the bride were two Vieille Montagne magnates, namely, M. Braconnier, Chairman of the Board of Management, and her uncle, M. Edgar de Sinçay.

I remember Victor Hugo feeling shocked on reading in some Guernsey paper the number of millions, or rather billions, represented at a Mansion House lunch in honour of some foreign sovereign, by guests who were mere City men. This estimate of their fortune struck the poet as an assimilation of the Lord Mayor's official residence, to "l'étable du veau d'or." I must not be guilty of a similar error in estimating the moneybags represented by MM. Dupont, Vice-president of the Belgian Senate, St. Paul de Sinçay, Van Hoeygarden, Director of Le Crédit Général de Liége and Baron Macar.

The cyclops of the iron works round Liége honoured the invitations sent them, in clothes and conduct. All the forges and factories were illuminated, and the brilliant lighting up of the Parc de la Vieille Montagne, gave a popular stamp to the night fête. All the operatives and their families in the employment of the Sinçays, Braconniers, and their connections, were freely admitted to this open air soirée, and liberally served with refreshments. There is no more hospitable people than the Belgians. No fête would come up to the standard, of no matter what class, without material and bibulous refreshments. Belgian beer is not heady, and Belgian heads are not easily upset. They can bear any amount of Kermesse festivity. The Flemings on festive occasions, unfortunately, often rush into grossness; the Wallons do not.

Prince Albert of Belgium—who *thinks* in unison with Oultremonts, Ursels, Arenbergs, Vilain XIV.'s, Lignes le Hons—*feels* like a German *fürst* who never quitted Thuringia. He found a good excuse for not attending the wedding, which, in his mind, marked caste *déchéance*, in the inability of the Princess Albert to attend it. She had presented him the week before with their first daughter. The Prince, however, in sign of good wishes, sent the bride a brooch composed of a great big pink pearl and a setting of brilliants. It appears that he takes on at the refusal of the Belgian Chamber of Deputies to give him the annuity he asked for so long ago, no doubt to defray the nursery and other expenses of the third scion they expected. The Chamber, remembering the enormous fortune left by the late Comte de Flandre to the Prince and his two sisters, couples the refusal with an unpleasing reason—for him. He had *claimed* the grant as heir presumptive (which in French means heir apparent) of King Leopold. That he is so in either law or fact the majority denied, it being highly possible that Leopold may a second time marry. The leader of the Opposition, calling attention to the wealth of the whole Flanders family, said the application for 200,000 fr. could not but add to *la déconsidération* into which the Royal family had fallen. This was hard on Prince Albert, a highly respectable Prince who gives an example of the domestic virtues, one of which is a constant care to feather well the family nest. He is a double cousin of the Comte d'Eu, and has a mind formed on the same pattern.

I further asked Xaintrailles whether he thought the blue coat and gilt buttons may be expected to take in Paris. He thought not. *Le petit Ligne, le petit Luynes, le petit Bisaccia* (*un petit fils par alliance de Blanc de Monaco*) would adopt it; but their patronage could not ensure its success. The cut, colour, and buttons will have to struggle against that coat which Louis XVIII. brought back from Hartwell and wore through his whole reign. You see it in all the portraits done of him from 1815. The eighteenth Louis had a short, heavy figure, all in semi-circular outlines. At no time of his life could it have been clean built. He took after his mother—a Dresden Princess—in this physical heaviness, and, like her, had his head so close to his shoulders that his tailor had to reduce the darker collar to a minimum of height. Except in the art of turning a neat compliment, he had nothing of the high-born French gentleman of the eighteenth century. No courtier near him ever thought of ordering a Louis XVIII. coat except the Duc Decazes, his favourite, and the Comte de St. Aulaire, who wanted the King's influence at the Congress of Vienna to secure to the Comtesse the 16,000,000 fr. she claimed as the heiress of an all but extinct branch of the Nassau family. On the day Louis died the Comte said to his valet, "You can take all those coats of *bleu du roy* and make the best use possible of them." The valet, Xaintrailles heard from the late Duc Decazes, sold them to the hall porters of different hotels. This was like the clay of Cæsar stopping a hole to keep the wind away.

The only person who had any regard for the prosaic image of Louis XVIII. was the late Léonide Leblanc. She left to the Assistance Publique the largest fortune it ever came into under a will. In amassing it she had the avarice of a harpy. Pretending to admire that king as the restorer of internal peace to France she could decently collect twenty-franc pieces with his head. As a collector of them she constantly dunned her friends; but they indulged her, none the less, in her "mania." Each time the Duc d'Aumale invited her to a tête-à-tête lunch at Chantilly—and he did so pretty often up to the very close of her life—he provided an elegant bon-bon bag to fill with Louis Dixhuit 20fr. coins. His *valet de chambre* laid the bag when filled in the napkin she was to use at table. On unfolding the napkin the bag fell out. Of course she opened it, and finding in all the rouleaux nothing but the louis d'or she particularly fancied, allowed gratitude for the delightful surprise to carry her away. As a collector she valued each coin far above its intrinsic value, which was that of any other louis d'or, though it were only a louis of Napoleon III. But could the gallant attention of the Duc ever be rightly estimated? Of course it could not. Her joy excused "gush," conversation grew unconstrained and lively, she praised the *Chateaubriand*, the

salad Francillon, the *méringues à la Chantilly*, the *pommes au beurre*, and, feeling young again, led the Duke to forget his seventy or more years.

The health of the Archduchess Charlotte, ex-Empress of Mexico, has taken a favourable turn. She is now in her sixty-first year, and seems to have entered a haven of rest and peace. It appears that she suffered from inflammation of the neurons and of cells in different localities of the brain. The neuronitis rendered the remembrance of many circumstances of her life maddening and convulsing, and brought on those crises from which she has not for some time suffered. The King of the Belgians, who is, of course, her guardian, visited her for about an hour a short time ago, in the course of which she chatted quietly and coherently, or almost so. She is five years younger than Leopold. Should she outlive him, her great fortune will go between his daughters in equal shares of the half, and the other half to the three children of the Comte de Flandre, also in equal shares; this will come to a sixth for each. The face valuation of the late King Leopold's fortune was 75,000,000 fr. He could not dispose of much of it by will, the French codes ruling in Belgium. Her dowry also remains to her. She could not have much, if anything, from the estate of Maximilian, who was deeply in debt before he set out on his Mexican adventure.

Charlotte has lived for nearly forty years at Bouchot, a rather commonplace country house on a slightly rising ground near Brussels. The park is surrounded with deep, wide ditches, with sluggish and unsavoury water, but still not an unhealthy place. The late Queen of the Belgians chose it because its distance from Laeken admitted of her paying a daily visit to the mad princess. She discharged this duty with faultless regularity, and with more softness of manner than might have been expected. When at Ostend or Spa, the visits became weekly, except when a crisis was reported to her. The establishment at Bouchot resembles a small béguinage. It is composed of elderly maiden ladies who before going there had experience of patients queer in their heads, and of professional female servants. A major of the Belgian army, elderly but able-bodied, acts as equerry to the ex-Empress and gentleman in attendance. Of course, he is more or less of the warder, but she does not know it.

Neuronitis comes of some hereditary damage to the blood, and accidental circumstances bring it out. The exceptional situation of Charlotte after her mother's death fostered morbid causes. She soon determined to reign at her father's Court, and after her marriage felt contempt for her situation of Archduchess. She dreamt of becoming Queen of Italy when Maximilian served the Emperor of Austria as Governor-General of his Italian states. *La folie des grandeurs*, from which the first Leopold had never been wholly free, first took hold of her in Milan. By the time Napoleon III. offered the Empire of Mexico to the Archduke, Charlotte was ripe for any adventure that promised a crown, while Maximilian had his creditors, and wanted to get away from duns.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

ENGLAND is empty, dear Lady Betty; the English have all gone to the Continent for the holidays! If it is distressing that so many millions of British money are spent in England on foreign products, is it not equally to be regretted that so many millions of British money are spent upon them abroad?

* * * * *

Free travelling is a branch of Free Trade. If we are to prevent the poor amongst us from buying cheap foreign-made commodities in England, we should prevent the rich from spending British money on the Continent. The Anglo-absentee does not obtain the attention that he should; his year is occupied in this way:—

January—*Abroad.*	July—*At home.*
February—*Abroad.*	August—*Abroad.*
March—*Abroad.*	September—*Abroad.*
April—*Abroad.*	October—*At home.*
May—*At home.*	November—*At home.*
June—*At home.*	December—*Abroad.*

There are thousands of English men and women who habitually spend seven months out of the twelve away from the country! As most of them are rich, they are generally Imperialists and Protectionists!

* * * * *

The following letter has suggested those remarks:—

"Sir,—We English love our country; and hate each other. I take my holiday on the Continent principally to avoid the British tripper, for I detest him and her. It is curious that a crowd of common people on a railway platform on the Continent does not disturb me in the least, whilst a handful of the same class of English in my own country I find intolerable, even though the the latter are better dressed than are the former, and more cleanly in their habits! The class system has an enormously strong hold on us in England, and it horrifies us when there to be associated in any way with those we consider our social inferiors, whilst it disturbs us comparatively little to be in contact with foreigners of the same stamp.

"That brings me to the matter I most wish to deal with. I am an Imperialist especially because I wish to have many colonies to export our 'common people' to! The moment they can afford to dress in better clothes than they should wear, and to move out of the town or village they live in, they should be forced to emigrate. They then become objectionable. Our ancestors divided the land amongst themselves and allowed these people to huddle together in little villages and towns, but it was never suspected that they would one day be able to move about and be a nuisance! As colonists they may make much money which will be good for the 'respectable classes' in England; our sons may marry the daughters of those who have acquired large fortunes; and their sons may fight for the old country when it suits the purpose of a political party here to have a war.—Faithfully yours,

"A Piccadilly Patriot."

* * * * *

The Colonists have much to complain of in the treatment they often receive from English visitors to whom they have been especially kind. There is a story that will help to make this matter clear. Lady A. was a very fashionable woman, and Lord and Lady B. had lost their position in "society" through misconduct. Lady A. was taken seriously ill, and after her recovery went to stay with the latter at Eastbourne, to regain her strength. After a visit of some six weeks Lady A. returned to town, and her host and hostess accompanied her to the station. As the train was moving out the former called from the window:—"Good-bye, my dears. Thank you so much for all your great kindness; I am so sorry that I shall not be able to see you in

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London"! Many English men and women of position now visit the Colonies and are entertained with the utmost hospitality when there. It occasionally occurs that their hosts and hostesses later on come to this country and are surprised that the least possible civility is shown to them by their former guests, whilst they see American adventurers and adventuresses being treated as if they had been life-long friends. The West End is very short-sighted and imagines that others are blind.

. . . . .

Most West End men and women live in a comparatively small space, which they suppose to be London; and amongst comparatively few people, whom they imagine to be the Country. "London is empty" means that most people of social consequence have left town; "The Country is thoroughly disgusted with this Government," that the men at the clubs and the women in their drawing-rooms are distressed that their interests are threatened; "There is nothing doing, business is utterly disorganised," that speculation in the City, which is now important to the West End, is slack; "The motor-'buses are a public nuisance," that the noise made by them disturbs West End people, who do not mind, however, the rattle, smoke, smell, dust, and tooting connected with the cars they have for their own use! The West End never was less London and England than it is to-day, but it never had such opportunities of expressing its thoughts as it has now, when three-fourths of the big newspapers are at its beck and call, the proprietors being anxious either to be admitted into "society" or to obtain a title.

* * * * *

"Morality for Beginners" is a little book that has just been published for the benefit of men and women in "society." Though it is peculiarly elementary in character, it has caused much disappointment; it is too advanced for "society"!

* * * * *

The Other World of Flowers.

"I was a rose."

"I, only a daisy; how we did envy you roses!"

The Rose:—"I will tell you my life. I was cultivated with care and in a beautiful garden. When scarcely more than a bud, I was picked, and my mistress wore me for a night as an ornament, then threw me away! And you?"

The Daisy:—"I grew in a field and blossomed, and loved a neighbouring flower, and in the course of time, having enjoyed many suns and showers, withered—how wrong we were to envy the roses!"

Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

IT has been stated in several sporting papers that the Street Betting Bill was postponed until the Autumn Session in consequence of the increased opposition to the measure, and because a large number of amendments had been announced. All this is pure fiction. There was only an opposition of the frivolous and vexatious kind to the Bill, and this (and the obstructive amendments) could have been quickly and easily quashed by aid of the closure. The Bill will be dealt with in the autumn as a Government measure, and it is quite certain to pass. The course of events in connection with this Bill was predicted with accuracy in Truth seven or eight months ago. I then stated that it would not meet with opposition in the House of Lords, that it would be taken up by the Government when it reached the House of Commons, and that Convocation would take steps to urge the value and importance of the measure upon the Home Secretary. All this has come to pass. The members of the Jockey Club in the House of Lords, who were mendaciously stated to be intending to oppose the Bill, were as mute as mackerel, and the opposition in the House of Commons has been very limited, and of no importance whatever. Many people do not understand why the sporting press should rave and rant as if the welfare of the Turf depended upon street betting, which, as Lord Beaconsfield wrote in 1880, has converted the Turf into "a vast engine of national demoralisation." All the wailings and moanings against the contemplated interference with "the liberty of the subject." really mean that such legislation may diminish the circulation of the sporting papers and reduce the number of their advertisements. It would be a salutary reform if the publication of tipsters' advertisements could be stopped entirely. Certain sporting papers do not insert them, but they still cause much mischief among silly and credulous people, and it surely would not be difficult to prohibit them altogether.

A meeting of the Doncaster Town Council was held last Wednesday, at which it was decided to convert the St. Leger into a subscription stake of £6,500, the conditions being the same as those of the Epsom Derby, a sweepstake of £50 each, half forfeit, but only £5 forfeit if declared by the last Tuesday in the March of the year before the race is run. Entries for the St. Leger of 1908 will close on September 18, and there is not likely to be any large increase over the average of the last few years. It would have been more to the purpose if the value of the Champagne Stakes and the other two-year-old events had been increased considerably, and the minor three-year-old stakes might advantageously have been made more valuable. The Race Committee had proposed to erect a new stand on the Town Moor, but this scheme was rejected. The new shilling enclosures are to be continued permanently.

The season of 1906 will be remembered for the severe depression in the matter of entries for handicaps. It was officially announced in last week's "Calendar" that the Prince Edward Handicap of £2,000 at Manchester and the Duke of York Handicap of £2,000 at Kempton Park have both failed to fill. In each race the minor forfeit was only £5. At Manchester forty entries were required, and fifty at Kempton Park. It is not so long since a very much larger number of entries could easily have been obtained for handicaps of this value. The Great Eastern Handicap at Newmarket, which was formerly an autumn Stewards' Cup, has also failed to fill, forty entries being required. All three events are to be re-opened.

Lord Falmouth's dark colt St. Martin, own brother to Quintessence, who is said to be the best two-year-old in the Kingsclere stable, will now make his début in the Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes at Derby on September 4. St. Martin was sent to Ascot to run for the Triennial, but he was withdrawn in consequence of the hard ground. He was also to have started for the Molecomb Stakes at Goodwood, but was struck out for the same reason which had kept him in his stable at Ascot. St. Martin is entered for the Rous Plate at Doncaster, and he has some nice engagements at the Newmarket October Meetings. Next year he is entered for both the Two Thousand and the Derby.

Mr. A. James's filly Sixty, who greatly disappointed her friends at Goodwood, where she was beaten by Weathercock for the Richmond Stakes, will most likely undergo a special preparation for the £3,000 stake at Kempton Park on October 5. Sixty will be in thorough racing trim by that time, and she has probably been benefited by her race at Goodwood.

One of the sporting papers laments that the entries of My Pet II. for next year's great races are void. They are not void. My Pet II. is entered for the Two Thousand and for the Grand Prix, having been nominated for the French race by his breeder, Mme. H. Say.

My Pet II. is entered for the Gimcrack Stakes at York, but as he has incurred a penalty of 9 lb. he may be reserved for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster,

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and his meeting with Slieve Gallion at even weights will be most interesting.

Lord Derby's colt by Orme out of St. Victorine is one of the best-looking and most promising two-year-olds that has started this season; but he wants time, and he may very likely miss his engagements at York and at Doncaster. It is quite probable that he will be reserved for the Middle Park Plate, and he would meet the best of the winners which are engaged in that race with an advantage in the weights.

Pretty Polly is being prepared to run for the Doncaster Cup, but it is believed at Newmarket that Bachelor's Button will not run again until the Jockey Club Cup at the Newmarket Houghton meeting.

Keystone II. appeared at Goodwood to be well forward in condition, so that she will not require hard work in order to get her fit to run for the St. Leger. Keystone II. has not beaten much this year, but she has won both her races with exceeding ease, and she is believed to stay well. Troutbeck is generally regarded as likely to turn out the most dangerous opponent of Lord Derby's filly, but the Kingsclere colt has done a lot of work this year, and he may now be getting stale. His running at Goodwood was not calculated to brighten the hopes of his friends. Malua is to be specially prepared for Doncaster, but he will have to improve greatly on his summer form if he is to run well for the St. Leger. Malua will probably be in much better racing trim at Doncaster, for he obviously wanted time, and the wiser policy would have been to throw up this colt in the summer after his defeat in the Derby. He has been most fatuously "messed about." Neither Admirable Crichton nor Gingal has any pretensions to stay the Doncaster course, and Gorgos appears to have gone all to the bad, for the present season at least. Sancy is a certain starter for the St. Leger, and the course will suit him very well. Black Arrow, who was much fancied by many people, has met with an accident, and is not likely to run again this season. I do not believe that Mr. Hall Walker's colt would have run well at Doncaster, which is not the sort of course to suit such an animal. The French colt Storm, by Ermak, is expected to run well for the St. Leger, and he is sure to stay the course, whereas the stamina of most of the probable starters has to be taken upon trust. The race appears to be very open. The Duke of Portland's mare Quair, by Orme out of Memoir, who has finished second to Keystone II., is grandly bred, but she seems to be absolutely worthless for racing. If Keystone II. is beaten at Doncaster, then the Jockey Club Stakes at the Newmarket First October Meeting will appear a good thing for Cicero. Among the horses which were prematurely withdrawn from this race are Spearmint, Troutbeck, and Buckminster. Next season Keystone II. has no engagements, as she was struck out of the Atlantic Stakes of £2,000 at the Liverpool Summer Meeting.

Comparatively poor entries have been obtained for the races at Doncaster which closed last week, and only twenty-five horses have been engaged in the Peveril of the Peak Plate of £1,000 at Derby. There are thirty-seven entries for the Great Yorkshire Handicap of £1,300, and thirty-six for the Portland Plate of £800, which latter event was at one time one of the most popular of the T.Y.C. handicaps. The class of the horses engaged is not high, and probably at no period has the handicap form been so bad as during the present season. Rocketter, winner of the Stewards' Cup, has been entered for the Portland Plate, but Captain Greer's colt will be heavily handicapped for that event. Among other animals which ran at Goodwood which figure in the list are Lord Fitzwilliam's Foresight and Mr. Hill-Wood's Cyanean and Twelvebore. The Duke of Portland has entered Paid Up, and among other speedy animals in the entry are Rising Falcon, Bass Rock, Melayr, Sweet Mary, and Xeny.

There are 301 entries for the Derby of 1908, as compared with 283 for next year, while for this year there were 286. His Majesty heads the list with four colts, all by Persimmon, one being own brother to Zinfandel. The largest subscriber is Mr. H. Cholmondeley, who nominates eleven of the Sledmere yearlings, which animals will be sold at Doncaster on September 13. There are colts by Flying Fox out of Orlet and out of Ornis, by Ladas out of Tragedy, by Diamond Jubilee out of Wedlock, and by Gallinule out of Tierce; and fillies by Orme out of Altesse, by St. Simon out of Game Chick, by St. Frusquin out of Mimi, and by Ayrshire out of Maid of the Mint (dam of Spearmint). Mr. W. Hall Walker comes next with ten, including colts by Gallinule out of Merry Gal, and by Persimmon out of Sandblast, dam of Colonia. The Duke of Portland, Lord Wolverton, and Mr. H. Bass have six entries each, including colts by William the Third out of Elizabeth Hardwick, by Orme out of Memoir, by Cyllene out of Miss Gunning II., by Flying Fox out of Woodbury, and by Persimmon out of Marsh Marigold. Mr. L. de Rothschild, Lord Derby, Sir John Robinson, and Sir R. Waldie Griffith have each five entries, including colts by St. Frusquin out of Glasalt and out of Canterbury Pilgrim, by Le Roi Soleil out of Venus, by Isinglass out of St. Ia and out of Merle, by Cyllene out of Bettyfield, and by Ladas out of Landrail. Mr. A. Bartram, Mr. R. A. Brice, Lord Howard de Walden, Lord Rosebery, Mr. A. James, Sir R. B. Jardine, and Mr. C. Kennedy have four each, including a half-brother, by Sir Visto, to Cicero; colt by Ladas out of Avilon; colt by Cyllene out of Golden Blaze; and colt by Isinglass out of Light Comedy. Lord Falmouth's entry of three includes an own brother to Quintessence, and a colt by Orion out of Quintessence. Sir D. Cooper also has three, including an own sister to Flair, and a half-brother, by Gallinule, to Flotsam. The Duke of Devonshire's lot of three includes a colt by Orme out of Lady Villikins. The Chev. Ginistrelli has engaged a filly by Chaleureux out of Signorina. Major Loder has three entries, including an own brother to Pretty Polly. One of Mr. J. Musker's pair is a colt by the recently deceased Flying Lemur out of Schoolbook. The Duke of Westminster's lot of three includes an own brother to Flying Fox, an own brother to Goblet, and a colt by St. Simon out of Princess Mary. The Stewards of the Jockey Club have not patronised the Derby extensively. Colonel Baird has one entry, while the names of Lord Downe and Lord Stanley do not appear in the list.

There are 255 entries for the Oaks, as against 212 for next year, and 231 for the present year. His Majesty has engaged four fillies, including an own sister to Nulli Secundus, that grievous failure; and a filly by St. Simon out of Laodamia. Mr. H. Cholmondeley has eight entries, including the fillies which he engaged in the Derby, with the addition of daughters of Ladas and Flower of Wit, and of Gallinule and Little Eva. Sir John Robinson and Lord Clonmell have each seven entries, and their yearlings will come up for sale at Doncaster. The lot includes a filly by Flying Fox out of Yesterling, which will probably be purchased by M. E. Blanc, if it is true that her two-year-old half-brother, by Persimmon, which he owns, has been very well galloped. Mr. J. B. Joel has six entries, and Mr. L. de Rothschild, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. W. Hall Walker, and Major Loder have five each, including fillies by Diamond Jubilee out of Claque, by St. Frusquin out of Burgonet, by Gallinule out of Astrology, by Martagon out of Galloping Queen, and by Galeazzo out of Themis. The Duke of Westminster, Lord Rosebery, Mr. J. S. Harrison, Lord Derby, Sir Daniel Cooper, and Mr. J. S. Curtis have four entries each, including fillies by Orme out of Rydal Mount (dam of Troutbeck), by Flying Fox out of Miss Unicorn, by St. Frusquin out of Rydal, out of Melody, and out of Chelandry (dam of Traquair), by Persimmon out of Orle, and by Orme out of Corposant. Mr. A. Belmont, Mr. J. Buchanan, Mr. W. Raphael, the Duke of Portland, Mr. L. Neumann, Mr. A. James, Mr. Houldsworth and Sir R. Waldie Griffith have three each, including fillies by St. Serf out of Tact, by St. Simon out of Philomath and out of Sirenia, by Gallinule out of Clarehaven, by Isinglass out of The Gorgon (dam of Gorgos), and by

Persimmon out of Princess Anne. Lord Wolverton has not entered anything for the Oaks. Colonel Baird and Lord Downe each has a filly engaged.

It has been maintained that the Stewards of the Jockey Club should "insist" upon the Epsom authorities making up the value of the Derby to £10,000 and the Oaks to £8,000. There would not be a single additional starter for either race. The Stewards would need to be endowed with considerable effrontery to make such proposals, at Epsom or anywhere else, considering the beggarly meanness of the pecuniary conditions of their own great weight-for-age stakes at Newmarket. In the Two Thousand and in the One Thousand, the July Stakes and the Chesterfield Stakes, not a penny is even nominally added, the owners running for the sweepstakes only, while in the Middle Park Plate the whole of the money supposed to be given (£500) is recovered by means of an entrance of £5.

There were good fields for most of the events at Brighton, but the sport was not of high class. The fact is that at all meetings, except a few of the principal fixtures, the sport is now almost entirely plating. When the Brighton Stakes was endowed with only £100 there was always a large field, which invariably included some horses of good class. Last week there were only five starters, the value of the race being £500. Horn Head, who was a hot favourite, slipped up at the top of the hill, and but for this mishap he would probably have won. Bonnie Earl, who was heavily backed, lost several lengths at the start. At the finish Chicot won with extreme ease. The Brighton Cup was formerly one of the most important long distance races of the summer, but the course has latterly been reduced, and is now only one mile and a quarter. His Eminence gave 8 lb. and a head beating to Spate. Haytor carried a great deal of money, as he had run well in the race which was won last month at Aintree by Gingal, and Lord Howard de Walden's horse was giving him 1 lb., but he ran miserably. His Eminence ran wide at the turn, or he would have won much further. The Brighton High Weight Handicap was the most successful event of the meeting in point of numbers, as there were thirteen starters, and Lord Derby's mare, Glucose, won by a head from Amersham, who has made himself a reputation as a hurdle racer. The winner, who is very game, will make a valuable brood mare. She is by Melton out of Glue, by Isinglass out of Satchel, who was a half sister, by Galopin, to Memoir and la Flèche.

The Lewes Stakes of £3,000 was run for the second and last time on Friday, and resulted in a dead heat between Gorgos and Prince William, the latter colt having 6 lb. the best of the weights. It was a magnificent race, and no finer finish has been seen during the season. Crusader, who was receiving 24 lb. from Gorgos, made running as hard as he could, but he was beaten a head by the dead heaters. There were 182 entries for this race, but only eight starters. Last year, when Llangibby won, there was a loss of £914 over this race.

Sixty-two two-year-olds have been entered for the Prince of Wales's Nursery of £1,000 at Doncaster, distance one mile, including Sagamore and My Pet II. This nursery was won by St. Simon in his two-year-old days.

Colonel Baird's racing-like filly, Geronima, by Velasquez out of Queen of the Spring, who was so much fancied for the Rous Memorial Stakes at Goodwood (the race won by Bellavista), is to run for the Prince of Wales's Plate at York on the 28th, and it is thought that she will do better over five furlongs than over the three-quarters of a mile at Goodwood. Geronima will have a considerable advantage in the weights at York, as she has a maiden allowance of 5 lb., and the best animals in the race have incurred penalties.

Spearmint has an engagement this afternoon at Kempton Park, and several papers have predicted his success, announcing that he has been doing good work in view of this race and of his engagement in the Great Yorkshire Stakes on the 30th. Spearmint has been doing little or no work, and I do not fancy he is likely to be seen out either at York or at Derby. He will no doubt be prepared (if possible) for his autumn engagements—the Great Foal Stakes at the Newmarket First October Meeting, and the Gatwick Stakes of £5,000 on October 16. This race is only a question of health for the Derby winner, as his 12 lb. penalty is reduced by a breeding allowance to 3 lb., and there is really nothing for him to beat.

Next week there will be racing at Wolverhampton, Stockton, Folkestone, Hurst Park, and Hamilton Park. It is really a great pity that such a preposterous number of meetings should be crammed into six days. There are large entries for the weight for age event at Stockton. Auber is engaged in the Wynyard Plate, which is the principal two-year-old stake. There are ninety-four entries for the Hardwicke Stakes of £500, including Bellavista and Orwell. A dreadfully bad lot of three-year-olds are left in for the Durham County Produce Plate of £1,000.

The most valuable stake of the week is the Hurst Park Lennox Plate of £1,500 on Saturday, and the entry includes Keystone II., who, however, will not be seen out before Doncaster. Spearmint was entered by Sir Tatton Sykes for this race, but he was struck out by Major Loder in March, 1905. It is at present quite uncertain what will run, the entry including Plum Tree, Prince William, His Eminence, Spate, Admirable Crichton, Haytor, and Buckminster.

CANTERBURY AND COWES.

Last week there were two "weeks"—to wit, those of Canterbury and Cowes—and happy was the man who could put in a few days at both. I know one man who tries to do so every year. He is a catholic sportsman, absolutely undenominational in his taste. Unable to afford yachting, and incompetent to play first-class cricket, he gets his full meed of pleasure from both. Of all cricket weeks, I think that of Canterbury is to be preferred. The name of the ground—St. Lawrence—carries one back to saints and martyrs, and if one is a day or two in Canterbury, the mediævalism of the place makes a little reading of Chaucer a yearly pleasure. The business of life and even of cricket is laid aside. True there is gate-money for admission. So there is for a village flower show or a church bazaar. But there are no gaunt, grim stands crowded with men. On the deal benches round the ground there are scarcely fewer matrons and maidens than there are men. And how keenly they follow the score. One takes the bowling analysis, the other the batsmen's runs. Even on Thursday—the ladies' day—the interest is not lessened. True it is the social event of the festival. But the pious devotion of the Kent ancestry is manifest. As their forebears kept the festivals of their patronal saints, so those of to-day pay their homage to the game. They come to see Kent play, and they hope to see Kent win. For through sunshine or adversity the county is ever loyal. It is always satisfied that its team is the finest team playing. And this opinion it would hold even if Kent were at the bottom of the county table. No wonder the team generally excels itself during this week's play. Certainly it could not have done better than it did last week. Sussex and Lancashire were both beaten in an innings and with more than a hundred runs to spare. The team is a team of young men, and its strength is shown by the fact that the brilliant young professional Woolley did not play. The Kent batting was of the sparkling kind that stirs the blood. Against Sussex, Burnup, Blaker, and Marsham all made centuries. In little over half an hour the two last-named players scored 111 runs. It was good, sound cricket, played amid hop gardens and cornfields. Then came the more strenuous match with Lancashire. Burnup had made 94; Hutchings properly had called him for another run, for Tyldesley had misfielded a ball. Burnup was apparently so fascinated by a sight that he had never seen before that he failed to move until Hutchings was at his end. He realised his mistake, and gave away his wicket and his chance of making two centuries in the Canterbury Week. That is the way

Kent plays cricket. Naturally Hutchings was upset. He is a great cricketer, and so he went for the bowling to relieve his feelings. MacLaren was literally unable to place the field to him. Driving and cutting were alike. It was the champagne of cricket, he and Mason scoring rapidly. Blythe and Fielder bowled brilliantly. The professionals were not forgotten; the public subscribed £130 as a present to the players of the county, Kent men born and bred. Happy Kent to have a team that plays cricket under such conditions. The sport is still superior to the business in Kent.

In fact, it would be well if the Australians had learned during their matches in the county of Kent that money is not the end-all of cricket, although it is of their tours. Other counties would have taught them the same lesson. As I anticipated, the Colonial dispute, at the bottom of which was a wretched wrangle about gate-money and division of profits, has resulted in there being neither gate-money nor profit. The M.C.C. cannot send out a team, and certainly no amateur would undertake the job. The Australians have, therefore, lost much profit in this respect. A cricketer's life is not too long, and the return visit to England, which is the gold mine, will not come about for another three years.

Of course, there have been other matches than those at Canterbury, strange as this may seem to Kent folk. Rhodes bowled again, and Hirst, being what he is, once more saved Yorkshire, and gave them a victory over Lancashire. Hayes has been taking Hayward's place in the Surrey team. They fielded badly against Notts, but they made amends by beating Middlesex handsomely. Essex beat Sussex easily, Buckenham and Douglas batting well. In other matches there was much heavy scoring.

While London was sweltering Cowes was enjoying itself. The week began with light, fickle breezes that would have rejoiced the holders of the America Cup. By the end of the week there was almost enough breeze to break the winners of that race. The weather was gloriously fine. As usual, the Royal London started the racing, and the feature of the first day was the victory of the *Creole*. She started from Ryde to Cowes at 6 a.m., but absence of wind detained her, and she was over twenty minutes late in crossing the line, the start being at 10 a.m. Later in the day she saw her opponents becalmed off Ryde, so she made for the north shore, found a slight breeze, and sailed round them. It was a clever win for the old craft. On the next day the Royal Yacht Squadron started with the King's Cup, which was won by *Satanita*, and this success she followed up by taking the German Emperor's Cup. The race for the Town Cup between big yawls and cutters was interesting. *Navahoe* was first home, but was beaten by the cutter *Merrymaid* on time. *Creole*, admirably sailed, won the match for yachts over forty and under a hundred tons. When will class racing, as it was in the days of *Britannia* and *Satanita*, be revived?

The golfing event of the week has been the competition for the Calcutta Cup of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club. Mr. N. F. Hunter (owes 3) and Captain Macallan (1) were left in for the final. Hunter was one up and two to play. At the seventeenth, Macallan got a long put down, and Hunter missed a short one. He won the last hole and the Cup. I see that the championship committee have invited the Professional Golfers' Association to make suggestions as to the conduct of the open championship. It will be interesting to learn the result of their deliberations. The competition must be reduced to manageable limits. This recognition of the professional association is bound to increase the prestige of that organisation. That it has been consulted is not surprising. In no sport are the amateur and professional on better terms than in golf.

The Army Athletic Championships were held at Aldershot. It is a great pity that the executive did not take expert advice; then the irritating defects in the management would have been avoided. Information as to times and distances was not given to the spectators, and the scoring board was badly looked after. In the sprint, Lieut. Halswell was beaten by the Rev. J. R. Walkley in quite good time. Of course, in the open half and the quarter he was in a class by himself. Lieut. Halswell just previously at Glasgow, in the Rangers F.C. sports, ran a quarter in 49 sec. I do hope a handicap will be arranged for him at Stamford Bridge, when he will have a good chance of cutting record.

Both crews have begun strict training for the Harvard and Cambridge Boatrace. Close-Brooke, First Trinity, will probably be bow, instead of Cochrane, for Cambridge. That crew at present strikes me as being rather too pleased with itself. Stroke is more in training than the rest of his crew. He is inclined to hurry them in this stage. The big men behind have, therefore, no time to finish the stroke out, and the consequence is that the finish is badly clipped. Hurrying in this way, the slides come up too fast, and there is a lack of rhythm. This is a serious fault which must be corrected at once, as the time for training is very short, and there is rough water at Putney even at the beginning of September. The Harvard crew are a fine set of men. As one does not know their standard, they are difficult to criticise. From our standard they seem to lack life. They appear to put their oars in and feel for a beginning, and then attempt to get their work on. At present they seem to lack the pace which they must have had on their home waters from the times that they did. They reach out more than other American crews that I have seen. But they do not get in at once. As I have said, these criticisms are based entirely on our home methods. At all events, there will be a good race, and as for the men—well, no nicer set of University men ever crossed the Atlantic.

MAMMON.

Stock Markets Buoyant—Sentiment Hopeful—Looking to the Future—South Africans and Home Rails Show Strength.

IT is nothing short of remarkable that now the "dog-days" have set in, and everybody had resigned themselves to quiet and more or less uninteresting markets, the Stock Exchange should be exceptionally buoyant. The change of sentiment which this denotes is not confined to any particular department, but is general, and welcome though it is, more gratification is, I think, to be derived from the indication of a broadening out of business. The nibbling on the part of the general public after so persistently holding aloof and showing an absolute indifference to the charms of the markets, must be interpreted as a hopeful augury. There is no apparent reason why confidence should not steadily grow, and with a gradual expansion in business the range of values must necessarily be established upon a much higher level in view of the promising prospects. That prices collectively have been unduly depressed I have been constantly emphasising. Even after the appreciation that has occurred, they are temptingly moderate. In point of interest the strength of South African mines is most conspicuous. This is especially welcome, and justifies the standpoint I have adopted concerning the attractiveness of Kaffirs as a whole. The record output for July is indicative of the prosperity of the industry, and now that the worst is known of the Constitution scheme, the general impression of the immediate future is quite sanguine. It is argued that the upward movement will be sustained, and certainly the knowledge that there is still a fairly considerable "bear" position in existence, is not a bad sign, seeing that should this fraternity become anyway nervous, and attempt to scurry to cover, it would mean a strong impetus to the upward movement. Home Railways have been another very prominent market, and, belated though it is, the recognition of the merits of these stocks is nevertheless gratifying. In certain instances the appreciation has been substantial, but this is not to be wondered at in view of the alluring

prospects implied by the steady expansion in earnings and the significance of the Board of Trade returns. Here, again, quotations have been at an extremely low level, and even now are still very moderate. Altogether the change of sentiment would seem to imply that the merits of markets generally are beginning to assert themselves.

Money—Position Still Improving—The American Threat—Gold from Argentina—More Indian Releases—Outlook Satisfactory.

The monetary situation is steadily improving, and altogether the outlook is quite promising. It is true that a resumption of the American gold demand is threatening—New York, in fact, has secured practically all this week's arrivals—consequent upon the crop movement, but having regard to recent experience, too much significance must not be attached thereto. It is, indeed, quite possible that the inquiry may subsequently be diverted to Paris, and the Bank will thus be enabled to continue the process of strengthening its position uninterruptedly. A considerable amount of gold has already been shipped from Argentina to this country, and the inference is that the autumnal drain of the metal to South America will not be so heavy. There may be some doubt upon this point, but in any case the movement is a hopeful feature. In addition, another quarter of a million of the Indian currency reserve "earmarked" at the Bank has been released. On the other hand, the provincial requirements of money are large, and these, together with the preparations for the home railway dividend payments, are making an impression upon floating supplies in Lombard Street, with the result that there is no large surplus. Day-to-day loans command about 2 per cent., or, perhaps, a trifle more, while as regards discounts the threatened American demand for gold and the uncertainty attaching to the trend of events in Russia and their possibilities in relation to France, serve to sustain quotations, three months' fine paper being about 3 1-16 per cent. The Bank return naturally reflects the exceptional demand for money incidental to the holiday. Though a considerable amount of gold was received from abroad, the stock of coin and bullion shows a reduction, but owing to a larger contraction in the note circulation, the reserve is a trifle higher. The total, however, is slightly under £25,000,000, but with the reflux of cash from the country it ought to show a substantial recovery within the next week or two.

Consols—Prices Advancing All Round—More Confidence—Money Influences—South African Stocks—Foreigners Good—Russians Recover.

There is a complete change of sentiment in the gilt-edged stocks, and after the sluggishness and depression so long in evidence this is the more welcome. Confidence would seem to be growing, business is said to be gradually broadening out, and, most important of all, values are moving upwards. So far the appreciation is not very material, but it would not be too sanguine to expect that values will soon be established at a higher level, especially with investors displaying a greater aptitude towards the market. Politics are now ignored and the influence of the favourable monetary prospects is making an impression. From the investment standpoint I still regard stocks as attractive. Even at the existing prices. Local Loans, Transvaal Threes, India Threes, and Irish Land would bring in a little above 3 per cent. Water Board stock is now receiving more attention, which is reflected in the steady appreciation, and it seems to be rather attractive, seeing that it gives about £3 3s. 6d. per cent. South African bonds are now regarded with more favour, and the following table shows the yield they give:

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Cape Threes	84½	£3 11 0
Natal Threes	85	3 10 6
Johannesburg 4 p.c.	94	4 4 0
Durban 4 p.c.	99	4 0 6
Cape Town 4 p.c.	100	4 0 0

The feature of the Foreign market is the recovery in Russian Bonds, both the Fours and Five per cent. scrip being now materially above the low level recently touched. The market professes to regard the news from that country with more satisfaction, but this does not induce me to modify my opinion, frequently expressed, upon the undesirability of these stocks. They are too highly charged with speculative qualities to make anything like a "comfortable" holding. The market, generally, is rather cheerful with values in the ascendant all round, but apart from this Foreigners are by no means surfeited with features of any particular interest.

Home Railway Market More Confident—The Buyer's Opportunity—The Furness Dividend—"Heavy" Reports Discussed.

Although the holiday season continues to considerably restrict the volume of business, there has recently been a much better tone about the Home Railway market. In part this arises from the more confident feeling engendered in markets generally by the strengthened monetary position and the immunity from political trouble, but there are underlying reasons of a more substantial nature, namely, the general increase in the dividends just declared and the promising outlook for the current half-year, as testified once again by the Board of Trade returns for July and by the latest traffic returns. In one or two cases it must be admitted that the dividends in respect of the first half of the year were not quite up to expectations, more particularly those of the Heavy lines; but as a whole the record has been a decidedly encouraging one. What is more to the point from the investor's point of view, the yields on the best stocks are now from 4 per cent. to a little over, with every prospect of their being increased on account of the final six months of the year. Consequently, it seems to me that Home Rails are ripe for an advance, and those who can afford to buy stocks and put them away until the end of the year, might well do so. The last of the English dividends, that declared by the Furness Railway, has shown the most substantial increase of the lot. The results declared by this line, however, are not surprising to those who have watched the recovery in its earnings during the past twelve months. The prosperity of the Furness is linked up with that of the iron and steel trade, and it is well known that firms in the neighbourhood of Barrow have been having an exceedingly busy time lately. In respect of the six months to December 31 last, the Furness paid at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum, as against 1 per cent. in the corresponding half-year. The dividend now announced, which, of course, is an interim distribution, is at the rate of 2¼ per cent. per annum, as compared with only ¾ per cent., while £5,300 is being carried forward, as against £1,300. The Company's published increase in traffics was £32,400, and the addition to the dividend and balance forward accounts for £23,800, from which it is plain that there has been only a modest addition to working expenses. In regard to the current half-year prospects are very bright. As traffic will soon run against heavier takes, it would perhaps be best not to expect too much in the way of gross increase next time. However, it would only take an addition of £9,900 net receipts to pay an extra ¾ per cent. per annum for the six months, while £13,200 more in net would allow of an additional 1 per cent. being paid. On the former basis the dividend for the year would be 3 per cent., and the yield based on the present price 4¼ per cent.; on the latter basis the dividend would be 3⅛ per cent., and the return at the existing price about 4½ per cent. I went into prospects for Furness at the beginning of this year, and those who took my advice have already a fair profit. Seeing that the early estimates are being so well fulfilled, there is still room for an advance in the price of the stock. Returning to the Trunk lines, there are one or two interesting features about the three Heavy reports published a week ago. The

How to Operate in Stocks Successfully.—See Halford's Adviser (post free).—Palmerston House, London, E.C. Established 1869. Telegrams: "Monitor, London."

North-Western, as anticipated, proved to have substantially underestimated its traffics, the actual increase being no less than £307,000. Of this amount, as much as £190,900, or nearly two-thirds, was swallowed up in increased expenditure. Maintenance and renewals accounted for £77,000 of the increased outlay, which is so far satisfactory; but it is less welcome to find that the handling of the traffic involved an extra cost of £114,000. In the matter of capital expenditure, the Company has been fairly moderate. The outlay in the half-year was £305,000, including £111,600 for working stock, and £463,000 is the estimated amount for the current six months. So far as the present, at any rate, is concerned, little satisfaction can be obtained from the Great Western report. Against a gross increase of £135,000 there was an advance in expenses of £101,000, leaving only £34,000 as extra net profit, a sum which is further whittled down by £15,700 on account of increased debenture interest. An analysis of the expenditure side of the account, too, does not show that any materially larger sum was spent on reproductive work. On capital account the Company's expenditure ran up to £1,158,00, of which as much as £228,000 was upon working stock. A pleasant contrast to these results is afforded by turning to the report of the North-Eastern. This line, as I have before pointed out, has been the most generous of all in the matter of keeping down ordinary expenses, while making liberal provision out of revenue for "betterments." Of the total increase in expenses last half-year of £177,300, no less than £83,600 came under the head of maintenance of way, etc., and £52,000 upon locomotive and carriage and waggon repairs and renewals. This leaves only £42,000 as the actual increase in the cost of working the traffic, and, seeing that the gross revenue advanced by £294,000, the fact is striking. The only unwelcome feature about the report is the suggestion it gives of an early issue of new capital—the debit balance on that account being over 2½ millions. Still, with a Company so carefully managed as the North-Eastern, this need not be a matter of serious concern. My usual table follows:—

Home Rails.	A Year Ago.	Make up, July 25.	Closing Price, Aug. 3.	Closing Price, Aug. 11.	Movement.
Caledonian Pref.	78¾	77½	77½	77½	+ ½
Do. Def.	34¼	33¾	34¼	36	+1¾
City and S. London	39	43	46	46	—
Central London	91	88	87	87	—
Great Central '94 Pref.	63	—	78	78	—
Do. "B"	30½	35½	35¾	38¼	+2½
Do. "A"	16½	16½	16¼	17¾	+1½
Great Eastern	82	82	82xd	85xd	+3
Great Northern Pref.	100½	102	102½	102½	—
Do. Def.	34½	45½	45¾	47¼	+1½
Great Western	138¼	131	131¾	133½	+1¾
Hull and Barnsley	43½	45½	46	46½	+ ½
Lancashire and Yorkshire	105	104½	105	105½	+ ½
London and Brighton "A"	119	115¾	116½	122	+5½
London, Chatham, and Dover	15½	14⅜	14¾	15	+ ¼
Do. 4½ p.c. Pref.	98	92	93	93	—
Do. 2nd Pref.	57	57	56	56	—
London and North-Western	151	158	159½	160	+ ¾
London and South-Western Def.	54½	47½	47½	49¾	+2¼
Metropolitan Consolidated	90½	63	65¼xd	65½	—
Metropolitan District	36	23	24	22	—2
Midland Pref.	69½	66¾	67½	67¾	+ ¼
Do. Def.	64½	67½	68¾	69½	+1
North British 3 p.c. Pref.	79½	76	76½	76½	+ ½
Do. Def.	44¾	43	43½	45	+1½
North-Eastern Consolidated	135½	141	142½	144½	+2
South-Eastern "A"	53	48½	50¼	53	+2¾

THE GRAND TRUNK STATEMENT—ANOTHER SURPRISE FOR STOCKHOLDERS — NO DIVIDEND ON THIRDS — £64,000 TAKEN FOR MICHIGAN TAXATION ARREARS—THE OUTLOOK PROMISING—A 3 PER CENT. DIVIDEND FORECASTED—MANILA RAILWAYS AND THE SETTLEMENT.

Interest in the Colonial Railway section during the past week has been centred upon the Grand Trunk statement for the past half-year. There had previously been a division of opinion in the market as to whether an interim dividend would or would not be paid upon the Third Preference, but, if not, it was generally expected that a substantial sum would be carried forward to the benefit of the junior Preference holders at the end of the year. Once again the statement has proved a complete surprise. Not only is there no dividend upon Thirds, but owing to the wiping off of the arrears outstanding in respect of Michigan taxation, the balance carried forward after payment of the half-yearly interest on the Second Preference stock is only £9,000 more than a year ago at £16,500. It is almost pathetic to observe the barriers that have been successively raised against dividends upon Trunk Thirds in the past few years. Formerly there was the special expenditure out of revenue necessitated upon bridge renewals; then came a winter so rigorous as to snow up the line for two or three months, occasioning a wholesale reduction in gross earnings. The following year it was not gross earnings that were at fault, but a big increase in working costs, which many people considered unreasonable, but which was really expenditure upon maintenance and equipment that would have been incurred in the previous year, but which was deferred because of the fall in gross revenue already referred to. Now the obstacle is provided in the shape of arrears of taxation. However, the chances are that we have now done with these extraordinary features of Trunk finance, and an examination in detail of the half-yearly statement provides plenty of ground for encouragement. I give the results below side by side with those for the corresponding period of 1905:—

Items.	1st half 1906.	1st half 1905.	Increase or decrease.
	£	£	£
Gross receipts	3,021,600	2,729,000	+ 292,600
Working expenses	*2,184,800	1,923,400	+ 261,400
Net revenue	836,800	805,600	+ 31,200
Deduct net revenue charges, less credits	503,800	510,200	— 6,400
Balance	333,000	295,400	+ 37,600
Deduct Canada Atlantic deficiency for half-year	30,300	—	+ 30,300
Balance	302,700	295,400	+ 7,300
Add Grand Trunk West, repayment of advances June, 1901	6,200	—	+ 6 200
Add Detroit Grand Haven and Milwaukee surplus for half-year	1,200	†10,400	+ 11,600
Surplus	310,100	285,000	+ 25,100

* Includes Michigan arrears of taxation, estimated at £64,000.
† Deficiency in 1905.

The item that perhaps needs most explanation is the foot note regarding the estimated £64,000 of Michigan taxation. It may be remembered that attached to the March statement was a note stating that "the United States Supreme Court having held on appeal the validity of the Michigan State law increasing the taxation payable by the railways in the State, the amount of additional taxes and interest on the arrears payable by the Grand Trunk Company's lines in that State to the 31st December, 1905, is about £108,000, which the Board propose to charge over a period of two years, in equal monthly proportions. The amount affecting the Grand Trunk accounts will be about £2,650 per month." Up to the end of May, in respect of which the last monthly statement was issued, over £13,000 had already been cleared off this debt, so that in the adjustment of accounts at the end of the half year another £50,000 was taken out of revenue in order to close the arrears of taxes account rather than spread the payment over two years, as originally proposed. As £54,000 would have given ¾ per cent. (actual) on the Third Preference for the half year, it will be seen that there was good ground for those who were looking for from ½ to ¾ per cent. upon the stock. Had it not been for the Michigan arrears the advance in net profit, instead of £31,200 would have been £95,000, or about one-third of the gross revenue. If we take this as the basis of working for the current six months there is every reason to be optimistic. To date, since 1st July, the traffics of the Grand Trunk proper have advanced by £67,000, which should give, say, £22,000 net. If, as there is good reason to believe, traffics continue to expand in the same ratio, there should be enough to provide a good deal more than 3 per cent. upon the Third Preference at the end of the current year, in spite of the £64,000 already taken for net revenue to meet taxation arrears. Under such conditions I adhere to my former opinion, that Trunk

Thirds are a very desirable purchase for the investor who is willing to buy the stock and put it away. In view of the continued expansion going on in the Company's area, the payment of the full 4 per cent. ought not to be a matter of very long waiting. Among Foreign Railways the feature during the last few days has been the strength of Manilla 6 per cent. Debentures in response to the circular announcing that an agreement had at length been arrived at between the Company and the United States Government. The terms which the Debenture holders will obtain have yet to be made public, but the market takes a favourable view, and the price has been taken up to 123. Argentine and Brazilian Railways have shown firmness, but there has been an absence of movement, or of news calling for comment. Here is my table:—

—	A Year Ago.	Make-up, July 25.	Closing Price, Aug. 11.
Canadian Pacific	161	165½	173
Grand Trunks	23 3/16	28½	27 13/16
,, 4 per cent. Guaranteed	102¼	103¼	104
,, 1st Preference	112	119½	121½
,, 2nd ,,	103¾	109¼	111½
,, 3rd ,,	53	58½	6[illegible]⅜
Bengal and North-West	155	146½	146½
Madras Railway 5 per cent.	127	122	122
Argentine Great Western Ordinary	117	116	117½
Buenos Ayres and Pacific	130½	124	127
,, ,, 1st Preference	115½	117½	117xd
,, ,, 2nd ,,	108¼	109¼	110
,, Great Southern	142¾	138	138
,, Western	134½	130	131½
Entre Rios Railway Preference	104½	86	88
Rosario Consolidated Ordinary	109½	112½	115
Cent. Uruguay Ordinary	87	82½	83
Costa Rica Railway	2⅝	27½	27½
Mashonaland Railway Debentures, 2nd iss.	—	89	100
Mexican Railway	24¾	24½	25
,, 1st Preference	115½	130½	130
,, 2nd ,,	47	53½	54
Nitrate Rails	14⅝	14½	15½

YANKEES CHECKED BY DEAR MONEY FEARS—BUT BUYERS STILL UNDAUNTED—THE ENCOURAGING TRAFFIC POSITION—ATCHISONS, CHESAPEAKES, AND SOUTHERN PACIFICS—STEELS AFTER THE DIVIDEND.

Owing partly to the heat wave in New York, and to the holidays, there has been a distinct falling off in the volume of business in American Rails during the past week. Spasmodic buying there has been, a good deal of the support coming from houses which are anxious to nurse the market in view of forthcoming bond sales, but on the whole the disposition to secure profits was uppermost. Fears of monetary stringency, to which I alluded a week ago, are still the chief "Bear" factor, and even the understanding that Mr. Secretary Shaw would come to the aid of the Money Market in case of emergency has not thoroughly restored confidence. The fact is that the United States has a particularly heavy crop movement to finance this autumn, and this question, in view of the great activity of general business, and the none too strong position of the New York Banks, will require careful handling if it is to be accomplished without imposing a strain upon Wall Street. None are better aware of the situation than the leaders of the stock market themselves, hence the sensitiveness of stocks, first to last week's Statement of the Associated Banks showing an increase of $18,776,000 in loans, and a decrease of $4,769,000 in the surplus reserves; and second, to the rise in call money, which, in consequence of the calling in of loans by interior Banks, touched a week ago 5 per cent., the highest rate since August, 1902. Thus my warning to speculators in Yankees has already received some justification, and if the "Bull" movement expands to any material extent, we shall probably witness some lively spasms. That attempts will be made in some quarters to force the pace is highly probable; indeed, on most grounds there is solid justification for a rise in the prices of many stocks. Take, for instance, the position of the Atchison. It will be remembered that in the year 1904-5, owing to severe floods, which greatly increased working expenses, the line suffered a decrease in net earnings of three million dollars. In the twelvemonth just ended, however, not only has this decline been wiped out, but the Company has an advance in net receipts of $3,600,000. This means that, making due allowance for increased fixed charges, the Company has earned about 11 per cent. on its Common stock in the past year. There is, therefore, nothing unreasonable about the talk being indulged in by market men about the dividend being raised from a 4 to a 5 per cent. level, and whatever the course of prices in the immediate future, there is no question that Atchisons are cheap. Again, take the position of the Chesapeake and Ohio. Last year the stock received 1 per cent., which called for $628,000. After payment of this dividend, a surplus was left of $291,000. In the twelvemonth just ended the Company earned a net increase of $2,260,000, which means that about 5 per cent. is available on the Common stock this time, presuming, of course, that the amount taken from net revenue for extraordinary expenses remains the same. Of course, this improved state of affairs has already been pretty well allowed for in the price, the more especially as it is certain that there will be nothing like so sudden a jump in the dividend as from 1 to 5 per cent. Still, with the figures so good and prospects still so bright, it is not surprising that the disposition is to buy Chesapeakes rather than to sell. The case of the Southern Pacific, too, is well worth considering. The earnings of this road during the past quarter were the best since 1902, and it would be possible for the Board to start paying dividends right away on a 4 per cent basis, without by any means neglecting the general upkeep of the road. Judging by the recent substantial rise in Southern Pacific, which has advanced this year from 64½ to 80, the prospects of an early dividend are regarded as decidedly hopeful by the insiders. There has also been some "Bullish" talk during the last few days about Pennsylvanias, which have shared with Southern Pacific the distinction of being the two chief market favourites. An idea prevails among a section of the market that Penns may be put upon a 7 per cent. basis. If such turns out to be correct, the effect upon stocks as a whole is likely to be marked. Regarding United States Steel shares, the Common has been inclined to hang fire since the dividend, some operators arguing that the shares on a 2 per cent. dividend basis were already over-valued. This view is correct enough, but, of course, many speculators are looking for better things when the final accounts come to be adjusted. Without knowing, however, to what extent revenue will be further drawn upon for betterments, in connection with the Indiana plant and other works, the question of the dividend upon Steel Common must remain a very open one. Personally, I would recommend my readers to stick to the Seven per Cent. Preferred stock, which, seeing that it gives a return of over 6¾ per cent., allows plenty of scope for a rise, while at the same time the security is at the least "silver"-edged. For the investor anxious to take practically no risk, Steel Trust Five per Cent. Second Mortgage bonds might again be mentioned. It would be difficult to find anything to better this amongst high-class investments. I append my usual table:—

—	1905. Highest.	1905. Lowest.	Closing Price, July 28, 1906.	Closing Price, Aug. 3, 1906.	Closing Price, Aug. 11, 1906.
Atchison	96	80¼	94⅜	96⅜	95½
Do. Five per Cent. Pref.	109	102	103½	104	104
Baltimore and Ohio Com.	120¼	104 1/16	122½	124½	124½
Chesapeake and Ohio	61½	46⅜	59½	62⅜	62⅜
Denver	40 1/16	27⅜	44¾	47⅜	44⅝
Do. Pref.	93⅜	85⅜	88	88½	88½
Erie	54½	38 7/16	44	45½	44½
Do. First Pref.	87½	77⅜	81	82	81½
Louisville	161½	140¼	147½xd	150	148¾xd
Milwaukee	193⅛	173½	186½	193½	192½
Mo., Kan., and Texas	39⅜	24 1/16	34⅜	36½	35
Norfolk Pref.	96½	94	94	95	95
Do. Common	90⅜	77¼	91⅜	93¾	95½
New York Central	169¾	140½	140½	146	144½
Ontario	65½	41⅜	48⅝xd	49½	48¾xd
Pennsylvania	76⅝	67½	67½	68½	70
Reading	73⅜	40¼	66½	69½	67½
Do. First Pref.	49⅜	46	47½	48	49½
Southern Common	39 7/16	28⅜	37⅜	38¾	38
Do. Pref.	104¼	97½	102	102½	102½
Southern Pacific	74	59⅜	74½	77¾	79¾
Union Pacific	155¾	116 9/16	155½	162½	161½
Do. Pref.	102¾	98¼	97½	98	98
Wabash Pref.	49⅜	37⅜	48½	49½	48
Do. "B" Debentures	80⅜	69½	83	85	84
U.S. Steel Corp. Com.	44½	26	40⅛	41⅜	41⅜
Do. Do. Pref.	110¼	93⅜	109¾	110⅜	110½

FURTHER RECOVERY IN KAFFIRS—THE POLITICAL POSITION—REASSURING ATTITUDE OF THE MARKET LEADERS—THE GROWING OUTPUT FROM THE RAND—AN OPPORTUNITY FOR THE BARGAIN HUNTER.

Perhaps the most welcome feature in the Stock Exchange during the past week was the strength of South African shares. In spite of the Bank Holiday and the arrangement of the Account, this department showed consistent strength throughout, and the week wound up with quite a display of enthusiasm. So far it cannot be pretended that the public has had much to do with the rise, but the mere fact that the "Bear" party has thought it advisable to cover is significant of the alteration in sentiment that has come over the market lately. The end-July carry-over, it will be recollected, revealed a moderate appreciation in Kaffir values, and this has been followed up in substantial fashion during the nineteen-day account concluded last Friday. At the make-up such gains were shown as 1 in Modders, ¾ in Apex, East End, and Rand Mines, 11-16 in Gold Fields, and ½ in S.A. Gold Trust. This is doubly welcome, coming as it does just after the publication of the terms of the Constitution, for there is, of course, no denying that the possibility of a Boer majority in the new Parliament has been received with a certain amount of uneasiness in some minds. Surely, however, concrete evidence is here afforded that the new Constitution is not proving the nightmare to the leading South African houses that it has done to some extremists, and above all, it hardly appears that the majority seriously apprehend any violent measures being adopted against the use of alien labour. The spirit of co-operation in which the Kaffir houses have received the details of the new form of government is in itself a hopeful augury for the future, and in any case the establishment of the Second Chamber, be it remembered, ensures an immunity from revolutionary legislation for at least the next five years. By that time, let us hope, a good deal will have been done towards the cementing of good relations between Briton and Boer. There is little doubt that at the present time the antagonism reported to exist between the two races is less strong than is popularly believed. The Boer is a shrewder fellow than many take him for; he knows well enough that the prosperity of South Africa is bound up with the mining industry, and that consequently anything done to hamper that industry must react upon all branches of trade and commerce throughout the Colony. Again, whatever view one may take of the political outlook, there is here a definite programme at least to go upon, and that is to be preferred to the last few years of doubt and chaos. Leaving aside politics, a strong "Bull" factor for the Kaffir market is the great progress that has recently been made in the mining industry itself. The output of gold for the Transvaal is now on a greater scale than ever before. The July returns, published the other day, showed that the output for the Witwatersrand and for the outside districts totalled 491,793 oz., valued at £2,089,000, as against 419,505 oz., valued at £1,781,944, in July, 1905; 307,840 oz., valued at £307,621, in July, 1904; 251,643 oz., value £1,064,917, in July, 1903; and 149,179 oz., value £633,674, in the same month of 1902. There is no mistaking the expansion going on in the industry, and no reason to anticipate that the limit of output has yet been reached. With facts such as these, and bearing in mind the long and weary process of shrinkage in values since the South African war, it is not surprising that authorities can be found who believe that the worst of the depression has now been passed, and that purchases made of the best shares now should turn out profitably by the exercise of a little patience. Here are the monthly production figures since 1902:—

—	1902.	1903.	1904.	1905.	1906.
	Fine. oz.	Fine. oz.	Fine. oz.	Fine. oz.	Fine. oz.
January	70,340	199,279	288,824	369,278	428,638
February	81,105	196,513	289,502	363,811	407,668
March	104,127	217,465	308,242	399,823	443,723
April	119,588	227,871	305,946	399,166	439,243
May	138 602	234,125	314,480	416,395	461,202
June	142,780	238,320	308,219	412,317	475,975
July	149,179	251,643	307,840	419,505	491,793
August	162,750	271,918	312,277	428,581	—
September	170,392	276.197	312,286	416,487	—
October	181,439	284,544	325,625	415,527	—
November	187,375	279,813	336,167	424,757	—
December	196,023	286,061	362,264	431,594	—
Total	1,704,410	2,963,749	3,776,621*	4,897,221	3,143,242

* Includes 7,949 oz. or £33,766 not declared in year.

The value of the above is shown here:—

—	1902.	1903.	1904.	1905.	1906.
	£	£	£	£	£
January	298,786	816,480	1,226,846	1,538,508	1,820,739
February	345,782	834,739	1,229,726	1,545,371	1,731 664
March	442,303	923,739	1,309,329	1,608,340	1,884,815
April	507,980	967,936	1,299,576	1,695,550	1,865,785
May	588,746	994.505	1,335,826	1,768,734	1,959,062
June	606,493	1,012,322	1,309,231	1,751,412	2,021,813
July	663,674	1,068,917	1,307,621	1,781,944	2,089,004
August	691.322	1,155,039	1,326,468	1,820,496	—
September	725,522	1,173,211	1,326,506	1,769,124	—
October	770,706	1,208,669	1,383,167	1,765,047	—
November	795 922	1,188,571	1,427,947	1,804,253	—
December	832,652	1,215,110	1,538,800	1,833,295	—
Totals	7,269,883	12,589,247	16,054,909	20,802,074	13,372,882

The individual returns are given in the following table:—

—	Jan	Feb.	Mar.	April.	May.	June	July.
	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.
Angelo (110; 105)	8,264	7,967	7,800	9,080	11,708	10,823	11.524
Bonanza (55; 55)	4,660	4,558	4,248	4,256	3,977	3,867	3.426
City and Sub'n (160; 160)	9,729	8,904	9,478	9,339	9,565	9,537	9,864
Cons. Main Rf. (120; 110)	6,242	5,753	6,077	6,122	6,393	6,174	6,397
Crown Deep (200; 185)	11,443	10,721	11,120	11,342	11,382	10,785	10,684
Crown Reef (120; 120)	11,399	10,996	10 987	10,728	10,976	10,553	10,596
Driefontein (220; 160)	7,601	6,491	8 711	5,993	6,444	6,211	6,452
Durban R'dep'rt (80; 80)	4.562	4,260	4,517	4,199	4,298	4,362	4,393
Do. Deep (60; 60)	3,798	3,397	4,023	3,709	3,835	3,741	3,811
Ferreira (150; 120)	12,686	12,200	12,703	12,715	13,033	12 894	12,932
Ferreira Deep (100; 120)	12,090	11,638	12,275	12,279	12.462	12,386	12,413
French Rand (120; 115)	5,620	5,063	5,807	5,820	6,191	6,410	6,257
G'ld'nhuis Dp. (200; 200)	9,621	9,142	9,913	9,393	9,708	9,224	9,679
Geldenhuis E. (120; 115)	7,758	6,647	7,271	6,996	7,185	7,102	7,223
Ginsberg (60; 60)	2,861	2 875	3,030	2,949	2,402	2,196	2,302
Glencairn (160; 100)	4,090	3,877	4,122	3,836	3,928	4,095	4,265
Glen Deep (100; 100)	5,609	5,498	6,090	6,136	6,801	6,830	7,092
Heriot (80; 70)	3,819	3,519	3,813	3 756	3,816	3,845	—
Jumpers (100; 80)	4,809	4,320	4,447	4,393	4,720	4,967	5,050
Jumpers Deep (100; 100)	6,068	5,335	5,870	5 331	6,141	6,147	6,510
Knight's Deep (300; 100)	7,576	7,413	7,653	7,620	7,988	8 933	9,888
Lancaster (100; 90)	4,040	3,775	3,708	4,230	4,758	4,160	4,621
Lancaster West (40; 40)	2,490	2,244	2,204	2,111	2,042	2,034	2,116
Langlaagte Dp (120; 120)	6,962	6,418	7 098	6,694	7,782	7,444	7,673
Langl'gte Est. (200; 180)	7,748	8,002	9,000	9.250	9,500	9,221	9,255
May Consldtd. (100; 100)	5,982	5,735	6,088	5,906	5,903	5,898	5,839
Meyer & Ch'lton (80; 65)	4,657	4,397	4,856	4 853	5 266	5,226	5,612
New Comet (115)	5,630	5,244	6,354	6,596	7,297	6,886	7,422
New Goch (60; 60)	5 088	4 892	5,609	5,900	6,896	7,148	7,385
New M dd'rf'nt'n (60; 60)	3.619	3,563	4,231	4,157	4,276	4,092	5,513
New Primrose (160; 120)	7,090	6,585	6,865	6,738	7,378	7,256	7,354
New Unified M.R. (60; 60)	2,560	2,072	2,242	3,405	2,436	2,255	2,623
Nigel (50; 50)	3,712	3,659	3,028	3,679	3,624	4,123	3,834
Nourse Mines (180; —)	11,471	10,667	11 877	11,324	11,945	11,865	11,814
Robinson (200; 210)	19,161	18,548	19,843	19,711	19,544	20,312	20,563
Robinson Cent. Deep (150; 90)	9 419	9,413	10,483	10,710	11.025	10.914	11,148
Robinson Deep (200; 200)	15,387	14,197	16,121	15,251	15,623	15,586	15,677
Robinson Randfontein (100; 100)	5,346	5,116	5,500	5,750	5,827	5,705	5,785
Roodepoort Cent. Deep (50; 50)	3,019	2,936	2,883	5,697	3,113	3,147	3,219
Roodepoort United Mn. Reef (110; 65)	4,022	3,907	4,445	4,356	4,649	4,483	4,642
Rose Deep (200)	8 829	7,876	8,943	8 353	8,321	9,504	9,580
Simmer & Jack (320)	19,605	18,044	20,010	19,814	20 104	20.013	13,109
Sth. R'ndf'nt'n (100; 90)	5,922	5,654	6,000	6,000	5,937	5,923	5,879
Transvaal Gold Mining Estates (80; 70)	4.041	3,587	3,867	3,887	4,075	3 883	4,120
Treasury (60; 55)	2,580	2,305	2,489	2,242	2,696	2,830	2,746
Van Ryn (160; 160)	8,091	7,930	8,725	8,520	9,163	9,392	10,413
Village Mn.Rf. (160)	9,538	9 065	9 680	13,444	14,184	14 172	14,312
Wolhuter (100; 100)	—	3,993	5,015	5,728	5,868	6,260	6,491

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—	High. in 1895.	1905. Highest.	1905. Lowest.	Make-up, Aug. 10, 1906.	Closing Price, July 14, 1906.	Closing Price, Aug. 11, 1906.
Angelo	7⅜	7 7/16	4⅜	3 3/16	3⅛	3¼
Anglo-French	7⅜	4⅝	2 9/16	1 15/16	1½	1 15/16
Aurora West	3¾	1⅝	9/16	5/-	5/16	5/16
Buffelsdoorn	—	1	⅜	⅜	⅜	⅜
Bantjes	7⅜	1⅜	⅜	⅜	¼	¼
City & Suburban (£4)	8	6½	4¼	4⅜	4¼	4⅜
Cons. Goldfields Def.	19⅜	8¼	5 13/16	4 5/16	3⅝	4 7/16
Cons. Main Reef	—	2 1/16	1	⅜	7/16	⅜
Crown Reef	12⅞	16	11	10	10½	10
De Beers Pref.	—	18¾	17 13/16	17½	17⅛	17¼
Do. Def.	—	18 5/16	16 7/16	17⅜	17¼	17⅜
Driefontein	4⅜	5½	3 5/16	1⅜	1⅜	1⅜
Durban-Roodepoort	8 13/16	5	3¼	3½	3¼xd	3¼
East Rand Ext.	—	3	1½	¾	¾	1
East Rands	12	9 13/16	6 9/16	4⅜	3 7/8	4⅜
Ferreira	22	25	17½	20	19½	20
Frank Smith Diamond	—	2⅞	1 5/16	15/16	⅞	1 1/16
Geduld	—	7⅜	4 11/16	2 1/16	2 1/16	2⅜
Ginsberg (New)	2¼	2⅞	1 7/16	1	⅞	1
Goch (New)	3¾	3⅞	1¼	1 7/16	1½	1 9/16
Geldenhuis Estate	7½	5 13/16	3 13/16	4 1/16	3 15/16	4⅛
Glencairn	4⅞	1⅝	1 1/16	1 1/16	⅝	¾
Goerz, A., & Co., Ltd.	—	3⅜	2 7/16	1⅝	1⅝	1 11/16
Henderson	5⅜	1 7/8	⅜	16/6	8/-	10/6
Heriot	12½	4⅞	3⅜	3⅜	3⅜	3½
Jagersfontein (New)	12	8½	7 1/16	8	8	8⅛
Joh. Con. Invest.	6⅞	3 3/32	1 15/16	1 13/32	1 1/16	1⅛
Johannesburg Est.	—	1 3/16	1½	⅜	1½	1 3/32
,, Goldfields	—	1 7/16	⅜	2½	½	½
Jubilee	12½	4½	2⅛	2⅜	2	2
Jumpers	8⅞	2½	1⅜	1 5/32	2	2⅛
Kaffir Cons.	—	—	—	1 1/16	19/-	21/-
Kleinfontein (New)	6⅜	2¾	1⅝	3½	1 7/8	1 23/32
Knight's	11½	6⅛	3¼	7/8	2⅜	3⅛
Langlaagte, Block "B"	3 3/8	1 1/8	¼	2⅛	⅝	⅞
Langlaagte Estate	7½	4 1/8	2⅞	⅞	2 5/16	2⅜
Langlaagte Exp. & Building	—	2⅞	1½	⅛	¼	1/16
Luipaard's Viei (New)	2½	2½	1 3/8	2⅜	1/16	1/16
May Consolidated	4¼	4 7/8	2 5/8	4½	2⅜	2⅝
Meyer and Charlton	8½	5⅝	4½	6	4½	4⅝
Modderfontein (£4)	17⅞	11⅝	6⅞	2 3/32	4⅝	5⅞
Mozambique	3 1/16	1⅞	1	2 15/16	⅜	3/32
Nigel	8 5/16	2 1/16	2¼	1 1/16	2½	2⅜
New African	—	4 7/8	1 5/8	1 3/16	⅞	1 3/32
New Comet	4⅜	3 5/16	2 1/8	2 1/16	1 1/16	1 15/16
New Rietfontein	6⅜	3	1⅝	1 3/16	1⅜	2¼
Oceana Cons.	1⅜	1 15/16	1 3/16	2⅛	15/6	2⅛
Primrose (New)	8⅜	3 7/8	2 1/16	1/16	2 1/16	2 1/16
Princess Estate	4½	1 15/16	⅜	6/8	1/16	½
Rand Mines (5/-)	11⅞	11 15/32	7 1/2	1 3/16	5 7/8	6⅛
Randfontein	4⅜	3⅜	2	1⅜	1 13/32	1⅜
Randfontein Porges	3½	1 7/8	1 5/16	1⅜	1 9/16	1⅜
,, Robinson	2 1/16	2	1	1½	1	⅞
,, North	—	2½	1⅜	1½	1 3/8	1 5/8
Randfontein Block "A"	—	1 3/8	⅞	⅞	⅞	⅞
Robinson (£5)	11½	10⅜	8½	8	8	8⅛
Roodepoort United	8½	4	2⅜	1⅜	1½	1⅜
S. A. Gold Mines	—	9⅜	5½	2½	2⅜	2⅜
S. A. Gold Trust	12⅛	7 7/32	3⅜	2½	2 1/16	3 1/16
Simmer and Jack	*8½	2⅜	1 7/8	1⅜	1 1/16	1 1/16
South-West Africa	—	16/9	9/6	12/-	12/-	12/3
Transvaal Con. Lands	4⅜	4⅜	2 3/16	2½	1½	2⅜
Transvaal Development	2½	1½	1 1/16	⅜	10/6	16/-
Transvaal Explng.	—	10/6	4/6	½	2/-	2/6
Transvaal Goldfield	8⅞	1 3/16	1 3/16	1⅛	1⅛	1 3/16
Treasury	5	4½	2 5/16	1	1 1/16	1
Van Ryn	11	4⅝	2 5/16	3½	2⅛xd	3⅜
Village Main Reef	9½	7½	4	4⅛	3 1/8	4⅛
Violet	—	3 5/16	1⅜	1⅜	3¼	1⅜
Vogelstruis	6⅜	1½	⅝	½	⅜	⅜
Welgedacht	—	8½	5	3⅜	2⅞	3⅜
W. Rand Central	—	⅞	⅜	½	1/16	1/16
,, (New)	—	2 1/16	1 3/16	1/16	1/16	1/16
Wolhuter	12	3 3/32	2⅜	3⅛	2⅞	3 1/8
Worcester	6½	1⅜	½	1	½	1

* £5 shares. † New Deferred shares.

West Africans Stagnant—Broomassies—Champion Reefs Depressed—Coppers.

The Jungle has completely succumbed to the holiday influences, and it is not only uninteresting, but also devoid of any semblance of animation. Having regard to all the circumstances this is not calculated to excite wonderment, but nevertheless the insiders are still sanguine enough that there will be a material improvement in the general condition of affairs in the market before long. In view of the great things expected of the mine it is interesting to refer to the monthly return of the Broomassie. Owing to a breakdown which temporarily interfered with the operations, the gold recovered was only 784 ozs., as against 1,013 ozs. in June and 1,100 ozs. in May. This accident is rather unfortunate, not to say inopportune, but if the effects are only temporary it is of little significance. As regards Indian mines there is little fresh to chronicle, though Champion Reefs continue somewhat depressed, in consequence of the reduced dividends paid in respect of the current year. To make matters worse no confirmation is yet published respecting the rumoured improvement in the mine at depth. Unless some more encouraging news be received, the shares in my opinion may go still lower. A slight setback has occurred in Arizona Copper shares consequent upon the dissatisfaction expressed on the subject of the July output. It had been hoped that with the enlarged plant in operation there would have been a more satisfactory achievement, but there is some consolation to be derived from the official statement that "conditions were very unfavourable throughout the month." Should these difficulties be surmounted the output for the current month ought to be more encouraging. The following table shows the movements in prices during the week:—

—	Denomination of Shares.	Closing Price, August 3.	Closing Price, Aug. 11.
	£		
Ashanti Goldfields	4/-	8/6	10/6
Akrokerri	1	1 1/16	1 1/16
Bibiani Goldfields	1	7/16	15/16
British Gold Coast	1	⅜	⅜
Gold Coast Amalgamated Mines	1	1½	1⅝
Taquah and Abosso	1	1⅛	1 1/16
Wassau (Gold Coast)	1	¾	⅞
Egypt and Sudan Mining	1	1	1
Egyptian Mines and Exploration	1	3/-	4/-
Nile Valley	1	5/-	5/-
Sudan Goldfields	1	1/16 dis.	1/16 dis.
United African Exploration	1	1⅛	1 1/16
Anaconda Copper	$25	13 7/8	13½
Balaghat Gold	1	25/6xd	25/-
Broken Hill Proprietary	3/-	3 5/16	3⅜
Cape Copper	2	5⅞	5⅛
Champion Reef	2/6	16/9	15/6
Le Roi	5	1¾	1½
Mysore Gold	10/-	6⅜	5⅛
Nundydroog	10/-	26/-xd	27/-
Ooregum	10/-	13/-	14/-
Rio Tinto	5	66⅛	66¾
Tharsis Sulphur and Copper	2	6¼	6⅜
Waihi Gold	1	9	9⅛

Rhodesians Prominent—Tanganyikas Jumping—An Interesting Rumour—Zambesias—Bankets

Considerable interest continues to be centred in the Rhodesian market, and it is rather refreshing to hear it whispered that business is broadening out, and that the general speculative public are displaying a greater aptitude to consider the shares. With the holidays predominant, this may seem somewhat anomalous, but it is promising. In point of interest, Tanganyikas—and, in a lesser degree, Zambesias—are still conspicuous, and the railway project is being used for all it is worth in relation to the former. The very latest rumour is to the effect that the Rockefeller group, recognising the potentialities of the copper deposits, are prepared to finance the completion of the Lobito Bay Railway. Seriously regarded, this appears not a little fantastic, but the market professes to believe that there is something in it. The object of securing control would be to avert competition in the copper world, which must be inevitable when the completion of the railway permits of production being carried on without hindrance. On the other hand, there are not wanting sceptics who believe that the present upward movement is being engineered in order to prepare the way for an issue of more capital, and this is not altogether out of the range of probability, though, should the American tale be true, it may be that the advance has scarcely started. Zambesias are not fluctuating so wildly, the upward movement being steady and persistent, and the shares still appear attractive as a lock-up. Bankets are sharing in the general enthusiasm. They are still a fraction below 3, in comparison with 2 when I emphasised their promising speculative merits a short time ago. Upon any slight reaction they would be worth picking up as a gamble, even should the present movement not be sustained, because eventually a much higher

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price should be established. My usual table is appended:—

—	Capitals. Authorised.	Capitals. Shares Issued.	Denom. of Shares.	Amount Paid.	Highest 1905.	Closing Price, Aug. 3, 1906.	Closing Price, Aug 11, 1906.
	£		£				
Bechuanaland Ex.	400,000	400,000	1	f.p.	1 3/16	1/2	3/4
British S. Africa	6,000,000	4,999,038	1	f.p.	3/16	1 1/2	1 5/8
Chicago Gaika	250,000	201,000	1	f.p.	2 3/8	5/6	1 1/8
Globe & Phœnix	200,000	250,000	1	f.p.	1 7/16	1 1/4	1 5/16
Lomagunda Dev	250,000	228,000	1	f.p.	2 1/16	1 3/8	1 1/2
Mashon. Agency	400,000	398,976	1	f.p.	1 3/8	7/8	1
N rth'rn Copper(B.S.A.)	250,000	160,500	1	f.p.	3 1/2	1 1/2	1 15/16
Rhodesia, Ltd.(New)..	600,000	500,000	1	f.p.	1	1/4	3/8
Rhodesia Expl.	225,000	227,777	1	f.p.	4 1/2	1 3/4	2 5/16
Rhodesia Glds.	1,000,000	500,677	1	f.p.	1/16	2/6	3/-
Rice Hamilton.....	175,000	50,000	1	f.p.	2 7/8	7/8	1 1/8
Selukwe	350,000	321,000	1	f.p.	1 7/8	4/-	5/6
Tanganyika Conc.	264 600	234,000	1	f.p.	6 3/4	4 1/2	5 7/16
United Rhodesia.....	750,000	660,900	1	f.p.	11/3	3/6	3/6
Willoughby Con.....	1,000,000	930,000	1	f.p.	1/2	10/6	12/-
Zambesia Explor.	300,000	288,615	1	f.p.	2 7/8	1 1/8	1 1/4

Westralians Quietly Good—Fingalls Again—A Small Share—Deep Leads.

The Westralian market remains in a tolerably good humour, in spite of the paucity of business, and, taken altogether, is quite interesting. There are no features of any exceptional significance, but the better tendency of Fingalls is worth alluding to. From the latest development report it would seem that there is no improvement in the position in the lowest level, the driving still being in unpayable ore; but at a certain point of the No. 12 level satisfactory results have been obtained, and this is regarded as being of importance. I am still inclined to believe that the shares are interesting speculatively at anything like 3½. The monthly return for July indicates a net balance of £22,000, and it hardly seems probable that any further reduction in the 5s. quarterly distribution will be necessary. Golden Horseshoes are rather prominent, but this is due more to inside manipulation than anything else, and it is of little consequence. Among the lower-priced shares East Fingalls have recently received a good deal of attention, and it would appear from the latest advices that the mine is still opening up well. This is promising, but it may as well be borne in mind that much more development work will have to be accomplished before the property will be proved. It may be noted, too, that the shares are of 5s. each, not £1, and, though they stand at a discount, are somewhat speculative. Nothing of much consequence has occurred in the Deep Lead group, though values are well maintained in anticipation of the Loddon Valley shortly entering the auriferous wash. Here is my usual table:—

—	1900 High.	1905. High.	1905. Lowest.	Make-up, Aug 10, 1906.	Closing Price, Aug. 3, 1906.	Closing Price, Aug. 11 1906.
Associated G.M.....	7 1/8	3 5/8	1 3/16	1 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2
Assoc. Nth. Blocks	3 1/8	1 7/16	1 3/16	1 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2
Brownhill Ext.	3 3/4	1/2	1/4	8/6	9/-	8/6
Cosmopolitan.....	30/3	1/2	1/4	4/9	4/9	4/6
Golden Horseshoe.....	15	8 7/8	6 7/8	6 1/4	6	6 1/4
Golden Link	3 1/8	4/6	0/3	3/10 1/2	3/-	3/9
Great Boulder Prop.....	37/6	5/6	20/-	25/3	25/3	25/3
Do. Main Reef.....	2 1/2	3/3	1/-	3/-	2/6	3/-
Do. Perseverance.....	18 1/4	16/6	9/6	9/7 1/2	9/6	9/9
Gt. Fingall Cons.	6 1/2	8 3/4	6 1/2	8 1/2	3 7/16	3 3/8
Hainault	1 1/2	1 1/16	3/4	1 3/8	1 1/2	1 1/2
Ida H. Gold.....	—	14/3	8/-	4/-	5/-	4/6
Ivanhoe (£5)	15 1/2	8 1/16	7 3/16	7 1/16	7 3/4 x d	7 1/2
Ivanhoe South Extnd.....	4 1/2	3/4	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
Kalgurli	9 1/2	9 1/2	6 1/2	9 1/2	9 15/16	9 3/4
Lake View Consols	5 1/2	1 1/2	11/16	1	1	15/16
L. & W. A. Exploration	1 1/16	15/6	7/-	9/16	10/-	9/6
North Kalgurli	1 1/16	6/-	0.6	1/-	1/-	1/-
Oroya Brownhill	—	3 3/32	2 11/16	2 15/16	2 13/16	2 15/16
Peak Hill.....	5 1/2	8/9	0/3	1/-	1/-	1/-
Sons of Gwalia	6 1/8	2 5/8	1 17/32	1 5/8	1 5/8	1 5/8
South Kalgurli	6 1/2	2	1 3/16	1 3/4	1 15/16	1 7/8
Westralia Mt. Morgans.....	—	7/8	1/2	3/-	-	3/-

Insurance Notes—Report of the Lords' Committee.

As I expected, the evidence given before the Select Committee of the House of Lords has produced a report which, on the whole, is eminently sensible. It is recommended that Colonial and American life offices should not be required to deposit in this country funds sufficient to cover the liability on account of British policyholders. To insist on any such deposit would be contrary to the principles which have hitherto prevailed and worked well in this country. It would violate the principle that the whole funds of an insurance company are available for all policyholders alike, and might lead people to suppose that the solvency of foreign companies was guaranteed by the British Government. Further, to determine the amount of such a deposit it would be necessary to set up a statutory basis of valuation, and this, as experience has shown, is less conducive to strong reserves than the British system of freedom from control. It is, however, suggested that the deposit of £20,000 with the Court of Chancery should be permanent in the case of foreign companies, instead of being withdrawable when the funds exceed £40,000, as at present. The idea of this proposal is that it would afford a guarantee to British policyholders of being able to proceed against foreign companies in the courts of this country. The recent sudden withdrawal of the Mutual Reserve emphasises the value of this suggestion, to which, probably, no colonial or foreign company would object.

The important part of the report is that which deals with the necessity for full returns to the Board of Trade, for which purpose the schedules to the Life Assurance Companies Act are adequate, or nearly so, if properly complied with. Only three additions to the existing schedules are suggested. One is that the market value of the securities should be stated. This may mean, and certainly ought to mean, that full details of all securities should be given, with the market value against each, and not merely the market value of the assets as a whole. Some of the American returns even specify the amount on mortgage and the location of the property loaned upon. This might be objected to in this country, but it is certain that much money has been lost on mortgages, and a mere valuation by the directors is not adequate, and sometimes this is all the valuation that is made, and then only every five years.

The second new feature is that a separate statement should be filed showing the amount of the British business of foreign and colonial offices, but a separate valuation of the British business is not considered necessary. It seems to me that a separate valuation is much to be desired. Very little can be known from a mere statement of the new policies issued and the assurances in force, while very much as to the nature of the British business could be learned from valuation returns. Several British offices doing business in India and Canada now make separate valuations for each section of the business, and no one supposes that the whole funds of the companies are not liable for each class of policies. The Committee thinks, wrongly, as I believe, that a separate valuation would suggest that the entire assets were not liable for British policyholders. If any separate statements are to be made by foreign companies, it naturally follows that British offices should give corresponding separate statements about their Home, Colonial, and Foreign business—a recommendation the Committee omits to make. The third fresh feature suggested is "the expenses of management." This is so vague as to be meaningless. If a revenue account of the British business is supplied the expenses are included. If the expenses are stated but not the premium income, the item is of no value. If the ratio of expenses to premium is meant, then endless questions may arise as to the method of calculation. No method of expense ratios is free from objections.

The report states that the Board of Trade cannot compel the companies to file full and correct returns. I know the Board of Trade do not compel compliance with the Act, but I have long thought that they could if they chose. The Act of 1870 states that every company shall make returns in the forms contained in the schedules; that every company which makes default in complying with the requirements of the Act shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding fifty pounds a day; and that any person who signs a statement which is false in any particular shall be liable on conviction to fine and imprisonment. If the Board would put these

provisions in force once or twice we should hear very little of their inability to compel compliance with the Act.

The Committee recommend that the Board should be empowered to vary from time to time the forms of the questions which insurance companies are called upon to answer, and of the returns to be made by them, and also to insist upon such answers and returns being in every respect complete and accurate. This power to vary the forms against the will of the companies is not contained in the Act of 1870, and might well be conferred upon the Board of Trade. At present they can, and do, alter the forms upon the application of a company. Let me give an example. Some time back the revenue account of one of the American offices, taken in conjunction with returns of new business published in New York, showed an expenditure at the rate of about 120 per cent. of the new premiums, and 12 per cent. of renewal premiums. This high rate of expense displeased Mr. Haldemann, the then manager of the company, who withdrew the annual statement already filed, and inserted the new premiums in the revenue account returned to the Board of Trade. A separate statement of new premiums is not called for by the Act, and the amount stated as new premiums was fictitious. It had been proved to the Board of Trade from the reports of the New York Insurance Department that the statement they were asked to pass was wrong, and was inserted solely for the purpose of making a real expenditure of 120 per cent. appear as an expenditure of 80 per cent. Yet this power of modifying the forms at the request of a company is given for the "better carrying into effect the purposes of this Act!"

Bucket Shop Philanthropy.

The firm of Douglas Cairn and Co., of Crown-court, Old Broad-street, E.C., is still anxious to make fortunes for strangers, being in this respect like a number of other philanthropists in the City. "Those of our clients who responded," they write with reference to certain blind tips about Americans, "have reaped very handsome rewards, and it is a matter of regret to us that more clients did not act upon our advice, which we believe was almost exclusive." It has always been a matter of surprise to me that clever people who have access to even "almost" exclusive sources of information should ask strangers to take a share, when they might net a handsome fortune for themselves on a very few deals. What call has the stranger upon their charity? It appears that the British public share this view: for Douglas Cairn and Co. confess that the response to their invitation was "limited," and they attribute this to the supposition that "British investors are still prone to estimate the Railway position in the United States on the basis of Home Railways"—which is nonsense. Here is a sample of the firm's literature:—

With such a very promising outlook, we feel sure the public will not be long before they show their appreciation, but will soon return to the scene of operations in increasing numbers and secure the very handsome yields which await the prompt and courageous speculator. Clients should immediately decide to operate either on the cover deposit system, which only requires a trifling capital outlay, or for fortnightly, or three-monthly settlement. In conclusion, we say hurry up and buy all the best class American railroad stocks, with the certainty of netting immediate large gains.

The man who takes Douglas Cairn and Co.'s tips on their assurance about "the certainty of netting immediate large gains" is an ass.

Another bucket-shop keeper, the one who calls himself Martin Bull, and has his address at 7, Fenchurch-buildings, E.C., is very strong on Americans. The fact is, of course, that Americans are a highly sportive market, and that the self-styled philanthropist can generally play with them as he pleases on the strength of the New York and London fluctuations. Mr. Bull is strong on Union Pacifics, like practically the whole of the fraternity, and he writes this:—

I want you to come into this upward movement, and I have chosen Union Pacifics for the simple reason that in the past this stock has led the market, and when prices move Unions go up many points at a time. I candidly anticipate that a ten-point rise will take place within a month, and I earnestly advise you to make an immediate purchase. You have no need to buy outright, a margin of 3 per cent. will amply suffice—viz., £30 will purchase 50 shares, £60 purchases 100 shares, and so on. In this way you double your capital on each three-points rise. Make your order as large as possible. Take my advice and hold for ten points. You will "get in" cheaply if you purchase at once, so to facilitate business I would urge you to wire your order to-morrow, as per enclosed telegraph form, stating the best you can do.

The solicitude which appeals to you to come in at once and to make your order as large as possible, seems to me to be really beautiful. Mr. Bull is not lacking in the least degree in assurance. I give below a quotation from another recent circular of his, and I feel sure that no reader of "Mammon" will be taken in by such manifest claptrap:—

There is one thing I want—Business. You, no doubt, want Profits. Here we meet on mutual ground. Perhaps, you ask, why don't I buy for myself, instead of continually writing correspondents. I do. But there is no reason why I should not deal with you at the same time and secure the benefit of your business. Once having proved to you that I am earnestly recommending a profitable purchase, and then having secured your business, I hope to keep it. That is where I come in. Having proved merit and ability as an investment expert, and shown you profits, your continuous business will pay me. That is where we both come in.

Even a fool can "recommend" a purchase, but it does not follow that the fool's advice is worth taking. Again, even a rogue may stumble upon a good thing once in a way, but you would not regard him as an oracle on that account; and you should always remember that he is not in business to benefit you primarily.

Morgan Carcaran and Co., of 14, Great Winchester-street, E.C., are new to me—which may or may not be my misfortune. They have recently been shrieking about the merits of Canadian Pacifics, and they assure you that their information is from such a source that they "are able to assure you of profitable results." Further, "however much you send as margin, it can be trebled"—which seems a self-evident proposition, if the reference be solely to the margin, and not to the possibility of profit.

"Truth" Letter Box.

Correspondents will oblige by observing the following rules:—

Name and address, which must accompany all inquiries, should be written on the communication; cards are apt to be lost or misplaced, causing unnecessary trouble.

Anonymous letters will not in any case be attended to.

I cannot reply to inquiries by letter or telegram.

A nom-de-plume or initials (the former preferably) should be given if it is desired that the real name shall not appear in the paper.

Inquiries should be put as briefly as possible, plainly written, and numbered.

Communications received after Friday may not be replied to in the following issue. Delay may also occur where an exceptionally long list of securities is submitted.

I do not recommend brokers.

Government.

Schwalbacher.—It is not possible to obtain stocks under the Trustee Act, 1893, to bring in 5 per cent. The return ranges from £2 17s. per cent. on Consols to close upon 3⅝ per cent. on some of the Colonials. But if you are content with bearer bonds you can command up to 4½ per cent. from about 3¾ per cent. *V. S. H.*—Napier City Harbour Board is a safe holding, redeemable in 1920. There is not very much of it, and it gives 4⅛ per cent. On Rand Water Board Stock you get 4¼ per cent., or much the same as on Johannesburg Fours. *S.-on-Sea.*—I believe in a well assured field on Government securities, and therefore do not care much for Central American Republic rubbish, on which interest has not been paid for many years past, and on which it is not likely to be paid for many years to come, if ever. *Dicky Sam.*—Turkish Guaranteed, 1855, is a good holding.

Railways.

W. K. B., Colchester.—I have steadily emphasised my views to the promising outlook for the home railway market, and, with trade hardening and money cheapening, I see no reason to modify my views on the subject. Pick out particular recommendations from two or three of my recent articles, but among the leading stocks for preference, as they move soonest—North-Westerns and the like, or the Preferred Ordinary, such as Brighton, South Western, or North British. *G. M., South Kensington.*—The Metropolitan is not likely to have much recovery before the completion of the electrification, and after then it must be a long time before they reach par again. You could make a more hopeful purchase. *Match.*—In the present condition of American trade, the country's railway shares are usually good for a recovery after

any material drop; but they are highly speculative, as you must know, and if you want to sleep at night you had better go elsewhere. *M. F.*—Cuban Central Preference and Great Western of Brazil Six per Cent. Permanent Debentures should both suit your purpose. *Lago.*—In view of the prosperity ruling in the iron trade, Furness Ordinary is worth keeping for a further rise. Among Scotch stocks give the preference to Ayrshire and British Deferred. *Reader, Halifax.*—I have a poor opinion of Districts, but you ought on no account to part with York Deferred. *Anxious, Blackpool.*—The stock is thoroughly sound, and I see no reason to advise a sale. *M. D.*—The Argentine Rails should be held as investments. Quebec Central Incomes ought to go higher between now and the end of the year. *V. H.*—The statement may look disappointing at first sight, but, as you will see from an article in this issue, there is no reason to take other than a bright view of the outlook for Trunk Thirds. *Rails, Brighton.*—Central London Deferred looks one of the cheapest stocks on the market. The line appears to me to be in a position to defy competition. *Jack.*—Under the circumstances, better realise. Trunk Seconds would be a suitable exchange. *R. B.*—You might buy Atchison to advantage, provided you are prepared to pay for the shares outright. *Cicero.*—Of your list I prefer Taff Vale Ordinary, York Deferred, and Mexican First Preference, but the others had better be left alone.

Mines.

Speculator, Durham.—The leading Westralian mines do not, as you remark, obtain their full measure of support from the speculative public. They fulfil all the conditions of a good purchase, having large reserves of ore in sight, and at current prices make a high yield upon one's money. Of these I should select Ivanhoes, Great Boulder Props, and Kalgurlis. There are others of promise, which, however, have much to make, especially South Kalgurli and Sons of Gwalia. There are plenty of people willing to take the risks involved, in the hope of securing a good reward in the long run. *Wilkins.*—A purchase of Kaffirs may mean a little delay in the securing of a large profit, but the public are coming to realise—what has been pointed out frequently in Truth—that values have been brought very low, so low as to represent in numerous cases only the value of the machinery and plant, thus ignoring the ore in the mine; and they are beginning to nibble. You can hardly make a mistake in a selection of any of the more prominent shares. *Alpha, Belfast.*—Your selection is a promising one, with the exception of Le Rois, of which I have not a high opinion. *Teddy.*—1. Daggafontein Gold and Daggafontein Syndicate Shares are both very encouraging speculations. 2. I should suggest "Johnnies" and new Rietfonteins. *R. R. E.*—Copper shares are very promising, in view of the likelihood of a sustained demand by the trade. The more prominent are Anacondas, Arizonas, and Mount Lyells, for all of which a higher range of prices may be expected, but the South African shares, particularly Capes and Namaquas, will repay attention. *Dane.*—Burma Ruby mines are worth keeping. Camp Birds are probably good to buy at the present price, and of Ymirs the same may be said. *Land Shares.*—Buy "Johnnies," General Mining and Finance, and Hendersons. *Zinc, Stafford.*—I see no reason to change my former good opinion of Zinc Corporations, but you ought to take up the shares. *Speculator, Bristol.*—Rand Mines, Gold Trusts, Randfonteins, and Great Boulders are, perhaps, the pick of your list. *A. B.*—Defer a sale of Jubilees, but there is little reason to expect a rise in the others. *Colonel.*—Leave the West Africans alone, but there is scope for a further advance in the copper shares. *Kangaroo.*—South Kalgurlis are all right as a lock-up. *D. B., Glasgow.*—"Johnnies" should be held for a further recovery. *Deep.*—As holdings for dividends, both Robinson Deep and Robinson Central Deep may be recommended. *Disappointed, Kensington.*—I am afraid joining the reconstruction would simply be throwing good money after bad. *Tim.*—The shares will be quoted ex div. at the next settlement. *M. C., Bristol.*—I am disposed to look for a further improvement in the Rhodesians, but the Egyptians might as well be sold.

Mixed Securities.

Doctor.—1. Read my remarks on the subject of Americans. Besides you are out of the way for a quick turn, which is what is generally worked for. But if you are ready to wait for the further development of the United States and care to put away shares, you are likely to come out with enough in the long run, though it is a question whether you would not do better in English stocks. 2. South Africans are certainly worth buying, say, a few Rand mines, Gold Trusts, Simmer and Jack, and East Rands. The Deep Level are also deserving of attention, but the leading Diamond shares seem to me fairly high, and do not give much of a yield. 3. Lyons' shares are a good purchase in the industrial class. *Edmunds.*—1. Westminster Electric Lighting shares and City of London Electrics are desirable. The first gives £5 18s. per cent. and the second over 5½ per cent. 2. I should certainly hold on to Central London stock. 3. Why not pay attention in the circumstances, to Canadian Railways? The Canadian Pacific has big possibilities of expansion, and its shares are tolerably safe for a big rise within a reasonable period—say, in less than twelve months. *H. McK., Hove.*—1. There never was good reason for selling your insurance shares, and it is just as well that you refrained. 2. Copper shares are desirable, especially Arizonas and Anacondas. *Bodloudet.*—1. Vickers' Maxims are worth buying. Profits should be more than maintained while the yield at the current price on last year's dividend is as good as 6 per cent. 2. I should not care to buy Champion Reefs, and you will, of course, recognise the cheap Indian shares as absolute gambles. 3. In a purchase of most English bank shares the uncalled capital has to be considered. But there is little likelihood of any considerable call, and the shares of the leading institutions are in good hands. *F. R. B.*—The stocks of the Colonial Governments are sure to improve with the rest of the gilt-edged section, and should not be disposed of now. 2. I look for a fair appreciation also in Colonial Municipality stocks, and certainly think Johannesburg and Rand Water stock good for a recovery along with this class, and with South African mines. *Careful.*—The suggested exchange into U.S. Steel Five per Cent. Second Mortgage Bonds might be made with advantage. Among high yielding shares the Corporation Seven per Cent. Preferred are decidedly attractive. The yield is about 6⅜ per cent. *G. E.*—Indications favour a further recovery in Consols, and, as an investor, you certainly ought to keep your stock. *Cornstalk.*—The Colonial Inscribed stocks you mention would be suitable for your purpose. There is a fairly free market in them. *Jap.*—The Exchequer bonds are thoroughly good, but, being so short-dated, you have to allow for conditions being less favourable than at present, when you have to re-invest your money. Why not select the Second Series Four and a Half-s. *W. B.*—There is little to be gained by holding Nos. 3 and 6, but the others are sound and worth keeping. *Catriona.*—The Crown Colony stocks are both first class. The one drawback is narrowness of market, but that need not trouble you as a permanent investor. *X. Y. Z., Plymouth.*—I would suggest Chinese Five per Cent. Bonds of 1896, Grand Trunk Second Preference, Japanese Four a Half per Cent. Bonds (Second Series), and United States 5 per Cent. Second Mortgage Bonds. *Sam.*—Cuban Fives are a promising investment. They would give you a yield of nearly 4¾ per cent. *A. J. T., Carlisle.*—Brighton Preferred, Central London Preferred, and Rand Water Board Fours are the pick of your list. Better not touch the other two stocks at their present levels. *S. N.*—1. You are entitled to the dividend, which you should claim through your broker. 2. The Company appears to me to possess good prospects, but these have already been pretty well allowed for in the price. 3. See answer to "X. Y. Z.," Plymouth.

Miscellaneous.

Suspicious.—I have had more than one occasion to warn my readers against having dealings with J. B. Mackenzie and Martin Bull. *A. E. C.*—I see no attraction in the shares of most of the American brewing companies. They are mostly at a great discount, the idea of the American managers being to disgust the English shareholders in selling back to them, when they will no doubt show results quite different from the present. *H. H. N.*—I am obliged for the documents. *Nantille.*—The British Oil and Cake Mills paid no dividends for last year, and it is not possible for an outsider to judge at present of the prospects of 1906. *J. M., Waterford.*—Here is a fair selection of industrials: Bovril Cumulative Ordinary yield 6½ per cent.; Brunner Mond Ordinary, 6⅜ per cent.; D. H. Evans and Co., 6 per cent.; W. T. Henley Cables, 6 per cent.; J.Lyons and Co., 6 3-16 per cent.; and Whitbread's Preference, 6⅛ per cent. *Kim.*—Don't have dealings with the London Scottish Stock and Share Exchange, about which I have had to speak before in Truth. *Medico.*—The immediate prospects of the London and India Dock Deferred stock do not seem bright, and the yield at the present price, on the basis of last year's dividends, is quite small. *D. R. D.*—I believe that the concern deals fairly with its clients, at least I have had no complaints against it. *Brum.*—I do not recommend a present purchase of either Linotype Ordinary or British Westinghouse Preference. The industrial market contains much more interesting shares. *Co. Wexford.*—The concern is of the low bucket-shop character. *Vasso.*—I cannot advise you to take out a bond with the Provident Association of London. *Assam.*—African Steam Navigation, Furness, Withy Ordinary, General Steam Navigation, New Zealand Shipping, and Union of New Zealand Shipping might be bought to yield over 6 per cent.; but why put all your eggs in the shipping basket? I should buy some Vickers Maxims, Armstrongs, City of London Electric Lighting, and Fine Cotton Spinners. *Omega, Hunslet.*—I consider that Apollinaris Ordinary are worth holding. They give a good yield, and the concern is doing well. The Calico Printers' dividend announcement is due in a few weeks. For the past three years 2½ per cent. has been paid, but having regard to the experience of kindred undertakings a larger distribution is expected. Speculatively, the Ordinary are fairly interesting. *H. E. A.*—It is a bucket shop, and therefore ought to be avoided. *Doubtful.*—For the purpose I think you might apply for the terms of both the Century Insurance and the Scottish Temperance. The reason why no dividends are paid on Linotype Preference is chiefly the shortage of working capital. They are speculative, but not altogether uninteresting. *Bristolian.*—1. I think you ought to keep the nitrate shares. 2. I know nothing against the concern. *Amateur.*—Ben Evans and Co. paid 7 per cent. in respect of 1905-6 in comparison with nothing for the two preceding years. They are worth holding, but are scarcely so desirable as Harrods, D. H. Evans, or Jays. Slaters are an attractive purchase. *A. J., Leeds.*—In the circumstances your best plan would be to cut the loss and put the proceeds into something more promising. Associated Cement Ordinary are unattractive, but the Preference, though speculative, give a tempting yield. *Senoj.*—I am constantly uttering warnings against Cunliffe Russell and Co., of Paris, who charge exorbitantly for the bonds, many of which are very unattractive. If you want them, purchase through N. Keizer and Co., 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C., or the Crédit Lyonnais Agency. *Hibernian, Glasgow.*—As a group, Telegraph stocks make very good holdings. Anglo-American Ordinary yields above 4¾ per cent., the Preferred more than 5¼ per cent., while Easterns give

4¾ per cent. I would prefer Anglo-American Preferred of the three. In view of the resumption of interim dividend payment Measures ought to be held. *P. M. Doncaster.*—Of your list, London General Investment Trust Preferred make the best holding. Railway Share Trust "A" shares are interesting in view of the movement in home railways. P. and O. Steam Navigation Deferred stock gives about 5¾ per cent. on the basis of the last dividend. *Geisha.*—You would be well advised to leave the concern alone. City of London and London Electric Supply shares might be held. *Rumbellow, South Shields.*—I regret my inability to advise you, but would suggest that you put the matter into the hands of your solicitor. *Jay.*—No. 1 is fairly promising, but No. 2 might be realised. At the current figure, British Electric Traction Preferred would make a good investment, while a recovery in the Ordinary dividend this year is anticipated. *Uncertain.*—Your selection could be improved upon if you desire, as you said, good security with your investment.

INDUSTRIALS BUOYANT—VALUES ADVANCING—PEKINS PROMINENT—IRON AND STEEL SHARES—DOCK STOCKS—TELEGRAPHS FAVOURED—"BEERY" ITEMS—HIGH-YIELDING SHARES—ROAD CARS.

A gratifying change is observable in the general condition of the industrial market. Not only are values appreciating all round, but it would also seem that business is gradually broadening out. That this improvement should have occurred during the holiday season is all the more promising, and with the Board of Trade returns still testifying to the prosperous state of the country there is no apparent reason why confidence should not steadily grow. I have been constantly emphasising the attractiveness of industrial securities as a whole, and with values still relatively moderate, I consider that the market is deserving of more attention. In point of interest the advance in Pekin Syndicates and kindred Chinese Industrials is most conspicuous. Pekins have been rather unduly depressed for some considerable time past, owing to the unfortunate accident just at the moment when the productive stage was about reached. But within a few weeks operations ought to be commenced in earnest, and even at the existing figure I consider the shares attractive as a lock-up. During the current year it may be noted that they touched 18¼, and in 1905, when conditions were less favourable, they were 25. Iron and steel shares hold their ground well, but are not particularly active, though evidence of the changed features of the industry is constantly cropping up. The achievement of the Workington Iron Company, for instance, is excellent. The profit was as much as £70,655, and after placing £36,250 to reserve, the final dividend of 5s. per share brings the total up to the equivalent of 30 per cent., in comparison with 8¾ per cent. for the two preceding years. Samuel Fox and Co., too, has shared in the general prosperity. I think it opportune to repeat the following table, showing the yield given by iron and steel shares on the basis of the last distribution:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Armstrong Whitworth	59/-	£5 11 6
Babcock and Wilcox	3¾	5 0 0
John Brown	1⅝	5 10 0
Cargo Fleet	19/6	5 0 0
Richardson's Westgarth	19/-	6 4 0
South Durham	21/-	7 5 0
Vickers Son and Maxim	49/-xd	5 18 0
Weardale Steel	1	5 16 0

Interest is also growing in London and India Dock stocks, the publication of the purchase bill being expected in the autumn, and a great deal is made in connection with the possibilities of the surplus land, while the trade returns are not without some influence. But I do not consider India Deferred particularly attractive, even as a gamble at the prevailing figure. Telegraph stocks have now more than recovered the recently deducted dividends, which, to my mind, is not in the least surprising, because the quotations appeared very cheap, especially in view of the fact that the undertakings as a whole are flourishing. I am not inclined to modify the often-expressed opinion upon the desirability of these descriptions from an investment standpoint. They afford good security, and yet give a relatively high return. As regards Anglo "A," which is purely a gamble, the quotation is still unduly high, and it does not appear attractive. Brewery securities remain more or less depressed, and it is interesting to refer to the achievement of Bass, Ratcliff, and Gretton. This is the first time the report has been given publicity, and it illustrates the magnitude of the Company's business. The net trading profit is £360,800, and after meeting debenture interest there is a surplus of £280,000, which permits of the distribution of 14 per cent. on the Ordinary capital. By the addition of £20,000 the reserve is brought up to £1,370,000. Bass Preferred stock, it may be noted, gives about 4¼ per cent. John Lovibond and Sons, too, experienced a fair degree of prosperity, the net profit being £7,100, as against £6,200, but the dividend is only 7½ per cent., as compared with 10 per cent., the directors having wisely decided to improve the position of the undertaking. Here is a list of high-yielding Industrial shares. It is superfluous, of course, to remark that a high-yield and gilt-edged security do not go together:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Apollinaris	6½xd	£7 4 0
Associated Cement Preference	7½	7 9 0
Bovril	21/-xd	6 5 0
Carlton Hotel	1⅜	8 0 0
Chadburn's Ship Telegraph	1¼	8 8 0
Eastman	9	6 12 0
Greenwich Linoleum	1⅛	6 14 0
Hovis Bread	1 7/16	6 14 0

The achievement of the London Road Car Company during the past half-year is scarcely satisfactory. Though the number of passengers carried was substantially higher, the net profit has declined to £13,600 from £17,000, owing chiefly to the reduced earning capacity of the horse vehicles and the competition of the motor 'buses. This has necessitated a reduction from £6 13s. 4d. per cent. to £4 3s. 4d. per cent. in the dividend. The fortunes of the Gaiety Theatre have changed for the better, receipts being £12,100 higher, but owing to a more generous allowance for depreciation, the net profit is only £1,300 larger, and the dividend at 15 per cent. is without change. VIGILANT.

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QUEER STORY.

MISS SCROGGS' BATHING TENT.

COUNCILLOR JOBSON, house agent and surveyor in that rising little Sussex watering-place Southgate-on-Sea, was about as faddy an old bachelor as you would be likely to meet in a day's march.

One of his fads, which, perhaps, forced itself most conspicuously on public notice, was his habit of taking a walk along the beach between the pier and the East Cliff every morning of his life before breakfast. Whatever the weather, calm or windy, wet or dry, hot or cold, he never allowed it to interfere with that morning constitutional on the beach from 8 to 8.30 a.m. There you will find him, under all climatic conditions, as regularly as clockwork.

Another fad—more remarkable still, though, from the nature of the circumstances, less obtruded on the public eye—was an extraordinary mania that possessed him on the subject of toe-nails. He made a point of cutting his every night of his life before he went to bed. And what do you think was his reason? You would never guess, and will perhaps hardly believe it when I tell you. It was because he had a morbid panic of scratching himself while in bed, and setting up blood-poisoning. That was why he kept his toe-nails, and particularly his big toe-nails, pared almost to the quick.

Curious notion, wasn't it? You can hardly imagine such a thing crossing any sane person's mind. But the fact was that it had been suggested to Councillor Jobson by a unique and really rather tragic occurrence that had happened many years ago in his own family. His elder brother had died a painful death of erysipelas and blood-poisoning, which deceased declared had its origin in a scratch accidentally inflicted on his leg while asleep by one of his wife's toe-nails. Whether that was really the cause I have no means of deciding. Personally, I doubt it. Nevertheless, Councillor Jobson, accepting his brother's view, firmly believed that it was, and the circumstance had such an effect upon

is morbidly nervous imagination that ever since that ragic occurrence he had been suffering from an acute ttack of toe-nails on the brain. Indeed, it was this, nd nothing else—I tell you the truthful fact—that had aused him steadily to abjure matrimony.

With his two or three intimate cronies he made no ecret of it, gravely expressing his views on the matter r a way that made it difficult for them to keep their ountenances.

"You see," the little Councillor would say, solemn and erious as a judge: "S'posing I did find a nice gal whom could really fancy, how could I know that she keeps er toe-nails cut? You never have a chance of seeing gal's toe-nails; and I couldn't very well ask her to show m to me, before I proposed—could I now?"

These remarks, utterly absurd though they were in nemselves, yet meant so much to their eccentric utterer, nd were made with such portentous and genuine ravity, that laughter was out of the question—unless ou were prepared to offend the little man mortally and ake him your enemy for life. So his cronies, by a reat effort, managed to keep their countenances, some- ow, when the subject cropped up. But when the ouncillor was not there, they made themselves (as you ay imagine), uncommonly facetious about it, and racked many a joke at the expense of "Old Toe-nails," s they had appropriately nick-named him.

So much for a general description of this eccentric ouncillor's two most eccentric fads.

The former of the two—I mean his fad for taking a onstitutional on the beach every morning, between the ier and the East Cliff—led him one day into a mild sort f adventure.

It was a windy, rather blusterous morning, with occa- ional sharp showers of rain, and the beach was entirely eserted, save for a solitary lady who was taking her natutinal dip in the briny from a tent upon the shingle. When Councillor Jobson passed, on his way towards the East Cliff, the lady was in the water. When he passed n his way back again—ten minutes later—she had eturned to her tent, and was, presumably, dressing herein. I have said it was a windy, blusterous morning. When the Councillor was but a few paces past the tent, here came a sudden gust which nearly blew his hat into he sea. He caught it just in time, as it was being ifted from his head, and was engaged in the task of ramming it on again, extra tight, when he heard a mothered shriek . . . Turning round, he saw that the ent had collapsed on the top of the fair bather, whose orm he could discern struggling and writhing under- eath the striped canvas.

Councillor Jobson viewed the spectacle with embar- assment and dismay. What was he to do? Not a ingle other soul was in sight to render aid, and he elt that, under such circumstances, it would be in he highest degree unchivalrous and unmanly on his art not to go to the lady's assistance. Yet could the air creature, who had only left the water some five ninutes ago, be sufficiently advanced in her toilet not o find a gentleman's assistance rather an aggravation han otherwise of her embarrassment and distress? What was he to do?

He advanced a few steps, then retreated, then dvanced again. He had got, perhaps, some ten paces earer to the tent, when the lady's head suddenly merged. Her face was very red and excited, and as he saw Councillor Jobson, it grew redder still. The Councillor marked how she clutched the canvas with oth hands and held it tight round her neck—for fear, o doubt, lest a gust of wind might displace it and xpose her to view.

"Stop where you are, sir! Don't come any nearer! appeal to your honour as a gentleman," cried the dy, excitedly.

"Certainly, madam, certainly," stammered Councillor obson, retreating a pace or two. "I am truly sorry to ee you in such a predicament, madam. Can I do any- hing for you, madam—help you to—to—put up the ent again, or anything of that sort?"

"On no account. Quite impossible, sir," exclaimed he lady, energetically. "I would put up the tent myself, only—only" (she averted her face) "circum- stances into which I need not enter render it altogether out of the question. Situated as I am, I simply can't move from my present position. I really don't know what I *am* to do. And the worst of it is, the tide's coming in fast," she added, despairately.

"You'll be drowned if you remain there, madam, I'm afraid," said Councillor Jobson, solemnly.

As you will already have gathered, he was entirely without sense of humour.

"And I shall never be able to look any one in the face again, if I move," declared the lady, piteously. "Oh, I know; there is only one thing to be done. You *can* help me, if you like. *Do*, there's a good creature," she cried in piteous tones..

"With all the pleasure in life, madam, if you will tell me what it is," replied the Councillor.

"Then run as fast as you can to my lodgings—700, Grand Parade—and ask the maid to bring my water- proof cloak at once," cried the lady excitedly.

"Certainly, madam, certainly," answered Councillor Jobson, with alacrity; for he was by no means ill- pleased to escape from so embarrassing a situation.

And off he set at a slow jog-trot. Upon ringing the front-door bell at 700, Grand Parade, he was answered, after a considerable interval, by a very hot and flustered-looking servant-girl.

"If you're after apartments, we're full up," she said, rather snappishly.

"I'm not after apartments, my good girl," replied Councillor Jobson. "But a lady who lodges here—I don't know her name—has had—um—er—" (coughing modestly behind his hand) "an accident on the beach with her bathing tent, and she asked me to tell you to take her waterproof cloak to her at once."

"Oh! Did she?" retorted the servant-girl, ironi- cally. "It's Miss Scroggs, I suppose. Just like her, too. Never thinking of no one's convenience but her own—as if all the world was made to wait upon her. Me take her waterproof down to the beach, indeed—just at breakfast time, too, with three sets of lodgers to wait upon! What next, I wonder? If it's so im- portant she should have her waterproof at once, yer can jolly well take it to her yourself."

And as she spoke, the servant-girl dived into the corner of the passage, where the lodgers hung their hats and coats, and presently returned with a long, black waterproof.

"There y'are," she said, thrusting it into Councillor Jobson's hands.

"But, my good girl," he expostulated. "I——"

That was as far as he got. Before he could finish his sentence, the servant-girl had slammed the door in his face.

Councillor Jobson lingered on the steps for a moment, hesitating as to what he should do next. The lady, from obvious motives of delicacy, had requested him to send her waterproof to her by the servant-girl—a female messenger. But that female messenger having so scoffingly declined the errand, where was another to be found? He didn't happen to be acquainted with any suitable female in the immediate vicinity; and there wasn't time—with the tide coming in so rapidly—for him to go home and despatch his own cook or house- maid with the cloak.

Sighing heavily to himself (for he had hoped that he was now quit of further responsibility in this embarrass- ing affair), he realised that unless the distressed bather was to be left to her fate—which was out of the question—he must do as the saucy minx of a servant had said, and take the cloak to her himself.

So off he set again over the deserted beach through the pouring rain. He blessed the rain. It was his one crumb of comfort; for it kept everybody indoors and saved him from having to run the gauntlet of public observation while discharging this errand so repugnant to his native modesty.

When he came again within speaking distance of the unfortunate Miss Scroggs—who still sat on the shingle, as he had left her, closely enveloped in the canvas of the bathing tent, with the sea now but a few yards from her feet—his instinctive delicacy brought him to a halt.

"Madam," he stammered, in explanation of his presence, "I am exceedingly sorry, but that minx of a servant refused to bring your cloak; so I have had to bring it myself. Shall—shall—I *throw* it to you?" he asked, squeezing the cloak up into a ball as he spoke.

Miss Scroggs shook her head distressfully.

"I wish you could, sir," she said; "but, alas! in the presence of a gentleman, I—I—daren't let go the canvas to catch it. No. It is really dreadfully embarrassing; but if—if—you would come and put down the cloak where I can reach it, and—and—look the other way while you do so——"

"Certainly, madam," said Councillor Jobson, as, nerving himself to the desperate deed, and tingling and blushing all over, he advanced with the waterproof cloak and plopped it hastily into the lady's lap.

At this terrible moment of contact, our modest Councillor, mindful of Miss Scroggs' express desire, looked carefully the other way. But in averting his eyes from the lady's face, they happened to fall upon her naked feet, which just protruded beyond the shelter of the canvas. They were very small and white, and well shaped. Yet, characteristically enough, it was not their size, nor their colour, nor their shapeliness that struck little Councillor Jobson. There was only one standard which he ever applied to such members. And by that standard now, involuntarily and in an instant, he sized up the feet of this fair bather.

"By Jove!" he said to himself, with an abstracted air, as he trudged home through the rain. "By Jove! She cuts her toe-nails."

And several times again, before he reached his house, he repeated to himself, with the same abstracted, withal approving, air:

"By Jove! She cuts her toe-nails."

* * * * *

You will easily guess the sequel of this little episode on the beach at Southgate. Six months later, Councillor Jobson espoused Miss Lavinia Scroggs.

Mary, the servant girl from the lodgings, was present in the church at the ceremony, attired in an uncommonly stylish new frock and hat. Where she got the money from to pay for such an outfit—considering her exiguous wages—I cannot for certain say, though I can form a shrewd conjecture. And this conjecture is strengthened by something I have heard that passed between Councillor Jobson and his wife a few weeks after their wedding.

"My dear," said the councillor, "I've been thinking how fortunate it was the wind upsetting your tent that day upon the beach; and I tell you, straight," he cried, in a very ecstasy of uxorious fondness, "if that gust of wind which blew down your tent was something human and tangible, I'd kiss it. Yes, by Jove, I would—I'd take it in my arms and kiss it for what it's done for me."

Mrs. Councillor Jobson smiled. Why do you think she smiled? From pleasure at the fervour of the implied compliment? Partly, perhaps. Yet I scent another reason. Yes: I strongly suspect that she was smiling at the humorous reflection that her husband *had* (without knowing it) already kissed, and kissed a good many times, the human and tangible wind that had upset her tent on that memorable morning, and so secured her his hand and fortune.

MUSIC.

THE TYRANNY OF THE ORGAN-GRINDER.

MAN lives by hope, and therefore it is pleasant to indulge the fancy that some good may possibly result from the formation of a House of Commons' Committee to consider the question of street music and kindred forms of annoyance. Truly we have suffered long in this respect. Since the days when Dickens, Carlyle, Tennyson, and others of light and leading, took part in a memorable protest against "brazen performers on brazen instruments, beaters of drums, grinders of organs, bangers of banjos, clashers of cymbals, worriers of fiddles, bellowers of ballads," and like enemies of peace and quietness, the evil has been with us. "The grinders shall cease," it is written in Ecclesiastes, but the prediction has not yet been fulfilled so far as London is concerned, and one is reduced to doubting if it ever will be. Fifteen years ago Mr. Jacoby, M.P., conducted a spirited campaign on the subject, which, unhappily, came to nothing beyond involving its author in not a little contumely; and it speaks volumes for his enthusiasm in a desperate cause that he should now be associated with a second effort of the same kind. May one dare hope that a greater success may attend him this time?

This is one of those things which they manage better abroad. In France or Germany the notion of itinerant musicians annoying the entire community by their dismal strains would not be tolerated for a moment, and the police in those favoured lands possess powers which effectually protect their citizens from this most unnecessary and gratuitous form of affliction. When shall we have the common sense to follow suit? Gautier called music the most expensive form of noise, but, probably, if we knew it, a kind far more costly, taking into consideration all its baneful results, its effects on the nerves, and so on, is that which greets us in the highways and byways and wheresoever men do congregate, in a thousand and one shapes which judicious legislation would suppress. It was Schopenhauer who said that insensibility to noise was the surest indication of a low and undeveloped nervous organisation; on which assumption it is certain that we, as a nation, can hardly be reckoned very far advanced. Certain it is that we are more tolerant under this head than any other nation professing to call itself civilised, though I fancy the Americans run us pretty close in this respect. Sir Arthur Sullivan was wont to compose in the middle of the night, because he could never obtain quiet at any other time, and, without expecting the impossible, or looking for legislation on a subject which is merely of vast concern to the community at large, irrespective of party issues, surely it is not too much to ask that the local authorities shall put their heads together on this matter, and exercise the powers which they possess?

Mr. Bernard Shaw once expressed the opinion that it was the "State-aided noises"—as he called them—which were the chief offenders, as, for example, the church bells and the military bands; but for most it is chiefly the itinerant organ, the peripatetic vocalist, the demon with the cornet, the German band, the leather-lunged newsvendor, the whistling locomotive, the earth-shaking motor car, and the rattling dust cart, which go to make life in London unendurable. This is a matter, surely, in regard to which the L.C.C. might co-operate with the borough councils. There are by-laws of various kinds in existence which have been designed to meet the case, but it is left to the private individual to enforce them. You can move off an individual performer if you choose, and even have him fined if he refuses to go; but what is the good of doing this? If he moves out of ear-shot, another quickly takes his place, while to carry matters to the police court is a still more doubtful kind of undertaking. As likely as not, the case will come before a "humorous" magistrate, who will make "comic" copy for the police reporters out of your woes, and hold you up to the contempt of the community as a churlish fellow, who would rob the multitude of its simple pleasures. Or perhaps a cantankerous neighbour will take a hand in the game, and appeal to his sovereign right to have a barrel-organ playing outside his premises without let or hindrance so long as he chooses. Not long ago a case was heard in which application was made to deal with a man, who, in this genial spirit of the free-born Briton, who never, never will be a slave to other people's comfort, had actually invited a German band to play on his balcony in a house in Mayfair, and the magistrate's only help was the facetious suggestion that possibly the band must be held to be covered by the law in relation to "noisy animals."

Attempts have been made of late years in certain

districts to check the nuisance by putting up notices bearing the awe-inspiring legend: "Organs and street-cries prohibited.—By order." And in many cases considerable effect has been produced in this way, although the notice in question is, from a legal point of view, in the nature of a pious fraud, since it can be disregarded with the utmost impunity by any one who chooses to do this. But it serves to advertise to those concerned the prevailing sentiment of the locality, and in not a few instances it, at all events, has had a beneficial effect. Perhaps the fraternity have not yet investigated the legal aspect of the matter. Otherwise such notices would certainly act as an incentive rather than a deterrent in many cases. For, as is well known, the organ-grinder and his kind often find it even more profitable to leave off playing for a consideration than to continue, and it is said there are even members of the craft who study daily the distinguished invalids' column with a view to ascertaining those "pitches" where they are most likely to be handsomely bought off. The question is how much longer this intolerable state of things is going to be endured by the inhabitants of the First City in Europe.

Arrangements have, it seems, now been definitely concluded for a four weeks' season of Wagnerian opera under the management of Herr Van Dyck at Covent Garden in January and February next, and from the particulars furnished we should have some interesting performances. There were not a few admirers of Herr Van Dyck who regretted his absence from Covent Garden during the past season, and rumour had it that only a little difference between himself and the Syndicate in the matter of terms stood in the way of his coming, so that in the event of his appearing at the head of a company of his own, he will certainly be welcomed. As conductors, Herr Mottl and Dr. Viotta, of Amsterdam, are named, while the band will be the London Symphony Orchestra. As for the repertory, this will include "Der Fliegende Holländer," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Tristan," "Die Meistersinger," and "Die Walküre," along with "Fidelio," "Der Freischütz," and Smetana's "Die Verkaufte Braut," which last-named work it is, however, a mistake to describe as an almost complete novelty in London, seeing that it was given several times by the Coburg Company at Drury Lane some ten years since. The singers will include, it is stated, artists of the highest rank, both native and foreign, while moderate prices are promised. January and February should be excellent months for a short season of this kind. We are certainly getting on in the matter of grand opera in London. What with the Syndicate's three months in the summer, and two months in the autumn, and six weeks here and two months there by private *entrepreneurs*, it is almost a "continuous supply" which we shall soon be having.

Meanwhile, Mr. Manners continues his excellent performances at the Lyric Theatre. On Thursday, "The Marriage of Figaro" will be presented for the first time this season, with Mme. Fanny Moody, Miss Rosina Beynon, Mr. Lewys James, and Mr. Charles Magrath in the cast, while on Friday Miss Enriqueta Crichton will sing Santuzza in "Cavalleria." Mr. Manners, in addition, has come out with another of those eloquent manifestoes which he writes so well, the response to which will be noted with interest. Mr. Manners proposes now the formation of a "National English Opera Union," pledged to promote the love of English opera, and to further its establishment on a sound and self-supporting basis. Mr. Manners writes:—

> In this country, with the exception of the short annual season at Covent Garden, there are only four opera companies in existence, that is, the Carl Rosa Opera Company, Mr. J. W. Turner's Company, and the two companies which I have at present on tour. Until these are reinforced it is obvious that everything to do with English opera is at a standstill; indeed, one is afraid that it is a case of general deadlock. The fashionable and moneyed classes will have none of it, and the middle and lower classes, never having seen opera in its proper form, and at reasonable prices, know practically nothing at all about it.
>
> The few impresarios who have tried to bridge over the gulf have abandoned the effort as futile. I have repeatedly, and now again offer to prove to any interested, that it is possible to give opera in London far better than has ever been yet accomplished, at prices from 6d. to 6s., and in the provinces better and at lower prices than any town or city of like size on the Continent, and all this without one farthing on the rates or taxes.
>
> It has occurred to me that many of our most valuable and beneficial national institutions have come into existence as the result of combined effort. I refer to the Volunteer movement, the Y.M.C.A., and to the recent inception by Lord Roberts of a scheme to promote national rifle shooting.

Hence the proposed Union. It is not a bad idea, and there is no reason why benefit should not result therefrom. There is great virtue in co-operation, and a body such as Mr. Manners suggests, with a membership running possibly into thousands, might accomplish a great deal. For the present no subscription is suggested, so no one need hesitate to join on this account. When the membership has reached ten thousand Mr. Manners suggests that a general meeting of the society might be held to elect officials and consider ways and means. Such a movement is at least as hopeful as ambitious projects for the establishment of a full blown national opera with the help of State or rate aid, which there is not the remotest likelihood of ever being obtained. Communications on the subject should be addressed to Mr. Manners, at 1, Moody-Manners Stores, The Hyde, Hendon, N.W.

The degeneration of modern music is the theme of an eloquent article which Dr. Saint-Saëns has been contributing to the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*. Root and branch, it would seem, the veteran master condemns the products of his modern contemporaries. In the orchestra colour has usurped the place of form and harmony. On the stage the voice has been reduced to the position of a subordinate instrument. The polyphony of the earlier masters has given way to an unbridled cacophony. Rules which have been evolved in the course of ages are violated on every hand, and the very foundations of the art as it has been handed down to us are in process of disintegration. Everywhere is anarchy and chaos, and altogether our condition is a sad one. Yet as there is "a budding morrow in midnight," so it would seem that in Saint-Saëns' judgment the inevitable reaction must be near at hand. The day is ever darkest before the dawn, and so our present grievous condition must surely herald a brighter state of things. Some mighty genius will arise who will evolve order out of chaos and place the art upon its base again, restore it to its pristine glory, and cast forth the unclean spirits who have taken possession of its temple. It is all very eloquent and stimulating, and will doubtless provoke resounding "hear, hears" in many quarters. But it is impossible not to reflect that the same sort of thing has been said by musicians of the older school any time for a century past and more. As Saint-Saëns writes to-day of our latter-day composers, so his predecessors spoke in turn of Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Wagner, and all the others who have long since taken a place by general agreement among the major divinities of the art. And no doubt the critics of a century hence will point in precisely the same spirit to the classic sobriety and grace of the selfsame music of to-day which Saint-Saëns finds so repellent. But Saint-Saëns is an old man now, and his opinions are coloured accordingly. In earlier days it was very different in his case. Then none stepped more proudly in the van of progress than the quondam friend of Liszt and ardent champion of Wagner who has since repented him of his love for either.

Mr. James Glover, who usually knows what he is talking about, does good service by calling attention to the grievances which civilian orchestral players are liable to suffer during the holiday season at the hands of Army bandsmen, who, trading on the prestige of the Service, compete against them in a very undesirable manner. As Mr. Glover points out, it is decidedly a hardship to the lay musician, who has got no retainer, subvention, or pension to look to, should he at this time of the year be forced into the ranks of the unemployed, while the work under his very nose is taken from him, not only by itinerant aliens, but by Army performers

under State-aided authority. In competition, too, the lay musician has no chance, for the Service bands are offered under circumstances which are hopelessly disadvantageous to the ordinary professional combination. There is, moreover, a considerable element of misrepresentation too often. For whereas the Service bands average at their proper strength thirty to forty musicians, they are hired out in sections of ten, twelve, or fifteen players, and then announced as "H.M. Royal Marine Band," or the "Celebrated Artillery Band," as the case may be, thus involving what Mr. Glover trenchantly describes as "a gross misrepresentation of fact under the ægis of State patronage." It is hardly surprising that in the circumstance a good deal of dissatisfaction should exist.

A good deal of excitement has been worked up over the Registration of Teachers Bill, but as the measure has been abandoned there is no need to discuss the matter at length. It is not unnatural, however, that those who regard their position as imperilled thereby, should view with considerable hostility even the best conceived measure of this order, and caution is certainly necessary to ensure that the advantages of registration are obtained without injury to those who do not choose to enrol themselves. From this point of view, indeed, there is a good deal to be said in favour of the thing being accomplished on purely voluntary lines. Let the leading schools, and colleges, and universities, and so forth, join forces and establish a register of their own, and all that is really necessary in this way might be accomplished forthwith without the intervention of Parliament at all; and since the notion of compulsion in this particular case is not to be entertained for a moment, there is really not the slightest necessity for legislative action. Then those who wish to enrol themselves and rank as registered teachers, duly stamped and authenticated as having obtained a certain standard of proficiency, could do this, while those more modest or less competent, who prefer to remain in the ranks of the unregistered, could consult their own inclinations also, and everyone would know who was who, and what was what. Music, after all, is not like medicine, the practice of which by the incapable involves danger to the community. The competition of the inexpert at cutting prices is, doubtless, displeasing to the better qualified, but this is no reason for Parliamentary intervention.

An article in the *Musical Times* for August gives some interesting particulars of the Rev. F. W. Galpin's collection of old and rare musical instruments, which makes his Vicarage at Hatfield Broad Oak a resort of attraction to the musical antiquarian. Since his schooldays at Sherborne, where Mr. J. R. Sterndale-Bennett, son of the composer, was at that time conductor of the choir and orchestra, musical instruments have been Mr. Galpin's special hobby, and to-day the treasures which he possesses in this form constitute a collection of rare value and interest. All ages and climes seem to be represented in the list, perusal of which reminds one how few of all the almost innumerable instruments of one sort or another in existence are those employed in the modern orchestra of the West. When will some bold spirit arise who will show more enterprise in this respect, and avail himself of some of the less familiar instruments of the past, such as the tromba-marina, the recorder, and the rebec, of which Mr. Galpin possesses choice examples? As a matter of fact, however, the tendency would seem to be rather the other way. A Wagner or a Richard Strauss may now and again add to his instrumental resources for the purpose of special effects, but generally this and that instrument of the past tends to drop out as time runs on. Mr. Galpin himself can illustrate this from his own experience. Thus, he has played the contrafagotto in Haydn's "Creation," the serpent in Mendelssohn's "Saint Paul," and the ophicleide in "Elijah;" but how many modern composers write for any of those instruments to-day?

Mr. Pedro Tillett writes from 6, Cork-street:—

As it may be very misleading to the public interested in music, I should be much obliged if you would point out in your valuable paper that the recent announcement of the firm styling themselves "Vert and Sinkins" has nothing whatever to do with the old-established firm of N. Vert, which has been in existence for 50 years.

Mr. Fernando Vert, who has joined the former agency, has not been connected in any way with the Cork Street firm for a considerable number of years.

Mr. Pedro Tillett, nephew and partner of the late Mr. N. Vert, is carrying on the business of N. Vert.

The number of new concert agencies which have sprung up during the past year or so has been remarkable, and there is food for a good deal of thought in the circumstance.

A long article on R. L. Pearsall, composer of "Sir Patrick Spens," "O! who will o'er the Downs?" and many other famous and delightful part songs, is an interesting feature of the *Musical Herald* for August. As it is observed, a man born in 1795 seems far removed from the living. Yet, the writer tells us that he has talked with three people who knew Pearsall well, and from the information obtained in this way and from other sources, he has put together a very attractive sketch of a remarkable man, who, in his own particular way only just escaped being a genius. Pearsall's notion of part writing was very different from that which sometimes obtains:—

It is possible to write in many parts so as to give each a characteristic and independent melody. In these a musical conversation is kept on foot, in which each voice participates, not uttering a stupid humdrum of commonplace phrases, but exchanging ideas with its neighbour, giving an interest such as can never exist in the tambourine-like sounds produced by basses and inner parts of popular part-songs. I have seen many part-songs in which the bass looks more as if intended for the kettle-drums than to be executed by a human voice.

It may not be generally known that the present Earl of Harrington is Pearsall's grandson, his mother (wife of the seventh Earl), who is still living at Cowes, being the composer's elder daughter.

Mr. Algernon Ashton, who can always be relied on to amuse, has a comically self-important letter in *Musical Opinion* on the subject of Mr. Ashton Ellis's "Life of Wagner." He is not reading it, he says, "nor am I in the least likely to waste my valuable time over it"; but he intervenes, *more suo*, to put Mr. Ellis right regarding the house which Wagner occupied in Portland-terrace, Regent's Park. "It is quite true," he writes, "that I often visited my friend Mr. Clarence Lucas when he resided at No. 23, Portland-terrace, Regent's Park. But I always understood from him that Wagner lodged next door (No. 22), and this number is also given in Grove's Dictionary." Mr. Ashton adds, "I remember that Mr. Clarence Lucas hired a room (which I likewise visited) on the top floor of No. 22 in order to be able to say that he had composed music on the same spot where the great Richard Wagner once dwelt." If the house was still in existence I should respectfully suggest that a tablet ought to be affixed thereto recording the fact of its having been once occupied by—Algernon Ashton. An amusing feature of Algernon's letter, by the way, is that he writes in every instance of Mr. "Ashton" Ellis. Evidently in his judgment there is only one genuine "Ashton."

Many will be glad to note that Stanford's "Shamus O'Brien" has been chosen as the work to be given by the Royal College of Music students this year. It is just ten years since that delightful work was originally produced at the Opéra Comique, where it enjoyed, as all will remember, with Mme. (then Miss) Kirkby Lunn, Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, and Mr. Joseph O'Mara in the principal parts, extraordinary success. In any other country but our own it would, of course, have been revived long since. From its unsophisticated nature the music of "Shamus O'Brien" ought not to "date" to any considerable extent.

Yet another Wagnerian "find." Herr Moritz Wirth, of Leipzig, I read, has just published a brochure of eighty pages concerning two new scenes which Wagner wrote with full music for "Gotterdämmerung." It was only the other day that we were all agog over the discovery of Wagner's long-lost "Rule Britannia" overture—a work, however, which concert-givers have

not felt induced to repeat too insistently since. Two complete scenes, dating from the "Götterdämmerung" period ought, however, to imply another pair of sleeves entirely, and there will certainly be curiosity to learn more on the subject. Where do they come in, and what can they be about? The pamphlet in question bears the rather cryptic title, it seems, of "Mutter Brünnhilde." Here is food for gossip, clearly. Are we to have more scandal about that much-maligned heroine?

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—An empire, like a man, seems to begin to die at the extremities where the circulation is feeblest, and it is there chiefly that the Russian Empire is breaking up. Of its break up in the Caucasus Mr. Luigi Villari gives you a wonderfully vivid and interesting account in his "Fire and Sword in the Caucasus" (1), where Russian, Tartar, Armenian, and Georgian are at each other's throats. What, however, interested me most in the book was Mr. Villari's description of the Gurian communistic republic.

Two years ago the Gurians, exasperated by the usurpation of peasant land by the State, and by the tax of 300,000 roubles a year paid to the Russian Government, which spent only 20,000 of it in the district, and that on police, resolved to take everything into their own hands, ignoring the Russian administration and judicature, and boycotting all foreign officials. As the people were absolutely unanimous—at least as against Russia—there was no difficulty in carrying out their communistic programme, so long as the dogs of havoc and war were not let slip upon them. Each man contributed his due of money and labour for the common good—priests, peasants, shopkeepers, and nobles working manfully in shifts to maintain the roads, etc. The reaction against Russian methods was, as you might expect, extreme where the administration of justice—always inefficient, haphazard, and corrupt in Russian courts—was concerned. The first act of the Gurians in initiating their autonomy was to ignore the Russian tribunals and set up a court of justice of their own, which seems a simple reversion to primitive ideals in the constitution of the court, in the character of the offences of which it took cognisance, and in the kinds of punishment awarded to these offences. There was no judge, jury, prosecutor, nor advocate, only the people themselves acting in these capacities and deciding by a majority upon the guilt or innocence of the accused. The accused, again, may be, not what we call a criminal, but only what we call a sinner. Any man committing adultery or living with a mistress is liable to prosecution and punishment, and the punishment of such offences is most primitive, but also most effective. A peasant having committed adultery with a woman of his district, the two were sentenced to ride through the village on the back of a donkey stark naked, and to proclaim their sin and contrition, as they ran the gauntlet of shame, to the assembled villagers. Neither for this nor for any other crime is a man imprisoned or put to death. He is boycotted, and the unanimity of the people makes this punishment almost more than the criminal can bear. In Mr. Luigi's presence, for instance, a merchant who, by committing adultery, had broken up two homes, appealed against the severest sentence the court could pass—that of perpetual boycott. "I admit my sin and the justice of my punishment," he pleaded; "but I am deeply penitent, and I swear to lead in future a virtuous life. The sufferings I have undergone since you boycotted me have been so unbearable that it would have been more merciful to have killed me outright. I am lost and hopeless unless you relent and withdraw the boycott."

Yet the boycott, which this man sincerely declared to be unendurable, had only lasted a few weeks. Both the detection of crime and its punishment were so much more effective under this new régime than under the old, that robbery, brigandage, etc., had greatly decreased. "Is it not better," cried one of Mr. Luigi's friends to him, "to be tried in this way than by three scoundrels in black robes?" But the scoundrels in black robes are, I fear, soon to return, as, since Mr. Luigi's visit to the Republic, the Russians have flooded it with troops, and drenched it in blood. The tender mercies of the Russians in these regions may be judged by the following incident. Freedom to discuss political matters in meetings had for some time been permitted in Tiflis, when suddenly its temporary Governor-General broke in upon such a meeting with a few hundred Cossacks and butchered men, women, and children indiscriminately. A lady doctor, who had come to the meeting out of mere curiosity, was wounded, but, in spite of her wound, she attended professionally those more seriously hurt. While in the act of bandaging the wound of a poor fellow with some strips of her own clothing she was brained by a Cossack with the butt of his rifle. While these Georgians are by universal admission a fine race, there is a conflict of opinion about the relative merits of the Armenians and Tartars, who are for ever at each other's throats. Mr. Villari, finding all outsiders, Russians, Englishmen, etc., unanimously against the Armenians, was naturally prejudiced against them until he found that these apparently impartial opinions of foreigners on the spot were inspired by the commercial success of their Armenian rivals and by the self-respect and independence of Armenian workmen, as compared with the abject submission of the Tartars to any terms prescribed by their masters. I fancy the root of the anti-Armenian crusade is the same as that of the anti-Semitic crusade—the superior smartness of the hated race. I remember reading or hearing somewhere this tribute to Armenian smartness:—"It takes six Englishmen to cheat one Jew; it takes six Jews to cheat one Greek; it takes six Greeks to cheat one Armenian." There is no doubt at all that the Russians instigated the Tartars to massacre the Armenians at Baku, whatever doubt there may be about the Russian instigation of the hooligans of Odessa and elsewhere to massacre the Jews. Everyone interested in the Russian revolution—and who is not?—will find this book of Mr. Luigi Villari invaluable for the light it throws both on Russian and on revolutionary ideas and methods. While you are reading Mr. John Bloundelle-Burton's "Traitor and True" (2) you are carried along so breathlessly that you do not ask yourself the questions which occur to you when you have closed it. Why should conspirators against such a monarch as Louis XIV., carrying as they did their own lives in their hands, be so squeamish about taking the life of the Englishman who was about to denounce them to the King, as was La Truaumont, and as was the head of the conspiracy, De Beaurepaire? Why, again, did not Beaurepaire, when he had fatuously allowed this Englishman to go straight into the King to denounce him, fly at once for his life with the woman who had sacrificed all for him? However, these questions hardly trouble you as you read, so full of exciting scenes and incidents is this stirring novel. "The Eagles" (3) also is full of exciting scenes and incidents, but they are as improbable as dreams. The present Czar, chatting incognito in a wood with the Kaiser, and travelling incognito and unrecognised, and therefore in imminent peril for lack of a passport, through Russia, are samples, but mild samples, of the incredible things you are asked to believe in this wild novel. Why its reckless hero should be of all things a diplomatist is one of the minor perplexities that vex the exasperated

(1) "Fire and Sword in the Caucasus." By Luigi Villari. Illustrated. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

(2) "Traitor and True." A Romance. By John Bloundelle-Burton. (London: John Long. 6s.)

(3) "The Eagles." By Paul Urquhart. Frontispiece by Harold Piffard. (London: Ward, Lock & Co., Ltd. 6s.)

(4) "The Corner House." By F. M. White. Illustrations by A. T. Smith. (London: Ward, Lock & Co., Ltd. 6s.)

(5) "Cattle Brands." A Collection of Western Camp-Fire Stories. By Andy Adams. (London: Archibald Constable & Co. 6s.)

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reader. My third novel, Mr. F. M. White's "The Corner House" (4) is also an intricate tangle of mystery and murder, whose arch-villain, a tigress countess, murders her drunken husband and saddles with the crime a doctor whom she hated with the most virulent hate of all, that of "a woman scorned." There are all kinds of plots and counter-plots, more ingenious than probable, which will no doubt thrill and enthrall the lover of detective fiction. "Cattle Brands" (5) is a collection of short stories about ranching, etc., which seem to me rather prosy. The use of slang intelligible only to cow-boys irritates you, when not even the context helps you to spell out its meaning. Here, for instance, is a sample sentence:—

> The ragged edge of despair don't describe them. I made them a little talk; told them that their boss had cashed in, back over the hill; also, if there was any segundo in their outfit, the position of big augur was open to him, and we were at his service.

Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, ever yours sincerely, DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

"The Life and Letters of the First Earl of Durham," by Mr. S. J. Reid, is to be published in the autumn. Lord Durham was an active and prominent leader of the Whig party during the reigns of George IV. and William IV., and a most zealous advocate of Parliamentary reform. He was, from 1830 until 1833, a member of the Whig Cabinet, of which his father-in-law, Lord Grey, was the head, but he quarrelled with his colleagues, to whom generally he rendered himself very obnoxious, and he resigned, after a violent and painful scene with Lord Grey at a Cabinet dinner. Lord Durham was afterwards, for a short time, Ambassador to Russia, and then First Commissioner of Canada. He died in 1840, when under fifty. The biography will be based on the correspondence, despatches, and miscellaneous papers at Lambton Castle, and it is to contain many unpublished letters of prominent statesmen of that period. Lord Durham was known among his friends as "King Jog," after he had informed somebody that "£40,000 a year was such an income as a man might jog on with." He was cruising for a peerage from the time that Mr. Canning came into office, but declared that he would not take a barony, as he considered it to be no promotion for "the first commoner in England to be made the last baron." He obtained his earldom from Lord Grey in 1833, having previously accepted a barony from Lord Goderich.

Mr. Jesse Collings is no longer the stalwart Radical he once was, but a good deal of the old Adam comes out in his book on "Land Reform" (Longmans and Co., price 12s. 6d.), especially in the chapters in which he traces the growth of the English land system and describes the spoliation of yeomen and peasants by the landed aristocracy. He speaks up valiantly in defence of Wat Tyler, Jack Cade, Kett the Tanner, and other much maligned leaders of agrarian revolts, which were "the inevitable outcome of the almost incredible cruelty and oppression under which the peasantry were suffering." Mr. Collings's main purpose, however, is to advocate the re-establishment on the land of yeomen farmers and peasant proprietors. His book is well worth the attention of land reformers, though the measures that he favours will not meet with general approval, more particularly as he couples with them Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal policy.

Miss Helen Mather's new novel, "Tally Ho!" which Messrs. Methuen are issuing this week, is largely concerned with a racing fraud which is carried out by a crack gentleman rider, the husband of the heroine. The same publishers will also have ready this week a new novel by Mr. Bernard Capes, entitled "A Rogue's Tragedy." It is a story of the period when Victor-Amadeus III. was on the throne of Sardinia, and it relates the part taken by one Cartouche, a young man of fortune, in an attempt to check in that Duchy the disruptive processes of the French Revolution, his indictment by a secret society, and finally his tragic sacrifice of himself and his fortunes to an unrequited love.

Mr. Albert B. Lloyd, a missionary, who some years ago wrote "In Dwarfland and Cannibal Country," being a record of his travels in Central Africa, is the author of a new volume entitled "Uganda to Khartoum: Life and Adventure on the Upper Nile," which will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

Mr. John Long announces that he is about to publish a collection of verses by the Marchioness Townshend, whose name has been so prominently before the public of late. "In the King's Garden and Other Poems" is the title of the volume, which will have a photogravure of the authoress and a preface by the Rev. James Weller. The lady's verses are described as "pathetic in the extreme, full of thought, word-pictures reflecting the character and sensations of one who, though young in years, has learnt that 'as gold must be tried by fire, so the heart must be tried by pain.'"

One of the most interesting books of the forthcoming season should be "The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn," announced by Messrs. Constable. Hearn led a most romantic life, and he was a remarkably clever letter writer.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus have in preparation an English translation of the Marquis de Ségur's recent biography of Julie de Lespinasse, a famous beauty and wit who flourished in Paris during the years 1731-1776. The book clears up certain mysteries connected with the lady's birth.

The Rev. Victor L. Whitechurch, author of "The Canon in Residence," has written another story of clerical life, "The Locum Tenens," which will be published very soon by Mr. Unwin.

"Sixty Years of Journalism" (Arrowsmith, Bristol, price 3s. 6d.) is a pleasant and entertaining volume of personal reminiscences by Mr. H. Findlater Bussey. During his long career as a journalist Mr. Bussey came into contact with many political, legal, and other celebrities, and witnessed many notable events, and his book, which is enlivened with plenty of amusing anecdotes, is thoroughly readable.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—I see that sketching and snapshotting have at last been forbidden in the Divorce Court. The wonder is that they should ever have been allowed. The judges who have announced that they are to be discontinued dwelt on the effect upon witnesses of being sketched in Court adding to the nervousness they must feel in any case. So I should think! Has it ever occurred to you to think what an awful, horrible nightmare thing it must be to have to appear in that Court? When Nellie was summoned to be a witness in a certain case of the kind we wot of, she could neither sleep nor eat, and was reduced to a pitiable condition of nerves. When the day came she was, as she described it herself, "all to pieces, going at the knees, and no backbone worth mentioning." After all, she was not called; but her father had to send her to a farmhouse for a month to learn how to eat and sleep, and to get the clean taste of life back again.

How tragic that case was! If ever a girl began married life with everything pointing to happiness it was that poor Kitty. They were a good-looking couple. She was deeply in love, and we all thought he was, too. An officious friend calls on poor Kitty a few weeks after the honeymoon journey and tells her that Jack had for years been in love with a girl who had jilted him and married some one else. For the rest of the story I

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refer you to Alphonse Daudet's "La Clef d'Or," only that instead of the great novelist's happy ending, all the hopes and joys of what might have become a pleasant comradeship were trodden down on the way to the Divorce Court.

If that officious woman had not spoken, all might have been well. But poor heart-broken Kitty simply threw her husband into the other woman's arms. He was weak, of course, but his wife should have strengthened him instead of withdrawing all his supports.

And, after all, Amy dear, we take our husbands "for better, for *worse*," as well as for richer, for poorer. No one objects to the "better" or the "richer," and it is only fair to accept the risks.

Beta complains that her husband is far too good. This is an almost unique case, I should imagine. "How do you mean, 'too good,' Beta?" I asked her yesterday.

"His standard is so high," she said. "I told a tiny little snow-white, harmless fib one day, a kind-hearted little fib, about a servant's character. You'd have done it yourself, Madge. Well, he was down on me like a load of bricks. At least, I don't mean that, for he was very gentle and talked to me like twenty fathers rolled into one, and made me feel so pitifully small."

"What was the fib?" "It was when Mrs. Blank asked me about Cook, and whether she was sober. And I said, 'Oh, perfectly,' for I was so afraid she would not get a place, and starve or commit suicide, and I felt that it would be all my doing for sending her away."

"But you had no right to impose her upon Mrs. Blank."

"Yes. I know. And, after all, the fib was absolutely useless, for Ellen burst out drinking the very day she got into her new place, and had to be removed by a policeman.

"But Arthur is far too good in other ways," she went on. "He's dead against gambling of any kind, even sixpenny points at bridge, or a few pairs of gloves on a horse. I shall never be able to live up to him. It is so tiring to be on tip-toe all the time."

Now, how will that end, Amy? Tennyson says:—

As the husband is the wife is. Thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.

If a woman is mated with a man of lofty aims and high noble nature, will he be able to raise his wife to his own level? Or does Tennyson's dictum, "As the husband is the wife is," not hold good here?

We have been making the best of the hot weather by enjoying little trips by train to interesting places on the Great Central Railway, which has opened up a lovely tract of country within an hour or two of town. The London terminus is, as you know, near us, and our plan is to start about eleven and get home to a late dinner-supper. One day we went to Sulgrave, a quaint, old-world village to which many Americans make pilgrimage, as it contains the old Manor House, the home of the Washingtons before the generation that produced the great George. We had never been on the Great Central before, and were surprised by the splendid station, which in size reminded us of that of Frankfort on the Rhine. Flowers are an unusual adornment of a railway station, but here we found some, fresh and beautiful, forming part of an exhibit of Liberty's terracotta garden ornaments, sundials, vases, pedestals, fountains.

We had the advantage of a saloon carriage that day, the long windows allowing us to see the lovely summer land as well as though we had been driving in an open carriage. Having brought the necessary provisions, we lunched in great comfort, finding the luxurious arm-chairs movable—not fixed, as on most railways. The motion was wonderfully smooth and gliding, and we arrived at Helmdon, the station for Sulgrave, long before we thought we could be there.

Helmdon is a small village, the houses much scattered; and if one misses the short cut across the fields, one has to go a long round to the church, where there is an extremely large and very ancient yew tree. Sulgrave is two miles away, and, as we had not wired to the stationmaster to secure a fly, we walked the distance. It is a very meandering, undulating road, but quiet. We met but one motor. We were glad, for, delightful as these machines are to be in, they are horrid to pass on a country road, filling the pedestrians' eyes, hair, and clothes with dust.

We soon found the Manor House, a very picturesque old place, and beautifully kept by its present tenant, Miss Cave, who farms the land. She showed us over the quaint old house, with its large, airy rooms, fine old oak doors and beams, four-posters and fine old chimney-pieces. The entrance remains exactly as in the old days. It is entirely stone, and on the gable above it are the Washington arms, showing the mullets and bars, three of the former, two of the latter, from which the flag of freedom—the Stars and Stripes—originated. The old oak staircase, with twisted balusters, is in fine preservation. One end of the old house is covered with ivy, and it has a nice garden, with a strip of well-kept turf. The air was full of the delicious smell of new-mown hay, as we crossed the lawn to the shade of an immense tree in the middle, where we stood for a while trying to fancy the aspect of the place in the days of Lawrence Washington.

We visited the church, in which the monuments and brasses of the family are to be seen in aggravating circumstances, for the old building was restored in the eighties with every atrocity. Of the old gargoyles only one or two remain. The others were taken down, thrown about and lost. The roof has lost all trace of age. Carelessness in reproducing the lettering on the monuments has resulted in records of persons dying six years before they were born. "It," said the old man who showed us round, pointing to another record. "*It* is all right. *It* died the day it was born." The date was 1736, I think. Some conscienceless sightseer had carried off the two little stone groups of sons and daughters that the sculptor had placed on the tomb-stone of their parents. Of what advantage could these be to the thief? Did he sell them in the States? But what patriot could have bought them except with the idea of restoring them?

A coat-of-arms in heraldic colours on stone, and many other mementos of the Washington family, were all left anyhow by the so-called restorers of the church, and are now piled in a very curious old oak chest, hewn out of the thickness of the tree and clamped with iron clasps of extraordinary strength. Are there any Washingtons extant? If so, they should come to the rescue of these interesting old relics.

We afterwards enjoyed a delicious country tea in the house-place of a very old inn, the "Star," with even more picturesque fireplaces than those in the Manor House. Armchairs were set inside the great chimney for Darby and Joan to be comfortable and free from draught in winter time. We dawdled away in the orchard the hour before being driven back to Helmdon, and noticed an apple tree with a healthy bunch of mistletoe growing out of it. An incision had been made in the bark and some of the berries put in, with this result.

It was a delightful journey home to Marylebone through the cool, sweet air, the sky in every tone of sunset, blue and green and rose and sepia, the moon high on our right, but yet with daylight enough to show the golden-green of the wheat, the grey-green of the oats, the graceful sweeping bend of the silvery-bearded barley, and here and there the red ochre of a mass of poppies.

We happened on the same saloon carriage on our

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return journey, and made fresh discoveries, one being a smoking compartment attached, which Richard at once appropriated for the purpose not only of smoking, but of sleeping as well, I have little doubt.

We were so pleased with this little outing that we followed it up a few days later by one to Ruislip. We started after luncheon, had a lovely walk to Ruislip—a very pretty little village about ten minutes' walk from the station. There are some wonderfully quaint old houses there, and the village inn was established in the sixteenth century. The church was closed, and on the door was a card intimating that some visitors had behaved so badly that it had been found necessary to keep the door locked. We heard that these persons had interfered with the bells and otherwise irreverently amused themselves, even to the extent of eating their luncheon in the pews.

Inside, it is extraordinarily interesting. There is a list of the vicars from 1290, the first three bearing Norman names—William de Berminton, John de Lockford, and Robert de Bikkeworth. In the belfry chamber there are a number of achievements, and there is also an oak shelf-cupboard for the bread provided by the "guift" of "Jeremiah Bryant of London" to be given away every Sunday "for ever." The bequest was made in 1697. Above the lettering are three scallop shells, his crest probably, surrounded appropriately enough by ears of wheat. In the chancel there are coats-of-arms in marble let into the floor, and some of the stained glass is good. The church and churchyard are beautifully kept, in great contrast to those at Sulgrave, and at the little village of Ickenham, which we visited later in the day.

We have several other visits in our mind for the month of August, with the Great Central Railway for our medium. We mean to visit Hughenden, Beaconsfield, Great Missenden, Aylesbury, and, in fact, to do what we have been wishing to do for years, thoroughly explore the country within a radius of two hours' rail from town. One of our plans is to run down now and then by the train to breakfast in the Orchard Bungalow at Ruislip on country fare, then sit and read in the shade, and afterwards take train for some of the interesting places we want to see.

We are so thankful that the excessive heat has gone. You cannot imagine what it was in town. Our only alleviation lay in three baths a day, with plenty of Scrubbs liquid ammonia in each. So deliciously refreshing! One felt revived, as well as cooled off. We lived on fish and salads, stewed fruit, and the excellent blancmanges made from Bird's powders prepared for that purpose. They look so pretty, too. We liked one which was half apple, and the top half, black currant; the contrast of colour was so pretty. Bird's raspberry blancmange is nice with a salad of fresh fruit to eat with it. Bee likes the chocolate and coffee blancmanges best. They are very nice indeed with fresh cream, or even without it.

The London milkmen call it "loose" cream. I suppose this is in distinction to the prepared cream that is cabined in jars, and is usually much too thick.

It is often a puzzle to lovers of dogs when they are going away from home to know where they can leave their pets with the assurance that they will be properly cared for. I can recommend a temporary home for small pet dogs, which has been opened by the widow of an officer, Mrs. Mack, at 21, Musgrave-crescent, Eelbrook Common, Fulham. Mrs. Mack is experienced in the management of dogs, and she has good accommodation for them, with a garden and the common for exercise.

Frances writes:—

Dearest Madge,—Why do all you Londoners ignore the Sussex *Fortnight?* You all indulge in hyperboles of Goodwood week and speak of Glorious Goodwood as though that meeting exhausted all the racing attractions—never a word about the Brighton meeting, or the racing at Lewes—both of which complete our Sussex Fortnight. I suppose it is because our King is too much engaged at Cowes to patronise either of the latter meetings, and, of course, society cannot afford to be seen where Royalty doesn't shine. You cannot excuse yourself, my dear Madge, on the score that there is nothing to describe at our Brighton and Lewes meetings in the way of dress, for we certainly this year were quite as smart during the second Sussex week as we were during the first. Not that the latter was more dressy than usual, but because the former was less so, thanks, I believe, to the considerate common sense shown by the King in sanctioning Goodwood being this year a "go as you please" meeting, instead of the ordinary resurrection of the London season's dress successes and failures. To my mind the dress at Goodwood was fresher this year than it has been for a long time, so far as our dress was concerned, for nice, clean simple muslins and linen frocks were the order of the day. I remember noticing how out of place an elaborate Irish lace gown looked on the Tuesday, with its silver Empire beltings.

The Brighton course is, perhaps, not so attractive in itself as that at Goodwood, but the one at Lewes takes a lot of beating, from the landscape point of view, and Gerald assures me that, from the mere racing point of view, Goodwood was not to be compared with Brighton. In the matter of excitement Brighton unfortunately scored heavily, what with poor little Maher being thrown, and Madden being savaged by another jockey's mount. Then let me tell you that not only did the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire patronise, as usual, the Brighton meeting, but I also saw there Lord and Lady Lurgan, Viscount Villiers, Sir Charles Hartopp, Lord and Lady George Nevill, Lady Edward Carson and her daughter, Lord Charles Montagu, Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon, and several other well known people.

Brighton itself was very full during the whole Fortnight, and never have we been more fortunate in the matter of weather. An outside attraction was furnished by the military. As you know, we have thousands and thousands of troops camped between here and Newhaven, and the authorities were thoughtful enough to let several of them be in evidence on the surrounding hills, just before the racing began on Tuesday at Brighton.

I suppose we shall now be quiet for a little time, forgetting, of course, a few hundreds of thousands of excursionists, though our lawn tennis and croquet tournaments bring a lot of people here in September. Then we shall begin to be putting our house in order for the regular autumn season, which, I hear, is to be—thanks, I suppose, to a hoped-for improvement in City affairs—better than it has been for six or eight years. The autumn season of Parliament ought also to help us, for jaded legislators are sure to avail themselves of the opportunity of getting a breath of fresh air at the seaside; and what seaside place is there in the whole world—note I say, advisedly, in the whole world, not merely in England—to compare with Brighton during October and November?

I have received the following letter from Mona:—

My dear Madge,—We are now repotting our Richardias. You may perhaps know them better as arum lilies, though that is not the correct name. They are very profitable to grow if they are properly managed so as to flower in Easter week. We have then succeeded in getting as much as ten shillings a dozen for the cut blooms for church decoration, though just before and just after that time the price has been no more than two shillings. So when Easter approaches, any that would flower too early are moved into a cool, dark shed, and any that are backward are placed in a temperature that will hurry them on. In summer we turn them all out of doors and dry them off for a time. The old method, based probably on the idea that the Nile was their native habitat, was to keep them growing all the year round, but they are really South African plants, accustomed to periods of drought, during which they die down to the ground, and they do much better when treated accordingly. We lay the pots on their sides for a few weeks so that the lilies may get a thorough baking, and about the middle or end of August take them indoors again, repot them if necessary, and induce them to start into growth by giving them a little water. The soil need not be as porous as for most plants, nor should it be made as firm as for those with fibrous roots.

Richardia africana is the common species, with large white spathes or flowers. It is, indeed, the only one found in many

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gardens, yet there are others well worth growing. Little Gem is a charming variety, exactly like the type in miniature. It is, however, not easily procured true, nurserymen often substituting for it a larger plant, Nana compacta. A new variety called Perle von Stuttgart is said to be an improvement on the type, producing many more flowers, but we have not yet tried it. In R. albo-maculata the leaves are spotted with white, and the same white spots appear on the foliage of R. Elliottiana, which has beautiful rich yellow flowers. In R. hastata the yellow is rather greenish, and in R. melanoleuca there is a purple blotch at the base. There are other species, notably R. Rehmanni, which has pink flowers. I am a strong advocate of growing together different members of the same genus—a more or less complete collection greatly increases the interest of the individuals composing it—but if I had to make a selection in this case I should name R. africana, Perle von Stuttgart, Little Gem, and certainly R. Elliottiana. The last requires rather a higher temperature than the others. A few years ago it was rather expensive, but plants of flowering size can now be obtained for three or four shillings.

Gardeners have always to be looking ahead, and we are already thinking of next year's flowers. About a month ago we lifted a large bed of crown imperials, and David is now replanting them. In an ordinary garden it is best to let them grow undisturbed for four or five years, but as our object is to increase our stock as rapidly as possible, we lift ours more frequently in order to remove the offsets and to plant them separately. Like most of the lily family, they prefer light, rich soil, but as they flower early in the year shade is not necessary. Crown imperials are very handsome plants, whether grown in the border or in pots. In the latter case, however, the smell is rather objectionable in a confined area. The commonest is the one with yellow flowers (lutea), but aurora (bronze), rubra (dark red), and especially rubra maxima (a large variety of the last) should find a place in every collection. With their clusters of tulip-shaped flowers, surmounted by tufts of leaves, the crown imperials are certainly among the handsomest of the plants that flower in spring, but a closely-allied species, the common snake's-head, though a native of Britain, should not be forgotten, if only for its curious appearance, for the flowers are divided into squares of pink and purple alternately, precisely in the manner of a chess board. Hence the name of the whole genus, Fritillaria. The snake's-head is an excellent plant for growing in damp places.

By the way, do you know why these flowers, like nearly all that are cup-shaped or bell-shaped, turn downwards? To prevent the honey which they contain from being washed out by rain. If this were to happen, the insects on which they depend for their fertilisation would not visit them. For this reason most plants make some provision for keeping the interior of their flowers dry, just as they do for keeping their seeds dry. It is most interesting to study and compare some of their devices for this purpose, they are all so ingenious and often so different.

Another point about the fritillaries is worth noticing. Like other lilies, and also like most plants with flowers that hang downwards, they have sepals coloured like petals. In consequence the sepals add greatly to the conspicuousness of the flowers, instead of more or less completely hiding them, as they would do if they were the ordinary colour, green. Insects are certainly a terrible nuisance in a garden, but, after all, we must not forget that we are indebted to them for our beautiful flowers, just as we are indebted to birds for our delicious fruits. We are very apt to consider birds as well as insects our enemies, yet we should have had no garden without them. — Your affectionate cousin,

MONA.

Clare sends me the following from Dublin:—

DEAREST MADGE,—Last week all was holiday making throughout the length and breadth of the land. Everyone was having a "change," just because everyone else was having it. There is, fortunately, no disputing the value in itself of a change, both for mind and body; it prevents the inevitable cramp, so to say, both mental and physical, which comes of being fixed too long in the same position. One would not care to dispute the value either, for the idea is very sustaining under certain circumstances, and helps us through many holiday trials. How consoling to think that, come what may, we are going through something that, whatever may be its present aspect, is for our ultimate good. The conventional "change" is a blessing, no matter in what disguise it presents itself to us. Sometimes the disguise is rather hard to penetrate, and must be taken on trust as to the blessing which lies underneath; for instance, when we are taking our "change," either in the glowing sunshiny or the streamy damp variety of baking hot weather, and in crowded —even over-crowded—trains, boats and hotels. Of course, we know that "everyone does it"; we see and feel, and are acutely sensible of the fact that they do. We might just as well give up the whole business of life at once if we are not on the move too. And so we must try and be happy; as Bacon says, those in great place are "as it were by report, when perhaps they find the contrary within." We must all take our "change" in a hopeful spirit, and, above all, with patient endurance. There is always something to look forward to also—some day, sooner or later, it will be over.

What a Royal week Cowes had! Quite an embarrassment of riches in the matter of high and mighty personages. Too much of a feast, almost to satiety, of Royalty for one place, whilst so many other places are starved. And the taste for Royal shows and looking at Royal people is so universal, the wonder is that Royalty does not try to spread itself out more all over the kingdom. Perhaps the history of the Irish question would have taken quite a different turn if the fact ever had been made obvious to the people of Ireland that there was a king of the country. If seeing is believing, not seeing is, no doubt, not believing, and Kings and Queens of Ireland have been for long ages very rare sights in the island. The Royal taste in us has had to satisfy itself with memories of the long past, when we had our own home-grown kings. Erin has not needed the poet's invocation to remember the days of old, and Tara, though its "halls" are even more than ruined, has never been displaced from its position as a Royal residence, in the national mind. How little you know in England of the kings of your country who were the contemporaries of the kings of ours, who still live and flourish in our memories. You have been so busy with such a long line of kings ever since, whilst we have only had the past to cling to. And yet superficial writers in so many newspapers on your side of the channel wonder that English and Irish views of loyalty should be so different! Holiday making though we were, we cannot be said to have taken, last week, a holiday from ourselves. We never do that, and probably never will, so long as we are on "the make." Preparatory to being inquired into by others—Royal Commissioners, etc. —we were busily inquiring into ourselves. These kind of inquiries, needless to say, we conduct with much vigour.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen are only having a short holiday in Scotland, where they went after the marriage of Lord Haddo. They have made several engagements over here for the week before the Horse Show, and Lady Aberdeen always has her hands very full with all the philanthropic and industrial schemes that she so actively promotes. She employs, and very fully, several secretaries, of her own sex, of course, for she is an earnest, and above all, a rational and practical promoter of the interests of women. Their Excellencies will be present at a large garden party, to be given on the 25th inst., at Powerscourt House, by Lord and Lady Powerscourt. The place is one of the finest and most picturesquely situated of lordly places in Ireland. The house is palatial, the gardens extensive and stately. Above all, Powerscourt lies in the midst of the Wicklow Hills, the famous Powerscourt Waterfall being in the desmesne. Royalty has frequently visited Powerscourt. Queen Victoria of Spain was amongst the Royal visitors of late years, she and Princess Henry having spent a day there on the occasion of her grandmother's last visit to Ireland. Princess Ena was then only, what is called here, a "slip," with "hanging hair," and a youthful abundance of high spirits. What a pity that the King and Queen of Spain do not visit Ireland as well as Scotland. One can imagine that they would find themselves very welcome guests here.

The Dublin Castle "season" is likely to grow in popularity in society, owing to the number of marriages that have lately been more or less the result of it. Yet another interesting engagement announced is that of Lady Celia Crewe-Milnes to Captain Clive Coates, A.D.C. to Lord Aberdeen. Lady Celia was presented at Dublin Castle this year, and spent some time in Dublin. During her father's Viceroyalty she was only a child; her sister

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is married to an Irishman, Lord O'Neill's son. The approaching marriage of Lady Holmpatrick's daughter, Miss Winifred Hamilton, to the Hon. Odo Vivian, is also announced. Lady Holmpatrick is a leading member of Irish society, and still lives at her late husband's place, Abbotstown, not far from the Phœnix Park, her son, Lord Holmpatrick, not yet being of age. She is the Duke of Wellington's sister.—Yours ever, CLARE.

Here are my recipes. I think you will find Timbale de poisson à la Reine is exceedingly delicate:—

Beat three eggs with a gill and a half of milk, season them with salt and pepper, and mix in 8oz. of cold, cooked, minced fish, such as turbot, brill, or soles, pour it into a buttered timbale mould, twist a buttered paper over it, and steam it for half an hour. Serve creamy white sauce poured round the timbale and garnish the centre with scallops of fish tossed in a little of the sauce.

Here is a capital recipe for fillet of beef à la Bourguignonne:—

Take the sinewy part and the surplus fat from 3lb. of fillet of beef, lard the lean part with strips of fat bacon, and put it into an earthenware stewpan with a minced onion, a bouquet of herbs, a blade of mace, two cloves, six peppercorns, and a small carrot. Fry the meat slightly on all sides, then pour in half a bottle of burgundy, boil it up on the stove and simmer it in a moderate oven for two hours. Strain the stock and return the meat to the oven to dry the larding, reduce the liquor, after removing the grease, and mix it with half a pint of good brown sauce, adding a teaspoonful of red currant jelly. Glaze the larding and dish the beef, surrounded with alternate groups of cooked young carrots and green peas. Serve the sauce in a boat.

As something of a novelty in sweets why not try this soufflé batter:—

Six ounces of potato flour, eight ounces of sugar, four ounces of butter, and sufficient cream to make into a stiff batter, with six well-beaten eggs. Put the cream or milk into a stewpan, when well heated stir in the flour, the sugar, butter, and one egg, mix the whole well together over the fire till it is quite smooth, then add the yolk of the eggs. set the pan aside while beating the whites of the eggs to a high froth, and pour them into the batter. Soufflée flour may consist of ground rice, semolina, tapioca, or arrowroot, and may be flavoured with lemon, cinnamon, vanilla, or liqueur.

Finally, here are petits gateaux de soles:—

Make a stiff paste with two ounces of flour, a pinch of salt, the yolk of an egg, and a very little water. Roll it out extremely thin, and with it line some small boat-shaped moulds, pressing them into shape with a wedge of the dough, prick the bottoms, fill them with crushed tapioca mixed with lard, and bake them a nice colour. Take the fillets of a small pair of soles, spread the smooth side with a farce made thus: Blanch and strain a dozen oysters, reduce the liquor, mix in sufficient bread crumbs to stiffen it when boiled, add an ounce of butter, the yolks of two eggs, a little cream, a squeeze of lemon juice, and salt and pepper to taste. Roll them tightly and cook them in a buttered omelette pan, with the ends pressed together, covered with buttered paper, and when cooked drain them from the liquor. Pour a little cold aspic into each of the boat-shaped cases, and, when set, place a roll of sole in each, pour on more jelly, and when it is firm, decorate with flots of whipped aspic and pieces of cut ripe tomato. Dish the gateaux on a fancy paper nicely garnished with parsley.

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TO OUR READERS.

We receive hundreds of letters every week from "Readers of 'Truth.'". A large majority of the writers expect replies direct. Of the work, trouble, and expense involved in doing this we say nothing. But as experience has shown that a large number of our "Constant" and "Regular" readers who inquire about individuals with whom we have dealt in our columns over and over again are not actual subscribers to the paper, but merely occasional readers of it at clubs, libraries, or at friends' houses, we consider we must protect ourselves in the matter.

We have therefore decided that henceforth every reader who writes making an inquiry that necessitates a direct reply must enclose a stamped envelope and also a Coupon which will always be found at the foot of the 3rd page of the coloured cover. Without these no notice will be taken of the communication.

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a Coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" send replies by post.

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ENTRE NOUS.

THE Queen and Princess Victoria left England on Saturday on board the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* on a visit to the King and Queen of Norway. Her Majesty will proceed from Christiania to Copenhagen. The Queen and Princess Victoria are to return home about the middle of September, when they will proceed to Balmoral to join the King.

Several of the papers, in announcing the departure of the King for the Continent, stated that "nothing can yet be definitely said about the duration of the King's stay at Marienbad." This is all fiddle-faddle nonsense. The King takes the waters for twenty-one days, and, having commenced his cure on Friday morning, August 17, he will finish it on Thursday morning, September 6, on which day he is to leave Marienbad, according to present arrangements, and he may very likely pay a short visit to Dresden on his way back to England.

Many of the newspapers both at home and abroad have attached an absurdly exaggerated importance to the meeting between the King and the Kaiser at Friedrichshof. I am one of those who have always protested against the attempts of a section of our Jingo journalists to foster the idea that Germany is the irreconcilable enemy of this country—attempts which, it must be admitted, have been furthered by the equally mischievous attitude of a portion of the German press towards England. There is no reason why there should be any antagonism between the two countries, nor do I believe that any feeling of antagonism exists so far as the masses of the people in either country are concerned.

It is well that we should have a cordial *entente* with France, but this certainly ought not to be a barrier to our friendship with Germany, and the impression to the contrary which has been so persistently cultivated in certain quarters is a misfortune for both nations. In so far as it will help to allay unfounded suspicions and needless misunderstandings, the meeting of the two sovereigns last week is a welcome event. But, on the other hand, its political significance is being egregiously overrated. The King has rendered valuable services in the promotion of international good feeling. It must be remembered, however, that after all it is his Majesty's Government who are responsible for the foreign policy of this country. Fortunately, the present Government can be depended upon to do everything possible for the improvement of our relations with Germany.

I observe that the King's visit to Marienbad has brought the usual crowd of fashionable (and would-be fashionable) people to that place. Both Marienbad and Carlsbad have at all times been much frequented, but in former days there were comparatively few English visitors at either of these Bohemian watering-places. They go to both now in large numbers—more especially to Marienbad since it has been the King's custom to

take his cure there. To my thinking, Marienbad is more pleasantly situated than Carlsbad, and it has the advantage of being cooler. Carlsbad is more of a town, and the shops are good. Marienbad is still almost a village. In the neighbourhood of both there are pretty walks in the woods, but those around Marienbad are by far the prettier. Life is more simple than at the fashionable German watering-places. Apartments are not taken, but people go to the hotels. They are not expected to take their meals there, but frequent the restaurants which are attached to each hotel.

The régime is very severe. Dinner is in the middle of the day, and consists of fish, a plate of meat plainly cooked, and some stewed fruit. At both Marienbad and Carlsbad the waters are taken by almost every one, and at both the doctors inculcate the notion that something terrible will occur if the régime is not followed. This is all nonsense. Whenever I am at a watering-place I always take its waters without following any régime, on the off-chance of their doing something that may be useful inside me. Once, at Carlsbad, I consulted a doctor out of curiosity. He recommended the strictest régime, and ordered me to take a glass of one spring and a glass of another, but assured me that if I took the waters of the main spring and did not follow the régime, the consequences would be terrible. I did not believe this, and took three glasses of the main spring, and ate what I pleased. The doctor seemed indignant that I did not die, but I did not, nor did I feel any inconvenience.

I believe that there is no more thorough-paced humbug than a watering-place doctor. One would always suppose, to hear him, that the world would end were his particular tap to disappear. Most people eat too much. They are benefited by semi-starvation and a course of purgative waters, just as a lady's lap-dog is cured of its complaints by a dog doctor, who ties him up to a post when sent to be cured, and lets him have almost nothing to eat for a few days. As for gout, some waters relieve it for a time, but only for a time; others bring it out. I sometimes have gout, and I leave it alone until it cures itself by burning out, without any extraneous aid, the uric acid that has accumulated in the system. Of course, however, there are particular cases in which waters of some special kind are as useful as the proper medicine that would be bought of a chemist. I once asked the leading doctor of Bohemia, a very able man, what he thought of the effect of the Marienbad waters on fat people, and suggested that the régime would produce the same result without the waters. He agreed, but said that the waters might have a dissolving influence which would perhaps aid in the cure.

Both at Carlsbad and at Marienbad people get up very early. In the afternoon they stroll through the woods to some café, where they sit and take a cup of coffee. In the evening they go early to bed. There is a little bridge, or some such game, but the stakes are never high. At Carlsbad I had once a curious experience with the late Lord Russell of Killowen. He was fond of wiling away an hour at some little game of cards. One day I met him in the town, and he proposed that we should play at bézique. A friend of his, with whom he was walking, happened to have a pack of cards in his pocket, so we sat down at a table before the leading café and commenced to play. A person in civilian garb came up to me and told me that we could not play with the cards that we were using. I supposed that he was a waiter of the establishment, and that we were expected to buy our cards at it, so I said that we would pay for the pack all the same. He then said that he was a Government official, and that only cards with the official stamp were allowed in Bohemia. "What is he saying?" said Lord Russell, who did not understand German. I replied that he wanted us to buy official cards. "Nonsense," said Lord Russell, and went on playing.

The official again protested, and said that if his directions were disobeyed he should have to take strong measures, but the Lord Chief Justice played on. I told him that if we did not obey orders we should certainly be walked off to prison. Then he allowed me to order other cards, but glared at the official as though he was going to commit him for contempt. When he wanted me to explain why we were not allowed to play with our cards, I said that it was a little awkward to do so, but, on pressure, I said that the official had not liked the looks of him and his companion, whilst he considered that I had the air of a pigeon, and that he rather suspected the cards. He had, therefore, interfered to prevent me being plucked.

A number of daily and weekly papers have printed absurd paragraphs about the King's "gracious kindness" and "mark of favour" in raising the brother and sisters of Lord Anglesey to the rank of Marquis's children. Such an arrangement is simply a matter of course under the circumstances, and it calls for no comment whatever.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their children are to reside at Abergeldie Castle for between five and six weeks, after which they will go to York Cottage, Sandringham, for the winter. The Royal party at Abergeldie will be present at the Braemar Gathering on Thursday, September 6.

The Prince, who was last week the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Bolton Abbey, is now on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon, at Tulchan Lodge. Mr. Sassoon rents exten-

sive grouse moors and salmon fishings from Lady Seafield. Tulchan was leased for many years by the late Mr. M. T. Bass, father of Lord Burton, who entertained largely at the Lodge every autumn, and John Bright was then a regular guest there. During Mr. Bright's visits to Tulchan he fished the Spey, which flows near the Lodge, and landed many a fine salmon from that river. The Prince of Wales is to pay a visit during the autumn to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon at Gordon Castle.

H.R.H. had excellent sport last week during his visit to Bolton Abbey. The Prince of Wales was out on the Upper Wharfedale moors for six days' grouse driving, and the party usually consisted of six guns. The total bag was 1,549½ brace, the best day being Monday, on Hazlewood moor, when 320 brace were killed. The weather was unsettled and stormy, there being heavy thunderstorms on four days. The Duke of Devonshire has another shooting party at Bolton Abbey this week, and he will stay there until September 1, when he goes to Aix-les-Bains to join the Duchess, who left the Hall on Friday for the Continent.

The best one-day bag recorded in Yorkshire last week was obtained on Lord Ripon's Dallowgill moors, in Upper Nidderdale. The guns were Lord Ripon, Lord de Grey, and Mr. R. Duff, and 339½ brace were killed. Mr. Whitney's party, on Holgate moors, in the Upper Teesdale district of Durham, killed 270 brace on their first day, and 470 brace on their second day. The best two-days' bag obtained in Scotland was got on the Meallmore moors, in Inverness-shire, which are rented from The Mackintosh by Mr. Vickers. Seven guns killed 585 brace.

The paragraphs about shooting parties which appear in some of the papers are really very funny. I read in a morning journal last week that in consequence of the death of the Duke of Rutland "there has been no shooting at Belvoir," the writer of this trash being evidently under the impression that there are grouse moors at that place. You might as well expect to meet with a tiger as with a grouse on the Belvoir estate. Equally ignorant and absurd are similar references to shooting parties at a country place near Doncaster, and at Wynyard, Lord Londonderry's seat near Stockton-on-Tees, and at Floors Castle, the Duke of Roxburghe's seat near Kelso.

Lord and Lady Leith's house party at Fyvie Castle last week included the King and Queen of Spain, Prince Arthur of Connaught, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon and Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox, Lord and Lady Erroll, Lady Beatrice Meade, Miss Margaret Harbord, Colonel and Mrs. Burn and Miss Burn, and the Duchess of San Carlos, the Duke of Santa Mauro, the Marquis of Viana, the Marquis of Villalobar, and Lord Granard, who was in waiting. The weather was wet and foggy when the King and Queen arrived on Monday, but after luncheon their Majesties went for a long drive, and passed through the romantic Howe of Fyvie. King Alfonso went shooting over the Duke of Richmond's Clashendarroch and other moors, near Gartly, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and the party of six guns killed about 350 brace of grouse in three days, besides other game. The Queen of Spain paid a visit on Tuesday to Leith Hall, the seat of Mr. Leith Hay, where there is a fine collection of historical relics. On Wednesday, her Majesty visited Mr. and Mrs. Lumsden at Clova House in the morning, and in the afternoon she drove to Craigievar, the picturesque old seat of Lord Sempill. A ball was given at Fyvie Castle on Thursday night, and at two o'clock on Friday morning the King and Queen of Spain left Fyvie station by special train for Aberdeen, on their way to Crieff.

The Royal train was shunted into a siding at Methven Junction at half-past five on Friday morning, and it remained there for over three hours in order that the King and Queen of Spain might not arrive at Crieff at an inconveniently early hour. Their Majesties reached Drummond Castle at a quarter to ten, and after breakfast King Alfonso drove to Muir of Ochill for a day's grouse shooting, while the Queen spent several hours in the beautiful and curious terraced gardens, which were laid out by John Earl of Perth during the reign of Charles II., and they have always been most carefully kept up. King Alfonso had a second day's grouse shooting on Saturday over another beat of the Drummond Castle moors, and at night his Majesty and the Queen left by special train for Southampton to rejoin their yacht *Giralda*. They are now at Cowes, and are expected to leave the Solent for San Sebastian on Sunday.

Several of the morning papers announced last week the arrival of the King of Spain at Clashendarroch, "the shooting lodge of Lord Leith." Clashendarroch belongs to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and the moor is rented by Lord Leith, along with the adjoining shootings of Rhynie and Tillyminate. There are no moors on the Fyvie estate, but Lord Leith owns nearly eleven thousand acres of first-rate low ground shooting, including extensive woods, which contain large numbers of roe deer.

It is rumoured at Cowes that King Alfonso contemplates buying Norris Castle, Lord Ampthill's beautiful estate on the Solent, the picturesque and well-wooded

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park of which place adjoins the Osborne domain. Norris Castle was purchased early in the eighties by the Duke of Bedford, who left the place to his widow for her life, and then to his nephew, Lord Ampthill, to whom it is a white elephant, and he for some time past has been anxious to sell the estate. There are very fine views from Norris Castle, and Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were most anxious to buy this place in 1844, but, as it could not be had, they purchased Osborne instead.

There are to be two Royal visits to Liverpool during the autumn. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, is to unveil the Queen Victoria Memorial on Thursday, September 27, and on October 31 the Duke and Duchess of Connaught are to open a sale of Irish industries in the Philharmonic Hall. It is understood that all the Royal visitors will be the guests of Lord and Lady Derby at Knowsley Hall during their stay in Lancashire.

The Duke of Connaught visited Winchester last week for the purpose of inspecting the Rifle Depot. H.R.H. was accompanied from Bagshot Park by the Duchess and Princess Patricia, and Prince and Princess Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, who visited the Cathedral and St. Cross Hospital, and the Guildhall. The Duke of Connaught also paid an official visit of two days to Salisbury Plain last week. It is probable that the Duke and Duchess will spend part of the winter in Canada.

Princess Louise has been making a short stay at Buxton before going to Scotland. The Duke of Argyll has been staying at Inveraray during the last week, and will join the Princess at Roseneath, Dumbartonshire. The statement, that H.R.H. and the Duke "will entertain for the shooting" at Roseneath, is incorrect. Roseneath House, the Duke of Argyll's beautiful place on the Gareloch, is let to Lord Inverclyde, along with the shootings of 6,500 acres.

The Duke and Duchess of Aosta, who have arrived at Ostend from Naples, are coming to England early next month. They will pay a visit to the Duc d'Orléans at Wood Norton, near Evesham, and are afterwards going to Scotland, where they will be the guests of the King and Queen at Balmoral Castle for a week.

The Empress-Dowager of Russia, who has been spending the summer at Gatchina, her country seat near St. Petersburg, is expected to arrive at Copenhagen next week, and it is highly probable that she will come to England with the Queen next month, on a private visit to their Majesties.

Queen Natalie of Servia is coming to England for a short time, and on Wednesday, September 5, she will arrive at Ugbrooke Park, South Devon, on a visit to Lord and Lady Clifford of Chudleigh, who intend to give a garden party in honour of her Majesty on Saturday, September 8.

THE SILLY SEASON.

"Dulce est desipere in loco."—*Horace.*

Some silly folks I know,
  Who've always got some wheeze on,
Esteem it *comme il faut*
  To jeer the "Silly Season."
Your bard hopes here to show
  They scoff sans rhyme or reason.

For in these modern days,
  When every pal you're meeting,
With set, absorbed gaze,
  Scoots past you every street in,
As he'd nor time nor space
  To waste on friendly greeting,

When fev'rish zeal's displayed
  By men of each profession,
And even pleasure's made
  A business-like obsession,
And play's a serious trade
  That's taught just like a lesson;

When ten months every year
  Stern gravity's the rule O—
Pray, why need cynics sneer
  Because, let loose from school O,
For two short monthlets mere
  'We play the giddy fool O?

Yea! when grim life's grim facts
  Claim us for such long spells O,
When long we've ranged the tracts
  Where sober Wisdom dwells O—
Hail, Folly, which reacts
  And sports the cap and bells O!

I worship Church and State,
  Like Tory good, my knees on
(Those institutions great
  To criticise were treason);
But e'en more sacred rate
  Our British "Silly Season."

August, in Ireland, as everywhere else, is given over to holiday-making. Tourist resorts are now numerous throughout the whole country. Old as it is, Ireland is a new country—with regard to its beautiful and picturesque scenery—to many even of its near neighbours. Since hotels, with modern comforts—to say nothing of luxuries in some cases—have sprung up all over the land, tourists in increasing numbers cross the Atlantic and the Channel to visit its shores. The end of August brings the greatest crowds, and in increasing numbers each year, the famous Horse Show providing an extra attraction in Dublin. Next week every hotel in the capital and in the neighbouring seaside and other resorts will be full, as also many hospitable country

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houses, great and small. Lord and Lady Aberdeen, with a large Viceregal party, will attend the Horse Show in state on the two principal days—Wednesday, the 29th, and Thursday, the 30th. The Leopardstown race meeting will be held immediately before the opening of the Horse Show on Saturday and Monday next. The great carnival of the horse finds all parties harmoniously united in Ireland on a common platform; it also affords a good object-lesson in the success which follows such a union.

The visit of the Atlantic Fleet to Kingstown will take place during the Horse Show week, and provide an extra attraction on the occasion, Kingstown being quite close to Dublin.

Lord Leicester, who has resigned the Lord-Lieutenancy of Norfolk, was appointed to that office in 1846 by Lord John Russell, on the death of Lord Wodehouse, grandfather of the present Lord Kimberley, who had succeeded Lord Suffield in 1821, on the nomination of Lord Liverpool. The appointment of Lord Coke in succession to his father has given much satisfaction in Norfolk, as he is very popular in the county.

Mrs. Craigie, whose sudden death at the age of thirty-eight will be deeply and widely lamented, was a brilliant writer, her works being as remarkable for their severe satire as for their sparkling epigrams and fine literary finish. She made her reputation fifteen years ago with "Some Emotions and a Moral," which was distinguished for its pleasant humour and strong common sense. Mrs. Craigie was received into the Church of Rome in 1892. All her books were successful, as they were full of interest, and having commenced one of her stories, it was difficult to lay it down without finishing it. Her best and most successful play was "The Ambassador," which was produced at the St. James's Theatre in 1898. Her literary essays are clever and original. Mrs. Craigie, who was a great favourite in society, had a high and well-deserved reputation as a clever talker, and indeed she was endowed with a genuine talent for conversation.

The early death of Major Hugh Dudley Carleton will be widely regretted, as he was much liked by all who knew him. He had rendered distinguished services in West Africa, where he had been constantly employed during the last fifteen years. He was engaged in the Gambia expedition, and took part in the relief of Kumasi, and during the Arco expedition he proved a most efficient chief of staff. Major Carleton, who died suddenly at Sierra Leone, was married only two years ago to Lady Jane Seymour, daughter of Lord and Lady Hertford.

Miss Sewell, who died last week at her residence in the Isle of Wight, at the age of ninety-one, was a sister of the late Dr. G. E. Sewell, Warden of New College, and of Dr. William Sewell, the founder of Radley College, of whom there is an interesting but melancholy account in Mr. Tuckwell's entertaining volume of Oxford Reminiscences. Miss Sewell, whose family associations caused her to be much influenced by the Tractarian movement, obtained a wide reputation by her famous tale, "Amy Herbert," published in 1844, which sold by tens of thousands both in England and in the United States. For nearly forty years, she was a prolific and very successful author of religious tales and devotional and educational works.

Father Vaughan, having suspended his flagellation of the Smart Set—it seems that he has not yet completed it—is now taking the waters at Harrogate. He has been interviewed there regarding my comments upon his much-discussed sermons, more especially the passages in which he was reported to have talked about "the fall and ruin of innocent and beautiful English girls over the card-table." According to the *Yorkshire Post* interviewer, Father Vaughan was hurt at the suggestion that with the best of intentions he had overdrawn the picture. That he believed himself to have solid justification for the charges he made I had not the least doubt. But I certainly did come to the conclusion that in some cases he must have generalised too broadly from isolated facts, and I remarked that godly men who themselves lead blameless lives are always apt to look at sin through a magnifying glass. In reply to this, the good Father told the interviewer that his statements were not in any way exaggerated, and that people who thought they were "must have lived very godly and secluded lives, and have been spared the pain of the knowledge of the sin around them." This was a very nice way of putting it, but, godly and secluded as my life may be, I fancy that I know as much about the sins of the Smart Set as Father Vaughan.

A subsequent interview with Father Vaughan, which has been published in the *Leeds Mercury*, indicates that after all the difference between us on this subject may be smaller than it appeared. This time he was questioned with reference to the letter in last week's Truth. The interviewer, who read over the letter to Father Vaughan, writes:—

> When I came to the following sentence: "But when Father Vaughan asserts that young girls are entrapped into playing for high stakes he goes beyond the mark, and takes the very rare exception for the rule," *the reverend gentleman very emphatically asserted that he did not say it was the rule.*

Father Vaughan further remarked, in regard to the letter as a whole, that "the writer admitted all that he

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had ever said, and then denied it in the same breath." If Father Vaughan really said nothing more than what was admitted in the letter, we must be pretty well agreed. As to the denials "in the same breath," they appear to have been really applicable to things this eloquent preacher was reported to have said, but, as a matter of fact, did not say. Very possibly some little injustice has been done to Father Vaughan, as he hints, through his observations being imperfectly reported; and it is, therefore, interesting and satisfactory to learn that the sermons are being prepared for publication in book form.

THE COY PORTHCAWLITE.

I observe a modest mortal, who, as I gather, hails
From a place Porthcawl entitled, on the southern coast of Wales,
Has written to the papers to proclaim his shocked dismay
At a horrid seaside spectacle he saw the other day.

He saw, in full, broad daylight, as on the beach sat he,
A damsel promenading from her lodgings to the sea,
Attired in such a costume as I shudder to express—
Attired (the Saints preserve us!) in a simple bathing dress.

True, nature's form was hidden entire from neck to knee;
True, nothing was discovered e'en Vaughan need blush to see;
True, when compared with ballroom miss, she's modesty itself—
Yet fits she fairly gave him, that coy Porthcawlite elf.

Then, quivering like an aspen, and blushing like a rose,
Off to his model villa indignant Virtue goes,
And writes and warns the papers (dire threat!) that if Porthcawl
Can't mind its morals better, he'll "skip" for good and all.

Dame Grundy read his letter, and, fired with righteous spleen,
Wrote off to tell of shocking sights that she herself had seen;
How pas and mas and children, too callous shame to feel,
Had roused her burning blushes by bathing *en famille;*

How yesterday a he-male, swimming the briny in,
Had shown above the surface full inches three of skin,
And eke how little hussies, well in the threes and fours,
Had—yes, they had—while paddling, displayed their little dr-w-rs.

Stay, stay, good Madame Grundy; thou coy Porthcawlite, stay.
Methinks, my friends, that badly you give yourselves away
In being thus so precious 'cute indecency to find,
Where 'tisn't visible to folks of sane and healthy mind.

For if a thing itself, *per se*, with nothing nasty's fraught,
Who sees it nasty can but see his own reflected thought;
So of these sights—th' indecency, with which you've thus endued 'em,
Must lie, *not* in the objects viewed, *but* in YOURSELVES *who viewed 'em.*

The Queen has appointed Canon Holmes, Rector of Sonning, to be a member of the Chapter of the Royal Chapel of St. Katherine, Regent's Park. He has, therefore, resigned the Rectory of Sonning, which is of the net value of about £400 a year, and in the gift of the Bishop of Oxford. Canon Holmes, who was formerly domestic chaplain to Bishop Stubbs, at Cuddesdon, was presented to this living in 1901 by Mr. Balfour, the patronage having fallen to the Crown, as the See of Oxford was then vacant. Sonning is beautifully situated on the banks of the Thames, and the church is a fine one, while the Rectory is quite an ideal residence. This living was held for forty years by Hugh Pearson, Canon of Windsor, who refused the Deanery of Westminster after the death of Stanley. The appointment to the Chapter of St. Katherine is the only Church preferment which is officially vested in the Queens of England.

The Archbishop of York has appointed Archdeacon Hutchings to the Canonry in York Minster which recently became vacant by the death of Chancellor Temple. Archdeacon Hutchings, who is a High Churchman, was presented by Lord Feversham to the rectory of Kirby Misperton in 1884, and in 1896 Archbishop Maclagan collated him to the Archdeaconry of Cleveland in compliance with the request of the clergy of that archdeaconry. He is well known as a theological writer, and is very popular in the North Riding. The stipend of a Canon of York was formerly £720 a year, but agricultural depression has largely reduced the income of the Chapter, and the four residentiaries are cut down to £350 each.

Canon Henry Ellison, who died last week at the age of eighty-seven, was formerly Fellow of University College, Oxford, and in 1852 he was presented by his College to the rectory of Melsonby, near Richmond, Yorkshire. Bishop Bickersteth collated him to an unendowed canonry in Ripon Cathedral in 1883. Canon Ellison was one of the best known clergymen in the North Riding, and he was actively interested in diocesan affairs, and was for many years Proctor in Convocation for the clergy of his archdeaconry. He was most highly esteemed by both clergy and laity.

Dr. Leary, who died the other day, had been Vicar of St. Philip's, Old Kent-road, for twenty-three years. He was an excellent clergyman, and was greatly beloved and esteemed by his parishioners. The living is a very poor one, and there is much poverty and distress in the parish. Dr. Leary was a most accomplished classical scholar, and he published admirable editions

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of the Iliad and Odyssey, and of Herodotus. He was a scholar of Brasenose, and a favourite pupil of Dean Mansel. He was a storehouse of reminiscences of the Oxford celebrities of the early fifties.

Several North of England readers have asked me to say something about an extraordinary article in the monthly magazine of the Thornhill United Methodist Free Church, Sunderland. Apparently intended as a religious tract, it is written in the form of a company prospectus, headed "Jesus and Co., Limited," and containing such passages as this:—

Dividend.—The Company offers a safe and sound investment to intending shareholders. The dividend is on the partition principle, and is both immediate and deferred. The immediate dividend consists of concurrent rewards; earthly peace and earthly happiness. The deferred dividend consists of Heavenly Mansions, Crowns of Glory, and Garments washed white in the Blood of the Lamb.

What can one say about such a deplorable production? Doubtless the author regards himself as a pious person, and has no conception that he is really blasphemous.

I have received some voluminous correspondence respecting the dispute between Bishop Bagshawe and Monsignor McKenna over the Corby School Trust, which was dealt with in my last article on the Roman Catholic Trusts question. I think, however, that the publication of the letter which appears below will relieve me of any obligation to devote further space to this very small and somewhat ancient affair. The writer is in a position to know all the ins and outs of the story. I have no hesitation in accepting his statements myself, and I think no one else need have:—

Father Howarth does not appear to give any proofs of the inaccuracy of the statements of your correspondent regarding the action of the late Bishop of Nottingham in the "Corby School case." Permit me, as one who knows something of the case in question, to endeavour to supply some.

1. It is said that: "The late Bishop of Nottingham suspended a trustee of a charity connected with the Catholic school at Corby, because he would not betray his trust by allowing the Bishop to use the money for other purposes than the trust allowed." This is not the case. The facts are as follows:—Father Howarth assumed charge of the Corby school on January 29, 1900. His predecessor's balance sheet for the year ending June 30, 1899, showed a deficit of £80 11s. 10d. The amount received by the school for the seven months immediately preceding Father Howarth's taking charge was £89 12s. 6d., and the expenditure for the same period was £85 9s. 2d. Father Howarth applied for, and received, the balance of £6 3s. 4d. from the legal representative of his predecessor—i.e., Monsignor McKenna.

About July 1, 1900, Father Howarth received an intimation from Monsignor McKenna that the endowment then payable was, with the exception of the sum of five shillings and fivepence, due to the estate of the late manager of Corby School, in view of the above-mentioned deficit of £80 odd. This debt was repudiated by Father Howarth, who appealed to the Bishop. The ruling of his Lordship was that the endowment should not be applied to the discharge of the deficit in question, and it was for disregarding this ruling that the partial suspension, or "withdrawal of faculties," was inflicted by the Bishop on Monsignor McKenna.

In a letter to the *Weekly Register*, of August 23, 1901, the Bishop says: "Monsignor McKenna's duty as a trustee did not oblige him to use the Trust Fund to pay a debt the existence of which was disputed. It was for thus paying this debt that his faculties were withdrawn, and for nothing else."

2. It is also contrary to the truth to say that such partial suspension was removed as the result of the Monsignor's appeal to Rome, or of any pressure brought to bear upon the Bishop from any quarter whatever. A letter from the Bishop to the *Grantham Journal*, dated August 26, 1901, says:—It is a "false statement that my restoration of Monsignor McKenna's faculties was the result of his appeal to Rome. . . . It was not so, nor has anything been said against it by any Roman authority."

In the letter to the *Weekly Register*, quoted above, the Bishop says: "The restoration of his faculties was not the result of his appeal to Rome. It was my spontaneous act." Moreover, I know, as a matter of personal knowledge, that the Bishop decided to restore Monsignor McKenna's faculties before he left Nottingham for Rome, and, indeed, he announced his intention of restoring them.

To state that the Bishop was not "made to resign" on account of Monsignor McKenna's suspension, against which "nothing had been said by any Roman authority," is perhaps a work of supererogation. I hold no brief for Father Howarth, and I would be far from suggesting that Bishops do not act arbitrarily, but I do happen to know the facts of this particular case, which must be my excuse for offering these corrections of your correspondent's statements.

It will be remembered that the action of Bishop Bagshawe in this case was originally cited by one of my Catholic correspondents among several other examples of arbitrary dealing with trust funds on the part of bishops. Accepting the account of the facts given above, it certainly seems to me that the Bishop took a very strong line, and that the trustee may have been, from his own point of view, justified in resisting his Bishop. I think for the purpose of the present controversy we may leave the case at that. Father Howarth has favoured me with another letter on the subject, which would fill a column of Truth, and does not add anything to what is said above, so far as the Bishop's action is concerned. Father Howarth is chiefly anxious to vindicate his own action in the matter, which was very fully discussed six years ago, and as I have already published one very long letter from him, I cannot continue the discussion at this date. My original correspondent has also defended himself in a long letter, but in view of what has been said above, I think I may fairly apply the closure to him also. It is enough to say that I think he was justified at the time in drawing the inferences he did with regard to the suspension of Monsignor McKenna and the Bishop's resignation, though if the statements in the letter which appears above are correct, those inferences would not be justifiable now.

The following letter from a very well-known Roman Catholic layman contains a suggestion which seems worth some consideration at the present juncture:—

The intervention of the Rev. G. Howarth induces me to express a hope, which I know is shared by many among the laity, that you will not confine your remarks to episcopal finance. The absence of anything like the system of churchwardens leaves the Catholic clergy in England entirely irresponsible as to the funds committed to their charge; there is no systematic rendering of accounts, such as I understand prevails in the United States, nor are the laity consulted as to alterations or improvements in the churches, although they have to find the necessary funds; moreover, by advertisements of various kinds, often, as in a certain notorious case, coming very near a traffic in holy things, sums—sometimes very large ones—are obtained over which, so far as can be seen, no one but the advertiser has the least control. There is no need to burden your columns with details with which Catholics are familiar, and which would be of no interest to others. It will be sufficient to remind the former of the circumstances under which two priests, a few years back, obtained, and were deprived of, the title of Monsignore, and to the exploitation by one of them of St. Antony, who must have rivalled the Union Jack as a "commercial asset." The establishment of churchwardens or of a lay council in every important Catholic mission is a much-needed reform.

I see that the *Catholic Herald* is now fulfilling its promise to deal with the question of the custody, investment, and administration of Catholic Church funds in England. The articles that have appeared are very able and learned, and should be studied by all who desire to get at the truth on this important question. But it will be better to defer further remark upon them until the series is completed.

A WIDOW'S REPLY.

"Should Widows Re-marry?"—*Daily Paper.*

"Should widows remarry?" What stuff, I declare!
St. Paul, it is true, who is reckoned
A light, his opinion must needs go and air
That bereaved dames should not take a second.

But St. Paul, as a bachelor, never himself
Was the great matrimonial swim in,
Or he'd have known better than place on the shelf
All once, or e'en twice, widowed women.

Woman's work on this planet—aye, say what you will—
Is e'er to be some fellow's wife;
And because death has robbed her, must she remain still
Out of work for the rest of her life?

As well might you say that a man, who has lost
His berth in an office or shop,
From seeking another (whatever the cost
Of such folly) henceforward should stop.

'Tis absurd to contend that a death-sever'd match
To eternal fidelity vows us.
"Should widows remarry?" YES—*while we can catch*
Any suitable man to espouse us.

A correspondent calls my attention to an advertisement in the *Irish Times* of the "Knocknagow" 20th Century Bazaar for the benefit of the Christian Brothers' Schools at Clonmel, one of the principal features of which is a Grand Art Union Drawing with over £1,500 in prizes. This lottery, the advertisement states, "has been eulogised even by Mr. Henry Labouchere in Truth." I very much appreciate the very Christian and very brotherly view which the Christian Brothers have taken of some remarks I made on June 20 last upon their method of raising funds, but I really must protest that to call those remarks eulogistic is, to say the least, misleading. It is true that I said that the Christian Brothers were not swindlers, and that I would recommend them in preference to German lottery agencies; but at the same time I remarked that I did not see why either should be allowed to carry on such a business in this country.

Further, I also remarked that it is possible to buy gold too dearly, and that I did not think that the Roman Catholic hierarchy adequately appreciate the discredit brought on the Church by the indiscriminate circulation of Irish lottery tickets in England. This can hardly be termed the language of eulogy, and I should have thought that the most charitable of the Christian Brethren would have found it impossible to extract from what I said even a qualified approval of their lottery. Indeed, to state definitely that I had eulogised the scheme seems to my mind only to add to the discredit which these lotteries bring upon the Roman Catholic Church, and in their own interests as well as for the credit of their Church, I would recommend the Christian Brothers to amend their advertisements.

I have received some further correspondence in regard to my references to the Clergy Pensions Institute calling attention to a variety of points on which the decision of the Directors do not seem to be in accordance with the rules which are supposed to govern their actions. I do not, however, propose at the moment to discuss these points in detail, since they may very well be due to the ambiguous nature of the rules themselves, and I trust that the Directors will prove amenable to my suggestion to recast their rules so that there shall be no possibility of misunderstanding them. For all I know, the executive of the Clergy Pensions Institute may have commenced such a revision, but if it has not already done so, the sooner the matter is taken in hand the better, so far as the welfare of the Institute is concerned.

An Anglo-Indian correspondent forwards me some criticisms of a scheme that has been propounded by Lady Minto for the formation of an Indian nursing association to secure "English-trained nurses" for work among Europeans in the provinces of Northern India and Burma. It is admitted that an association of the kind is needed, but exception is taken to the proposed restriction of the staff to nurses trained in England. There are already in India many nurses of British birth who have been locally trained, and many more daughters of Anglo-Indians would probably devote themselves to the nursing profession if they were sure of obtaining suitable employment. It is contended that a girl trained in an Indian hospital must necessarily be better qualified than one from England to deal with cases of tropical diseases or general diseases under tropical conditions, and, in addition, she has the advantage of a knowledge of Indian servants and their ways, which must be helpful in domestic nursing, especially in country districts. There seems to be much force in this argument, and Lady Minto would do well to reconsider this point in her philanthropic scheme.

The following amounts have been received by me towards Lady St. Helier's Children's Holiday Fund:—P. S. C., £1; Mrs. Ethel Katinakis, 5s.

"Truth" will be sent weekly to any address in the United Kingdom for 7s. for 3 months; 14s. for 6 months; or 28s. for 12 months. The subscription for all Countries included in the Postal Union is, 3 months, 7s. 8d.; 6 months, 15s. 4d.; 12 months £1 10s. 8d. All subscriptions are payable in advance, and cheques and P.O.O.'s should be made payable to the Manager, "Truth" Building, Carteret-street, S.W.

In explanation of some growls from a battalion at Jhansi, I am told that at present nearly every company is commanded by a second lieutenant, "and you know," my informant continues, "that these young gentlemen are apt to show more zeal than discretion in exercising their newly-acquired authority." In one of the instances mentioned two N.C.O.s and four privates were brought before the officer of the company. It seemed that, being prevented by duty from attending to receive their pay personally, each of them had made out the usual "chit"—as it is called—asking that the money should be handed to another man. The ordinary form for these papers is: "Sir, will you kindly allow —— to draw my pay," followed simply by the signature of the writer. This had always been deemed satisfactory by previous officers, but this young officer took it into his head that his dignity was outraged by the omission of the words "your most obedient servant," and so he sought to vindicate it by severely reprimanding the delinquents individually and collectively. Men do not like being reprimanded without cause, and such incidents produce needless irritation and discontent.

Discharged men of the Royal Engineers were at one time given a preference over other ex-soldiers or outsiders when applying for work at the headquarters of the corps at Chatham. Latterly this rule seems to have been practically reversed, for time after time employment has been found for an outsider whilst a number of ex-R.E.s were waiting vainly at the gate for the chance of a job. It seems only reasonable that the applications of ex-R.E.s should receive first consideration at Chatham, and the Commandant ought to inquire why the old practice has been dropped.

A communication from the 2nd West Riding Regiment, which has been in camp at Brighton, complains of sundry minor but irritating restrictions which have caused the N.C.O.s and men to envy the lot of other regiments in the same brigade. For instance, many N.C.O.s and men were supplied (on payment) with bathing dresses, but apparently it was not deemed safe to trust them in the sea—at any rate, the provost turned them back when they were going for a swim. Another edict debarred them from using the road passing through the camp except in "walking out" order, although it is said that this was not required in the case of any of the other regiments. If this be correct, it is not difficult to understand that their exceptional treatment has evoked a good deal of grousing among the rank and file of the 2nd West Riding Regiment.

Though there will naturally be a feeling of sympathy for the captain and navigating lieutenant of the *Montagu*, the sentences passed by the court-martial seem to meet the justice of the case, and conform to the traditions of the Navy. To a certain extent, perhaps, these officers may be regarded as unfortunate rather than blameworthy, but the evidence revealed some errors of judgment, some acts of negligence, which contributed to the loss of the ship, and in the Navy a high standard of efficiency is rightly demanded and enforced. Battleships are too expensive to permit of any allowance being made for avoidable mistakes in handling them; and when a disaster occurs and officers are found to have been at fault, venial though the fault may appear to the non-professional mind, they must pay the penalty. It has always seemed to me to be a pity that there is not a similarly prompt and drastic method of bringing home their responsibilities to careless or incompetent officers in the Army. It would put an end to a good deal of the slackness and inefficiency of which we have had such startling disclosures in the reports of more than one Royal Commission.

A memorial which has been addressed to the Secretary for India on behalf of Mr. C. Bailey, of the Public Works Secretariat, Central Provinces, discloses a very hard case of official injustice. In 1906 Mr. Bailey was entrusted with the combined duties of assistant secretary and superintendent, the former post being one that had previously been filled by an engineer officer at a salary ranging from Rs.700 to Rs.850 per mensem, according to his grade. Without any extra remuneration for the officiating assistant secretaryship, Mr. Bailey performed the combined duties for a period of about nine years, and on several occasions his services were specially acknowledged by the Administration. Last year the assistant secretaryship—which, as it was not filled by an engineer, had been in abeyance as a separate salaried office—was converted into a permanent non-professional post at Rs.500 to Rs.700 per mensem; and Mr. Bailey was strongly recommended for the new appointment. It was given to him provisionally for six months, but at the end of that period the Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces brought in an outsider as assistant secretary, and the man who had been doing the work for over nine years was reverted to the subordinate position of superintendent. There was no suggestion that he was in any way inefficient—such a suggestion was, indeed, impossible, in view of the repeated testimonies of his superiors to the value of his services—and the only reason assigned for his supersession was that the Commissioner preferred to get a man who had had experience in different parts of India. This certainly seems to be a very flimsy excuse for passing Mr. Bailey over after he had satisfactorily discharged the duties for nine years without extra pay.

In February last six men, five of them British subjects and one a German, were arrested at Buenos Aires on a charge of assaulting the police. At the beginning of July they were still in prison awaiting their trial, of which there seemed to be no immediate prospect. In a letter in the Buenos Aires *Standard* it is stated that

they were in a terrible plight owing to the filthiness of their surroundings in the prison. No beds were provided for them to sleep on, and nothing that they wore had been washed since the day they entered the prison. The Britishers had written time after time to the British Consul, but not the slightest notice had been taken of their communications. The German, more fortunate, had been visited by the German Consul, who supplied him with some clothes, arranged to have washing done for him, and otherwise endeavoured to alleviate his lot.

In writing to me on this case an English resident at Buenos Aires says that it seems almost useless for British subjects to appeal for assistance to the British Consul when they are in the hands of the Argentine authorities. I have heard similar complaints before. These prisoners deny the charge that has been preferred against them, but whether they are guilty or innocent, it is surely the duty of the British Consul to do what he can to expedite their trial, and to see that they are properly treated whilst awaiting it. Sir Edward Grey might usefully give this official instructions to that effect.

Some further correspondence has recently taken place with the Colonial Office regarding the charges of misgovernment against Mr. Campbell, Resident Commissioner of the Gilbert and Ellice Islands, which have been noticed in Truth during the past two or three years. It seems that it was not till the end of June, after an unaccountable delay of eight or nine months, that the promised report from the High Commissioner for the Western Pacific on his visit to the Islands reached Downing-street. Now that the report has arrived, Lord Elgin refuses to disclose its contents. He has, however, informed the Secretary of the Aborigines' Protection Society and another correspondent that the High Commissioner is of opinion that all the complaints against Mr. Campbell "have been founded on merely trivial incidents, magnified by the different sense of proportion which naturally prevails in so small and remote a place" as these islands; also, that "the High Commissioner, after personal inquiry, has satisfied himself that there is no ground for the charges of cruelty to natives and other maladministration brought against Mr. Campbell." Lord Elgin adds that he has asked the High Commissioner to report on some fresh allegations that have been made since his visit.

It would be much more satisfactory if Lord Elgin would furnish a copy of the report, and it is difficult to conceive any legitimate reason for its suppression. The phrase about "trivial incidents" is not reassuring, for official acts which might perhaps be deemed trivial elsewhere may easily become intolerably irksome and oppressive under the conditions of life in these remote islands. Before the High Commissioner's judgment on these results is accepted, one would like, too, to know how his inquiry was conducted. Information from the islands suggests that it was little better than a farce.

A Commission has been appointed at Hong Kong to inquire into the administration of the sanitary and building regulations, more especially in connection with allegations of corruption and irregularity against the officials; and the Commissioners have issued an advertisement notifying that any person coming forward as a witness and making a full and true disclosure will receive a certificate protecting him against civil and criminal proceedings in respect of such disclosures. This is the course usually adopted by Royal Commissions here. Hong Kong, however, is not England, and in view of the character of a large proportion of the Chinese and other inhabitants of that place, it is not surprising to learn that the notice is locally regarded as an incitement to the commission of perjury by parties having grievances against the sanitary officials.

TO THAT SEASONABLE PEST—THE COMMON HOUSE FLY.

When the summer's been hot and the weather's been dry,
'Tis then comes the turn of the common house fly.

Aye, "common"'s the word—far *too* common, say I,—
That buzzing, ubiquitous, beastly house fly!

However to slay, or exclude him you try,
He baffles your efforts—elusive house fly!

From kitchen in basement to attic on high,
He roams at his will—free and easy house fly!

In the morning, in bed when asleep you would lie,
He tickles and wakes you—disturbing house fly!

You sit down to read, and he gets in your eye
—Intruding, not-know-where-he's-wanted house fly!

You drink him in soup and you eat him in pie,
And your tea is a blend of Pekoe—and house fly!

"*A la Russe*," "*à la Française*," have got the go-by;
Now from *hors d'œuvre* to ices 'tis *à la*—HOUSE FLY!

The case of the electric tramcar drivers who are continually being fined for exceeding the speed limits on the South London lines merits the serious attention of the London County Council. The speed limits for the tramcars are fixed by the Board of Trade, and on every route the limit is varied from point to point, twelve miles an hour being allowed on one section of the line, ten on another, eight on another and so on. It is said that in some places the limit has been fixed without much regard to the normal amount of traffic on the road, and that a higher speed might be permitted with perfect safety to the public. On the other hand, complaints are made that in certain busy thoroughfares the speed allowed is already too high. The police have

been instructed to enforce strictly the existing regulations. Following the example of the rural constabulary, they set "traps," and every week a number of the tram-drivers are haled before the magistrates and fined.

At first sight, it looks as if the drivers were alone to blame for the breaches of the speed rules. It is, however, obviously unlikely that men in this position would willingly run the risk of having to pay penalties which usually almost swallow up a week's wages; and the fact seems to be that the management of the tramways is indirectly responsible for these cases. Each of the County Council cars is required to make a certain number of journeys per day, and the scheduled times make an utterly insufficient allowance for the inevitable delays, mainly due to the obstruction of the line by other vehicles, which occur on almost every run. The drivers get into trouble with the management if they fail to do the specified number of journeys, and the consequence is that they are constantly tempted to make up for lost time by putting on speed where there is a clear road, and so fall into the "traps" arranged by the police. It is unfair to the men that they should be placed in this difficulty, and the London County Council ought to direct its tramway managers to make the necessary alterations in the scheduled times which the drivers have to observe.

Some time ago I alluded to my attempts—which were unfortunately unsuccessful—to induce Parliament to amend the law of libel by providing that on the application of the defendant a judge in chambers might, if he deemed such a course reasonable, order the plaintiff to give security for costs in the event of the dismissal of his action. The editor of the *Sunday Times*, Perth, Western Australia, has now been good enough to send me copies of the Acts relating to newspaper libels in that Colony, where, it seems, this arrangement with regard to costs has been in force since 1888. By an Act passed in that year a defendant may demand, and a judge in chambers may direct, that the plaintiff in an action for libel shall give security for costs on its being shown that he is an uncertificated bankrupt, or that within twelve months of the issue of the writ he has liquidated or compounded with his creditors, or that he is a person without fixed domicile, or without "visible means of paying the costs of such action if unsuccessful." Either party has the right to appeal against the decision of the judge in chambers.

This Western Australia Act also provides that an action must be begun within four months of the publication of the alleged libel, and that the plaintiff shall be non-suited unless he gives evidence as a witness on his own behalf. The privilege of the press in regard to the publication of fair and reasonable reports is, too, extended to any "public meeting," which is defined as any meeting announced or advertised as a public meeting, or any meeting "from which members of the public are not excluded on the ground that they do not belong to any particular body, association, party, or society." My correspondent says that these laws have acted well in Western Australia. They have not hampered legitimate actions, for judges are extremely careful in granting security for costs, but they have entirely stopped frivolous actions, and speculative actions brought through the connivance of what are known in the Colonies as "shy-poo" lawyers.

I hope that this excellent Colonial precedent will be cited the next time a measure for the amendment of the law of libel comes before the House of Commons. Personally, I should have been many thousands of pounds in pocket if the law had afforded me this protection against frivolous and speculative actions in which the jury has given a verdict in my favour, or in which the plaintiff has withdrawn before going into court. As things are, every newspaper proprietor stands to be shot at by parties who have not the slightest legitimate claim to damages, but who issue a writ with the idea of stopping further criticism, or, perhaps, of blackmailing the defendant into paying them something to save the expense of fighting the case out. The requirement that the plaintiff in a libel suit shall submit himself to cross-examination is almost as valuable as the provision with regard to costs. I believe that it would be in the interests of the public, as well as those of the press, that the law here should be amended on these lines, for one consequence of the existing state of things is that many matters that ought to be published in the public interest are now suppressed.

Apropos of recent additions to the deplorably long roll of fraudulent solicitors, a correspondent writes to me pointing out that in nearly every one of these cases the stolen money has been lost on the Stock Exchange. It was by this process that Charles Cheston, late of 1, Great Winchester-street, disposed of about half a million pounds belonging to his clients (Lord Amherst of Hackney alone has been robbed of a sum currently reported to be no less than £300,000), and it is understood that at the time when he committed suicide he owed a further £100,000 to members of the Stock Exchange. Not very long ago this man Cheston was actually serving on the Council of the Incorporated Law Society. Bloomer, of Doughty-street, another solicitor who lately absconded, leaving liabilties to the amount of £70,000, is also said to have dropped money heavily on the Stock Exchange. The same thing has happened time after time, and my correspondent draws the conclusion that "the temptation of the Stock Exchange vortex, with its awful facilities on one side, and the control of other people's money—rich, careless, and confiding clients—on the other, is too much for human nature." He goes on to suggest that in some of the cases that have occurred the stockbrokers have practically been the aiders and abettors of the fraudulent solicitors, inasmuch as they must (he says) have known that the large sums the latter were paying in differences could not be their own money.

This attempt to saddle the Stock Exchange with some of the blame does not seem to me to be quite fair. How is a broker to determine whether a reputedly wealthy solicitor like Cheston is or is not dealing with his own money? There are generally in these cases many transactions covering a long period, and a number of different firms of stockbrokers are employed, so that no suspicion may be engendered in the mind of any one of them. It is, of course, undeniable that Stock Exchange open account transactions afford facilities for gambling. Such facilities are also to be found on the Turf, and at Monte Carlo, and elsewhere. Nor is it only by means of gambling, pure and simple, that a dishonest solicitor may get rid of the money with which he is entrusted. One provincial solicitor whom I knew (he is now in penal servitude) contrived to sink trust funds amounting to many thousands of pounds in various unsuccessful building estate operations, and unprofitable manufacturing concerns. There are others who have not lost their clients' money at all, but have bolted abroad with it and never been brought back.

It seems to me therefore that even if it were feasible—and such a thing is obviously out of the question—it would be of little use to prohibit solicitors from engaging in transactions on the Stock Exchange. The remedy for these scandals will have to be found in a different direction, namely, by bringing solicitors under some kind of control in their handling of other people's money. Of course no system of checks that could be devised would be a complete safeguard against the robbery of foolishly confiding clients. But various measures have been proposed which would have nipped in the bud, if not entirely prevented, some of the worst of the frauds that have been perpetrated, and for the honour of the whole profession it is to be regretted that its governing body does not seriously apply itself to this question of the protection of the public from such rogues as Cheston and Bloomer.

Do the Shallows of Boston desire to attain the notoriety which was at one time the lot of the Grimsby Bench on account of their Draconic treatment of disobedient fishing apprentices? It would almost seem so from the proceedings of the Mayor and his colleagues at Boston Police-court last week, when two fishing apprentices named Favell and Hindly were charged with neglecting to join their ships. The evidence was to the effect that on the morning when they should have sailed the defendants hired bicycles and went for a ride in the country. Favell asserted that they were delayed in returning by the breakdown of one of the bicycles; Hindly had nothing to say. "Aren't you sorry?" the Mayor asked Hindly, who "smiling," replied, "I don't know." Thereupon the Mayor sentenced Favell, who had been previously charged with a similar offence, to one month's hard labour. As to Hindly, his worship said that if he had not "laughed" and answered that he did not know when asked whether he was sorry, he would have been given the option of a fine; but as it was he would be sent to gaol for fourteen days' hard labour.

In any circumstances I should consider that these were monstrous sentences to pass upon youths for such an offence—all the more monstrous, because the magistrates would not dare to treat grown-up fishermen with such severity for neglecting to join their vessels. Hindly's punishment, moreover, is especially outrageous. He is really doing fourteen days' hard labour for the offence of smiling at the Mayor of Boston. Provocation ought always to be taken into consideration, and judging from these proceedings, I daresay it is difficult to refrain from laughing at the spectacle of the Mayor sitting to administer what he supposes to be justice—though it is, to be sure, no laughing matter for his worship's victims.

The Lambeth Police-court is now setting an example in the administration of the oath to witnesses which ought to be followed in every court of justice in the country. Instead of being called upon as a matter of course to "kiss the book," every witness is asked whether he will be sworn in that way or in the Scotch fashion, by repeating the words of the oath with uplifted hand. For nearly twenty years now the law has entitled witnesses to choose the Scotch form, but most people are still unaware of this fact, and those who know it are often reluctant to make themselves look unconventional by departing from the ordinary procedure. It is to be hoped that the time will soon come when a person will be considered eccentric if he prefers the dirty and dangerous practice of "kissing the book." How dangerous it may be was shown last week by a letter in the *Times* describing an incident in a King's Bench Court the other day when a defendant was allowed to be sworn in the usual way in spite of the fact that his counsel had just previously read a medical certificate stating that he was suffering from sycosis of the lips.

Mr. G. Davies, a Swansea J.P., gave a remarkable exposition of what he is pleased to regard as his leniency in a case last week when a man named Howells appeared in answer to an adjourned summons for £1 6s., arrears due under an order for the maintenance of one of his children in the Blind Institution. Howells' ordinary wages are £1 a week, but he said he had been working on "short time," and had a wife and seven children to support. Since the previous hearing of the summons he had managed to pay 11s. 6d. Meanwhile, however, further payments had become due, making his indebtedness up to date £1, and the Bench instructed an officer to take out a fresh summons for this amount. "You are being dealt with leniently," said Mr. Davies to the defendant; "next time we shall send you to gaol." It strikes me that this worthy magistrate might feel some compunction about his threat if he were compelled to try the experiment of paying rent and feeding and clothing himself and a family of eight on an income of £1 a week.

Uniformity of sentences is very desirable—when the sentences are being passed for similar offences on equally guilty offenders. But, as will be seen from my Legal Pillory this week, quite a different kind of uniformity is practised by two Nottingham J.P.s, Messrs. J. Langham and W. Burrows. In the estimation of these sagacious judges, it appears, the furious riding of a bicycle by a boy of fourteen is an offence calling for precisely the same punishment as the brutal ill-treatment of a child four years of age! In drawing my attention to this remarkable exhibition of Justices' justice, a citizen of Nottingham observes that "there is room for some alteration on our Bench," and I think most people will agree with him. A glance at the rest of the contrasted sentences in the following list suggests, indeed, that there are a good many places in which the Bench needs reforming. The dominant idea in the minds of the Great Unpaid seems to be that acts of violence and cruelty are sufficiently punished by the imposition of more or less trumpery pecuniary penalties, and that the only offences calling for severe sentences are petty larceny, poaching, and sleeping out:—

Nottingham City Police Court. Before Messrs. J. Langham and W. Burrows. Eliza Leaf, charged with ill-treating her child, aged four years. A doctor said there were 26 bruises on the child's back, from one to four inches in length. Fined 15s.

Nottingham City Police Court. Before the same magistrates. Leonard Taylor, a boy of 14, charged with riding a bicycle furiously on the Trent embankment. The Clerk informed the magistrates that this was the boy's first appearance before the court. Fined 15s.

Buxton Police Court. Before Dr. Dickson and other magistrates. Joseph Walter Bainbridge, charged with assaulting Campbell King, a cripple. It was an unprovoked and cowardly assault, complainant receiving a black eye and being otherwise knocked about. Fined 20s. and costs.

Bakewell Police Court. Before Messrs. H. C. Heathcote and S. Bramwell. Duncan M'Donald, charged with stealing an umbrella. Twenty-one days.

Warrington Police Court. Mary Hangreave, charged with stealing a pair of trousers from outside a shop. One month.

Wem Petty Sessions. Before Captain Dickin, Captain Maddocks, Lieutenant-Colonel Fell, Major Robinson, and Mr. J. Kynaston. Wm. Higgins and John Birch, convicted of what the Bench described as an unprovoked assault on Joseph Colton. As he was going home complainant was attacked by defendants, who knocked him down and kicked him. Fined 10s. each and costs.

Thornbury Police Court. Before Sir G. B. Jenkinson, Admiral St. John, Messrs. A. Howard, J. C. Gwynn, and J. J. Hare. Albert Simmonds, charged with trespassing in search of game. Fined £2 and £2 9s. 6d. costs.

Grays Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. R. F. B. Lennard, E. J. Goldsmith, and A. Sturgeon. Wm. Morgan, charged with stealing two pieces of wood. Fourteen days.

Andover Borough Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. C. W. Kellow, S. Bell, E. A. Farr, C. Ponting, F. Beale, H. Edwards, and J. F. Gillett. Harry Stockwell, charged with assaulting Wm. Harris, who said defendant came up to him and struck him with his first about the face. A constable said the complainant had "the worst pair of black eyes" he had ever seen. Fined 10s. and costs.

Preston Intermediate Sessions. Michael Carroll, charged with stealing 2 lb. of butter and ½ lb. of tea. Twelve months.

Thomas Bannister, aged 70, charged with stealing an overcoat. Twelve months.

Southampton County Police Court. Before Mr. G. Franklin. Sarah Olive, a woman of respectable appearance, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. Seven days.

Stratford Police Court. Before Messrs. W. W. Glenny, R. Ward, and C. Goodman. Frederick Murch, charged with assaulting his wife. In consequence of the assault she had to go to the hospital, where she remained for a fortnight. Fined 40s. and costs.

Newton Abbot Police Court. Bessie Groves, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. Seven days.

Old Hill Police Court. Frank Griffiths and Joseph Woodhall, charged with stealing two fowls. One month each.

Coventry City Police Court. Before Messrs. J. Maycock, T. B. Bethell, T. G. Beamish, and S. Gorton. Wm. Henry Blencowe, charged with assaulting Jane Lapworth. He had repeatedly beaten her, and this was the fifth occasion on which she had summoned him. Fined 20s. and costs.

Cupar Sheriff Court. Before Hon. Sheriff-Substitute Thomson. Herriot Boyne Lawson, labourer, charged with trespassing in pursuit of game. Fined £2 5s.; in default, 21 days.

Lymington Police Court. Wm. Knight and Emma Knight, charged with stealing a carriage rug, value 7s. 6d., from a public house. The woman 14 and the man 21 days.

Retford Borough Police Court. Before the Mayor (Alderman Pegler), Alderman Tomlinson, Messrs. B. Haigh, G. Cutts, and R. A. Bradshaw, and the Rev. T. Morgan. Herbert Dickinson, a tradesman, charged with cruelty to a mare. Defendant, who was said to have been drunk, thrashed the animal in a brutal manner, causing great weals. A public officer said some of the weals were considerably thicker than his finger. Fined £3.

Retford Borough Police Court. Before Messrs. G. Cutts, R. Haigh, and the Rev. T. Morgan. James Cook, labourer, charged with stealing scrap iron, value 2s. 9d., from the gasworks. Three months.

Bangor Police Court. Before Mr. T. Lewis and other magistrates. Richard Williams, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. He said he had been working till late on the previous night at the place where he slept. He had a halfpenny in his possession. Fined 2s. 6d.; in default seven days.

Hythe County Petty Sessions. Before Captain Marshall and other magistrates. Thomas Hogben, charged with cruelty to a horse. A witness saw him thrashing the animal unmercifully with the butt end of a whip. Defendant afterwards remarked, "I've killed old Jumbo." An officer who inspected the carcass of the animal at the kennels, said that on each side of the back there was a large place full of congealed blood, about the size of the seat of an ordinary chair. Fined 10s. and costs.

The Clerk to the Justices of the Newent Petty Sessional Division, Gloucestershire, is about to resign his post, owing to ill-health. There are already three candidates in the field for the appointment, and one of them is the son of a member of the Bench. I am told that this gentleman has intimated to some of his fellow-magistrates that he intends to take part in the election of the new clerk, and to record his vote. It is, of course, impossible to say beforehand that his vote will be recorded for his son, but naturally that is what is expected to happen, and I am not surprised to hear of the existence of a strong feeling that such a proceeding would be highly improper.

I observe from a judgment summons heard recently at Crewkerne County Court that the gentleman named Alfred Edward Barnes, described in my last Cautionary List as of "Wynards," Merriott, Crewkerne, has now changed his address to Putwell, West Crewkerne, Somerset. This person has evolved a method of providing subsistence for himself which is simplicity itself. He orders all sorts of goods from tradesmen at a distance on notepaper bearing the heading "Get right with God," and, being a chronic invalid, manages to secure for himself immunity from all consequences of non-payment by the production of medical certificates. A firm of Bristol chemists are his latest victims, and, as his operations are undertaken upon an extensive scale, tradesmen all over the country will be well advised to take note of his change of address.

After a long period of quiescence, the gang of American charlatans, trading under the title of "The New

Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Nearly 8,000 convictions last year. Complaints marked 'Private,' absolutely confidential.—Secretary, 105, Jermyn-st., London.

Thought Publishing Company," of Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, has resumed its predatory operations upon the British public. This company advertises a course of instruction in personal magnetism and other quasi occult arts and sciences, described in a volume of preposterous lies and impudent humbug entitled "The Power Within." The "Company" is now making a "Special 5s. offer" by which the separate items of the "course" can be obtained for 5s. each, though the purchaser is informed that "the best value is obtained by purchasing the full set of courses for 20s. outright, with a great 'Kill Fear secret' free to purchasers."

I first dealt with this concern in the early part of 1902 under the name of the Psychic Research Company, whose pretensions I characterised as a swindle. The company retorted by demanding a full apology and withdrawal of the expression complained of, failing which proceedings for libel were to be commenced against me. I declined to withdraw or apologise, and eventually the Psychic Research Company issued a writ in an action for libel. The action, however, never came to trial, and Messrs. Lewis and Lewis ultimately obtained on my behalf an order dismissing it for want of prosecution, with costs in my favour. This abortive action, together with full particulars concerning the parties engaged in the distribution of the "courses" of psychic instruction, are fully described in Truth of February 12, 1903.

Since the latter date I have heard little of the Psychic Research Company, but I have no difficulty in recognising its reincarnation in "The New Thought Publishing Company." This title is one which has already been used by the head of the gang, one Sydney Blanshard Flower, in America, while "The Power Within" and the great "Kill Fear secret" are both part of this worthy's stock-in-trade for imposing upon the credulous. Consequently whatever I have said in the past with regard to "The Psychic Research Company" applies with equal force to "The New Thought Publishing Company," for the wares which each company seeks to dispose of are the same. The Psychic researchers challenged me to prove that their operations were fraudulent. I accepted their challenge, but they turned tail, and paid my costs rather than come before a jury to prove their honesty. These facts ought to be quite sufficient to prevent anyone parting with even 5s. in return for the preposterous rubbish which they sell as a "course of instruction."

The suggestion made by Mr. Henry Sewill in a recent issue of the *Medical Press* for the combating of the rapid growth of quackery in our midst is well worth wider publicity than that of the purely professional class to whom he appeals. Mr. Sewill advocates the appointment of a Royal Commission to thoroughly investigate the whole subject, and undoubtedly the appointment of such a Commission would be of enormous benefit to the community. The mere fact that it would be able to accumulate reliable evidence about the chemical constitution of quack nostrums, and to place on record facts concerning the swindling methods adopted by quacks for fleecing their victims, would have an educative effect upon the public altogether apart from any legislation which might follow upon the report of the Commission. I may not always be in perfect agreement with my medical friends as to what constitutes quackery, but generally I am at one with them on this subject, and I am, I fancy, almost single-handed, so far as the lay press is concerned, in my efforts to combat the evil, so that I should like to see a Royal Commission at work on the subject. I am not certain that I could not myself provide sufficient material to keep a Commission fully employed for a month or two.

Keith Harvey, the deaf quack, has just about as thick a hide as the rest of his kidney. An Indian correspondent who had been tempted by Harvey's advertisement into forwarding him two guineas for his treatment, had "Truth Cautionary List" brought under his notice in time to enable the payment of the money order to be stopped. My correspondent notified Harvey of the stoppage of payment and the reasons for doing so, but nevertheless he received shortly afterwards one of the usual follow-up letters offering the remedies "on trial" for a guinea. This "on trial" offer, by the way, merely means that the person who forwards the guinea is at liberty to return the appliances at the end of six weeks. Needless to say, Keith Harvey keeps the guinea.

Bold advertisements of a usury shop carried on under the title of the Equitable Advance Company (which is merely the alias of a man named Moon) are exhibited on the Corporation tramcars at Portsmouth. Writing to me on the subject, a ratepayer expresses the opinion that it is a disgraceful thing for a municipality to countenance a business of this pernicious description. I think few people will disagree with this. Such a harpy as Moon manages to do quite enough mischief in a town without being helped by the Corporation to do more.

By the way, I had a letter from a barrister the other day, taking up the cudgels for the moneylenders, or, at any rate, having a fling at their victims. "Borrowers," he says, "very often deserve no sympathy. They tell lies to obtain money. They declare that they have property and furniture, when in truth they have none, and when the moneylender puts in an execution, lo and behold, some one else comes forward as the owner of all!" So far as I am aware, nobody has ever suggested—certainly I have never done so—that the borrower is invariably deserving of sympathy or that the moneylender is always a harsh and unconscionable rascal. Undoubtedly, cases do occur in which loans are raised by what are practically false pretences, but they are few and far between. The average usurer is not exactly

an innocent, and the idea that he is ready to make advances without inquiry or security, falling an easy prey to needy and mendacious rogues, is quite chimerical.

Might I suggest to my legal friend that he should devote some of the leisure of the Long Vacation to the study of the two Blue-books containing the evidence given before the Select Committee on Moneylending? I think it would convince him of the justice of the committee's finding that a great many of the professional moneylenders practise a system of business which is largely founded on trickery and fraud, enforced with cruelty and harshness, and productive of crime, bankruptcy, unfair advantage over other creditors of the borrower, extortion from the borrower's family and friends, and other serious injuries to the community. It is true that an Act of Parliament has since been passed to check these evils, but there is still a good deal of laxity in its administration, and such gross cases of trickery and fraud, cruelty, and harshness as those on which I commented last week are not at all uncommon. It goes without saying that the victims are mostly fools; if they were sensible people they would not allow themselves to be caught in the clutches of the bloodsuckers. That, however, is no reason why unprincipled knaves should be permitted to plunder them.

A City man writes to me:—

> Is there anything that can be done with an ignorant impudent fellow like this? I pay income tax on £13,000 per annum, and have £65,000 on deposit at banks. Note the paper and "servant girl" seal.

My wealthy correspondent's ire has been aroused by his receipt of a letter from that impecunious moneylender's tout, Frank Berry, 112, Oliphant-street, Queen's Park, W., offering to wait upon him, if desired, with the view to the arrangement of a loan. I am afraid there is no means by which anybody, rich or poor, can be protected from this sort of impudence; but Berry can at least be given a useful lesson. When I last had an inquiry made at Somerset House, Berry was not on the register of moneylenders, and I very much doubt whether he has since been able to spare the necessary guinea to pay for his registration. His non-registration renders him liable to a fine of £100 or a term of imprisonment, and my correspondent might wipe out the insult to which he has been subjected by instituting a prosecution.

When you get a circular opening with the remark that your name has been mentioned to the sender "as that of one interested in sport," it is long odds that the object is to invite you to open a betting account or purchase tips. Your name, of course, has really been taken from a directory or else obtained from some of the lists that are in circulation among bookmakers and tipsters. It is with this formula that an individual signing himself "Hawley Taylor," 12, Old Burlington Street, W., is now introducing himself to people: "Having lost hundreds, aye, thousands of pounds, I said to myself," says Hawley Taylor, "is there no way out of this difficulty?" The difficulty was to make money by backing horses. He "carefully reviewed his first experiences, mentally called over the roll of his racing acquaintances, owners, trainers, jockeys, and professional backers, and saw that by free expenditure and careful discrimination there *was* a way out." So successful has it proved that out of his last nine predictions he has had eight winners at good prices. Yet though his "information extraordinary," as he calls it, "costs hundreds of pounds to procure," he generously offers to share it with you, a perfect stranger, merely on the condition that you "guarantee him the odds to a sovereign." Only greenhorns will fail to perceive that this is nothing else than the good old game of "heads I win, tails you lose."

Some interesting information has reached me concerning "Dudley Salt," of 1, Commercial Buildings, Herne Bay, whose ingenious scheme for "giving away" plots of freehold land to purchasers of his tea has been noticed in Truth on several occasions. In one of his circulars Salt describes himself as "the heir of the late Dr. Salt of India"; and it now appears that he is himself a medical man at Herne Bay. His full name is Alexander Henry Dudley Salt, and besides carrying on a private medical practice and running this tea business he holds the appointment of medical officer of the Blean workhouse and union.

As I have previously explained, the Salt tea is of such low quality that at the extravagant price of 2s. a lb. the seller could very profitably fulfil his undertaking to present 200 square yards of land (of a sort) to every purchaser of 200 lbs. of the tea. It is not so easy to see how one shilling out of every two is also to be paid as a commission to agents selling the tea, though these are the terms on which agencies are offered to persons answering advertisements issued in connection with this business by "Miss Ada Saunders," 18, Bay View Terrace, Penzance. But, no doubt, Salt counts upon a large proportion of the people who begin to buy the tea repenting their folly before they have spent the £20 required to entitle them to the promised bonus. The whole business is a piece of humbug, and it is rather surprising to find that a professional man, the holder of a public appointment, is at the back of it. Perhaps the Blean Guardians will consider whether such an arrangement is desirable.

The cycle trade appears to be particularly afflicted with shady firms, who advertise what seems to be an offer to supply a machine at once on the instalment system of payment, though it turns out that not only the so-called "deposit," but the whole of the instalments, will have to be paid before the bicycle is for-

warded. The most recent of these gentry to come under my notice are some people calling themselves Williams and Co., 84, Erskine Road, Walthamstow. In answer to customers who are disappointed at the non-arrival of the machine after the payment of the deposit, Williams and Co. send out a circular beginning:—

> We are in receipt of your letter, at which we are *much surprised*. If you will read our advertisement carefully you will find it clearly states: "Sent on receipt of 2s. 6d. deposit, and upon the payment of the last of 41 weeks at 2s. 6d., making a total of £5 5s. in all, or 105 weekly payments of 1s., making a total of £5 7s. 6d.

The fact that this is a printed circular shows the hollowness of the underlined remark that the firm are "much surprised" by the customer's letter. The advertisement, of which they quote a portion, is, of course, deliberately intended to humbug people into the belief that the bicycle will be delivered on receipt of the "deposit;" and no doubt Williams and Co. count—quite correctly—upon many customers forfeiting the money they have paid on discovering the manner in which they have been tricked. It is part of the game for such firms to refuse to return the deposit or cancel the order; but in spite of the ingenuity of the advertisement, I fancy that they would find themselves compelled to do both things, and pay costs as well, if any victim should care to go to the trouble of suing them in the County Court.

With regard to the business of J. H. Selkirk, Ltd., the advertisement "specialists," with whose methods I dealt in Truth of June 27, some correspondence which appears in the current issue of the *Advertising World* is not without interest. The first letter, dated July 9, is addressed to the advertisement manager of the *Advertising World*, and is as follows:—

> Dear Sir,—No doubt you are aware of the various attacks made upon us by the Editor of Truth. The last attack was made about a fortnight ago, and we can, in the two cases mentioned, show, without any doubt whatever, that the charges made against us are without any foundation.
>
> We have written to the editor of this paper, pointing out that our letter files in connection with the two clients mentioned are open for his inspection, providing he will undertake to publish an apology.
>
> Our reason for writing you at this stage is to inform you that it is our intention to formulate a definite advertising campaign, and place our views before every advertiser in this country, and as you apparently have a large subscription list we shall be glad to know whether you would be willing to quote us for space in your journal. We shall probably start out with two or four pages and repeat at intervals.
>
> Will you kindly let us have your reply?—Yours faithfully,
>
> J. H. Selkirk, Ltd.

The *Advertising World* is, I may remark, a bright little trade journal for advertisers, and it had already in the interests of its readers commented upon the Selkirk firm. Upon receipt of the foregoing letter the advertisement manager evidently formed a correct appreciation of the motives which had prompted its dictation. He replied to the effect that, in view of the comments made upon the business of J. H. Selkirk, Ltd., by the editor of Truth, and the position his own paper had already taken up, he could not see his way to accept the firm's ordinary trade advertisement. He offered, however, his advertisement columns for any reply the firm might have to make to my comments, though on the distinct understanding that the acceptance of such an advertisement would not preclude editorial comment. Thereupon Messrs. Selkirk replied that they "regretted the attitude" the *Advertising World* had adopted, and announced that they could not allow themselves to be dictated to as to what they would insert.

The *Advertising World* printed the correspondence without comment, but I have no hesitation in characterising Messrs. Selkirk's letter as nothing more or less than an impudent attempt either to bluff my contemporary or to ensure his silence. It is true that the firm had written to me on July 6 offering to place their correspondence files at the disposal of my representative. But the offer was conditional upon my undertaking to admit that the statements in my article were incorrect, and I need hardly point out that an inquiry under such conditions would be an absolute farce. I accordingly replied, on July 9, that I did not see any advantage in the suggestion, but that I should be only too happy to give every consideration to any communication Messrs. Selkirk desired to make dealing with the statements made in Truth reflecting on the way their business has been and is being carried on. To this request Messrs. Selkirk have made no reply, and there, for the moment, the matter rests. It is worth noting that the firm's letter to me was dated July 6, and that to the *Advertising World* July 9, before my reply was received, so that it would appear that the letter to me was only written for the purpose of deluding newspapers into accepting the firm's advertisements. In view of Messrs. Selkirk's statement that it is their "intention to formulate a definite advertising campaign" to place their views "before every advertiser in the country," I commend these facts, together with those which appeared in my article of June 27, to the same clientèle, and still more particularly to the advertisement managers who may be tempted with the offer of "two or four pages" to be repeated at intervals.

It was amusing to observe the silence of the Tory papers on the subject of the East Denbigh election. They chortled in their glee over Cockermouth, and talked of "the beginning of the end," "the handwriting on the wall," and the rest of it, notwithstanding the fact that the Tory candidate secured only a minority of the votes polled, and owed his return solely to a split between his opponents. But the most ingenious manipulator of election figures could not reveal a gleam of hope for Toryism in the result in East Denbigh. Mr. Hemmerde polled more votes and had a bigger majority than any previous member for the constituency. The pendulum is swinging, but it still swings to the side of the Government.

The Church party seem to be at sixes and sevens on the subject of the judgment of the Court of Appeal in the West Riding case. Lord Hugh Cecil, the Bishop of Birmingham, and others denounce the "intolerable injustice" of the law as it has been laid down by the Court. So indignant is Lord Hugh, that he proposes that Churchmen shall become passive resisters—passive resisters, that is, of the very Education Act of 1902 which they helped to pass! Bishop Gore advises that the law should be met "with every legitimate form of hostility," which may or may not mean that he also is in favour of passive resistance. On the other hand, many Churchmen, clerics and laymen, hail the judgment as—to quote the words of one reverend gentleman—"the most fortunate thing that could possibly have happened at the present juncture." It simplifies the settlement of the whole controversy, they say. Let Mr. Birrell's Bill be dropped, and things remain as they are, with the exception that in places where the local education authority declines to pay for Church teaching, the Church itself must do so. In some of the letters to the newspapers it has been suggested that the cost to the Church would be very little. An education authority could not very well cut down the present salaries of the teachers in the non-provided schools. All that it would be likely to do would be to say that such salaries were paid for secular instruction only; and for a mere nominal additional payment from the Church the teachers might be persuaded, it is said, to continue to give Church teaching.

I wonder whether the authors of these modest proposals expect them to be taken seriously. The judgment of the Court of Appeal does not even finally settle the question of the use of the rates for denominational teaching, for—putting aside the possibility of this decision being reversed by the House of Lords—it still leaves it more or less open to doubt whether an education authority may not legally make such payments if it chooses to do so. Moreover, this is only one of the wrongs Mr. Birrell's Bill is designed to remedy. All sectarian tests for teachers in public elementary schools have to be abolished, and all such schools have to be placed under complete public control. Those Churchmen who imagine that these changes can be avoided are labouring under a most foolish delusion; and if the House of Lords should venture to throw out this Bill—as it is being urged to do—the ultimate result will be the passing of another which will deal a good deal less tenderly with the claims of the denominationalists.

THE CHILD AND THE CHERRIES.

Once in an orchard that I knew
Some Cherry Trees (Morella) grew,
Whose boughs, in Summer Season, bore
Of ruddy Fruit a plenteous Store.
And I—for I was only then
A silly little Kid of ten—
Would ofttimes in my Rambles stop
To gaze upon that juicy Crop,
Which blushed secure within a tall
And broken-glass-surmounted Wall;
The while, in longing tones I cried:
"If only I could get inside
To pluck and eat that luscious Store,
I 'd ask the Gods for Nothing more!"
One Day, the Man who owned the Place—
A Farmer with a kindly Face—
Came out and saw me, as 'twould hap,
And said, "What ho, my little Chap!
You 'd like some Cherries, I can see.
Well, just you come along with me."
He took me by the Hand and led
To where the laden Boughs hung red:
"There, sonnie, take," said he, "your Fill.
Aye! Eat as many as you will."
O'erjoyed at such unhoped for Treat,
I fell at once to pluck and eat
The Fruit that looked so nice and sweet;
But, lo! I found in half a Trice,
Its Taste was than its Look less nice,
And, 'spite its beauty to the Eye,
Turned my small Mouth distinctly wry.
So when I 'd swallowed three or four,
I stayed my Hand and picked no more.
"Hi! sonnie! What 's the matter? Say!
Don't like 'em?" cried the Farmer, "eh?"
Rueful my childish Head I shook:
"They 're not so nice, sir, as they look."
The Farmer laughed, then answered this:
"*Naught*, WHEN YOU 'VE GOT IT, *ever is*."

Moral.

The Thing on which our Heart we 're setting,
And spend, p'raps, half our Life in getting,
We find, when gained, is not the Prize
It seemed to our aspiring Eyes.

SCRUTATOR.

THE TWO-POWER NAVY FETISH.

I WAS talking a few days ago with a leading Prussian politician, who happens to be an old acquaintance of mine, about our reductions in the Navy. He said that he never could quite understand why our Imperialists made a fetish of the two-power standard; and he asked me who had laid down this proportion of strength between us and other nations as an eternal law? I said that I did not quite remember, but that the English nation, although very practical in most things, is as much given at present to be caught by a phrase as the French used to be, and that the newspapers had so rung the changes on this dictum that it had become with many a mathematical certainty.

"But the relation of strength," he said, "has greatly changed since the phrase was started. The United States has built a Navy, so has Japan, and, although you may have an alliance with the latter country, you can hardly leave your safety dependent upon its maintenance, or upon that of your good understanding with France. I can fully understand," he continued, "that you should have a very strong navy. I should be for it, were I an Englishman. You should have enough ships to be able to hold your own on the ocean against reasonable contingencies, but just as your standard of strength is a mistake as an eternal rule because it deals with fluctuating quantities, so is your notion that you will ever be able to pursue your trade in the event of war as though there were no war. You were absolute masters of the sea in the days of Nelson, but then the conditions of naval warfare were entirely different to what they now are. They tell in favour of your being able to come out of a naval war the victor, but they also tell against your ever converting the high seas into—as you have yourself put it—an English lake."

"And what," I asked, "is the idea of Germany in her large naval expenditure?" "Very much the same,"

he said, "as the English idea in regard to her expenditure on land forces. It is absolutely essential that a foreign army be not landed on your shores. You are right, therefore, to make this your first consideration. But you also take care to have an army sufficiently large to enable you not only to keep up your garrisons abroad, but to disembark a land force if necessary on foreign territory. This mobile force is, however, so small in comparison with those of the great military Powers, that there is no probability of its deciding the event of a war. The position is much the same with us, only reversed. We have no natural frontiers, and we are surrounded by potential enemies. Our first consideration consequently is our army. In point of numbers, it would be impossible for us to have one equal in strength to those of all our neighbours. It must, however, be a strong and efficient one, and we hope that, even if all were banded against us, we should in the end remain the victors. But we do not anticipate that we shall ever have to deal with them all at once, and, even if this were so, we doubt, if the war were prolonged, that the alliance would hold together. A possible risk we are therefore obliged to run. As regards the sea, we know perfectly well that we cannot for many a year hope to rival your navy, even if the navy of either France or Russia were on our side, and that to attempt to do so by building ships would be as absurd as for you to fancy that, without conscription, you could have an army as strong as ours. But we consider that we ought to have a reasonably strong navy. In the event of war with any naval Power, we wish to be able to inflict some damage on the enemy, for this, we are of opinion, would probably lead any Great Power, relying on its navy, to think twice before being too dictatorial towards us, and it would at the same time enable us to speak with some chance of being listened to in international matters in the Far East and elsewhere, provided that our ships be well built and well manned. This, I think, is the view of our Emperor, and he is supported in it by the majority of our nation. But were he to go beyond this, he would find that money would not be voted. In our desire for peace, no country can outdo us. We are building up our foreign trade, and peace is essential to success. As both you and we require markets for our goods, it is in the nature of things that there should be a trade rivalry between us. The newspapers of both countries are too much disposed to convert this trade rivalry into a quarrel. They exaggerate little differences, and where differences do not exist they invent them. I am for a free Press, but there are evils in such a Press which we must accept in view of its advantages."

"What line," I asked, "will Germany take at the Hague Conference in regard to some scheme of disarmament?" "I fail entirely to understand," he replied, "how any practical scheme acceptable to all could be propounded. I would point out to you, that—even allowing for any little reductions in your war budget made by your present Ministers—you spend more than any other nation on armaments. France, you will, too, observe, notwithstanding the *entente cordiale*, protests against your even mooting the idea of a reduction of land forces. The proposal, therefore, is, I presume, to be limited to navies. If all the great Naval Powers had an equal number of warships, and were all increasing the number, something might be done to reduce expenditure. But neither we, nor any other Power, could accept a scheme to make the present relations between your Navy and that of other countries an international law. I should prefer to see the Hague Conference devoting itself to some plan of substituting arbitration in lieu of war when two countries fall out. Were this done it would create a public opinion adverse to war, and gradually this monstrous mode of settling international disputes would be regarded as barbarous. What militates against so desirable a state of things is that, when a nation assents to arbitration in the abstract, it almost always asserts that, where its honour or its serious interests are concerned, it must be the sole judge, and the result of these limitations of the principle is to leave things much as they are. Discussions, however, as to the best methods of avoiding the curse of war, either at the Hague or anywhere else, are useful, as they tend to bring home to all its folly."

"You think, at least," I said, "that we really do wish to live at peace with all the world?" "I have no doubt that you do," he replied, "but to be honest with you, I think that you are really too much given to fancy that Providence has vouchsafed to you rights which do not belong to other nations. I remember reading a speech of your Mr. Chamberlain, in which he actually asserted this. Expansion, he said, was the law of your Empire, and he seemed to consider that Heaven had created you to absorb half the globe in the interests of civilisation. That you understand colonisation better than others, I admit, but this *Civis Romanus* doctrine I do not admit. In your annexations you are influenced by what you consider your interests, rather than any abstract love of civilising. All nations are actuated by self-interest, although it sometimes happens that they mistake what this is. You, more than any other nation, are given to profess that you are not. But you will excuse me if I tell you that no one believes in this high-sounding philanthropy, and for my part I admire you because you treat politics as a matter of business. We have done the same since our Empire came into existence. We are no longer dreamers, and you should not blame us for following your sound example. But this is no reason why we should fall out. It is to the interest of both of us that we should remain the best of friends."

There is a good deal that is true in the observations of this German. The times are out of joint for a Roman Empire. We cannot have things precisely as we would. From the perpetual demand of our Jingoes for the exhibition of a military spirit amongst us, one would really suppose that we are a race of cravens. During the Middle Ages the military spirit was rampant. No one was thought of any account unless he lived in armour and quarrelled with his neighbours. The man of peace was deemed a poor creature. I respect a soldier who does his duty. But I equally respect an artisan who does his. I can conceive a more useful mode of spending money than in buying lethal devices. This cult of militarism inevitably leads to wars. I would have children in our schools taught that a nation must fight for its independence if attacked, but that a war is harmful alike to victors and vanquished, worthy rather of savages than of civilised beings, and that the first aim of every good citizen should be to do his utmost to keep his country out of one.

SIR ROBERT ANDERSON AND PARNELL.—II.

SIDE LIGHTS ON HOME RULE.

It would seem from Sir Robert Anderson's "Side-lights on the Home-Rule Movement" that his hero is Le Caron. This "patriot" was for years a spy, and a paid spy, of Sir Robert, who acted as the head of the Information Department, in regard to Irish matters—first in Dublin, and then at the Home Office. As a youth, Le Caron's ardent love of England led him to join in the American Civil War. Probably the same love of adventure that took him to the American battle-fields led him to turn spy at home, and in America, for the English Government. Sir Robert says that he was a medical man, and rather implies that he was indifferent to money. Greedy of money, he possibly was not. But he liked his position as a spy, and, I

Claridge's Hotel, Brook-street, Grosvenor-square.—Over 300 rooms; nearly 100 bathrooms. Royal suite, private entrance. Situation ensures perfect quiet.

take it, lived by what it brought in. Sir Robert may laud him as he pleases. He will never convert a paid secret spy into a hero. In connection with Le Caron's account to his paymaster of the interview that took place between himself and Parnell in the Lobby of the House of Commons during 1881, Sir Robert believes Le Caron, and declines to believe Parnell. I would rather believe the latter, and so would any reasonable man. Notoriously, the reports of a paid spy are often exaggerated, and often absolutely mendacious, for the creature must always be endeavouring to show that he is earning his money. On the other hand, Parnell was certainly the very last man to give himself away to anybody of whom he personally did not know much. Not only did Sir Robert believe the man in regard to this interview, but he believed in all his revelations and reports as though they were holy writ. As a matter of fact, Le Caron was never absolutely trusted by the Fenians. He never was admitted to their secret councils, and what he picked up occasionally was either the general gossip, or what some particular individual may have indirectly revealed to him without the knowledge of the heads of the association. Where his prejudices have not been concerned, Sir Robert Anderson was a valuable official. Where they were, they ran away with his judgment. He wished to be a witness before the Commission, but the legal advisers of the *Times*, notwithstanding his protests, declined to call him, and in this they showed their judgment. I very much doubt whether they showed equal wisdom in calling Le Caron.

Curiously enough, I saved Le Caron's life. When the Commission was sitting he was shadowed. The person who did this was a young man, and a perfect specimen of the fanatic, prepared at any moment to push matters to a climax. He was an ardent Catholic, and an ardent Nationalist. Le Caron used to go most evenings to the Aquarium, where he picked up acquaintances, and seemed thoroughly to enjoy himself. When he left that establishment the fanatic dogged his steps. One morning he came to me and asked me to take him off the job. "As I follow him," he said, "I hear a voice which says 'kill him,' and I shall not be able to resist the voice." I told him not to be so silly as to listen to the voice. A few days later he came to me again. The voice still continued to say "Kill him!" and he said that he felt so irresistibly that this enemy of his country should be slain, that he could not disobey this order. Under these circumstances I took him off the job. Had I not done so, I am convinced that he would have obeyed the voice. The police never really understood how outrages were planned, and occasionally took place. They were not ordered either by any large Fenian or a Clan-na-Gael Association, for, apart from all questions of morality, they were never considered expedient. Occasionally some little hole-in-the-corner association planned one, but they usually occurred in this way. A few Irish in an American town came to the conclusion in their wisdom, that a bomb ought to be thrown, or something of that sort done, in order to avenge what they deemed their country's wrongs. They would subscribe a sum of money, or obtain it on some plea or other. Their next step was to send a man over to London with a bomb, or the material to make one. He was usually half afraid of the work he had engaged to do, and did it in a half-hearted way. This was why these outrages generally proved failures. I do not assert that there were no desperate and determined men amongst the Fenians in America. What I deny is, that, either the Fenians or the Clan-na-Gael in their collective capacity ever resolved to throw bombs or to do such-like work. Possibly, if a traitor had been discovered amongst them, and it was something more than a case of suspicion, it would have gone hard with him. But no one who of his own accord enters into a secret revolutionary society can complain of this rule being acted on. Parnell never knew of any contemplated outrage. He was the last man to whom the secret would have been imparted. His aim always was to obtain Home Rule by very different methods. After the Cavendish-Burke murders, which no one deplored more than he, he insisted upon no aid being given to any subordinate association without his knowing it, lest by chance it might be given incautiously to some little association, some of the members of which might use its funds for such purposes.

The Home Rule Bill of 1886 was far nearer being carried in the House of Commons than was supposed. A good many of those who voted against it did so with considerable hesitation. On one occasion negotiations took place with a leader of the more Radical section of the Parliamentary anti-Home Rulers. An agreement was reduced to writing. The conditions were, that the Bill was to pass its second reading, provided that Mr. Gladstone would state that he would introduce into it two clauses, leaving the Irish Members the right to vote in the British Parliament on foreign affairs, and on Imperial finance. On receiving the intimation that Mr. Gladstone agreed to the terms, this leader telegraphed to a friend that Mr. Gladstone had absolutely surrendered. The friend told a pressman of this telegram. The pressman met Mr. Gladstone in the street and mentioned it to him, at the same time asking him if it was correct. Great was Mr. Gladstone's wrath, and he absolutely denied the correctness of the statement. This came to the knowledge of the Radical anti-Home Ruler, and he sent to ask the person who had acted for Mr. Gladstone what this repudiation meant. This person at once communicated with the Premier. Mr. Gladstone replied that he stood to his pledge, but he must explain, that, as he had as yet only elaborated a clause in regard to finance, he could not absolutely say whether he could frame one himself in regard to foreign affairs, but that if he found any difficulty in framing it, he would accept one if proposed by those who wished for it, provided that it was workable and covered the ground. There seemed, however, to be an idea on the other side that he might say, that any clause thus framed was not workable, and on this the arrangement fell through. I confess that I thought at the time that Mr. Gladstone would have been better advised to have at once drawn up the second clause himself, for had he done so, the other side could not well have backed out of the agreement. But he was very angry about the telegram, which, it must be admitted,

did not represent the facts. So certain was I that we should carry the Bill, that the day before the break-down of the arrangement, meeting Lord Randolph Churchill, who assured me that its defeat was certain, I bet him £100 that it would be passed—and lost my money.

There were other occasions on which an agreement was almost as nearly come to. To my dying day I shall believe that the final decision of the Liberal anti-Home Rulers was not secured by fair means. A few days before the second reading of the Bill, a meeting was called of those of them who were more Radically inclined than some of their allies. At this meeting a letter was read from Mr. Bright to Mr. Caine. When this became known, I left the House of Commons and went to the Reform Club. Entering the smoking-room, I found Mr. Bright. "Well," he said, "what have they decided?" "To vote against the Bill," I replied. "I am sorry to hear it," he said. "I am surprised that you should say this," I answered, "as I understand that the decision was carried owing to your letter to Caine having been read, advising them to vote against it." "I never advised it," he answered; "I merely told them the particular circumstances that would oblige me to vote against it." "There must, then," I said, "have been some mistake. Have you any objection to give me a copy of the letter for publication?" "Not in the least," he replied; but after searching in his pockets he said that he did not think that he had kept a copy. Mr. Caine just then came into the smoking-room. "Caine," he said, "I have promised him (pointing to me) a copy of my letter to you. I find I have no copy, so please give him one," and with this he left the room. "If you think that I am going to give you a copy of the letter you are very much mistaken," observed Mr. Caine, and in a few minutes he, too, left the room. After the death of Mr. Bright, and after Mr. Caine had recanted from the error of his ways and returned to the Liberal fold, I once suggested to him that he should show me the letter, in order to gratify my legitimate curiosity. He replied that he would have done so, but unfortunately he had destroyed it—a statement which, with all respect to my friend Caine, I did not absolutely believe. Whatever has been the fate of the letter, I think that it is pretty certain that it will never see the light.

All this, however, is interesting, if it be interesting, only as a matter of history. The Irish have not yet obtained Home Rule, but no one seems to doubt that sooner or later they will obtain it. A great change has come over British public opinion. The Colonies have always been in favour of Home Rule being granted. The Irish are steadfast in their demand for it. In England and in Scotland, my firm belief is that there is now a majority for it. I have always been a Home Ruler, because I believe that in this way alone can there be an *entente cordiale* between the two Islands that constitute the United Kingdom, and this is even more desirable than one between us and France. The Irish have good reason not to love us. For centuries we treated them as a subordinate race, cheated them, bullied them, and rode rough-shod over them. They have been more fairly governed of late, but they naturally wish to be masters in their own local affairs. We should do the same, if we were in their position. Their discontent is urged as a ground for supposing that, whatever political rights are granted to them by us would be used against us. That discontent would disappear with the reason for it. There is nothing in the nature of things to prevent our being the best of friends. The desire to be so increases every day on both sides. Many Irish landlords—formerly so frantic at the idea of Home Rule being granted—are now Home Rulers. Two Conservative Viceroys have been converted to it, as the only possible solution of this long-standing quarrel. On the whole, it is more convenient for one country to have one Parliament. But Ireland and Great Britain are two countries, and are termed officially the United Kingdom. The Irish want their own Parliament, and it has become part of their being to want one. There is really nothing to lead us to suppose that Home Rule would not work well, beyond mere assertion on the part of some of us and of a small alien minority in Ireland. Mr. Parnell often said to me, "The English are strangely ignorant of the Irish character. An Irish Parliament would not trouble itself with Imperial politics. It would be a very local affair, for it is in the nature of Irishmen to be local in their ideas and aspirations." Probably experience would prove the soundness of this estimate. Anyhow, the only way to deal with a national grievance is to remove the grievance. This we shall certainly do sooner or later. Why, then, put it off? Does any one seriously suppose that, in the event of a war with some foreign Power, the Irish would join it and throw off their allegiance? They are not fools. An overt insurrection would be put down, and they know it. The best market for their produce is England, and why in the name of common sense should they be expected to act against their own interests? The anti-Home Rule cry was got up much as the cry for "thinking Imperially." Both have been expensive businesses to us. We are no longer Birmingham Jingoes. In that matter we have recovered our senses. If the present Ministry were to bring in a Bill granting legislative self-government to Ireland, I believe that it would be supported by the majority of the inhabitants of England and Scotland.

THE SIMPLE LIFE IN A MONASTERY.

I received a letter the other day from a friend beginning: "Have you retired to a monastery? If not, where have you disappeared?" Well, curiously enough, his letter reached me in a monastery, where I am just now living. I have not, however, as yet taken any vows, and no impediment will be put to my leaving it—provided that I pay my bill. The monastery is situated in the Apennines. One half is inhabited by monks, and the other half is a hotel. It is called Camaldoli, and it is about 3,000 ft. above the sea level, in a mountain valley surrounded by woods. I suppose that the hotel part of the building can put up about fifty people, and so popular is it that all the rooms are taken long beforehand for the season, which lasts from the

middle of June to the end of August. Then it begins to get cold, and in winter the valley is almost cut off from the outer world owing to the roads being blocked up by snow. A saint, called Romualdo, founded the monastery nearly a thousand years ago. I gather from an official account of his doings, published by the monks, that he was a most holy man, and worked all sorts of miracles as easily as less saintly persons say Jack Robinson. For long after his death his body remained as fresh as frozen meat. But the monks of another monastery tried to get hold of it, and two of them succeeded in stealing it. When they reached the opposition monastery with the saint in a sack, the sacrilegious pair found themselves blind, and on the Abbot opening the sack he found nothing but a few bones. So frightened was he at this manifestation of Divine vengeance that he returned the bones, which accounts for there being at present no flesh on them.

After Romualdo had managed to get enough money to build the monastery, he came to the conclusion that it was too worldly for him. So he built himself a cell higher up in the mountains, and it was there that he died. The monastery, as I have said, still exists, and so does the cell. Others followed his example, built cells close by his, and led the life of hermits. At present there are about thirty, each in a tiny garden, and each with a hermit inside. Some of the hermits seem to be cheery, well-educated men, and have been in their cells for years like snails in their shells. At midnight they meet in a chapel and pray together for an hour or two. A hermit cook prepares all the dinners, which are carried to each cell by what, I suppose, would be called a hermit waiter, and thrust through a hole in the wall to the snail. The hermits assure me that they are perfectly happy. Certainly, a more healthy, vigorous lot of men could not be found. The monks in the monastery are more gregarious, but otherwise lead the same sort of life. What earthly or heavenly good they do I do not know! but it is curious that this sort of thing should have gone on nearly a thousand years.

The monastery and the hermitage used to be rich, but they lost much of their property when such places were either suppressed, or, if still allowed to exist, were deprived of most of their worldly goods upon the fall of the Papal temporal power. This is why the greater part of the monastery has been let as a hotel. In it we live the "simple life." We potter about in the woods; we sit under trees gossiping; we play at bridge for very small stakes. There is even a roulette table, which is occasionally started by some adventurous gambler, who puts up a bank of five francs, and limits the stake to a sou. Occasionally we take a trip to some neighbouring little town in a motor car—for some of the guests have come in their machines. I went the other day to a town called Poppi. A guide took the party over an old castle. He did not let us off a single room, for he said that the castle was the only glory of Poppi. It seems that both Dante and Michel Angelo had been there. The guide pointed to a vague fresco of a woman on one of the walls, and told me that it was generally supposed to be that of Beatrice. Some experts thought it was painted by Michel Angelo, others by Dante. He seemed pleased when I said that I recognised in it the hand of Dante. Those too lazy to walk make trips in the woods in a conveyance called a tragitto. It is a basket without wheels, drawn by a white ox. I hired it once, and emerged black and blue from the shaking. Camaldoli is the chief resort during summer of the diplomatists accredited to the King of Italy and to the Pope, with their families. There diplomatists all live together in peace and goodwill, like the lions and the lambs of the Scriptures. There are, indeed, so many Excellencies here that I have to exercise a restraint on myself not to address the waiters as "Excellenza." But diplomatists are, generally speaking, good company. They have knocked about the world and lived in so many capitals that they are not angular.

A SOCIETY MARRIAGE-BROKER'S LETTERS.

The revelations in the Townshend case regarding the Marquis's amazing marriage seem to have come as a surprise to judge and jury alike. To me, there was nothing particularly novel about the transaction in which Lady Fawcett, together with Messrs. Dunn, Robins, and Sutherst, were the active parties, and the Marquis of Townshend the passive counter. I have heard of similar instances before, and I anticipate that I shall hear of them in the future. The parties to the transactions, however, rarely show themselves to be as guileless in regard to the financial standing of the principals as Mr. Dunn and Mr. Robins appear to have been. Indeed, the methods adopted by the society matrimonial broker are usually characterised by an almost brutal candour, and the signature of a hard-and-fast agreement by the benefiting party is an absolutely essential preface to an introduction. But the course of procedure adopted can be better explained by a concrete instance, and full particulars of one such instance, including the original correspondence which passed between the parties, I have for some time had in my possession. This correspondence was handed to me in 1903 in connection with another matter to which I was then devoting some attention, and at the time I did not see my way to making use of it for a variety of reasons. Even now I do not see that any good purpose would be served by giving the names of the persons engaged in the transaction. Let it suffice to say, for the moment, that the majority of them have much greater claims to be considered as members of Society —with a big "S"—than Messrs. Sutherst, Dunn, Robins, and Co.

The marriage-broker in the case brought under my notice was of the reputably gentler sex, who occupied a well-appointed house in London, and who was a member of a fashionable ladies' club. She opened proceedings by addressing the following letter to the younger son of a peer, whom I will refer to as the Hon. Mr. A.

July 31st, 1902.

Sir,—This letter will be given or sent to you by Captain R——, who told me that you would be willing to remarry provided the Lady had sufficient fortune to tempt you. I happen to know of a very nice girl, well born, and in all points suitable. She has £3,000 a year of her own, or rather the capital representing this income, and she would be willing to give her future husband £10,000 cash. I can introduce you, but as this is a strictly business matter would you be agreeable to pay £3,000 out of this £10,000 when you receive this sum on your wedding day—of course, no money, no commission; I should require you to write to me a letter to that effect, which letter would be strictly private

—"entre nous"—and returned to you when our transaction was ended. I trust this arrangement will be considered perfectly and strictly confidential. The lady could be introduced at my house by appointment, and must *not know* that a commission will be paid.

The gentleman who received this astounding document, having no personal acquaintance with the writer, was at first disposed to treat it as a hoax. He was, however, acquainted with the Capt. R. mentioned therein as a fellow member of a well-known club, and, learning from him that the letter was written in good faith, he determined to follow the matter up. Accordingly he kept an appointment, which was made in a portion of the letter which I have not reproduced, in order to satisfy his curiosity. The interview carried matters very little further, for the broker proved impervious to any suggestion to give any definite information until the Hon. Mr. A. had signed an agreement on the lines laid down in the first letter. Some slight correspondence ensued and then the Hon. Mr. A. received the following communication:—

August 7th, 1902.

Dear Mr. A.,—Thank you very much for your two kind letters, but one of them is not quite businesslike enough. I therefore venture to enclose a draft I want you kindly to copy and return to me. You see, it is perfectly straight and businesslike—on both sides—but as I have to give a business promising letter of half I get from you, of course you understand it must be as enclosed.

I am in communication with the lady, and will report as soon as can say and make a definite appointment. I was very charmed to meet you, as I have often heard J—— speak of you, and I sincerely hope to carry out our little arrangement and also cement our future friendship.—Very truly yours, ———

There was no mistake about the business qualities of the draft agreement enclosed, even though it bears obvious marks of feminine authorship. The reason given for requiring it is also noteworthy, since it shows that the broker had at least one partner in the transaction. It reads as follows:—

Dear Mrs. ——,—In the event of my marrying through your introduction and of my receiving on such marriage the sum of £10,000 (ten thousand pounds) for myself, I agree to pay you out of that sum as and when received the sum of three thousand pounds (£3,000) by way of commission for such introduction leading to marriage, but it must be clearly understood that the introduction is through you or your nominees, the lady in question is to have a fortune of £3,000 (three thousand) a year in her own right, and to pay me for myself ten thousand pounds, the £10,000 to be paid over to my solicitors, Messrs. ———, in the presence of your solicitor, and the sum of £3,000 deducted on the morning of the marriage and handed to you or your nominees. No marriage, no commission. All correspondence to be returned on both sides. (Signed) ———

Having carried the matter so far, the Hon. Mr. A. thought there could be no harm in carrying it a step or two farther, and accordingly he executed the agreement and awaited the introduction. That this was not made forthwith the following letter will show:—

September 8th, 1902.

Dear Mr. A.,—I have not forgotten your business, and am constantly occupying myself about it. Next week I trust to be able to tell you something definite. Unfortunately, everyone is away—travelling and abroad.

I want to get you settled first, then I want you to bring to me Lord —— (a well known Peer.—Editor, Truth), as I know a girl for him, £250,000 and two properties of her own, age 26, very pretty. She is the one I told you about, and she requires a coronet. I am quite willing to give you a share of the commission—"entre nous, strictly private"—as it would never do for society to know of our arrangement. If you care to call let me know, and come Sunday, 4 o'clock.—Very sincerely yours, ———

It will be observed that this last epistle marks another advance on the part of the marriage-broker. Having, as she thought, secured the Hon. Mr. A. for her list of eligible gentlemen, she at once proposes to enlist him as a tout for further business, and this suggestion is further enlarged upon in the next letter. Meanwhile, however, the introduction between the Hon. Mr. A. and the lady who was prepared to pay £10,000 on the wedding day had taken place, and it will be seen that the introducer betrays a good deal of anxiety to know how affairs are progressing:—

October 4th, 1902.

Dear Mr. A.,—I am glad you are pleased with the little widow. You must not now let the grass grow under your feet. The matter lies in your hands.

Do you mind coming to —— to-morrow. . . . . .

I hope you will hear from R—— to-morrow, I am very anxious. I want you to be kind enough to write at once to Lord —— and tell him you know of a charming woman, richer than your little widow even, for him. I want you to bring him to my house as quick as possible, as I have this lady almost handy, and want to make my arrangements with the man. She wants a Peer. I will arrange your commission when I see you. Please see to this at once. I have kept my promise and your little lady comes up to your expectations, so now you must help me in this, please.—A demain, very sincerely yours, ———

The interview so foreshadowed took place. The Hon. Mr. A. had professed himself satisfied with what had been done on his behalf, and, with a view of still further drawing this Society marriage-broker had hinted that he might be able to assist her in the direction she desired. Accordingly he received from her the following general retainer:—

Dear Mr. A.,—I herewith agree to pay you the third of any sum I receive as my share of commission for any marriage I arrange, provided you introduce the would-be bridegroom to me and a marriage follows. Of course, it is understood that no marriage no commission, and that the gentleman is introduced by you to me first.—Very truly yours, ———

Having brought matters to this point, the Hon. Mr. A. began to feel that he had sufficiently satisfied his curiosity, and, as he never had the slightest desire to purchase a wife under any circumstances, he determined to let the whole matter drop. But before the correspondence finally closed he received one more letter, which is of a very interesting nature. In reading it, perhaps I should explain that Mr. A. had drawn a little upon his imagination in suggesting certain likely clients amongst his acquaintances:—

October 25th, 1902.

Dear Mr. A.,—I saw J—— yesterday, and he tells me you are again laid up. I am indeed very sorry, and you are a very unlucky man. This, I suppose, accounts for your non-reply to my two letters. I hope it is nothing serious, and not through over-worry about your financial affairs. I heard from Lady F. that the little widow answered your letter, and said as soon as she was settled she would be glad to see you. She will really be glad, but at present I do not think she is back in town yet. I hope she wrote you a nice letter. What are you going to do? Is she going to write again or are you going to take your chance of finding her in as soon as you hear from Lady F. that she is in her flat? Please let me know.

Also I hear from J—— that your nephew is not arrived yet. Could you not write to Lord X—— asking him if he would like to marry a rich, very rich, wife, as the lady I know has more money than your little widow, £8,000 to £10,000 a year, but is a little older. If he says yes (and you to'd me you thought he would jump at it) bring him round to me as soon as ever possible. Please oblige me in this, as the lady will be in town very soon.—With kind regards, yours very sincerely, ———

Here, then, the correspondence ended. The Hon. Mr. A. had satisfied himself that the arrangement of marriages for a cash consideration had been the real object for which he had been approached in the first instance, and that, so far as he could discover, the party approaching him had no ulterior purpose in view. He found that the lady who acted as a negotiator was in touch with a considerable number of presumably reputable people, and he saw no reason to doubt her ability, or the ability of certain shadowy personalities who were in partnership with her, to fulfil the promises she made. Of course, only acceptance of the terms of the agreement would have shown whether the two ladies

—the "very pretty" girl of twenty-six, with £250,000 and two properties of her own, and the rather older one with eight to ten thousand a year—had any real existence. But, so far as he was concerned, negotiations proved the existence of the little widow with three thousand a year, and as the basis of all negotiations was clearly stated to be no marriage no commission, it seems rather reasonable to suppose that these eligible heiresses were actually on the marriage market at the time.

To my mind, the most remarkable thing about the whole correspondence is the matter-of-fact way in which the proposals are made. Here we have a woman, presumably of birth and breeding, coolly approaching a stranger and offering to provide him with a wife in return for a cash consideration. So natural an offer does it appear to her, that she does not even mark the letter private, and she takes it as a matter of course that the gentleman to whom she makes the offer will jump at the opportunity afforded him of making a wealthy match. In an equally matter-of-course fashion, she later takes it for granted that after providing himself with a richly endowed wife through her agency, he will be only too glad to turn broker himself and share in the commission accruing from further transactions. Unlike the victim in the Townshend case, the counters in the game, or the matrimonial bargains, were ladies of fortune. Whether they were aware that they were being hawked about amongst impecunious peers by members of West End clubs and ladies of title is not certain, but I should think it unlikely. Still, the fact remains that such a course was being pursued in this instance, and I have the best reason for knowing that this was not an isolated case. The utter disregard shown for any of the higher sensibilities, the absolute blindness to the fact that any ethical considerations are involved in the union of a man and woman by marriage, the frank acceptance of the position that cash, and cash only, is the crucial consideration, shows a point of view almost Oriental in its cynicism.

FRANCE FOR THE ENGLISH.—I.

English people are swarming into France this year, as well as French people into England. Both facts were brought home to me when crossing the Channel a few days ago. The steamer carried a record cargo of passengers outward bound, so many that for a considerable number of them there was "standing room only." On the deck I met the French Vice-Consul at one of our largest south coast watering places, and he told me that to his knowledge the number of French visitors to that place had doubled within the last three years. In last week's TRUTH something was said of this international migration from the point of view of the Frenchman in England. It will be appropriate to follow it with something about France for the benefit of Englishmen. And we will begin with Dieppe, where so many English set foot in France for the first time, and where London and Paris seem to have a natural meeting-place for the holiday season.

There seem to be more English people in Dieppe every year, and it is not surprising. By means of its new turbine steamers the Brighton Company has now brought the Normandy coast within five hours of Victoria—unless when the sea interposes exceptional obstacles, or a heavy rush of holiday traffic involves the doubling of trains. Indeed, the Newhaven-Dieppe route takes every year a larger share of the through traffic between London and Paris, and to anybody who does not "funk" the sea voyage, or to whom an hour more or less on the journey is not a matter of vital consequence, this route has many advantages. Cheapness apart, many travellers enjoy the three hours' sea-trip on a fast boat. The accommodation on the steamers is first-rate. You can get your lunch comfortably on board almost before leaving Newhaven; and you can now dine in equal comfort on the train between Dieppe and Paris, which is of special advantage to those who are going straight through to Switzerland, the South of France, or Italy.

In the olden days, an arrival at St. Lazare at seven p.m., or later, with little more than an hour and a half to clear the *douane* and catch a night train at the Gare de Lyon, was apt to cause painful anxiety on the subject of dinner, and frequently a serious attack of indigestion. The dining-car on the road to Paris has altered all that. But for the present we are not concerned with the journey beyond Dieppe; and even those who are travelling further may find it well worth while to make a stop at the little Normandy sea-port. In many respects it is the most attractive of French watering-places for an English visitor. It is not so Cockneyfied as Boulogne, yet English tastes and requirements are everywhere studied. It is not so exclusively French as Trouville, nor is the "smart set" so predominant; yet it is essentially a French town, with a strong local individuality, as well as the veneer of Parisian life that comes over it during the sea-bathing season. There is nothing here of the cosmopolitan character of Ostend. German is an unknown tongue; and even the American accent is rarely heard. The surroundings of the town have a familiar look, however, to the English eye. The chalk cliffs, which stretch as far as the eye can reach on either hand, are a replica of those across the sea between Eastbourne and Brighton. The wooded and undulating country inland is very much like Sussex or Dorsetshire. It is a beautiful country in every direction, with ideal roads for motoring, though perhaps a trifle hilly for cycling. The bathing is excellent, and under the auspices of the Casino, managed in the best French style, which is the best there is.

Those whose acquaintance with Dieppe dates a few years back will find on revisiting it that the improver has been at work with good effect in many directions. The "Plage," which used to be an untidy copy of Southsea Common, has been smartened up with a sea-wall, and now affords a fine promenade all the way from the harbour to the Casino, such as every English watering-place aspires to possess. The Gordon Hotels, Limited,

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have replaced the old Hôtel Royale with a splendid new edifice, worthy to rank with the Brighton Métropole and the other hostelries of the same group. The old "Français," opposite the Casino, has become the Regina Palace Hotel. The Hôtel de Paris has been beautified and enlarged externally and internally, and yet M and Mme. Guibon have more difficulty than ever in finding room for all the English visitors who have heard of their fame, and desire to enjoy their hospitality. The theatre, on the other side of the road, has also been greatly improved by the construction of a handsome foyer on the side nearest the sea. The Casino has opened a spacious café and restaurant at the approach to its own gates, and keeps a string band going there in the afternoon and evening, all of which adds vastly to the liveliness of this corner of the sea-front. The Golf Club has enlarged its premises, and opened a smart restaurant which makes the place a most delightful rendezvous; in fact, next to the Casino, the "Golf de Dieppe" is the greatest attraction the town possesses from the British point of view, and it has the peculiar merit that its attractions are not confined to golfers, for a more beautiful spot is hardly to be found anywhere round the coasts of France and England. Here, as everywhere else in Dieppe, there is always something going on. This week the races begin, and the Dieppe season will reach its climax.

For those who prefer the seaside with the least admixture of fashionable town life, Pourville, lying in the next dip of the cliff westward of Dieppe, may have its attractions. There is good bathing there, and the golf links are as accessible as from Dieppe itself. A dozen miles or so further along the coast lies a little place much praised by the few who visit it—St. Valéry. It provides good air, safe bathing, and in the months with an "r" one can have cheap and excellent oysters taken in dredging-nets out at sea. The big ones are sold in the towns, and the others sent to be fattened at the Fécamp oyster park. One should not despise this culinary resource at a French seaside place which sends nearly all its fish to Paris.

Fécamp is the birthplace of Jean Lorrain, who died the other day, and must be ranked as the Petronius of wealthy French and cosmopolitan society. Guy de Maupassant also came from an old Norman château near Fécamp. He was fond of that charming town, of its old abbey—so greatly disfigured by fire since his time—of the port, and the seafaring people round it. One often finds sketches in Maupassant's works that remind one of Fécamp. When I once passed a season there, the *Etablissement* existed, but there was no hotel near it. The Hôtel du Chariot d'Or, where I stayed, opposite the abbey, and cheap and excellent it was, sent its guests down to the seaside gratis at regular hours, and fetched them back. There are delightful walks on the cliffs to east and west. Those on the west are the most attractive. Cyclists can rapidly spin along the seven miles road by the side of a trout stream to the ancient abbey of Valmont. The situation is too much in a hollow to be healthy. But the ancient building and its environment have an air of seclusion which is more than charming in an age when mankind moves in hordes and great cities keep on spreading out and eating up the country. The sea water at Fécamp is the nicest to look at along the Normandy coast. A bathing attendant is, however, necessary to bathers who cannot swim, for the coast shelves rapidly. There are not, happily, dangerous currents, and the sea cannot be called treacherous. The Empress Elizabeth, when she rented the Château of Sassenot, near Les Petites Dalles, used to ride over to Fécamp to enjoy plunging from a low pier into deep water. At the Petites Dalles she had to go out nearly a mile in a boat to take a header.

Georges Sand made Yport, four miles west of Fécamp, the theatre of a novel. She praised it extravagantly in her correspondence. To my thinking, however, it is rather a dreadful hole in a narrow, wedge-shaped valley, with steep sides. There is hardly room for the road, and the village is the most squalid of any I have seen in Normandy, with a population of very rough men and women, and beggars that cannot be shaken off. When I gave Dumas fils my impressions of the place, he said: "Love is blinding. Georges fell in love at Yport with a young sailor, who—perhaps fortunately for both—was taken from her by the naval conscription." M. Wallon, "the Father" of the Constitution under which France has lived since 1876, had a villa at Les Petites Dalles, at which he spent his summer almost from the time of his marriage. The whole place and people captivated me when the Empress of Austria stayed in the neighbourhood—the only time I went among them. There were then grassy fields, reminding one of the short, springy turf on Beachy Head. In the autumn they became yellow from the thousands of edible mushrooms of a peculiar kind that sprang up there. These fields are now, while awaiting the encroachments of the sea, covered with villas and modern hotels. One paid five francs a day at the one I stayed at—then the best. The Méline tariffs have made, I hear, a change in prices along the Norman coast, and indeed all over France. The landlady at Les Petites Dalles acted as cook, and used fresh butter with that hazelnut taste which is a proof of non-adulteration. She could not afford now to do so, and would cook with margarine—or charge dearer.

Étretat is not a long cycle ride from Fécamp, which is still a favourite of artists. Everyone knows of its cliffs, resembling the portals of Gothic cathedrals. One can get on there comfortably at from ten to twelve francs a day. The sea has done her worst at Cap Hève, to the east of the Ste. Adresse end of Havre. The telegraph station on the headland has been swallowed up, and the Chapel of Notre Dame de Grace must soon share its fate.

After doing the Caux country one can go on to that of Calvados in a steamer from Havre to Trouville. The fashionable company walking on the plank esplanade, laid on the beach sands above high-water level, is an amusing sight. This primitive arrangement is very French. The Belgians, with such a sea-front, would have laid down two miles of encaustic tiles, for which, in the long run, the strangers would have paid,

but by the time they had done it the place might be out of fashion. The walk from Deauville to Villers-sur-Mer, Cabourg, Beuzeville, and Dives (now inland), lies across grassy cliffs, some rising to the dignity of headlands. But nobody now would take any of the villas there as a present. A high sea might at any moment carry them away, and the cliffs they stand on. Villers, however, is safe. The owners of the villas on the parade have only to cross it, which they usually do in bathing trim, to dip in the sea. The rich farms of the Touques vale furnish the local market plentifully. Gourmets can finish their repasts with the Port de Salut or the Pont l'Évêque cheese straight from the dairy.

Cabourg is some miles farther on, and has its Grand Hotel. Singer, the sewing machine magnate, used to hire it *in toto*, together with all the stables and coach-houses in the neighbourhood for his mail-coaches, wagonettes, carriages, traps, and a varied stud. Westward from Cabourg round the bend of the coast is Beuzeval, the Protestant watering-place of Calvados. Here one can enjoy real country and capital bathing. A clear stream meanders in the pastures behind the settlement. The flat country, which has Caen and Bayeux for its chief towns, has a beach with unbroken sands of about fifteen miles. The bathing from Ouistreham to Arromanches is everywhere safe, and the general charge at the hotels is from 6 fr. to 7 fr. a day, except in July and August. I once had a very enjoyable time at the Hôtel de la Plage at Langrune, and met with much kind civility from the family that kept the hotel, and did all the work that is generally allotted to servants. There was one sovereign advantage in a country where the pumps are close to cesspools. The landlord had a draw-well in a meadow of his own a short distance off. He fetched daily from it, in a barrel, all the water required for the kitchen, table, and toilet purposes. This advantage may no longer exist. A very nice place not far from Ouisterham is Luc-sur-Mer. It has a fishing port that artists have noticed, and is quiet, without being dull.

I have spoken elsewhere of Bagnoles-les-Bains. The waters are remedial for gout and the affections arising from it. But prices are high. The most agreeable route from Bagnoles or Caen to Paris is through the Eure, a country of low hills affecting the form of mountains and looking just as picturesque. The dales have the sweetest water-courses on this side of the Moselle, and run clear as crystal over a sandy bed. Conches is a beauty spot. Evreux is my *beau idéal* of a French provincial town. The hotels are all good, and the streets and public buildings have a fine air. Evreux is the Nancy of Normandy.

The Brittany coast may defy sea encroachment. That coast has been a great inspirer of painters for nearly forty years, and had its prose poet in Renan. The American marine painter, Harrison, who surveyed the whole Atlantic coast of North America, will not allow any one who has been to Palm Beach, or Daytonia, Florida, to slight the sands of Paramé, the delightful and rapidly-growing modern suburb of St. Malo. What if the Daytonia or Palm Beach is eighty miles long, and the best in the world for motoring? Great length means monotony. Those Brittany girls who promenade on the Paramé and St. Malo sands on Sundays are gems of Nature's creation, which do not need to be set in the gold of wealth. The variety of the caps they wear is infinite. Every parish along the coast of Brittany and for some distance inland has its peculiar cap. The indentations of the coast, the rocks, the soft hazes that soften all asperities, and invest the scrubbiest landscape with a poetic glamour, are as varied. That iodine in which the sea water round Brittany is so rich paints the rocks in colours that harmonise with all else. It gives a changeful and many-coloured sheen nowhere else to be found to the sea. The gauzy haze is opaline, and the sky, without being low, has a temperate tint of blue which is a feast to the sensitive eye.

At Paramé there are hotels for all purses. The Continental is the newest and largest, and has its concert-room, tennis ground, and its own casino. One has only to cross the road to descend on the sands, which are a children's paradise, and everywhere safe. The views from the sea-front are all that a Harrison could picture.

THE THEATRES.

An Early Autumn Season.

Possibly because the last season has been one of unrivalled depression, managers are making haste to provide their autumn fare. Mr. Louis Calvert was the first to enter the field with "Amasis," at the New Theatre, and is reaping the reward of his pluck by drawing crowded houses. All last week St. Martin's-lane was "up," like most of our thoroughfares, but this did not prevent money being turned away, and now that the road is relaid and finished, full houses are the order of the day.

The next novelty comes on the 28th, when the Lyric opens with "The Sin of William Jackson," a drama by the Baroness Orczy and Mr. Montagu Barstow, the authors of "The Scarlet Pimpernel." This is an East End drama, in which Miss Nina Boucicault will play a prominent part.

On the 29th, the Garrick opens with "The Morals of Marcus," a dramatisation by Mr. W. S. Locke of his fascinating story, "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne." This story, it will be remembered, tells of an irresponsible young bachelor, who finds on the Thames Embankment a singularly naïve maid from Egypt. He takes her home, and makes of her a sort of pet. As she has no more morals than a kitten, complications ensue. Carlotta, for that is the girl's name, is a singularly fresh and humorous creation, and in the hands of Miss Alexandra Carlisle should be very charming. In the story, the morals of Marcus himself are also rather lax, but I believe they have been toned down for the stage. If the play is half as good as the story it should be a great success.

On September 1, His Majesty's opens with "The Winter's Tale," with Miss Ellen Terry and a strong cast. Miss Terry will not double the parts of Hermione and Perdita, as did Miss Mary Anderson when I saw the play at the Lyceum nineteen years ago, but will content herself with playing Hermione to Miss Viola Tree's Perdita. In the old revival Mr. Forbes

Robertson was the Leontes; now Mr. Charles Warner will play the suspicious king.

On September 3 the Waldorf stages "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," a farce in three acts, by Frank Wyatt and William Morris, with Mr. Allan Aynesworth in the principal part. This is being produced by Mr. Walter N. Lawrence in arrangement with Messrs. Shubert. There is a rumour that this may be postponed another week, but nothing is at present settled. It will be preceded by a little tragedy in one act by Messrs. Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce, a name for which has not yet been decided upon. This is another of those East End studies with which these authors have rather identified themselves.

On September 4 "Tristram and Iseult" will be produced at the Adelphi, and on the 5th Mr. Frohman presents "Toddles" (and Mr. Cyril Maude) at the Duke of York's. The first piece will be "The Scapegrace," with pretty Miss Pauline Chase as Wan. Mr. Albert Chevalier has prepared this version, and Mr. Edward Jones has provided the music. "Toddles" and "The Scapegrace" are intended to fill the bill until Christmas, when the evergreen "Peter Pan" will once more be revived.

On the same date (the 5th), as at present arranged, Mr. Frederick Harrison will re-open the Haymarket with "The Man from Blankley's," the popularity of Mr. Anstey's play being by no means exhausted. For a first piece Mr. Harrison has selected "Compromising Martha," the clever little comedietta by Mr. Keble Howard, which the "Pioneers" produced so successfully a short time since.

On the 12th we are to have "Peter's Mother," by Mrs. de la Pasture, at Wyndham's. On the 15th "Aladdin," the new Gaiety burlesque, will be produced by Mr. George Edwardes, and a month later Mr. Lewis Waller reopens "The Lyric" with "Robin Hood," by Messrs. Hamilton and Devereux. The exact date of the production of Mr. Hall Caine's "The Bondman," at Drury Lane, is not yet announced, but I understand that rehearsals are well advanced.

New Comers at the Music Halls.

At the music halls, or variety theatres, there are considerable changes this week. The "Domino Rouge," a much-advertised young woman, who disguises herself in a red domino with a coronet over her left eye, is giving a "mystical mirror dance" at the Palace. She has the assistance of countless mirrors and certain supernumeraries, and the effect is very curious; moreover, she is an unusually clever dancer. The "Domino Rouge" is a fair unknown. Several continents, I understand, have sought to wrest the secret of her real name and birthright from her, but wild horses could not make her reveal it. I notice that last Saturday she happened to be driving past the Serpentine when a small boy fell in. Flinging off her hat, but not her mask or domino, she plunged in and saved him. This is quite a refreshing change to the usual rescues from drowning which well-known actors used to perpetrate at Margate and elsewhere, and reflects great credit on the Palace management. Advertisements of this nature require very careful rehearsing, and everything might have been spoiled if some officious outsider had jumped in before Miss Rouge and usurped her life-saving task. Mr. Fred Wright, jun., is at the Palace also, singing topical songs, etc., in the Chinese costume which helped to make him so popular and interesting a figure in the recent revival of "The Geisha." The bioscope here is showing the wonderful railway collision, which was witnessed by over 75,000 people on Brighton Beach, U.S.A. America, panting for a new sensation, desired to see a railway collision, so one was arranged, regardless of expense, and two locomotives smashed each other to pieces. An effete old world has to content itself with seeing the photographs of this triumph of destructiveness.

At the Tivoli, that clever little actress, Miss Ada Reeve—just returned from South Africa—is singing several songs nightly. I remember her in the music halls of old, before she deserted them for musical comedy and comedy. She is a most attractive little person, with a very individual style, and one of her songs, "If the world were ruled by girls," will certainly draw all London. As the Tivoli programme also includes Mr. Harry Fragson and Mr. Harry Lauder, the house is packed to suffocation. Music hall managers do not rend the air with shrieks about theatrical depression; they merely smile and give the public something that the public wishes to see. The Hippodrome this week is presenting the Leamy Troupe of lady gymnasts, Galetti's marvellous apes, Gudzow, a Cossack whirlwind rider on a "wild horse," and Abdullah's Arabs, who give a queer acrobatic medley.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

CARDINAL MATHIEU AND THE PAPAL ENCYCLICAL.

WITHOUT irreverence be it spoken, the Ministerial Council held last week at Rambouillet discussed the Encyclical and the question of Sarah Bernhardt's decoration. The full weight of both fell on M. Briand. It is to be feared that he has a harder nut to crack in the latter than in the former. But Bretons are obstinate, and the Minister of Public Instruction is no exception. He will take his stand simply on the law in dealing with the Encyclical. That document was in the course of conversation round the council table likened to the cracks made with the long whip by the circus gentleman in the top boots. He cracks as loud as he can for two reasons: the public like the noise, and it puts a little life and mettle into sluggish horses, tired of their eternal round. M. Léon Bourgeois said he had no opinion to give as Minister for Foreign Affairs. The Law of Separation has caused a cessation of all but merely courteous relations between his Department and the Vatican. The only condition on which official relations could henceforth be renewed would be the acceptance by the Pope of the Law of Guarantees, which recognises in him a temporal sovereignty, albeit limited to his palaces and parks. M. Clemenceau had not judged the Papal manifesta-

tion of sufficient importance to interrupt his "cure" at Carlsbad, and *s'en remettait aux lumières de ses collègues.*

It was noticed that the Pope timed his letter to be read in the cathedrals on the Feast of the Assumption, which commemorates the dedication of France to the Virgin Mary by Louis XIII. It is also the birthday of the first Napoleon, and was kept as such by all Bonapartists. Still, it called out no demonstrations of fanatical zeal. Some of the bishops spoke of their readiness to accept the martyrdom that nobody wanted to foist upon them. Their heroic words remind one of Heine's saying that "les Français sont les comédiens du bon Dieu." But this quotation did not occur to any minister. On Sunday last—but we do not yet know with what results—the Encyclical was to be read in all the churches. M. Briand, an able advocate, remarked that all the bishops made haste to have their names set down on the pension list. They, and doubtless the Vatican, are under the impression that these inscriptions secure, come what may, the pensions. This is erroneous. All will depend on the election of cultual associations under the Law of Separation. The pensions of a great number of vicars and the smaller clergy are yet unsettled. They may come to 17,000,000 fr. The bishops do not manifestly take to heart the interests of these poor clerics.

Pius X. has doubtless been guided in this matter by Cardinals Merry del Val, Gotti, Virès y Toto, and Vanutelli. They, with Cardinal Mathieu, the newest member of the Academy, form the Sacred Congregation for French ecclesiastical affairs. Mathieu received a brief from the Liberal Catholics of light and leading in and out of the Academy on the eve of his last departure for Rome. He went there in haste to advise his Holiness not to stand out against the election of cultual associations. The poor man finds himself as one to four in his Congregation or Committee. Cardinal Mathieu is in all respects in that body the fifth wheel of the coach. Whenever the Committee meets, the other members carry on their discussions in Italian, which he learned too late to speak, or even understand tolerably well when spoken. The Pope's Italian is a Venetian dialect. It is still harder for a Frenchman brought up in a Lorrain lycée to understand the Latin of his Holiness. Monsignor Mathieu is of humble origin, the son of a peasant, who also turned an honest penny as a horse dealer at fairs and markets, and who had a small farm of his own near Aspremont, on the Moselle. This member of the Sacred College is a vulgar man, gifted with shrewdness, mother wit, a genius for getting on without seeming to push, but rather to make his way by jocosity. He owes much to the patronage of the Ladies of Saint Dominic, formerly of Nancy. They at first received him unwillingly from Monsignor Turinaz as their chaplain. These ladies, when he was foisted on them by episcopal authority, were extremely aristocratic, and looked up to as such by the rich families of the Meurthe et Moselle. They objected, it may be, to his low birth, but certainly to his homely bluffness and Jack Blunt manners. They ought to have disliked his singularly plain face and Gibeoniteish figure—the figure, you know, of one whose forebears had for ages carried loads on their backs. The face is one that lends itself to the caricaturist, and is more batrachian than human. Monsignor Turinaz, who rose when a young man to the Bishopric of Nancy, may have thought the peculiar appearance of the Abbé Mathieu a reason for placing him as chaplain at the Convent of the Ladies of Saint Dominic. The Abbé Mathieu, far from remaining an object of repugnance to the sisterhood, became almost their divinity. He stirred up and enlivened the whole community with his sallies and the *gros sel* of his mother wit. As a spiritual director he brought good sense to bear upon their discipline, and impressed on them Pascal's saying that the Christian who most aims at angelic perfection is the nearest to a fall into the quagmire of sin. They had to follow a regimen of unobtrusive and practical virtues, and he advised them to study the teachings of St. Vincent de Paul, who disliked conventual piety and preached to his daughters to wear the dress of the ordinary working woman of Paris of his time, now the dress of the French Sister of Charity. A doctor's opinion was sought, as a guide, whenever any of the Ladies of Saint Dominic wished to distinguish herself by extraordinary austerities. When the Abbé Mathieu had had enough of his conventual flock, he asked the Bishop to promote him to the much-desired post of Curé-Doyen of Pont-à-Mousson, half way between Metz and Nancy. Monsignor Turinaz gladly acceded to his wish.

The Curé-Doyen found in the public archives there and at Nancy materials for a historical work. He had been educated at the Pont-à-Mousson High School and Theological Seminary, knew the whole country "*comme sa poche,*" had strong patriotic sentiment, and exercised it for the benefit of France, taking care to confide to the French Government the results. I believe him to have been thoroughly sincere, though possibly not single-minded, in his patriotism.

Patriotic services enabled the Curé-Doyen to come into touch with the French Government. The Schnaebélé affair facilitated his relations with them. When he visited Rome he pleased the late Pope, and returned home a disciple of his liberalism. The distinction with which his Holiness had treated him helped him with M. Spuller and other adepts of "l'esprit nouveau." On the death of Bishop Freppel the Curé-Doyen of Pont-à-Mousson had only to ask for the See of Angers to obtain it. Leo XIII. made no delay in granting the canonical investiture.

The riot the Angevins made a short time ago about the proposed translation to Windsor, or Westminster, of the sepulchral effigies of the Plantaganets at Fontevrault may give the measure of their conservatism. They are monarchical, aristocratic, and clerical in the political sense, at least. The old families of Angers and of the châteux witnessed with grief and almost with anger the installation of Monsignor Mathieu.

A secretary of the Comte de Paris gave me an account of some of the early receptions in honour of the new bishop. Those who attended them noticed that he has the hands of Esau. The amethyst of his episcopal ring was almost hidden in its hirsute surrounding. Some of those to whom he extended it to be kissed were taken

aback. Others kissed, not with their lips, but the tips of their noses. The ladies whispered among each other of the repugnance they felt for the dreadful hand. His humble parentage was too apparent in his appearance and manners. It was noticed that he was too fond for a church dignity of conundrums and puns, and that he led the laughter they provoked. Local magnates soon saw in his facetiæ a device for turning conversations from the Papal desertion of the Royalist cause, and from politics. Monsignor made a close friend of the prefect, a Jew, the son of an actor, and a nephew of M. Arago.

French bishops on account of their coloured stockings wear neatly-made shoes, and are particular to fasten them with elegant buckles. Bishop Sans-Gêne, as they nicknamed Monsignor Mathieu at Angers, had large and tender feet. When obliged to wear leather shoes he found means to have them old and loose. The story ran that he bought them second-hand, *chez le fripier*. He generally wore black canvas shoes with rubber soles and tips. This also made backs rise, at any rate the backs of the old-fashioned musty people.

Heaven answered the prayers of the Angevins in removing the Bishop after he had been three years with them. But the removal was for his advantage. The last Dupuy Government preferred him to the Archiepiscopal See of Toulouse. The change was as if from Purgatory to Paradise. Toulouse is a jovial city, fond of anacreontic poetry and good cheer. The Toulousans felt proud of an Archbishop who had been awarded by the Academy *le Grand Prix Gobert* for his work on Lorrain, a work to be recommended for its patriotism and erudition. Banquet succeeded banquet in honour of the Prelate. He gained a further title to popularity in preferring foie gras made with the liver of the Garonne duck to foie gras de Strasburg, and only ordered the former for the dinners that he gave. He was no longer alone in laughing at the puns he risked. Opponents to the Papal policy whom M. Piou had failed to convert came round under the guidance of Monsignor Mathieu. A windfall in the way of a large legacy fell in to him. These successes justified the confidence Leo XIII. had placed in him, and were taken as another proof of the Pope's discernment. In the third year of his archiepiscopate he received a verbal message from the Vatican ordering him to proceed there without delay. He learned with concern that Leo XIII. needed constantly to consult him by word of mouth on the new course French affairs had taken. His Holiness wished—a wish taken as an order—that he should resign his See. The compensations were to be the biretta, a place in the Congregation for French Ecclesiastical Affairs, and an annual income of 30,000 frs. The anti-clerical reaction in France expressed in *le bloc* and the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet had alarmed the Pope. He thought that with the help of Monsignor Mathieu and the Abbé Guthlin he could secure himself from blunders. The Abbé Guthlin then acted as expert in canon law at the French Embassy to the Vatican, nominally directed by M. Nisard, but in reality by that priest and M. Robert de Courcel.

A more refined being, both by atavism and culture, never lived than the late Pope. Cardinal Mathieu was at the other extreme. The fatal blunder of snubbing the bishops who had protested against the industrialism of the Good Shepherd's ladies had been committed before Monsignor Mathieu joined the Pope's inner circle.

One cannot conceive Leo XIII., with Rampollo and Mathieu at his elbow, signing the different letters which Merry del Val and Pius X. devised between them. Had the late Pope made an offensive slip of the pen he would have hastened to apologise and have bent before the blast. I fancy at the Vatican they fear that to keep Spain in a right state of submission the Papal brow must be knit and the hand held up, not to bless, but to threaten anathema, in speaking to France. Work of fermentation has been going on in Spain, which neither Cardinal Toto y Virès nor Merry del Val is likely to neglect. The former, as a monk, is indifferent to personal gain, and thinks more of souls than of French wealth. Pius X. is in sympathy with him in regard to eternal interests as opposed to temporal. And yet the conflict with France is entirely about the temporalities with which the cultual associations are to deal.

Merry del Val is too much the aristocrat to be any good in the present crisis. He passed his boyhood among English and Irish and Spanish Catholics of noble lineage, and in the West End of London. Later in life, but young enough to take an impress, he spent more time in highly aristocratic sets in Belgium and the Faubourg St. Germain. He then entered Papal diplomacy and had some experience of the nunciatures. His great feather in the cap—does the metaphor apply to the cardinal's hat?—is the success of the mission on which the late Pope sent him to Canada. I should say he has the mentality of an Anglican priest of first-rate family, and that he would be a nice man for a garden party.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

THE New Trade in England, dear Lady Betty, is of two descriptions; there are the shopkeepers without shops, and the shops without shopkeepers.

The shopkeepers without shops are in "society." They are a species of peripatetic stores, for they sell estates in the country, houses in town, art treasures, shares, horses, motor-cars, wines, cigars, titles, social position, their friends, their sons and daughters, and themselves, and they deal, besides, in life insurance and in other directions.

The shops without shopkeepers mostly belong to those who are endeavouring to get into "society." These tradesmen drive to their business in a motor-car; the customers come to it on an omnibus! The former have a palace in Belgravia, a forest in Scotland, a yacht in the Solent, and a river in Norway; they talk of none but the titled, the shop-keepers without shops of nothing but trade!

That is the last step but one in the re-arrangement of our social system. Little by little the shopkeepers without shops are being driven to the office desk in the City and the stool behind the counter, and the tradesmen of the past are replacing them in "society." The latter are rapidly obtaining possession of the finest properties in the country, the largest houses in the West End, the most valuable art treasures, the greatest influence in politics, and titles!

* * * * *

Is the Anglo-Saxon woman changing for the worse? Until recent times British novelists and play-writers generally made the women they created innocent,

gentle, self-sacrificing, and forces for good. In the ordinary novel or play of to-day woman is continually the bad heroine; it is she who commits the murder, steals the important documents or valuable jewels, breaks up the home, endeavours to blackmail, or is an adventuress. The reminiscences of our predecessors show that many of the women of their days were unfaithful, but in most cases it was the men who led them astray. The strong-willed, unscrupulous, able woman, who is so commonly to be met with in England and in the United States to-day, was, apparently, almost unknown. Man, formerly, was like the hawk that pounces on its prey; the woman now is the hawk and man the prey!

* * * * *

The following distressing letter proves that modern journalism is creating a most objectionable character:—

"Sir,—My husband composes the 'contents bills' for the ———; those sheets displayed at the street corners, which have startling announcements on them in large letters. It is his business to read all the latest news that comes to the office, and to make the very worst of everything, so as to have sensational titles on the 'contents bills.' A few pounds' worth of jewellery is lost; he makes that into 'Great Robbery of Diamonds.' A child falls whilst trundling her hoop; this is described as 'Terrible Accident to a Girl'! A water-pipe bursts in a by-street; he deals with it as 'Threatened Inundation of London.' Of course, it does not matter to me how much he exaggerates the importance of such trifling occurrences in his business, but it has become a habit with him to do that in private life! Every little annoyance which happens at home is treated in the same manner, and I find myself living in the midst of continual catastrophes! The man whose business it is to make the very worst of everything should not be permitted by law to marry, or, if married before he undertakes this duty, the marriage should be annulled. I now live in an atmosphere of household 'specials' from the moment he returns from the office, and no woman has ever been created with nerves sufficiently strong to bear that exceptional strain."

Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

IT is well known that there is a strong desire among many Ministerial members of the House of Commons to get the business of licensing race meetings transferred to the County Councils. The Jockey Club is regarded with considerable jealousy by these legislators, as being an autocratic, self-elected, and absolutely irresponsible society. The proposed change cannot be regarded with satisfaction, as the only ground for complaint against the Jockey Club is that the Stewards have been a great deal too generous (*i.e.*, weak) in dealing with applications for fixtures. The number of race meetings ought to be very largely reduced, and several fixtures which are now allowed three days should be cut down to two days, notably the Bibury Club at Salisbury, Liverpool Summer, and the Derby September meeting. If a Bill is brought in dealing with this question it will be absolutely necessary to limit each course to, say, six days of flat racing in the year, with the exception of Newmarket, where there should be no interference with the present arrangements. Unless a curb is put upon the enterprise of Town Councils, some of these bodies would soon begin to speculate in race meetings for the benefit of the local rates, but with no tangible idea whatever as to sport—the aim, end, and final object of the whole affair being as large a profit as possible. We have recently seen at Doncaster how the game might be played. The Race Committee of the Corporation are not satisfied with spring and autumn fixtures extending over six days, so they must needs apply to the Jockey Club for a third meeting of two days in November. The Newmarket authorities did well to refuse this most unreasonable request, but if the business of licensing meetings is taken out of the hands of the Jockey Club no doubt a vigorous local agitation would be commenced in order to procure the third meeting, and, of course, the bad example of Doncaster would be followed elsewhere.

Ninety-one horses have been entered for the Cesarewitch, as against eighty-seven last year, and ninety-eight in 1904. It is announced in the *Racing Calendar* that there is £500 of added money to the handicap, but, inasmuch as the entrance is £5, the sum really given to the Cesarewitch is only £45! There are only eighty entries for the Cambridgeshire, as against ninety last year, and 107 in 1904. £500 is added to this handicap for the winner, besides £100 for the second, and the amount to be drawn from the fund for this year's race will be £200.

It is something quite new for the longer race to obtain the larger entry. There is still a considerable amount of early betting on these two handicaps, whereas on all the other events of this class the speculation beforehand is mere fiddle-faddle, and wholly unworthy of serious notice. There is even now a fair amount of early betting at the Continental lists on the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, but the prices offered are such as only a mooncalf would accept. Mr. L. de Rothschild has no fewer than six entries for the Cesarewitch, including St. Amant, the others being three-year-olds, one of which is Radium. Mr. Singer has four entries, including Pradella, who was said to have been relegated to the stud. Mr. Lindemere's St. Wulfram has been much talked about in connection with the Cesarewitch, and if he is regarded as favourably weighted, this horse will probably be one of the favourites. There is a lot of dreadful rubbish in the entry for the long race, and half the horses which have been engaged have no pretensions whatever to stay the course. Many of the animals entered are grievously moderate, but there is a general idea that the Cesarewitch is a much easier race to win than the Cambridgeshire. Gilpin's dangerous stable is represented by Hammerkop, Llangibby, Manuka, and the Australian horse Great Scot, who won a race at Lewes the other day, when he was running with very much the worst of the weights. St. Denis has been engaged, but he may not run again this season, as he has done no work since Ascot, and he has probably not yet recovered from his severe race at that meeting. The Duke of Devonshire is represented by Burgundy. The White Knight is a good horse when at his best, but he seems uncertain. Sandboy stays well, but this horse has probably seen his best day on the Turf. Plum-centre is believed to be a stayer, but he has been a disappointing horse.

The class of the Cambridgeshire entry is certainly better. Among the older horses are Andover, Ob (winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap), Thrush, St. Amant, Polymelus, Velocity (who won last year), Roseate Dawn, Vedas, Rievaulx, Earla Mor, Cherry Ripe, and Llangibby. The list of three-year-olds includes Prince William, Succory, Minos, Radium, River, Beppo, Ramrod, Lally, Gingal, The White Knight, Malua, Achilles, Gold Riach, Sancy, Sella, Waterflower, Sarcelle, Athi, and His Eminence. Radium has been a tip for the Newmarket Autumn Handicap, but he might be started for the Doncaster Cup or kept for the £5,000 stake at Gatwick on October 16. This race, however, should be a good thing for Spearmint if he is all right. It is no certainty that Radium will be the best of the Rothschild lot. It is odd that Mr. Bass has entered nothing for the Cesarewitch, while he has five horses engaged in the Cambridgeshire. The weights for these handicaps are to be published on September 6. The Newmarket October Meetings will come a week earlier this year, so the Cesarewitch is to be run on October 10, instead of the 18th, which was the date last year, and the Cambridgeshire has been brought forward from November 1 to October 24.

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There are only eleven entries for the Select Stakes at Newmarket, which race is run on the same day as the Cesarewitch, the course being the R.M., but the class is good, the horses engaged including Pretty Polly, Thrush, St. Amant, and Velocity.

Keystone II. was stopped in her work for a few days owing to some slight affection of the mouth, but Lord Derby's mare would be none the worse for being eased, as she appeared to be thoroughly fit at Goodwood. She will not, of course, be reserved for the St. Leger, and after Doncaster she is engaged in the Jockey Club Stakes and in the Sandown Park Produce Stakes of £5,000 on October 18. There were originally 193 entries for the race, and thirty-three horses were left in after the final forfeit had been declared on March 27. Flair's racing career is at an end, and surely Keystone II. will find no difficulty in defeating such animals as Gorgos, Gingal, Prince William, and Sancy. It is quite obvious that fully half of the animals which have accepted for this race must have been left in by mistake.

One of the papers refers to "the heavy loss" alleged to have been sustained at Sandown Park this season over the Eclipse Stakes of £10,000 and the National Breeders' Produce Stakes of £5,000. As a matter of fact, the deficiency over the Eclipse Stakes was only £1,431, as compared with £1,250 last year, and £1,067 in 1904. As to the two-year-old race the deficiency was £643, as compared with £1,218 last year, and £232 in 1904. So many rich stakes have lately collapsed altogether that there is a decided tendency to discontinue races which close years before they are run, and also to cut down the value of such stakes.

Malua, who is now owned by Mr. G. Faber, is being prepared for the St. Leger, and some good judges are of the opinion that he will prove a dangerous opponent to Keystone II. at Doncaster. He will be in much better racing condition three weeks hence than when he ran at Epsom, and he is believed to stay well. He was a weak and backward colt during the spring and early summer, and palpably needed time to develop. He is exactly the stamp of horse to do well over the Doncaster course.

The Newmarket stables will apparently have to depend upon Keystone II. and Malua in the St. Leger, as Gingal and Gorgos appear to be hopeless candidates for this race. Admirable Crichton will not stay the course, Slavetrader has been stopped in his work, and Poussin will not be at his best until next season, while Plum Tree is likely to find himself outclassed.

There has been practically no betting on the St. Leger, for backers have not yet forgotten the tragical results of last year's early transactions, and there is not likely to be any speculation of importance before Doncaster week. When betting does begin in earnest, it is probable that there will be plenty of money for the French colt Storm, who has been doing very well during the summer, and he is well endowed with stamina. Storm was never dangerous in the Derby, as the distance was not far enough for him.

I hear that Black Arrow certainly will not run again this season, so Mr. Hall Walker's colt will forfeit nine engagements, including some rich stakes which he could scarcely have lost, owing to his having a considerable breeding allowance. It is well worth while for Black Arrow's owner to give him every chance, as next year he is engaged in the Princess of Wales's Stakes of £6,000 (9 lbs. allowed), the Jockey Club Stakes of £10,000 (9 lbs. allowed), the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot, the Chester Vase of £2,100 (7 lbs. allowed), the Lingfield Park Plate of £2,000 (9 lbs. allowed), and the Atlantic Stakes of £2,000 at Liverpool (6 lbs. allowed). Mr. Hall Walker has been very unlucky this year, as, putting aside the vexatious vagaries of Black Arrow, there was the complete collapse of Colonia, who was confidently expected to win the One Thousand and Oaks, and several of his two-year-olds went amiss just as they had completed their preparations for Ascot.

The general opinion as to the two-year-olds is that Slieve Gallion is the best of them, with Galvani and My Pet II. a good second. The report that Slieve Gallion can beat Rocketter over six furlongs at even weights is probably an exaggeration. If Sagamore is really better than My Pet II. he cannot be much, if anything, behind Slieve Gallion. The fact, however, that Sagamore is disqualified for his engagements by the death of his breeder, Sir James Miller, causes him to be ignored to a considerable extent. Polar Star, who is very smart, will not probably train into a stayer, and most good judges are of the opinion that five furlongs will be his best course next season. Orwell is decidedly the best of the fillies so far as we have gone.

Llangibby has recovered from the accident which prevented him from starting for the Goodwood Cup, and he is again in work at Newmarket. He is to undergo a special preparation for the Jockey Club Stakes. Mr. Neumann's horse has incurred a penalty of 12 lb., and the breeding allowance to which he was entitled does not appear to have been claimed for him. Llangibby may be a better stayer than Cicero, but I shall be vastly surprised if he is able to defeat last year's Derby winner in the race of September 27. Next season he is in the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot, and in the Princess of Wales's Stakes of £6,000 at Newmarket, and in this race his penalty of 12 lb. is reduced by a breeding allowance to 6 lb. Spearmint is engaged, and will have to carry 9 lb. extra.

I hear that Lord Rosebery has decided not to start Traquair either at York or at Doncaster, and this colt will now be reserved for the Middle Park Plate on October 13. Traquair has a more valuable engagement a week previously in the Imperial Produce Plate of £3,000 at Kempton Park, but he has incurred a penalty of 10 lb. in that race, and several smart animals are engaged which have the benefit of breeding allowances. Galvani, for example, who is certainly one of the very best two-year-olds of the season, has 5 lb. allowed. Bezonian might represent Lord Rosebery in this race. He is a very promising colt, and there was a good excuse for his defeat in the Khedive Plate at the Newmarket Second July Meeting.

Somebody has written to the *Sporting Times* asking about the origin of the name of Traquair, and the answer is that Lord Rosebery's colt "is doubtless named after Doctor Traquair, who has been Keeper of the Natural History Collections of the Royal Scottish Museum for over thirty years, and is just about to retire." This is all wrong. Traquair is named after Mr. Maxwell Stuart's interesting old place in Peeblesshire, which is famous all over Scotland for its gateway, flanked by two figures of bears in stone. These are the prototypes of the Bradwardine bears at Tully Veolan, in "Waverley."

The King's yearlings (twelve in number) arrived at Egerton House, Newmarket, last week from Sandringham. Cicero has been allowed a rest since his ignominious exhibition in the Ascot Cup, but he is about to resume work. Lord Rosebery's horse is to undergo a special preparation for the Jockey Club Stakes on September 27. He has earned a penalty of 12 lb. in this race, which is reduced by a breeding allowance to 9 lb. Keystone II., so far, has incurred a penalty of 9 lb., which will be increased to 12 lb. if she wins the St. Leger. The last of "the £10,000" stakes for this season appears to lie between the pair, but if Spearmint had been left in this race would have been a good thing for the Derby winner, as his penalty of 12 lb. was reduced to 6 lb. by a breeding allowance. The withdrawal of Troutbeck was also an unfortunate blunder.

The fields at Kempton Park last week were small, but the racing was quite as good as could reasonably be expected at this time of year. Galvani walked in for the principal two-year-old race. He had not much to beat, but Major Loder's colt was giving weight to all the other starters. There are some people who maintain that Galvani will presently discover himself to be the best two-year-old of the season, but I shall be vastly surprised if Slieve Gallion does not beat him cleverly if they meet in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster. Galvani is entered for the Middle Park

Plate, but his best autumn engagement is the Imperial Produce Plate of £3,000 at Kempton Park on October 5. His penalty of 10 lb. in this race is reduced by a breeding allowance to 5 lb.

The principal event at the Kempton August Meeting is the City of London Breeders' Foal Plate of £1,500 for three-year-olds, but it is a pity that so ridiculous a name should have been given to this race. Like so many other three-year-old stakes with large entries, the field collapsed at the finish, and the race excited little interest, odds of 100 to 12 being bet on Troutbeck, who was considered such a certainty that 20 to 1 was offered "bar one." The Duke of Westminster's colt simply cantered away with the race, and he showed to much better advantage than at Goodwood, when his performance in the Sussex Stakes was regarded as a most slovenly exhibition.

Redcar was favoured with the patronage of Lords Londonderry and Zetland, and there were crowds of people on both days, but the sport was not up to the former standard of this meeting, and the fields for some of the events were dolefully small. The principal two-year-old race was won very easily by Mr. W. H. Walker's Knight of Tully, by Count Schomberg, who had finished second to Weathercock for the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood, and the colt's success at Redcar had been most confidently expected. Thrifty, who won at Pontefract last month, was heavily backed, but she had no chance with the winner at the finish. Cyclops Too was made a great favourite for the Great National Breeders' Foal Stakes, but he ran most miserably, and Gullane won in a trot, after having made all the running, as well he might, for he was receiving 13 lb. from Lord Londonderry's colt.

There will be some most interesting sport at York next week, and this fixture has always been far and away the most important meeting between Goodwood and Doncaster. The Great Ebor Handicap, like most other events of the same class, has lost all its old importance, and now excites no interest until the day of running, but the weight-for-age events at York have continued to hold their own, and the Gimcrack Stakes is now one of the principal two-year-old races of the summer.

There were 107 entries for the Prince of Wales's Plate of £1,000 on Tuesday, and only thirty-six horses were struck out when the minor forfeit was declared. Among the lot left in are Lord Rosebery's Traquair, Mr. Russel's Bellavista, Mr. A. Bailey's Orwell, Colonel Baird's Geronima, Mr. Wallace's Gnome, Mr. E. Dresden's Saxham, and Mr. Freeman's Hexagon. Traquair will not run at York, and Geronima has such an advantage in the weights that she may be able to beat Orwell and Bellavista. There are 141 entries for the Convivial Produce Stakes on Wednesday, and Orwell ought to win this race. One hundred and sixty-one two-year-olds are engaged in the Gimcrack Stakes, including Traquair, Gnome, Mr. Hall Walker's Polar Star, Sir E. Vincent's Auber, Mr. Raphael's My Pet II., Bellavista, and Lord Derby's colt by Orme out of St. Victorine. My Pet II. will win if he is in his Goodwood form.

Seventy-three fillies are entered for the Yorkshire Oaks, including Keystone II., who will not run before Doncaster, and Lord Derby should win this race with either Victorious or the filly by Isinglass out of Canterbury Pilgrim. There are fifty-two entries for the Duke of York Stakes on Wednesday, and this race would have been a good thing for Slavetrader if he had been all right, but Mr. Newton's colt is lame. River may be able to win. Forty-nine horses are left in for the Great Yorkshire Stakes, out of an original entry of ninety-two. This race would have been a certainty for Spearmint if he had come fit and well to the post, but Major Loder's colt is not likely to run before the Newmarket First October Meeting. Troutbeck now appears certain to win. The meeting at Scarborough, which formerly followed York, has been extinguished for many years past, and the last two days of the week are occupied with Gatwick, this fixture being especially favoured in having no opposition to contend against. After York, however, there is not likely to be any racing of much importance or general interest, except at Derby on the first two days of that meeting.

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THE UNIVERSITY CREWS AT BOURNE END.

Of course, it is very hard to realise that there is really a University boat race without Oxford, and it is even harder to grasp the fact that the training for any University boat race can possibly take place in the summer. Even Mr. Muttlebury and Mr. Escombe, the Cambridge coaches, find the difficulty. They try to act up to the part. But the snow will not snow, and the hail will not hail, and the eastern drizzle will not freeze them up. They continually think of their fur-lined coats. The change from tropical heat to ordinary summer weather so rejoiced one of those two coaches that he promptly wore a sweater and gave orders for his fur-lined coat to be made ready for Putney, whither the Cambridge crew have arranged to go on Monday next, the Harvard men having preceded them by a few days. These are mere sartorial reflections, and such considerations do not affect the skill and care that the coaches bestow upon their charges. At the same time, I fear that the charges—to wit, the Cambridge men—do not appreciate the gravity of the situation. True, it is not an international race, with the British lion trying to out-bellow the screechings of the American eagle. Journals on both sides of the Atlantic please note, and transpose to taste. But it is a sporting race, evolved from the genius of some one on the far side of the Atlantic, and the Cambridge oarsmen are making a grievous error if they think that they have a soft thing on. Acting on the advice of an eminent expert in rowing, or rather on the opinion of at least one leader and junior in that art or science, and having had their full reasons before me, I have come to the following conclusion, and therein I feel I emulate the Court of Appeal of the Supreme Court of Judicature. My conclusion is as follows: that Cambridge ought to win, and should win, but it is well within the bounds of possibility that the Light Blues will lose. To put the matter in a nutshell, they row as Third rowed at Henley. They seem afraid of hurting themselves. Third threw away their chances in the Grand, and they were bested in the Stewards. They could row, but Leander could race, and so a crew stroked by a man who was old enough to be their father beat them on the post. Racing beat rowing, as it will again and again, and as it will at Putney if the Cambridge crew do not mend their ways. I read that Harvard are keen to study English rowing. There is one really good lesson that any University crew may learn from the Harvard men. That lesson is writ large, whether Harvard wins or loses, and that is keenness. Whether the men are paddling or rowing they lay themselves out to do their best. There is no crack-brained faddist in the crew, with notions of his own about feathering or swinging prepared to put his fads to the test at the expense of the crew. In all that they do the Harvard men lay themselves out for their work. Now this is precisely where Cambridge are at fault. They have all the makings of a really good crew. They are being excellently coached. No man could say more than Mr. Escombe did—"row yourselves out, you have all the day to rest in." That was on Saturday, when they rowed through to the Railway Bridge. That observation showed that he knew where the crew's weakness lay. They were short in their work. They failed to reach out. No crew can ever hope to win a punishing race unless it learns to row itself out in practice. One used to accept as an axiom that Old Etonians were the mainstay of a crew because from the days they could swim or paddle they had learned to row themselves out. Third tried to explode the axiom at Henley—the veteran Guy Nickalls sustained it. There is absolutely no fault in the crew that the Cambridge men cannot correct. If they fail the fault is theirs and not the coaches'. They must reach out. They must lay themselves out for the work. They have no soft job on. The Harvard men have come a long way to

race. The best compliment that our crew can show them is to give them of their best. This can only be done by each man doing his utmost, whatever is the work in hand. If they reach out they will then row long, with a firm beginning and a good rhythm. Now as to Harvard, they vary considerably, and I rather fancy that they suffer from nerves. If they will only realise that this is purely a match of good fellowship, and that all the Yales and other universities in the States do not, for this one occasion, matter a rap, they will do wonders. Last week they had very rough luck. They lost one man through water on the knee and another through tonsilitis. The first day this upset the crew terribly. They gave an awful exhibition. The new oarsmen and the old seemed afraid of each other. The rowing—or, rather, paddling—would have done little credit to a college crew, low down in the first division of the Mays, the first time it was trying its light ship. That was in the middle of the week. But on Saturday there was all the difference in the world in their work. They went over the Bourne End course from the point to Cookham Bridge. This was a long piece of work, and they took it at a strong paddle, with occasional bursts of rowing. Cambridge had been as far as the Railway Bridge half an hour earlier. Harvard went very well, covering a lot of water, and during one of the earlier bursts their time for a certain piece of the course coincided with that of Cambridge. At the finish they rowed hard, clearing their water, and going at a good pace. They look to be rowing a bit longer. They are a strong, powerful lot of men, coming on well. I understand that both the invalids may be back to work at the end of the week.

Both the crews have had a pleasant time at Bourne End. The visitors thoroughly appreciate our ways of training. A Harvard man said to a friend of mine: "At home we shouldn't be taking your times like this; we should be hiding behind bushes." Perhaps the courtesy that has been most gratifying to the Cambridge crew has been the loan of Harvard crew's motor launch for training. Owing to the wash it creates, the *Hibernia* was impossible. At once the visitors lent their craft. When their crew went out to go over the course their one object seemed to be to pack the launch with well-known old Oxford and Cambridge oarsmen. As for their racing boat, every measurement that was asked for was taken and given by their boatman. These attentions will not easily be forgotten. At Putney I have no doubt that Thames, London, and Leander will get out crews to pace the visitors. The Harvard men cannot be more popular at Putney than they are at Bourne End, and they will not be less. I said, when telling the tale of the arrangements for the race, that there must be a born diplomat somewhere in the crew. I have come to the conclusion that there is also a future Sargent, R.A., for some one has devised the neatest rowing blazer and waistcoat that one could wish to see out of the crimson colours of Harvard. It almost, if not quite, puts Leander in the shade. The question was put whether they would not always use this as their colours for their eight. The answer was that in America the same costume would cost eight solid sovereigns a man, and that it would therefore be too expensive for the crew. The whole beauty of Protection as a system was revealed to my unsophisticated intelligence. Here, in our rotten Free Trade England, workmen were being employed at a living wage to dress the American crew. In the United States, I suppose, the workmen would be employed at higher wages doing nothing, for the Harvard crew could not have afforded the garments; they would have gone without.

Another defeat for Surrey has resulted in Yorkshire going up top in the Championship table. Kent is, of course, now well in the running for first place. I am told that there is a movement on foot to extend the qualification required before a man can play for a county if the cricketer comes from the Colonies. It would seem that the policy of the Middlesex team has caused this point to be raised.

MAMMON.

Stock Markets Still Satisfactory—Americans Wild—Home Rails Good—Kaffirs Still Buoyant.

EVERYTHING considered, the condition of the Stock market leaves little to be desired. The season itself is against any material broadening out of business, and that this process should be in evidence at all is therefore gratifying after the prolonged indifference, while the greater degree of confidence in regard to the early future is a hopeful augury. There is undoubtedly scope for a further improvement, provided, of course, the earthquake catastrophe does not upset all calculations, and the general range of values still being moderate, I maintain that markets collectively offer alluring opportunities. In point of interest, the wildness of Americans has been the most outstanding feature. Only a couple of shares—Unions and Southern Pacifics—have absorbed attention, the others being more or less in the cold, though the rest of the market is being livened up, but the excitement created by the dividends and the wild fluctuations must surely have been enough for any one. This was more intense than it would otherwise have been had there been no delay in the announcements, which delay, say the cynics, enabled the "bosses" in Wall Street to line their own pockets. But excitement and the American market are, of course, inseparable, and with both disbursements satisfactory, one must not complain. A spell of profit-taking rather than being harmful does some good, and, what is more to the point, affords greater opportunities to the average investor; hence the slight reaction in Home Rails is without significance. To the merits of these stocks I am constantly drawing attention, and I may repeat that the market is still deserving of consideration, in view of the outlook and the relatively low level of values. As regards Kaffirs, they continue to show up well, buoyant in tone, and comparatively lively, which, after the sluggishness and depression to which one had grown so accustomed, must be considered gratifying. From all accounts, too, confidence is growing, and the general impression is that still better things may be expected in the immediate future. This change of front is gratifying, but scarcely remarkable, after the abnormal depression so long in evidence, and it must not be forgotten that the general range of values is still relatively low, while the industry, too, is progressing quite promisingly. All that is necessary in the Kaffir market is a greater degree of confidence, and this process is, for the time being, at all events, in evidence.

Money Still Relatively Easy—Outlook Satisfactory—Bank's Position.

The possible effect of the earthquake apart, the monetary situation, generally speaking, remains quite satisfactory, and although there is no great surplus above the current requirements of the market, as evidenced by the small borrowings from the Bank consequent upon the extra demand incidental to the Stock Exchange settlement, this condition ought to become less marked as cash returns from the country. There is, no doubt, an element of uncertainty in the immediate outlook, but on the other hand the Bank's reserve is now practically £26,000,000, and should the expected American absorption of gold arrivals not materialise, the position ought to be further strengthened preparatory to the customary autumnal foreign drain, especially with the infiltration of money cash from the country. This element of uncertainty, however, is

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quite sufficient to keep up discount quotations, especially in view of the Chilian calamity, fine three months paper being about 3 3-16 per cent. The Bank's position is as satisfactory as could have been expected, and over and above the arrival of £440,000 of gold from abroad, there was the release of £250,000 of the Indian Currency Reserve, and with the influx from the country the reserve was £1,127,000 higher at £25,882,000, the ratio to liabilities being a trifle over 50 per cent.

Consols Quiet But Good—Stock Promising—Russians Prominent—Chinese Bonds.

On the whole, the general conditions of the gilt-edged market continue quite satisfactory. Though values are more or less "marking time," the undercurrent seems good enough, and with investors still evincing an aptitude to recognise the merits of stocks, and the monetary situation tolerably satisfactory, it would not be too sanguine to expect that a higher range of values will be established in the near future. I am still convinced of the attractiveness of this market generally, and doubt whether the Chilian catastrophe will result in much liquidation by the insurance Companies. Prices are moderate, and the yield obtainable consequently good. Guaranteed 2¾ per cent. stock, popularly known as Irish Land, Local Loans, Transvaal Threes, and India Threes, all give a trifle over 3 per cent., which, having regard to the nature of the security, must be regarded as a good return. Water Board stock, too, even on top of the recent recovery, gives about £3 4s. per cent., and London County Threes, which are still somewhat depressed, though there is, of course, little questioning the security behind the stock, yield as much as £3 7s. per cent. Colonial issues are also coming into better favour, and in this group there are many attractive bargains to be obtained. The Foreign market is less active and perhaps scarcely so buoyant, but this is not reflected in values to any appreciable extent. Interest is still centred chiefly in Russians, which fluctuate erratically according to the whim of the moment. I still adhere to the frequently expressed opinion that these bonds could be profitably avoided. Chilian have naturally been marked down all round. A slight fall in Chinese stocks is without any significance, being the result of Berlin selling. I consider these stocks attractive in view of the high yield they give, which is shown in the following table, Japanese being also included therein:—

	Price.	Yield p.c.
Chinese 4½ p.c. Gold	100	£4 10 0
,, 5 p.c. ,,	103¾	4 16 6
,, 5 p.c. Imp. Rly	102½	4 17 6
Japanese 4 p.c.	87½	4 12 0

In spite of the satisfactory Budget, Argentine stocks show little change, but more speculative interest is being absorbed by Peruvian Corporation issues, though this, being of the usual "inside" character, is of little importance.

Substantial Advance in Home Rails—Public Interest Aroused at Last—The Bright Dividend Outlook—Two Specially Cheap Stocks—York Deferred and Hulls.

At last it seems the Home Railway market has really begun to enjoy the favour from investors that it has deserved and yet has been denied for a twelvemonth past. The advance commenced in earnest during the nineteen day account that ended on Monday last week, and, as compared with the previous make-up, the carry over revealed such rises as 6¼ in Brighton Deferred, 6 in South Eastern Ordinary, 5 in the Deferred, 3½ in North Eastern Ordinary, Great Eastern, and City and South London, 3 in North Western, and from 2 to 3 in a dozen other leading stocks. Of course, with the market comparatively bare of floating stock, these rises do not imply any furious volume of buying, but as an indication of the changed sentiment that has come over this department the movement is highly important, for such advances have not been registered in any account for at least a year past. At the same time, the rally is not surprising to those who have followed the rising fortunes of our Railway Companies of late; the wonder is, that the public has held aloof so long. Now, however, that investors are awakening to the greatly improved conditions there is every reason to expect the advance to continue. Speaking generally, I should say that the market is good for a rise of from 5 to 10 points before the end of the year. Perhaps in all cases the dividends declared for the first six months of 1906 were not increased as liberally as speculators had anticipated, but there is no question about the handsome manner in which gross earnings expanded, and if the various boards took the opportunity afforded them of spending more out of revenue upon "betterments," rather than divide earnings up to the hilt, their action should serve as a tonic to the market, the more especially in view of the outcry against a too niggardly policy in the matter of allowances for maintenance and equipment raised during the last few years. Even making allowance for the modest rate at which dividends in some cases were advanced, it is a noteworthy fact that the yield on all the leading Home Railway stocks is not less than 4 per cent.—in several instances rather more—and that the return is almost certain to be increased in respect of the current six months, seeing that gross traffics are expanding by leaps and bounds. Taking the six weeks of the half year to date, the published gains in receipts include North Eastern, £86,400; North Western, £60,000; Great Western, £48,400; Midland, £40,000; Great Central, £27,800; Lancashire and Yorkshire, £27,700; South Western, £15,700; South Eastern and Chatham, £14,500; Great Northern, £11,500; Great Eastern, £10,300; North Staffordshire, £8,700; Hull and Barnsley, £7,000; and London, Brighton and South Coast, £6,900. In regard to which stocks are most attractive, my own fancy runs upon Great Northern Deferred and Hull and Barnsley Ordinary. As to the cheapness of the Heavy stocks there is no question, but the merits of these have received so much attention lately that there is the less need to emphasise them. With regard to York Deferred, while no interim dividend was paid the increased balance carried over for the first half of the year was equal to nearly ½ per cent. (actual) on the stock, and as York Deferred got 1½ per cent. in respect of the year 1905, it is practically certain to get not less than 2 per cent. for the current twelvemonth. This, however, makes no allowance for any increase in earnings during the present half year, nor for the savings likely to accrue in rate charges as a result of the Company's recent successes in the courts. I have already shown that the Company has a gross traffic gain for six weeks of £11,500. This is equal to £1,900 per week, or about £50,000 for the twenty-six. Now, it only requires £18,000 net to give the Deferred another ¼ per cent., which would raise the annual dividend to 2¼ per cent., and the yield to 5 per cent. These facts certainly give a strong colour of probability to the market's prophecy that York Deferred will rise to 60 this year. The position of Hulls bears a good deal of resemblance to that of Yorks. In respect of the first half of this year no interim dividend was paid, but £22,000 was added to the balance forward—equal to ⅝ per cent. (actual) on the stock. This ⅝ per cent., added to the 1⅜ per cent. paid on account of 1905, gives 2 per cent., without allowing for any increase in earnings during the current six months. But, as for the six weeks to date the line has a published gain in receipts of £7,000, equal to over £30,000 for the twenty-six, and only £16,000 net is required to pay another ½ per cent., it is not unreasonable to look for a dividend on Hulls of 2½ per cent. in respect of this year. On such a basis the yield at current price would be 5¼ per cent.—a

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How to Operate in Stocks Successfully.—See Halford's Adviser (post free).—Palmerston House, London, E.C. Established 1869. Telegrams: "Monitor, London."

prospect which is not equalled by any other English Railway stock of importance. My table follows:—

Home Rails.	A Year Ago.	Make up, July 25.	Closing Price, Aug. 11.	Closing Price, Aug. 17.	Movement.
Caledonian Pref.	79½	77½	77½	77½	—
Do. Def.	34⅜	36½	36	36½	+ ½
City and S. London	38	46½	46	45	−1
Central London	80	86	87	86	−1
Great Central '94 Pref.	61	—	78	79	+1
Do. "B"	30	38½	38½	39½	+1½
Do. "A"	16½	18	17⅞	18	+ ½
Great Eastern	81⅞	85½	85xd	85½	+1½
Great Northern Pref.	99	102½	102½	100½	−2
Do. Def.	35	48	47¼	48½	+1
Great Western	136½	133½	133½	133¾	− ¾
Hull and Barnsley	43½	47	46½	48	+1½
Lancashire and Yorkshire	105	105½	105½	105½	—
London and Brighton "A"	117½	122	122	121½	− ½
London, Chatham, and Dover	15½	15	15	15⅝	+ ⅛
Do. 4½ p.c. Pref.	98	93	93	93	—
Do. 2nd Pref.	56	58	56	59	+3
London and North-Western	152½	161	160	157½	−2½
London and South-Western Def.	55¼	50	49⅜	50⅜	+1
Metropolitan Consolidated	91	65½	65½	66½	+1
Metropolitan District	36½	21½	22	23½	+1½
Midland Pref.	70	67⅜	67⅜	68½	+ ½
Do. Def.	65	69½	69½	70½	+1
North British 3 p.c. Pref.	80	76⅜	76½	76⅜	+ ¼
Do. Def.	45⅝	45½	45	45½	+ ¼
North-Eastern Consolidated	135	144½	144½	142½	−2
South-Eastern "A"	52½	53⅜	53	52½	− ½

A Memorable Week in Yankees—The Pacific Dividends—Wall Street Taken by Surprise—"Tragedy for Shorts"—The Possibility of Other Dividend Increases—Atchisons and Pennsylvanians.

There have been some exciting times in the American market during the past week, indeed, to parallel the scene witnessed in the New York Stock Exchange last Friday, when the Pacific dividends were made known, it would be necessary to go back to May, 1901, when Wall Street was staggered by the events resulting from the memorable corner in Northern Pacific. In the early part of the week the attention of Yankee speculators was concentrated upon two stocks, Southern Pacifics and Unions. It had for some time been the confident expectation that the former would receive a first dividend at the rate of 4 per cent., and that Union Pacifics would be placed upon a 7 per cent. basis. The meetings of the respective boards duly took place on Thursday, but it was announced that the declaration of the dividends had been postponed. This delay naturally caused much disappointment and some selling, but it was noticeable that the opportunity was seized by certain interests to buy liberally on the set back. On Friday the market was electrified by the news that a dividend of 2½ per cent. (actual) for the half-year had been declared upon Southern Pacific, and that the Union Pacific dividend had been raised from 3 to 5 per cent. for the half-year, making 8 per cent. for the fiscal year ended 30th June last. The scene that followed in the New York Exchange is thus picturesquely described by Reuter:—"There was a frantic rush of brokers to buy Union Pacific and Southern Pacific Common, of which many brokers held orders for lots of 10,000 shares each. Room traders joined in the scramble to get stock before prices soared too high, and in the confused struggle which ensued little attention was paid to prices, and stocks were taken at whatever point was ruling at that moment. At noon the excitement was at boiling point with Union Pacific Common still advancing, and trading was so heavy that the ticker was four points behind in reporting the advances in quotations. The increased dividends were like the news of a legacy for the holders of Harriman stocks, but it was tragedy for shorts, and they were literally swept off their feet in the fight for Union Pacific Common and Southern Pacific Common after the news was divulged, and such a rush to cover has not been seen in Wall Street for years." How fierce was the boom may also be gathered from the fact that the value of sales registered in Wall-street on Friday alone registered 2,520,000 shares, of which 647,000 were Unions and 482,000 were Southern Pacifics. At the time of writing the market has not recovered equilibrium, and all sorts of reasons are being put forward to explain the action of the two boards. The delay in the announcement of the dividends has met with bitter criticism on the part of leading bankers and brokers, it being charged in some quarters that the Union Pacific decision had really been come to on Wednesday (two days previously) and that the news had been held back in order to assist certain individuals and a pool. So high has feeling run that a long statement has been issued to explain the action of the management in the matter. Certainly there was good reason for the market's bewilderment, and Reuter's phrase about the dividends being "tragedy for shorts" is pregnant with meaning, seeing that Southern Pacific, which just before the news touched 84, were run up almost immediately afterwards to 92, while Unions soared from 166¾ to 184. It is not that earnings did not appear to permit such rates; as a matter of fact, Southern Pacific Common, although not having before received a dividend, has been earning about 6 per cent. for two years past, while the Union Pacific's surplus has been double that required to pay the dividend. Surprise springs from the sudden change in the policy of the controlling groups, as indicated more particularly in the Southern Pacific's elevation from nil to 5 per cent. Some people suggest that the magnates are desirous of emulating the example of the Pennsylvania in raising a loan in Paris, and that they are consequently anxious to have a big advertisement; others say that this sudden burst of generosity is part of a scheme for unloading stocks upon the public. I do not profess to be in the confidence of the magnates, and to me it is sufficient that the dividends paid have been earned. That the Union Pacific interests want to raise money I should not be at all surprised; in fact, what Wall Street group just now does not? Only within the last few days we have had the proposals of the Milwaukee to issue at par $25,000,000 of Common stock, of the Chicago and North-Western to double its capital to $200,000,000, and of the Norfolk and Western to increase its capital by $34,000,000 stock and the same amount of convertible bonds—and these are but samples. It is not surprising, therefore, in view of the present congested state of the Bond Market in the States, and of the forthcoming heavy demands upon the New York banks when the crops begin to be moved, that the finance houses are doing their best to broaden the market for their securities, and particularly to woo Paris—which would be a new and most important field. Meanwhile, however, it is natural that speculators have seized upon the Pacific Board's action as strengthening hopes of dividend advances in other directions. There has recently been a furious run after Atchison, which is expected to be raised from a 4 to 5 per cent. basis, and also after Pennsylvania, the return upon which is expected to be increased to 7 per cent. With such hopes aroused, and possessing, too, a good substratum of probability, it is not unlikely that "Bull" interests in American Rails will be kept going for some time yet. The great uncertainty is still the monetary position, which may at any time give an awkward finish to speculators should the account get out of hand. I append my usual table:—

—	1905. Highest.	1905. Lowest.	Closing Price, Aug. 3, 1906.	Closing Price, Aug. 11, 1906.	Closing Price, Aug. 17, 1906.
Atchison	96	80½	96⅜	95⅞	98
Do. Five per Cent. Pref.	109	102	104	104	104
Baltimore and Ohio Com.	120½	104⅛	124½	124½	121½xd
Chesapeake and Ohio	61½	46⅜	62⅜	62⅜	60
Denver	40⅛	27¼	47⅜	44⅜	45½
Do. Pref.	93¾	85⅜	88½	88½	88½
Erie	54½	38⅜	45½	44½	45
Do. First Pref.	87½	77⅜	82	81½	80½xd
Louisville	161½	140¼	150	148½xd	149
Milwaukee	193½	173½	193½	191½	193½
Mo., Kan., and Texas	39⅞	24⅛	35⅛	35	35⅛
Norfolk Pref.	96½	94	95	95	94
Do. Common	90½	77⅜	93⅜	95½	95
New York Central	169⅜	140½	146	144½	145½
Ontario	65½	41⅞	49½	48½xd	48⅜
Pennsylvania	76⅝	67½	68½	70	71⅛
Reading	73⅜	40⅜	69½	67½	68½
Do. First Pref.	49⅝	46	48	49½	49½
Southern Common	39⅜	28⅜	38⅜	38	38½
Do. Pref.	104½	97½	102½	102½	102½
Southern Pacific	74	59⅝	77⅞	79½	83
Union Pacific	155¾	116⅜	162½	161½	173½
Do. Pref.	102⅜	98½	98	98	100
Wabash Pref.	49⅜	37⅞	49½	48	49½
Do. "B" Debentures	86⅜	69½	85	84	84½
U.S. Steel Corp. Com.	44½	26	41⅜	41⅜	42⅜
Do. Do. Pref.	110½	93⅜	110⅝	110½	109⅜xd

Canadian Pacifics and the Dividend—Wonderful Earning Results—Rally in Argentine Rails—Amalgamation Talk—New Railways for Bolivia—The Arica-La Paz Project—An Interesting Rumour.

Following upon the Grand Trunk half-yearly dividend (with which I dealt a week ago) has come the annual statement of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Contrary to the expectations of some speculators the company has neither raised its dividend above the 6 per cent. paid for the two previous years, nor added anything by way of a bonus. Those, therefore, who have bought for the "short run" are thrown back as a last resource upon the hope that the Board may repeat its action of a year ago in placing a new issue of shares amongst the existing holders on terms which will add to the income of the proprietors. The publication of the statement naturally induced profit-taking sales on the part of the punting division, and as a result Canadas have lately been rather a fluctuating market. An examination, however, of the year's results only tends more than ever to show the remarkably strong position of the company, and to confirm the opinion I have for some time held regarding the right of Canadas to be considered as a high-class investment rather than as a speculative security liable to the ups and downs common to the great run of railway Ordinary stocks. For the purpose of comparison I set out below the principal figures for the year just ended, side by side with those for the previous twelve-month:—

	1905-6		1904-5
Gross earnings	$61,609,758	.....	$50,481,882
Net earnings	22,973,313	.....	15,475,088
Steamships and other income...	1 960,447	.....	1,584,664
Total Revenue	24 942,760	.....	17,059,752
Fixed Charges	8,350,545	.....	7,954,066
Balance	16,592,215	.....	9,105,686
Steamships Replacement, &c....	580,000	.....	230,000
Surplus	16,012,215	.....	8,875,686
Dividend, 4 p.c on Pref. and 6 p.c. on Ord.	7,744,133	.....	7,091,133
Balance over	8,268,082	.....	1,784,553

While gross earnings increased by $11,187,900, the advance in expenses was only a little over 3½ million dollars, the ratio to receipts declining from 69.34 per cent. to 62.74 per cent. The balance over, after paying the dividends of 4 per cent. on the Preference and 6 per cent. on the Ordinary, amounts to the huge total of $8,268,000. In other words, the Canadian Pacific earned about 14 per cent. on the ordinary capital ranking during the past year. It should be mentioned that the last issue of Common stock, amounting to $20,280,000, did not participate. Even had it ranked, however, the Company would still have been able to show earnings equal to 12 per cent., while, as this new capital has been brought into consideration, it is only fair to add that gross traffics in the current period have up to date expanded at so rapid a rate as to suggest that the recent capital, when it does begin to receive dividends, will not have the effect of reducing the surplus margin shown at the end of the past year. Turning to South American rails, there has been rather more animation in the Argentine group than for some weeks past. Argentine Great Westerns have been bought on a revival of the story about the Company being taken over by the Pacific, upon the basis of a 6 per cent. guarantee, and Rosarios have been helped by talk of a 7 per cent. dividend in October. Meanwhile, traffic returns on the leading Argentine railways continue excellent, and while, as I pointed out not long ago, there is little to go for in the way of dividend advances, the steady expansion in earnings must have the effect of strengthening various reserve funds, and thus adding to the attractions of the leading Ordinary stocks as investments. Mexican and Cuban rails are still meeting with deserved support, while the coming "splitting," has led to another burst of strength in Antofagasta and Bolivia stock. Railway development in Bolivia, by the way, is apparently having the earnest attention of the Government, for the latter has concluded an agreement with the National City Bank, and Speyer and Co., of New York and London, by which these banks have undertaken the construction and management of quite an important network of new lines. The capital required is about five and a half million sterling, which, if necessary, can be raised to seven and a half millions. The Government guarantees interest at 5 per cent. on three and three-quarter millions, and also a grant of two and a half millions, to be repaid after the lapse of twenty-five years. The construction must be commenced in 1906, and be completed within ten years. The orders for rails and other material have already been placed. By these railways the development of the mineral resources of Bolivia will be greatly facilitated by the creation of new ports on the Pacific and in the navigable water courses. In regard to the Arica-La Paz railway, a rumour has been about during the last day or two that the Chilian Government, after spending small sums in preliminary operations, has abandoned the project of building the line along the Lluta Valley, the proposed route being said to present almost insurmountable difficulties. To those who recollect the stir caused in the City by the decision to adopt the Lluta route this report is most interesting. It had previously been the confident expectation that the line to La Paz would run viâ Tacna, thus involving the Government purchase of the old Arica and Tacna railway. Matters even went so far that the shareholders in the latter concern were called together to consider a provisional offer to buy out the line, and the shares were run up to 9. The subsequent decision to go viâ Lluta staggered more than one well-informed authority here, the more especially as it was understood that portions of the proposed route had practically never been explored, much less finally surveyed. Is the Chilian Government, after all, going to redeem the hope of those who believed in the Tacna extension scheme? Personally, I should not be at all surprised. Here is my table:—

—	A Year Ago.	Make-up, Aug. 17.	Closing Price, Aug. 17.
Canadian Pacific	164⅜	173	172
Grand Trunks	23½	27⅞	28½
" 4 per cent. Guaranteed	102⅜	104	104½
" 1st Preference	112½	121	122⅜
" 2nd "	104½	111	112⅜
" 3rd "	55	68⅜	69⅝
Bengal and North-West	155½	147	146½
Madras Railway 5 per cent.	126½	123	123
Argentine Great Western Ordinary	125½	117⅜	121
Buenos Ayres and Pacific	134	126⅜	129
" " 1st Preference	115¼	116½	117
" " 2nd "	109½	110	110
" Great Southern	143¾	138	138
" Western	136½	131½	133
Entre Rios Railway Preference	99⅜	87½	88
Rosario Consolidated Ordinary	111½	115¼	117⅜
Cent. Uruguay Ordinary	86	83	85½
Costa Rica Railway	2⅛	27	28½
Mashonaland Railway Debentures, 2nd iss.	—	90	90½
Mexican Railway	25	24⅞	26
" 1st Preference	116	130	130⅜
" 2nd "	48½	54	56
Nitrate Rails	14⅜	15½	15½

Further Improvement in Kaffirs—A Fluctuating Market with an Upward Tendency—Confidence Increasing—Anticipations of Greater Public Activity.

A review of events in the Kaffir market during the past week again gives encouragement to the belief that the worst phase of depression that for so long has attacked this section has passed away. We may not yet have entered upon a period of boom; indeed, until the public becomes more generally alive to the change in conditions it is highly desirable that prices should not be rushed along too fast, to the benefit of a small knot of professionals. It does, however, look as though the long period of "dry rot," when nobody would look at the market, and shares—good, bad, and indifferent—were allowed to crumble away indiscriminately, had been done with, and if that be so, the market can well afford to await the gradual evolution to more active times. The daily market reports in the press lately read significantly of this alteration in sentiment. On one day the market is supported by the dealers, and on the next it gives way slightly, only to be followed by a recovery upon renewed support. That has been the way of things, with the upward tendency most in evidence, throughout the past week, and if the market can be

kept going at this rate of ebb and flow—with more flow than ebb—until after the holidays, an increase in public support is almost bound to occur. After all, the public never yet refused to follow a lead given in the stock markets, provided that lead were kept up until it had aroused sufficiently widespread attention. Already I hear that there are signs of more public business. If the volume of dealing is not so far large, there are more orders for small lots, which is encouraging, and the "shunters" who carry on business with the provincial exchanges are getting busy. So far chief interest is confined to the leading shares, like Rand Mines, Gold Fields, Gold Trusts, Modders, East Rands, and Randfonteins, but as the movement develops buying will probably become more generally distributed. Casons have continued a strong favourite, on the favourable reports from the property, and the strength here is partly responsible for the rise in East Rands and for the improvement in Apex Driefonteins and Comets. As I pointed out last week, there are solid reasons connected both with the South African political position and the development of the Rand mining industry itself why Kaffirs should enjoy a revival. A great deal has been said about the increase in production since the introduction of the Chinese, but it is not perhaps generally known that the actual number of labourers is lower now than it was more than a year ago. In the spring of 1905 there were 92,200 Kaffirs and 40,000 Chinese at work on the Rand. Since then, while the number of coolies has increased by 12,000, the Kaffir total has declined by 19,000. Yet notwithstanding this aggregate reduction in the number of labourers, there has been an addition of 1,255 stamps. At the end of April, 1905, the number of stamps in operation was 6,345; it is now 7,600. Further, in the two years since the first batch of coolies reached the Rand working costs have been reduced from an average of a little over 24s. per ton to something like 22s., and while it is true that the grade of ore treated has also declined, the net profit per ton is still higher than it was in the early part of 1904. In considering the outlook for the market, it is noteworthy that the Continent has recently shown more willingness to give support, a circumstance which shows that the details of the Transvaal Constitution have been received with pretty widespread satisfaction, even though perhaps of a negative character. Still, if Kaffirs are to be kept going, the real impetus must be given from this side, for London is as much the controlling force in the South African market as Wall Street is the dominating influence upon Yankees.

Rhodesians Still Active—Tanganyikas—Record Output—Bankets Good.

Considerable interest continues to be centred in the Rhodesian market, more particularly in the case of the northern descriptions, Tanganyikas and Zambesias. The rumours connected with the former's railway project and the alleged proposals of the Amalgamated Copper Company, which I characterised as somewhat fantastic, continue as vague as ever, though it has been whispered—as if to lend colour to the rumour—that the latter would receive £9,000 per mile of railway constructed, payable in Tanganyika scrip. In times of buoyancy the imagination of operators, of course, is permitted to produce its schemes unrestrainedly. This must be borne in mind, and, after all, there may be, as I have hinted, some ulterior motive for the present movement, perhaps; indeed, it looks highly probable, even an issue of more capital. However, Tanganyikas remain fairly high, but to my mind Zambesias are more moderately priced after the acute weakness of the past month. The market generally shows a higher range of values, Chartered being favourably influenced by the gold production figures for July, which constitute another record. At 48,485 oz. the total is 821 oz. in excess of that of June, and even though the average daily production, allowing for the extra day, was rather lower, the result altogether is quite satisfactory, and the achievement of a monthly average of 50,000 oz. by the end of this year seems very probable. Here is a table showing the returns since 1902:—

——	1902.	1903.	1904.	1905.	1906.
	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.
January	15,955	16,245	19,359	32,531	42,950
February	13,204	17,090	18,073	30,131	38,037
March	16,391	19,626	17,756	34,927	44 574
April	17,559	20,727	17,862	33,268	42,423
May	19,698	22,137	19,424	31,332	46 729
June	15.842	22,166	20,402	35,256	47,064
July	15.226	23,571	24,339	34,693	48,485
August	15,747	19,187	24,669	35,765	—
September	15,164	18,741	26,029	35,785	—
October	16,849	17,918	24,919	33,383	—
November	15,923	15,714	26,183	32,861	—
December	16,210	18,750	28,100	37,116	—
Total	194,268	231,872	267,715	407,648	310,862

I still adhere to the opinion frequently expressed on the subject of the attractiveness of Bankets as a gamble. These and the other shares of the group remain comparatively strong, and on the receipt of more news from the property, which seems about due, more activity ought to be stimulated in the shares, especially if it is of a favourable nature. My usual table follows:—

—	Capitals.		Denom. of Shares.	Amount Paid.	Highest 1905.	Closing Price, Aug 11, 1906.	Closing Price, Aug 17, 1906.
	Authorised.	Shares Issued.					
	£		£				
Bechuanaland Ex.	400,000	400,000	1	f.p.	1 11/32	31/32	31/32
British S. Africa	6,000,000	4,999,038	1	f.p.	1 5/16	1 3/32	1 3/32
Chicago Gaika	250,000	201,000	1	f.p.	2 3/4	1/32	1/32
Globe & Phœnix	200,000	250,000	1	f.p.	1 3/8	1 5/16	1 1/4
Lomagunda Dev	250,000	228,000	1	f.p.	2 11/16	1 15/16	1 13/16
Mashon. Agency	400,000	398,976	1	f.p.	1 3/8	3/8	7/16
N rth'rn Copper(B.S.A.)	250,000	160,500	1	f.p.	3 1/2	1 7/8	1 7/8
Rhodesia, Ltd.(New)	600,000	500,000	1	f.p.	1	3/8	7/16
Rhodesia Expl.	225,000	227,777	1	f.p.	4 3/4	2 5/16	2 5/16
Rhodesia Glds.	1,000,000	500,677	1	f.p.	1/16	3/-	3/-
Rice Hamilton	175,000	50,000	1	f.p.	2 3/4	1 3/4	1 3/4
Selukwe	350,000	321,000	1	f.p.	1 1/4	5/6	5/6
Tanganyika Conc.	264 600	234,000	1	f.p.	6 3/4	5 7/8	5 7/8
United Rhodesia	750,000	660,900	1	f.p.	11/3	3/6	3/9
Willoughby Con.	1,000,000	930,000	1	f.p.	1/16	12 -	12/3
Zambesia Explor.	300,000	288,645	1	f.p.	2 3/16	1 3/8	1 3/8

West Africans—Last Year's Achievement—Broken Hills—Indians Depressed—Dolcoaths.

There is scarcely a change of the slightest significance in the general condition of the West African market. Business has not yet commenced to expand, contrary to the expectation of the optimists, while features are conspicuous only by their absence, and in these circumstances it is interesting to briefly refer to the Government report on the industry for 1905. The production of gold advanced to 171,149 oz. from 104,460 oz. in 1904, the bulk of the increase going to the credit of the Gold Coast Colony, and chiefly to the Abosso mine, which started to crush in March. The average extraction on the Tarkwa Banket reef was 15.1 dwt. per ton, which "compares favourably with that obtained upon the Johannesburg Banket reef" it is pointed out, though the comparison is quite valueless. Although no figures are available, working costs have been greatly reduced and will be still further reduced, but on the other hand there is no surplus of labour, which is a rather serious consideration. The general impression conveyed by the document is in certain respects favourable, but there can be no doubting that the Jungle industry has still a great deal of progress to make. Rather more interest is being centred in the Broken Hill group, which has been neglected for some time past, and with the metals still at a relatively high level and the margin of profit to the mines good enough, the shares appear attractive at the existing quotations. As regards Indians, they still continue more or less depressed, with Champion Reefs especially weak, and I have no reason for modifying my opinion of these shares. Because of the boom in tin the Dolcoath report is of exceptional interest. There was, it appears, a slight reduction in operating costs, and the actual profits at £40,165 constitute a record. The half-year's dividend of 1s. 6d. per share absorbs £24,296, and there remains £13,383 to go forward. It is the idea of the Board to build up a reserve for the equalisation of dividends, presumably on the basis of 3s. per share or 15 per cent. per annum, a matter by no

means difficult if the average price obtained remains as high as that for the past half-year. I append my customary table:—

—	Denomination of Shares.	Closing Price, Aug. 11.	Closing Price, August 17.
	£		
Ashanti Goldfields	4/-	10/6	10/-
Akrokerri	1	1 1/8	1 1/8
Bibiani Goldfields	1	13/16	13/16
British Gold Coast	1	5/8	5/8
Gold Coast Amalgamated Mines	1	1 1/16	1 1/16
Taquah and Abosso	1	1 3/16	1 3/16
Wassau (Gold Coast)	1	3/4	3/4
Egypt and Sudan Mining	1	1	1
Egyptian Mines and Exploration	1	4/-	4/-
Nile Valley	1	5/-	5/6
Sudan Goldfields	1	1/8 dis.	1/8 dis.
United African Exploration	1	1 3/8	1 1/4
Anaconda Copper	$25	13 1/4	13 3/8
Balaghat Gold	1	25/-	24/-
Broken Hill Proprietary	8/-	3 1/4	3 3/16
Cape Copper	2	5 1/16	6
Champion Reef	2/6	15/6	15/6
Le Roi	5	1 1/8	1 1/8
Mysore Gold	10/-	5 1/16	5 1/16
Nundydroog	10/-	27/-	26/6
Ooregum	10/-	14/-	16/-xd
Rio Tinto	5	66 1/4	63 3/4
Tharsis Sulphur and Copper	2	6 3/4	6 1/2
Waihi Gold	1	9 1/16	9

Westralians Interesting—Horseshoes — Fingalls—Other Promising Shares.

Although business generally speaking is poór, the Westralian market on the whole continues to preserve a fairly good appearance. There are few features of any particular importance, but nevertheless I am still inclined to the opinion that the leading Kangaroos are deserving of more attention at the hands of the general public. The industry is prospering, the leading mines pay good dividends regularly, while a point in their favour is the immunity of the market from any serious labour question, like that which is troubling South Africans. Values, too, are relatively moderate. Horseshoes are not perhaps the most attractive share in the market, but they appear to be fairly interesting at the moment. At about 6 they are undoubtedly low, especially as this price contains a dividend of 5s. per share shortly payable. The actual quotation is, therefore, more like 5¾, and the yield at this figure, even on the basis of a total payment of 15s. as against 18s., would be almost 14 per cent. It is safe to assume, too, that the dividend, when deducted, will soon be recovered. I am still of the opinion that Fingalls are interesting speculatively at the low price prevailing. They are, it may be emphasised, speculative, but any improvement in the development of the property ought to occasion a recovery from the existing low figure, and the quiet improvement which is now occurring in the shares is, in my opinion, significant. Amongst others that seem worthy of consideration are Ivanhoes, which appear cheap, and Sons of Gwalia, which, even on the basis of the reduced quarterly dividend and without allowance for bonus possibilities at the end of the year, seem an attractive holding. As regards Deep Leads the shares show little movement in spite of the impending developments. Here is my table of movements:—

—	1906 High.	1905. High.	1905. Lowest.	Make-up, Aug. 10, 1906.	Closing Price, Aug. 11, 1906.	Closing Price, Aug. 17, 1906.
Associated G.M.	7 1/8	3 3/8	1 21/32	1 13/16	1 13/16	1 3/4
Assoc. Nth. Blocks	3 1/8	1 7/16	1 1/32	1 1/8	1 1/8	1 1/8
Brownhill Ext.	3 1/4	13/16	1/2	8/6	8/6	8/6
Cosmopolitan	30/3	1/	1/	4/9	4/6	4/6
Golden Horseshoe	15	8 3/8	6 7/8	6 1/2	6 1/2	6
Golden Link	2 1/4	4/6	0/3	3/10 1/2	3 9	3/3
Great Boulder Prop.	37/6	55/6	20/-	25/3	25/3	25/3
Do. Main Reef	2 1/4	3/3	1/-	3/-	3/-	3/-
Do. Perseverance	13 1/4	16/6	9/6	9/7 1/2	9/9	10/-
Gt. Fingall Cons.	6 1/16	8 1/2	6 1/2	3 3/4	3 9	3 3/4
Hainault	1 1/2	1 1/4	5/8	1 1/8	1 1/8	1 1/8
Ida H. Gold	—	14/3	3/-	4/-	4/6	4/6
Ivanhoe (£5)	15 1/2	8 1/8	7 3/16	7 7/16	7 1/2	7 1/2
Ivanhoe South Extnd.	4 1/8	2 3/8	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
Kalgurli	9 1/8	9 1/2	6 5/8	9 1/8	9 1/2	10
Lake View Consols	5 1/8	1 1/2	31/32	1	1 1/32	1 1/32
L. & W. A. Exploration	1 1/16	15/6	7/-	9/6	9/6	9/6
North Kalgurli	1 1/16	6/-	0/6	1/-	1/-	1/-
Oroya Brownhill	—	3 3/32	2 1/8	2 13/16	2 13/16	2 3/4
Peak Hill	5 1/8	8/9	0/3	1/-	1/-	1/-
Sons of Gwalia	6 3/16	2 1/4	1 17/32	1 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2
South Kalgurli	6 1/2	2	25/32	1 3/4	1 5/8	1 5/8
Westralia Mt. Morgans	—	7/8	1/8	3/-	3/-	3/-

Insurance Notes—Foreign and Colonial Companies.

The Committee of the House of Lords, which has reported that there is nothing much to be done in regard to foreign and Colonial life offices in the United Kingdom, has given an opinion which affects about fourteen Companies. The sensible thing to do is to take these Companies on their merits, and do business with them only when they offer greater attractions than English and Scottish Companies. With the three great American offices I have already dealt. At the moment they issue some attractive non-profit policies, but after this year such policies will be prohibited by the laws of the State of New York, and then the Companies will have nothing to offer to policy-holders in this country which will compare favourably with the policies of the British offices. They are further handicapped by rebate of income-tax not being allowed on the premiums paid, as it is in the case of English, Scottish, and Colonial offices. Except so far as the agents of these companies can persuade people in this country to buy less good policies than our native offices issue, the companies from the United States will henceforth play no part in English life assurance. The Mutual Reserve—the only other Company from the States—left in a hurry the other day, and its policy-holders may or may not have their claims paid. So far as new business from this country is concerned, it has ceased to exist.

The only other foreign life office over here is the Phénix of Paris. This appears to be an excellent Company, but it makes no attempt to secure proposals from English people, and I rather think it only collects the premiums and pays the claims of those policy-holders who are resident in the United Kingdom and who effected their assurances in France.

There are nine colonial life offices working in the United Kingdom, the merits of which may be briefly considered. The most important is the Australian Mutual Provident, which has for many years made returns to the British Board of Trade, and collected premiums through Messrs. H. S. King and Co., without seeking new policy-holders here. The opening of an active branch is imminent, and as the Australian Mutual Provident is beyond question the best of the colonial offices, and adds to the advantages of strict economy of management the receipt of a very high rate of interest it is probable that many of the English offices will find it difficult to equal the policies of the A.M.P.

The Canada Life issues without profit policies at low rates of premium and gives good surrender values; but so far as I can judge of its bonus results from the information available in this country, it has not a single participating policy to offer which is so good as can be obtained elsewhere, and its terms for annuities are not specially good. It is thoroughly sound, and is under very good management in this country.

The Citizens' of Sydney was more ambitious than wise in coming to England. There was an apparently unfounded rumour that it meant to retire. It would have been good for the Citizens' had the rumour been true. It is a precocious juvenile, but hopelessly outclassed over here.

The Colonial Mutual of Melbourne is conspicuous for a ruinously high rate of expenditure, which it is now trying to reduce. The Company has been in England for many years, but frankly it has nothing attractive to offer to policy-holders.

The next in order is a Fraternal Society from Toronto—the Independent Order of Foresters. Mixed up with the insurance business there is a lot of court ritual somewhat in imitation of Freemasonry. In this country the social side of the business seems rather absurd, but I have seen it in Canada and the United States, where it is very real indeed, and keeps up a remarkable enthusiasm in the work of the Society. I fancy that the extension to other countries than Canada and the United States is a mistake, and it seems that the affairs of the Order are conducted with so many forms and technicalities, and that such arbitrary powers are possessed by the governing body, that no one can be certain that his claim will be duly

paid at maturity. It just misses being very good indeed for providing insurance protection in the event of death at a moderate premium, but from all accounts its business management is about as bad as can be met with among insurance institutions. It is much appreciated in America, and we could spare it from this country without any keen sense of loss.

The Manufacturers' Life Insurance Company also comes from Toronto, and is new to this country. Not yet twenty years old, this office is far from being fit to compete with English or Scottish Companies, which are the best in the world. Why will not these good people in the Colonies temper their ambition with a little discretion?

The Mutual Life of Autralasia is in quite a different category. Its financial position is strong, and its methods of working and control are modelled on those of the best British Companies. Its policies compare favourably with those of many English offices, and its annuity rates are very good. For annuities it is not only perfectly safe, but it has been officially recognised as being so by the English Courts of Justice.

Something similar may be said of the National Mutual of Australasia. The strong point of this Company is the high rate of interest, the weak feature the heavy expenditure, even making allowance for the cost of a large new business. Where interest tells most the office is good, as for annuities; but where expenses come in, as with the majority of its policies, it is not attractive. For children's endowments its policies are the best in existence, and some of its single premium policies are excellent. In both these cases the rate of interest is the important feature.

The remaining Company is the Sun Life of Canada. This office works entirely on the lines of the big New York Companies. The expenses are extremely high, the financial position is relatively weak, and the bulk of the business is on the discredited Tontine Bonus system. Even though its terms for annuities are very good, I should personally prefer to receive a little less from another Company. The Sun of Canada is a favourite office with insurance "brokers" of a certain class. It pays them very high rates of commission! On annuities it gives 2½ per cent. of the purchase price, while very few other Companies pay more than 1 per cent.

Thus all this talk about protecting British policy-holders in foreign companies comes to this:—That, judged on their merits, the only offices of this kind which a policy-holder can gain any benefit from going to are the Australian Mutual Provident (when it comes), the Mutual of Australasia, the National Mutual of Australasia, and to some extent the Canada Life. With or without any fresh regulations these companies are entirely sound, and their policies may be considered on their merits. The other offices are better left alone, not because they are likely to do anything wrong, but because the wares they have to sell are not attractive to a shrewd buyer.

"Truth" Letter Box.

Correspondents will oblige by observing the following rules:—

Name and address, which must accompany all inquiries, should be written on the communication; cards are apt to be lost or misplaced, causing unnecessary trouble.

Anonymous letters will not in any case be attended to.

I cannot reply to inquiries by letter or telegram.

A nom-de-plume or initials (the former preferably) should be given if it is desired that the real name shall not appear in the paper.

Inquiries should be put as briefly as possible, plainly written, and numbered.

Communications received after Friday may not be replied to in the following issue. Delay may also occur where an exceptionally long list of securities is submitted.

I do not recommend brokers.

Government.

Jap.—The Exchequer Bonds are sound enough, but as you desire a permanent investment I think the Four and a Half (Second Series) would be most suitable. Tokio bonds strike me as an attractive 5 per cent. investment. *H. R., Ryde.*—Johannesburg Fours should be held. The stock is amply secured, and has good prospects of going higher now that things in the South African market are looking up. *Cautious.*—You could obtain a yield of 3½ per cent. with virtual safety by trying Natal Threes, Cape Threes, and New South Wales Threes. *F. D., Hampstead.* The Yokohama bonds are cheap enough, but you must not forget that the market for them is a very narrow one. *Green 'Un.*—Buy Cuban Fives, Mexican Fives, and San Paulo Fives. *Rubbish.*—In view of the past record of both Republics, and the fact that interest is still in default, I cannot advise you to touch either the Honduras or Costa Rica bonds. The Argentine issues are worth keeping.

Railways.

W. D. F.—The Rhodesia Railway Debentures are worth keeping as an investment. In view of the brighter outlook for the South African market I am inclined to look for a sympathetic rise in these railway securities. *Luchon.*—1. I am afraid I can hold out little hope of any rise in Lima Rails to your figure, at any rate, in the immediate future. 2. The address you require is, N. Keizer and Co., 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C. *Balooch, Quetta.*—I quite follow your requirements, but it is extremely difficult to advise you, as I do not pretend to see four years ahead. Under the circumstances, your own suggestion of Trunk Thirds strikes me as a good one, in view of the steady development going on in the Dominion. Surely a quick rise is not an objection, for if such occur what is to prevent you if you desire taking your profit and re-investing the proceeds elsewhere?

Mixed Securities.

Wanderer.—1, 2, and 3 are all good investments, and you need have no hesitation in holding all. Standard Banks are all right, provided you do not mind the heavy uncalled liability. Welsbach Preference is attractive at present price. You might also buy Hull Barnsley Ordinary and United States Steel Five per Cent. Mortgage bonds. *Garter.*—1. Yes. 2. The stock has fair possibilities. 3. You might buy both as speculations. 4. Unless you can obtain an offer from the Company I do not see how you can dispose of the shares. *Gozo.*—All sound investments, and if the sum be large it would be a good plan to spread it over the six. *Karamana.*—London and North-Western Ordinary and Buenos Ayres and Rosario are sound investments, and should be held. Keep British Electric Tractions for a recovery. There is not much attraction about British Westinghouse Preference, but it is hardly worth while selling at the present knock-out price. The mining shares are worth holding. *Capella.*—I have not a high opinion of either security, and would recommend you to have nothing to do with the outside firms. You could obtain about 5 per cent. with excellent security upon United States Steel Second Mortgage bonds, Japanese Five per Cent. bonds, and State of San Paulo (Brazil) Fives. *Spes.*—1. As an investor I see no reason to advise you to delay purchasing Canadas. 2. A very speculative holding. 3. Buenos Ayres and Belgrand Trams should be held. 4. Yes. *Pam.*—1. The chances are in favour of a rise of several points before the meeting. Regarding the Board's policy over the dividend, I see nothing unfair, though the junior stockholders are naturally disappointed. 2. East Rand, Rand Mines, and Knights are dividend-payers. Johnnies, H. E. Preferences, and Modders. 3. Yes. *Medicus.*—1. Hold for a recovery. 2-7. I do not care for No. 5, but you might keep the others.

Mines.

Eristemp.—I would not average the Kaffirs. Fingalls are interesting speculatively, and Sons of Gwalia might be held for dividends. Ivanhoes South and Central and West Boulder make a promising gamble of the cheap sort. The other two are not very attractive. *J. M., Llangollen.*—Chicago Gaikas may go higher if Rhodesians continue lively, but they are not very attractive. Would not recommend the other. *Alma.*—I consider that Rand Mines and Goldfields ought both to be kept. *Garvouge.*—Ivanhoe South is the only decent one. It is a gamble, with lock-up possibilities. *F. K., Bradford.*—They are rubbishy, and ought to be left alone. *S. J. N., Jersey.*—Forbes Rhodesia, new Company, registered with capital of £60,000 in 10s. shares, two, credited with 7s. paid up each, being offered for each old share. The liability is therefore 3s. per share, and 6s. per old shares. *Juggins.*—You were recommended to sharpers evidently. A member of the Stock Exchange would have to carry out your instructions. Graskops has been wound up, but the other still exists. *R. L., Uxbridge.*—Your Kaffirs are of the better class, and you might hold. Esperanza are worth considering as a speculative holding, especially at the low price prevailing. *Syd.*—The strength of Rio Tinto is generally ascribed to expectations in regard to the metal. The dividend, due in October, is expected to be £2 10s. The shares are rather high. *Clyde.*—None of the shares mentioned are anything but gambles, and therefore no use to you for "investment." Tanganyikas would be attractive upon any substantial reaction. Canadas ought to be held. *Doh, Rae.*—Bankets seem to be a promising gamble, and with any activity in the Rhodesian market Willoughbys may go higher. El Oro ought to be held in view of the more satisfactory developments. *Excelsior.*—1. I do not consider the West Africans particularly hopeful purchases. 2. The life is estimated at about six years. Last year's dividend was 10 per cent., as against 8 per cent. *T. D., Carmarthen.*—Mere rubbish, and ought to be realised first opportunity. There has been an interruption in the crushings, which accounts for the lower price prevailing.

Miscellaneous.

Lunning.—Thanks for the literature. *H. C. B.*—I shall probably deal with the matter soon. *H. M. S. Grafton.*—

Think you could do much better than with the concern named. *Aubrey.*—All bucket-shop circulars are purposely designed to trap the credulous and unwary. *Madras.*—I believe they deal fairly by you. *Watchmaker, Swindon.*—I have a poor opinion of the concern, and if you cannot obtain a surrender value it might perhaps be best to cut your loss at once rather than be uneasy in the future. *Suez.*—With trade conditions generally the Company may experience a recovery, but if you are not prepared to hope better cut your loss and put the proceeds into something better. *Investor, Christchurch.*—Whether they will touch par is doubtful, but they ought to benefit ultimately from improved conditions prevailing. *Ruxton, Aberdeen.*—Regret that query apparently mislaid. Kindly repeat. *Miner.*—In no circumstances ought you to entrust your money with the concern named. Such high interest is incompatible with security. *Deighton.*—The concern is one against which a good deal of adverse criticism has been directed. Have a poor opinion of it. *Parvis.*—Much obliged for the information. Have invariably warned readers against the concern. *Caramour.*—Many thanks. *Upex.*—You would be well advised to leave the gentleman alone. The other is a bucket-shop, and ought to be avoided. *S. M.*—Many thanks. *Festina I.*—You might hold for an improvement. Baku Oils are unattractive. *Subscriber, Birmingham.*—A speculation, and rather attractive. Cargo Fleet are promising. *Bush Bach.*—You could do better. *Medico.*—As you have a substantial profit on the iron and steel shares it would be best to take it and leave something for the next mine. I should prefer Slater's to Lipton's. It is expected that the British Electric Traction dividend in respect of the current year will show a recovery. *Inexperience.*—Do not, in any circumstances, have dealings with the bucket-shop.

Industrials Good—Pekins Favoured—Brewery Stocks—Cements—Iron Trade Prosperity—Stores Shares—Strong Calico.

The process may be rather slow, but none the less the gradual broadening out of business in the industrial market, and the significance it implies in relation to the changing sentiment on the part of the general public, is gratifying. The general appreciation in values, too, is encouraging, and, unless all the indications are deceptive, it would seem that we shall witness a further material improvement in conditions generally. Comparatively, values are still moderate, having regard to the bright trade outlook, and, therefore, I still consider that industrial securities collectively are deserving of attention. In point of interest, the most conspicuous feature is the activity of the Chinese group, Pekin Syndicates and Shansis particularly, with which I had occasion to deal a week ago. Providing that nothing untoward occurs, a future revival of interest in these shares is anticipated, the fact that the Pekin will shortly commence operations in the coal mines being the stimulating factor. Apart from this consideration it may be mentioned that the Company receives £700,000 of 5 per cent. gold bonds in respect of the sale of the Taokow-Chinghwa Railway to the Chinese Government, which line will be worked by the Pekin for a percentage of profits. Then, again, the Company is to operate iron works in partnership with the Chinese Government, and altogether it seems to possess great possibilities, and, on the strength of these, the shares appear an attractive lock-up, especially upon any temporary reaction. It cannot be denied that the brewery trade has emerged from the past year rather badly, but, evidently on the strength of the better outlook implied by the trade prosperity, a better sentiment is prevailing in regard to the stocks. This is not accompanied by any material recovery in values, and I think it opportune to give the following table showing the yields obtainable on the basis of the last dividend:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Ashleys, Staines	9	£7 0 0
Barclay, Perkins Cum. Pref.	7¼	5 7 0
Bristol Brewery	25	5 16 0
Dartford Cum. Pref.	4½	6 3 0
Lascelles, Tickner Cum. Pref.	4¾	6 0 0
Nalder and Collyer	30	7 5 0
Parker, Burslem	11	7 2 6
Strettons, Derby, Cum. Pref.	11¾	5 9 6

Interest is again being taken in Associated Cement issues on the strength of the record exports, and also rumours to the effect that there will be a working agreement or combine for the maintenance of prices. This rumour may have no foundation in fact, but it nevertheless serves its object in creating some activity in the shares, which, as I have before remarked, are highly speculative. The Cumulative Preference are mainly attractive because of the high yield of about 7 per cent. they give, but I think they will be obtainable cheaper by waiting a little. As regards the Ordinary, they are scarcely better than a gamble, and I do not consider them very interesting. Considerable attention is now being paid to Iron and Steel shares on the strength of the excellent achievements already recorded and the bright outlook for the industry. Although the Bolckow Vaughan dividend is only 1 per cent. higher at 6 per cent., the liberal appropriations attest a remarkable growth in profits. Walter Scott, Ltd., have also participated in the prosperity, and are enabled to resume Ordinary dividends on the 5 per cent. basis, while the Steel Company of Scotland will pay 7½ per cent. as against 5 per cent. on the Ordinary capital, and make a substantially larger allocation to reserve. These results afford striking evidence of the change that has occurred, and with prices still relatively moderate, Iron and Steel shares appear attractive. Amongst others, I would include Armstrongs and Vickers, South Durham and Cargo Fleet. Telegraphs, if they are not so active, hold their ground well, and, in fact, values are inclined to appreciate. I have frequently emphasised the merits of these stocks, and am still disposed to regard them as attractive. Dock stocks, too, are still held in favour by speculators, but I do not consider that they are interesting at the relatively high figures prevailing, especially India Deferred. Here is a table indicating the yields upon stores and kindred shares:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Aux Classes Laborieuses Preference	5¼	£6 10 0
John Barker	2⅞	5 14 0
D. H. Evans	3⅛	6 0 0
Harrods	4¼	5 5 0
Jay's	1 7/16	5 14 0
Jones and Higgins	2¾	4 12 6
Paquin	2⅛	7 2 6

It is interesting to refer to the achievement of the Calico Printers' Association. A good dividend had, of course, been expected, and the profits at £358,223 compare with £195,680, but instead of distributing them up to the hilt, it has been wisely decided to strengthen the general reserve fund by the allocation of £100,000, in addition to the usual £50,000 to capital reserve, and the dividend is at the rate of 4 per cent. as against 2½ per cent., while there is an ample surplus to go forward. It is not surprising that nitrates should be suffering from the alarming news from Chili. The marking down of prices, however, is only a measure of precaution, the realisations being infinitesimal; and as it is said that the nitrate field has not been "shaken," I should think it wise for holders of such shares not to become nervous.

VIGILANT.

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QUEER STORY.

MR. KING'S CORONATION.

(From the German.)

HIS Majesty, King Heinrich of Spielberg-Schloppe, one of the smaller semi-independent kingdoms of Central Europe, strolled out of the gates that gave entrance to the courtyard of his palace, with a squashy felt hat upon his head and a big cigar between his teeth. The King, still a youngish man—who had only lately succeeded, by the Grace of God and of Kaiser Wilhelm—had spent a tedious, worrying day in the company of his Lord High Seneschal, making arrangements for his forthcoming Coronation. He felt, therefore, that it would be a welcome relief and refreshment to saunter out alone into the adjoining park, and to lose awhile the cares of the King in the negligent freedom of the private citizen.

His Majesty had proceeded but a few paces beyond the courtyard gates when he was accosted by a small boy, apparently about eight years old, who carried his hands deep in the pockets of his knickerbockers and his sailor hat far on the back of his curly head. He was looking at the King timidly, withal eagerly.

"I beg your pardon. I want to ask you something," he said, with childish courtesy.

"Well, my little man, what is it?" inquired his Majesty, kindly.

"I saw you coming out of the gates of the palace, and I thought that p'raps you knew the King. Do you?" he cried, with evident eagerness.

"Yes, I do. Why do you ask?" smiled his Majesty.

"'Cos I want to see the King ever so much. Only the sentry at the gate wouldn't let me in. And I thought that p'raps you wouldn't mind taking him a message from me."

"I dare say I could," replied King Heinrich. "What is the message that you wish to send?"

"I want to ask the King if he'll give me and mother places in the church, so as we can see him crowned," said the little boy. "Would you—would you *really*—ask him for me?"

"Oh, yes! I dare say I could," answered King Heinrich, both amused and touched by the eager loyalty of his little subject.

"And do you think that he'll—say—yes?" exclaimed the child, with anxious excitement.

"I think so. The King pays a good deal of attention to me."

"Does he? Oh, that is splendid. I 'specks you're the Chancellor, aren't you? Father says that the Chancellor runs the King."

His Majesty's eyes twinkled, but he answered, gravely:—

"No, my little man; I'm not the Chancellor. At present I am merely a private individual, like yourself."

"Oh," said the little boy, with a puzzled look. "But, please, is what father says true? Does the Chancellor run the King?"

"No; that's not the case," replied his Majesty, smiling. "The King has a very decided will of his own, and he exercises it, I can assure you."

"I'm glad of that," said the child, with a sigh of relief. "I think ever so much of the King; so does mother. But I couldn't think anything of him if he was run by some one else. Could you?"

"I should entertain an even poorer opinion of him than I do now," answered the Monarch, with befitting modesty.

"What!" cried the little boy, his eyes opening wide in pained astonishment. "Don't *you* think much of the King, then? But p'rhaps you are a Socialist, like father? Father says—though mother and me's sure he's all wrong—that the King is a useless idler, who does no work, but has a good time out of the taxes."

King Heinrich laughed.

"You may tell your father, from me," he said, —"and I know his Majesty well—that the King has to work as hard as any of his subjects, and harder than most of them. While, as for having a good time out of the taxes—well, the necessary expenses of his Court are so large that he has, after all, a very moderate sum left over to spend upon himself."

"That's what mother says."

"Then your mother is a very sensible woman."

"Sensible? Oh, yes," cried the little fellow, with enthusiastic conviction. "I don't think there's anybody in the world *quite* so wise as mother."

"That's good," smiled the King, patting his curly head. "Stick to that, my little man; you can't do better. But about those places for the Coronation." (His Majesty produced his pocket-book and pencil.) "If you will give me your name and address, I will forward you the tickets to-morrow."

"My name is Eric Ericson," said the little boy, "and I live at Platz Imperial."

"Very well. The tickets shall be sent to you there—one for yourself and one for your mother. Or perhaps your father might like to come, too," added his Majesty, slily, "even though he does entertain such a poor opinion of kings?"

"I—I think father would come, if the King sent him a ticket," answered the child. "Father thinks very little of Barons. But when Baron von Krautfeld asks him to dinner, he always goes. I should like him to come, too. I should like him to see the glory of God descend upon the King's head. It might make him think differently of the King after that—mightn't it?"

"Eh? The glory of God?" exclaimed King Heinrich.

"Yes. Father says, you know, that the Coronation is only a silly and 'spensive sham. But mother says—and mother's always right—that it's no such thing, but that the King really goes to church on purpose to receive God's blessing. And when the Cardinal anoints the King, she says, the glory of God descends upon the King's head and follows him, afterwards, all the days of his life."

The little boy spoke with earnest and reverent solemnity. His Majesty was silent. He felt embarrassed. To tell the truth, this was an aspect of the Coronation that had hardly occurred to him. The child went on:

"Oh! I am so longing to see the glory of God come down upon the King's head. Please—oh! please—do you think the King will be like Moses?"

"Like Moses? Eh? What? I don't understand."

"I mean, will his face be so bright with God's glory as no one won't be able to look at him; and will he have to wear a veil so as people's eyes shan't be blinded?"

"I fancy not," said the King, with unwonted gravity. "In fact, I doubt whether you will *see* the glory of God at all, my little man."

"Why not?" cried the little boy, eagerly. "The children of Israel saw it when it came down on Moses."

"Yes," said the King, in some embarrassment. "But—well, the times have changed since then, you see."

"But God hasn't changed."

"No—I suppose, ahem, I mean, of course, God hasn't changed."

"I shall ask God to let me see his glory descend upon the King's head. Then it's sure to be all right—isn't it?"

"Yes, yes! Do that!" replied His Majesty, quickly. "The King would like you to do that."

"Would he? I'm so glad. But how do you know? You haven't asked the King."

"Little boy," said His Majesty, "I am the King."

The blue eyes opened their widest in wonder—in disappointment.

"*You!* But you don't look a bit like a King!"

"Don't I!" smiled King Heinrich. "In what way?"

"Why you've got on an or'nary felt hat, and a grey suit, just like father's, and—and you're smoking a cigar. But I see how it is," he cried with sudden glee, a light dawning upon him. "It's because you haven't been crowned yet, and the Glory of God hasn't come down upon you. Mr. King, please, after that, you'll be quite different, won't you?"

"Yes," answered His Majesty, thoughtfully, "I hope that, after that, I shall be quite different."

"Of course you will," exclaimed the little boy. "For the Glory of God will follow you all the days of your life. Mother says so. I 'specks it will hover round your head like the circles in my Sunday picture book. Please, don't *you*, Mr. King?"

"I hope so," said the King. "Good-bye, my little man. I won't forget about those tickets. And don't you forget about that prayer."

Then His Majesty proceeded on his way. And the little boy, wild with delight and happiness, ran off to his home in the Platz Imperial, which was only a few hundred yards distant.

There he found his mother, and, with her, his father, who had just returned from business. He told them eagerly of his wonderful experience. At first, even his mother could hardly believe him. His father made no secret of his incredulity, treating the whole story as an extravagant jest.

"Someone has been having a joke with you, sonnie. That's about the truth of it," he laughed.

"No, father. Really no!" protested little Eric, earnestly, the tears coming into his blue eyes. "It *was* the King. He told me himself, he was."

"Oh! yes. The gentleman told you he was. I don't doubt that. I might pass myself off as His Majesty, if that's all."

"But it *was* the King——I know it was the King.

It was, mother, wasn't it? Say it was," cried the little fellow, turning to her appealingly.

"Perhaps, the child is right," she said to her husband. "Perhaps it *was* the King who talked to him, after all!"

"I'll believe it," laughed Eric's father in his derisive way, "when I see those tickets that are coming here to-morrow. Perhaps His Majesty will send the Lord High Seneschal round with them, or will it be the Chancellor? What do *you* think, sonnie?"

"I don't know how he'll send them," answered the little fellow, with quick confidence. "But I know Mr. King *will* send them. He promised."

Next afternoon the tickets duly arrived. They were left at the house, not, indeed, by the Lord High Seneschal, nor the Chancellor, but by a servant wearing the royal livery, and they were enclosed in a large envelope, inscribed with the Royal Arms. Of their genuineness there could be no doubt. Even Papa Ericson did not try to dispute it. He knew what the Coronation tickets were like; for some of his friends, who had obtained them, had shown them to him. And he himself had been moving Heaven and Earth—all in vain—to secure one. But now the coveted treasure had arrived through eight-year-old Eric. He was delighted to have it. But the way in which it had come (when his own persistent solicitations had failed so ignominiously) rather annoyed—not to say, galled, him.

So he affected to pooh-pooh the ticket. He glanced at it, with a show of peevish irritation. He tossed it, contemptuously, on one side.

"Oh, father," cried the little boy, in great distress at his parent's conduct. "You *will* go, now the King has sent you a ticket, won't you?"

"Oh, don't worry me! Don't know, I'm sure. Great nuisance, I call it. Why the thunder and lightning couldn't the King have left me out of it? I don't want to seem uncivil to his Majesty. But I do so loathe these stupid functions. There, Eric; run away. I've other and more important matters to attend to."

So Eric ran away, quite contented. He knew now that his father would go. This was the way in which he always expressed himself when Baron von Krautfeld sent him an invitation to dinner.

The succeeding days were days of great preparation. Eric's father spent hours with his tailor, fitting on and fussing over his Court suit. His mother must, of course, have a special frock and bonnet for the occasion. And Eric himself must have a new velvet jacket and knickerbockers. But although the little boy, as a rule, was keenly interested in his new clothes—as children are—on this occasion he seemed quite indifferent to the matter. One thought occupied his mind, one sentence he kept repeating to himself, with happy, eager anticipation:—

"I am going to see the Glory of God descend upon the King's head."

'Twas this prospect alone that engrossed his fancy. All else seemed trifling and immaterial. And again and again he repeated, smiling softly, to himself:—

"I am going to see the Glory of God descend upon the King's head."

Also, when he said his prayers, each night and morning, he never forgot to ask:—

"Please, God, let thy glory descend upon the King's head, and please—please—let me see it. And, please, let it follow the King all the days of his life, like the golden circles in my Sunday picture book."

Once, as he uttered this prayer at his mother's knee, he felt a warm tear drop upon his neck. He looked up at her, puzzled and wondering.

"Why do you cry, mother?" he said. "Don't you like me to ask God that?"

"Yes, yes, dear; very much. But, you see, I am afraid that my little boy will be disappointed."

"Oh, mother! Then, don't you believe that the Glory of God *will* descend upon the King's head? And it was you who told me it would."

"Yes, Eric. I am sure it will. But I do not think that you will *see* it, dear. The Glory of God is invisible. It cannot be seen with these, our earthly, eyes."

"The Children of Israel saw it on Moses," answered little Eric, "so why shouldn't I see it on the King?"

"Things are different now, my darling," said his mother.

"But God's not different," he replied. "I asked the King if he was. And he said 'No.' What God did for Moses he can do for the King. And I know he'll make it so as I can see His Glory descend upon the King's head."

When Frau Ericson told her husband of this conversation, he laughed aloud in his scoffing, contemptuous way.

"That's a good one," he said. "A man of the world like the King, and the Glory of God! Who ever heard of so incongruous a combination?"

"I—I—wish you wouldn't talk like that," expostulated his wife, earnestly. "After all, if the Coronation service has any meaning——"

"It hasn't," interrupted her husband, with impatient scorn. "It is just a grand spectacular show—an imposing function, calculated to impress the minds of the vulgar. By the way, my new Court suit has just come home from the tailor's. I must go and try it on. I should like your opinion as to how it fits."

About the same time, the King, in his palace, was engaged in an interview with the Lord High Seneschal. That official had found it necessary to consult his Majesty upon certain formalities of the Coronation Service, as to the proper ordering of which he knew the King to be extremely particular. One of the questions raised by him was the precise quality and kind of oil wherewith the King desired to be anointed.

His Majesty replied: "I must leave all those points to you, my Lord High Seneschal. Order them as you will. The formal details of the ceremony rather concern the spectators. For my part, I shall be thinking of quite other matters."

The Lord High Seneschal left the Royal presence, filled with obsequious astonishment.

"'Other matters?' What does the King mean?" he soliloquised. "And he such a stickler for all the niceties of etiquette! Only yesterday morning his whole mind was given to these important considerations. But to-day he talks of them with contempt. What has come over his Majesty?"

To this question he could find no answer. His ideas were entirely circumscribed by ceremonial. That the Glory of God should have entered into the King's thoughts never crossed the mind of the Lord High Seneschal.

At length the day of King Heinrich's coronation arrived. The Cathedral was packed. Princes and Ambassadors, Peers and Courtiers, all in gorgeous apparel, thronged every available inch of nave, of transepts, of chancel. 'Twas an impressive scene; an imposing spectacle. But two, and two alone, in that vast and splendid concourse had neither eye nor thought for this outward pomp and circumstance—a little boy in a front seat of the chancel, and the King who knelt at the altar railings with bowed head.

Slowly, pompously, the Cardinal-Archbishop read on, until at last that point of the service was reached whereat it was ordered to anoint the King. With conscious impressiveness, as if he should invite and challenge comparison for his dignity and presence in the face of this great occasion, His Eminence performed the sacred office, and as he did so, lo, the midday sun, bursting through a curtain of heavy clouds, struck aslant the great painted window behind the altar, so that a stream of coloured light fell upon the King, and a shrill, childish voice, clear and distinct in the solemn stillness, exclaimed:

"Mother! Father! Look! It is the Glory of God descending on the King's head."

All heard it. Perchance, it carried their thoughts on a sudden to Him whose Presence among them they had till now forgotten. I know not. But this I do know. Tears were in the King's eyes, and great thoughts—high resolves—in the King's heart, as he knelt before the altar, bathed in the crimson light.

So when at length the service was ended, and the King had retired into the Lady Chapel which had been fitted up as the royal robing-room, he sent a messenger, with full directions, to find the little boy and to bring

him into his Majesty's presence, and by and by the messenger returned, leading the child by the hand.

Then the King said to his attendant Courtiers:

"My Lords and Gentlemen, will it please you wait on me here again in five minutes' time? I desire a few words with my little subject."

At His Majesty's word, the Courtiers, dissembling their curiosity, bowed and withdrew, and the King and the little boy were left alone.

"So you have had your wish, my little man," said King Heinrich, gravely. "You have seen the Glory of God descend upon the King's head."

"Oh, yes," cried the child, with breathless eagerness. "I saw it ever so plain. And it was splendid—splendider even than I 'spected. Do you know, I'd thought the Glory of God would be white—like the 'lectric light is. But, oh! it was all in beautiful shining colours, like a rainbow. I was so surprised and glad. Please, wasn't *you* surprised and glad, Mr. King?

"Yes, I was surprised; and I was very, very glad," rejoined his Majesty, smiling.

"You're not like Moses," said the little boy, gazing earnestly into the King's face. "I can bear to look at you. And there's no ring round your head like there is in my Sunday picture-book. But still you look quite—quite different from what you was the other day. Then you looked just an or'nary man, like Father. But now you look a real King. Please, that's 'cos of the Glory of God, isn't it?"

"Yes," answered the King, thoughtfully, "that is because of the Glory of God."

"And, please—it *will* follow you all the days of your life, won't it?" inquired the child, with eager anxiety. "And it won't never let you look like you was before you was crowned, will it, Mr. King?"

"Indeed, I hope not, my little man," replied his Majesty, very gravely.

And, perchance, he would have said more of that whereof the King's heart was full; but at that minute the obsequious courtiers thronged in again.

So the King, stooping, kissed the little boy upon the forehead, and directed the Lord-in-Waiting to escort him back to his parents.

Then took place the recessional progress through the Great Cathedral, the King leading. And in the minds of all who saw him was the thought:

"How regal the King looks."

All had known him as a courtly and gracious Prince. But this majestic dignity in him was something new.

"Surely, 'tis the weight of his high position," said they. "Now it comes home to the King for the first time."

So much they noted. It was too evident to escape remark. Yet they saw not the Glory of God in the King's face. Perchance it was not there to see. Or, perchance, it was there, but they wanted eyes to see it, not being little boys of eight years old. Let that, if you will, remain uncertain. But this, at least, is sure, and history recordeth it, that the careless and worldly Prince became, when crowned, a good and righteous King, and so continued all the days of his reign.

MUSIC.

THE AUSTRALIAN EXAMINATION QUESTION.

MUSICAL examinations seem fated to engender controversy of some sort or another. Australia supplies the latest instance, and there the point at issue is, as it happens, one of some interest to musicians in this country, the question being whether or not the examinations of the Associated Board, Trinity College, and other British institutions, should be supported, or whether the time has not arrived for Australia to do its own examining. For a long time past there have been those in authority who have urged the latter course, and recent developments leave no doubt as to the ultimate issue of the movement. In other words, it has now been definitely resolved by the leading music-teaching institutions in Australia—otherwise the various conservatoires associated with the principal universities—that the time has arrived for Australia—or, rather, Australasia, for New Zealand has "come in" also—to "paddle her own canoe" in this respect, and no longer to be dependent on visiting examiners from the Mother Country for services which they now consider themselves fully competent to perform for themselves.

For some years past Melbourne and Adelaide Universities have had musical examinations, Adelaide having led the way in this respect some fifteen years ago, while Melbourne followed suit in 1902. Since then, on the initiative of Professor Franklin Peterson, Ormond Professor of Music and Director of the University Conservatoire at Melbourne, the two universities have agreed to co-operate in this matter and to hold their examinations jointly, and, more recently still, united action and collaboration on the part of all the universities of Australia and New Zealand have been resolved on. At a conference attended by delegates and representatives of the universities in question, held at Melbourne on April 25 last (in connection with the Melbourne University Jubilee celebration), it was unanimously resolved as follows:—

> That co-operation between the Universities of Australasia in the conduct of public examinations in music is desirable, such co-operation to be on the general lines of the proposed agreement between the Universities of Melbourne and Adelaide adopted at a conference held in Melbourne on 23rd April.

Some lively speeches were delivered, though all in favour of the proposal, and from the reports it is evident that the movement is one which has met with warm approval. Nor need one be surprised at this. The Australians' position in the matter is very simple. They consider that they are now quite capable of doing their own examining, and—what, perhaps, weighs with them not less powerfully—to turn to good account the substantial fees received therefrom. This is a sordid world, and Carlyle's "cash nexus" is not invariably a bond of union.

It is not denied that the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and the Royal College, and the less reputable examining bodies, also of British origin, who follow in their footsteps, make a lot of money out of these Colonial examinations. In one year Adelaide University alone paid to the Associated Board as much as £500, and what Australians naturally ask is why should all this money go to outsiders for work which they feel competent to do just as well themselves. At present, it is argued, thousands of pounds are paid every year in fees to the various visiting examining bodies, and practically the whole of the profits go to assist English schools of music—the various medals, prizes, and exhibitions falling to Colonial students being entirely out of proportion to the fees paid in the Colonies. Under the new dispensation it is proposed that such profits shall be devoted to musical education in Australia, and such an arrangement seems perfectly natural. It is argued, of course, by some that the Australian examinations and degrees will not possess the authority and carry the weight of those for which the Associated Board has been responsible, but this remains to be proved. The Associated Board, Trinity College, and the rest will doubtless continue to hold examinations on their own, and it will speedily be seen to what extent they continue to find support without the co-operation and against the competition of the Colonial musicians.

In any case, the effect of the latter's action upon the position and prospects of the British bodies cannot fail to be very considerable. Some eighteen months ago, it may be recalled, the Associated Board sent out their secretary on a special mission to Australia, as the outcome of which the hope was expressed, in last year's report, that "a better appreciation of their objects and methods would follow." That missioner's visit has been followed, in point of fact, by precisely that result which it was designed to avert. It may be explained, however, that no hostility has been expressed by those at the head of the movement to the Associated Board as such. The excellence and usefulness of the work which it has done in the past are cordially recog-

nised, and it is suggested that the new examinations should be conducted as far as possible on the lines which the Associated Board has laid down. In the case, however, of certain of the other British bodies, such as Trinity College, and in a still greater degree of the concern calling itself the London College of Music, the same sentiments do not prevail, and in the course of the meetings referred to most disrespectful remarks were made concerning both of the establishments named. But the principle at issue is the same in each instance, and it cannot be denied that there is a great deal of force in the Australian contention.

The Promenades have "resumed," and great is the joy in the hearts of many thousands of amateurs. London offers the music-lover no more delightful entertainments than these at which all the requirements of the ideal concert are fulfilled. The music is of the highest class, the performances are of the finest quality, while the free and easy conditions obtaining add still further to their enjoyability. No wonder that there was once again a mighty audience to start the new season on its course on Saturday! And, if possible, there was even more enthusiasm than ever. Your Promenade audience is, for that matter, always enthusiastic. Whatever may be its private opinions, it recognises dutifully that whatsoever is set before it by Mr. Henry Wood is of a certainty worthy of admiration, and applauds accordingly as a matter of duty. But there are certain works, and not a few either, which it really and genuinely revels in for their own sake, without thought of duty or obligation, and most of the pieces in Saturday's programme had been cunningly chosen from those of this class. The "Tannhäuser" overture, the prelude to Act III. of "Lohengrin," Tchaikovsky's "1812"—here were works to conjure with; and with Mr. Wood at the head of affairs it needs no telling that not a point was lost. Acceptable vocalists were also forthcoming in Miss Perceval Allen, Mr. Lloyd Chandos, and Mr. W. A. Peterkin, while Mr. Fransella was heard as a soloist in a Mozart concerto for flute and orchestra.

It never rains but it pours, and so quick on the heels of Mr. Manners's proposed National Opera Union comes the announcement of a bold scheme with that veteran impresario, Colonel Henry Mapleson, at its head, for the establishment of grand opera at the Coliseum all the year round at ordinary theatre prices. The particulars so far furnished are limited, but it appears that Colonel Mapleson, acting on behalf of a Paris syndicate, has made a definite offer to Mr. Oswald Stoll of £160,000, which is now under consideration. Additional working capital of £40,000 is, we are told, assured, wherewith the most wonderful things will be accomplished. The opera house will be run, it is stated, "entirely on continental lines"—whatever that may mean—and there will be presented, in addition to the standard operas, several successful works which have not yet been performed in London. Another notion of Colonel Mapleson is to convert the roof of the Coliseum into an open-air garden, where the audience could repair in summer between the acts. Suppers also would be served there after the performances, and altogether it is a most alluring scheme whose outlines have been unfolded.

Unfortunately, as no one knows better than Colonel Mapleson, there is many a slip 'twixt cup and lip where operatic ventures are concerned, though every one will certainly hope that Colonel Mapleson's latest project may prove more successful than some of its forerunners. It has long been recognised that the Coliseum would be excellently adapted in many ways for operatic purposes, and if it could be acquired, as should be possible under the existing condition of things, at a reasonable figure, permanent grand opera in London might stand as good a chance there as anywhere else. It will not be forgotten, of course, in this connection that operatic excerpts were for a long period among the most popular features of the performances given at the Coliseum while it was being run as a variety house. At the same time, it may be noted that only singers of the first class would serve for a building of such a size, and one of the chief cares attending Colonel Mapleson's enterprise would be to find artists of the right kind. If, however, it be really intended to proceed "on continental lines" to the extent of forming a permanent company in connection with the house, I do not know why any great difficulty should be experienced in obtaining what is required in this way. Anyhow, the development of the scheme will certainly be watched with no ordinary interest.

Meanwhile Mr. Manners states that he has received a sufficiently cordial response to his suggestion in regard to a National English Opera Union to warrant the summoning of a meeting to discuss the matter. With respect to Colonel Mapleson's scheme, Mr. Manners points out the speculative nature of the undertaking. While wishing the promoters every success, he hints that they stand a considerable chance of losing their money, and suggests that, instead of buying the Coliseum outright, they would do better to hire it in the first instance for a trial month or so. It is obvious, however, that a temporary arrangement of this kind would not amount to the same thing at all. But, of course, the whole project is very much in the air at present. On behalf of the Coliseum people it is stated that Colonel Mapleson will have to give a great deal more than the sum named if he wants to effect a deal.

As regards the recent doings of the Moody-Manners Company at the Lyric Theatre, these continue to attract good audiences, notwithstanding the time of the year, while the excellent quality of the performances is worthy of all praise. "Carmen" it has not been possible to give, owing, it is understood, to the Royal Opera Syndicate having refused to waive its rights for the purpose, but Mr. Manners has plenty of other drawing cards up his sleeve, from "Cavalleria" to "Tannhäuser," and from "Tannhäuser," to "Il Trovatore"; and all three have proved their powers once again in this respect just lately. Details of the performances are not called for, but it is certainly a matter to be noted with satisfaction by all friends of the cause of English opera that Mr. Manners's spirited venture is being attended with such a considerable measure of success.

According to report, the coming winter season is likely to see a considerable amount of attention paid to genuine comic opera, as distinguished from musical comedy of the go-as-you-please order, which has latterly usurped its place. One such work which we are definitely promised is Mr. Edward German's "Tom Jones," a work which has been on the stocks a long time, while another of the same genre will have special interest for many, inasmuch as the music in this case is to be from the pen of Mr. Landon Ronald, whose talents find outlet in so many different forms. Certainly a comic opera score by him should be a very different affair from some of the stuff that is purveyed in this form from time to time. Other pieces of the same order are also talked about, though it would probably be quite a mistake to assume on this account that the reign of the musical comedy is really drawing to an end. On the contrary, under this head also there is talk of much activity, so that amateurs of both schools may count on getting what they want.

That is a rather amusing story which Mr. Comyns Carr tells in connection with his "Tristram and Iseult"—a dramatic version of the legend—of a lady who, hearing that he was writing a play on the subject, gravely inquired if he had applied for authorisation to Frau Wagner. It reminds one, however, how greatly many people are indebted to Wagner for their knowledge of some of the old myths and legends which he popularised in his works. But, somehow, I hardly fancy a "Tristram and Iseult" without Wagner's music. There are some things which have been done once and for all time, and Wagner's "Tristram" is surely one of them.

Many will read with pleasure the announcement that, on the occasion of his approaching retirement from musical journalism after a distinguished career of unusual length, Mr. Joseph Bennett is to be entertained at a complimentary dinner by his colleagues and the

members of the musical profession. Sir Alexander Mackenzie has consented to take the chair, and the arrangements are in the hands of the committee of the Concert-goers' Club, acting in co-operation with influential members of the profession and of the press. As long as most music lovers of the present day can remember, Mr. Joseph Bennett has played a prominent part in musical journalism in this country, and though his views have naturally not invariably commended themselves to every one, no one, certainly, has ever denied the ability with which they have been expressed or questioned the sincerity of their author. In earlier days Mr. Bennett was a vigorous anti-Wagnerite, and if, in common with most of his contemporaries, he has come in time to see that there was more method in Wagner's madness than he recognised at first, this is by no means to deny the force and penetration of many pages in his "Letters from Bayreuth." Mr. Bennett has claims, also, as an admirable musical analyst, whose programme annotations have been read with pleasure and profit by thousands of amateurs, and as a librettist, though under the latter head it must be said that he has not escaped the critical slings and arrows which are too frequently the portion of him who essays that thankless rôle. But a critic must not be too squeamish over criticism, and in Mr. Bennett's case his admirers and his critics alike will certainly be glad to take the opportunity of manifesting their esteem on the occasion of his withdrawal from active service.

Has the Kaiser discovered a second Mario or another Jean De Reszke? The future of the tenor singer who attracted his attention while visiting the Krupp works the other day will at all events be noted with interest. I am not sure, indeed, that it would not come within the scope of *lèse-majesté* not to approve the Kaiser's judgment. Meanwhile, Herr Moeller, the lucky vocalist in question, is, it seems, receiving a thorough training for the operatic stage at his employers' expense. He should be sure of a hearing, at least, in one or other of the half-dozen opera houses which the Kaiser helps to maintain.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—Reading Colonel Andrew Haggard's "The Real Louis XV." (1) is like lifting up a stone in a field and watching all the crawling creatures beneath living a blind life amidst loathsome corruption. Louis himself, as all the world knows, was a monster of selfishness and sensuality, but behind Louis was the Church, stimulating him even to incest in order to secure his allegiance. Nothing even in the annals of the Roman Emperors is more loathsome than the account Colonel Haggard gives of the Dauphin's (at the instigation of the Church) making use of his own sisters to influence their father against M. de Machault's scheme for the taxation of the clergy. By a kind of tardy poetic justice, these unspeakable débaucheries, and the priests who incited to them, helped at last this monster from the world. The Abbé de Beauvais, hoping to frighten Louis into the dismissal of Mme. du Barry, turned suddenly towards him midway in his sermon to exclaim, "Yet another forty days, sire, and Nineveh will be destroyed!"—a prophecy which, from its effect upon the debilitated monarch's spirits, helped to bring about its own fulfilment. Again and again Louis said to the Duc de Richelieu: "I wish these accursed forty days were past! I shall never be easy till then." On the fortieth day after the Abbé's fulmination he died. But he died from the effects of a final debauch. In order to rouse the King from his profound dejection, the infamous Du Barrys organised an orgie in the château of the Trianon, where they provided some young and pretty peasant girls as their victims. The one to whom Louis took a fancy was sickening for the small pox, and, conscious of some imminent illness, she did what she could to avoid the shattered old *roué*—in vain. From her he caught the disease, which made short work with his debilitated body. Then was there waged an edifying war around his dying bed. The clergy were distracted between two fears—the fear of frightening so good a son of the Church to death by the offer of their ministrations, and the fear of his dying without the fortifying effect of these ministrations. Louis himself, also distracted between the devil and the deep sea—Mme. du Barry and an unsanctified death—turns alternately for comfort to his mistress and to his confessor. Finally he sent the mistress away, and, to make up for the time lost by his vacillation, confessed no less than nineteen times in three days. It was only, however, when he stood within the very shadow of death that he sent for the Archbishop of Paris to administer extreme unction. The Archbishop could not come immediately—not, indeed, for two hours. "He was present with many dignitaries of the Church at Sainte Geneviève, where a relic was being exposed for the people of Paris to pray over for the recovery of the King, and here for these two hours the Archbishop and the priests remained in hot discussion as to whether they should be robed in black or violet coats to kiss the relic." However, the Archbishop arrived in time to equip this worthy son of St. Louis for his long journey. Nor was the relic in vain prayed over by the people of Paris. When the Abbé of St. Geneviève was twitted on the day after the King's death with the failure of the famous relic to work the miracle, he said, with a mordant wit, "What right have you to complain of the relic? Is he not dead?" The whole account of Louis's death—which, in its vacillation between piety and debauchery, was an epitome of his life—recalls Mrs. Quickly's description of Falstaff's:—

> "Nay, sure he's not in hell. He's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A' made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child. 'How now, Sir John?' quoth I. 'What, man, be of good cheer.' So he cried out, 'God, God, God!' three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet." Boy: "A' said the devil would have him about women." Mrs. Quickly: "A' did in some sort handle women; but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the scarlet woman of Babylon."

As you read of the cruelty, cowardice, avarice, and unspeakable debauchery of Louis the Well-Beloved, you can hardly help the vindictive wish that he had been put to the death to which he condemned Damiens for inflicting a slight scratch with the small blade of a penknife upon his Royal back. After having been put for this offence to the most infernal tortures, Damiens was torn with hot pincers, broken on the wheel, drawn and quartered by four horses, the hand which held the penknife burnt off while he lived, and his body, or the bits of it, consumed to ashes after his death. Many Court ladies paid to witness the spectacle, and grudged the shortening of the victim's tortures by the executioner, who, finding that the horses could not tear the four muscular limbs asunder, was allowed at last, but reluctantly, by the Commissioners to give a cut at each of the quivering joints to separate them. For this act of mercy the executioner was punished! "The Real Louis XV." may not be pleasant reading, but it is extremely interesting. Colonel Andrew Haggard sacrifices coherence to interest, and flits with a butterfly instinct, though without, perhaps, the butterfly's love of sweet scents, from scandal to scandal. Both the preface and the title of Henry Sienkiewicz's last novel, "The Field of Glory" (2) are a little misleading, since the preface suggests that you are going to read about Ian Sobiesky, the saviour of Vienna during the formidable Turkish invasion of 1683, and the title suggests that you are going to have this

(1) "The Real Louis the Fifteenth." By Lieut.-Colonel Andrew Haggard D.S.O. With Thirty-Four Full-Page Portraits including Two Photogravure Plates. Two Vols. (London: Hutchinson & Co. 24s. net.)

(2) "The Field of Glory." By Henry Sienkiewicz. (London: John Lane. 6s.)

(3) "A Girl of Resource." By Eyre Hussey. (London: Longmans Green & Co. 6s.)

(4) "Profit and Loss." By John Oxenham. With a Frontispiece in Photogravure. By Harold Copping. (London: Methuen & Co. 6s. net.)

(5) "The Mystery of Magdalen." By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. (London: John Long. 6s.)

famous exploit described; but you hear little of Sobieski, while at the very close of the novel you are tantalised by the march past of his army towards the field of glory. Nevertheless, you will find "The Field of Glory" a fine novel, and will follow the fortunes of the most chivalrous of heroes, Jatzeck Tachevsky, and of the most winsome of heroines, Panna Seninska, till they marry only to part.

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more;"

and so on the very day after his wedding he starts for the field of glory, sent thither not by patriotism alone, but also by love, since his bride, with Polish spirit, bade him God-speed. "My God! she's mad!" exclaims Captain Sholto of Bella Turner, the heroine of "A Girl of Resource" (3), when the young lady simulated imbecility to be rid of him; but to the reader her simulation of imbecilty and her usual style of converse are indistinguishable. Here is her mode of addressing a lazy lout of a gardener:—

"Why tarriest thou, Horatio? The nightfall will enshroud thy work undone. 'How sharper than a serpent's fruth it is to have a thankless master'—isn't it? 'Vex not his ghost: O let him pass; he hates him that would upon the rack of this tough world stretch him out longer.'"

Perhaps the climax of imbecility is reached in the interlude of a play composed by the heroine, which, nevertheless, brings down the house. In Mr. John Oxenham's "Profit and Loss" (4) you have to do with the family of a convict—cheerful, wholesome people—and you are allowed a peep into the green-room of what Carlyle called "Satan's Invisible World Displayed"—of journalism—which seems, from the outside, nearly as attractive as the stage. You have, too, an old friend, the novelist who steals another novelist's plot, "serves your best thoughts as gipsies do stolen children, disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own"; but the materials, whether new or old, are kindly mixed, and make up into a pleasant story. The unexplained mysteries of Mrs. Coulson Kernahan's exciting story, "The Mystery of Magdalen" (5), are perhaps more perplexing than those cleared up at its close. Why should the heroine advertise in the papers her marriage to a man she had never seen, in the hope that he might take that broad hint? Why should she, after her marriage to him, allow him to suppose that she had murdered the Russian villain, when this misunderstanding cost him his freedom, and might have cost him his life? There are many other minor matters difficult to understand, but this will not prevent the novel reader who loves mystery from enjoying the book.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, ever yours very sincerely,

DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

Only a few weeks before her lamented death Mrs. Craigie passed the final proofs of her new novel, "The Dream and the Business," which is to be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin next Monday. Those who have already had the privilege of reading it anticipate that this book will take a very high place among "John Oliver Hobbes's" novels. In some respects it resembles "The School for Saints." The story has a religious background, the principal characters being a young Nonconformist minister and his sister, who stand for the Protestant spirit, and Lord and Lady Marlesford, devout Roman Catholics. The scenes are laid in London, in Paris, and in Italy; there are pictures of society life and the life of the stage; and the book abounds in brilliant sayings.

The publication of a new edition of Dickens, which is intended to be "final and definitive," will be commenced by Messrs. Chapman and Hall in October. It will include a great many "miscellaneous writings" by the novelist, now collected for the first time; his "Poems, Plays, and Speeches"; his "Letters" (by arrangement with Messrs. Macmillan), and his "Life," by Forster. The original prefaces to the various editions of the novels have been restored to their proper places at the beginning of each volume. All the original illustrations are reproduced, and there will be a complete set of facsimiles of the original wrappers and a complete series of portraits. The "National Edition of the Works of Charles Dickens," as it is to be called, will consist of forty volumes, and will be limited to 750 sets for England and America.

Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton, whose stories about animals have obtained so much popularity, has produced another delightful volume, entitled "Animal Heroes" (Constable and Co., 6s.). A cat, a dog, a carrier pigeon, a lynx, two wolves, and a reindeer are the creatures whose adventures Mr. Seton here relates in his vivid and fascinating style, and the book is embellished with over 200 illustrations from drawings by the author.

"The Workaday Woman" is the title of Miss Violet Hunt's new novel, which will be published by Mr. Werner Laurie early in September. It is concerned with the life and adventures of a lady companion.

A biography of the late Sir Leslie Stephen, by Professor Maitland, will be published by Messrs. Duckworth and Co. in October.

Mr. Fisher Unwin has in the press an English translation of Count Eugenio Martinengo Cesaresco's work on "The Psychology and Training of the Horse." It is a minute study of the mode in which the horse learns and the methods which may be employed in his training.

The new novels to be published by Messrs. Skeffington in September include "Bubble Reputation," a story of Colonial life, by George Buchanan; "Kinsmen," a romance of the days of Charles I., by David Heron; "The Betrayal of Mistress Donis," by George Cannock Dyke; and "The Web of Circumstance," by Dr. Lucian de Zilwa.

Mr. Nat Gould has a new novel, entitled "A Hundred to One Chance," appearing with Mr. John Long, who is now the exclusive publisher of all this author's new books. As Mr. Andrew Lang has remarked, Mr. Gould "shines by a candid simplicity of style, and a direct and unaffected appeal to the primitive emotions, and our love of that noble animal, the horse"; and his stories are extraordinarily popular with lovers of sport.

Madame E. M. Albanesi's new novel, "I Know a Maiden," is being issued by Messrs. Methuen and Co. this week. Another new novel in the same firm's list is "The Wickhameses," by Mr. Pett Ridge. The Wickhameses are a family who come to London in the early eighties, and the author tells in his own inimitable manner the story of their experiences in the capital.

"The House of a Thousand Candles," a novel by Meredith Nicholson, which in the course of a few weeks has reached a circulation of 200,000 copies in America, is being published in this country by Messrs. Gay and Bird.

In "My Pilgrimage to the Wise Men of the East" Dr. Moncure Conway gives his recollections of leading Buddhists, Brahmins, Parsees, Moslems, and others in India, his impressions and observations of the country, and an account of his saunterings among ancient shrines. As the *Athenæum* points out, in his recent successful autobiography Dr. Conway barely alluded to his experiences in Hindustan. The new book will also contain some interesting memories of Joseph Jefferson, Ingersoll, and John Bright. It will be profusely illustrated with portraits and facsimile letters, and it will be issued by Messrs. Constable and Co., in a uniform style with the autobiography.

In a week or two Messrs. Chatto and Windus will have ready "The Annals of Covent Garden Theatre, 1732-1897," by Mr. H. S. Wyndham. This is the first attempt that has been made to produce an adequate history of the famous theatre, with which so many celebrities have been connected. The work will be in two volumes, and will be illustrated.

"ANTIPON," most successful of remedies for the Cure of Obesity, has received the highest praise from Press and public alike. The *Illustrated London News* says:—"'Antipon' not only speedily absorbs and throws out of the system all superabundant adipose matter, but increases strength and vitality." Price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle, of all chemists, or of The "ANTIPON" COMPANY, 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—We spent Saturday at Maidenhead, and I have never seen it look lovelier. Dress on the river was more of a study than ever. One girl was in a kind of fancy dress, a pinafore costume of willow-pattern blue over a white blouse, the skirt quite short and bordered with a fugue of various tones of blue running into each other. Pale brown shoes with high heels and stockings to match contrasted well with the blue, but the arms were bare to well above the elbows, and the hands were gloveless. Had this young woman worn a cap instead of a hat, she would have looked even more like a French grisette walking down the stage to the footlights than she did; not in the least like a young lady walking along an English country road.

A few sun-bonnets were to be seen. I hear from Cromer and Overstrand that the smart women are all wearing pretty sun-bonnets, white or coloured, with cloaks or coats to match them composed of various more or less light and thin materials.

The current number of the Irish Folksongs' Society journal has the notes of a very curious milking song, written down from the singing of an old Irish woman. It is like nothing else you ever heard, a curious swinging undulatory measure in thirds varied by three notes repeated at regular intervals. This is supposed to be soothing to the cow. Most of the old airs have some quaint idea of the kind lurking behind them, and the most interesting parts of the journal in question are the passages in which some of these are traced.

The pernicious habit almost universal in the upper middle class of closing bedroom windows, drawing down blinds, and lighting the gas some hours before bed time cannot be too strongly deprecated. It is answerable for any amount of illness. The fresh air is shut out, and the gas vitiates what is left in the room. The sleepers may be unaware of the loss of vitality they are suffering and wonder why they are so little rested, so limp and yawning in the morning. I am sure you do not let your housemaids do anything of the kind, Amy, dear.

We are still industriously doing our London, and almost begin to feel that we have discovered it and its environs, to use a fine guide-book word. On Monday we made another little excursion on the Great Central, as far as Beaconsfield, pronounced "Beekonsfield" locally. Never was there such a spick and span little place. The very wide village street was evidently planned in the olden time when land had not anything approaching the value it has now. Though some of the houses are very old, the spirit of modernity reigns and rules. It has at least the advantage of neatness. I have never seen such clean ivy as that which drapes one of the rows of cottages. In the church is a marble to the memory of Burke, also a portrait of him in marble, three-quarter face in relief. He was apparently not beautiful, but did I not read in a paper but a day or two since the opinion of a clever man that "beauty and brains are incompatible in a man"?

I do not believe for a single instant so horrid a doctrine. My idea is that the proper exercise of intellect influences the very features themselves as well as the expression, and makes a very perfect beauty.

I said as much to Jim, and he asked, very pertinently, "How about a red snub nose?" Now how is any poor woman to answer such a question as that on a very hot day in August? I preferred to let him jibe. Argument is very heating, and one's first duty to oneself is to keep cool when the thermometer is playing about somewhere over 80 degrees in the shade.

"Why not Hampstead Heath?" asked Bee, on one of the broiling evenings of last week. "Why not?" I said, "if you will promise to give me in custody if I show any inclination to have a donkey ride or eat whelks off a stall." Bee promised, so Hampstead it was. Delicious was the drive, and even more delicious were the cool breezes up there on the heights from which we could see over half a dozen counties. The far-away line of low blue hills looked most picturesque under a broad band of orange that crossed the pale green of the sunset sky, both colours made more vivid by the grey clouds that hung above them. The famous pond was turned to dazzling diamonds by the cool trampling of a couple of horses who were enjoying the water after the heat and dust of the day. One of them was harnessed in a cart, and as the wheels turned round, churning the water with the green and orange sky reflected in it, we were provided with a very beautiful spectacle.

Turning back, we passed New Grove House, where Du Maurier lived, recognising it by the plaque let into the wall, and seeing a board up "to let" close by, we jumped to the conclusion that it was this very house. How delightful, we said to each other in a breath, to live in the house where Du Maurier drew his pretty women, and where, better still, he wrote "Trilby," and "Peter Ibbetson," and "The Martian." "Especially 'Peter Ibbetson,'" quoth Bee, and I agreed. So we asked if we might see the house, and to our horror found that it was not the one indicated by the agent's board. However, the occupants most kindly showed us the beautiful suite of rooms in which the great author lived and worked, and showed us the wonderful views to be had from the windows, right away to the Chiltern Hills; also, an admirably picturesque flagged courtyard, like the court of an ancient castle. This has been fitted up with a pergola along one side, now covered with pink roses. Here the dinner-table was laid, and here, we were told, the occupants take all their meals in fine weather. All these nice things, and on the highest point near London, and yet so accessible. We felt disappointed that it was not to be let, but it is for sale. We feel inclined to do as the young man in the Bible did—sell all that we possess, though for a very different and inferior object.

"Peter Ibbetson" is the most delightful book I have ever read. Four times have I read it from cover to cover, and am quite ready to begin again to-morrow. You know the book, of course?

We spent a couple of days at our river cottage, and went once or twice on the Thames. They will certainly have to enlarge Boulter's Lock if the river continues to boom as it is doing now. We have often seen it crowded, but have never witnessed such a scene of gossamer garb and white flannels-cum-smart-shirts as on Sunday last. It was like half a mile of Henley Regatta. Jack lost his temper because we had to wait a whole hour outside Boulter's before we could get into the lock. I was afraid he was going to sink into sulks for the whole afternoon, so quoted to him something I found in "Roden's Corner": "A worried look is an almost certain indicator of a small mind." Whereupon he glowered for a couple of minutes and then cheered up. He did not want to be convicted of small-mindedness. Besides, an acquaintance of his whom he hailed told him that some of the boats had been waiting two hours. I notice that most of us find consolation in the reminder that others are worse off than ourselves. Very horrid of us, is it not?

Driving along the road in front of us we saw a girl dressed all in white, seated very high on a dogcart, holding the reins and spinning her gee along at a spanking rate. She was pretty and had a nice figure, but we could not forgive the bare arms and gloveless hands. Very comfy, no doubt, but they looked all wrong.

The hatless brigade does not seem to favour Maidenhead. The fact is, hats are too becoming to be forgone. Another question is, when is a high wind more annoying, when you are wearing a hat or when you are in your hair? It is bad enough when it tugs and strains at one's six or seven hat pins, but it is

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surely worse when it blows all one's short hairs into one's eyes.

So hey! for the hat and the hat-pin
When zephyrs are tossing the hair!

We met Linda, and she has been telling us her experiences of the new cure, ballooning. She has had three week-ends aeronauting, and declares that they have done her whole worlds of good. She describes the smooth gliding through the clear air as absolutely ideal, and the perfect silence as the most healing thing her nerves have ever enjoyed. "Wasn't it draughty up there?" asked Jack. "How could it be," said Linda, "when you are travelling with the wind?" "And what about the motion?" "There is none—one glides as gently and imperceptibly at thirty miles an hour as one of those little dandelion seedlings that float in the summer air." She seems enchanted with her new diversion, and, having undertaken special pleading for it, put us off when we asked questions about descents to earth.

Our little housekeeper in the country speaks French. She told me one morning that the butcher had kept her "on the quee-wee" (qui-vive), being an hour late. She calls table napkins "savalettes," and I heard her say "Hoddy voy" to a friend with whom she had been exchanging views at the back gate. Bee says she meant "au revoir." She is quite a treasure, apart from her acquaintance with foreign languages, and would be agreeable to look upon if she were not so very soapy. She simply glistens with yellow soap, and her hair is all stuck together with something she puts on it to keep it smooth. Whatever the stuff is, it is entirely successful. Her attitude to me is a curious mixture of anxious motherliness and respectfulness. She never calls me "Ma'am" until the afternoon. I fancy that the reason for this is that I am poking about the garden all the morning in demi-semi-toilette suitable for the massacres of whole families of green-fly, so Mrs. Jakes is all mother in the mornings, and I am "Midear." "You ain't put on your thick shoes, midear, an' I lef' them 'andy for you.' I thought as gentry allers screamed at frogs, an' I says to my 'usband, 'My two ladies at the cottage they never jumps nor squeaks at frogs like other ladies does.'"

"'They mebbe ain't reel ladies,' says John. 'Wy, John,' I sez. 'We ain't got no reason for to doubt it. They pays reglar. Wot more would you 'ave?'"

Now we know what "reel ladies" are. They pays reglar and usually jumps and squeaks at frogs. I wonder if the frogs have any ideas on the subject of ladyhood?

Our amusements were very innocent. We took the kitten into the garden one morning, soon found a frog, and showed it to the kitten. Her astonishment at this lesson in zoology was extreme. With her sweet little black ears well forward, she carefully examined froggy, who did not like it at all, and jumped an immense distance. Kitty immediately reared with the shock, and then started in pursuit. But she cannot have a nose for frogs, for she could not find him. She wore a puzzled look the whole morning.

Richard was stooping over something in the garden the other morning, and a youth who was spending the day with us picked up a frog and, unseen by Richard, held it where its nasty-looking feet could play on the poor man's forehead. Without looking up, he put up his hand to clear away whatever it might be, and when he felt the horrid cold of the little reptile and saw what it was he made some very crimson and purple remarks to our guest.

Clare sends me the following from Dublin:—

Dearest Madge,—A great "week" like that of the Ball's Bridge Horse Show has a powerful influence on many other weeks. The prelude to an event of such national importance is a prolonged one. All our social engagements for a long time past have been, more or less, made round the Horse Show. As all roads lead to Rome, every plan and arrangement made in August inevitably leads to the Horse Show in Dublin at the end of the month. Our holiday visitors, the discoverers and explorers from across many waters, who visit our island in increasing numbers each year, generally include it in their programme also. And well may they. The horse has no greater high festival the whole world over than that which we hold in his honour over here. Even still its success is growing, for the number of horses to be exhibited is more than it ever was before — a record worthy of our country. It is in the fitness of things—is it not?—that the horse should make a noble stand for his threatened interests in the land which has always held him so pre-eminently in favour. Even the motor, with all its careering over the land, has not shaken his position apparently in any way, but contrariwise. The crowd of motors from every part of the country, which take their owners to the Show daily, is quite a sight in itself. Nothing succeeds like success; the Horse Show of this year of grace is being looked forward to more keenly than ever, and a record attendance confidently expected. We have a great deal to see in addition to the horses and to seeing one another. Many of the "industries" now on the "make" throughout the country will exhibit their work. If we go on as we are going we shall soon be the most "industried," if not industrious, people in the world. Perhaps increase of appetite will grow with what it feeds on, and we shall learn industry from our industries.

The weather last week thought fit to cause us many alarms and arouse anxiety for the coming weeks. Our holiday making had a check; still, we had the consolation of knowing that we were not so badly off as others were. Indeed, on the whole, the weather has been kinder to us than to you on the other side of the water. But, of course, when we had a fairly good time, we wanted it to be better; we did not want any crumples in our rose leaves. However, we forebore to grumble much, accepting present evils as giving more hope for the future.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen returned to take up their residence at the Viceregal Lodge this week, on the 21st. They will have a very busy time until the Horse Show week is over. A house party will, as usual, assemble at the Viceregal Lodge, which will include some Cabinet Ministers and persons of importance. Invitations have already been sent out for a large garden party. This week important garden parties will be given at Kilruddery and Powerscourt, both in the county of Wicklow, which adjoins Dublin county. We must hope that August will recover its character before long, and, abandoning its turbulent outbursts, return to the ways of peace and pleasantness which suit outdoor pastimes. Just now the toilets of our sex for these occasions are the cause of much uncertainty and anxiety. Are we to dress for winter or summer, or for the great variety of weather which lies between? We must be prepared for all eventualities, with costumes built of light and airy fabrics, or those in whose construction "all wool," and even furs, play a leading part. Above all, waterproof must not be forgotten. When August is summery, it is very summery, and when it isn't, it is just anything and everything else.

Lord and Lady Grenfell are coming from the Curragh to the Royal Hospital for the Horse Show week. They will have a party of visitors and do some entertaining. Lord and Lady Iveagh are expected at Farmleigh, where they, of course, will entertain. The prosperity of the Guinness Brewery is enough to make any one interested in it feel festive. Lord Iveagh—with us who have known him all his life—has the reputation of being a splendid business man, with head for details which amounts to genius, defined as the "infinite capacity for taking pains." He has done wonderful things for Dublin lately, and taken a strong personal interest in them, in the matter of housing the poorer brethren, new markets, public baths, and swimming baths, and so on. One likes to hear of money spending in this way, as well as of money getting. It goes towards extending prosperity all down the line. Lord and Lady Ardilaun are visiting Harrogate for

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a cure, but always are at St. Anne's, Clontarf, for the Horse Show, and always have a large party of guests in that palatial residence. Sir Antony and Lady MacDonnell are at the Under Secretary's Lodge, and will have visitors also. Sir Antony's holiday abroad was a short one. He has not got the "holiday habit" certainly; no more energetic official ever filled a place at Dublin Castle. He is one of the busiest men in the world, and needs to be so, as he is seeking, with such earnestness and perseverance, to solve our Irish question. Supposing it were solved, one wonders what we should do without it. We have all, more or less, got the question "habit," and would at first, beyond a doubt, feel "lost" for want of our "question." However, we are very ingenious, and perhaps other things as well, and probably would soon suit ourselves with a substitute.—Yours ever, CLARE.

This week I have found for you some recipes for home-made liqueurs, bitters, etc. These wine bitters are quite a useful tonic:—

For six days steep 1 oz. of gentian root, 1 oz. of the rind of fresh lemons, and 2 drachms of long pepper, in 1 quart of white wine; at the end of that time strain the liquor through a jelly bag, and bottle ready for use.

French noyeau:—

To 4½ quarts of white brandy, add 1 pint of orange flower water, put in 3 oz. of crushed lump sugar to each quart of spirits. Into this mixture infuse as many apricot kernels (or those of peaches) as will give it a good flavour. The sugar must be moistened with cold water just before it is added. Finally, the whole must be passed through a calico bag

Caraway brandy:—

Steep 1 oz. of caraway seeds and 6 oz. of loaf sugar in 1 quart of brandy, let it stand for 9 days, then draw off and bottle.

Capillaire:—

Mix together 14 lbs. of loaf, 7 lbs. of moist sugar, and 8 fresh eggs, well beaten. Boil the whole in 4 gallons of water, skimming it till it is perfectly clear, then strain through a calico bag, and then add 3 pennyweights of essence of lemon. This quantity makes 3 gallons.

Ale bitters:—

In 1 gallon of ale steep 4 oz. of gentian root and the same quantity of fresh lemon peel; after ten days strain off the liquor and bottle it for use.

Elder syrup:—

Set a brass pan over a clear but slow fire, into this pour a gallon of elder juice, add the shells and whites of two fresh eggs, beaten to a snow. When the liquor begins to boil, skim it as long as the froth rises, then to every pint add 1 lb. of raw sugar, and boil the whole slowly till it is a perfect syrup. This you can know by dropping a little on a spoon; if it congeals it is sufficiently done. Then let it stand till cold, put it into bottles, cork, cover it with bottling wax. This makes a good colouring for rum or brandy, and makes capital elderberry wine for winter use.

The following is a good method of preserving corks for liqueurs, etc.:—

Melt together 2 parts of white wax and one of beef suet. Into this dip the corks, and at once dry them in a stove upon an iron plate, and repeat the process twice. The corks thus prepared will preserve any liquor perfectly without impairing its smell or flavour. It must be remembered that liqueurs impregnated with lemon peel do not improve with age, as the fine zest given by the lemon peel flies off, and the flavour is lost.

Colouring matters are prepared as follows:—

To make a pink dissolve twopennyworth of cochineal in spirits of wine. To make a green, put some leaves of spinach in a bottle containing spirits of wine, and place it in the sun for ten days; the colour will then have been drawn from the leaves. Pour off the liquor and preserve for use. For a brown colour, the colours of bilberries and sandal wood can be extracted by steeping them for 14 days in spirits of wine.

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64, CORNHILL, LONDON. A. VIAN, Secretary.

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

No. 1548. Vol. LX. Wednesday, August 29, 1906. Price Sixpence.

TO OUR READERS.

We receive hundreds of letters every week from "Readers of 'Truth.'" A large majority of the writers expect replies direct. Of the work, trouble, and expense involved in doing this we say nothing. But as experience has shown that a large number of our "Constant" and "Regular" readers who inquire about individuals with whom we have dealt in our columns over and over again are not actual subscribers to the paper, but merely occasional readers of it at clubs, libraries, or at friends' houses, we consider we must protect ourselves in the matter.

We have therefore decided that henceforth every reader who writes making an inquiry that necessitates a direct reply must enclose a stamped envelope and also a Coupon which will always be found at the foot of the 3rd page of the coloured cover. Without these no notice will be taken of the communication.

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a Coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" send replies by post.

No Coupon will be available that is over a fortnight out of date, except from correspondents residing abroad.

NOTICE.

The terms of Subscription to Truth, *which are payable in advance, are as follows:—To any address in the United Kingdom, for 3 months, 7s.; 6 months, 14s.; and for 12 months, 28s. The Thin Paper Edition is forwarded to countries within the Postal Union for 3 months for 7s. 8d.; 6 months, 15s. 4d.; and 12 months, 30s. 8d. Cheques and Post Office Orders should be made Payable to the Manager,* Truth, *"Truth Buildings," Carteret-street, S.W.*

ENTRE NOUS.

THE King is to leave Marienbad on Thursday, September 6, and his Majesty will not visit Vienna owing to lack of time, as he wishes to arrive in London on the evening of Saturday, September 8. The statement of several French papers that the King will return to England by way of Cherbourg and Portsmouth is incorrect, as his Majesty is coming home by Calais and Dover. The King will spend the week-end in town, and on Monday, the 10th, he goes to Rufford Abbey, on a visit to Lord and Lady Savile, travelling by special train from King's Cross to Ollerton. According to present arrangements, the King will stay at Rufford until the morning of Monday, September 17, when his Majesty is to travel to Ballater by way of York, Edinburgh, the Forth and Tay Bridges, and Aberdeen. The King will stay at Balmoral until Friday, October 5, or Saturday, the 6th, and will then return to London, and his Majesty is to spend the second week in October at Newmarket.

It is probable that the King will attend Doncaster races on the Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday. It is expected that Thursday, September 13, and Saturday, the 15th, will be devoted to excursions in the neighbourhood, and probably Clumber Park and Thoresby Park will be visited on one of these days, and Newstead Abbey on the other day. There will not be any shooting during his Majesty's stay at Rufford. The King (when Prince of Wales) spent some days at Clumber early in the sixties, when he was the guest of the present Duke of Newcastle's grandfather. The house, which has some remarkably handsome rooms, stands on the bank of a lake of 200 acres, with a terrace and garden, and steps leading down to the water. The park is in all respects inferior to the neighbouring domains of Thoresby, Welbeck, and Rufford, but the kitchen gardens are fine, and they contain conservatories 1,300 ft. in length. Thoresby is a modern Elizabethan house, with beautiful grounds and a large lake. The park is one of the most picturesque in England, and is unsurpassed for forest scenery.

The Queen is to spend about a fortnight at Copenhagen when she leaves Norway, after which her Majesty will be conveyed in the Royal yacht to Aberdeen, whence she will proceed to Balmoral, arriving on Deeside a day or two after the King has reached the Castle. The Queen is expected to return to Sandringham during the second week in October, but the first party of guests at the Hall will not assemble until Saturday, November 3.

The King and Queen of Norway are to arrive in England about November 1, and they will stay in this country for six weeks, during which period their Majesties are to be the guests of the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace, Sandringham, and Windsor Castle. The King of Norway was to have been created a Knight of the Garter when he was crowned, and the Prince of Wales was to have invested his brother-in-law. It was decided, however, to postpone the King's admission to the Order of the Blue Ribbon until November, when his investiture is to take place at Windsor Castle.

His Majesty will take this opportunity of holding a Chapter of the Knights of the Garter. A Chapter was to have been held at Windsor in February, 1904, for the investiture of the King of Wurtemberg, and all the arrangements for the ceremony had been made. At the last moment King William was prevented by illness from coming to England, so the Chapter was given up,

and a few weeks later the Prince of Wales went to Stuttgart, and invested the King with the ribbon and insignia. There has not been a Chapter of the Garter for more than half a century. The investiture will take place in the Council Room, where also any formal business will be transacted, and the King and Queen will afterwards entertain the Knights at a State Banquet in St. George's Hall. All the Knights are summoned on these occasions, and also the clergy of the Order—the Bishops of Winchester and Oxford and the Dean of Windsor.

The King of Denmark received a blue ribbon from Queen Victoria in 1896, and he was created a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath in 1888. The King of Norway received the first class of the Bath (G.C.B.) on the occasion of his marriage in 1896, but his elder brother, the Crown Prince of Denmark, has no English decoration. Prince Waldemar of Denmark, youngest brother of the Queen, is also a G.C.B., and it is expected that this decoration will shortly be conferred by the King upon the Crown Prince Christian.

A correspondent of an evening paper, referring to a suggestion that the late Duke of Rutland's Garter should be given to Lord Curzon of Kedleston, asks if it is ever given "to a commoner." Sir Robert Walpole, Lord North, and Lord Palmerston were all blue ribbons, although "commoners."

The Prince of Wales had some good shooting last week over the Advie, Tulchan, and Castle Grant moors during his visit to Mr. Arthur Sassoon at Tulchan Lodge. Four guns killed 443 brace of grouse and 208 hares in three days. Lord Stanley, who travelled with the Prince of Wales from Bolton Abbey to Scotland, was one of the guns.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught will probably go to Germany to attend the celebration of the golden wedding of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden, which is to take place at Carlsruhe on Thursday, September 20. The Grand Duke, who is the *doyen* of the German Sovereign Princes, exercised much influence at Berlin during the latter part of the reign of the Emperor William I., and his views were always on the side of moderation and peace. The Grand Duchess, who is the sister of the Emperor Frederick, is well known for her amiable disposition, her zeal for good works, and her cleverness and accomplishments. There was warm affection and great sympathy between the Empress Frederick and her sister-in-law.

The King has placed Craigowan House, one of the residences in the grounds of Balmoral Castle, at the disposal of Lord and Lady Knollys, who arrived on Deeside last week for a stay of about two months. His Majesty has lent Birkhall House to Sir Dighton Probyn for a few weeks.

The Grand Duke Michael Michailovitch and Countess Torby have been residing during the summer at Keele Hall. They are to leave Keele next Sunday night on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales at Abergeldie Castle. The Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby will pay two or three other visits in Scotland after they leave Abergeldie. They are to accompany the Prince and Princess of Wales to the Braemar Gathering on Thursday afternoon, September 6.

The Comtesse de Paris, who is residing at Randan, her estate in the Puy de Dome, is coming to England next week, accompanied by the Duc and Duchesse de Guise, the Duc de Montpensier, and Princesse Louise d'Orléans. It is highly probable that the Comtesse de Paris and Princesse Louise d'Orléans will pay a visit to the King and Queen at Balmoral Castle during their stay in this country.

This week Dublin is crowded for the Horse Show, the attendance at which, if the weather keeps fine, is expected to beat the record of all other years. Never was the Irish capital so full for many years, with tourists in increasing numbers from over the ocean as well as the Channel, and people from every part of the horse-lovingest country in the world. Dublin is, in fact, *en fête* for the greatest of its many "weeks."

Lord and Lady Aberdeen have a Horse Show party at the Viceregal Lodge, and attend the Show in State, according to the usual Viceregal custom. They give several dinner parties throughout the week, and a large garden party on the 31st inst. Entertainments are also being given to the officers of the Atlantic Fleet, which is at Kingstown, and to the members of the Institute of Journalists, who visit Dublin at the end of the week. On the evening of the 31st inst. a great ball will take place at the Town Hall, Kingstown, at which the Admiral and officers of the Fleet will be present. On the same evening the Royal Dublin Society have a conversazione at Leinster House, Dublin, to meet the members of the Conference of the Institute of Journalists. Irish hospitality is being dispensed in the traditional fashion in the capital and its neighbourhood, not only throughout the present week, but in the following one as well.

The death of Miss Maitland is a great loss to Somerville Hall, of which she had been the popular and efficient Principal since 1889, when she succeeded Miss Shaw Lefevre. The Hall has developed into a College during her tenure of the principalship, and the buildings have been considerably enlarged. She was a very clever woman, with exceptional gifts of organisation and administration, and she filled her place at Oxford with distinguished wisdom and tact. Miss Maitland also did good work as a philanthropist, but her great interest was in the higher education of women. She was the author of numerous books—novels, and works on education, cookery, and household management.

The early and unexpected death of Sir Allan Mackenzie of Glenmuick will be greatly regretted in the Deeside district of Aberdeenshire, as he was a most popular landlord and a general favourite. He will be much missed by the King, who was his guest every September for grouse driving over the Brackley moors,

near Ballater, and Sir Allan was very often invited to Balmoral. Sir Allan served for some years in the Blues, and he was recently Grand Master of the Aberdeenshire Freemasons. He was a member of the Royal Scottish Archers, the Sovereign's Bodyguard in Scotland.

Sir Allan was the son of Sir James Thompson Mackenzie ("the Benefactor"), who made a large fortune in India, and considerably increased it after his return to Europe. Sir James purchased Scotch estates extending over 73,000 acres—Glenmuick, in Aberdeenshire, from the late Colonel Farquharson of Invercauld; Bachnagairn, in Forfarshire, from the late Lord Southesk; Glen Clova, in Forfarshire, from Mr. Ogilvy; and Kintail ("the cradle of all the Mackenzies"), in Ross-shire, from Mackenzie of Seaforth. Sir James expended £50,000 in building Glenmuick House and in laying out the grounds and planting the estate.

Lord Leven and Melville had been in failing health for several months, but his last illness was a very brief one. He was a grandson of the well-known Henry Thornton, who was a shining light of the Clapham sect, and succeeded his half-brother in the title in 1889. He had been a Scottish Representative Peer since 1891, and was for nine years Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly. He discharged the duties of that office with much tact and geniality, and his hospitalities at Holyrood House were profuse. Last year Mr. Balfour gave him the Order of the Thistle. As Mr. Ronald Leslie Melville, the late Peer was a well-known figure on the Turf. He was a sagacious and very able man of business, his talents in this direction coming no doubt from the Thornton blood. He had a remarkable knowledge of American finance and trade. Lord Leven was both scholarly and artistic, with a fine and highly cultivated taste for literature, music, and pictures. He was also a keen sportsman. The first Baron Melville came to England in 1587, on a special mission to Queen Elizabeth to plead for the life of Queen Mary. The first Earl of Leven was a Field Marshal of Gustavus Adolphus.

A silly season discussion has been raised on the interesting question whether a family man with £2,000 a year has more than enough income for bare necessaries. One letter, written by a medical man, struck me as exceptionally silly. This gentleman said, that in his position he must have a house in Harley-street, and give frequent dinners. After providing for this outlay, taking his family for an annual trip abroad, paying for his wife's and his daughters' clothes, providing the latter with the means to pay week-end visits, and for the education of his sons at a University, and keeping a carriage, he finds it difficult often to find a five-pound note for any extra expenditure. This I think by no means improbable. But why this scale of living? The Harley-street medico reminds me of the fashionable officer who said: "Give me a well-cooked dinner, and a fair bottle of wine, and I am ready to rough it with all in a campaign."

To say that a man with a family cannot maintain himself and the family on less than £2,000 per annum is rank nonsense. I have known many estimable people who live well on less, and who are not at their wits' end to find a five-pound note. The difficulties of the whining two-thousand-pounders are the outcome of their snobbism. They live above their means and call it keeping up their position. No reasonable person will feel the slightest pity for them. They have plenty of cloth for their coat, but they want too many coats, and they encourage their families to follow their example. I can sympathise with real want, and even with those who, without being actually in want, have to deny themselves many comforts. But there my sympathies end.

TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

Phonetic spelling, 't seems to me,
Were only practicable found,
If those who spell could all agree
What letters represent each sound.

Thine—"Teddy" Roosevelt's—name, ~~—e.g.,~~
Be spelt phonetically might
With single, or with double "d"—
And who's to settle which is right?

Nay, further, the concluding bit
Of this same "Teddy" eke might be
With "y," or "i," or "ie." writ
—And who's to choose between the three?

Thus thou, great Teddy—or I may
Thy name as "Teddie," "Teddi" fix,
Or "Tedy," "Tedie," "Tedi"—say,
Which is correct of all the six?

Good sooth, (or should I write it "suth."
Or "sewth"?—the Lord alone can tell!)
Thy system would produce, in truth,
(Or should I "trooth," or "trewth," it spell?)

A state of things, as I'm alive,
Well-meaning, but mistaken Ted,
Which lexicographers would drive
Off their—would'st have it "head" or "hed"?

Llandilo has recently been agitated over the action of Lord Dynevor in closing the parish road leading to Llandyfeisant Church, in Dynevor Park, and walling up some steps leading to the River Towy. The matter came before the Urban District Council last week, when a resolution was proposed that they should "respectfully ask" his lordship not to put any obstacles in the way of the public use of the road to the church or the steps up to the river. The Council, however, were apparently afraid to approach this local magnate, even with the bated breath and whispering humbleness of such a resolution, and eventually the discussion, which had already been adjourned once, was adjourned again. Whether the action of Lord Dynevor really is an infringement of the legal rights of the public is a question upon which I am unable to express a definite

For the Truth Hotel List, see page 533.
For Selected Foreign Hotels, see page 532.
For Estates, Auctions, &c., see page 528.
For Amusements, see page 529.
For Appeals, see page 534.
For Our Puzzles, see pages 537, 538.

opinion without fuller particulars; but I am told that it is so regarded in the town. Those who hold that view are evidently leaning upon a very weak reed if they expect this Urban Council to take any effective steps in the matter, and if they are convinced that there has been an interference with public rights of way, they should adopt their own measures to put an end to it.

Canon Scott Holland is to be the Canon-in-residence and Sunday afternoon preacher at St. Paul's Cathedral during September, replacing Chancellor Newbolt. The Canon-in-residence is in sole charge of the Cathedral during August and September, as the Dean is out of town. Dr. Gregory is residing at Singleton Rectory, between Chichester and Midhurst.

A contemporary is much disquieted because Archdeacon Utterton will not give up the living of Leatherhead until Easter, "though he goes to Winchester to reside in the Close," and "he is going to put a locum tenens in charge." I wonder who is the writer of this nonsense. The statement that "the people of the parish object to the arrangement strongly" is absolutely untrue, and the reference to the Bishop of Winchester is foolish and absurd, as the arrangement has been made with his full approval. Archdeacon Utterton will be at Winchester for only two months during the winter, and he will arrange for the parish being well looked after during his absence. It is not always expedient for a parish clergyman to resign his living at once under such circumstances, and as a rule nearly a year elapses before a benefice is thus vacated. As to Archdeacon Utterton being "a decided pluralist" until Easter next, the net income of his benefice is under £500 a year, and the stipend from his stall at Winchester is only £450 a year.

I hear that the See of Truro has been practically offered to Canon Moore Ede, the well-known Rector of Whitburn, near Sunderland. He is an energetic and very popular clergyman, a forcible preacher and platform speaker, and a decided Radical. It is very doubtful, however, whether he will care to accept Truro for several reasons, one being that the relaxing climate of Cornwall would not suit his health. He is a Moderate Churchman, and is generally described as a Christian Socialist.

Bishop Sandford, who died last week, was a son of Sir Daniel Sandford, M.P., the well-known Regius Professor of Greek at Glasgow University. He was for some years curate to Dean Ramsay at Edinburgh, whom he succeeded as incumbent of St. John's Episcopal Church in 1873. He was a thoroughly practical man and an able administrator. He was keenly interested in educational affairs, and took an active part in the management of several of the Edinburgh charities. Bishop Sandford was very popular at Edinburgh, and he exercised great influence among the Episcopal clergy. He left Edinburgh in 1883 to become Bishop of Tasmania, but he only remained in that colony for six years, and then returned home, having been presented by Bishop Lightfoot to the valuable rectory of Boldon, near Sunderland, on the understanding that he would act as Assistant-Bishop for the diocese of Durham, a position which he held until about four years ago.

A canvasser, described as "a most gentlemanly young man," has lately been scouring Bournemouth for subscriptions to the Gordon Memorial Day Nursery, and I hear that he picked up a good deal of money. This only shows once again that if people addicted to the foolish practice of giving money to itinerant collectors for unknown charities would occasionally spend sixpence on a copy of Truth, they would be richer as well as wiser, for it was only three weeks ago that I gave the latest evidence available of the fraudulent character of the Gordon Memorial Nursery and the "Bishop" who lives on it. At that date, one of McLaglen's canvassers had just had a narrow escape of prosecution at Cambridge. The mere fact of this insignificant concern—an East End crêche, which has only accommodation for fourteen babies, whose mothers pay for them day by day—sending out collectors in this way all over the provinces, shows what a harvest a swindler like McLaglen may reap, and how endless is the supply of fools who are ready to part with small sums to any one who knocks at the door with a subscription book and an appeal to sentiment.

The "gentlemanly youth" who has been preying on the Bournemouth folk happened to encounter a reader of Truth at one house where he called. He was consequently invited to answer a few pertinent questions. He explained that Bishop McLaglen has not taken any legal action on the observations that have been made about him in these columns, first, because he is a Christian, and, secondly, because he is a poor man. The first reason seems to imply that no Christian ever consults a solicitor, or brings an action at law, which is a sad libel on countless thousands of our countrymen. The second implies that none but men of means ever take proceedings against Truth. I wish it were true, but I am sorry to say it is very much the reverse. In case the gentlemanly youth should tell the same tale elsewhere, I may point out that without doing anything un-Christian, or spending anything more than a penny on postage, it is quite open to the Bishop to send me a statement of facts and figures which will controvert what I allege against him, or to send it to any other paper for publication. He has never done anything of the kind, and is not likely to. His representative also used on this occasion the argument that the "Home" had been in existence for twenty-one years, and that the police would have been down on it if it were a fraud. Unfortunately this argument is as inconclusive as the others, but I commend it to the attention of Scotland Yard and the provincial police.

The following amounts have been received by me towards Lady St. Helier's Children's Holiday Fund:—J. E. H., £1 1s.; A. M. H., 10s.; Sergeants' Mess, 39th Brigade R.F.A., Shorncliffe, 5s.; G. L. W., £2 10s.; J. V. W., £5. G. L. W. also sends me £2 10s. towards the Toy Fund.

The supplementary Blue-books published last week in relation to the inquiries of the War Stores Commission contain instructive reports by the two firms of accountants who in London and South Africa respectively examined the Supply accounts. What the Commission itself said concerning the accounts is enlarged and emphasised by these reports. They show in detail the confusion and the blundering—not to mention the swindling—that occurred under a system of accounting which seems to have been admirably adapted to the concealment of whatever was wrong. In a time of war, errors, if nothing worse, are sure to occur in the keeping of the Supply records; but there is no excuse for allowing accounts to fall into the inextricable tangle described in these reports. The accountants make a number of valuable recommendations for the more efficient arrangement and administration of the accounts, particularly in connection with the duties of a Central Account Office, and no doubt the matter is already engaging the serious attention of Mr. Haldane.

Incidentally, the accountants throw some further light on "the widespread system of corruption" which prevailed in South Africa. As might have been expected, "great care" had been exercised to conceal illegal payments and fraudulent transactions, and innumerable documents must have been destroyed by guilty contractors and officials. Some, however, seem to have been overlooked, and the accountants give some extremely interesting extracts from correspondence between the contractors and their agents. For instance, letters were unearthed in which the notorious firm of Meyer, Limited, directed agents to enter disbursements of which particulars could not be given—in other words, bribes—under such headings as "incidental expenses" and "extra labour." Meyer's representative at Kimberley reported that he was issuing 180 lb. sacks of meal to the military "at 186 lb.," which figure was "accepted without dispute as the meal is rations for Kaffirs only." At Bloemfontein an officer objected to a swindle of this kind, whereupon Meyer's agent wrote to his employers:—

> My firm opinion is that this officer is making himself obnoxious in order to obtain a little palm oil. N.B.—He will not refuse it.

Palm oil was freely used by Meyer, Limited, but anybody who failed to earn his money got no more. On one occasion the agent at Kroonstad reported that he was stopping a payment of £10 a month which "a certain individual" had been receiving, and giving a little more to one of "the other subordinates." The "certain individual," it appeared, was "a useless old woman," who allowed the contractors to be subjected to "all sorts of annoyances, which, if he earned his money, might be avoided." Much to their surprise and indignation, Meyer, Limited, sometimes came across officers and N.C.O.s who could neither be hoodwinked nor corrupted. The firm's Mafeking representative makes a pathetic complaint about the "officiousness" of a young sergeant, who pointed out to the supply officer that a quantity of "coarse salt" was being incorrectly described as "rock salt," and charged for at the higher price of the latter. From Bloemfontein Meyer's agent wrote:—

> Our bête-noir here now is the O.C., O.R.C., Major Hammett, who is very bitter to us, saying openly that it is a disgrace the terms of the contract, and also that he will do his best to get the contract annulled. I tell you this to show how the wind blows. I have received a communication this morning from him complaining of the quality of the oats issued. From "friends at court" I learnt what regiment had complained, and have seen the adjutant, and no more complaints are likely to be made.
> (N.B.—Some of the oats are dam bad.)

Every one is already familiar with the remarkable arrangement for the benefit of the contractors, which enabled them to buy stores from the Government and then sell them back again to the Government at an enhanced price. It now appears that the difference between the price at which the contractors bought and the price at which they sold was not the only source of profit. The accountants mention one of the transactions of Messrs. Wilson and Worthington, who purchased hay from the Army, "as delivered at Elandsfontein," at 7s. per 100 lb., and then sold it to the Repatriation Department, at the same place, at 10s. per 100 lb. In addition to the clear profit of 3s. per 100 lb., which they made without having to handle or remove the hay, these contractors "obtained a surplus in weight, which arises from the fact that the bales were bought from the military as weighing 87 lb. per bale . . . and were sold to the Repatriation Department as averaging 91 lb. per bale. The surplus thus made altogether amounted to 567,307 lb."

To my mind, not the least disgraceful of these revelations is the revelation of the fact that none of the contractors have been brought to justice, or even compelled to disgorge any portion of their plunder. Presumably the Army Council will deal with the officers and N.C.O.s who have been proved to have accepted bribes, and also with the more flagrant of the cases in which officers, though not convicted of corruption, displayed "inexcusable carelessness" and "extraordinary ineptitude." But there are also means of dealing with contractors and their agents for bribing public servants and practising such fraudulent tricks as those described before the Commission, and it is impossible to understand why these culprits have been allowed to escape. It may be too late to take proceedings now, but it was not too late when the transactions were first discovered a year or two ago, and apparently the only reason for the failure to do so was the desire of the late Government to hush up the scandals.

An officer who has had a long experience in the Indian Army asks me to publish the following letter:—

> It is a well-established fact, and has often been represented to the Indian military authorities, that our Indian infantry soldiers have good reason to be dissatisfied with their lot. A large number of them take their discharge after only three years' service, or as soon as they can do so, and many more are continually looking for an opportunity to leave their regiments and return to their

Barmouth the Beautiful.—Wild Mountain Ranges. Bluest of Seas. Miles of Golden Sands. Illustrated Guide sent on receipt of stamp by Town Clerk.

villages. There is consequently a serious loss of men just at the time they have become trained and useful soldiers.

The reasons for this are not far to seek. The pay and allowances of the Sepoy are quite inadequate. The monthly pay is only nine rupees, out of which the men have to pay for their food, to subscribe for the pay of company servants, i.e., the cooks, sweepers, and barbers, and to pay subscriptions to the regimental rifle club fund, etc. On joining his regiment the Sepoy gets Rs. 40 kit money, out of which he has to pay for his full kit. This costs him Rs. 70, so that he is Rs. 30 in debt to start with. He is allowed nine rupees a year to keep up his kit, but this is not enough, as one pair of boots will cost him five rupees, and he has, in addition, to keep up all his uniforms and plain clothes and pay for all his regimental necessaries. He should receive at least Rs. 10 a month pay; he should have a free kit on joining, like Mr. Tommy Atkins; and he should be allowed Rs. 10 a year to keep up his kit in a proper condition. Another very important matter is that he should invariably be allowed ample time for rest and food in the middle of the day, especially in hot weather in the plains of India. Too much work and incessant worry only has the effect of making the native of India slack.

A few months back one of the Indian papers opened its columns to a correspondence on this subject, which was noticed in Truth at the time. The above letter confirms on all material points what Indian soldiers then said on their own behalf. In particular a great deal was said on the kit question, and the cost of boots was referred to by at least one writer. As I remarked at the time, the correspondence showed that Jack Sepoy has a growing consciousness that he is not fairly dealt with, and also that he is by no means unaware of what has been done of late years to improve the position of his brother-in-arms, Mr. Atkins, or incapable of drawing unpleasant comparisons between the treatment of the British soldier and of himself. One has not heard that there is any difficulty about enlisting soldiers in India, but if my correspondent is right—and he ought to be—there is a difficulty in keeping them when once they are entitled to discharge, and that is as bad as a difficulty in recruiting, for it is a waste of money to be continually parting with your men as soon as you have turned them into efficient soldiers, and an army kept up under this condition must always contain an undue proportion of unserviceable recruits. It is to be hoped, therefore, that this subject has not escaped the vigilance of Lord Kitchener.

In a certain regiment serving abroad, a junior captain, having passed for his majority, and looking for new worlds to conquer, applied through his C.O. for permission to pass his examination in "tactical fitness for command." The C.O. cordially approved, but on looking further into the matter discovered that para. 1194, King's Regulations, as amended by an Army Order of April 1, 1906, precluded the officer going in for this examination, even brevet majors being excluded. In the face of all that we have heard about the need of keenness on the part of officers and their duty to lose no opportunity of enlarging their professional acquirements, this state of things seems a grotesque absurdity, and the Army Council seems to have done well in selecting the First of April for the promulgation of this particular order.

According to a paragraph that appeared in the *Irish Times* last week, orders just issued for the sale of surplus Mounted Infantry cobs in Ireland have been accompanied by an instruction that "no officer or soldier is to be allowed to purchase any of the animals." The military authorities in their wisdom may see some reason for this, but it is not apparent to the ordinary mind. If the animals were sold by auction—as they ought to be, and presumably will be—the more bidders there are, the better it will be for the public, and if an officer can pick up in this way a horse that he happens to want, what objection can there be to his doing so? The restriction seems to be to the advantage of nobody but the horse-dealers.

A case has recently occurred in the Royal Munster Fusiliers, which shows how a coach and four may be driven through the King's Regulations. The regulation in question is para. 762, which provides for the keeping of a joint roll of promotion between the depot and the home battalion, and the filling of a vacancy in either unit by the concurrence of the two C.O.s and with equal regard to the claims of the men in each unit. On June 9 a vacancy for quartermaster-sergeant at the depot of the Royal Munster Fusiliers, Tralee, occurred by death. It was immediately filled by the promotion of a quartermaster-sergeant named M'Sweeney, who was serving in the record office of the South Irish Grouped Regimental District, Cork. M'Sweeney had been transferred as a colour-sergeant to the Cork office in July, 1905, and promoted to quartermaster-sergeant while there. His appointment as depot quartermaster-sergeant was made by the Staff-Captain at Cork, without reference to the C.O. of the home battalion, and the vacancy having occurred on a Saturday was filled up on the following Monday.

The effect of this, of course, is that all claims of senior N.C.O.s of the home battalion are absolutely disregarded, notwithstanding the terms of para. 762, K.R. These N.C.O.s included a quartermaster-sergeant and three colour-sergeants, all qualified for promotion, and all senior to M'Sweeney. The quartermaster-sergeant who would have had the first claim to the appointment in the ordinary course has fifteen years and eight months' service, including ten years continuously in India and South Africa, and two and a half years' at Gibraltar. He is in possession of the King's Medal and four clasps. The man who gets the appointment was posted to the depot as orderly-room clerk five years after enlistment, subsequently posted to the militia battalion as orderly-room sergeant, and later on rejoined the depot as colour-sergeant, and afterwards became depot orderly-room sergeant, which appointment he held when transferred to Cork.

Thus a man who has spent practically the whole of his service in the depot and militia orderly-rooms gets a highly desirable appointment, at the expense of a veteran N.C.O. senior to himself, who has spent the greater part of his time in India and on active service

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in South Africa. The official explanation of this appointment, and of the over-riding of the express provisions of the King's Regulations is, I understand, that on a reduction of the depot staff which took place last April, M'Sweeney became a supernumerary quartermaster-sergeant, and consequently had to be "absorbed" on the first available vacancy in his rank. This is as much as to say that the authorities are the helpless victims of an automatic system that works in contravention of their own rules, which is nonsense. If a man becomes "supernumerary" under such circumstances, the proper course is to send him off at the first available vacancy to do a little genuine soldiering, not to give him a snug berth for the rest of his time at the expense of genuine soldiers who are better entitled to it. I suppose it will be said that it is now too late for him to go back to soldiering. But that only means that you first allow a man to rust away for nine years in soft clerical jobs about a depot, and then reward him for it in preference to those who have borne the burden and heat of the day.

A class of forty N.C.O.s of the Royal Engineers is at present undergoing a course of instruction in field works at St. Mary's Barracks, Chatham. The other day, the class being temporarily suspended, about thirty of the men were put on to the job of cleaning up a portion of the barrack ground and wheeling away the dead leaves and rubbish. Surely it is contrary to the present practice in the Army to select a party of non-commissioned officers for a fatigue of this character. If not, it certainly ought to be.

I am asked to appeal to the benevolence of all who are interested in the welfare of our soldiers on behalf of the gallant effort which is being made by the Rev. M. W. Ragg, Army Chaplain at Cawnpore, to establish at that place a well-equipped and efficient Soldiers' Institute. The existing institute at Cawnpore, although very useful and highly appreciated by the garrison, is a mile and a half from the barracks, affords insufficient accommodation, and is held at the heavy rent of £108 a year. Mr. Ragg is desirous of erecting a first-rate building, with a big concert-room, and rooms for billiards and other games, refreshment-rooms, and bedrooms, on land much closer to the barracks, with a recreation ground attached sufficient for all outdoor games, and he has good reason to hope that the site will be presented by the Government if the funds for the building can be raised. The sum required for the purpose is about £2,600, and so large a sum can only be obtained by a very general and liberal response to the appeal in this country. I can only say that I hope it will be forthcoming. Subscriptions may be sent to Mr. Ragg, care of Messrs. Grindlay and Co., 54, Parliament-street, S.W.

A growl comes from a mountain battery at Jutogh in consequence of an order that all institutes are to be closed at 9.45 p.m. The order seems to have been prompted by the misconduct of a man who had to be taken to the guard-room, drunk, at 10.30 p.m. General punishments of this kind, in which the innocent have to suffer for the guilty, always do more harm than good, and in this case the resentment of the innocent is the more excusable because the offender was a man who was being sent home for discharge as no longer required, and had been making himself a nuisance all round by way of relieving his feelings. Moreover, the order in question applies to the Army Temperance room as well as the others, so that even teetotallers are punished by being sent to bed at 9.45 (that is what it amounts to) because a bad character gets drunk. A queer way of maintaining discipline!

Writing from Malta apropos of the recent discussion on the Army Nursing Service, a correspondent states that in a large hospital ward there, where the staff used to consist of one nursing sister, one wardmaster, and three orderlies, while the patients have decreased in number the nurses and orderlies have been multiplied more than threefold, so that it has several times happened of late that the number of attendants has exceeded that of the patients. I understand the suggestion to be that this state of things is attributable to the increase of the female nursing staff. I do not quite see why the increase of female nurses should lead to the increase of orderlies, but if it does the cost of the Army Nursing Service is by no means fully measured by the amount of the vote under this head in the Estimates. I hope that before Mr. Haldane concludes his inquisition into the reasons of things, and particularly the reasons of expenditure, he will cast his eye in this particular quarter.

Another little detail of hospital administration is mentioned to me in this connection. When invalids have to be removed from the hospital to be shipped home, the nursing orderlies are not sent to the ship with the ambulances, but the sanitary staff, storemen, and clerks are employed for the purpose. Surely the handling of invalids who have to be carried in ambulances ought to be done by properly trained men, and there can be no reason in this case why it should not be, if the actual wards of the hospital are over-staffed to the extent above stated.

Three or four weeks ago I received a communication from a naval correspondent stating that H.M.S. *Good Hope* narrowly escaped a serious disaster by grounding during the manœuvres, and asking why the court-martial usual in such cases was not being held. As I was unable to send down to Portsmouth, where the ship had been docked for repairs, to verify this statement, I did not

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deal with the matter. In the *Daily Chronicle* last week, however, I noticed a confirmatory report to the effect that the docking of the *Good Hope* had revealed the seriousness of the damage she sustained when she "touched ground coming out of Plymouth Sound"; and that it was considered an extraordinary thing that the keel plates, which had been "driven up a foot" were not "either torn clean off or penetrated by the points of the rocks over which the vessel bumped her way into deep water." As it was, the ship was only able to continue taking part in the manœuvres by continual pumping to keep under the water which entered the double bottom. All's well that ends well. But the safety of the *Good Hope* seems undoubtedly to have been jeopardised by this accident, and we are often told that in such cases it is the invariable practice in the Navy to hold a court-martial to ascertain whether any blame attaches to the captain or other officers. Why has an exception been made in this particular case?

The *Western Morning News* states that the Admiralty Committee, which is to investigate the canteen system and the victualling of the Fleet in general, is about to start on a tour of inquiry. It is to be hoped that its inquiries will be extended on a large scale to the lower deck, particularly in regard to the present system of canteen management, and that the strong feeling which prevails on the subject of the Maltese bumboatmen will be adequately voiced. I have just had a letter on the canteen question, which insists strongly on the expediency of allowing the men to choose their own contractor, and expresses the hope that this course will be adopted when the *Britannia*, now nearing completion, is commissioned. This is certainly a sound principle, and it seems to me that there can be no objection to it which will weigh against the arguments in its favour. Nothing in the shape of corrupt influence can possibly be exercised if the canteen tenant is chosen by the vote of a whole ship's company. The men cannot grumble, at any rate aloud, against their own decision, and if a mistake is made they must make the best of it.

BEHIND THE SCENES—IN FLEET STREET.

Editor of the *Morning Screecher*—*loquitur*:—

"When Israel's seed, in bondage held,
Were slaves to Pharaoh's cruel law,
'Twas deemed hard luck that they're compelled
To manufacture bricks sans straw;
But, ah! my luck is harder still,
Who must, sans news, my columns fill.

"For holidays and tropic sky
Have lulled in slumber all mankind,
Nor, try as hard as I may try,
Can I one theme for 'copy' find—
Hallo! What's this? You don't, now, say so?
'Earthquake'—(good biz)—'at Valparaiso.'

"'Three hundred deaths reported?' Pooh!
The estimate's absurd, I vow.
'Three hundred!' Bosh.—'Tis far too few;
Say, while we're at it, thirty thou.
And add, to make 'em gorge the bluff,
Three columns of descriptive stuff.

"'Eye witness's account;' 'who's faced
Himself the most appalling risk o';
'The city laid a total waste';
'Ten thousand times as bad as 'Frisco.'
'Don't know it? Rats! Dry up, sir preacher!
I know what sells the *Morning Screecher*.

"What ho! Good business, once again!
'A row in Cuba; three police
And four, or five, insurgents slain.'
Stuff! Can't print trifles such as these.
'Terrific fighting. Awful slaughter,'
We'll say, and 'blood aflow like water.'"

So wrote that Editor his pat
And circumstantial lucubration,
The while he blessed the Cubans that
They'd risen in the Long Vacation,
And Earth that she, in season silly,
Had quaked so opportune in Chile.

The stories of the water famines in the two Essex villages of Coggleshall and Corringham illustrate the laxity that is frequently displayed in the administration of the Public Health Acts by rural councils. In each village the public pump, on which the poorer inhabitants are mainly dependent for water, has run nearly dry owing to the drought. Coggleshall is situated in the district of the Braintree Rural Council, and for its inaction that body has the excuse that a majority of the Coggleshallites themselves some years ago voted against a proposed water scheme. But the fact that a misguided majority of the villagers are willing to incur the discomfort and the danger arising from an insufficient and—as is believed to be the case at Coggleshall—an impure supply of water does not absolve the rural council from the fulfilment of its statutory duties, and the Braintree councillors have now recognised this by notifying that they will proceed to carry out a scheme unless the parish authorities undertake to do so.

Corringham, which belongs to the district of the Orsett Rural Council, appears to be in a worse plight than Coggleshall. According to a report in the *Essex County Chronicle*, the parish pump only yields about twenty gallons of water a day, for the supply of about forty houses! Yet, running beneath the surface of the village street is one of the mains of the South Essex Water Company, with which all these houses could easily be connected. The Public Health Act of 1875 provides that when any house is without a proper supply of water the local authority may order the owner to obtain such a supply, and, if he disobeys the order, may do the necessary work and charge him with the cost. In such a case as this, where the public health is being jeopardised out of consideration for the pockets of property-owners, surely it is the business of the Local Government Board to insist upon the enforcement of the law by the local council.

Select and Fashionable Felixstowe.—This is a favourite season for visiting Felixstowe. The weather is usually beautifully fine; society select and terms moderate at the popular Felix Hotel, facing South and Sea. Hungarian Band daily throughout September. Outdoor amusements abound. Good fishing from the new pier. Excellent train service.

Some remarkable figures relating to imprisonment for debt are given in the last published County Court Return. During 1905 the total number of debtors imprisoned on judgment summonses in the County Courts was 11,405, and of these no fewer than 7,851 served their full term. Both figures have been steadily rising since 1900, when the committals numbered 7,890, and 4,692 of the prisoners served the full term. This increase, moreover, has been out of all proportion to the increase in the number of the judgment summonses heard. Another instructive feature of the return is the amazing disparity it exhibits in the practice of different judges. For instance, in No. 2 Court (Durham, etc.) 19,670 actions were determined, and the number of debtors imprisoned was 28; whilst in No. 15 Court (York, Ripon, etc.), where the actions numbered 22,296, no fewer than 471 debtors were imprisoned, 343 of them serving the full term. Summing up a series of such comparisons, a *Times* correspondent says that, roughly speaking, the figures show that in some districts one defendant is imprisoned in every 700 or 800, while in others the proportion is one defendant in every 47, or 33, or 25.

Differences in the circumstances and character of the population might account for some variation in the figures from different courts, but such enormous discrepancies as those revealed by the return must be largely attributable to the fact that some judges are much more ready to commit debtors than others. The time has arrived when there should be an inquiry into the whole question of imprisonment for debt. It is a practice that has increased, is increasing, and, in my opinion, ought to be wholly abolished.

Had I been on the jury which tried Mr. Hugh Watt I should not have been disposed to convict him, though I do not say that I should have submitted to be locked up all night, if the majority of my colleagues had formed a different opinion. The evidence was to my mind tainted, and open to a doubt, of which I should have given the prisoner the benefit. I should have acted on the same principle if I had been a Home Secretary deciding an appeal for a pardon on the ground that he had been wrongly convicted. But if as the jury found, and as the Home Secretary seems to believe, the man really endeavoured to procure the murder of his wife, I should not remit four-fifths of his sentence on the ground that he is in bad health—unless, of course, it is satisfactorily established that his life would be endangered by further detention, and that cannot be the state of the case when it is decided in August to release a prisoner next December. The decision has all the air of an illogical compromise, and it is not in any way improved by the statement that the Home Secretary acts with the approval of the Judge who tried the case. If the prisoner's health is in a critical state, why consult the Judge? You might as well consult the usher. Every fresh decision of the Home Office on a criminal sentence seems to accentuate its unfitness for discharging the functions now vested in it.

A fortnight ago I mentioned that John Charles Parkinson, a solicitor practising in Liverpool and residing at Southport, had been fined £20 and costs for defrauding the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company by travelling on the railway without having previously paid his fare. The Liverpool stipendiary inflicted this penalty for one out of eleven specific offences with which the defendant was charged, the remaining ten summonses being adjourned in consequence of an intimation that the defendant (who on oath denied his guilt) might appeal. Parkinson seems to have thought better of the idea of appealing, for, when the adjourned summonses came on for hearing a few days ago, he pleaded guilty to three of the charges in respect of which the stipendiary imposed three fines of 5s. each, with £5 5s. costs. The prosecution then withdrew the other seven summonses. There is not the slightest doubt that this ornament of the legal profession had been systematically defrauding the railway company by means of an ingenious trick with return tickets, which he used time after time, and, in view of his previous conviction for similar offences in 1898, I would again commend his case to the attention of the Discipline Committee of the Incorporated Law Society.

At Radcliffe Police Court the other day two persons attended to apply for certificates of exemption under the conscientious objection clause of the Vaccination Act. A certificate requires the signatures of two J.P.'s. There were two J.P.'s on the bench, but one of them, Mr. Stocks Massey, announced point blank that he would not sign any such certificate, declaring that he had as strong an objection to granting exemptions as the applicants had to vaccination. Mr. Stocks Massey seems to have a muddy-minded misconception of the obligations of his office as a magistrate. With just as much reason he might decline to convict a wife-beater on the ground that he approves of wife-beating. Whether he objects to the law or not, a magistrate's duty is to carry it out, and if this Radcliffe Shallow is too self-opinionated to give effect to the Vaccination Act the Lord Chancellor ought to remove his name from the Commission of the Peace.

The facts elicited at the hearing of the charge of obtaining charitable contributions by fraud against Bruno Kohnfeldt at Tower-bridge Police-court last week are almost sufficient to make the charity reformer despair. Here is an old hand at the game, on ticket-of-leave for the remaining period of a previous conviction, who is able to coax contributions from the pockets of three bishops and two earls, and, but for the activity of the police, who arrested him for failing to report himself, he would probably have exacted tribute from

the whole Bench of Bishops and half the peerage. I have myself in the past warned the charitable against this astute knave, but what is the use of such warnings when those who really ought to know better disregard the most elementary precautions before bestowing charity? A bishop, at least, should be aware that the more plausible the beggar, the less likelihood there is of his story being true.

THE WAIL OF THE BOOK.

(Picked up near Lambeth Police Court).

I saw in dreamland while I slept,
A book upon a shelf,
A grubby, greasy tome, which kept
A-moaning to itself,
And sobbing in convulsive fit,
As though its little lids would split.

"Now who art thou, O little book,
And wherefore dost thou sob?"
"Oh, sir, because they've been and took
Away," said he, "my job.
For I'm the book that's got—worse luck!—
From Lambeth what is called 'the chuck.'

"And cruel shame it is, say I,
To treat me in this sort,
When I so long and faithfully
Have served the Lambeth Court;
When witnesses ten thousand odd
Have sworn on me, 'so help me God;'

"And kissed me every time they swore,
As love me well they did.
You see what stickiness galore
Adorns my either lid?
That, sir, 's the proud accumulation
Of two whole decades' osculation.

"If you should doubt it, just you try
The mixed and lippy taste
That clings to me." "No, thanks," said I,
In energetic haste.
"What I upon your lids can *see*
Is proof enough, sans taste, for me.

"But tell me plain, thou much-kissed book,
Nor beat about the bush;
Aye, tell me wherefore thus they've took
And given thee the 'push.'"
"Because," said he, "the Beak grew great on
A silly fad called sanitation.

"He said that very nice 'was not
For, say, some clean-lipped lass
To kiss me after one who'd got,
P'rhaps, erysipelas,
Or labial ulcers, red and raw,
Or salivating phossy-jaw;

"Or one whose matted beard was all
Alive, as round his lip
It clung, with things that creep and crawl,
And hop and jump and skip;
Such things as mealy-mouthed cowards
Would style 'F Sharps' or 'Norfolk Howards.'"

"And do *you* think that nice?" I said.
"Oh! Bother 'nice'! I'm sore
To know my halcyon days are fled
And I'll be kissed no more."
Then, as he gave a piteous sob,
I muttered, 'neath my breath, "Good job!"

A poacher with ninety previous convictions let off with a fine of ten shillings! At first sight this appears to be a singular instance of magisterial leniency, but, as will be observed from the report in my Legal Pillory, the poacher was not on this occasion charged with poaching. He was before the Harrogate Bench for being drunk and creating a disturbance in the street, in the course of which he struck a woman with his belt, cutting her head open. No doubt if he had been convicted of taking a few rabbits he would have been sent to gaol without the option of a fine, like the defendants in the cases at York and at Nottingham. Some striking examples of the misguided mercy of the Great Unpaid in dealing with offences against the person are cited from Rochdale, Newport, Rotherham, and elsewhere; and among the contrasted sentences I would particularly direct attention to the decision of the Bridgwater County Shallows in the case of a little girl charged with petty larceny. It is clear that, instead of being committed to a reformatory for five years, this poor child ought to have been discharged under the First Offenders Act:—

Retford Borough Police Court. Before the Mayor, Messrs. B. Haigh, J. A. H. Hirst, and other magistrates. Henry Smith, hawker, charged with cruelty by working a horse whilst it was in an unfit state. The horse was exceedingly lame, and in a very poor and feeble condition, and had since been sold to be slaughtered. Fined £1 13s.

Preston Borough Police Court. Before Dr. Dunn and Mr. H. Greenwood. John Fielding, charged with assaulting John Turner by throwing him down and kicking him. Defendant, who was drunk, committed the assault without any provocation. Fined 2s. 6d. and costs.

Harrogate Police Court. Thomas Long, an elderly man, charged with being drunk and disorderly. A constable found defendant in the street, whirling a ball round his head and offering to "take on" all comers. He struck a woman, cutting her head open. The police said the accused had been a poacher all his life and there were ninety previous convictions against him for various offences. Fined 10s. and costs.

Long Melford Petty Sessions. Before Colonel Barnardston and Messrs. F. J. Methold and W. R. Hustler. Frederick Bugg, charged with assaulting George Stone, by striking him in the face, blackening his eye, knocking him down, and kicking him. Fined 10s. and costs.

Rotherham Police Court. James Riley and his wife, charged with assaulting Wm. Carson, a neighbour. They dragged him into their house, locked the door, and then beat him with a poker, cutting his head, bruising him about the body, and rendering him unconscious. Fined 20s. each and costs.

Retford Borough Police Court. Before the same magistrates. James Brett, chimney sweeper, and Walter Barnett, charged under the Poaching Prevention Act with aiding and abetting some person or persons unknown, who had been trespassing in pursuit of game. A number of rabbits were found in a cart which Brett was driving, and Barnett was with him. Barnett fined 20s. and Brett £5.

Southend County Police Court. Before Messrs. E. A. Wedd, J. Taylor, and H. Rankin, and Sir Lloyd Wise. Joseph Green and William Lee, charged under the Poaching Prevention Act with being found in possession of two rabbits. Green fined 16s. 3d. and Lee £2 6s. 3d.

East Riding Police Court, York. Wm. Franklin and Joseph Andrews, charged with poaching. Three months each and a further six months in default of finding sureties that they would not so offend again for a year.

Midhurst Police Court. Before Messrs. C. T. Lane and P. C. Bullock, and Lieut.-Colonel Wyndham. Henry Stenning, aged 70, charged with stealing onions, value 3d., from an allotment. One month.

Nottingham County Police Court. Before Messrs. E. W. Enfield, W. R. Smart and J. B. Tidmas. Wm. Grilby, and Herbert Collison, charged with poaching. Grilby, who had been previously convicted, was sent to gaol for six weeks, and Collison for one month.

Teignmouth Police Court. John Foster, charged with sleeping out. Fourteen days.

Newcastle-under-Lyme Police Court. Before Messrs. H. Morley, H. Watson, S. Edwards and J. Mayer. Frank Gannon, charged with stealing a cucumber. One month.

Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Nearly 8,000 convictions last year. Complaints marked "Private" absolutely confidential.—Secretary, 105, Jermyn-st., London.

Rochdale Borough Police Court. Before Mr. G. Petrie and other magistrates. Joseph Mullins, charged with assaulting Ellen Cunliffe. Without any provocation he knocked the woman down and kicked her with his clogs, causing injuries which necessitated her removal to the infirmary, where she was detained for several days. Defendant was drunk at the time of the assault. He had been before the magistrates on previous occasions. Fined 21s. and costs.

Newport (Mon.) Police Court. George Provis, charged with assaulting George Abraham by striking him on the head with a poker. Abraham was taken to the hospital, where three stitches were put into the wound he received. Fined 40s.

Barry Police Court. Before Messrs. J. Lowdon and T. P. Thomas. Thomas James, charged with being drunk and disorderly, and with assaulting a policeman. He was extremely violent, kicking the officer on the knee and also on the head. Fined 25s.

Clare Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. G. E. Barnes, F. C. Christmas, C. S. Goodchild, T. Bower, Sir G. Digby Baker, and the Rev. A. McKechnie. Charles Cryssel, senior, Charles Cryssel, junior, and George Cryssel, charged with assaulting Jesse Rayner. He was first struck by Cryssel, senior, and afterwards all three defendants attacked him, knocking him down and kicking him. Charles Cryssel, junior, fined 16s. 8d., and the other defendants £1 6s. 8d. each.

Bridgwater County Police Court. Before Messrs. H. T. Daniel, W. F. Gooding, and J. Baker. Emma Jane Cottey, 12 years of age, charged with stealing a piece of flannel and other pieces of dress material, value 7s. 6d., belonging to her employer. The girl was employed as a domestic servant in a farm house. The prosecutrix said she did not wish to press the case, but in reply to the magistrate's clerk she admitted that she had missed things before. Committed to a reformatory for five years.

Coventry County Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. R. Lant, H. J. Nutt, and J. Hollick. Edward Gamble, charged with stealing a pair of trousers, value 5s. 6d., from a shop. Six weeks.

Rye County Police Court. Before Messrs. C. H. Stenning, H. C. Burra, T. J. Davis, C. L. Lidder, and Dr. Skinner. George Edwards charged with stealing three hen's eggs. Fourteen days.

Kettering Police Court. Before Messrs. J. T. Stockburn and F. Mobbs. Harry Panter, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. Fourteen days.

A game-keeper was summoned before the Wokingham County J.P.s last week for assaulting Henry Larkin, a Twyford tradesman, under the following circumstances: Mr. Larkin was returning home from a visit to a farmer, who had given him a couple of rabbits, when he met the keeper in the main road. The keeper passed Mr. Larkin without speaking, but then, coming up behind, threw him to the ground and demanded his name and address, also asking where he got the rabbits. Mr. Larkin, resenting this treatment, refused to give any information, and on a cyclist appearing the incident ended. The keeper denied that he threw the complainant down, but admitted that he caught hold of his arm and stopped him, and said he thought he was perfectly justified in what he did. On this evidence

The magistrates dismissed the case, the Chairman expressing the opinion that the whole thing was a trivial matter. The Bench thought that the complainant should have given his name and address when asked by the keeper, and also that when the latter knew who Mr. Larkin was he ought to have apologised.

Why on earth should the complainant have been expected to submit to this molestation on the highway? The keeper had no right to stop him. By the Poaching Prevention Act a police constable is given a right to search on the highway any person whom he has good cause to suspect of coming from land where he has been unlawfully in the pursuit of game. But keepers have no such right on the highway, though under other statutes they have certain powers of search and seizure on their employers' land. Even a constable would not have been justified in detaining Mr. Larkin without some further "good cause" than his possession of a couple of rabbits. For a keeper to do so was an utterly unwarrantable proceeding. Like a good many keepers, the defendant evidently has an exaggerated idea of the extent of his authority, and as he was clearly guilty of the assault, it was plainly the duty of the Bench to convict him. The fact that they dismissed the summons shows once more how the judgment of the country magistrates is biassed in any matter relating to the preservation of game.

The late Sir Wilfrid Lawson was hardly the man to embark in a search for gold in Arizona, but scarcely has he been laid in his grave when our old friend the "gold brick" swindler addresses to him the usual preliminary epistle—of course for the benefit of his heirs and successors. The operator in this case calls himself C. Baxter, and wrote on July 7 from the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, which may be of interest to the American police if they are on the look out for any of these gentry. The letter begins with the usual tale of the writer having just returned from the mines in Arizona, where he has "left Thomas in poor health," the doctor recommending him to remain in a high altitude for the present. He will doubtless go to a much lower one in the fulness of time. He concludes, however, with the remark, in requesting an immediate reply:—"Delays are dangerous. Thomas says that is one of your old sayings." Sir Wilfrid's son tells me that in point of fact this is true. It may be only an accident, but as I do not remember a similar passage in any of these letters, it is possible that the writer happened to have known as much as this about Sir Wilfrid, and introduced the little touch to "give an air of verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative." Who *are* the idiots who fall victims to this fly-blown swindle? There must be plenty of them somewhere, or the game would not be carried on so pertinaciously.

The incurable gullibility of the people who are preyed upon by advertising tricksters is strikingly shown in the correspondence that is now reaching me with reference to the latest of the so-called competitions that are run by Fraser and Co., 51, Milton-street, E.C. Only a fortnight ago I described the imposition which this firm practised in connection with their offer of a prize of £5 each to every person sending in a correct solution of a square puzzle and—this being, of course, an indispensable condition—at the same time paying half-a-crown for a packet of rubbishy picture postcards. Nobody got a prize, Fraser and Co. audaciously declaring that the only correct solution of the "simple little puzzle" was one which they had devised and which nobody had forwarded. This solution was not honestly in accordance with the letter, and was distinctly contrary to the spirit, of the rules they had laid down: and it is difficult to understand how

Savoy Hotel & Restaurant, London.—The most beautiful garden and river view in Europe. The Restaurant of the world. Hotel rooms bright, fresh, and delightfully quiet.

the most ingenuous competitor could fail to see that he had been duped. In announcing the result of this competition, however, Fraser and Co. coolly invited all these dupes to buy another packet of cards, and so qualify again for winning a £5 prize by solving another "simple puzzle."

Fraser and Co. know their public. Doubtless it was a case of once bit twice shy with a good number of the victims of the last trick; but others were quite ready to be fooled again. The new puzzle was to put together the divided pieces of a "drawing" of a group of animals, "so as to show correctly all the animals that were in the original design." It looked an easy thing to do, but the people who paid the entrance fee—a shilling this time—and sent in solutions have now received a circular telling them that they were unsuccessful, the puzzle, it is almost needless to say, including another "catch," which it was practically impossible for anybody to discover. Frankly, I think that those who, even after their first experience, still imagined that they would gain £5 from Fraser and Co. by solving an apparently childishly simple puzzle fully deserve the disappointment that has befallen them. The fact that the competitors are fools, however, is no excuse for the conduct of the knaves who have taken their money.

By the way, several of my correspondents mention that before they fell into Fraser and Co's. square puzzle trap they took the precaution—or what they regarded as the precaution—of writing to the particular newspaper in which they saw the advertisement to ask whether the offer of the £5 prizes was a genuine one. The newspaper managers seem usually to have answered such inquiries by quoting assurances that they had received from Fraser and Co's. advertising agents, that "the advertisement is thoroughly genuine and straightforward in every respect," and that the advertisers would undoubtedly pay the sum of £5 for correct solutions of the puzzle. Since the result of the competition was made known a competitor has again communicated with the proprietor of one well-known London weekly newspaper, which had thus relied upon the advertising agents' assurances. In reply, this gentleman writes:—

> I quite agree with you that the whole thing would appear to be a "juggle," to use no stronger term, and had I not been assured that the competition was a *bona fide* one I would not have inserted the advertisements. Indeed, for several weeks I stopped their insertion in the ———, and it was only when they came to us through another advertising agent, who gave us further assurance, and when I saw that they were appearing, week after week, in some of the London dailies, that I consented to their re-appearance.
>
> I agree with you, too, that the so-called solution is one which does not tally with the statements in the advertisements, and I shall have to decline to insert any further advertisements from the firm in question.

It is a little difficult to understand how any person of an average degree of intelligence could fail to perceive from the first that the advertisement was either a downright swindle or else—as it turned out to be—an unprincipled "catch," morally, though perhaps not legally, indistinguishable from a swindle. No matter what assurances were given by their advertising agents, it was preposterous to suppose that Fraser and Co. meant or were in a position to pay £5 to every customer solving the venerable "15" puzzle in the generally accepted way. Newspaper managers, as a rule, are not, I think, persons of less than the average degree of intelligence. I am afraid, therefore, that in this, as in the case of other questionable advertisements, a good many of them carelessly—to put it mildly—allowed themselves to become participants with Fraser and Co. in the trick which was played upon their readers.

Acceding to the solicitations of Anthony and Edge, bookmakers, 48, Dover-street, W., a gentleman in the country opened a betting account with them. He began by losing £10, which amount he duly paid. Then he won £25, but Anthony and Edge did not pay, and applications for the money have been left unanswered. Having heard that there were other victims besides himself, the backer communicated with Scotland Yard, and in reply he was informed that "the police cannot deal with gambling transactions." He therefore sends the story to me. The only comment that I have to make upon it is that if he and his fellow victims had read Truth more diligently a paragraph in my issue of July 4 would have put them on their guard against the welshing firm of Anthony and Edge.

The lull in the Russian storm which followed the dissolution of the Duma is evidently at an end, and the revolutionists have broken out with renewed fury. One cannot exactly blame them. They meet violence with violence, and if, as in the case of the attempted assassination of M. Stolypin, they spare neither young nor old in the pursuit of their victims, the same thing may be said of the Bureaucracy, whose crimes are thus avenged. It is a state of war in which the object of each side is to strike terror into the other, and each side regards undiscriminating ferocity as a legitimate weapon.

That the cause of either revolution or reform, however, will be advanced by a mere policy of terrorism I greatly doubt. The Tsar personally has apparently ceased to exercise much influence on the situation. The Bureaucracy is fighting the revolutionaries with its back to the wall, and is not likely to be frightened into surrender by the murder of this general or that minister. It has physical force on its side until something in the nature of a military revolt takes place. The policy of bombs and revolvers, though it may look very dramatic and awe-inspiring to the spectators, is little more than

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The Preservation of Health is the subject of interesting remarks of Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., on page 536.

"Truth" will be sent weekly to any address in the United Kingdom for 7s. for 3 months; 14s. for 6 months; or 28s. for 12 months. The subscription for all Countries included in the Postal Union is, 3 months, 7s. 8d.; 6 months, 15s. 4d.; 12 months £1 10s. 8d. All subscriptions are payable in advance, and cheques and P.O.O.'s should be made payable to the Manager, "Truth" Building, Carteret-street, S.W.

the throwing of squibs against the walls of an impregnable fortress. In the meantime, the moderate reformers—Liberals, Constitutional Democrats, or whatever they may be called—are frightened and alienated, and the one hope of practical progress on the path of political reform is driven further away than ever.

THE PRUDISH ROOK.

A prim old Rook, of prudish Mind,
To Ways and Thoughts austere inclined,
Spent all his Time in poking round
Where younger Rooks did most abound,
Intent to catch 'em, as they sport,
In doing what they didn't ought;
(Which meant—to say the Truth exact—
Well, almost Everything, in fact,
Except behaving just like him,
And looking pious, grave, and prim).

One Morn, as he diurnal went,
On such detective Errand bent,
A spry young female Rook he found
Taking a Dust-Bath on the ground,
And fluttering her Pinions so,
As all her Ribs, 'tween Whiles, to show.

"Great Pies!" exclaimed his prudish Nibs,
As hard he eyed the fair one's Ribs,
"How dare you, lifting thus your Wings,
Display to public View those Things?
Such Shamelessness disgusts me quite,
I vow I cannot bear the Sight!"

"Can't bear the Sight?" retorts Miss Rook.
"*Then why the Hades stop and look?*"

MORAL.

For sea-side Grundys who complain
They oft see Sights that give them Pain,
The Remedy's as clear as Day—
Just let 'em look the other Way!

SCRUTATOR.

ROOSEVELT'S MAGIC SPELL.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT and the German Emperor have long had the appearance of being engaged in a competition, the object of which is to make the world jump. For the moment, the President has taken a long lead of the Kaiser with his project for revolutionising the spelling of the English language. I confess that I admire his courage. It is one of those proposals which may be easily killed by ridicule, and it is all over with a public man when he becomes ridiculous. The Americans have a keen sense of humour, and the political opponents of the President suddenly find a weapon in their hands, the force of which will tell irrespectively of party. For Mr. Roosevelt to present them with this weapon, when there is a presidential election in sight, and Mr. Bryan is preparing for the war path, is a truly heroic proceeding. I do not remember any other politician, in England or America, capable of doing anything so opposed to the conventional traditions and practice of politics—with the exception of Mr. Gladstone. If the attention of that great man had by accident been strongly directed to the anomalies and absurdities of English spelling, he was quite as capable as Mr. Roosevelt of making spelling reform, at a moment's notice, the main plank of his platform, and fighting a general election on it, regardless of the consequences.

As a matter of fact, there is no argument against phonetic spelling but the argument of ridicule, which is merely, in this case, the appeal from reason to prejudice. When you have been accustomed to see a word spelt one way, the word looks funny when spelt another. From time immemorial professional wags have made cheap capital out of this form of fun. Mr. Roosevelt's distinguished countryman, Artemus Ward, was very successful with it. We all laugh at the orthographic aberrations of uneducated people, and even a genuine humorist—or should one write, humourist?—like Thackeray was not above exploiting this humble source of mirth in the writings of Mr. Yellowplush. I do not blame him, for only a pedant would refuse to smile at Jeames's "fax and annygoats," and his spelling is only one incident in his general absurdity. But it is just as well to remember while we laugh that we are only laughing at the breach of a convention, just as we may laugh at the country farmer who walks down Regent-street in the costume in which he goes to market, or the antique belle who adheres to the fashions which prevailed twenty years ago. In fact, the spelling of English words is largely a matter of fashion, and has varied, like the fashions in clothes, from generation to generation, and still more from century to century. There is no logic, rule, or natural law about it. The rules which govern it depend entirely upon custom, and the variations which occur in the prevalent custom from time to time have their origin chiefly in the composing-rooms of printing shops, just as the variations in the cut or colour of clothes originate in the shops of the milliners and tailors. That so much importance should be attached to the spelling of words in accordance with the fashion of the day, and any departure from this fashion be regarded as a supremely comic exhibition of boorish ignorance, only shows how we are dominated by the tyranny of the majority and the force of habit. I see that Mr. Frederic Harrison, asked for his opinion on Mr. Roosevelt's declaration, briefly dismisses phonetic spelling as "a vile fad." It is pleasant to find that even philosophers can occasionally share the weaknesses and prejudices of ordinary mortals. Clear your mind of prejudice, and you will see that this "vile fad" is the only method of spelling which has any foundation in reason. When mankind first endeavoured to express speech in written signs they invented separate signs for each sound in their language, vocal or consonantal. There is no other rational way of going to work. It would never have occurred to a Cadmus to express one sound by half-a-dozen different signs or combinations of signs, or to give to one sign half-a-dozen different sounds or combinations of sounds, which is the state of things prevailing among the English-speaking peoples to-day. We may reasonably suppose that the Greek and Roman languages were reduced to writing on the plain phonetic principle, and that they retained their phonetic character more or less permanently. The Italian language is, for all practical purposes, spelt on a purely phonetic principle to this day. In the case of English, as also in that of French, the language has been evolved since

the written characters were adopted. Possibly, the English sounds and the signs for them never correspond as closely as they do now in Italian. At any rate, partly owing to natural variations of pronunciation, partly owing to arbitrary alterations of spelling, the two have got wider and wider apart, until a great number of letters and combinations of letters have acquired all sorts of different vocal significations, and most of the elementary sounds of which words are composed may be expressed in writing in all sorts of different ways. The consequence is that there are no rules but those of convention and tradition to determine the "correct" spelling of thousands and tens of thousands of words, and comparatively few men can master the art of writing their own language without occasional "mistakes" in spelling, that is to say, breaches of the accepted traditions. There is no parallel for this state of things in the language of any other civilised country, unless it be China. Among the European languages French comes nearest to it, but French spelling is far less irrational. The Germans have lately gone in extensively for spelling reform, and got rid of all the worst anomalies which had grown up in the writing of their language. Italian spelling, as I have said, is, with unimportant exceptions, purely phonetic. I do not know much about Spanish and Portuguese, but so far as my knowledge goes, their spelling is almost as simple as the Italian.

In the ordinary way I do not consider mere matters of fashion worth much argument or mental exercise. If I write "connexion" with an x, which I always do, as the result of having received a classical education in my youth, and my printers insist on spelling it with a ct, as they always do, being bound by the rules of their office and the customs of the trade, I do not think it worth while to fight the matter out with them on the proof. If they drop the final e in "develope," but insist on retaining it in "envelope," I let them have their way. I should do the same if they knocked the final ue off "catalogue," or the o or the u out of "labour," or adopted any other American simplification of spelling, or any more advanced item of the Roosevelt programme. From my individual point of view, the thing is not very important one way or the other. But there is one point of view from which it is very important indeed, namely, that of the rising generation. The great practical evil of the condition into which the spelling of the English language has drifted is that it takes boys and girls years and years of constant application to master its inscrutable eccentricities, and that countless hours are thus wasted, often in vain, which might be applied to the acquisition of some knowledge of practical value. I have read somewhere that an Italian child can be taught to read and to spell correctly in less than a year from the time it begins to learn, and there is no reason why it should not be so, for, when once the child has learned to appreciate at a glance the vocal significance of each letter, it has nothing further to learn. Compare with this the years of tedious drudgery which the English child spends in committing to memory—there is no other method of mastering it—the inconsistent and bewildering "orthography" of tens of thousands of words in his own language, and then think of the educational handicap which is thus laid upon him in competition with the Italian or German child. In the present day this is a consideration which we cannot afford to lose sight of, not only because our children have to compete in education with the children of all other nations, but also because public education is a very heavy charge upon all of us in our capacity of ratepayers and taxpayers, and we do not want to keep a child at school for seven years learning, and even then only learning imperfectly, what, under a more rational system, he might learn in seven months. I believe I am right in saying that this was the consideration which chiefly moved the German Government in instituting a simplification of German spelling. There is ten times more reason for such a step in England than in Germany, and if our Education Department does not care to tackle the question, I expect it will be chiefly because no English politician at the head of the Department will dare to face the storm of cheap ridicule which any attempt to introduce a little common sense into the spelling of the language is bound to excite.

On the whole, therefore, I am more disposed to sympathise with Mr. Roosevelt than to make fun of him. The chief matter for regret about his movement seems to me to be that he did not take us into his confidence and endeavour to promote a joint movement in England and America. He would have had more chance of success that way, and he would have avoided the objection that he is trying to create a new language and adding to the confusion of tongues. It may be that a few centuries hence the United States and the United Kingdom will be speaking languages as distinct as are German and English to-day. History would lead us to expect such a result, and the first stages in the process are already pretty evident. But if the result can be avoided, it will be vastly more convenient for both nations. The circumstances of the modern world may do something to retard the growth of differences in speech such as have led to the development of new languages in bygone times; and still more would be done in that direction if both nations had in the spelling of their words a common standard of pronunciation. This they could easily have if they agreed to appoint a joint commission to make suggestions on this subject, instead of settling it on each side off-hand by the arbitrary decree of a Government office, or leaving it to the chances of decision at a parliamentary or presidential election.

LIFE AT MARIENBAD.

Trees are the characteristic feature of Marienbad. The place gives the impression of a clearing in the forest, and in this forest there are numberless footpaths and roads. The country is hilly, but the nook on which the town has been built is not far from the plain. The forest belongs either to the State or to the individual owners, and is carefully looked after, for wood is valuable in Bohemia. In some parts there are enclosures full of deer, and in the

Thomas Goode & Co.—China, glass, pottery, fireproof ware. Sole agents in the United Kingdom for the famous "Bi-Métal" (copper lined with pure sheet silver) Cooking Utensils. Illustrated catalogues free.—South Audley-street, London.

little streams there are excellent trout. Here and there is a country house of some grandee, and here and there a shooting-box. The Metternich family has a huge and ugly château, which is a show place. It was a favourite of the Metternich of Napoleon's day, of whom Talleyrand said, "He lies always; but as no one believes him, this is time wasted." Judging by the "relics" which he collected in his château, history was not far wrong in regarding him as a statesman of no great intellectual power. They mainly consist of pens which have signed treaties, a single hair of ladies who apparently had very long hair, and such-like tomfooleries.

The town of Marienbad is chiefly composed of hotels and lodging-houses. The building that contains the main spring is not an imposing edifice, nor is the colonnade where people walk when it rains. Before this colonnade, and stretching somewhat beyond it, there is a terrace, where the band plays in fine weather, and the water-drinkers promenade. On high ground close by is a sort of square, where the Hotel Weimar is situated, and there the King resides during his stay. It used to be a somewhat second-rate hotel. But it has been improved, and a large suite of apartments has been arranged for the King. The newspapers say that his Majesty was mobbed on his arrival when taking the waters. In London a crowd collects wherever he is expected, and country folk hang about Buckingham Palace on the chance of seeing him. The people in Marienbad and from the neighbouring villages are equally curious. But, having once satisfied their curiosity, they have ceased to interfere with his privacy.

Marienbad has for long been frequented in summer and early autumn by Austrians and Poles, but there used to be few of the cosmopolitan herd. The visitors almost all took the waters, some for various complaints with which they imagined that they were afflicted, most because they were fat, and wanted to become thin. They got up early and went to bed early. There were no fashionable toilettes, no dinner giving, and no amusements, with the exception of a pretty little theatre where operas and plays were very fairly performed, and where the performance was always over by about half-past nine. Occasionally a foreign royalty, generally rather a second-class royalty, or the member of the family of an ex-Sovereign house, turned up, but no one paid the slightest attention to them. The neighbouring watering-place of Carlsbad was far grander and far more fashionable. The waters of the two places are, I believe, analytically about the same, but at Carlsbad they are hot and at Marienbad they are cold. Of course, the waters are said to work wonders in regard to many maladies. They may, or they may not. Their chief repute has always been due to their thinning properties, but this, I take it, is rather due to the régime, and if adopted by a fat person anywhere would have the same result. The literature in the booksellers' shop windows consists largely of pamphlets dealing with adipose matter on the human frame. I have read some of them. They are all based upon the experiences of the immortal Banting. But they insist that abstention from fat itself does not conduce to getting rid of it. The fat man, it appears, may eat fat as butter, or in any other form, without adding a pound to his weight, provided that he limits himself to a reasonable amount. Beyond this amount it fattens him. I have seen many very fat people about who do not seem to diminish their bulk. I asked a local doctor how this was. He said that they could not resist beer in the evening.

The hotels and apartments are fairly cheap, if calculated on the ordinary watering-place tariff. No one is expected to dine at his hotel if he prefers to do so elsewhere. At all hotels in the Austrian Empire, the restaurant, although attached to an hotel, is run as a separate concern. Every one pays in cash for what he consumes there. This is convenient; but there is one custom connected with the system which is somewhat of a bore. A tip is expected by the head waiter, to whom the order for the dinner is given, by the waiter who serves, and by the lad who brings the liquor ordered. The tips are very small, but this division of tipping is a nuisance. For some reason best known to the subjects of the Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, the little refreshments—coffee, etc.—taken in the cafés cost about twice as much as elsewhere. Of cafés within an easy walk of the town there are many, and gardens are usually crowded in the afternoons, for a slight refreshment is permitted after a walk between dinner and supper. There is one large café in the town where the game of lotto, familiar in British nurseries, is played in a large hall of an evening. Prizes are given for it in the shape of articles of small value, which are selected by the winners from a long table on which they are displayed. A game lasts about an hour, and is shared in by several hundred players, and the excitement amongst them for the prizes is wonderful. I recommend this game to those who cater for the amusement of visitors at English watering-places. There is a good deal of motoring at Marienbad, and the roads are by no means bad. The general opinion seems to be gaining ground that the best motor for a tour is one of comparatively small horse-power and very lightly made. These light motors do not go so fast as the more powerful ones up mountains. But where the road is zig-zaggy the heavy motor, with its long chassis, is apt to develop sea-sickness, and is far more dangerous where there are many sharp turnings with a precipice on one side. The King does a good deal of motoring, and does his best by example to make the rest cure what it is intended to be.

Mud baths are affected by a good many of those who wish to get well of maladies, real or imaginary. I once tried one out of curiosity. The patient is introduced into a room in which there are two baths. In one there is a thickish black mud, which is obtained from a neighbouring morass; in the other clean water. After the patient has sat for some time in the mud bath, an attendant enters. The patient

Wedding Presents.—A choice selection of beautiful Dinner and Dessert Services, Breakfast, Luncheon, and Tea Sets, exclusive designs. Mortlocks, Ltd., the Old Pottery Galleries, Oxford-st., and Orchard-st., W. Inspection solicited.

stands up in the bath, and clean water is poured over him, after which he gets into the water bath. This effectually cleans him. Ladies, however, generally have indiarubber gloves on their hands and feet, to prevent the mud lodging under their nails.

Whatever may be happening in Russian Poland, the Jews in Galicia are not suffering from persecution. They come to Marienbad in large numbers. The men are dressed in caftans, and have long curls on each side of their cheeks. Many are red-haired, and this colour does not suit their cast of features. The women wear wigs, and are very simply dressed. They are enormously fat all over, and look like animated bolsters. The Jews have their own restaurants, where only Kosher food is to be obtained, and they nearly all live in one particular street. Passing through it on Friday evenings, every room is seen lighted up with four candles placed upon the centre table.

I read the other day, in an English paper, that the main object of conversation at Marienbad is the interview between the King and the German Emperor at Cronberg. The interview was a very simple one, and it is highly improbable that there was any serious political discussion between the two monarchs. Somehow, they have not been of late on particularly good terms—this is often the case between uncles and nephews. Our newspapers and the German newspapers made the most of this little family tiff. And so the interview was arranged—they met, they kissed, they motored together, and they dined together. Of course the newspapers announced that this and that international problem was discussed. But in countries like ours, political discussions take place between the Ministers of the Sovereign and those of a foreign Power. If the Sovereigns themselves touch upon such matters they confine themselves to generalities. This is as it should be. The Kaiser may have a policy of his own, and it may or may not be the policy of his country. An English monarch has no personal policy. He accepts that of his Ministers. Fortunately for us we have a Sovereign who thoroughly understands his position, and frankly accepts it. We want to live in peace with all nations. Our King does his best to render this possible by his tact in his relations with his brother Sovereigns, and by a geniality when abroad which promotes good feeling, and tones down the asperities that arise from the pestilential endeavours of newspapers to create quarrels by sensational lies and by journalistic mares' nests. The other day the newspapers were indignant with the German Emperor for having made some uncomplimentary observations about this newspaper sensation-mongering. I thought William's observations showed a good deal more common sense than a good many of his Majesty's utterances. By all means let us have a free press, but at the same time let us always remember that the solemn opinion of a newspaper scribe is worth neither more nor less than that of any one else. His business is to find copy, and, when he cannot find any, to produce it out of his self-consciousness, as a spider does his web. Silly flies are caught by both. We have reached the silly season. "Copy" is scarce, and a Royal interview affords more scope for romancing than our old friend the sea-serpent.

FRANCE FOR THE ENGLISH.—II.

The Department of the Oise is one of the most attractive districts around Paris. It is far enough out to be comparatively free from the holiday crowd, and it is near enough for a tourist starting from Paris to visit it and return home the same day, whether he travels by train or motor-car, or simply rides on a bicycle. It has the additional advantage of being near England. Creil, its great railway centre, is served by several of the express trains which ply between Calais or Boulogne and Paris. A traveller who has broken his journey at Amiens can resume it at almost any hour of the day, and, an hour later, he is at Creil, whence he may either go on to Chantilly or change trains for Beauvais, the county town, or—in an opposite direction—for Compiègne. Either town is well worth a visit, and there is no pleasanter spot in Europe for a lengthy stay than Compiègne. At least, that seems to be the opinion of Mr. Rockefeller. At Chantilly, hotels are apt to be dear, but everywhere else they are cheap. I have visited many places in the department, and do not remember such a thing as an extortionate bill. Apart from the Ardennes, no department within two hundred miles of Paris boasts so much forest land. For instance, you may travel by road from l'Ile-Adam, on the banks of the Oise near Paris, to Coucy-le-Château, in the Aisne—a distance of over sixty-five miles—and be in the midst of forest nearly the whole time. The Oise has inspired more landscape painters than even the Seine. The river is broad and fairly deep, its course is unobstructed by reeds or grasses, and its water is clean. It is enlivened by a barge traffic to which the word colossal may be applied without exaggeration. Stop where you will, on the banks of the Oise, at any moment of the day, there will probably be a barge, or perhaps a train of barges, in sight laden with coals from the North of France or from Belgium, or with free-stone from the quarries of Saint Maximin, bound for Paris.

Creil is thirty-seven miles from Paris by rail. It is somewhat more by road, as the direct road—the "route de Dunkerque" of pre-railway days—is not to be thought of by motorists on account of the paving stones. It is a rule that meets with few exceptions that if you want to leave Paris by motor or cycle, for whatever destination, it is safe to proceed first to the Arc de Triomphe. From this landmark Creil may be reached under a couple of hours. This is the actual time I took on a drive there, and we went at a very moderate speed—twenty miles an hour. You leave Paris by the Avenue de la Grande Armée and Porte Maillot, then turn to the right into the Avenue Victor Hugo. The Seine is reached, and you follow the embankment round by Saint Denis until you reach Epinay. Mills and factories line the embankment for several miles, and the heavy traffic of carts and drays is a nuisance. You are on the old national road from Paris to Havre. You merely skirt Saint Denis—noisy, foul-smelling, dusty, and smoky—though if you have a few minutes to spare you may go out of your way a mile or so to visit its world-famed abbey. Your guide-book will tell you all

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about it. I will merely say that it is one of the most perfect specimens of Gothic architecture in Northern France. I visited years ago its treasury, and was shown the jewelled crowns of French kings, mediæval and modern. Alas! the whole of this treasury was stolen, and the crowns have never been heard of since. Their last resting-place was probably the melting-pot. The poor old *curé* died of a broken heart. A new treasury has somehow been collected together, and those who have not known the old one will doubtless admire it. The burial-place of French kings is in the crypt.

The parish church of Saint Denis close by is worth looking at on account of its ugliness, inside as well as outside. It dates from the closing years of Napoleon the Third—a period which is coming to be regarded as utterly debased. There is no uglier church in the environs of Paris, except that of Saint Cloud, and they are both by the same architect, Viollet-le-Duc, the Court favourite, and I had almost said architect-laureate, to the Emperor and Empress. Viollet-le-Duc restored almost everything in France that was worth restoring—Pierrefonds, Carcassonne, Aigues Mortes, etc. He generally did his work creditably, but somehow his original works were all failures.

You now turn your back on Saint Denis, take leave of the banks of the Seine, and make for Epinay, whose elegant church-spire—modern—you see down the road. You enjoy a splendid view of Paris to the south, across the plain of Gennevilliers. Montmartre is near enough (about three miles as the crow flies) for you to see many details of the Basilica of the Sacré-Cœur which crowns it, and away to the right the Eiffel Tower scrapes the sky. You now leave the industrial, slummy suburbs and enter the belt of summer residences. The high road is paved with heavy paving-stones, and on passing the first houses of Epinay it is better to leave it and take a country road at the corner of which is a guide-post marked "Enghien." For three or four miles—until you reach Eaubonne—it is safe to inquire the way at every crossing. The country is studded the whole way with villas giving one the impression of a garden-city. Enghien is a wonderfully prosperous place. It is nine miles from the Gare du Nord, to which 120 trains run daily in twelve minutes, or an electric tram will take you all the way to the Paris Opera. Thousands come down here for the summer, living in furnished lodgings, which are plentiful. But the bulk of the inhabitants are season-ticket holders. Enghien was a fashionable place under the Empire, and most of its fine villas date from that period. It is now too convenient of access to be really fashionable, but a few old-fashioned hotels near the lake and the sulphur springs keep up the old tradition of high prices.

The Lake of Enghien must be an object of admiration to the Sunday excursionists from Paris and the boys from the national schools, who are conducted here by their masters. I have no doubt it leaves a more lasting impression on their minds than the Lake of Geneva on the children of the wealthy. Its banks are so low that they seem to recede beneath the horizon, though only about a mile distant. There are swans and rowing boats. There is even a lighthouse; and the waiters of the casino wear sailors' uniforms. The fashionable world forty years ago had not learnt to distinguish between a deep-water lake and a shallow pond such as the Lake of Enghien, which is only a few feet deep. Modern science has shown that gnats are not only a nuisance, they may be a danger to health, and a day will come when the lake will be drained and its site reclaimed. Enghien will lose some of its picturesqueness, but it will be a gainer in every respect. For a mile or two you go round the lake. To the left you see the vine-clad heights of Argenteuil, famous for their oyster beds—fossils, of course—to the right you see Montmorency with its church built by the Plantagenets. Montmorency is a centre of the forest of that name, and the Hôtel du Cheval Blanc affords fair accommodation. One of the sights of the town is the Hermitage where Jean Jacques Rousseau wrote the "Contrat Social." A little further, nestled in the chestnut woods, you see Soisy, where Prince Frederick Charles had his headquarters in 1871, after every other place round Paris had been evacuated.

More inquiries are necessary to find the way to Montlignon, a couple of miles further. The scenery here is not lovely, but pretty to a degree. The hill slopes are covered with vines, and from their thriving appearance you would never guess we are at the limit of the vine-belt. Yet a couple of miles further north they disappear suddenly, and their absence suggests that the climatic conditions must be altered. The country around Montlignon is covered with orchards and nurseries. We are now ten miles from Paris and the real country now begins. The road enters a valley of the forest of Montmorency, rising gently for a good distance between slopes clad with chestnut trees. There is not a single house in sight. A sort of pass is crossed, and the road goes down in gentle zig-zags. The landscape is of a very different character from anything we have seen. The grass seems greener. The vine, as I said, is conspicuously absent. Haystacks and apple trees appear. The villages are real ones, not mere country resorts of Parisians, and every now and then you pass a well-equipped farm, with its geese, agricultural machinery, and even steam engines. Moisselles' high street is part of the old high road to England in the mail-coach days. Leaving that village, you follow this road for a mile and turn to the right.

The country is an open plain rising very gently towards the north. It is bounded, except towards the east, by isolated hills, very different from the ranges of hills we have left behind. At the top of each hill is generally a village—Montsoult, Ecouen, where the Château d'Ecouen stands; Saint Martin du Tertre, close to which you descry the splendid palace of the Duc de Massa. Look well at the plain stretching away to the east. There is no more famous name in the world than that of this plain, which is, perhaps, ten miles square. Do not ask a passing peasant its name; he will not know it. The name has become so glorious that never more can it be brought back to its original meaning. The name of this little district is France. This was the nucleus which, at the dawn of the Middle Ages, gave its name to the much larger country extending about forty or fifty miles around Paris and called Ile-de-France, from which the whole of the

country formerly called Gaul ultimately took its name. The only trace of this origin is preserved in the name of a few villages: Louvres-en-France, Mareuil-en-France, Gonesse-en-France, Saint Denis-en-France. These names are now clipped, and in another generation or two the connection between Louvres and France will be forgotten.

As the ground rises, we gain a fine retrospect view of Paris. It is about fifteen miles distant. The Eiffel Tower is reduced to quite small dimensions, but in fine weather it is beautifully distinct. So is Montmartre. The view to the north is tame enough. The view of the valley of the Oise comes as a complete surprise. The road now descends abruptly through the forest of Carnelle, through wilder scenery than anything we have met with. Viarmes is a prosperous village with a good inn near the Town Hall. Three miles further, at Le Lys, the boundary of the Department of the Oise is reached. It is marked by a little stone bridge. From this place you may reach Chantilly either by Gouvieux or La Morlaye, the roads passing through pleasant woods most of the way. At those villages you will see English jockeys and stable-boys, and on entering any café you will be pretty certain to hear English spoken.

AN ORPHAN-MONGER AND HIS LIVE STOCK.

A week or two ago an inquiry reached this office from a City firm as to the bona fides of a reputed charity bearing the name of "The Orphan Girls' Home," located at 40, Somerleyton-road, Brixton. The firm in question had been visited by a lady collector, attired in a nurse's garb, and provided with a collecting box bearing the name of the institution. She had not produced any of the usual appeals or printed matter descriptive of the undertaking, and was either unable or indisposed to furnish particulars of the management of the Home. On receipt of the inquiry, in accordance with my usual practice, I at once instructed my representative to pay a surprise visit to the institution, and he accordingly made an afternoon call at 40, Somerleyton-road on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 22nd inst. Before dealing, however, with the results of his visit, I may as well say that, though I had not before heard of any orphanage being carried on at the address given above, I had a shrewd suspicion that the parties who would be found to be carrying it on would turn out to be old acquaintances of mine, and this suspicion added keenness to my desire to obtain information as to the condition of affairs in the Home.

No. 40, Somerleyton-road, as my representative describes it, is one of a row of respectable three-storied houses within a short distance of Brixton Station. There was little to distinguish it from its neighbours, except, perhaps, its general air of frowsiness. The lace curtains which veil the interior of the rooms from observation were dingier than London curtains usually are, besides being frayed and torn, while the glass of the windows looked as if it would be much the better for cleaning. Still the steps leading up to the front door had been freshly stoned, and the door itself stood invitingly open, so that external appearances were not entirely unfavourable. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when my representative arrived, and before availing himself of the invitation of the open door, he glanced into a basement room in the front of the house, across the window of which a ragged yellow muslin rag was stretched on a string by way of a curtain. In this room a huge fire was blazing away, surrounded by a fireguard, this article and a form against one wall comprising, so far as he could discern, the whole of the furniture of the room. On the form were seated three or four youngsters aged from five to seven. The window was closed, and, as my readers will remember, the 22nd was the hottest day of the year, the temperature reaching in London 87 deg. in the shade. What it must have been, therefore, in that basement room can only be conjectured. Not being favourably impressed with this preliminary observation of the management of the institution, my representative entered the house and proceeded along the passage in search of some one in authority. At the end of the passage on the first floor a door opened to the right on to a large room extending from back to front of the house. Within the room a slatternly girl of fifteen or sixteen was on her knees engaged in a perfunctory attempt to clean an inexpressibly filthy floor. Provided with a third of a bucket of water the colour of ink, she was smearing the boards with the muddy liquid. In reply to an inquiry as to whether the matron was at home, she answered in the negative, and, rising to her feet, at once disappeared. Imagining that she had gone in search of whoever was in charge, my representative turned his attention to the room in which he found himself. A few dilapidated pieces of furniture were scattered about, and the disarray of the room for the "cleaning" in progress made their rickety condition the more noticeable. But apart from this, the state of nearly everything in the room was only consonant with long-continued neglect of the most ordinary dictates of cleanliness. Grime, grime, grime was everywhere. It seemed to have eaten into things until it formed a part of the very fabric of the place and its contents alike. Particularly was this the case with a bed which stood a few feet from the door. The bedding was piled in an untidy heap upon the bedstead, the blankets were of a dull brown hue that would ordinarily veil any reasonable amount of dirt, while the linen and the pillow were so stained and soiled that one would almost have expected the dog, which was curled up asleep on the pile, would have vacated so filthy a couch in disgust.

From the room in which he then was, my representative next turned his attention to a smaller apartment leading out of what had apparently once been a conservatory. In this place three children, each about five or six years old, were playing together. Dressed in torn, dirty, and ragged garments, they might have been fresh importations from the slums. One of them had apparently been the victim of an accident, for her face was badly disfigured with a recently healed scar, and her arm was bandaged beneath the ragged little frock which seemed to be her only garment. Another had the pink-rimmed and watery eyes which suggest ophthalmia, while the third, beyond an undesirable pallor of the lips, possibly due to anæmia, appeared to be in tolerable

health and spirits. My representative learned from the last-mentioned child that they had all been in the Home for some time, and that the first described had met with her accident there, owing to her having upset a kettle of boiling water over herself. Further inquiries elicited the information that "Matron" and "Maud" looked after them all, and that "Maud" was upstairs. After some few minutes' talk with these little ones, as no one else put in an appearance, my representative proceeded up a dirty staircase to the first floor, where at last he was met on the landing by a girl with her hair in curling pins, who asked him what his business was. He explained that he desired to see over the Home, and was promptly informed that he could not do so in the absence of the matron. In reply to his inquiries he learned that the name of the matron was Miss Sillifant, that she would not be home until six in the evening, and that the only other person who had anything to do with the management of the Home was a Mr. Street. In spite of all pressure the girl insisted that my representative should leave the premises, and admitted that she had received orders that nobody was to be allowed to inspect the Home in Miss Sillifant's absence. This young woman, whose general appearance was only slightly better than that of the other inmates of the establishment, then accompanied my representative down the stairs, and carefully bolted the door behind him.

Not being satisfied, however, with the results of his scrutiny, and desiring that the matron should have an opportunity for explaining the squalid condition of affairs, my representative went again to Somerleyton-road on the following day, and at the second time of calling found the "matron" entering the house. He at once explained his desire to inspect the Home, but was met with the excuse of a previous appointment, and a request that he should come again on another day, giving notice by letter of his intention to do so. In reply to questions he was informed, first, that there were twenty-six inmates of the Home, though most of them were then away, and that the house was being cleaned for their return; and then, that the Home was in the course of a fortnight to be removed to a more convenient house at Nunhead.

In view of the condition of affairs which my representative's visit disclosed, I have since thought it desirable to ascertain whether his experience was unique, but from what I have ascertained from other sources I can only come to the conclusion that the ordinary condition of affairs is exactly as he found them. The neglected appearance of the children is a by-word in the neighbourhood, and on occasion they have been sent home on account of their "dirty heads" from the L.C.C. school which they attend. In fact, there is any amount of evidence available to show that for years the unfortunate orphans in the establishment have been systematically neglected. A particularly distressing example of the effect of such neglect is afforded by the unfortunate child whose face has been permanently disfigured by an accident which should have been impossible in any properly managed home for children. I have ascertained that the accident to this child of six, whose name is Kitty Burgess, occurred either in January or at the beginning of February last. Why she was not sent to a hospital for treatment I cannot conceive, unless for fear of awakening inquiry into an institution where such an accident was possible. Such a fear would supply a strong motive for having the sufferer treated at home, amidst conditions which, to say the least, would seem to be full of dangerous possibilities. The mere fact that to-day, seven months after the accident, the damaged arm is still in bandages is in itself sufficient to give the impression that the child's welfare has not been considered in the matter. This impression is strengthened by another case of suffering ending in permanent disablement of a child, which occurred in the home barely a year previously. In this latter instance, neglected chilblains resulted in so terrible a condition of the arm, that amputation of the hand and forearm were necessary, to save the child's life, and I have no doubt that it is only by sheer luck that such instances are not to be counted by the dozen.

I have already remarked that when I sent my representative to visit this home for orphans I expected that the philanthropists whose enterprise it was would prove to be old acquaintances of mine. Nor was I mistaken. The man Street and the woman Sillifant have more than once been the subject of warning in these columns by reason of their bogus philanthropic enterprises. There is no doubt that Street is the person who is in the main responsible for the condition of affairs. The history of his career, with which I am not at the moment disposed to deal, has for the past thirty years been a history of various pseudo-charitable enterprises specially designed for extracting subscriptions from the pockets of the charitable. An orphanage is always a favourite enterprise with such professional philanthropists, and the person who goes into the business for reasons of private gain is naturally concerned in running his orphanage to make the biggest show at the least possible expense.

The occupants of his "orphanage" are the last consideration. Thus in this case we have twenty or thirty unfortunate children of tender age picked up, Heaven knows where, herded together in a squalor which could not be much worse in the worst slum. They are found clothed in rags which hardly hang together, under the sole charge of a girl of eighteen, who has not the slightest qualification for the post. They may through lack of attention or supervision become maimed and disfigured for life; and all this that the Streets and the Sillifants may, like the daughters of the horse leech, utter their eternal cry of "Give, give." But there is a retribution to which professional philanthropists of this type do occasionally expose themselves. They may be tempted to cut down the expenses of maintaining their live-stock to too low a point—to the point where they may come within the purview of the law which classes neglect as cruelty to children. It seems to me that the condition of affairs at the Orphan Girls' Home shows that the proprietors of the concern have overstepped the boundary line at which neglect becomes cruelty, and I would earnestly commend the Home to the notice both of the police and of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

THE THEATRES.

Why Have Dramatic Critics?

That complete letter writer, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, has done one good service through stirring up controversy on the subject of dramatic criticism. He has inspired Mr. Hamilton Fyfe to write the one sensible contribution to the vexed question of how criticism should be written, and whether it should be written at all. Mr. Fyfe says that the time has arrived "to consider whether it is necessary to have any dramatic criticism at all." It is not, of course, necessary; very few things are necessary. It is merely a luxury for newspaper readers—who like to know something about plays without being bored by going to see them—and for theatrical managers—who for the outlay of one half-guinea seat (which they might not sell) get a lengthy and valuable advertisement. In London nowadays we all want to be saved trouble, particularly in the matter of forming opinions. Destroy the press only for one day, and the town would be over-run with countless thousands of unhappy gentlemen, who, deprived of their favourite journals, would be vaguely wondering what they thought about all the important questions of the day. Few people really want to think for themselves; that is why they are so grateful when neatly or forcibly expressed views are provided for them at breakfast. I cannot imagine any greater disaster befalling a very old friend of mine than for him to be deprived of his morning's *Times*. Before breakfast he is non-committal, vague, and deprecatory, and shrinks from conversation. After reading the *Times* leaders he has very strong and pronounced views about several topics, and lays down the law in heated fashion. Whether newspapers have come into vogue because the world has ceased to think, or whether they have killed thought, is an open question. We are most of us in the position of the schoolboy who understood all about cause and effect except the important point—which was cause and which effect.

Just in the same way as people require political views so do they require theatrical and literary views. They read reviews of books and of plays in order to be able to chat learnedly to their neighbours at dinner about current topics. Half of them never see or read the original thing criticised any more than they would consider it necessary to have a personal interview with Mr. Chamberlain before expressing an opinion about him. However strange it may seem to capable people, the vast majority of the inhabitants of this world are unhappy and frightened if there is no one to tell them what to do and what to think. With all respect to Mr. Fyfe, therefore, I would say that dramatic criticism is required; but whether it could not in nine cases out of ten be provided by the management, as he seems to suggest, is an open question. Why should not the columns of the daily papers contain something like this the morning after production:—

AUTUMN THEATRICAL SEASON.

At the St. Martin's Lane branch of Mr. Frohman's theatrical emporium, he is now offering a new American line in comedy drama, called "Sire and Syren." The cast and dialogue are fully on a par with the goods previously offered by this firm. Inspection invited, at prices ranging from 10s. 6d. to 1s. Strong feminine interest. Costumes by Chic et Cie. Curtain falls at eleven, thus allowing time for supper. Late comers should note that the great scene where the heroine confesses to her husband that she was the wife he divorced ten years before, commences at 9.10. Author, Gilead P. Perks.

Just enough of the plot, it will be seen, is given to excite curiosity, whereas critics generally, and most tactlessly, give away the whole show. Newspapers, of course, would insert advertisements of any length—if paid for—and each management would have a talented notice writer on its staff. The public then would try the goods offered just as they try any well-advertised canned meat or pill, and would be the sole arbiters of the fortunes of any production. The only argument against this that I can see, is that the vast army of playwrights who live by writing criticism and starve by writing plays would find their occupation gone.

My last point, and a serious one, is that at the present time honest morning paper criticism is almost impossible. If notices are to appear in daily papers, it is high time that a common understanding was arrived at between newspaper proprietors and managers, by which all notices appeared a day late. As it is now, when every London paper is in a frenzy to get to press early in order that it may force its way into the provinces by the midnight trains, theatrical notices have to be finished at all times from half-past ten upwards. They are accordingly written after seeing rehearsals or after seeing an incomplete performance on the first night. Both of these methods are obviously unfair. Few plays can be judged from rehearsal, and certainly no acting, because the give and take between actor and audience is essential for a fine performance. I have seen swarms of critics come to a first night after a dull rehearsal and hurriedly rewrite their notices because they have found that the play which they have condemned as unamusing is causing huge delight. The other method—namely, to see but a portion of the thing on the first night—is equally unjust. One of the most distinguished of our critics once told me that his recollections of plays produced in London in recent years were all of plays without last acts! He could never stay to the finish. It would hurt no one and benefit everyone to postpone all criticism for a day.

The Highest Salary on Record.

At the Gaiety shareholders' meeting the other day, much was said about the "unfair competitions" of American managers, who take our artists by offering them huge salaries. There is a certain humour in this at the present moment, when our own managers are disputing about who are paying artists "highest salaries on record." Those wicked Americans! It is really iniquitous that they should play our game! It was announced, for instance, that Miss Marie Tempest was to have £150 a week at the Palace Theatre. The management is annoyed as a consequence, and declares that she is to have much more than this. Miss Ada Reeve, at the Tivoli, is also getting another of the

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highest salaries on record, and Mr. George Alexander, when he played at Drury Lane last autumn, was credited with taking £200 a week and more. I remember asking him for the authentic figures, but he only smiled. It is not the actors, but the managements who brag about these salaries, and their attitude is that of the millionaire who boasts of what he "drops" on his yacht or race horses. Another high priced actor is Mr. G. P. Huntley, who, in "Mr. Popple," I understand, drew about £200 a week. I am prepared to state, though, that no sound theatrical enterprise can afford to pay this amount, and that no actor is worth such a salary. Probably the largest salaries on record in actual fact are those which have from time to time been paid to Miss Marie Lloyd and to poor Dan Leno. The latter did have £250 a week at Drury Lane one year, but this was for two performances daily, and the work was a fearful strain on him. The highest fees ever paid, of course, go to great singers, but these are not salaries. A "brainy" man may make a fortune, but the chance possessor of a magnificent voice, even if stupid and unintelligent beyond all words, has a fortune at command.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE LATE ALFRED STEVENS.

ALFRED STEVENS, as you will have heard, died last week in the poor little flat in which he for some years vegetated in the Avenue Trudaine. If a Belgian by birth and early education, he became by choice a thorough boulevardier at a time when the boulevards were the literary and artistic salon of Europe. He caught the dandyism of the clubmen who frequented Tortoni's, the wings of the old Opera House, and the Salle Ventadour. You can see them driving themselves in mail and other phaëtons in the paintings of Lami and J. L. Brown. They are in all the Bois and Champs Elysées scenes of these artists.

Stevens took up the feminine side of "le high-life" and sincerely painted it as it appeared to him. He had really fallen in love with it, and its glamour had taken him in. Had it been otherwise he would not have stood higher as a painter than did Arsène Houssaye as an author, or that poor creature Imbert St. Arnaud. Imbert as a writer was a *cavaliere servente*, and Houssaye a *coureur d'alcoves* without a single illusion. Want of perspicacity saved Stevens. If one could not fall in love as he did with his fine ladies, one could not help admiring the manner of the artist. Like a first-rate chef, he had often to work on bad materials, which his skill rendered savoury. The sauce redeemed the ingredients. There were times when he turned them into ambrosia. Stevens may live as Nattier and Lami live. A Fragonard would have lent to the cocodettes whom Eugénie gathered round her too much of his *esprit* for them to be really of their time. The Second Empire was a period of Philistinism. Stevens, if a man of good Belgian family, was not exempt from snobbishness in his loves.

I admit that a portrait painter—and all the easel pictures of Stevens were portraits of *femmes du monde* in fancy surroundings or engaged in imaginary incidents—must hold the candle to what is low and vulgar in the originals. But there ought to be an undercurrent of protest oozing out through the work. It is allowable to hold the candle to his Satanic Majesty, if one is determined, in so doing, to scorch his face. One finds this determination in the portraits of Latour, the greatest artist in his *genre* of the eighteenth century. Latour began always by telling the real truth, whatever it was. If he saw a fox or a wolf behind the countenance of a financier, he set it down on canvas, or if a Delilah or a De Tincin lurked behind the smiles of some lovely comédienne or Court lady, he did not pass her over. After the third or fourth sitting, he embellished according to the tastes of the time and of the sitter. Stevens had not a penetrating eye. It must be said that he hardly needed it. He only dealt with favourites of fortune, who hardly needed to mask their propensities. In the arrangement of details of the toilette he had no equal, and the task was no easy one, seeing what debased Spanish taste prevailed. As a colourist he must ever take a high rank. I should say that in all his paintings there is not a single false note or jarring tone of colour, and that everywhere his colouring is felicitous and captivating. It is also to be said that in painting his cocodettes and their belongings he never slid down to the level of the illustrator. An illustrator may be a great artist, but illustration is low art.

The fashionable world had for many years before his death completely forgotten Stevens. Had he been a Frenchman, the Government would have found for him some post in the Fine Arts Department. Harsh things are said of Leopold, the millionaire king, for not recognising in some handsome way the talent of the old painter.

You must have heard of the diamond ring scandal, which disturbed last week the Château du Forestou, near Brest. The Russian Councillor of State, Greger, who had been in detention on the charge of stealing a diamond ring belonging to his hostess, Comtesse de Rodellec de Porzic, has been released provisionally, and is back in Paris. He refuses to avail himself of his diplomatic immunity, for it seems that he is in some way connected with the Russian Embassy, and that he expected shortly to be promoted to Washington. His release followed an interview between the Russian Consul at Brest and the juge d'instruction who had ordered him to be detained. M. Greger's explanation of the fact of the diamond ring being found in a bottle of tooth-powder in his dressing-case is rather odd. It is said that Comte de Rodellec put it there *pour faire une farce à sa femme*. One can with difficulty understand his doing this in a farcical mood and throwing no subsequent light on his action when he found it might have grave consequences. M. Greger is married. As a Russian, he is prevented from availing himself of the French divorce law, and he has not a name for gallantry. Why, therefore, should the Comte keep up the farce? As the Comtesse

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refuses to withdraw her formal demand for prosecution, the moot point will probably be elucidated before a correctional judge. M. Greger seems the very pink of diplomatic correctness. Possibly he is in his external make-up over-faultless—too much the official who is on his "p's and q's," and who always looks as if he came out of a band-box. I have seen some card-sharpers, and at Spanish balls purloiners of silver spoons: none of them had more starch than any one else in society, and they had a flexibility of manner which is wanting in M. Greger. I think "correctness," that band-box freshness of clothes, almost evidence of innocence. Your very natty official is careful to keep within his income. This bars the door against temptation to commit the pilfering act set down to M. Greger by his hostess. He has had for the last fifteen years a *pied à terre* in the Rue Pierre Charron, and he paid his tradesmen's bills regularly. He might easily pass for a German. His French alone is Russian.

The Comtesse de Rodellec is, in a way, American. She is the daughter of a Comte de Trobriand, who entered the American Army at the outbreak of the Civil War, and became a general. I hear he had some connection with the staff of President Lincoln. At any rate, he had a handsome face, peculiarly agreeable manners, and a genuine title. He married a Miss Jones, the daughter of a New York tradesman, who had made money without being exactly a Crœsus. She came to live in Paris. The Comte preferred to reside elsewhere, as her social ambition conflicted with the ideas in which he was brought up. A screw could not be harder, more pointed, or more direct in its aim, though winding in its way, than the Comtesse de Trobriand in the great purpose of her life. She gave a brilliant education to her only daughter, who had a natural talent for music, and a good voice, with some other personal attractions. Her mother formed her in her own mould. Mlle. de Trobriand married a rich American named Stears. She had been some time leading an agreeable life here as the widow of Mr. Stears, giving dinners and musical parties, when she married Comte de Rodellec. Their Brittany residence is on the headland looking down on the passage from the Atlantic into Brest Harbour. They seem to have been hospitable in their summer sojourns there, and to the right sort of guests. Because they only cultivated such persons, they invited M. and Mme. Greger to stay with them at their château instead of going for the summer to some watering place.

The Comtesse gave her guests the benefit of her musical talents at the château. One evening she stripped her fingers of their rings, placed this jewellery on a side table, and sat down to the piano. On rising she put out four lamps, left one lighted, and retired to her room. The servants then came in to shut the shutters, and the maid said to the maître d'hotel, noticing the rings which the Comtesse had forgotten: "Madame has forgotten her hardware." She picked them up, and next morning gave them to her mistress, who found that a diamond ring was missing. The Comtesse and maid in vain searched for it in the salon. The inmates of the château lived for a few days in a state of mutual suspicion. At length suspicion fixed itself on Greger—apparently for no other reason than that, after coming to make a longish stay, he suddenly announced his intention of leaving by the next evening express for Paris. A "practical" woman, the Comtesse, who set more store upon the ring for its "historical interest" than for its intrinsic value, sent for the commissioner of police and asked him to search the baggage of the Gregers. M. Greger protested and declared his innocence. The search in the trunk and portmanteau proved ineffectual. In searching a leather handbag the ring came to light. It had been hidden in a bottle of tooth powder. A dozen explanations, one as plausible as the other, have been given as to how it might have come there. A juge d'instruction, to whom the charge had been passed on, placed M. Greger under lock and key after a summary examination.

The story of the ring might be worked into a delicious *comédie de mœurs*. The Comtesse appraises the stolen article at 60,000 fr., and says she bought it for 50,000 fr. at the post-mortem auction of Léonide Leblanc's personal effects. M. Greger noticed it on her hand, admired its blue hue, its water, and its fire. He now says that its "*mondaine*" value, or value as a relic, is about 20,000 fr., and that, as Mme. Stears, the Comtesse bought it for 23,000 fr. Ladies in society are so used to living in a vain show, as often to mistake fiction for reality. What M. Greger says of the price of the ring may be true. One reason, however, that the Comte and Comtesse have given for the high value they attach to the ring is that the blue diamond in it belonged to the crown of Louis Philippe. It passed from him to the Duc d'Aumale, who gave it to Léonide Leblanc. It is not clear whether it is as a relic of Louis Philippe, the Duc d'Aumale, or Léonide Leblanc that the Comte and Comtesse so highly prize this blue diamond. But at the risk of destroying one of their cherished illusions, let me say that Louis Philippe was never crowned, and never had a crown other than a fictional one, in the nature of a figure of speech. He and his wife seemed to have a superstitious dread of making use of any of the regalia jewels. In no single instance did they themselves or their sons or daughters wear any of them. Through the whole eighteen years of the "bourgeois monarchy" the crown jewels were only taken from the safes where they were kept, to be counted and cleaned.

Marie Amélie went in for a saintly life in the Catholic manner, and had hardly any jewellery of her own. She never possessed any that belonged to Marie Antoinette. The tiara in sapphires and diamonds which the Queen of Portugal wears has been sometimes spoken of by ignorant Royalists as a relic of the martyred Queen of France. The style alone ought to have told them that this regal ornament belongs to the time of the Consulate. Napoleon ordered it for his step-daughter, who was also his sister-in-law, and he paid for it out of the price he received from the United States for the Mississippi Territory. Queen Hortense sold it to Louis Philippe. Space limits prevent me giving some piquant details of the transaction which I had from M. Thiers. The Citizen King and his wife called secretly on Hortense at an hotel where she halted in Paris on her way

to London to see her son Louis, who had been ill. She had proposed the sale of the jewels through a friend of the King, Queen, and herself. They purchased the whole set — tiara, necklace, and brooch — for the future bride of the Duc d'Orléans, their eldest son. The late Duchesse d'Orléans left the tiara and brooch to the Comte de Paris for his future wife, and the Comtesse de Paris passed it on to her eldest daughter when she married the Duke of Braganza, now King of Portugal.

Louis Philippe was "sworn into office." The king-makers of 1830 would not have listened patiently to any proposal for a coronation. They were, without exception, Voltairians, and they had seen to what the coronation of Charles X. had led. The sceptre of the Citizen King was an umbrella; his uniform that of the commander of a legion of the National Guard. This was a long way from the crown with the blue diamond.

Louis Philippe, in arranging with Marie Amélie for the division of his personalty, left the Duc d'Aumale out in the cold. The ex-Queen made no change in his favour, her reason being that the Condé estates made him the richest member of the family.

Certainly the Duc d'Aumale never completely freed himself from the witchcraft of Léonide Leblanc. He gave her magnificent presents, all of which he bought at modern jewellers in Brussels and the Rue de la Paix. The infatuation began in 1869 at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, where she played as Rafaela in Sardou's "Patrie," and it continued to the end of her life. But she knew her place, and never attempted to be a political inspirer or to lead the Duc whither she would. The notion of presenting to her a family relic would have horrified him.

The Duc d'Aumale was apprehensive of his wife's jewellery, trinkets, and other articles in gold and silver passing through the auction mart into the profaning hands of relic-hunters. To prevent the possibility of this happening, he had the stones taken out of her ornaments, and the settings, with the other articles mentioned, melted down. When they had passed through the melting pot he sent them as bars of gold and silver to the Mint. Not long before his death he disposed similarly of all the objects in gold and silver belonging to himself and to his sons.

To see beauty, fortune, social prestige, united in a queen of hearts often sends a thrill of foreboding through me. I say this in reference to the horrible fate of Señora Montt, late wife of the President of Chile. All her graces, all her virtues, so soft, so sweet, so well balanced, so free from selfishness and vanity, were a birthright. They bloomed in tranquil loveliness, as might the petals of a rose. Soul expressed itself through the glorious and yet sadly pensive eyes. Had she a vague presentiment of the destiny that lay in wait for her? Tragical indeed it was for one so completely at peace with herself and with all others to have been roused, as she quitted this life, to a sense of the atrocious depths to which human cruelty can descend. We learn from a cablegram that she had dressed to receive guests at a dinner party, when the Valparaiso earthquake surprised her. She ran to the balcony and fell down into the street, where malefactors found her senseless. In their haste to possess themselves of her jewellery they cut off her ears and several of her fingers. The patrol found her in this mutilated state, and carried her on board the *O'Higgins* warship. Another cablegram states that she died there.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

THE parents of to-day, dear Lady Betty, are what their children make them. The ordinary father of our time has had so many of his principles and prejudices rejected without distressing consequences, and has seen so many changes adopted without causing the catastrophes he predicted, that he has become more inclined to follow than to lead. This letter explains the situation clearly:—

"Sir,—I am a backward parent. Developments succeed each other so rapidly in these days, that the older generations are soon left hopelessly behind. I was educated at a Public School, and I expected that this, together with the experience I acquired as a young man, would be more or less sufficient for the purposes of my life. Though I have not reached fifty, I find myself, as it were, in a new world, one which is far better known to my children than it is to myself. I began life by being guided by the wisdom of my ancestors; I am ending it by being guided by the wisdom of my descendants.

"'Perseverance,' I said to my eldest son recently, 'is necessary for success.' He smiled and answered, 'No wonder that you advanced so slowly; it has now been replaced by enterprise!' It occurred to me that the new system had its merits, but, wishing to conceal the doubt, I continued, 'Knowledge is power.' 'Money is power now,' he replied. In this fresh difficulty, I somewhat disconnectedly added, 'Honesty is the best policy.' To this his immediate answer was that honesty does not make a millionaire!

"There should be continuation schools for parents, establishments at which the incomplete instruction they received in less modern times could be supplemented to place them on a level in this direction with their children. It is probably the first time in history that the ordinary father has been left so far behind by the development of circumstances.

"A Backward Parent."

* * * * *

The new Bank of England is America! If we propose to build a railway, we have to go to the United States for the necessary capital. If we wish to develop some industrial concern, we apply to an American financier for assistance. If we have to sell a large property, a valuable picture, a rare work of art, or a celebrated race-horse, we offer it to an American millionaire. If any well-known bachelor amongst us is in pecuniary difficulties, it is to the United States that he hurries to find a bride with a fortune. If a more obscure Englishman is unable to earn a living in this country, it is to the United States that he generally crosses to obtain employment!

. . . .

It is probable that, at the very least, America will have twice as much wealth and power in twenty years hence as she has acquired in the past twenty years. If so, what country will then be her equal? "The Future of the United States" would be a useful subject for some essay-writer to deal with, for an America that is twice as rich, as powerful, and as populous; that has double the fleet of men-of-war and merchantmen; and that does double the trade with the outside world that the America of to-day has and does, will be a monster amongst the nations.

* * * * *

There is a practical-minded millionaire who has invented a substitute for valuable pictures which it is

hoped will not commend itself to others. He has had a large number of bank-notes framed, and these are hung upon the wall where the pictures should be. In the drawing-room is one frame that contains a bank-note for a hundred thousand pounds, and he says, "There is the money in case I find a picture which is sufficiently valuable to pay that price for it. Meanwhile, the note tells its own tale, and saves me from explaining to my visitors that 'this picture cost so much' as most other rich men do. The chief pleasure of these collectors appears to arise not from the beauty of the work, but from the cost of it; then why not have cheques or bank-notes for a large sum hung on the walls as I do? Besides, I find that it is much more interesting to my visitors, for most of them look long and carefully at the bank-notes who would but glance at the work of art!" This eccentric man recently gave a dinner on the same principle. In the soup plates there was no soup, but sovereigns; for fish was served five pound notes; for game, cheques, and for sweets, shares in a thriving company, and there was not a guest who did not enjoy this entertainment more than any he or she had ever before been present at.—Believe me to be, very truly yours, MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

IT is a curious circumstance that six months ago the winners of the great three-year-old stakes were animals of no public repute whatever, and they were scarcely mentioned in the elaborate dissertations upon the Derby, Oaks, and other important races of the season which were then appearing in many of the papers. Spearmint, Keystone II., Troutbeck, and Gorgos were thought very little of, and most writers were predicting that Lally would prove himself to be far and away the best three-year-old of the season. As was then pointed out in Truth, Lally had earned a high reputation very easily, and it is expedient when considering such an animal's prospects for a great race, not merely to note the events which he has won, but also to pay considerable attention to the class of the opponents which he has defeated.

Spearmint is said to have recovered from the malady which has kept him quiet during the summer, and he will be prepared to run for the Great Foal Stakes on the first day of the Newmarket First October Meeting. His 12 lb. penalty is reduced by a breeding allowance to 4 lb., and this race appears an absolute certainty for him if he is all right. Now that Cicero has apparently gone wrong, the withdrawal of Spearmint from the Jockey Club Stakes is the more unfortunate, as he would have been receiving weight from Keystone II., and there is nothing else left in this race of any note. After the Great Foal Stakes Spearmint will no doubt be kept for the £5,000 race at Gatwick on October 16 (missing his engagement in the Lowther Stakes at the Newmarket Second October Meeting), and that event is a mere question of health for him, his 12 lb. penalty being reduced to 3 lb. by a breeding allowance, and there is only rubbish in the entry.

Eighty yearlings have been entered for next year's Richmond Stakes at Goodwood, the largest subscribers being the Duke of Westminster and Lord Wolverton, with four each. There are fifty-nine entries for the Sussex Stakes of 1908, the Dukes of Portland and Westminster and Lord Wolverton being the largest subscribers, with four each.

It was recently announced in Truth that there is to be an important alteration in the conditions of the St. Leger for 1908. The race has been converted from a sweepstakes of £25 each into a stake of £6,500, by subscription of £50 each, half forfeit, or £5 only if declared by the last Tuesday in March, 1907. If there is not sufficient surplus to give £400 to the second horse and £200 to the third, the difference will be made up by the Race Fund. The nominator of the winner is to receive £500. For many years past the St. Leger has closed on the Tuesday after the Doncaster Autumn Meeting, but this year the date has been brought forward three weeks, presumably in the hope that breeders who sell at Doncaster will be induced to enter their yearlings. The managers of the meeting would have been better advised if they had made no alteration in the date of closing the St. Leger, and they may lose more than they will gain by the change.

Cicero has left Newmarket for a veterinary establishment at Epsom. It is stated, of course, that after a short period of treatment Lord Rosebery's horse will be trained for his autumn engagements, which are the Jockey Club Stakes and the Champion Stakes. I expect it will turn out that the last has been seen of Cicero on the Turf. He had done no work since Ascot, and it is ominous that it should be found necessary to send him away from Newmarket just as he was about to commence another preparation. Very little can have been thought of him at the beginning of his two-year-old season, as just at that time he was struck out of some valuable races in which he had been engaged as a foal. He made his début in the Fitzwilliam Stakes at the Newmarket Craven Meeting, when he started second favourite, his Majesty's filly, Rosemarket, being most in demand by backers. Cicero won easily, and he afterwards carried off the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom, the Coventry Stakes at Ascot (beating Vedas, who started favourite), the July Stakes at Newmarket, and the National Breeders' Produce Stakes at Sandown Park, the last being decidedly his best two-year-old performance, as he was giving away a lot of weight all round. Cicero was afterwards lame, and he did not run again as a two-year-old. He commenced his three-year-old career by winning the Newmarket Stakes, but his victory over Llangibby was regarded as a very slovenly performance. He would not have won the Derby if Jardy had come all right to the post, and although M. E. Blanc's colt was all to pieces, he nevertheless made a good fight of it. Cicero was easily beaten for the Eclipse Stakes by Val d'Or, and he did not start again as a three-year-old. This season he was expected to run well for the Ascot Cup, even if he did not win that race, but his exhibition was a deplorable one, as he was dead beat more than a mile from home. He cannot be regarded as a Derby winner of high class, and he is certainly very deficient in stamina. He was a lucky horse, in that he never met a really good two-year-old during his first season, and in the Derby his only dangerous opponent was then just recovering from a serious illness. At one time Cicero was praised to the skies as a flyer of the highest class, but it is now quite apparent, even to the most ardent of his admirers, that his principal successes on the Turf have been due a great deal more to good fortune than to his own superlative merits. I do not believe that Cicero would have beaten Keystone II. for the Jockey Club Stakes, and Pretty Polly would have made short work of him in the Champion Stakes.

Bachelor's Button was allowed a long rest after his return to Newmarket from Ascot, and it had been given out that he would not run again. Mr. Joel's horse has resumed work, and as he is perfectly sound and looks well, he will be prepared to run for the Jockey Club Cup on October 25. Bachelor's Button finished second to Pretty Polly for last year's Jockey Club Cup, and in 1904 he was defeated by Zinfandel, so it is his turn to win this race. Mr. Joel's horse is entered for the Doncaster Cup, but he will not run, and that race looks like falling to Pretty Polly, who will be better suited by the course (two miles) than by the longer distance at Ascot.

Keystone II. has been going well in her work, and is now apparently all right again. Lord Derby's mare is regarded as a good thing for the St. Leger, but the statement, that she has been "heavily supported" for that race, is all rubbish and nonsense, as there has been scarcely any betting. Troutbeck is the second favourite, and it seems to be generally thought that the Duke of Westminster's colt will be the most dangerous opponent to Keystone II. at Doncaster, but it may be that this

animal will be rather stale, as he has been in hard work throughout the season. Troutbeck has greatly improved, and he is believed to stay well, but the "class" of the animals which he has beaten during the last few months has been very poor.

Gingal has been amiss, but this colt could not have even the most remote chance of winning the St. Leger, as he has no pretensions to stay the Doncaster course. Gingal had always been extravagantly over-rated until he had clearly proved himself to be an exceedingly moderate colt. Gorgos is another hopeless candidate, and this colt must be getting stale, after all the work he has done since the beginning of the season. Gorgos stays better than Gingal, but I expect that if all goes well with Malua he will turn out to be the best of the Newmarket colts at Doncaster.

Lord Howard de Walden's colours will be carried at Doncaster by Poussin, who is believed to stay well, but he wants time. It is quite likely that if Poussin is judiciously managed he will turn out next season to be one of the best four-year-olds in training. He is a great, slashing colt, and may be reasonably expected to make a huge improvement in the course of next winter. He is entered as a four-year-old for the Princess of Wales's Stakes and the Jockey Club Stakes, and for the Eclipse Stakes. If all goes well with him he ought to be capable next season of defeating, over a long course, several animals of his own age which would now find no difficulty in beating him.

It is believed that when betting on the St. Leger seriously commences there will be a lot of money for Sancy, who will be well suited by the course. Mr. Bass's colt was beaten by only a head for the Two Thousand by Gorgos, after which he was much fancied for the Derby, but he ran very badly indeed at Epsom, and it is most probable that he did not like the course. Sancy won the Prince of Wales' Stakes at Ascot, but he had only rubbish to beat in that race. He was afterwards beaten by Black Arrow at Lingfield, and then he gave 5 lb. and a head beating to Slavetrader at Newmarket, but in that race it was much against Mr. Newton's colt that he had to make his own running. Sancy's close race with Troutbeck at Goodwood was a good performance, but the distance was only one mile, and I fancy that the Duke of Westminster's colt would have won much more easily over a longer course.

The King's two-year-old Osella, filly by Orme out of Ecila, won a trial at Newmarket on Thursday, and it is announced that "she will now be prepared for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster." Osella would have no earthly chance of defeating such animals as Slieve Gallion, My Pet II., Galvani, and Traquair at even weights. As a matter of fact, however, she does not happen to be engaged in the Champagne Stakes. The filly was entered for this race last November, but she paid forfeit when the minor forfeit was declared in July. Osella might start for the Rous Plate at Doncaster, as she has been left in for that race.

It was stated last week in Truth that twelve of his Majesty's yearlings have arrived at Newmarket from Sandringham, and will be trained for their engagements at Egerton House. I am told that the pick of this lot is the filly by St. Simon out of Laodamia. Nulli Secundus is not likely to start for the St. Leger, but the King's three-year-old will probably be prepared for the Royal Post Sweepstakes at the Second October Meeting, and he cannot well lose that race if he is worth training, as he would have a 10 lb. maiden allowance, and the animals engaged are exceedingly moderate. This stake would be worth £600 to the winner, even if he walked over.

The Prince Edward Handicap of £2,000 at the Manchester September Meeting did not fill on the 7th, so it was reopened, and the managers of the meeting have accepted thirty-two entries, although they had stipulated for forty. The entry market is certainly deeply depressed so far as handicaps are concerned. The Duke of York Handicap of £2,000 at the Kempton Park October Meeting, which also failed to fill on the 2nd, fifty entries being required, was to have been reopened, but this event has not yet been advertised again. It seems to me that there is no practical object whatever in publishing the weights for the Kempton Park race simultaneously with those of the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, and the Duke of York Handicap would probably succeed better if the weights were held over until after the Doncaster meeting.

The best of the older horses in the Prince Edward Handicap are Mr. Polehampton's Thunderbolt, Mr. D. Faber's Polymelus, Mr. L. Robinson's Roseate Dawn, and Mr. Joel's Dean Swift. Among the three-year-olds are Mr. Bass's Sella, Mr. G. Faber's Malua, Mr. Heinemann's Achilles, Lord Derby's Victorious, Mr. Dalgleish's Buckminster, and Lord Howard de Walden's His Eminence.

Captain Greer's colt, Slieve Gallion, has been doing very well lately, and I hear that he has come on considerably since he was last seen in public. Slieve Gallion is confidently expected to win the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, after which he will be put aside for the Middle Park Plate. It is probable that he will not be started for the Dewhurst Plate, which is his last engagement for this season. Next year he is entered for both the Two Thousand and the Derby.

The Grand Prix de Deauville was won by Maintenon, who must be a marvel of stoutness and soundness, as he has now taken part in no fewer than thirteen races this season, and he has won eight of these. The good form of Maintenon shows that Prestige must have been a truly wonderful horse, as he was 21 lb. superior to the Deauville winner. Prestige was undoubtedly the best three-year-old in Europe, and it is much to be regretted that his Turf career should have been prematurely terminated, as he might have been seen winning next year's Ascot Cup if all had continued to be well with him.

The most interesting event since Goodwood was the race for the principal two-year-old stake at Deauville, which was won by Sagamore, but he was probably indebted for his victory more to the fine riding of Maher than to his own superior merit. Sagamore got off well, and was never headed during the race, but he only "just" won from Pernod. One of the beaten lot was M. E. Blanc's Allah, by Flying Fox out of Finaude, who started second favourite, and he had won his first race easily from a field of twenty, having started with odds of 5 to 1 betted on him. Allah was stopped at Deauville by the heavy ground.

Auber won the Wynyard Plate at Stockton very easily indeed, and it was an excellent performance, as he was giving 12 lb. to Viceroy, who was heavily backed. Poker, who finished second (in receipt of 15 lb. from the winner), is an improving colt, and he will do better later on. Red Mint is a very useful colt, and he has been judiciously placed. He won the Great Northern Leger without any difficulty, Nurang having no chance with him. Orwell gave 13 lb. to Jubilee in the Hardwicke Stakes, and beat her by a head. The result was the same when they met at Epsom in the Acorn Satkes, and it was very generally expected that Orwell would now be beaten, as Jubilee had 6 lb. the best of the weights. Orwell is a very game filly, and she won with something in hand. There were originally ninety entries for the Durham County Produce Plate, but only four starters appeared, and Bridge of Canny walked in, having nearly two stone the worst of the weights with Glenfiddich, who finished second.

The only event of any interest at Hurst Park on Friday was the August Plate, for which Freeborn started favourite, but Bonniface won easily, a result which appeared certain on paper, judging from the Sandown Park form. The Lennox Plate of £1,500 collapsed dolefully, there being only a small field of wretched quality, and Spate could not help winning from such opponents, with an advantage in the weights.

Next week there are meetings at Birmingham (one day), Derby (three days), Carlisle (two days), Kempton Park (one day), and Sandown Park (one day). The Derby fixture ought to be cut down to two days, and it would be a most popular change if one-day meetings

were given up altogether, as they are exceedingly unpopular.

There are 113 entries for the two-year-old heat of the Champion Breeders' Biennial Foal Stakes of £1,000, which is the principal event in the Derby programme on Tuesday. There are no well-known winners to be found in the list, none of the summer flyers having been engaged in this race. I shall plump for Lord Falmouth's dark colt, St. Martin, own brother to Quintessence, and if he wins this race he will no doubt be sent to Doncaster to run for the Rous Plate,which is his only engagement at that meeting. St. Martin is entered for several races at the Newmarket October Meetings. This colt has enjoyed a great private reputation for several months, and he is said to be the best two-year-old in the Kingsclere stable. St. Martin was to have made his début in the Triennial at Ascot, but at the last moment he was withdrawn from that race, in consequence of the exceeding hardness of the ground. The same cause prevented him from starting for the Molecomb Stakes at Goodwood.

There are 118 entries for the three-year-old heat of the Champion Breeders' Biennial Foal Stakes, including Spearmint, Gingal, Gorgos, Sarcelle, Plum Tree, Rayon, Anniversary II., and the filly by Isinglass out of Canterbury Pilgrim. Spearmint is not likely to start. The course will suit Gingal very well if he is all right again.

The great event at Kempton Park is the Breeders' Foal Plate of £1,000, for which there are forty-four acceptances out of an original entry of eighty-eight. Galvani will win if he runs. This was a tragical race last year, as long odds were freely betted on Black Arrow, but he could only finish third, and Lally was the winner.

At last Harvard have all their crew in their proper places. Before this happened they had been over the Putney to Mortlake course at a strong paddle, and in good time. They finished up quite fresh. This piece of work impressed the critics. There is too much arm work, but there is a mass of leg work. Cambridge have been doing light work. The weather if cooler will suit them. They want to use their legs more. Baynes, the heavy weight, is a great success. He is admirably built for a heavy-weight oarsman. I have no doubt that he will pull his weight to the last ounce over the whole course. By the way, the Harvard crew had a splendid reception from passing craft the first time they appeared on the Thames.

My attention has been drawn to a series of instantaneous photographs of leading lady lawn tennis players, which have disgraced the pages of illustrated journals that are otherwise admirably conducted. The pestering interviewer is a nuisance on many tennis courts. The terror of the snapshotter is a burden not easy to be borne. If editors have neither sufficient decency nor chivalry to keep these instantaneous pictures out of their journals, then there is only one thing for a tournament committee to do, and that is to bundle out of the ground anybody engaged in snapshotting. These photographs often catch players in a grotesque attitude. The more grotesque the better the editor is pleased. He does not care a rap that he is giving pain to ladies, who, by their play, give pleasure to many. I suppose a certain number of vulgar-minded people take the paper because of these portraits. Such a class of people should not be pandered to. There used to be a certain decency and dignity in the English press, illustrated as well as descriptive. The modern substitutes are baronies and baronetcies.

Hearty congratulations to Mrs. Hillyard on her success in the Buxton Open Tournament. Once again, and for the seventh time, she won the Derbyshire championship. Her last win was in 1901, and her first win was in 1885. On five occasions she has been runner up for the cup. Mrs. Hillyard has done, I suppose, more than any lady to foster the game amongst lady players. She has ever been ready to help rising champions. The number of years that she has played the game and held so prominent a position in the leading tennis tournaments should be an incentive to many younger folk of both sexes to keep on playing instead of imagining they are worn out before they are thirty.

By the way, those who manage the lawn tennis tournament at Eastbourne will be well advised to remember that the competitors are worthy of consideration. They pay for the privilege of competing, and by their play they provide gate-money. They should be provided with a competitors' tea tent, instead of being left to scramble as best they can for their food and drink. They also deserve better dressing accommodation.

The *Field* publishes the French equivalents for English or Scotch golfing terms. The vocabulary has been compiled by the Société de Golf de Paris, and the words will be used all over France. I advise every golfer to get the *Field* of August 25, and cut the list out for Continental reference. No doubt the caddies of Scotland will be taught their first lessons in French from the language of the links.

At the Radyr Club, near Cardiff, J. Ross won the professional golf championship of Wales. He also gained first place in the Welsh qualifying competition for the *News of the World* championship. He is a native of St. Andrews. He used to be at Banstead Downs, and he is now engaged at Newport.

Vardon and Herd have been having a little Highland tour. At Kingussie there was some remarkable play. In the morning Vardon was two up on the first round. In the afternoon he won by ten up and eight to play. He then won the bye by three holes.

The London Foursome Golf Competition inaugurated last year by Walter Heath permitted professionals to play with amateurs. This year the professional is to be excluded. I doubt if the competition will become so popular. The average metropolitan amateur has no love for the foursome. He prefers to block the course with a four-ball or a three-ball match; and Heaven help the average player who insists on his right to play through the august scratch man engaged in this particular match. He is soon made to feel that the club, the course, and everything but the rules of the game, were devised and created for the benefit of the crack player. The metropolitan player—and I speak of those that I know most about—has no appreciation of the pleasure of a foursome. It cramps his game. He might get his partner into trouble. His partner spoils his game by going to pieces. He does not get the lie he wants. He only gets half the strokes he would otherwise get. If only he realised how much the self-repression necessary in foursome play helps to improve and steady his play for an ordinary single he would embrace every chance of playing a foursome.

It is not often that a single run gives victory and defeat in a first-class cricket match. This was the margin of Gloucestershire's win over Yorkshire, thanks to the bowling of Dennett and Jessop; and that one run was in all probability the most important run that ever was made in the modern history of the game. Of course, it was not any one specific run. It was the solitary margin that was of importance. It was the failure of Yorkshire to make, not merely two runs, but just one little run, that makes the margin of one historical. If Yorkshire had won or drawn that match they had been practically certain of the Championship. The loss of the game practically meant the loss of the Championship, and equally the probable certainty that Kent would be top of the tree. Whether or not these things shall come to pass no one can truly say. I have not taken the trouble to work out all the possibilities and probabilities of the final position. The weather has been too hot to trouble about the figures. Suffice it to say that there has never been a more interesting season in first-class county cricket, and my only regret is that it will all be over so quickly.

After Surrey's bad failure against Yorkshire, their after-doings create but little interest. They had little trouble with Northants, where Lees and Rushby bowled well in the second innings. Hants scored an easy win over Leicester. The improvement in the Southern Counties' position is one of the features of this year's

cricket. Kent had little trouble in beating Worcester, while Sussex only escaped an innings defeat by Warwick by one run. M'Gahey's bowling was the chief factor in Essex's success over Notts, which was gained just on the call of time.

I read that Mr. MacLaren is of opinion that the M.C.C. is guilty almost of a dereliction in duty in not sending out a team to Australia. According to him, there would have been no difficulty in getting one together even at this late hour. The Colonists have been most pertinacious in their requests since they suddenly ceased to agree to differ. Inasmuch as the M.C.C. has promised to send a representative team to South Africa in 1906-7, it will be at least two seasons before a team goes to Ausrtalia. The M.C.C. may be presumed to know what it can and cannot do better than Mr. MacLaren. The days of private enterprise for visiting teams, whether in England or Australia, are passed.

The West Indians' tour is over. They have lost ten matches and won seven. They failed to attract public attention in any degree. They were a fair team that never seemed to get together. Harragin's inability to play made a great difference to them. So far as they learned something about English cricket and its strength the tour will do them good.

MAMMON.

Stock Markets Quieten Down — Is it Temporary?— The Sentiment Sanguine—Home Rails Wobbling— Kaffirs in More Favour.

IF it should prove to be temporary the present lull observable throughout the Stock Exchange is of little significance. The general impression is that it is only a natural reaction, calculated to do more good than harm, and being buoyed up by the pleasant experience of the beginning of the "dog-days," the sentiment as to the early future is sanguine enough. This is hopeful, and it seems opportune for me to point out that it is the wise operator who takes full advantage of the opportunity such a lull in the activity and excitement affords for getting in on favourable terms. Collectively, values are still moderate, while the prospects, on the other hand, are promising enough to justify a purchase for an appreciation in capital value. This is more particularly the case with Home Railway stocks, which can be bought to give a relatively high return, and yet the outlook leaves scarcely anything to be desired. Sooner or later values are almost certain to respond to the continued industrial revival, and be established upon a materially higher basis, which seems to open up splendid possibilities to the patient and far-sighted speculative investor. As regards traffics, which have quietened down materially, it is still expected that better times are in store for this market, which for so long has been buffeted about at the whim of the politician. But politics are no longer so omnipotent as they were, though there can be not the slightest doubt that they are still a possible, if not an actual, factor. The fact that they are of less immediate consequence, however, is a welcome relief, and with a little tender nursing the rehabilitation of the market in public esteem ought not to be a difficult matter. If, on the other hand, the market leaders wilfully prefer to neglect the opportunity which seems to be opened up by the slight revival of public interest they must, of course, take the consequences. Be this as it may, the fact remains that the market generally is looking for livelier times within the near future. It is to be hoped that another disappointment will not be added to the many experienced within recent months.

Money Easy—Position Unsettled and Prospect Less Satisfactory—Foreign Gold Purchases—Banks Reserve.

The monetary situation has become rather unsettled, and while conditions in the short loan market are quite easy, the uncertainty as to the future has brought about a stiffening of discount quotations all round. In the first place, there is the absorption of the gold arrivals by a German bank, presumably on Russian account, and what is of more consequence, New York is threatening to compete for the arrivals in the early future. Nor are the Continental exchanges particularly favourable, and while it may be true enough that the Treasury will come to the assistance of the situation in New York, the demand for gold from that centre is likely to continue owing to the heavy crop movement. The general indications, therefore, point to a gradual hardening in money value, especially in view of the customary autumnal drain which will commence before long. On the other hand, the floating supplies in Lombard-street are now being augmented by the infiltration of dividend and other money, but this process is not likely to continue much longer. The Bank's position, as was to be expected, shows an improvement, and between the foreign arrivals of gold and the reflux from the country the stock of bullion advanced by £764,000, and this together with a contraction in the note circulation is reflected in an increase of £1,036,000 to £26,918,000 in the reserve.

Consols Marking Time—The Investor's Chance—Colonials —Russians Sensitive—Japanese.

Momentarily, at all events, the gilt-edged market would seem to have succumbed to the possible effects of the Chilian catastrophe, aggravated to a certain extent by the less satisfactory aspect of the monetary situation. It does not amount to much, perhaps, but nevertheless values are sensitive to these influences. The magnitude of the disaster is nothing compared with that in San Francisco, and consequently the liquidation on the part of the insurance companies concerned will be of less importance. So far, of course, the marking down of values is a precautionary measure, and, given an improvement in the monetary situation, the market may assert its recuperative powers. As I have already remarked, the depreciation is only slight, but from the investment standpoint the yields obtainable are quite good, and the majority of stocks are still attractive. Here is a table indicating the return given by Colonials:—

	Price.		Yield per Cent.
Canadian 3 p.c.	99	.....	£3 0 0
Cape 3 p.c.	84½	.....	3 11 0
Natal 3 p.c.	85	.....	3 10 6
New South Wales 3 p.c.	89	.....	3 7 6
Queensland 3 p.c.	87	.....	3 9 0
South Australia 3 p.c.	87	.....	3 9 0
Westralia 3 p.c.	88	.....	3 8 0

Russians continue the centre of interest in the Foreign market, and have been weak on the latest "outrages." I am not disposed to modify the opinion frequently expressed on the subject of these stocks. It is true that they yield something above 5½ per cent., but as against this there is the unrest to consider, and when all is said and done they can scarcely be regarded as cheap. Chilian bonds have naturally been marked down on the strength of the earthquake, but I do not see why holders should realise. In relation to Japanese stocks, which, as I have remarked, are respectable investments, it is interesting to note that the trade returns published are of a very satisfactory character.

Home Rails Quieter—But Prospects Still Encouraging —The Question of New Capital Issues—Some Promising Stocks—"Yorks," "Hulls," "Potts," "Middies" and Furness—A Word About the Underground.

After the little burst of activity that followed the dividends declarations, interest in the Home Railway market has once again slackened. The hardening of money rates may have had something to do with checking "Bull" activity, and it has also been said that some speculators have been disposed to transfer their affections to American Rails—lured thither by the extraordinary strength in certain stocks. Meanwhile, the general outlook for the Home Railway market has undergone no material change, from which those who

follow my remarks week by week will gather that I still regard the majority of stocks as attractive. There is no likelihood of a boom such as is being witnessed in the Yankee market, but, on the other hand, buyers escape the dangers attaching to speculation in a market artificially controlled. Home Railways at the present juncture appeal to those who do not wish to take heavy risks, but want securities paying a fair rate of interest, with prospects of a moderate advance in capital value, and who, moreover, are prepared to take up what they buy. The expansion in the trade of the country has already been seen in an advance in the dividends for the first half of the current year. Most of the Companies could have paid at higher rates than they did, but advantage was taken of the increase in gross receipts to spend more upon maintenance and renewals, a wise policy, which should help to equalise dividends by permitting of some reduction in these allowances when leaner times are entered upon. For the present, however, there is no occasion to talk of slacker times. The leading industries of the country are in full swing, and while the trade boom continues to be confined mainly to the northern half of the country, it should gradually extend south—that is, judging from all previous periods of industrial activity. It has to be remembered that traffic returns as a whole will run against bigger takings as we get nearer the end of the year, and also that coal, materials, and wages are all costing more than a year ago. However, there is still every reason to expect another substantial improvement in net receipts by the end of December, and an all round advance in dividends. Already for the seven weeks to date some handsome increases in traffic have been secured, the gains including North-Eastern, £95,200; North-Western, £65,000; Great Western, £53,200; Midland, £42,500; Lancashire and Yorkshire, £32,300; Great Central, £31,700; South-Western, £15,200; South-Eastern and Chatham, £15,400; and Great Northern, £14,200. In regard to the selection of stocks, an important consideration is the question of further capital requirements. The last accounts showed that the heaviest debit balances to capital were incurred by the Great Central, £3,826,000; North-Western, £2,664,000; North-Eastern, £2,267,000; Lancashire and Yorkshire, £1,470,000; and Great Eastern, £1,138,000. The likelihood of further capital issues may help to retard the improvement in these Companies' stocks, which otherwise might be expected to make rapid headway, and those who buy for the short run ought to take note of this factor. My own selections at the present juncture would be Great Northern Deferred, Hull and Barnsley, Furness Ordinary, North Staffordshire Ordinary, and Midland Deferred. In these cases there is not the fear present of an early increase of capital, and earning prospects are in all cases particularly bright. Among the Undergrounds there has lately been some buying of District Guaranteed upon the decision of the Board to raise the fares. The Company, under its present able management, is making a desperate effort to pull itself together, but it is badly handicapped by its dead weight of capital, and those who pick up the Guaranteed should only do so as a pure speculation. I doubt whether among the Undergrounds Central London Ordinary can be improved upon as an investment. The stock has fallen lately upon the decline in traffics, but, with the increasing number of feeders to this line, the growth of revenue from rents, and, above all, the steady growth in the population of London, I do not regard the decrease with concern. Any increase in the fares upon the older underground systems should tend to swell the traffic on the Tube. Another stock which is worth attention is North London Ordinary. The price is now down to about 93, which is a low record. Seeing that the yield is nearly 5 per cent., and that the last dividend was earned without any drawing upon reserves, it looks as if the fall had been overdone. My table shows the measure of movement on the week:—

Home Rails.	A Year Ago.	Make up, Aug. 13.	Closing Price, Aug. 17.	Closing Price, Aug. 25.	Movement.
Caledonian Pref.	79½	77½	77½	77	— ½
Do. Def.	34½	36½	36½	35½	— ¾
City and S. London	40	46¼	45	45	—
Central London	89	86	86	86	—
reat Central '94 Pref.	61	—	79	80	+1
Do. "B"	30	38½	39½	38½	—1
Do. "A"	16½	18	18	17½	— ½
Great Eastern	82¼	85½	85½	84¼	—1
Great Northern Pref.	99	102¼	100½	100½	—
Do. Def.	35½	48	48½	47½	— ¾
Great Western	136½	133½	132¾	131¼	—1½
Hull and Barnsley	42½	47	48	48¾	+ ½
Lancashire and Yorkshire	104½	105½	105½	104	—1½
London and Brighton "A"	119	122	121½	120½	—1
London, Chatham, and Dover	15½	15	15⅝	15⅛	— ½
Do. 4½ p.c. Pref.	97	93	93	92	—1
Do. 2nd Pref.	57	58	59	59	—
London and North-Western	152½	161	157½	155½	—2
London and South-Western Def.	54½	59	59⅜	59½	— ½
Metropolitan Consolidated	91	65½	66½	65½	—1
Metropolitan District	36½	21½	23½	23	— ½
Midland Pref.	70	67¾	68¼	68¼	—
Do. Def.	65½	69¼	70½	68¼	—1½
North British 3 p.c. Pref.	80	76¾	76¾	76¾	—
Do. Def.	45½	45½	45¼	44⅜	— ⅝
North-Eastern Consolidated	134½	144½	142½	140½	—1½
South-Eastern "A"	52⅜	53¾	52½	52¼	— ¼

West Africans Quiet—Esperanzas—Indians Recover—Broken Hills.

The buoyancy of the South African market is exercising a sentimental influence upon the Jungle, where there is a disposition to mark prices higher. This, however, does not amount to much, and it can hardly be regarded as being of the slightest significance. Conditions generally remain as they were, business being almost nonexistent, and public interest in the market as indifferent as ever, despite the machinations of the insiders. I have frequently had occasion to refer to the attractiveness of Esperanzas, and the receipt of favourable news from the El Oro has given a much-needed fillip to the shares. This would seem to establish the continuity in depth in this field. As regards Esperanzas, the July output figures show a slight reduction in the net balance, but this is ascribed to the fact that the surplus of shipping ores was wiped off in the preceding month. But even so the achievement is quite creditable, and the shares appear cheap. Indians, after being rather acutely depressed, show some recovery, especially Mysores. Two reasons have been put forward to account for this weakness; the fear of the large holding of a deceased shareholder coming on the market, and, secondly, the unsatisfactory development in depth of the Champion Reef. This latter is a sentimental influence, but, nevertheless, it counts. I am still of opinion that Champion Reefs, with the dividend reduced and the unsatisfactory state of the mine, are not very cheap, but Mysores may quite possibly recover further. The Broken Hill group are in greater favour, the higher prices of the metals making an impression, and I think that many of these shares are still deserving of consideration.

—	Denomination of Shares.	Closing Price, August 17.	Closing Price, Aug. 25.
	£		
Ashanti Goldfields	4/-	10/-	10/6
Akrokerri	1	1 1/16	1 1/16
Bibiani Goldfields	1	11/16	11/16
British Gold Coast	1	1/8	1/8
Gold Coast Amalgamated Mines	1	1¼	1¼
Taquah and Abosso	1	1⅛	1 1/16
Wassau (Gold Coast)	1	¾	13/16
Egypt and Sudan Mining	1	1	1
Egyptian Mines and Exploration	1	4/-	3/6
Nile Valley	1	5/6	6/-
Sudan Goldfields	1	1/16 dis.	1/16 dis.
United African Exploration	1	1⅛	1⅛
Anaconda Copper	$25	13⅜	14⅛
Balaghat Gold	1	24/-	25/-
Broken Hill Proprietary	8/-	3 3/16	3 1/8
Cape Copper	2	6	6 1/16
Champion Reef	2/6	15/6	16/3
Le Roi	5	1¾	1 13/16
Mysore Gold	10/-	5½	5 5/16
Nundydroog	10/-	26/6	26/-
Ooregum	10/-	16/-xd	16/-
Rio Tinto	5	68⅜	69½
Tharsis Sulphur and Copper	2	6¾	7
Waihi Gold	1	9	9 1/16

How to Operate in Stocks Successfully.—See Halford's Adviser (post free).—Palmerston House, London, E.C. Established 1869. Telegrams: "Monitor, London."

Rhodesians Quieter—Tanganyika—Rumours Less Fantastic—Bankets Interesting.

Although there is a distinctly quieter and less excited atmosphere about Rhodesians, it must not be concluded that the spasm of activity has completely fizzled out. The halt is more or less natural, and is regarded as healthy, because the profit-taking indulged in is calculated to avert any dangerous topheaviness. In point of interest Tanganyikas are still most prominent, but less is now heard about the alleged intention of the Amalgamated Copper Company of the United States in regard to the financing of the railway. The yarn, as I have said before, was too fantastic to be impressive, and my hints at an impending capital issue are likely to prove nearer the mark. As regards Bankets, they are still fairly well supported, and I still maintain that, regarded strictly as a gamble, the shares are interesting. The price is still relatively low, and if, as is generally expected, the Kaffir market is to see better times, it is safe to assume that Bankets will benefit. Another point is that no news has been received from the property for some time. Whether the insiders have some in their pockets ready for emergencies I would not like to assert, but should anything favourable be published opportunely—that is to say, when market conditions are good—Bankets would naturally respond. My usual table follows:—

—	Capitals.		Denom. of Shares.	Amount Paid.	Highest 1905.	Closing Price, Aug 17 1906.	Closing Price, Aug 25, 1906.
	Authorised.	Shares Issued.					
	£		£				
Bechuanaland Ex.	400,000	400,000	1	f.p.	1½	¾	¾
British S. Africa	6,000,000	4,999,038	1	f.p.	1 35/64	1 23/64	1 23/64
Chicago Gaika	250,000	201,000	1	f.p.	2 3/4	1/4	—
Globe & Phœnix	200,000	250,000	1	f.p.	1 1/2	1¼	1¼
Lomagunda Dev	250,000	228,000	1	f.p.	2 1/16	1 15/32	1 15/32
Mashon. Agency	400,000	398,976	1	f.p.	1 3/8	⅝	⅝
N rth'rn Copper(B.S.A.)	250,000	160,500	1	f.p.	2½	1 13/16	1 23/32
Rhodesia, Ltd.(New)..	600,000	500,000	1	f.p.	1	⅜	⅜
Rhodesia Expl.	225,000	227,777	1	f.p.	4¾	2 7/16	2¼
Rhodesia Glds.	1,000,000	560,677	1	f.p.	5/8	3/-	2/9
Rice Hamilton.....	175,000	50,000	1	f.p.	2¾	13/16	13/16
Selukwe	350,000	321,000	1	f.p.	1 1/4	5/6	5/-
Tanganyika Conc.	264 600	234,000	1	f.p.	6¾	5 7/8	5 1/2
United Rhodesia.....	750 000	660,900	1	f.p.	11/3	3/9	3/6
Willoughby Con.....	1,000,000	930,000	1	f.p.	45/8	12/3	16/1
Zambesia Explor.	300,000	288,615	1	f.p.	2 5/8	1 1/8	1⅛

Americans Excited and Buoyant—The Losses of Option Dealers—Heavy Shipment of Pacific Stocks to New York—Trade, Crop and Dividend Considerations—Higher Prices Foreshadowed.

American Rails have continued to be the most active department in the Stock Exchange, though business here is but an echo of that going on upon the other side of the Atlantic. Throughout the week prices have moved up and down with great violence, but each wave of profit-taking has been met with a fresh outburst of buying, and there is no sign that the "Bull" movement has yet run its course. The dramatic action taken by Mr. Harriman in regard to the Pacific dividends has continued to provoke considerable discussion in the market, and the surprise which was sprung upon operators has directed pointed attention to the system of dealing in options. Extensive orders to buy the call of Union and Southern Pacific stocks were given out to London houses within a few hours of the publication of the dividends, and the losses which those houses are called upon to meet must be very heavy. The suspicion aroused against the Pacific interests over the alleged manner in which dividend knowledge was made use of for market purposes will certainly make the dealers here very shy about engaging in fresh option transactions. Another effect that may probably arise out of the Pacific dividend announcements is the narrowing of the market on this side for those stocks. The settlement now being arranged will witness the shipment of a very large volume of Union and Southern Pacific scrip from London to New York. Thus we appear to be experiencing a continuation of the shifting policy that has been going on for some years past which has abolished free dealings here in nearly all American Railroad bonds, and has greatly narrowed the market for such common shares as Chicago and Milwaukee, Illinois Central, Louisville and Nashville, Northern Pacific, New York Central, and Pennsylvania. The movement is really only what might be expected by those who have watched the rapidly growing wealth of the United States during the past decade, and, personally, I do not see how it can fail to continue. Such a process, however, makes it look somewhat absurd to those who declare every time Yankees go up that the aim of the magnates is to unload on London. At the present time most of the indications suggest that the boom is a long way yet from having exhausted itself. Trade all over the country is flourishing, as may be proved by the big expansion in railroad earnings, in the Clearing House returns, and in the prices for iron and steel, copper, and other staples. The condition of the crops, too, which, after all, is still the chief underlying force in the market, could hardly be better. The latest estimates point to a wheat yield 24,000,000 bushels ahead of the previous record year (1901) and a corn harvest larger by 5,000,000 bushels than the bumper yield of 1905. And to complete the tale of "Bull" enthusiasm, there is the evidence that a more generous dividend policy has been inaugurated by leading American Corporations generally. Of late considerable agitation has been aroused amongst shareholders in various big Corporations for larger distributions of surplus earnings, and one reason for the outcry is the suspicion that secret use is being made of these surpluses by those in control. An eminent banker, understood to be closely associated with Mr. Harriman, is said to have privately stated the other day that a good many dividends will have to be increased by directors in view of the public attacks, political and otherwise, which are being made on Companies with great surpluses. I do not intend to dwell upon the ulterior motives that may have induced this change of dividend policy; I simply mention the change because of the big importance it must exert upon the stock market. As I said last week, the crucial point for shareholders is whether the increased dividends have been really earned or not, and on that score the reports of the leading Railroads are quite reassuring. The following table, showing the increases in dividends that have been made by prominent Corporations within the past few months, gives a good idea of how far the movement has gone already:—

Pennsylvania Co.	from	5 to 6
Baltimore and Ohio.....	,,	5 to 6
Norfolk and Western	,,	3 to 4
Ontario and Western	,,	1½ to 2
M. K. and T. Preferred	,,	nothing to 4
Wells-Fargo	,,	8 to 10
American Locomotive	,,	nothing to 5
U.S. Steel Common	,,	nothing to 2
Amalgamated Copper.....	,,	6 to 7
Anaconda (par 25)	,,	14 to 22
Corn Products Ref. Co.	,,	nothing to 4
United Copper.....	,,	5 to 7
Seaboard Co. 1st Pref.	,,	nothing to 5
Standard Coupler Co.	,,	2 to 4
American Tobacco Co.	,,	Extra 5
Southern Pacific	,,	nothing to 5
Union Pacific	,,	5 to 10

We are further told to expect the Atchison to raise its dividend from 4 to 5 or 6 per cent., the Chesapeake to advance its rate from 1 to 3 per cent., while there is talk in some quarters of the Louisville and the Pennsylvania going upon a 7 per cent. basis, and of a further increase in the Norfolk dividend. During the last day or two the furious buying in United States Steel Commons has been associated with a rumour that the stock will get 4 per cent. next fall. With all these "Bull" factors in play it will need a very severe monetary pinch to arrest for long the upward course of share values. As I have before pointed out, the danger of dearer money, with such heavy crop mining demands lying ahead, is not one to be lightly regarded, and we shall probably witness before long some of those violent upheavals in stocks which are a periodical feature of Wall Street history. Yankees, therefore, are at present less than ever a suitable field for the small speculator,

Romano's Restaurant, Strand, is a Parisian Restaurant in London. The prices are moderate, and the cuisine is excellent. New Russian and Venetian Rooms.

but for the man of large means ready to accept big risks for the possibility of good prizes, I should say that the policy of buying on reactions is the right one to pursue. My table follows:—

—	1905. Highest.	1905. Lowest.	Closing Price, Aug. 10, 1906.	Closing Price, Aug. 17, 1906.	Closing Price, Aug. 25, 1906.
Atchison	96	80⅛	95¾	98	107⅜
Do. Five per Cent. Pref.	109	102	104	104¼	105½
Baltimore and Ohio Com.	120⅞	104 1/16	124⅛	121⅜xd	121⅞
Chesapeake and Ohio	61½	46⅜	62⅜	62⅜	64½
Denver	40 1/16	27⅜	44⅜	45½	46½
Do. Pref.	98⅞	85¾	88¼	88¾	89½
Erie	54½	38 1/16	44¼	45	48½
Do. First Pref.	87½	77⅜	81¼	80¼xd	81xd
Louisville	161½	140½	148½xd	149	156½
Milwaukee	193½	173½	191½	193½	200
Mo., Kan., and Texas	39⅞	24 11/16	35	35⅜	38⅛
Norfolk Pref.	96½	94	95	94	95
Do. Common	90⅜	77⅜	95¼	96	95½
New York Central	169⅜	140½	144¼	145½	148
Ontario	65½	41⅞	48½xd	48⅜	49⅛
Pennsylvania	76⅜	67½	70	71⅜	74
Reading	73⅜	40⅞	67½	68¾	73½
Do. First Pref.	49⅜	46	49½	49½	48½
Southern Common	39 3/16	28⅜	38	38½	40⅜
Do. Pref.	104½	97½	102½	102½	103
Southern Pacific	74	59⅜	79½	89	96¼
Union Pacific	155⅜	116 9/16	161½	173½	195½
Do. Pref.	102⅜	98½	98	98	98
Wabash Pref.	49⅜	37⅞	48	49½	48
Do. "B" Debentures	86⅞	69½	84	84½	85
U.S. Steel Corp. Com.	44½	26	41⅝	42⅜	49
Do. Do. Pref.	110⅛	93⅜	110½	109⅜xd	111⅜

Westralians Fairly Interesting—Kalgurlis Strong—Fingalls—Deep Leads Still Quiet.

In spite of the prominence of Kaffirs, the Westralian Mining market is not altogether neglected; indeed, quite a fair degree of interest is centred in this department, and values as a rule show to advantage. In point of interest, perhaps, the strength of Kalgurlis is most conspicuous. This mine is opening up very promisingly, and at the present rate profits are roughly about £240,000 per annum on a capital of £120,000, so that the possibilities of enhanced distributions are quite bright. But even so, the existing figure appears to be a trifle too high. As regards Fingalls, to which I have frequently drawn attention, a slight recovery in the shares is to be noted. This is not surprising, because, as has been constantly pointed out, the fall had been rather overdone, and even on the rise I would consider them speculatively interesting. The position, it may be repeated, is uncertain, but the low figure prevailing seems to discount a great deal in this respect. Perhaps the slight accident reported, and which is calculated to affect the current monthly output, has temporarily stopped the recovery, but this is quite unimportant. In spite of the expected developments at the Loddon Valley, there is still not much life in deep leads, and the anticipations of a general twisting up of prices in this group have thus been falsified so far, but if good news be received from this property it will no doubt give a stimulus, and Loddon Valleys appear to be still promising as a gamble of the cheap sort. Here is my usual table:—

—	1900. High.	1905. High.	1905. Lowest.	Make-up, Aug. 10, 1906.	Closing Price, Aug. 17, 1906.	Closing Price, Aug. 25, 1906.
Associated G.M.	7⅜	3⅜	1 21/32	1 15/16	1⅞	1 23/32
Assoc. Nth. Blocks	3⅜	1 7/16	1 3/32	1⅛	1⅛	1⅛
Brownhill Ext.	3⅞	13/16	⅛	8/6	8/6	9/-
Cosmopolitan	30/3	½	½	4/9	4/6	4/9
Golden Horseshoe	15	8 3/16	6 7/16	6½	6	6
Golden Link	3½	4/6	0/3	3/10½	3/6	3 6
Great Boulder Prop.	37/6	25/6	20/-	25/3	25/3	25/6
Do. Main Reef	2¾	3/3	1/-	3/-	3/-	3/-
Do. Perseverance	13½	10/6	9/6	9/7½	10/-	9/3
Gt. Fingall Cons.	6 1/16	8⅝	6½	3⅜	3½	3⅞
Hainault	1⅜	1 1/16	⅝	1⅛	1⅛	1⅛
Ida H. Gold	—	14/3	3/-	4/-	4/6	4/6
Ivanhoe (£5)	15½	8 7/16	7 9/16	7 1/16	7⅛	7⅛
Ivanhoe South Extnd.	4⅜	¾	½	½	½	½
Kalgurli	9⅝	9⅞	6 3/16	9⅜	10	10½
Lake View Consols	5⅜	1¾	31/32	1	31/32	25/32
L. & W. A. Exploration	1 1/16	15/6	7/-	9/16	9/6	9/6
North Kalgurli	1 1/16	6/-	0/6	1/-	1/-	1/-
Oroya Brownhill	—	3 3/32	2 25/32	2 13/16	2 13/16	2 13/16
Peak Hill	5⅜	8/9	0/3	1/-	1/-	1/-
Sons of Gwalia	6 3/16	2 5/32	1 27/32	1 3/32	1⅛	1⅛
South Kalgurli	6½	2	31/32	1 3/32	1 1/16	1 1/16
Westralia Mt. Morgans	—	7/16	3/16	3/-	3/-	3/-

Rally in Canadas—Revenue from Land Sales—South American Rails and the Earthquake—Cubans and the Revolt—United of the Havana's Latest Absorption—Details of the Deal—Argentine Amalgamation.

Canadian Pacifics have recovered to some extent from the disappointment felt by speculators at the absence of an increase in the dividend, and, in sympathy with other Pacific shares, the quotation has during the last few days experienced a rise of several points. It is indeed hard to see how a setback in these shares can be more than temporary, for the earnings of the line continue to expand faster than ever, and, moreover, the revenue derived from the sales of land has lately excited a good deal of "Bull" talk. During July the Company realised no fewer than 607,000 acres, at prices aggregating $2,865,000, figures greatly in excess of the 1905 sales. As the Company has retired the last of its Land Grant bonds, the whole of this revenue goes direct into its coffers. In regard to the crops, the Canadian Bank of Commerce has received a telegram from its Winnipeg manager, in which he estimates the crop returns of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta for the season to be as follows:—Wheat, 4,614,000 acres, 91,814,000 bushels; barley, 591,000 acres, 17,735,000 bushels; oats, 2,021,000 acres, 80,854,000 bushels. He states that this estimate is based upon the continuance of reasonably good weather conditions during harvesting, which is now general throughout the country. Grand Trunks have lately been rather inclined to fall back; apparently the market has not yet got over the action of the Board in dealing so summarily with the Michigan taxation arrears out of the past half-year's revenue. Like the Canadian Pacific, however, the line is prospering to such an extent that there seems hardly any room for a fall, and, on the other hand, strong reason to look for a renewal of the advance as the year progresses. Foreign Rails have during the week been somewhat unsettled—South American descriptions by the Chilian earthquake, and Cuban securities by the insurrection reported from that island. In regard to the first factor, the news to hand at present is very disjointed, but so far as can be gathered, the railways in Chile and the nitrate fields seem to have escaped damage. The Cuban revolt, too, is not very seriously regarded in financial circles. Mr. E. M. Underdown, presiding at a special meeting of the United Railways of the Havana last Friday, told the shareholders that from his experience of the place and knowledge of the people and of the position of Cuba, he did not think they ought to be troubled in any way by the existence of these political difficulties. That brings me to the deal which the United Railway has just brought off with the Matanzas Railway. As was the case with the Cardenas and Jucaro line, taken over at the beginning of the year, the purchase will be made mainly in the form of securities, the Matanzas proprietors having agreed to accept bonds and stock of the purchasing Company. The relative proportions will be £608,500 in 5 per cent. debenture stock (1906) and £912,750 in United Railway of the Havana "New Watered" stock. The line will be taken over as from July 1 last, and Mr. Underdown was able to reassure the meeting on Friday as to the wisdom of the purchase. The gross earnings of the Matanzas line for the year ended October 31 last were £235,760, equal to 50 per cent., and expenses were £117,880 net. This latter sum, he said, would provide the interest on the debentures to be allotted to the shareholders of that Company, and sufficient to pay 9 per cent on the Ordinary stock as well. Further evidence that the United Railway has made a sound purchase may be gathered from the following passage in Mr. Underdown's speech:—

> With regard to working the system I may mention that we shall be working the largest sugar-producing area in the island. Of the total production of sugar last year we already carried—my figures are approximate—386,470 tons, or, say, 32 per cent. of the total, and if the Matanzas is added the total on last year's figures would be 528,517 tons, or nearly 49 per cent. of the total sugar crop, which was approximately 1,200,000 tons. Now that, I think, gives you an idea of the great importance of the system

which we shall have to deal with. Notwithstanding the fact that the condition of the Matanzas line is superior to that of the Cardenas and Jucaro when we acquired it, the capital cost of the Matanzas is only £7,241 per mile, against £9,651 per mile for the Cardenas, although, as I have before stated, we have every cause to be satisfied with the bargain we made with the latter company.

At the same meeting, the Chairman referred to the Company's Bill for the increase of its nominal capital by 50 per cent. This Bill has received the Royal assent, and the stockholders will be enabled to receive Ordinary stock to the amount of one-half the nominal value of their holdings on November 1 next. The Antofagasta and Bolivia Railway is also taking steps to put into operation the capital arrangement just sanctioned. In exchange for each £100 undivided Ordinary there will be issued £50 new Five per Cent. Cumulative Preference stock, £75 Preferred Ordinary, and £75 Deferred Ordinary. The existing Preferred Ordinary will be exchanged for an equal amount of 5 per cent. Cumulative Preference, and the Deferred Ordinary will receive £150 Preferred Ordinary and £150 Deferred Ordinary for each £100. Among Argentine Railways there has been little going on lately, and prices have remained barely steady. It is reported unofficially that Congress has sanctioned the amalgamation of the East Argentine and Argentine North-Eastern Railways. If this be correct, a capital reconstruction will almost certainly follow. Nothing more has been heard about the talked-of arrangement between the Pacific and Great Western. Here is my table:—

—	A Year Ago.	Make-up, Aug. 13.	Closing Price, Aug. 25.
Canadian Pacific	164¼	173	174¾
Grand Trunks	23⅜	27⅞	28⅝
,, 4 per cent. Guaranteed	103	104	104¼
,, 1st Preference	113	121	122¾
,, 2nd ,,	105	111	113½
,, 3rd ,,	66¾	68¾	69
Bengal and North-West	156	147	146½
Madras Railway 5 per cent.	126½	123	123
Argentine Great Western Ordinary	122½	117⅞	118½
Buenos Ayres and Pacific	135½	126¾	127¾
,, ,, 1st Preference	115½	116½	116½
,, ,, 2nd ,,	109½	110	110
,, Great Southern	143½	138	138
,, Western	136¾	131½	133¾
Entre Rios Railway Preference	92	87½	87½
Rosario Consolidated Ordinary	110½	115¼	116½
Cent. Uruguay Ordinary	87	83	87½
Costa Rica Railway	2 3/10	27	29
Mashonsland Railway Debentures, 2nd iss.	—	90	92½
Mexican Railway	25⅞	24⅞	25⅝
,, 1st Preference	117¼	130	130½
,, 2nd ,,	49½	54	55⅛
Nitrate Rails	14⅞	15½	14½

KAFFIRS WELL SUSTAINED—PROFIT-TAKING FOLLOWED BY FRESH BUYING—PUBLIC INTEREST INCREASING—GERMANY A BUYER—RAND LEADERS ON THE POSITION—LARGER BATTERIES AND THE PROFITABLE TREATMENT OF LOW GRADE ORE—SOME HOPEFUL SPECULATIVE SELECTIONS.

It has been a week of fairly well sustained activity in the Kaffir market, though naturally business showed a tendency to slackness upon the approach of the carry-over. The general symptoms have again been of an encouraging nature. While the prevailing tendency of prices continues upward, there have been frequent profit-taking pauses, and the manner in which shares offered have been absorbed, and quotations have afterwards moved ahead again, is the best evidence possible that the market has entered upon a healthier state of existence. Brokers report that selling limits which have been on their books for months past have in most cases been cancelled, clients preferring, as the orders became possible of execution, to increase their holdings. Some tired holders have, doubtless, been glad of the opportunity offered to sell, but there is an increasing disposition on the part of the public to venture afresh into the Kaffir Circus. One of the features of the last few days has been the greater interest taken in the market by German houses; French operators, too, have been giving a fair amount of support, although up to the present this has mainly been in the nature of "Bear" covering. As I said a week ago, however, the principal buying is on behalf of people on this side, and if the big houses are content to extend sufficient support to prevent the market giving way—should it show signs of doing so—until after the holidays, there is good reason to expect distinctly more active times in the late autumn. A good deal of attention has been paid to the speeches made during the last few days by some of the Rand leaders, whose views upon the outlook have, as a whole, been of a favourable character. Especially interesting were the remarks made by Mr. Raymond Schumacher, at the annual meeting of the New Moddersfontein Company. "The development and size of the property, and the cash resources," he said, "all warranted an immediate and considerable increase of reduction plant, but little could be done before the coloured labour question was satisfactorily settled. Many other mines were also in the same position, and the progress of the gold industry was retarded." Answering a contention that it was unwise to shorten the life of mineral deposits by increasing the batteries, he stated that larger batteries would bring about lower working costs, and really lengthen the mining life of the country by rendering payable millions of tons of ore, otherwise of too low a grade. The recent statement by the Transvaal Colonial Treasurer—that the country should not be handed on to posterity like a sucked orange—presented an unfair picture. A larger scale of operations would attract a larger British population and more capital, thus laying the foundation for other industries. He added that fully 75 per cent. of the gold produced remained in the Transvaal for the payment of labour and the consumption of stores, thus permanently enriching the community. Mr. Lionel Phillips also added some hopeful remarks regarding the future profitable treatment of ore which at present was regarded as not payable. In regard to selections those who buy the shares of the leading companies, such as Gold Fields, East Rands, Rand Mines, Randfonteins, and Modders—provided that market conditions continue to mend—can hardly come to much harm, and ought to see good profits. There is, however, no doubt that more scope for the speculator will be found amongst some of the lesser known properties, which so far have not yet figured much in the upward movement. To mention only a few shares which are being talked about in the market as likely to be taken in hand, I may name East Rand Mining Estates, Geduldes, Welgedachts, and Van Dyks. Piggs Peaks, Glencairns, and Vereenigings among the low-priced descriptions are also said to be good for an early advance. In the Diamond group a good deal of buying has lately been going on in De Beers, the higher prices being obtained for the company's stones giving rise to talk of an increase in the dividend. The shares have been the subject of considerable option business. Premiers on the other hand have been rather freely sold, labour troubles being one of the reasons given for the weakness.

INSURANCE NOTES—POWER OF THE BOARD OF TRADE—ACTUARIES—MISLEADING ESTIMATES—REBATES—GOOD FAITH.

I have already dealt with the report of the Lords Committee on Life-Assurance, but the evidence which has been published since calls for some comment. The first witness was Mr. G. S. Fry, the principal clerk of the Finance, otherwise the Insurance, Department of the Board of Trade. He gave the Committee a great deal of interesting information, but the part of his evidence which requires attention is that in which he stated that the Board of Trade have no power to compel the companies to send in returns which comply with the Life Assurance Companys' Act of 1870. I have felt and said that the Board have this power, but was always prepared to admit that there might be some reason which I had failed to discover for a contrary opinion. After reading Mr. Fry's evidence I feel quite sure that they have the power. The only statement approximating to an argument against this view is that an amending Act of 1872 requires the Board to lay before Parliament returns which they do not consider to be in compliance with the Act. The circumstances of certain companies are such as to make statements not in accordance with the schedules represent the condition of a

company more clearly, and it is quite appropriate to allow such statements to be included in the official returns; but this affords no grounds whatever for failure to comply with the schedules when compliance would represent the condition of the company fully and accurately. It was put to this witness quite clearly that the Act of 1870 provides that returns shall be made in a manner prescribed by the Act, and that there is a penalty of £50 a day for not filling up the forms. Mr. Fry had to admit that these things were so, and could only take refuge in the statement that the Board have always held that these things were not so. The sooner the Board of Trade adopts a different opinion and acts upon it, the better it will be.

In many ways the most interesting witness who appeared before the Committee was Mr. McClintock, the actuary and now the Vice-President of the Mutual of New York. Mr. McClintock is held in very high esteem by the actuaries of the United Kingdom, and the various statements which he made prove how much better it would have been for the American companies if they had in times past given a fuller measure of control to the actuaries of the offices. In this country the actuary is generally the manager, and is nearly always a very important official, even when he is not the manager. In the States the actuary merely advised, and if the business men whose aim was to make their companies large did not like the advice of the actuary, they calmly ignored it. Mr. McClintock recognised perfectly clearly that the craze for a huge new business was bad for the policy holders, and always expressed the view that the expenditure in this direction should be strictly limited, but he was without the power to give effect to his opinion. Although an American he has always maintained that publicity of accounts, with verification of the facts stated, constituted all the supervision which ought to be exercised by Government, and that the valuation of the liabilities by the State is a thing which leads the public to imagine that the State is going to protect them, whereas the public ought to be allowed to take care of itself.

At a later stage of the proceedings a good deal was said about the estimates which formerly it was customary for the American offices to issue, and which undoubtedly induced a very large number of people to buy policies. The results fell very far short of the estimates, which we now learn from Mr. McClintock were prepared against his advice in another department of the office. He personally declined to make those figures or to allow them to be made in his office. As a matter of fact they were issued by the agency department, whose sole object was to get business. Unfortunately the actuaries had no power to make any effective protest. Mr. McClintock is now the Vice-President of the Company, as well as the actuary, and I feel very certain that now he has a large power of control nothing will be allowed to pass that is of an unsatisfactory nature. I recently had some long talks with Mr. McClintock, who frankly admitted the justice of sundry very adverse criticisms of the American offices which I wrote in the past, long before the scandals started, and if he acts up to his opinions, as every one who knows him feels sure he will, no office in the world will be more prudently managed than the Mutual of New York, and in no company will the welfare of the policy-holders be better looked after.

This subject of fallacious estimates of future bonuses was introduced by Mr. J. S. Harmood-Banner, M.P. This witness stated that he made his proposals for life assurance on the strength of certain suggested results under the policies; that when he received his policies the conditions were quite distinct from the terms on which he had been induced to make his proposal. This is not at all my own experience. Certain conditions and results were definitely guaranteed, and these conditions were stated in the policy. Estimates were given of bonuses dependent upon future profits. I know perfectly well that these estimates were greatly in excess of the bonuses declared subsequently, but no man of any business experience ought to expect to find the bonuses guaranteed in the policy. Beyond this I do not believe there is any difference between the policies and the illustrations, guaranteed and estimated, which the agents supplied. However, when the policy was offered to Mr. Harmood-Banner he took a curious course, his own version of which is as follows:—"I should say that in my own case I made the best of it by getting some better terms from the agent under threats, but still it is not everybody who is as practical, perhaps, as I was." I imagine the agent who had the misfortune to receive the proposal failed to appreciate the practicality of having to pay out of his own pocket part of his earnings in order to appease this Member of Parliament. Concessions of this kind—rebates they are commonly called—to policy-holders have been recognised as such an intolerable evil in the United States that the companies there co-operated to prevent them, and agreed to dismiss any agent who was found out to be giving rebates. The practice has since been prohibited by law, and the best of the English companies hold that it is unfair to sell life assurance to one policy-holder at a lower price than to another. I prefer the laws of New York and the custom of the best British companies to the practicality of Mr. Harmood-Banner.

Another witness who had a good deal to say about these estimates was Mr. D. C. Haldeman, the former manager for the United Kingdom of the Mutual of New York. Mr. Haldeman admitted that these figures had proved to be absolutely misleading, but that they were of an attractive nature and helped greatly in obtaining proposals. He said: "I, speaking for myself, acknowledge that I have put them forward in perfect good faith, relying upon the integrity of the officials in the head office who supplied the information. . . . I say that the head offices have great responsibility for the figures which they put forward—great responsibility—and I am afraid that they have not risen to that responsibility or appreciated it." I happen to have evidence of Mr. Haldeman's perfect good faith and his appreciation of his own responsibility. In 1886 Mr. Haldeman's Company sold policies on the strength of estimates of large bonuses which would be declared ten years later. In 1896, when these bonuses matured, they were found to be very much less than the illustrations given in 1886, and the policy-holders had good cause to be dissatisfied. I have before me a leaflet issued by Mr. Haldeman in 1896, in which the bonuses declared in 1896 were shown to be larger than the bonuses quoted in the illustrations. The leaflet says: "It has been frequently alleged by the agents of rival Companies that the 'former results' made use of in the illustration books of this Company would probably not be again realised. As a conclusive answer to such allegations, we submit to you with great satisfaction the following statement." The statement compares the bonuses of 1896 with the illustration book *of the same year*: the leaflet conveys the idea throughout that the bonuses of 1896 were compared with the *illustration book of 1886*, on the strength of which the policy-holders bought the policies. I happen to know that Mr. Haldeman was advised by a Fellow of the Institute of Actuaries not to publish this leaflet. Mr. Haldeman recognised that it would lead agents and policy-holders to suppose that the original estimates were exceeded by the actual bonuses, which was very far indeed from being the case, and that the inevitable inference would be that the estimates in 1896 would in their turn be exceeded ten, fifteen, or twenty years later. Such a course as this—and I can vouch for the accuracy of the statement—strikes me as a curious specimen of "perfect good faith," and of appreciation of great responsibility. This witness added: "You know what agents are as well as I do, and what inducements they hold out. No matter how particular you may be, and how careful you may be, with your agents, if you give them information from your head office of an attractive nature, it is idle to say that they will not put it for-

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ward as an inducement to insure." I have shown how "particular" and "careful" Mr. Haldeman was, and what inducements he held out "in perfect good faith."

"Truth" Letter Box.

Correspondents will oblige by observing the following rules:—

Name and address, which must accompany all inquiries, should be written on the communication; cards are apt to be lost or misplaced, causing unnecessary trouble.

Anonymous letters will not in any case be attended to.

I cannot reply to inquiries by letter or telegram.

A nom-de-plume or initials (the former preferably) should be given if it is desired that the real name shall not appear in the paper.

Inquiries should be put as briefly as possible, plainly written, and numbered.

Communications received after Friday may not be replied to in the following issue. Delay may also occur where an exceptionally long list of securities is submitted.

I do not recommend brokers.

Government.

Puckero.—I doubt if you could improve upon Japanese Four and a Half per Cent. (First Series) bonds. The present yield is 4⅝ per cent., and you would enjoy splendid security and a free market. *Switzerland.*—1. I should select the Four and a Halfs of 1898. 2. The bonds are as good as any in the group. Nothing is known yet about the terms of conversion. The scheme brought forward about a year or two ago fell through. *Catis.*—I should give the preference to Brazilian bonds, which possess a much freer market. *C. M. G.*—I think a "Bear" of Spanish would be a mistake. The rise has to a large extent been justified by the improved economic position of the country since the war with America, and in any case the powerful support given by Paris makes the operation you suggest unwise. *Bonds.*—You ought to keep Uruguay bonds. Despite recent political troubles the country has managed to meet its obligations on the reduced scale agreed to a few years ago, and it is now doing very well, like its larger neighbour, Argentina.

Railways.

Meddler.—1. I think the step you took was well advised. 2. The money is at present safely invested, and I hesitate to advise you to forsake a first-class security in order to enter the realm of speculation. There is not any great scope for a rise in North Western Preference, but an improvement of several points is likely to occur when conditions for gilt-edged securities generally mend. *Dubio.*—I should prefer Erie and U.S. Steel Common to either of those you name, but, as you will gather from this week's notes, dabbling in the American market at present is a risky business. *G. L.*—You ought to keep United of the Havana. The revolution is not in good quarters regarded seriously, whilst, as far as the general outlook for the line is concerned, things could hardly be brighter. *Trunks.*—The Third Preference is worth buying for a rise between now and the end of the year. *B. C. R.*—1. Take your profit. 2. Rosarios, San Paulos, and B.A. and Pacific Ordinary should be kept as investments. *T. T.*—I still think there is a very fair chance of a bonus being paid in the shape of a new capital issue, but of course without being in the confidence of the Board, I cannot speak definitely. As far as traffics are concerned every indication points to the expansion being continued for a long time yet, and in view of this and of the very big margin already behind the six per cent. dividend, I cannot help thinking the shares will go better. *A. B. C.*—I should say that your advices from Canada on the subject of Grand Trunks are more than a little tinged with pessimism. And why deduct the receipts from goods carried for the construction of the Pacific extension? *Sunflower.*—Buy North Westerns, Midland Deferred, North Easterns, Brighton Preferred, Canadian Pacifics and Grand Trunk First Preference. *Salisbury.*—As Southern Ordinary stock gives you a profit, I think you would be well advised to take it. *Investor, Oxford.*—1. Keep Midland Deferred for a higher price—say, a rise of 5 points or more. 2. There is not much prospect of an early appreciation. 3. I have not a high opinion of the shares. *Small Man.*—Hold both Great Western and London and South-Western stocks for higher prices.

Mines.

Kerlin.—Bostons may go higher, and I would be inclined to hold on to Modders. *Leamington.*—Great Tower Hill Gold shares are quite unattractive. *Girlington.*—With the exception of the West Africans, and the small Rhodesians perhaps, all the shares named have a very free market. *Anchor.*—Selukwes may go better in the livelier Rhodesian market, but the other three shares are not promising. 5 and 6. Both are rubbishy, as the price indicates, and are not interesting speculatively. They would be better avoided. *No. 55.*—All four may as well be sold, and the proceeds put into something with prospects. *C.C.*—1. You will observe I deal with Mysores this week. They might be held. 2. With the price of the metal still high and the statistical position relatively strong, the copper shares may go higher if conditions in Wall Street are satisfactory. *Cretan.*—They might be held for a possible recovery in the future, though I consider it would be wise to reduce your holding, which is rather large. *Dabbler.*—Robinson's Randfontein make a fairly promising purchase. *Perplexed.*—The lowest touched by Rand Mines last year was 7⅞, and the highest 11½. Yes, it has a considerable interest in the Ferreira Deep. In view of what has already transpired South African Option Syndicates might be held. *W. J. S.*—Cut the loss at once, and then you know how you stand. *Infidel.*—With an active Rhodesian market Bankets should certainly go higher, and as a gamble are attractive. As you see a good profit on Tanganyikas, it would be best to take it, and it is almost certain you will be able to get in lower later on. *Impatient.*—Nile Valley may possibly recover in the future. Fingalls would respond to any improved development reported, and I think you might hold on. Associateds, in my opinion, are a trifle overvalued, but this is to be ascribed to the possibilities—so far the results have been disappointing—of the Iron Duke lode. *D. K., Salop.*—East Rands make a promising purchase. Zambesias have lock-up possibilities. *Widow, Sligo.*—Do not average, but hold on to the shares for a possible recovery. *Bluff, Dublin.*—1. They are all wrong. 2. Could you better? 3. They make fair holdings. *Scotland.*—Arizonas make a good purchase, but I do not fancy the Indians named. *Gold.*—Have nothing to do with it. *Audio.*—1. Do not average Ida H. 2. Would not recommend a purchase. *Jupiter.*—1. Unattractive. 2. Tolerably good if industrial conditions improve. *Spartacus.*—1. I believe they deal fairly. 2. Fingalls have been paying handsome dividends regularly, but they are now reduced to 5s. per share quarterly. They are interesting speculatively. *F. K., Bradford.*—Sell the shares through a stockbroker. *Apex.*—1. Rietfonteins, Ginsbergs and New Primrose shares are safe purchases, provided you can take them up for, say, a few months, if necessary. 2. Globe and Phœnix might be bought. 3. Copper and Tin Mine shares are among the most attractive in the market. 4. Among Westralians, try Great Boulder Proprietary shares and Kalgurlis. 5. You would be well advised to have no dealings with the concern. *Baford.*—Keep your South Africans for a further improvement in market conditions.

Mixed Securities.

Carnation.—1. Hold. 2. Yes, provided you can obtain anything like reasonable terms. 3. The shares are a fair gamble. 4. Market conditions are favourable, and such an operation seems worth undertaking. 5. Yes. *Ajax.*—I do not care for No. 1, but 2 and 3 are hopeful speculative purchases. *Inexperienced.*—Buy Japan Four and a Halfs (Second Series), Grand Trunk Railway, Second Preference, and United States Steel Five per Cent. Second Mortgage bonds. *Alpha.*—Nos. 1 and 2 are fair holdings, but, as the yield indicates, they entail a certain amount of speculative risk. The last three are good investments. I do not advise dealings with the firm you name. *Salop.*—1. Henderson's Transvaal Estates are worth buying to hold for a little time. 2. I should not be disposed to buy District Railway Preference stock. *Netley.*—1. On top of the recent rise, Union Pacifics are dangerous to handle. 2. Hold the City of London Electric Lighting shares. *Rajaram.*—Of the shares named only British Electric Tractions and Ivanhoe South Extended are worth retaining. *Dagshai.*—1. All your holdings are good, and I see no reason why you should realise any of them now. 2. Grand Trunk Second Preference or B.A. Western Ordinary stock would meet your requirements. 3. Try Anacondas or a few more Arizona Coppers. 4. The present is an eminently favourable moment at which to buy Kaffirs of the good class. *Cairo.*—Japanese 4½ per cent. bonds, Vickers Maxims, and Morris Tubes are good to hold. *Ignorant, Limerick.*—It is unlikely that Nos 1 and 4 will reach par again within a year, or even two. *B.P. Paddington.*—1. I should leave the money in Grand Trunks, or transfer a portion to Canadian Pacifics. 2. Steel Preference ought to keep fairly steady. I see no present reason at least for an appreciable fall. 3. B.A. and Pacific Ordinary stock makes a good speculative investment to be held for a year or so. 4. Canadian Pacifics are quite a safe purchase for a substantial rise within twelve months or so. *Nacnud.*—Lagunas Syndicates and Barnum and Baileys are speculative, as you no doubt realise, but the others are quite good. *J. W. A. Scarborough.*—1. You cannot receive the yield you wish for without incurring at least the ordinary commercial risk. I suggest that you buy Wall Paper Manufacturers' Ordinary, Charing Cross Electric Preference, and Lyons' Ordinary. These will average over 5 per cent, and will involve you in no particular risk. 2. The shares named could be readily sold in case of emergency. 3. It should be obvious to you that a high yield implies risk, and the higher the yield the more risky is the business carried on. 4. Messrs. F. C. Mathieson and Sons, Copthall-avenue, E.C., publish a compact and handy manual such as you require, at 2s. 6d. net. It is called the "Handbook for Investors." But you ought to keep your eye on a weekly paper such as the *Economist*, in order not to get out of touch with movements. 5. Deal with a firm of inside brokers. *Volunteer, Stoke.*—1. Your investments are good. 2. I think you might buy some Japanese Four and a Half per Cent. bonds. Please pardon delay in replying. I have been taking a much-needed holiday. *Colchester.*—Yours is a good list, and I would keep the lot. For the new funds I would suggest Grand Trunk Railway Second Preference, Alberta Railway Five per Cent. Debentures, Associated Cement Debentures, and George Newnes Preference.

Miscellaneous.

A. B. C.—You must, of course, use your discretion in judging the advice, but otherwise I believe that both are trustworthy. *Passenger's Fare.*—Would not average Cotton and Wool Dyers. *Black.*—Readers have already been warned against J. Morris,

who styles himself an investment broker. *Threlkeld.*—I believe they act honestly by their clients. *Credulous.*—I think you could easily improve upon the company named. *Binthan.*—Thanks for Mr. John B. McKenzie's "important and confidential" epistles. They go about broadcast. *Valletta.*—They might be avoided. *J. R. A.*—If you value your money you would be well advised to avoid such sharpers, who are obviously trading upon the gullibility of the public, with a "manufactured" name remarkably similar to that of an old and respectable banking house. *Unsoph.*—1. They are, I understand, respectable. 2. Members of the Stock Exchange deal in options. 3. Would prefer the Birkbeck. *Rusticus.*—Beyer Peacocks are almost hopeless, but you might hold on a little longer, in view of the trade revival. The others are decent holdings. *Constant Reader, Belfast.*—The so-called bank is more of a moneylending institution, and the high rate of interest offered is utterly incompatible with the security of your principal. *Penmere.*—Thanks for Martin Bull's fantastic effusions. *Fred.*—South Durhams are worth holding, and you might wait for the dividend. *Cucaracha.*—You will, of course, leave such a bucket shop alone. *C. J. Taylor.*—The company is one which you could profitably avoid. *S. S., Nottingham.*—The shares are not a particularly hopeful holding, and perhaps the depreciation may be ascribable to the knowledge that the big Government contracts are nearing completion. *Nemo.*—I would be inclined to hold Slaters for a recovery. Of their type they make a good holding. Though somewhat speculative, I think British Electric Traction Ordinary might be held. *H. R., Cardiff.*—Leave Cunliffe, Russell, and Co., of Paris, severely alone. They charge exorbitantly for the bonds, many of which, if not actually rubbishy, are quite unattractive. *F. W.*—Many thanks. *Bergoma.*—You will receive a reply in due course. *Youghal.*—1. A bucket shop, which has pleaded the Gaming Act before to-day. 2. If the metal keeps up the shares would perhaps go higher. *Sidbrook.*—I am obliged. *G. Wilson.*—The first-named is a purely local concern, and I know nothing about it. As regards the others, leave them severely alone. *B. S.*—Ignore the invitations of the bucket shop. *J. Wheatley.*—See reply to "Constant Reader, Belfast." *F. M., Trawsfynydd.*—The Hamburg lottery is genuine enough so far as it goes, but it is a poor catch at best, and you stand no chance of a good prize until you get into the last series. *W. S. H.*—The premium bonds named by you are highly indifferent investments. *Truronian.*—I do not recommend dealings with Cunliffe, Russell, and Co. of Paris. They overcharge you. *Zephyr.*—Have nothing to do with either so-called "investment." You are sure to lose your money if you do. *Insurer.*—Definite information is not available, but if you knock 30 or 40 per cent. off the estimates of losses you will probably not be wide of the mark. *J. M., Bexhill.*—I am obliged for the rubber circular. *Falk.*—You have been badly treated, but as the transactions were in the nature of gambles, you have no remedy in law. On the other hand, the concern cannot force you to pay, unless it can prove actual purchase of the stocks. *Inquirer, Manchester.*—I should not deal with the Provident Association of London, or the Provident Free Homes Assurance Company. *Kerlin.*—1. Apply to Messrs. N. Keizer and Co., 29, Threadneedle-street, E.C. 2. The Paris lottery is sound, and you stand a fair chance of a prize. *Navy.*—Vickers Maxims are worth keeping for dividends and an ultimate appreciation. *Garage, Corwen.*—It would be inadvisable to join the trust. The world has seen a great deal too much of the gentleman behind the speculation, and you would be a fool to take your money out of the Post Office Savings Bank in order to entrust it to him. *G. F. H., Sheffield.*—The concern is a manifest swindle. *W. Lot.*—I do not think that you will be taking risks in holding on to the Brewery stock and shares. The worst has been seen, and the tendency henceforward should be upwards. *China.*—1. You are labouring under a misapprehension. I have never said anything in Truth against an outside broker as such. I have only warned my readers against the more or less notorious bucket-shops. The Company you name has a reputation for dealing fairly by its clients. 2. The Company is still in existence, but I am unable to find out that it is doing anything in the production of gold. *Veritas.*—The concern might be avoided with advantage to yourself. *Semble Sed Quære.*—The Century is a good office. *Nimrod.*—I do not recommend dealing with Cunliffe, Russell, and Co. of Paris, because they charge excessively for the premium bonds which they sell, and for the incidental services which they render. *F. J. D., Leicester.*—The office is a small one, and the expenses of management are unduly high. Your friend had better send a solicitor's letter, as he appears to have a grievance.

Industrials Quiet—Tone Good—Nitrates—Telegraph Stocks—Anglo "A"—More About Steel Prosperity—Cements — Lyons — Refreshment Shares — Pekins—Road Cars.

If the general impression should not prove wide of the mark, the lull observable in the Industrial market is of little significance. A temporary halt is a healthy sign, and calculated to improve the inherent position. On the whole the market is still interesting, though it must be confessed that the process of broadening out of business is very slow. Nevertheless, even a snail-like progress is to be preferred to the stolid indifference so long in evidence. Generally speaking, the range of values is still relatively moderate, and in view of the prospects I still consider that Industrials are deserving of consideration. In point of interest, the decline in Nitrate shares consequent upon the Chilian calamity is the most prominent feature. From all accounts it would appear that the nitrate grounds have sustained scarcely any damage, and the marking down of quotations is more or less a precautionary measure justified by the circumstances. Holders of such things, therefore, ought not to become nervous, but should retain the shares in the hope of a recovery within the near future. Telegraph stocks are more than holding their ground, and I still maintain that from the investment standpoint they are attractive. The security afforded is good, while the yield obtainable is relatively high, ranging above 5 per cent. in many instances, as may be seen from the following table:—

	Price.		Yield.
Anglo-American Pfd.	114½	.....	£5 5 0
,, Ordy.	67	.....	4 18 0
Direct Spanish Pfd.	8¾	.....	5 11 0
Direct U.S. Cable	15¾	.....	5 5 0
Eastern Extension	14½	.....	4 16 0
Indo-European	59	.....	5 8 0
Western	14½	.....	4 16 0

It is not remarkable that the activity of the American Railway market should have proved an incentive to the "Bulls" of Anglo "A." This stock, of course, stands to benefit therefrom, but I am not inclined to change the frequently expressed opinion that the prevailing figure is high. Upon a substantial relapse it might be interesting as a gamble, but it is nothing better than this. Iron and Steel shares are still the centre of considerable interest, stimulated, as I have before remarked, by the satisfactory achievements of the past year. With the dividend of Guest Keen and Nettlefolds I have already dealt, but it is nevertheless interesting to refer to the actual figures. The profits were £427,200, as against £407,600, but instead of increasing the distribution, which would not have entailed any strain, the surplus is added to the carry forward. Iron and Steel shares, I may repeat, appear to be an attractive purchase, in view of the material revival and the fairly satisfactory outlook. Still, a considerate amount of attention is being paid to Associated Cement issues. The industry is, from all accounts, prosperous, and it is, of course, argued that the rebuilding of Valparaiso will increase the demand. Nevertheless, I do not regard Cement Ordinary as being particularly attractive, though there is something to be said for the Preference shares, which give the high yield of 7 per cent., even on top of the rise. They are, however, a trifle speculative. There has been a revival of the rumours to the effect that J. Lyons and Co. were acquiring a portion, at least, of Spiers and Pond's business. They have been denied, though Lyons shares still maintain their advance, the knowledge that the business is flourishing being an important factor. Here is a table showing the yield upon refreshment and kindred shares:—

	Price.		Yield per Cent.
Aerated Bread	6⅝	.....	£4 16 0
Carlton Hotel	1 7/16	.....	8 0 0
Do. Pfce.	9	.....	5 19 0
Holborn and Frascati	1¾	.....	5 17 6
Gordon Hotel Cum. Pfce.	8½	.....	6 2 0
Lyons	5⅝	.....	5 15 0
Slaters	2⅜	.....	6 8 0

In spite of the slight decline which has occurred, the general impression regarding Pekin Syndicates remains sanguine enough, and a greater degree of activity is expected in the near future. I may, therefore repeat that the shares, strictly regarded as a speculation, are attractive. Like that of the Road Car Company, the London General Omnibus report shows the effect resulting from the advent of the motor vehicle. During the six months the earnings fell away materially, and though operating costs were kept well in hand, the net revenue shrank to £22,100, from £46,200, so that the reduction in the dividend from 8 per cent. to 6 per cent. is easily explained. The undertaking being in a transitory stage from horse to mechanical traction, this falling off is of less significance, of course, than it would otherwise have been, and the contingency of a smaller dividend was generously discounted in advance.

VIGILANT.

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QUEER STORY.

THE PRINCE AND THE PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING.

IT was a great blow to the Marquis of Mirton when, while still in early middle life, he had an acute attack of ophthalmia, which permanently damaged his eyesight. The Marquis, you must know, was a man who lived for field sports, and particularly for shooting—a line in which he had few equals and no superiors among the whole of the British aristocracy. But that confounded ophthalmia, with the permanently impaired eyesight which it left behind, put him out of the running, as a shot, for good and all. He did, indeed, turn out on a few occasions in the season that followed his attack, but when he had winged a couple of beaters and put a charge of No. 5 through the crown of his host's hat, he came to the conclusion that henceforward the stubble and the coverts must know him no more.

Had he been a worse shot, it would have mattered less. A short-sighted bad shot is seldom dangerous. For if he does mistake a human head for a pheasant, and shoots at it, he is pretty sure to miss, and no harm is done. But a short-sighted good shot is, as all sportsmen know, the very devil. For what he shoots at—host, beater, dog, whatever it is—he invariably hits. It was this cogent consideration that induced the Marquis of Mirton to give up shooting.

Yet the resolve was not made without great reluctance, since shooting was not only his lordship's favourite pastime—it was also his living. For one thing, it ensured him (so much were his services in demand) free board and lodging all the autumn and winter, from August 12 to January 31 inclusive; for another, it afforded him a *locus standi* for borrowing money from various *nouveaux enrichis*, who were glad enough to lend him a thousand or so, provided he would come to them for a week's shooting and help to swell their mammoth bags.

And you must understand that the term "lend" in this connection was merely a polite euphemism for something else—the sort of something else that the Plantaganets and the Tudors (when they were on the borrowing warpath) described, by another euphemism, as a "benevolence."

By the aid of such benevolences our Marquis had managed to do himself very comfortably during the spring and summer, when free quarters were not to be had in country houses. In a word, his shooting had kept him all the year round. But now, alas! his shooting days were over! What was he to do? He had no private income worth speaking of, the revenues from his estates being practically absorbed by the interest on the mortgages. It was, indeed, a bad look out.

There was guinea-pigging, of course—the last refuge of broken-down nobility. But he could never hope, as a guinea-pig, to pick up a quarter of what he made as a shot; more especially as his financial reputation was so inconveniently notorious, that his name on the front page of a prospectus would be regarded rather as a warning than as a recommendation by any save the most bucolic greenhorns. No. There was very little opening for him in the guinea-pig line; and what else remained? The unfortunate Marquis felt that fate had used him very hardly.

Luckily for him, he had still a thousand or two—the balance of previous benevolences—in hand; and on this he managed to subsist for five or six months. But towards the end of August in the year following his final retirement from the shooting arena, he found himself at length quite high and dry.

There was only one thing to be done—the thing that The Marquis of Mirton always did when he was hard-up, *i.e.*, to apply to one of his *nouveaux enrichis* acquaintances for a loan. So he wrote to Johann Busteim, who had lately gone down to his place in the Midlands to get ready for partridge shooting, inviting a trifling advance of £4,000. He had singled out Johann Busteim for several reasons; partly because he was the richest of his friends, partly because he had never previously refused a cheque when asked, and partly because he owed his status both in the social and sporting world to him (the Marquis), who had wet-nursed him into the pale of the knowable with the most attentive assiduity.

But Johann, being by this time firmly established, and having no further use for his noble friend, now that the latter's social influence was no longer needed, and his skill as a shot no longer available, wrote back a rather curt letter, declining to lend him the money.

To this the Marquis—who was really in desperate straits—replied in a lengthy epistle, in which he reminded Busteim of all that he had done for him in the social way, and of all the partridges and pheasants he had shot for him, thereby helping him to achieve the glory of more than one record bag.

Busteim answered this in a note even curter than the last, in which he pointed out that whatever useful offices the Marquis had done for him in the past, he had already been liberally paid for them, and that he had no intention of lending another sixpence to a man who, as it was, owed him close on £12,000.

When the Marquis of Mirton read this letter, his eyes glinted angrily.

"I see how it is," he said to himself. "The fellow thinks that I'm a squeezed lemon, and that it is no longer worth his while to keep in with me. And the worst of it is—he's right. I *am* a squeezed lemon. . . I depended entirely on my shooting. With the craze for big battues that exists nowadays, any of these chaps was glad enough to get me, on any terms, to shoot his birds for him. But now I can shoot no longer, what's the use of me? Socially, I am nothing—never was much. Nobody in this twentieth century cares twopence for a bankrupt Peer. . . . I can do Busteim no good, and, what's worse, I can do him no harm either; and he evidently knows it, too. . . . By Jove! I wish I *could* do something to damage him, though. I'd dearly like to give him a wipe in the eye for his d——d insolence. Yes," added the Marquis, viciously; "I'd spring a considerable sum—on tick—to make the rascal sit up. But, alas! I fear there's no chance. What can a poor stony-broke devil like myself do to injure a man whose income runs into six figures?"

And as he spoke, Lord Mirton shook his head despondingly, and taking up the *Morning Post* proceeded to skim that day's news with a sort of bored and lazy indifference.

Presently his eye was caught by a paragraph which arrested his attention:—

> Mr. Johann Busteim, the eminent financier, is entertaining a distinguished party at his Midland seat, Castlethorpe Abbey, next week, for the opening of partridge shooting, at which Royalty will be represented by H.R.H. Prince Alured of Licksburg. Birds are unusually plentiful on the Castlethorpe estate this year, and a record bag is expected.

As he read this evidently inspired paragraph, the Marquis of Mirton frowned to himself thoughtfully.

"Aha," he soliloquised. "This accounts for the fellow being so insolent and contemptuous. Having induced Royalty to shoot with him, he feels that he's now finally and completely established. And so, I suppose, he is. Licksburg doesn't go everywhere. When he accepts a new bounder's invitation, that new bounder may fairly be said to have arrived . . . By Jove," he went on, after a few minutes, "I wish the deuce I could persuade the Prince not to go. I would, like a shot, if I could. But, though I'm good enough friends with him, and all that, I can't, of course, pretend to having any real influence with His Royal Highness. Can't think of any one to pull the wires for me, either. Nobody cares to oblige me nowadays. Not likely they would. There's nothing to be gained by obliging a bankrupt. Can't blame 'em, when all's said and done. Wouldn't waste my time on obliging a bankrupt myself," declared the Marquis, with cynical candour. "All the same, I'd give my eyes, or what's left of 'em, if I could persuade Licksburg not to go to Busteim's confounded shoot. . . . However, it's no good wishing, after all. I might just as well wish for the moon. . . . Umph! I *must* give that bounder a rap

over the knuckles somehow, though. I'll think what can be done."

And so much in earnest was he that he actually thought hard all the morning—a mental effort greater than he had undertaken ever since he could remember.

In the meanwhile, Johann Busteim, very self-satisfied and cock-a-hoop, was making great preparations at Castlethorpe Abbey for the reception of his illustrious guests. Neither he nor his wife could think or talk of anything else. They dinned the Prince into the ears of everybody they met, until the whole neighbourhood (loyal though it was) grew sick of his very name. But, on the morning of August the 28th—exactly three days before His Royal Highness was due to arrive—a bolt from the blue fell upon the owner of Castlethorpe Abbey.

The said bolt (if you will allow the confusion of metaphor) came by post, in the shape of a letter from one of Prince Alured's equerries.

Dear Mr. Busteim [it ran], I am directed by H.R.H. Prince Alured of Licksburg to inform you that he finds himself prevented, by urgent private business, from joining your shooting party next week. His Royal Highness wishes me, at the same time, to say how disappointed and sorry he is not to be able to come.—Yours very truly, Adolphus Curwen, Equerry.

Johann Busteim, Esq.

"D—nation!" roared Johann Busteim, as he threw the letter savagely across the breakfast table to his wife. "What the devil does this mean? 'Urgent private business,' indeed. I am not to be taken in by that old crusted formula at my time of life. It's all a lying excuse. And when I'd just sent a cheque for £5,000 to his Royal Highness's pet 'Back to the Land' scheme, too. What does it mean, I repeat?"

"I can't think," answered Mrs. Busteim, almost in tears, "Unless—unless—that Marquis of Mirton's at the bottom of it. He was very angry with you, you know, for not lending him the £4,000 he wrote for. And perhaps he's done this to spite you."

"Pooh! Mirton? Not likely," retorted Johann Busteim contemptuously. "Mirton has no influence—not half as much as I myself have. No one pays any attention to *him*. If anybody has been getting at his Royal Highness, you bet it's some one of much greater standing than that bankrupt rascal."

"I don't know," answered his wife dubiously. "These people in the Court set do seem to hang together somehow. And the Marquis may have more influence than you think——"

"I tell you, Charlotte, he has none."

"Well, he may, at any rate, be able to get the ear of those who have. Besides, if it is not the Marquis that has been putting a spoke in our wheel, who can it be?"

"I don't know. But I'm sure it can't be a negligible quantity like Mirton."

"Well, I feel quite sure it *is* Mirton. . . . Johann, you ought to have lent him the £4,000."

"Great heavens, Charlotte, and you yourself advised me not to."

"I know, Johann. I thought at the time, as you did, that the Marquis was a man who might be safely dropped. But now I see my error. And if possible—if it is not too late—we must retrieve it. There is only one thing to be done. You must go up to London—with your cheque-book—and see his lordship at once."

"Nonsense, Charlotte. I flatly decline to do anything so preposterous; more especially as I don't believe that the Marquis has had anything to do with this matter or knows anything about it. It would simply be giving myself away and putting myself to no end of humiliation besides—all for nothing."

"You will be put to much greater humiliation if the Prince persists in his refusal to come here next week," rejoined his practical spouse.

This was an unpalatable truth from which Busteim could not dissent. He stood there, irresolute, fuming, and swearing, and biting his nails. At length it ended, as it generally did, in his acting on Mrs. B.'s advice, and going up to London by the next train—with his cheque-book.

He arrived about lunch-time at the Marquis's chambers in the Albany, and was fortunate enough to find his lordship at home. The latter received his visitor with that well-bred repose of manner that never forsook him under any circumstances, and asked to what he was indebted for this unlooked-for pleasure.

Johann Busteim rushed, at once, into the subject of his grievance:—

"Look here," he said, "some one's been interfering between me and His Royal Highness Prince Alured of Licksburg, and I've reason to think that you're at the bottom of it."

"Well?" replied the Marquis, quite smiling and unperturbed.

"You don't deny it, I observe," scowled Busteim, angrily.

"On the contrary, I admit it," answered his lordship, without turning a hair.

"Then all I can say is, it's devilish mean and ungentlemanly of you ——"

"Not more mean and ungentlemanly," interposed the Marquis, coolly, "than it was of *you* to refuse a certain little request of mine in the way you did. Look here, Busteim; let us discuss this matter quite plainly. You thought I was played out as a social influence, and that the time had come when you could afford to drop me. I read that between the lines of your last exceedingly insolent letter, and I at once resolved to show you your mistake. You understand now, perhaps, that I am still a force to be reckoned with, and that those whom I have made I can also, just as easily, unmake, if I give my mind to it. I put this to you quite plainly, because in matters of this kind there is nothing like making the position perfectly clear. Pray don't think," added the Marquis, blandly, "that I bear you any ill-will, my dear Busteim. Not in the very least. I simply want you to realise that I am, after all, a dangerous person to trifle with, and that those who try on this game with me usually burn their fingers rather badly."

Johann Busteim sat scowling sulkily at the Marquis and biting the nails of his great, coarse fingers. He saw that he had made a big mistake, and that it could only be retrieved—if retrieved it was to be—by climbing down and eating humble pie to his lordship. Yet he hated having to humiliate himself by taking such a step. However, there was nothing else to do, so, swallowing his wrath and mortification as best he could, he replied:—

"Well, I can't deny that your lordship has got the better of me over this deal. I was rather in a temper when I wrote that letter, that's the fact. But I'm sure your lordship's not the one to bear malice for a few hasty words——"

"Certainly not," interposed the Marquis, with cheerful indifference. "I never bear malice to anybody. When people hit me, I generally hit them back pretty hard indeed, just to teach them their place. But there is no malice about it whatever. I simply do it for their own good. And now that you have been taught your place, my dear Busteim, I am perfectly ready (so long as you keep it) to let bygones be bygones," added his lordship, magnanimously.

"You are very good," said Busteim, gulping down his rage with an effort. "I see I've made a mistake, of course." (How grudgingly the words came out!). "And I retract and apologise for what I said in my letter; and, look here, my lord, I've got my cheque-book with me——"

"Your cheque-book? Well now, 'pon my soul, that's very practical of you, my dear Busteim," smiled the Marquis, not affecting to misunderstand him.

"Yes, my lord. I always was a practical man. That's my way. And I thought that if I obliged your lordship by lending you this little matter of £4,000, which you asked for, your lordship would perhaps oblige me by—by using your influence with his Royal Highness to get him to come to my shooting-party, after all," said Busteim, insinuatingly.

"Well," replied the Marquis, with cynical coolness. "Since one good turn deserves another, and since you thus place the matter on a sound business footing—make it five thousand and I will."

* * * * *

The Marquis of Mirton was, for once in a way, as

good as his word. He wrote, that same evening, to Prince Alured of Licksburg; and the result of his letter was that the Prince somehow discovered that his pressing business was less pressing than he had anticipated, and wrote off to Busteim saying that he should be most happy to fulfil his shooting engagement with him after all.

From that day forward, the worthy Johann's respect for his lordship was unbounded, and he never again made the mistake of supposing that he was a man who could safely be dropped. No, indeed. . . . How could it ever be safe to drop one who was in the position (as Lord Mirton had proved himself to be) of calling the tune to which Royal Princes danced? . . . Bankrupt or not, scouted by a certain section of Society or not, such a man must always be worth nursing.

Thus reasoned our eminent financier. But then, you see, he didn't know the real means by which Lord Mirton (whose influence in high quarters was, in fact, practically *nil*) had managed to make Prince Alured dance to his tune in this particular case.

Perhaps, however, the following extract from a chatty letter, written by the Marquis to his Royal Highness on August 26, may throw some light upon the matter:—

So glad to see, by the papers, that you're going to be at Busteim's next week for the partridge shooting. He's asked me, too, and, as my eyes are now much better, I've accepted his invitation. So we shall meet there. *Au revoir* till then.

Not much in that, you may think. Yet this apparently harmless passage had a tremendous effect upon his Royal Highness.

"Ten thousand flaming devils!" he exclaimed to his equerry. "Me go out shooting with that murderous homicide? Not I. Write to Busteim at once and tell him that I am prevented from fulfilling my engagement by urgent private business."

"But, your Royal Highness," expostulated the equerry, "Busteim will be mortally offended if he is put off, like this, at the last minute; and as he is a man who can be so useful to us in a hundred ways——"

"Useful be d——d," broke in his Royal Highness, excitedly. "I am not going to risk being made cold meat of, for anybody. Write at once, if you please, in the terms specified."

But two days later another letter, dated August 28, reached his Royal Highness from the Marquis of Mirton.

It contained the following passage:—

"I am sorry I shan't have the pleasure of meeting you at Busteim's next week, after all, as I am confined to my room with my old enemy, sciatica.

When the Prince read that, he said to his equerry:—"Well, as this murderer won't be out, as moreover, Busteim has lately given me £5,000 for my 'Back to the Land' scheme, and as his partridge shooting is about the best in England, I may as well go, after all. Write to him that I have negotiated my business more quickly than I had expected and that I shall now be delighted to fulfil my engagement."

This will make clear to you the precise nature of the "influence" which the Marquis of Mirton, for his own ulterior ends, had exercised over that exceedingly nervous Royal sportsman, Prince Alured of Licksburg.

MUSIC.

THE GAIETY'S NEW MOVE.

THIS is a period of the year when much is made of little. Hence, perhaps, the amount of notice attracted by Mr. George Edwardes's recent announcement to the Gaiety shareholders of the management's future intentions, although, in point of fact, that announcement was really hardly epoch-making. The substitution of burlesque for musical comedy scarcely implies that radical break with the past which one might suppose to be impending from some of the comments which have recently appeared on the subject. If it had been contemplated now to rely on light opera or genuine opéra bouffe the case would have been different; but this is not Mr. Edwardes's intention. It is a much less drastic change of policy which he announces, and it will probably be found that the new burlesque bears a much closer resemblance to the old musical comedy than some seem to anticipate.

There are those who must always be girding at musical comedy and comparing it unfavourably with orthodox comic opera; but, if the truth must be told, a good deal of nonsense is often talked under this head. It is the thing to pretend that from the artistic point of view there is no comparison between the two, but is this really so? The music of the comic operas may, indeed, have been a trifle better than some that we have heard more recently, but their "books" were, in general, far less entertaining. Possibly they observed the "unities" a shade more scrupulously—if that was any advantage in a work of this particular class. But there was little compensation in this for the tediousness of plot and pointlessness of dialogue, which were usually their leading characteristics. Up-to-date musical comedy may be a more go-as-you-please sort of entertainment, but it usually has a fair proportion of decent jokes, smart dialogue, and miscellaneous fooling, to say nothing of such etceteras as pretty dances and imported side-shows of one kind and another, which are none the less amusing because they happen to have been dragged in by the hair. What does it matter in the case of a work of this class whether it be cast in the form of opera-bouffe or musical comedy? The single end of these pieces is to amuse, and the precise form adopted is of no consequence whatever, so long as the main purpose be achieved; and as, on the whole, opéra-bouffe, with its more or less connected plot and attempted coherence seems to impose rather more restrictions in the way of humorous developments than its more frankly irresponsible rival, it is, as a rule, perhaps, rather more likely to be tiresome and boring than the latter. In works of this order, the most elaborately-constructed plot in the world is of less account than a single good joke or taking song in a piece without a plot.

If musical comedy as we have known it has had its day, this is less because it has lost favour with the public than because it has ceased to pay to produce; and this is quite another matter. The thing has indeed been overdone. Musical comedy has been killed—if it has been killed, which is rather doubtful—by its own success. Mr. George Edwardes explained long ago how difficult it has become to make money in London by even the most successful pieces of this class; and the fact that "The Spring Chicken" yielded in the way of profits only £17,000 at the end of a very long run affords another instance in point. It is only by means of the subsequent provincial and Colonial representations that anything like an adequate return can be obtained for the enormous sums which have to be laid out nowadays on productions of this type. But this is far from implying that the public has lost its taste for such works. The number of musical comedies still running in London should go to disprove that rather rash assumption on the part of those who have seen a portent in the Gaiety's new move. Nor is it, for that matter, quite clear how, from the financial point of view, matters will be greatly mended by the substitution of one species of extravaganza for another. That, however, is the affair of Mr. Edwardes and his fellow shareholders. The public, at any rate, may be trusted to play their part. So long as the oldest playgoer can remember entertainments under one name or another answering to this description have held the stage in London. Many, indeed, who talk contemptuously of the musical comedy and deprecate its "variety" flavour would be astonished to learn what a respectable ancestry works of this order possess. Forty years ago and more in the "bouffooneries" of H. J. Byron and the like they had their origin, and no doubt a later generation will look back in turn to works such as "The Orchid" and "The Spring Chicken" and sigh for the glories of a vanished past.

Precisely what lines the newest Gaiety entertainment will follow remains to be seen. It is pretty safe to assume, however, that the "Aladdin" of 1906 will be

a very different affair from the previous versions of a much-favoured theme which have been seen and heard in London—at the Gaiety and elsewhere. May one venture to hope that, along with the more gorgeous *mise-en-scène* and greater lavishness in other details which may be confidently looked for, a slightly higher standard of wit and humour may also be observed than has obtained in the past in works of this class? If this could be managed, it would certainly be a welcome improvement. It is, indeed, astonishing how little our stage satirists make as a rule of the abundant materials at their disposal. The new piece, it is understood, is to be more "topical" than its forerunners. Is it idle to hope, in this connection, for something of that lightness of touch and play of fancy for which the Parisian *revues* are famous? Then, indeed, it would be time to declare that musical comedy had had its day and ceased to be. As it is, it will be best perhaps to await developments before making any rash assertions on the subject.

In one respect the forthcoming Birmingham Festival, all the arrangements for which are now well in hand, will make a record, inasmuch as, for the third festival in succession, the chief work heard will be from the pen of the same composer, namely, Sir Edward Elgar. When, in 1882 and 1885, Gounod's "Redemption" was followed by his "Mors et Vita," the fact was thought sufficiently remarkable, but it has been left to Elgar to be honoured in a still more signal fashion by figuring as the chief composer of the Festival three times running. Of the two oratorios from his pen to be heard at Birmingham this year, "The Apostles" was, of course, first produced there in 1903, while "The Kingdom" is a further instalment of the complete work which Sir Edward hopes eventually to give us. In addition "Elijah" will, of course, be performed again, as it has been performed at every festival since it was first produced at Birmingham in 1846, while the "Messiah," the "Hymn of Praise," and Beethoven's Mass in D are other standard masterpieces in the scheme. In the way of novelties, in addition to "The Kingdom," there will be Mr. Josef Holbrooke's setting of "The Bells" (for chorus and orchestra), Mr. Granville Bantock's "Omar Khayyam," and a sinfonietta by Mr. Percy Pitt. As regards the performers, the singers will include Mme. Albani, Mme. Agnes Nicholls, Mme. Ada Crossley, Miss Muriel Foster, Mr. Coates, Mr. Andrew Black, and Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, while in the way of instrumentalists, Mischa Elman, in Beethoven's and Tchaikovsky's violin concertos, should be a certain draw with the Birmingham amateurs. Other important instrumental works to be given are Brahms's first symphony and Strauss's "Don Juan" and "Tod und Verklärung," and generally the festival promises to prove not less attractive than any of its forty-one predecessors.

Arrangements have now been completed in connection with the visit of the Yorkshire Chorus to Germany, which seems likely to prove one of the most interesting events of the coming month. The singers will number about 300—150 from Leeds and Sheffield respectively—and, accompanied by about fifty friends, will start on the journey on Saturday, September 22, reaching Düsseldorf, on Sunday morning. The first concert is fixed for September 24, at Düsseldorf, when the "Messiah" and unaccompanied chorus works will be given. On Tuesday, at Cologne, Elgar's "The Dream of Gerontius" and unaccompanied works are to be given, and the same programme will be presented at Frankfort on Thursday. On the Friday, the party will leave for Bingen, travelling by boat down the Rhine to Cologne on the homeward journey. Leeds and Sheffield will be reached on Saturday. Dr. Coward, who has been primarily responsible for the undertaking, will be the conductor, and under his guidance there should be no question as to the Yorkshire singers giving a good account of themselves.

Concerts of the coming season so far announced are not very numerous, but with the approach of September the list will speedily be increased. One of the earliest in the field will be Herr Kreisler, who is to give a recital at Queen's Hall on September 29, while Mr. Wilhelm Backhaus and Messrs. Mark, Jan, and Boris Hambourg—who are to give an orchestral concert of Russian music together—are others who will be heard a little later. In the way of vocal recitals one of interest will be that which Madame Kirkby Lunn has arranged at Bechstein Hall early in October.

The production at one of the Promenade Concerts last week of a suite by Busoni which did not evoke much enthusiasm on the part of its hearers recalls the many instances in which brilliant executants have striven in vain to win the double crown of creator and interpreter. Rubinstein, as is well known, went to his grave a disappointed man because the world at large failed to see in him the composer of genius which he reckoned himself, while Liszt supplied a still more striking instance to the same effect. As a virtuoso, that marvellous man enjoyed triumphs the like of which had perhaps never been known before; yet all were as dust and ashes in the sight of one who would have sacrificed all he possessed to gain a fraction of the popularity as a composer which was his of right as an executant. Generally, perhaps, it would seem, in music as in other fields, that it is not possible to serve two masters. Now and again, doubtless, there are exceptions. In Saint-Saëns's case, a brilliant composer was also in his prime an incomparable executant. There are those, again, who reckon Joachim greater even as a composer than when he wields the bow—though he himself can hardly have held this view, or he would have written more. Brahms, on the other hand, might have been a great executant if he had not recognised betimes that his true vocation lay in another direction, and, like Schumann, though for another reason, abandoned early the virtuoso's calling for the greater career of the composer. Richter, when he determined to make conducting his business, made a bonfire of all his scores, as has often been narrated, while Nikisch is another, it is said, who took the same course. Other living pianists besides Busoni who ply the composer's pen with more or less success are Paderewski (who in this capacity takes himself very seriously indeed), Sauer (whose brilliant effusions are admired in many drawing-rooms), Dohnanyi, Rosenthal, Godowsky, Moskowsky, and many more.

Musical "finds" are notoriously apt to prove disappointing, and that of Herr Moritz Wirth, author of the brochure entitled "Mutter Brünnhilde," to which I recently referred, is, it seems, no exception to the rule. According to Mr. Ashton Ellis, the reported "wonderful discovery" of "two new scenes" for "Götterdämmerung" resolves itself into nothing more than certain queer suggestions on the part of Herr Wirth for illustration of certain parts of the work as it stands by what Mr. Ellis calls "dumb show of most questionable taste." Mr. Ellis adds: "His title, 'Mutter Brünnhilde' and his hypothesis that Siegfried left her exactly on the 140th day will be sufficient indication of my (i.e., his) meaning. Nothing quite so grotesque as this particular mare's nest has yet been sprung upon a world of motive-labellers and inner-meaners. My only wonder is that Herr Wirth does not propose a cabbage plot as foreground to Brünnhilde's cave." From another who has read the curious publication in question—an advantage which I have not enjoyed—I learn that one of its features is a letter from a medical man, giving a detailed description of the sensations of a woman when in that condition which is euphemistically described as "interesting." Curious indeed are the lengths to which Teutonic "thoroughness" sometimes runs.

Friends and admirers of those admirable artists Messrs. Harold Bauer and Pablo Casals will have read with amusement, tempered by alarm, that they were recently involved, while touring in Spain, in an

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incident which might have had sanguinary consequences. Happily, Mr. Bauer is blessed with a sense of humour, and bloodshed was consequently averted. I am permitted to quote from a private letter from his lively pen, giving details of this amusing "episode in the life of an artist."

Casals and I have just come from Coruña, where we gave two concerts, and were challenged to fight two duels with an irascible young officer, who was offended because we told him to stop speaking so loudly during the performance. We had no end of fun from this affair, which was deadly serious on his part. The whole public was wildly excited, and followed us through the streets. Eventually, however, the affair was brought to a deadlock, because I suggested that, as the challenged parties, we had the right to select the place and the weapons, and that, as our engagements compelled us to leave at once, we could not meet our adversaries until after the concerts in San Sebastian, where I personally was very much at his service, the place being the terrace of the casino here, and the weapons soda water bottles.

Mr. Bauer adds: "On the 9th we leave for Malaga, where I understand the temperature is something over 100 degrees in the shade. How we are ever going to play in that heat the Lord only knows, and I expect to be reduced to a liquid state and return to Paris in a bottle."

From Bayreuth a friend writes as follows of the recent Festival performances:—

As regards the individual artists, I think Breuer (the Mime), Dr. Briesemeister (Loge), Schumann Heink (Erda and Waltraute), of the older artists, made the greatest successes, and of the newer ones Dr. Von Bary's Tristan was perfectly wonderful, quite the best all round on the stage at present, I should think, although perhaps he is not a dramatic Van Dyck or vocal Jean de Reszke. I hope they will have him for that part at Covent Garden, besides re-engaging Burgstaller, who did not have a fair chance, as he had not sung Tristan without cuts before, and was not engaged for Siegfried, which is his best part. Hadwiger sang Parsifal. I have never seen such a delightfully boyish one, and he sang very well, too. I believe he only sings Froh and Lohengrin, so perhaps he would be useless to Covent Garden. Of the conductors, as Muck was too ill for the 5th Parsifal, Balling from Karlsruhe did it magnificently. I did not know who it was, and I remarked to my neighbour how far superior his conducting was to the previous performance (which was also not conducted by Muck).

Referring to a recent remark here regarding the tardy revival of Stanford"s "Shamus O'Brien," a North Country correspondent writes:—

May I call attention to the fact that two performances of "Shamus O'Brien" were given last year by the Opera Class and Orchestra of the Manchester School of Music, under the conductorship of the principal, Mr. Albert J. Cross? The performances of the same class have included for the first time in Manchester Gounod's "Mirella" and Hérold's "Pré aux Clercs."

In the current *Review of Reviews* Mr. Stead records his impressions of "My First English Opera." "Faust" was the work he heard, as given by the Moody-Manners Company, and his verdict is quite surprisingly favourable, though qualified by various characteristic comments, as this, for instance, on the destruction of the illusion by the performers appearing before the curtain:—"The audience will have it so I am told, and so nothing can be done. I suppose the audience resents taking anything seriously at a theatre, and therein may be one reason why the moral lessons of the stage seem to have so little bite in them. It is odd that while the performers strain every nerve to make their drama seem real, the audience should so relentlessly insist upon reminders that it is all a hollow pretence." On another aspect of the English opera question Mr. Stead writes as follows:—

Surely, if the divine art of music be a thing that is worth cultivating, it is one in which we as a nation may properly take a national pride. And if so, is it not time that somebody asked the King and the Queen and the Royal Family whether it is seemly and fitting that they should devote all their patronage to the encouragement of foreign opera without even sparing a thought as to how they can best encourage and develop the music of their own land? In other words, has not the time come when an English king ought to be ashamed of himself unless he can point to something which he has at least attempted to do for the encouragement of English opera? One of the functions, one of the most important functions, of modern monarchs is to act as the national advertisers of such national products as are most worthy of national encouragement. If our own English king will have nothing to do with our own English opera, what is the natural inference, both of his own subjects and of other people?

Mr. Stead is by no means the first to whom the same thought has occurred.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—In the preface to "A German Pompadour" (1) Miss Hay, speaking of her search through the Stuttgart archives, and her ferreting out forgotten books in dusty old book-shops, prepares you rather for an historical work than for an historical novel; but her story of the Gravenitz is really an admirably told historical novel with this unfortunate disadvantage, that hero and heroine are historical personages. In the ordinary historical novel, history is used as those solid foregrounds in some panoramas—real grass and gravel, shrubs and flowers—to help you to believe in the painted parts of the picture which depicts the chief actors. The historical personages, kings, ministers, statesmen, or generals, are in such novels introduced merely incidentally, for the fictitious leading characters to cannon off, so to say; and these leading characters, therefore, can be so romantically moulded as to excite the reader's interest, sympathy, or admiration. But in "A German Pompadour" the principal characters are all stubbornly historical, and cannot be moulded, especially by so conscientious a searcher of archives as Miss Hay, into sympathetic shapes. Hence your sympathies are out of tune with Miss Hay's from the first page to the last of this extremely interesting book. "Like a faint fragrance of faded rose-leaves," she says, "a breath of this woman's charm seems to cling and elusively to peep out of the curt record of her crimes"; but to the reader the "fragrance" is the reverse of sweet. The only two redeeming features in the character of the heroine are courage and constancy. She really and constantly loved the hero, and she showed in many a crisis the courage of her passion. For the rest she is arrogant, insolent, avaricious, unprincipled, hard-hearted, and tyrannical, and you are so far from deploring her final fall from power that you only regret that it was so long postponed. No doubt Miss Hay wishes you to believe that all her vices were but the creatures of her circumstances. "Wilhelmine," she writes, "arrived in Wirtemberg a strong, passionate creature, generous, vital, but was too responsive to remain unaltered by the alchemising touch of the world. Had she been met with tenderness and purity, and by noble men and women, she might have become a power for good; as it was, she was received by intrigue, contending interests, disapproval, distrust, and lust of love. As a good woman, there was no place for her at Wirtemberg's court, so all the evil lying dormant in every human heart rose up in her and she became a Queen of Wickedness." But to the reader the sudden growth, as in a congenial and tropical soil, of Wilhelmine's wickedness suggests that under no circumstances, however favourable, could she have been anything but an unprincipled, imperious, selfish, and greedy woman. If, however, neither the hero nor heroine of "A German Pompadour"—to speak of it still as of an historical novel—is sympathetic, the story of Wilhelmine's rise and fall is extremely interesting, while the atmosphere of the day and time in which she "flourished," to use the word that precisely expresses her gaudy triumph, is excellently rendered. I do not know when I was more disappointed with a novel than with Mrs. Flora Annie Steel's "A Sovereign Remedy" (2). Remembering vividly "On the Face of the Waters," I opened this new novel with the highest expectations, to find it incomprehensible. I fear to say silly, since it is possible that Mrs. Steel may have some profound mystical meaning unfathomable to me, but suggested, I suppose, by the punning title "A Sovereign Remedy." What, however, has the demoralising power of gold to do with the divine heroine's imbecile rejection of one man, the hero, because she loved him, and her yet more imbecile

(1) "A German Pompadour." Being the Extraordinary History of Wilhelmine von Grävenitz, Landhofmeisterin of Wirtemberg. By Marie Hay. (London: Archibald Constable & Co, Ltd. 12s. 6d. net.)

(2) "A Sovereign Remedy." By Flora Annie Steel. (London: William Heinemann. 6s.)

(3) "The Confessions of a Princess." (London: John Long. 6s.)

(4) "The Eglamore Portraits." By Mary E. Mann. (London: Methuen & Co. 6s.)

(5) "The Knutsford Mystery." By Dick Donovan. (London: F. V. White & Co. 6s.)

acceptance of another man, the villain, because she does not love him? When the hero proposes to her she shakes her head and answers thus:—

"There is only one reason for marriage, and if I were to marry you—I should be afraid—yes, Ned! I will tell you the truth because you are certain to understand—I should be afraid of loving you too much. I—I don't want to love like that." He sat bewildered, his passion dying at the hands of truth. Then he muttered half to himself, feeling with a rush of shame how far he was from her, how little he really understood her innocence of evil. "Heaven knows why you should—I am a miserable beast—but—oh! I hope to God you would, my dear—I hope to God you would!" "Why?" she asked calmly.

Then she practically proposes to the man she did not love, but whom her grandfather wishes her to marry. She goes straight up to him with "a note of appeal in her voice," "Grandfather has been telling me something I can't believe. Is it true that you also want to marry me?" He admits the soft impeachment and kisses her.

"The first kiss which had fallen on Aura's lips. She did not shrink. On the contrary, she gave a little sigh of satisfaction and looked gratefully at Ted."

The truth is, Mrs. Steel, in trying to depict an angelically innocent maiden, has really depicted an "innocent" in the popular meaning of the word. After she has married this worthless scamp, the hero visits her to find her preparing baby-clothes for a soon-expected arrival.

"Has it never struck you," asks the exasperated hero; "has it never struck you, Aura, that all this is—just a little rough on me?" She looked up at him, her beautiful eyes, twin stars of mysterious double life, brimming with swift tears. "You—you shall be its godfather," she said softly.

Then, one night, in order to know the world, she rushes out of a ballroom into the vilest haunts of London, is offered a drink by a dissolute ruffian, goes in with him into a gin palace, is naturally taken by him and all for what she seemed to be, and when she is warned by a Salvation Army lass not to go with him—"he is the Devil—he is Sin incarnate"—replies, "I am not going. I am in school. I am learning. I want to see for myself." You are so exasperated at last by her imbecile innocence that you are relieved by her being knocked on the head when standing up in a motor by a blow from an overhanging tree-root. "The Confessions of a Princess" (3) is too, too cynically frank to be either genuine or authentic—to be either confession at all, or to be the confessions even of the most brazen of princesses. The lady, who is the Crown Princess of the Kingdom of Menteburg, changes her lovers as lightly as she might change partners at a dance. She makes even the very doctor, who attended her in her confinement of the baby she bears to her last lover, his successor! The doctor in his turn is soon replaced, but not sooner than his successor, and the lady finally elopes with an artist, whose unromatic name is Richard Rogger. Being a Crown Princess, the lady has, of course, to throw the handkerchief, instead of having it thrown to her; but she does it with a frequency and facility worthy of Catherine of Russia. The Diary, in which all the lady's frailties and their consequences are recorded, is for the most part naturally written; but you cannot believe that when the Crown Princess rescued this compromising record from the spy and informer, Baroness Stifter, she would have left in her hands the still more compromising love letters from her choice assortment of lovers. I cannot believe that the silly little spitfire heroine of Miss Mary E. Mann's "The Eglamore Portraits" (4) ever became the exemplary wife she is supposed to have become suddenly in the last chapter. She had too much of her mother in her; and, by the way, Miss Mary E. Mann has here done a difficult thing in depicting the most odious mother-in-law in fiction, with the exception, perhaps of "The Campaigner" of "The Newcomes." But indeed, not one of the principal characters in the story is engaging, except, perhaps, its much-enduring hero. On the other hand, the quarrels of the newly-married, under the stinging lash of a mother-in-law's tongue, are uncommonly well described. Dick Donovan's "The Knutsford Mystery" (5) is rather inconsequent. To begin with, the mystery itself is disappointing, as the parents of the workhouse foundling, when at last discovered, are at once unimportant in themselves and of no importance to the story. Why, again, should Mr. Tansley Trant, who absolutely loathed the child adopted by his wife, offer, after her death, £50 reward for its recovery from its kidnappers Indeed, the book is a tangle of such inconsequences, and your interest in its personages is as languid as your curiosity about its "mystery."—Believe me, dear Mr. Wyndham, ever yours very sincerely, DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

"In the Days of the Comet," Mr. H. G. Wells's new book, is described as a romantic love story set in the peculiar atmosphere of apprehension created by the coming of a strange green meteor. Messrs. Macmillan and Co. will publish it in September.

New light is thrown upon the character of the first President of the United States in the "Letters and Recollections of George Washington," which Messrs. Constable and Co. are publishing. The book contains Washington's correspondence to his confidential secretary, Tobias Lear, and the latter's diary.

Mr. Rider Haggard has returned to Africa for the scene of his new novel, "Benita," which will be published shortly by Messrs. Cassell and Co. The title is the name of the heroine, a girl who has many exciting experiences. Another of Messrs. Cassell's announcements is a cheap edition of Sir Frederick Treves's delightful book of travel, "The Other Side of the Lantern," which will be ready this week.

In addition to a couple of murders and an attempted murder, the incidents related in "The Price of Silence" (Greening and Co., 6s.) include an attempted execution, the innocent hero being saved from hanging by the snapping of the rope. The book is a remarkable example of sensational fiction. Here is a passage picturing the hero in the condemned cell awaiting the summons to the scaffold:—

Very still he stood.
Intuitively he began to listen.
And not long had he to listen.
Oh, did his ears deceive him?
Sharply he turned round.
Quivering and trembling were his limbs; ashy white his face.

"Atrocities of Justice under British Rule in Egypt" is the strongly-worded title of a book by Mr. Wilfred Scawen Blunt which Mr. Fisher Unwin will issue.

Yet another posthumous novel by Miss Adeline Sergeant appears in Messrs. Hurst and Blackett's list. It is entitled "An Impetuous Girl," and it is believed that it is the last of the deceased authoress's stories. The same publishers have just brought out Mrs. Croker's new novel, "The Youngest Miss Mowbray," and they also announce "The Whirligig of Time," by Miss Beatrice Whitby, and "Hazel of Hazeldean," by Mrs. Fred Reynolds.

A volume of "The Best Plays of George Farquhar," edited and introduced by Mr. William Archer, has been added to Mr. Fisher Unwin's Mermaid series, so that all four of the leading "Comic Dramatists of the Restoration"—to adopt Macaulay's grouping—are now represented. Mr. Archer's is the first edition of Farquhar in which the various readings of the early quartos have been noted.

The list of new novels to be issued by Messrs. Chatto and Windus in September includes "The Old House at the Corner," by Miss Florence Warden; "The Private Detective," by Mr. Robert Machray; "The Tea Planter," by Mrs. Penny; and "Burnt Spices," by Mr. L. S. Gibson.

Mr. Frances Gribble's new novel, "The Pillar of Cloud," will be issued by Messrs. Chapman and Hall early in September. The story has for heroine a teacher of music, who revolts against her daily drudgery, and some important social problems are incidentally discussed.

Messrs. Methuen will have ready this week Mr. Chesterton's book on Dickens, which is "intended as a general justification of that author, and of the whole gigantesque English humour of which he was the last and not least gigantic survival."

A new edition of Mr. H. Noel Williams's book,

"Madame Récamier and Her Friends," is being issued by Messrs. Harper and Brothers, price 7s. 6d. Mme. Récamier's relations with Napoleon, the Duke of Wellington, Madame de Staël, and other celebrated figures of the time are dealt with exhaustively in this work.

Phœbus! what a title it is that Mr. Henry Wellington Wack has bestowed on his book about the Thames: "In Thamesland: Being the Gossiping Record of Rambles Through England from the Source of the Thames to the Sea, with Casual Studies of the English People, Their Historic, Literary, and Romantic Shrines; the whole Forming a Complete Guide to the Thames Valley." Mr. Wack is an American, and it is as a "gossiping record" of his experiences and impressions of the river rather than as a guide-book that his work is most likely to find favour. It is published by Messrs. Putnam (price 12s. 6d.), and is lavishly illustrated.

An admirable book on the river, entitled "The Thames and Its Story," has lately been published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., price 6s.

In a new edition of "The Upton Letters," which Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. will have ready next week, the author's name appears for the first time on the title page. He gives in a preface the reasons which have impelled him to discard his anonymity.

A new edition of "Burke's Landed Gentry of Great Britain" has just been published by Messrs. Harrison and Sons, 45, Pall Mall, price two guineas. In the six years that have elapsed since the last issue some new families have qualified for inclusion in this work, while some old ones have become extinct, or else, having parted with their ancestral acres, have ceased to belong to the class of landed gentry. But, as one can easily see from a glance through the pages of this handsome volume, in spite of the changes that have taken place, a surprisingly large number of ancient families in this country are still holding the estates with which their names have been associated for hundreds of years. "Burke's Landed Gentry" is compiled on the same lines as "Burke's Peerage." It is a perfect mine of genealogical information relating to the "untitled nobility," and quite invaluable as a work of reference.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Soon after I had sent off my last letter to you a sudden change came o'er the spirit of our dream. A fellow clubbite of Bee offered us her flat in Paris for a moderate consideration, and though the *grande ville* is out of season at this moment we accepted more than eagerly. If there is one place we love more than London it is our dear Paris. Behold us, then, established in a sweet little six-roomed flat in a romantic and highly picturesque old abbey, the very sight of which when we first drove into the courtyard was like reading the story of centuries at a glance. It was in this very house that Mme. Récamier of the shining shoulders held her celebrated salon. The front part is now let off in flats. The nuns were given a little grace at the time of the closing of the convents, but they are obliged to leave in October, and already the demolition of a distant part of the old house has begun. Our floors are red-tiled, and so well polished that we occasionally do an involuntary skating step. Our windows open on the great courtyard, and we look down on the novel episodes of life in Paris. It is all absorbingly interesting, a dozen times more so than life in a hotel. Here we are in the midst of everything. At this moment, in a far corner of the courtyard, there is a woman undoing and airing and re-making hair and wool mattresses, a point in which the French excel us so greatly in cleanliness. Once a year the mattresses are emptied, the contents freed from dust, exposed to the sun and air, and restored to the well-shaken cases. We watched her hard at work all day yesterday, beating, shaking, carding with an implement like a rake, then squeezing in the wool double the size it was when taken out, sewing down the sides, and, with an immense dagger-like needle, piercing the whole thickness, and with cord sewing in the buttons.

When she had finished I should have liked to buy the mattresses, so clean and freshly sweet they looked. Why do we not do this in England? We do occasionally send our mattresses to be re-made, but the work is all done indoors, and there cannot be the same amount of freshening and airing. Besides, we cannot always be sure of getting back our own good materials, a consideration that gives us pause. Here the work is done under the eyes of the owners of the beds.

It is the first time we have ever owned a concierge, and this, too, is a novelty. He is a good-natured little man, who brings us our daily supply of water in two enormous pitchers, our milk in sealed bottles, and three-quarters of a yard of bread. We have English breakfast. Richard has no opinion of the French café *complet*. He is hungry immediately after it. We do our own marketing for this meal—eggs, butter, and most delicious cooked York ham. We are acquiring a quantity of French words for everyday use in this way. One may read any number of French books without happening upon these useful words and phrases.

The second-hand bookstalls fascinate us. Along the quay there is half a mile of them, and at these we pick up for a few sous books in all languages, but chiefly French, of course. For fourpence I have acquired a very good cookery book, of which you shall share the benefit by-and-by.

In the cool of the evening we take a taxameter cab and have drives into the lovely suburbs of Paris, into the Bois, to St. Cloud, Passy, Auteuil. You know the Paris fiacre, shaped like a victoria. The three of us just fit in, and we thoroughly enjoy the lovely air. Sometimes we drive through beautiful Paris itself, and admire its boulevards, its trees (oh that London had as many!), and the sparkling Seine. What a wide mind the man must have had who planned the Place de la Concorde! Richard is fascinated by its grandeur and ranks it with the magnificent Arc de Triomphe. I am afraid he adds the ginger-bready but not ungraceful Eiffel Tower to these noble achievements.

Crossing the Pont des Arts the other afternoon we could not understand why an immense crowd had congregated on the western side of it. Inquiring, we were told that two women and a man had taken hands and jumped into the river. The man and one woman had been rescued, he most reluctantly, she with joy and gratitude, we heard, and the crowd was watching the police-boat dredging for the second woman. As the poor drowned creature was one of the last things we wished to see, we came away.

We think so much of Du Maurier and Trilby and Peter Ibbetson here, being close to the Latin quarter and the Boul' Miche. Since reading Haldane McFall's "Master Folk" we feel as though we knew all this part of Paris. There are a few students left, though all the Schools are closed. Now and then a group of them passes, shouting, laughing, noisier far than any other men, long-haired, with ribbon ties that they tie in a bow held by a ring the ends tucked into their waistcoats. Every one smiles or laughs when they pass by, grown-up gamins. One of them, a quiet young fellow, sat next to us at a restaurant one morning, where we were lunching. He was reading "Pippa Passes" in English. Browning is difficult enough for us English. He must be puzzling for foreigners. However, our neighbour seemed to be getting on very well with him.

One morning we sauntered along the Rue de la Paix and the Rue de Rivoli and saw more smartness and fashion than we could have expected at this season. The angle at which hats are worn is surprising. Suppose you do your hair very high, then take a soup-plate (the hats are very like soup-plates, size as well as shape) and tilt it up against the hair with the rim just over your right ear. There you have the angle. Large white silk sunshades are the fashion here. They

are of the en-tout-cas order, being unlined and untrimmed. Tulle ruffles replace the feather boa. Skirts are chiefly short, and in the fiacres allow glimpses of remarkably well-shod feet and ankles.

We admire so much the way in which Frenchwomen hold themselves—so upright, and yet *svelte*, no stiffness, none of the ridiculous pushing back of elbows in which our countrywomen and some Americans indulge. The poise of the head, too, is so good, and gives a look of dignity. Their petticoats are so dainty, too. We have seen more petticoats up for sale in the few days we have been here than we should see in London in a month. Every little draper's shop has well-filled stands of underskirts outside; and as to the Samaritaine, the Belle Jardinière, and the Bon Marché, half their wares seem to be petticoats. Corsets, too, are more in evidence than they are in London, and in the windows where they are shown there is always at least one wax figure wearing a corset, and showing the distorted shape that seems to be the corsetière's high ideal of the human form divine.

We admire the arrangement by which the cab stands are all in the shade of the trees, and almost always, if not invariably, close to a good supply of water. One day we saw a man spraying with a hose three greys harnessed abreast in an omnibus. They all three enjoyed it, but particularly the middle one. He was evidently very thirsty, for he opened his mouth as wide as it would go to let the water spray it inside. When the man left off and put down the hose, this horse flew in a temper, and seriously inconvenienced his companion on either side.

In the Bois de Boulogne, sitting under the trees this afternoon, her electric automobile waiting for her at the curb, we saw a vision of smartness. Her gown was pale pink gauze with a deep, pleated flounce some nine or ten inches covering the hem. Two wide bands of cream lace insertion trimmed the skirt at large intervals above the flounce, and the bodice was entirely of this lace with strappings of pink gauze.

The jewellers' shops in the Rue Castiglione and the Rue de la Paix are magnets of attraction, and one hears plenty of English from the gazers at the windows. There are many Americans here, and their "Say! Look here!" is eloquent of fervent admiration. Emeralds in one window exhaust ejaculation. Pearls in another are what some would call badly matched in point of colour, but their very variety of exquisite tints delights others. They are in a necklace long enough to hang down well in front. A wonderful butterfly in rubies, emeralds, yellow and white diamonds and pink topaz is another object of "Ohs" and "Ahs." It is a beautiful piece of work, apart from the jewels themselves.

We like to sit at sunset in the Tuileries gardens, or in the even better kept and quieter garden of the Luxembourg. The colours of the sky are lovely in their gradual changing, and everywhere one turns in Paris there is some fine prospect or splendid building to admire. The only alloy to our enjoyment lies in the dreadful postal arrangements. It is impossible to understand the why and the wherefore of some of the rules and regulations. For instance, we took a small parcel the other morning, which we had very carefully sealed and addressed, and which we wished to register. We handed it to the clerk, explaining what we wanted, and he immediately began to break away all the sealing wax. "Nothing of value must be sealed," he said. This was surprising. Postcards are regarded as nothing by the French post office. They may or may not be delivered in time to serve the purpose for which they were sent. A delay of four or five days is not unusual. As to parcels, it is quite common to have them roughly opened, not tied up or fastened again, and sent on in that condition. In villages distant from post towns parcels are not delivered. But one would think that some notice would be sent to the consignee that a parcel awaits him. Nothing of the kind is done.

"La Samothrace."—Every corset of the London Corset Co., 28, New Bond-street, W., is made in Paris. The very latest models. Not connected with any other establishment.

As to country places, the post-offices are closed daily between 12 and 2 for the déjeûner. Telegrams cannot be sent or delivered in this interval, nor can postage stamps be bought, nor any other kind of business be transacted.

What do you think of it all?

Much as we are enjoying ourselves we should like to be in London next Sunday, when the newly-decorated Savoy Restaurant re-opens. I am told that the decorations and improvements are very striking, and likely to make the place, if possible, more the fashion than ever.

We read in the London papers of the terrible heat there, and cannot help comparing it unfavourably with Paris, where the shade of trees is everywhere, and where the squares are all open and provided with seats in the shade. The London squares are scarcely ever used by the persons who have the keys. We have our parks, of course, but why should not the squares be open to the public, instead of being almost entirely useless? And look at the Botanic Gardens, which might be so lovely and full of exquisite flowers, in addition to their present charm of turf and trees. They belong, it would appear, to a number of shareholders. Why not let the well-behaved section of the public have season tickets at moderate prices, instead of having these lovely grounds wasted as they are? We went in one very hot Sunday in the season and found a few nurses, babies, and perambulators. Very nice for the babies and nurses, but what a waste! Why not copy the lovely Luxembourg gardens?

But I am glad that London does not copy Paris in the paving of the sidewalks. The flags are very badly and unevenly set, and walking is consequently very trying to the feet. And as to the crossings, they are all hills and hollows. One has to be very careful, too, about getting run over. The drivers of cabs, omnibuses, and the newly started motor 'buses do not keep the same lookout as with us. It is the pedestrian who has to do that.

We went by steam tram to Passy the other evening, and were shaken almost to pieces. These are huge, unwieldy-looking things with outside seats and a canopy. It seems odd to us that the inside places should be more expensive than those on the roof, though not half so pleasant in hot weather.

We are amused by the childishness of the Paris street noises. The omnibuses and trams and motor buses do not ring bells or hoot like ours, but sound small trumpets like those with which the guards start the trains on the French railways. It all sounds like a big children's nursery at toy-time. Instead of the hoarse cry of the firemen, the escape and engine tear along here to the sound of two notes that are like "Aïe, aïe!" repeated over and over again. It is very penetrating and far-reaching. There are no horses to gallop and strain. The fire-engines have the motor movement.

We feel as if we had been here a month at least, and it is only a week to-day. Good-bye. To be continued in my next!

I have received the following letter from Mona:—

My Dearest Madge,—You ask me how to grow the beautiful calceolarias which you have so much admired at various shows. Personally, I should recommend you to buy some plants in pots next spring. Not that there is any great difficulty in the management, but it is so much easier to attend to their special requirements when it is possible to give them a house to themselves, and for that reason nurserymen's calceolarias are generally much better than amateurs'. Still, you can grow them well enough if you choose. Starting now, you won't get very early flowers, but that is no great advantage. A layer of broken crocks should be put into a shallow box, to serve as drainage, then a layer of coarse soil, and finally a layer—say, a couple of inches in depth—of very fine sandy soil. It should be made quite smooth, pressed down tightly, and well watered through a fine rose. If it is then left for twenty-four hours this will allow time for the soil to settle and the excess of moisture to escape. The seed should be sprinkled very thinly, and, as it is extremely small, should not be covered with soil, otherwise the tiny plants may find it impossible to push their way through to the surface. A

sheet of glass should be laid over the box to check evaporation, and some brown paper on top of it to shade from sunlight. This should keep the soil sufficiently moist until after germination, but if water should be necessary it should be applied with very great care, lest the seeds should be washed away, the best method being to immerse the box partly in a pail.

As soon as the seedlings appear the paper should be removed, though shade from hot sunshine will still be advisable, and the glass should be tilted to admit a little air for a few days, and afterwards taken away altogether. However thinly the seed may have been sown, the little plants will soon want more space—when they begin to overlap one another—and must then be pricked out into boxes of fresh soil, prepared in the same way as before. If they are handled, it is almost impossible to avoid injuring them, they are so fragile. To prevent this, you should provide yourself with two little pieces of wood—matches will do—one pointed, the other with rather a deep notch cut in the end. With the pointed stick held in the right hand you can loosen the soil round the roots, and then make a hole in the soil in the new box, and with the notched stick held in the left hand you can lift out each plant in turn and transfer it to the hole prepared for it. In this way none of the seedlings is touched with the fingers. The usual distance between them is about an inch and a half. Each box, when filled, should be watered and shaded for a few days. When the plants again require more space they are potted separately, with as little root disturbance as possible. Very little heat is necessary, even in the depth of winter, only just sufficient to keep them safe from frost.

Their chief requirements may be summed up thus: A cool position, plenty of fresh air, a reasonable amount of moisture, and as soon as a pot is filled with roots a move into a larger one. If any one of these points is not attended to growth is checked, the inevitable result being an attack of aphides or greenfly. This is the worst of calceolarias, and also of cinerarias, it is so difficult to keep them free from insects. Even when they are healthy they may be attacked, but when they are suffering from neglect the possibility becomes a certainty. It seems as if plants when weak lose the power of elaborating some principle which protects them when strong. This may be seen in the common broad bean, for example. While it is young and vigorous it remains immune, but when it approaches the end of its growth the tips of the shoots are infested with aphides. The great thing, then, is to keep the calceolarias growing. An excess of water will stop them quite as effectually as a deficiency; a draught is deadly to them, and to all other plants, carrying away the moisture from the tissues faster than it can be supplied by the roots, and, as rapid evaporation always does, causing extreme cold; a stuffy atmosphere, a high temperature, insufficient soil for the roots—these, as I have said, are other conditions which will prevent healthy growth.

But even with the most careful cultivation it is difficult to keep calceolarias quite free from aphides; so, if only as a precautionary measure, they should be vaporised about once a month. Formerly it was the practice to burn tobacco paper, but this was uncleanly and evil-smelling, and has now been superseded by various liquids, which are evaporated by means of a spirit lamp. It is especially here that the advantage of having the plants in a house by themselves is felt. Failing this, they should, if possible, be placed for that purpose in a cold frame, fairly air-tight. If the liquid is used in accordance with the directions printed on the label the vapour will not injure them, provided that the foliage is quite dry. The best time is a close, still, sunny evening. If there is much wind some air is sure to be forced into the frame or house, and that lessens the effect. When the lights are opened next morning every greenfly will be found to be dead. Should any be seen a few days later it may be advisable to vaporise again. But, as you will see, the process is a very simple one, and very inexpensive. Thus managed, your calceolarias should be nearly equal to those grown in a nursery. They are wonderfully beautiful plants, producing their flowers in such profusion that their leaves are almost hidden. The pity is that they do not last longer. Don't bother about named varieties. A packet of mixed seed, obtained from a good firm, is the best for your purpose.—Your affectionate cousin, Mona.

Clare sends me the following from Dublin:—

Dearest Madge,—This week the curtain goes up at Ball's Bridge, where the spacious buildings and grounds of the Royal Dublin Society are the scene of the greatest spectacular function in connection with the horse ever held in the kingdom, or perhaps in any other kingdom of the world. The Horse Show beats the record of even the very "horsiest" of the Roman emperors of old, in doing honour to the horse. For four days of the week humanity assembles in its thousands and tens of thousands at Ball's Bridge, many with an interest which is inspired by "interests," many merely to pursue pleasure, and the greatest number of all just to see what it is that the others are going to see. What magnetic attraction a crowd has! We grumble at it, delight in it, condemn it, and would not be without it for the world, nor think anything worth while which did not draw a crowd. We measure effectiveness as the old Irish retainer measured it, when telling his master of the preaching at a certain mission. "It was grand, grand entirely. They were roarin' and bawlin' in the chapel." The master duly expressed himself sympathetically impressed with the moving eloquence of the preacher. "Ah! not at all, Mr. Fred. They were killin' one another, that was it, the throng was so great. It was grand!" There is no doubt about the "throng" at the Horse Show, and if we do not roar and bawl it may simply be that polite society is nothing if not repressive as regards expression of the natural feelings. You must wait until next week, however, to hear of this year's show in detail, as it only begins for society on Wednesday—the first State day.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen returned from Scotland, and at once resumed the active duties of Viceroyalty last week. They went to the garden fête at Kilruddery, given to aid the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Association. The gardens at Kilruddery are beautiful, and the demesne lies amongst the Wicklow mountains. Bray Head is quite close, the picturesque promontory to the south of Killiney Bay, which gives the Irish Bay so much resemblance to that of Naples. The weather was unfortunately in an unworthy mood, and even for the sake of charity would not favour the fête nor the picturesque surroundings with a smiling face. How much worse bad weather is in a beautiful place which bears the fullest lighting up of the sunshine, than in an ugly, uninteresting one, which hardly bears lighting up at all. And, not satisfied with harassing those on land, nothing would serve the winds but to blow fresh and strong in the Channel at the end of the week, just when our visitors from over the water were coming to our shores in their greatest numbers. As the pain in getting a thing is supposed to enhance the pleasure of having it, we must only hope that our visitors will appreciate us all the more by the troubles gone through in making our acquaintance at those not infrequent times when the Irish sea is almost as rough and inhospitable in its methods as the rude "Carinthian boot" of Goldsmith's "Traveller."

The weather was fine and breezy for the garden party at Powerscourt on Saturday. The great mansion, with its wide stretching lawns and gardens, embosomed amidst the Wicklow Hills, was perfect as the mise-en-scène of an important garden party. Lord and Lady Aberdeen, with a Viceregal party, were present, the elect of the neighbourhood and many other neighbourhoods assembling in great numbers to meet them. Lord Powerscourt, who has not long come into his kingdom, has inherited the popularity of his father. He is an official of the Viceregal household, and in stature one of the tallest, if not the tallest, of Irish noblemen. His wife, who shares his popularity, is young and charming. Races were held at Leopardstown on the same day, and drew great crowds. The dresses in the enclosure were very smart, and in their light, summery nature fluttered much in the vigorous wind from the mountains. It gave variety and animation to the scene, but possibly was somewhat disturbing to the composure of the wearers of the diaphanous draperies and feathery hats. Full dress and fresh winds do not go well together. One feels that it was not at a society function the poet was bewitched by "the tempestuous petticoat."

Lord and Lady Ardilaun returned to St. Anne's, Clontarf, last week, where they are entertaining visitors. This week is a busy one for Lord Ardilaun, who, as President of the Royal Dublin Society, has largely to do the honours of the Horse Show in many ways. Lord and Lady Iveagh have also come to Ireland. Farmleigh, their lovely villa, lies to the west of Dublin, just on the confines of the Phœnix Park, and barely three miles distant from their palatial mansion in St. Stephen's Green, which also has large gardens. In the latter place Lord and Lady Iveagh give an "At Home" next week to the members of the Institute of Journalists, who are visiting Ireland then. The Duchess of

Redfern.—Exclusive and original Models in Day and Evening Gowns. Smart Paris Millinery, Blouses, Lingerie, Furs, &c. 26, Conduit-street and 27, Bond-street.

St. Albans has been staying at her Irish residence, Newtown Anner, near Clonmel, and giving various entertainments. She has had her daughters, Lady C. Somerset and Lady Moyra Cavendish, and a large party with her. The Duchess of Leeds and her family are visitng Irish relatives. She is the granddaughter of the Duke of Abercorn, who once reigned so magnificently in Ireland. The Duke of Leinster and his brothers are spending some time at Carton, the Duke's place at Maynooth. The young Duke may well take an interest in the Horse Show, his predecessors for many generations have been active members of the Royal Dublin Society, which holds it. This week, of course, everyone from everywhere in the country is in Dublin, and the horse, it may be said, has the world at its feet.—Yours ever, C.

P.S.—I have not forgotten some recipes for you. Try these rouelles de veau à la Russe:

Cut the fillet from a neck of veal into round pieces, sautez them with butter, and cook them in the oven for half an hour with vegetables, and a buttered paper over them, then press then between two dishes. Braise the remains of the white part of the veal with good stock, and when it is cold pound it with an ounce of butter, an ounce of foie gras, and salt and pepper to taste, work in two tablespoonfuls of liquid aspic jelly, and rub it through a wire sieve. Trim the scallops of veal, coat them with the purée, and when it is firm, cover them with white chaud-froid sauce. Decorate the surface with strips of red pimento or chili in the form of a wheel, and put a round piece of truffle in the centre. Dish them on a border of chopped aspic and fill the centre with all kinds of vegetables in season, mixed with mayonnaise sauce, and garnish them with mustard and cress and chopped aspic.

Eggs à la St. Maurice are novel:—

Fry 6 or 8 round pieces of bread in butter to a golden colour, sauté a similar number of thick slices of ripe tomato with butter, duly seasoning them with salt and pepper. Dissolve 1 oz. of butter in a stewpan, break in 6 eggs, add 2 oz. of butter in small pieces, season all with salt and pepper, and stir it on the fire until it thickens. Put a portion on each of the croûtes and sprinkle thickly with grated Parmesan, place them in the oven for a moment before serving.

You will find the following a tempting sweet:—

Having removed the seeds, place a handful of large Muscatel raisins in a jar and cover them with port or sherry, add one lump of sugar, place a cover on the jar, and put in a moderately heated oven until the raisins have thoroughly swollen to their usual size. Line some Ramakin cases with some good puff paste, and nearly fill them with the raisins. Bake them in a good oven, and when done they must be carefully taken out so as not to break the paste.

Now make the following jelly:—Reserve some of the juice from the raisins, add to it a teaspoonful of grated chocolate, half a wine glass of sherry, and enough isinglass to make a jelly; when all is heated, allow it to cool. With this fill the cases and place them upon ice. Whip the white of an egg to a stiff froth, then take two tablespoonfuls of cream and beat it till it is quite thick; now mix all carefully together, and decorate the moulds, upon each placing a preserved cherry.

P.P.S.—We met our student of Browning again today. He says he has read "Pippa Passes" eleven times, and just begins to have a glimmer of what it means!

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ESTATES, AUCTIONS, &c.

ASCOT DISTRICT, Berks.—1¼ miles from Bracknell Station, L. & S. W. R., and 5 miles from Twyford, G.W.R.—NOTICE OF SALE of a CHOICE COUNTRY ESTATE.—Messrs. SIMMONS & SONS are favoured with instructions from the Right Hon. Lord Arthur Hill to SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION at The Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, London, E.C., on Monday, October 1st, 1906, at 2.30 o'clock, the attractive residential property known as "Binfield Manor," with 50 acres of Park and lovely Grounds, richly timbered and ornamented by extensive Private Water, with an Old Walled-in Garden, Stabling, Farmery, &c.—For illustrated particulars, plan, and conditions of sale apply to Messrs. M. & H. Turner, Solicitors, 22, Sackville-street, London, W., or to the Auctioneers, Henley-on-Thames, Reading, and Basingstoke.

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At ALDRIDGE'S, St. Martin's-lane, London, every fortnight.

The special HUNTER SALES will be resumed on SATURDAY, Sept. 8, 1906, and will be held at this Repository every alternate Saturday. The horses (with owners' permission) may be seen over hurdles in the yard on Fridays, a suitable place having been made. They will also be shown over jumps on the day of sale at auction if the owners wish it. Entries invited.

W. & S. FREEMAN.

TO INVALIDS.—A LIST of MEDICAL MEN, in all parts, receiving RESIDENT PATIENTS, sent gratis, with full particulars. Schools also recommended. Medical, &c., Association, Ltd., 22, Craven-street, Trafalgar-sq., W.C. Tel. Add., "Triform, London." Telephone No. 1,854 Gerrard.

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TRUTH

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

No. 1549. Vol. LX. Wednesday, September 5, 1906. Price Sixpence.

TO OUR READERS.

We receive hundreds of letters every week from "Readers of 'Truth.'" A large majority of the writers expect replies direct. Of the work, trouble, and expense involved in doing this we say nothing. But as experience has shown that a large number of our "Constant" and "Regular" readers who inquire about individuals with whom we have dealt in our columns over and over again are not actual subscribers to the paper, but merely occasional readers of it at clubs, libraries, or at friends' houses, we consider we must protect ourselves in the matter.

We have therefore decided that henceforth every reader who writes making an inquiry that necessitates a direct reply must enclose a stamped envelope and also a Coupon which will always be found at the foot of the 3rd page of the coloured cover. Without these no notice will be taken of the communication.

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a Coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" send replies by post.

No Coupon will be available that is over a fortnight out of date, except from correspondents residing abroad.

NOTICE.

The terms of Subscription to Truth, *which are payable in advance, are as follows:—To any address in the United Kingdom, for 3 months, 7s.; 6 months, 14s.; and for 12 months, 28s. The Thin Paper Edition is forwarded to countries within the Postal Union for 3 months for 7s. 8d.; 6 months, 15s. 4d.; and 12 months, 30s. 8d. Cheques and Post Office Orders should be made Payable to the Manager,* Truth, *"Truth Buildings," Carteret-street, S.W.*

ENTRE NOUS.

THE King will leave Marienbad on Friday morning by special Royal train for Calais, and his Majesty is to arrive at Buckingham Palace on Saturday afternoon. After the King's departure for Rufford Abbey on Monday afternoon his Majesty will not be again at Buckingham Palace until Saturday, October 6, when he is to arrive in town from Balmoral. The King will be at Newmarket next month for both the Second October and Houghton meetings, and most of the week between the two fixtures will probably be spent by his Majesty in town, as he is not going to Sandringham until November 1 or 2.

Rufford Abbey, where the King is next week to be the guest of Lord and Lady Savile, is a large and stately Elizabethan house, with which are incorporated the remains of an ancient Cistercian monastery. The principal rooms are very handsome, and the house contains a great deal of old oak, some interesting portraits, and a large and valuable collection of *objets de goût*, which was formed by the late Lord Savile during his long diplomatic career. The park of six hundred acres is well wooded, and contains a picturesque lake. The gardens round the house, which are very pretty, have been laid out during the last few years under the direction of Lady Savile, and they are a great improvement to the place. The Rufford estate, which is a very large one, passed from the Talbots to the Saviles, Marquises of Halifax, by marriage. The heiress of the original Savile family married an Earl of Scarbrough. Rufford is situated in a beautiful country on the borders of Sherwood Forest.

The King drove last Wednesday from Marienbad to Carlsbad, and his motor-car (a 50-h.p. Mercédès) accomplished the distance of forty-two miles in an hour and a quarter. His Majesty, who was accompanied by the Marquis de Soveral and attended by Sir Stanley Clarke, drove direct to the Savoy West-End Hotel, where he lunched with Mrs. Lawrence Townsend. The other guests were the Duke of Alba, Sir John Fisher, Marquis de Villavieja, Mr. and Mrs. Newhouse, and Mrs. Richard Townsend and Miss Townsend. After lunch the King drove to the Aberg, and then took tea at the Posthof, where Princess Mirko of Montenegro and Count and Countess Paul Szapary joined his Majesty, who left for Marienbad at half-past five. The King maintains a strict incognito as Duke of Lancaster.

The Queen, who is now at Copenhagen, will join the King at Balmoral the week after next, and is to return south with his Majesty during the first week in October. The Queen will divide the last three weeks of next month between Sandringham and Buckingham Palace. Her Majesty had contemplated paying a brief visit to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland at their country seat in Upper Austria, near Gmunden, but it is understood that this arrangement has been given up, and that the Queen will be conveyed on the Royal yacht direct from Copenhagen to Aberdeen.

The annual Braemar Gathering, which will be attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales, is to be held to-morrow afternoon. The Gathering excites exceptional interest this season, as it will take place on the new public recreation ground, which has been laid out for the use of the inhabitants of the village of Braemar. The ground, which comprises about thirteen acres, has been granted on very easy terms by the Duke of Fife, and the King and the Duke have con-

tributed generously towards the cost of laying it out. The Braemar Gathering, which has been held every summer for over a century, has hitherto been constantly on the move, having been shifted from Invercauld, to Old Mar Lodge, then to Braemar Castle, then back to Old Mar Lodge, then to Balmoral, and for some years past it has been located at Invercauld, but now the Society has a permanent ground of its own.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are to reside at Abergeldie Castle until the first week in October, and will then come to town for a few days' stay at Marlborough House. They are to be the guests of Captain and Lady Beatrice Pretyman, at Orwell Park, near Ipswich, from Tuesday, October 9, until Saturday, the 13th, when they will proceed to Sandringham. The Orwell Estate, which is a very large one, affords some of the best partridge and pheasant shooting in Suffolk. The Duke of Cambridge was the guest of the late Colonel Tomline, at Orwell Park, regularly every autumn for many years in succession. Partridge driving will be the principal sport during the Royal visit next month.

The stately red-brick house at Orwell contains a splendid gallery of Old Masters, collected by the late Mr. George Tomline, son of the Bishop of Winchester, who was Mr. Pitt's tutor at Cambridge. Among his purchases was the famous Murillo—"Christ healing the lame man at the Pool of Bethesda"—which he bought from Marshal Soult for £6,000. This picture was painted for the Church of the Caridad at Seville. Mr. Tomline, who was exceedingly well advised in his dealings, also purchased superb examples of Titian, Cuyp, Van der Velde, and Annibale Carracci. The gardens and grounds at Orwell are beautifully laid out, and the park is large and finely wooded. There are remarkable views from many parts of the demesne, which slopes to the river Orwell, which at high tide resembles a fine lake enlivened with much shipping.

Prince and Princess Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, who have been staying for a month at Bagshot Park with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, will go to Carlsruhe for the double celebration, on Thursday, the 20th, of the golden wedding of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden, and of the silver wedding of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Sweden. The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden are the parents of the Crown Princess of Sweden, who is their only daughter, and will inherit a large fortune from them, as their only surviving son, the Hereditary Grand Duke, is childless.

Sir Edward Grey, who is now residing at Falloden, his place in Northumberland, is to be the Minister in Attendance on the King at Balmoral Castle during the week after next.

Last week was one of real carnival in Dublin, with weather to suit. The Irish capital was all sunshine, good-humour, and crowds. Every hotel was full, even in excess of the usual Horse Show week fulness. The attendance at Ball's Bridge each day was a record one. The whole week's attendance exceeded that of last year by six thousand. The horse, notwithstanding threatened interests, has proved beyond question that he still more than holds his own in Ireland.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen had a busy time last week, which they went through with unfailing energy. A large party of guests stayed at the Viceregal Lodge, where lunches and dinners were given daily. The Viceregal programme included two days of State attendance at the Horse Show, besides other visits to it; a large garden party at the Viceregal Lodge, attendance at a charitable concert organised by Lord Shaftesbury for Lady Dudley's Irish Nurse Fund, and at the ball given in Kingstown to the officers of the Atlantic Fleet. The race meetings of the week were not included in the programme, Lord Aberdeen's views on horse races inclining more to those of an old predecessor (Lord Chesterfield) than to those of later Irish Viceroys. Not that he is known to go as far as Lord Chesterfield in his curious classification of "horse races" with "sottish drinking, indiscriminate gluttony, fox-chases," and so on. With regard to the latter, the former Irish Viceroy's opinion was very pronounced. "The poor beasts here are pursued and run down by much greater beasts than themselves."

Kingstown wore, in its own way, as festive an appearance as Dublin during the Horse Show week. Besides the great ships of the Royal Navy that filled the Roads outside Kingstown Harbour, the harbour itself was full of yachts, many of imposing size. Of late years Horse Show visitors in increasing numbers do the week from Kingstown, and "house parties" are numerous in yachts as well as on land. Amongst the yachts in Kingstown last week were Lord Inverclyde's *Beryl*, Mr. A. Brassey's *Czarina*, Hon. E. Guinness's *Fantome*, Lord Morton's *Cressida*, and many other fine vessels.

In Memoriam:

LADY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

Died August 30, 1906.

The nation's heart is sad to-day;
We speak with solemn, bated breath
Of him, the statesman, stricken, grey,
Who stands beside the bed of death.

All party bitterness is hushed;
The very tongue of malice fails;
Death's awful presence strife has crushed;
Awhile a Truce of God prevails.

For who so heartless now to think,
Much less to act, the partisan?
Who politics not now would sink
And lose the statesman in the man?

For six-and-forty happy years,
The loving, true, and constant wife,
Participating, halves his fears,
And doubles all his joys in life;

Forgetting self and selfish things,
His interests only holds she dear,
And all the loyal woman flings
Into the man's—*her* man's—career.

For Approved Charities, see pages 589, 590.

And now, when reached, at length, the goal,
At length his high ambition won,
She passes—pure, devoted soul!
He wears the victor's bays—alone.

O thou for whom the world to-day
Presents, ah, such a different sight,
Whose sunshine's changed to shadows grey,
And morn to desolating night—

We would not probe thy sacred grief,
Thy private sorrow, curious, scan,
But just would wring thy hand, O Chief,
Speaking in silence—man to man.

Lady Campbell-Bannerman never aspired to figure as a *grande dame* or to exercise a personal influence in politics, and of late years, and more especially since her husband became Premier, her failing health rendered all social and public functions most difficult and painful to her, though she performed the duties of her position with characteristic self-devotion as long as her strength permitted. In relation to her husband, she played a part very similar to that of Mrs. Gladstone. She was his constant companion, friend, and adviser, keenly interested in his public work, and ever watchful of his welfare, and no public man ever had a more devoted and efficient help-meet. In his bereavement Sir Henry has received cordial and unaffected sympathy from every quarter, for the strength of the tie that united him to his wife was well known, but no words seem adequate to express the loss which he has sustained. It may be truly said that wherever she was known, Lady Campbell-Bannerman will be mourned for her own sake no less than for her husband's. She was a woman of wide culture, many attainments, and sound intelligence, a shrewd yet kindly observer of people and events, and a charming and entertaining hostess. She gained the affections of all who came into contact with her, and wherever she went she made friends.

A feature in the life of the late Lord Leven and Melville, which has been almost unnoticed by the press, was his munificent charity. He was warmly interested in the work of the Church of England Waifs and Strays Society, and only two days before his death he signed a cheque for £2,000 for the building of an additional boys' home. Many years ago he built and equipped a home in the Talbot Woods, near Bournemouth, which has since afforded accommodation for twenty-two boys, under the management of this excellent society.

Sir Henry Dering, who has died after undergoing a terrible operation, had been a member of the Diplomatic Service since September, 1859, when he was appointed Attaché to the Embassy in Paris under Lord Cowley. He afterwards served at Berlin, Florence (then the capital of Italy), Buenos Ayres, St. Petersburg, Rome, Sofia, and Mexico, while in 1900 he was appointed Minister at Rio, a post which he held until his death. Sir Henry Dering was very popular, and he was a most able man, with much tact and finesse. He was a son of Sir Edward Dering, who was for thirty years a member of the House of Commons, and the family is one of the oldest in England, having a clear descent from the Saxon epoch.

The Rev. Frederick William Cartwright, who died last week, was one of the last of the old school of "squarsons." He was highly esteemed and much beloved in South Northamptonshire. He was an excellent clergyman, very charitable and hospitable, and a great favourite in society. Mr. Cartwright, who belonged to an old and well-known county family, had been rector of Aynhoe, near Banbury, for forty-four years, and he was previously vicar of Oakley, Bucks, for eighteen years. He will be much missed by his friends and neighbours of all classes. There is a fine "Grecian" church at Aynhoe, with a remarkable tower. Aynhoe Park, the old seat of the Cartwrights, is a large house standing on high ground in a well-wooded deer park. It contains a good collection of Old Masters and portraits, the gallery including five Murillos. The old manor house was burnt down by the Royalists during the Civil War, as the Cartwrights were on the side of the Parliament.

Mr. Repton, who died last week, was a link with the past, being a grandson of Lord Chancellor Eldon. His death leaves Lord Wemyss the only survivor of the Parliament of 1841. Mr. Repton was Tory member for St. Albans from 1841 until 1852, and he sat for Warwick from 1852 until 1868, and from 1874 until 1885. He never made any show in Parliament, but contented himself with supporting, first, Sir Robert Peel, and then Mr. Disraeli and his successors in the party leadership, "with silent solicitude."

The death of Lady Knutsford will be deeply lamented by all who knew her, and to her own family the loss is irreparable. She was an admirable woman in every relation of life, most highly cultured, an excellent talker, truly genial in manner, and a charming hostess. Lady Knutsford was the elder daughter of Sir Charles Trevelyan, and her mother was Hannah Macaulay, the beloved sister of Lord Macaulay. It seems a matter of course that anyone with such blood should be strongly intelligent and gifted with a fine literary taste.

Lady Knutsford was born at Calcutta, where her parents lived in Macaulay's house, and there are many allusions to her in Sir George Trevelyan's delightful biography of his uncle. Macaulay was devoted to the child, and as time passed he supervised her education and advised her as to her reading. Until her marriage at the age of twenty-two Lady Knutsford took part in Macaulay's expeditions with the Trevelyan family to the various cathedrals of England and Wales and to many parts of the Continent. She married Lord Knutsford (then Mr. Henry Holland) in 1858, and there is a pathetic reference in one of Lady Trevelyan's published letters to this marriage as the beginning of family changes, "and changes have since been the order of my life." Lady Knutsford was a valuable social help to her husband when he was Colonial Secretary. Her

For SPECIAL FOR LADIES, see page 595.
For the TRUTH HOTEL LIST, see page 591.
For Selected FOREIGN HOTELS, see page 592.
For ESTATES, AUCTIONS, &c., see page 595.
For AMUSEMENTS, see page 585.
For APPEALS, see page 595.
For OUR PUZZLES, see pages 597, 598.

life was a full one, and left her but little leisure, so that her only literary work is an admirable edition of the letters of her grandfather, Zachary Macaulay, which throws additional light on the famous "Clapham sect." This book should be read along with Sir James Stephen's essays on the Clapham sect and on William Wilberforce.

Lord Lovelace was the younger son of the first Earl, his mother being the daughter of Lord Byron. His elder brother, whom he succeeded in the Barony of Wentworth, was a genuine Socialist, and he gave practical proof of the sincerity of his convictions by discarding his title, and refusing to spend the rental of his estate. The grandfather of the late Peer professed Liberal principles at a time when advanced views in politics were exceedingly unfashionable. He was an inveterate opponent and a caustic critic of several successive Tory Governments. The founder of the family, the first Lord King, who became Lord Chancellor under George I, was a nephew on his mother's side of the philosopher, John Locke, whose name was revived at the baptism of Mr. John Locke King, second son of the seventh Baron King, and well known for so many years as M.P. for East Surrey.

The late Sir Thomas Boughey was a country squire of the best type, and a good sportsman of the old school. He was very popular in Shropshire and Staffordshire, and he will be much missed, as he was a generous and considerate landlord, and very hospitable and charitable. He owned large estates in these two counties, and resided during the greater part of every year at Aqualate, his beautiful seat near Newport. Sir Thomas was for twenty years the very efficient Master of the Albrighton Foxhounds, and he underwent the misfortune of losing nearly the whole of his splendid pack through dumb madness. He was fond of coursing, and the meeting over the fine pastures on his estate was one of the best in England until it was discontinued a few years ago. He was also a notable shot. His breed of spaniels obtained a great and well-deserved reputation.

A correspondent writes from Munich:—

A few miles from this town is Lake Starenberg, where there is a bathing arrangement which might well be imitated in London. In the lake a swimming bath is constructed, the waters of which are made to imitate the waves of a roughish sea by means of a great revolving wheel. During the summer months it is always crowded with bathers, who not only enjoy the wave movement, but are thus able to learn to swim in the sea.

Binfield Manor, Lord Arthur Hill's place near Bracknell, is coming into the market. This is one of the most charming properties of its kind in the Ascot district, the house being situated in a pretty park of fifty acres, containing some splendid conifers and other trees, and a picturesque piece of private water. The property is to be sold at the Mart on October 1, by Messrs. Simmons and Son.

Apropos of the correspondence of Mr. A. Stewart Appleton with the Covent Garden management which appeared in Truth of August 8, Mr. Fisher Unwin has handed me some communications which passed last spring between his firm and that gentleman. It shows, like the Covent Garden correspondence, that Mr. Appleton has a decidedly good opinion of himself, and an ultra-American frankness in expressing it. In the first instance, a gentleman describing himself as "secretary to Mr. Appleton" wrote to inform Mr. Unwin that "Mr. A. Stewart Appleton, of New York (known in America as 'the Colonisation King,' had brought with him to London, for publication, the MS. of a book from his pen," and desired to know on what terms Mr. Unwin would publish it. A personal interview seems to have followed, and the manuscript was left with Mr. Unwin in the usual course. This sufficiently explains the following letter:—

Dear Sir,—I am much surprised at the contents of your courteous letter of the 8th.

You seem to suggest that I left my MS. to be "passed upon" or judged by a "reader."

I never permit any salaried literary genius to pass judgment upon the productions of my pen.

I am my own umpire, and I always *print* what I write without reference to its approval by any one but myself.

I called at your house to secure estimates of the cost of manufacturing the book referred to, and was only induced by the very courteous conversation and manners of Mr. Naylor to leave the MS. for *inspection* in that connection—certainly not for "approval."—I have the honour to remain, very sincerely yours,

A. Stewart Appleton.

P.S.—Thanking you for your suggestion touching Unwin Brothers, I shall call on them for the estimates in question. Kindly hold my MS. until, when next in London, I shall call for it.

Please pardon my seeming reluctance, in the foregoing utterance, at being "passed upon" by a so-called "reader." Twenty years ago I wrote a weekly letter or sermon of correspondence, so to speak, over my personal signature for thirty leading daily newspapers of the United States, Australia, and Europe, and I have formed a habit of expressing my thoughts for publication in my own way without seeking suggestion or approval from hired literary lights in literary blacksmiths' shops, who possess neither originality nor fame of their own. *You* know a critic's chair is the easiest and at the same time the least responsible berth in literature, and most of them would drift to the almshouse if loosed from their dependency and left to stand upon their feet three weeks at a stretch. What can they possess of self-reliant judgment?

It is evident from all this that Mr. Appleton is really a very great man, and I hope there will be no mistake upon this point. But he is at fault in supposing, as he obviously does, that his name is famous wherever the English language is spoken. In point of fact, the poor publisher's reader, who possesses "neither fame nor originality," though far behind Mr. Appleton in the latter respect—particularly in regard to English composition—is quite on a par with him in the former, so far as this benighted country goes. I am glad, therefore, of an opportunity of making this Bright Occidental Star better known in the Eastern Hemisphere.

The early death of Dr. Marshall Ward will be a great loss to Cambridge, where he had held the Chair of Botany for eleven years with distinguished efficiency. He was a very able man, and one of the most eminent authorities in the world on his own science, and actively associated with the leading scientific societies. He was the author of many admirable treatises, some of which are regarded by experts as valuable standard works.

The Cure of Consumption.—M. M. E. (Shepherd's Bush) writes: "I was very ill with affected lungs. I consulted two doctors, who told my father that *I could not live more than a few months*. I consulted Dr. Alabone, and remained under his treatment for nine months. I have had no return of the trouble since then, and am now in perfect health."—"The Cure of Consumption, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh," price 2s. 6d., by E. W. Alabone, Lynton House, Highbury-quadrant, N

An evening paper stated last week that just before the promotion of Archbishop Benson to the Primacy, "some one thought fit to remind Mr. Gladstone that his nominee had used very uncomplimentary language about the Liberal Government." This is not precisely correct. Mr. Gladstone was informed that Dr. Benson had voted for the Tory candidate for the University of Cambridge at a by-election which had just taken place.

Canon Henson, Rector of St. Margaret's, has succeeded Canon Beeching as the Canon-in-residence and Sunday afternoon preacher at Westminster Abbey, and he will be on duty until October 1. It is expected that Canon Barnett will be in residence during next month.

The appointment of the Dean of Ely to the See of Truro has met with general approval. Dr. Stubbs is of the Broad-High School. That his Churchmanship is of a moderate character is proved by the fact that he received one piece of preferment from Mr. Gladstone, and another from the late Bishop Ryle. He has been keenly interested in social problems ever since he was a curate at Sheffield, and he took an active and practically useful part in the agricultural labourers' agitation, of which the late Joseph Arch was the leading spirit. He was an excellent parish clergyman, and although he never disguised his own views, he maintained friendly relations with all parties and classes of his neighbours, both clerical and lay, as he is very genial and tolerant.

Dean Stubbs has a great reputation as a preacher, lecturer, and platform speaker. At Liverpool his addresses on various social questions excited general attention, and his University sermons, both at Oxford and at Cambridge, were most successful. He does not pretend to be a learned theologian, but he is widely known as a historian, a scholar, and an archæologist. In politics he has always been a strong Liberal, but he has not obtained this promotion by any unworthy surrender of his views, as a few months ago he wrote to the papers protesting warmly against certain features of the Education Bill. He is a Christian Socialist, and a disciple of Kingsley, Maurice, and Ruskin. Many people will wonder that Dr. Stubbs has consented to quit the "learned leisure" of Ely, where he has made himself a great favourite since he succeeded Dean Merivale in 1894, and his departure will be deeply and universally regretted.

The See of Truro is worth £3,000 a year, with residence. The Bishop's patronage consists of twenty-eight livings—most of them of very small value—two archdeaconries, and the canonries in the Cathedral, two of which are endowed. The episcopal residence—which was not occupied by Bishop Gott—is the old rectory at Kenwyn, near Truro, a sufficiently large house, with pleasant gardens and grounds. It was named "Lis Escop" by Archbishop Benson when he came into Cornwall in 1877, and has been let for some years past to Canon Corfe.

The Deanery of Ely is worth £1,320 a year (reduced from £1,600 by agricultural depression), with a delightful residence, which is close to the Cathedral, and overlooking the pretty little park.

I have received the following communication on paper stamped with the name and address of The Larger Hope Society, 54, Achilles-road, West Hampstead:—

> Sir,—I have to inform you that at a meeting of the above Society held to-night, the Rev. W. Browne (in consequence of certain published statements affecting his character) resigned the Presidency, but was unanimously re-elected by the Committee, who are in possession of all the facts of the case.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully, Percy G. Moratta, hon. sec.

From the fact of this interesting document being sent to me, I presume that the "published statements" referred to are those to be found in Truth of August 8, when I gave the history of Browne's career as an evangelist prior to the year 1895, when he was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for bigamy, committed under circumstances which showed him to be an unmitigated scoundrel. If any association of men and women, being "in possession of all the facts of the case," consider Browne a fit and proper person to preside over a professedly religious movement, it only shows very clearly what sort of men and women they are, and how much credit they are entitled to as a body of evangelists. If Browne thinks that his election as a "president" by these admirers is any answer to the facts proved at his trial, or the observations of the judge who sentenced him, it is only a fresh proof of his impudence. Of course, the "Society" is only a myth, and the "Committee," which seems from the above letter to be only a synonym for it, probably only consists of Browne's colleagues, the Hon. Secretary, and the "Collector," who is advertised as a "Sister" and an "L. S. H."

Sir Walter Gilbey is again issuing his annual appeal to the clergy of all denominations for the application of the collections at harvest festivals to the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution. It is satisfactory to hear that his appeal has not been made altogether in vain, the amount which the charity has received from harvest festivals in churches and chapels having increased by some £7,000 in recent years, and standing last year at £8,644. I trust that it will grow still further, and that the clergy and their congregations throughout the country will continue to see the propriety of devoting these collections to the charity which has the strongest claim upon those who are returning thanks for the gathering of the harvest. The Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution is at present maintaining 1,247 pensioners, farmers who have succumbed to failing strength or agritural depression, or those depending upon them who have suffered from the same causes; and it is a pathetic fact that nearly 1,000 of the pensioners are above seventy years of age, and a large number in their eighties and nineties. Every year, however, hundreds of distressing cases are rejected for want of funds, and every addition to the income of the Society can therefore be used with good effect.

The following amounts have been received by me towards Lady St. Helier's Children's Holiday Fund:—E. M. W., 10s.; W. B. C., 10s. 6d.; C. B. C., £3 3s.

In view of the discussion of Mr. Haldane's Army reforms now proceeding, Dr. Leigh Canney has chosen an opportune moment to review that portion of the scheme dealing with the adoption of measures to improve the health and sanitary condition of the field forces. In a long letter to the *Times*, Dr. Canney argues that by reason of its lack of sanitary organisation the British Army cannot go to war without inflicting upon itself twelve times the amount of injury which it is likely to experience at the hands of an enemy. This, at least, was the lesson of the Boer war, and that such a loss is preventable was shown quite clearly by Japan in the Russo-Japanese war. Dr. Canney points out that the greater part of this loss is due to enteric fever, and he long ago framed a complete scheme of fever prevention under nine heads. Six of these essentials have been definitely adopted in Mr. Haldane's scheme for reform, two others must follow as a matter of course upon the adoption of the others, and the remaining one is dependent upon the decision as to the precise mechanism for the sterilisation of the water for the troops.

Dr. Canney holds the view, pretty general amongst sanitarians, that contamination of water plays the principal part in the diffusion of enteric fever, and the suggestions he makes, and now adopted by Mr. Haldane, are largely based upon this view. There are medical men of considerable experience, however, who are disposed to dispute his premises, and I am not sure that the recent unfortunate outbreak of enteric at Fleetwood Camp amongst the officers of the 3rd Battalion of the North Lancashire Regiment does not give support to the opposition. It seems that the whole of the staff of officers has been attacked, two of them having already died, while the men in the ranks have escaped infection. The water supplied is the same as that used at Blackpool, Lytham, and St. Anne's, and at neither of these towns, nor at Fleetwood, has an outbreak of enteric occurred, so that the question of causation through water contamination would seem to be excluded. It is to be hoped that the investigation into the cause of the outbreak at the camp will be exhaustive, for the conclusions may furnish valuable data for the guidance of army sanitarians in the future, in view of the fact that the occurrence is a reproduction in miniature of what occurs on an extensive scale to an army in the field.

The Indian officer who wrote to me last week on the grievances of Sepoys, tells me that I am wrong in supposing that the recruiting difficulty is not felt in India. He has had evidence to the contrary, and he states that it is becoming increasingly difficult to get recruits for the different regiments, except when the men are pressed by famine. On the evidence of recruiting officers, he tells me that this is due to the fact that when Sepoys go home on furlough and leave, they do not speak favourably of the service to their friends and neighbours:—

> They tell them that in the old days they were better off, and were praised and rewarded when they gave satisfaction to their officers and generals at inspections. Now the generals only try to find fault with trivial details, and never appear to be satisfied. The troops are badgered all through the hot weather, so that when the cold weather comes and they are called on to make additional efforts, they are unequal to them, and extra exertion and exposure to cold fill up the hospitals and render the troops generally unfit.

I happen to have come across a confirmation of this in an article in the *Madras Mail* of August 3, protesting against the reduction of the Moplah battalions which is supposed to be in contemplation. In this article it is said that "recruiting in the Punjab and Northern India generally is becoming more and more difficult and precarious," and that "the time will soon come when a sufficient number of recruits for the Punjabi regiments will not be forthcoming."

With regard to the Moplah battalions, I gather from the *Madras Mail* that Lord Kitchener and the Government are dissatisfied with them on account of the physical breakdown of a large number of the men while stationed on the north-west frontier, after taking part in the Rawalpindi manœuvres. The *Mail* contends that the men were exposed to unfair tests, and not properly taken care of, having regard to the fact that they came from a sweltering hot tropical country to a high, dry, and cold station in winter; and that very similar results in regard to the sick list may be seen among Punjabi regiments when serving in Southern India. It is suggested that there is a prejudice at headquarters against southern troops, and that this is apt to be exhibited on insufficient grounds. Whether the prejudice exists I cannot say, but judging from past history it would be a mistake to hold that there are no good fighting men in Southern India.

With reference to the case of the ambitious captain who, in his greed for examinations, desired to pass for tactical fitness for command, and found that only a full-fledged major was admissible for the examination, a Lieutenant-Colonel argues that the regulations are reasonable. The captain would probably have to wait years before he got the command of a battalion, and by that time he would possibly have forgotten all that he had crammed up for his tactical fitness examination. Very possibly that is the idea, but is not the answer to it that the man should be required to go through a re-qualifying examination if not promoted within a certain period? It seems a pity to damp youthful ardour, especially in the Army. In this case the man pointed out that, being under a C.O. who is commendably anxious for the improvement of his officers, he is actually studying the subjects he desired to be examined in. If he wants to be examined in them it looks somewhat inconsistent to tell him that it will be time enough for that in perhaps another ten years.

The grievance created by the retention of N.C.O.s with the colours beyond twenty-one years is specially acute just now among the quartermaster-sergeants of the R.A.M.C. According to the last annual seniority list, more than twenty-five per cent. of men of this rank —eighteen out of an establishment of sixty-two—have been allowed this extension of their service. The necessary result is that promotion is retarded all down the scale, and for many staff-sergeants the prospect of ever reaching the rank of quartermaster-sergeant is jeopardised. The grievance is specially galling to the more efficient and energetic of the men, because not a few of the quartermaster-sergeants who have been allowed to continue in the Service are not technically

qualified for their rank, having been specially promoted during the South African war. If justice were done, every man lower down the scale ought to be allowed an equal extension of his service, with opportunity of earning full promotion and pension; in other words, the rule of retirement at twenty-one years ought to be abolished altogether. But it would be far better that it should be universally enforced, so long as any one is liable to be prejudicially affected by suspending it.

A Service correspondent, writing from Kuldana, in the Murree Hills, makes the following statements. A boy in the band of the 2nd Royal Irish Fusiliers recently reported sick, suffering from a number of cuts on the back which he told the doctor had been inflicted by a sergeant in his room. The allegation was that the sergeant had caned him severely for hesitating to obey some order given in a very peremptory style, and subsequently, when he sat down crying, had hit him about the head with his fists. The boy was detained in hospital, and there the matter ended. It is impossible for me to express any opinion on the accuracy of these statements, but if any boy did make such a statement to a doctor, and if he bore on his person such evidence of its truth that he had to be detained in hospital, it is obvious that his allegations ought to have been inquired into, and I trust that this reference to them may meet the eye of the officer commanding the regiment.

I am credibly informed, in reference to the question asked in last week's Truth about the grounding of H.M.S. *Good Hope*, that the reason why no inquiry was held was that the ship struck on an uncharted rock. As the uncharted rock was encountered while the ship was coming out of Plymouth Sound, this only seems to raise the question why the rock was uncharted, and why no inquiry is held on that point. When it is considered desirable to make an example of any captain or navigating officer who gets his ship aground, isn't it possible to hang anybody when a ship is imperilled, almost in a home port, through the fault of an Admiralty chart?

I suppose the rock which nearly wrecked the *Good Hope* will be charted now, but how many more are there? My informant in the above case believes that the rock on which the *Dominion* struck was also uncharted. It may be due to my not being a seaman, but I cannot understand these uncharted rocks in waters which should be perfectly well known. I should have thought that a chart ought only to show a depth of water which has been ascertained for certain, and that if the non-existence of rocks has not been ascertained, the chart has no business to assert, or imply, that they are not there.

A good deal of indignation has been excited in Bombay by the treatment accorded to an unfortunate Anglo-Indian lady who last Christmas was suddenly deprived of all means of subsistence. She applied to the authorities in Madras to be sent to England, but apparently her case was without precedent and nothing came of the request but a voluminous correspondence. While this was accumulating she supported herself by a little teaching, but her health gave way, and, becoming dependent upon the charity of acquaintances, she made a further application for a passage to a magistrate in Madras. She was then informed that unless she was declared a vagrant no passage could be provided. Upon this representation she was induced to sign a document declaring that she was a vagrant, and next found herself sent from Madras to Bombay in charge of a police escort of two men, one a native, and on arrival at Bombay she was accommodated with a cell at Oomercarry gaol.

There she languished for eight days before she was released through the interposition of some of the English residents who had heard of the case and raised the necessary funds for her passage. The illness from which she suffered was angina pectoris, so that it seems to be by the merest chance that the officials who were responsible for the treatment accorded to her have not her death upon their consciences. Possibly those concerned may excuse themselves on the ground that the case is unique, and that there was no regulation which would justify them in dealing with it. But such an excuse is in reality nothing more than a confession on the part of those who advance it that they are so bound up in red tape that they are incapable of responding to the ordinary dictates of humanity even where one of their own countrywomen is concerned.

A SONG FOR THE SEASON.

(Air:—"Three Fishers.")

The poet sat, in *négligé* dress,
In *négligé* dress, 'neath the blazing skies;
He thought of the tropical heat and its stress,
And the mercury still on the rise—on the rise!
For poets must write or muckle or mickle,
And somehow must please the public fickle,
Though the summer skies be blazing.

The poet he dipped his pen in the ink,
His pen in the ink, 'neath the summer skies;
Wrote nothing, but said things decidedly pink
'Bout the glare and the heat, and the dust and the flies.
For poets must write or muckle or mickle,
And the big bluebottles must buzz and tickle,
When the summer skies be blazing.

The poet he thought, and he thought, and he thought,
And he thought, and he thought, 'neath the summer skies;
But his Muse had got heat-sulks, and couldn't be brought
To the scratch with the mercury still on the rise.
For the Muse is a troublesome jade, and fickle,
And apt for her holiday rights to stickle
When the summer skies be blazing.

The poet he caught a notion strong,
A notion strong, 'neath the summer skies;
He called for a glass of the sort they call "long,"
With whisky and seltzer, and plenty of ice.
Then his Muse woke up; for that maiden fickle
Is aroused by drinks that gurgle and prickle,
When the summer skies be blazing.

Then here's to the poet the notion who caught,
The notion who caught, 'neath the summer skies,
And called for it "long," despising it "short,"
With whisky and seltzer, and plenty of ice.
And here's to the Muse, that maiden fickle,
Who's roused by drinks that gurgle and prickle
When the summer skies be blazing!

Among some further correspondence on the subject of frauds by solicitors I have received a letter from a gentleman who has been struck off the rolls "at his own request." He considers that the remedy for the scandals that are constantly occurring is to teach clients to exercise control over their solicitors in the handling of their money. "I undertake to say," he continues, "that in nine cases out of ten, gross and culpable negligence on the part of clients brings about, first of all, carelessness on the part of the solicitor, then negligence, and finally fraud." This is quite true. Unfortunately, however, it seems to be impossible to convince people of the danger of leaving trust funds or other money absolutely at the disposal of their solicitors. They cannot help knowing that some solicitors turn out to be thieves, but they are persuaded of the honesty of their own particular solicitors, and partly through carelessness, partly through reluctance to give offence, they refrain from asking for the information and the guarantees to which they are entitled. In justice to the profession it should be remembered that, after all, it is only in a very small proportion of cases that this confidence proves to have been misplaced.

But while it is true that the frauds that occur are often traceable in the first instance to the negligence of clients, I think that it ought not to pass the wit of the Law Society to devise rules which might at least diminish the number of such frauds. One suggestion that has been made is that a solicitor should be required to open separate banking accounts for funds belonging to clients, and that his dealings with such funds should be subjected to a periodical professional audit, at which, of course, the securities for investments would have to be produced. Of course, this would not be an effectual check upon the thorough-paced rogue, who is ready to commit forgery or any other crime. But, as my correspondent himself remarks, the defaulting solicitor begins to go wrong, nine times out of ten, through what is little worse than carelessness. A client's money has been paid into his own banking account, and, without any idea of stealing, he is tempted to make use of it, fully intending to use it only temporarily. The temptation would, at any rate, be less if it were required that all such money should be placed in a separate banking account—a procedure which the solicitor would be unable to vary without instantly exposing himself to the suspicion of the clerks in his own office—and that all the accounts should be regularly audited.

An outrageous assumption of power by the police was disclosed by an application made last week by a woman named Wilding to the Cardiff stipendiary. She wanted to know why she had been arrested, taken to the station, stripped and searched, detained for three-quarters of an hour, and finally set at liberty. The stipendiary sent for the officers concerned, and after ascertaining that they had detained her on suspicion, informed them that their action was absolutely illegal. From his further remarks it would seem that this method of dealing with suspected persons is of ordinary occurrence at Cardiff, for though similar proceedings had been deprecated in the police-court again and again, no notice had been taken. In order to ensure such notice in the future, the stipendiary suspended the sergeant of police from duty, and instructed the superintendent to report the matter to the Watch Committee. Mrs. Wilding he significantly recommended to seek the advice of a solicitor, and, though she is only a poor woman, I should hope that there is some solicitor in Cardiff sufficiently disinterested to take up the case.

A Surrey correspondent calls my attention to the fact that on Thursday, the 23rd ult., the whole of the members of the Surrey Constabulary, from Cobham, Horsham, and Walton, were in attendance at Kingston to give evidence in motor and cycle cases, thus leaving the whole district unprotected. As these men, in addition to the time spent at the Court, must have also been engaged for many hours in lying in wait for the offenders, it stands to reason that their other duties in regard to the prevention of crime must of necessity be neglected. Last winter there was an epidemic of housebreaking over this same district, and my correspondent while not grudging the police an occasional day's sport at trapping motorists, would much rather they would devote themselves to capturing bigger game. I have not looked at the question from this sporting point of view previously, but I really do think that Bill Sikes is a nobler quarry for a police sportsman than a motorist who exceeds the speed limit over a measured furlong by the fraction of a second.

The judicial frame of mind with which many magistrates approach the hearing of cases in which motorists are concerned was illustrated at the Dublin Northern Police-court on Thursday last. The chauffeur of the car by which the unfortunate member of Mr. Seymour Hicks's company, Mr. Eversleigh, met his death was brought before the magistrate, Mr. Wall, on a charge of manslaughter. At the very opening of the proceedings, before any evidence had been heard, Mr. Wall remarked, "These men drive their motors, and they don't care whom they kill. A man has the right to walk the highway, and is not bound to look this way or that way. . . . I don't know whether judges of the present day take that view or not. But it is in print." The indecency of so prejudging the case is self-evident, but it is accentuated by the fact that later in the day the coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental death and acquitted the chauffeur of blame.

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My Pillory this week supplies a considerable number of interesting examples of magisterial tenderness towards wife-beaters. It will be seen that the Mold muddleheads are of opinion that the man who keeps a dog without a licence is as heinous an offender as the ruffian who attacks his wife with a flat-iron. The Plymouth Bench give to the brute who half kills his wife exactly the same punishment as they mete out to a boy of fifteen who steals a few yards of rubber tube, and to an unfortunate drunk and disorderly woman. The Blandford magistrates earn their inclusion by their excellent illustration of the attitude usually adopted by the Great Unpaid to assaults committed by or upon authority respectively. Amongst other of the more notable anomalies disclosed are that in Scotland a man may systematically ill-treat his young family and wind up by nearly killing a baby for an inclusive charge of £4, but that if he is in possession of a bag of rope for which he cannot account, he will get sixty days' imprisonment, and that in England or Scotland alike the man who drives a horse to the common danger will, even if he runs over some unfortunate person, escape with a fine of a few shillings, while the motorist who merely exceeds the speed limit without placing any one in jeopardy will have to pay £10 or so to the county funds:—

Mold Petty Sessions. Before Colonel Lloyd, Major B. E. Phillips, and Messrs. Rowlands and Roberts. Phillip Dykins, charged with assaulting his wife by striking her on the jaw with an iron. He also hit a boy on the head with a poker. Fined 10s. and costs.

Mold Petty Sessions. Before the same Bench. John Bennett, charged with keeping a dog without a licence. Fined 10s. and costs.

Plymouth Police-court. Before Messrs. E. Roseveare, and J. Greenway. William Blackwell, charged with assaulting his wife. He was seen holding her down on a bed and mercilessly beating her with a buckle-strap. Finally he struck her on the head with a fender, and she was rescued bleeding and unconscious. One month.

Plymouth Police-court. Before the same magistrates. Four youths, whose ages ranged from fifteen to nineteen, charged with stealing rubber tubing worth 13s. One month each.

Johana Cragon, no fixed abode, charged with being drunk and disorderly. One month.

Blandford County Petty Sessions. Before Colonel V. E. Parry Okeden, Sir William Marriott, and other magistrates. Edward Francis Hood, relieving officer, charged with assaulting Sarah Elford. While removing the woman's husband to a lunatic asylum she remonstrated with him, whereupon he slapped her in the face. Fined 1s. and costs.

Blandford County Petty Sessions. Before the same Bench. Thomas Clarke and William Clarke, charged with trespass in pursuit of rabbits, and with assaulting a keeper. The keeper attempted to search them. One defendant took the keeper's stick away, and the other struck him in the face with his fist. The charge of trespass dismissed. One month's hard labour each for the assault.

Campbelltown Sheriff Court. Before Sheriff Wallace. John Elder M'Larty, charged with reckless driving, in consequence of which a child of three was knocked down and injured. Fined £3.

Marlborough County Petty Sessions. Before Dr. J. B. Maurice and Messrs. Crosby, Butler, and Macquoid. Fairford Partridge, charged with exceeding the speed limit by driving a motor car at thirty miles an hour. Fined £10 and costs.

Blackpool Police-court. John Jardine, hackney carriage driver, charged with driving to the danger of the public. He knocked down a young woman, and a young man who attempted to save her received an injury to his knee. Fined 1s. and costs.

Broxton Petty Sessions. Francis R. Spalding, charged with driving a motor car at a speed of twenty-eight miles an hour. Fined £5 and costs.

Dunfermline Sheriff Court. David Christie, charged with assaulting, neglecting, and ill-treating his three young step-children and his son, aged eleven months, by striking them, kicking them, and insufficiently feeding them. He struck the baby on the head with an earthenware jug. The Sheriff said it was a miracle he was not in court to answer a charge of manslaughter. Fined £4.

Glasgow Eastern Police-court. Before Judge Martin. Samuel Pollock, charged with being in possession of a bag containing a quantity of rope, of which he failed to give a satisfactory account. Sixty days' imprisonment.

Ross Police-court. Two youths named James and Stockton, charged with stealing spent bullets from the rifle range. James three months', Stockton three weeks', hard labour.

Nottingham Borough Police-court. Before Messrs. Gascoigne and Burrows. Charles Burley, charged with assaulting Martha Povey. He hit her on the head with a poker, causing two wounds. Bound over to keep the peace.

Henry Pepper, charged with assaulting Mary Ann Thompson. He pulled her out of the house by her hair, and struck her on the back of the head with a knife. Fined 10s.

Nottingham County Police-court. Before Mr. G. Fellows, Major T. A. Hill, and Messrs. Heymann, Lewin, Metheringham, and Thums. William Willett, charged with stealing a quantity of growing potatoes and four bottles containing a quart of beer. A fornight's hard labour in each case.

Ashton-under-Lyne Police-court. A man named Cooper was charged with wife assault. He threw a pail of water over her, struck her in the face, kicked her, and inflicted a wound six inches long on her arm. The assaults continued for twelve hours off and on. Fined 5s. 6d. and costs for assault, and separation order granted.

Swindon Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. A. D. Hussey-Freke, L. L. Morse, M.P., W. Reynolds, Sir Frederick Banbury, M.P., and Captain Tristram. Henry Hale and Ernest Chequer, charged with stealing four cabbages, value threepence, and some potatoes, value 10d., from some allotment gardens. Twenty-eight days' hard labour each.

Gloucester Police-court. Before Messrs. J. A. Matthews, A. Estcourt, A. V. Hatton, and H. K. Butt. George Anderson, charged with assaulting Esther Liddington. Mrs. Liddington remonstrated with the man, as he was punching his wife in the face, whereupon he knocked her senseless to the ground, loosening her teeth and badly bruising her. Fined 40s. and costs.

Canterbury Police-court. Edward Nolan, charged with stealing two books from the *Kentish Express* office. Two months' hard labour.

Tenterden Police-court. Before Messrs. E. Winser, E. Howard, and J. Chucksfield. J. E. McCarthy, charged with maliciously breaking a window at Ovenden House. Twenty-eight days' hard labour.

The irony of bestowing upon Bumble the title of Guardian of the Poor seems never to grow less pungent. Three cases in point have been brought to my notice during the past week. One was at Bakewell, where a newly-appointed Inspector of the Local Government Board, in introducing himself to the Guardians, called attention to a particularly disgusting condition of the sanitary arrangements at the workhouse. From the discussion which ensued it seemed that the Guardians were unaware of the state of affairs, and one of their number, who said that he had sat on the board for thirty years, had the grace to admit that he was ashamed to be a guardian in view of the revelation. Another committed himself to the opinion that the matter should have been discussed in committee, so that they should not be made the laughing-stock of the country. The latter presented Bumble's normal attitude, and, the majority of the board sympathising with his view, the question was submitted to a committee for investigation and report. I trust that the new Local Government Board Inspector will see that the said committee does not conveniently bury the subject.

The second case occurred at Chard, where a woman suffering from melancholia had been taken to the workhouse pending her removal to the asylum. She gave ample evidence of suicidal impulse, but in spite of it

ROYAL SOCIETY FOR PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS. Nearly 8,000 convictions last year. Complaints marked "Private." absolutely confidential.—SECRETARY, 105, Jermyn-st., London.

the precautions taken were insufficient to prevent her from escaping and drowning herself in a reservoir near at hand. The coroner's jury relieved all the officials concerned from any blame, but as it appeared that there was no provision at the workhouse for the temporary accommodation of lunatics, they recommended that it should be provided. I have always imagined that it is the duty of Guardians to provide accommodation for such cases, and if I were one I should not like to think that the death even of a lunatic had been brought about through my acquiescence in a corporate neglect.

An unfortunate casual at the Barnsley Police Court supplied the third example of Bumble's gentle guardianship. He brought a charge of assault against the porter at Barnsley Workhouse, supporting his statement by exhibition of a recent wound on his cheek, a cut over his eye, a bleeding ear, and marks on his arms which he said had been caused by kicks. Although the porter was represented by counsel instructed by the Clerk to the Guardians, the magistrates fined him 10s. and costs, considering that he had no right to use such violence, and dismissed cross-summonses charging the unhappy pauper with refusing to do his task-work and with assaulting the porter. The cause of offence was that the pauper, who was aged 64, asked for "a light job" when given 13 cwt. of stone to break. Apparently age is an aggravation of the crime of poverty at Barnsley.

Occasionally, however, one does hear of a real Guardian of the Poor. One such revealed himself at the meeting last week of the Grimsby Board. A long procession of aged and infirm persons had been brought before the board to support their applications for relief, but not one of them had been accommodated with a chair during their interrogation. Father Hawkins, a Roman Catholic priest, called attention to the fact. "I think the least we can do is to provide them with a chair, speak to them kindly, and not treat them as criminals," he remarked. His colleagues heard the rebuke in dead silence, and I hope they may take it to heart. Unfortunately, the Grimsby Board of Guardians is not the only one where the aged and infirm who are forced by necessity to apply for relief are treated as criminals, and where a little plain speaking is badly needed.

The man Todd, otherwise Leicester and Co., "credit jewellers," of York-street, Twickenham, had another unpleasant experience the other day before the Brentford Bench. He prosecuted one of his agents, who had made away with goods to the value of £25, disposing of them to pawnbrokers. The agent having admitted the theft and been sentenced to two months' imprisonment, the question arose of an order being made for the restoration of the stolen goods. No fewer than eighteen pawnbrokers had been patronised by the thief, and were summoned as witnesses against him, and on their behalf it was pointed out that they were perfectly innocent, that the tallyman business carried on by Todd and others of the same genus was a constant source of danger and trouble to the trade, and that in justice to them the goods should not be required to be given up except on payment of the amount advanced on them. To this argument the Bench acceded.

Todd is well enough known at Brentford, and the magistrates deserve to be complimented on their handling of him. Their decision is essentially just, because the employment of unprincipled rascals as agents is an indispensable incident of the tallyman trade as practised, chiefly at the expense of young and ignorant servant girls, by firms like "Leicester and Co."; and when these hirelings, in addition to defrauding the customers, take to robbing their employers, it is only fair and reasonable that the latter should suffer, and not innocent third parties. It denotes superlative impudence on the part of this man Todd that he should even venture to show his face in court either as a prosecutor or a plaintiff in civil proceedings. If the principles of equity were thoroughly carried out in the administration of justice such rogues would have no *locus standi* in any court. They would be treated as vermin and outlawed.

Another old friend, in a somewhat analogous line of business, Mr. J. G. Graves, of Sheffield, was last week prosecuting an employee for embezzlement. The evidence for the firm was that the man, who had only been employed a fortnight, got drunk twice after the end of the first week and failed to hand over 9s. 6d. which he had collected. The man pleaded that he had been drugged and robbed, and stated that he tendered the 9s. 6d. to the manager, who refused to accept it, saying that he would make an example of him. Under the advice of their clerk, the St. Helen's magistrates decided that no criminal offence had been proved, and discharged the defendant on the understanding that he would pay the 9s. 6d. and the costs. The Chairman at the same time remarked that the engaging of agents seemed to be done "in a very loose way." No doubt it is; and when the manager was so anxious to "make an example" out of a very shaky case, he presumably desired it for the benefit of his other agents. This man was called a collector-salesman: in other words, his business was to unload Graves's goods on people, and he was working on commission. You cannot afford to be too nice about the class of people you engage for this sort of job. It follows that you have to teach them, by example if necessary, that they must not try to cheat —*you*.

It has been more than once mentioned in Truth that patients in lunatic asylums are liable to be favoured with circulars from the dealers in medical quackery, shoddy jewellery, and all the wares that lend themselves to trick advertising. There is, in fact, no escape from

these gentry anywhere, and it would not surprise me to hear that after a man is dead and buried they get hold of the number of his grave and address circulars to him in the cemetery. So far as the lunatic asylums are concerned, there is a certain appropriateness in looking there for likely victims of any swindling operation, but the operators seem to lose sight of the fact that inmates of asylums are not free to dispose of their money (if they have any) at their pleasure. This is why it is such a pity that all the people who patronise the smart advertising fraternity cannot be certified and put under lock and key.

A doctor at one of the public asylums makes a practice of looking out for communications of this class addressed to his patients, and communicating the result to me. It may be remembered that the other day he scored off one notorious firm of quacks by filling up a diagnosis form and forwarding it in the patient's name. He has just been equally successful in fooling the "Dr. McLaughlin's Electro-Vigour" gang. One of the lunatics received a letter from the office of this swindle, telling the old familiar tale that as an entirely novel method of advertising they are going to spend the money they have hitherto paid to newspapers in reducing the price of their appliances. They therefore enclose a bogey "certificate," purporting to be worth £4 up to a stated date, and expect the lunatic to believe that by forwarding this interesting document he can get a £5 belt for a payment of £1 in cash. There is the usual parade of the disinterested desire of the company to see the victim restored to health, as though the curing of a lunatic by a charge of electricity were quite an everyday occurrence.

Well, my friend the doctor, having got hold of this precious epistle and the printed matter accompanying it, filled up the blank form enclosed for a statement of symptoms, with full particulars of what would be a bad case of chronic and incurable Bright's disease. Here is the tissue of fraudulent humbug sent to the patient in reply:—

Dear Sir,—We are this morning in receipt of your statement of case, and after studying same carefully we cannot but regret that you have not used Electro-Vigour long ago, as it is evident from the nature of your trouble that it will do you more good than anything you could try. . . . .

Backache is one of the troubles that will yield so readily to the influence of Electro-Vigour that the patient becomes surprised at the suddenness of the loss of his trouble. This is because the full force of the current is concentrated over the kidneys. Its action is had upon the kidneys themselves as well as upon all the nerves and muscles which center at this point, and a cure quickly follows. Headache can also be easily reached though in a somewhat more complicated way. A special attachment in conjunction with the battery must be used for conveying the current to the head. This is applied at the side of the head or on the back of the neck, so as to thoroughly saturate the nerves and tissues of the head with the current. The many cures that have been brought about by this means is the strongest argument we can give you of the efficacy of the current.

This swelling you mention is not quite clear to us. You simply say there is a swelling without giving us any further information of it. A swelling may be the result of various different causes. In such a case we do not so much treat the symptoms locally as ascertain the cause of it and overcome that. If it is in the organic functions we correct that condition. If it is due to some defect in the circulation that can easily be remedied, and so on, so that in the majority of such cases the trouble can be arrested. From the other indications we are inclined to believe that these symptoms would soon disappear. The current passing into the nerve centre at the back goes directly into the kidneys and bladder. . . . .

We have given you an opportunity of getting this treatment that is seldom offered. The certificate sent you will be honoured for its full face value on any of the strong power appliances. We would like to have you get as strong a one as you feel justified in getting, as the stronger the current the better in a case of this kind. It will supply such a volume of energy as to so thoroughly saturate the tissues as to cause quick and immediate results to follow, and the relief that you will receive after a very few applications will be a revelation to you. Will you, therefore, give it your careful consideration and let us know your decision at once.—Sincerely yours, The Dr. McLaughlin Co.

I think the best comment I can make on this letter is to recall the fact that a few months ago the police in Germany issued an official notice warning the public that the appliance called McLaughlin's Electro-Vigour, like almost everything in the nature of an electric belt ever put on the market, is absolutely incapable of producing any of the results attributed to it, and is simply a fraudulent swindle. The fraud is aggravated in this case by the practice of offering a £5 article for £1, the fact, of course, being that whatever is sold will be sold at an enormous profit. Yet there are enough lunatics outside asylums to keep this swindle going all over the world for several years past, notwithstanding repeated warning and exposure.

Talking of the German police, I have received from the Continent a circular which shows that the notorious Keith Harvey, of 117, Holborn, has been extending his operations to Germany, and is supplying to the deaf (not to say the mentally afflicted) in that country, German versions of his literature and "diagnosis forms" for the indication of their symptoms. It is to be hoped that the German authorities may pay the same attention to him that they have bestowed upon the Electro-Vigour people. Keith Harvey, it will be remembered, is another "electrical specialist" of the same order, and, except that he pretends to cure nothing but deafness, while the McLaughlin gang pretend to cure almost everything, I do not know that there is much to choose between them.

The proprietors of the quack cure-all, Liquozone, who have been practically dormant since the real nature of their trash was exposed at the inquest on two children who died after being dosed with the stuff in June, 1905, are once again trying to make a market for their wares. Instead of advertising free samples of Liquozone in the newspapers they are circularising chemists inviting them to supply their customers with application forms for free bottles of the nostrum for trial. Apparently these Yankee quacks think that the British public will swallow anything, but they must be denser than their own dupes if they really think that the chemists of the United Kingdom are going to assist them in physicking

Claridge's Hotel, Brook-street, Grosvenor-square.— Over 300 rooms; nearly 100 bathrooms. Royal suite, private entrance. Situation ensures perfect quiet.

the geese who lay the golden eggs by pouring the Liquozone Company's solution of sulphurous acid down their customers' throats.

Some few months back I called attention to the unsatisfactory experiences of customers of one A. Thomas, otherwise the City of London Direct Supply Stores, 317 and 318, Upper-street, Islington. Thomas had been offering, by advertisements, to supply all sorts of goods on cash or credit, but on receipt of the cash had not done so, or had forwarded different goods to those ordered, and failed to put the matter right or to answer complaints. It seems that this game has been going on since that date, for a gentleman in Ireland has just written to me on behalf of a fisherman who, in June, paid 5s. 6d. to the firm for a pair of boots, with results very similar to those just described. As I explained on the last occasion, the proprietor of this business is a Mr. Yandell, who, in March or April last, made an arrangement with his creditors by which the business was to be carried on under a committee of inspection, until 10s. in the pound had been paid. If the above case is any indication of the lines on which the business is being carried on, the 10s. in the pound ought to have been paid long ago, for the profits must be considerable, though the manner in which they are made is open to objection. I can only advise my Irish correspondent to try the effects of a solicitor's letter, and to communicate with the papers which are publishing the advertisements of this firm.

A recent issue of the *Irish Times* contained, under the heading, "Aid to Irish Families of the Upper Class," a half-column advertisement of the charitable enterprise conducted by Miss Kersteman Marchant, of Doncaster. The advertisement seems to be a reproduction of one of the appeals which was recently noticed in Truth, and contains so much matter that it must have cost Miss Marchant a very substantial sum of money. For the benefit, therefore, of those, whether in Ireland or England, who are interested in this particular work, I think it right to call attention again to the criticism which Miss Marchant has incurred, and which will be found at length in Truth of May 30 and June 20 last. The substance of it is that Miss Marchant, though she has been collecting money for the benefit of the Irish upper classes for twenty-four years, has never issued any accounts of her receipts or expenditure, and has been throughout that period entirely uncontrolled by any committee or colleagues in the administration of the money. This is an altogether irregular proceeding, and no charity conducted on such lines ought to be supported.

I am curious to know whether any reader of Truth has at any time been favoured with communications from a Mr. J. Parsons, who uses the address, 31, King-street, Portman-square, W. I say "uses the address," because it is merely that of a shop to which he has his letters addressed. A lady in the West of England, who had advertised a carriage for sale, recently had a long correspondence with this gentleman. Parsons volunteered to find a purchaser for the carriage, representing himself as doing a large business in disposing of carriages and horses; but he wanted a preliminary fee of three guineas for inspecting the vehicle, in addition to a commission on the sale, and this the lady was wise enough not to pay, although in pursuit of the money Parsons wrote no less than nine letters to her between July 6 and August 9.

A friend of this lady having called at King-street with a view to seeing Parsons personally, he wrote a long letter by way of explaining his use of an accommodation address and establishing his bona fides. In this he mentions that he is related to a certain Devonshire family, and states that he "was at one time a thousand-per-week man, and had the first stud in England, selling to kings, emperors, and princes"; but his "bank broke in '92," and apparently broke him at the same time, and reduced him to carrying on "a high-class horse and carriage agency." The three guinea preliminary fee for inspection is a feature of so many agencies which are the reverse of high class, that some further evidence than Mr. Parsons' own statements seems desirable before paying it—the more so as I am unable to find any one acquainted with such matters who remembers this gentleman prior to 1892 as the owner of "the first stud in England."

The Imperial Art Supply Co., Chichester House, Chancery Lane, and 17, Ranelagh Avenue, Fulham, are still practising the home employment trick, which I have repeatedly exposed. Finding that she had been humbugged, a lady recently sent back the "outfit," for which she had paid 7s. 6d., and demanded the return of the money, at the same time intimating that if the money were not returned she would make known the company's methods of business. The company's reply is entertaining. Besides refusing to return the 7s. 6d., they call upon the lady to adopt "a more respectful tone" in addressing "a house of many years' standing," and warn her that if she takes any steps "likely to injure our reputation, such proceedings as our solicitors advise shall be immediately instituted against you." The nature of their "standing" is best indicated by the inclusion of the company in the "Truth Cautionary List" year after year; and if they did consult their solicitors, I expect that they would be advised to be careful lest they should be themselves the subject of proceedings for obtaining money by false pretences.

The Swiss newspapers have recently been exposing various attempts to work the "luggage in advance"

"How to become a Naval Officer" contains in a concise form the new regulations, together with a full description of life at the Royal Naval Colleges at Osborne and Dartmouth.—Gieve, Mathews, & Seagrove (Ltd.), 21, George-st., Hanover-sq., W.

trick in that country by operators in London. The *modus operandi* is that which has frequently been described in Truth, the object being to obtain payment for carriage and charges by a pretended firm of forwarding agents on behalf of some apocryphal person who is coming to stay at a hotel, or boarding-house, or in some cases on behalf of a girl or boy who is coming to school. The *Journal de Genève* has mentioned one case in which the application for the payment was made on business stationery, and bore the name of "S. Miguel, 16, Southwark-bridge-road, Carman and Contractor." The amount demanded was 39.15 fr., including the charge for insuring the luggage for £40, and it would seem that the money was paid. The luggage not arriving, inquiries were made through the Swiss Legation in London, who reported that 16, Southwark-bridge-road was a small house occupied by a newspaper agent, and the name of Miguel was totally unknown there. Following on this, the *Gazette de Lausanne* mentions a case in which the fraud was tried upon a lady in a country village in Friburg who is accustomed to receive children as boarders during the summer. A Mrs. Herd, of 138, Minories—a likely neighbourhood!—was going to send two *charmantes jeunes filles*, and her letter was followed by another from a forwarding agent, whose name is not mentioned, asking for 38.70 fr. for the luggage of the damsels. At one time this fraud was extensively worked from the Continent at the expense of confiding English people, but the game seems now to be chiefly carried on from this country for the benefit of foreigners.

Like other ancient City Companies, the Spectacle Makers' Company is now governed by a number of gentlemen who have not the slightest connection, direct or indirect, with the industry in whose interest the company was founded. The Master of the Guild is a well-known newspaper proprietor, the Upper Warden a country gentleman, and the Renter Warden a solicitor. Not one of the assistants of the Court is an optician or spectacle maker. In directing attention to these facts, *The Optician* urges that such an arrangement is not only contrary to the terms of the company's charter, but inimical to the industry for whose benefit the funds of the company ought to be administered. Obviously, it would be much better that the administration should be in the hands of men having a practical acquaintance with the requirements of the craft, especially in the matter of technical education, and the failure of the guild to issue any kind of financial statement inevitably fosters the suspicion that a good deal of the company's income of £2,000 a year is absorbed by extravagances, including the customary dinners, which will not bear the light of day. Perhaps this is an ungrounded suspicion, but in that case the officials of the guild can easily remove it by publishing a balance-sheet.

"Truth" will be sent weekly to any address in the United Kingdom for 7s. for 3 months; 14s. for 6 months; or 28s. for 12 months. The subscription for all Countries included in the Postal Union is, 3 months, 7s. 8d.; 6 months, 15s. 4d.; 12 months, £1 10s. 8d. All subscriptions are payable in advance, and cheques and P.O.O.'s should be made payable to the Manager, "Truth" Building, Carteret-street, S.W.

Some paragraphs in Truth of June 20 on the opium trade in Burma have evoked sundry and varied criticisms in the Rangoon newspapers, and in correspondence that I have received on the subject. In so far as my critics argue that the immediate abolition of the trade is out of the question, I need not answer them. Nothing so impracticable was suggested. What I did was to express a doubt whether the much-vaunted system which the Indian Government has established for the regulation of the traffic in Burma really does—as is claimed—anything whatever to diminish the evils of the opium habit in that country. I quoted a statement of a well-informed correspondent that, so far from having this result, the system has led to an increase both in the total consumption of the drug and in the total number of opium-smokers and opium-eaters. In reply to this, I am told that "the apparent increase is due to the fall in smuggled opium." But is there less smuggling? Competent observers on the spot affirm that, in spite of frequent prosecutions, the illicit traffic in opium has grown rather than dwindled.

A letter that I have received from the Northern Shan States throws a side-light on this question of opium smuggling. In these States the poppy is grown without any restrictions, and the output of opium is enormously in excess of local requirements, though the Shans are increasingly addicted to the use of the drug. It is there a drug in the market in the proverbial meaning of the phrase, the price being about a twelfth of what it is under the Government monopoly over the border in Burma, where the Shan opium is contraband. The inevitable consequence is that, notwithstanding all the precautions of the authorities, large quantities of the Shan opium are smuggled into Burma. According to my correspondent, an organised illicit traffic is carried on mainly by Chinese syndicates, and big profits are still made after allowing for the losses that occur through seizures by the excise officers.

Another matter to which I referred was the granting of opium licences in Burma to ex-district superintendents of police and ex-members of the uncovenanted Civil Service, one officer being, indeed, actually given two years' furlough to enable him to go into this business. It is urged that the trade is under better control when in the hands of such licensees; but the fact remains that they take it up, like other people, with the object of making money. Exception is taken to my allusion to it as a disreputable business. It is, at any rate, a business which the Government profess to be anxious to discourage, as far as possible, in the interests of the moral and physical well-being of the population; and the spectacle of ex-servants of the Government becoming, with the approval of their superiors, traders in opium certainly seems to be an extremely undesirable one.

Charing Cross Hospital, W.C., Convalescent Home, Limpsfield, dependent on £15,000 a year from voluntary sources. Contributions urgently solicited.

THE PANIC-STRICKEN PARTRIDGES.

When Partridge Shooting had begun,
And brightly shone September's Sun,
A Covey, who would 'scape the Foe,
Amid some leafy Swedes lurked low.
And here, concealed and safe, they lay,
Till, towards the ending of the Day—
Just as the Clocks were striking Five—
The Host gave Orders for a Drive.

Then soon the heavy, clumping Feet
Of Yokels, as in Line they beat,
Invade our Partridges' Retreat,
Of whom, when flushed, some Eight or Nine
Fly off before th' advancing Line,
Not seeing, in their frightened State,
That thus they court a deadlier Fate.

But one, a Cock, who kept his Head,
Not with his frightened Brethren fled,
But, 'spite the Shouts that rent the Air,
And other vain Attempts to Scare,
He boldly faced the Beaters' Ring
And, backward o'er their Heads, took Wing;
So, sailing blithely down the Wind,
Found welcome Refuge far behind.

But scarce in Safety stood the Bird
Ere many loud Reports he heard,
Which, as upon his Ears they boom,
Told, all too plain, his Comrades' Doom.

Then, "Ah! if they'd had Pluck," cried he,
"To face the Beaters, bold, like me,
Nor, by mere empty Din dismayed,
A prompt Retreat had backward made,
—Thus baffling all Attempts to drive—
They'd still—poor Fellows!—be alive;
For who the Beaters, craven, shuns
Escapes them but to face—the Guns."

Moral.

When Trouble comes, if you'd be Wise,
You'll look it boldly in the Eyes.
Who funks, nor dares the Music face,
May win, perhaps, a short-lived Grace,
But, by such cowardly Evasion,
Courts, in the End, a worse Damnation.

SCRUTATOR.

LONG v. MACDONNELL.

IT is very kind and considerate of Mr. Walter Long, at a moment when the political stage is quite deserted, to bound down to the footlights and execute a *pas seul* by way of fixing public attention again upon the intrigue of the late Ministry with Home Rule in the disguise of "Devolution." This may not have been his precise intention, but we ought not to be less grateful to him on that account for the result. Naturally, his own political friends are not at all pleased with the performance, but that only makes it amusing as well as edifying. Mr. Long typifies in his own person the class of M.P.s and Ministers whose function it is to throw the glamour of respectability over British politics. Theirs is a respectability which is respectable for all qualities save those of the intellect. In other words, they are perfectly honest, transparently sincere, immovable in their convictions, awkward in speech, and incapable of an original idea. Being such a man, Mr. Long had to make a speech at a gathering of Irish "loyalists," and in the inevitable course of nature he improved the occasion by belabouring the Home Rule bogey, which persists in walking abroad in spite of twenty years of Unionist rule. The body of the speech calls for no remark, being essentially the same speech which the same type of man has made on the same topic any time during those twenty years. But having recited the speech, the good man was tempted to ventilate a personal grievance. He addressed himself to some person or persons unknown, who have done him a great wrong by saying untrue things about the circumstances under which he took over the Chief Secretaryship. Crossing the t's and dotting the i's, the slander amounted to this, that when he succeeded Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Long was obliged to retain Sir Antony MacDonnell in the Under-Secretaryship because Mr. Balfour was afraid of the publication of correspondence which had previously passed with reference to Sir Antony's appointment. This base insinuation Mr. Long emphatically repudiated. He took office in Ireland on the only terms that any self-respecting Chief-Secretary would do so—that is to say, with full power to make any changes he might think necessary. He did not get rid of Sir Antony MacDonnell for very good reasons, though he will not say just now what those very good reasons were. And then he roundly challenged the unknown enemy thus: "I say, if people have got those letters, let them produce them, instead of taking refuge in charges and threats."

Now this is very noble and outspoken, and quite like the good old English gentleman that Mr. Long has always been understood to be. But it naturally had the effect of drawing Sir Antony MacDonnell. The letters in question are presumably in the possession of Sir Antony or Mr. Balfour, or divided between them. As it is not to be supposed that Mr. Balfour was the party aimed at in Mr. Long's challenge, the necessary inference was that Sir Antony was the person called upon to produce them, instead of taking refuge in charges and threats. He therefore responded to the challenge, as he had every cause and right to do. His response was brief and convincing. He did not think that the time had come to produce the correspondence, and he reminded Mr. Long that Mr. Balfour had refused to lay it before Parliament; and at the same time he emphatically denied that he had taken refuge in any charges and threats. He added a further observation with reference to his relations with Mr. Long, which may or may not have been called for, but has nothing to do with the question of the letters. To this letter Mr. Long replied on the same day with a disclaimer of having alluded to Sir Antony as the author of the charges and the threats. He was referring to members of his own Party. How he could expect members of his own Party to produce the letters, unless Mr. Balfour was the author of the charges and threats (which is absurd), he made no attempt to explain. He proceeded to answer at length Sir Antony's observations on their mutual relations. After reflection, he penned on the next day a still longer letter. He defended Mr. Balfour's refusal to produce the letters, but distinguished between him and the parties who had made charges and threats. He still omitted to explain

Savoy Hotel, Dresden, has had ten years' reputation as the leading and favourite hotel of English visitors to Dresden. Pension terms.—F. Margraf.

how those parties, if Sir Antony was not one of them, could possibly produce the letters; but he gave a new turn to the argument by suggesting that, in view of what was being said by other people, Sir Antony "ought to consider whether the time has not arrived when it is imperative you should obtain the necessary permission to enable you to take the public into your confidence."

All this is decidedly stupid, but eminently characteristic of the sort of man Mr. Long is. He calls on somebody who has made charges and threats to drop that and produce the correspondence on which it is based. When the only man who could produce the correspondence answers, he says, "Oh! I didn't mean you." He follows this up by saying, "Though it is quite true I didn't mean you, yet as these nasty things are being said by other people about me, I think it is your business to obtain permission to publish the correspondence." It is not surprising that his Unionist friends should lose patience with Mr. Long, and that the *Times* should tell him that instead of calling on Sir Antony for the correspondence, he had better explain why Sir Antony was ever appointed at all, and why he and Lord Dudley were retained in office after the exposure of the "Devolution" intrigue for which Mr. Wyndham was sacrificed as a scapegoat. This is the real point, and all who desire progress towards a settlement of the eternal Irish question must be grateful to Mr. Long for having brought it into prominence again, whatever sort of figure he cuts in doing so. We are told on behalf of the Irish Unionists that when Parliament meets a determined attempt will be made to clear up the whole mystery. The Liberal side of the House is not likely to object. After Mr. Wyndham's resignation, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman moved that all official correspondence and information relating to Sir Antony MacDonnell should be laid before the House. Mr. Balfour and the Government resisted the motion, and it was defeated, Mr. Walter Long, as Mr. Dillon has just reminded us, voting against it. I do not quite understand the desire of the *Times* and the more thorough-going section of the Unionists to drag the skeleton out of the party cupboard at this date. But it is a desire which no one among their opponents would object to gratify.

The present Government is committed to some measure of reform of the system of "Castle Government" in Ireland. At the mere mention of such a thing the Orange faction and their English backers howl with alarm and indignation, and we may rest assured that no opportunity of making party capital by appealing to anti-Home Rule prejudices will be missed. Against all that, the Government has no better weapon than the fact that their predecessors at one time deliberately committed themselves to the same policy, and only drew back from it in a fit of nervous apprehension when a general election was looming in sight. A convinced Home Ruler, notoriously a "strong" man, and in every respect a most unlikely man for the post of Under-Secretary at Dublin under an Administration with which he did not sympathise, was selected for that office. It cannot be denied that a special understanding of some kind was arrived at between him and the Government before he accepted the post, although Mr. Balfour has alleged that Sir Antony was in just the same position as any other Under-Secretary. At the moment when this was done a section of Irish Unionists, headed by Lord Dunraven, had been concerting with avowed Nationalists for a reform of Irish Government, which included some devolution of administrative and legislative functions to a representative Irish body. The Home Rule Under-Secretary, with the approval of, if not in concert with, the Unionist Lord Lieutenant and Chief Secretary, engaged in the consideration of some such measure. When things had reached a certain point, what was going on got wind. The Orangemen raised a hullabaloo. Their more enthusiastic English admirers backed them up. Mr. Balfour, apprehensive of a further split in his disorganised party, resorted to his customary tactics and denied everything. Mr. Wyndham, amid a good deal of mutual recrimination and contradiction, assisted his leader by resigning. A pretence was made of censuring Sir Antony MacDonnell, but he remained in office. Lord Dudley, though undoubtedly neither unaware nor disapproving of what had been going on, also retained the Lord Lieutenancy, much to the indignation of the *Times*. So much the public knows. What it does not know is the nature of the original understanding with Sir Antony MacDonnell, the extent to which Mr. Balfour and his colleagues were thereby committed to the policy which he took in hand, the exact nature of the scheme of "Devolution" which was being hatched at Dublin when the fat fell into the fire, and the reasons why Lord Dudley and Sir Antony MacDonnell retained their posts while Mr. Wyndham resigned. All this the public is entitled to know. Only by the light of such knowledge can it judge the sincerity of the attitude of the official Opposition towards any Liberal scheme of "Devolution" or Castle Government reform. And if the facts are as they may reasonably be suspected to be, their publication will do more than anything else to disarm mere factious resistance to the settlement of what remains of the Irish Question. By all means, therefore, let Irish officialdom accept Mr. Long's invitation and "take the public into its confidence" about the MacDonnell mystery.

Since the foregoing remarks were penned, Mr. Long has written and published yet another letter. In response to the suggestion of the *Times*, he now states the reasons which led him personally to retain Sir Antony MacDonnell. His reasons are complimentary to Sir Antony, but they hardly square with that gentleman's remarkable reference to unsuccessful attempts to deprive him of office in 1904 and 1905. Mr. Long would have us believe that, having a perfectly free hand in this matter, he decided to retain Sir Antony as soon as he was satisfied that they could work together comfortably, and after two other points had been settled. This is his own view of the case, but the opinion of one party about a transaction in which many are concerned, however sincere, is not always correct or accepted by the other parties. Apart from this, all the other points which have been mentioned above still remain in obscurity, and Mr. Long's explanations of his own share in the matter in no way diminish the desirability of having them cleared up.

QUACK DOCTORS AND THE OTHERS.

In September of last year some space was devoted in Truth to an alleged "absolute cure" for consumption put on the market by a Mr. C. H. Stevens, of Cape Town, under the name of "Sacco"—a fancy word formed from the initials of the words "South African Consumption Cure, Original." Since that date Stevens has had a somewhat chequered career, and "Sacco" has ceased to be a prominent item among the quack cure-alls advertised in the daily papers. For the last reason I have not thought it necessary to say more on the subject, and I have preferred to await the development of events, feeling sure that we should get at the truth about Stevens and "Sacco" in due time. The time has now arrived. It seems that Stevens, after his troubles at Cape Town, of which I will say more presently, betook himself to Johannesburg, where he has recently come out in the character of "The South African Institute of Medicine," which claims to be "sole proprietors of C. H. Stevens's Improved Cure for Consumption and Kindred Diseases, including Hemorrhage, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, Chronic Catarrh, Whooping Cough, Croup, etc., etc. It is also specially recommended for Miners' Phthisis." No doubt it was the special recommendation of Stevens' improved cure for miners' phthisis which directed his steps to the "Gold Reef City." The London press has not yet told us whether miners' phthisis is one of the innumerable evils which afflict the Chinese chattels of the gold magnates; but if it should be, no doubt Stevens and his improved cure will be entirely at their disposal, on the usual terms. Fortunately, however, for the miners—Celestial and British—the *South African Review* has effected a convincing exposure of the character of the South African Institute of Medicine almost as soon as it commenced operations. Among the advertisements with which it went to work was a testimonial in the shape of a letter signed J. M. Gibson, addressed to C. H. Stevens, Esq., and dated from 16, Breda-street, Cape Town, on February 8 last. In this letter J. M. Gibson informs "Dear Mr. Stevens" that, although he did not believe it at the time, everything that Stevens had told him has come exactly as predicted, and goes on to give detailed particulars of his marvellous cure of consumption of the lungs of eleven years' standing, after four doctors had told him in Johannesburg that he could not live many weeks, and advised him to go home to England to die. The letter concludes:—

> Still, it is true, and may God bless both you and your wonderful medicine. I enclose a small gift of £20, which please oblige me by accepting, for never was human being more grateful for anything that I am to you, and shall ever be so.—Believe me, etc., etc.

No. 16, Breda-street, from which this letter is dated, is a boarding-house. The *South African Review* has ascertained that a gentleman named R. A. Gibson was residing at the house from June, 1905, until April, 1906, and was consequently there at the time when J. M. Gibson was supposed to have written this letter to Stevens. Mr. R. A. Gibson informs the *South African Review* that no other person named Gibson lived there during that time, and this is confirmed by the lady who keeps the boarding-house. Mr. R. A. Gibson knew Stevens while he was in Cape Town, and transacted some business with him, but he did not write the letter, and has no knowledge of it. These facts speak for themselves, and stamp the letter as an impudent fabrication. The use of this mendacious forgery also sufficiently stamps Stevens and the business in which he is engaged at Johannesburg. Nor will any one after this have any difficulty in estimating the true value of Sacco and the representations with which it was put upon the market last year in South Africa and in England.

Shortly after the Sacco business was dealt with in Truth, Stevens promoted at Cape Town a company called Sacco, Limited, with a nominal capital of £100,000. This operation may, perhaps, explain the anxiety shown by Stevens and his representatives in London to obtain some retractation of the criticism passed in Truth upon the Sacco advertisements. The formation of the company seems to have been a purely paper transaction. No shares were ever put upon the market. Stevens himself was to receive 70,000 of them as the purchase price of the Sacco business, and was to be appointed managing director at a salary of £1,000 a year. Of the other directors, it is interesting to note that one was Mr. F. L. St. Leger, managing director of the company owning the *Cape Times*. Although prior to this date Stevens had been making a good deal of money out of Sacco, he seems to have spent it pretty freely, and got heavily into debt. After the company was floated he was sued by a discharged employee for breach of contract and salary. In the course of this trial evidence was given by the plaintiff, and by a lady who was to have been employed in the office, that Stevens had made arrangements for bringing out a remedy for female ailments, and some interesting facts transpired as to the methods adopted for compiling suitable literature and advertisements for this purpose. Stevens himself gave evidence at the trial, and on certain statements which he then made he was subsequently prosecuted for perjury. Perjury prosecutions are rarely successful, and this one followed the general rule. Stevens was acquitted, but immediately afterwards, as he was about to leave Cape Town, he was stopped by legal process at the instance of one of his creditors. His estate was subsequently sequestrated. In the course of the proceedings which followed it transpired that he had sold, for a trifling amount, 55,000 of his Sacco shares to a firm of advertisement contractors. Stevens's trustee has taken proceedings to recover these shares as the property of an insolvent estate, but, so far as I know, the question thus raised has not yet been disposed of by the local Court. It was in this position of affairs that Stevens ultimately left Cape Town, and found his way to Johannesburg, where he commenced operations afresh, as described above.

The history of Sacco and its proprietor up-to-date, read with the article respecting this alleged consumption cure which appeared in Truth of Septemeber 14, of last year, illustrates the difficulties of a journalist in attempting to warn the public against quackery of this class. And it is a remarkable fact that the difficulty in this case was greatly aggravated by the medical profession themselves. When the Sacco advertisement first

became conspicuous in England, I spoke strongly of the dishonesty of selling any mixture as an "absolute cure" for consumption, and the familiar humbug of the story told by Stevens of his discovery of a magical drug in use among African savages. I also intimated my disbelief in the statement that "hundreds of doctors" were using it with good effect. I then received a visit from Stevens's representatives in London, who insisted that all the statements, including that about the doctors, were literally true. They explained that they had sent out bottles of Sacco on trial to almost every practitioner in the directory, and were receiving from them favourable reports. I was allowed to communicate confidentially with some of these doctors, and their reports certainly were favourable as far as they went, though they did not go very far. One gentleman, a West End physician of repute, took the trouble to call upon me to give me particulars of the astonishing effects of Sacco in a case which he had attended as a consultant. At the same time, a gentleman at Cape Town, whom I had reason to believe to be a credible witness, wrote to express his high personal opinion of Stevens, and to assure me that any statement which he made might be confidently accepted. In the face of all this, I was obliged to give Sacco the benefit of the evidence tendered on its behalf. I did not, of course, believe in the thing, I said as little as I could in its favour, and limited myself to admitting that it seemed to be a useful cough mixture. But I was obliged to say enough for the proprietors of the drug to reprint some of my observations, and to make useful capital out of them for advertising purposes. They endeavoured, subsequently, to get me to say more, and they affected to be indignant when I declined to publish further evidence which they tendered. Most journalists in the same position would have given them a complete whitewashing, and in view of the medical evidence could hardly be blamed for doing so. The sequel, however, proves that I was perfectly right in my view, and that I only erred in paying too much attention to the statements which were laid before me. It will clearly be seen from what has been stated above that this is an ordinary case of quack remedy—possibly containing some drug of slight efficacy in chest complaints—put upon the market by means of the grossest misrepresentations, by an individual in financial difficulties, who is evidently going in extensively for the business of gulling the public with this kind of mischievous trash. In the face of the exposure by the *South African Review* of the fraudulent character of the "Gibson" testimonial, no statement of Stevens respecting his "cough mixture" is worth the paper it is written on, and the man stands convicted as an unscrupulous advertising trickster. Yet the fact remains that some scores of medical practitioners in this country have allowed themselves to be humbugged into trying this stuff on their patients, and actually wrote favourable reports of the results to the proprietors, knowing the use that would be made of what they said for advertising purposes; and though some of them were shy of allowing their names to be communicated to me when I desired to test their statements, if possible, yet nearly a dozen were ready to furnish me with more or less satisfactory reports of their experience in the use of the stuff, and two or three were thoroughly enthusiastic about it. All this shows how little weight can be attached to professional or scientific opinion, one way or the other, when the question of the value of any article of commerce is at issue, and how great a risk any journalist must run who criticises a commercial firm, or its advertisements, on the strength of such opinions. It is a pity that the public do not understand better how much, or how little, medical testimonials used for advertising purposes are really worth.

I may mention in this connection that I have received a long letter from Mr. Henry Sewill apropos of my recent reference to his letter in the *Medical Press* on the suppression of medical quackery. I do not think there is any necessity for publishing it, since there is no argument in it which has not been used again and again in Truth. As I have already said, I quite concur in the desirability of appointing a Royal Commission to inquire into the evils of medical quackery, and the amendment of the existing laws dealing with medical practice. But I would point out to Mr. Sewill, and to all other medical men who share his strong feeling on this question, that the blame for the existing state of things rests chiefly with the medical profession. Mr. Sewill points to a recent case in which a quack, prosecuted for a crime committed while acting as a medical man, escaped conviction, and compares it with another tried on the same day, in which a man was convicted of wrongfully practising as a solicitor. He asks why the law applicable to legal practice has no counterpart in the practice of medicine, where incompetence and dishonesty in the practitioner are so much more dangerous to the public. The answer is, that laws of this class are only passed by the exertions—possibly more or less selfish—of the professions concerned. The lawyers are strongly organised, and have obtained Acts of Parliament regulating the practice of their profession. The medical profession will obtain similar laws when its professional organisation is equally efficient and active, but not before. The public is in a great measure ignorant of its own interest in the matter, and it is nobody's interest but the doctors' to make a move. The reason why they are inactive, if I may believe the many communications I have had from doctors on the subject, is that the leaders of the profession themselves feel no interest in the abuses of quackery. Specialists and consultants, who represent the profession for public purposes, and dominate the professional organisations, have few interests in common with the general practitioner, and little sympathy with his troubles. That, at any rate, is the opinion of many general practitioners. If it be correct, it is for the general practitioners, who, after all, are the large majority of the profession, to reform this state of things, and to make the professional organisations more thoroughly representative. If that were done, it would not be long before the absurdities of the present law in regard to the practice of medicine by unqualified men were amended, to the equal benefit of the public and the profession.

With regard, however, to the mere sale of medical remedies by tradesmen in the ordinary course of busi-

ness—apart from any attempt to diagnose disease and give medical advice—I do not see how this can ever be stopped. It might be possible to make special regulations for the prosecution of frauds in this connection, as is done in the case of frauds in the sale of food—I mean, that power to prosecute for fraudulent misrepresentation might be given to public authority or to some professional organisation. But beyond this I do not see what can be done consistently with the existing principles of English law in relation to the sale of goods. Nor would this be altgether efficacious, for the simple reason that the worst abuses in the sale of quack remedies are effected by ingenious suggestion rather than the kind of gross representation which amounts to criminal fraud. On the other hand, I may point out that there would be far less occasion to cry for legislative restrictions on this trade if there existed a keener sense of responsibility to their readers on the part of the newspapers through whose columns the trade is worked. The abuses of the traffic in medical remedies are only one example of the prostitution of the press to the service of the fraudulent advertiser. This evil would be nipped in the bud if every newspaper proprietor who publishes a fraudulent advertisement, whatever its subject matter, were treated by the law as *primâ facie* an accessory to the fraud. With this liability on the proprietors, advertisements of all kinds would be scrutinised in newspaper offices far more carefully than is the case at present, even in the best of them, and the character of the matter published would be improved all round.

THE PHANTOM STILL AND THE SILENT SPIRIT.

A Mystery of a Highland Glen.

A very great deal has been said and written during the past few months in the endeavour to answer the question "What is Whisky?" The medical press has been full of the subject, and the lay newspapers as well as the trade journals have been full of the arguments of experts as to the relative claims of the product of the pot-still and the patent-still to be considered the real article. It is, therefore, only natural that sooner or later some endeavour should be made to make use of the facts elicited in the controversy for advertising purposes. I was not, therefore, surprised when I received from a correspondent a pamphlet bearing the title "What is Whiskey?" by Alfred Ross, published by "The Glen Distillery Company, Limited," of Campsie Glen, N.B., and 25, Wellington-street, Glasgow. The introduction to this little work states that the company, in view of the public interest in the matter, has determined to answer the question asked by the title in comprehensive detail, and, in order to do so fully, has called in the aid of the camera—"most faithful of public servants"—to assist the pen of the author, and at the same time provide prospective customers "with an accurate, authoritative review of the company's business and its unique methods." Facing this declaration is a portrait of Mr. Alfred Ross, the managing director of the Glen Distillery Company, while over the leaf is a picture of the distillery over whose fortunes he presides. Thereafter follows an account of the process adopted in the manufacture, illustrated by photographs of various departments of the Glen Distillery. There are pictures of the still furnaces, the engine, the weighing department, the malt-grinder, the mash-tun, the copper pot-stills, the refrigerating room, the bonded warehouse, and the bottling and shipping departments, besides similar illustrations of the clerical offices; the whole supplying a complete picture of a large and flourishing business establishment. Finally the pamphlet concludes with a warning in large type against "Fraudulent advertisers," directed against dealers who claim to be distillers who "offer to sell whiskey, said to be older than the product of the Glen Distillery with its unequalled natural advantages, for less or even the same price." The company further invites the most rigid investigation of the facts set forth, as they are "the first and only distillers to advertise to consumers direct."

Accompanying this pamphlet was another brochure, also with the name of Alfred Ross on the title-page, entitled "Campsie Glen, a Reminiscence." It gives a brief historical survey of Campsie Glen, which, according to the historian, "owes largely its present prosperity to the distillery, which employs both men and women, and whose contented, happy lives are intertwined with its destinies." This booklet is also illustrated with a number of views of Campsie Glen, including, of course, a picture of the beneficent distillery. At the same time my correspondent forwarded the price-list of the company's whiskies, the various brands ranging in price from 36s. to 46s. per dozen in bottle and relative prices in bulk.

The object of my correspondent in sending me all this literature was not, as some may suppose, to commend to my notice a good brand of whisky. Instead, he more than hinted that the statements quoted above were simply fabrications, and suggested that I should undertake the "rigid investigation" of the facts contained in the pamphlet which the company invited. He also called my attention to the Glen Distillery Company's advertisements, and informed me that these were as mendacious as the pamphlets. I accordingly procured some of the advertisements in question. The one which appears most frequently is as follows:—

SCOTCH WHISKY, direct from the HIGHLAND DISTILLERY.—Mention *Daily Telegraph*, and send 3d. stamps to cover postage, for free sample of our Fine Old Pure Pot Still Malt Whisky, and a copy of our Illustrated (20-page) Pamphlet, "What is Whisky?" (sent in plain wrapper).—The GLEN DISTILLERY (Limited), Campsie Glen, N.B.

A much larger displayed advertisement, however, illustrated with blocks of the special brands supplied by the company, and having a coupon for a free sample attached, is responsible for the statement that: "Our Pure Old Pot Still Malt Whiskey goes straight to you from Our Own Highland Distillery. There is no dealer or middleman to adulterate it. You save the dealer's enormous profits, and you are absolutely sure of getting our thoroughly matured pot-still whiskey in its original purity, richness, and delicious taste."

On receipt of these communications I at once placed myself in communication with Mr. Ross, the managing director of the Glen Distillery Company, Limited. I informed him that it had been suggested to me that the statements contained in his pamphlets and advertise-

ments were incorrect, and I invited him to rebut the aspersions, while I also invited him to forward to me an order for my representative to view the company's distillery at Campsie Glen. To that request, in spite of the clear invitation for an investigation which I have already quoted from the pamphlet, Mr. Alfred Ross has made no sort of reply. Failing such reply, I have made some investigations without Mr. Ross's assistance, and as the result I am compelled to come to the conclusion that if ever a warning against fraudulent advertising was desirable, such a warning is necessary with regard to the advertisements of the Glen Distillery Company. Indeed, so far as I can discover, there is not a single word of truth in any of the statements made in the pamphlets and advertisements I have quoted, so far as they apply to the company and its distillery, if I except, perhaps, the one statement that the company's business methods are unique.

In the first place, there is no distillery of any kind to be found at Campsie Glen, and of the extensive building figured in the illustrations to be found in the pamphlets not one brick can be discerned by mortal vision. Naturally, therefore, the furnaces, the pot-stills, and all the rest of the plant, are equally non-existent, and, for once in a way, it would seem that "that most faithful public servant," the camera, has been signally imposed upon, unless, indeed, the sensitised plate has registered some of the most realistic "spirit" photographs ever produced. Similarly, the camera has been made to lie with regard to the pamphlet entitled "Campsie Glen," for the illustrations therein, purporting to be views of Campsie, are, in fact, photographs of a village named Fintry, about eight miles distant. The letterpress is no less mendacious than the illustrations, the finest example of the imagination of the author being found in the story of the prosperity of the village being secured by the non-existent distillery. Even the picture of Mr. Alfred Ross, the managing director of the Glen Distillery Company, the famous whisky expert who manages the invisible distillery and writes so convincingly of the merits of the spirit he manufactures, is not that of a brainy Scot, as the name would lead one to suppose, but the portrait of a gentleman of the name of Reiss, who has reached Campsie Glen from Palestine by way of Germany. In fact, the only connection on the material plane which the Glen Distillery Company has with Campsie Glen is to be found in a small cottage where Mr. Alfred Reiss lodges, and one room of which he uses as an office for the receipt of letters.

Much as it would please me to do so, I cannot conceive of this Highland gentleman as a modern necromancer calling forth his spirits (pot-still or silent, as his fancy directs) from a phantom still and an invisible distillery for the benefit of an alien race. Instead, I am compelled to believe that the whole bag of tricks has been contrived by Mr. Alfred Reiss for the delusion of the whisky-drinking Southron. I can, however, honestly give him credit for one truthful statement in the elaborate tissue of falsehood which he has prepared. He states that his business methods are unique, and with this contention, so far as it applies to the whisky trade, I am disposed to agree, for even in these days of advertising imposture, I have rarely come across a scheme which is more elaborate and, at the same time, more impudent. As for the merit of the whiskies which are supplied to the customers who are caught by the advertisement I have no information. I should not care to drink them myself, nor do I suppose that anyone else would care to do so either. Only a congenital idiot could have faith in the quality of goods sought to be sold by such flagrant misrepresentation. If, therefore, the Glen Distillery Company's customers look askance upon the Glen whiskies, no one is to blame but the managing director who has shown himself to be just about as capable of distilling the truth as he is of distilling whisky. It would be too much to expect the public to do otherwise than look with the same amount of doubt upon his wares as they would upon his word. But whether Mr. Reiss does or does not know anything about whisky, it must be conceded that upon one topic treated of in the brochure which bears his alias on the title-page, he has the right to speak with the authority of an expert. It is clear that what he does not know about fraudulent advertising is not knowledge, and his remarks thereon I would especially commend to the attention of the managers of the newspapers and magazines where the advertisements of the Glen Distillery Company have been recently appearing.

FRANCE FOR THE ENGLISH.—III.

Chantilly, the world knows, is the Newmarket of France. Its population of some 6,000 includes not far from 2,000 English or Americans. Five or six times a year, Parisians come down in scores of thousands to see the races. Needless to say, the tourist had better give Chantilly a wide berth on such days. At other times it is a little country town thrown into insignificance by the natural beauties around it, and by its historical associations. In France, where a lawn is a rarity, the green sward of its racecourse, where the whole town could be stowed away comfortably, is beautiful beyond comparison. There is another racecourse, or, rather, training ground, the "Terrain des Aigles," which is still larger. You may get glimpses of it on the Paris high-road. It is a clearance in the forest, and looks like an emerald lake. The Hôtel du Grand Condé is first-class, with the prices of a first-class Riviera hotel, and, this being well understood, I can recommend it for a short or for a lengthened stay.

On leaving the station a path takes you through a wood to the racecourse. In the distance, at the other end of the course, a dazzling white palace appears. The Château? No; the stables. They were built early in the eighteenth century, and, in their way, are as wonderful as St. Paul's Cathedral or the Thermæ of Caracalla. The outside is somewhat monotonous. The interior is an architectural wonder. A vaulted gallery, longer than any cathedral nave, runs from end to end of the building, divided into two wings by a central hall not unlike that of the Grand Palace of the Champs Elysées, which was possibly inspired by it. The hall is enriched with mouldings in Louis XV. style. The wings in which the horses were stabled (the Duc d'Aumale kept 240

horses here a few years ago) are devoid of any ornament. They are flooded with light by numberless windows.

Adjoining the stables is a monumental gateway, built by Mansard, as an entrance into the town. The Arc de Triomphe in Paris exceeds it in point of size, but I think this gateway, unfinished as it is, excels it in monumental effect.

The Château was wrecked at the Revolution, but the Duc d'Aumale rebuilt it thirty years ago. Part of it, however, is old. The Duc d'Aumale spent a considerable portion of the immense fortune he inherited from the last of the Condés in collecting works of art and in improving the estate. The manner in which he gave it to the nation is worth mentioning. Having been thirty years ago struck off the Army List—he was a general, and had, for a Prince, a rather distinguished record—he wrote a haughty letter of protest to the President, then M. Grévy. No fault had been alleged against him, only the Government were of opinion—and the precedent of Napoleon the Third's *coup d'état* rather justified them—that it was dangerous to leave princes of the old reigning families in the army. A special Act was therefore passed depriving the Duc d'Aumale and his nephews, the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres, of their commissions. The Government replied to the Duke's letter to M. Grévy by ordering him to leave the country. An Act shortly before carried gave the Government the power to banish members of the Bonaparte and Orléans dynasties. The Duc d'Aumale, having spent some years in exile, startled the country by announcing that he had given Chantilly and its estates to the Institute of France, of which he was a member. This was really giving it to the nation. The Duke merely reserved the use of the Palace and forest during his lifetime. The Government acknowledged this act of generosity by rescinding the order of banishment. The Duc d'Aumale returned to Chantilly, and spent the latter years of his life in adding to his collections and in entertaining royal and distinguished visitors. The Duke of Connaught was a frequent and a most welcome guest.

The Palace of Chantilly is now open to the public under the name of "Musée Condé." Admission is free on Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursdays. On other days a fee of one franc is charged. The Palace is one of the interesting sights of France. It is surrounded by an artificial lake, alive with carp, some of which, as at Fontainebleau, are said to be a hundred years old. These fishes are so tame that if you lean over one of the drawbridges they will come swimming up towards you, in expectation of crumbs.

A fine excursion from Chantilly is to the "Etangs de Comelle." A couple of miles drive through the woods brings you into a valley enclosed by forests. The main line from Paris to Calais is carried over this valley by a viaduct, the height of which you can only form an idea of by coming up close to it. In the bottom of this valley, facing a lake of clear, deep water—one of the most beautiful natural sights in the North of France—stands the pastiche Gothic Château de la Reine Blanche, built by the mother of Saint Louis. After driving round the lakes, one may return to Chantilly by the "Table," a circus in the centre of the forest where twelve roads meet. This circus receives its name from a stone table several yards across where the Condés, and even the Duc d'Aumale, used to entertain their guests at picnics. It is well to ascertain one's way beforehand, or purchase a map of the forest, as one may wander for hours without meeting anybody. This seclusion is one of the charms of the forests of the Departement de l'Oise.

Another excursion from Chantilly is to Saint Leu d'Esserent. The quarries of Saint Maximin are a wonderful sight. From the road you get a commanding view of one of the largest. It reminds one of a cañon of North America. These quarries, which have been worked ever since the time of the Romans, still supply Paris with most of its stone. The road winds down a valley not unlike a mountain gorge. The soil is of a rich colour; various kinds of unfamiliar weeds grow upon it. You could fancy a bit of Provence or Greece had been transported here. The very trees look like olive groves.

Another half-mile and a surprise is in store for you. At a bend of the road you suddenly come into the open. You are in the valley of the Oise. In front, on the other side of the river, rises the ancient borough of Saint Leu. Far away to the north, under a perpetual cloud of smoke, you see the chimneys of Creil. The Abbey of Saint Leu, in transition style, with its four towers, is an object of interest to architects. Saint Leu is quite mediæval, and many a farm still shows lance windows and gargoyles dating from the time of Edward the Third.

Returning to Chantilly by the suspension bridge you may proceed along the banks of the Oise to Toutevoix (Roman camp), or else, if you are on foot, or on a bicycle, return by Saint Maximin. Another surprise awaits you; the path suddenly dips into an old subterranean quarry, and passes through a sort of circular hall surmounted by a dome, in which holes have been made to admit light. The sides of this hall, or grotto, are occupied by troglodyte dwellings which seem quite comfortable, cool in summer and warm in winter. The tenants are well-to-do quarrymen.

From Chantilly to Creil by road is six or seven miles over a wooded table-land. Creil is a manufacturing town and a railway junction. Its industries are varied—iron-foundries, bridge-construction (a company is just now building a bridge for the Egyptian Government), millinery, aluminium, foundries for motor-cars, antipyrine, steel tubes, nails, etc. Montataire was the birthplace of Peter the Hermit, and was the headquarters of the mediæval agrarian movement called the "jacquerie."

M. Fauré-Hérouart, who was for many years mayor of Montataire, a little borough practically forming part of Creil, has written an interesting little book on this place and on the mediæval castle rising on beetling crags. The valley of the Thérain between Creil and Beauvais, owing to its peculiar geological formation, is

Southampton.—South-Western Hotel.—The new Dining-room, elegant Lounges, Smoke-room, with Restaurant and Grill room on ground floor now open.—For tariff, apply to Manager.

unlike anything in this part of the country. The bed of the valley is a wide plain, covered with alders and poplars; the southern banks are a chain of crags extending twenty miles to Beauvais; the villages on the way are most prosperous. In all of them mediæval relics abound. One of the charms of the Département de l'Oise (at least, in its southern portion) is that the tourist can always discover things in out-of-the-way places.

One of the largest private estates around Paris is the Vallière Estate, near Mortefontaine, belonging to the Duc de Gramont. It includes 8,000 acres of park, forest, and meadow, of lake, moor, fen, and rocky wilderness. You may wander here for a whole day without meeting anybody, save by chance a gamekeeper. The soil in this district is sandy and covered with pine trees, and the air is peculiarly dry. The estate is thrown open to the public on Sunday, but leave is granted on written application to the Duke to visit it on any other day.

The estate of Vallière is a fragment of the demesne of the Princes of Condé, and is part of a unique forest district, the chief landmarks of which are Coye (the station for Coye is Orry-la-Ville), Ermenonville, Mortefontaine, Chantilly, and Senlis. Any one of these places is perfectly suited to a week's stay. No country between London and Paris contains so many natural beauties. If you have a bicycle, and are in a hurry, any one of these places may be easily visited from Paris in a day. For Montefontaine, you take the train for Survilliers, eighteen miles, where a 'bus will convey you to your destination (four miles). Plailly, on the way, is a charming village, and, on account of its altitude and its position on the northern slope of a hill, is fresh and pleasant in all seasons except winter. From Plailly you can climb up the Montmélian, the top of which, only a mile distant, forms the limit of Seine-et-Oise, Oise, and Seine-et-Marne. The country here is a miniature Switzerland. As you ascend, the panorama widens. Away to the north, you get a stretch of view covering most of the forests I have named. Ten miles to the north you see the ancient town of Senlis clustered round a lithe Gothic spire.

Montmélian is crowned by the ruins of a square Gothic tower built by King Philippe Auguste. From the foot of the hill, towards the south the plain extends without interruption all the way to Paris, and the panoramic view of the capital, with the Eiffel tower —diminutive, but still distinct, notwithstanding the twenty miles of intervening plain—is indeed impressive.

The Chateau de Mortefontaine, which is on the right side of the road almost opposite the Hôtel de la Providence, cuts a poor figure beside the Renaissance chateau of Vallière built twenty years ago by the Duc de Gramont and the Duchess, née Rothschild. Yet Vallière is but an illustrious upstart, and that sad-looking, plastered and barrack-like building behind a railing was the favourite residence of the Condés. Chantilly was their Windsor Castle, Mortefontaine was their Balmoral. A whole day may be spent in the Duc de Gramont's park. On passing the porter's lodge, you follow the carriage-road on the right under sycamores, beech, and ash trees as old as the Revolution, and many older. Art and nature run hand in hand; the road is lined for a distance of more than a mile with bushes of dahlias, roses, and lilacs. The first view of the château is striking. You turn past the stables and turn down to a lake. The wooded hill in front of you is an island on the lake named Molton. You may turn back to Mortefontaine by another carriage-road along the banks of the lake, reaching two lakes at higher levels, in the midst of meadows with distant views to hills towards the north. Or you may continue in the same direction—but this may mean a day's walk — towards the Butte des Gendarmes, the lonely chapel of Sainte Marguerite des Bruyères, topping a heather-clad height, commanding an extensive forest view. Every year, in June, a pilgrimage attends this shrine. At other times, days and weeks will pass without a human being visiting this summit. The feeling of solitude here is exquisite. Or you may take another private road leading through pine trees and a gorge lined with boulders to the "Pavé d'Avesnes." From this place, Mortefontaine is a couple of miles distant. Ermenonville is somewhat farther. If you have a good map of the forest, there is no danger of losing your way, as every path is provided with guide-posts.

Jean Jacques Rousseau's monument is on the Ile des Peupliers. The inscription runs:—

"Ici repose l'homme de la nature et de la vérité."
"Vitam impendere vero."
"Hic ossa J. J. Rousseau."

The bones are no longer here. They lie in the Panthéon.

In a previous article I took you by motor-car from Paris to Creil. From here it is a seven hours' run at a moderate speed to Boulogne-sur-Mer. The road is perfectly smooth the whole way. The chief places on the way are Clermont, on a hill. Its town hall is the oldest one in northern France. It was admirably restored thirty years ago. After this you take leave of the Ile-de-France scenery and enter chalky Picardy. From here it is an easy run to Amiens.

Compiègne is only twenty miles distant from Creil; the road along the banks of the Oise winds through a country of teeming fertility. No wonder the monastic orders in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries got possession of this desirable land. In almost every village you will find traces of ruined Gothic convents. The church and steeple of Pontpoint (twelfth century) ought to be entered in your sketch-book if you have one. The lines are so simple, in their archaic stiffness, that even a poor draughtsman will have no difficulty in taking them down. The best view is from a field above.

For cyclists an interesting way of reaching Compiègne is by training to Crépy-en-Valois, forty miles, and continuing by road, sixteen miles. At Crépy, lunch at the Buffet. Crépy, a prosperous market-town, contains many relics of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. I have been told that the French name for pancake (*crêpe*) is derived from this town, where this savoury was

Seeger's Hair Dye.—Dyes the hair by merely combing through. 2s. the Case, or Trial Bottle, mailed free from observation, 7d.—Hinde's Ltd., 1A, Finsbury, London.

invented. In the town are a number of private houses dating from the Gothic period. The "Maison de la Rose," a private house not visible from the street, is a gem of the Renaissance. On no account should a visitor fail to see it.

A few miles beyond Crépy is Orrouy, whence a steep path (guide posts) takes you to the interesting Roman theatre and Temple of Champlieu. It dates from the decline of the Roman Empire, and the sculptures are more barbarian than Roman. The Comédie Française gave a public performance here a few weeks ago. The place is public property, but the keeper expects a small fee. The speck you see on the horizon, twenty miles away to the west, is the Cathedral of Senlis.

From Orrouy you proceed to Morienval, with an abbatial church not unlike that of Saint-Leu d'Esserent, with four towers. Morienval is much visited by artists and architects, and there are several inns in the village, about which I know nothing. Pierrefonds is a few miles further. I almost think the famous castle has been over-restored by Viollet-le-Duc. It is as wonderful a historical revival as a novel of Walter Scott. Pierrefonds may be easily visited from Compiègne. The distance is eight miles, and the trip may be made by cycle (cycles may be hired at Compiègne), motor-car (also obtainable on hire), train, or even on foot, through the forest.

THE THEATRES.

"The Winter's Tale," at His Majesty's.

I would have given much for a breath of winter during the time when "The Winter's Tale" was being slowly unfolded at His Majesty's on Saturday night. The torrid heat made us all sit mopping and fanning ourselves, and perhaps in some measure accentuated the feeling that the play was inordinately long and dull. Why any sane people go to theatres in this weather is a matter which surpasses my comprehension. It is hot enough in the open air, but there at least there is space. In the theatre, though, immovably jammed into rows of stalls, with so many hundreds of sweltering people packed round you, life becomes almost insupportable, and I cannot imagine why any but wretched critics voluntarily submit themselves to the torture. To me the most charming thing about this, Mr. Tree's twelfth Shakespearian revival, was (after Miss Terry's beautiful impersonation of the wronged queen) the exquisite woodland scene. I have seen many charming stage pictures at His Majesty's, but few more pleasing than this, with the shepherd's cottage standing on the river bank, and the purling stream rippling off over little waterfalls into the wings. The temptation to wander on to the stage and lie down by the river under the trees was to me almost irresistible, and when Autolycus rose from sleep and sluiced himself with real water a gasp of envy went up from the audience. "The Winter's Tale" is not a good play. It would not bear playing, like "Hamlet," without scenery, but it lends itself to very beautiful scenic effects, and in this respect the revival was a triumph. I have only seen the play once before, and that was when Miss Mary Anderson doubled the parts of Hermione and Perdita, with Mr. Forbes Robertson as Leontes and Mr. Charles Collette as Autolycus (and a very good Autolycus too). Miss Anderson had not the tragic force which Miss Terry now puts into the Trial scene when she stands arraigned before King and Court for unfaithfulness, but I preferred her to Miss Viola Tree in the second half of the story. Miss Tree is very girlish and innocent, but is handicapped by her physique. She has the instincts of grace, but fate has been unkind to her. In the matter of the rest of the cast, except for Miss Terry, who is a delight every moment she is on the stage, I do not think the revival is very happy. I have often criticised Mr. Tree, but a production without him at His Majesty's seems to lack salt. Leontes is an uninteresting character; his mad, unreasoning jealousy puts him out of court as a human being, and lunatics are not entertaining. Further, Mr. Charles Warner, admirable actor though he may be, is certainly not the man to make you overlook the author's conception of the character. His slow, strenuous methods only help to make the play drag. Mr. Basil Gill is a romantic and pleasing Florizel, and Mr. Lyn Harding a very sound Camillo, despite his quaint appearance in the first act. The sheep-shearing revels and the humours of Autolycus (Mr. C. W. Somerset) will well bear condensing, though as a sort of ballet interlude they are quite charming in their way, and they serve moreover to introduce Mr. Somerset to us as a singer. As the curtain did not fall on the third act until eleven o'clock, with another act to come, compression is essential, and I suggest it might come here. The revival is doubtless a thing to see, but whether it will have a long run is another matter.

The "Sin of William Jackson," at the Lyric.

I have never been able to understand why certain superior people condemn off-hand any play which is a serious attempt to depict low-life tragedies. "The Sin of William Jackson," by the Baroness Orczy and Mr. Montagu Barstow, is not a great play (though it comes very near to being one), but it is immeasurably superior to that showy success by the same authors "The Scarlet Pimpernel." Mr. Pinero, some time since, rather contemptuously stated that the tragedies of washerwomen were not effective, or words to this effect, and certain critics act on this principle. In the course of an interesting and chequered career I have come to the conclusion that human nature is much the same in high or low life, and that the tragedies of the poor are just as interesting and just as dramatic as those of the drawing-room. The difficulty in dealing with low-life tragedies for the stage, though, lies in the fact that the poor seldom have the power of words of educated people, and that it is consequently far more difficult to make audiences understand them without making them unrealistically loquacious. It is fair criticism to say that the authors of "The Sin of William Jackson" do not appear to have a sufficient first-hand knowledge of the life they are depicting, but they have written a strong moving drama round a simple theme. A sailor has been sentenced to four years' imprisonment for manslaughter for knocking down and killing by accident a man who insulted his girl. Returning from imprisonment he finds the girl married to a drunken bully whom she accepted in despair to save her name and to safeguard the legitimacy of the sailor's child. She is now wretched

and William Jackson's sin is that he allows her cad of a husband to go to a deserved death when he had only to open his lips to save him. He was tempted and he fell, but he fell out of love with his old sweetheart, and there is real drama in the situation. The play is admirably acted all round, and though it has weak points, notably in the matter of the marriage of the girl to the bookmaker, and in the end when, on the day of the funeral of her husband, she falls into the arms of that husband's passive murderer—it is yet a most praiseworthy piece of serious work. To read such a tirade as this in a popular paper makes me wonder whether its author really knows anything about human nature at all, or whether he merely wishes to prevent dramatists treating low-life "animals" dramatically:—

The whole scheme is mechanical and inhuman. I won't say that such miracles don't happen now and then in lower London. They may occur, for they bear some kind of resemblance to the alleged tragedies—single or double—that figure on the contents bills of the halfpenny evening papers. But I get no thrill of horror or of interest from reading that a bricklayer, out on ticket-of-leave, has killed his wife, or that a navvy, in a drunken fit, has battered out his mother-in-law's brains. I deplore the crime in a strictly impersonal way; but it fails to come home to me, because I have not the honour of the acquaintance of the bricklayer, who to me is a simple bricklayer and nothing more. Similarly, when I gazed on the latest Orczy-Barstow menagerie, on the sailor full of love, on the ex-milk-shop girl full of long-suffering, on the restaurant-keeper full of jealousy, and on the bookmaker full of whisky and of brutality, I watched the doings of the animals without the slightest grain of interest. For me, these persons had no life, no nature, no motives. I knew nothing about them, they were merely so many moral qualities incarnate.

Actors as Critics.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier has accepted the post, formally offered to him, of dramatic critic to the Sphere and Tatler, Ltd. I suppose we may expect to see something like this in the near future:—

Garrick Theatre.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier (lessee and manager) has followed that successful comedy, "The Morals which Bourchier Ordains," with the long-promised version of "Hamlet" (prepared by Mr. Arthur Bourchier). The Prince of Denmark is, of course, played by Mr. Arthur Bourchier. Owing to Mr. Arthur Bourchier's new regulation excluding critics from his theatre, the only dramatic critic who was allowed by Mr. Arthur Bourchier to be present was the representative of The Sphere and Tatler, Ltd. (Mr. Arthur Bourchier), who speaks very highly of the production.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

A GLIMPSE OF THE FRENCH MANŒUVRES.

I FEEL tempted to-day, just for the humour of the thing, to act as your military correspondent in the heart of l'Ile de France, or what used to be so called. The corps to which I particularly attach myself is the 2nd under General Michel. The strategical points were pegged out by the Emperor Julius for his lieutenants to hold fast in repelling Frank and Salian invasions. Not that General Michel has the remotest intention of repeating Roman history, or of borrowing a rôle from Ægidius, who so well entered into the idea of Julien. But the same circumstances produce the same effect. The danger now, as then, is from across the Rhine, and the first great shock of battle is likely, in the event of invasion, to take place between Senlis, the starting point of the Capet dynasty, Crépy en Valois (or Gallois), Crouy sur l'Ourcque, Oulchy le Château, and Soissons, where the traitorous St. Remi obtained of Clovis the restitution of the famous sacred wine vase which served as a communion cup at French coronations, and for the last time at that of Louis XVI. The concentration of General Michel's army corps took three days. Its manœuvres are distinct from those of Lagny. I might have run there in a motor, but preferred staying in a part of France which gave to Roman civilisation the sensibility it wanted, and transformed the architecture of the Greco-Roman temples, some centuries later, into the style misnamed the Gothic, a style permeated with grand sentiment, exquisite sensibility, and religious emotion. It is in itself a protest against the barbarism of the feudal system, a noxious plant of outre-Rhine origin. It proclaims with the highest eloquence that carved stones ever expressed the rights of the soul as against the rights of the land-grabber, who was everything in the feudal system.

The idea of the manœuvres is intentionally simple, not so much a display of brilliant colour, noise, movement, as to give a chance for the 2nd Army Corps to test its endurance, and the arrangement of its supplies and organisation. The endurance is thoroughly tested by the heat (90 Fahr. in the shade), an Algerian sky, and the impossibility of finding beds at night except *à la belle étoile*. I heard at Crépy a band of young soldiers discuss this hardship after a terrible day of marching in the sun, and hurrying up in many places to cope with sudden hypothetical dangers. "Ah," said one of them, "our people are too anxious to please the civilian population. I bet if the Prussians were here they would be soon in the possession of the best beds at inns and private houses."

Each day a special train from Amiens brought down bread, flour, sugar, coffee, and other supplies. The power of Paris and other points of *ravitaillement* were tested during the scare last year. Each company marches with its own oxen and sheep, which are killed and cut up by the soldiers. There are enough of professional butchers in the ranks for this work, and of young cooks no less professional to dress the beef and mutton. Soldiers who have been in Algerian service adopt the Arab way of cooking mutton with rice. Driving last Saturday through Verberie, Bethisy, etc., I saw the joints spread out on trestles, not appetising, dark red, like horse flesh, and covered by dust raised by the innumerable motors and cavalry. It was being handled and mauled by a crowd of men who were taking their shares for their different companies. The flies were awful, and it appears that near water courses the buzzing gnat, or "cousin" (a cousin german to the mosquito), is more than usually venomous. Other men were putting sooty pots to stand between two stones, or bricks when they could find any, often against the walls of a barn or a house. Some were slicing up onions, others covering a sheet with squares of fat bacon, others making stew—they called it *rata*—with sausages and potatoes. The son of a great stock-broker, who busied himself grating, or rather scraping, carrots for a hasty stew, was pointed out to me. He had come in as a reservist, made last year a love match, to

Over-stoutness is not difficult to permanently cure when the right remedy is found. "Antipon" is now in universal favour. The *Methodist Recorder* says:—"It is satisfactory to know that 'Antipon' is the practical result of a specialist's researches and discoveries, so that reliance can be placed upon its efficacy." Price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle, of all chemists, or of The "Antipon" Company, 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.

which his parents have consented with a bad grace, and is heir to a round number of millions sterling. Meanwhile, his father, who refuses to see him or the wife, allows him about 30,000 frs. a year. He took his military hardships with a cheerful air. This may, after all, be better than leading a sybaritish life. When off duty he resides in a country house of his own near Rambouillet, where the father allows him a shooting and President Fallières gives him neighbourly countenance and good advice. These small facts throw a vivid light on modern France, and on its social, political, and military evolution since the retirement of Marshal MacMahon.

The inhabitants of the Valois country do a good trade with the soldiers, especially in drink shops. If there is a band it devotes half an hour, between five and six, to muster in the Place de la Mairie in the small burg or the village where it may be. A few tunes are informally given among gun carriages and commissariat wagons. There is any amount of the small change of amiability on all sides, and the officers are really kind and thoughtful in looking after their troops. The captains and older lieutenants have vastly improved since General André first went to the War Office. He put down the fine gentleman captain who thought the army existed to give a showy profession to sons of noble and wealthy families. The captain is now the soldiers' instructor in many other ways than mere military teaching. His advancement depends upon the advancement of the company under him. While discipline is strict—often severe—a spirit of citizenship is encouraged. Every soldier on New Year's Day has a shake of the hand from some officer.

I have had many opportunities for studying officers. If the novels of Bilse are well grounded on fact, the Germans have good reason to envy France the young officers whom General Michel now has under his command. They are entirely free from *hauteur*, are conscientious in their discharge of their military duties, and accept the Republican standard of the proper bearing towards the private soldier. Those ignoble acts of cruelty and despotism which the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen attempted to put down could not take place in the French army.

When my motor set me down at Compiègne I saw crowds watching a bridge of boats growing under the rapid handling of the engineers, to replace one supposed to be blown up. Pickets and scouts covered the country, some on cycles and wearing black cloth putties. Red Cross vans were broadcast on country roads. They were needed. Three or four men died on one day from sunstroke, and 150 were prostrated. Hence the postponement of the decisive battle that was to have been waged on Saturday in the plains of Valois, commanded by the old ruined tower of Montepilloy, now a farmhouse. The enemy have blue badges and consist of the 3rd Division, which is moving from Chantilly eastward and trying to break through a screen of the 4th Division, behind which the rest of France is supposed to be hurrying up her main forces. Another explanation was spontaneously devised by a spectator who shared in my disappointment at the delayed result, as he watched the place which was to have served as a key-position. It is so reasonable that I give it, without at all annulling the explanation through the heat. At Compiègne some twenty foreign attachés are quartered among Gobelins and Beauvais tapestries, flowers and palms from the palace gardens and greenhouses, and the treasures sent from the Louvre for those Franco-Russian fêtes, and which Paris has not yet reclaimed. True, they are not quite the paintings a connoisseur would have chosen if some good fairy had given him the choice of forty or fifty. The apartments of the foreign attachés are those in which members of the Imperial suites were lodged. Each lodging consists of bed-sitting and dressing-room. They are more comfortable than the sleeping rooms and salons of Nicholas and Alexandra, if less fine and devoid of historical furniture. I could notice many details which showed a foreseeing care for the comfort and convenience of these foreign officers. They could write home to their wives, Government, or *bonnes amies* sitting in luxuriously easy chairs. Elegant blotters in stamped leather, Sèvres inkstands, silver paper knives —no plated ware lay on the writing-tables. Well, assuming that the Friday evening dinner was worthy to be eaten in such palatial splendour, and allowing for thermometric conditions, it is more than probable that a body of officers so mixed and not in the habit of self-denying ordinances were too appreciative of the fine wines and the luxurious cuisine. They did not feel themselves under the actual strain of war, and, in fact, were quite free from any responsibility beyond that of sending clear reports done *à tête reposée* to their Governments. The great duty of the moment was to be *bon camarade*. The temptation was, therefore, great to yield more than was wise to the pleasures of the table. A special train which was to have taken the whole party at an early hour to the field of battle may have found a majority of the foreign attachés absent. Their hosts may have found trouble in rousing them at three or four in the morning. So what with one thing and another, General Michel may have been glad to order *le repos*.

The generals under Michel prefer to dine at small restaurants en route, where they know the cuisine is good. At a restaurant at which a general and five officers alighted for lunch I saw them drink, without prejudice to ordinaire, Bordeaux, and Burgundy, five bottles of champagne of the Montebello brand. They took the latter to quench thirst as a Japanese might have gulped down weak tea or water. The whole six belong to the generation that will soon pass on to the retired list. Next day they replaced champagne with Mâcon-Fleury and soda water, and drank the mixture as though the terrible heat had dried up all the fluids in their bodies. Weak tea is served out to the troops.

Each village has a notice signed by the mayor asking farmers to lodge claims for trampled crops or broken gates within three days. A special jury of officers and farmers had been named to ride with the troops, and had been charged to settle the claims at the end of the manœuvres, without legal intervention. I noticed a steady effort to save expense, to spare fields whenever possible, to keep cavalry horses to the stubble and out of maize, buckwheat, sainfoin, and beet. Small charges

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only are to go off in the guns, and cartridges are to be sparingly distributed. The umpires do not need the thunder of cannon or the rattling discharge of rifles to know which side is getting the better. The English military men do not herd with the twenty at Compiègne. They are Generals French and Grierson, and have had their quarters in private houses at Crépy en Valois. Horses and motors were at their disposal.

Pity the foot soldier for his terrible coat! Though not so irrationally tight-buttoned as the German, or the English scarlet tunic, it is pulled tight by the belts for his rifle and equipment. The latter includes a light fatigue jacket in white cotton, one, or even two, unbleached shirts, and a pair of light duck trousers. The day's work begins at four in the morning and ends at twelve. As the French are early risers, the bugle-call before dawn is no hardship. It does one good to see the joy with which the soldier flings off at noon all his heavy things. He at once changes his shirt. Long clothes-lines covered with shirts hanging out to dry may be seen in all the fields near villages, and shirts covering all the fences and hedges. When there is a brook the daintiest heirs to fortunes are not above kneeling down and washing their things. In the present Algerian temperature —95 deg. in the shade—they may be trusted to dry soon. Feet, in the heavy, ill-fitting boots, get very sore, so that some carry a pair of slippers, but others are deterred by the extra weight. All have to carry sugar, coffee, and a water-bottle filled with weak tea. I recollect the excellent boots of some German prisoners of war in 1870. The French are still far behind the possible "enemy" in regard to boots. They too much forget the uselessness of a footsore linesman.

The culinary crisis at the Château de Rambouillet interests the country, I find. President Fallières, I think I told you some time ago, prefers Lot-et-Garonne and Bordeaux to Paris cookery, and the cordon bleu to the chef. Garlic moderately used is to him ambrosia. He prefers oil to butter, a steak *à la Bordelaise* to a *tournedos à la Parisienne*. Threatened with too great embonpoint, he follows a regimen which happens to suit his gastronomic tastes. *La cuisine travaillée*, or the composite dishes in which the nitrogenous element predominates, he dislikes and fears. He is fond of vegetable soups, and notably celery, or leek, or tomato soup *à la milanaise*. A *casoulette*, or beans baked in the Toulouse way, is to him meat and vegetable. It served him in his student days, when he had not money to throw away, in as good stead as oatmeal porridge or brose does the young Scot at St. Andrews. Meat soups, including the national *pot au feu*, disagree with him. I mentioned, when he competed for the Republic, how hospitable he and his wife are in a quite unaffected way, and how abstemious he is at dinner, when he really does not dine and makes believe he does, so as not to discourage guests. Well, M. Fallières has not had since he went to the Elysée any food that he cared to eat. On company days he could not expect it, as his palate is that of a Gascon. He explained to his chef, a legacy of M. Loubet, that he disliked *la cuisine travaillée*, and wanted meat, fowl, fish, and vegetables to be served with their natural flavour. The explanation bore no fruit. The bills for those finely-compounded dishes which are the pride of the great French chefs, startled M. Fallières. The scale of expenditure adopted by M. Tesch was the same as in M. Loubet's time. Mme. Loubet made no objection to the charges for ingredients for sauces—stock, truffles, Madeira, and so on. Half a pound of stock, as a great chef makes it, costs from 50 to 60 fr. It is just so much poison. As the shooting season drew nigh, M. Fallières felt that he must have another talk with M. Tesch about the culinary bills, and their, so far as his (M. Fallières') palate was concerned, unsatisfactory result. M. Tesch, feeling offended, resigned. The cordon bleu who served at the Petit Luxembourg on ordinary days has been summoned from Lupillon. She learned her art at Agen and Bordeaux, and will give the President the Lot-et-Garonne dishes that he relishes most.

The mystery of the blue diamond is still pending. M. Greger's advocate and the judges of the Brest tribunal have gone away on holiday tours. The papers give a photo of the Comtesse de Rodellec Porzic; the make-up of the dress is that of Mme. Bouterline, General Boulanger's "Divine Marguerite," in 1888. The figure, pose, and head, have a *faux air de Junon*. It must be unpleasant to her to read in the papers that Comte de Rodellec has the temperament of a sabreur—the cross-grained temper of a young husband with a wife who adores him and is twenty-seven years older. The declaration so repeatedly made by Greger of having advised his hostess to divorce his host is one of the astonishing incidents of this mysterious case. I suppose that in a château in the most western point of Finistère, where everyone tries to show off, host, hostess, and guests, must soon grow as sick of each other as on a yachting cruise. One can almost understand a host tired of the perpetual rain, and, feeling like a snake in the grass—as Greger on his own declaration was—perpetrating a terrible practical joke. It rains about three hundred days in the year in Finistère. Imagine how sick the Gregers and the Rodellecs must have been of one another at the end of a fortnight. The visit of the former was to last three weeks. It dragged on some days longer. I heard a Parisian say that had the blue diamond mystery burst on the world in the time of the Second Empire, he would have said it was got up by the Prefecture of Police.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

THE English Channel, dear Lady Betty, has ceased to exist; the change is equivalent to a conquest—the conquest of the national prejudices.

Our isolated ancestors were convinced that all foreigners were pigs, pigmies, and pagans, and that the special mission of the English was to convert and conquer them. Foreigners were slaves, paupers, and braggarts; we, free, rich, and brave—and the conviction was a force which caused us to attempt the impossible, and to frequently achieve it.

The chief of a small tribe of Indians upon the banks of the Mississippi, every morning as soon as he issued from his tent, extended his arm and moving it, said "Thus I trace the path which the sun must follow this day." Our statesmen of the past imagined that they had to direct the course of events throughout the world—

a supposition which the Tories still entertain with the utmost tenacity, and which they dignify with the name of patriotism!

The vulgar cheap excursion and the bicycle are altering all that. The narrow-minded middle-class man and woman, the city clerk, and the shop boy, are returning to England by the hundreds of thousands amazed at the civilisation which exists on the other side of the Channel. "The French are not dirty, the Germans are not barbarians, life is not dismal amongst them as it is with us. Our neighbours do not slave for money as we do; wealth is not tyrannical on the Continent as it is in England. There is hope there outside the limits of heredity!"

And so it is coming to pass that in the long struggle between England and the Continent, the Continent is conquering at the last. For centuries we have unceasingly endeavoured to impose upon them our characteristics and customs, and in the end it is we who are adopting theirs.

* * * * *

"Professions for Peeresses" is the attractive title of the following letter:—

"Sir,—I am the daughter of a massage Duchess, for my impoverished mother now adds considerably to her income by rubbing rich men and women who take especial delight in being so treated by a woman of title. My father, the Duke, is what may be described as a 'pick-me-up peer,' for he earns his livelihood by picking up millionaires, launching them in 'society,' and obtaining for them the title which establishes them and theirs amongst the socially elect. I give these details to show that I am not in a position to render services to others for nothing, otherwise, of course, it would never have occurred to me to write this letter.

"Every year I am entreated continually to assist to obtain funds for this, that, or the other, charitable concern by holding a stall at a bazaar. Of course, most women gladly accept those invitations, just as an actress does the offer of an engagement at a theatre—for it enables the one and the other to exhibit herself to the public. The actress, however, is paid for performing, and I maintain that women in my position should be paid for assisting at a charity bazaar stall. In the course of 1905 I was one of the principal attractions at eighteen bazaars, and at most of them I appeared in very short-cut sleeves, and wearing bodices that were transparent as far below the neck as custom would permit—which is our recognised substitute for the tights worn by many women on the stage. Those eighteen attendances should have brought me in at least two hundred pounds, and, instead of earning a farthing, I had to pay for all my costumes myself! Millionaires and rich elder sons never go to bazaars, so those entertainments do not give stall-holders opportunities of making acquaintance with wealthy men. If rich men knew, however, that we were paid for attending, as actresses are for performing on the stage, they might come to look upon us with less—shall I say, respect?—and come to a bazaar as they go to a theatre, to attract the attention of the stall-holders. I might be described as a 'star,' and I wish you would be good enough to announce in Truth that for the future I shall charge £25 on each occasion that I perform at one of these entertainments, and I hope other women in the position will be grateful to me for having discovered a new profession for impecunious Peeresses.—Faithfully yours,

Dorinda."

* * * * *

What is the middle-class? is the question of the moment in this country. The matter may be decided in an epigrammatic form. The English are divided into three classes: there are the aspiring and the perspiring; the middle-class is composed of those who both aspire and perspire.

It is a peculiarity of our fellow-countrymen and women that they have the greatest contempt for all who perspire—except for pleasure.—Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

The New South Wales Parliament has passed a most uncompromising Anti-Gambling Bill, which absolutely prohibits betting on the grounds at any sports, except on racecourses, under special circumstances. Newspapers are forbidden to publish any betting news, and a clause to prevent the publication of racing reports was defeated by only a small majority. Race meetings within the Sydney area will in future be limited to Wednesdays, Saturdays, and public holidays. The passing of this drastic measure is interesting because it is well known that a large number of members of the House of Commons are strongly in favour of similar legislation at home, so far as concerns the limitation of betting to racecourses, and the prohibition of the publication of betting news. The Street Betting Bill, which will certainly be passed during the autumn session, has been warmly denounced by these Parliamentary purists as a mere milk-and-water measure, and it is sure to be considerably extended and strengthened before it is sent back to the House of Lords, where it is not likely to meet with any serious opposition.

Plaisanterie, who died the other day at Sledmere at the age of twenty-four, was one of the very best racers ever seen on the Turf, and there has never been a better handicap performance than her easy victory in the Cambridgeshire of 1885, when, as a three-year-old, she carried 8 st. 12 lb., which included the penalty for winning the Cesarewitch. Plaisanterie had previously won twelve races in France and Germany during her three-year-old season. She was a daughter of Wellingtonia, a useful horse owned by Mr. Stirling Crawford, for whom he won several races in the early seventies. Wellingtonia was the trial horse of Pell Mell (then known as the Flurry colt) before the Derby of 1872. Pell Mell, who won the trial easily, was owned by Mr. Astley, who was for a great number of years closely associated with the Manton stable. On the Monday before the Derby, Pell Mell was backed by Mr. George Payne and the stable commissioner to win £120,000, and the betting on the race was so heavy that the colt nevertheless started at an outside price. He was beaten by Cremorne by a head; but it was generally thought that if French, Fordham, or Cannon had been up on Mr. Savile's horse he would have won much more easily. Plaisanterie was purchased by Sir Tatton Sykes for only £2,300 when her Turf career had terminated, and in 1890 she produced a high-class racer and a really good stayer in Childwick, who, as far as I remember, was sold to the late Sir B. Maple as a yearling for 6,000 guineas. He was sired by St. Simon. Plaisanterie's yearlings all realised very high prices, and most of them were able to win races; but Childwick was the best of her produce. She was a very uncertain breeder, and produced only six yearlings for Sir Tatton Sykes. They sold for about £19,500. This mare defeated a notable field of horses when she won the Cambridgeshire, including Bendigo, St. Gatien, Thebais, Prism, Eastern Emperor, and Sailor Prince, who won this same handicap twelve months later. Her victory was a really great achievement.

The Doncaster meeting, which was described by Lord Beaconsfield as "The Carnival of the North," bids fair to be a great success, but it may be hoped that plenty of rain will fall before Tuesday, or the ground will certainly be hard. There is likely to be some interesting sport on each day of the meeting, and most good judges regard the St. Leger as being really a decidedly open race, although the field will certainly be exceedingly moderate in point of class.

Lord Falmouth, Lord Savile, and Mr. Henry Wentworth Fitzwilliam are the stewards of this year's Doncaster meeting. Lord Falmouth and Mr. Fitzwilliam will be the guests of Lord Fitzwilliam at Wentworth Woodhouse during the races. I hear that Lord Savile will probably be put up for the Jockey Club at one of the Newmarket October meetings. His uncle, the late

Mr. Henry Savile, was for a great number of years one of the most popular members of the Club.

There were 118 entries for the Champagne Stakes when the race closed in November last, and after the minor forfeits had been declared on July 3, 52 were left in. It seems to me most unreasonable that the minor forfeits (£5 each) should be rapaciously grabbed for the fund, instead of them going to the winner, the result being that instead of £1,000 being added, as is announced, the amount really given to the principal two-year-old stake of the week is only £610. This is a point on which the Stewards of the Jockey Club might very well admonish the Doncaster Race Committee, and the probable result would be that the local authorities would be stimulated to alter the conditions. It is a mistake also for all starters to carry the same weight, at this advanced period of the season, and it would be a laudable reform to make the winner of a race value £500 incur a penalty of 7 lb., while the winner of one value £1,000 should carry 10 lb. extra. This change would certainly tend to increase the field, and it would not be unfair to previous winners, considering that the "Red House in" course is a very easy one. The field on Tuesday will probably include Captain Greer's Slieve Gallion, who has not been seen out since he won the New Stakes at Ascot; Lord Rosebery's Traquair, Mr. Raphael's My Pet II, Lord Wolverton's The Welkin, Mr. W. Hall Walker's Knight of Tully, and Major Loder's Galvani; while several others may be started just on the off chance. I shall give a plumper for Slieve Gallion, and have always been of the opinion that Captain Greer's colt is the best two-year-old that has been out. There were sixty entries for the Tattersall Sale Stakes, and thirty-two animals are left in, including Mr. E. Dresden's Saxham, who ought to find no difficulty in winning this race after his very creditable success at York. The list of acceptances includes Mr. Cunliffe's Silver Heeled and Mr. J. B. Thorneycroft's Camlarg, two animals about which there was a deal of talk early in the season. There were 103 entries for the Rous Plate of £500 on Thursday, and there are sixty-five acceptances. The entrances, paid by the owners, amount to £569, so this race costs the fund nothing. Next year the Rous Plate ought to be improved into a Plate of £1,000. Traquair, the Alt Mark filly, and Mr. W. H. Walker's smart colt Polar Star are included in the list, but I shall plump for Lord Falmouth's dark colt St. Martin, own brother to Quintessence, who will have a great advantage in the weights with Polar Star, unless he wins at Derby this week.

There are sixty entries for the Scarborough Stakes on Thursday, including Gold Riach, Gingal, Bridge of Canny, Rocketter, His Eminence, Prince William, Chewink, Spate, and Paid Up. If the Duke of Portland's mare is all right, she ought to win this race, having a maiden allowance, while all the winners will carry extra weight. There are only twelve acceptances for the Doncaster Stakes on Friday out of an original entry of fifty. Keystone II. is engaged, so it is useless to attempt a prediction, as the result of the St. Leger may entirely change the present aspect of the race. There are seventy-five entries for the Park Hill Stakes, and Lord Derby ought to win this race, which will be worth about £1,000, as he has Keystone II., Victorious, and the filly by Isinglass out of Canterbury Pilgrim all engaged, and the extreme penalty is only 7 lb.

There is a good entry for the Doncaster Cup of £1,000, which race was won last year by Bachelor's Button, who defeated Mark Time by a head. The meeting of Bachelor's Button and Pretty Polly would be very interesting, as the distance is half a mile shorter than that of the Ascot Cup, and the course is easier, which would be all in favour of the mare. I hear, however, that Mr. Joel's horse, who has only quite recently resumed work at Newmarket, will be reserved for the Jockey Club Cup at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, for which race he was beaten last year by Pretty Polly. I expect that Major Loder's mare will win the Doncaster Cup. She has undergone a special preparation for this race, and has been going very well indeed in her gallops on the Limekilns.

The sales at Doncaster attract nearly as much attention as the racing, and Messrs. Tattersall's catalogue fills sixteen columns of the *Racing Calendar*. It may be hoped, with such a plethora of lots, that breeders will have the good sense to place moderate reserves on their stock, and so prevent the yearlings being ignominiously returned unsold. I do not see anything of exceptional interest in Tuesday's catalogue, and on that day the sales are not likely to be very important. On Wednesday there are five yearlings from the Tickford Stud, four of which are sired by Matchmaker. Mr. T. S. Jay sends up two fillies, one by William the Third out of Rose Bend, by Bend Or; the other by Persimmon out of Blithe Agnes, by Barcaldine. Mr. J. B. Wood's lot of five includes fillies by Cyllene out of Echline, by Minting; and by Isinglass out of Queenwood, by Marden. Lord Savile's four yearlings from Rufford Abbey are all sired by El Diablo; and there are four from the Easton Stud, two sired by St. Frusquin, and one by Persimmon. Mr. Bruce sends up eight, five of them sired by Forfarshire. One of the others is a colt by Flying Fox out of Miss Langden, and another is a filly by Galeazzo out of Lady Rayleigh, by Hampton. There are fifteen from Theakston Hall, including a colt by Melton out of l'Ideale, by St. Simon and an own sister to Barbette. Sir John Robinson sends up twelve from Worksop Manor, including a colt by Ayrshire out of Pindi (dam of Gingal and Bass Rock). On Thursday there are five from the Tilgate Forest Stud, including an own brother to Sansovino, and Mr. J. S. Harrison sends up nine, including fillies by Flying Fox out of Primrose and by Persimmon out of Queen of the Rivers, and colts by Persimmon out of Decree Nisi and by Desmond out of Tragedy Queen. The sale of the Sledmere yearlings will no doubt be the great event of the week. Sir Tatton Sykes sends up thirteen this season, including an own brother to Game Chick, colts by Flying Fox out of Ornis and out of Orlet, by Ladas out of Tragedy, and by Diamond Jubilee out of Wedlock, and fillies by Ayrshire out of Maid of the Mint (dam of Spearmint), by St. Simon out of Game Chick, by Orme out of Altesse, and own sisters to Buckminster and to Glenamoy. Major Fife's lot of six includes an own brother to St. Alwyne. Lord Londonderry sends up nine, including a filly by Persimmon out of Nenemoosha, and colts by St. Simon out of Lady Orme, and by Cyllene out of Dulcis. There are twelve from the Wisdom stud; and one of Mr. R. Swanwicke's is a filly by Cyllene out of Lady Raeburn. On Friday Mr. Elsey sends up five, three of which are sired by Galashiels; and there are seven bred by Mr. Purefoy, who, however, retains an own brother to Lally. Sir John Robinson has a second lot of nine on Friday, and M. H. S. Constable sends up nine, all sired by Garb Or. Mr. Taylor Sharpe's lot consists of fourteen. There are a great many yearlings from Irish studs in the catalogues. A quite remarkable number of the yearlings to be offered next week are the stock of by no means fashionable sires, and it is altogether fatuous and ridiculous to expect high prices for animals thus bred.

Mark Time has been sold by Lord Hastings to the French Government. He is a good-looking horse, and he was a successful performer on the Turf and a real stayer. He is by Marco out of Semitone.

Lord Brackley and Captain Wood, who purchased Imari last year after the death of Mr. W. Low, have found this horse a most disastrous speculation, and he has just been privately sold to go to Roumania. Imari is by Rightaway out of Winsome Charteris.

The weights for the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire are to be published to-morrow, and, of course, a long list of "quotations" will at once appear in the papers. No attention whatever should be paid in these days to the early betting on either of the Newmarket handicaps. It is all fiddle-faddle and moonshine.

There was excellent racing at York last week, and the meeting was a great success. Lord Derby's dark filly by Florizel II. out of Alt Mark had been well galloped at Newmarket, and she was a "red-hot" tip for the Prince of Wales' Plate, but could only finish a

bad third, the performance being a truly wretched one, considering that she was receiving 15 lb. from Saxham, besides the sex allowance. Sir E. Vincent's Charles Edward was another Newmarket tip, but he did not appear to be fancied by the stable, although there was a cock-and-bull tale afloat that he is better at home than Auber. Geronima was not backed with the ardour which was displayed when she ran with Bellavista at Goodwood. Hexagon ran prominently, but failed to stay the course, and Saxham won easily at the finish. Lord Derby was not represented in the field for the Yorkshire Oaks, the stable depending on Rayon, who was cleverly defeated by Catnap. Quair, as usual, ran miserably, and this grandly-bred filly (by Orme out of Memoir) is evidently of no use for racing, like all the rest of her dam's stock.

The post betting on the Great Ebor Handicap was very tame, and at the finish Golden Measure was really the only horse that was backed in earnest. Maher rode a very fine race on the winner, who was indebted for his victory more to good jockeyship than to his own superior merit, as he was "all out" to beat Mintagon by a head. The second had made all the running, and at a rattling pace. Gourd and Winwick were the Newmarket tips for this race, but neither was ever dangerous. Gourd is a very moderate animal, but she will make a valuable brood mare, being by Persimmon out of Canterbury Pilgrim. Thrifty was recklessly plunged on for the Convivial Produce Stakes, on the strength of his running at Redcar, but he was hopelessly beaten a long way from home, and The Sun won easily for Lord Cadogan, who is at present deer-stalking in Inverness-shire, but is coming south for Doncaster week. A generous price was laid against The Sun, considering his good form at the Newmarket First July Meeting. Odds were betted on Bridge of Canny for the Great Yorkshire Stakes, and Lord Derby's colt won cleverly at the finish from Catnap, who gave the plungers a severe shock, as for some time she appeared quite likely to win. Bridge of Canny has developed into a really good stayer. Greendale, although much favoured by the weights, ran miserably, and the Duke of Portland's three-year-olds are evidently a deplorable lot.

My Pet II. was made a hot favourite for the Gimcrack Stakes, which was really the most interesting race of the week, but his chance was destroyed at the start, as Mr. Raphael's colt was nearly knocked down by Glacis, the result being that Maher was summoned before the Stewards and cautioned. It is announced, however, that the owner of the unlucky favourite has appealed to the Stewards of the Jockey Club for a further investigation. As matters turned out, Polar Star won with extreme ease, while Auber was never dangerous. Hillsprite ran very well for five furlongs, but he is only a moderate colt, as the winner was giving him a stone, and could evidently have given him 2 st. Hillsprite has good speed, and he is just the sort of colt to win the Chesterfield Nursery at Derby.

There has been practically no betting on the St. Leger, and, considering the hard state of the ground, all prudent people will leave the race alone until the last moment. There have been all kinds of alarming reports about Keystone II., but Lord Derby's mare went a really good gallop of nearly one mile and a half, finishing on the Limekilns, early on Friday morning, when there appeared to be nothing whatever wrong with her. As I have before observed, Keystone II. has earned a great reputation with unexampled ease, for she has only beaten trash in her races this season. Gorgos is in sharp work again, but I cannot fancy either his chance or that of Gingal, the latter colt having no pretensions to stay the course. Troutbeck has improved enormously during this season, but he may be getting stale by this time, as he has done a lot of work as a three-year-old. I do not fancy Sancy, who seems to me to be over-rated, even among the moderate three-year-olds of this season. Malua will not be suited by the hard ground, but if the going had been soft I would have expected this colt to win the St. Leger. However, if Malua gets through his preparation all right, he ought certainly to finish in the first three. We have yet to learn that Keystone II. can stay the course, and there are many rememberable instances of the utter folly of supposing that an animal which has won the Derby or the Oaks ought, therefore, to be regarded as certain to stay the St. Leger distance. I regard the mare and Malua as the best of the English lot, but am quite prepared to see them both beaten by the French colt, Storm, who has improved greatly during the summer. He is well endowed with stamina.

THE COMING BOAT RACE.

"'Twas brillig and the slithy toves did gyre and gymble in the wabe," and the Harvard men rowed a full course, and were only a couple of seconds outside record time at the finish. Certainly it was an ideal day. There was good strong flood and a following easterly breeze. In fact, the conditions were precisely those under which I should have anticipated a fine performance. But that they would have done quite so well I rather doubt if any of our rowing critics anticipated. Many of them seem to have thought that the Americans would not stay. It only occurred to one or two writers who are oarsmen rather than journalists that these men were selected because of their stamina. But they were not merely selected, they were physically trained to become strong men. Now it should be noted that these men have been together for only a few days, less than a week, in fact. The visitors very quickly drop into their places. The rowing of Harvard University bears the impress of the commercial success of their nation. Their rowing is standardised. The individualist is not wanted. He is non-existent. The new man comes into the boat. Like a new piece of machinery he wants a little while to shake down properly. But he drops into his place in the human machine as though he were turned out from a factory, and on the second or third day the whole is working with clock-like regularity. The man who might wish to run his own theories of training or rowing would not be tolerated for a moment. There is one type of oarsman required, and that type is produced by the whole University. There is not one style of Jesus, and another of Third Trinity, and another of Trinity Hall. There are not half a dozen styles, but one only.

And therein lies the strength of the American system. It will no doubt shock the Master of Elibank, but the rowing of the American University is the oarsmanship of collectivism and socialism. The individual withers and the crew grows more and more. Goodness gracious, what a pother there would have been if all these chops and changes had taken place in a University crew training for the Oxford and Cambridge race! It would have been any odds on the other crew. And yet in this case we find the odds actually shortening. Our visitors are better prepared with spare men for the vicissitudes of training than we are. Where we have one spare man they have three or four. A couple of Cambridge men bitten by a mosquito and the race would be as good as over. A similar accident to Harvard a few days before the race and the chances would not have changed a jot. All are as fit as possible. The individual is sunk in the common weal of the University. Could our spare men be trained in that way? Should we think of pursuing that system? What a blessing to a coach it would be if now and then he could slip a spare man into the place of one of the selected eight who is a bit off colour for a day or two. No, our undergraduates are built on different lines. It is the spirit of the Harvard men that has made America what it is. The prophets of Birmingham imagine that a duty on corn and manufactured goods is all that is necessary.

Leaving these reflections on American methods, let us get to the root and substance of the whole matter. Harvard, when nearing record, could not leave a London eight at the finish, which had gone with them from Barnes Bridge. But, then, London are much more fit than they are in the spring when they have a dust-up with an Oxford or Cambridge crew. Nor, on the other hand, could Cambridge tackle a strong Leander crew with two of the Harvard spare men in her when they

were finishing their course. The scratch crew took rather a generous start, and it is interesting to know that the Harvard men plugged well. This is a good testimonial to the efficacy of their style, and it is given by an oarsman in the scratch crew. On the day that Harvard equalled record, Cambridge cut record for a mile by four seconds. The most interesting work of the Light Blues was a two-minutes' row against a good scratch crew, chiefly professional oarsmen. This was a starting practice, and Cambridge were quite clear in a couple of minutes. They are going well, and they will have to go all the way to win. I expect Stuart will get the lead at the start, and if six backs him up properly he will keep it. But from start to finish it should be one of the best races ever seen on the Thames. I can only say that a victory for Harvard would not be a bit less popular than a win for Cambridge. The crew, their professional coach, Wray, and those who look after the boat, have made themselves popular with all who have come in contact with them. The result is that any international nonsense is entirely absent. It is simply a race between two Universities. I have no doubt that some journalists will try to boom the race into an annual event and other impossible nonsense. Those people may be left to stew in the juice of their own idiocy. The Universities of Harvard and of Cambridge are quite able to arrange their little meetings without any outside interference.

Kent has won the championship of cricket. The number of Kent men that one meets is simply appalling. A well-known lawyer claimed that he used to go to Kent sessions. As for myself, I have made a host of enemies by remarking that it was lucky that Jessop got that last Yorkshire wicket out l.b.w. when only a couple of runs were needed to beat Gloucestershire. As a rise, it is better than any may-fly. Naturally the success of the county is popular. They have reaped the reward of encouraging native talent. Middlesex, for instance, will never do any good so long as they go on the Colonial tack. Surrey had a narrow escape against Middlesex. They tried to win, and then suddenly collapsed. Why on earth they got rid of Raphael I do not know. Hants made a great fight against Kent, Llewellyn scoring his biggest innings of the season. Hirst has made a record in scoring two thousand runs and taking two hundred wickets. Hayward has made more runs in a season than any man has made before, and neither of these counties is top of the tree.

On the hottest day of the year professional Association football began. There was a record crowd of over 56,000 people at Newcastle to see the home team beat Sunderland. Woolwich Arsenal went North and defeated Manchester City, who, owing to the heat, wound up with six men.

MAMMON.

Stock Markets Quiet—Summer Slackness and Summer Heat — Rhodesians Strong — Home and Colonial Railways to Buy.

THE slackness which is generally inseparable from the Midsummer season has marked the Stock markets during the past week, and business has been frankly poor. Unhappily, there has been little feature of consequence, and we shall probably be called upon to wait for another two or three weeks before we see any evidences of improvement. The torrid state of the weather, coupled with the absence from town of all who can afford to get away, will be sufficient to explain the inactive condition of affairs. The only market which is really brisk is that in Rhodesians—which is a curious circumstance, since the interest is limited to three or four shares, and since nothing has developed to give point to the sudden development of speculative curiosity. It seems to me that the speculator with a long vision would do better to provide himself with a few Kaffirs. Another market which will repay attention for a fairly long shot is that in gilt-edged securities, and I anticipate higher prices for Home Railways, in sympathy, and for the additional reasons that earnings are on a large scale and that coming dividends will be higher, and that the return upon your money will as a consequence be better, while you have behind you the best security in the world.

British Government Stocks – Japanese for Investment—Other Foreigners—Chinese Bonds—South Americans.

British Government securities have not been in great favour of late, but they ought to be picked up for the reason given above—that with cheap money they are tolerably safe for an appreciation of three or four points during the next few months, and this, with the direct yield, will bring in about 6 per cent., with unimpeachable security. I give below a selection of gilt-edged stocks, with the yield obtainable on them:—

Name.	Red.	Per Cent.	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Guaranteed (Irish Land)	1933	2¾	88¾ — 9¼	3 2 3
National War Loan	1910	2¾	98 — ⅛	3 7 6
Exchequer Bonds	1907	3	100 — ¼	2 17 6
Local Loans Stock	1912	3	98¾ — 9¼	3 1 3
Mauritius (gua. Imp. Gov.)	1940	3	96 — 8	3 2 6
Transvaal Gov. Gua.	1923-1953	3	98¼ — ¾	3 1 9
Turkish Guaranteed 1855		4	104 — 6	3 16 3
Bank of England Stock (4½ & 4¼ p.c)		9	279 — 83	3 3 9
Bank of Ireland Stock (5¾ and 5¾ p.c.)		11½	329 — 34	3 9 3
India Stock	5/1/1931 or after	3½	104½ — 5	3 5 6

In the Foreign market it would be difficult to improve upon Japanese and Chinese stocks. They are not what we would call "gilt-edged," according to our standard (which I suppose is the highest in the world), but they are quite desirable considering the return they give. The appended list shows the yield obtainable:—

	Per Cent.	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Chinese (Gold) 1896	5	103½ — 4	4 18 3
Do. (do.) 1898	4½	100 — ½	4 11 9
Do. Imp. Rail Loan	5	102 — 3	4 18 0
Do.	5	105 — 6	4 16 3
Japan Bonds (1895-6)	5	101¾ — 2¼	4 19 6
Do. Sterling	4	89¾ — 90¼	4 9 9
Do. Bonds (1901-2)	5	103½ — 4	4 18 9
Do. Sterling	5	103 — ½	5 19 0
Do. do.	4½	95½ — 6	4 14 3
Do. do. 2nd Ser.	4½	94½ — 5	4 15 6

In the South American group, both Argentines and Chilians may be commended, although there is not much to be said against Brazilians, which are controlled by a very important London house—one of the most important in the world, in fact. The bonds of these countries give a return of between 4½ and 5 per cent.

Home Rails Again Slack—But Trade and Traffics Still Expanding—Some Low Priced Bargains—York Deferred, Hulls, and Others—South-Eastern and Chatham Stocks—Scotch Railway Dividends.

The Home Railway market appears to have quite lost the impetus given to it by the recent dividend announcements, and in the absence of buyers prices lately have lost ground. Speculation in this department is now almost a dead letter, a fact not to be wondered at considering the primitive and prohibitive methods adopted in the charging of contangoes. Yet of the cheapness of many of the leading stocks there can be no question. Prices as a whole are lower than the average for years past, yet not for a decade have dividend prospects been more promising. The trade boom has now been in progress fully a year, and hence traffic returns are now running against large increases a year ago, yet gains continue to be piled up on the gains of a twelvemonth ago, and there is every reason to expect that our leading companies will have handsome sums at the end of the year to divide in increased payments to their shareholders. To date for eight weeks the aggregate traffic increases work out as follows:—North Eastern, £107,000; North Western, £74,000; Great Western, £59,300; Midland, £45,000; Lancashire and Yorkshire, £36,700; Great Central, £37,800; Great Northern, £16,000; South Western,

£15,900; South Eastern and Chatham, £13,800; North Stafford, £10,000; Great Eastern, £8,700; Hull and Barnsley, £8,300; Brighton, £5,200. In regard to the best selections, I still think the speculative investor might most profitably turn his attention to the lower-priced stocks, more particularly Great Northern Deferred, Hull and Barnsley Ordinary, Furness Ordinary, and Midland Deferred. The new capital requirements, as I mentioned last week, may possibly hinder an immediate advance in Brums., Berwicks, and Leeds, though these stocks are essentially sound investments, and will almost certainly go better in time. In regard to York Deferred, the position comes briefly to this: The increased balance just carried forward is equal to nearly ½ per cent. actual on the stock, and as the latter received 1½ per cent. in respect of the year 1905, it is practically bound to get a minimum dividend of 2 per cent. in respect of the current twelvemonth. Making reasonable allowance, however, for the expansion in earnings, and for the savings likely to accrue in rates and taxes as a result of the Company's recent successes in the Courts, prospects are for a dividend of 2¼ per cent. on the Deferred, which would make the yield to a present purchaser about 5 per cent. This explains why the dealers are talking the stock to 60 this year. The position of Hulls is in some ways similar to that of the York. As usual, no interim dividend was paid, but the addition to the balance carried forward on June 30 was equal to ⅝ per cent. for the year. As Hulls got 1⅜ per cent. for 1905 it has thus earned already 2 per cent. for the current twelvemonth. Only £16,000 more in net revenue is wanted to raise the dividend to 2½ per cent., which would mean a yield on the basis of the present price of about 5¼ per cent. Seeing that this little coaler line is now in the heyday of prosperity—the recent shipments of coal from Hull having been on a record scale—I think there is every likelihood of this dividend estimate being fulfilled, and therefore the stock must be looked upon as one of the cheapest in the market. Curiously enough, while Hull Ordinary gives the highest promised yield of any leading Ordinary stock, Hull Three and a Half per Cent. Preference, returning £3 16s. 6d., leads the way amongst yields in the Preference group. In the Southern Passenger group there is less room for "Bull" enthusiasm at the moment, but I believe those who lock away stocks now will see higher prices in the course of a year or two. Investors should bear in mind the words of Mr. Cosmo Bonsor at the South Eastern meeting about trade activity invariably beginning in the north and gradually extending southwards. Seeing that nothing has yet been done by the market to anticipate larger earnings, the purchaser has a good opportunity to get in. My favourite in this group is South-Eastern Six per Cent. Preferred Ordinary. Last year the stock received 5½ per cent., but there is a good chance of the full 6 per cent being earned this year, which would make the yield 4⅝ per cent. There is also much to be said for a purchase of Chatham Firsts. This stock can now be picked up at a point or two over 90. On the basis of the past year's dividend—namely, £3 13s. 6d.—the yield is about 4 per cent., and, seeing that the stock is entitled to 4½ per cent. when earned, and that Chatham Traffics are steadily expanding, the stock seems a most hopeful lock-up. Turning to the Scotch stocks, a beginning was made last week with the dividend announcements, the ball, as usual, being opened by the Great North. This Company is paying at the rate of 1 per cent. on its Deferred, with over £4,000 carried forward, as against only ½ per cent. per annum, and £2,700 forward a year ago. The result is up to the best estimates, and augurs well for the other dividends to be announced. The Caledonian result should be made known before these remarks reach my readers, and there is, therefore, little use in my forecasting now. The British will publish its dividend on Thursday, and, despite the conservatism of the Board during the last few years, there is reason to expect an extra ¼ to ½ per cent, on the Deferred, seeing that the Company had an estimated increase in gross takings of as much as £76,000. On the basis of ½ per cent. increase the dividend would be 2 per cent., and the yield at current price about 4⅝ per cent. The stock, therefore, is another low-priced bargain, and, assuming that dividend hopes are realised, I should not be surprised to see an early rise of a point or two in British. Below I show movements on balance since I wrote last:—

Home Rails.	A Year Ago.	Make up, Aug. 28.	Closing Price, Aug. 25.	Closing Price, Sept. 1.	Movement.
Caledonian Pref.	79¾	77	77	77½	+ ½
Do. Def.	35⅝	35⅜	35½	35	— ⅝
City and S. London	41	45	45	45	—
Central London	90	85½	86	86	—
Great Central 94 Pref.	64	—	80	80	—
Do. "B"	32⅛	38½	38½	38½	— ¼
Do. "A"	17	17½	17½	17½	—
Great Eastern	83¼	84¼	84¼	83½	— ½
Great Northern Pref.	100	100⅛	100½	100½	—
Do. Def.	36½	47⅜	47½	47½	— ½
Great Western	136¾	131	131½	130⅝	— ¼
Hull and Barnsley	44	48½	48½	48½	—
Lancashire and Yorkshire	105	103¾	104	104	—
London and Brighton "A"	120½	120	120½	118	—2½
London, Chatham, and Dover	16⅜	15⅛	15⅝	15	— ⅝
Do. 4½ p.c. Pref.	98	92	92	92	—
Do. 2nd Pref.	58	58	59	58	—1
London and North-Western	150⅞	155	155½	154½	—1
London and South-Western Def.	55¼	49⅜	50¼	50	— ¼
Metropolitan Consolidated	92	65¾	65½	64	—1½
Metropolitan District	36	23	23	23½	+ ½
Midland Pref.	69½	68	68½	66½xd	—
Do. Def.	65½	68½	68½	66½xd	—
North British 3 p.c. Pref.	80¾	76⅝	76¾	76¾	—
Do. Def.	45⅞	44½	44⅝	44½	— ½
North-Eastern Consolidated	136½	140½	140⅜	140	— ¾
South-Eastern "A"	55	52	52½	51½	—1

Americans less Active but Still Strong—The Monetary Outlook — Wall Street Press and the Union Pacific Dividend—Further Dividend Advances Still Expected.

American Rails have not quite maintained the striking buying pace of the previous week, which is not surprising, but the "Bull" leaders have kept the movement going, and, despite frequent set-backs, the tendency of values seems still towards higher levels. The market continues to be fed with a variety of rumours, some of which are, to say the least of it, a little unlikely. For instance, it was said that Great Northern proprietors are to receive a 75 per cent. stock dividend as a result of the ore lands deal; and, as evidence that there are people who look for something substantial, I hear that a dollar was given for the call of the Preferred to the end of the year at 440. Another story is that Erie Preferred is to be retired against bonds; a third is that the minority stock of the Anaconda is to be exchanged for Amalgamated stock on the basis of $400 for every $100. From such yarns as these, coupled with the evidence of large buying in some of the more rubbishy stocks, it looks as if the "boom" were getting rather out of hand. However, as I said a week ago, it is doubtful if the rise has yet culminated, and while the dangers of speculating in Yankees just now are appreciable, I am inclined to think the "Bulls" will do most of the storing for a little longer. Money is still a factor to be reckoned with, and the fact that during the last day or two call loans in Wall Street have been up to 12 per cent. is enough to keep the possibility of a "squeeze" prominently before operators. In some quarters, however, there is a tendency to make light of the monetary position. It is argued that the tremendous growth in the banking resources of the West and Middle West has made them more independent of the Eastern banks than many people are aware, while should New York be drawn upon to such an extent as to render aid necessary, Mr. Secretary Shaw will come to the rescue, perhaps by retiring in advance part of the $117,000,000 dollars of Four per Cent. bonds of 1907. Then, too, the possibility of large gold import from Europe is still confidently believed in by some people; indeed, it is rumoured that five to ten million dollars have already been engaged here for shipment. When we recall the "squeeze" of last autumn, however, and the relatively weaker state of the Associated Banks at the present

How to Operate in Stocks Successfully.—See Halford's Adviser (post free).—Palmerston House, London, E.C. Established 1869. Telegrams: "Monitor, London."

time, this confident talk seems a little premature. The recent mail from New York brings some instructive press comments upon the methods of the magnates, as revealed in their action over the Union Pacific dividend. Evidently the matter has made quite as deep an impression upon thinking people in the States as on this side. I give below extracts from two of the most conservative New York newspapers, the *Sun* and the *Evening Post*. The first-named remarks:—

> The curious unanimity reported in official quarters as to the serious nature of the California disaster in its bearing on the road was believed to have descended from the "higher world" upon the men nearer to the track, and no effort was made to relieve the anxiety felt by stockbrokers of the road; and in view of the remarkable events in the Stock Market during the last few days, it is pertinent to inquire who has reaped the benefit of the patience displayed by a great many of the Ordinary stockholders until they had reached the straining point and threw over their stocks 20 or 25 points below the level at which it is entitled to sell on the return of earnings now presented.

The *Evening Post* says:—

> Even if ethics be ignored, an extremely practical question remains; it is, whether directors who speculate in order to get the benefit of a dividend policy on which they alone decide, can be trusted not to fix such a dividend policy as will favour their speculations. We regret to have to say that some at least of Union Pacific's directors are not above this suspicion. The two directors of the Amalgamated Copper Company, in whose behalf, in 1901, a notorious stock manipulator marketed $22,000,000 Amalgamated Copper stock—the transaction is a matter of public knowledge—were engaged at the time in so handling the company's finances as to delude the whole public into the idea that the high dividends paid were warranted. When the directors' stock had been marketed the pretence was dropped and the dividends fell. These two men are members of the Union Pacific Board; their presence there, with Mr. Harriman in the presidency, is enough to at least excuse this week's insinuations. Under the circumstances, it seems to us that men of unblemished reputation, who also sit in the Union Pacific directory, ought themselves to be personally heard from in the matter.

Still, the unpleasant notoriety given to this matter has not deterred the market from looking for decided dividend increases in a number of other instances. Atchison is till expected to receive 6 per cent. as against 4 per cent., and Pennsylvania stock is talked of as likely to go upon a 7 per cent. basis. It is argued that the latter railroad can pay the regular 3 per cent. out of income for operating, and at least 1 per cent. out of income for investments in other stocks and bonds, thus following the Harriman precedent. At the date of its last annual report the Pennsylvania reported total holdings of $289,950,000 par value of stock in other companies, and $41,071,000 bonds, a total of $331,022,000. The cost of these securities to the Pennsylvania was nearly $95,500,000 less than the par value, and the advance in Baltimore and Ohio Common and Preferred, Chesapeake and Ohio and Norfolk and Western, of which the Pennsylvania owns approximately $82,000,000, has increased the paper profit. Last year the Pennsylvania's income from its investments, etc., other than the net from operating, was slightly in excess of $12,000,000, or just above the surplus remaining after the payment of $18,113,977 in dividends. Here is my table showing the changes on the week:—

—	1905. Highest.	1905. Lowest.	Closing Price, Aug. 17, 1906.	Closing Price, Aug. 25, 1906.	Closing Price, Sept. 1, 1906.
Atchison	96	80⅛	93	107¾	109⅜
Do. Five per Cent. Pref.	109	102	104¼	105½	105
Baltimore and Ohio Com.	120⅛	104⅛	121⅞xd	121⅞	121⅝
Chesapeake and Ohio	61½	46⅜	62⅜	64½	66½
Denver	40 1/16	27⅜	45½	46½	45
Do. Pref.	93¾	85⅜	88⅜	89½	89⅛
Erie	54½	38 5/16	45	48½	47⅜
Do. First Pref.	87½	77⅜	80¼xd	81xd	81
Louisville	161½	140¼	149	156½	154
Milwaukee	193⅛	173⅛	193½	200	183xd & r
Mo., Kan., and Texas	39⅜	24 1/16	35⅜	38⅛	37
Norfolk Pref.	96½	94	94	95	95
Do. Common	90¼	77⅜	95	95½	96¼
New York Central	169⅜	140½	145⅜	148	148
Ontario	65½	41⅛	48⅜	49⅜	51½
Pennsylvania	76⅜	67½	71⅝	74	73½
Reading	73⅜	40⅞	68⅜	73½	70½
Do. First Pref.	49⅜	46	49½	48½	47½
Southern Common	39 3/16	28⅜	38½	40⅝	39½
Do. Pref.	104½	97½	102½	103	103⅜
Southern Pacific	74	59⅝	89	90½	93½
Union Pacific	155⅜	116 9/16	173½	195½	197½
Do. Pref.	102⅜	98½	98	98	98
Wabash Pref.	49⅜	37⅞	49½	48	47
Do. "B" Debentures	86⅞	69½	84⅞	85	83½
U.S. Steel Corp. Com.	44½	26	42⅝	49	47½
Do. Do. Pref.	110⅛	93⅝	103⅜xd	111⅜	110½

Westralians Quiet—Public Neglect—But Colonial Support — Kalgurlis Strong — Perseverance Out of Favour.

The British public continues in its attitude of apathy towards Westralian mines, but a few discriminating speculators are still picking up the shares of the Colony's more promising properties, and, on the whole, values are well maintained—in fact, apart from a few Rhodesian specialties, Westralians have "kept the floor." Colonial support has been given, more particularly to Fingalls, which seem to us to be a very hopeful purchase at the present price of about 4½. Horseshoes and Great Boulders have also been supported, and among the cheaper shares Hainaults are something of a feature. It will not be forgotten by my readers that I have for a considerable time past recommended these shares for a purchase for a speculative investment. One of the dull spots in the market is Great Boulder Perseverance, which remains out of favour—for reasons which need not be detailed again—at the hands of both home and Colonial operators. Changes on the week are not very striking, as the appended table will show:—

—	1900 High.	1905. High.	1905. Lowest.	Make-up, Aug. 27, 1906.	Closing Price, Aug. 25, 1906.	Closing Price, Sept. 1, 1906.
Associated G.M.	7⅛	3⅜	1 21/32	1 25/32	1 23/32	1 13/16
Assoc. Nth. Blocks	3⅜	1 7/16	1 3/16	1½	1½	1½
Brownhill Ext.	3¼	⅝	½	9/6	9/-	9/6
Cosmopolitan	30/3	½	½	4/9	4/9	4/9
Golden Horseshoe	15	8 3/16	6 3/16	6¼	6	5 15/16
Golden Link	3½	4/6	0/3	3/9	3/6	3/9
Great Boulder Prop.	37/6	25/6	20/-	26/-	25/6	26/3
Do. Main Reef	2¾	3/3	1/-	2/6	3/-	2/6
Do. Perseverance	13½	16/6	9/6	9/6	9/3	9/6
Gt. Fingall Cons.	6 15/16	8⅝	6⅛	4½	3⅞	4⅛
Hainault	1½	1 1/16	⅝	1 1/16	1 1/16	1 1/16
Ida H. Gold	—	14/3	3/-	4/6	4/	4/6
Ivanhoe (£5)	15½	8 7/16	7 9/16	7⅝	76	7⅝
Ivanhoe South Extnd.	1 1/16	¼	¼	½	½	½
Kalgurli	9½	9¾	6 7/16	10⅛	10⅛	10⅜
Lake View Consols	5⅜	1⅞	15/16	15/16	15/16	1⅛
L. & W. A. Exploration	1 15/16	15/6	7/-	9/6	9/6	9/6
North Kalgurli	1 15/16	6/-	0/6	1/-	1/-	1/-
Oroya Brownhill	—	3 3/16	2 15/16	2 15/16	2 15/16	2 29/32
Peak Hill	5⅜	8/9	0/3	1/-	1/-	1/-
Sons of Gwalia	6 1/16	2 5/16	1 27/32	1⅝	1⅝	1⅝
South Kalgurli	6½	2	15/16	1 1/16	1 1/16	1 1/16
Westralia Mt. Morgans	—	7/16	1/8	3/-	3/-	3/-

Kaffirs More Cheerful—"The Tail Wagging the Dog"—An Alien Labour Canard—Barnato's Experiment—Diamond Shares—Deep Levels.

In South Africans dealings have again to a very great extent been confined to a few Rhodesian specialties. After all, with uncertainty on the score of labour and a poor show of public interest owing to the heat and the holidays, briskness was scarcely to have been anticipated, and changes on the week are not appreciable. At one time the market weakened on a little offering by House speculators, who were influenced by the publication of a statement that a prominent member of the Chamber of Mines and a large employer of Chinese labour would shortly announce his acquiescence in a proposal that no further importation of Chinese should take place, and that repatriation should be carried out immediately on the conclusion of the existing contracts. A Reuter cable received later from Johannesburg, however, said that there was no foundation for the report. A firmer tendency was developed later in sympathy with the strength of Rhodesian favourites, but on the recovery there was fresh offering, and the tone at the close was dull. On Friday there was very little doing in the market, apart from a few of the chief speculative counters, which came into some request, partly at the instance of public speculators willing to put them away for a time. It was reported that there was a failure in Paris, and this was attributed to the operator being caught short of Rand Mines. An interesting announcement was made apropos of the labour question, a cable to hand from Johannesburg reporting that the Barnato group had engaged a large number of half-caste "boys" from the Cape Colony for work in the mines. If the experiment is a success, it is said that several thousands of these workers will be obtained. The week ended with no improvement

worth speaking of in dealings, and the position remains a very unsatisfactory one. Before the close some of the more active shares showed a little improvement. Gold Trusts, Rand Mines, and Gold Fields were all a shade firmer, but Anglo-French and Johnnies were easier. The Far Eastern Rand shares were generally firm throughout the week, and most of the outcrops and deep level issues remained good. In the Diamond group Montrose was a dull spot, but De Beers Deferred and Premier Deferred were both firm markets. The speculative movement in Tanganyikas, Zambesias, and Northern Coppers is interesting, but it is not easy to see why these shares should be especially favoured while Kaffirs proper are left alone. There has been some American buying, which has given rise to the idea that the Amalgamated Copper group is acquiring interests in these properties with a view to control as soon as the metal deposits shall have been properly tapped, following the completion of the railway from the coast. It will probably be found, however, that the buying has been almost entirely at the instance of two or three Anglo-American speculators. The following are the movements for the week:—

—	Capitals. Autho-rised.	Capitals. Shares Issued.	Denom. of Shares.	Amount Paid.	Highest 1905.	Closing Price, Aug 25, 1906.	Closing Price, Sept. 1, 1906.
	£		£				
Bechuanaland Ex.	400,000	400,000	1	f.p.	1 11/32	3/4	25/32
British S. Africa	6,000,000	4,999,038	1	f.p.	1 25/32	1 27/32	1 27/32
Chicago Gaika	250,000	201,000	1	f.p.	2 3/8	—	—
Globe & Phœnix	200,000	250,000	1	f.p.	1 1/2	1 1/4	1 1/4
Lomagunda Dev	250,000	228,000	1	f.p.	2 1/16	1 5/8	1 17/32
Mashon. Agency	400,000	398,976	1	f.p.	1 3/8	1/8	1/8
N rth'rn Copper(B.S.A.)	250 000	160,500	1	f.p.	3 1/2	1 3/4	2 1/2
Rhodesia, Ltd.(New)..	600,000	500,000	1	f.p.	1	3/8	3/8
Rhodesia Expl.	225,000	227,777	1	f.p.	4 3/4	2 1/2	2 9/16
Rhodesia Glds.	1,000,000	500,677	1	f.p.	5/16	2/9	3/-
Rice Hamilton	175,000	50,000	1	f.p.	2 1/2	1/8	1/8
Selukwe	350 000	321,000	1	f.p.	1 1/8	5/-	5/-
Tanganyika Conc.	264 600	234,000	1	f.p.	6 3/4	5 1/2	7 1/4
United Rhodesia	750 000	660,900	1	f.p.	11/3	3/6	3/6
Willoughby Con.	1,000,000	930,000	1	f.p.	5/16	16/1	12/6
Zambesia Explor.	300,000	288,615	1	f.p.	2 9/16	1 1/8	2 1/16

Boom in Canadian Pacifics—The Annual Report—Disappointing Trunk Statement—Mexican Rails in Demand—A Traffic Surprise—United of Havana.

The past week has witnessed quite a boon in Canadian Pacific shares, and it is evident from the vigorous manner in which prices were pushed upwards that some influential people were behind the movement. Accompanying the rise we have had a revival of the old rumour about the Company's land holdings being turned over to a separate concern, thereby involving a big bonus to the shareholders. I do not profess to know whether or not the story has foundation, although I might remark that it would be dead against the policy of the Canadian Pacific Board to allow its lands to pass from under its control. The business of a land company pure and simple would necessarily be to get the highest price possible for its lands; the object of the Canadian Pacific Railway is to encourage immigrants, and, therefore, prices for land which might check the development of the country are scarcely what it desires. During the last few days we have had the Canada's report for the twelvemonth to June 30, and the showing made tends to cement the very favourable impression produced by the revenue statement with which I dealt a few weeks ago. Working expenses for the year amounted to 62.75 per cent. of the gross earnings, and the net earnings to 37.25, as compared with 69.35 and 30.65 per cent. respectively in 1905. The Duluth, South Shore, and Atlantic Railway Company failed to meet any portion of the year's interest on the bonds of that Company held in the Canadian Pacific's treasury. Although the earnings showed a substantial increase over the previous year, the necessity for defraying out of revenue some large and extraordinary expenditures, including the cost of the new ore dock at Marquette, left nothing to apply towards interest on the bonds in question. The directors anticipate very much better results for this property in the next year. The land sales were 1,115,743 acres, which realised $6,513,452, being an average of $5.84 per acre, comparing against 509,386 acres sold at an average of $4.80 in the preceding twelvemonth. The cash receipts for sales of land were sufficient during the year to enable the directors to deposit with the Dominion Government towards the redemption of the $15,000,000 land bonds mortgage a further sum of $6,500,000, leaving a balance due on account of this mortgage of $1,500,000, against which are deferred payments on account of land and town sites sold of $16,382,823. In addition to the splendid showing made by the report, a factor helping the market for Canadas was the revenue statement for July. Of the increase in gross earnings of $1,339,000 a sum of $605,000 was absorbed in extra working costs, so that there was a net gain of $734,000, representing more than half the gross improvement. This showing helped to emphasise the disappointing character of the Grand Trunk's July statement. The total increase in net receipts was a paltry £8,700, or less than half what the market had anticipated. Of course, gross traffics were not to blame, the poor showing being due to a heavy and inexplicable rise in working costs. The main line, for example, out of a gross gain of £49,700 only managed to retain £1,200 in net receipts. Somehow it never seems as though the junior stock-holders are to get a look in, and it is hardly surprising that the figures should have provoked sales by disgusted "Bulls." Still, the Trunk is forging ahead so fast that holders are almost bound to come home, provided they are willing to exercise patience. My table shows change on balance on the week:—

—	A Year Ago.	Make-up, Aug. 22.	Closing Price, Sept. 1.
Canadian Pacific	165½	175	178¾
Grand Trunks	24 3/8	28¼	27 5/16
,, 4 per cent. Guaranteed	103½	104¼	104½
,, 1st Preference	113½	122¾	122¼
,, 2nd ,, ...	105½	114	114½
,, 3rd ,, ...	58½	69	68
Bengal and North-West	157	147½	146½
Madras Railway 5 per cent.	126½	123½	123
Argentine Great Western Ordinary	126	118½	120
Buenos Ayres and Pacific	135½	127¾	128¼
,, ,, 1st Preference ..	115	118	119
,, ,, 2nd ,, ..	109½	110	110
,, Great Southern	144	138	139
,, Western	137	133¾	135
Entre Rios Railway Preference	94½	87½	88
Rosario Consolidated Ordinary	111¾	117	117½
Cent. Uruguay Ordinary	87	87½	88½
Costa Rica Railway	2 15/16	28¾	29
Mashonaland Railway Debentures, 2nd iss.	—	92½	92½
Mexican Railway	25⅞	26	27
,, 1st Preference	116¾	132½	134½
,, 2nd ,, ...	48½	56¼	58¼
Nitrate Rails	15¼	14¼	14¼

In the Foreign Railway division a sharp recovery took place in Mexican Rails the other day upon the adjustment statement of earnings for July, which showed an increase of $84,000, or nearly double the estimated amount. Some time ago the chairman of the Company admitted the difficulty which the officials had in obtaining reliable estimates of the weekly takes, and here is a striking evidence of his contention. Indeed, so lamentably out of it were the earlier figures that some critics are raising the question whether the publishing of weekly traffic returns by this line ought not to be abolished. United of Havana stock has met with attention from investors on the less threatening aspect of political affairs. It may be that the distribution of stock to the old Matanzas proprietors will be followed by some selling, as was the case when the Cardenas line was taken over, but this can only have quite a temporary effect, and after it is done with I should not be surprised to see the stock go higher.

Miscellaneous Mines—Jungle Stagnant—Awaiting Results—Copper Shares—Dolcoaths.

The West African group presents no feature of interest. In a few months more we may have a renewal of public interest in these shares, the more especially as some of the good properties are nearing the producing stage; and when some tangible results are visible there will be something to argue upon.

But at present the gold mining industry of the Colony is to a large extent *in nubibus*, and the good folks who were induced at the time of the boom in "Jungle" shares a few years ago are not going to pay any more attention to the market until these tangible results are actually available. A report issued during the past week gives some interesting details of the progress made last year in the Gold Coast Colony. The increase in the value of gold amounted to £250,975. Since the year 1902 the value of gold produced has increased by nearly half a million pounds sterling, the figures being for 1902 £96,880 and for 1905 £596,583. The number of concessions filed in the Colony was 13, as compared with 50 in 1904, and 21 certificates of validity were granted. The Concessions Ordinance of 1900 was amended during the year by No. 14 of 1905, which, *inter alia*, allows the Court, with the consent of both the granter and holder of a concession to vary, add to, or otherwise modify the terms of a certificate of validity. This provision has been much appreciated by both parties, and has been largely put to use. The health of the Europeans employed at the mines continues to be very satisfactory. Many of the mining Companies possess well-equipped hospitals and an adequate medical staff. The mining companies, generally, are fully alive to the necessity of effectually supervising the sanitation of the villages occupied by the natives they employ, and, in some instances, have for this purpose obtained the services of European sanitary inspectors. The only manufactory properly so called in the Colony is that at Cape Coast for the making of soda water. The marshes in the vicinity of Adda and Keta produce a considerable amount of salt, which is chiefly transported in canoes up the Volta River, and eventually finds its way to the Northern Territories. Copper shares will repay attention, the most attractive being Anacondas, Arizonas, and Mount Lyells. Among the cheaper descriptions you might look at Lloyd Coppers. I have it on good authority that an upward twist will shortly be given to the shares, and, in view of this, a speculative purchase of Dolcoaths, Wheal Vors, Trovahs, and Rambutans should turn out well. I suggest a purchase of Spassky Coppers, and, among miscellaneous mines, Orsks, Siberian Props, and Progress Mines of New Zealand might be bought. Favourable reports have been received from the Cerro Muriano Mine. It will be remembered that Mr. Alex. Hill, formerly manager of the Rio Tinto, reported in very encouraging terms of the property, "when further opened up." The Chairman, Mr. Frecheville, looks for good results, and the management of the mines is in the very capable hands of John Taylor and Sons. The reports are being followed with keen interest by market people and by outside speculators. Here is my usual table:—

—	Denomination of Shares.	Closing Price, Aug. 25.	Closing Price, Sept. 1.
	£		
Ashanti Goldfields	4/-	10/6	10/3
Akrokerri	1	1 1/16	1 1/16
Bibiani Goldfields	1	1 1/16	1 1/16
British Gold Coast	1	9/16	9/16
Gold Coast Amalgamated Mines	1	1 3/16	1 3/16
Taquah and Abosso	1	1 1/16	1 1/16
Wassau (Gold Coast)	1	1 1/16	1 1/16
Egyptian and Sudan Mining	1	1	1
Egyptian Mines and Exploration	1	3/6	4/-
Nile Valley	1	6/-	5/6
Sudan Goldfields	1	1/16 dis.	1/16 dis.
United African Exploration	1	1 1/16	1 1/16
Anaconda Copper	$25	14 1/4	14 7/16
Balaghat Gold	1	25/-	25/-
Broken Hill Proprietary	8/-	3 1/16	3 3/16
Cape Copper	2	6 1/8	6 1/8
Champion Reef	2/6	16/3	16/6
Le Roi	5	1 1/8	1 1/8
Mysore Gold	10/-	5 1/16	5/-
Nundydroog	10/-	26/-	25/6
Oregum	10/-	16/-	15/6
Rio Tinto	5	69 1/4	70 3/4
Tharsis Sulphur and Copper	2	7	6 1/2
Waihi Gold	1	9 1/8	9 1/8

AMERICAN RAILROADS—ACCURATE CABLES FROM NEW YORK.—The accuracy of the Wall Street Cables received by "THE DAILY REPORT" have been fully established. To those who are interested in the course of the American Market they will prove invaluable "THE DAILY REPORT." ½d. On sale everywhere. ½d. Read it! It will pay you! Specimen copy post free. "THE DAILY REPORT," Basildon House, Moorgate street, Bank, E.C.

INSURANCE—SELECTING A POLICY—A COMPARISON OF RESULTS.

A good deal has been said lately about the excellent methods adopted in the United Kingdom for requiring the Insurance Companies to file returns with the Board of Trade and leave a discriminating public to find out from these returns which companies are the best. I am entirely in sympathy with these methods, and think that they work better than any others which could be adopted, but I am a trifle sceptical about the discrimination of the public. As a matter of fact, the life offices are not much troubled by the opinions of the majority of policy-holders. Effective criticism comes, when it comes at all, from a comparatively few newspapers, and from the representatives of competing Insurance Companies, while I am by no means sure that the most useful control over the affairs of British offices is not exercised by the actuaries of other Companies. British actuaries are constantly meeting one another over business matters in professional gatherings and in social life. The professional feeling among them is very strong and has a great effect in promoting sound management and financial strength.

The better class of agents generally admit that the rival offices are excellent companies, and, if their own office does not give good results, they state that there is very little difference between the companies, and that consequently it does not matter much to a policy-holder what office he assures in so long as it is safe. Security is certainly the most important thing to consider, but life assurance differs from all other investments in being the most profitable where the security is greatest. In saying this I am referring to policies which participate in profits, and these constitute the great bulk of assurance in this country. It is worth while explaining that the principal sources of profit in a life office are derived from the interest yielded by the funds being at a higher rate than that assumed in valuing the liabilities; from the expenses of management being less than the provision made for them, and from the rate of mortality being more favourable than the rate shown by the mortality tables employed. From these sources surplus arises, which is at once additional security and the fund from which bonuses are derived. When a railway or other Company has a strong financial position, or large sources of profit, the price of the shares goes up, but when a life assurance Company is in a similar position the premium rates for new policy-holders are not increased—the tendency is rather the other way—and thus anybody who chooses can obtain a sort of partnership in a prosperous Company without having to pay an increased price for sharing in the benefits of past success.

Without attempting to compare the results given for a uniform premium in the best and the worst Companies, I will take almost at random the difference between good and moderate offices, using in illustration a man who effects his assurance at age thirty, paying a premium of £100 a year in each case. In one good office he could have commenced with a policy for £4,100, which, at the end of thirty-five years, would be increased by bonuses to £7,480. In another most excellent Company he would commence with £3,860 and have only £6,800 assured at the end of thirty-five years, a clear loss of £1,000 from making a bad choice. In yet another instance his premium of £100 a year would pay for £4,040, increasing to £5,680 at the end of thirty-five years. This is £1,800 less than he could have obtained from an office selected with more discretion. These are not extreme instances of the differences between policies in various Companies, and illustrations of this kind might be multiplied almost indefinitely. The point I wish to insist upon is that there are these differences, and that the public ought to recognise them and use their judgment in the choice of a policy.

It is not difficult for any man with ordinary business knowledge to discover one of the best companies for the particular policy which he wants to take. It is, of course, quite futile to suppose that there is any office which is the best, or even one of the best, for every kind of life assurance transaction. Some societies which are in the first rank for whole life policies are only

second-rate for endowment assurances, and it may be hopelessly bad for annuities. Yet again there are some offices with premium rates based on erroneous tables which give relatively poor results at young ages, and are unsurpassed for those who effect their assurance late in life. Yet again the methods by which bonuses are distributed are such as to make it wise for a middle-aged man to select one company and a young man to select another; theoretically the premium rates are adjusted to the bonus system, or vice versâ, but in practice this is not always done.

About the simplest way to select a company is to look for the policy which the proposer wants, and for his own age what the bonuses have been for the past twenty or thirty years, and especially what rate of bonus was declared at the last one or two valuations. Finding in this way what a policy for £1,000 amounts to in various companies, and taking into account the different premiums charged, he can ascertain by very simple arithmetic the results that have been given in the past and are being given in the present on a common basis of, say, an annual premium of £100. If he finds that the rate of bonus is steadily falling in one office and remaining stationary or increasing in another, slight differences against the latter company would be more than counter-balanced by steadier progress. Facts of this kind can be very readily obtained from the "Surplus Funds of Life Offices" by Mr. W. M. Monilaws, a book which is about the only thoroughly useful and trustworthy guide to the selection of a life office. A few shillings and a little trouble devoted to the choice of a policy may easily mean the saving of many hundreds of pounds.

The Philanthropists.

In a recent circular, the individual who calls himself John B. McKenzie, and who has offices at 23, Rood-lane, E.C., writes this about Union Pacifics:—

> You will no doubt have noticed the upwards movement of "Unions" since I first advised buying, which is proof positive of the genuineness of my advice.

It would be a little more to the point if clients who made a lot of money out of Mr. McKenzie's tips would assure me of the receipt of cheques in settlement.

Talking about philanthropists reminds me that one of the crowd, Carter, of High Holborn, has fallen upon hard times, consequent, apparently, upon the upward movement in Americans. A correspondent sends me a pathetic letter from him, of which the following is an extract:—

> We beg to say that although the amount of your deposit, it is true, is small, still you are not the only person, and, as we have already explained to you, the business in the office is very much deranged, owing to the serious illness of our principal, and we do not see our way at the present moment to do anything beyond paying your £5 off by way of monthly instalments of £1, and we propose to do so should you agree to this. We regret extremely that matters have come to this unfortunate pass, but it is our desire to act as fairly as we possibly can under the circumstances, and we may add, of course without any prejudice whatever, that should business eventually take a better turn, and when our principal we sincerely trust is enabled to resume his business avocations, he doubtless might hurry on the matter as regards the instalments, and, furthermore, in all probability, should things permit, very possibly give you a substantial bonus. This latter part, of course, you will understand, is merely a hopeful conjecture on the part of our manager.

An Echo of H. J. Lawson.

The appended letter has reference to one of the numerous promotions of Mr. Harry J. Lawson, who was sent into retirement for the public good by one of his Majesty's judges a little more than a year ago. I print it in the hope that there may be readers of Truth who know what has become of the concern. Frankly, I do *not* know—although it would not be difficult to make a guess at its ending:—

> From whom can I obtain information regarding the Motor Traction Company, originally the London Steam Omnibus Company? The last I heard was that the company was to be reconstituted under a much similar name, holders of shares in the old company to be entitled to one £1 share in the new company for every £10 share in the old one. I hold 21 £10 shares in the old company, but have never received the £1 shares in the new company—if it was ever formed; nor have I heard any more concerning it for the last nine months. I have written to the late secretary of the company, but have received no reply.

Every Man His Own Rubber Planter.

On the strength of the boom in rubber, which has been such a feature of the past year or two, a company which styles itself the Malabar Rubber Plantations, Limited, with an address at 45, Finsbury Square, E.C., comes along with an offer to make you your own rubber planter on easy terms. It reckons to sell to you the finest

> Rubber Land in Malabar, Southern India, for £40 per acre, payable £5 down and £2 10s. quarterly. This price includes planting and cultivating the trees till they are ready for tapping without any further expense or trouble to the owner. The company adds: "When the trees are ready to tap, we act as agents for the owners in cultivating, gathering, curing, and marketing the rubber, our sole remuneration being 10 per cent. of the net returns."

The result is that you secure a most wonderful investment (according to the Malabar Rubber Plantations, Limited), and are assured of a fancy return per annum on your money, while you simply sleep or spend your time at the seaside. A correspondent with an acute sense of the humorous favours me with his views on this striking project. They are not altogether to the point, but as an expression of human sentiment under a great emergency they may perhaps be recorded.

> I wear rubber heels, use pneumatic tyres on my car, and find it useful in various other ways, but as I am not growing any yet myself I pass it on to you. Possibly your financial editor may like to become a freeholder in Ceylon to the extent of an acre or two.

Foreign Lottery Bonds.

On numerous occasions during the past few years I have found myself compelled to warn readers of Truth against buying Continental Government and Municipal lottery bonds through the Paris houses of Cunliffe, Russell, and Co. I have never entertained a high opinion of these bonds as a class, although certain of them—those of the City of Paris, for instance—have all the makings of an interesting gamble. In other words, you take a small direct return (less than can be received even on Consols), and look forward with the unfailing and unswerving hope of the man who wants to make a fortune in a hurry to a happy turn of the wheel which will bring in one of the great half-yearly prizes and leave you with a competency. But I have found it necessary to warn my readers against the Paris lottery bond touts, because, for one thing, they mix up in their "combinations" one or two good bonds with half a dozen which are rotten, and because, for another, they charge exorbitantly for the privilege of instalment payments, and a few incidental services, such as notifying the drawing of prizes which they are supposed to render. A number of readers of Truth, dissatisfied with these conditions, appealed to me some little time ago to assist them in recovering their money, which they had paid out, and I was able to refer them to an eminent "Avocat Conseil" in Paris, who brought the law to bear upon the "touts," and compelled them to refund practically every penny they had obtained, and to pay law costs and damages as well. The name of the advocate is at the disposal of all readers who have suffered, but it will be understood, for obvious reasons, that I cannot give it specifically here. Under date of the 27th ult., he writes to the Editor as follows:—

> You will doubtless remember that following the article entitled "An Experience with Cunliffe, Russell, and Co.," which appeared in your issue of August 13, 1903, some of the victims of these so-called stock and share brokers asked you how they could get their money back. I am pleased to inform you that all the law suits, both large and small, taken into Paris Courts on behalf of your readers have been won. At one time the defendants thought of appealing against the sentences pronounced, but on consideration, and at the last moment, they preferred to pay up to the very last farthing rather than incur the expense and risk of an appeal. When your representative was in Paris last summer I promised to let him know the result of the suits then commenced, and it is in order to fulfil this promise that I now address you.

It is a great satisfaction to be able to inform readers of Truth that all the steps, both private and legal, taken

by my friend in France to compel the English lottery touts to return the sums entrusted to them have been successful. These touts reside in Paris because the English laws do not permit them to carry on their nefarious business in Great Britain, and, under the title of stock and share brokers, they sell at exaggerated prices shares with drawings and lottery tickets which practically never win anything at all, the chances being very small and very remote.

The French laws are thoroughly against these transactions, and I would encourage my readers not only to demand the return of the sums paid on account, when the purchase has not been made outright, but to ask that the contracts, which have been accepted by them in good faith, shall be made null, no matter whether they have been made for fractional payments at stated terms, or whether they have been fully discharged in advance. I should strongly recommend readers of "Mammon" to keep their contracts, no matter under what conditions they have been made, so that whenever they feel inclined to demand the return of their money they will be able to do so.

INDIAN TEA RESULTS.

Mr. George Seton has favoured me with a copy of his fifteenth annual table, containing an exhaustive analysis of the working for the year 1905, of fifty representative Indian tea companies. The table has been enlarged, and now deals with over £11,000,000 of British capital; but Mr. Seton points out that this is only about one half of the entire capital sunk in the Indian tea industry (excluding Ceylon). To assist in making a fair comparison, the following table has been prepared, showing last year's figures so amended as to include the whole fifty Companies now dealt with:—

—	1904.	1905.	Comparison.
Tea crop of 50 companies	101,517,000 lb.	102,525,500 lb.	1 per cent. increase.
Cost per lb.	5 63d.	5 75d.	0·12d. higher.
Sale price per lb.	6·70d.	7 22d.	0·52d. higher.
Profit per lb	1·07d.	1·47d.	0·40d. higher.
Profit earned on capital...	4 07 per cent.	5 60 per cent.	1·53 per cent. higher.
Return paid on capital ...	3¾ per cent.	4⅝ per cent.	⅞ per cent. higher.
Total reserves	£719,000	£759,000	5½ per cent. increase.
Total capital dealt with...	£11,134,000	£11,193,000	Call on part pd. shares.

"TRUTH" LETTER BOX.

Correspondents will oblige by observing the following rules:—

Name and address, which must accompany all inquiries, should be written on the communication; cards are apt to be lost or misplaced, causing unnecessary trouble.

Anonymous letters will not in any case be attended to.

I cannot reply to inquiries by letter or telegram.

A nom-de-plume or initials (the former preferably) should be given if it is desired that the real name shall not appear in the paper.

Inquiries should be put as briefly as possible, plainly written, and numbered.

Communications received after Friday may not be replied to in the following issue. Delay may also occur where an exceptionally long list of securities is submitted.

I do not recommend brokers.

GOVERNMENT.

Earthquake.—There is no reason for alarm in connection with the disaster at Valparaiso, and I do not see that you are running risk in holding on to Chilian Government bonds. *Dort.*—1. Chinese Imperial Railway Five per Cent. bonds would suit you. 2. There is no ground for apprehension. *Togo.*—The exchange might be desirable, although I frankly look for a higher price for Consols. *Canny.*—The prospects are that Uruguay Three and a Half per Cent. bonds will go higher.

RAILWAYS.

W. F., Barnes.—I am obliged for your letter, and propose to draw attention to it in the next issue of TRUTH. *Buxton.*—1. You can hardly improve for the yield which you require upon Argentine rails, and you will find that B.A. Great Southerns and B.A. Western stocks will fulfil your purpose very well. 2. I should not be inclined to count much upon the "extension system." 3. B.A. Pacifics are also a suitable investment. *Steel Bonds, Puzzled.*—I would prefer to hold on to Brighton Railway Ordinary stock. *Preference.*—The stock is quite safe, and you might buy more of it if your resources will run to it. *Tall, Southport.*—Great Northern, Piccadilly, and Brompton shares might very well be held. The security behind them seems to me to be quite good. *A. H. M. W., Crosby.*—I think you would be well advised to hold on to Taff Vale stock. *F. P. S., Gibraltar.*—Of the two investments suggested, I should be inclined to take up San Paulo Preference stock. *F. C. C.*—Midland Deferred stock ought to be held, because it is likely to have a good recovery within the next few months. *J. M., Liscard.*—Lima Railway shares cannot be described as an attractive holding, and if I were in your position I should sell out through a London broker and place the proceeds into a stock with more promise, say, in the Home or Canadian Railway market. *Dens.*—1. I think you might buy B.A. Great Southern and Grand Trunk Second Preference stocks, and a few Canadian Pacific Ordinary shares. 2. The Company is a local one, and I have no particular information about it. Perhaps one of the Manchester papers would be able to help you. *Nix.*—1. I should be inclined to hold on to North-Western Ordinary stock for a decidedly higher price within the next few months. 2. Beira Railway Debentures are unsatisfactory, although the position is not so bad as it was, and I should recommend you to sell. *Meddler.*—1. An exchange into Great Northern Deferred might be advisable. 2. London and North-Western Ordinary stock is the more promising of the two, because of the likelihood of a considerable capital appreciation within the next year or so. *F. A. L., Manchester.*—Of the two, Grand Trunk Second Preference stock has the better prospect of appreciation. *Folkestone.*—It would be the lesser of two evils to sell out the shares at once, because the dividend prospects are virtually hopeless. *Hebe.*—Without question, the railways named in my last reply are greatly to be preferred to the shares you name.

MINES.

Hope.—The Company has disappeared entirely, and I am unable to obtain any quotation of its shares, which you may look upon as worthless. *Doubtful, Scunthorpe.*—You will be quite safe in assuming that the concern is a fraud. *Ayr.*—I regard Rand Mines as a most hopeful purchase just now. *Arrogant.*—Utah Development shares might be held for a recovery. *H. W.*—It would be advisable to hold on to Hendersons for some recovery in the price, but personally I should not be inclined to buy more, for the simple reason that I do not like to place all my eggs in one basket. *Sphinx.*—The Company is proceeding rapidly with development work; the forty-stamp mill, cyanide plants, and buildings are being installed, and the treatment of ore will commence when sufficient reserves are opened up. The prospects are good, but it would be advisable, if possible, to take up any shares you might buy. *Future.*—All your five mining shares should be held for higher prices. *Uncertain.*—All three shares may be regarded as speculatively promising, but they are nothing more. *Jack, Swansea.*—The shares are well worth holding for a rise along with the rest of the Kaffir market. *Harrington.*—1. I have reason to believe that the concern deals fairly by its clients. 2. If you can get a profit of two or three shillings a share by all means take it. *Vilvorde.*—The mine has not a long life before it, and you might be well advised to put your money into something a little more attractive. *Ignoramus.*—The shares are quite a gamble, and must not in any circumstances be regarded in any other light. *H. C., Evesham.*—The life of the Crown Reef Gold Mining Company is estimated at about seven years. *Dubious.*—It should be sufficient to you to know that the shares are strongly held, and that it is impossible for you to obtain any more. The likelihood is that a higher price will be seen within a very short period. I should take no notice of the information of the broker you name, because it is obvious that he was speaking without particular knowledge.

MIXED SECURITIES.

Manolo.—1. Natal 4½ per Cent. Bonds make a good investment holding. 2. I am afraid the concern is quite hopeless. 3. It would be unwise to indulge in any hope of a return to the shareholders. 4. To my regret I am unable to advise you on the subject. *Nex.*—1. The concern has a good reputation. 2. I am unable to answer your question, but if you will communicate with Messrs. N. Keizer and Co., 29, Threadneedle-street, E.C., you will receive definite information. 3. The Crown Reef Gold Mine has a life of only about seven years, and although the price stands high, and is likely to advance with the rest of the Kaffir market, I should scarcely regard the shares as a particularly desirable purchase. *Madras.*—1. It would be most advisable to put the money into Grand Trunk Third Preference or Mexican Railway Ordinary for a speculation, but of the two, I prefer the first named. 2. The shares are a gamble, but on that basis reasonably hopeful. 3. I look for a much higher quotation for Hudson's Bays. *Wires.*—All three shares make good investments. *Junius.*—You would be ill-advised to follow the advice of the bucket-shop you name. *Dort.*—1. Buy B.A. Rosario Ordinary stock. 2. Japanese Four and a Half per Cent. bonds are quite desirable. 3. There is nothing to say against San Paulo Five per Cent bonds. 4. I should most certainly hold on to Great Northern Telegraph Company shares. *Bucks.*—1. The investments, as a group, may be regarded as quite reasonably safe. 2. The Colonial stock which you name is tolerably safe, but no better secured on the whole than those which you already hold. *Dux.*—Trust securities are likely to have a further improvement during the next few months, and as yours are among the most desirable of their class, I suggest that you hold on for the present. *Been Abroad.*—1. A recovery in Champion Reefs is rather a doubtful quantity. 2. Dividends have been decreasing for some years past, but the

THOMAS GOODE & Co.—China, glass, pottery, fireproof ware. Sole agents in the United Kingdom for the famous "Bi-Métal" (copper lined with pure sheet silver) Cooking Utensils. Illustrated catalogues free.—South Audley-street, London.

Preference shares seem fairly well secured. 3. A very fair Industrial investment holding. *Ivanhoe.*—1. There seems no particular reason why Spencer Santos shares should be sold at present. 2. Place the money in Lyons and Grand Trunk Second Preference. 3. F. C. Mathison and Sons, Copthall-avenue, E.C., publish a handbook which will fulfil your requirements. *H. J. E.*—1. The shares reached a rather extravagant value at the time of the South African war, and the Company has been buying up houses at a rather reckless pace. These considerations apart, there is no prejudice against the shares at all. 2. I should be inclined to spread the money over Randfonteins, Rand Mines, and Goldfields Deferred. *Lebong.*—It might be advisable to transfer into one of the more promising Kaffirs, say, Goldfields or Johnnies. 2. Van den Bergh Ordinary shares should go higher *Rothsay.*—The selection of investments is a good one, and I should be inclined to hold on to the General Hydraulic Power stock along with the rest. *Ena.*—I think, in the circumstances, you could hardly improve upon B.A. Great Southern Ordinary and Grand Trunk First Preference. *Pat.*—The odds are that both shares will touch higher prices within the next few months. *T. E. A.*—The investments are all desirable. *What.*—1-3. There is no reason why you should sell. 4-9. The best is Cannon Brewery Preference. Of the others I have not a high opinion.

Miscellaneous.

Ernest, Derby.—Evidently the purpose of Digby, Curtis and Co. is to make you rich while you sleep, but personally I should leave them alone, because I do not believe in City philanthropists. *Honour, Bradford.*—Please accept my best thanks for the motor share list sent to me. *Gamin.*—1. The so-called "Cumulative Preference bonds" of the company are anything but a safe investment. 2. I should not deposit any money with the bank. 3. The question is one which I cannot answer. *G. L. L., Hounslow.*—The jobber's turn consists in the difference between the buying and selling prices. *J. B., Harrogate.*—The two names refer to one and the same individual. *J. O., Aylesbury.*—The office is rather extravagantly managed and is not of particularly good standing, and therefore I think it would be advisable to leave it alone. *Sufferer, Tamworth.*—The authorities will not refund income tax unless you worry them. The only thing I can recommend you to do is to badger them, as you have a good case, until they do you justice. I think it would be bad policy to go to law with them. *S. M., Taunton.*—I hope to take occasion to draw attention to the bucket-shop circulars with which you have favoured me. *Crockford.*—The office is not of old standing, and the working expenses are undoubtedly high. Therefore I think you might with advantage deal with one of the older established offices. *Steels.*—Richard Hill and Co. Ordinary shares are reasonably safe, as Industrials go. *Boyle, Windlesham.*—I think London Motor-Omnibus shares are worth keeping. *Yankee, Bandon.*—1. I understand that the concern deals fairly by its clients. 2. The Company is a tenth-rate bucket-shop, and as your dealings with it were simply in the nature of gambling transactions you may consider yourself lucky in recovering the amount deposited with it for cover. 3. I should suggest Arizona Coppers, Hainaults, and "Johnnies." *Marguerite.*—The General Accident Assurance Corporation is a good office. *Small Investor, Hong Kong.*—1. I should recommend Canadian Pacifics, Grand Trunk Thirds, and Brighton Railway Ordinary. 2. You had better apply to the Royal Exchange Assurance Co., the Royal Insurance Co., or the London Life Corporation. *A. E. J., Cork.*—I know nothing against the concern. *M. M., Malvern.*—I wish to offer you my thanks for the two circulars which you have been so good as to forward to me. *A. J. A.*—I am afraid the law can hardly interfere. *W. W., New York.*—The high rate of interest allowed by this particular bank for money on deposit is quite incompatible with safety, especially in view of the lengthy term of deposit. *G. A. L., Leeds.*—I regret that your communication did not reach me early enough to permit of a timely answer. *W. W. W., St. James's.*—Send me the concern's report and suggestions, and then I may, perhaps, be able to help you, but in your letter you give me no clue whatever as to your position or the suggestions made. *C. K. B., Killiney.*—The Company has not been able to pay its debenture charges in full, and it is generally understood that the management is more than a little slack. If you care to furnish me with the information you speak about, properly authenticated, I dare say I could make use of it for the benefit of the public. *T. W. S. W., Colchester.*—1. I do not regard the shares as desirable, and should be inclined to sell out on the best terms obtainable. 2. Bodegas ought to improve in price. 3. I cannot undertake to answer questions by post. *W. J. H., Ross.*—I am glad to see that you have the good sense to reject such an investment. It is quite impossible for anyone to secure a high rate of interest on their money and at the same time obtain decent security for one's capital. *Carrick.*—Furness Withy Ordinary shares are a good Industrial investment. *Seaside.*—The investment you suggest would be a good one, but I look for a considerable appreciation in Grand Trunk Third Preference stock within the next twelve months. *Richards.*—1. I believe the concern does fairly by its clients. 2. Of the shares named I should be inclined to favour Eastmans and Spencer Santos. *Veritas.*—I know nothing against the concern, and I believe that it is reliable. *G. B., Bradford.*—I cannot for a moment think of inserting the paragraph which you have sent me without receiving the name of the company and verification of the circumstances referred to. Truth is at all times willing to expose abuses, but it is not going to do so without proof in support of allegations made by its correspondents. *Sanand.*—You might try Brunner Mond Debentures and Lyons Debentures. *Carnation.*—I do not think particularly well of the prospects of the Company. *Easy.*—1. The promotion was a very bad one. 2. About six years is a normal period.

Industrials Firm—Hudson's Bays Supported—Some Land Holdings—Telegraph Stocks—Shipping Shares.

Having regard to the season of the year, Miscellaneous securities have held their own tolerably well, although there has been no marked activity in them. Hudson's Bays are well up on the week, but land shares as a whole have been neglected. Chinese descriptions show no material improvement on the week. The following group of Colonial and foreign land holdings should be of interest to Truth readers:—

	Price.		Yield per Cent.
Agricultural Bank of Egypt	9½—10	.....	£3 17 0
Do. Cum. Preferred	9⅞—10½	.....	4 0 6
Do. Bonds	22 — 4	.....	3 16 6
Australian Agricultural (£21½ pd.)	6¼ — 6	.....	5 7 9
Australian Mort. (£5 pd.)	5¾—6½	.....	5 8 3
Land and Finan., L. (£3 paid)	3 — ⅛	.....	6 0 0
Do. Perp. Deb. Stock	101 — 3	.....	3 19 0
Brit. and Amer. Mort. L. (£2 paid)	⅜ — ½	.....	7 2 3
Do. Deb. Stock	97 —100	.....	4 1 9
British and Aust. Trust, L. (£2½ pd.)	1⅞— 2⅛	.....	8 15 0
Canada Company	35 — 9	.....	6 4 3
Egyptian Gov. Irrign. Certs.	101 — 3	.....	3 19 0

Anglo "A" has come into some favour again, being helped by the old group, but they cannot be regarded as anything other than a gamble. The table which I give below shows what you can secure on investment Telegraph stocks:—

	Price.		Yield per Cent.
Chili Telephone, Limited	6½— ¾	.....	6 3 0
Commercial Cable Deb.	97½— 9½	.....	4 1 9
Cuba Submarine, Lim.	8¾ — 9	.....	5 14 3
Do. Preference	17 —18	.....	5 16 6
Direct Spanish L. Cum. Pref.	8¾— 9½	.....	5 13 9
Direct United States, L.	15½—16	.....	5 8 0

I may also draw attention to another class of investment—that in shipping. Herewith I give a small table showing the yield obtainable on the shares of the leading Companies:—

	Price.		Yield per Cent.
African Steam (£16 pd.)	11 — 13	.....	£5 16 9
Do. do. (all pd.)	15 — 17	.....	5 12 6
Amazon Steam Navigation, Ld.	10 — 11	.....	5 17 9
British & African L. Mort. Deb.	97 —100	.....	4 12 0
Cunard Steam, Ltd. (all pd.)	13⅞ — 14⅜	.....	5 13 3
Do. do. (£10 pd.)	6¼ — ⅜	.....	6 3 0
France (William), Cm Prf.	4⅜ — ½xd	.....	5 19 0
Fenwick & Co., L. Mt. Deb.	100 — 2	.....	4 10 0
Furness, Withy, & Co., Lim.	1 5/16 — 1¼	.....	9 4 9
Do. Cum Preference	10⅜ — 11½	.....	4 12 3
Do. 1st Mort. Deb.	108 — 10	.....	3 17 0
General Steam Navigation, Lim.	5¾ — 6¼	.....	6 5 0
Do. Non-Cum Pref	8⅞ — 9¼	.....	5 7 3
India General Navigation, Lim.	7 — 8	.....	5 6 9
Do. Cum Preference	8 — ¼	.....	6 3 0
New Zealand, Limited	5½ — 6	.....	7 0 0
Do. Debenture Stock	95 — 7	.....	4 3 9
Peninsular & Oriental, Cum. Pref.	127 — 30	.....	3 18 6
Do. Deferred	223 — 8	.....	5 15 3
Do. Debenture Stock	99 —101xd	.....	3 10 0
Do. 2nd do.	97 — 9xd	.....	3 11 6
Royal Mail Steam	50 — 2	.....	—
Do. Non-Cum. Pref.	92 — 4	.....	—

Iron and Steel shares continue in favour, the most prominent being Armstrong, Whitworths, although Vickers, Maxims have not been neglected. Textile shares are not very interesting, but Fine Spinners, Coats, and Bradford Dyers may be bought. VIGILANT.

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QUEER STORY.

CAPTAIN CARTHEW'S DILEMMA.

[An incident of war.]

"PROMISE me, Gerald, that you will do all in your power to take care of daddy. He is so recklessly brave—so utterly regardless of his own safety. You'll do what you can, won't you, to prevent him from exposing himself to unnecessary risks?"

"I promise, Ethel. If I should have to sacrifice my own life to save him, I'll do it—for your sake and for his."

The speakers were Ethel Savile, the beautiful and only daughter of Major-General Sir John Savile, and Gerald Carthew, Captain in the —th Lancers, attached to Sir John's staff. The scene was the deck of the transport *Memphis*, then just leaving Southampton for Capetown with reinforcements for the front, in the early days of the Boer war.

Captain Carthew was passionately in love with Ethel Savile, to whom he was now saying his last words of farewell; but Ethel, while she had a distinct liking for

the Captain, was by no means sure, as yet, whether she cared for him enough to marry him.

She had another suitor, of whom she was also rather fond—young Viscount Hatcham, eldest son of the Earl of New Cross, and between him and Gerald Carthew her affections appeared to be pretty equally divided. At least, while she gave distinct encouragement to both and was on such intimate terms with them as to call them by their Christian names, she could not, at present, be brought to give a definite pronouncement in favour of either.

Such was the position of affairs when she and Carthew bade each other good-bye at Southampton and Ethel committed her father to the Captain's care. Perhaps no child ever loved a parent more devotedly than Ethel loved that splendid and distinguished soldier, Sir John Savile, V.C. He was her idol—her hero. She thought there was no one else in the world to compare with him; and though, as a soldier's daughter should, she repressed all outward manifestation of trouble in her father's presence, his departure for the seat of war filled her with the keenest anxiety.

In due course, the *Memphis* arrived in Table Bay, and the troops were disembarked and hurried rapidly to the front, where Sir John and his aide-de-camp had not been more than three weeks before they found themselves invested by the Boers, together with the whole of General X's division (of which Sir John was second in command), in the now historic town of Y. It was during the memorable siege of this place that the events which form the main theme of my story befell.

The siege had lasted about two months, and Sir John—upon whom, in consequence of General X's being prostrated by enteric, the main direction of the defence operations devolved—sent out one of his staff, a daring rider, on horseback one morning to reconnoitre the enemy's positions.

When, after some six or eight hours, this officer had not returned, Sir John became apprehensive for his safety, and sent Captain Carthew, who, indeed, volunteered for the service, to see if he could find him and bring him in. So Carthew set out, mounted on a wiry little native pony, in quest of the missing officer.

In the meanwhile, the latter—about an hour after Carthew's departure—came back safely into camp. But Carthew, knowing nothing of this, went on scouring the veld in search of him, until at length, losing his bearings, he wandered into the Boer lines. Here, before he was fully aware of his peril, he was made prisoner and brought before the Boer Commander, not, however, until his practised eye had taken in many important details of the enemy's positions.

One thing especially he noticed, namely, a large laager of Boers, several thousands strong—hitherto quite unsuspected by the British—which had been formed just at the rearward base of the kopje known by the Tommies as Big Gun Hill, on account of the Boers having there mounted the heaviest of their siege guns, which had been a source of continual annoyance to the beleaguered garrison. This force had evidently been laagered there, out of sight of the British, to cover Big Gun Hill and repulse any surprise attack upon it that might possibly be attempted.

Now, as it happened, several plans for a surprise attack on this position, with a view to putting the big gun out of action, had been mooted by Sir John Savile, but—owing to the opposition of General X—the scheme had been finally abandoned. And a merciful thing it was, too, as Captain Carthew now saw; for if any such attempt had been made, it could only have resulted in the annihilation of the attacking force.

All this the young officer grasped while on his way, as a prisoner, to the Boer Commandant's headquarters.

The Commandant, whom I will designate General Z, was punctiliously courteous in his attitude to the prisoner. Like most of his colleagues in the Boer army, he was an honourable man and a brave soldier. But, unlike many of them, he was more than this—he was also a well-bred, chivalrous gentleman.

He questioned Captain Carthew as to what had brought him into the Boer lines, and accepted the truth of his explanation without any demur, saying, in the handsomest way:

"It is all right. I am satisfied that you are not a spy. I know I am safe in taking the word of a British officer. You must remain my prisoner, of course. But I am not going to confine you; you are free to go where you like within the limit of our lines, provided I have your parole."

Captain Carthew, however, while acknowledging the generosity of General Z's offer, made an earnest appeal that he might be sent back to his comrades in the besieged camp; and so well did he plead his request, that the chivalrous Boer at length consented.

"Well, I will let you go back to your comrades, Captain," he said, "but only on one condition—a condition which you will recognise that it is absolutely necessary for me to impose upon you. You must give me your word of honour, as a British officer, that you will keep strictly to yourself any information as to our positions which you have picked up while in our lines. Give me your word to that effect; it is enough for me; you may go. Otherwise I am bound to detain you a prisoner."

Captain Carthew hesitated for a moment. Then he gave his word, and was sent with an escort to the limit of the Boer lines, where he was set at liberty. He reached the British camp just as the shades of night were beginning to fall.

He at once reported himself to Sir John Savile, who expressed great relief at his safe return.

"I am glad to see you back," said the General, "and for more reasons than one; chiefly, however, because I want you to come with me on a little job I have on to-night. I must tell you that at last I've got General X's permission to make a night attack on Big Gun Hill. I start with five hundred picked men at midnight, when the moon will have gone down, and we shall have every chance to get right on the top of the Boer artillerymen in the darkness before they are aware of our proximity."

When he heard this, Gerald Carthew's heart sank. Sir John, of course, knew nothing of the large Boer force covering the hill—a force whose presence there doomed the projected attempt to disastrous failure and the attacking force to certain annihilation.

A word from him would save his beloved General and five hundred brave comrades from walking into the jaws of inevitable destruction and death; and yet that word he had pledged his honour, as a British officer, not to speak.

He stood there, silent and sick at heart, many thoughts revolving through his brain. He thought of those five hundred brave fellows, his comrades in arms, some of whom he knew and loved as brothers, every one of whom, he felt sure, would stand by him, at a pinch, to the death. He thought of the General, to whom he was so devotedly attached—the General, moreover, on whom the safety of the whole garrison depended. And he thought, more than all, of his last promise to Ethel.

If Sir John led the projected attack, it was ten thousand to one he would never come back alive, and he had promised Ethel to take care of her father—promised it solemnly. A word would save him—save the whole situation. But between that word and its utterance stood the plighted faith of a British officer.

One other person there was of whom he could not help thinking, though (it was characteristic of the generous young fellow) to this person's interests he attached the least importance of all. He thought of himself. What would be his fate, if, after what had happened, he were taken alive by the Boers while engaged in a night attack on one of their positions? They would assuredly hang him as a spy and a traitor.

"What the devil's the matter with you, Carthew?" demanded Sir John, surprised and rather annoyed by his aide-de-camp's stolid and discouraging silence. "You've always been as keen as mustard about my

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schemes for a surprise attack on Big Gun Hill, and now, when at last I've got the C.O.'s leave to bring it off, you haven't a word to say."

Carthew hesitated, then blurted out:

"A bit risky, isn't it, general?"

"Risky?" said Sir John. "It's queer to hear you talking like that. Why all the years I've known you I don't think the question of risks ever came into your head before. I must say," added the old soldier, "I am a bit disappointed. I thought that you of all men would rejoice at the chance of such a venture."

Carthew grew hot all over.

"I was not thinking of myself, sir," he said, very quietly, "but of you; and how all-important it is that, with the C.O. on the sick-list, and everything depending on you, you should be careful of yourself just now."

Sir John's expression at once softened. Gerald Carthew's protest had rung true as steel and carried with it instant conviction.

"I beg pardon, Gerald," he said, laying his hand on Carthew's shoulder. "Of course, I know that you are the last man in the world to consider your own safety. And as for me," smiled the General, "well, there are others to take my place if I get bowled over. Besides, it is absolutely essential that this gun should be put out of action, and there are only about a couple of hundred artillerymen to defend it; so it is no such formidable enterprise, after all."

Only about a couple of hundred artillerymen! And Carthew knew that the position was covered by at least four thousand Boer riflemen, ready to reinforce the little garrison at any moment. That the whole assailing force must be either killed or captured was a foregone conclusion. To deliver such an attack with only five hundred men was to walk right into the jaws of inevitable doom. By merely opening his lips he could prevent it; but he had given his word as a British officer, and his lips were sealed.

Shortly before midnight the little force set out, on foot, from the camp. The moon had now gone down nearly an hour, and with the setting of the moon a boisterous storm of rain and wind had sprung up, which (fortunately for the devoted band) increased the pitchy darkness and drowned or deadened every sound. Joining hands, so as not to lose touch with each other, they advanced over the rolling veld, until at length they reached the base of the great hill, which rose black and almost sheer before them.

Then began the ascent, Sir John and Gerald Carthew leading the way, the rest from fifty to a hundred paces behind. It was an awful climb, for the hill, on this side, was so rocky and precipitous that only madmen, you might have thought, would have dreamed of attempting to scale it. Yet up they went, slowly, painfully, resolutely. From many a hand the skin was stripped, from many a finger the very nails were torn. Yet up they went.

At length Sir John and Carthew, who were climbing shoulder to shoulder, suddenly found themselves within five yards of a couple of Boer sentries.

Both the General and his aide-de-camp halted, holding their breath, doubting whether to rush and stab the sentries, or to wait until they had separated and resumed their beats, and then to slip past them, through the intervening gap.

They could hear distinctly what the two Boers were saying, for, fortunately, Sir John and Carthew both understood the local Dutch.

Said the one: "I am soaked to the skin. No fear of these rooineks turning out on such a night as this. We may safely go down now into the laager."

The other replied: "Yes; all the rest have gone into shelter, and why not we? As you say, the rooineks will never come out on a night like this. No fear, either, of their climbing up this wall of a house, if they did. Come! Let us go off and make ourselves comfortable."

And, to the intense relief of Carthew, at any rate, the two Boers slung their Mausers across their shoulders and slouched away in the darkness.

Thus, favoured by circumstances and the enemy's utter lack of discipline and ordinary military precaution, the attacking force had it all their own way. They put the big gun out of action, and returned into camp without the loss of a man.

It was not until after the siege of Y had been raised and all the Boer positions abandoned that Gerald Carthew (there being now no longer any obligation for silence) disclosed the full truth to Sir John Savile. The latter's reply was eminently characteristic:

"By G—d, Carthew," he said, "if you hadn't kept your word to General Z, I'd never have spoken to you again."

Not another word did he say to Carthew on the subject. However, just afterwards, he wrote a long letter to his daughter, Ethel, in which he said a good deal.

This letter reached Ethel, as it happened, just at a very critical moment. Viscount Hatcham had proposed, for the eighteenth time, and she had promised to think it over and give him her answer next day. Moreover, she had practically made up her mind to say "Yes," when, on the very morning of the day on which the answer was to be given, her father's letter arrived. She read it through, slowly; and, as she read, a bright flush—a flush of pride, of enthusiasm—glowed in her cheeks, and her eyes shone with a curious, eager light.

Then she pressed the letter to her lips and kissed it many times, and, whether by accident or design, kissed it on each occasion in the place where Gerald Carthew's name was written. When she had finished kissing it, she folded it carefully, as if it were some sacred thing, and placed it in the bosom of her blouse.

Later in the day she refused Viscount Hatcham, for the eighteenth and last time; and by the next mail she wrote two sheets of foreign paper to her father, and four sheets of the same to Gerald Carthew. What she said in it I am not going to tell you. That is a private matter between the two young people concerned. It is sufficient to say that it was something which made Carthew more than ever glad that he had been true to his word as a British officer.

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MUSIC.

THE PROSPECTS OF ENGLISH OPERA.

The amount of success which attended the recent Moody-Manners season of opera in English at the Lyric Theatre is a sign of the times not to be overlooked. Mr. Manners confesses that no one was more surprised by that gratifying result than he himself. From the first he had never contemplated any other result than a more or less heavy deficit. Yet, instead of losing £1,000, as he had expected, he found himself precisely that amount to the good; and this as the outcome of a season given in the very slackest period of the year, when most of the theatres are unable to keep open at all. After this, who shall say that the cause of English opera is hopeless? Mr. Manners, at any rate, may well be disposed to conclude that it is nothing of the kind. Bear in mind, moreover, that the result in question was accomplished not only during the deadest period of the theatrical year, but also by means of performances admittedly anything but ideal. The misfortune is that it is under these disadvantages that English opera always has to make its way in London, though why this should be so is a standing puzzle to the outsider.

Because Grand Opera in English is at present the most hazardous of all undertakings in London, some strange destiny seems to decree that it shall invariably be presented under conditions almost fatal to success. When every one is out of town, and nearly all the other theatres have been compelled to close their doors, has come to be the accepted time for attempting a form of entertainment which, even under the most favourable circumstances,

must always partake of the nature of a wild and perilous enterprise. As Mr. Manners has told the public himself, by his first season at Covent Garden he made £450; in the case of his next he lost £1,200, while as the result of his third attempt at Drury Lane there was a balance on the wrong side of over £5,000. No wonder, therefore, that when yet again he tried his luck this year in conjunction with Mr. T. B. Davis at the Lyric, he cheerfully anticipated a deficit once more. Like the youthful punter who made a "book," his position seemed to be that he was bound to drop so much, and might drop a good deal more. One can well understand, therefore, his delighted astonishment over the actual result. In the circumstances, it is too much to hope that that result may point the way to still greater things in the future? Has not the time arrived for a still more energetic attempt of the same kind, not under the worst, but under the most favourable, conditions? The way in which the thing is done is all important where Grand Opera is concerned. Unstinted resources are essential here if success is to be secured—and this, unfortunately, is the one condition which Mr. Manners so far has never been able to compass.

There is another way in which the same cause might be greatly helped. Mr. Stead, the other day, spoke no more than the truth when he commented on the scant encouragement which English opera has hitherto received at the hands of Royalty in this country. The King is devoted to opera, but his support of it has hitherto been confined exclusively to those performances in foreign tongues which are given at Covent Garden. Yet his Majesty could do so much if he were disposed to encourage the native article also. The King is, it is true, a member of the Royal Opera Syndicate, but it is not to be supposed, of course, that his attitude in this matter can be influenced by that circumstance. Nor need there be, in point of fact, any notion of rivalry between the cause of English opera and that which Covent Garden provides. On the contrary, no institution would be likely to derive more benefit from the popularisation of opera in English than Covent Garden. Rightly or wrongly, however, the notion has got itself established—and not, it must be confessed, without some show of justification—that the King is not disposed to move a finger to help the English opera movement. It may not be generally known that a year or so ago a very well-considered scheme for the establishment of native opera, which did not come to anything, fell through mainly on this account. The most influential folk were behind the project, and every hope of success was entertained, but the support of his Majesty could not be obtained, and in the result it was reluctantly decided to drop the scheme on that account. One may realise the situation best, perhaps, by imagining how we should regard it if, in Berlin, the Kaiser sedulously encouraged opera in every language but the vernacular, and in the latter could never be prevailed upon to display the faintest interest.

Colonel Mapleson (who has a little scheme of his own in hand for running Italian opera at the Coliseum) has recently been declaring that opera in English is impossible—that English is no language for singing, and so on; but that, of course, is ridiculous. Germany, we are to understand, may have its German opera, and France its opera in French, Russian opera may flourish in Russia, and so on all round, but England alone must put up with opera in any language but its own. The language which does for the "Messiah" is not good enough for "Faust" or "Cavalleria." "Don Giovanni," which was written in Italian, may be given in German but not in English. "Die Meistersinger" may be translated into French or Italian, but in English would be out of place. Such notions are absurd, and were finally exploded when Wagner wrote the greatest of all modern operas in a tongue which is infinitely less singable than our own. As it is, we have the pathetic spectacle of native composers writing operas in foreign tongues as the only means of getting them produced, either at home or abroad. The situation would not be so unsatisfactory if more vigorous efforts were made at Covent Garden to give encouragement to native works along with those that come from abroad. But how little is done in this way we all know. Meanwhile the amount of support obtained by the recent Moody-Manners performances may fairly be regarded as something of a portent.

Among new works recently performed at the Promenade Concerts a "Tableau Musical," entitled "Baba-Yaga," by Liadoff—the second work from this composer's pen which has been heard this season—made a decidedly favourable impression. The little piece is quite short, but has character and individuality within its limited compass, and in particular contains some very novel and effective instrumental effects, designed to illustrate the career through space of a witch, who speeds through the air on a mortar, which she drives with its pestle, while covering her tracks by her broom. Liadoff will be known to many concert-goers as the author of another quaint little piece entitled "A Musical Snuffbox," which Mr. Wood has frequently performed. A second recent novelty was also of Russian origin, in the shape of a symphony by Glière, who has been best known hitherto as a writer of chamber music. Evidently, however, he can handle the drums and trumpets also with effect, and seeing that the work in question was written ten years ago, when the composer was only twenty-five, it must be accounted a very creditable achievement indeed.

The neglect of the pianoforte by modern composers is a subject which has lately been ventilated, though no one has yet succeeded in suggesting an entirely convincing explanation of a very curious fact. At a time when all complain of the difficulty of obtaining a hearing, composers with one accord neglect the readiest possible means of bringing their works before the public. They write operas, oratorios, cantatas, symphonies, and symphonic poems—anything and everything but pianoforte pieces which could be published for next to nothing and purchased by all the world. Why is this? Why do modern composers neglect so strangely an instrument which has appealed so readily to the great masters of the past? Various explanations have been suggested. Here is one which a correspondent (Mr. Albert Ketèlbey) puts forward:—

> Can the unpatriotic neglect of the native composer by the majority of native teachers have something to do with the matter? Take the syllabus which I enclose as an example. It is issued by a well-known and highly respected institution, the governing body of which consists entirely of professional English teachers, who also, I believe (as a body, at any rate), pride themselves upon their (theoretical) encouragement of native talent by offering numerous scholarships, etc. Yet, in turning to the piano pieces required for the junior examination—a modest standard, surely—I find that out of 64 pieces, one only is written by a composer with a British name! Is it to be presumed that the governing body of this institution really considers that the capacity of the Britisher to write pieces of this modest calibre is as one to sixty-three, as compared with foreigners? Surely there must be (and are, I am certain) plenty of pieces by the younger British composers quite as worthy of choice as those of the gentlemen with foreign names. You will see I only make, after all, a very modest claim for the Britisher by purposely taking only the most elementary division; in the higher standard pieces the institution might legitimately be excused for going to the classics, but surely in this junior division they really might (if not "ought" to) find room for a few more English names.

The point made is a perfectly sound one—even if it does not take us very far as an explanation of the phenomenon in question.

There is a great demand for phonographs, I read, in Milan. The sale of what Mr. Sousa calls "canned music" is, it is said, proportionately greater in Italy than in any other Latin country, the total sale there being valued at between £5,000 and £6,000 a month. The popularity of the phonograph in the land of song is not difficult to account for, and the magnitude of the figures quoted gives some notion of the extent of the grievance under which the composers, publishers, and copyright owners in general suffer in the case of this phonograph business, as matters stand at present. This is one of those questions indeed concerning which a great deal more is likely to be heard in the near future. The problem for the publishers and composers is to find means to enforce the rights which on every ground of

equity are theirs in this matter. So far, however, the most exhaustive study of the law books has failed to reveal any very obvious method of achieving this desirable end. In other words, the phonograph people can at present appropriate and make money out of other people's creations without paying a farthing in the way of fee or compensation, and without the possibility of any action for redress being brought against them. The future will show, however, how far the satisfaction with which they view this profitable state of affairs is likely to remain undisturbed.

Kubelik has been taking his admirers into his confidence and telling that about himself and his art which is doubtless of great interest to many—including particularly those feminine worshippers whom he classes among his "best listeners," inasmuch as "they have an innate feeling of sentiment." As might be imagined from his own restrained and dignified manner on the platform, Kubelik has no sympathy with the mountebank antics of inferior practitioners, while he finds Paganini easier to play than works like Handel's Largo and Schumann's "Träumerei," which tax the soul as well as the fingers. Kubelik has ideas of his own, moreover, on the art of composition. "Had Beethoven lived twenty-five or thirty years longer, and progressed in the direction of his last compositions, he would have effected radical changes in music, abolished many old forms, and established some new and free form." It is quite an interesting suggestion.

M. Léon Rinskoff, who brought his fine orchestra from the Ostend Kursaal over to London last year, has been displaying further his goodwill towards ourselves by devoting one of his programmes exclusively to British composers. The works chosen, which included the overture to Wallace's "Maritana," a new orchestral suite entitled "Dreamland," by Mr. Joseph Holbrooke, Elgar's "Enigma," Variations, and Cowen's "Coronation March," along with songs for Mme. Kirkby Lunn, were not, perhaps, completely representative of British music, but the intention was excellent enough, and one deserving of acknowledgment. When shall we have at any of our British watering places an orchestra the equal of that which Mr. Rinskoff directs?

The paucity of good, original music for military and other wind bands is an old theme, but often as comment has been made on the subject it is impossible to say that any considerable improvement has yet to be noted in this matter. The vast proportion of the works performed by our military orchestras are still transcriptions, often clever enough, but lacking too frequently the character of original work. There is no need, of course, to object to the transcription in moderation. On the contrary, for the purpose of popular audiences, such as those chiefly appealed to by orchestras of this class, they are obviously indispensable. At the same time, it is rather remarkable that more original work is not done also in this way.

A pleasantly-written article on Hickman's Concert Room is an interesting feature of the *Musical Times* for September. This is one of the few West End concert rooms of an earlier day still standing, though it is hardly necessary to say that it has long ceased to serve the needs of music, the building forming part at the present time of the premises of the Club Français in Brewer-street. In the middle of the eighteenth century, however, rank and fashion resorted much to Hickman's Room. John Hickman, the proprietor, began life as a dancing master in the latter part of Queen Anne's reign, and originally had a dancing room in James-street, Haymarket. Then musicians took to hiring his dancing room for concert purposes, and this gave the worthy Hickman the notion of a larger room devoted entirely to that purpose. He found accommodation in a new house in Brewer-street, where he had Lord Mansfield and the Spanish Ambassador as next-door neighbours. Here Mozart performed as a prodigy, Thomas Sheridan recited, Cuzzoni sang for the last time in England, and many other notable performers and performances were heard during the space of some thirty or forty years.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—Mr. Angus Hamilton"s "Afghanistan" (1) has all the information on its subject of an encyclopædia without its cold neutrality. Mr. Hamilton is simply possessed with a dread and detestation of Russia, and with a scorn for every statesman, Indian or English, who does not share his Russophobia. His "Afghanistan" is not a humorous book, certainly; yet it contains at least one passage of unconscious humour. Mr. Hamilton, in commenting upon the slight inflicted upon the mission which Mr. St. John Brodrick, against the advice of Lord Curzon, insisted on sending to the Amir of Afghanistan, says: "As the Imperial Government have elected to observe an impressive reticence upon the circumstances of this unfortunate episode, it is no less incumbent upon others to do likewise." But Mr. Hamilton's satisfaction with his own discreet reticence on the subject reminds me of a woman I once heard in the West Riding pouring out upon another woman a voluble volume of abuse, charging her with every sin in the Decalogue, and every crime in the calendar, and when at last she had no charge and no breath left, winding up with the circumspect and self-complacent remark, "But ah'll say nowt, and then the law can tak' no hold." In truth, the outspoken bitterness of Mr. Hamilton against both Russia and Afghanistan, his detailed charges of trickery, treachery, etc., can only help to damage what he has most at heart—English and Indian interests as against those of Russia and Afghanistan. What would Mr. Hamilton have? Can he expect either Russia or Afghanistan to prefer the interests of England to her own? Is our own Indian record so clear that we can afford to throw stones at Russian and Afghan perfidy? Burke, in his place in Parliament, said deliberately, "I engage myself to make good these three propositions (1) from the Himalayas where they touch the latitude of 29 to Cape Comorin, in the latitude 8, there is not a single Prince, State, or Potentate, great or small, in India, with whom the East India Company have come in contact with, that they have not sold. (2) There is not a single treaty they have ever made that they have not broken. (3) There is not a single Prince or State who ever put any trust in the Company that is not utterly ruined, and that none is in any degree secure and flourishing but in the exact proportion to their seated distrust and irreconcilable enmity to this nation. These assertions are in the full sense universal." Why should Mr. Hamilton expect an Eastern people like the Afghans, or a semi-Eastern people, like the Russians, to be less wily than ourselves in their political dealings? And if Russia seizes this, that, or the other territory, as it suits her and when it suits her, she is but copying our example. The only possible answer to this *tu quoque* argument is that we are the higher race, and therefore carry with us the higher civilisation, which itself might be to a Russian a matter of argument. It is Mr. Hamilton's only argument. "The Amir put forward a demand for Chageh, the Asmar Valley, which he previously had occupied, and objected to the British pretensions. In point of fact, the rights of the Government of India had been already established by conquest and by moral superiority." By the way, one of the wisest diplomatic utterances in the volume is that of Abdur Rahman in a letter to the Viceroy, advising him not to annex the frontier tribes.

If you should cut these frontier tribes out of my dominions they will neither be of any use to you nor to me. You will always be engaged in fighting or other trouble with them, and they will always go on plundering. As long as your Government is strong and at peace, you will be able to keep them quiet by a strong hand; but, if any time a foreign enemy appear on the

(1) "Afghanistan." By Angus Hamilton. With a Map and Numerous Illustrations. (London: William Heinemann. 25s net.)

(2) "Henry Northcote." By J. C. Snaith. (London: Archibald Constable, Ltd. 6s.)

(3) "The Alluring Flame." By J. E. Muddock. (London: John Long. 6s.)

(4) "Enderby." By Bertha Shelley. (London: Methuen & Co. 6s.)

(5) "Sealed Lips." By Marie Connor Leighton. With Illustrations by Harold Piffard. (London: Ward Lock & Co. 6s.)

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borders of India, these frontier tribes will be your worst enemies. If they remained in my dominions I should be able to make them fight against any enemy of England and myself, by the name of a religious war under the flag of their co-religious Muslim ruler —myself.

As for this Russian advance on India, I cannot believe it to be as imminent as Mr. Hamilton thinks. "For some time past," he says, "there have been abundant signs that Russia is proposing to find compensation in the Middle East for the downfall of her prestige in further Asia." To-day, and for some time to come, I fancy, Russia will have enough to do trying to keep her heterogeneous empire from falling to pieces, without undertaking distant and hazardous expeditions for its extension. Whatever unintentional disservice Mr. Hamilton may have done his own country by embittering her relations with Russia and Afghanistan, is counterbalanced a thousandfold by the mass and weight of expert information about the buffer state with which his book is packed. To any one interested either politically or patriotically in the foreign policy of India, Mr. Hamilton's "Afghanistan" will be indispensable. A murder trial is the favourite climax of the novelist, and has been made the culminating scene of a sensational novel more often than any other dramatic situation; but no such murder trial as that which Mr. Snaith has made at once the protasis and epitasis of his "Henry Northcote" (2) has ever yet been conceived by the most daring novelist. No such sentimental judge, impressionable jury, or audacious advocate ever played their impulsive parts in fiction or in life as those concerned in the trial and acquittal of Henry Northcote's red-handed murderess. The whole scene is at once fantastically unreal, and yet, to the reader, intensely real—a triumph of the novelist's art, which assures you that Mr. Snaith will go far. There is a curious mixture of cynicism and sentiment, of excessive sweet and excessive bitter, in the novel, which leaves an odd taste in the mouth. There is a mixture of cynicism and sentiment in Mr. Muddock's old-fashioned story, "The Alluring Flame" (3)—cynicism in his girl waif and sentiment in her boy brother. The girl grows up selfish and heartless, owing in part to her early and demoralising successes; the boy undergoes trials and encounters adventures recalling those of Oliver Twist and of David Copperfield, but emerges into a success more solid than his sister's, who dies at last broken in heart, fortune, and health, in his arms. The waifs and their protectors and patrons are a little stagey, but the story is interesting. In Miss Bertha Shelley's "Enderby" (4) you have the original and odd situation of a husband and wife each suspecting the other of being the parent of an illegitimate child which belongs to neither. The incidents that led up to this misunderstanding—Clare's dying commission to Enderby and her treasuring the photograph of the hero for that of his cousin—are no doubt improbable, but these improbabilities do not seriously affect your interest in the story. To those who delight in mystery upon mystery, murder upon murder, and sensation upon sensation, following each other like flash upon flash of lurid lightning in an Alpine storm, I can strongly recommend Mrs. Marie Connor Leighton's "Sealed Lips" (5). The fertility and ingenuity of this inexhaustible writer are extraordinary, and her stories suggest that, like Eugene Sue, she knows no more than her readers how her characters are to be extricated in the next chapter from the desperate difficulties in which she has involved them in the last. But extricated they are, with a resource that answers amply to the most exacting calls upon it.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, ever yours very sincerely,

DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

Mr. Martin Hardie's "English Coloured Books," the new volume of the Connoisseurs' Library (Methuen and Co., 25s.) appears with peculiar appropriateness at a time when we have just entered upon a new era in the production of books with coloured illustrations. Most people will probably be surprised to learn that a book with coloured illustrations was printed in England at so early a date as 1486, not many years after Caxton first set up his printing press in Westminster. For more than two hundred years practically no progress was made in the art of colour printing, but from the beginning of the eighteenth century down to the present day many ingenious minds have been continually applied to the invention and improvement of methods of illustrating books in colour. Of the varied experiments and processes of printing in colours from wood, from metal, and from stone, Mr. Hardie gives a most interesting and instructive account. Slowly but surely purely mechanical processes displaced those in which the personal artistic element had counted—in which the pictures were the product of individual and patient craftsmanship. The invention of the half-tone process by Meisenbach in 1882 "killed wood engraving all over the world"; and in the last half dozen years or so the rapid improvement of the three-colour process has revolutionised the business of publishing books with coloured illustrations. To collectors of old coloured books Mr. Hardie's handsome volume—which, by the by, itself contains some admirable specimens of coloured illustrations—will be indispensable.

As Mr. Hardie justly recognises, Messrs. A. and C. Black were the first of the publishers to appreciate the possibilities of the three-colour process for the purpose of book illustrations. Their "beautiful books" constituted a new departure, and its success has been demonstrated by the rapidity with which additions have been made to the original series of twenty-shilling volumes, and by the further series of less expensive books with coloured illustrations which have been started. Two of the most recent volumes are "Warwickshire: Painted by Fred Whitehead; described by Clive Holland;" and "Sussex: Painted by Wilfrid Ball, R.E." (20s. each net). The letterpress of the latter volume—which is by an anonymous author—is more satisfactory than that of the former, which is too closely packed with mere guide-book details. But in these books the text is of less importance than the seventy-five full-page illustrations in colour, and both Mr. Ball and Mr. Whitehead have provided many delightful pictures.

Apropos of colour-printing, Messrs. Chatto and Windus announce the early commencement of the new Medici series of coloured reproductions after the Old Masters. The plates in this series will be printed in colour, in exact facsimile of the originals, by a new photographic process, which, it is claimed, "gives results such as have hitherto seemed impossible of realisation." One of the advantages of the process is that it does away with the necessity of using paper with a highly-glazed and perishable surface. Messrs. Chatto and Windus also have in the press several new colour books, including "Switzerland and Its People" and "The Rhine," both illustrated from pictures by Mrs. James Jardine. The text of the first volume is by Mr. Clarence Rook, and that of the second by Mr. H. J. Mackinder.

The new anthology, entitled "A Pageant of Elizabethan Poetry," upon which Mr. Arthur Symons has been engaged for some time past, will be published shortly by Messrs. Blackie and Son.

As may be guessed from the title, the scene of Lucas Cleeve's new story, "Seven Nights in a Gondola," is laid in Venice. The book, which Mr. Unwin has ready this week, is described as a comedy of love, with a rich young American and an Italian countess for the two chief actors.

A volume of "Poems—1899-1905," by Mr. W. B. Yeats—including the plays, "The Shadowy Waters," "The King's Threshold," and "On Baile's Strand"—is announced for immediate publication by Mr. A. H. Bullen.

"A Week at Waterloo in 1815," the narrative by Lady de Lancey, which Mr. John Murray has just published (price 6s.) has a remarkable literary history. Lady de Lancey's husband, Colonel Sir William H. de Lancey, was wounded fatally at Waterloo, and his widow's inexpressibly touching account of the week

she passed in nursing him before the end came was read in manuscript by many distinguished people. Among others, Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Moore, and Charles Dickens all testified to the extraordinary pathos and vividness of the narrative which now, after the lapse of more than eighty years, has for the first time been printed.

The "Scarlet Pimpernel," who has achieved so much popularity, both in the novel and the play of that name, reappears, though only as a minor character, in the Baroness Orczy's new story of the French Revolution, "I Will Repay," which will be published immediately by Messrs. Greening and Co. The same firm are also bringing out a new semi-historical novel, entitled "A Maid of Brittany," from the pen of Miss May Wynne, author of that stirring story, "For Faith and Navarre."

A sixpenny edition of "The Serf," one of Mr. Ranger Gull's stories, is announced by Messrs. Greening and Co. Mr. Ranger Gull has become more widely known under the pseudonym of "Guy Thorne," but "The Serf," which was issued in his own name, is really a much better piece of work than "When it was Dark."

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Don't you think engaged girls ought to be in some way labelled as appropriated goods? They are dangerous creatures left loose and unticketed in a community which includes susceptible male creatures. Poor Hal has just suffered in this way. He lost his heart completely to a handsome girl on a visit to London, paid her so much attention that the friends of both parties expected daily to hear of the engagement, and both underwent the usual amount of teasing about the other. We were watching the affair with great interest, for we are very fond of Hal and we admired the girl. The match seemed suitable in every way, and we had began to think what we would give as a wedding present when Hal came in one morning, looking wretched. "She is engaged," he said. "Has been all the time to some brute of a fellow in her own part of the world." "Oh, poor Hal!" "Yes it's hard lines. I could have sworn she liked me a little." He looked so miserable that we felt very indignant with the girl. She had accepted all his attentions, dinners at restaurants, theatres, Hurlingham, Sandown, etc., and she must have known perfectly well that he was in love with her. Is it not a shame? Most unprincipled I call it.

In a novel when a man has a disappointment of the kind he goes off to shoot big game or exchanges into a regiment (if he is a soldier man) which is on active service and puts himself in front of the battle, regardless of discipline or his colonel's orders. I have heard in real life of only one young man who did the latter, and he was already married and very miserable. He received the wished-for bullet as all the world knows. Now, what would you have advised Hal to do? He cannot get away to shoot big game, and though he is unhappy he has no yearning for a bullet in any portion of his anatomy. A third course that I have noticed in novels is for the unhappy hero to plunge into dissipation. Hal has no inclination that way either. He will have to be very unhappy for three or four months, less unhappy for five or six more, and then his misery will be gently shaded off for a year or so. Two years form the period for getting rid of an unreturned attachment. So much has my knowledge of the world taught me. I have seen cases of very rapid recovery, however. Usually, these have been on the principle that one nail drives out another, and the convalescent is generally a man of little depth of nature.

With the exception of a week we spent at Paris-Plage some years since, I have never seen such sunsets as we have enjoyed here in Paris. On one evening especially we stood on the Pont Neuf, close by Notre Dame, and looked up the Seine to the Dome of the Invalides. Great banners of pink and crimson cloud crossed the intensely blue sky in diagonal lines above the river, also brightly blue, and were reflected in it. We could not decide whether these exquisite sunset tints were more beautiful seen behind the trees or apart from them. It was quite Whistlerian to watch the pedestrians on the Pont des Arts silhouetted against the brilliant sunset.

Bee is enthusiastically Kodaking every day. Though a beginner she has succeeded very well, and can hardly collect sufficient patience to wait for each set to be developed. One evening she secured a capital view of the little village of Boulogne from a road-point at Auteuil, but placed the Kodak on the grass to do so. The little machine conscientiously recorded all the blades of grass that intervened, and the lower part of the photograph looks just like a terrible battle, with swords and spears raised high to strike. I never realised before seeing this what a friend long grass must be to the little insects that live in it, and what a jungle for even rabbits and hares, and especially for their babies.

It is really pleasant to have a Kodak. Apart from one's personal enjoyment it enables one to give much pleasure to others. A sweet baby who lives in one of the flats here was successfully "took" by Bee the other morning, and the parents are enchanted; and our concierge is delighted with a snapshot of his little daughter, aged three.

Would that the French drivers could be induced to spare the lash with their horses! Most of them use the whip almost incessantly, either cracking it or touching up the horses. The sound of it is incessant. An English driver knows how to get speed out of his animal without keeping the whip going. The worst of it is that the vans and lorries are cruelly overloaded, so that when the horses get into difficulties it is very hard for them to get out of them. Some writer says that Paris is the *bonheur des femmes et l'enfer des chevaux.* I believe French ladies of the aristocratic class have already started a society similar to ours for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. That society will find plenty to do!

Last night we took a taxameter and told the driver to take us along the boulevards Madeleine, Capucines, and Italiens, that he need not hurry his horse as we merely wished to *flâner.* It was a very interesting drive. The lights alone were brightening to the mind. The only bit of London that I know at all equal to it is Piccadilly Circus. Here, all along the boulevards there are splendid cafés, windows unshaded, so that those outside can see far back to the very limit of the brightly lighted interior, filled with ornamental persons of both sexes. The footpaths, wide as they are, were full of pedestrians, and the number of automobiles about was great, considering that Paris is out of season. We particularly noticed the lightness of the cars, and the almost total absence of noise, as compared with most of ours. The automobiles de luxe for hire go as delicately and soundlessly as the electric landaulettes at home. Why is this?

I wish you could see the pretty coiffures here. Instead of our stereotyped arrangement our fascinating neighbours dress their hair to suit them individually. Little curls are arranged on the top of the head in some cases, in others under the toque at the back. The part behind and immediately under the ears is carefully filled in with little curls, and there are no hanging, depressed-looking ends of hair such as we so often see at home. Everything is neat and even coquettish. Why not? We ought to make ourselves look as nice as we can.

Bee finds the blouse shops very, very tempting. The shapes of the stands on which they are shown seem better than ours in London. Consequently the blouses themselves look nicer. Some of them are trimmed with lovely embroidery. The rage for broderie Anglaise is greater than in London. In the cheap shops it is very coarse, and would wear no time. Its constitu-

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tion would hardly survive one visit to the laundry, or perhaps two to the cleaner. But when it is good and fine, it is highly ornamental. I always prefer the other kind of embroidery, however (the satin stitch and crewel stitches), which do not need lining.

We see few transparent blouses, but many have no collar, and some are cut away in the smallest, neatest possible square, just below the chin, and filled in with lace or fine embroidery. Never were neater waists than those we see here. In a Society novel I am reading that deals with smart folk in Paris, the girl, coming down to déjeuner one morning, when she is particularly anxious to put her father in a good humour, has not "un brin de poudre de riz sur ses joues, pas le moindre rose aux lèvres, et son lacet de corset était tres lâche." "In whose honour have you changed your habits this morning?" her father asks, adding approvingly, "That is how you should always be, in order to digest easily."

This would seem to confirm what I had already suspected, viz., that girls as a rule make-up in Paris. I have been busy admiring complexions since I came, and yet we have always heard that they are the weak point in Parisiennes. As to tight-lacing, if a girl's father can notice when her staylace is rather loose her habitual tightness must be great indeed!

Another thing we have noticed is that girls of the schoolgirl age wear very tight boots over here. This, I suppose, is with the idea of keeping their feet from growing large. But what a penalty the poor girls have to pay for this! Fancy having always to wear tight boots during the years of growth. Bad enough at home in England, where there are at least flat, smooth side-walks both in town and country, but absolute purgatory here, where the trottoirs are paved with stumbling-blocks and the crossings are switchbacks on a mild scale.

We have our usual trouble with French laundresses. Here is where our education of the masses comes in at home. The washerwoman there, whatever mistakes they may make—and they are numerous enough in all conscience—can at least read one's list. We lost several things when last staying in France, owing to the absolute ignorance of the blanchisseuse, and here in Paris it is no better. The only way is to count out everything to the woman who comes for the washing, setting down the numbers. She will then submit the list to someone better educated than herself, and perhaps return everything. But the washing itself is simply perfect. The things are returned as white as snow and always well-aired, and the get-up is calculated to make us discontented with our washing at home. The funny thing is that while some of our ultra-fashionables at home send their washing to Paris every week to be done up in this perfect way, the French exquisite over here sends his to London, where it is washed for him by French laundresses!

We make it a rule to read French books only while in Paris, and find it a very great help in improving our conversational capacity. Oddly enough, if we want a word during the day, it is almost certain to occur during our reading in the evening. Sometimes while we are out we try to think of the French for something, and we have now grown quite accustomed to finding it in the course of the evening. Such coincidences as these are agreeable.

Mosquitoes are not so pleasant. Richard was the first to be attacked; ornaments appeared upon his cheek and noble brow. Next day the constellation of the Gemini was reproduced upon my nose. We then bethought us that we had brought from London a preparation warranted to keep away the boldest mosquito ever born. We have applied it, and if it should be successful I will tell you its name in my next. We read of your plague of wasps in England, and are sorry for you, but glad we are away. Mosquitoes are bad enough, but wasps are worse, especially as they appear to be charging about the country in whole battalions. Perhaps there is a strike of nest-makers among them!

Clare sends me the following from Dublin:—

DEAREST MADGE,—If the Horse Show, as a coming event, cast a prodigious shadow before, it cannot but be said that the event fully lived up to the forecast, or even surpassed it, for the prophecies of success were more than justified. Never did our Irish capital witness a greater "week." What it is to be a horse! Even Royalty never drew bigger crowds to Dublin than filled it all last week. Never was there such a Horse Show, never such a variety of other shows and entertainments, never were assembled together such quantity and quality as regarded humanity and horses. It certainly was prodigious, and, what is perhaps dearest of all to the modern heart, record breaking! The weather, which in its freakishness and ill-temper had so long caused us uneasiness, took a sudden turn at the very beginning of the week, into the most amiable of moods. Nothing could have been more smiling and sunshiny. All the summer that we ought to have had before, was concentrated into the week. It was worth waiting for, and it came at the right moment. You can imagine the joy of our sex at getting the first full opportunity for the wear of their best frocks, those that had been most earnestly thought out, with the greatest expenditure of time, pains, and other important things as well. We have had so many "tailor-made" Horse Shows; so many with the suggestion of early autumn. Last week there was not a doubt in the weather; light and airy draperies, frills, feathers, laces, and embroideries, light and bright colours, were the only wear. And sunshades, not to be forgotten, dainty, like the toilets they went with. How charming the fashions are just now for youth and beauty! So sweet, breezy, and piquante in their daintiness of colour and material. But all the world must be young for muslins, for sashes, and scarves. And, alas! all the world is not young, a fact which becomes more than ever apparent where fashion is.

The usual Viceregal procession round the enclosure in front of the grand stand preceded the jumping contests, which are the great feature of the two "society" afternoons. The Viceregal party was a large one, entering in the customary state, of many carriages, horses, outriders, and escort, to the accompaniment of the National Anthem. With the Viceregal party were Lord and Lady Dunraven, Lady Aileen Wyndham Quin, Lord and Lady Shaftesbury, Lady Jersey, Lord Kenmare, Lady Celia Crewe-Milnes, Lord and Lady Hawkesbury, Lord and Lady Powerscourt, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. King Hall, Lady Wicklow, Lords Henschel, Anson, and many others. Lady Aberdeen wore a handsome costume, with a many-feathered hat in shaded colours, Lady Celia Crewe-Milnes, who is soon to be married to Captain Coates, A.D.C., also of the Viceregal party, looked charming in faint-coloured muslin with pale green trimming and a picturesque hat. Lord and Lady Grenfell's party, who were in the Viceregal box on the grand stand, included Lord and Lady Coventry, Lady Dorothy Coventry, General Owen Williams, Lady Blanche Seymour, Captain and Miss Yorke. Lord and Lady Ardilaun's large party consisted of Lady Bessborough, Lady Gweneth Ponsonby, Lord and Lady Castlemaine, Lady Camoys, Sir Hubert Miller, Sir John Keane, Mr. St. Lawrence Guinness, and others. Lord and Lady Iveagh's guests at Farmleigh were Lord Waterford, Lady Arran, Mr. Walter Long, Lady Evelyn Guinness, Colonel Crichton, Lady Milbanke, Sir George and Lady Maud Warrender. Sir Horace Plunkett had a "housewarming" at the new residence, which he has just built at Foxrock. Amongst his guests were Lord and Lady Fingall, and Lord Dunsany.

All the stands and the enclosure in front, and that at the back where the band played and tea was partaken of, were crowded on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons. A wonderful crowd, in its infinite variety, to be assembled in the capital of our small island of the west. We certainly have been very much "discovered," and the horse has nobly done his part in helping the discovery of the people and country who honour him so highly and faithfully. The elect of society, both on the Irish and British side of the Channel, were mustered in great force;

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tourists from the other side of the ocean, too, and from many lands. We heard of Royalty having representatives in the Duke and Duchess d'Aosta, but did not see them. Indian Royalty, however, with its entourage, was there, resplendent in the persons of the Maharajahs of Burdwan and Patiala. Between the heat of the sun and of the crowd, the Indian potentates must have felt quite at home in our climate—more probably than we felt ourselves at times. However, who could quarrel with a too benignant sun? We were a bit hot, no doubt, but we had gone to see, and we saw each other in glorious light. Beautiful amongst beautiful dresses were those worn by the Duchess of Westminster, Lady Lurgan, the Duchess of Newcastle, Ladies Headfort, Kingston, Noreen Bass, Evelyn Guinness, Hawkesbury, Fingall, Arnott, Ardilaun, Arran, Milbanke, Mrs. Ernest Guinness, Lady Dorothy Coventry, and Lady Grenfell. Amongst the light and leading in the enclosure were Lord and Lady Coventry, the Duke of Beaufort, the youthful Duke of Leinster, Lord and Lady Inverclyde, the new Peer of the North, Lord Pirrie, the popular and genial Lord Hemphill, Lord Iveagh, the Master of the Rolls, and many other occupants of the Irish Bench, Lady Granard and Lady Eva Forbes, Lords F. and W. FitzGerald, Lady Nesta FitzGerald, Sir Hugh and Lady McCalmont, Ladies Portarlington, Drogheda, Fermoy, Louth, Clementine Waring, Maud Warrender, Admiral May, and many officers of his fleet, Lords Waterford, Rathdonnell, Ashtown, Massy, George Cholmondeley, Headfort, and Colonel Crichton, and last, not least, Mr. Walter Long and Sir Antony MacDonnell. The Chief Secretary was conspicuous by his absence from Dublin for the "week," although he was in Ireland. He is not a horseman, but Chief Secretaries usually fall in with Irish ideas as regards the horse, and duly give honour where its gift is duly expected.

Space does not allow me to tell of the polo matches, and the Phœnix Park races. The glories of the latter were great: the display of toilets equal to that at the Horse Show, and the elect of Society were gathered together in great strength. And then the ball at Kingstown in honour of the Fleet, which was a success worthy of the occasion. Also the conversazione on the same evening in honour of the Institute of Journalists, which was held in the fine building—the old Leinster House—of the Royal Dublin Society, overlooking Merrion Square. Lord Ardilaun, as President of the Dublin Society, received the guests; the spacious rooms being beautifully fitted up and the adjacent museum open for the occasion. Music was discoursed, hospitality dispensed, and the entertainment altogether most fascinating.—Yours ever, CLARE.

You will find these petites cases de laitances a really tasty savoury:—

Blanch a dozen soft roes of fresh herrings by boiling them ten minutes in salted water acidulated with lemon juice or vinegar, strain them, and return them to the stewpan with pepper, salt, a dash of cayenne pepper, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, and an ounce of butter, shake the stewpan round on the stove until they all have a modicum of the dressing. Have ready half a dozen paper cases, oiled, and warmed in the oven, put a spoonful of well-seasoned brown sauce in each case, then divide the roes between them. Whisk the whites of two eggs to a snow, with pepper, salt, and a dash of lemon juice, put a portion on each one, dust them with grated Parmesan cheese, and bake them a few moments to set the top.

This new method of preparing fricaseed eggs will be sure to find favour:—

Fry a small chopped onion with an ounce of butter until it begins to colour, add two tablespoonfuls of chopped white mushrooms. Cover all closely till it is cooked. Mix in a tablespoonful of flour and sufficient water and milk to make a nice creamy sauce. Stir it until it boils, then squeeze it through the tammy. Re-heat the sauce, adding cream, salt, and pepper, and a squeeze of lemon juice. Peel and cook a dozen white mushrooms with butter and lemon juice in a stewpan. Poach six fresh eggs in salted water, then put them into the white sauce. Make a very thin border of mashed potato on a dish, arrange the mushrooms as a border, dress the eggs in the centre, and sprinkle them with chopped parsley.

Here is a nice pudding for any time of year:—

2 tablespoonfuls of finely grated Cheddar cheese, 6 tablespoonfuls of fine bread crumbs, 1 oz. of butter, 1 tablespoonful of sugar, ¼ nutmeg grated, 1 teacupful of sultanas, washed, dried, and picked, 3 eggs, well beaten, 1 pint of good milk. Well butter a pie dish, into this put a layer of bread crumbs, then one of sultanas, over this grate some nutmeg, and sift some of the sugar; do this until the dish is full. Screen the mixture with bread crumbs and grated cheese. Make a custard with the milk and eggs and pour it into the dish. Bake in a moderately heated oven.

These little "Marie cakes" are nice for afternoon tea:—

Beat 4 oz. of butter with 4 oz. of sugar till it is creamy; add the grated peel of a lemon and the yolks of 3 eggs at intervals. Then mix, in alternate spoonfuls, the stiffly whipped whites of 3 eggs and 4 oz. of flour. Bake the batter an inch thick on a buttered and papered baking sheet, and as soon as it cools a little, cut it into diamond-shaped pieces. Whip the whites of 2 eggs with a gill of thick cream, 2 oz. of sugar, and a dessertspoonful of rum. Force the cream up on the cakes through a cornet, bringing it to a point. Work the whites of 2 eggs with the juice of half a lemon, and sufficient icing sugar to make it a thin creamy icing. Coat the cakes carefully with the icing, sprinkle them lightly with chopped pistachios, and place each one in a little fancy paper case.

Glacé au fromage à la Dudley is a delightful savoury:—

Whip half a pint of cream with a pinch of cayenne pepper, a pinch of celery salt, and the juice of half a lemon. During the process scatter in 2 oz. of grated Parmesan cheese, and 2 oz. of grated Gruyère. When it is nearly stiff whip up a gill of liquid aspic jelly. Freeze the cream and embed it in a plain mould. When it is required, unmould it, cut the cream into pieces with a small cutlet-shaped cutter, arrange them in small paper cases, dust grated Parmesan cheese over them, and dish them garnished with small cress.

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TO OUR READERS.

We receive hundreds of letters every week from "Readers of 'Truth.'" A large majority of the writers expect replies direct. Of the work, trouble, and expense involved in doing this we say nothing. But as experience has shown that a large number of our "Constant" and "Regular" readers who inqui e about individuals with whom we have dealt in our columns over and over again are not actual subscribers to the paper, but merely occasional readers of it at clubs, libraries, or at friends' houses, we consider we must protect ourselves in the matter.

We have therefore decided that henceforth every reader who writes making an inquiry that necessitates a direct reply must enclose a stamped envelope and also a Coupon which will always be found at the foot of the 3rd page of the coloured cover. Without these no notice will be taken of the communication.

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a Coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Unde. no circumstances can "Vigilant" send replies by post.

No Coupon will be available that is over a fortnight out of date, except from correspondents residing abroad.

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ENTRE NOUS.

ACCORDING to the latest arrangements, the King's stay in Scotland is to be prolonged until the third week in October, so that his Majesty will not be present at the Newmarket Second October Meeting. The King will leave Balmoral Castle on Monday, October 15, on a visit to Lord and Lady Colebrooke at Glengonnar House, near Abington, and his Majesty is expected to stay in South Lanarkshire until Friday, the 19th, when he will travel to London. The King is to spend the week-end at Buckingham Palace, and on Monday, October 22, he will go to Newmarket for the Houghton Meeting.

The King will probably pay a visit in November or December to Lord James of Hereford at Breamore House, near Salisbury. Breamore is the picturesque old seat of Sir Edward Hulse, which is rented by Lord James, together with the excellent shooting over the estate, which is heavily wooded. Lord James has just left Breamore to pay some visits in Scotland, and during his stay in the North he will be the guest of the King at Balmoral Castle, and of the Princess Royal and the Duke of Fife at Mar Lodge.

Next week the King will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon for a few days at Tulchan Lodge, Morayshire, where the Prince of Wales spent a week last month. His Majesty is to leave Rufford Abbey on Sunday night, and he will travel from Ollerton to York, and thence viâ Edinburgh, Perth, and the Highland line to Advie Station, in Strathspey. The King is to have two days' grouse and hare driving over the Tulchan and Advie moors, which are among the best in the district, and the ground is exceptionally pleasant to shoot over, owing to the varied nature of the beats.

His Majesty will also have a day on Lord Seafield's Castle Grant moor, which "marches" with the shootings rented by Mr. Sassoon, and this ground usually affords very heavy bags. Shooting has been stopped on these three moors until the King's visit. His Majesty (when Prince of Wales) was twice the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Sassoon at Tulchan, but since his last visit the lodge has been enlarged and altered, and the internal arrangements have been improved in many ways. Tulchan Lodge is beautifully situated overlooking one of the most picturesque reaches of the Spey.

The King had a day's shooting in Bohemia last Wednesday over the celebrated preserves of the Abbot of Tepl, who entertained his Majesty to breakfast. There was an immense show of hares and partridges, but the day was terribly hot. The King was accompanied by Sir Edward Goschen, the Prince de Lucinge, the Marquis de Soveral, and Captain Boyd. His Majesty invested the second person in authority at the Abbey with the Victorian Order, which the Abbot himself received two years ago, on the occasion of the King's previous visit to Tepl.

The Queen is to leave Copenhagen about Wednesday next, and her Majesty and Princess Victoria will probably be conveyed in the Royal yacht direct to Aberdeen, whence they will proceed to Balmoral. The Empress Marie of Russia and the Grand Duke Michel

Alexandrovitch and the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland arrived at Copenhagen last week.

As was stated in Truth a fortnight ago, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught will go to Carlsruhe next week to attend the celebration of the golden wedding of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden. The King has decided to confer the Order of the Garter upon the Grand Duke of Baden, and his Majesty has commissioned the Duke of Connaught to invest the new Knight of the blue ribbon at Carlsruhe next Monday. His Majesty's bestowal of the first British Order upon the Grand Duke of Baden will meet with general approval, for the new Knight of the Garter has been a powerful influence for peace and moderation in Germany, and he is universally beloved and esteemed. The senior of the Royal Knights of the Garter is the King of the Belgians, who dates from 1866; while the junior of them is the King of Wurtemberg, who was invested at Stuttgart by the Prince of Wales in April, 1904.

Princess Christian, who passed a month at Osborne Cottage, near East Cowes, with Princess Henry of Battenberg, was last week on a visit to the Empress Eugénie at Farnborough Hill, and on Friday she left England to spend a month in Germany. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein is in Scotland, and Princess Louise was staying last week in Westmorland, at Lunefield, near Kirkby Lonsdale, on a visit to Lady Bective. Prince Christian has left Berlin on a visit to his nephew, the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg, at Schloss Primkenau, in Silesia, and before returning to England he will be the guest of the Grand Duchesse Marie of Saxe-Coburg for a week. He is going to Coburg to attend the christening of the infant son of the Duke and Duchess, and Princess Christian will meet him there.

The Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Roumania are about to pay a visit to England. The Crown Prince Ferdinand, who is a son of the Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, and nephew of King Charles, has been staying for a month at Bad Kreuznach for a course of the waters.

Princess Henry of Battenberg is leaving the Isle of Wight to make a short stay in Scotland, after which she will probably go to Germany to pay some family visits.

It was stated in Truth several months ago that Prince Waldemar of Denmark had inherited the greater part of the private property of his father, King Christian. Prince Waldemar has come into nearly £60,000, and all the late King's landed property which was at his own disposal. A sum of £88,000, which was in settlement, is divided between the Empress Marie of Russia, the King of the Hellenes, Queen Alexandra, and the Duchess of Cumberland. It is expected at Copenhagen that the beneficiaries will devote this money to charities and good works in Denmark.

The King of the Hellenes will next Friday complete his three weeks' course of the waters at Aix-les-Bains, when he goes to Paris for a couple of days, and thence to Copenhagen. King George will probably come to England at the beginning of November, on a short private visit to their Majesties at Sandringham and Buckingham Palace. Queen Olga, who has been staying in Russia during the last three months, is on a visit to her sister-in-law, the Grand Duchess Elizabeth Mavrikevna, at Tsarskoe-Selo. The Duke of Sparta, who went to Homburg for the waters when he left London, has returned to Athens, and will act as Regent of the Kingdom until his father returns home at the end of November.

The Braemar Gathering was held on Thursday afternoon in very fine weather, and there was an immense attendance. The games took place in the new Princess Royal Park at Braemar, which may be a more convenient location, but a Cockney element has been imported into the affair, and the mediæval and rural surroundings which were a conspicuous feature at Invercauld are now altogether wanting. The Duke of Fife arrived early on the ground from Mar Lodge, but he was not accompanied by the Princess Royal, who was unwell last week, and confined to the house. The Prince and Princess of Wales and two of their children drove over from Abergeldie Castle, arriving on the ground soon after three o'clock, and they stayed for two hours, leaving again after they had drunk tea in the Royal Pavilion.

The daily papers invariably print a long account of the muster on this occasion of the "clansmen." The fact is that the "Balmoral Highlanders" and the "Duff Highlanders" are no more a clan than a regiment. They are merely estate servants of various descriptions, who are attired for the occasion in tartan, with all the paraphernalia of full-dressed Highlanders. Queen Victoria created the corps of "Balmoral Highlanders" when Balmoral became a permanent residence of the Court. Her example was followed by Lady Fife (mother of the present Duke), who at once formed a similar body, who were dressed up in Duff tartan. The "Forbes Highlanders" were similarly brought out by the late Sir Charles Forbes of Newe, and this "clan" has always been regarded on Deeside with undisguised derision. The fact is, that the ancient Deeside territorial families are all extinct, with the exception of the Farquharsons of Invercauld, and they descend through the female line, the heiress of their estates having married a Ross of Balnagowan. The present Laird of

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For Selected Foreign Hotels, see page 652.
For Estates, Auctions, &c., see page 655.
For Amusements, see page 647.
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Invercauld is next heir to the baronetcy now held by Sir Charles Ross.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen have left the Viceregal Lodge for Scotland, and are not expected to return to Ireland until some time in October. The Chief Secretary has not yet taken up his residence at his official Lodge in the Phœnix Park, but will do so during the present month. He was not in Dublin for the Horse Show, but in the North of Ireland on a tour of inspection by sea and land. The weather last week, following the tradition of the "Black" North, was wild, and the Chief Secretary was obliged to give up the sea after some instructive trips and to visit the coast stations from the land side. The Under-Secretary also visited the North, where both he and Mr. Bryce were the guests of Sir John Olphert at Ballyconnell House, Falcarragh. Sir John Olphert was an official of the Viceregal Household during the two last Conservative "reigns" at Dublin Castle.

Sir William Forbes, of Pitsligo, who died the other day in New Zealand, was the head of an ancient and distinguished Scottish family. The baronetcy was conferred by Charles the First in 1626. He was a grandson of Sir William Forbes, the well-known Edinburgh banker, who married Miss Stuart, the heiress of Fettercairn, who was Sir Walter Scott's "first love," and he acted very generously in connection with Scott's financial troubles in 1826. The family estates passed on the death of the late Baronet's uncle to his only child, the late Lady Clinton, and Fettercairn now belongs to her eldest son, the present Peer. Sir William Forbes settled in New Zealand about forty years ago. Through his mother he was a grandson of Colonel Macdonell, of Glengarry and Glenquoich, who was supposed to be the original of Fergus MacIvor in "Waverley."

The late Judge Bowen Rowlands, though he failed to rise quite to the top of the professional tree, was a thoroughly sound lawyer, and a clear-headed capable man in every capacity he filled. As a County Court Judge he was most successful, and he showed so many of the qualities of a good judge—not the least of them being unfailing courtesy and good temper—that he would probably have done equally well on the bench of the High Court, if such promotion were open to County Court Judges, as many people hold that it ought to be. His death will be very widely regretted, for he made nothing but friends in his profession on his judicial circuit, and in Parliament during the six years that he sat there—and this notwithstanding the fact that he was as keen a party man as a Welsh Radical Member is bound to be. Mr. Bowen Rowlands was a Roman Catholic, and a member of the Catholic Education Board, and it is a remarkable proof of the respect and popularity which he earned on all sides that the same man who was appointed by the Catholic Bishops to this position should also have won the confidence and suffrages of the stalwart Nonconformist electors of a Welsh constituency.

Lord Londesborough has arranged for a large sale of his landed property in Yorkshire. Nearly six thousand five hundred acres of the Scamer estate, near Scarborough, will be offered for sale at York in eight lots on October 2. Seven lots of the Londesborough estate, in the East Riding, comprising nearly seven thousand acres, will be offered at Hull on Monday, the 24th. The Londesborough Park estate, which belonged successively to the Cliffords, the Boyles, and the Cavendishes, was sold by the sixth Duke of Devonshire about 1844 for £470,000 to George Hudson, from whom it was purchased by Lord Albert Conyngham, afterwards the first Lord Londesborough.

A correspondent writes:—

Amazing nonsense is printed by some of the papers about shooting affairs. A morning journal published last week a tale of how the Duke of Devonshire's party at Bolton Abbey went out to shoot partridges on the moors, but found their sport interfered with by the vagaries of a gorgeous parrot, which was "among the coveys." Imagine any one outside of a lunatic asylum printing such Cockneyfied foolery. There are no partridges on "the moors" which are the scene of the Duke's shooting parties in Yorkshire.

The *World* informs its readers that Houghton Hall, Norfolk, is "the seat of Lord Grey de Wilton." Houghton belongs to Lord Cholmondeley, as the representative (through the female line) of the Walpoles, who had owned this manor for centuries. Lord Grey de Wilton is a boy of ten, the eldest son of Lord Wilton. Another romancing journal announces that the sporting rental of the Glenquoich estate (Mr. Ellice's), in Inverness-shire, is "£100,000 a year." It would be nearer the mark to put the "sporting rental" of this property at about that number of shillings.

A railway passenger's complaint comes from Yorkshire, which, I expect, might be echoed from other parts of the country at this time of year. Tickets are taken at full fare (10s. for the single journey) from Halifax to Llandudno by a regular through express train. At Manchester the train is invaded by a swarm of cheap trippers, and the rest of the journey is performed in the greatest discomfort in an overcrowded compartment, and not very desirable company. Inquiry shows that at Manchester the train becomes the vehicle for a half-day trip to Llandudno. The Halifax passenger asks why, if he has paid the usual fare for the whole journey, he and his family should be exposed for half the journey to the offensive conditions of a cheap sea-side trip from a manufacturing town? The question seems to deserve the attention of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, who issue the tickets from Halifax. At the least they ought to give the sufferers compensation in the shape of the reduced fare from Manchester—3s. return, as against 6s. ordinary single fare.

I am asked to mention that the statement, referred to last week by my dramatic critic, that Mr. Arthur Bourchier "has accepted the post of dramatic critic to the Sphere and Tatler, Limited," is only partially correct. He has accepted the post of dramatic critic to the *Tatler*, but no change has taken place in the corresponding post on the *Sphere*.

THE LUXURY OF A BATH is incomplete without the addition of SCRUBB'S CLOUDY FLUID AMMONIA, which refreshes and invigorates. Sold everywhere, price one shilling per bottle.

HONOURS EASY!

'Cambridge! Harvard! Both, well done!
Winners—losers—both let's greet;
Those, the race that, manful, won,
These that, manful, bore defeat.

Sportsmen, vowed the game to play,
Triers both, their best they tried;
And that done, content were they
Either issue to abide.

Vict'ry first would all men choose;
That's indisputable quite.
But the next best thing's to lose
In a stern and gallant fight.

"Tain't in mortals," saith the play,
(Cato) "to command success";
But "deserve it" all men may
By their grit and steadfastness.

And if ever dogged pluck,
Shown throughout a ding-dong chase,
Merited a kindlier luck—
Then 'twas so in Harvard's case.

So say we to *both* "well done!"
Either then were fairly served—
Cambridge, who success have won,
Harvard, who've success deserved.

I see from one of his latest post cards that Mr. Guy Roslyn, alias Hatton, has betaken himself to the seclusion of Canvey Island, Essex. He writes from that address the usual request for "particulars of your life for the *Biographer*." The last time I heard of Hatton, alias Roslyn, he was in considerable difficulties, the *Biographer* had been disposed of, and had given place to some other publication of the same character. It seems, however, that he still manages to gain a precarious livelihood out of the desire of the Great Unknown to obtain a little spurious fame through his instrumentality, and as long as he really carries out his contract, I do not know that he can be very much blamed.

The indestructible myth of Professor Garner's researches in the simian language continues to furnish "copy" for the American press. A new turn is given to it by the statement, which has been reproduced over here, that an American lady is about to accompany the Professor on a new expedition to the jungles of the Dark Continent. Like him, she will establish herself in a steel cage, furnished with phonographs and all the usual paraphernalia (see previous advertisements). Side by side—but, of course, occupying separate cages—the pair of scientists will sit day and night in the depths of the primeval forest, studying the language of its denizens. After this, it will be more interesting than ever to know what the monkeys say. The idea seems to be to discover whether their limited vocabulary contains any equivalent for "Mrs. Grundy."

A receipt is posted from the office of a London charity with a separate sheet of paper on which are written the words "with thanks." Being sent at the halfpenny rate, the packet is surcharged. A complaint to the G.P.O. results in the explanation that, as the written communication, "with thanks," was "a separate document," the surcharge was correct, "although, of course, these words may be written on the receipt itself." No doubt this is what the strict construction of the regulations leads to, but it is curious that the official mind should not perceive that a strict construction under such circumstances only makes the regulation and its authors ridiculous. However, let us commend the public spirit of St. Martin's-le-Grand, which is ready to hold itself up to ridicule and contempt rather than sacrifice a penny that has once found its way into the public exchequer.

Whatever may be the law in regard to lotteries in Ireland, there is no reason, so far as I know, why a gamble of this class for religious purposes should be allowed to take place in Scotland. Books of tickets, however, are now being distributed indiscriminately in this country for one of the usual "grand prize drawings on the Art Union principle," promoted by the Rev. Father M'Gettigen, for the benefit of his church at Musselburgh. The prizes offered range up to £50 in value; and, as usual in these Roman Catholic lotteries, a special prize of £10 is offered to the person who sells the largest number of tickets. It is really monstrous that clergymen should be allowed to get up these "drawings" for their own ends, when any other member of the community who attempted such a thing would be immediately pulled up by the police.

Canon Hervey, rector of Sandringham, who has been residing for six months in the Isle of Wight, has gone to Scotland for the benefit of more bracing air. Canon Hervey has occupied Barton Court House, the Royal residence on the Osborne estate, which was kindly lent to him by the King; and now his Majesty has placed at his disposal the late Queen's cottage on the shore of Loch Muick, which stands high, and is surrounded by very wild scenery. This cottage is about ten miles from Ballater by the road through Glen Muick, passing Birkhall House and woods, and the romantic Linn of Muick. There is a private road from Loch Muick to Balmoral Castle, which passes through the Royal deer forests.

The late Canon Scott was for many years one of the best known, most popular, and most active parish clergymen in Yorkshire. He succeeded his father as vicar of St. Mary's, Hull, in 1865, and stayed there until 1883, when he became vicar of St. John's, Leeds, replacing the late Chancellor Temple. He was an admirable preacher, and had a wide reputation as a platform speaker. Canon Scott was a moderate Churchman, and never figured as a partisan. He had exceptional gifts as an organiser and administrator. On going to Leeds he found that a great deal of valuable old oak had been removed from his church during a restoration, and he succeeded in recovering the whole of it from the pur-

chaser. During the last eight years of his long and laborious life Canon Scott was rector of Wanstead, Essex.

Archdeacon Haigh, who died at Winchester, on Friday, had been in failing health for some time past. He was educated at Harrow under Dr. Vaughan, and proceeded thence to Trinity College, Cambridge. He commenced his clerical career as curate to the late Rev. John Sumner (eldest son of Bishop Sumner, of Winchester) at Petersfield. In 1870 he succeeded the late Bishop of Pretoria as Rector of St. Maurice, Winchester, and in 1883 Bishop Harold Browne presented him to the vicarage of Newport, which had become vacant by the promotion of Canon Connor to the Deanery of Windsor, where he replaced Dean Wellesley. In 1886 the Archdeaconry of the Isle of Wight was conferred upon the Vicar of Newport, who resigned his living in 1890, on being collated to a stall in Winchester Cathedral. He had since divided his time between the Close at Winchester and Shanklin, where he had a house. He worked everywhere with conspicuous energy, ability, and success, and was much consulted by four of the six Bishops of Winchester under whom he served, nor was he less esteemed by the laity than the clergy. He possessed considerable private means, and it was said that no genuine appeal was ever made to him in vain.

With reference to the Evangelist Browne and his "Larger Hope Society," I have received another letter from Mr. Percy G. Mocatta, stating that as "the eight members of the L.H.S. committee" have politely but firmly declined to act on his recommendation that they should "stand forth and declare themselves," he has found that there is nothing left for him "save regretfully to sever his brief connection" with the aforesaid Society. Beyond congratulating Mr. Mocatta on his dissociation from Browne, I do not know that it is necessary for me to add anything. Whether the eight members of the committee stand forth and declare themselves is not of much consequence; but it might be worth something if Browne would stand forth and declare, with the corroboration of a trustworthy auditor, how much money he has collected in support of his Larger Hope since he came out of gaol, and what he has done with it.

The following amounts have been received by me towards Lady St. Helier's Children's Holiday Fund:—Fredk. Weldon, £5; Arghiro, £1; "V. G.," £2.

I have also received £5 from "A. B. P." towards the Toy Fund.

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I continue to receive a great deal of correspondence on the financial troubles of Indian officers. In almost all letters on the subject a great deal is made of the expense entailed upon men by change of station. "In three years," writes one correspondent, "I had three moves on duty, which cost me about £120, as in only one instance did I get my wife's way paid. This was in addition to what I was allowed by Government." The writer, who, by the way, states that he has private means, and therefore does not feel the pinch keenly, goes on to suggest that when a wife is accompanying her husband, who is moving on duty, she ought to be allowed to travel at the contract rate of payment to the railway company. No one but the railway company could object to this, and it would mitigate a grievance which seems to be universally felt. Every officer from whom I hear on this subject testifies that no officer making a permanent move, whether married or single, finds that his travelling allowance covers his expenses, and, of course, for the married man the deficit is at least multiplied by two.

In this connection I have had a long communication on the subject of the servant question, which it seems exists in India in an acute form. The writer states that although the cost of servants is still low, wages have gone up about 30 per cent. in the last ten years; and he frames a bitter indictment against the native servant for laziness, incompetence, and dishonesty—in fact, he considers that robbery by servants contributes materially to the Indian officer's financial difficulties. Heaven forbid that I should open my columns to a discussion on the iniquities of servants, whether in this country or in India. The statement, however, about the rise in wages is interesting in view of what has recently been said by officers in these columns as to the heavy rise all round in the cost of living in India.

Another point which figures largely in all communications on this subject is the housing difficulty, which seems to be as acute among officers of the Indian Army as it is among the working classes of our large towns. I gather from one letter that in addition to the inadequate supply of houses at many stations, and the extravagance of the rents, the law of landlord and tenant is in a very unsatisfactory condition. The writer narrates the following experience:—

An officer coming to a station with his regiment finds that there are not nearly enough houses for the men requiring them. The only house which he can find is more or less out of repair, and the roof has been pronounced unsafe by the Military Works Department. The officer agrees to take this house on the understanding that the landlord will repair it on the first opportunity. As soon as he is installed he finds that the landlord can only be induced to execute the most necessary repairs by threats of deducting the cost from the rent. The hot weather and the leave season come round, and the tenant now urges that as he will be away on leave for two months this will be the opportunity for the landlord to repair the roof, etc., as agreed at the beginning of the tenancy. The roof is now in such a condition that it is unsafe to swing punkahs. Thereupon the landlord flatly declines to do any repairs for the present, and tells the officer he can leave the house if it does not suit him. In the absence of any other residence, the officer is obviously unable to leave. He thereupon appeals to what is called Cantonment Law against his landlord.

The Cantonment Law provides that the tenant, if the landlord refuses to do the necessary repairs, may have them carried out by the Military Works Department, after warning to the landlord.

But if this has to be done, the repairs have to be executed at the expense of the tenant, who has to pay the money down before the Military Works Department will touch the job, recouping himself subsequently by deductions from the rent. In this particular case the cost of the repairs was estimated by the Military Works Department at a sum amounting to nearly four years' rent. Needless to say, the appeal to Cantonment Law went no further. It is not to be expected that any officer, even if he had the money, would spend it in this way on another man's house, with the knowledge that he may be removed from that particular cantonment any day, never to return. The officer is thus at the mercy of the landlord. He asks the cantonment magistrate to refuse to allow anyone else to occupy the house until the roof is repaired; but this the magistrate has not power to do. The tenant has consequently to vacate the house, although he can find no other place for himself and his belongings but the local hotel, and, in the scramble for houses, the landlord is not likely to have any difficulty in re-letting it to some newcomer who does not fully appreciate its dangerous condition. . . .

Another trick played by Cantonment Law is as follows. If a landlord will not repair a bungalow, a committee can be called, who, if they think the house in its then state is too highly rented, may lower the rent, perhaps some Rs.10 or Rs.15 per mensem. The landlord, however, appeals to the civil court, as distinct from the cantonment magistrate's court, and this court rules that the committee has no legal right to fix the rent. In the result, the officer has not only to pay the rent of his house in full, but all the law costs as well.

It seems to me that the only effectual remedy for the grievances of Indian officers under this head is for the Government itself to build them suitable bungalows. Judging by what one hears about the rents, it would be perfectly possible for the Government to do this and to make a profit on it, while reducing the charge for rent to which officers are at present exposed, and adding much to their comfort in many ways. There is not only a grievance in respect of rent. Officers are always complaining that they have to live in hovels which are only fit for horses or cattle, and that owing to their insecurity of tenure they cannot afford to spend a penny on improving the premises, either in comfort or appearance. All this would be obviated if officers were lodged in Government buildings at a reasonable rent, and under equitable arrangements for keeping them in tenantable repair and respectable appearance. The Indian Government builds substantial houses for civil and legal functionaries, and there is no reason why it should not do the same for its military servants.

Apropos of the financial troubles of Indian officers, one of their number writes to suggest the desirability of a thorough inquiry by experts into the management of the Indian Family Pension Fund. My correspondent is a bachelor. He not only complains on his own account of the injustice of compelling men like himself, who have nothing to gain from the fund, to contribute to it regularly, but he calls attention to the curious fact that, while the fund is replenished in this way by large numbers of contributions which can only be regarded as charitable, it is a common subject of complaint that the benefits received are rather less than what the beneficiaries themselves could obtain at the same price from an insurance office. Not having any facts or figures before me, I have no means of judging how far these allegations are correct. But, of course, a fund of this kind ought to be able to do better for its beneficiaries than any commercial concern. Not only does it draw money from people who have no claim to its benefits, but it is exempt from expenditure on advertising, collecting, etc., which a commercial company has to bear. If, therefore, there is any ground for the allegations made, the need for inquiry is pretty evident.

The following reminiscence of the South African War was sent to me the other day by way of showing what sort of stuff our staff officers were then made of. A staff officer had to send a message to the general commanding a neighbouring column, and called a colonial trooper to take it. Having explained that the column was due west, he added: "Of course, my man, you know that in the southern hemisphere the sun sets in the east. There it is, setting now. Keep your back to it, and you will find the general." The truth of this is vouched for, but, of course, I do not suggest that such a thing could happen now. The staff officer has, no doubt, like the rest of us, been learning "the lessons of the War"—or the nursery.

In an article in the *Nineteenth Century* under the title of "Wasted Recruits," Mr. A. F. Walker deals with the mischievous results of "chest expanding" exercises which were recently the subject of some discussion in Truth. The facts adduced in the article are virtually those which were given to me by an Army Medical correspondent, and date back to a paper by Surgeon-Colonel Davy, which appeared as an appendix to the Army Medical Report for 1876. It seemed to me rather difficult to believe that if things were as bad as was alleged at that date, they could have remained in the same condition ever since. The *Nineteenth Century* article, however, seems to take for granted that, more or less, the same state of things still exists. As the writer is able to state that the attention of Mr. Haldane has been called to the matter, and that "it is probable that important changes shortly will take place in the routine for the Regulars, leading to the total abolition of the exercises for artificial chest expansion," I suppose it must be taken that there is no doubt about the matter.

It would seem from all this that we have a system of "setting up" soldiers which, as I remarked on a previous occasion, is analogous to that adopted by London poulterers in amplifying the breasts of scraggy chickens. In both cases the results are equally delusive. Just as the customer is presented with a bony bird whose skeleton has been distorted until it bears the appearance of a plump, well-fed fowl, so the taxpayer is presented with battalions of apparently broad-chested and straight-backed soldiers, whose stalwart appearance has been obtained by deranging their breathing apparatus and damaging their hearts. The effect of setting-up drill is alleged to be the break-down of recruits, and their elimination from the Service within a few months after passing a careful medical inspection, and the retention of many more who are permanently incapable of heavy or prolonged physical exertion. It is also alleged that much of the

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desertion among recruits is due to the torture which they endure at the hands of the drill-sergeants in carrying out this process. Although it may be difficult to believe as much as this, many things happen in the Army which are difficult to believe when one first hears of them; and it is satisfactory to know that there is a prospect of the question being thoroughly gone into.

When first ventilating this question, I made the remark that the *Spectator* experiment in militia training affords a good opportunity for judging how far mere "setting-up" drill is necessary to the conversion of a recruit into an efficient soldier. Mr. Walker states that no such exercises have been used in Lieutenant-Colonel Pollock's experimental company, and there has been no reason, so far, to suppose that the men are any the worse for lack of it. You want to make your soldier into a well-developed athlete, and there is no reason why different methods should be adopted in the Army from those adopted in athletic training outside it—except the reason that it is the custom in the Army to put appearances before every other consideration.

Soldiers are constantly complaining of the vexatious annoyances they receive at the hands of the military police, and it is not to be wondered at. The other day, a man who was hurrying to catch the last ferry boat from Sliema to Valletta, put his hand into his pocket as he ran up to the pier to get the money for his ticket. He was instantly stopped by the military police and ordered to take his hand out of his pocket! Even if the reason why his hand was there had not been self-evident, this sort of interference with soldiers who are off duty and at large in the public streets is most childish and indefensible. As there have been during the last two or three years signs of a disposition at headquarters to abandon the traditional method of dealing with soldiers as if they were boys in a private school, or children in the nursery, I suggest that the time has come when the functions of the military police should be strictly confined to keeping order and repressing serious misconduct.

I hear from Hong Kong that a great deal of inconvenience and hardship are experienced there in consequence of the progressive rise in the official valuation of the dollar. A non-commissioned officer serving in the colony tells me that he is now receiving in the rank of sergeant about the same number of dollars by way of pay as he received when he first went out a few years ago in the rank of corporal, and apparently it will not be long before he receives less, for it has just been officially notified that the rate of exchange for the current quarter will be raised from 2s. 1d. to 2s. 2d. The official theory, presumably, is that the purchasing power of the dollar remains fixed, while its exchange value in English money rises; but this is emphatically denied by the parties concerned, and, from instances given, it seems clear that the rise in the exchange value of the dollar is accompanied by a corresponding rise in the local prices. Unless the authorities can disprove this, they ought to be paying more dollars instead of fewer, for the coin is really depreciating in the local market, whatever may be the case in the relation to English currency.

As an example of the dissatisfaction that is created by the management of regimental funds, it is mentioned that in a battery, R.F.A., now stationed in Scotland, and which came home from India in 1904 with a large balance to its battery fund, £16 has since that time been expended on a typewriter, £20 on an experimental field telephone and accessories, and £31 on a cart and harness. The typewriter is, of course, for the exclusive use of the office; the field telephone proved a costly failure; the cart is used solely by the officers' mess. It is not unnatural that the rank and file at large, who contribute extensively to the fund, should object to their money being used for such purposes; and it seems a pity that means cannot be found of giving them some benefit out of the expenditure. If they get none from it, it is not for want of means of applying it to their advantage, for it is mentioned that at the same time the library is quite devoid of newspapers and periodicals.

A correspondent who has an extensive knowledge of naval canteen management, and whose sympathies are entirely with the lower deck, asks me to reconsider the opinion, expressed the other day in Truth, that it is a sound principle to allow the men to choose their own canteen contractor. He emphatically disputes the opinion that there is no possibility of corrupt influence being exercised if the canteen tenant is chosen by the whole of a ship's company:—

> In choosing a contractor the majority of men on the lower deck count for nothing, it being the master-at-arms and a few other petty ratings who control the choice; and it is practically impossible for any contractor to get into a ship unless the favour of these people is obtained, or to remain there unless they are continually subsidised.

As my correspondent knows very much more about the conditions of life on board ship than I do, I recognise that he is probably right in this, and that it may not be so much in the men's interest as some of them may think, that the choice of the contractor should be determined by their vote. The truth, I have no doubt, is that the only satisfactory solution of this question is to be found in some uniform system of official control over canteens throughout the Navy. The naval canteens have come into existence under a sort of "go-as-you-please" arrangement, and the Admiralty have endeavoured to avoid trouble and responsibility in connection with their management. The difficulties to which the canteen business has given rise in the Army may possibly have inspired them to take up this attitude; but I think the time has come when it will have to be abandoned, and this is one of the matters which the committee that is now going to work will have to consider very carefully.

The Preservation of Health is the subject of interesting remarks of Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., on page 656.

SILLYSEASONITIS.

Or, the Fate of a Fathead.

Tom Noddy was a youth, whose mind
  Was always hard upon the go
The truth *re* everything to find,
  And all that's knowable to know;
So to the Daily Press he turns,
And there what's written "reads, marks, learns."

But not—to follow up the turn
  Of phrase that my remarks suggest—
Did Tom, although he "read, mark, learn,"
  Go on to "inwardly digest";
For, troth, at such dyspeptic tuck,
His mental gastric juices stuck.

Or if the metaphor I may
  (And poets may do most things) vary,
And turn my simile away
  Awhile from hackneyed Little Mary—
The letters in the Press he's skimming
Set Tom's distracted head a-swimming.

And troubled dreams at night he had,
  In which were jumbled up together
These problems: "Are athletics bad
  For girls, or are they not?" and "Whether
Should cows, which on the stage appear,
Be milked on th' 'off' side or the 'near'"?

And "Whether cheaper 'tis to wed,
  Or happy bachelor to be?"
And "Should girls with uncovered head
  Invade the Church's sanctuary?"
And "Why should down th' abyss men tumble?"
And "Why do grumbling husbands grumble?"

And, "Have we lived before we're born?"
  And, "Is the blouse called Peek-a-boo,
By demoiselles on purpose worn
  That amorous males, by peeping through
Its open-work, a sight may get
Of arms and neck and chemisette?"

And "What's the best and healthiest sport
  —Cricket, or tennis, biking, golf?"
And "Is man justified his mort-
  Al coil, at will, in shuffling off?"
That is (discarding far-fetched rhyme),
"Is suicide, *per se*, a crime?"

And "Do the dreams we dream come true?
  If so, why is't that true they come?"
And "Why are dancing men so few,
  And e'en those few so dull and mum?"
And "Is fonetic speling rot?"
And "Should the ladies smoke, or not?"

These subjects, aye, and many more,
  Tom Noddy in the papers read,
Until the strange conglomerate store
  Of problems fairly turned his head,
And, in his addled brain-pan fixed,
Became inextricably mixed.

So now, if you should ever meet
  A man with wild, inquiring stare,
Who, when he finds you in the street,
  Doth buttonhole you then and there,
And asks if you will kindly, please,
Inform him on such points as these:

"Should grumbling husbands bare to view
  Their chests in Peek-a-boo-ish blouse?"
And, "Do our suicides come true?"
  And, "Are athletics bad for cows?"
"Should dreams, which on the stage appear,
Be milked on th' 'off' side or the 'near?'"

And, "Should fonetic speling smoke?"
  And, "Has it lived before 'twas born?"
("Aye, laugh not, sir. It is no joke.
  These questions have my life outworn!
So tell me quick, and tell me true,
Should they, or not, the said things do?")

If e'er a man you meet, I say
  Who asks you problems such to solve,
You'll know 'twas Tom, whose brain gave way
  In trying answers to evolve
To all the questions fools address
In August to the Daily Press.

And when for him death's final doom
  Is come, and Tom hath passed away,
In letters large upon his tomb
  No doubt his epitaph will say—
If epitaphs *can* say what right is—
"He died of—SILLYSEASONITIS!"

How long are we to be afflicted with a cumbersome copper coinage instead of a small nickel one? If Mr. Asquith wishes to merit the approbation of his fellow-countrymen during his tenure of office, he will do away with this relic of barbarism, which dates from Lycurgus, and from which most other countries have emancipated themselves. The penny and the halfpenny are merely tokens, and do not represent intrinsic value. Copper has risen from an average of £50 per ton to above £80 per ton. The token must cost us nearly twice as much as it did a few years ago. The only objection to the nickel coinage is that it is a little difficult to distinguish it from the silver coinage of the same size. But this might be got rid of by making the former in rings, *i.e.*, with a hole in the middle of each coin; and this would have the additional advantage of effecting a saving in metal. No further copper coins should be coined. All existing ones should be exchangeable for the new coins at any post office.

In effecting this change, Mr. Asquith might commence the decimalisation of our money. Twelve pence might be exchanged for ten nickel coins, or for twenty of the value of a halfpenny, or in order to lead to the exchange being speedily made, of twelve or twenty-four new coins. In addition to the penny and halfpenny, there ought to be a vast number of new nickel coins of the value of one tenth of a penny. This would be a great gain to very poor people who make little purchases. As it is, they often pay more proportionally for their small purchases than others.

When once a step is taken towards decimalising our coinage, that of our weights and measures will soon follow. I hope that it will not be long before both are effected, for no country that has ever adopted the decimal system has regretted it. Not only for purposes of calculation, but for all commercial transactions, it is better than any other. The French system of weights, measures, and coins, is a perfect scheme, and it has the advantage of being in use in all Latin countries. All that is needed is for us to rally to it.

Some very grave allegations in regard to the management of the Brentford Isolation Hospital were made in a letter read at the meeting of the Brentford District Council last week. The writer's daughter had been an inmate of the hospital, and he declared that she was discharged while in an infectious state and in a verminous condition. One result was that two more of his children became infected with scarlet fever and had to go to the hospital, where one of them contracted measles, which proved fatal. Lack of proper attention while the children were at the hospital was another cause of complaint, one specific charge being that there was no attendant in the ward between 10 p.m. and 5 a.m. The matter was referred to a special Council meeting for a full investigation. It was stated by one member that this letter was only a corroboration of several complaints he had received, and, if so, it is a pity that inquiry was not made before.

The Guardians of the Holborn Union would do well to ascertain whether it is a fact that the inmates in one of the blocks of the workhouse at Mitcham have been, for some time past, locked up in the building for a great part of the day. I have received a complaint from the workhouse to this effect, but it is not an easy matter for me to investigate, and the duty rests primarily on the Guardians. It is alleged that a petition to the Guardians, complaining of some of the food, was recently promoted and signed by about 250 inmates, and that the imprisonment above mentioned is the method adopted by the officials for punishing this demonstration. It would be as well, therefore, if the Guardians extended their inquiry into the said petition, and the reason for it. The complaint is that the meat and fish frequently come to table in a more or less advanced state of decomposition—more particularly the fish, and the purport of the petition was to ask that the supply of fish might be discontinued.

A difficult problem presented itself last week for solution at the fortnightly meeting of the Mutford and Lothingland Board of Guardians. Under their charge at the Oulton Workhouse are a man, his wife, and three children. To vary the monotony of their existence the man and wife occasionally take their discharge, and, accompanied by their family, stroll into Lowestoft for a happy day at the seaside. Naturally when night approaches they are all far too tired with the pleasures of the day to retrace the road they tripped along so gaily in the morning. So they wait until eleven o'clock and make application to the relieving officer, who is constrained to charter a cab for their conveyance home at a cost of 3s. I agree with the Guardian who remarked that this sort of thing three times a week "is all right." It is all right for the inmates of Oulton Workhouse. I do not know whether the workhouse is full or not, but the Guardians ought to have no difficulty in filling it. They need only advertise the fact that they provide good family accommodation, light work, and three days a week at the seaside with free conveyance home, to get plenty of applications for their hospitality.

The Yeovil Bench, the other day, passed a sentence of two months' hard labour on one Albert E. Barnes—an individual who has several times come under notice in Truth, and occupies a post of honour in the last Truth "Cautionary List." His offences on this occasion was stealing a piece of dress material from the wife of a publican. He was described in the charge as "a travelling draper of no fixed abode," and it would seem that in this character he took up his quarters in the house of the prosecutrix, sold her a length of dress material on the understanding that the price was to be "taken off his account," and then took the stuff away with him on his departure. In his defence, he pretended that the woman had never decided to purchase the stuff. It is obvious that the whole transaction was merely a dodge for obtaining food and lodging for nothing. Barnes has, for some time past, been in the habit of defrauding tradespeople and others by all sorts of tricks. He has a disreputable record extending over many years, and has done three previous terms of imprisonment. He is a peculiarly obnoxious specimen of his class, because he employs the cant of religion in the pursuance of his operations. He therefore richly deserves every day and hour of his sentence.

The attention of the Home Secretary ought to be immediately directed to a sentence of one month's imprisonment imposed the other day by the Birkenhead Borough magistrates on five boys of fourteen and fifteen years of age, the children of respectable parents, for an assault on a girl. To say nothing of the fact that the girl's evidence went a long way towards mitigating the offence, the misconduct, however shocking, was the misconduct of children, and ought to have been dealt with as such. A younger defendant, twelve years old, was ordered to be birched; and a good thrashing is the proper way of dealing with such offences. The chairman, moralising on the case, expressed the hope of the Bench that "this will be such a lesson to you, that you will never commit such an offence again." This is pitiful claptrap, and shows that the magistrates are quite as much in need of a lesson as the prisoners. Mr. Gladstone should do his best to give it, by ordering the immediate release of the children.

The Dracos of the Burma Bench out-Draco those of any other part of the Indian Empire. Look at this report of a recent case at the Rangoon Sessions:—

Nga Po Hlon was arraigned on a charge of stealing a milch goat, belonging to Suraj Ali. The jury unanimously found the accused guilty, who, on admitting three previous convictions, was sentenced to transportation for life.

The practice of passing such ferocious sentences began in Burma years ago when dacoity and lawlessness were prevalent. Whatever excuse there may have been then, none exists for the maintenance of the same standard of severity now, and it is a disgrace to the British administration of justice in Burma that such an offence as the theft of a goat should be punished with penal servitude for life.

The Carlton Hotel. Restaurant and Grill Room.
The Carlton Hotel. The most fashionable in London.
The Carlton Hotel. Nat. Tel. 1598 Gerrard. Gen. Mgr. C. Ritz.

Some amazing examples of aberration on the part of the Scottish justiciary are chronicled in my Pillory this week. The Perth Bailie thinks that loitering on the footpath is exactly twice as atrocious a crime as for a man to beat his wife with the tongs, and he has no qualms about sending a child of twelve to prison. The Perth Sheriff, if he has no sense of humour himself, at least provides amusement to others when he punishes a man for an assault on his own bicycle twice as heavily as the man who attacks a girl. For the rest, the catalogue furnishes the usual comparison between the heavy penalties inflicted on vagrants and poachers and those meted out to the brutes who ill-treat human beings or dumb animals.

Perth Police Court. Before Bailie Isaac. Douglas Craig, charged with assaulting his wife with a pair of tongs and assaulting his mother-in-law with his fists. Fined 20s.

Perth Police Court. Before Bailie Isaac. Patrick Donnelly, charged with loitering on the pavement. Fined 40s. Patrick Mailley, a boy of 12, charged with stealing a pigeon. Three days' imprisonment.

Perth Sheriff's Court. Alexander Kennedy, charged with a breach of the peace. He was seen in his garden "fighting his bicycle." Fined 15s.

Perth Sheriff's Court. David Swanson, charged with a breach of the peace, by striking a housemaid employed at the same place of business. Fined 7s. 6d.

Newcastle Police Court. Robert Walker, charged with assaulting a boy by throwing lime in his eyes. The boy lost the sight of one eye and is disfigured for life. Fined 40s. and costs.

West Riding Police Court. Arthur Bywater, charged with night poaching. Three months' hard labour and a further six months in default of finding sureties to keep the peace for twelve months.

Merthyr Police Court. Thomas Monaghan, charged with assaulting his wife. He commenced to beat her, and when she went to the police for protection he whipped her all the way to the station. Fined 20s. and costs.

Southwold Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. E. Pipe, E. O. Debney, and A. C. Herbert. Henry Folkhard, charged with stealing a pair of boots, value 8s. Three months' hard labour.

Grimsby Police Court. Joseph Crooks, charged with assaulting his wife. He struck her two heavy blows in the face. She escaped on to the tiles, but he followed, dragged her back, and kicked and beat her. Fined 21s. and separation order granted.

Wigan Police Court. Edward Hall, charged with sleeping in a railway carriage. Two months' hard labour.

Doncaster Police Court. Fred Simmons, charged with stealing a timepiece. One month.

Derby Borough Police Court. Before Messrs. A. Butterworth, J. Grundy, and Dr. Legge. Edward Harlow, charged with assaulting his wife. He knocked her against the mangle and hit her about the head with his fists. Fined 20s. and costs.

Chorley Petty Sessions. William Westwell, charged with sleeping on a haystack. Three months.

Harrow Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. G. Worthington and J. How. George Barber, a homeless labourer, charged with stealing half a pint of milk from a doorway. Fourteen days, in default of paying a fine of £1 and costs.

Spittlegate Police Court. Before Major Longstaffe, Sir Charles Welby, Major J. G. Thorold, and Captain Parker. William Mayes, charged with cruelty to a horse. The animal was old, and very poor and weak. There was a wound under the saddle two or three inches square, and the leg was swollen and saturated with grease. Fined 10s. and costs.

Worksop Police Court. John Wass, charged with night poaching, on land belonging to the Duke of Portland. Six weeks' hard labour.

Matlock Police Court. John Bingham and Joseph Kitchen, charged with stealing a pipe, pouch, and two ounces of tobacco. Bingham a month, and Kitchen 14 days' hard labour.

Walton Petty Sessions. Before Lord Walsingham and Messrs. A. N. C. Hemsworth, T. C. Frost, and J. E. Alexander. George Pawsey, charged with cruelty to a horse. There were two sores on the withers 8in. by 3in., old wounds under the crupper, and about twenty punctured wounds elsewhere. Fined £1 and costs.

Belper Petty Sessions. Before Sir J. G. N. Alleyne, Bart., Alderman Waite, Messrs. Simpson, Woodiwiss, and Dr. McDonald. Ernest Bollington and W. Martin, charged with trespassing in pursuit of game. Each had a bag containing nets, pegs, and rabbits. Fined £5 and costs each.

Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Nearly 8,000 convictions last year. Complaints marked "Private." absolutely confidential.—Secretary, 105, Jermyn-st., London.

Sandwich Police Court. Charles and Emma Hammond, charged with cruelty to a child named Irene Carey. The man acquitted, the woman fined 20s. and costs.

Wellington Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. Dugdale, Simpson, and Wixon, and Dr. Hollies. Charles Price, charged with cruelty to a horse. The horse, which was in an exhausted state, was drawing a trap, in which 16 or 17 persons were crowded, the defendant sitting on the shaft and beating the animal with the reins to urge it on. Fined 10s. and costs.

Downham Market Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. E. R. Pratt, M. Stocks, A. E. Birch, N. Booth, and H. Pope. George Brighton, charged with neglecting his two children, aged 11 and 9. He left the children for six or eight weeks, and only sent them postal orders for 2s. 6d. and 3s. a week. They were found with no food in the house, and no means of getting any, while the house itself was in a filthy condition. Fined £2 and costs.

Torquay Police Court. Before Messrs. W. B. Smale, R. A. Clarke, W. H. Lord, and J. Taylor. Bessie Mudge, charged with sleeping out in the street. Fourteen days' hard labour.

Llandaff Police Court. Before Messrs. E. V. David and V. T. Hill and Col. Forrest. Albert Hazel, charged with stealing underwood on two separate occasions. One month's hard labour for each offence.

Cowestry Police Court. Before the Mayor and other magistrates. Henry Arnold, charged with using indecent language in the streets. Fined £5 and costs.

South Walsham Petty Sessions. Before Mr. R. H. Gillett. Hannah Ward, aged 17, charged with sleeping in the open air without visible means of subsistence. Fourteen days' hard labour.

Liverpool Police Court. Patrick Smith, aged 16, charged with stealing 6d. from a school room, which he entered in the dinner hour. One month.

The numerous victims of the swindle run by a man calling himself Fraser and Co., at 51, Milton-street, E.C., will do well to note that one of their number has sued Fraser and Co. in the City of London Court, and recovered judgment for £5 and costs. The trick was fully described in Truth of August 15. It may be remembered that Fraser offered a prize of £5 for every correct solution of the ancient "Fifteen" puzzle, and evaded payment by setting up as the correct solution one in which whole numbers were represented as fractions. The fractions were, of course, what the arithmetic books call "improper," and Judge Rentoul decided that they were improper in law as well as in mathematics. He is to be congratulated on having infused so much common sense into the administration of justice. As every competitor who gave the natural solution of the puzzle is, after this decision, legally entitled to his £5, the next question is what sort of fractions Fraser and Co. will be able to pay in. I should judge that it will be a case of proper fractions this time. An early application may therefore be desirable.

Messrs. Fellows and Co., of Grosvenor-buildings, Steelhouse-lane, Birmingham, are still making their "great offer" of a "solid gold watch" to persons who can rearrange the jumbled letters to spell correctly the names of three towns. As can be seen from the first in the list, "Brsitol," the puzzle makes small demands on the intelligence, and I wonder how persons with only the limited amount of intelligence necessary to solve the puzzle can imagine that they will get the watch without paying for it. Of course, it is the old trick by which a chain is sold at a price which shows a profit on both articles. But the advertisement still appears. I saw it last in the *Bridgwater Independent*, so I presume there are still enough flats to be caught to make the game profitable.

There seems to be a considerable business done at present in unloading upon children packets of picture post-cards for re-sale, and offering a "present" by way of commission for disposing of them. It is a common feature of all operations of this kind that when the cards are returned—as they probably are more often than not, being unsaleable rubbish—the firm persists in endeavouring to extort payment for them by means of threatening letters and post-cards. I have given one or two instances of this trick. In the latest the operators are people calling themselves Lester and Co., of 76, Chancery-lane. A schoolboy having obtained a packet of post-cards for sale, and returned them, Lester and Co. send him a printed demand for payment with an intimation that unless they hear from him they will place the matter in their solicitor's hands without further notice. A supplementary intimation in red ink notifies that "for the last time we demand a settlement of our account. The goods are our property until paid for. We shall take proceedings against you without further notice after seven days from this date. This is ABSOLUTELY FINAL." Parents are constantly sending me communications of this sort addressed to their children by one firm or another of this class, but it seems to me that they would do better to address themselves direct to the parties who endeavour to extort money from children by such threats.

"Perfectly legal, honest, and straightforward," is the description applied by Clifford and Co., 4, York-buildings, Clifton, Bristol, to a "snowball" system of selling cigars and tobacco which they are now advertising. It is the usual dodge. You pay fivepence for a coupon, and then send it, with a further sum of 1s. 8d., to Clifford and Co. In return, they furnish you with four similar coupons, which—if you can find four acquaintances as foolish as yourself—you sell at fivepence each. The holders of these four coupons then have to send them to Clifford and Co. with a remittance of 1s. 8d. each, and when this has been done, you will be entitled to a specified quantity of cigars, cigarettes, or tobacco chosen from the firm's list. Altogether, therefore, Clifford and Co. net 8s. 9d. over each completed transaction, and there must be, of course, many forfeited coupons, which represent a clear profit of fivepence each. The goods they supply for the 8s. 9d. are such as could be purchased at any retail shop for between 6s. and 6s. 6d., one of the lots in the list being, for instance, 250 cigarettes of a brand sold at ten for threepence, or 2s. 6d. a hundred. This hocus-pocus method of business may be legal, but I should not myself call it honest and straightforward.

"I should be interested to know," writes a regimental officer from Aldershot, "whether you have ever heard of the British Watch Company, Ltd." Yes, I think I have heard of them about fifty times a week during the last twelve months, as the columns of TRUTH abundantly testify. This answer will perhaps be noted by the other forty-and-nine correspondents who have written on the same subject during the past week. The officer writes on behalf of one of his men who is mystified by the enclosure of his autograph with the B.W.C. circular. The other forty-and-nine are in the same condition—all wondering if I can explain how they have got on to "the list of the fortunate persons" who are to receive the famous gold-finished hinge-back watch, provided they pay the donors' extortionate price for the article.

Similar questions are asked of me by the dozen in relation to the Brahmo Lever Watch Co.'s generous offers. Perhaps, therefore, the more enlightened reader will pardon my explaining once more that people who receive these attentions owe them to the fact that they have previously corresponded with other advertising firms of a more or less similar class, and that the parties engaged in such by-paths of trade now do a thriving business among themselves in buying and selling the correspondence they have received from their customers. When, therefore, you have written a letter or postcard to one you may rely on being hunted systematically by all the rest for all time to come.

It is a well-known historical fact that there are no snakes in Iceland. By the kindness of one of my readers I am able to add to it the information that there are no tallymen there either, or any other such vermin. While spending a holiday in that happy isle my informant inquired whether the people at the scattered farms in the country were much plundered by itinerant hawkers and traders, and learned that there is a strict law against all such business, the law having been passed to stop the plundering of simple rustics by the vendors of shoddy jewellery and other rubbish. I suppose the licensing of hawkers in this country was designed for the same purpose, but the law is not enforced as it might be, and it needs extending to cover the class of hawkers who merely tout for orders for other people or sell their goods on credit.

The moneylenders' autumn season has commenced, and consequently their circulars are beginning to fall like the leaves upon returned holiday-makers. Mr. Henry Phillips, who trades at 8, Red Lion-square, under the alias of H. Passmore, is one of the earliest in the field with an offer of from £30 to £2,000 to be lent without security. He is showing himself particularly anxious to accommodate provincial tradesmen with a loan, and while suggesting an interview to explain details, is careful to make it clear that no fees or travelling expenses are charged. If I were in business at Bridgwater or York, I think that after receiving his impertinent circular I should be rather inclined to accede to his suggestion for an interview—but not with a view to accepting a loan.

Mr. A. Murray, the registered name in which Mr. Nathan Rosen, of 7, Carlton Vale, Maida Vale, W., trades at 9, Old Cavendish-street, Cavendish-square, W., is another of the early birds on the look-out for a fat worm in the first furrows. If desired, he will "immediately wait on you with the money," which may be

anything from £50 to £10,000. When in July last I first referred to this amiable financier he was only prepared to lend sums of from £20 to £5,000, and to have reached in two months a position by which he is enabled to double the offer must make him the envy of every other member of his tribe.

A new addition to the ranks of Shylock is to be found in one Mr. Fred Watts, of Laud Chambers, 150, Friar-street, Reading. Like all newcomers, he announces his ability to accommodate a borrower to an unlimited amount on the shortest notice, on note of hand alone, though if desire stops short at a paltry £50 he is quite ready to satisfy it. For a plutocrat such as his circular would suggest, Mr. Fred Watts in private life appears to be of a retiring—not to say humble—disposition. His home at 36, Honiton-road, Kilburn, London, N.W., where he is known as Mr. David Freedman, is in a neighbourhood not much frequented by millionaires, and only on the borders of Maida Vale, that land flowing with milk and honey, where the Samuels and the Levenes, and many other of the older hands in his profession, have already arrived.

Rapacious as are the sharks of usury in this country, it is generally believed that they are excelled by the Indian moneylenders. Some information that has been sent to me regarding the practices of the marwaris of Bombay certainly points to this conclusion. Not only do these extortioners often exact rates of interest which make those of our bloodsuckers look comparatively moderate, but they practise with impunity far more outrageous methods of cheating and oppressing unfortunate borrowers. In a recent number of the *Advocate of India* a writer urges that a Moneylenders Act should be passed in India. This seems to be very desirable, though it is to be hoped that care will be taken to produce a measure free from the flaws which have so seriously hampered the usefulness of the English Act. Meanwhile it would seem from the statements of my informant, and the reports in the local papers, that the judges might under the existing law do a great deal more than is done to pare the claws of the Indian usurers.

A Canadian correspondent sends me particulars of a police raid upon a quack establishment in Toronto, which has been engaged in preying upon the ignorant in European countries to a vast extent. Business appears to have been carried on according to the latest American principles. Literature was sent to prospective patients calculated to arouse their fears. Then, when the dupes got into communication with the Institute, they were informed that their cases had been considered by a non-existent board of eminent medical authorities, and a remedy prescribed, for which sums varying from ten to twenty-five dollars were charged. The most original part of the treatment was a photograph of the "president" of the concern. The patient was required to gaze at this in order to establish an "intimate bond" between himself and the president. The photograph was not to be shown to anybody nor even touched by a third party, but if gazed upon according to instructions the patient would "be conscious of a strange influence taking possession of him," and "little by little a new life" would "take hold" of him, and a marked improvement in health would follow.

Curiously enough, the inventors of this schemo have made no attempts to transact business in the United States or the United Kingdom—that they did not practise in Canada itself I can well understand. The treatment is quite as rational as that of at least half a dozen quacks I could name who practise over here with the assistance of the press, and to whose actions the police are benevolently blind. This Canadian "Institute" would have found over here, too, a vast field of ignorance in matters medical which they could have exploited. Probably they would sooner or later have turned their attention to the United Kingdom, and our thanks are therefore due to the Canadian authorities who have made it impossible for them to do so.

The activity of the electric quack "Dr." Sanden is well demonstrated by a circular sent me by a South African correspondent. In this circular Sanden, or whoever represents Sanden for the time being, announces his intention of making a tour of Cape Colony, to personally interview patients who cannot come to him at Cape Town, and he gives a list of nineteen towns and hotels where he is to be found this month and next. From recent revelations of quackery in South Africa, I am beginning to modify my impressions of the inhabitants. At one time I thought they were as hard-headed a race as the Scots, but where quackery is concerned they appear to be even more gullible than the most simple-minded Britisher. Sanden would never have had the run even in this quack-ridden country that he has been allowed at the Cape.

A bookmaker named Mr. Sapte Blake, of Merstone, Isle of Wight, with charming naïveté, sends out with an invitation to clients to do business with him, an application form to be filled up, with spaces for references, the name of the applicant's club, and his occupation. The choicest thing about the proposal is the phrase, 'I desire to have the privilege of sending you £ , each way on a horse." The privilege of sending money to an unknown individual is not one of which, as a rule, people are in any hurry to avail themselves, and in Mr. Sapte Blake's case even his stationery does not point to great financial resources. He encloses an envelope for reply upon which his name appears over the blacked-out title of Messrs. Vixen and Co., who apparently had carried on business at the same address. This looks almost as if he had bought up the business of Vixen and Co., and that his funds would not run to new envelopes.

A sporting correspondent sends me the price list of Joe Drake, "Turf Accountant," of Flushing and St. Leonards, and asks my opinion as to how this book-

maker can possibly do what he undertakes to do without "going broke." Drake offers, for instance, to lay all entries in the Cesarewitch at prices varying from 20 to 1 to 50 to 1 "and give you a run." How Drake can manage to lay these odds and remain solvent I know no more than my correspondent. As the latter points out, if he were to accept the offer and back everything, he would at the start hold 20 to 1 the field and very possibly 50 to 1 the favourite without having to face any loss on the non-starters he had backed. Perhaps Mr. Drake's explanation of the term "give you a run," however, differs from that put upon it by my correspondent. He may mean it in the sense that his clients would have to run for their money.

A new racing and football competition lottery is being advertised in a little sheet called the "*Boulogne Investigator and Future Event Analyst*, edited, and prize-money guaranteed, by Edward James." Coupons can be sent in at the rate of a penny a line, and the cash is to be sent to Mr. James, at Middelburg, Holland. A statement as to the prize distribution of a previous competition is given, but no names of prize-winners are published. Another statement made is that in 1903 Mr. James paid away £91,281 in prize money, and that in 1904 and 1905 this amount was largely exceeded. If this is true, I can only wonder that I have never before heard of Mr. James and his *Investigator*. But whether true or not, there can be no doubt that in distributing his circulars he is contravening the law, and I would commend the matter to the notice of the postal authorities and the police, who have previously effectually disposed of two gangs of harpies who had selected Middelburg as a convenient spot from which to conduct predatory operations upon the British public.

The following advertisement, which has been appearing in one form or another in the *Sun* recently, has formed the subject of a correspondence, which has been sent to me, between one of my readers and the manager of that newspaper:—

SYSTEM, 10s. 6d. (no other payment until winning balance). £219 11s. 1d. clear profit on £15 capital for 47 days' results. Proof SUN. System horses, one or both, wired daily for 5s. each by the day, or both horses for a week (6 days), as a fair test. One Guinea (without System).—BRAIN BROS., 3, City-road, E.C.

My correspondent being doubtful of the truth of the assertions contained in the advertisement by reason of Brain Bros. using an accommodation address, endeavoured to obtain from the *Sun* a guarantee of the truth of the statements, and ultimately received the assurance that an advertiser was not allowed to attach the words "Proof *Sun*" to an advertisement unless the proofs had been received at the *Sun* office.

Being interested in so-called systems, I also have communicated with the *Sun*, on the subject, and the manager very courteously placed "the proofs" at the disposal of my representative. The proofs he examined dated from August 21 to September 3, and examination of them showed that anyone who had followed the system during that period would have made a net loss of £39 7s., in addition to any sum paid for the system or for wires, so that anyone who, induced by the earlier statements, had invested his money on Messrs. Brain Bros.' tips would hardly feel disposed to place much reliance on *Sun* proofs in the future. This result, I need hardly say, is the usual result of following any betting system, and I am quite certain that the able sporting experts connected editorially with the *Sun* would agree with me in this conclusion. Under the circumstances it is a pity that the editorial and advertisement departments of the *Sun* should not be a little more closely in touch with each other. "Proofs" which are accepted by the advertising department of a newspaper are not always such as will pass muster beneath the editorial eye.

I have received no communication of any kind, either on the material or the spiritual plane, from Mr. A. Reiss, *alias* Alfred Ross, concerning the mysterious distillation of whisky by the phantom still of the Glen Distillery Company, Limited, of Campsie Glen, N.B., referred to in last week's TRUTH. A number of correspondents, however, have forwarded to me specimens of Mr. Reiss's circulars, from which I gather that he has adopted the American system of the "follow-up letter" in its entirety, and when customers are not induced to send him an order straightway, "a special reduction" in price is made to induce them to "place a trial order." Should this bait fail he "feels it is his duty" to call attention to his previous letters, even at the risk of annoying the recipients of his previous communications. This only tends to confirm my belief that however lacking Mr. Reiss may be in first-hand knowledge of distillation of whisky, he is well acquainted with all the tricks of the advertising world.

Many times I have "advised caution" on the part of tradesmen who are tempted to put accounts for collection into the hands of I. A. Hardy and Co., of Chancery-lane, otherwise "the United Kingdom, Colonial, and Foreign General Accountancy Offices." The need for such advice is again proved by an experience reported from the North of England. In this case four debts seem to have been handed over to Hardy and Co. After an unconscionable delay and many fruitless applications from the creditor, Hardy and Co. render an account showing that they have collected one debt of 8s. 5d., against which they charge 2s. commission, and 7s. 6d. for "correspondence, postage, stationery, etc." (including "forty-nine postages"), leaving a balance of 1s. 1d. due to them, which they request the delighted creditor to remit at once. The other three debts they recommend the creditor to put into the local County Court. This incident speaks pretty plainly for itself, but becomes more eloquent when read in conjunction with those previously recorded.

The latest addition to my list of habitual begging-letter writers is one George M. Oliver, residing at Wellesley-road, Harrow. He appears to devote his

attentions chiefly to Cornishmen, and in a recent letter he approaches one of them in this style:—

Dear Sir,—I must introduce myself by saying I am a Cornishman, a native of Bodmin. My late father was the proprietor of the Royal Hotel there, going back as far as the old coaching days. I have been an invalid for two years, and, being incapacitated and entirely without any means, I, my wife (also an invalid), and four children are in the most painful straits, and cannot procure barest necessaries. Some ladies and gentlemen in Cornwall have been good enough to send me a little help during my illness, or we could not have existed.

If you can kindly spare us a small help, etc., etc.

The reference to the other benefactors, and the letters from them enclosed for inspection, betray the practised hand. The writer has, in fact, been begging busily for some time past. In March of last year he appealed to a likely sympathiser as "an old sportsman and dog-lover." He seems to be an old gentleman who has never had much fondness for work, and he is now supported by his children, so that his reference to their destitute condition, and his pretence of appealing on their behalf, is a particularly unjustifiable fiction.

The manager of Sacco, Limited (late C. H. Stevens and Co.) favours me with a letter which he can scarcely expect me to publish, as his observations are deliberately impertinent. Its purport is to maintain the genuineness of the testimonial to the virtues of Sacco, published over the signature of Mr. J. M. Gibson, of 16, Breda-street, Cape Town, which was dealt with in an article in last week's Truth. Although the Sacco manager is pleased to rebuke me for using secondhand information—*i.e.*, accepting the statements of the *South African Review* in preference to those of the parties whom that paper accuses of fraud—he offers no proofs beyond his own statement, which, I presume, is equally "secondhand." But I have no objection to giving his statement, which is as follows:—

Mr. Gibson was most certainly cured by Sacco, and so enthusiastic did he become that he sailed for Australia in the interests of this company, where he enjoys the support and assistance of the medical profession to this day. His address is Gibson and Son, 2, Cromwell-buildings, Bourke and Elizabeth-streets, Melbourne.

From this it appears that the mysterious J. M. Gibson, after writing the testimonial in question, was taken into the service of the company, and is now prepared to answer, from an address in Australia, any inquiries as to the genuineness of the statements published over his signature. I can readily believe it, but the Sacco Company must have a very poor opinion of my intelligence if they suppose I should attach the slightest weight to such evidence, or that I should think it worth while to address any inquiry to J. M. Gibson in Australia for the purpose of obtaining it. The Gibson testimonial was dated February 8 last, and we are given to understand that some time afterwards the writer left Cape Town to represent the Sacco Company in Australia, so that at the present moment he can hardly have been there six months. From this the reader can judge for himself the character and value of the statement that in Australia the said Gibson "enjoys the support and assistance of the medical profession to this day." (September 7). It really astonishes me that any one, professing to be a man of business, should think it worth while to address such nonsense to a newspaper for publication.

It seems desirable that I should re-assure several esteemed readers who are alarmed at my having failed either to denounce or deride Mr. Roosevelt's little experiment in spelling reform. I beg them to believe that I have not the slightest intention of treating them to a practical demonstration of phonetic principles in the columns of Truth. There is no occasion, therefore, for anybody to threaten me with the awful consequences which will overwhelm me if I should do anything so rash. By nature I am of a conservative disposition, and this is especially the case when my own personal interests are concerned. When the movement really begins to move I shall fall into line with the rank and file, possibly in the rear rank. But I hope that does not preclude me from honouring the leaders and the pioneers, and expressing my humble opinion that they are taking us in the right direction.

Another consideration that should comfort the timorous is that, after all, Mr. Roosevelt's effort is "a very little one." If it had first seen the light at any time of year but this, I do not suppose that any of us—I am speaking of us journalists—would have given it much attention, and many worthy people who are affected by it as a bull by a red flag would probably never have known anything about it. I forget how many thousand words there are in the English and American languages, but in my edition of Webster's Dictionary they fill 5,757 columns, and the total must run well into six figures. Out of these, Mr. Roosevelt is only proposing to attack about three hundred. This is hardly a revolutionary proceeding. I see, too, from Mr. Andrew Carnegie's letter to the *Times*, that the words are selected from a list compiled long ago by the joint efforts of the Philological Societies of London and America, and that Professor Skeat has stated that the list was actually compiled in England. There is not even room, therefore, for the cry that the language is to be "Americanised," and I myself did Mr. Roosevelt an injustice in suggesting that he would have done better to go to work on a joint agreement between British and American authorities.

The latest information on the subject is that somebody has discovered that a legal standard of spelling has been established in the States by an Act of Congress, and that the President's attempt to alter official spelling is therefore illegal and unconstitutional. Whether or not that is the case, the whole thing is very much of a silly season mare's nest. What Mr. Roosevelt has done, and what we ought to be thankful to him for, is to advertise the urgent need of some simplification of English spelling, and to set the ball rolling. I hope that it will not be allowed to stop. A purely phonetic system of spelling may be too much to strive for, but there is no reason why some of the worst

Savoy Hotel & Restaurant, London.—The most beautiful garden and river view in Europe. The Restaurant of the world. Hotel rooms bright, fresh, and delightfully quiet.

anomalies, the worst superfluities of letters, and the worst discrepancies between spelling and sound should not be swept away, and if only in the interests of children this ought to be done. Professor Brander Matthews has explained in the *Times* that the educationists are the people who have stirred up the spelling reform movement in America, and the difficulties which trouble them exist in all English-speaking countries, though they may be more acute in America. The Education Department is the authority that ought to take this question up over here, and it will be a nice little job for Mr. Birrell when the Education Bill is out of the way.

In the September number of the *Contemporary Review* there is an article well worth reading on "The Preparatory Day School of the Future." As it was evidently written before Mr. Roosevelt made spelling reform a question of the hour it is specially interesting to find the writer, Mr. Charles Simmons, throwing a side-light on that subject from the educational point of view. He deals, among other matters, with the difficulty of teaching English boys modern languages, and attributes it largely to their defective articulation of their mother tongue—a national failing not peculiar to the young—and their lack of any sense of relation between vocal sounds and written or printed characters. This he connects directly, and I should say rightly, with the anomalies of English spelling. The following passage is worth quoting:—

> Let us not imagine that, because the boy who is bookish from his cradle is scarcely conscious of the difficulties caused by English spelling, we can disregard them or dismiss them lightly in arranging the curriculum of the average boy. He, by our artificial spelling, is practically deprived of all training of ear or eye. The two do not learn to co-operate, and, in the strict sense of the word, he can hardly be said to learn to read at all. On coming to an unfamiliar word, even to a compound word of which the elements are quite familiar to him, he does not attempt to read the word aloud, but silently endeavours to identify the word by the general look of it as one already known to him, sometimes ignoring half the letters when he ventures on an identification, so that, *e.g.*, "particular" is read as "practical" or "peculiar."

Mr. Simmons gives some interesting illustrations of the state of mental confusion induced in children by "inarticulateness of speech combined with want of ear-training":—

> It was only the question of a child as to the meaning of "plicity" that revealed to the teacher that "pity my simplicity" had passed into the child's mind, and was nightly reproduced on its lips as "pretty mice and plicity." Who can tell "by what strange roads thought travelled" in a small boy (one who was learning Latin) when he converted "spacious firmament" into "sparrows ferment," and a line from Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" became "Splashed all their neighbours bare"?

The same question might be asked respecting a Sunday School pupil I have heard of, who, when he reduced to writing the line of the hymn, "The gates of brass before Him burst," rendered it as "He gave her brass before he burst." "'The moral of that,' said the Duchess, 'is take care of the sense and the sounds will take care of themselves.'" The converse of that proposition seems to be the moral in the present instance.

Dr. Forbes Winslow has been telling a representative of the *Daily Chronicle* that cigarette smoking is one of the chief causes of insanity. I suppose he means that they are a cause of insanity in those who do not smoke them. This is a very plausible explanation of the rabid nonsense that we hear on the subject. I know a great many men who smoke cigarettes in considerable quantities, but I have never noticed any sign of mental infirmity or aberration in them. I can only remember three men among my personal acquaintances who have been certified as insane. Of these, one was a non-smoker, another smoked a pipe habitually, the third smoked anything, but chiefly cigars. The largest consumer of cigarettes I ever knew was himself a doctor in a lunatic asylum. He is still at large, but, of course, there is no saying to what extent he retarded the recovery of his own patients.

Everybody who cultivates a pet aversion against some practice of other people is ready to find in it a cause of the increase of insanity or some other disease. I have heard a man who wore silk underclothing assert dogmatically that flannel worn next the skin is a cause of diabetes, and a lady who does not like coffee once told me that it injures the eyesight, and pointed to the number of Germans in spectacles as a proof of her theory. In regard to the increase of insanity, the question of the reason for it seems to me to stand on a par with the question why a bowl full of water with a live fish in it weighs less than a bowl without. The statistics of lunacy do not necessarily prove the inference that is commonly drawn from them; and I suspect them of being altogether misleading. Anyhow, until the fact is established, it is not worth while listening to the wiseacres who are ready to guess at the explanation. Not long ago a medical man attributed the increase of insanity to the working-classes getting up too early in the morning, or not going to bed soon enough. It would be just as easy to connect it with the use of gas, or electric light, or brown leather boots. I wonder it has not occurred to anybody that the increased consumption of halfpenny newspapers is at the bottom of all the trouble.

I was reading the other day in an American review an able article upon Japan in her commercial and financial aspect. The Japanese carefully study and improve on all that is to be learnt in regard to these matters from Europe. By doing so, says the author, they will eventually cut us out of the markets of the far East, for they will produce the needed raw material, and work it up into the requisite manufactured article more cheaply than we can. The Government is practically a large trust, and the writer cites many instances in which it interferes, by means of duties and bonuses, to attain this end. With this object it sticks at nothing, and where private interests interfere with it they go entirely to the wall, or are so controlled that practically everything is in the hands of the Government.

Such is the spirit of patriotism that animates all classes in Japan that public opinion is in favour of whatever will enable the people to

FOR MOSQUITO BITES, WASP OR BEE STINGS, nothing allays the irritation so quickly as SCRUBB'S CLOUDY FLUID AMMONIA. Price 1s. per bottle. Beware of imitations.

become rich and powerful. They look at each question that arises from the most practical standpoint, and they are influenced by no abstract theories of political economy. They are determined to succeed, and as their public men are exceedingly able, and by no means scrupulous, they seem likely to do so. They neither love nor hate any particular European Power, but use them all for their own aims. If told that they are breaking some agreement entered into with a foreign State, they reply with exquisite politeness, but they calmly continue to break it. Such, at least, is the view of the writer of this article, and he cites chapter and verse in support of his allegations. He gives some facts in regard to subsidies to steam companies, and the dodges employed during the war to maintain the rate of exchange with a view to float loans, which are startling. There may be a certain amount of exaggeration in his picture, but there is also, I suspect, a good deal of truth.

There is, of course, no saying to what extent a politician may be the victim of self-delusion, but Mr. Wyndham can hardly suppose that he has really cleared up the MacDonnell mystery. What he tells us is that he had in 1902 a policy which he expounds under seven heads, maintaining that each item in the programme has been from time immemorial marked with the true Unionist brand—a point on which, not being a Unionist, I would not presume to offer an opinion. The unspeakable thing, "devolution," was not in the list. Something else, however, called "conciliation," was. What "conciliation" meant Mr. Wyndham does not seem to know definitely, and he got this blessed word from Sir Antony MacDonnell.

Having embarked, however, upon this seven-fold policy, Mr. Wyndham invited Sir Antony to come over and help him to carry it out. He takes the whole responsibility for the appointment to himself. As Sir Antony had to relinquish a seat on the Indian Council, he came in a "somewhat exceptional capacity"—that is to say, exceptional for an Under-Secretary—a "higher though undefined capacity," but still "a subordinate capacity," and one which it is a "gross exaggeration" to allude to as unconstitutional. The only fault about the capacity was that it established "a certain vagueness" in the relation between the superior and the subordinate, for which Mr. Wyndham now blames himself, generously but not unjustly. Such is the gist of the explanation that he offers.

The explanation only raises new questions while leaving untouched others that have been asked before. Why in the name of wonder was it necessary in carrying out the good old traditional Unionist policy to select, as the most suitable agent for carrying it out, a convinced Home Ruler, and one previously occupying such a position that he could not decently be asked to become a common Under-Secretary, but had to be placed in an exceptional position defined with a vagueness that was pretty certain to lead to trouble? Mr. Wyndham's explanation leaves the thing as inexplicable as ever. It naturally raises a suspicion that Sir Antony MacDonnell's account of the transaction, if we had it, would differ materially from Mr. Wyndham's. It does not attempt to help us over the later phases of the mystery. It does not explain why Mr. Wyndham resigned while Sir Antony was retained in office. On the contrary, this part of the mystery is intensified by the precise statement that Sir Antony's position was essentially that of a subordinate, and by Mr. Wyndham's emphatic repudiation of all leaning towards "devolution." Again, Lord Dudley, we already know, was privy to Sir Antony's connection with the devolution scheme. Why did he not resign? Of the whole group, the one man with clean hands, according to Mr. Wyndham, was himself. He has nothing to regret but "a certain vagueness" in the terms of Sir Antony's appointment. Was this all he resigned for?

Mr. Walter Long, in the last of his numerous letters, has also added to the mystery. He had his doubts, we are to understand, about the retention of Sir Antony MacDonnell as Under-Secretary. One of the reasons which led him to decide upon it was that he discovered, after he went to Dublin, that Sir Antony had justification for believing that "he was only carrying out the wishes of the Government." How, and by whom, was he induced to believe such a thing? We are presented, on the one hand, with a picture of a "subordinate" who does something strongly disapproved of by his chief, and yet has legitimate reason to believe that he is carrying out the wishes of the Government; on the other, with that of a chief who resigns because his subordinate has exceeded his authority. The ordinary inference from this would be that the chief was at variance with the Government, and that the subordinate was in agreement with it. If we are not to believe that, what are we to believe?

It is not surprising, therefore, that the *Times* should repeat, in the name of outraged Unionism, its demand for the production of the documents which will put the real truth beyond question. In the face of such plain speaking from their own side, it is preposterous for the parties concerned to babble about the dark insinuations and malignant slanders of their opponents. Mr. Long, indeed, was more honest than Mr. Wyndham in this respect, for he expressly made the "insinuations and threats" of members of his own party the ground for his contribution to the interesting discussion. Whether against their friends or their opponents, however, both have admitted the necessity for a defence, and both, singularly enough, have proclaimed their desire to vindicate Mr. Balfour rather than themselves. Perhaps we shall hear from Mr. Balfour next, and it will be interesting to know how far he agrees that he is the person most in need of vindication. At any rate, the efforts in that direction so far have had the precise opposite of the effect intended, and, as things now stand, it is difficult to see how Mr. Balfour, or anybody else concerned, can any longer object to the publication of every document which will contribute to the elucidation of the truth. There is a possibility that the documents may put a better complexion on the case, and they really cannot make it look much worse.

THE CHILD AND THE THUNDER-SHOWER.

Parched was the Soil on Hill and Plain,
And Farmers cried aloud for Rain
(As always cry the Farmers do
For *some*thing; 'tis their Nature to).
But while for Rain thus cried they loud,
Up came a heavy Thunder-cloud,
Which, bursting, soon torrential beats
Down on the Earth in solid Sheets.
The Drains were flushed; the Gutters, swilled;
The Roads in Rivulets distilled,
And all the Slopes and hilly Tracts
Were changed to foaming Cataracts.
'Twas while the Downpour raged most fierce
That bluff old, tough old, Farmer Pearce
Stood in his Doorway looking on,
And by his Side his little Son.
Cried Tommy: "Look'ee Dad—my eye!
Don't it come down, just, from the Sky?
You needn't, arter *this*, complain
Somewhile, I guess, of want of Rain!
Why, blow me, if them Clouds ain't shed
Enough in 'Arf-an Hour," he said,
"To last 'ee, Dad, for weeks ahead."
The Farmer smiled, for Tommy's Views
That Veteran did much amuse;
"Heavy the Down-pour, true," said he;
"Aye. Much *too* heavy, Son, for me."
Young Tom looked up, with keen Surprise
Gleaming in his astonished Eyes:
"What? when you want the Rain so bad,
Can it come down too heavy, Dad?"
Replied his Sire: "My little Man,
Yes, most undoubtedly it can.
And when once more has cleared the Sky
—As soon it will—I'll show you why."
So when eftsoons the Storm had gone
And bright again old Sol he shone,
Our burly Farmer, Spud in hand,
Led Tommy forth to see the Land.
He halts, ere long, and pokes the Spud
Hard through the Crust of Surface Mud,
Exposing just beneath that Crust,
To Tommy's wondering vision——Dust!
"Dust! when such heavy Rain we've had.
I'd never have believed it, Dad!"
"Heavy, my Boy? That's just the Reason.
This heavy Rain, in Summer Season,
By coming down in Solid Sheets,
Its very Purpose but defeats.
For the baked Surface of the Plains
Can't all at once, absorb such Rains,
Which just run off to flush the Drains.
Whereas, if this too Copious Shower,
That fell within a brief Half-Hour,
Had come down in a gentler Way
And spread its Rainfall o'er the Day,
The Soil, thus moistened by Degrees,
Had soaked up every Drop with ease."

Moral.

Tact and Persuasion oft avail,
Where Force's strenuous Methods fail.

SCRUTATOR.

THE PRESS AND ITS LIBERTIES.

A VETERAN journalist—Mr. Thompson, of the *Essex County Chronicle*—made a speech the other day at a professional gathering, in which he denied that such a thing as a free press exists in this country. Freedom is always a question of degree, and, of course, it would be possible to argue plausibly that no free institution exists anywhere. In all our capacities of citizens of a civilised state we are subjected to restrictions of some kind. It is quite true, however, that a very exaggerated idea prevails of the freedom which the press enjoys in this country. Nevertheless, we are now faced with the prospect of its being further curtailed, with a view to preventing the publication of news to the prejudice of the national interest in time of war. It is understood that the Government will, at an early opportunity, produce a Bill dealing with this question. The prospect of such legislation was discussed last week at the conference of the Institute of Journalists, and after the debate it certainly cannot be said that the press is lacking in a sense of its patriotic duties, or desirous of sacrificing the national interest rather than submit to a curtailment of its own freedom. A motion accepting the necessity for legislation, and merely suggesting a few safeguards against newspapers being unjustly penalised, was carried, and an amendment by Sir Edward Russell deprecating any legislation at all was decisively negatived. This is a matter which concerns my daily contemporaries more than me, but it seems to me that the Dublin conference was rather too much concerned about preventing journalists getting into trouble accidentally or being wrongly convicted, and that it consequently lost sight of the possibility that the public as well as the press may suffer by abuses of an official censorship. The question must really be dealt with from the point of view of public interest alone. The press merely occupies the position of a sort of servant of the public, and, always provided it is not treated unjustly, its interest does not call for consideration at all. The one serious danger of legislation is that a power may be given to military officialdom to suppress, for its own private ends, information which in the public interest, and the interest of the Army and Navy, ought to be published. The public has really two conflicting interests involved. On the one hand, it is against the public interest that, to supply the natural demand for the earliest possible news during war time, information should be disclosed which may be of service to the enemy. On the other, it is equally against the public interest that the military and naval authorities should have a free hand to permanently forbid the publication of anything they are pleased to disapprove of.

The difficulty is to reconcile these two interests, but the difficulty is really reduced to very small dimensions if it is remembered that the value of information to an enemy depends entirely on the time when it is obtained. There is, in fact, no reason whatever for giving the censorship power to forbid absolutely the publication of any news, or to suppress any despatch from the seat of war. The utmost that can legitimately be asked for by the authorities is the right to order the publication of certain matter to be "held over" for a limited time. If this principle were recognised, the censorship would become quite harmless and inoffensive, for any attempt to misuse it would be speedily detected, and would only accentuate what it was desired to conceal. I suggest to my brethren of the daily press that the "suspensory veto" is the best solution of this difficulty, and the best protection for the press and the public. Beyond that, any restriction of the freedom of the press will be mischievous; and it is the duty of the press to scrutinise most carefully whatever proposals may be made, and to resist

them if they exceed what is called for by the circumstances of the case.

The remarks of Mr. Thompson, referred to at the outset of this article, were chiefly directed to the law of libel. After observing that there never was in his journalistic experience of 45 years a time when the press was less free than now, he went on to say,

> The journalist carried his purse, if not his life, in his hand every day. He risked everything he possessed if he ventured to expose a common swindler for the benefit of the public. Many papers had suffered simply for performing a duty that they owed to the country in trying to save the people from the worst class of company-promoting rascals and others of that ilk. Newspaper men were entitled to a freer life than they possessed; they ought not to be walking about half their days with bits of blue paper next their hearts. There were certain men hanging on the skirts of the legal profession, whose consciences, if they were existent at all, were wonderfully elastic. They had people to examine the papers to see if the slightest mistake had been made; they had touts to wait upon the people who were supposed to be affected, and they brought bogus actions for libel in that way. The plaintiff probably was a person without character, and he was also usually without money. The consequence was that a paper did not fight him. It paid £10, £20, or £50 rather than be bothered with an action at law, extending perhaps over twelve months, where there was no chance of recovering the costs in the case of a successful defence.

I do not know what ground Mr. Thompson may have for his picture of the shady solicitors who systematically manufacture bogus claims for libel; but if evidence to that effect exists it is a pity that it should not be made public. I should very much like to see it myself. The rest of Mr. Thompson's remarks are no doubt true enough, and he is right in observing that the root of the evil—it really is an evil, and the public suffers more from it than the newspaper proprietor—is the facility which the present law affords for the bringing of speculative actions by impecunious plaintiffs. This matter has been discussed in Truth on several recent occasions, and I have pointed out the only practical remedy, namely, to give power to a judge in chambers to order a plaintiff to deposit security for costs in any case where the judge, in his discretion, considers that justice requires this to be done. This has been the law in Western Australia for nearly twenty years, and no one has had cause to regret it. Of course, as an eminent solicitor recently pointed out, there is no reason why this check upon speculative litigation should be limited to actions for libel. Newspaper proprietors are not the only people who are liable to suffer from having frivolous actions brought against them by impecunious parties. They are in the same boat with railway companies and all wealthy individuals and bodies who in the course of their business are frequently exposed to claims for personal injuries. All persons are equally entitled to whatever protection the law can give against the abuse of its procedure. But actions for libel and actions for personal injuries are the most common subjects of this abuse.

The public has a special interest in the matter in the case of libel actions for the reason given by Mr. Thompson in the passage quoted above. The fear of "Dodson and Fogg" acts as a muzzle upon the press, and frequently causes the suppression of information the publication of which is of the greatest importance to the public. The general public have no idea of the extent of the evil. They picture to themselves a newspaper proprietor as a wealthy individual or corporation, who is perfectly capable of defending himself, and disposed, if anything, to abuse the power of the purse. They forget that hundreds of newspapers are owned by small men who make but small profits, and to whom, consequently, anything in the shape of an expensive lawsuit might spell ruin. This is particularly the case in the provinces. Within my personal experience I am constantly hearing of cases in which country newspapers suppress information from fear of "Dodson and Fogg," or cases in which, after perfectly true statements have been made, the newspaper is intimidated into publishing a withdrawal and an apology, dictated for no purpose but to mislead the public and whitewash some evil-doer. And even in the offices of substantial London newspapers there is more fear of libel actions than the public has the slightest idea of. As long as this state of things exists, the press certainly does not possess the freedom that it ought to have, and the utility of public journals is seriously impaired.

THE PEER AND THE MARRIAGE-BROKERS.

As a result of the recent revelations respecting the manners and customs of what may be called the "professional" element in the Society matrimonial market, I have heard many interesting stories from different quarters. Some of them I hope to be able to tell hereafter for the instruction of the public in this curious business; but it will be readily understood that those who have been concerned in such transactions are not always desirous of publicity, and many of the incidents require further investigation before their true nature can be accurately disclosed. In the meantime, however, a certain nobleman has confided to me some experiences of his own, which are complete as they stand, and which he thinks (as I do myself) are fully deserving of publicity. He is not, however, desirous of disclosing his own name, and I do not think it is desirable at present to give those of the other parties. We will therefore speak of his lordship as Lord X. He is a bachelor, in the prime of life, and, *primâ facie*, a most eligible candidate for matrimony. That he is so regarded by many parties—though more with a view to their own interest than his own—his recent experiences clearly prove. His lordship has not so far taken me into his confidence as to tell me that he has no matrimonial intentions; but the inference which I should draw from his story is that he will not be easily caught. At any rate, it is clear that if the net is spread in sight of the bird, it will be spread in vain, though the fowlers have tried their best.

Lord X. has an intimate personal friend, who is himself not unknown in society. Not long ago his friend mentioned that a cousin of his was anxious to see his lordship. The cousin, it is interesting to note, is a clerk in the House of Commons; we will call him Mr. Z. The desired interview took place, and Mr. Z. explained that its object was to ascertain whether his lordship would be disposed to marry a wealthy American widow. Prompted purely by curiosity, or love of adventure, Lord X. professed the frame of mind which is associated with the historic name of Mr. Barkis. Thereupon Mr. Z. introduced him to an American lawyer with an office in London. The lawyer gave an alluring picture of the immense wealth of the lady. He

did not mention her name, but he stated that she lived in a fashionable West End square. Lord X. happened to know a wealthy American lady living in this square. He at once went to her and explained what was passing—to the no small indignation of the lady. It was arranged between them that the negotiations should be continued, and Lord X. accordingly proceeded to discuss terms with Mr. Z. and the American lawyer. The upshot of it was that if the marriage took place the lady would pay him £40,000 down and settle on him £20,000 a year. Out of this he was to pay £20,000 in cash to the "honest brokers" who had thus secured his happiness. This being settled, he was next introduced to a lady who was acting as companion and secretary to the American widow, in order that this lady might in her turn introduce him to the other "principal." A little tea party was accordingly arranged at a fashionable restaurant, and all the parties met there. Lord X.'s object in carrying the thing to this point had been to arrange a dramatic little scene, and his object was fully attained. He proceeded to enlighten the different parties with a full account of what had taken place; the brokers were properly discomfited; and the peer and the lady were speedily left alone to chuckle over the *dénouement*. Each of them subsequently obtained full apologies from the other parties concerned. Lord X. mentions that a second House of Commons official besides Mr. Z. took part in the preliminary negotiations, and presumably was to receive some share in the division of the spoils.

It would seem that the parties engaged in this class of business possess pretty thick skins, and no doubt that is a necessary part of the limited stock-in-trade required for their purpose. Notwithstanding the first fiasco, the indefatigable Mr. Z. some time afterwards approached Lord X. with the same object in view as before, though, of course, a different lady; in fact, he had two ladies to offer this time. The negotiation was opened shortly before the last Cowes Regatta week, and Lord X. was informed that both the ladies would be yachting at that time in the Solent. He once more professed a willing mind, and once more the American lawyer played a part in the preliminary negotiations. As soon, however, as Lord X. had ascertained that the ladies in question were no personal friends of his own, he dropped the negotiations. Before he did so, however, he had obtained an admission from the American lawyer that he was personally unacquainted with the ladies.

Lord X. mentions other amiable attempts that have been made to provide him with a wife. In one of them, a gentleman and lady figure whose names are well known to the public. The husband wrote to Lord X. asking to see him on business. His lordship saw him, and found that the gentleman ostensibly desired him to insure his life; but he took the opportunity of introducing the peer to his wife, who at once commenced a series of determined efforts to get his lordship married. She particularly recommended to him a little widow with £20,000 a year and great personal charms. At another time she had on hand a more mature lady, of whose personal attractions she did not speak so highly, but this lady had the advantage of £40,000 a year, and if her face was not all that could be desired, her figure was stated to be unexceptionable. To show the frankness, not to say shamelessness, with which this sort of business is conducted, these various particulars, and others, were not merely let fall in conversation, but stated by the energetic marriage-broker in the most businesslike way in the course of correspondence. Had the object in view been the sale of a horse, the dealer could not have been more explicit. Another agent who has tried his hand on Lord X. is of the male sex, and Irish nationality. He had on hand the most tempting bargain of the whole lot—nothing less than a Princess of the house of Bonaparte, with a fortune of £3,000,000. As a guarantee of good faith he produced the Princess's photograph. His terms were a commission of £40,000 on the solemnisation of the marriage. On a turnover of £3,000,000 that is certainly not an out-of-the-way commission, but as a general rule these ladies and gentlemen seem to open their mouths pretty widely. It is chiefly on this case that I base the opinion expressed at the outset of this article as to the improbability of the brokers doing any business with Lord X. A bachelor who will not so much as look at a Bonaparte Princess with a *dot* of £3,000,000 must be very hard to please.

It would seem, indeed, that in order to live and die unmarried in the present day a nobleman must possess at once a heart of adamant, and a sublime contempt for pounds, shillings, and pence. In his youth he must withstand all the sirens of the music-halls and the Gaiety stage. If he escapes them in safety, it is only to encounter in his more mature years the wily assiduity of the professional dealers who frequent another corner of the matrimonial market. These ladies and gentlemen seem to have taken the place of the parties who used to "tout for licences" at the entrance to Doctors' Commons in the Pickwickian era; but instead of merely waylaying the casual passer-by on the pavement, like Mr. Weller, senior, they move insidiously in polite society, and catch their prey unawares at the dinner table, in the drawing-room, at fashionable restaurants, or yachting in the Solent. They lurk unsuspected in prosaic offices in Somerset House. They even sit spinning their webs in the sacred precincts of the Palace of Westminster. One of the most disquieting discoveries I have made for a long time is that of the two clerks in the House of Commons, who supplement their official duties with light jobs of this kind on commission. Think of them sitting innocently at the table and utilising the dull moments of a debate by marking down this supporter of the Government, or that member of the Opposition for some harpy of a widow on second thoughts intent! What a lurid light this throws on the dark plots that may lie behind a pleasant little tea on the Terrace! Doubtless they have their confederates in the House of Lords, who divide the commissions. Even without Lord X.'s evidence any one can see what good business is to be done there. How much this disclosure may explain! Who has not heard of ambitious young men getting into Parliament and shortly afterwards making "good" marriages? What used to be known as "the best club in London" will have new attractions for the adventurous, especially

scions of the aristocracy, when it is better known that it includes a matrimonial agency among its other conveniences, and that such bargains are to be picked up there as American widows who can pay a husband £40,000 down and settle £20,000 a year on him. I have never myself supported the cry against civil servants engaging in trade, but I am not sure that in the case of this particular business some official restrictions on the right of Government clerks to supplement their official salaries are not called for. Of course the matrimonial agent, amateur or professional, will plead that in negotiating arrangements between adults, which both parties believe to be to their advantage, he is fulfilling a useful and legitimate function. But, though there are cases where this may be true, there are others where the business is the medium of gross abuses. One of these is exemplified in the first story told by Lord X., where a lady occupying a good position in society, is, without her own knowledge, shamelessly hawked about as a matrimonial bargain by one of her own dependents, through the medium of a crew of "brokers," each greedy for a commission. That any marriage should be brought about in this way, and thousands of pounds be divided up as profits by the conspirators who have engineered it, is not merely an outrage on sentiment, but a gross wrong to the party, whether the man or the woman, whose person and property are thus disposed of. It is because it naturally lends itself to such abominable results that the whole business is rightly regarded as shady and dishonourable; and when it is secretly carried on by people accepted as reputable members of society, or occupying responsible posts in the public service, their exposure is called for in the interest of all who may be brought into contact with them. I am only sorry, therefore, that I am not at liberty to disclose the names of the parties concerned in the various efforts to tempt Lord X. to the altar.

ARMY VETERINARY GRIEVANCES.

A good deal of dissatisfaction seems to exist just now among army veterinary officers with regard to the organisation of their department—partly in relation to their personal treatment and prospects, and partly in relation to their opportunities for making themselves thoroughly efficient. These are matters of as much importance to the public as to the officers immediately concerned. The South African War brought into prominence, among other things, the vital importance of the veterinary department to the mobility and general efficiency of an army in the field, and the inadequacy of the existing organisation for that purpose. Something may have been done since to improve matters, but the establishment is on a very modest scale, and the department would be severely taxed on mobilisation, and it is essential therefore that it should be kept at the highest standard of efficiency. A veterinary officer with whom I discussed professional topics recently spoke strongly of the lack of opportunities afforded to veterinary officers of keeping their knowledge up to date and pursuing scientific research. Officers are encouraged to go to the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine for the purpose of studying the higher branches of their profession. After a six months' stiff course they can acquire there a diploma of Veterinary Hygiene. But on returning to duty they have no laboratory available for continuing their studies. Their hospitals are ill-equipped and devoid of any apparatus for bacteriological research—even without microscopes. The officer I refer to insisted that there should be one laboratory, properly equipped, for veterinary study at Aldershot and one at Dublin; also two in India and one in Burma. He dwelt specially upon the necessity for such laboratories in India, where there are over 30,000 Government animals in different branches of the military service to be looked after by the veterinary department, and where the mortality from contagious diseases is enormous. He argued, plausibly enough, that the cost of providing proper laboratories ought to be fully recouped by the saving effected in the loss of animals from such causes. That there is opportunity for such saving on a large scale is shown by a recent outbreak of anthrax among elephants in the Katha district of Burma. Over 240 out of 300 elephants died within a few days of the outbreak of the disease, and the total loss is estimated at about eight lakhs of rupees—roughly, £50,000. Probably one lakh would have been sufficient to build and equip a couple of laboratories for the study and prevention of this and kindred diseases; and that money may be profitably spent in this way is proved by the fact that experiments have lately been carried out in New Zealand with regard to the prevention of anthrax by inoculation. I am also told that in Burma alone the loss of horses from preventable diseases is measured in thousands of pounds annually. These facts seem to make a very strong case for the provision of better opportunities for study and research in the veterinary department.

Turning to the more personal complaints of veterinary officers, a point to be noticed at the outset is that the biggest prize within the reach of men in this department is the appointment of Director-General with a salary of £850 per annum. In view of the magnitude of the interests confided to the department, it cannot be said that this remuneration errs on the side of generosity, or that it affords to the staff very strong inducements for "keenness" and systematic self-improvement. Possibly it may be the consciousness that the Director-General is none too well paid that has led to the present holder of the office being twice allowed an extension of his term. At least one deserving man has thereby been deprived of his chance of succeeding to the appointment. Promotion and prospects lower down the scale have been prejudiced by other circumstances. The best administrative positions, next to that of Director-General, are held by two lieutenant-colonels, each of whom obtained promotion before completing twenty years' service—the one for service in South Africa, and the other for service in China. One of these officers can hold his appointment for fourteen, and the other for sixteen, years before reaching the age limit, and for that time consequently the flow of promotion is blocked. If a combatant officer, by war service or what not, obtains the command of a regiment before the usual time, he nevertheless has to give it up at the end of the usual period, and, unless he gets further promotion, he

will have to go on half-pay; and it seems reasonable to hold that in such a small corps as the Army Veterinary Corps, administrative appointments should be held for a limited number of years only, and be vacated at the end of that time failing further promotion. Again, during the South African War certain junior officers were permanently promoted over the heads of a number of others. Conceding, for the sake of argument, that these promotions were in each case well deserved, having regard to the limited opportunities offered by the department, fairness to other men suggests that they should be brevet promotions. This has recently been officially recognised by laying down that in future such promotions shall be brevet promotions only. The regulation, however, ought, if it is founded on justice, to be retrospective. As it stands, so far from availing to redress the grievance of veterinary officers who have been passed over, it deprives them of all hope of hereafter regaining their place in the list by distinguishing themselves on active service.

Another grievance to which my attention has been called is that there is absolutely no limit to the amount of extra work which a veterinary officer may be called upon to do without extra pay. For example, at a large station, where the usual complement of officers is three, if two of them happen to be temporarily removed through sickness or any other reason, the third man may be called upon to do the whole of their work; but he has no claim to extra remuneration, and never gets it. It is not so in the medical service. The contrast between the two is shown by a case which actually occurred at a certain station in India. A junior officer of the R.A.M.C., whose normal pay was about Rs.400 per mensem, was actually drawing about Rs.1,000 on account of extra work he was doing as a *locum tenens* for other officers; while a veterinary officer, temporarily doing the work of two others, and visiting every day several out-stations, in addition to the work of the station, got nothing beyond his ordinary pay. This is said to be the fault of the chiefs of the department, who do not look after the interest of their juniors; but really there ought to be definite rules on the subject, which every man can invoke on his own account. On the whole, it will be seen that the veterinary officers have some substantial grounds for complaint, and the matter ought to be looked into if the service is to attract the best class of men, and to be made thoroughly fit for the heavy demands that are certain to be made upon it whenever the next serious war occurs.

THE TOURIST IN TYROL.

If there is one part of the earth which has been specially designed to provide relaxation for tired humanity, surely it is to be found in Tyrol. The country has all the majesty of snow-capped peaks, all the tenderness of flowered meadows. Its lakes are the most serene in the world, its rivers among the most turbulent. No purer air can be breathed anywhere, and, as for climate, it provides variety enough to suit everyone, since within its borders reign both perpetual summer and eternal winter. With these advantages there can be small reason for surprise that, year by year, the visitors to the land show a steady increase, though how rapid that increase has been during the last ten or fifteen years none but the inhabitants can estimate. For example, in 1890 Meran entertained 8,455 guests, amongst whom passing tourists were not numbered. In 1905, 19,005 visitors found their way to the "Jewel of South Tyrol," while the casual tourists also increased proportionately. This condition of affairs is by no means peculiar to Meran. It has been equally noticeable in North Tyrol, at Landeck, at Innsbruck, and at the various winter and summer resorts for which these well-known towns are the centres. It has equally affected Bozen and Brixen, while, if the figures were attainable, the resorts in the heart of the Dolomite district, Cortina, Toblach, and St. Ulrich would show still more remarkable results. There must be a reason for this continuous growth of popularity beyond the mere fact of the natural beauties of the country. The beauties of Tyrol are not the growth of yesterday or yesteryear. Some other factor must have been at work to account for the steadily increasing flood of visitors, and, consideration of the reasons may not be without interest to those who are ever lost in wonder why the beauty spots in our own country remain neglected.

Undoubtedly part of the increase has been due to the increased facilities for travel provided by the opening up of new railways and roads. In both these departments of engineering, progress has been continuous for years past, and is still going steadily on. Every year some new length of railway is opened, and again, where last year there was merely a mule track, this year a splendidly graded road opens up a new resort for the visitor. How good these roads are must be seen to be believed. They are built to last, even as the Romans built their roads. Sometimes, like the magnificent highway over the Stelvio pass into Italy, they climb to a height of nearly 9,000 ft., right at the very foot of the glaciers; at others, like the road from Bozen over the Karrer pass, they burrow through the mountain itself. Both road and rail are State enterprises, and it may be that military reasons have as much to do with their building as the development of the country; but the result of the building is that every year travel becomes easier and less expensive. In another direction the Austrian Government has shown direct interest in the development of the tourist traffic, and by opening an official Travel Bureau in Piccadilly to supply intending visitors with every sort of information respecting the country, has proved itself both wise and enterprising.

Equally with the Government, the municipalities of the various towns have proved themselves wide awake to the value of the visitor in search of health or holiday. They look after his comfort and his amusement in manners that the visitor would hardly suspect. At Meran, for instance, a municipal by-law forbids building operations during the season. Imagine such a by-law in force at Scarborough or Folkestone, though there can be no question how much the comfort of visitors may be increased by means of it. Meran decrees that no lady shall trail her skirts on the promenade under penalty of—I do not know what the penalty may be, since I have never heard of its being

necessary to enforce the regulation. Apparently the notice calling attention to it is sufficient to secure its observance, and thus secure for promenaders immunity from the dust evil. Then Meran provides a Kurhaus, which is practically a first-class club, and a Sport Platz, where every kind of sport, from racing to skating and croquet, may be indulged in. Add to these municipal concerts, municipal balls, and a municipal theatre, and it will be seen that Meran municipally is very much alive to the value of the visitor, and though it might very well rely upon its natural beauties and old-world architecture as sufficient attraction, yet it seems to have determined that whatever reason determines the departure of a visitor, that reason shall not be boredom. Similarly, every town in Tyrol, and the majority of the villages which boast of a season, do as Meran does, each according to its capacity.

But even the efforts of the Government and the municipalities combined are not of themselves sufficient to account for the increase in popularity of Tyrol as a holiday resort. There is a third factor. Visitors now go to Tyrol in increasing numbers because they find accommodation provided for them there. In fact, within the past few years Tyrol has supplied an astonishing example of how the provision of hotels has brought visitors. They have sprung up everywhere, and no sooner have they been erected than visitors have flocked into them. Tyrol has gone through exactly the same experience as London in that respect, and has profited more. There was a time, not very long ago, when the Tyrolese were jealous of their country and looked askance upon the alien. But that time has gone. They have thrown themselves into the hotel business with characteristic energy, and have made a wonderful success. Moreover, the Tyrolese have not only realised that the multiplication of hotels does not necessarily mean bitter trade competition, but that, on the contrary, the certainty of finding accommodation brings increasing numbers of visitors every year. Meran again supplies a typical instance. At the beginning of March this year a new hotel, the Palast, opened its doors, and within three days every one of its 300 beds was occupied. Yet the Meraner Hof with its 300 rooms had had not a single guest less, and the proprietor is this autumn opening a new wing to his establishment which will add thirty-three per cent. to his accommodation. At Bozen the erection of the palatial Bristol has done no injury to the older-established Kaiserkrone. Even at Innsbruck the well-known Tyroler Hof has had to be enlarged in order to accommodate its share of the 140,000 visitors who entered the gates of the capital of Tyrol in 1903-4, and at Landeck the old-established posting inn, the Hôtel Post, has grown into a first-class hotel with accommodation for 150 travellers. Away from the towns the growth has been still more marked. At Trafoi and at Sulden, each of them villages situated at the foot of the Ortler, have arisen two magnificent summer palaces, with the result that, along the mountain roads leading to them, there may now be seen from the middle of June until the end of August a continuous procession of pilgrims, driving or afoot, wending their way upwards. Yet ten years ago, before the hotels were built, the pilgrims over the famous Stelvio pass could be counted by scores only. At the top of the Mendel pass again, where originally stood a simple hospice, the same results of enterprise are discoverable. The high road over the Mendel was only completed in 1885, but it is already out of date, for a funicular railway now sets visitors down at the doors of the hotels which have arisen during the past ten years; one of them, in fact, only dates back to 1902. The wise proprietor made his preparations in advance, and has found his foresight rewarded. Even where the railway is non-existent enterprise has been equally rewarded. Take the Karersee Hotel, or the Hotel Pragser Wildsee, for example. In each case the hotel is situated amongst romantically beautiful scenery. The Karersee Hotel at the foot of the Rosengarten and Latemar group, is a four-hour drive from the railway at Bozen, but, with its lifts, electric light, baths, and all its appointments, it can provide as completely for the comfort of 300 guests as any hotel in Europe. The Hotel Pragser Wildsee has sprung up on the very borders of one of the most beautiful lakes in the whole of Tyrol, and in spite of its solitary situation there is no modern device for the comfort of travellers lacking. Cortina has an older reputation, but here again the Hotels Faloria and Cortina have welcomed the Miramonti as a friend rather than as a rival, and, in spite of the three big establishments being clustered together in the very heart of the Dolomites, there will soon be further accommodation required for the increasing army of tourists. Other favourite spots in the Dolomites show exactly the same measure of growth. At Toblach, the starting point for many favourite excursions, between five and six hundred guests can find accommodation at its two hotels. St. Ulrich, another of the beauty spots of this most favoured district, makes provision for the creature comforts of nearly as many visitors as Toblach.

The hotels I have mentioned are typical of the big hotels which are to be found all over the country. They are all modern in their sanitation, their lighting, and their appointments generally. Indeed, there is only one point in which the traveller will find the Tyrolean hotel differs from the English hotel of the first rank, and that is in the amount of the bill which is presented to him at his departure. There is hardly one of them where the guest who is content with the average accommodation will not find his every want satisfied for something between 7s. 6d. and 10s. a day. As for the smaller hotels, and they are legion, the tourist may obtain a clean and comfortable room from a shilling upwards, or live *en pension* on the fat of the land for 3s. 6d. a day inclusive. Under all these circumstances it can be scarcely a matter for wonder that the number of visitors to Tyrol increases so rapidly. The Government and the municipalities have done much to popularise the country, but the hotel proprietor has done more. He is making Tyrol prosperous. Fortunately he cannot take away anything from its beauty if he tried, and to do him justice his efforts are in the other direction, for, as a rule, he has a very keen appreciation of natural beauty. The recent history of Tyrol, in fact, supplies a remarkable example of how a country may be developed. Without hotels the most beautiful

country in the world must needs remain a sealed book to most people. To-day, Tyrol is open to all the world.

THE THEATRES.

"Tristram and Iseult," at the Adelphi.

I have one, and only one, objection to the poetical drama of the present day, and this is that it is apt to be quite good but a trifle dull. It reminds me of the estimable lady whose praises every one used to sing. She was so worthy, so good, so kind, so correct, but when it came to companionship one and all of her male acquaintances without exception expressed a pious wish that she would radiate her correct virtues somewhere apart from them, while they married or were entertained by fair creatures cast in a less regular mould. "Nature had written out her list of virtues on ruled paper, and forgotten to rub out the lines." It is so with Mr. Comyns Carr's "Tristram and Iseult." It is an excellent, correct piece of work, beautifully staged, but it lacks just that touch of poetry, passion, or distinction which is needed to give you a haunting memory. The old legend of the vicarious wooing of Iseult by Tristram is a fine theme for poetic drama or for opera, but it needed a great poet to handle it afresh. If you take a great theme you must bring a touch of greatness to the treatment, as did Wagner. I do not think either that Mr. Carr has helped the story by making King Mark of Cornwall (on whose behalf Tristram goes a-wooing) a villain; and, villain or no, it leaves Mr. Oscar Asche, who is by far the most able member of the Adelphi company, much too little to do. He is strong and vigorous, and does not linger so distressingly long over his lines as does Miss Lily Brayton, who, though she looks charming and is quite a good actress, mouths her speeches in a monotonous manner, which in the end becomes wearisome. There is one very quaint moment in the play, which otherwise is devoid of humour, and this comes when Iseult explains to Tristram that all the Irish knights are falling before the Saracen, who, if he wins the tournament, will be rewarded with her hand in marriage. Does Tristram fly into the lists to win her for himself or for King Mark? No. He says, now is the time to have an hour's nap, and forthwith "throws himself on the couch" and goes to sleep. The plot requires this sleep on his part, but the drama suffers. The reception on the night on which I was present was enthusiastic. Every one wishes Mr. Otho Stuart well in his ventures, for he pursues an ambitious, high-toned policy, regardless of his pocket. I hope, therefore, that "Tristram and Iseult" may fill his pocket, but I am doubtful, beautiful though it is to look at.

"Toddles," at the Duke of York's.

I know to a certain extent what to expect when I find Mr. Cyril Maude playing the part of a young nobleman called "Toddles." His name is really Lord Meadows, but to intimates and acquaintances alike he is just "Toddles." He toddles through life. He toddles to health resorts; he toddles into debt, and he toddles into marriage. As played by Mr. Maude, he is quite an engaging little fool, and the play is the story of his marriage. He belongs to the order of invertebrata, and a cloud of female acquaintances buzz round him. Some of them want to marry him themselves, others desire to marry him to an heiress. Toddles, on his part, really desires nothing, and so when a marriage has been arranged he loafs in bed unwilling to attend the ceremony. This is the pyjama act of the play, and it takes place in Toddles' bedroom. His doctor thinks marriage might benefit him, and urges him to take the plunge. The lady who wants to marry him later on to her infantile daughter removes his clothes, and so the game goes on. In the final act (another pyjama act) Toddles, in a dressing-gown, has been dragged to the "Mairie" by a moneylender (who particularly desires that he should make a rich marriage), there to undergo the civil ceremony; and, though he bolts away in a final scene, he discovers that he really does love the heiress, and all is well. In the French I have no doubt that Toddles, or the "Triplepatte" of MM. Tristan Bernard and Godfernaux, was a witty audacity. In the English it is a farce which, played in a little quicker time, may prove a great success.

"Mrs. Temple's Telegram" at the Waldorf.

There is an extremely good idea underlying the new farce by Frank Wyatt and William Morris with which the Waldorf has just reopened. A young husband who has been to Earl's Court has got caught in the big wheel on one of the nights when it would not go round. He has been in the clouds all night in company with a charming lady who, though he does not know it, is the wife of his oldest friend. In the morning when dishevelled and in evening clothes he returns to the wife of his bosom she will not believe the truth, so he naturally invents a lie. He has spent the night, he declares, with that entirely fictitious personage, his dear old friend John Brown, of Pickleton-on-Thames. The wife will not believe this either, and so wires to John Brown to come and see her. Explaining this predicament to his real friend, Fuller, who calls in, Fuller undertakes to impersonate Brown and bring the wife to submission; but unluckily the telegram has reached a real John Brown, of whose existence all were ignorant, and when he arrives on the scene "the plot thickens." The faults of the play are mainly that it halts between old-fashioned farce of the early Strand order and good comedy, but the excellent acting of Mr. Allan Aynesworth and Mr. William Morris and the charm of Miss Sybil Carlisle, who plays the worried young wife, are very delightful. "Mrs. Temple's Telegram" was a great success, I believe, in New York, and it has much to commend it to English audiences. It is preceded by a grim little low life tragedy by Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce called "His Child."

The Haymarket Theatre has reopened after the summer vacation with that perennial favourite, Mr. F. Anstey's witty comedy, "The Man from Blankley's." It is preceded by Mr. Keble Howard's pretty little comedietta, "Compromising Martha," which was given a trial run by "The Pioneers" some short time since.

Authors, Actors, and Mr. Bourchier.

I had not intended saying anything further about Mr. Arthur Bourchier's communications to the press

because, as in his capacity as actor-manager, he seems to desire to be left in obscurity, it is a pity not to humour this laudable desire. One of his last letters, though, emphatically requires a word of protest. The manager of a theatre, whether actor-manager or only manager, has not only his own personal idiosyncrasies to consider. For himself, he may prefer to be uncriticised and unnoticed, or "unreported" as Mr. Bourchier would say, but what of the author and the actors? Is notice in the press of no value—of no importance to them? When a new play is produced, if the dramatic "reporters" are invited, it is only a matter of two or three days at the outside before, throughout the length and breadth of the land, every paper has chronicled that a new play is being given at such and such a theatre. Whether the notices are good or bad they constitute such an advertisement as the most wealthy management would shrink from paying for if cheques had to be signed for it. It is for the manager to consider whether this is valuable to him. Mr. Bourchier does not value it. That is his concern. If he chooses to say "when I make my reappearance at this theatre not a single notice will appear in any journal on the following day . . . . so far as I am concerned, such a consummation on that morning, or any subsequent morning, is devoutly to be wished," from his point of view there is nothing more to be said, except that his wishes in this respect have every prospect of being fulfilled. But what of the actors and what of the authors? Mr. Bourchier has stated in print in this same letter that "the leading members of my company who are so brilliantly portraying the characters of Mr. Locke's play were entirely in accord with my action." This is a statement I should like to ask the popular actor-manager to reconsider. I happen to know that certain of them feel very cruelly the fact that, having the chance (in what I believe is a very able play, though I have not seen it) of distinguishing themselves, their efforts have gone practically unrecorded, and that when they hoped to find a most valuable tribute to their work in the press, they were distressed to find silence. Is Miss Carlisle, who has a big chance in Carlotta, in accord with Mr. Bourchier, when her first real success in a West End theatre is ignored through his action? I doubt it. Is that admirable and sound actor Mr. Aubrey Smith in accord with Mr. Bourchier, when the finest chance he has had for many a long day has passed by unrecognised? I doubt it. In short, is Mr. Bourchier sure that the leading members of his company are in accord with his action? I not only challenge the statement, but I say that his action has reacted on them in a most undeserved and most cruel manner. Again, there is that clever young dramatist, Mr. W. J. Locke. I have no sympathy with people who fear criticism. Any one who produces must face criticism, but Mr. Locke, by all accounts, has written a good play, and nine-tenths of England does not know it, through Mr. Bourchier's action. It is of enormous advantage to an author to have his work publicly noticed. He depends for his success on being widely known, and appreciation is most valuable and stimulating. I should like to ask Mr. Locke for his views on the matter. It is a matter of vital importance to him and of trifling importance to Mr. Bourchier, because he is not acting himself in the play. Further, I would say one last word, and this is that unless the manager of the Garrick intends in future to restrict himself to producing plays written or adapted by himself, has he contemplated the fact that authors in their future contracts with him are likely to lengthen those already lengthy documents by inserting a clause stipulating that the press be admitted? We hear much of actors and much of managers nowadays, but it is as well to remember sometimes that authors come first; the others are corollaries.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

SANTOS DUMONT'S LATEST.

THERE has been a boom in motors. The next boom is going to be in air navigation. This is what I heard the other day from people with inside knowledge of the subject, as I watched and admired at Bagatelle M. Santos Dumont's experiments with his "heavier than air" aviator. This air-ship is somewhat like a huge albatross, its wings having a 40 ft. span, and its engines developing 50 horse-power. The wings or "planes" are tilted upwards in a forward direction, and the frame is mounted on three wheels. It starts like a motor tricycle, running on the ground after the manner of a bird about to take the wing. I saw it gather a speed of over 20 miles an hour, when the forward part of the aviator, catching the wind on account of its tilt, was lifted clean above the ground. The back wheel, however, kept touch with the soil. It was clear at that moment to everybody that, had the load on board been displaced a little forward and lightened to the extent of a few pounds—or perhaps even a few ounces—we should have witnessed the "conquest of the air." What was even more striking was to see this artificial bird double back under the action of its "tail." I suppose it may be called a tail, although it is placed forward. Its ability to steer could not be due to the wheels, since two out of three were off the ground.

An expert, who witnessed this experiment, said to me that greater lightness is the quality air-ship builders must now aim at. M. Santos Dumont, apart from his pluck, skill, and presence of mind, has a great advantage over other competitors for the Deutsch prize: he is a light weight. If he succeeds in flying, some progress in the construction of airships must still be made before persons of average weight will soar after him. But sportsmen will not be long satisfied in taking solitary trips in the air. The popular air-ship of the near future must be capable of accommodating at least two persons. This will be done certainly, but the engines, and if possible the frames, must be made even lighter than at present.

We may possibly be within measurable distance of the time when chauffeurs will fly from Paris to London in four hours, without dust or danger of skidding or colliding with other vehicles. But we are, it seems to me, a long way yet from those "argosies of commerce" of the "Locksley Hall" vision.

We were disappointed at not seeing, the other day, the eighty-two French bishops in all their episcopal glitter

and scenic accessories. The solemn demonstration which followed their conference at Notre Dame wanted colour, and, still more, life. All the bishops came in their black cassocks with violet buttons, violet stockings, and buckled shoes. The cardinals had crimson buttons, sashes, and stockings. The Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris, the merest shade of his former self, wore his crimson robe. He came at the tail of the procession, from the sacristy, carried almost by his coadjutor and the Abbé Thomas. The pastoral crook of gold was borne before him. Cardinal Richard is reduced by ill health and age to a skeleton. One sees the blue veins standing out against the parchment skin of the face. Had Mother Hubbard, at the age of eighty-seven, been in his red robe, nobody could have suspected the substitution. I say this, not from any ambition to shine as a smart writer, but only to convey an exact idea of his appearance.

The great majority of the bishops are elderly or aged. They all give an impression of pecuniary independence. It is a fact that the Vatican has always preferred for bishoprics priests with good private fortunes. The Cardinal-Archbishop of Bordeaux is of huge corpulency. He figures as unflinchingly Papal; but, with the good nature of an epicurean, he pities the priests who stand in dread of not benefiting by the Briand law through the Pope's fault. This prince of the Church got on through his brother, a zealous Freemason. He owes his archbishropic to him and to M. Henri Brisson. Were he not, in words at least, an Ultramontanist, the Sacred Committee for French Ecclesiastical Affairs at the Vatican would have to seek a pretext to "ship him." The Bishop of Montpellier, of aristocratic birth and breeding, acted as spokesman of the episcopate. Monsignor Merry del Val favours him greatly. He is of small stature. The matter of his speech was wrapped up, and the delivery not brilliant. Here and there a word penetrated to the nave and the chancel, where he stood in front of a canon's stall. There are forty-six stalls on each side, and there were forty-two bishops to sit in them. One knew the canons from the blue ribbons to which they had attached their pectoral crosses.

As to the congregation of about 8,000, there were very many ladies in summer dresses; a lesser number of serious devotees in dark dresses, and a large sprinkling of German, British, Belgian, Dutch, Scandinavian, and American tourists—personally conducted. Priests from all parts of France, some with such anxious faces, were also numerous. So were Parisian sight-seers. The music was excellent—"Ave Regina, tantum ergo," of Palestrina, a cantata of Bach, "Domine, salvam fac Rempublicam," and "Tu es Petrus."

There was a great kissing of episcopal rings all the way out of the sacristy to the Close. Some bishops will never learn how to present the ringed hand and to give the benediction in passing along; others do so in the best style. As a body they are not imposing. The light of intellect beams not in their faces. Nor does the grace of evangelical piety in the faces of the greater number. They give the impression of functionaries who preach and teach by rote, and are bound round by narrow rules. Most of them who rose to their mitres since MacMahon resigned courted the Republic until they had the episcopal nomination. They then turned round to the ultra-Papal side. One should not compare them to those grand lords, the pre-Revolutionary bishops, who had all the culture of the days in which they lived, and rather looked down on Rome. "His Grandeur" was no misnomer applied to a bishop in the time of the old monarchy. A few were men of piety. The majority shone as worldlings. Owing to their knowledge of the Court and of polite and dissipated society, and their personal wealth, they were excellent diplomats and ambassadors. I must not give Cardinal de Rohan save as an exception. Talleyrand was very much the pre-Revolutionary Churchman.

Open air theatres have been the great dramatic feature of the season, and all over France, save in Brittany and Normandy. Climatic conditions are unfavourable in those provinces. The one at Champigny, lying to the near east of Paris, has a large—a multitudinous—public. It comes from those overgrown garden cities in the loops of the Marne on which the plateau of Gravelle looks down. Champigny is the scene of the fight between the French and the Germans when the former tried to make a sortie on the east side of their iron-bound capital. The theatre is on the acclivity that rises to the field of battle from the Marne. It is in the midst of pretty scenery, and the river that flows at the foot of the slope has been rendered famous by landscape painters.

A new dramatic impulse has been given to the Roman theatres of Poitou, Provence, and Languedoc. The summer theatres at Bussang and other Vosges watering places are encouraged by the State for the benefit of the peasants, who are very poor. Orange and Cauterets have called out local enthusiasts. Next year there will be some plays in the Dauphinois and Provençal dialects, without prejudice to French plays of the Français. The Champlieu plays, which members of the Français and the Coquelins went out of their way to patronise, have been the least successful. Can we account for this by the want of experience of some of the players in open-air performances, and the want of footlights to throw scenic details into relief? The perspective, regard it as one may, the æsthetics, the general style, whether in the "business," draperies, diction, and make-ups must at Champlieu widely differ from those at the House of Molière. Since I have been at Champlieu and Champigny I can understand why the Athenians substituted boys for actresses. The open-air manner must be broader, more decided, high-strung, high-pitched, and perhaps more declamatory than in the ordinary theatre. Subtle shades pass unperceived in the summer theatre. Daintiness appears poor affectation. Mmes. Bartet and Louise Silvain are at a disadvantage. One wishes them to be less refined, and one almost longs for the strongly-marked characteristics of the late Mlle. Agar, and the terribly expressive eyes and gestures of that mistress of melodrama, Marie Laurent. An open-air boom for the drama of Corneille

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and Victor Hugo is almost in sight. In so vast a summer theatre as that of Orange or Arles, the mask is almost a necessity. A small marine trumpet behind the lips might not be amiss. The peplum and toga are the right garments there, or short tunic and bare limbs when the actor has a gladiatorial build. Skimpiness is unbearable, and the *chiffon* style of elegance is thrown away. Modern clothing bars gesticulation, so necessary to help the voice of any player who has the heavens for his sounding-board. Most of our advocates, when about to plead, unbutton their vests and waistbands, and pin together the front borders of their gowns to be able to gesticulate with ease. Gambetta had an old easy coat and corresponding shoes to be worn at public meetings and on any balcony that he had decided to turn to use as a rostrum. At Orange, more than anywhere else, the sentiments and emotions must be worked upon by repeated *coups de théâtre* carried out by the players, and owing little if anything to the mechanist. Mimicry, as Rossi and Salviati understood it, ought to be resorted to. The passions ought to have the *pas* of the sentiments. Alfieri's plays could not fail to give satisfaction at Orange.

Cauterets has no classical remains, and never had. The high pitch—I use the term in an æsthetic sense—of the scenery calls for high-pitched drama and declamation. Roncevaux and Roland's Gap are round the first turn of the road. "La Fille de Roland" is indicated by the locality. Mlle. Lucie Brille, whom Antoine discovered and brought forward in "King Lear," ought to be an exceptionally taking Berthe. Emma Calvé writes in an enraptured strain to a friend here about Lucie Brille. This cantatrice is at Cauterets for the waters, and awfully sorry, as I see from a letter of hers, that she cannot attend the open-air opera at Béziers. She thinks she cannot speak too highly of Mounet Sully's Polyeucte, which he has been playing with Mlle. Brille as Pauline and Delaunay and Ravet as Félix and Néarque. Their renderings of these characters called out party and Catholic enthusiasm among the aristocratic French and Spanish water-drinkers, and Lourdes pilgrims, who had come up the mountain to see the performance. Mounet Sully is above everything else an artist. His Huguenot ancestry, bringing-up, and personal sentiment do not, therefore, stand in his way in playing the part of Polyeucte. His performance might well serve as a trumpet call to the Catholic world to resist the Briand law.

They give "La Vestale" of Spontini at Béziers. The uncultivated ears there could not take in with any pleasure Berlioz, Wagner, or their imitators. Do you know Béziers? I do. The Shah's brother said it has a Persian climate. It is one of the finest climates west of the Riviera. Dust is the great drawback. But with an active town council it might be remedied. The Opera House, built of planks and large enough to hold 6,000 spectators, is not in the town, a rather dirty place, but in front of the tall cliff on which the cathedral stands. Prolong in fancy for some distance south-east and west the Castle Rock of Edinburgh, and you will have a good idea of the topography of Béziers. The view from the Cathedral plateau embraces the blue sea beyond Cette, the mountains of the Aveyron, the Eastern Pyrenees, and the intervening vine-clad country. The Canal du Midi and the River Ord encircle the plateau. They give freshness to a landscape which, if it had no water, would be Algerian.

A Krauss is wanted for the Beziers Opera. Krauss had every natural endowment an open-air scene requires. I used to see her at Conservatoire concerts as Julia in "La Vestale." Her personations, so nobly dramatic and pathetic, stand out in strong relief in my operatic recollections. The subject is the breach of vows to Vesta for the sake of Licinias, a young Gallo-Roman general of low family. The Vestal has the strength of soul not to escape from the penalty of burial alive by a betrayal of Licinias. Vesta herself takes pity on her and lights from heaven the sacred fire which went out as the priestess dallied with the young general.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

FORMERLY, dear Lady Betty, most people were better than the carriages they rode in; now most carriages are better than those who ride in them. The epigram describes clearly a most curious change that has occurred amongst us in recent times. The wealth, the fine houses, the valuable jewels, and the gorgeous dresses have come into the possession of those who have not been trained to possess them, and the combination produces a situation which is generally ridiculous and frequently irritating.

The object of these remarks will be perceived when the following letter has been read:—

"Home-Made Millionaires."

"Sir,—I am an Englishman, a millionaire, and have made my fortune in this country, and I find that it is a great disadvantage to me that I am the former and have done the latter. Had I been an American and made my money in the United States, or had I been a Colonial and made it in the Colonies, I should have been at once adopted by English 'society.' In both circumstances my original condition and the details of my development would have been commonly known and generally ignored, and any offences committed by me or mine against the momentary code of good manners would have been described as eccentricities.

"As I am an Englishman and have made my fortune in my own country, I am treated altogether differently. It is not forgotten that my origin was obscure, and that I was once a small tradesman; my mistakes in grammar and pronunciation are vulgarities; there is no first-rate club to which I can be elected; my son is avoided at school, and my wife and daughters are unable to associate with those whose acquaintance they would like to possess.

"There are now hundreds of rich Englishmen in the same condition, and we strongly object to the system which may be described as 'Free Trade in Fortunes.' We are in favour of 'Social Protection.' Why should preference be shown to foreign-made millionaires?

"A Crœsus of the Counter."

The writer of that letter has a peculiar grievance, but his communication is published here to deal with the statement that "there are now hundreds of rich Englishmen in the same condition." There probably never was a time in the history of the race when money has so quickly and generally changed from the hands of those who have been trained to possess it to the hands of those who have not, and the alteration is making itself felt in England in every direction. Our predecessors built exquisite houses; the rich of our day build monstrosities. Our ancestors loved the land

and landscapes; our rich now buy estates, and, being money-greedy, sell outlying portions of them to regain the amount they paid for the whole. Those who came before us encouraged contemporary art; they judged for themselves, and supported their judgment with their money. The rich now will only buy art treasures that have attained value. The boxes and stalls at the theatres, the restaurants, the West End streets, are filled with coarse-featured men, and women who are—to describe it delicately—not distinguished-looking.

It is, however, merely the transition period. In three generations their descendants—if the family continues to be prosperous—will be altogether changed, and there will be hundreds of thousands of gentlemen and gentlewomen where there were but a few thousands three generations back. When the roadway is up in the towns, we grumble; but when the work is over, and there are below it the water pipes and the electric light and telephone wires, the community is much the better for the temporary inconvenience. It would, perhaps, have been better, however, to have lived when the change was completed.

* * * * *

Before forty we live forwards; after forty we live backwards. That which is true of the individual is also true of the community; the latter always comes eventually to admire its immediate predecessors. There is an increasing tendency in England to admire the early Victorian period, which until recently has been so generally abused, and there is much to be said for this development. The early Victorian period was the age of sentiment. Our parents opened many of the loveways of life which had been almost ignored until that time. There was then a great reaction in the direction of religion, and sentiment and the increase of religious feeling are to be seen in most of the artistic and literary work of the day. An early Victorian room has, undoubtedly, a charm which far more elaborately decorated rooms have not; the subjects of the pictures have generally an agreeable influence, the ornaments have obviously a value which is conferred by some graceful association, the love of Nature is apparent in every direction, and sympathy is the key-note of every book and of every knick-knack. Bric-à-brac collectors would do well to purchase many of the now unappreciated treasures of this period, for it will soon have many admirers. Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

IT is a curious fact that six months ago nobody ever mentioned Spearmint, Keystone II., Troutbeck, Gorgos, or Bridge of Canny, as likely to distinguish themselves as three-year-olds. As a two-year-old, Spearmint won a race at Lingfield in July, defeating a very poor field, and he was afterwards twice beaten. Keystone II. had been unplaced in the Champagne Stakes (won by Achilles), and so little was her chance regarded by the stable that Lord Derby declared to win that race with Victorious. Troutbeck was beaten three times last season, and Bridge of Canny failed seven times. Gorgos won two important stakes during the summer, and was then supposed to have gone to the bad. It was mentioned in Truth in the early part of the year that Spearmint was a much improved colt, and would probably do well as a three-year-old, while Gorgos was about the same time noted as likely to be a dangerous candidate for the Two Thousand. The supposed cracks of last season, about which people were then infatuated, are now as utterly forgotten as if they had never existed, notably Black Arrow, Lally, Admirable Crichton, Colonia, Merry Moment, Picton, Ulalume, Sarcelle, Frustrator, and Sweet Mary. Flair, who was probably the best of her age, has disappeared from the scene.

Spearmint has been struck out of all engagements for this year, and it is highly probable that the last has been seen of the Derby winner on the Turf, for I hear that it is very unlikely that he will get through another preparation. Spearmint has not been seen out since he won the Grand Prix, but he has not missed any important engagements. The withdrawal of the Derby winner must be vexatious to his owner, as Spearmint could not have lost either the Great Foal Stakes at the Newmarket First October Meeting or the £5,000 stake at Gatwick on October 16, for he had the benefit of breeding allowances of 8 lb. in the one race, and 9 lb. in the other. It is a fortunate circumstance for the speculative public that Spearmint was not entered for the St. Leger, as he would certainly have been well backed during the summer for the Doncaster race. Major Loder's colt had been entered by his breeder, Sir Tatton Sykes, for the Jockey Club Stakes, but he was withdrawn when the minor forfeit was declared. Next season Spearmint is entered for the Princess of Wales' Stakes of £6,000 at the Newmarket First July Meeting, and that race should be as great a certainty for him as the events this autumn at Newmarket and Gatwick to which I have referred would have been. He is also in the Rous Memorial Stakes and Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot, but he was withdrawn last year from the Atlantic Stakes of £2,000 at the Liverpool July Meeting. Spearmint, when well, is a long way the best three-year-old colt of the season, so far as the English lot are concerned, and it is to be regretted that we have not seen more of him on the Turf.

The withdrawal of Spearmint from the Great Foal Stakes will apparently leave that race at the mercy of Bridge of Canny, as Lord Derby's colt has a breeding allowance of 8 lb., and he will have a considerable advantage in the weights with Gorgos. The Gatwick race also appears to have become a good thing for Bridge of Canny, who there has a breeding allowance of 9 lb.

Pretty Polly is confidently expected to win the Doncaster Cup on Friday, and her next race is to be the Prix du Conseil Municipal at Longchamps on Sunday, October 7. I hear that she will not run for the Jockey Club Cup, but that after she has fulfilled her engagement in France she will be turned out of training with a view to her going to the stud next season.

Bachelor's Button, who, as has already been mentioned in Truth, is now being prepared to run for the Jockey Club Cup, appears likely to be started for the Champion Stakes on the first day of the Newmarket Second October Meeting, as that race will be a good thing for Mr. Joel's horse now that Cicero has been withdrawn, and, of course, Pretty Polly will not start.

Llangibby is undergoing a special preparation for the Jockey Club Stakes, but the breeding allowance to which he was properly entitled does not appear to have been claimed for Mr. Neumann's horse. The conditions require such allowances to be claimed at the time of naming. This would have been one of the most interesting races of the season if Keystone II. and Cicero had met, and the original entry included both Spearmint and Troutbeck.

Entries close next Tuesday for the Grand Prix de Paris of 1908. The endowment of this stake has been increased from £8,000 to £12,000, the sweepstakes also going to the winner. The Grand Prix is not only the richest race in Europe, but it is also the cheapest, for an owner can "get out" for £4 by declaring forfeit about six weeks before the day of running. The entry is limited to entire colts and fillies. The second horse will receive £1,200, and the third gets £800. Owners should be the more encouraged to enter their yearlings for this great race now that an English horse has again been the winner at Longchamps after an interval of twenty years. If, however, Prestige had been engaged in this year's Grand Prix there would have been no English victory, for Mr. Vanderbilt's colt would have won by many lengths.

Certain papers have repeatedly announced that the Jockey Club Stakes would disappear from the Newmarket programme after next year. These tales were contradicted in Truth, and I pointed out that they were

obviously false and absurd, inasmuch as the *Book Calendar* contains the entries for the Jockey Club Stakes of 1908. The race, value £10,000, for 1909 will close next Tuesday, the conditions being the same as in previous years. Two hundred entries are asked for, and there should be no difficulty in obtaining this number. There are two faults in the conditions. It is preposterous that so large a sum as £2,250 should be taken from the stakes for second and third horses, and so extravagant an appropriation for these animals falls hard upon the winner. Then the winner of any of the great stakes for which a penalty of 12 lb. is incurred should, *ipso facto*, be deprived of the benefit of any breeding allowance which may have been claimed for him. After Rock Sand had won the Two Thousand, the Derby, and the St. Leger, it was simply nonsensical to find the so-called £10,000 races at Newmarket placed at his mercy by a breeding allowance of 6 lb., which he was permitted to enjoy as a permanent benefit.

There has been a deal of rejoicing over the success of the St. Leger for 1908, under its new conditions, to which I referred a fortnight ago. The fact is that the pecuniary result cannot by any possibility be estimated until the minor forfeit has been declared on the last Tuesday in March next. The St. Leger is a sweepstakes of £50 each, half forfeit, but £5 only if then declared. It is obvious that if there is then a large "get out," a formidable deficit will be the inevitable result. During the last four years the Epsom authorities have been obliged to add a considerable sum each year to both Derby and Oaks in order to make up the advertised value of each race. If any large draw on the Doncaster race fund should be found necessary the new arrangement is unlikely to be a permanent one, as in the opinion of nine-tenths of the inhabitants of the town the reduction of the rates is the aim, end, and final object of the whole affair, and they do not care a potato peeling about the races from the sporting point of view. I do not believe that the St. Leger as a race will be at all benefited by the new conditions, and the idea that there will be larger fields in future appears to me to be utterly chimerical.

Slieve Gallion, Galvani, Weathercock (who has come on wonderfully since Goodwood), My Pet II., and Traquair are all engaged in the Middle Park Plate. Galvani and Traquair are both left in for the Imperial Produce Plate of £3,000 at Kempton Park, which is run a week before the Newmarket race, and in the earlier event Major Loder's colt has a breeding allowance of 5 lb. Slieve Gallion and My Pet II. are entered also for the Dewhurst Plate.

A writer in one of the papers announces that the King is believed to own a very smart two-year-old, which animal is expected to distinguish itself during the autumn. This is all a fairy tale, and nothing is known at Newmarket as to any dark "flyer" in his Majesty's stud. On the contrary, the Royal two-year-olds are believed to be an exceedingly moderate lot.

The Duke of Westminster's three-year-old colt, Pipistrello, own brother to Flying Fox, has been taken out of training. He broke down in the race for the Gratwicke Stakes at Goodwood, and quits the Turf without having won a penny. Pipistrello was at one time regarded as likely to turn out a flyer of high class, but he speedily destroyed any illusions as to his supposed merits by discovering himself to be miserably bad. Another doleful failure from the Eaton Stud is the Duke's filly, Crown Gem, own sister to Sceptre. If these two animals had been sent to Doncaster as yearlings for sale, they would certainly have reached not less than ten thousand guineas.

Polar Star is one of the very best two-year-olds of the season, and it is much to be regretted that Mr. Hall Walker's colt has no good engagements during the autumn, while next year he is not entered for any of the classic stakes. His best engagements in the future are the £2,000 race at Chester, in May, and the North Derby of £1,500 at Newcastle, in June. Polar Star is a son of Pioneer, half brother to Gallinule, of whom great things were at one time expected, but he proved a direful disappointment on the Turf. Pioneer and Gallinule, who were both owned by Mr. Abington, were failures as racers, and as sires in England they would have met with no patronage whatever. They were sold for paltry prices to go to Ireland, and every one knows what a brilliant success Gallinule has proved as a sire.

Golden Measure, who won the Great Ebor Handicap, was regarded as a really good thing for the Goodwood Plate, but he slipped up at the turn when he appeared to have the race well in hand. People who observed that tragical mishap, and had the wits to remember what they had seen, ought to have won some money at York. It is odd that Golden Measure has been repeatedly denounced as a rogue—but at York his finish with Mintagon was a most game one, and there was no sign of flinching or shirking. The running of Winwick at York proved plainly that Golden Measure ought to have won at Goodwood by many lengths. This horse is owned by Mr. Buchanan, who purchased the beautiful domain of Lavington, between Petworth and Goodwood, a few years ago from Mr. Reginald Wilberforce. Lavington was long owned by the Sargents, and Mrs. Samuel Wilberforce (wife of the Bishop) was the heiress of that family.

Forty yearlings have been engaged in next year's July Stakes at Newmarket, and this race can only be regarded as a wonderful success, considering that it is merely a sweepstakes of £50 each, £30 forfeit, so that the liability is £30 on every entry, and the subscribers have only their own money to run for. The Duke of Portland has entered three, and his Majesty, Lord Derby, Sir R. Waldie-Griffith, Mr. J. H. Houldsworth, Major Loder, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Hall Walker, the Duke of Westminster, and Lord Wolverton have each two engaged. It is the extremity of folly not to have long ago added a clause inflicting penalties for winners to the conditions of this race—say the same as in the New Stakes at Ascot. It is simply idiotic to let the Ascot winners start for the July Stakes without any extra weight, and in three seasons out of four this blunder kills the race. There are forty-four entries for the Chesterfield Stakes, which is a sweepstake of £30 each, £20 forfeit. Lord Rosebery is the only owner with three entries, and one of his lot is a half-sister, by St. Frusquin, to Traquair. The owners with two entries each are his Majesty, Lord Derby, Lord Sefton, Lord Wolverton, Sir R. Waldie-Griffith, Mr. Neumann, Mr. Houldsworth, Mr. Hall Walker, and Mr. Basset. There are sixty-one entries for the Spring Two-year-old Stakes (to run at next year's Second Spring Meeting), so instead of there being £200 added, as stated, the amount really given is £17, for there is an entrance of £3. The Hastings Plate for 1908 and the Zetland Plate for 1908 have done better than could have been expected, considering the hopelessly unattractive pecuniary conditions. The Boscawen Post Stakes of £100 each (to run in 1908) has obtained twelve subscribers, and there are nine to the Royal Post Sweepstakes for 1909.

Sixty-three yearling fillies have been entered for the Coronation Stakes at Ascot for 1908, which is a huge subscription, considering that the race is a sweepstakes of £100 each, half forfeit, with only £300 added, while £400 is divided between second and third. The King has four entries, and Lord Derby, Duke of Portland, Major Loder, Mr. W. Hall Walker, and Mr. J. B. Joel have three each. There are forty-four entries for the St. James's Palace Stakes for 1908, a race with the same pecuniary conditions as the Coronation Stakes. The Duke of Portland has engaged four yearlings, and his Majesty, the Duke of Westminster, and Mr. W. Hall Walker have three each.

The Duke of York Handicap of £2,000 at Kempton Park (to be run on Saturday, October 6) has twice failed to fill, and is now reopened with precisely the same conditions. The managers of the meeting must be exceedingly sanguine people to expect that fifty entries will be forthcoming at the third time of asking, when the required number has not been obtained after two appeals. It would have been much wiser for them to recognise the depressed state of the entry market (so far as handicaps are concerned) and to stipulate for forty entries only.

Next Tuesday is a most important nomination day, numerous races then closing at Newmarket, Chester, Doncaster, Hurst Park, Kempton Park, Gatwick, Goodwood, Lingfield Park, Liverpool, Manchester, Newbury, Newcastle, Sandown Park, and York. There is only one race at Goodwood, which is the Gordon Stakes of £1,000 for 1908, for now yearlings, the course being the Old Mile. As the minor forfeit is only £1 there ought to be a large entry for this stake.

The Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire need not be thought of until after the acceptances have been published, and no attention should be paid to the early betting on these handicaps.

Lord Falmouth did not send his dark colt, St. Martin (own brother to Quintessence) to Derby, probably fearing the hard ground, which prevented this animal from starting both at Ascot and at Goodwood.

There were twelve starters for the two-year-old heat of the Champion Breeders' Biennial Foal Stakes, but only Linacre and Varra Weel were backed in earnest, and they had the finish to themselves, the colt winning in a canter. Last year Black Arrow cantered away with this race, and Spearmint finished second. I do not fancy that there was a future classic race winner in last week's field.

On Wednesday there were sixteen starters for the Devonshire Nursery, which was won easily at the finish by the colt by Amphion out of Claque. The Duke of Devonshire came over from Chatsworth to see him run, and was compensated for his disappointment on the previous day with Varra Weel. The performance was a very creditable one, as the Claque colt carried 9 st., and he was giving 20 lb. to the Miss Glendyne colt, who started favourite and finished third. Gingal and His Eminence were both well backed for the three-year-old heat of the Champion Breeders' Biennial Foal Stakes, and Buckminster carried a lot of money. I had expected Gingal to win this race, as the distance just suited him, but he only defeated Lord Howard de Walden's colt by a neck, and His Eminence lost the race through lack of stamina, as two hundred yards from home he appeared to have won safely. There was another large field (fifteen) for the Elvaston Nursery, and Tozer was, of course, made favourite after his prominent running at Gatwick on the previous Saturday. Tozer finally won by a neck from Tacitan, to whom he was giving a stone. Soliman's Way was a raging tip for this race, but she ran badly, and her previous form certainly did not recommend her. The Peveril of the Peak Plate brought out a field of ten, and Best Light was made a strong favourite, while there was also a lot of money for Certosa, who was given out to be as good as His Eminence over a mile. Lord Howard de Walden's filly was never dangerous, and Speculor, who is trained at Middleham, won cleverly from La Petite Dame after having made all the running. He ought to have started favourite, as on the Alexandra Park running he appeared certain to beat Best Light.

The most important race of last week was the Breeders' Foal Plate at Kempton Park on Friday. Long odds were betted on Galvani, and nothing else in the race appeared to be in the least degree fancied, 10 to 1 being freely offered, bar one. Last year this race resulted in a tragedy for plungers, as Black Arrow was bowled over by Lally, and on Friday there was a similar crash, as Bezonian, with 10 lb. the best of the weights, cleverly defeated the favourite. The winner was always going the best. Lord Rosebery's colt made an unsuccessful début in the Khedive Plate at the Newmarket Second July Meeting, and it was afterwards mentioned in TRUTH that there was a good excuse for Bezonian's defeat on that occasion, and that he would do better later on.

M. E. Blanc's Quadi Halfa, by Persimmon out of Yesterling, who was said to be the best two-year-old in his owner's stable, made an unsuccessful début at Longchamps in the Criterion Stakes, as Peronak (who was beaten by Sagamore at Deauville) defeated him by half a length. Quadi Halfa is an improving colt, and wants time. He has several engagements in England, including the Surrey Stakes of £2,500 at Gatwick next month and the Derby. M. Blanc won the Criterion for fillies with Helene, own sister to Adam and Ajax, who is entered for next year's Oaks.

There will be racing next week at Warwick, Yarmouth, Manchester, Hurst Park, and Ayr. The Little Breeders' Two-year-old Plate of £300 at Warwick may be won by Lord Derby's filly by Melange out of Jolly Jenny. There ought to be some good sport at Ayr, where the Western Meeting is this year combined with the Royal Caledonian Hunt Meeting. There are forty-eight acceptances for the Autumn Breeders' Foal Plate of £1,000 at Manchester, the best public form being represented by Lord Cadogan's colt, The Sun, who won at York the other day, and he has the benefit here of a breeding allowance of 13 lb.

LESSONS OF THE BOAT RACE.

Boat-racing means something more than winning or losing a race. It stands for good fellowship. So said Filley, the Harvard captain, in a little speech of excellent brevity and good taste in replying to his crew's health. The intensity with which he expressed the pious regrets of his crew was delightful, and an example of direct narration which might command the attention of the public orator of either University. If I mistake not, that young man will go some little way in years to come. The visits of Yale and Harvard in athletics, the competition for the Dwight-Davis Lawn Tennis Bowl, and the trip of Yale to Henley did something to remove mutual prejudices and differences. Harvard has done something more. She has actually wiped the slate clean. This was no light task for the representatives of either University. One knows that in the history of our own Inter-University rowing and other sports breezes have from time to time arisen that have not been altogether pleasant. Certainly the chief aim and object of all rowing men was to make the visit of Harvard as pleasant as possible. But that they should have been able to come over here and transplant the whole machinery of their methods of training without treading on anybody's toes shows tact and discretion of a valuable kind. Indeed, they blended with us wonderfully. They had a little to put up with. They were criticised by expert oarsmen, who told them of all the things they were leaving undone that they ought to do. Their boat, their oars, their slides, their arms, their legs were all wrong at one time or another. This criticism may have amused them, and whatever else it did do I know not, but I confess it would have irritated me had I been in their places. However, all these things are past, and the race has made for good fellowship.

I have not the least doubt that great authorities will proceed to lecture us—at least, two have lectured me—on the lessons that are to be learned from the race. First will be the uselessness of the professional coach. The man who has never rowed in such a class of race can never train a crew. I know that ninety per cent. of those who have rowed cannot coach, and never try to, while of the balance the majority are bigger failures than successes. Then it will be said that they were handicapped by their boat, and that the English style was vindicated. Really, my very learned expositor, I am delighted with you. The sublime simplicity with which you argue from the particular to the general is surprising. The jump is as fatal as it seems easy. Consider one moment. Would not the Harvard crew have beaten either University crew that rowed last year? Would not the Harvard crew have beaten this year's Oxford crew? "Yes" will be the answer to both these questions. Where, then, is the disadvantage of the professional coach? But Cambridge was not a very fine crew. Let it be admitted. At the same time, it was a very fair specimen of a fair winning crew with a stroke and seven and coxswain good enough for any crew that ever rowed. It was pushed over the whole course. If Stuart had not got a winning lead by getting very finely off his mark, he might well have

been rowed down. I have scarcely ever seen a winning crew so rowed out at the finish as Cambridge were, and certainly I have never seen a crew that won by two lengths so cooked at the finish. To be pushed in this way over the whole course by a crew that kept its form and was not nearly so done up shows that one crew had for a portion of the race more pace than the other, which could plod with greater staying power. The mistake may be in the style that is taught. But that the style was well taught, that the men were physically fit, shows that it is utter twaddle to say that the race showed the danger of having a professional coach. On the contrary, as a mere abstract proposition the advantages of the system seem paramount. Under no system that we practise, either at Oxford or Cambridge, would it have been possible for a University crew that had been chopped and changed about as Harvard had been (in fact, it was only together eleven days before the race) to have rowed as well and kept together as they did. If Cambridge had changed as often I do not think the Light Blues would have had an earthly chance of winning. Really, these American methods are not so very rotten. If, then, it was the boat that handicapped them, what discount are you going to allow on that score? That was not the fault of the coach or his teaching. The worse the boat, the better the coach. Mr. G. Nickalls, in the *Morning Post*, says they lost lengths and lengths by their boat. They only lost by two lengths.

To put the matter very briefly I have said that Cambridge were rowed out. They were pushed, and this was because Scott had taken the Americans' water and there was the fear of a final American rush. There was one, but this flurried neither Stuart nor the men behind him. I do consider that the race was a vindication of the English as opposed to the American style of rowing. The Cambridge men averaged three pounds a man lighter than their opponents, their coxswain was over a stone and a half more heavy, and their boat was a stone heavier. In addition, their number four, a heavy man, was far from well, and though he kept his form and rowed most pluckily he was quite done up by Barnes Bridge. His health had been bad for some time. I do not think that the Harvard men with their style would have lived with Cambridge to Hammersmith or have led there with any chance of finishing. They would have cracked. On the other hand, they can well plug at their own gait and put in splendid spurts at the finish. But their style does not permit them to go at racing speed from start to finish. It does not permit them to row themselves dead and keep their form to the finish. Furthermore, I should like to know, as a matter of interest, how their arms felt at the end. There is with the English swing a strain on the abdominal muscles that is wanting in the American style. On their long slides they can sit up and look very fit at the finish. The Belgians did at Henley. The arms that are being rested do not show signs of collapse.

The lessons that are to be drawn from the race show that the English style is the better, but that if the Harvard men adopted it, and applied their own methods of training and teaching and practising, they would maintain a standard of University rowing considerably higher than that which prevails as a rule at either Oxford or Cambridge. There would be none of those waves of good and bad rowing that we see at home. There would be no cultivating the eccentric features of some crack oarsmen rowing at the expense of what is essential. There would be no idiots preaching that swinging was unnecessary. There would be no aged oarsmen permitted to come up and air their fads and experiment either on College or University crews. The American University would take the best, keep the best, and the men would be brought up to that standard. At present our men must learn to reach out well to their work, and get a good beginning. They have not forgotten to use their legs. From the Americans they can pick up wrinkles as to keenness, thoroughness, and physical culture. A finer set of men never sat as a crew than sat in the Harvard shell, and a better set of sportsmen and good fellows never represented an American University in this country. They have taught us a lot. May they learn nothing from us!

It may as well be noted for the public benefit that there were not even any medals given after the dinner. The room was not draped with English and American flags. The International note was not struck. They were just men from two Universities with a fair sprinkling of Oxford men dining together. It would be impossible to arrange these races annually. The incentive of pots, and bowls, and challenge cups, and challenge shields are not needed. Such gauds are, in fact, a nuisance and induce rivalry rather than chivalry.

The race was rowed before a record crowd of spectators. Both sides of the river were crowded, and veterans who professed that as many used to come to see the boat races in the sixties were soon cross-examined out of court. In those days the people could not have got there. It was practically impossible to estimate the numbers. Anything from 500,000 to a million, said some one. There were certainly three times as many people as ever have seen the Oxford and Cambridge race in the last thirty years. The volume of cheering was tremendous, for it was a race all the way. Stuart got the lead in the first stroke. He was never headed. Scott steered a lovely course. Filley never called on his men for an effort below Hammersmith, and so the Cantabs had a breather. Once above Thornycroft's the Americans raised their stroke with little effect on their pace. At the brewery at Mortlake they wound up with a fine spurt which seemed the faster as Cambridge were easing off.

Let me correct the quaint impression that the Cambridge crew all learned to row as schoolboys. Only six and seven had rowed at school. Stuart began on the tideway after leaving school. The rest began on the Cam.

MAMMON.

Stock Markets Mostly Dull—America Buying Gold—Dearer Money Prospects—Home Rails Weak.

OUTSIDE American Rails, the Stock Markets are decidedly inactive, and for the moment the chances do not seem to be in favour of any considerable accession of business. The heavy withdrawal of gold from the Bank for the United States has had a depressing effect on gilt-edged securities and Home Rails, and its influence is manifesting itself in other departments. In four days last week the United States bought eagles amounting in the aggregate to nearly £2,000,000, and Egypt withdrew £370,000 on Saturday. For its last purchase of eagles the States paid 76s. 8¾d. per oz., but, as this enhanced price is not likely to check further withdrawals, an advance in the Bank rate to 4 per cent. is regarded as a by no means improbable event on Thursday next. A further £202,000 was bought for export to the United States on Monday. The incipient boom in Rhodesians has petered out to a very large extent, prices having frittered away, but a strenuous attempt is being made to hoist Tanganyika shares to a higher level. This attempt may succeed, but as there does not appear to be anything in particular to "go for," the public should be very chary about touching them. The carry-over rate on Tanganyikas on Monday was very stiff, being generally 9 to 10 per cent., but in some cases as much as 1s. 6d. per share, or more than 20 per cent., was charged, the idea being not to encourage weak holders by giving facilities for continuing the shares. There are far better bargains to be picked up in Kaffirs at present prices, and in the existing monetary situation some desirable purchases might be made in gilt-edged securities and foreigners. Quotations are in many cases at an attractive level, and they will most assuredly be on the up grade immediately the money stringency is relieved. The export of gold to the United States is responsible for

the weakness developed in Home Rails since last week, but this market should not be neglected by the investor on that account. Prices have fallen away, and the opportunity to get in at reduced values should not be lost sight of.

British Government Stocks—Fall in Russians—Japanese Steady—Cedulas Easier—Peruvians Improve.

British Government securities have suffered from the withdrawal of gold for export to the United States, investors scenting an advance in the Bank rate provided there is no improvement in monetary conditions. Consols are down to 86⅜, which is getting towards the lowest point touched for two years, and other investment stocks have been similarly prejudiced. The chief movement among Foreigners has been a decline in Russians, the Fours falling to 71½ and the 5 per cent. of 1906 to 11⅝ discount. Japanese are steady, with the new 6 per cent. rather higher at 103½, and South Americans have come in for a little attention. Cedulas, however, after improving, close a shade easier at 24⅛, but Port of Buenos Ayres are ½ higher. Peruvians had a slight spurt all to themselves on Saturday, it being understood that the new loan of three millions for railway construction had been sanctioned, but Argentine Fours of 1898 fell ¼. Mexican of 1899 shed ½, Uruguay 3½ per cents. and Guatemala were lower, while Colombia gained a trifle.

Home Rails Flat—Exaggerated Labour Fears—Good Traffics and Bright Trade Outlook—Scottish Dividend Announcements — "Berwicks" — Great Central Preferred.

From sheer lack of business the Home Railway market has once again been in a very despondent mood. Investment purchases proceed quietly, but not on a large enough scale to affect speculative realisations. These latter have been prompted by a renewed scare about labour. This has been the bugbear of the market throughout the year, and has quite wiped away the advantages of higher dividends. However, well-informed people do not regard the labour threats as anything serious. To begin with, the number of railway servants who are members of trade unions is very limited—not more than 10 per cent. In the next place, railway employment is much sought after, and if any men were foolish enough to strike they would speedily find their places filled. For the most part the labour is unskilled. The wages for such labour are good, and hours much shorter than a few years ago. Advantages other than wages are liberal. Cheap cottages, uniforms, regular employment, holiday allowances, very cheap fares for the men and their families—these are some of the advantages enjoyed apart from wages. All railway work is not unskilled, however—that of the engine-driver, for instance—and in such cases the wages paid are specially good. The class of men employed is as a rule good. They are sober, intelligent, and saving. Indeed, the large sums deposited in the savings banks are evidence of both the desire and the ability to save. If they show a desire to obtain higher wages, they only reflect the universal craving of humanity. And to do even the railway servants' unions justice, their bark is very much worse than their bite, and they must laugh up their sleeves at the stir they have created among railway shareholders. If they do not wish to scare British capital abroad, to their own undoing, however, the leaders of the men might walk a little more warily with advantage. With one or two exceptions the latest traffic returns were again excellent, and now that the holidays are practically over, the goods and mineral carrying lines should make a good showing, even allowing that there were good increases last year. Trade prospects are uniformly good throughout the country. The August Board of Trade returns show an improvement of £2,031,000 in imports and £3,975,000 in exports —excellent for a holiday month. Four Scottish dividends were announced in the past week. All gave satisfaction save that of the Caledonian. That company will pay only 3¾ per cent. per annum upon its Ordinary stock, the same as a year ago, and the balance forward is also reduced by £10,000. This is undoubtedly discouraging. The only explanation that can be found for the failure of the Ordinary stockholders to share in the increased receipts is that £28,000 additional had to be provided in the half-year for dividend on the latest issue of Convertible Preference. The Glasgow and South-Western has done better. It will pay ¼ per cent. per annum more upon its Deferred Ordinary stock, raising the dividend to 1¾ per cent., both for the year and the half-year. The yield on this stock is as much as 4⅜ per cent. at the present price of 41. On Thursday last the North British dividend was notified at the same rate as a year ago—namely, only 1½ per cent. per annum upon the Deferred. In view of the large growth in gross receipts, I can only assume that the Board has displayed still further marked conservatism in the distribution of profits, a point on which the accounts will doubtless throw much light. It is very probable that the recent fall in Rails generally has been brought about by "Bear" sales, and with even small investment purchases going on, "real" stock is none too plentiful. Real holders who have stuck through thick and thin to their Home Railway stocks are certainly not going to part with them at these prices, especially with general conditions constantly improving. Where can they obtain yields of 4 to 4½ per cent., and even more, with equally good security and prospects? Whilst I adhere to the view that practically all the dividend-paying stocks quoted at under 50 are far too low, and are excellent speculative investments, the "Heavy" stocks are also worth attention. Especially do I think "Berwicks" are too low. The current annual dividend is 5¾ per cent., and the yield over 4⅛ per cent. For only nine weeks the line has accumulated a gross increase of £122,000, and a gross increase of not less than £300,000 may be expected. The present price is practically the lowest of the year, and its prospects are among the best. The liberality of its maintenance and renewal expenditure would astonish even those who are accustomed to rave about American railroad conservatism. Another stock of a more speculative character, but well worth attention, is Great Central Six per Cent. Preferred Ordinary. The stock, too, is quoted at about the lowest of the present year, and has recently fallen several points. The Great Central line is still doing an increasing business. Its gross increase in receipts is already about £40,000. It may be remarked that the stock ranking immediately ahead of the Six per Cent. Preferred is the Five per Cent. Preference, 1894, and that is quoted at 80, or about 44 points above the Preferred. As a "lock-up," the latter has distinct attractions at anything under 40. Traffic on the London Extension is still steadily expanding, and that will ensure good gross receipts for a long time to come.

Home Rails.	A Year Ago.	Make up, Aug. 28.	Closing Price, Sept. 1.	Closing Price, Sept. 8.	Movement.
Caledonian Pref.	80¼	77	77½	76½	— ⅜
Do. Def.	35⅞	35⅜	35	32½	—2⅜
City and S. London	41	45	45	44½	— ½
Central London	91	85½	86	86	—
Great Central 94 Pref.	67	—	80	80	—
Do. "B"	32½	38¼	38½	36⅜	—1½
Do. "A"	17	17¼	17½	17½	— ¼
Great Eastern	83⅞	84½	83½	82½	—1½
Great Northern Pref.	99½	100⅜	100½	100½	—
Do. Def.	37	47⅝	47½	46	—1½
Great Western	137½	131	130⅜	129½	—1½
Hull and Barnsley	44½	48¼	48½	48	— ⅜
Lancashire and Yorkshire	105½	103⅜	104	103½	— ½
London and Brighton "A"	122	120	118	117½	— ⅜
London, Chatham, and Dover	16	15⅛	15	14⅜	— ⅜
Do. 4½ p.c. Pref.	97	92	92	89	—2
Do. 2nd Pref.	58	58	58	56	—2
London and North-Western	154xd	155	154½	153	—1½
London and South-Western Def.	55¾	49½	50	49½	— ½
Metropolitan Consolidated	92	65¾	64	64	—
Metropolitan District	26	23	23½	23½	—
Midland Pref.	69	68	66½xd	66	— ½
Do. Def.	65⅜	68½	66½xd	65½	—1
North British 3 p.c. Pref.	80½	76⅜	76½	76½	— ½
Do. Def.	45½	44½	44½	43½	— ⅜
North-Eastern Consolidated	138¾	140½	140	138½	—1½
South-Eastern "A"	55	52	51½	49½	— ½

How to Operate in Stocks Successfully.—See Halford's Adviser (post free).—Palmerston House, London, E.C. Established 1869. Telegrams: "Monitor, London."

Americans Still Strong—Bryanism and Bank Statements Without Much Effect—Gold Imports—The Baltimore and Ohio Rise—Will There be Further Dividend Increases?—Norfolk Dividend and Capital.

American optimism seems proof against ordinary "Bear" points. Bryanism and the rise in call money has on balance had practically no effect. Mr. Bryan's speech in re-opening his campaign is generally regarded, even by some of his keenest supporters, as having fallen flat. Besides, it contained nothing alarming so far as Wall Street is concerned. Even the suggested nationalisation of American railroads would have no terrors for the railroad magnates. Apart from the obvious folly of the suggestion, the "bosses" would certainly not come off second best in the remote event of a "deal" with the Government. The Bank statement on September 1 showed that the surplus reserve declined by only $1,420,000. During the past week several large gold imports have come to the rescue, and on 5th inst. it was notified that on and after 10th inst. Secretary Shaw will facilitate the importation of gold. Thus the confident belief that the Secretary for the Treasury means to do what he can to prevent extreme stringency is further strengthened. The Bank return published on 8th inst. showed a further reduction of $9,457,000, and there is now a deficit of $6,582,000 in the Associated Banks' reserve. Certainly, apart from money dangers, the situation in the United States is prosperous enough to satisfy the most exacting. The existing situation from a "Bull" standpoint is thus summarised by an American authority:—First, a bumper wheat crop, agreed upon by all authorities as the greatest in the country's history. Second, a large corn crop, which promises to be one of the record crops of American production. Third, the greatest railroad earnings known, the net increase for the fiscal year as shown by fifty-three roads being 21.34 per cent. Fourth, bank clearings for the seven months of 1906 in the principal American cities aggregating $91,216,000,000, compared with $81,475,000,000 for the previous year, a gain of nearly 10 billions, or 12 per cent. Fifth, the greatest recorded volume of internal commerce as shown by the grain and live stock receipts and by lake and rail tonnage. Sixth, the heaviest volume of iron and steel production on record. This is certainly an imposing catalogue. But so good is it that there appears no room for anything—save reverses. That is the one grave danger that American market operators must allow for. Prosperity on the present unrivalled scale cannot be guaranteed for an indefinite period; on the contrary, it may be safely assumed to encounter checks sooner or later. There has been little sign of hesitation during the past week to accept the present situation as permanent. Union Pacifics crossed 200 for the first time on record, and Milwaukees have been partly recovering the recent deduction on account of dividend and the stock issue bonus. A sharp advance in Baltimore and Ohios took place on the report that the Pennsylvania Railroad had disposed of a large block of stock acquired some years ago. These shares were bought by the Pennsylvania Company when the "community of interest" principle was in its infancy, and this large holding gave that company the voice in the management which it needed. The sale will give the Pennsylvania ample funds, and also a large profit on the original purchase. But it can scarcely be regarded as a "Bull" point for Baltimores. However, irrespective of this reported "deal," Baltimore and Ohio shares are undoubtedly cheap as contrasted with the price level of most American shares, receiving, as they do, a 6 per cent. dividend, and earning considerably more. The possible increase in railroad and other dividends is being dangled before the eyes of speculators. Undoubtedly the possession of present ample margins of profit, over and above current dividend rates, gives the magnates considerable liberty in the matter of further augmentation of distribution. But there are a good many reasons why higher dividends should be doled out sparingly. However, the necessities of supporting the "Bull" campaign may have to be considered. Among increases still discussed are the Atchison, Pennsylvania, Louisville, and Norfolk. In each case higher rates might be paid, and may be forthcoming in the next few months; but it would be well not to pitch expectations too high. The Norfolk and Western is among those which, I believe, will raise its distribution, say, from 4 to 5 per cent. This may be done in order to facilitate the new capital issue which is contemplated. At the meeting called for October 11 proposals will be submitted to create $34,000,000 of Common stock and $34,000,000 of bonds convertible into Common stock. In a circular pointing out the increased capital requirements of the railway, President L. E. Johnston shows that between 1898 and 1906 the gross earnings rose by 154 per cent., and the surplus overcharged by 552 per cent. This record certainly seems to justify further capital expenditure. Low-priced shares certainly seemed to have lagged behind of late. But some of these are well worth attention. Eries have been forging ahead on the belief that the road will be utilised by Mr. Harriman in order to obtain an outlet to the Atlantic. Southern and Missouris also appear relatively attractive.

—	1905. Highest.	1905. Lowest.	Closing Price, Aug. 25, 1906.	Closing Price, Sept. 1, 1906.	Closing Price, Sept. 8, 1906.
Atchison	96	80¼	107⅜	109⅝	111½
Do. Five per Cent. Pref.	109	102	105½	105	105¼
Baltimore and Ohio Com.	120½	104⅛	121⅜	121⅝	124½
Chesapeake and Ohio	61½	46⅜	64½	66½	65⅜
Denver	40½	27⅜	46½	45	44½
Do. Pref.	93⅞	85⅜	89½	89½	89
Erie	54½	38⅜	48⅜	47⅜	48½
Do. First Pref.	87½	77⅜	81xd	81	81
Louisville	161½	140½	156½	154	153
Milwaukee	193⅜	173⅜	200	183xd & r	186
Mo., Kan., and Texas	39⅞	24⅛	38½	37	37½
Norfolk Pref.	96½	94	95	95	94½
Do. Common	90⅞	77⅜	95½	96½	96½
New York Central	169⅜	140½	148	148	149⅜
Ontario	65½	41⅞	49⅜	51½	51⅝
Pennsylvania	76⅜	67½	74	73½	73⅜
Reading	73⅜	40⅞	73⅛	70½	73½
Do. First Pref.	49⅜	46	48½	47½	47½
Southern Common	39⅞	28⅜	40⅜	39½	39
Do. Pref.	104½	97½	103	103½	103½
Southern Pacific	74	59⅜	96½	93½	94⅛
Union Pacific	155⅜	116⅞	195½	197½	198½
Do. Pref.	102⅜	93½	98	98	98
Wabash Pref.	49⅜	37½	48	47	47
Do. "B" Debentures	86⅜	69½	85	83½	83½
U.S. Steel Corp. Com.	44½	26	49	47½	48⅜
Do. Do. Pref.	110¼	93⅜	111⅜	110½	110⅜

Canadas Erratic but Firm on the Whole—Grand Trunk Traffics and Profits—Mexican Rails Good—Havanas and Manilas.

Canadian Pacifics have been active with reactions on profit-taking followed by a strong recovery. They very quickly recovered the dividend of $3 deducted last account day, and have since scored a new high record price, allowing for that deduction. They are still confidently talked considerably higher. It has been calculated that the land account surplus, the railway surplus, and the unsold land together represent an amount equal to the par value of the common stock, and the figures in the accounts support this view. So the present market premium on the shares represents all that is commanded in market value for a railway which during 1905-6 earned 12 per cent. upon the entire common stock. Obviously this is ridiculously cheap, especially as the continued prosperity of Canada ensures good business for the railway for some time to come. The traffic return for the last ten days of August was again a "bumper." The increase in gross receipts was $423,000, making a total increase since July 1 of $2,639,000—at the rate of not much less than 30 per cent. There was an addition to the mileage open of 224 miles, but that is only 2½ per cent., this system now extending for nearly 8,800 miles, most of it located in

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districts still undergoing rapid development. Apart from anything that might be done with the land, therefore, it appears that the present price is more than justified. The Grand Trunk also still piles up excellent gross traffics. The return for the last ten days of August was delayed for a day on account of Labour Day; but it proved to be none the worse for keeping. The increase for the ten days was £24,063, or about double the general estimates, and the main line alone contributed nearly £16,000. This brings the gross increase for two months up to £157,000. Recollections of the disappointing July working statement prevent anything like enthusiasm regarding these excellent returns. But it is hoped that the next return will be more acceptable to the junior stock-holders. Truth to tell, there cannot be too great conservatism so far as the Ordinary stock is concerned, and that fact will presently be more generally recognised. Including its large Ordinary stock, the Grand Trunk is still over-capitalised, but it is less so to-day than at any previous period of its history, thanks to ten years of ultra-conservatism. And to-day the ordinary stock represents the reversion to not merely the profits of the Grand Trunk, but to those of the Grand Trunk Pacific as well. Mexican Rails have been good again on the traffic increase of $8,700 for the last ten days of August, the total take being a specially heavy one. Inter-oceanic issues have also been in request, and particularly the 7 per cent. Preferred shares. These are £10 shares, and have arrears accumulated in their favour of about £10 per share. Their total amount is only £1,000,000, and in the event of a reorganisation of the capital their arrears might be capitalised, to the great advantage of holders. The receipts of this line are expanding in a very healthy fashion. The increase for the last ten days of August was $15,600, making $76,200 since July 1 last. The accounts for 1905-6 are expected to be presented in November, and it is probable that steps will shortly be taken to reorganise the capital. The first step will be to give notice of repayment to the 7 per cent. "B" Debenture stock, which may be done at 120 plus accrued interest. United of Havana stock fluctuates within narrow limits, responding quickly to any improved reports from Cuba. Certainly the traffics seem to be fairly good, and the latest shows an advance of £3,331, which does not suggest that up to the present the revolution has done the railway any harm. That other American Colonial railway, the Manila, has shown rather better traffics, and prices are steady. The reorganisation scheme promised for "after the holidays" is being awaited with some anxiety, especially by holders of the 6 per cent. Debenture stock. If justice be done this stock should be worth £150, seeing that it is an absolute Debenture with 90 per cent. of accrued interest.

—	A Year Ago.	Make-up Aug. 28.	Closing Price, Sept. 8.
Canadian Pacific	169½	175	183
Grand Trunks	25⅝	28½	28⅞
" 4 per cent. Guaranteed	104½	104½	104½
" 1st Preference	114½	122½	122½
" 2nd "	106½	114	114½
" 3rd "	69⅝	69	68½
Bengal and North-West	157½	147½	146½
Madras Railway 5 per cent.	126	123½	123
Argentine Great Western Ordinary	122½	118½	120
Buenos Ayres and Pacific	134½	127¾	123
" " 1st Preference	115½	118	118½
" " 2nd "	110	110	110
" Great Southern	143½	138	139
" Western	136½	133¾	135
Entre Rios Railway Preference	92½	87½	88
Rosario Consolidated Ordinary	111	117	117
Cent. Uruguay Ordinary	86½	87½	87½
Costa Rica Railway	2⅝	2⅝	29
Mashonaland Railway Debentures, 2nd iss.	—	92½	92
Mexican Railway	24¾	26	28
" 1st Preference	115½	132½	134¾
" 2nd "	47½	56½	59¾
Nitrate Rails	15½	14½	14¾

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Kaffir Liquidation—Rhodesians Fluctuate—Amalgamation Rumours—A Denial—Premier Diamonds—Rand Progress—Record Gold Output.

There has been a considerable amount of liquidation in South Africans, and, consequently, the market has been dull and heavy, the only gleam of hope coming from a little firming-up of prices towards the close as a preliminary to the carry-over. The selling came chiefly from Paris, which bought largely during the recent upward movement, and Germany; but there was also some off-loading on Home and Cape accounts. Among the few active Rhodesians there has been a great deal of fluctuation, notably in Tanganyikas, which, after touching 8¼, fell back to 6½, and recovered to 7⅛, and in Zambesias, Bankets and Northern Coppers. It is said that the sudden drop in Tanganyikas has had the effect desired by those who engineered the rise of eliminating the weak element, and everything is now reported to be in trim for a further advance, provided the patience of certain members of the "pool" to finger some of their profits is not put to too severe a test. As the result of negotiations in Brussels between Mr. Robert Williams (representing the Tanganyika Concessions and the Benguella Railway Company), and Baron Baeyens (Governor of the Société Générale), and M. Droogmans (representing the Congo State and the Special Katanga Committee) it has been agreed to form a mineral company with a large capital, half of which will be guaranteed by the Société Générale and the other half by the Tanganyika group. Under the financial arrangements negotiated by them the directors of the Tanganyika Concessions have accepted an offer to underwrite £2,000,000 Five per Cent. Debentures, convertible for five years into shares of Tanganyika Concessions, Limited, at £8 per share. A report which was put in circulation to the effect that the Knights Central was to be closed down brought forth an official denial, and caused the shares to recover to 1 5-16, but they are still to the bad on the week. So far from the mine suspending operations, it appears to be making splendid progress, development work proceeding with satisfactory results. Although no official confirmation is yet to hand, there is good reason to believe that an important deep level scheme is about to be inaugurated on the Rand. Report has it that several deep level Companies in the vicinity of the Simmer and Jack Proprietary Mines' property, some of them, in fact, being on its immediate dip, are to be amalgamated. As yet no details are forthcoming, but it is probable that the South Geldenhuis Deep, South Rose Deep, Rand Victoria Mines, and Rand Victoria East will be formed into one Company, and that there will subsequently be a fusion of the Jupiter, Simmer and Jack West, and a portion of the Rand Mines Deep. Those most largely interested in the properties concerned are stated to be in favour of the scheme, which, bearing in mind that if carried out it will result in very great economies in shaft-sinking, equipment, working costs and management, has much to commend it. The scheme is much liked in the market, where it is considered that the accumulation of favourable factors must lead in the near future to the investing public evincing a greater interest in South Africans. It may be pointed out that the £1 shares of the Rand Mines Deep, one of the properties mentioned as likely to participate in the amalgamation scheme referred to above, now stand at ¾ ⅞ as against nearly £5 four years ago. Of its original working capital of £300,000 it still had £285,000 in hand when its last balance-sheet was issued a year ago, and when the meeting takes place in Johannesburg a week or two hence, it will probably be found that it has not materially diminished since that date. Mr. J. B. Robinson, the South African millionaire who controls the influential Randfontein group of mines, is evidently of opinion that the labour difficulty is by way of being solved, and also that better times are in store for the mining industry, as he is credited with the intention on his arrival in Johannesburg next month to proceed with the formation of half a dozen Randfontein subsidiaries. Now that Mr. Robinson's group has

obtained licences to recruit labourers independently in Portuguese East Africa, and as several other companies are doing similarly on their own account, the sufficiency of the native supply will soon be brought to a test. An adequate supply of natives would remove the necessity for importing coolie labour, and would be a strong "Bull" point for Kaffirs. Some stimulus will be given to the market if, as is expected from the returns of gold and profits already to hand, the August output for the Rand proves to be a record one. In Diamond shares, De Beers have kept fairly steady, but Premiers had a sharp set-back — which has since been partially recovered—on the publication of the monthly return for August, showing 104,809 carats from 411,807 loads of mine ground and 68,048 loads of overburden. Too much importance should not be attached to the lower yield for last month, as that is attributable to the large amount of overburden treated. The value of the output is nearly 50 per cent. higher than the July return, and a further improvement may be looked for. Important experiments, which are reported to be highly successful, are being conducted in the treatment of the hard blue ground, which is artificially weathered by means of a solution. The process is stated to possess the merits of being easy, quick, and cheap. The New Vaal River Diamond and Exploration Company have located 200,000 claims of diamondiferous alluvial ground on their property situated on the banks of the Vaal River, about thirty miles from Kimberley. A diamond boom is in progress in Johannesburg, despite the severe depression alleged to be existing there, and numerous properties of "sorts" have been promoted, shares in which have been run up to giddy heights. The gold output of the Transvaal for the month of August, which was announced on Monday evening, totalled 509,115 oz., of the value of £2,162,583. This constitutes a record, being an increase of 17,322 oz. in weight and £73,579 in value as compared with the previous highest for July.

Although for the moment Kaffirs are inactive and receive but scant attention, there are several outstanding features of a most hopeful character, which must sooner or later compel recognition on the part of the investing public. In the first place every one of the seventy odd producing Companies on the Rand is being worked at a profit, and, judging by the returns for the expired eight months of the present year, the total dividend distributions for 1906 is not likely to be less than £6,000,000—a million sterling in excess of last year's dividends—or approximately 25 per cent. of the value of the gold yield. This estimate is based on the actual results that are being obtained by the mines, and time will prove that, if it errs at all, it errs in being too conservative rather than on the side of exaggeration. Apart from the much-vexed question of labour, the great Rand industry was never in such a sound economic position as it occupies to-day. Progress is being made on every hand, economy is the order of the day in every department of mining, and the conditions prevailing are of such a satisfactory character that even the most pessimistic of critics experience a difficulty in finding something new to cavil at. Leaving the question of profits, the next satisfactory feature to be noticed is that of ore reserves. Shareholders naturally view increasing profits with a favourable eye, but it is of the utmost importance that these should not be obtained at the expense of a mine's future. Speaking generally, it cannot be charged against the management of Rand mines that present results are obtained by unfair working. An analysis of the monthly and quarterly reports dealing with the operations of the various Companies shows very clearly that, although the gold output and the profits are increasing, development work is by no means being neglected. Far from this being the case, the ore reserves exposed, which must be regarded as a Company's principal asset, are continually being added to in the great majority of mines, the only exceptions possibly being the older outcrop properties whose period of existence is drawing to a close. Probably the least developed of the mines on the Rand have sufficient ore exposed to keep their mills going for two years, while some of the largest producers could supply their extensive reduction plants for from three to five years. The wisdom of this policy of increasing the ore reserves is beyond question; it is economically sound, as it places the mining industry on a firm basis, and enables all concerned to look ahead, study their prospects, and calculate their profits to a nicety. This brings me to the next point for consideration—the question of working costs. I have shown that the gold output, the profits, and the ore reserves in the mines of the Rand are increasing, and in this connection it is important to note that the expenses of winning the gold are decreasing. The introduction of tube mills and modern metallurgical appliances has not only had the result of lowering working costs, but it has made it possible to treat at a profit low-grade ore that was formerly ignored. In this and various other ways are working costs being reduced, and the importance of this lies not wholly in enhanced profits, but in the fact that a few shillings per ton knocked off expenses add many millions of tons of payable ore to the Rand. There are such great possibilities in connection with the question of the lessening of the cost of production, that it is highly probable that in the course of the next year there will be a further considerable reduction. The decentralisation of mine management and the amalgamation of mines that adjoin and can be conveniently and economically worked under one control are two points that are likely to lead to favourable results in the direction indicated. Hitherto the mines on the Rand have been controlled and virtually managed from a central office by various groups of financiers. That is to say, that if one financial house controlled twelve companies, each of the twelve mines would have a manager, but these would have little or no responsibility beyond the nominal management, the working of the mines being carried out under the supervision of the technical staff attached to the firm's central office. It has long been felt by practical men that this system has serious drawbacks, not the least being that the men who should know their mines the best, and who ought to have all the details of their work at their fingers' ends, really had little or no opportunity of showing their skill. Some time ago the General Mining and Finance Corporation, which controls a group of mines, decided to give decentralisation a trial, and so far the experiment appears to have been an unqualified success. The four producing mines of the group—Van Ryn, Meyer and Charlton, New Goch, and Roodepoort United—during July made an aggregate profit of £42,752 compared with £21,592 in January last. Taking the comparison further, it may be pointed out that whereas for the first quarter of this year the Van Ryn working expenses were 22s. 3d. per ton, for July they were 20s. 5d.; Meyer and Charlton, 22s. 4d. and 20s. 7d.; New Goch, 24s. 4d. in June, and 20s. 9d. in July; Roodepoort United, 31s. in May, and 25s. 2d. in July. The improvements in profits and in reduced working costs is somewhat remarkable, and as the controlling house expect to obtain still better results it may be taken that the case in favour of managerial decentralisation has been made out. At any rate, the result of the trial is in the desired direction, and it is really better than indicated above, as all expenses were charged to revenue, the capital accounts of all the producing mines of the General Mining and Finance Group having been closed. Further evidence might be adduced to show that the Rand industry is making substantial progress, and additional reasons could be advanced in support of the contention that an advance in Kaffir quotations is justified by results. When the shares of well-equipped and long-lived profitable mines are low the investor finds his opportunity, and by the exercise of a little discrimination it should be an easy matter to make a good selection of South Africans at the present ruling level of prices that would give a splendid return on the outlay, with the prospect of a considerable appreciation of share values. The deep level propositions more especially are deserving of attention, as all of them are increasing their profits, and, owing to the improving conditions, still better results may be confidently anticipated. There are a great many companies that one could recommend, but a few must suffice for the present. The shares of the Robinson Deep, which is the Rand's deepest, and will

soon be its biggest, producer, offer a sound mining investment, and among others mention may be made of Rose Deep, Knights Deep, Glen Deep, Village Main Reef, Witwatersrand Deep, Angelo, Cason, New Comet, and Van Ryn. All these mines have long lives, and judged by their performances and prospects they are sound going concerns. A reference to the appended list will show the changes during the week:—

—	Capitals. Authorised.	Capitals. Shares Issued.	Denom. of Shares.	Amount Paid.	Highest 1905.	Closing Price, Sept. 1 1906.	Closing Price, Sept. 8, 1906.
	£		£				
Bechuanaland Ex.	400,000	400,000	1	f.p.	1 1/32	25/32	25/32
British S. Africa	6,000,000	4,999,033	1	f.p.	1 5/32	1 3/32	1 3/32
Chicago Gaika	250,000	201,000	1	f.p.	2 3/8	—	8/-
Globe & Phœnix	200,000	250,000	1	f.p.	1 7/8	1 1/4	1 1/4
Lomagunda Dev	250,000	228,000	1	f.p.	2 1/16	1 1/32	1 1/32
Mashon. Agency	400,000	398,976	1	f.p.	1 3/8	5/8	5/8
N rth'rn Copper(B.S.A.)	250 000	160,500	1	f.p.	3 1/2	2 1/2	2
Rhodesia, Ltd.(New)..	600 000	600,000	1	f.p.	1	5/8	5/8
Rhodesia Expl.	225,000	227,777	1	f.p.	4 3/4	2 5/16	2 1/4
Rhodesia Glds.	1,000,000	500,677	1	f.p.	1/16	3/-	3/6
Rice Hamilton.....	175 000	50,000	1	f.p.	2 3/8	3/4	3/4
Selukwe	350 000	321,000	1	f.p.	1 1/8	5/-	4/6
Tanganyika Conc.	264 600	234,000	1	f.p.	6 3/4	7 1/4	7 1/8
United Rhodesia.....	750 000	660,900	1	f.p.	11/3	3/6	3/6
Willoughby Con.....	1,000,000	930,000	1	f.p.	15/16	12/6	10/-
Zambesia Explor.	300,000	288,645	1	f.p.	2 1/16	2 1/16	2 1/16

WESTRALIANS DULL—KALGURLIS STRONG—A 7S. 6D. DIVIDEND—ASSOCIATED AND FINGALLS EASIER.

There is nothing very exhilarating about the tone of Westralians, in which market there appears to be almost an utter absence of public support. Kalgurlis have been rather a feature, exhibiting considerable strength, and rising to 10¾. The Company announces a dividend of 7s. 6d. per share. Associated receded to 1⅝, and Fingalls weakened to 3 15-16. Oroyas, Great Boulders, and Hainaults are still something to the good on the account, but movements in other shares are too insignificant to notice. A cable received from Kalgurli makes an announcement which is calculated to have a great influence on the mine's future. It reads: "1,150 ft. level south drive off main west cross-cut boreholes east from 62 ft. south of cross-cut. The width of the ore is 32 ft., the average value 8 dwts. Borehole has holed through 1,150 ft. level south drive off main east cross-cut. Total added width of the ore is 91 ft., the average value 13 dwts." This looks as if important developments are taking place at Kalgurli, and in view of the extensive body of ore located, the shares cannot be considered dear at their present price. I also fancy Horseshoes, Great Boulders, and Hainaults, but while the public remains apathetic it is useless to expect a forward movement. The following table shows the changes on the week, such as they are:—

—	1900 High.	1905. High.	1905. Lowest.	Make-up, Aug 27, 1906.	Closing Price, Sept. 1, 1906.	Closing Price, Sept. 8, 1906.
Associated G.M.....	7⅛	8⅜	1 23/32	1 23/32	1 11/16	1 5/8
Assoc. Nth. Blocks	3⅛	1 7/16	1 3/16	1 1/2	1 1/8	1 1/8
Brownhill Ext.	3¾	13/16	7/8	9/6	9/6	9/6
Cosmopolitan.....	30/3	1/2	1/2	4/9	4/9	4/3
Golden Horseshoe.....	15	8 5/16	6 5/8	6¼	5 15/16	5⅝
Golden Link	3½	4/6	0/3	3/9	3/9	3 9
Great Boulder Prop.....	37/6	25/6	20/-	26/-	26/3	26/-
Do. Main Reef	2¾	3/3	1/-	2/6	2/-6	2/6
Do. Perseverance.....	13½	16/6	9/6	9/6	9/3	9/6
Gt. Fingall Cons.	6 1/16	8⅝	6½	4½	4½	4
Hainault	1¾	1 1/8	5/8	1 1/8	1 1/8	1 11/16
Ida H. Gold.....	—	14/3	3/-	4/6	4/6	4/9
Ivanhoe(£5)	15¼	8 7/16	7 5/16	7⅞	7⅞	6 15/16
Ivanhoe South Extnd.....	4⅛	¾	½	½	½	½
Kalgurli	9⅛	9⅜	6 1/16	10⅛	10⅜	10¾
Lake View Consols	5⅛	1⅞	11/16	15/16	15/16	15/16
L. & W. A. Exploration	1 1/16	15/6	7/-	9/6	9/6	9/-
North Kalgurli	1 1/16	6/-	0 6	1/-	1/-	1/-
Oroya Brownhill	—	3 3/8	2 1/16	2 13/16	2 3/32	3
Peak Hill	5⅛	8/9	0/3	1/-	1/-	-/9
Sons of Gwalia	6 1/16	2 1/8	1 27/32	1⅛	1⅛	1⅛
South Kalgurli	6½	2	15/16	1 1/16	1 1/16	1 1/16
Westralia Mt. Morgans.....	—	7/16	1/8	3/-	3/-	3/-

WEDDING PRESENTS.—A choice selection of beautiful Dinner and Dessert Services, Breakfast, Luncheon, and Tea Sets, exclusive designs. MORTLOCKS, LTD., the Old Pottery Galleries, Oxford-st., and Orchard st., W. Inspection solicited.

MISCELLANEOUS MINES—WEST AFRICANS IRREGULAR—ASHANTI GOLDFIELDS IMPROVE—COPPERS BETTER.

West Africans have moved somewhat irregularly. Akrokerris have been sold down to 20s. on the disappointing August output, and Broomassie, which suffered from a similar cause, have eased to 18s. With regard to the Akrokerri, the manager states that at the present time it is exceedingly difficult to maintain an average grade of ore for the mill, as the high grade stopes in the southern workings are now in the zone of very decomposed ground, and require such careful handling, and so much timbering, that it is impossible to take the ore out as rapidly as is necessary to obtain a proper grade. This information came by mail, but in a cable received a few days ago the manager reports that, provided there is no breakdown of the plant, he will be able to improve on the present returns. The excellent progress reported from the Ashanti Gold Fields advanced these shares sharply to 12s.; Wassaus are higher on the news that crushing was started on the first of the month, and African Gold Dredging have strengthened. Among Australasians Broken Hill Props. have been in good demand, and hardened to 3 15-16. It is stated that an offer of £3 per share for the 10,000 unissued shares of the Broken Hill North has been accepted. There has been nothing doing in Deep Leads, but Loddon Valleys and Moorlorts are a trifle firmer. In Charters Towers shares Bonnie Dundees are 1s. 6d. up, and a gain of 1s. is recorded by Queen Cross Reefs. Mount Boppy have been in favour, but at 3 11-16 they are unchanged. Esperanzas are down to 3, there having been considerable sales on American account. The Oroville Dredging Company has declared another dividend of 2½ per cent., and an increase in the returns is predicted. Utah Apex and Utah Development have been receiving attention, the new strike in the former running from 7 to 25 feet in width, with the average high value of 20 dollars per ton. Le Roi "No. 2" and El Oro are both slightly better, and Cerro Muriano Mines have been in request on improving ore bodies in depth. Among the copper group numerous advances have occurred. Rio Tintos remain steady at 70⅞, and Lloyds at 15 have almost doubled in price on an estimated profit of £5,000 for August. Spasskys keep quiet at 5¾, but Mount Lyells have fallen back to 44s. Namaqua and Tharsis are both higher on the account, but there is not much change in Bostons or Anacondas. With regard to the latter, a report comes from New York to the effect that at their forthcoming meeting the directors will raise the dividend of its 25 dollar shares to 2 dollars a share per quarter—from 22 to 32 per cent. per annum. There is talk that the next dividend of Amalgamated will be raised to 8 per cent., and that the distributions by other American Copper Companies will be increased. There is not much to report in connection with tin shares. Tronohs are unchanged, but Pusing Lamas are lower. Dolcoaths at 21s. 6d. seem to be a good purchase in view of the present price of tin and of the progress that is being made by the Cornish mining industry. My usual table follows:—

—	Denomination of Shares.	Closing Price, Sept. 1.	Closing Price, Sept. 8.
	£		
Ashanti Goldfields	4/-	10/9	12/6
Akrokerri.....	1	1 1/16	1
Bibiani Goldfields	1	13/16	13/16
British Gold Coast.....	1	5/8	5/8
Gold Coast Amalgamated Mines	1	1 7/16	1 7/16
Taquah and Abosso.....	1	1 15/16	1 15/16
Wassau (Gold Coast).....	1	13/16	15/16
Egypt and Sudan Mining	1	1	1
Egyptian Mines and Exploration.. ...	1	4/-	4/-
Nile Valley.....	1	5/6	5/-
Sudan Goldfields	1	5/16 dis.	5/16 dis.
United African Exploration.....	1	1 1/8	1 1/8
Anaconda Copper	$25	14 7/8	14 7/16
Balaghat Gold	1	25/-	25/-
Broken Hill Proprietary	8/-	3 3/4	7/9/-
Cape Copper.....	2	6 3/8	6½
Champion Reef	2/6	16/6	16/3
Le Roi	5	1 5/8	1 9/16
Mysore Gold	10/-	6	6
Nundydroog.....	10/-	25/6	25/6
Ooregum	10/-	15 6	14/6
Rio Tinto	5	70 3/8	70⅞
Tharsis Sulphur and Copper.....	2	6 3/4	7
Waihi Gold	1	9 7/8	9 15/16

Colonial Mines and London Boards.

A New Zealand correspondent who has a substantial stake in the Taitapu Gold Estates, has sent me the following communication:—

It has long been the impression in the Colonies that Colonial ventures controlled by a London Board are doomed to failure, and no more striking instance of the truth of that impression can be found than in the management of the Tai Tapu Gold Estates, Limited. The estate consists of 38,350 acres, near Collingwood, in the Nelson provincial district, and is situated at the extreme northwest of the Middle Island of New Zealand. I have the latest balance-sheets of the Company before me, and these show that the total cash receipts in the five years and seven months—*i.e.*, since the re-formation of the Company—amount to £31,865, of which £23,491 was revenue from gold, £4,351 from the sale of land (surface rights only), and the balance from dividends, interest, transfer fees, and sundries. On the other side I find that the cost of producing the gold in New Zealand is £26,495, and directors' fees and London office charges absorb £7,673, making a total of £34,168. It is a monstrous thing that this magnificent estate, with only a small portion of it alluvial country and coalfields, should be allowed to be idle through the indifference of those in command. The whole policy of the Board has been centred in searching for gold, and so long as it will provide them with fees I suppose the policy is good enough for them. The development of the coal and timber industries has been quite ignored, and when I tell you that the efforts to settle people on the land are summed up in an expenditure of £96 for survey fees, you can imagine how much time and consideration have been devoted to the interests of shareholders in that direction. I have no hesitation in saying that had this property at its inception been managed by a board selected from the New Zealand shareholders with a practical knowledge of Colonial requirements, the estate would be paying handsomely now. I trust the shareholders at their next meeting will insist upon changing the directors and the policy. A judicious expenditure for roads to enable settlers and saw-millers to go on the land would be returned a hundredfold in a very few years, the gold and coal can be left for future developments.

Insurance Notes—The Canada Life—Advice About Insurance—Bankers and Solicitors.

The British manager of the Canada Life Assurance Company has written me a courteous letter in which he takes exception to a recent remark of mine in reference to the Company. I said "So far as I can judge of its bonus results from the information available in this country, it has not a single participating policy to offer which is so good as can be obtained elsewhere." In refutation of this statement the manager kindly sends me an advance proof of a leaflet, explaining that the Company has done well in the past because, although its bonuses were small, its premium rates were very low. The premium rates were greatly increased in 1902, and no bonuses have been declared on policies issued at the present rates of premium. The Company cannot now offer policies at the old rates and, consequently, the manager supplies no reason for supposing my statement to be incorrect.

At the 1904 valuation the reversionary bonus on all policies with quinquennial participation in profits was £1 per cent. This was given to the old low premium policies, but there was no hint of what rate of bonus would be paid on policies at the new rates when they are entitled to receive one.

As a matter of fact, the business of the Company has been conducted for some years on the tontine bonus plan, and quinquennial bonuses on old policies give no indication of tontine bonuses on new policies at higher premiums. I strongly disapprove of the tontine bonus system, which was one great cause of the abuses in the New York Companies. I do not know whether the Canada Life is giving up the tontine system, which will be illegal in New York after this year. I am quite sure no tontine policy is good for a policy-holder to take, and unless the reversionary bonus on quinquennial bonus policies at the new rates is to be £2 per cent., as compared with £1 per cent. on the old low premium policies, the Canada life policies will not be "so good as can be obtained elsewhere."

With regard to the old policies, the new leaflet, of which I have received a proof, supplies evidence that a policy-holder could have done better elsewhere. The example given is a twenty-year Endowment Assurance effected at age thirty at an annual premium of £43 4s. for £1,000. The bonuses at the end of twenty years increased the sum assured to £1,200. This means that a premium of £100 a year would assure £2,315 at first and £2,778 at the end of twenty years. In an English Company a similar premium would have assured £1,998 at the outset, and £2,907 at the end of twenty years. Since about eighty-one people out of a hundred survive from age thirty to fifty, it is better to assure for £317 less for the first year in order to receive £129 more at the end of twenty years.

Because the information about the Canada Life bonuses is meagre, I spoke guardedly, but the fuller information supplied by the manager confirms my opinion. There may, however, be facts known to him to which I have not access, and if he can supply me with details of any with-profit policies which he is prepared to issue this year, and which are superior to any that can be obtained elsewhere, I shall have the greatest pleasure in giving publicity to the facts. I am sure it is not necessary to explain to the manager of the Canada Life that I have no prejudice against his Company. As a personal matter, my bias is the other way. But I happen to know something about the morphology and physiology of insurance organisms and can tell the difference between a goose and a swan, and when anyone tries to confuse the two I cannot help pointing out, as pleasantly as may be, that his flock may consist of very excellent geese, but that they really are not swans.

These remarks serve to illustrate what I was saying last week about the differences between policies and the attitude adopted by the managers and agents of insurance Companies. Most insurance officials recognise the importance of good results under their policies, and almost every actuary is careful to secure the interests of the policy-holders to the best of his ability, but while striving after what is good they seldom perceive the importance to policy-holders of securing what is best. The consequence is that if a Company does well for its policy-holders its representatives feel —really feel—that it is unjust criticism to point out that other offices do better. There must be at least fifty life offices in the United Kingdom, every one of which gives good results to its policy-holders—results which would be extremely well worth having were it not that much better returns can be obtained elsewhere. The representatives of these Companies see so clearly the excellence of their own policies, that I doubt if they fully realise the superiority of other offices. If they did, I fancy some of them would hesitate to push so vigorously as they do the sale of their own inferior wares. Very many agents must know perfectly well that every time they sell a with-profit policy for £1,000 the family of the man assured loses on the average from £100 to £400. It is true that in many cases the family would have had nothing but for the persuasiveness of the agent, but it is also true that but for him they might have had a great deal more at the same cost. It is, however, an impossible counsel of perfection to say that an agent should represent none but the best Companies for each kind of policy required.

The case is very different with solicitors and bankers. Both profess to advise their customers on the subject; both are paid commission for the introduction of business; both confine their dealings to one or two Companies; both, as a rule, fail to give the best advice on the subject; and solicitors very often, if not always, charge for the bad advice which they give. It is the practice at present for commission on policies to be paid to the bank manager or clerk who introduces the business. I see no objection to this commission being paid, but I regret the bad advice. It seems to me that if banks would start an insurance department, to which all proposals for assurance could be referred, and by which they could be considered on their merits and sent to the best office for each particular case, it would be a great boon to the banks' customers and promote the extension of assurance at its best. There would be no insuperable difficulty in giving the commission to the clerk who introduced the business. A bank could afford to pay a competent staff, and if the recommendations were not biassed by the terms of commission paid, nor in favour of Companies with which bank directors were connected as directors or otherwise, the public would

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soon feel confidence in the advice given. I have no remedy to offer for the present practice of most solicitors in connection with insurance matters, except to say that the best thing for policy-holders is to avoid transacting their assurance through their lawyers.

AN ASSURANCE VADE MECUM.

I have received from Mr. James Wilkie, of Edinburgh, his "Life Assurance Agents' Vade Mecum for 1906-1907," which is a very compact and useful compilation, showing the premium rates and bonuses of all offices, and other information regarding the Companies transacting life assurance business in the United Kingdom. A feature of this issue, which is the thirteenth annually published, is the inclusion of comparison tables. The table dealing with non-profit policies requires no comment.

"TRUTH" LETTER BOX.

Correspondents will oblige by observing the following rules:—

Name and address, which must accompany all inquiries, should be written on the communication; cards are apt to be lost or misplaced, causing unnecessary trouble.

Anonymous letters will not in any case be attended to.

I cannot reply to inquiries by letter or telegram.

A nom-de-plume or initials (the former preferably) should be given if it is desired that the real name shall not appear in the paper.

Inquiries should be put as briefly as possible, plainly written, and numbered.

Communications received after Friday may not be replied to in the following issue. Delay may also occur where an exceptionally long list of securities is submitted.

I do not recommend brokers.

RAILWAYS.

A. N. J., Leigh.—It would be best to choose Rhodesian Railways First Debentures, on which the principal and interest are guaranteed by the British South Africa Company. *W. H. J.*—1. Grand Trunk Seconds should be kept. 2. I look for a higher quotation for Brighton Deferred stock before the declaration of the annual dividend. *P. W. A.*—1. Tilbury Railway stock ought to be held. 2. South-Western Preferred Ordinary is an attractive investment holding. *Exchange.*—1. Clearly the conditions are binding. 2. Have no transactions with the concern.

MIXED SECURITIES.

Audi.—1. I believe the firm is reliable. 2. North-Westerns, North-Easterns, and Midland Deferred. 3. Hainauts and Great Boulder Proprietarys. *West.*—You would be well advised, I think, to hold on to Atchison Preference, Erie First Preference, Canadian Pacifics, Rhodesia Exploration, Rhodesia Railways, and Camp Birds. *Perplexed.*—The investments are safe. *Bill.*—1. It will be safe to hold Brighton Railway Preferred Ordinary stock. 2. "Johnnies," General Mining and Finance, and Daggafonteins are worth buying for healthier conditions in the Kaffir market. *Geraint.*—There is no reason why you should realise any of your holdings at present.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Veritas, Cheltenham.—I have constantly warned my readers against the bucket-shop keeper who has swindled you (as he has swindled scores of others before), and if you had read your TRUTH a little more religiously, you would not have been taken in. I see no particular reason why I should print your communication with all the warnings given in these columns; there is no excuse for you, if you are really a reader of the paper, being ranked among what you call "the unwary." *Pip.*—Brunner Monds, Lyons, City of London Brewery Preference, and City of London Electric Lighting shares would make a fair industrial selection. *Moorgate.*—The information may be regarded as reliable, so far as human prescience can go. *B. H., Hereford.*—1. London and India Dock Deferred stock ought to go materially higher. I understand that the business of the port has greatly improved. 2. The stock was dealt in at 79½ at one time last year. *J. H. N., Boston, Lincs.*—Vickers Maxims are a very promising industrial purchase, and I have a favourable opinion also of Cargo Fleets. *Dieppe.*—Both the concerns named are unreliable. Deal with an "inside" broker. *Omega.*—1. The only share which I should care to recommend is No. 3. 2. India Dock Deferred promises to go higher. 3. Distillers Company shares are desirable; the only drawback is that they stand at an appreciation of about 50 per cent. *C. H., Enniskillen.*—The concern is one which may be avoided with advantage. I cannot reply by post. *Too Slow.*—1. All are bucket-shops, and should be avoided. 2. Canadian Pacifics and Brighton "A" are promising investments if you are able to take them up; pay for them outright, and (if need be) wait for three months or so for your profit. *G. B., Bradford.*—I regret that I have not the space to print your communication. Moreover, the subject matter is not of general interest. *G. F. P., Derby.*—I regret that I cannot trace the criticisms. *Dent.*—Do not take up the Malabar Rubber shares. The investment strikes me as undesirable. *E. C. H.*—I am afraid that you have no remedy. So far as one's information goes, the concern is safe, but I agree with you that it is "not fair that the whole burden of strengthening the position should fall on one class of policyholder, whilst the shareholders wallow in 15 per cent." *Hakeem, Dagshai.*—The firm of Hamilton, Smith, and Co., of Lloyds, is quite distinct from the bucket-shop concern which gives itself the same name. *Common.*—1. I have no acquaintance with the Company you name. 2. Deal through Messrs. N. Keizer and Co., 29, Threadneedle-street, E.C. *A. T., Goole.*—The office is rather young, but well managed, and the policy should be held.

INDUSTRIALS STAGNANT—UNIMPORTANT CHANGES—NITRATES IN FAVOUR.

In the industrial market stagnation is the ruling characteristic, securities in this department receiving little or no attention. Changes are few, and for the most part unimportant, business no doubt having been restricted during the last two or three days by the approach of the settlement. Cargo Fleet shares have been in favour owing to the Company having secured a contract to deliver steel rails to the B.A. Great Southern Railway in the Argentine. These rails will be manufactured from Cleveland steel, and the order is regarded as being of considerable importance to the Cargo Fleet Company, as the extent of the contract will keep the works employed over a period of three or four years. Guest-Keens, Bolckow-Vaughans, and Babcock and Wilcox are all slightly better, and for choice the tendency of other Coal and Steel shares, as well as the shares of armament descriptions, is towards an improvement. Gramophones have been a feature, there being some strong buying which moved the shares up to 2¾; Harrison and Ainslies are being picked up at 1⅜, the Company's prospects being favourably regarded by investors, but Waring and Gillows have further declined, the Ordinary shares to 13-16 15-16, the Preference to 4⅜ ⅝, and the Debentures to 87-90. A rallying disposition is displayed by Nitrate descriptions, and a considerable recovery has occurred in various shares Rosarios now stand at 5¾ 6¼, San Ritas 12¾ 13¼, San Jorge 3 3¼, Colorado Nitrate 15½ 16, Lautaro 10¾ 11¼ London 7¾ 8¼, Salar del Carmen 14¾ 15½, San Donato 7¼ 7¾, and Pen de Azucar 10¼ 10½. Very little business passing in Chinese securities, but nominal quotations are—Pekins 13¼ 13½, and Shansis 15s. 9d.

VIGILANT.

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QUEER STORY.

MRS. PRINGLE-SHARP'S BRACELET.

MR. HYDENSEKE, the eminent, though notoriously unscrupulous, private inquiry agent, whose name will not be entirely unfamiliar to readers of these columns, was, for once in a way, having rather a slack time. In fact, business was temporarily at a standstill; and when he reached the office that morning, he found himself in the unusual position of having nothing else to do than to read the paper.

While he was thus employed, yawning pretty frequently over it, too,—for that morning's news happened to be exceedingly dull and uneventful—his confidential clerk entered the office.

"Lady to see you, sir."

Mr. Hydenseke took the card which his clerk handed him, and glanced at the name, which was quite unfamiliar to him:—

MRS. PRINGLE-SHARP.

The Hornbeams,
Balham, S.W.

"She's not one of those subscription-touting women, is she?" he inquired.

"Doesn't look at all that sort, sir. Says she wants to consult you about a robbery of which she's been the victim," replied the clerk.

"All right. Show her in," said Mr. Hydenseke. "But keep your ears open, Saunders; and if you hear me cough twice, you'll know I want to get rid of her,

and you must come in and announce another caller. See?"

Saunders grinned and nodded. He was used to these instructions when strangers, especially female strangers, called. Then he retired to show in Mrs. Pringle-Sharp. Mrs. Pringle-Sharp was a youngish, rather good-looking woman, stylishly dressed, and of lady-like appearance.

"You wish to see me on business?" said Mr. Hydenseke.

"Yes; I have come to see you in connection with a valuable bracelet of which I have been robbed. There are certain reasons" (Mrs. Pringle-Sharp blushed slightly as she spoke) "which have prevented my placing the matter in the hands of the police. I want my bracelet recovered, if possible, without scandal or publicity, and I have been recommended to come to you as the best and most capable man for that purpose."

Mr. Hydenseke acknowledged the compliment by a slight inclination of his bullet-shaped head.

"Will you kindly favour me with particulars?" he remarked, producing his note-book and pencil.

"I will tell you everything, without reserve—in the strictest confidence, of course," answered Mrs. Pringle-Sharp.

"Madam, you can take my word for it that whatever you confide to me will remain a dead secret between us," he replied, reassuringly.

"Thank you. I was told you were a man to be relied on. And now let me give you a full account of this robbery. The bracelet—it is set with twenty fine emeralds, and is worth at least £1,500—was stolen from my house at Balham between five and six o'clock yesterday afternoon. The house, I should tell you, was empty at the time, my cook being away for a short holiday, and my housemaid having gone with the annual Police excursion to the Crystal Palace. I myself had remained at home until five o'clock, when I went out to do a little shopping, and subsequently to meet my husband at Balham Station, as I nearly always do, by the six o'clock train by which he usually returns from town. He missed it, however, last evening, so I went home alone. I had locked the front door when I left just after five. Of that I am perfectly positive. But when I reached the house at a quarter past six, I was surprised to find the front door standing ajar.

"My apprehensions being at once aroused by this circumstance, I went straight to my bedroom, where I keep my jewel-case in one of the drawers of my dressing-table. I tried the drawer. It was unlocked. My jewel-case was there in its usual place, and did not appear, at first sight, to have been moved or touched. But on examination I found, to my dismay, that my emerald bracelet had been abstracted. Nothing else had been disarranged. All my other trinkets were there in their usual places. Only the bracelet was gone. I ought perhaps to mention that owing to something having lately gone wrong with the lock my jewel case, most unfortunately, happened to have been left unlocked."

"Pardon me one moment," interposed Mr. Hydenseke, as he made some rapid notes in shorthand. "But these other trinkets of which you speak—were there any articles of particular value among them?"

"Nothing worth more than about £20; and I should think £75 would cover the worth of the lot."

Mr. Hydenseke nodded.

"Looks like a carefully planned job," he said. "The thieves evidently knew what they'd come for and where you kept it; moreover, they must have been cognisant of the absence of your servants and of your habit of going out to meet your husband by the six o'clock train. They must also have managed to get a duplicate of the key of your front door. In fact, it all points to the work of an expert gang."

Mrs. Pringle-Sharp shook her head in dissent from this inference.

"Oh! But I have good reason to suppose that my bracelet has not been stolen by professional thieves at all," she rejoined. "In fact, I entertain a suspicion, amounting indeed to a certainty, that the robbery has been perpetrated by a personal acquaintance of my own."

"What makes you suppose this?" inquired Mr. Hydenseke, eyeing her shrewdly.

Again Mrs. Pringle-Sharp blushed.

"That brings me," she answered, "to the painful part of my story, and supplies the reason why I dare not place the matter in the hands of the police and face all the publicity and scandal of a criminal prosecution. Indeed, the woman who has robbed me no doubt calculated upon this. The fact is, Mr. Hydenseke," (and Mrs. Pringle-Sharp's colour deepened), "that bracelet was given me, only a few weeks ago, by an admirer of mine—a gentleman occupying a distinguished social position—under circumstances which there is no occasion to go into unless you think it necessary. My husband, I must tell you, doesn't know anything of my possession of the bracelet. Consequently, I could not tell him about the robbery. Now, perhaps you see why I dare not make a criminal matter of it."

Mr. Hydenseke nodded.

Mrs. Pringle-Sharp continued: "When the gentleman of whom I speak gave me that bracelet (which had come to him among his deceased wife's jewellery), it aroused furious jealousy in another woman whom he also admired, and who asserted that he had already promised the bracelet to her. She has been to demand it of me more than once, and has been altogether most abusive about it. Indeed, she has even threatened legal proceedings; but I knew that was mere empty bluff, since, apart from the fact that she wouldn't have a leg to stand upon if she brought an action, she, too, is, like myself, a married woman of respectable social status, and could not afford to give herself away by attracting public attention to the matter."

"And it is she whom you suspect of having stolen your bracelet?" inquired Mr. Hydenseke.

"I am practically certain of it," rejoined Mrs. Pringle-Sharp, with conviction.

"Will you tell me the lady's name?"

"Mrs. Nevinson. Her husband is something in the Foreign Office, and they live at 1,001, Upper Tooting Park."

Mr. Hydenseke jotted down the address.

"Apart from the disappearance of your bracelet," he inquired, "have you any reason to suppose that Mrs. Nevinson came to your house yesterday afternoon?"

"I have no actual evidence of it," answered Mrs. Pringle-Sharp. "But as she lives only half-a-mile away, nothing could have been easier for her than to visit my house in my absence."

"Quite so," nodded Mr. Hydenseke.

"In fact, if I were a betting woman, I would lay a thousand to one," declared Mrs. Pringle-Sharp, confidently, "that my emerald bracelet is at this moment reposing in that cat Laura Nevinson's jewel case."

"And, assuming your view to be correct, you want me to get it out of the lady's jewel case and restore it to you?" asked Mr. Hydenseke, with an odd, meaning sort of smile.

"Precisely. It can be done, I suppose?"

"Yes. It can probably be done—by paying for it," replied Mr. Hydenseke.

"How much shall I have to pay?"

"It's bound to come rather stiff. You see it's a risky and disagreeable sort of job——"

"There's really not much risk; under the circumstances Laura Nevinson would never dare to prosecute," interposed Mrs. Pringle-Sharp.

"Possibly not, all the same it's a job I don't altogether fancy," rejoined Mr. Hydenseke. "And I couldn't charge you less than £100."

"£100 is a good bit of money," answered Mrs. Pringle-Sharp. "But I should be willing to pay it for the recovery of my bracelet."

Mr. Hydenseke sat silent for a moment or two, perusing his notes. Then, after asking a few more questions, he promised to put the matter in hand without delay, and bade Mrs. Pringle-Sharp good morning.

Now Mr. Hydenseke was a rather cynical gentleman, and never, by any chance, accepted anybody's uncor-

roborated statement on his, or her, mere *ipse dixit*. His first step, therefore, was to satisfy himself by private and personal inquiries of the truth of Mrs. Pringle-Sharp's story.

These inquiries confirmed—up to a certain point at any rate—what the lady had told him. He ascertained that the admirer whom she represented as having given her the bracelet was a certain Lord X.—a middle-aged widower—of considerable wealth, but of notorious character, whose chief occupation and amusement was the pursuit of pretty young middle-class matrons—selecting them, doubtless, because they were more likely to be led away by the glamour of his rank and title, than women in his own set. Indeed, few of the women in Lord X.'s own set would have anything to say to him. They knew him too well. Mr. Hydenseke further ascertained that his lordship—who seemed to be a catholic and comprehensive sort of Lothario—had been carrying on in marked manner with Mrs. Nevinson, at the same time that he was making love to Mrs. Pringle-Sharp. In fact, these two ladies, for the time being, seemed to have divided his affections about equally.

Up to this point, therefore, what Mrs. Pringle-Sharp had told Mr. Hydenseke was entirely confirmed. But in regard to the gift of the emerald bracelet, it was more difficult to get precise information. However, our friend the inquiry agent discovered, after some trouble, that his lordship had come in for a bracelet of that description among the personal effects of his deceased wife. He also satisfied himself that the bracelet was not (so far as he could discover) now in his lordship's possession. It was, therefore, a fair presumption that he had—as Mrs. Pringle-Sharp said—given the bracelet to her, and so had provoked her jealous rival, Mrs. Nevinson, into stealing it; the latter calculating, no doubt, upon the circumstance that Mrs. Pringle-Sharp, even if she brought the theft home to her, would not dare to take any legal proceedings.

And yet—whether it was from something in Mrs. Pringle-Sharp's manner at their recent interview, or whether the doubt was suggested to him by a sort of sub-conscious intuition, Mr. Hydenseke was not quite satisfied.

While he was considering what course he should pursue, by an extraordinary coincidence he received a call from Lord X. himself.

"Look here," began his lordship, in his free and easy way, as soon as he had introduced himself. "The fact is, I want a certain little job done; and, by all accounts, you're the man to do it for me. It's about a bracelet!"

Mr. Hydenseke pricked his ears.

"A valuable emerald bracelet," continued Lord X.

Mr. Hydenseke's attention was more alert than ever; though he had too much command of himself to betray any interest or surprise.

"The bracelet's worth more than fifteen hundred pounds," went on his lordship. "It was bequeathed to me by my late wife. And I've been silly ass enough to give it away to a confounded woman!"

Mr. Hydenseke wondered inwardly how Mrs. Pringle-Sharp would like to hear herself spoken of in that contemptuous way.

"I'd no sooner parted with it than I saw what a fool I'd been. The woman was evidently only after the bracelet; was always trying to coax it out of me; and as soon as she got it, it was *that*." (His lordship snapped his fingers dramatically). "She became rigidly conventional again; wouldn't have another word to say to me. . . Now I don't see why I should be made a fool of like this; don't mean to be either. She got the bracelet from me under false pretences. I mean to get it back from her. And I want you to work the job for me—see?"

Mr. Hydenseke nodded, thoughtfully. The position appeared to be growing rather complicated. He had undertaken Mrs. Pringle-Sharp's commission to get back—or in plain language to steal—the bracelet from Mrs. Nevinson. And now he was being asked by Lord X. to steal the bracelet from Mrs. Pringle-Sharp. He couldn't quite make up his mind (you must remember he was quite unscrupulous) whether to accept, or decline, his lordship's business. So he temporised.

"It is a rather risky and dangerous job——" he began.

"Oh! there's no risk worth speaking of," broke in Lord X. "This Mrs. Nevinson, the woman to whom I was ass enough to give the bracelet, is far too much afraid of her husband to——"

"Nevinson!" Mr. Hydenseke could not help ejaculating; "you gave this bracelet of yours to Mrs. Nevinson?"

"Yes. . . . What do *you* know about her?" demanded his lordship, sharply and rather suspiciously, struck by Mr. Hydenseke's interested tone.

"Oh! I've heard of her, that's all; but in connection with a totally different matter," answered the agent, recovering himself. "Let me see. Her husband's something in the Foreign Office, isn't he?"

"That's the man. And a regular domestic Tartar, by all accounts. He'd pretty well murder his wife if he discovered about that bracelet. That's the beauty of the position. It removes all danger. . . . You can pinch the bracelet for me in perfect safety. For, even if she found you out, she'd never dare to let on, for fear of Nevinson. I'll pay you handsomely for the job, too. . . . What do you say?"

Mr. Hydenseke had by this time quite made up his mind. The lie that Mrs. Pringle-Sharp had told him—with a view to getting the bracelet from its lawful possessor, her hated rival—had removed any shred of scruple that he might have felt about throwing her over. It was certainly not incumbent on him (he told himself) to play fair with clients who didn't play fair with him.

"I'll take the job on for your lordship," he said, unhesitatingly.

But again, before actually putting the matter in hand, Mr. Hydenseke, following his usual cautious practice, made some inquiries of his own in verification of Lord X.'s statements.

These he found to be entirely correct. But there was one little matter Lord X. had not thought necessary to mention to him. His lordship, it appeared, was just engaged to be married to an Australian heiress, to whom he wanted to give the emerald bracelet, and who, so far, knew nothing of his lordship's goings on with other women. This circumstance set Mr. Hydenseke a thinking. His lordship also, it seemed, could not afford to take any steps that would call public attention to the bracelet. Finally, our wily detective mapped out for himself a certain course.

By expending £25 on Mrs. Nevinson's maid, he contrived to secure possession of the bracelet. Then, smiling and chuckling to himself the while at the whimsical and humorous audacity of his little scheme, he sat down to his desk and indited the two following letters.

The first ran as follows:—

Dear Madam,—I have recovered your bracelet, and it is now in my possession. Kindly call here to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock.—Yours faithfully, H. Hydenseke.

To Mrs. Pringle-Sharp, The Hornbeans, Balham, S.W.

And the second ran:—

My Lord,—I have recovered your lordship's bracelet. Will you kindly call here to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock.—I am, my lord, your obedient servant, H. Hydenseke.

To the Rt. Hon. Lord X., 900, South Audley-street, W.

Punctually at eleven o'clock next day both clients duly arrived. Lord X. looked astonished, and not too well pleased, at seeing Mrs. Pringle-Sharp. Mrs. Pringle-Sharp turned pale and looked decidedly embarrassed and frightened at seeing Lord X.

Mr. Hydenseke's face, however, wore the most cheerful and serene of smiles. On the blotting-pad before him lay the emerald bracelet.

"My lord and madam," he began, with punctilious formality, rather as though he were addressing a public meeting, "you see before you here the bracelet which, by your joint instructions, I have recovered from Mrs. Nevinson. Now you can't both have the bracelet; that's quite clear. And I don't myself see that either of you has any proper claim upon it—you, madam" (bowing politely to Mrs. Pringle-Sharp) "because it

never was yours, in spite of the shocking fib you told me; and you, my lord" (bowing to Lord X.) "because you gave it away to Mrs. Nevinson and relinquished your legal ownership. Indeed, the only person who has any conceivable claim to it is Mrs. Nevinson; but as the circumstances under which she got it were, to say the least of them, highly improper, I cannot—with a due regard for the domestic moralities—return it to her. . . . . At the same time, some one must have the bracelet; and as you've all three behaved—excuse my candour—so exceedingly badly that it would be encouraging vice to hand it over to any one of you, I propose, in the interests of public virtue," said Mr. Hydenseke, with a cheerful smile, as he coolly put the bracelet into his pocket, "to solve the difficulty by——keeping it myself."

And he did.

MUSIC.

MME. PATTI'S RETIREMENT.

MME. PATTI'S decision to retire has destroyed one's faith in the immutable. Here, at least, in a world of flux and change had seemed that which was fixed and certain. No one, until the *Daily Telegraph* broke the news to a wondering world, had ever thought of such a thing as Patti retiring. This singer and that might withdraw from public life, but Mme. Patti, one had fondly imagined, would go on for ever. There never seemed any reason why she should not do so. True, she had been before the public a great many years, and in the case of any ordinary artist her period of active service would long since have been terminated. But then Patti never was an ordinary artist. On the contrary, she occupied a category of her own, and it came, therefore, with something of a shock to realise that even in her case the rulings of inexorable time must be obeyed. It was as though one had been worshipping a goddess and suddenly learnt that one's divinity was in truth but a human being. Yet in point of fact, of course, we of this generation have not really heard Patti at all. Certainly no one whose musical memories go back only a beggarly twenty years or so can make that proud boast. Patti has sung for us exquisitely it is true throughout this period, and doubtless could have gone on doing so for another twenty years to come if she had cared to do so; but this was not the Patti who ravished the ears of our grandfathers and won such dominion over the hearts of men and women as perhaps in all the annals of song had never before been achieved.

The Patti of that time is to us of a later generation only a myth and a fable But there is no gainsaying the evidence. The testimony is too complete and universal for that. Did Patti in her prime ever know, one wonders, what criticism was? Were there any among all her myriad hearers who found her other than perfection? If so, the records are strangely silent on the point. And now she has determined to withdraw—not, it is true, forthwith, but after a brief space. London will hear her for the last time at the Albert Hall (which will prove a world too small, for once in a way, it is safe to predict, for all who would be there) in December next. Afterwards she will bid farewell to her admirers in the provinces, and then a wonderful career will be brought to a close. Here will be a break with the past indeed. For Patti has come to be regarded not so much as a personality as an institution—as the type and standard of supreme accomplishment in song. Yet it is hardly necessary to say that in sober truth there is a good deal of exaggeration here. Mme. Patti might more accurately be described as the supreme exemplar of her own particular vocal school, which, if it is not the greatest school, is, at any rate, that which has always had the greatest attraction for the general public, and received at their hands the most substantial rewards. That school might be defined as the school which sets before it as its chiefest aims beauty of tone and perfection of vocal technique, as against what may be roughly called the more intellectual attributes of its rival, which places considerations of interpretation and expression first and foremost.

The distinction and the rivalry are, of course, of old standing. Dramatic singers of the Titiens type, relying more on their powers of expression and interpretative insight than on mere beauty of tone and vocal agility, have always stood in opposition to those among whom Mme. Patti will be remembered for all time as typically representative. Sometimes the two types have been combined in one supremely gifted individual, and then the world has made acquaintance with its greatest singers. Such an one was Sims Reeves, in the case of whom, at his best, none knew whether most to admire the surpassing beauty of his singing on its purely sensuous side, or the wondrous art and inspired insight with which he employed that exquisite voice as a vehicle of expression. Another such was Jenny Lind, of whom no less was said; and other instances, both ancient and modern, could possibly be cited. Speaking generally, however, singers have generally been ranged in two distinctive classes in this respect; and at the head of one for something like half a century has stood the wonderful artist who has, at length, announced her decision to retire. Mme. Patti's greatest admirers could never maintain that she was a great interpretative singer. She had an exquisite voice and used it exquisitely, and there was an end of the matter. It is all a matter of taste and temperament. Some like sweet champagne, some dry. That which Mme. Patti provided was of the former quality, for which, it is safe to say, there will always be an unlimited demand. Yet it is impossible not to recognise how vastly the "dry" has been growing in popularity with the more discerning since Patti in those far-off days made her first bow to the public. Hence it has come to pass to-day that interpretation and interpretative qualities are more and more the touchstones whereby a vocalist's powers are assayed. The voice must be there as well, of course, but a great deal more besides. The voice alone, if sufficiently beautiful or voluminous, may still enjoy its triumphs, it is true, but when brains and heart and soul go with it, what a different kind of victory is won! There is no need to mention names. They will occur too readily to every reader. But, say analysis what it may, questions of schools and styles disappear when certain singers are heard, and one of such certainly is—or, as we must soon accustom ourselves to putting it, was—Adelina Patti.

The first of the provincial festivals, that of the Three Choirs, is taking place this week at Hereford. Parry and Walford Davies have supplied the chief novelties (entitled "The Soul's Ransom," and "Lift Up Your Hearts" respectively); Elgar, as usual in the case of these Western music gatherings (and indeed most others for that matter), has a good look in with "Gerontius" and "The Apostles"; while Bach's B minor Mass and Berlioz's Te Deum are older works figuring in the scheme. The Hereford Festival, like those of Gloucester and Worcester, is always a pleasant affair, without that too strenuous note which sometimes distinguishes such gatherings elsewhere, in the case of which more ambitious aims prevail. In Dr. G. R. Sinclair it possesses as its director-general a sound musician and an excellent conductor, who was, by the way, originally intended for the Church, and as a close friend of Sir Edward Elgar is among those "pictured within" in the "Variations on an Original Theme." It may not be generally known that one of Dr. Sinclair's predecessors in the organ-loft at Hereford was no less distinguished a musician than the famous S. S. Wesley, while another was the not less famous Dr. John Bull, who either did or did not—it is really the only safe way to put it—compose our National Anthem. In the same connection it may be mentioned that Hereford can claim the honour of being the first cathedral in which the "Messiah" was performed entire. This was at the Festival of 1759—the year of Handel's death.

After Hereford, the next important festival to come will be that of Birmingham, which begins on October 2,

and at which Sir Edward Elgar's new work, "The Kingdom," will receive its baptism of criticism, along with other novelties of interest; while Southport and Hovingham are holding similar gatherings on a smaller scale later in the month. In the former case, "Gerontius" and Parry's "Pied Piper" are among the chief works to be heard, while at the Yorkshire gathering Elgar is represented again with his "Black Knight" and some big orchestral works, including Brahms's double concerto for violin and 'cello, Beethoven's violin concerto and Saint-Säens' 'cello concerto (in which the solo part will be taken by Canon Pemberton, the founder of the Festival) are also to be given.

Talking of the provincial festivals, the Norwich authorities and Mr. H. J. Wood are alike to be congratulated on the appointment of the latter to succeed Mr. Randegger. A better choice could not have been made, especially if it be true that, as stated, the appointment finally negatives the notion of Mr. Wood's acceptance of the tempting American offer which some of his friends and admirers have been fearing might tempt him to transfer his activities to the other side of the Atlantic. It is when such a possibility as this is mooted that one realises how serious would be our loss if Mr. Wood were unhappily persuaded to desert us.

At the Promenades, large and appreciative audiences continue the order of the day. No very epoch-making novelties have so far been heard, but several of moderate interest have been produced. A pleasant feature of the present season is the way in which opportunities are being given to members of the orchestra to win individual distinction. Mr. Georges Dorlay, for instance, composer of one of last week's novelties in the shape of a symphonic poem on the subject of St. George and the Dragon, is one of the first violins of the band. In that capacity he has naturally enjoyed excellent opportunities of studying at first hand the secrets of modern orchestral scoring, and the result is to be noted in his work, the effective instrumentation of which is perhaps its most notable feature. August Enna's symphonic poem, entitled "Märchen," heard on another evening, is less strenuous in character than Mr. Dorlay's work, but not without its good points by any means. Mr. Granville Bantock's dignified and striking "Hymn to Aphrodité" was also brought to a hearing for the first time in London, and at the hands of Miss Florence Oliver produced an excellent impression. For Tuesday, an Episode for orchestra, by Ernst Boehe, was announced, while an Entr'acte Symphonique, from Bruneau's "Messidor," will be introduced on Thursday, when also Strauss's "Don Quixote" will be presented for the first time to a Promenade audience.

Mr. Charles Manners sends me an interesting letter in reference to my recent remarks on English opera, in the course of which he observes:—

> The reason why I cannot come to London at any other period of the year is that the spring is the time I make my money in the provinces, and I simply dare not throw up a certainty (as far as anything is certain in this life) for an uncertainty. Still, I have four or five weeks during February and the first and second weeks of March, which are the weakest spots of my provincial season, and this is the time I hope to get my Union to agree to back me up in a London season when the time is ripe for this. I was calculating roughly the other day what kind of show I could give if I had every seat filled in Drury Lane at prices ranging from 1s. to 6s. at every performance of eight performances a week for four weeks, and I found that I could give 150 in the chorus, eighty in the band, twenty-four in the ballet, the whole of the principals I had at Drury Lane, and, in addition, Melba at £300 a night eight times a week, Caruso £250 a night eight times a week, another at £100 a night, and a fourth at £50, and this would leave me about £1,200 or £1,500 for scenery and costumes, which would make about £300 a week, which ought to give me a very fair show, in conjunction with my own scenery and costumes, which I would lend for nothing. Of course, these prices of £200 and £300 a night are absurd for any artist; but I only put them down to show what can be done for certain if all the seats are taken, and I should not want the public to take these seats until every engagement was signed.

Mr. Manners could certainly be relied on to do things handsomely if he had a free hand.

Those who rather precipitately assumed that musical comedy was played out because Mr. George Edwardes has decided to go back to burlesque for his next Gaiety production will find themselves at issue with that excellent authority, Mr. Frank Curzon. Musical comedy, in Mr. Curzon's judgment, so far from being played out, is very much alive, and likely to remain so for a considerable time to come, if the number of new works of this order already decided on and announced for production be anything to go by. At the same time, Mr. Curzon has a theory of his own for the over-production of this class of work of recent years which may or may not square with the facts. It is all due, according to Mr. Curzon, to the wickedness of Mr. Charles Frohman in making the production of comedies "almost impossible" by English managers. "He has spoilt the authors with fees and the actors with salaries," declares the lessee of the Prince of Wales's, "and by so doing has driven a lot of us into musical pieces when we should be doing comedies. He has put ideas of salaries into actors' heads that cannot possibly be maintained, nor can managers afford to pay the absurd terms our leading authors ask." Hence, therefore, the ubiquitous musical comedy—which, one gathers, has so far escaped Mr. Charles Frohman's attention. But here an awful thought suggests itself. What if musical comedy in turn were to go the way of comedy proper? There are, however, some contingencies too fearful even for speculation.

Mme. Clara Butt's many friends and admirers will be glad to learn that she is now completely restored after the serious operation which she recently underwent, and is looking forward eagerly to her concert at the Albert Hall just a month hence, when she is sure to obtain a great reception.

Sibelius is a musician of whom a good deal more is likely to be heard in the future, and many will doubtless read with interest an excellent paper on the composer and his work from the pen of Mrs. Rosa Newmarch—a reprint of an essay delivered some time ago at a meeting of the Concert-goers' Club—which Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel have recently published. It seems impossible to hear any one of Sibelius's characteristic works, remarks Mrs. Newmarch, without being convinced that it voices the spirit of an unfamiliar race, whose temperament has been formed under very distinctive conditions. Years of hard schooling at the hands alike of nature and of foreign rulers have made them a serious-minded, self-reliant race, whose granite rocks and many-tinted moorlands, melancholy fens, and dark pine-clad hills are reflected in their literature, their paintings, and their music. As to Sibelius in particular, Mrs. Newmarch writes:—

> We must, indeed, be dull of hearing if we fail to observe in the music of Sibelius an undercurrent of something absolutely novel, and therefore disconcerting; the ground swell, as it were, of that strong and troubled tide of Finnish sentiment with which so few of us are as yet in touch.

So far very little of Sibelius's music has been heard in London, but perusal of Mrs. Newmarch's paper certainly awakens a desire to know more of his work, which includes an opera, symphonies, and numerous songs. Sibelius has, by the way, been in receipt of a Government grant for some time past, and is thus able to devote himself exclusively to creative work.

The Sunday Afternoon Orchestral Concerts at Queen's Hall, organised by the Sunday Concert Society, will be resumed on Sunday, September 30, and continued for a period of twenty-six weeks, and full programmes of the complete series can now be obtained. As before, the Queen's Hall Orchestra (under the direction of Mr. H. J. Wood) and the London Symphony Orchestra (under the direction of Sir A. C. Mackenzie and Sir C. V. Stanford) will play on alternate Sundays, while soloists of the first eminence have been engaged. Two guineas buy an unreserved stall for the whole series, working out at a little over eighteen pence a concert, which, having in view the character of the performances, certainly cannot be regarded as dear.

Lovers of the madrigal will note with interest that a new choral society has been established in North London with Mr. Munro Davis, the capable conductor of the Stock Exchange Choir, at its head, which pro-

poses to devote itself mainly to that beautiful but neglected form of vocal composition. There is, of course, more than one body in existence, such as the Magpie Society, directed by Mr. Lionel Benson; the Oriana Society, and the English Madrigal Choir, more recently formed, doing similar work; but it is something of a departure to find a suburban choral society following their example, and a very welcome one.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—"Of all a man's disciples, it is always Judas who writes his biography," was one of Oscar Wilde's preposterous paradoxes, which is certainly not justified by Mr. Harborough Sherard's "Life" of the author of "Salome" (1). In truth, Mr. Sherard's hero-worship o'erleaps itself in the extravagance of its claims for its subject. Having been told, *e.g.*, that at Portora school Oscar Wilde never played a game, but walked about in a tall silk hat, that at Oxford he never played a game or rowed a boat, but tried "to live up to his blue china," it is a little too much to be assured that "he was full of that physical energy which is the genius of the body," and that "in other times and in other circumstances Oscar Wilde mght have been one of the greatest men of action in the world." Again, after admitting the justice of the *Athenæum's* charge of plagiarism, or at least of imitation, of half a dozen other poets in Wilde's early verses, Mr. Sherard explains that it was the consummate artist in the poet which made him an echo of Milton or of Shakespeare, of Mr. Swinburne or of Alexander Smith. "Oscar Wilde was essentially an artist, and an artist is essentially imitative. Art is imitation." Mr. Sherard is very angry with those who charge Wilde with being a *poseur*, yet you need no stronger evidence of the truth of the charge than you can find in this biography.

It is a fact that music bored him; it is a fact that he had no knowledge of any instrument; it is probable that he could with difficulty distinguish one tune from another; yet he was forced to posture as a *connoisseur*, and to speak and write about musicians and music with the air of one who was profoundly versed in all the technique of the art.

"Forced"! Asked by a Magdalen celebrity what he would do if he were to be thrown on his own resources, Wilde replies, "I should live in a garret and paint beautiful pictures." Yet, Mr. Sherard admits, "he could not paint at all, and his remark was only the outcome of the deception which he was resolved to practise." Later on, when Wilde might well have put away these childish things, he posed in Paris, to the disgust of all Parisians. He would tell them that he spent hours at the Louvre in rapt admiration of the Venus of Milo. At Paris, too, he must be Balzac, and to that end when at work he donned a white gown with a monkish cowl, because Balzac in composing wore such a dress. He would go about Paris jewelled like Balzac, and carrying a cane like his—a stick of ivory with the pummel set with turquoises. And this childishness Mr. Sherard justifies on the ground that wearing jewellery and carrying a turquoise-mounted cane might, so to say, strike inwards, and make Wilde a Balzac!

It can be nothing but to the credit of any writer to wish to imitate Balzac; and if by adopting his peculiarities a man might hope to attain to any degree of his powers of production and style, one would like to see the whole Republic of Letters curled, bejewelled, and carrying ivory sticks with turquoise-stone pummels.

It rather reminds you of Sganarelle's prescription of hemp-seed as a cure for his patient's dumbness, since as parrots eat hemp-seed and parrots talk it stands to reason that hemp-seed must be a specific for dumbness. Mr. Sherard would not use this sort of reasoning to justify any silliness if Oscar Wilde had not been in question; but the poet is to him sage, saint, and genius combined. He compares him with Socrates and with Christ, though elsewhere he admits that "he was only a man after all, with human weaknesses;" but a man, be it remembered, who "with his great powers and the renewed vigour of his body could have dominated the world." If his conversation had been preserved, "he would have been remembered in the world's history as one of the wisest of philosophers." If he had lived unmolested, "he could have restored our literature and our stage to the rank of supremacy, from which for centuries past they have been degraded." By such extravagant estimates of the place of Oscar Wilde in literature, philosophy, and, I might almost add, in hagiography, Mr. Sherard has done nearly as great disservice to his memory as he meant to do it honour. There is an inevitable reaction in your mind against such preposterous eulogy, and you are inclined to allow Oscar Wilde less than his due place in literature because so much more than his due is claimed for him. Nor, again, can you concede him the place Mr. Sherard insists upon as one of the most brilliant conversationalists that ever lived, when you find that not one of the witty sayings here recorded is worth repeating, or would probably be repeated by any one except Mr. Sherard, or of any one except Oscar Wilde. Indeed, the only witty saying worth repeating in the book is Father Healy's allusion to the extreme untidiness of Oscar's father, Sir William. Shortly after Sir William had been knighted an Englishman at a dinner party was complaining of the roughness of his passage from Holyhead. "It was," he said, "the dirtiest night I have ever seen." "Oh," said Father Healy, "then it must have been wild." By the way, the chapter in the book which makes you think most charitably, and not charitably only, but highly, of Oscar Wilde, is that contributed by an anonymous warder who befriended him as far as he dared befriend him in Reading Gaol. Here is its closing sentence:—

You asked me to think of you sometimes; I have thought of you always; scarcely one single day has passed since then that I have not thought of you—you who were at once my prisoner and my friend.

I cannot resist quoting another sentence from this warder's letter throwing a light upon our prison system, which has always seemed to me deliberately designed "to break the bruised reed and to quench the smoking flax."

Some of the prison rules are made with no other object than to be broken in order to give an excuse for the infliction of additional punishment.

For an old stager like me to read through over five hundred closely written pages of a novel with an unflagging interest is, you will admit, a tribute to the book, and all the greater tribute since there is nothing exciting in its plot—if it can be called a plot—or in its incidents. But the realism, the humour, the pathos, the naturalness of the characters, the wit and wisdom of the conversations, and the homeliness (in the sense of "coming home to your business and bosom") of the incidents, made Mr. William de Morgan's "Joseph Vance: An Ill-written Autobiography" (2) absorbing reading. That a book so mature in thought and in experience should be a first novel is extraordinary, and it will be yet more extraordinary if it is not followed up by still greater successes. Mr. Vaughan Kester's "The Fortunes of the Landrays" (3) is a fine study of character—of a lawyer who became dishonest, first through love of the client he defrauded—to secure her dependence upon him—and later through love of the money itself. Indeed, all the characters in the novel are life-like, while the scenes and incidents give you a vivid idea of life in a provincial American town.

(1) "The Life of Oscar Wilde." By Robert Harborough Sherard. Illustrated with Portraits, Facsimile Letters and other Documents. (London: T. Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.)

(2) 'Joseph Vance." An Ill-Written Autobiography. By William de Morgan. (London: William Heinemann. 6s.)

(3) "The Fortunes of the Landrays." By Vaughan Kester. (London: Methuen & Co. 6s.)

(4) "Harley Greenoak's Charge." By Bertram Mitford. (London: Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

(5) "The Unguarded Taper." By Helen Prothero Lewis. (Mrs. James J. G. Pugh.) (London: John Long. 6s.)

Mr. Bertram Mitford's "Harley Greenoak's Chargè" (4) keeps to the close the exciting promise of its opening, which describes the adventure of the "charge" in pursuit alone at night of a demon buffalo that had already disposed of half a dozen men. When you have recovered your breath after this adventure, you have to accompany both Harley and his charge into the dread Slaang Kloof valley, where a certain and mysterious death awaits all who penetrate it. Seven had already ventured into the valley, and all seven were found dead near its mouth with a tiny mark, hardly bigger than a pin-point, where the neck joins the shoulder. "Harley Greenoak's Charge," in a word, is a South African adventure book which would specially delight boys. I am not sure that even spiritualists, to whom "The Unguarded Taper" (5) makes a special appeal, will appreciate or even approve of it. Why, they may well ask, should the heroine's father, inspired as he was continually by her dead mother, instruct her to find a home with a disreputable cousin and his mistress? But, indeed, the spirits are as ineffective and uninteresting as they usually are, and the principal characters therefore—all of whom are swept clean off the board by death—will find themselves in congenial company in the world into which they have "passed over."—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, ever yours very sincerely,

DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy's book, "Sir Joshua and His Circle," which Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. will issue next week, is designed to give not merely a description of the rise of art in England, but also an intimate account of the friends and associates of the first President of the Royal Academy, including Gainsborough, Romney, Cosway, and West, as well as Johnson, Goldsmith, Sterne, and Garrick. There will be eighteen illustrations after portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

In a new study of "Jean Jacques Rousseau," which Messrs. Chapman and Hall are bringing out, the author claims to have discovered proofs that the original documents upon which the existing view of Rousseau's life and character is based were entirely falsified by his enemies. Photographs are reproduced to show where the corrections have been made.

Mr. E. V. Lucas's new book, "A Wanderer in London," is being issued this week by Messrs. Methuen and Co. The illustrations include reproductions in colour of sixteen crayon drawings by Mr. Nelson Dawson.

Major-General Baden-Powell, who accompanied the Duke of Connaught on his recent visit to South Africa, has written a volume entitled "Back to Mafeking," which will be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. Among other books to come from the same house are "Dacca: The Romance of an Eastern Capital," by Mr. Bradley-Birt; "Social Silhouettes," by Mr. George W. E. Russell; and "The Great Days of Versailles," by Mr. G. F. Bradby.

Mr. Mulvy Ouseley's novel, "The Hunchback of Sloane Street," to be published shortly by Messrs. Gay and Bird, is the love story of the daughter of a millionaire newspaper proprietor. The author is said to have introduced living personages under assumed names.

Mr. Arthur W. Clayden's book, "The History of Devonshire Scenery," is not, of course, a mere addition to the unending series of descriptive volumes on the beauties of the county. It is an essay in geographical evolution, which, in popular language, traces from the earliest times "the steps by which Devonshire came to be as it is to-day." The book, which will be attractively illustrated, will be published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

Motoring adventures have played a part in several of Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson's popular novels. Their new book, "The Car of Destiny," which Messrs. Methuen and Co. will have ready this week, is a romance of a motor tour in Spain. It has a Spanish hero and an English heroine, and the plot is connected with the marriage of King Alfonso. The book has a number of illustrations, including one reproduction in colour.

Mr. Frederick Harrison's new volume of essays, "Memories and Thoughts," will be published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. The essays are in part autobiographical, and deal with a great variety of subjects.

Mr. Frederick Lawton's "Life of Auguste Rodin" has been largely compiled from material obtained from the sculptor himself, including a hitherto unpublished account of his relations with Robert Louis Stevenson and Henley, together with letters bearing on this connection. The book is announced by Mr. Fisher Unwin, whose list also includes "St. Stephen's in the Fifties," by E. M. Whitty, with an introduction by Mr. Justin McCarthy; "Studies in Biography," by Sir Spencer Walpole; a translation from the German of Professor Edward Strasburger's "Rambles on the Riviera"; and "Canada To-day," by Mr. J. A. Hobson.

"The Cambridge Apostles"—the Apostles being the famous set of undergraduates which included Tennyson, Hallam, Houghton, Charles Buller, and John Sterling—is the title of a book by Mrs. Charles Brookfield which Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons have in preparation. Much of the material for the book has been obtained by Mrs. Brookfield from the papers of her father-in-law, William Henry Brookfield.

An English translation of M. Edouard Herriott's book, "Madame Récamier," which was awarded the Bordin prize, is to be issued by Mr. Heinemann. It is founded on documents which have never before been accessible, and supersedes all previous lives of Madame Récamier.

In the portfolio of Aubrey Beardsley's drawings illustrating Oscar Wilde's "Salome," which Mr. John Lane has just published, the artist's designs are reproduced for the first time in the actual size of the originals. Among them is a drawing originally done as an illustration to "Salome," but not included in the volume when published. Mr. Lane is also bringing out a new edition of "Salome" itself with Beardsley's illustrations, and a new introduction by Mr. Robert Ross.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—We have been religiously "doing" the Galleries of Paris, and have come to the conclusion that at this season they might almost as well be closed, were it not for the British and American visitors. We have met crowds of both, many of them personally conducted, most of them all fire and artistic enthusiasm, and a few terribly weary and bored. It is so much so with these last that we see them sitting in the chars-à-bancs outside, glad of a rest from sight-seeing, while their companions are admiring inside. One very hot afternoon we saw a girl fast asleep on a bench of a char-à-bancs, while the driver, too, was enjoying a pleasant doze, and the horses seemed to be slumbering also in the haze of the sunshine. The chattering crowd inside did not look half so happy. But then, fancy having missed the Venus of Milo and the Winged Victory, the two artistic glories of France, just for the sake of a nap in the sun! Esau scarcely did as badly as that.

One of the sights we have enjoyed the most is the beautiful little Museum of Cluny. The works of art are so beautifully arranged that they tempt one from case to case, and the remains of the ancient chapel are poetically picturesque. There is a sweet little garden, in which some very old pieces of sculpture are disposed upon the turf under the trees—a pleasant place to take a book or sit and think.

One evening we drove up to Montmartre, where the great new church of the Sacré Cœur looks across all

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Paris to Montparnasse on the opposite height. Another evening we took boat to the woods of Meudon, and here again we had a wonderful view of Paris spread far below us in the plain, the Seine's pale-blue ribbon forming an irregular Louis XV. bow in its meanderings. There is no place near London where one can get such splendid views as these.

The French babies are very, very pretty. Their heads are smaller than those of British babies, and their bones appear to be smaller too, for their little bodies seem more shapely than those of our fat babies at home. When they are old enough to speak, they do so in a little clear top voice that is full of sweetness. When they grow up, this voice will develop shrillness in the women and harshness in the men. There are exceptions, of course, and some of the adult voices are very sweet.

Paris is full of newly-married couples of the most affectionate description. There seems to be less reticence in the matter of displaying feeling of the kind than there is in our country. We have witnessed some curious scenes. Beautifully dressed brides, who appear to belong to a good class of society, allow their husbands to emulate the performances of 'Arry with his 'Arriet on Bank Holidays. Some Americans on the boat with us the other evening were scandalised at the behaviour of two or three couples on board, and, especially of a middle-aged pair. The lady sat with an arm round the gentleman's neck, and her face almost touching his. They murmured to each other in low voices, and every now and then exchanged a fervent kiss. One of the American girls began to giggle over this emotional effervescence, but an elderly lady with her told her that she was exhibiting as little self-control as the loving couples. You cannot conceive how demure the young lady became after this, while laughter rioted in her eyes, the corners of her lips, and some engaging dimples in her cheeks.

Two of those American girls, by the way, had lovely hair, and immense quantities of it. One of them wore it in a kind of big bun, forming a chignon, and it suited her. The other had hers arranged à la Catogan; but it was evidently a very hot affair for the back of her neck, for she kept lifting the hair to let the pleasant breeze play beneath it. She had lovely eyes, like so many American girls. Hers were grey, very large and expressive of a keen yet kindly alertness of outlook on life and its incidents. Alive all over was that girl, and she seemed concerned not at all with the impression she made on others. Her whole mental attitude was receptive. Too often girls spoil themselves a little by an obvious anxiety to know what the people about them are thinking of them.

We ate our first partridge of the season at a delightful restaurant, the Porte-Jaune, situated on an island in the wood of Vincennes. It has the whole island to itself, and it seems to be the resort of the smart for very late dinner in hot weather. Automobiles of the most sumptuous kind and luxuriously-upholstered victorias drove over the wooden bridge and deposited beautifully-dressed élégantes, each with a tiny dog, outside the bungalow, where tables are ranged under the grand old trees. The lighting is different from any we had ever seen before. It consists of portable iron stands with acetylene lamps that give a light even brighter than incandescent gas. Our birds were French, the proprietor of the restaurant assured us, and they reflected great credit on the chef who had ministered to them throughout their babyhood and youth. Such delicious plumptitude was most enticing after our drive. Richard enjoyed his partridge, but displayed Britannic irritation because his beer was served in a glass carafe and cost about fourpence per small glass. It is true philosophy to take trifles easily. Those who make mountains of molehills are for ever building huge obstacles against their own tranquillity. Men, as a rule, cultivate serenity more than women do, but sometimes our sex excels in this laudable kind of gardening. Is there anything on earth, next to the well-being of one's little circle, more valuable than serenity?

There is Martha—you remember her?—who fusses over nothings from morning till night. She not only destroys her own tranquillity, but ruins the peace of those who live with her. That is a thing not sufficiently considered. A fussy man or woman would perhaps be less fussy if he or she could only realise how much their fussiness affects the serenity of those who witness it.

We fancy that the effects of the Entente Cordiale are already apparent over here. We meet with the greatest possible civility from everyone, except perhaps the overworked post office officials, and, of course, the people in the street. The boorishness of the pedestrian is well-known, and the well-dressed are even worse than the working men. Again, girls and women of the lower classes have much better manners than their men. We have, however, once or twice come across a typical specimen of the pétroleuses of the Revolution, old and middle-aged women, who look as if they would tear us in pieces if we were to annoy them. Awful, horrible faces they have, with eyes in which rage and hatred seem at home. I have never seen such faces in Britain. The womanhood of such women seems to have turned to gall and venom. They know they are hideous and hateful, and the knowledge gives them hideous and hateful thoughts.

Mary called on us one evening and drove us to the Alcazar and dined us there. We were well amused. There was an entertainment going on in the Hall, and from our seats in the restaurant we could look down on performance and audience. The movable roof had been taken off, and we were practically in the open air. It was deliciously fresh and cool. It is always interesting to watch the other people in places of the kind. There was a very pretty woman at the table next to ours, beautifully but quietly dressed, and accompanied by five men. The impression she made upon one of these, introduced to her by another, interested us extremely. He was turned to a statue, his eyes fixed on her, while she talked, smiled, or listened to the others, apparently having forgotten his existence. But we knew somehow that she knew he was dumb with admiration. Even when the food came he could scarcely eat, and I saw him once or twice with his fork half-way to his lips suspended in the air, while he gazed at his beautiful vis-à-vis.

She was lovely, Amy. Dark grey eyes with a look of sadness in them, were all the more expressive for the intense blackness of the lashes and the graceful lines of the eyebrows. The small nose was perfectly shaped, and the lips were a scarlet bow. The hair was arranged rather low on the neck, and the hat was white with many ostrich plumes. The dress was some thin material in pale blue with lace at the neck and down the front, and not a single jewel or pearl necklace. Jewels are out of season now.

At another table sat two girls and two men, all wearing country clothes, all tired and dusty. The contrast between this party and the other made us firmly resolve that we would never, never, except in most extraordinary circumstances, dine in public without having made a suitable toilette. Those girls looked dreadful, and the men were little better.

The *Petit Journal* gives its readers a lesson on the etiquette of shooting, which throws a curious light on French customs. The *Journal* lays down the law that if one person shoots a hare and mortally wounds it so that it is dragging itself along with difficulty, and another person then shoots it again, the hare belongs to the person who had first shot it. Can you imagine any sportsman needing counsel of this kind?

Have you ever tasted partridge stuffed with green grapes? It is perfectly delicious. I must copy out the recipe for you. I have begged it from Mary, whose cook served it to perfection when we lunched there the other morning. I will put it in a postscript.

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Jim has commissioned us to look for a furnished flat for him here in Paris, and we have just heard of two, so we are off to see them without delay. He has never seen Paris save from a big hotel, and begins to think, with us, that that is not the real way to study the heart-beats of a big city. As for us, we now feel that we begin to know our Paris better than ever we did, and love it better, as a natural consequence.

I had a long letter from dear Ernest this week. He is at Cairo. He says:—

"There is 'no one' at Cairo now, but the place seems to be crammed. It is half French. Two of the big hotels are closed, but that is all one sees of the dead season. There is good Italian opera, and there are several music halls (open air), some very good. At the Casino Hotel I was interested in an English governess with a foreign family, père a wealthy Turkish merchant, mère possibly French and très bien mise. The children were dressed in neat sailor suits, quite English in style, and they all spoke English. Miss Governess, so prim and proper, was intensely British, and the children were marvellously well behaved. That Englishwoman was so splendid with them that I wanted to go and tell her how I admired her system. But I did not dare! Her dress was British and neat, but (that wicked foreign influence!) she powdered slightly!"

How astonished that English girl would have been if a handsome young artillery officer had gone up to her, hat in hand, and said: "Allow me to express my great admiration of the system you practise with these children. That is the way to spread British influence all over the world. I thank you, madam, in the name of my beloved country and yours."

How she would have blushed through that film of powder.

British governesses and nurses are in demand all over the world, and it is not all on account of the children acquiring our language. From what I have heard, it is generally accepted that our countrywomen possess in a greater degree than any others, the secret of a judicious blend of firmness and gentleness.

I have received the following letter from Mona:—

My Dear Madge,—By the best daffodils I suppose you don't mean the most expensive, for, except for the same variety, there is no connection between quality and price. Some of the old sorts may be bought at the rate of three or four a penny, while the newest, though not more beautiful, sometimes cost as much as twenty pounds apiece. All over the country patient and painstaking hybridists, often clergymen, are at work trying to raise new varieties, and when they eventually succeed it is only fair that they should be rewarded for their years of labour. Fortunately for them, there are some persons with long purses who collect new varieties of plants as assiduously as others collect rare specimens of postage-stamps, and in the first few years these new varieties are very rare, for it takes a long time to raise a large stock, the only method of propagation being by means of the offsets. This is the reason why the price is so high at first. But ordinary people are content with the older and cheaper varieties, and there are plenty of them.

Daffodils or narcissi are divided into three classes—the large-crowned (those with a long trumpet), the medium-crowned and the small-crowned. In the first-class, some of the best are Emperor, Empress, Horsfieldi, Henry Irving, Cernuus, Golden Spur, Sulphur White, and the Hoop Petticoat Daffodils; in the second, Barrii conspicuus, Sir Watkin, Stella, Leedsii amabilis, Mrs. Langtry and Triandrus albus; and in the third, Burbidgei, Pheasant's-eye, Porticus ornatus and Paper White. I have omitted the doubles, but among them the Double White (Gardenia-flowered) should certainly be included, together with some of the Polyanthus group and a few jonquils. With these you would have a fine show in spring, and at no great cost.

One important point is early planting. The other day David happened to turn up some daffodils which had been left in the ground, and they had already begun to make roots. Hence the sooner the bulbs are planted the better. Delay means less time for root formation, and consequently loss of strength. Unless this loss is very great it may not show in next year's flowers, for they depend on the food already stored in the bulbs, and not on the supply provided by the roots, but it is bound to show in the following year owing to the bulbs being smaller than they ought to be. They should therefore always be planted early enough to allow the roots to get a good start of the leaves. If the soil is very heavy, a little sand under each will help to effect this result. For the same reason fairly deep planting—say, six or seven inches below the surface—is to be recommended, darkness being favourable to root growth and unfavourable to top growth. In the mixed border deep planting has another advantage—it lessens the chance of injury to the bulbs by the hoe or fork.

Not that our borders are ever dug, except at long intervals when replanting becomes necessary. David is warned off, and either Brada or I attend to the borders ourselves, thus avoiding the damage which is done in many gardens every autumn. But even when every care is taken—when the fork is used only to stir the surface and the hoe is never driven deep—it is almost impossible to prevent occasional accidents to bulbs, unless they are some distance down. There is, however, one way of protecting them, and an excellent way it is. We grow over them aubretias, pansies, and various other dwarf and spreading plants. These do not interfere with the bulbs in any way, because they obtain their food from a different layer of soil; on the other hand, they protect the latter from extreme cold in winter and extreme heat in summer. This is the most effective, as well as the most natural, way of growing not only daffodils, but also bulbs of all kinds. They look far more beautiful when the ground around them is hidden by foliage than they do when it is bare, and they always have this advantage when they are growing wild in the fields or woods.

Daffodils make charming pot plants. Indeed, it is difficult to do without them in the conservatory or the house in early spring. It is best to use pots of different sizes, some rather large and others rather small, so that they may be suitable for different purposes. Each should be well-drained, filled with rich porous soil, and planted with as many large, plump, solid bulbs as it will hold without their being actually in contact. It is important to select good flowering bulbs, otherwise you may have merely pots of foliage. They should be placed for a couple of months in the open air—if possible, on a bed of ashes, in order to prevent worms from entering by the holes at the bottom. It is a common practice to cover them also with ashes, but it is objectionable, because ashes usually contain a certain amount of sulphur, which is injurious to the plants. Cocoanut fibre is a very much better material for the purpose. Although the soil should never be allowed to get quite dry, no more water should be given than is absolutely necessary, until the tips of the leaves begin to appear above the surface, when the supply should be gradually increased. The most suitable position for the bulbs in the pots during the winter is a cold frame. Frost will not hurt them, but damp may, so fresh air should be admitted freely at every opportunity. A few varieties, such as the Paper White and the Double Roman, may be brought forward in a warm house as soon as the flower buds can be seen—not before—but the majority should be allowed to take their own time. It is a mistake to attempt to force them.—Your affectionate Cousin, Mona.

Clare sends me the following from Dublin:—

Dearest Madge,—"Come what come may, time and the hour runs through," even the most festive week, just as through the roughest day. Well was it with regard to the Horse Show week that it should have been so. Amusement, taken with up-to-date strenuousness and thoroughness, tests our power of endurance more than most other things. The strain of seven days on end was enormous, "going" from morning till night and night till morning; the tax on our resources was exhaustive, especially in the case of our sex, with regard to toilets. However, we got through the week, that was the great thing—we and our frocks—"only," as Heine says of a more serious matter, "ask me not how." No wonder the inevitable law of reaction set in last week in Dublin with great vigour. Society rushed away from the place; every one crowded out, as they had previously crowded in, to the town. The tension had been so great, we all wanted to react, to have nowhere to go to, nothing to do, nothing to look at.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen left the Viceregal Lodge immediately after the Horse Show week for Scotland. They had earned a holi-

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day, their social labours had been so incessant and severe, but, no doubt, they will not take a long one. Holidays are not their "way." One cannot but think that their special method in taking them must be the one just now recommended as the latest thing in holidays—to seek recreation, not in rest and idleness, but in varying one's work. We have had many very energetic and philanthropic "Lady-Lieutenants," but for the number of her interests, sympathies, and works of all kinds, Lady Aberdeen has surpassed them all. What an excellent example in high place she ought to be to an easy-going, leisurely people. Somehow or other, however, those who need example never seem to take it; just as with good advice, it is only those who do not want it who are always ready to follow. Lord and Lady Grenfell's party at the Royal Hospital dispersed also. Lord Grenfell has rented Rockingham, near Boyle (which Lord Dudley had for some time), and will, with Lady Grenfell and his youthful family, spend some months there. The place is very palatial, and the demesne wide-stretching and picturesque. The owner is still a minor, the grandson of the late Colonel King-Harman.

The Institute of Journalists remained in Dublin last week, and had a better opportunity of seeing it than in the overcrowded time. Their many entertainers also remained, and they had a pleasant object lesson in the fact that, amidst the many changes incessantly working in the country, the old tradition of Irish hospitality remains unchanged. Amongst their private entertainers were Lord and Lady Ardilaun, who gave a garden party at St. Anne's, Clontarf, where the gardens are so beautiful and interesting to modern garden lovers. Lord and Lady Iveagh had an "At Home" in their honour at their unique residence—it is too many houses combined to call it merely a "house"—in St. Stephen's Green. The gardens at the back are many acres in extent, so that the entertainment was worthy the name of a garden party, though in the town. Lord and Lady Iveagh did not leave Farmleigh until the end of the week. Lord Dudley was not up for the Horse Show week, though he has been spending the late summer in his Connemara Lodge. He was staying with his brother, Mr. Cyril Ward, at Lough Erne, where they were both taking part in sailing matches. A large party was staying with Lord and Lady Erne, last week, at Crom Castle, including the Dowager-Duchess of Roxburghe and her daughter, and a large family gathering, Lord and Lady Crichton, Lord and Lady Hugh Grosvenor, Mr. Gerald and Lady Evelyn Ward. Lord Dudley came to Dublin at the end of last week, when the Royal Commission to inquire into the Congested Districts was opened under his presidency. How curious it seems that members of the Congested Districts Board, like Sir Antony MacDonnell and the Bishop of Raphoe, should be members of the Commission! Such a case of self-examination, as it were, in public! One would think that they already knew whatever was to be known, and that what they did not know was not knowledge. One wonders why we are still being inquired into, and not only that, but with such extra energy. More Commissions than ever. To think of how many we have had within the last quarter of a century, or more! And of the incessant flow of information about Ireland that our four score or more of members of Parliament have flooded the kingdom with, during the same period. Truly, Irish Government is a mystery. Perhaps if a Commission of our sex were appointed to inquire into all the other Commissions something might come of it at last. To women it might suitably be given to reach the heart of the mystery. And certainly the men, up to this time, have not "made much of a fist of it," as Fred admits.—Yours ever, CLARE.

Here is my recipe for partridge stuffed with green grapes ("Perdreaux rouges au raisins"):—

Prenez deux perdreaux, placez-les dans une casserole pas trop large dont le fond est masqué avec du lard fondu, quelques tranches de petit salé cru et un bouquet garni. Remplissez les vides de chaque côté des perdreaux avec des grains de raisins durs, c'est-à-dire encore verts. Assaisonnez, couvrez la casserole et cuisez à l'étuvée à feu très doux avec des cendres chaudes sur le couvercle. Servez avec le petit salé et les raisins autour.

You will find eggs à la Milanaise a nice Italian dish:

Cook a minced onion with salad oil in a stewpan until it begins to turn colour. Then mix in a dessertspoonful of potato fecula, a pint of water, and a pound of ripe tomatoes cut in slices, stir it till it boils and simmer till it is reduced to 3 gills, then rub it through a hair sieve. Return the sauce to the stewpan, and season it with salt and pepper. Pour half the sauce into a buttered fireproof dish, lay 6 poached eggs on it, pour on the remainder of the sauce, pass the hard-boiled yolks of 2 eggs on the top, and make a border round the edge with the rings of the hard-boiled whites.

I am sure that potage à la Bagration will please every palate:—

Fry a very finely chopped shalot with an ounce of butter in a stewpan, add a quart of good consommé, and simmer it for ten minutes. Beat the yolks of three eggs with half a pint of cream, mix it with the soup, adding salt to taste. Then mix in some nicely boiled cut spaghetti. Serve the soup at once without allowing it to boil. Hand grated Parmesan cheese separately.

Croûtes au caviare are an excellent and pretty savoury:—

Fry a sufficient number of round pieces of bread in butter, and, when they are cold, spread them with caviare, that has been worked on a plate with butter, chopped and blanched parsley, a squeeze of lemon juice, and a pinch of cayenne pepper. On each of the croûtes put a slice of seasoned ripe tomato, whip a gill of thick cream with salt, pepper, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, and a saltspoonful of Burgess' essence of anchovy. Press a little of the cream on the croûtes and dish them, garnished with picked watercress.

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TO OUR READERS.

We receive hundreds of letters every week from "Readers of 'Truth.'" A large majority of the writers expect replies direct. Of the work, trouble, and expense involved in doing this we say nothing. But as experience has shown that a large number of our "Constant" and "Regular" readers who inquire about individuals with whom we have dealt in our columns over and over again are not actual subscribers to the paper, but merely occasional readers of it at clubs, libraries, or at friends' houses, we consider we must protect ourselves in the matter.

We have therefore decided that henceforth every reader who writes making an inquiry that necessitates a direct reply must enclose a stamped envelope and also a Coupon which will always be found at the foot of the 3rd page of the coloured cover. Without these no notice will be taken of the communication.

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ENTRE NOUS.

ACCORDING to present arrangements, the new Central Criminal Court in the Old Bailey is to be formally opened by the King on Saturday, October 27, with the semi-state ceremonial which is now customary on such occasions. His Majesty will drive to the City from Buckingham Palace with an escort of Household Cavalry.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon can have only a very small house party to meet the King this week, as the accommodation for guests which is afforded by Tulchan Lodge is exceedingly limited. His Majesty occupies a comfortable little "apartment" of three rooms, which is known as the Prince's suite. A new feature at Tulchan is a fine garage, and the motor-cars will be in daily use. While shooting on the moors the King is to ride his own Highland pony, which arrived at Tulchan on Saturday. Some of the beats are quite near the Lodge, and can be reached by private roads and bridle paths, but the beats on those moors which are on the opposite bank of the Spey are several miles distant. Huts have been erected at convenient spots, which will be available either for luncheon or for protection from rain.

The King will take part in some drives for stags in the deer forests of Whitemonth and Ballochbuie during his stay at Balmoral, and there are to be drives for roe from the extensive woodlands on the Abergeldie and Birkhall Estates. His Majesty will have a day's grouse-driving over the moor of Micras, which is on the Invercauld Estate, in the Glen Gairn district, a few miles to the north-east of Balmoral Castle. Ballochbuie is now the King's favourite sporting ground on Deeside.

It is expected that the King will pay a visit this week to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon at Gordon Castle, which place is within an easy drive of Tulchan Lodge, where his Majesty is now on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon. It is understood that the Prince of Wales will be a guest at Gordon Castle for a few days before he comes south, when H.R.H will have some salmon fishing in the Spey. The Prince had good sport on this river during his last visit to Gordon Castle, but he was not favoured with such wonderful luck as Prince Arthur of Connaught, who on his first day's angling in the Spey landed one of the heaviest salmon (nearly 50 lb. weight) which had been taken from the Duke's famous waters for many years past.

His Majesty paid a visit on Saturday afternoon to Wollaton Hall, Lord Middleton's place near Nottingham. The handsome and picturesque house at Wollaton was built of Ancaster stone during the reign of Elizabeth from designs by Thorpe, the architect of Longleat and Burghley. The exterior is very grand. The hall, 60 ft. long and 60 ft. high, is the finest room in the house. There are some good Dutch pictures, and a large collection of family portraits. There is one of the most extensive views in the country from the central tower. The deer park, which is splendidly wooded, is crossed by four stately avenues.

On Sunday morning the King attended service in the private chapel at Rufford, and in the afternoon he took tea with Lord and Lady St. Oswald. Nostell is a stately and interesting house, which is surrounded by a picturesque and heavily-timbered deer park.

The house contains a splendid collection of pictures, including Holbein's famous representation of Sir Thomas More and his family, which has hung in the hall for two centuries. The house at Nostell was built early in the reign of Queen Anne by Sir Rowland Winn.

A State visit will be paid by the King and Queen to Aberdeen on Thursday, the 27th, when his Majesty will open the new buildings of the Marischal College. The quatercentenary of Aberdeen University is to be celebrated during the week, and their Majesties will be received both by the Lord Provost and the Town Council, and by the University authorities. Lord Aberdeen (who has arrived at Haddo House from Dublin) will take a prominent part in the ceremonials of the day as Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire, as also will Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, the Chancellor of the University, and Sir Frederick Treves, who holds the office of Rector. Lord Strathcona is to give a dinner to 2,500 guests.

The King and Queen, who will be attended by a large suite, are to arrive at the Holburn-street Station by special train from Ballater. Their Majesties' travelling escort is to be composed of a squadron of Scots Greys. There will be four guards of honour, furnished by (1) the Scottish Rifles, (2) the Gordon Highlanders (University Company), (3) Gordon Highlanders (3rd Battalion), (4) a naval detachment. The King and Queen are to drive from the station by a three-mile route to the Marischal College, where they are due to arrive at one o'clock. The ceremony there will take place in the quadrangle. At 1.40 their Majesties will leave for the Town House, where luncheon is to be served. At 3.15 the King and Queen are to drive to the Guild-street Station, and the Royal train is due to leave on the return journey to Ballater at 3.30. The Lord Provost of Aberdeen and the Lord Rector's Assessor visited Balmoral last Wednesday, and settled with Lord Knollys the final arrangements for their Majesties' visit. Several alterations in the proposed programme were decided upon at the suggestion of Lord Knollys, and the list of guests (sixty in number) at the Royal luncheon in the Town House was submitted for approval.

The King is to be attended during his visit to Aberdeen by the Secretary of State for Scotland (Captain Sinclair) and by Lord Colebrooke and Sir Alexander Condie Stephen (the Lord and Groom of the Bedchamber-in-waiting), General Sir Dighton Probyn (Keeper of the Privy Purse), Lord Knollys (private secretary), and Sir Arthur Davidson and Colonel Henry C. Legge (the equerries in waiting), who will ride alongside of their Majesties' carriage. The Queen is to be attended by the Duchess of Buccleuch (Mistress of the Robes), Lord Howe (Chamberlain to her Majesty), and Miss Charlotte Knollys (Lady-in-waiting). Servants, horses, and a State carriage will be sent down from Buckingham Palace.

Last week the King paid his seventh visit to Rufford Abbey. As Prince of Wales his Majesty was the guest of Mr. Augustus Savile for a few days' shooting in October, 1886. Mr. Savile died during the summer of 1887, and the estates passed to his brother, Sir John Savile Lumley, who was then Ambassador at Rome. He was raised to the Peerage in 1888, on his retirement from the Diplomatic Service, with a special remainder to his nephew, the present Peer. The King's next visit to Rufford took place in November, 1899, when he was entertained by the present Lord and Lady Savile. There were on that occasion partridge drives on two days, and pheasant shooting on the third day of the Royal visit. In 1900 the King had arranged to stay at Rufford during Doncaster race week, but the death of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha prevented him from going to the races. His Majesty, however, paid a strictly private visit to Rufford in September, 1900. The King has since stayed at the Abbey on four occasions for Doncaster races.

The King occupied a suite of apartments at the north-west corner of the house, which are the same rooms as were set apart for him during his previous visits. Since last year, however, several improvements have been carried out, and nothing could surpass the comfort and luxury of the present arrangements. The north boudoir, which was redecorated and refurnished last winter, has been thrown into the suite, and was used by the King as a sitting-room.

Among the improvements lately carried out at Rufford Abbey has been the formation of Italian and Japanese gardens in the immediate vicinity of the house. These gardens have been beautifully laid out under the superintendence of Lady Savile, and they were much admired last week by the King, who walked round them twice daily, in the morning before starting for Doncaster, and after his return from the races in the evening.

His Majesty did not go to Doncaster on Thursday. The morning was spent at Rufford in the gardens and on the croquet ground, and the Duchess of Beaufort (who was staying at Clumber with the Duchess of Newcastle) drove over to the Abbey for luncheon. At half-past three the King, Lady Savile, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt, Sir Hedworth Williamson, Mrs. George Keppel, and Colonel Legge (in waiting) drove in two motor-cars to Thoresby Hall. The route taken lay through the fine avenue, which is one of the principal features of Rufford Park, to the West Lodge, and then through the village of Edwinstowe and Bilhagh Forest (a genuine remainder of old Sherwood), to the Buck Gates of Thoresby Park. The drive, a mile long, from this lodge to the house passes through a magnificent

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For the Truth Hotel List, see page 712.
For Selected Foreign Hotels, see page 713.
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For Appeals, see page 711.
For Our Puzzles, see pages 717, 718.

forest of immense old oaks, and the King greatly admired the beautiful woodland scenery of the deer park, which is unsurpassed in England. The fine lake, which is over a mile in length, is formed by the river Meden. The Elizabethan house at Thoresby, which replaced the old mansion of the Dukes of Kingston, is remarkably stately and handsome. Tea was served in the grand hall, and his Majesty was conducted over the house by Mr. Wordsworth, the estate agent, as Lord and Lady Manvers were away in Scotland.

The Queen is to arrive at Balmoral on Monday or Tuesday next, and her Majesty's first day on Deeside will be devoted to a visit to the Princess Royal at Mar Lodge, which place is about fifteen miles distant from the Castle. The Queen and Princess Victoria are to leave Copenhagen for home in the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* on Friday or Saturday next.

Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, is to visit Leeds on Saturday, the 29th, when she will formally open the new Girls' High School at Headingley. H.R.H. is to lunch at the Town Hall as the guest of the Lord Mayor, and she will be presented with an address by the Corporation. Princess Louise will come to Leeds on Saturday morning from Knowsley Hall, Lancashire, where she is to be the guest of Lord and Lady Derby, for her public visit to Liverpool on Thursday, the 27th.

Prince Albert of Prussia, who was a nephew of the Emperor William I., took part in the wars of 1866 and 1870-71, and he was always regarded as a prudent and very able soldier. He was also a practical statesman, eminently distinguished for his cool and shrewd common sense. Prince Albert held the very difficult post of Regent of the Duchy of Brunswick for twenty-one years with conspicuous wisdom and tact. He greatly admired Prince Bismarck, and exerted himself zealously, and with a certain measure of success, in order to bring about a reconciliation between the Emperor William and the ex-Chancellor. In his government of the Duchy he was sagacious and just, and he was sincerely respected by all classes and parties in the Duchy. It cannot be said, however, that he was personally popular. He was severe, cold, and reserved in his manners, and he was an austere Lutheran. But the great complaint against him arose out of his rigorous economy. His Court was a shabby one, and his entertainments were few and mean, in spite of his generous Civil List and his own immense wealth.

The Prince was a tall, handsome man, with a shapely figure, and he had been constantly employed during the last forty years in special ceremonial missions to the various Courts of Europe. He represented the Court of Berlin in 1897 when Queen Victoria celebrated her Diamond Jubilee, and her late Majesty then invested him with the first class of the Order of the Bath (G.C.B. Military Division). His last mission was to Madrid, when he represented the Emperor at the wedding of King Alfonso. He married Princess Marie of Saxe-Altenburg, a niece of the ex-Queen of Hanover, in 1873, and she died leaving three sons.

Prince Albert came into very large and very valuable estates in Silesia and other provinces of North Germany on the death of his father, Prince Albert the elder, who also left him a considerable urban property in and round Berlin. He inherited a fortune estimated at nearly seventy millions of marks from his mother, Princess Marianne of the Netherlands, who was one of the great heiresses of the House of Orange.

Lord Aberdeen's long-delayed holiday is now in progress, and the government of Ireland, so far as concerns the Lord-Lieutenant's part in it, is in the hands of the Lords Justices, specially sworn in as Governors of Ireland during Viceregal absences from the country. They are always members of the Irish Privy Council, and never Catholics, but they may be Jews, Agnostics, or Nonconformists in any of the many varieties of Nonconformity. It is a popular idea that as the Sovereign must be a Protestant, the same rule applies to a Viceroy as his representative. This is an error. Lord Ripon, a Catholic, was Viceroy of India, and many Catholics have represented, and do represent, the King in various parts of the British dominions as Colonial governors, and also as ambassadors at foreign Courts.

The Chief Secretary was at Dublin Castle during the week, and at his residence in the Phœnix Park, which in the early autumn is breezy and bracing, with fine mountain views in the background. The Under Secretary was also at his official residence in the Phœnix Park, and daily attended on the Commission of Inquiry into the Congested Districts Department. At the end of the week the inquiry was adjourned to next month, when the inquiry into the Dublin University will also be held.

In Ireland, owing to the teachings of experience, Royal Commissions are not credited with giving much help in the solution of the Irish question. If common sense were given as much opportunity in the government of the country as commissions get, it would possibly prove more helpful to the various problems which offer themselves. In an evil hour some one—not in Ireland—invented the idea of a sentimental method of governing the country. To the Irish themselves sentimentality on the part of their rulers, in dealing with Ireland, is known by the inelegant, but expressive, word "Blather."

Lady Mary Octavia Farquhar, who died the other day at the age of ninety-two, was the youngest daughter of Henry Charles, sixth Duke of Beaufort, and her mother was a half-sister of the first Duke of Sutherland and a sister of the first Earl of Granville. Her parents were known as "the good Duke and Duchess," and her

mother was a most excellent woman in every relation of life, and a devout Evangelical. Lady Mary was married in 1837 to the late Sir Walter Farquhar, who died in 1900, and for many years she was a prominent and very popular London hostess. Lady Mary was intimately acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone.

Mr. Charles Carnegie, who died last week at Aldroughty House, near Elgin, where he had resided for many years, was the younger brother of the late Lord Southesk. He sat in Parliament as Liberal member for Forfarshire from 1860 until 1872, and he was a warm supporter and ardent admirer of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Carnegie held the post of Inspector-General of Constabulary for Scotland from 1872 until 1884, when he resigned, and he afterwards travelled for several years in various parts of Europe. He was an able man, and very popular, and between 1866 and 1872 he exercised considerable influence among the Scotch members in a quiet way.

There was a large gathering of Herefordshire notables last Tuesday in the Shire Hall, Hereford, when the memorial portrait of the late Mr. John Hungerford Arkwright, of Hampton Court, Lord Lieutenant of the County, was unveiled. About £400 was subscribed for this picture, which has been painted by Mr. Frederick Beaumont. Mr. Arkwright, who was the father of the present member for Hereford, was a most popular landlord, and in all respects a model country gentleman. In the old days, the owner of Hampton Court practically returned the member for the neighbouring borough of Leominster.

A medical friend has just called my attention to the fact that the Editor of the *Medical Press* has been again courting notice in these columns. I should have thought he had had enough to last him for a few months, but there is no satisfying some people. I have no objection to oblige him to the best of my ability, but I have other matters with prior demands at the moment, and he can very well wait for another week or two. I certainly shall not forget him, for, incredible though it may appear, he seems to have made a more wonderful exhibition of himself this time than in his last effort.

While a host of people are now regretfully returning home from their holidays, not a few are only just beginning to think of going away. The number of those who from choice or necessity postpone their holidays to the autumn is increasing every year, and many pleasant trips abroad can then be made under pleasanter conditions than prevail in the heat of the summer and the height of the tourist season. Messrs. Thos. Cook and Sons, I see, have just issued the programmes of a series of attractive forthcoming tours. There are several of varying lengths to the Milan Exhibition, the Italian Lakes and the Riviera, a month's tour to Spain, and also an autumnal tour occupying forty-five days to Palestine. For a visit to Palestine the spring months are of course preferable; but everybody cannot get away in the spring, and if the country is seen to less advantage in the autumn the traveller has the benefit of less crowded steamers and hotels.

NOAH'S ARK UP TO DATE.

A Hint to the Zoological Society.

I see that in the New York Zoo,
Not many days ago,
A bushman was displayed to view—
He *is* a man, you know—
Next to the cage wherein were shown
Those brutes in human shapes,
Which by zoologists are known
As anthropoidal apes.

Now as for those a man who placed
On show with gibbering brutes—
Well, of their judgment and good taste
Some p'rhaps may "hae their doots."
But it was done for this, I ween,
That all might see, who scan,
How small the diff'rence is between
The monkey and the man.

And, troth, if we pursue that plan,
Our minds 'twill often strike
How other types of beast and man
Are also much alike.
In fact, this Yankee notion might—
Or so I should suppose—
Worked out in detail, bring to light
Some right instructive shows.

For instance, take a certain breed
Of youth our City grows,
Whose forehead and whose chin recede
And all his face is nose.
A useful object-lesson 'twere
Such Johnny to produce
And place him (so might all compare)
On show beside a—goose.

Again, some Hebrew Shylock, sav,
Extortioner most rank,
Who works the "private lender" lay,
Or runs a so-called "Bank"—
What better means, I'd like to know,
To make the public mark
His nature, than such wretch on show
To place beside a—shark?

The glutton, too, who's overfond
Of food, nor interest feels
In anything on earth beyond
His heavy daily meals—
Why, what a sermon 'twere—my eye!—
To take both man and "prog,"
And then exhibit in a sty,
Beside a guzzling—hog!

Likewise the hag whose tongue's alert
For venomous attacks,
And loves with poison foul to squirt
Her friends behind their backs.
How good (this principle applied),
Her counterpart to take,
And show *both* reptiles side by side—
The woman and the—snake.

Then he who doth the faculty
Inquisitive inherit,
Exhibited, of course, would be
With pink-eyed brother ferret.

The Cure of Consumption.—Dr. F——, M.D., M.R.C.S., Eng., writes, relative to a patient he has been treating by Dr. Alabone's method: "She will shortly be leaving my care quite recovered; she has gained over two stone in weight, can walk long distances and has lost all her lung trouble."—"The Cure of Consumption, Chronic Bronchitis Asthma, and Catarrh," price 2s. 6d., by E. W. Alabone, Lynton House, Highbury-quadrant, N.

In short, the system outlined here—
Though some thereat may jib—
Might be developed, it is clear,
Almost, or quite, *ad lib.*

Our Zoo, I'm told, 's not very rich,
Support it don't attract;
Well, here's a novel opening, which
The slump may counteract.
Why not—to teach and eke amuse—
Just start a Noah's Ark,
And men and beasts, by kindred twos,
Show off in Regent's Park?

A gentleman who has been spending his holidays in Devonshire sends me the following copy of a notice, which he found exhibited in a village church:—

All adults who are unbaptised, or excommunicated, or possessed by devils, should leave the church after the sermon, otherwise they should remain until the conclusion of the Lord's Service.

Inquiry as to the reason for this notice resulted in the information that the vicar had been much annoyed by people leaving the church before his sermon. Hence this delicate hint as to the time they should select for retiring. It does not seem to have occurred to his reverence that a worshipper might be possessed by devils after hearing the sermon, though not previously.

The Bishop-designate of Truro has been on a short visit to his future diocese, during which he was the guest of Sub-Dean Hassard at St. Mary's Rectory, Truro, and of the Bishop of St. Germans at Kenwyn Vicarage. It is understood that the date of the new Bishop's consecration will be fixed in a few days, when the Archbishop of Canterbury returns to England from Italy. It is expected that the ceremony will take place in St. Paul's Cathedral on October 18, being St. Luke's Day, in which case Dr. Stubbs is to do homage to the King at Buckingham Palace a day or two later, and he will be enthroned in Truro Cathedral by the Archdeacon of Canterbury during the following week. It is understood at Truro that the new Bishop will occupy Lis Escop, the official residence of the See at Kenwyn, where Bishop Gott declined to live because the house was too small for him.

Only three months ago a canonry in Winchester Cathedral became vacant by the death of Archdeacon Sapte, and now another stall has fallen to Bishop Ryle through the death of Archdeacon Haigh, who was collated by Bishop Harold Browne in 1891. The five canonries of Winchester were formerly worth £910 a year each, but agricultural depression has so considerably reduced the income of the Chapter that the stipend of a stall is now only about £450, though accompanied by an excellent house and garden in the picturesque old Close.

The Rev. Sir Borradaile Savory, who died last week, had held the valuable City living of St. Bartholomew-the-Great, West Smithfield, for nineteen years. He was a rich man, and was said to spend his whole stipend on his parish. He took a warm interest in the careful preservation of his noble old church, and was a generous supporter of many ecclesiastical societies. Sir Borradaile was a well-known figure in Masonic circles, and he held the important office of Grand Chaplain, and filled it most efficiently. He was a very popular ecclesiastic, and most highly esteemed by all who knew him.

The late Canon Cornish, who was for some years a Fellow of Oriel, took a first class in Lit. Hum. at Michaelmas, 1837, being placed in the same list with Dean Stanley and the late Bishop Ryle. Canon Cornish was the close and life-long friend of Bishop Fraser, and during the last twenty-eight years of his life he held the college living of Ufton Nervett, Berkshire, which Fraser left in 1870, when Mr. Gladstone appointed him to succeed Bishop Prince Lee in the See of Manchester. Canon Cornish was a most accomplished scholar, a man of real humour, and distinguished for his strong common sense, and his hearty and undisguised dislike of cant or humbug of any kind. He was for nearly thirty years the very successful Head Master of King Edward's School, Macclesfield, during which period he was a prominent figure in the Diocese of Chester.

I continue to receive from all parts of the kingdom copies of the leaflet purporting to give extracts from Truth which is being circulated with tickets for a lottery promoted by the Christian Brothers. As was explained in these columns a month ago, this leaflet is, in plain English, a garbled version of what it purports to quote. The use which the Christian Brothers have made of my remarks is similar to that which unscrupulous advertisers make of unfavourable criticism in the newspapers by extracting any sentence which seems to tell in their favour and circulating it, detached from the context, in order to convey the impression that something which has been condemned has really been praised. The ecclesiastical lottery business is ugly enough in itself without adorning it with the tricks of shady folks whose sole business it is to humbug the public.

The Christian Brothers would do well to understand that they have no more right legally than they have morally to continue the circulation of these extracts in their present shape after I have protested against it. And it may interest them to know that the last individual who resorted to this practice—I had to stop it in that case by threatening him through my solicitors with an injunction—was subsequently arrested by the police, absconded from his bail after he had been committed for trial, and is now a fugitive from justice. One sentence which the Christian Brothers are advertising in their leaflet records my opinion that they are "not swindlers." The phrase is scarcely eulogistic, and I confess I do not understand why a religious community should think it desirable to use it as an advertisement. But, such as it is, I hope these brethren will not compel me to withdraw it, which I shall feel tempted to do if they refuse to see the error of their ways.

The following amounts have reached me towards Lady St. Helier's Children's Holiday Fund:—Rouge et Noir, £1 10s.; Martha, £1.

The very strong step has just been taken of removing an officer from the command of a battery of Royal Horse Artillery, and it has been accompanied by the still stronger step of appointing him to the command of a field battery. The appointment has naturally been deeply resented in the Field Artillery, and if the view taken of it is well founded, the public may not only sympathise with but share this feeling. It is difficult to see how, if an officer is for any reason unsuited for the command of a horse battery, he can be suited for that of a field battery, and his removal from one to the other, therefore, seems quite inconsistent with Mr. Haldane's policy of considering nothing but efficiency in military administration. It is to be hoped that the Secretary of State will be given an opportunity of explaining this transaction when Parliament meets.

I see that since the subject of "plain clothes" was last mentioned in TRUTH, a circular has been issued amending para. 1955, King's Regulations, in two particulars. The proviso that men permitted to wear plain clothes when on furlough or pass must wear uniform on leaving and returning to barracks is cancelled; and the prohibition of the keeping of plain clothes in barracks is withdrawn in the case of warrant officers and N.C.O.s not below the rank of sergeant. The cancelling of the first-mentioned proviso is therefore of no effect so far as men below the rank of sergeant are concerned, since they cannot possibly leave barracks in plain clothes if they are not allowed to keep such garments on the premises.

The amendment does something to get rid of a restriction which is rather needless and irritating, and will no doubt be appreciated by those men who get the benefit of it as much as it is by the Editor of TRUTH, who has repeatedly tried his persuasive powers on the War Office in order to secure it. But it is a pity that something was not done at the same time to secure a little uniformity in the exercise by generals of the discretion which the paragraph gives them, and to prevent them inventing qualifications of their own to restrict the privilege which the King's Regulations confer. For example, the Acting Commander-in-Chief at Malta has issued in reference to the War Office letter and para. 1955 K.R., an order which reads thus:—

> It is to be understood that the expression, "when on furlough or pass" is to be interpreted as meaning occasions when N.C.O.s or men are granted permission *to proceed to places outside the Command*. Such N.C.O.s and men may leave and return to the Command in plain clothes, *but on no other occasion will a pass to wear plain clothes in the Command be granted.*

The War Office, in the name of the King, gives every G.O.C. a discretion to permit plain clothes to be worn for purposes of recreation. This particular General exercises his discretion by announcing that he will not permit plain clothes to be worn at all in his command, with the trifling qualification that if the man is proceeding beyond his command (i.e., beyond Malta, Gozo, or Crete) he may depart and return in his plain clothes. This is really not exercising his discretion, but refusing to exercise it while pretending to do so. As a lawyer, Mr. Haldane will know that other functionaries have been judicially corrected when they have interpreted their discretion in this spirit, and as a Secretary of State, it is to be hoped that he will put a stop to the use of ingenious subterfuges to defeat the intentions of his own orders.

As bearing upon the late discussion of the merits and demerits of the Army Nursing Service, my attention has been called to certain criticisms of the work of the nursing section of the R.A.M.C. at manœuvres. The matter has already been noticed in the *Broad Arrow*, where it was stated that the men had been found "practically useless in tent-pitching, stretcher drill, and carrying wounded." It is natural that this deplorable state of inefficiency should be connected with the system of training the nursing section under "ladies," instead of under R.A.M.C. officers. There is such strong *primâ facie* ground for that view, that rigorous inquiry is called for in order to ascertain how far such a conclusion is justified. No inquiry in that direction, however, can have much value if it is in any way open to the influence of "68, Victoria-street," and its professional advisers, who are chiefly responsible for the change that has been made in the training and discipline of the nursing section.

A swindler using the name of F. Ainsley, posing as the representative of "The American Portrait Painting Company," of Broadway, New York, with a branch in Limerick, has lately been plundering soldiers in Ireland. He seems to have gone about soliciting orders for the execution of portraits and obtaining payments in advance, and then to have decamped. In June and July he obtained in this way payments ranging from 1s. to 5s. from men in a field battery at Kildare, and he called a second time on one of his victims and obtained a further payment of 10s. on account. When, after the lapse of a few weeks, the men became anxious about the promised portraits, letters to the agent's address at Wexford were returned by the G.P.O., the addressee having "gone away and left no address." Inquiries of the Wexford Police show that the same trick has been played elsewhere, and it is to be hoped that they may succeed in tracing the thieves. In the meantime the case should serve as a warning to soldiers against paying money to plausible adventurers of this kind of whom they know nothing.

The following account is given to me of the management of the Army Temperance Association institute of the 67th Company R.G.A., Portsmouth:—

> There are no writing materials in the room, not even a pen. The treasurer, who is supposed to look after the papers, books, etc., does not send his periodicals down until it suits his own convenience; for instance, the evening paper, which should be in the room at 5.30, generally arrives at 8 o'clock. The bar man pleases himself at what time he opens the place. Instead of meetings once a month, we have them about once in four, and as the members are not allowed to call a meeting, they have no means of obtaining redress. No accounts are issued, and the members know nothing whatever about the amount of the profits, but a eulogistic paragraph is frequently sent to the official A.T.A. organ, *On the March*, describing "our flourishing Portsmouth A.T.A. branch."

It is a great pity the regimental institutes, temperance or otherwise, should be allowed to get into this condition. The reason for it in this instance is certainly not want of

funds, as my informant states, among other things, that the company came home last Christmas with a balance of £30 odd to the credit of the A.T.A. fund, and a meeting was shortly afterwards held to discuss the question what should be done with this money.

In his annual report, issued last week, the Governor of Ceylon, Sir Henry Blake, expresses the opinion that the lease of the pearl fisheries to a London company, "assuring as it does for twenty years an annual income almost double the net average annual income for the past fifty years . . . cannot be otherwise than advantageous to the colony." Naturally, his Excellency desires to put the best possible face on the bad bargain to which he assented. The reference to the average annual income for the past fifty years is, however, transparently ridiculous. Every one knows that during that period there were a great many barren, or nearly barren, years, owing to the unskilful management of the fisheries. But in a despatch published in the recent Blue Book, Sir Henry himself stated his belief that with the adoption of more scientific methods of working the fisheries no such failures need be feared in the future, and, as the present report shows, the net profit to the colony in 1905 was no less than £160,376. That fisheries capable of yielding the colony such a huge revenue should have been handed over to a few astute financiers in London for an annual rent of £20,666 is an outrageous scandal for which the Governor is, next to Mr. Lyttelton, mainly responsible.

An officer forwards from India a bundle of quack advertisements of the most objectionable kind, which reached his regiment in an envelope addressed thus:—

Any Mess Sergeant,
Any Regiment,
Malakand.

The Indian Post Office, it seems, is accustomed to deliver letters addressed in this casual style, for I have come across other cases in which letters with equally vague addresses have been put into somebody's letter-box. I doubt if this would be done in any other country. Our own Post Office would not do it, and there is no reason why any Post Office should. Indeed, in this case there is every reason why it should not, as inspection of the contents of the packet would show. But the truth is that the Indian Post Office is behind that of all other professedly civilised countries in its attitude towards abuses of its own service. I wonder whether, if the Bombay firm which distributes the filth above referred to had posted a batch of circulars addressed to "Anybody, Anywhere," the Indian postal authorities would have taken the trouble to unload the stuff at any houses they might think suitable for the purpose.

Here is another example of the idiosyncrasies of our postal authorities with regard to postcards from abroad. A postcard received from France had the stamp on the back instead of the front, and a surcharge of threepence was paid by the addressee. Out of curiosity he wrote to the Post Office to ask how this amount was calculated. The reply was that the placing of the stamp on the back of the card was contrary to the regulations, that it was therefore treated as an insufficiently stamped letter, and that the stamp on the card being the equivalent of one penny only, the deficiency at the letter rate of postage was 1½d., which, doubled, amounted to the surcharge made. Including the penny prepaid, the postage of the card cost fourpence; yet if the sender had omitted to stamp it at all the surcharge would only have been twopence!

THE GOSPEL OF BLACKPOOL.

(According to Sir J. Crichton-Browne.)

Blackpool! Blackpool! Happy town,
Loved of Dr. Crichton-Browne!
Most salubrious to cure
All the ills that men endure.

Two complaints can be set down—
Two alone—says Crichton-Browne
(Cancer and consumption they)
Which e'en Blackpool can't allay.

But no other you could name
Incident to mortal frame,
That (declares Sir Crichton-Browne)
Can't be cured by Blackpool town.

Have you got a rocky heart?
Then at once for Blackpool start.
Have you got a fagged-out brain?
Then for Blackpool straight entrain.

Have you a dyspeptic "tum?"
Then, eftsoons, to Blackpool come.
Have you a rheumatic toe?
Then, forthwith, to Blackpool go.

Have you got a housemaid's knee?
Then, post haste, to Blackpool flee.
Have you megrims, blues, or pip?
Then, hot-foot, to Blackpool skip.

Have you hair that's thin on top?
Straightway, then, to Blackpool hop.
Have you got St. Vitus' Dance?
Then, anon, to Blackpool prance.

Have your nerves all gone on strike?
Then, full-speed, to Blackpool bike.
Have you ulcerated throat?
Then—pip-pip—to Blackpool mote.

Do your powers of hearing fail?
Then away to Blackpool sail.
Grows your eye-sight dim too soon?
Then to Blackpool Town balloon.

Boots not *how* you take the trip—
Whether hop you, prance, or skip,
Bike, or fly, balloon, or train—
So you *somehow* Blackpool gain.

Once within that Mecca blest,
Blackpool, sure, will do the rest—
Blackpool! Blackpool! Happy Town;
Loved of Dr. Crichton-Browne!

L'ENVOI.

Those who can't to Carlsbad roam,
Bottled Carlsbad take at home.
Those who can't to Vichy go,
Bottled Vichy take also.

Why not, Doctor, then, say I,
Like compression here apply?
Why not—say, for half-a-crown—
Sell us—*bottled Blackpool Town?*

A fact which is anything but creditable to the local authorities was brought out at an inquest last week on the body of a youth who had been drowned while bathing at the west shore, Llandudno. The accident occurred at a place where the bathing is dangerous except for swimmers. Non-swimmers, however, have bathed there every day this season, for it seems that the warning board which formerly marked the spot was blown down in a gale last winter, and it has never been replaced. The boatman who mentioned this also stated that during the season he had been to the assistance of some eighteen persons who were not bathing, but were surrounded by the tide on the west shore. Apparently it is only by good luck that more visitors have not lost their lives at this dangerous spot owing to what a juryman rightly characterised as the scandalous negligence of the authorities in the matter of the notice board.

There is a serious outbreak of typhoid fever at Pontypool, and, in the opinion of the medical officer of one of the local councils, it is attributable solely to the impurity of the water supply. "Absolutely unfitted for domestic purposes by reason of animal contamination," was the analyst's verdict on one sample of water. Another sample was described as "practically dilute sewage." The water is obtained by the Pontypool Gas and Water Company from various springs, and the supply is insufficient as well as impure. One well was, it appears, condemned so far back as 1898, but water from this source, now pronounced to be "absolutely unfitted for domestic purposes," is still being supplied to some six or seven thousand people. The local authorities now talk of acquiring the company's undertaking, on the ground that the company has failed to fulfil its statutory obligations. It is a pity that a more drastic course cannot be adopted. The law really ought to make the directors of this precious company criminally responsible for poisoning the inhabitants of the district with polluted water.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has kindly made some inquiries of the Clerk to the Holborn Guardians respecting the allegations mentioned in last week's Truth as to certain recent incidents at Mitcham Workhouse. As I stated at the time, I merely put these allegations forward as deserving the attention of the Guardians, having no opportunity of investigating them for myself. The Clerk tells the *Pall Mall Gazette* that the Guardians know all about it already; but his statements indicate that the facts were very much as my informant put them. The fish dinners were served for the benefit of Roman Catholic inmates, and other inmates objected. In consequence of their representations half of the fish is now boiled and the other half fried. The result of this is said to have been "satisfactory." It may be satisfactory to the officials, but my information indicates that it is not satisfactory to the inmates.

Again, there is no truth, the Clerk says, in the statement that the inmates of certain blocks have been locked up in consequence of petitioning against the fish dinners; but it is nevertheless a fact that doors have been locked, this being absolutely necessary during occasional short absences of the officials in charge. Here, again, my information is that the locking up has come into force, or been considerably increased, since the complaint about the dinners. The practice is obviously open to abuse, and the necessity for it is not evident. On the whole, I am disposed to attach more weight to the complaints after the official explanation than I did previously, and I still think that the Guardians should look further into the matter, independently of their officials.

I observe that at the last meeting of the Blean Board of Guardians, Dr. A. H. D. Salt, the medical officer for the workhouse and for the Herne Bay district of the union, applied for an increase of salary. Pending some inquiry with regard to a proposed transfer of parishes to the Canterbury Union, the application was adjourned. I would suggest that when it comes up again the Guardians should take into consideration the question of this medical officer's curious enterprise in the tea trade. In the name of Dudley Salt, "heir of the late Dr. Salt, of India," he is, as I have previously explained, the author of a scheme for humbugging people into paying through the nose for rubbishy tea by promising to give away a freehold plot of land to every purchaser of 200 lb. at 2s. a pound. It seems to be extremely undesirable that a public official should be engaged in this sort of trick trading, and instead of granting him an increase of salary the Blean Guardians would do better to tell that Dr. Salt that he must either resign his appointment or sever his connection with the Salt tea business.

A man who in the intervals of his employment as a sandwichman sometimes has to seek a night's lodging in the workhouse casual ward inquires whether the law provides him with any means of redress against a poor-law medical officer who wrongly certifies that he is fit to perform a task of stone-breaking, and so causes him to be committed to prison. Recently this man was sent to gaol on remand for failing to perform such a task at a London workhouse. The workhouse doctor had certified that he was able to do the stone-breaking, but the prison doctor certified that he was only fit for very light labour, and when he again came before the magistrate he was discharged. I have heard and read of not a few cases of this kind—indeed, if I remember rightly, the Prison Commissioners a year or two ago commented upon the fact that many men sentenced to terms of imprisonment for failing to perform heavy tasks of stone-breaking or stone-pounding in casual wards were found to be physically incapable of doing such work. No doubt the workhouse doctors come across many malingerers. This, however, is no excuse for certifying as fit men who are actually unfit, and magistrates and Board of Guardians ought to see to it that greater care is exercised in these medical examinations in the casual wards.

Corpulency.—A booklet, dealing with the most modern treatment of Corpulency, will be sent post free on application to L. Genin & Co., 32, Newgate-street, E.C.

In Anglesey, and I dare say in many other parts of the country, it is the neighbourly custom of the farmers to lend each other the assistance of their men at threshing time. This is a convenient arrangement for the employers, but a case in the Menai Bridge County Court shows that it may entail a serious hardship on the man whose services are loaned. A farm labourer was sent by his employer to help in the threshing at another farm, and while doing so he received an injury by which one of his eyes was destroyed. He sued his employer under the Workmen's Compensation Act, and in the circumstances of the accident he would clearly have been entitled to damages if the injury had been inflicted in the course of his work on his employer's farm. But Judge Moss reluctantly and much against his inclination came to the conclusion that, in view of the authorities on the point, the man could not be awarded compensation, inasmuch as at the time of the accident he was not "in the employment of the respondent in respect of the particular employment he was then engaged in." It would seem, therefore, that a man whose services are lent in this way is deprived of any right whatever to compensation in the event of an accident. In the eye of the law, he is not in the employment either of his own employer or of the employer to whom he has been temporarily transferred. The law is certainly cross-eyed.

The First Offenders Act seems to be treated as a dead letter by the Shallows of the Grimsby County Bench. Four of these gentry, Messrs. G. H. Caton Haigh, M. Haigh, G. F. Sleight, and R. Brooks, last week heard a summons against a working man named Fowler for stealing mushrooms from a field. A solicitor who had been instructed by some friends of the defendant advised him to plead guilty, and explained the circumstances of the case. It appeared that Fowler had been unable to work for some weeks owing to an injury to his arm, and while out for a country walk he saw the mushrooms in a field, and picked them, not knowing that they were cultivated mushrooms. Testimonials were produced showing that Fowler, who has a wife and five children dependent upon him, had always borne an irreproachable character, and the solicitor appealed to the Bench to deal with him as a first offender. Their answer to this appeal was to impose a fine and costs amounting to 15s. 6d., thereby placing the defendant under the stigma of a conviction for theft. The solicitor bluntly told their worships that this was an abominable decision, and a travesty of justice. His words were not a bit too strong. The case was precisely one of which the First Offenders Act was designed to meet, and magistrates capable of setting aside its provisions in this way are unfit to sit on the Bench.

More pleasant to contemplate is the action of the Andover County Bench in the amazing case in which three persons were charged with stealing apples belonging to the Marquis of Winchester. One of the defendants is a librarian at the British Museum, another is a school teacher, and the third, Mrs. Oram, is the wife of a labourer on the Marquis's estate. Mrs. Oram looks after an empty farmhouse on the estate, and lives with her husband and children in an adjacent cottage. The other two defendants, who were spending a holiday in the neighbourhood, were invited by Mrs. Oram to stroll round the orchard, and while doing so they picked up a few apples which one of them shook from a tree. It was for this heinous crime that they were prosecuted—on the instructions of the Marquis of Winchester. The Bench very properly dismissed such an extremely paltry case, and it is to be hoped that on reflection the noble prosecutor will have the grace to withdraw the notices that have been given discharging Mrs. Oram and her husband from their employment on the estate.

A labourer named John Norman was haled before Messrs. C. T. Lindsell and W. Graves, J.P.'s, at Biggleswade last week, on a charge of night poaching at Sandy. The only witness for the prosecution was a policeman, who deposed that he found two men lying in a field. Near them was a bag containing thirteen rabbits. Both men ran away, but one of them had previously said, "We are doing nothing," and the constable "recognised Norman by his voice." The second man was a stranger, and the constable admitted that it was solely by his voice that he identified Norman. The defence was an alibi. Norman swore that on the night in question he was not at Sandy, but at Blunham, where he slept at his sweetheart's parents' house, and his sweetheart and her father corroborated this statement. It was clear from this that either Norman and his two witnesses must have committed perjury, or else the policeman must have been mistaken in supposing that it was the defendant's voice that he heard. In a case of any other kind the magistrates would probably have taken the latter more just and reasonable view, and, at any rate, have given the defendant the benefit of the doubt. This, however, was a charge of poaching. Country J.P.'s of the Lindsell and Graves type do not consider that an accused poacher is entitled to the benefit of any doubt, no matter how serious it may be, and so John Norman was committed to goal for two months' hard labour with an additional two months if he fails to find a surety in £20 that he will not so offend again for a year. I commend this monstrous conviction and sentence to the consideration of the Home Secretary.

A bigamy case which was tried not long ago at Belfast was the occasion of the delivery of some very strange remarks from the Bench. My knowledge of the case comes from India, and though it includes a newspaper cutting briefly reporting the trial, it does not include either the date or the name of the learned Judge who presided, which is a pity. The prisoner was a young woman, and she pleaded guilty. She was married in January, 1901, to a private in one of the Irish regiments. Some six months later her husband was drafted out to South Africa. After the war was over he was sent to India, where he has been ever

since. After two or three years had elapsed, he received information about his wife's conduct which led him to communicate with the Belfast police. From them he presently heard that his wife—who seems to have had strong leanings towards the army—had gone through a form of marriage with another soldier at Belfast, with whom she was living. The prosecution followed in the ordinary course.

When the trial came on—I presume at the last Belfast Assizes—what the reporter describes as a "strong appeal" was made by the prisoner's counsel. It evidently touched the heart of the learned Judge, and the woman was discharged unpunished, with the following remarks from the Bench:—

His Lordship said the woman, with whom he sympathised greatly, appeared to have lived happily with the man she had married on the second occasion, and who was the father of the child she had with her. Bigamy, as committed by a woman, was not of so grave a character as where committed by a man. She appeared to have established a happy home, and he would not break it up by sending her to prison. Though it was not blest by our Lord it might perhaps be allowed to continue to the end, and finally might receive the consecration of a legitimate union if her former husband should die.

I am keenly alive to the mistake so often made by Englishmen of judging things Irish by English ideas. But after all the husband in this case was an Irishman, and his ideas seem to be deserving of some consideration. He can hardly be expected to be pleased at being virtually told by a Judge of the High Court that his speedy decease is the most desirable solution of the matrimonial tangle which his wife has created.

The question may naturally present itself to the husband's mind under these circumstances whether if he, being in precisely the same position as his wife, should adopt the same course, he will be regarded as an equally deserving object of judicial sympathy when he appears in court on a charge of bigamy, with a baby in his arms, and an eloquent barrister to appeal to the Bench for mercy. I fear there is little chance of it, unless he should have the luck to come before the same Judge, and even here the chance is not very promising, for it will be noted that his lordship does not consider bigamy so grave an offence on the part of a woman as on that of a man. Why not? Is it any pleasanter for a man than for a woman to find that he has been humbugged into a marriage which is no marriage, and has become the parent of an illegitimate family? Is it any pleasanter for a husband to find that his wife has misconducted herself and introduced another man's children into his domestic circle, than for a wife to find that her husband has committed bigamy with another woman? The extremists on the side of woman's rights may possibly contend that a woman should be free to marry as often as she pleases; but I cannot see why a judge, who is supposed to look at such questions impartially, should consider the female bigamist a more suitable object of sympathy than the male. I wish somebody would tell me who this tender-hearted Irishman is.

Claridge's Hotel, Brook-street, Grosvenor-square.—Over 300 rooms; nearly 100 bathrooms. Royal suite, private entrance. Situation ensures perfect quiet.

The attitude of the anti-motoring magistrates towards their pet aversion is strikingly illustrated in this week's Pillory. The Arundel magistrates, for instance, are of opinion that the carter who rolls himself up comfortably in a waggon and lets his horses stray as they like along the road, constituting a danger to himself and everybody he meets, is amply punished by a total fine of 16s., while they fine the motorist, who has his car under full control, £5 and costs for the merely technical offence of exceeding the speed limit. Their judicial ferocity towards motorists is, however, completely put in the shade by the fines inflicted by the Cardiff stipendiary and the Cromer magistrates. Other notable aberrations on the part of the Great Unpaid are shown in cases chronicled at Ilkestone, where cruelty to children would appear to be a much cheaper offence than damaging a pear tree, and at Cheltenham, Nottingham, and Preston, where the infliction of fines were considered amplo penalty for atrocious cruelty to animals.

Ilkestone Petty Sessions. Before the Mayor, Messrs. R. Hunt, W. Merry, J. Ball, and W. Tatham. Matthew and Rachel Davis, charged with neglecting their six children. Fined 2s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. costs in each case.

Ilkestone Petty Sessions. Before the same bench. Frederick Lane, aged 15, charged with damaging a pear tree. Fined 2s. 6d., 5s. damages, and 13s. costs.

Arundel Police Court. Before Captains Kemp and Hills, and Messrs. C. J. Fletcher, E. Henty, J. Harvey, A. Herington, and E. J. Mostyn. Jas. Light, charged with sleeping in his van while in charge of two horses. Fined 16s.

Arundel Police Court. Before the same bench. Nine motorists, charged with exceeding the speed limit. Each one fined, the amounts varying from £4 13s to £6 12s.

Newark Borough Police Court. Before the Mayor and Alderman B. V. Pratt. Charles Troop, charged with being drunk in charge of two horses and a dray. He galloped the horses furiously in the street. Fined 5s. and costs.

Cardiff Police Court. Bernard Dalton, charged with driving a motor car to the danger of the public. The estimated pace was from 16 to 17 miles an hour. Fined £20 and costs.

Clydebank Police Court. Charles M'Bride, charged with assaulting a woman who took the part of a boy with whom he had interfered. He struck her several blows on the head and face. Fined 20s.

Bridgend Police Court. Two young lads, W. Oliphant and Alex. Mitchell, charged with being found in an enclosed court with intent to commit a felony. Thirty days' imprisonment each.

Rotherham Police Court. Thomas Burkinshaw, charged with drunkenness, assault, and wilful damage. He struck his landlady, threatened to murder her, and smashed the furniture. Fined 10s. and costs.

West Riding Police Court. John Shaw, Thomas Casey, and T. Sullivan, charged with loitering with intent to commit a felony. Twelve months' hard labour each.

Norwich Police Court. Before Messrs. H. Curl, H. J. Copeman, and S. Wainwright. Walter Martin, charged with assaulting his wife. He struck her in the face with his fist, twice knocking her down. Fined 10s. and costs.

Loughborough Police Court. H. Kirby, T. Hill, and J. Foster, charged with night poaching. They had 26 rabbits, nets, and pegs in their possession. Kirby one month, and another month in default of finding sureties. Hill two months, and Foster three months, and in default of sureties an additional two months' imprisonment each.

Cheltenham Police Court. Before the Mayor and other magistrates. James Baker, butcher, charged with cruelty to a cow. The animal had been left in a field with a large open wound on the head. The eye was gone, and the cavity tenanted by flies, maggots, and wasps. Fined £1 and costs, or a month.

Birmingham Police Court. Before Messrs. L. Morton Brown and other magistrates. F. Lewis and P. Brendon, charged with sleeping in a railway carriage. Twenty-one days.

East Dereham Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. Bulwer, Copeman, and Daniel. James Knight, charged with sleeping in an outhouse. One month.

Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Nearly 8,000 convictions last year. Complaints marked "Private." absolutely confidential.—Secretary, 105, Jermyn-st., London.

Penarth Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. J. Duncan and J. W. Pyman. Henry Hall, charged with wife assault. On two occasions he struck her several times on the head and face with his fists, knocking her down. Fined 30s. and costs.

Nottingham Police Court. Before Ald. Pyatt and Dr. Dabell. H. S. Hippey, a pastry cook, charged with cruelty to a pony. When a policeman saw it the animal was hardly able to stand, and died immediately after. There was nothing in the manger but some lumps of mouldy bread, and a post-mortem examination disclosed the fact that its stomach contained some of the wood chippings which formed the litter. Fined 30s.

Preston Borough Police Court. Before Messrs. W. Haslem and B. Clemesha. Thomas Heskin, charged with cruelty to a horse. He was in charge of two horses and a waggonette, and he was slashing one, which appeared thoroughly exhausted, with a whip. As soon as the horse was put in a loose box it laid down and died. Fined £3 and costs.

St. Ives Police Court. Before Messrs. Goodman, Geldart, Tebbutt, Lindsell, and Osborne. C. Munns, E. Feary, W. Walker, W. Smith, and J. Grey, charged with stealing apples from an orchard. Munns and Feary one month's hard labour each. The others fined.

Stratford Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. E. J. Beal and W. Mallinson. John Trundle, charged with stealing apples from a garden. One month's hard labour.

Merthyr Police Court. Margaret Davies, charged with refusing to go from the infirmary to the body of the workhouse. Fourteen days' hard labour.

Ixworth Petty Sessions. Before Mr. T. T. Methold and other magistrates. George and John Whistlecraft, charged with night poaching. George six months' and John three months' hard labour, and a further six months each in default of finding sureties to be of good behaviour.

Doncaster Police Court. J. Whitehead, C. Blyth, W. Smith, and A. Abbott, charged with night poaching; 21 rabbits were found on them. Three months each.

Cromer Petty Sessions. Before Mr. R. W. Ketton and other magistrates. Harry Blackburn, charged with driving a motor car at a speed dangerous to the public. A second conviction. Fined £20 and costs, and license suspended.

Ernest H. Edwards, charged with a similar offence. First offence. Fined £10 and costs, and license suspended.

An ugly scandal in connection with the administration of justice by the honorary magistrates has been brought to light at Glasgow. Recently a betting prosecution was set down for hearing at the Southern Police Court, and in the ordinary course of things it would have come before the magistrate on the rota for the court that week. Owing, however, to what the magistrates, as the outcome of an inquiry, have stigmatised as "unwarranted interference" on the part of a councillor (Mr. Scott Gibson), the arrangements for the court were altered, and the case was disposed of by another magistrate. The arrangements for the attendance of magistrates at the different courts are made by an official in the Town Clerk's Department, and the Town Clerk has given an assurance that in future no such "unwarranted interference" on the part of a councillor, or anybody else, will be permitted. But according to the *Daily Record*, which drew attention to the affair, this has not been by any means an isolated irregularity. It is asserted that in connection with a certain class of prosecutions "wire-pulling" has often been practised in the interest of the defence to avoid the hearing of the case by any magistrate "who was not likely to be favourable" to the accused; and the existence of such a state of things is a powerful argument for the appointment of stipendiaries in the place of the Great Unpaid.

Yet another case comes to hand in which a solicitor being also executor under the will of a lady deceased, was disposed to entertain seriously the familiar communications of the "gold brick" gentry. The operator in this case called himself G. James Cromwell, and desired a reply to 23, Steuben-street, Albany, U.S.A. My informant, a son of the deceased lady, was able to enlighten the lawyer, and I hope he recommended him at the same time to become a regular subscriber to Truth, which is essential in these days for any solicitor who desires to be as wideawake as his clients expect him to be. He also tells me that a friend of his own fell a victim to the gold brick swindle, and was let in to the tune of £5,000. This is the biggest haul I have ever heard of, and it fully confirms all that has been said in Truth as to the big profits that must be made out of this swindle. My correspondent goes on to suggest that it would be easy to catch these thieves if the authorities at Scotland Yard, co-operating with the American police, would send a man out to personate a supposed English victim over here. No doubt it would be easy enough, but Scotland Yard cannot be expected to move unless somebody on whom the fraud is being tried invites their co-operation.

A correspondent forwards a copy of an "urgent appeal" from the unspeakable scoundrel Widdows, which was put into his hand at an open air religious service in Hackney. Widdows is in urgent want of £400 to discharge a debt which is hanging over his head, and by way of suggesting that the debt is driving him into an early grave, he goes on thus:—

> The winter of my life is approaching, and, sleeping I dream, and waking I hope, that, "before I go hence," this debt may be wiped out. Mental worry and anxiety have caused a serious breakdown in health, and I was obliged to give up work for a time, but, thank God, I am somewhat restored.

It is easy to understand that a man who has done two terms of penal servitude in this country, subsequently to imprisonment in the Colonies, has experienced a good deal of mental worry and anxiety.

Apropos of recent remarks in Truth upon fradulent advertising, my attention has been called to remarks which have from time to time been made upon this subject by the Head Constable of Liverpool in his reports to the Watch Committee. In his report for last year the Head Constable says:—

> Of minor forms of fraud the most numerous are those which are worked through newspaper advertisements. Five cases alone during the past year have produced 253 complaints of unsatisfactory dealings from a distance, and have induced 27 newspapers to withdraw advertisements, *which would never have been published if a little preliminary inquiry had been made into the bona fides of the advertisers.* None of these five cases figure in the returns, because, as I have already said, the law as it now stands is all on the side of the swindler, and in too many cases saddles his profits with no risks save those of a County Court summons.

The most interesting point here is the sentence which I have italicised. The Head Constable entirely agrees with the opinion which has so often been expressed in Truth, that for a large proportion of the frauds which are committed by means of advertisements the newspapers are themselves to blame. There really cannot

Wedding Presents.—A choice selection of beautiful Dinner and Dessert Services, Breakfast, Luncheon, and Tea Sets, exclusive designs. Mortlocks, Ltd., the Old Pottery Galleries, Oxford-st., and Orchard st., W. Inspection solicited

be any doubt about this, and if newspaper proprietors do not recognise their duty to make proper inquiries before publishing advertisements which bear the suggestion of fraud on the face of them, they will have no right to complain if the law is eventually altered in such a way as to make them responsible legally, as they now are morally.

A man calling himself H. Wilson has lately been advertising from 40, St. Luke's-road, Clapham, his need of a "smart eye-catching advertisement for a new tooth dentifrice." He offers £5 as a prize for the best suggestion. An inquiry in answer to the advertisement elicits the information that Wilson has been selling his "tooth dentifrice" privately for a long time past, and is about to put it on the market, but that all competitors for his £5 prize must send him six penny stamps for a sample box of the "tooth dentifrice." It is hardly likely, I should think, that he will get anything better in the way of a "smart eye-catching advertisement" (flat-catching is a better name for it) than the one which he is already using.

The *Bournemouth Directory*, noticing a recent TRUTH paragraph with reference to the operations of "Bishop" M'Laglen's collectors in that town, warns its readers against confusing the "Gordon Memorial Day Nursery" with the Bournemouth Gordon Boys' Home. It adds that several people have given subscriptions to M'Laglen's swindle under the impression that it was the Bournemouth Home. When previously writing I had forgotten the existence of the Gordon Boys' Home at Bournemouth. No doubt the similarity of the names is one reason why Bournemouth has been selected for M'Laglen's operations. The general reason, of course, in all these cases for collecting money as far as possible from the headquarters of the swindle, is to avoid as far as possible inconvenient visits and inquiries from the subscribers.

A correspondent forwards a description of a so-called betting system for which he paid half a guinea to a sharp advertising in the sporting papers under the title of "Turf News," Hand Court, London. The system is to back "the last horse mentioned by name in the betting returns the day after the race;" and one objection to it is that it is absolutely unworkable—a fact of which the individual calling himself "Turf News" is, of course, perfectly well aware. My correspondent thinks that other people may be saved from being victimised if I notice this swindle. I hope so, but, unfortunately for themselves, a good many persons only think of turning to TRUTH after they have been humbugged. For instance, this particular dupe would have been half a guinea in pocket if he had been one of my readers, for I dealt with this betting system-monger some months ago.

The *Manchester Evening Chronicle* publishes some interesting remarks on the trade done by the so-called "auctioneers" who flourish in Blackpool during the summer. These are the gentry who hold day by day mock auctions for the sale of shoddy goods, mostly plated rubbish and cheap clocks, which are specially made in Birmingham and Sheffield for this particular market. Somebody "in the know" told the writer that articles costing from 2s. 6d. to 5s. are sold in this way for a sovereign, though "those who do a straight trade" content themselves with retailing at about 50 per cent. above cost price. "Tea services," he added, "are good" selling lines at Blackpool, especially when an ornate-looking clock is thrown in, and the lot sacrificed for £7 or £8." Blackpool, of course, is not by any means peculiar in this respect. The mock auction business flourishes permanently in all large towns, but for some reason it goes specially strong at the seaside during the holiday season—possibly because, when away for their holidays, people are less particular than usual as to what they do with their money. It is not only the medium of wholesale swindling, but it must do incalculable harm to the legitimate trade, and it is surprising that respectable tradesmen do not attempt to check it, and that respectable auctioneers do not second them.

As the files of TRUTH can testify, complaints are continually coming to hand from dissatisfied customers of Mr. H. J. Gasson, of Rye, one of the traders who profess to deal in rejected Government goods, among other things, at very tempting prices. One of the attractive features of Gasson's advertisements is that you can have your money back if you are not satisfied with the goods, and the latest complaint relates to the difficulty of getting your money back under such circumstances. A length of tennis netting purchased in June proved not to be of the width represented, and was immediately returned. Instead of returning the money on his side, Gasson offered other goods from his list in substitution, but failed to remit when this offer was refused; and it was not till three months later, after several abortive applications, a reference to the police (who reported that such complaints were common), and finally a threat of legal proceedings, that he refunded the money. It would be interesting to know how much profit is made per annum by retaining the money of the numerous customers who reject the goods upon their delivery.

The Parisian firm, the Maison P. Rosset, of the Rue Feydeau, to whose method of selling silk underskirts worth 32s. for 2s., by means of the "snowball" system, I directed attention in January last, are still distributing their circulars in this country. "Who is the woman," asks the Maison Rosset, "taking a pride in her dress, and careful and thrifty with her purse, who

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ST. MARY'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, Grantham, Lincolnshire.—The Readers of TRUTH are respectfully requested to send a donation towards the heavy needs and expenses of the above poor Mission. The same will be very gratefully received by the Rev. Father Sabela.

will hesitate to place among her acquaintances four 2s. coupons in order to possess a magnificent silk underskirt?" I should have thought that even the most thrifty woman would hesitate about asking her acquaintances to subscribe to buy her the garment in question, and if she did so I can hardly imagine her "taking a pride" in its possession.

A correspondent writes:—

I should be glad to know if there are any reliable people from whom an electric belt can be purchased, and where one should go for skilled treatment of the hair. I know it may be said, "Why not go to a properly qualified medical practitioner in both cases"? But most medical men have very little special knowledge of electricity as a therapeutic agent, and the ordinary battery which they sometimes recommend does not seem to me so convenient as a belt, while all that concerns the care of the hair seems to be beneath their notice. The ignorance of medical men in regard to some matters is the reason why the quack abounds and flourishes.

It strikes me that there is a good deal of truth in this last observation, and I publish it for the benefit of the medical profession. I suppose the reason why qualified medical men do not encourage patients to consult them about their hair is that since the professions of barber and surgeon—which everybody knows were originally identical—have been separated, the "higher branch" looks down upon the lower; but undoubtedly this false pride keeps many guineas out of the doctors' pockets, and has the effect attributed to it by my correspondent.

With regard to electric belts, I am not qualified to give any advice, and if my correspondent applies for it to those who are better qualified, he will probably be told that it is very doubtful whether electricity can be applied with much effect by such means. Some of the belts that are advertised are genuine appliances, in the sense that they may be capable of generating an electric current; others have not even so much in their favour. Many people, no doubt, suppose that they have received benefit from wearing them; but as this applies equally to the belts which are capable of generating currents and those which are not, the inference would seem to be that the electric current has not much to do with the result in any case.

Some interesting correspondence has been sent to me by a gentleman who has recently been tempted to put himself into the hands of a Mr. F. Matthias Alexander, 1, Army and Navy Mansions, 109, Victoria Street, S.W., for treatment by means of Mr. Alexander's "New Method of Respiratory and Vocal Re-education. He states that he arranged with Mr. Alexander to take a few trial lessons by way of re-educating himself in his respiratory and vocal processes, and after the fourth, being about to leave town, and not being very satisfied with his progress, he proposed to suspend the treatment, and practise for a time what he had learned up to that point. At the same time he enclosed a cheque for £3 for his four lessons. This was returned by Mr. Alexander, who then put forward a claim for the price of a complete course—15 guineas.

The parties being thus at issue, Mr. Alexander next proceeded to announce his intention of sending an account of the transaction to the manager of the office in which his patient was employed, adding that it would be necessary to subpœna "a number of the members of the staff," and that he should take this course unless he received a satisfactory reply on the following morning. This threat was actually carried out, Alexander writing to the manager a long letter, giving his own version of the transaction, and introducing himself with the explanation that "it will be necessary to subpœna your officials as witnesses." Obviously there could be no necessity for anything of the kind. On the contrary, no witness from the office could possibly have proved anything that would have assisted Mr. Alexander in the event of his taking legal proceedings. Such a method of attempting to obtain a payment of a disputed debt is so indefensible, that I am curious to know whether any other persons have had unfavourable experience of this respiratory and vocal re-educator.

The debt collector in this country is apt to take a high-handed line with debtors, but it would seem that in this branch of business, as in others, we have still much to learn from the United States. Witness the following document. "The Eye that Never Sleeps" is pictorially represented at the head of it, and looks uncommonly wide awake:—

THE EYE THAT NEVER SLEEPS.

We never fail to secure the payment of the debt, or the arrest and conviction of the person complained of. Any person, whether male or female, who has deliberately ordered goods of any kind to be sold on consignment, had just as well try to dodge the "grim monster," Death, as to try and dodge us, or to make the slightest attempt to avoid the payment of same, without speedily realising their sad mistake, and quickly finding themselves in the "clutches" of both Federal and State laws. We have a standing offer of $500 reward, to be paid to any person, who will successfully defeat us in either collecting a consignment debt or putting the debtor behind the "bars." Competition for this reward is open to the entire world.

DAVIES MAIL ORDER COLLECTION AGENCY,
Madison Hall Buildings, Chicago, 111.
Chicago, August 24, 1906.

(Here appears the name of the addressee.)

We have to-day been notified to bring legal action against you, for the purpose of collecting the amount of $2.00, which you owe the firm of Eagle Jewelry Co.; they having sent that amount of jewelry to you on consignment.

The evidence which the Eagle Jewelry Co. has presented to us shows that about two months ago they sent you 20 pieces of jewelry articles on consignment to sell at 10 cents each, the same to be sold or returned within 20 days. They have repeatedly notified you that your time has expired, to which letters you did not reply; they have sent your account to us for collection.

Our business is to protect mail dealers from such persons, who endeavour to defraud them, by sending orders for goods, without the intention of paying for same, and for that purpose we have a number of attorneys who travel through different sections of the country, who collect accounts of the above nature, and who when peaceable collection is impossible, institute legal proceedings against the complainant (*sic*), and where the complainant is proved to be penniless, are instructed to sue for corporal punishment against complainant.

There is a common law in every state to the effect that persons

"One of the Prettiest Spots in England"—DORMANS PARK HOTEL, Dormans, Surrey (L. B. & S. C. R.). Write to Manager for Illustrated Booklet and Terms. An Ideal run for Motorists, 28 miles from London or Brighton.

having received goods on consignment must either pay for them or return said goods in good condition, and unless you heed this letter we shall prosecute you to the fullest extent of the law. We are unceasing in our prosecution of any person who orders goods and intentionally avoids payment for same. Every day we discover persons who have secured goods under assumed names, or who, living at one place, order goods from another place, and who believe that, owing to the smallness of the amount, nothing further will be done about it.

In more than 25,000 cases we have been successful either in securing the amount due to the merchants, or in sending the Dead Beats to a term in the penitentiary.

And so on, and so on. By way of enforcing this alarming communication, there is enclosed what purports to be a newspaper cutting describing with a profusion of American headlines how "Mrs. Ella K. Reckenbeil is Charged with Fraud," though, as a matter of fact, all that the report shows is that a judgment for $32.62 was obtained against Ella in some civil court.

I may add that this interesting document is forwarded to me from one of the British lunatic asylums which have lately contributed so much information about the doings of quacks and other advertising harpies, the senior medical officer thinking that it deserves publicity. I gather that the lunatic to whom it was addressed had, prior to his admission to the asylum, sold some stuff for the Eagle Jewelry Company, remitted the proceeds, and returned the unsold goods. In his present position, the prospect of being put "behind the bars," and the other threats addressed to him, are not likely to have much terror for the unfortunate debtor; but one trembles to think what effect "The Eye that Never Sleeps" might have when turned, with all its attendant horrors, upon a party whose intellect is already trembling in the balance. And I suppose most of the customers of firms like the Eagle Jewelry Company are more or less on their way to lunatic asylums.

The following circular, addressed to a large firm of manufacturers, from the office of one of their customers, is a good example of a practice which is always indefensible, and frequently very little distinguishable from blackmail:—

Commercial Street, Tredegar.
31st August, 1906.

Dear Sirs,—Our principal, Mr. D. John Vaughan, is to be married on September 18th.

Several of the wholesale houses with whom we do business have intimated to us (the office staff) their intention to forward either a donation or present in kind, and have asked us to let them know what other firms are doing.

We consider it best if the firms, who will kindly contribute on this occasion, would send their donations to us, and we hope to receive sufficient to purchase a silver tea and coffee service.

We need hardly state that your contribution will be published in the local press, and brought to the notice of Mr. Vaughan himself.

We hope that you will do your best to make our efforts a success. Cheques to be made payable to F. Morley Vaughan, and crossed Metropolitan Bank.—Yours faithfully,

F. Morley Vaughan,
B. James,
W. J. Madley,
W. H. Grant,
T. J. Evans,
Brinley Roberts.

P.S.—We might add that presents which Mr. Vaughan is already receiving include: Grand piano, pianolo, cutlery, canteen, oak roll top desk, and large quantity of silver, and this makes us anxious that the present which we are organising should be worthy to rank among these. The staff and workmen are contributing to a fund of their own.

It is interesting to note that the surname of the first signatory corresponds to that of the principal on whose behalf the appeal is made. As the appeal purports to issue from the "office staff," it would be interesting to know whether this is a mere coincidence.

I see that the method of dealing with habitual criminals and incorrigibles which I have for years advocated has recently been adopted in New South Wales. An Act was passed in that colony last year based on the principle that when a prisoner has been a certain number of times convicted of certain offences, he, or she, should be declared an habitual criminal, and only released from prison afterwards on probation, so that on the first subsequent relapse the offender would go back to prison automatically, on the same terms as before, and with a diminished chance of regaining liberty. The advantages of this system are threefold: (1) the prospect of reforming the criminal is increased; (2) the public is in a great measure protected against the release of confirmed criminals without any security against their resuming their previous operations; and (3) the expense of repeated prosecutions of the same individual for the same offence is saved. If the system works as successfully as is to be hoped and expected, it will also lead to a reduction of expenditure on police and on prisons; in fact, it is the only rational method of reducing the cost of crime to the community. It is, however, essential that the introduction of such a system should be accompanied by considerable changes in prison management, with a view to giving to prison discipline more of a reformatory and less of a punitive character. The first official report on the working of the New South Wales Act has just been issued, and it is interesting to note that, although the time has been so short, the Act is said to have had a good effect already.

The Associated Chambers of Commerce were invited last week to endorse the resolution in favour of preferential trade within the Empire, which was adopted a few months back by an imperial conference of such Chambers. It declined the invitation, adopting instead an amendment expressing sympathy with desires for an extension of "imperial trade," but declining to recommend "a departure from the home policy of Free Trade in the absence of practical proposals." This decision of a body representative of the largest trade interests in the United Kingdom is perhaps the strongest proof that we have hitherto seen of the hopeless discredit into which the new protectionist movement has fallen. The opinion of the workers has been

"Truth" will be sent weekly to any address in the United Kingdom for 7s. for 3 months; 14s. for 6 months; or 28s. for 12 months. The subscription for all countries included in the Postal Union is, 3 months, 7s. 8d.; 6 months, 15s. 4d.; 12 months, £1 10s. 8d. All subscriptions are payable in advance, and cheques and P.O.O.s should be made payable to the Manager, "Truth" Building, Carteret-street, S.W.

expressed unequivocally. The attitude of the capitalist interests has hitherto been ambiguous, which is not surprising, for nobody denies that capitalists, individually if not collectively, may profit substantially by protection. But it is now clear that although a section may be hankering after Tariff Reform nostrums, the majority have no enthusiasm for the Chamberlainite movement, and recognise that a return to protection in any shape is no longer within the sphere of practical politics.

It would be a great mistake, nevertheless, to suppose that the protectionist movement is dead, and free traders must beware of any such mistake. Protection will never be dead as long as it is possible to point to any protectionist country which has the appearance of being, even for the time, in a fairly prosperous condition; and whenever trade is bad in this country, a certain number of merchants and manufacturers will always be ready to agitate for the closing of the home markets to foreign competition, and will find politicians, and also, no doubt, a certain number of pseudo-economists, ready to voice their views and champion their interests. It will always be necessary, therefore, to keep public opinion properly educated on this question, so that the great majority of the country may see clearly in which direction their true interests lie, and distinguish between what is best for the common welfare and what is best for a limited section.

The Registration Courts are once more illustrating the fine-spun legal subtleties on which the enfranchisement or disfranchisement of a British citizen may depend. The "latchkey" decision of the Court of Appeal last year has furnished the best sport up to the present. The Court having decided that the occupier of a tenement may be entitled to a vote, in spite of the fact that the landlord resides on the premises, provided the landlord exercises no control over the tenement, the various revising barristers are exercising their ingenuity, with more or less conflicting results, over the question what does or does not constitute control by the landlord in such circumstances. Notwithstanding the Court of Appeal, one revising barrister holds that the residence of the landlord on the premises raises a presumption that he controls the sub-tenant's apartments, which it is for the sub-tenant to rebut. The precise opposite has been ruled by at least two other learned gentlemen.

The niceties on which the question of control or no control turns were conspicuously illustrated at Deptford, where it was sought to ascertain from one claimant to a vote whether he or the landlord shakes the carpet, and is responsible for dusting the apartment. The tenant having explained that, as he used linoleum, he had no carpet, and that he did his own dusting, the objecting agent inquired where he got the duster from. The man explained that he used any bit of rag for the purpose, but where he got the rag from was not disclosed. From the general drift of the questions, however, one is led to suppose that if the occupier borrowed a duster or rag from his landlady for the purpose of dusting his room, his right to vote at a parliamentary or municipal election might be prejudiced; whereas, if he keeps his own dusters, or uses his pocket-handkerchief, or even a piece of disused underclothing, his full status as a free citizen is unassailable.

It is to be hoped that those who are set in authority over us are noting these judicial pleasantries, and drawing the moral, with a view to a speedy and drastic reform of our idiotic registration laws. What is required is a clean sweep of all these subtleties and absurdities. The only satisfactory settlement, in my judgment, is universal manhood suffrage. A man must have some sort of fixed residence to qualify him for admission to the register, but this qualification should be reduced to the minimum necessary for his identification. It should be the duty of the officials responsible for the registers to ascertain and record the names of all parties who have lived in every house for a certain length of time, whether as full tenants, sub-tenants, or lodgers; and when a man's name has been thus registered, the presumption should be that he is entitled to a vote, and the onus of proving that the alleged qualification is not genuine should rest upon any one who objects to his vote. In other words, the object of the law should be to enfranchise as many voters as possible, not, as seems the case at present, to create as many reasons as possible for disfranchisement.

THE SPARROW AND THE LINNET.

The Sparrow, who, as all admit,
Can't sing one blessed little Bit,
But, when he tries to air his Voice,
Makes just a strident, squeaky Noise,
With Envy keen regarded long
Dan Linnet's sweet and tuneful Song,
And *cursed* the Gods' *unkindly* Whim
Who'd not bestowed a Voice on *him*.

One Day, along a Fowler came,
With Nets, and eke Decoy-birds tame,
And went through all his artful Tricks
To catch the little country Dicks,
In which Design—sad Truth to tell—
The Knave succeeded all too well;
For, ere he'd spread his Net a Minute,
Our Friends, the Sparrow and the Linnet,
Lay fluttering enmeshed within it.

Then forth from his Concealment springs
The Fellow (whence he'd pulled the Strings),
The Linnet seized, examined, gauged,
Then prompt the tuneful Bird encaged.
But when the Sparrow up he took,
Scornful his Head that Fowler shook:
"Bah! you're no good; can't sing," said he;
So set his tuneless Captive free.

Then Sparrow, as away he flew,
Recanted, quite, his former View,
And *blessed* the Gods' *benignant* Whim,
Who'd not bestowed a Voice on *him*.

Moral.

Good Looks, too oft, to Maiden fair
Prove less a Blessing than a Snare,
And her to Perils dire expose
That her plain Sister never knows.

SCRUTATOR.

BRAIN-POWER AND MILITIA TRAINING.

IN the first of his speeches at Newcastle, Mr. Haldane said, with becoming modesty, that he thought too much has been made by the press of the order which provides the British Army with a general staff. One must therefore speak with moderation of this achievement. But I think Mr. Haldane is to be congratulated on it, even though it pleases him to divide the honour, such as it is, with his colleagues and his predecessor at the War Office. It is his first practical contribution to the lengthy and arduous work of knocking our military forces into a business-like shape, and it will be sufficient in itself to make his reign in Pall Mall remembered in military history. We have all of us been taught by this time to believe that we must have a general staff if the Army is ever to be worth anything—chiefly, I suppose, because it is understood that the brain of an army is located in the staff, and because brain-power is the element in which our Army, rightly or wrongly, is considered most deficient. It is just about twenty years since the necessity of establishing a general staff was first laid down authoritatively, and the interval that has elapsed between recognising the necessity for doing the thing and actually doing it has been long enough to comply with national tradition and constitutional precedent. We may, therefore, congratulate ourselves, as well as Mr. Haldane, that the thing has been done at last.

Being myself one of the small minority of Englishmen who are not military experts, I have a suspicion that there is a good deal of what is called fetish-worship in the extravagant value which the exponents of "Army Reform" attach to a general staff. The mere name seems to possess magical attributes in their eyes. Victory was organised in a good many countries for a good many centuries before the Prussians made a general staff a thing to bow down to and worship. The truth probably is that a general staff will partake of the virtues and the vices of the army from which it is recruited, and that the mere setting up of this brazen image will not convert a rotten army into a sound one, nor the mere lack of it involve inevitable defeat. But I can understand the necessity for it in some shape, especially under the conditions of modern warfare, when campaigns and battles are planned on so huge a scale, and preparation before the event and rapidity of action contribute so much to the result. All the work assigned to the general staff by the Army Order of September 12 is obviously work essential to military efficiency. What yet remains to be seen is the degree of efficiency which will be developed by the body of officers who will now be appointed to do this work. It may be pretty safely assumed that plenty of capable men are available. The only question is whether they will be selected, and whether, if selected, they will be encouraged, or even allowed, to evolve their own ideas and carry them out in their own way. The fatal obstacle to genuine progress in military matters in England for many years past has been that after serviceable-looking schemes have been put on paper they are never carried out in accordance with the intentions of their designers, but are eviscerated at the first opportunity, or "crabbed" in the working by hostile influences of one kind or another. It is this more than anything else that tempers enthusiasm for the latest reform, and makes the public despair of army reform altogether. What requires to be recognised in army administration is that any complete and consistent scheme, though it may be far from the best conceivable, will generally be good enough for all practical purposes if it is thoroughly, loyally, and intelligently worked. The report of the Esher Committee propounded such a scheme, and the creation of a general staff marks practically the last step in translating its proposals into existing fact. When the Esher report was issued, it was observed in these columns that the only hope of effective army reform is to create a rational and business-like system of military administration in every department, and then leave the Army to do the rest of the reforming for itself. If military men, given the requisite machinery and material, cannot turn out an efficient army, no one else is ever likely to. The machinery is now all in its place. There may be questions yet about the provision of the material on which it is to work—questions, that is, for Ministers and Parliament—but subject to that, my impression is that the Army will now be best left to work out its own salvation, under Heaven and the Army Council, with the minimum of assistance from inspired amateurs, whether Ministers or journalists. Signs are not wanting that it is going on in quite the right way.

Outside the Army proper, the military question which now really calls for the attention of the Government and Parliament relates to the Auxiliary Forces, and chiefly to the Militia, which has not merely to be reformed, but almost to be created. Mr. Haldane seems to appreciate his duty in this respect; but it is a pity that he should obscure his purpose by inflated talk about "national armies" and "nations in arms." No militia that he is likely to call into being will ever be correctly described by such phrases, and the use of them is only likely to alienate sympathy and inspire distrust in Mr. Haldane's own party, from whom alone he can obtain the power to take any effectual steps in the direction he desires. It is now generally agreed that we must have behind the Regular Army some considerable force sufficiently trained and organised to be capable of providing for the defence of the country, and the reinforcement of the first line abroad, in case of serious emergency. Even those who hesitate to recognise the necessity *per se* are yet disposed to concede the expediency of maintaining such a force in the militia shape, as the best antidote to chronic panic-mongering and the clamour of faddists for universal military service. Moreover, Mr. Haldane has given the Militia an entirely new importance from every point of view by his proposal for reducing and cheapening the Regular Army by placing essential portions of its anatomy on a militia basis. He is bound, therefore, to take steps at the earliest opportunity to begin the work of creating a force serviceable for this and other purposes. But this unambitious, though by no means easy, task, and the

grandiose vision of a "nation in arms" have nothing in common, and it is nonsense to suggest that they have.

With this business before us, the *Spectator* experiment in militia training, which was brought to a triumphant close last week, is as opportune as it is instructive. It is not often that a newspaper renders a more valuable service to the public than has been performed in this instance, and unstinted praise is due to Mr. Strachey, Lieutenant-Colonel Pollock, and all who have co-operated with them in organising the experiment and carrying it through. They started to prove that it is possible to take a hundred young men picked up at random by advertisement, on the ordinary terms of army pay, and convert them, in the course of six months, by intelligently-directed training, into a company of efficient soldiers, judged by the standard of an average line infantry regiment. On the evidence of the best judges, there can be no reasonable doubt that they have proved it up to the hilt. Professional critics may pronounce that, in this or that particular, the company fell below the standard of the smartest line infantry; but, as against this, they seem to have learnt some things which an ordinary company of infantry does not learn, and there has undoubtedly been infused into them a degree of zeal and a soldierly spirit which many line regiments might envy, and the attainment of which, in so short a time, would have been pronounced impossible by the majority of experienced officers a year ago. The *moral* and the good behaviour of the men seem to have been among the most striking features of the achievement. Moreover, it has to be remembered that these results have been accomplished with an improvised staff, and without any of the disciplinary apparatus created by military law for strengthening the hands of officers. Probably Lieutenant-Colonel Pollock would be the first to admit that, in the hands of a smart young company officer with a picked staff of N.C.O.s, the men might have been brought to an even higher degree of perfection, provided always the same methods had been followed, and an equal degree of tact exercised.

One cannot help thinking that the success of this experiment has important lessons for the Regular Army, when the results are compared with those which the average infantry recruit yields at the end of six months, or even in double that time. But militia training was the object in view throughout the experiment, and the result of it is to revolutionise all previously accepted ideas as to the time needed for turning out an efficient militiaman and the standard of efficiency which can be obtained under militia conditions. It is now certain that by first giving the militiaman a six months' training on *Spectator* lines, and afterwards taking care that he does not forget what he has learnt, you may have in the Militia a force which, with a few weeks' polishing up in camp after mobilisation, will be perfectly fit to reinforce the Army in the field. The six months' preliminary training looks, on the face of it, a formidable innovation on the existing terms of military service; but against that is to be set off the possibility that is opened up of greatly relaxing the present requirements as to training after these first six months. In fact, there seems good reason to believe that the present system of annual training might be abandoned altogether. The *Spectator* points out this week, in an article on its experiment, that after recruits have once been brought to the standard of Colonel Pollock's men, their subsequent training might be conducted under "Volunteer" conditions; that is to say, they could do the requisite drill and shooting in their leisure time at their own convenience, and be brought together periodically for company and regimental training for much shorter periods than one month per year. There is no reason why boys should not be taken for the preliminary training at seventeen, at which time few of them have settled down to regular trades or permanent occupation. The men of the *Spectator* Company themselves have testified that there will be no difficulty in obtaining any number of militia recruits of an excellent class under these conditions. They have all been thoroughly pleased with their experience, recognise that they are the better for it, and are prepared to recommend other young men to do likewise—a most agreeable contrast to the state of mind generally prevailing both in the Army and the Militia. There is, therefore, good reason to suppose that the requisite degree of training will prove no bar to recruiting. Apart from this, there are readily available means of popularising militia service, which have been pointed out on a previous occasion in Truth, and need not be repeated here. The best of our officers have taken a sympathetic interest in the *Spectator* experiment. Mr. Haldane has studied it personally, and, being blessed with a mind receptive of new ideas, is not likely to have missed its lessons. In that case he is not likely to find any insuperable difficulty in creating a serviceable Militia at a very small expense; and if our military system is really to be equipped at last with an efficient set of brains, the "Old Constitutional Force," as it loves to call itself, may yet become the most valuable weapon in the national armoury.

CATHOLIC CHURCH PROPERTY.

The *Catholic Herald* has now concluded the series of articles which it has been publishing on the law regarding Catholic ecclesiastical property in England, and the Truth revelations respecting the scandalous mismanagement of such property in recent years. As the articles promised important information on the matter, I have read them diligently, but, in point of fact, only the first two of the series have conveyed anything in the nature of instruction in the law. This has been followed by a résumé of what has appeared in Truth and one or two of the Church papers on the subject of the scandals; and in the last article some advice is given to Catholics, chiefly based on the example of the Church in Germany. The first two articles were avowedly founded on a book by Father Taunton on "The Law of the Church," and gave a general view of the policy of the Church in regard to the acquisition and administration of the ecclesiastical property, the provisions of the canon law on the subject, and also those of the civil laws of various States, England included. The passages which most directly bear on the matters that have been discussed in Truth are those which relate to the powers and duties of the

bishops. The position of a bishop in relation to Church property seems to be very clearly defined. The supreme power in all matters relating to such property is vested in the Pope, but under him the "care and wardship" of the Church property in his diocese belongs to the bishop. "He is not the owner," we are told, "but is only the steward." It is his business to determine the safest way of keeping the property intact in accordance with the requirements of the civil law. Further, "a bishop, without the leave of the Holy See, *has no power of alienating or of interfering with the intentions of benefactors.*" The scrupulous regard for the wishes of benefactors which the Church inculcates is clearly shown in a decree of the First Council of the Province of Westminster:—

> Therefore, every effort must be made to determine (if there be any doubt) the intention and the mind of the donor or testator of each fund, so that the fruits thereof may be applied most accurately to the use defined by him. If the intention does not appear from any certain document the rules and canons by which a safe judgment may be found concerning such a will should be observed.

As to what is meant by "alienation," it is explained in a subsequent passage of the article that the term includes the transfer of property from one ecclesiastical owner or object to another. "To take away property from one sacred object and to give it to another sacred object is just as much alienation as to give it to a secular object," and we are expressly told that "*a bishop cannot take away the endowment of a mission,* for that would be alienating it from its original intention."

It will readily be seen how directly these statements of the ecclesiastical law bear on the various proceedings of English bishops that have been described in these columns. Case after case has been mentioned in which bishops have by their own sole authority transferred property from one object to another, and have deliberately set aside the intentions of benefactors; and at least one instance has been given in which the endowment of a mission has been taken away—not altogether, but in great part—and applied by the bishop to other purposes which he regarded with greater favour. The proceedings have been characterised as "high-handed" or "arbitrary," but I gather from what the *Catholic Herald* says that they are absolutely illegal, so far as ecclesiastical law is concerned. The protests which have been made by so many Catholics against those proceedings are, therefore, amply justified, and the only matter for wonder is that the outcry against the bishops did not come earlier and has not been more general. Nor are the bishops convicted less clearly of sins of omission than sins of commission. The state of things disclosed by the proceedings in Mr. Bishop's bankruptcy—masses of securities left at the absolute disposal of a stockbroker by power of attorney, with a consequent loss to the Church of upwards of £50,000—reflects directly upon one bishop or another, when we are authoritatively informed that by the law of the Church the bishop is the steward of all ecclesiastical property within his diocese, and responsible to the Pope for its safe custody. Since this matter was last referred to in Truth the public examination of Mr. Bishop has been opened. Among other things, it disclosed that Mr. Bishop had previously been adjudicated bankrupt in 1860; that he is now very old and infirm; that for the last four years a painful malady had made it impossible for him to properly supervise his business; that he was blessed with an authorised clerk who had been running speculative accounts for himself and making heavy losses; and that he himself (Mr. Bishop) had for years been speculating and making heavy losses, to which cause alone he attributed his failure. The losses can only be described as his own by a figure of speech, for the Official Receiver pointed out that he had lost £127,000 of clients' money, and made it pretty clear that if the debtor, who professed to have been quite satisfied about his own financial position, had looked at his books for the last few years, he could not have failed to be aware of his own insolvency. Such was the gentleman chosen as the trusted financial adviser of a large diocese, and entrusted by power of attorney with the control of magnificent bequests to the Church, the value of which must have greatly exceeded, though I know not by how much, the £50,000 that has actually been lost!

In no institution, religious or secular, that hopes to prolong its existence can such flagrant maladministration and such divergency between the official theory of administration and the actual practice be allowed to continue when it has once been brought to light. It is not my business to point out what should be done, but obviously what every Catholic must desire is that the administration of church property should at once be brought into conformity with ecclesiastical law and established practice, that ecclesiastical trustees should be made to obey the law of the land, and that disciplinary measures should be employed against the bishops who are at fault, with a view of keeping them in order in future, and restraining any of their colleagues who may hereafter be tempted to similar breaches of duty, whether by way of misfeasance or mere negligence. As I have said before, it seems to me that the superior power of Rome is what the Church in England must chiefly look to for reform in this matter. It is difficult to believe that Rome, fully informed as it now undoubtedly is, of what has been going on, will not take adequate measures to correct the abuses that have grown up. But I suspect that Rome is like Providence in helping chiefly those who help themselves, and Catholics will not deserve deliverance from episcopal maladministration if they do not attempt something more towards that end than merely writing to the newspapers. The knowledge of the ecclesiastical law, as expounded in the *Catholic Herald* should greatly strengthen any disposition that there may be in that direction, for the bishops are now placed in the wrong as they have never been before.

Since the last article on this question I have received some additional letters, the substance of which I give below. Considerations of space prevent my publishing them in full, and I have chiefly selected passages which contribute new facts or throw light on others already mentioned. The first relates to the Dawes bequest, which has had such a scandalous history:—

> I have seen a copy of Truth, of a few weeks since, in which the Mission of Petworth is mentioned, and your correspondent is quite right in his exposition of the facts. The mission is

endowed to the extent of £350 per annum, according to the intention of the late Mr. Dawes. On the death of the late Canon Lalor it appears that the mission was offered to and accepted by a certain priest (later circumstances explain this). There seems to have been a fear that a priest might ask for the mission who would expect to receive the whole stipend. Then Canon St. John appeared on the scene, and remained, ostensibly, the incumbent till a pliable man could be found. He was found, and then Canon St. John retired, and the Bishop arranged to give the new incumbent £150 a year, and apply the balance to other purposes. So, for the present, the £200 a year is alienated. I doubt whether Propaganda understood all this, for the Sacred Congregation is terribly exact over financial affairs.

Mr. Dawes, as a good Catholic, expected that the usual respect would be paid to his memory after death. It is customary to celebrate a Requiem Mass for such a benefactor in the place of his burial on the anniversary of his death. This entails expenses, and Mr. Dawes left sufficient to cover this by the endowment. But more. Mr. Dawes left, besides the money, furniture for the church, part of which consisted of six iron candlesticks, to stand beside the bier, and, of course, became an adjunct of the ceremonial. These were removed by Canon St. John to the seminary at Wonersh, to which place they were certainly not given. They should be returned, that the wishes of the testator may be observed. As your correspondent says, these vagaries, carried on as they are, will prevent the creation of endowments, for men will not give, knowing that their gifts may be applied to other uses, possibly the very opposite to those for which they were intended.

The following is from the writer of a letter published a few weeks ago in TRUTH, and makes another point about the Dawes bequest:—

There is a letter dated February 11, 1900, over the name of Francis, Bishop of Southwark, which runs thus:—"You will have heard already of the generous bequest made to the diocese by the late Mr. Charles W. Dawes, to whose generosity we also owe the Bishop's and Cathedral houses, the beautiful and well-endowed church at Petworth, and many other gifts. The income from the "Trust Fund," to which this bequest is made, the capital of which remains intact, is to be devoted by the Bishop to certain specified purposes, the primary one being the maintenance of ecclesiastical students. It will therefore depend upon the exertions of the clergy, and the generosity of the Faithful, in providing for ecclesiastical education from other sources . . . . when, and to what extent this 'Trust Fund' shall be available for the other purposes named in the constitution."

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this letter. Bishop Bourne declares that the Dawes' legacy, of some £80,000, is a "Trust Fund," that "its primary object is ecclesiastical education," and that "it is available for other purposes named in its constitution"; that this "Trust Fund is to be devoted by the Bishop to these specified purposes."

Nothing could be clearer; and "in the exercise of the discretion committed to him, for which he has to account to no one save God and the Holy See" (see Pastoral, October, 1899), Bishop Bourne made over these "Trust Funds" to a gambler on the Stock Exchange, and lost them!—Yours faithfully,

VINDEX.

The following letter, which comes from one of the Colonies, introduces an entirely new matter, though it is somewhat of a side issue:—

DEAR TRUTH,—Will you allow me to call the attention of the Catholic body to one of the evil consequences of the gambling mania of some of our Bishops, a consequence which is known to very few? It is one about which I am qualified to speak, as it affects the Army.

Last March you quoted a letter of the Bishop of Portsmouth, in which he spoke of his operations on the Stock Exchange. Some turned out well, and to these was ascribed the Divine blessing; others turned out ill, but these do not appear to have been looked upon in the same devout spirit. Anyhow, the result was that the diocese was in debt. His Lordship looked round for some means of recouping himself for his losses. It happened that there were seven or eight military chaplaincies in the Portsmouth diocese. The Bishop resolved to annex as many of them as possible. With the help of Bishop Bourne this "operation" was successful, and some hundreds a year were secured for the exhausted treasury of the Portsmouth diocese.

Now, the point I wish to emphasise is this. In this transaction the interests of the soldiers—surely the chief thing to be considered—were entirely ignored. Formerly the Catholic troops had their own chaplains, who devoted the whole of their time to their military duties. Now the soldiers are handed over to the local clergy, who already have quite enough to do with their parochial duties. Need I point out the inevitable result? The soldier, as usual, has to take a back seat.

Unfortunately, this is not all. Evil example is contagious. The Bishop of Southwark next proceeded to absorb four or five chaplaincies in his diocese. Westminster finally took one. The reason for this moderation is perhaps to be found in the fact that there was only one chaplaincy in the archdiocese.

This is an instance of how the appetite grows with what it feeds upon. The next step was obvious. Why not do away with Army chaplains altogether, and so secure some thousands a year of Army funds for diocesan purposes? Accordingly, Archbishop Bourne approached the War Office and urged the Army Council to do away with the Catholic commissioned chaplains. The bait he held out was the magic word "economy." By depriving the Catholic chaplains of their commissions, they would no longer be entitled to pensions, and so the Government would save several hundred pounds a year. Fortunately for the Catholic interests of the Army, the War Office did not accept his Grace's unselfish offer.

I think that I have the right, as a Catholic soldier, to protest against this attempt of Archbishop Bourne to injure the interests of some fifty thousand Catholic soldiers in the British Army. I protest all the more freely, because, in this matter, his Grace is attempting to undo the work and reverse the policy of his great predecessors, Cardinals Wiseman and Manning. The present position of our Army chaplains is due to their wisdom and energy. Some fifty years ago the spiritual wants of our Catholic soldiers were entirely neglected. During the Crimean War a few Catholic priests were allowed to go out to minister to the troops, but they were made to understand that they were only there on sufferance. They had no rights, no privileges, no official status. They, and the religion which they represented, held a position of well-defined inferiority in the British Army. When the Crimean War was over, Cardinal Wiseman approached the War Office, and asked that some measure of justice should be given to our Catholic soldiers and their chaplains. He was ably seconded by Monsignor Manning. The Government gave a favourable answer, and seventeen commissions were conferred upon Catholic chaplains. Thus the religious rights of Catholics in the Army were recognised: their chaplains received an official status, and their religion was placed on terms of equality with the Established Church by a public and official act. Now the successor of Wiseman is striving to undo his work, and to relegate the Catholic religion in the Army once more to its old position of inferiority. Truly, a man's worst enemies are those of his own household.

COLONEL.

I am not sure whether I understand correctly these allegations as to the "absorption" of Roman Catholic army chaplaincies by the ecclesiastical authorities, but what appears to be meant is that such chaplaincies have been suppressed, and the chaplain's pay transferred to parochial clergy. It is easy to see that such an arrangement would appeal to the Government by reason of the saving of pensions, but there are objections to it on other grounds. My correspondent puts the matter from the soldier's point of view, and it seems reasonable to suppose that a parish priest cannot in a general way be free to render the same amount of service as a chaplain exclusively engaged for the purpose. The objection is likely to be entertained in other quarters that the payment of stipends to such priests is equivalent to a State endowment of the benefices, and the desire of so many bishops to come to such an arrangement is a virtual admission that the payment is of value to the Church. Otherwise they would have no motive for saddling their parochial clergy with military duty. If the facts are correctly stated in the above letter, it is surprising that they have not attracted attention before, and it is a matter which should be discussed in Parliament.

CAN SOLICITORS BE KEPT STRAIGHT?

The suggestion with regard to the auditing of solicitors' books made in TRUTH the other day has brought me another letter from Mr. A. H. Hastie, who argues that an official audit would be "both intolerably expensive and entirely ineffective," and he is also of opinion that this "is not a matter which the profession at large would allow to be regulated by the present members of the Council." Mr. Hastie, however, puts forward a suggestion of his own, which is as follows:—

In every well regulated solicitor's office the accounts and the ledger are balanced every month, and the amounts standing to the credit or debit of each client are clearly set out. If the

"HOW TO BECOME A NAVAL OFFICER" contains in a concise form the new regulations, together with a full description of life at the Royal Naval Colleges at Osborne and Dartmouth.—GIEVE, MATHEWS, & SEAGROVE (LTD.), 21, George-st., Hanover-sq., W.

solicitor were compelled to send to his own bankers a copy of this statement with, written against each item, the name and address of the client and the name of his bankers, and if the bankers of the clients were to be allowed at any time on the written authority of their customers to be informed by the solicitor's bankers of the amount of the balance alleged to be owing to or from their clients, there would in a very short time be very little money left in the solicitor's hands, for the bankers would be anxious to get into their own hands any large sums which appeared owing to their customers, while they would be equally anxious to make inquiries of their customer if it appeared that he was largely in the solicitor's debt. The sending in of these returns every month should be enforced under penalty of imprisonment, and the sending in of a return containing any wilfully false entry should be punishable by penal servitude.

With all respect to Mr. Hastie, this idea seems to me very far-fetched, and I doubt whether it would be as effective as he seems to think, notwithstanding the drastic penalties which he proposes. It assumes, as I understand it, that in every well-regulated solicitor's office an account is opened at the solicitor's bank in the name of the client, and this brings me to a suggestion which was made in the *Times* a few years ago by a friend of my own, now, alas! deceased. His suggestion was that every solicitor should be required to keep a separate account at his bank of moneys received on behalf of clients, and a corresponding account in his own books; and that periodically an official auditor should inspect both accounts and certify that the balance due to the client was really at the bank. Shortly after he had made this suggestion, my friend had an opportunity of exhibiting his system at work in his own office in connection with an estate in which I was interested. Possibly other solicitors take the same course, and it is so simple that I cannot see what objection there could be to making it compulsory, and ensuring its adoption by a periodical visit from an official accountant.

It may be said, of course, that no such regulation would check the large class of frauds in which solicitors pretend to invest money for their clients and put it into their own pockets, covering themselves by the forgery of deeds or other documents. There is no means, so far as I know, of preventing such frauds by any persons, whether lawyers or laymen, who have the opportunity of committing them. But it is possible to enforce upon solicitors the observance of a certain prescribed course of business in dealing with actual cash received on behalf of clients, and if this were done it would check a great deal of the peculation which at present brings discredit upon the profession, and untold loss upon clients.

What we have to bear in mind in considering this question is the necessity of protecting men against themselves. I do not suppose that many solicitors are naturally thieves, but, as the proverb tells us, it is opportunity that makes the thief. The fraudulent solicitor is in most cases a reputable member of society, with an unblemished record, keeping up a substantial establishment, and generally living up to his income. Large sums of money come into his hands on behalf of clients, and are placed to the credit of the firm's banking account; and the consciousness of a big bank balance tempts the solicitor to draw cheques and spend his money freely, without ever asking himself very closely whose money he is spending. Very possibly the command of the money, coupled with the universal eagerness to "get rich quick," induces him to speculate on the Stock Exchange or elsewhere, again without facing the question whose money he is thus using. The speculations turn out badly, or the firm encounters a spell of bad business, and possibly further speculations are entered into, in the hope of retrieving the position. Thus a man, without any consciously dishonest intention, is led on from step to step into greater and greater dishonesty, until he arrives at the Old Bailey, and the true cause of his downfall is simply that he starts with an unbusinesslike system of dealing with other people's money. If a proper system of account keeping, such as I have described above, were obligatory on solicitors, the evil would be to a great extent cured even without a visit from an official auditor. Every self-respecting man would keep his accounts in the prescribed form, and as the business would be done in the office, he would be under the further check that his clerks would know if the right thing was being done, and that he himself would know that their eyes were upon him. I do not believe that under such circumstances anybody but a born thief would ever appropriate his clients' cash, and even the born thief would only be free to follow his instincts where he was in a very small way of business, keeping his books himself. Very possibly those who are more familiar with the routine of solicitors' offices than I am can suggest improvements on the plan above described. But at any rate let something be tried. It is the fact that no concerted attempt is made to devise a remedy, in the face of wholesale robbery of clients continued year after year, that casts the worst discredit upon the profession.

The Danger to Health of obesity is not sufficiently emphasised. Stout people should know that "fatty degeneration" of the heart and liver is a constant menace to them. The *Sketch* says:—"This pleasant, rational, and most efficacious remedy may be warmly recommended to stout persons, as much for health's sake as for the attainment of perfect elegance of figure." Price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle, of all chemists, or of The "Antipon" Company, 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.

THE THEATRES.

"Peter's Mother," at Wyndham's

There is something so charming about Mrs. de la Pasture's new play at Wyndham's that I do not wonder Mr. Otho Stuart was disposed to give the authoress another chance after the comparative failure of her earlier play, "The Lonely Millionaires," which he produced at the Adelphi. Mrs. de la Pasture has a most pleasant gift of comedy and a most agreeable sense of humour. I think it is this last which makes her work appeal to me so strongly. There is no more valuable asset in this wicked world than a sense of humour, for though it may often stand in the way of your achieving success, it strews roses down the path of failure. The possession of it in this particular instance does not prevent the authoress writing away her dramatic situations, and being literary when she ought to be dramatic, but then "Peter's Mother" is a dramatised book, and novelists should never dramatise their own work unless, of course, they should happen to be master spirits like Mr. Hall Caine. On the other hand, it does enable her to give us many exquisitely humorous passages and scenes. The construction is the weak part.

In the first act, Miss Marion Terry, the comparatively young wife of a hard-headed Devonshire squire, suddenly learns that her husband (for whom she has no love but much respect) is on the morrow to undergo a serious —possibly fatal—operation, and that on the same day her son, Peter, who has practically all her heart, is to sail for South Africa to fight the Boers. Her heart prompts her to go to Southampton to say good-bye to her son, and duty prompts her to stay by her husband. When that astute barrister and kindly-hearted gentleman, John Crewys (admirably played by Mr. Fred. Kerr) puts the case to her, he does it at such length, and she replies at such length, that the simple issue becomes almost obscured. In reality the problem is most simple. Her husband is in terrible danger on the morrow; the son at the moment is not in danger. Her place is obviously at home. Of course she stays, but we do not think any the better of her for having to be convinced with such difficulty. The latter part of a play—which is in two detached sections—is concerned with Peter. The husband dies, and Peter goes to the war. He comes back something of a hero, minus an arm, and, oddly enough, without a V.C. This is a strange omission, which I do not recollect in any play or story before! However, it is most creditable. Peter is thoroughly English; that is to say, he is an honest, ignorant, opinionated egoist, firmly convinced that he is a sort of star, round whom all women should be pleased to revolve in a pleasant lunar way. The first trouble in his little solar system comes when he falls in love with Sarah Hewel, otherwise clever little Miss Hilda Trevelyan. The second trouble comes when he finds that his delightful mother is not content to sit at home in the dower house and be content and grateful to see him at rare intervals, but has had the bad taste to fall in love with Mr. Fred Kerr. Peter accordingly finds himself revolving round Miss Hilda Trevelyan, while his mother, anxious to enjoy a happiness which she has never known in the past, is starting an independent orbit. Naturally, this shakes poor Peter's belief in the eternal fitness of things. His little solar system goes to pieces, but a straight talking-to, administered in a sort of Wyndham spirit by Mr. Fred Kerr, puts everything right, and a very charming little comedy ends with happiness all round. I do not feel that Mrs. de la Pasture is a great coming dramatist, but she is a shrewd and kindly observer, who brings a fresh mind to the stage, and her characters are not theatrical conventions, but real, sympathetic people.

Of the one-act play, "The Sixth Commandment," by C. Hamilton, with which the evening opens, it is unnecessary to say much. It is a piece of stilted theatricalism, which only served to make all the people round me start anxiously, inquiring of one another, "Which is the sixth commandment?" Every one seemed to have come to the theatre convinced that the sixth was the seventh.

* * * * *

Miss Marie Tempest, the latest recruit from the theatre to the music-hall stage, made a most successful appearance at the Palace Theatre on Monday night. She is singing four songs every evening, and the congested state of the house testifies to her popularity.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

PRINCE ALBERT OF PRUSSIA.

PRINCE ALBERT OF PRUSSIA was one of those gigantic Teutons who stood round William I. at the Mirrors Gallery ceremony at Versailles, which raised that King to the rank of German Emperor. In stature, Albert and the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaivitch were close matches. He rode into the Champs Elysées and back to his headquarters at the close of the siege of Paris, as general in command of the Cavalry of the Guard. The great passion of the late Prince for chess raised him above the "corporalism" of most of the Hohenzollerns of his generation. Outside of chess, one could not speak of him as intellectual. He used to come here only to witness great chess matches, and invariably incognito, or en route for Madrid, where he went in the Kaiser's name to congratulate Alfonso XIII. on his coming of age and his marriage. Each time he discharged this mission he had with him his eldest son, who must be as tall as his father. The manager of the Paris-Orleans-Bordeaux line, knowing Prince Albert's love of chess, had a chess table screwed to the floor of the saloon carriage reserved for him.

I thought Prince Albert like the late Czar. Their foreheads and noses would have fitted to a nicety into the same mould. But mistrust lurked behind the eyes of Alexander, whilst those of Albert had a look of friendly candour, and the whole countenance denoted freedom from carking cares, with, however, an air of mental concentration due to his chess-playing habits. The under part of the face retained the cherub fulness of early childhood. He returned from King Alfonso's wedding knocked to pieces by the shock he received at it. Not that he had gone to the church; some accidental cause prevented him. But his son went, and he himself was at the Royal Palace as the King and Queen arrived there from the scene of the bomb explosion. Prince Albert, for some moments, was a prey to agonising anxiety about Prince Fritz Heinrich, who had motored from Biarritz to Madrid, and had arrived the day before much the worse for the rutty roads he had gone over. On the return journey a break down in health became apparent in the elder Prince. He could not, in his attempts to find relief from the tedium of travelling, collect his thoughts sufficiently to play chess. The beginning of the end had come.

His great fortune, inherited from his mother the Princess Marianne of the Netherlands, made Prince Albert a desirable Regent. He could afford to spend his entire civil list allowance at Brunswick, and a good deal over and above. This did not, however, make him popular. The Brunswickers preferred vastly their own curious Duke William, who was also very wealthy, and they had a fancy for a Hanoverian Guelph with heaps of money, an elegant wife, five nice children, and no taint of corporalism. Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, with the late Princess Albert née of Saxe-Altenburg, belonged to one of the most caste-ridden and prim courts

of the small German states, and the one in which the marriage tie is the merest slip-knot. Divorce is so easy there as to tempt French people, tired of the slavery of the marriage ring, to naturalise themselves subjects of the Duke of Saxe-Altenburg so as to obtain relief. They then re-naturalised themselves and started out afresh to take the risk of new matrimonial ties.

You may have been acquainted with the late Herr Beckmann, who had been up to the summer a right-hand man of the late King of Hanover, then suddenly plunged into zealous Bismarckianism, and used to furnish confidential reports for nineteen years to Prince Bismarck on the political personages filling the French stage. I knew him very well. He never pretended to be a Fatherland patriot, only an admirer of the terrible Chancellor, who had particularly charged him to watch for him Guelph and Nassau affairs. Beckmann held that long contact with London had broadened minds at Hanover and Brunswick, and had even had a loosening effect on the prejudices of the Court "Vons." When Duke William died, he, therefore, recommended a long interregnum, in the course of which the new harness might be gradually slipped on. I remember his saying that in times past the Brunswick princesses were greatly stimulated to mental exertion by the matrimonial openings their relationship to the British Georges afforded. They became either highly capable women, or kicked over the traces. This, to a philosophical observer, was preferable to stultifying submission to stupid rules.

I also used to know an old Brunswick lady who belonged to the Munchausen clan—no relation to the famous Baron. She abounded in Herr Beckmann's opinions, and was very amusing and informing about the ins and outs of Court life at Brunswick and the twin Court at Blankenberg, and all the more so because she knew both thoroughly. This interesting person looked on the death of Duke William as a calamity. Not because he was the last of the Brunswick Guelphs, but because he was the last German Prince who had been brought up at Carlton House, and had, in going to school there, risen above sordidness and miserable cheese-paring ways. These adjectives are not mine. The fervent prayer of this lady used to be: "May God in His goodness send us another half-mad Duke of gentlemanly breeding and independent fortune." Herr Beckmann expressed sympathy in an "Amen."

According to this dowager, Duke William's Carlton House tastes and standards of dress, taste, living, politeness, rendered him a most desirable sovereign, especially as he could meet out of his own private purse so many of the expenses he incurred in his attempts to shine as the First Gentleman of Germany, the best-tailored and most elegantly-made-up Prince of the whole Fatherland. He and his brother Prince Charles, a still more *prononcé* imitator of Carlton House style, set the twin Courts of Brunswick-Blankenberg on a footing that enabled them to pump money out of the sovereign's privy purse. Each little Court had its Lord Steward, Court Marshal, Master of the Household, Grand Chamberlain, Vice Grand Chamberlain, Grooms of the Chamber, Grand Huntsman, Vice Grand Huntsman, and Master of the Horse. The same Director-General of Theatres and Grand Mistress of the Court did for both. If there was no Ducal army to signify, there were ample cadres paid for out of the pocket of his Serene Highness. A perfume of Versailles, like the scent of roses in a pot pourri jar, hung round the Court of Blankenberg, after Duke Ferdinand (who fell at Jena) set up Louis XVIII. with a residence there. The Brunswickers liked it, and especially the ladies. Naturally, it found no favour in the eyes of a Prince who, had he not been born so near a throne, might have been an excellent railway guard, policeman, hotel porter, sergeant-major, or anything else demanding honest, careful, and plodding attention to a narrow round of mechanical duties.

The world policy of the German Emperor has been of infinitely greater cost to Brunswick than all the Brummell-like eccentricities of its two last Dukes, and it has not afforded any pleasurable excitement or amusement.

One of my good friends is the principal of a great Diocesan school—one of the very few that has survived the Combes law. He is good as gold, charitable in his judgment, and he amuses me in being *prêtre, prêtre et demi*. As we talked one day this week on the victories of the German Emperor in Rome, this excellent priest let fall a Latin phrase, which I give you in English as worth remembering. It is: "He who gains the monastery is gained by the monastery." Thus, the German Emperor, set on by his Vatican friends, got Bebel (let us assume by indirect means) to put Socialist pressure on Jaurès which led to the dissolution of the Bloc in the last Chamber and the retirement of M. Combes. What was the upshot? A tremendous effort of the mass of people who have been educated in the municipal and state schools against the Merry-del-Val-William-Bebel-Jaurès combination. Combes comes out so strong that his word has now almost the force of law. This may or may not be good for France. I only point to it as a fact that should discourage the German Emperor from meddling, however indirectly, in French affairs.

Louis Napoleon fancied he had gained the monastery by his policy in the three years of his presidency and the four first years of the Empire. The monastery gained him, and held him, too, in 1870, when he might have saved his military situation by recalling the 36,000 troops he had been keeping in Rome.

The honours of this week again belong to Santos-Dumont. Much as the public may admire his performance at Bagatelle, this being the first time a human being has risen into the air by wing-power, unaided by any sort of balloon, only people with inside knowledge can understand its wealth of significance, suggestiveness, and promise. Santos-Dumont, riding a motor-aëroplane, was able to leave the soil and glide through the air by purely mechanical means, by the impulse of his 50-h.p. motor. His trip lasted but a few instants. None the less the demonstration was complete.

Nothing succeeds like success, and Santos-Dumont's example will stimulate adepts of "plus lourd que l'air"

in every country. I had no idea until the other day how many air-flyers are being built in France. A maker of extra-light motors who attended Santos-Dumont's experiment of last Thursday tells me he has no fewer than fifty orders in hand for 50-h.p. engines for motor-aëroplanes. Berlin is catching the craze. I see that an air-navigation company has been formed there with a capital of £50,000. How is it that England is again lagging behind? Must it be confessed that the French, as a nation, are more alert, more intelligent, more up-to-date? Santos-Dumont is a Brazilian, true, but he is French by descent and almost by adoption. If France gets the start in air-navigation, she will keep it, as she has kept the motor-car industry, where profits, I believe, are larger than in any other industry. Ten years ago an Englishman, the first man who owned a motor-car in England, said to me: "The French have certainly taken the lead in motor-cars, but we are bound to catch them up. Machinery is our province." Well, after ten years, I see no sign of it. Is France again to have the conquest of the air all to herself? I feel tempted to call out with the Prince of Wales, "England, wake up!"

The wonderful performance of the "wizard of the air," if Santos-Dumont will accept this surname of my own humble manufacture, has thrown into the shade M. Archdeacon's experiment of the day before. This experiment otherwise would have been, perhaps, the event of the week. His demonstration of the power of air-propellers was startling and original. It came as a revelation to the public that a ventilating fan fitted to a motor bicycle could drive the latter along a road at the rate of a Scotch express—sucking its way, so to speak, through the air. M. Archdeacon's object, however, is a practical one; it is to find the best shapes for propellers to be used on aëroplanes. His experiments, therefore, and those of M. Santos-Dumont, converge towards one end.

The week before last I wrote, owing to a slip of the pen, "Madame de Bouterline" for Madame de Bonnemains. As I spoke of the lady as the "Divine Margaret of General Boulanger," nobody can, I hope, imagine that I meant to hit any living person. Rather curiously, the names of Bouterline and de Bonnemains started up in my memory as I wrote in connection with a conversation with the late Lord Lytton. Both ladies had beauty and fortune, but Mme. de Bonnemains, who soon after died of consumption, had descended to an irregular position, which the divorce law might have remedied if she had lived on. General Boulanger, whom she kept from attacking the Elysée on the night of his sevenfold election, committed suicide on her grave near Brussels. Mme. Bouterline is a Russian, and held, and still holds, a high standing in international society.

M. Fallières' cordon bleu has laid down a rule to which his whole household must conform. It is unerring punctuality at meals. The goodness of plainly cooked dishes lies in their being done to a turn and served without delay. At the last Council held at Rambouillet, the President congratulated the Ministers on having got through their work before noon. "Marthe," he said, "our cordon bleu, is less constitutional than her master. It is no longer, 'M. le Président est servi,' but, 'Le déjeuner (ou le dîner) est servi.'" As he spoke an usher knocked at the door and the secretary went to open it. The man advanced towards M. Fallières, and with a low bow and in a stentorian voice announced that, "Le déjeuner de M. le Président et de MM. les Ministres est servi." All proceeded to the salon where the ladies awaited them, and went on at once to the dining-room. A Minister tells me that the repast was *exquisement exquis*. A great chef could not have turned out the *œufs mimosa* with more sleight of hand. The *pommes Anna* had not waited a moment, and were just right, and the *tournedos aux morilles* met with enthusiastic praise. The *morille* is a delicious mushroom, and is now grown profusely in the Home Park at Rambouillet.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

THE public was made for the professions; that, dear Lady Betty, is the conviction of all in this country who are employed in the Civil Service, the Army, the Navy, the Church, the Law, or Medicine. John Bull is being driven into bankruptcy by the professions. The Civil Servants want Colonies for the appointments, the Army wars for the promotions, the Navy ships for the commissions; the Church is at his soul, the Law at his pocket, and the Doctor at his body!

. . . . .

Happiness is health, and hope is happiness. The main feature of the development of the times in England is the enlarging of the areas of hope and happiness. The educated pauper in this prosperous and progressive age may become Prime Minister and direct the destinies of Great Britain; or may become a multi-millionaire company-promoter and control the Cabinet; or his sister may become a chorus girl, marry a duke, and rule "society," which governs the multi-millionaire. Hope now reaches most people, and amusement is within the reach of most of them, two circumstances that cause all to value life much more than did our predecessors, and to endeavour eagerly to prolong it. Some are running furiously forwards to obtain wealth; others furiously backwards to regain youth!

In those circumstances the medical profession in England is obtaining more and more influence, and the chemist's shop threatens to become the church of the near future. The reasonable Englishman of to-morrow will rise from his ventilated bed, wash himself in sterilised water, dress himself in disinfected clothes, eat a medicated breakfast, drive to his office in an antiseptic cab, transact business with fumigated customers, breathe clarified air, and, returning to the sanatorium he calls home, end the day in the bosom of his sanitary family.

. . . . .

Wanted, Two Worlds; one for men, the other for women. The sexes thrive in altogether different circumstances. It is necessary for man to have peace, quiet, regular habits, and work; for woman, to have excitement, noise, change, and no "duties." A Tory medical man proposes to solve the Irish difficulty by removing women to Ireland, and reserving England and Scotland for the men. Those men who obtain a permit from the authorities would be allowed to spend their holidays in Ireland, a circumstance which would soon make that country enormously rich, and would also soon cause to cease the continued and increasing flow of British money to the Continent. Moreover, all the German bands and street organs—the first composed, however, of women musicians, and the latter ground by

Italians of the same sex—would be transported to Ireland; and special editions of the English newspapers would be printed for the use of the women, containing only the most sensational news, thus leaving the copies intended for the men free of such disturbing intelligence. It is supposed that Mr. Arthur Balfour will include these proposals in his programme at the next General Election.

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The two following letters should be read attentively:—

"Guy's Hospital.

"Sir,—I have no hesitation in asserting that for every operation performed on a poor patient there are four performed on the rich. There is, therefore, (*a*) either more disease of the kind that requires treatment by operating amongst the rich than there is amongst the poor, (*b*) a gross neglect of the poor, or (*c*) a tendency amongst doctors to operate upon patients who can pay large fees. Personally, I am inclined to believe that luxurious living causes much more disease than does poverty and also that many operations are performed unnecessarily upon the rich. If you publish this letter in Truth, it may direct public attention to these two important matters—and not an instant before it is needed. M.D., Lond."

. . . . . .

"Sanitary Inspectors' Conference,
"Blackpool.

"Sir,—Sir James Crichton-Browne—the President—and Dr. Theo. Hyslop—the greatest living authority on diseases of the brain—have both delivered addresses at this conference on the injurious effects of modern noise, and their observations have caused a sensation not only in Great Britain, but in every civilised country. I am a German oculist, and, as I am not a sufficiently fluent speaker in your language, I prefer to make the following suggestion in writing, and communicate it to Truth, as I know that this paper is read in every land. The brain is immeasurably more sensitive to that which reaches it through the eye—in ordinary circumstances—than to that which reaches it through the ear. In the country the eye forms pictures of things which are comparatively motionless; in the town, of things which are continually moving and changing. In a modern town, with its rapid traffic, and with masses of men and women moving on all sides, the eye conveys to the brain almost incessantly one picture after another all crowding on each other. That tires the brain much more than does noise, and I maintain that this it is that, more than any other circumstance, is causing the great increase of mental affections which we deplore. It is this rapid succession of eye-pictures which is the chief cause of disease in motorists, though the noise and vibration have, of course, injurious effects. Eye-rest is a form of cure which will be heard much of in the near future, and I think if you publish this letter it will be to the credit of your journal that it was the first in England to direct attention to a matter which is greatly occupying the mind of German medical men."

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Lady Dorothy Nevill is certainly the best-known woman of the day in English "society," and she has not only lived all her life amongst the interesting people of her time, but has enjoyed throughout the friendship of most of them. A peculiarly able woman, highly educated, possessing a remarkable memory, and having especially the gift of taking an intelligent interest in interesting things, Lady Dorothy has seen, heard, and remembers almost all that is of historical value that has occurred in this country in her time. It will, therefore, cause general satisfaction that Lady Dorothy has written some of her reminiscences. This volume will be published early in October. It has been edited by her able son, Mr. Ralph Nevill. It is earnestly to be hoped that this will be the first of a series, for Lady Dorothy has much of enormous value to tell if she could only be induced to do so.—Very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

THE result of the St. Leger fully confirms the opinions which have always been expressed in Truth that the three-year-olds of this season are a miserably poor lot, and that it was in the greatest degree fatuous and absurd to proclaim Keystone II. as a flyer of the highest class because she had won two races with extreme ease from wretchedly poor fields. Her stamina ought not to have been taken on trust, as animals which have won easily at Epsom have often failed to stay the course at Doncaster. The race was a most unsatisfactory one. So indifferent a start has seldom been seen, and it would be difficult to imagine a worse one. It was scandalously bad, and unless the so-called "starting difficulty" is taken seriously in hand by the Stewards of the Jockey Club there are likely to be some important retirements from the Turf before long, as owners are sick and tired of the crack-brained vagaries of which their horses are the victims.

It was wonderful that Keystone II. remained so firm in the betting, as her latest gallops at Newmarket were far from satisfactory to the observers. Lord Derby's mare was generally considered to have undergone a most skimble-skamble preparation, and many good judges who looked her over on Wednesday before the race were of the opinion that she would have been all the better for another week's sharp work. Presumably Mr. George Lambton has been afraid to give Keystone II. an orthodox Leger preparation for fear of breaking her down on the hard ground. She ran creditably enough, but there was no excuse for her defeat, as she got very well away. For some reason or other, Troutbeck did not go well in the betting just at the finish. The Duke of Westminster's colt got all the best of a disgraceful start, and made hard running, his rider evidently regarding every post as the winning post. Troutbeck owned his head victory to mere luck, and certainly not to superior merit. It was perfectly palpable to every one who watched the race that Prince William ought to have won, and with an equal start and a clear course Mr. Joel's colt would have beaten Troutbeck by a couple of lengths at least. The victory of the Kingsclere colt was as flagrant a fluke as has ever been seen either at Doncaster or on any other racecourse. The one satisfactory feature in the race is the fact that Troutbeck's victory proves that there are still a few really stout horses on the Turf which can with safety be "run through" for their engagements, instead of being coddled up in the timid fashion now favoured by the majority of trainers. Troutbeck's race last Wednesday was his tenth this season, and he has won on nine occasions, his only defeat having been in the Derby, when he finished third to Spearmint and Picton. Prince William has started nine times as a three-year-old. Troutbeck's only other engagement this season is the Greenham Stakes of £1,000, at the Newbury Autumn Meeting, and as a four-year-old he is entered for the £2,000 Stake at the Lingfield Summer Meeting. The statement in several of the papers that Troutbeck is entered for next year's Eclipse Stakes is incorrect. The Leger winner was originally engaged in that race, but he was withdrawn when the minor forfeit was declared in March, 1905. Prince William is entered for the £5,000 Stake, at Gatwick next month, and he now appears to have an excellent prospect of winning that race if he can beat Bridge of Canny at the weights. This is another event which appeared to be only a question of health for Spearmint. Prince William is also left in for the £5,000 Stake at Sandown Park on October 18th, and he may again meet Keystone II. in that race.

Beppo, who got off well enough, ran prominently throughout, and gained the place for which he had been so heavily backed. After the Lewes running, Gorgos ought, of course, to have finished in front of Prince William, but Mr. James's colt lost many lengths at the start. Gorgos was decidedly the most fit of all the Newmarket horses. Gingal had no pretensions to

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Handle Carefully
LOWELL, MASS.

stay the course. Malua (as has already been mentioned in Truth) is of no use on hard ground, and he certainly was not so fit as he would have been if his trainer could have galloped him harder, and given him a severe preparation. I never could see Plum Tree's chance, even in this moderate field, and it surprised many people to find Mr. Fairie's horse brought to 10 to 1. Storm might as well have remained on the other side of the Channel for all the chance he had in the race, as he was literally left at the post, and lost by at least ten lengths. Of course, his prospect of success was absolutely extinguished by the deplorable start, but if Storm had got off in front, I am disposed to think that he would have won, as he ran through his horses in a remarkable style, and was going very strong at the finish. The race will not be remembered with any satisfaction, except by the Kingsclere people and the backers of Troutbeck. A field of low class, a farcical start, and some very eccentric riding. The fact is that during the present season riding of so queer a nature that most people would describe it as decidedly foul has become discreditably and scandalously common. The evil is increasing every week, and it must be resolutely stamped out by the Stewards of the Jockey Club.

By the way, Stern, the rider of Troutbeck, is described as "a French jockey." Stern has been riding in France, but he is an Englishman, being, I understand, a native of Cambridge. It would be interesting to learn why the jockey who has usually ridden Troutbeck was displaced on this occasion.

Slieve Gallion won the Champagne Stakes very easily, a result of the race which I had always anticipated. The Beckhampton colt has improved considerably since he won the New Stakes at Ascot, and he is far and away the best-looking two-year-old of the season. Slieve Gallion will now be reserved for the Middle Park Plate, and I hear that Captain Greer is unlikely to start his colt for the Dewhurst Plate, in which race he is also engaged. Next season Slieve Gallion is entered for the Two Thousand, Derby, and St. Leger, and he has no fewer than five engagements at Ascot. My Pet II., who finished second in this race, was shut in, and it was with much difficulty that his jockey ultimately got through, so that he lost a lot of ground at a critical point. My Pet II. would certainly have been much nearer to the winner with a clear course, but in my opinion the best colt won. The pair will meet in the Middle Park Plate, and then the admirers of Mr. Raphael's colt will discover whether they were justified in regarding Slieve Gallion as a lucky winner last week. Bezonian represented Lord Rosebery instead of Traquair, who was never intended to run at Doncaster, as he was not doing well for some time after his defeat at Goodwood. I hear that Traquair is in reserve for the £3,000 stake at Kempton Park on October 5. Bezonian will probably turn out to be his owner's best three-year-old next season, but he is never likely to be in the first class. Weathercock, who is a colt capable of immense improvement, was certainly third best in the Champagne Stakes. Major Loder's colt ought to develop into a three-year-old of high class with ordinary luck. He is heavily engaged next season.

I predicted the success of Saxham in the Tattersall Sale Stakes, and he won very easily from a field of nine. The exceedingly generous odds of 3 to 1 were at first laid against Saxham, as Jovial was a strong tip, but the winner started at 9 to 4, which was really a liberal price after his excellent form at York. Saxham is not likely to beat My Pet II. at Newmarket next week, but Mr. Dresden's colt appears to have a fair chance of winning the Great Sapling Plate of £1,000 at Sandown Park on October 19. Jovial, who ran badly behind Saxham, cost 1,550 gs. as a yearling.

There was a desperate plunge on Ramrod for the Great Yorkshire Handicap, and Lord Dalmeny's horse was backed at a price which appeared to indicate lunacy on the part of his supporters. There certainly was no justification for accepting such odds as 11 to 8 in a field of twelve, and Ramrod was well beaten a long way from home. Many shrewd people went for Feather Bed, although there was a lot of cackling about his not being yet fit, as it was alleged that he had been trained with a view to the Cesarewitch, for which handicap he had been backed down to 100 to 7, and Mr. Rayner's horse was actually first favourite on the day before he won at Doncaster. Feather Bed won last week in a common canter with 7 st. 4 lb. on his back. He has incurred a penalty of 10 lb. for the Cesarewitch, his weight being brought up to 8 st. 2 lb. Feather Bed won a race at Newbury in the spring, and he afterwards carried off the Chester Cup, but ran badly at the Epsom Summer Meeting, the fact being that the course on that occasion was not far enough for him. He has fine speed, and he can stay well, and he ought to be well endowed with stamina, being a son of Ravensbury. Winwick was a strong tip from Newmarket, but Lord Ellesmere's horse ran badly, and it is obvious that he was a very lucky winner at Goodwood.

There was a resurrection of Admirable Crichton on Wednesday, when Major Loder's colt won the Cleveland Handicap, for which race La Petite Dame and Andover were heavily backed. This was Admirable Crichton's first success since he defeated Sweet Mary by a head at Goodwood last year for the Rous Memorial Stakes. The Bradgate Park Plate was the race selected for the début of Roquelaure, the three-year-old half-brother, by Ladas, to Rocksand. This big, overgrown colt was purchased by Mr. Newton in April, for 310gs., at the sale of the late Sir James Miller's race horses. He won very easily from Spate, who was giving him 12lb. On Thursday the Rous Plate, with sixty-four acceptances, ended in a collapse, for only Downshire opposed Polar Star, who, of course, won all the way, odds of 20 to 1 being laid on Mr. Joel's colt. A writer in a daily paper strongly recommended His Majesty's filly Osella for this race. I should imagine that only a mooncalf of the most benighted species could anticipate the defeat of Polar Star by such a moderate filly as Osella at the weights at which the pair would have met. There were sixteen starters for the Portland Plate, which was at one time regarded as the Yorkshire Stewards' Cup; but this handicap has lost all its old importance. Melayr who carried top weight, was made favourite, and he was certainly entitled to the honours of the race, as he was only just beaten by Nero, to whom he was giving 35lb. more than weight for age! Pretty Polly was unexpectedly struck out of the Doncaster Cup, and it was never intended for Bachelor's Button to run last week, so the way was comfortably cleared for Velocity, who behaved very badly at the post. The race was run at a ridiculously slow pace, which suited Velocity very well, and at the finish he won easily from Achilles. I wonder that Feather Bed (who stays well) did not come along from start to finish at his best speed.

The largest field of the week came out for the Prince of Wales's Nursery, there being twenty-seven starters for this mile race. Sagamore was always favourite, and a great deal of money went on Osella, who flagrantly failed to stay the course. Sagamore ran well, considering that he had the worst of the weights with every other starter. Qu'appelle won cleverly at the finish, and this was a result generally acceptable, as Lord Harewood's colours are very popular at Doncaster. Osella is very likely to win a T.Y.C. nursery later on in the autumn. The distance on Friday was a great deal too far for her.

The sales went off very much as usual. Numerous lots were sent back, and a great many were sold at unremunerative prices, but the principal breeders were quite successful, and Sir Tatton Sykes's average for the thirteen yearlings from Sledmere was 1,180 gs. The highest price of the week was 3,500 gs., which was paid by Sir E. Cassel for the colt by Ayrshire out of Maid of the Mint, dam of Spearmint. Next came the colt by Ayrshire out of Pindi (dam of Gingal) in Sir John Robinson's lot from Worksop Manor. He was sold to Mr. W. Clark for 2,500 gs. Baron de Forest paid 2,000 gs. for the filly by Gallinule out of Little Eva in the Sledmere lot, and Lord Londonderry got 2,000 gs. for a colt by Florizel II. out of Wise Flower, Mr. W. Clark being the purchaser.

The Prix la Rochette at Chantilly brought out a field of ten two-year-olds, the favourites being M. Aumont's Calomel and M. E. Blanc's Allah, and this pair finished first and second. Allah, who is by Flying Fox out of Finaude (dam of Finasseur) is engaged next year in the Epsom Derby and in the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park.

The Kempton Park authorities asked for fifty entries for the Duke of York Handicap—an exorbitant demand under the circumstances—but they have accepted twenty-eight, which is certainly an ignominious surrender. Prince William has been engaged in this handicap. The weights are to be published to-morrow.

The *Sportsman* announced last Tuesday that "there will be no parties entertained this year" (for Doncaster) at Welbeck Abbey, Thorsby (*sic*) Park, or Studley Royal. As a matter of fact, there has not been a race party at Welbeck for sixteen years, the Duke and Duchess of Portland being always in the North of Scotland during Doncaster week. Parties for the races have never been entertained at Thoresby or Studley Royal.

Several of the papers state that after the St. Leger the winner was led in by his owner's brother. The Duke of Westminster has no brother, and Lord Arthur Grosvenor, who led in Troutbeck, is his uncle.

A weekly journal states that the first Lord Savile was "the late Mr. Augustus Lumley," which is, of course, nonsense. The first Lord Savile was Sir John Savile Lumley, who succeeded his brother, Mr. Augustus Savile, in the ownership of the Rufford and other estates in 1887. He was raised to the Peerage in 1888 on his retirement from the Diplomatic Service, and the present Lord Savile succeeded him in 1896 under a special remainder. The same journal is also quite wrong in stating that, unless Lord Savile leaves a son, the large and valuable estates in Notts and Yorkshire which he now possesses will revert to the earldom of Scarbrough, from which they were alienated by the will of the eighth Earl, who died in 1856. As a matter of fact, the Savile estates will be at the disposal of their present owner, failing a male heir.

The first of the three autumn meetings of the members of the Jockey Club will be held at Newmarket next Wednesday, when the Stewards intend to propose certain alterations in those Rules which deal with breeding allowances. The changes which are thus officially suggested appear to be altogether desirable. It would be a salutary reform if horses which have won any of the great races were *ipso facto* deprived of any breeding allowance to which they may have been originally entitled. There has been a great deal of carelessness of the most slovenly kind in calculating these allowances, for over and over again 9 lb. has been claimed instead of 6 lb., and 6 lb. instead of 3 lb.

Many *habitués* of Newmarket regard the First October as being the most agreeable meeting which is held there. The racing is usually interesting, and there is no crowd, while fine weather is the general rule. For some years past there has been an interval of two weeks between Doncaster and Newmarket, but this season there is a return to the old custom of having one week only to separate these fixtures, the result being that the "back-end" meetings are now extended over four weeks, instead of their being jammed and crammed into three weeks, as was the case last autumn.

On Tuesday there are seven subscribers to the Buckenham Post Stakes, the list being headed by his Majesty, who, however, is not likely to be represented in the field. This race will be worth £1,500, even if only three start. I shall give a plumper for Lord Falmouth's dark colt, St. Martin, own brother to Quintessence, who has missed several engagements (at Ascot, Goodwood, and Derby) because his owner feared to run him on the hard ground. There are thirty-seven entries for the Hopeful Stakes on Wednesday. This event was formerly the great two-year-old race of the week. The entry includes Saxham, Simon Square, My Pet II., Traquair, Auber, and the colt by Florizel II. out of Marsh Marigold, winner of the Prince of Wales's Post Sweepstakes at Goodwood. This race will be won by My Pet II. There are ten subscribers to the Boscawen Post Stakes, which will be worth £1,000, and Lord Derby may win with the filly by Florizel II. out of Alt Mark, who so direfully disappointed her stable at York. I know nothing of the two-year-olds which are left in for the first heat of the Triennial, but Lord Derby must regret the withdrawal of the Jolly Jenny filly, as she would very likely have won this race. M. Euphrussi may win the Double Trial Plate with Ile de France III., if that filly is still in England. There are nineteen acceptances for the Rous Memorial Stakes on Friday, out of an original entry of forty-two. St. Martin ought to win this race, as well as his earlier engagement, and if he does not start, then Knight of Tully may win for Mr. W. Hall Walker.

Twenty-seven four-year-olds are left in for the Triennial, but, so far as I am aware, they are all out of training, with the exception of Polymelus, or else non-stayers, which it would be ridiculous to start for a race run over such a course as the T.M.M.

Spearmint could not have lost the Great Foal Stakes on Tuesday if all had gone well with him. The field may include Bridge of Canny (8 lb. allowed), Larino, Gorgos, Greendale, Buckminster, and His Eminence (3 lb. allowed). Lord Derby's colt ought to win. The three years old heat of the Triennial may be left to Prince William, who can easily beat Catnap and the best of the Duke of Portland's bad lot. The Newmarket St. Leger may fall to River, in the probable absence of Sancy.

The great race of the week is supposed to be the Jockey Club Stakes of £10,000, on Thursday, and if the best horses which were originally entered had been able to fulfil this engagement it would have been the event of the year. There were 205 entries when this stake closed in September, 1903, including Jardy and Val d'Or, Spearmint, Troutbeck, Keystone II., Cicero, Ob, and Standen. The field may include Keystone II. (8 st. 13 lb.), Polymelus (10 st.), Gorgos (8 st. 13 lb.), Llangibby (10 st. 3 lb.), Quair (7 st. 13 lb.), His Eminence (8 st. 7 lb.), and Beppo, who enjoys the benefit of a 12 lb. breeding allowance. On the St. Leger running the Jockey Club Stakes ought to be a good thing for Mr. J. A. de Rothschild's colt, and the way has certainly been cleared for this moderate animal in a truly marvellous fashion. Keystone II. cannot hope to beat him at the weights, unless the Doncaster form was all wrong.

In answer to a correspondent, I can assure him that neither of the two Cambridge oarsmen who did not row in the inter-University race and yet rowed against Harvard are Blues. The fact is that the race is not yet a University boat-race. For this purpose an Act of Indemnity will be necessary. There was no meeting of the College boat captains. Without them nothing could be done. The President had to act on his own responsibility. A rowing Blue has never been given except for rowing against Oxford. It is essentially the badge of a minority, and we know their sufferings. The question is whether this minority is to be extended. The point has arisen for the first time in Cambridge rowing. It has already been considered both in cricket and athletics. I am speaking only of Cambridge University. I have neither a Wisden nor a Lillywhite at hand; but somewhere between 1878 and 1882 inclusive—and I am pretty sure that it was in one of those two years—twelve men got their Blues for cricket at Cambridge. There are twelve names on the panel at Cambridge in the pavilion on Fenner's ground. If I recollect aright, the same eleven that had beaten the Australians would not play against Oxford. One of the Piggs was indisposed. His brother took his place, and the other was given his Blue as well, so the story was, on the solemn understanding that he should not wear it at Cambridge. In athletics, I believe that men who have not run against Oxford have been given their Blues for representing their University against Yale and Harvard. Whether there was an understanding that they were not to wear the colours at Fenner's

I cannot say. I believe there was. However, all these men eventually ran against Oxford, so that they arrived in the fulness of time into the full right, title, and possession of a Blue.

Now, my view is, that no man should, under any circumstances, be given his Blue unless he represents his University against Oxford. The Rugby footballer does not get his colours because he plays for his University against Dublin or Edinburgh University. There seems a possibility of meetings with Transatlantic universities becoming more frequent. There is already a considerable newspaper talk of another boat-race next year. It does seem, therefore, that if the Blue is to retain its sanctity inviolate the boat club whose president is ex officio chairman of the Blues' committee should maintain a very strict and conservative policy in the matter.

Taking up the first edition of the Badminton volume on cricket, published in 1888, I found there a pathetic reference to the dull, slow style of play that had become so common in first-class cricket. There always were the same old croaks in cricket, as in everything else. The preachings of Father Vaughan are but an echo of the centuries. The shortcomings of cricket are reiterated year after year. The season is over. The stumps have been drawn. There are only averages and percentages to be discussed. When the season began the old game was played out, like the British Navy and the Nation. The same paper is the authority for all that was said. The complaint was the dull, slow play and the triumph of the bat over bowler. The prophet prophesied falsely, as is his wont. The summer has been one of almost unparalleled sunshine. And yet there have been more matches finished and quite as many big scores as in any other season. The play has been rapid, and spectators have not been wanting. Partly the reason has been that wickets are not artificially prepared to the extent to which they used to be. They, therefore, play more naturally, and the bowlers have a chance. That the counties have followed the recommendations of the M.C.C. in this respect is a striking testimony of their loyalty to a club which no longer is the power in first-class cricket that it used to be. This is the result of so many counties continually playing. But already there are signs of a reaction. A generation of batsmen nursed on easy wickets is terrified by the fast bowler. Brute force, we are told, is killing science—whatever that may mean. The batsman is frightened out; he is not bowled out. He cannot play the balls with his legs, or make ineffectual swipes at leg-breaks. He has to hit or go. Of course, one is very sorry for him. But there were fast bowlers before Knox, and a man called Grace made records on wickets that would have been condemned by modern players. The season ended up with the defeat of Kent by the Rest of England. Once again there was the good luck of the summer. Hutchings, Woolley, Seymour, Humphreys, and Burnup showed the cosmopolitan crowd wherein the strength of Kent batting lay. Tyldesley, Warner, Fane, and Hirst made heaps of runs against good bowling and better fielding. The season has been the season of young men. The youngsters are coming on, and Kent has shown how cricket may be developed without outside help and aid. I do not see that the agitation against the introduction of Colonial players will do any good. It will not improve the home players in any way. For my part, I do not care whence a player comes from if he is not county bred and born. If Loamshire does not play Loamshire men, I care not whether they come from Timbuctoo or any other country or county. I am perfectly sure that Middlesex will never do any good until the authorities look out for Middlesex men. Lancashire has, I know, the cricket leagues to contend with. It is better to be the professional to a good league club than to play for the county. And yet there must be a way out of the difficulty even in Lancashire. It may be many years before we have again such glorious cricket weather during the whole summer. Be thankful for the past. Next year the South Africans will be with us, and then a team may go to Australia. Even Colonial premiers could not move the M.C.C., whose refusal to send a team out to Australia has met with general public approval in this country.

I have noticed with interest that certain of those gentlemen who consider it to be the duty of the Lawn Tennis Association to popularise lawn tennis have been performing at certain tournaments on the south coast. They have probably observed that neither in respect of players or spectators is there any diminution in numbers. Both multiply, and the knowledge and understanding of those who look on is much superior to what it was ten or fifteen years ago. This is, no doubt, the result of the strictly undenominational education that the public has received. At Brighton the figures created a record. Counting pairs as one entry, the total number of entrants was 752. To play the ties off 732 matches were necessary. The weather was fine. Nevertheless, it showed management of the highest order to get through the whole tournament in one week. A feature of the play was the practically unlimited supply of umpires, who were quite capable of fulfilling the duties of their office. It was evident that local energy and enthusiasm were well directed. In the singles Gore had a fairly easy win over Ritchie. Mrs. Sterry was in great form. Miss Pinckney could not win a game against her in the final. Gore and Risely had a great match and a hard fight before they beat the American pair, Grant and Westfall, in the doubles. The Americans played much better than they had done at Chichester. At Eastbourne there was a big entry. In the ladies' singles Miss Douglass was again successful, but on the way she lost her first set of the season against Mrs. Sterry, and another in the final against Miss Morton. Wilding, who has been having a very successful Continental tour, had little trouble in beating McNair in the final of the singles. The most exciting match was in the doubles, when Wilding and Massett beat Risely and Hillyard after advantage games had been played in each set.

The South African Rugby footballers are coming, and, after the experience of the New Zealanders last year, our Rugby players are prepared to receive them in a chastened mood. They know not what may happen. The season has not yet begun.

Under Association rules the game is in full swing, and crowds that would rejoice a county cricket treasurer's heart, even if they spread themselves over three days, forgather for one hour and a half's play. Woolwich Arsenal went to Preston and took two points back with them. Chelsea gave Bradford City a bad beating, and there are already wild dreams of a third southern team getting into the first division. In the Southern League the standard of play is quite as good as in the League itself.

By the way, I hear that at Blackheath a team of all the talents will represent the club at Rugby football. They will be no more Blackheath men than the professional teams are locals who play for any league club. It is merely the money that makes the difference. Blackheath was strong when there was a strong local contingent.

MOTORS AND MOTORING.

CONSTERNATION has been produced in motoring circles by the *Autocar's* rumour that a tax of £1 per horse-power will be proposed in next year's Motor Bill; and not without reason. Such a proposal would be absolutely monstrous. So, at least, it must strike any motor-car owner. A moderate increase of taxation was certainly recommended by the Royal Commission, and the suggestion was received in very good part by motorists as a whole, but this rumoured tax of £1 per horse-power would be another affair altogether; and if such a proposal were seriously put forward, it would certainly meet with the bitterest opposition.

The notion that possession of a motor-car necessarily implies great wealth is an entire delusion. There are,

for instance, hundreds of owners of small cars, and in time there will be thousands, who would not dream of running a horse and carriage. Yet in the case of the latter a tax of £1 1s. has been regarded as meeting all requirements of the case. Why should the motor-car pay more? If a tax of a guinea is all that can fairly be asked from the owner of a horse and carriage, why should it be deemed reasonable to demand five times, or ten times, or fifty times that amount from the owner of another vehicle, doing far less damage to the roads, just because it happens to be mechanically propelled? Far-sighted legislation would order matters in precisely the opposite way. Horse-drawn carriages would be heavily taxed, while those of the self-propelled variety would be encouraged by more lenient treatment. Outrageous discrimination the other way, such as that talked of, is certainly not to be contemplated, and it is to be hoped that if such a proposal has ever been seriously entertained it will be speedily abandoned.

The new motor 'bus regulations which have been drawn up by the police cannot be regarded as erring on the side of indefiniteness. Some, indeed, would doubtless stigmatise them as a trifle grandmotherly here and there:—

All parts subject to vibration must have lock nuts or spring washers to prevent them working loose and causing a rattling noise.

Effective means must be adopted for the radiation of heat and cooling of parts subject to heat.

All wires carrying electric current to be sufficiently insulated and placed so as to be free from danger.

Tanks of petrol or other liquid fuel must be made of suitable material, properly constructed, and of sufficient strength.

Regulations of this order partake rather of the obvious. I wonder, while he was about it, the Commissioner did not stipulate that the road wheels must be made to revolve, and that the 'buses must not be run stern first. On the other hand, the restrictions as to advertisements seem to go beyond the needs of the case, especially seeing that the same rules are not applied to horse-drawn 'buses, while on certain points which are really of the first importance the public would have welcomed greater stringency. In the matter of ventilation, for instance, it is laid down that "there must be proper ventilation without opening the windows"—an amazing regulation which should be exactly reversed. Every 'bus should be compelled to have windows that open, so as to ensure proper ventilation.

Do we drive too fast? Mr. Filson Young, whose notions on motoring matters are occasionally sound, has been declaring that we do, and many will be disposed to agree with him. I make bold to say, moreover, that we drive too fast not only for other people's comfort, but also for our own. Certainly, many will corroborate the statement that the tendency of most experienced motorists is to drive not faster but more moderately as time goes on. The motoring beginner thinks that there is nothing like speed, and drives accordingly. After a time, however, he learns to appreciate the more tranquil joys of a steadier rate of progress, affording time and opportunity to take in the country as one goes along, and without the incessant nerve-straining vigilance as to cross-roads and by-lanes, and the incalculable vagaries of pedestrians, cyclists, rustic drivers, and other dangerous occupants of the road, which keep the mind of the speedier driver perpetually on the rack. On absolutely suitable bits of road an occasional sprint is pleasant enough, but, speaking generally, most motorists probably drive too fast—that is to say, they would enjoy their runs more, and experience less worry and anxiety, if they adopted a more moderate speed.

A well-known motoring writer has been singing the praises of France as the automobilist's paradise, as regards not only its beautifully constructed and well-kept roads but also the cuisine of its provincial hotels. Yet there is certainly another side to the question. If the table d'hôte déjeuner of the average French country hotel is a marvel of excellence and cheapness, there are at the same time many rapacious and extortionate hotel proprietors in France, and one is more likely to encounter a certain kind of swindling there, especially if an Englishman, than in almost any other part of Europe. The writer above referred to gives a glowing description of the lunch provided for himself, three fellow companions, and a chauffeur, at a cost of seventeen francs, or about fifteen shillings. Yet also in that same favoured land, and likewise within the last few weeks, a party of four indignant Britishers were charged at a second-rate hotel at a Normandy watering-place 12 fr. 50 c. for tea and bread and butter and a small portion of uneatable *confiture*, and, what was more, they had to pay it.

Speaking generally, however, there is no denying that France offers many advantages to the motorist, and in one respect, at least—namely, the admirably complete and systematic manner in which the roads are marked and measured — we might well follow her example. Anything more haphazard and exasperating than the average procedure of our local authorities in this respect it would be difficult to imagine. While touring recently in the West of England, I was particularly struck by one peculiarly humorous form of practical joking constantly indulged in. Again and again the same experience would befall one in the course of a single day's run. You would come to cross-roads properly marked and go on your way rejoicing—only to encounter a few hundred yards later a fork with no signs whatever. Apparently it never occurs in these cases to the bucolic mind that the traveller needing direction in the one case would need it also in the other. A more exasperating practice could hardly be devised. Certainly such imbecilities are never encountered in France.

The eternal tyre problem continues to keep inventors busy, and hardly a day, certainly never a week, passes but a wild whoop from this or that quarter goes up to proclaim that the perfect article has been devised at last. But still, fulfilment of the promise tarries. Countless are the solutions which have been propounded, embodying, in numerous instances, ideas of exceeding merit and ingenuity. Yet what motorist can honestly declare that the possibility of tyre troubles is not still his ever haunting fear? Spring wheels, pneumatic hubs, detachable rims, puncture-proof treads, etc., etc.—one and all have their merits, doubtless; yet tyre troubles are still the cause of eighty per cent. of roadside stops. Still, in mitigation thereof, it must be agreed that much has latterly been accomplished. Quite a small fortune could, indeed, be laid out by any one prepared to invest in each and every invention having this end in view. One of the latest is the Turquand detachable flange, whose name denotes its purpose, viz., to facilitate the detachment of cover and tube from the rim by a simpler method of fastening than that at present in vogue. I have no personal knowledge of the device, but if the claims of its inventor are justified it ought to become popular—especially seeing that the flange can, as it appears, be fitted to any existing wheel.

Others, again, put their trust in the Stepney wheel, ready with fully inflated tyre and outer cover already mounted thereon, to take the place of that placed *hors de combat*, though this, of course, is only a temporary expedient. In the same connection may be mentioned the portable vulcaniser which Messrs. Harvey Frost and Co. supply—an accessory whose value, indeed, is hardly to be over-rated, seeing that through its aid the motorist can effectually provide against any possible tyre troubles wheresoever they may overtake him. The troubles may come, but the "H.F." vulcaniser will exorcise them all by enabling the effective repair of any puncture or burst, whether to inner tube or outer cover, either on the road or in the garage. And the little apparatus, which works this marvel weighs only 7 lb., and costs a mere trifle—by contrast with the sense of security afforded—of four guineas. Then as a labour-saving device there is the employment of compressed air for pumping-up purposes—a practice which seems likely to become more common. In short, if the perfect tyre has still to be discovered, it may be agreed that ingenious inventors are rapidly robbing of half its

terrors the continued employment of the imperfect pneumatic.

The Brotherhood-Crocker car is a British-built article which, from the first, took its place in the front rank by reason alike of its design and workmanship, and with the completion of the new works which are at present in course of erection for its production at Sheffield, its fame is likely to be rapidly extended. In the past the company have made the whole of their cars with the exception of the engines and gear boxes, but in their new works every part of the cars will be made by themselves.

MAMMON.

Business Slack—Little Outside Interest—Rise in the Bank Rate—Will There Be a Further Advance?—A Chance for Speculative Investors.

On the week prices show few changes. The rise in the Bank rate was not exactly a favourable factor, but it exercised relatively little influence, and considering all the circumstances values have remained remarkably steady. The most prominent feature has been the South African mine amalgamation, which one may venture to predict is only the forerunner of several other fusions. I would impress upon my readers the advisability of buying South African and other shares now, provided they are in a position to hold them for a few months, because of the certainty of a substantial rise between now and then.

Money Dearer—Bank Rate Raised—Situation Uncertain—American Drain.

Notwithstanding the advance of ½ per cent. to 4 per cent. in the Bank rate, the monetary situation remains very unsettled, owing to the threatened drain of more gold to the United States. This heavy demand dominates the whole position, and unless it is curbed or be by some means diverted, it may necessitate a further advance in the Bank rate. The central institution cannot afford to go on losing gold at anything like the rate it has been doing, especially in view of the usual autumnal demand for Egypt and South America. Paris is not prepared to assist Wall Street in its wild speculation, but it may be that the gold promised from Australia and Buenos Ayres may relieve the strain upon London appreciably. From now onwards, money rates will no doubt be well maintained; the Bank has already taken steps to reduce the floating surplus, unless New York oversteps the mark. The Bank return naturally reflects the heavy gold withdrawals, the net efflux amounting to £3,137,000. The actual loss in the stock of coin and bullion is £2,965,000, so that about £172,000 must have returned from the provinces, and, with a contraction of £360,000 in the note circulation, the decrease in the reserve is £2,605,000, the total being £24,760,000.

Consols Dominated by Money—Stocks Interesting to Investors—The Yields—Russian Wobbling—Cedula Scheme.

After being completely dominated by the monetary situation, the advance in the Bank rate to 4 per cent. has served to impart a steadying influence to gilt-edged stocks. This is not very marked, but it is gratifying after the hypersensitiveness created by the heavy foreign drain of gold. It is hoped that a 4 per cent. rate will be sufficient to meet the case, though in this connection some uncertainty exists. That money will become dearer is almost beyond question, but so long as exceptional stringency is averted the effect upon values of gilt-edged stocks is not likely to be marked. As an investment purchase, therefore, they appear attractive in view of the yields obtainable. These are shown in the following table:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Consols	86¼	£2 17 9
Local Loans	98	3 1 3
Irish Land	88¼	3 2 0
Transvaal 3 p.c.	98	3 1 3
London County 3 p.c.	88¼	3 8 0
Water Board	92¼	3 5 0

There is not much interest in the Foreign market apart from the continued sensitiveness of Russians, which fluctuate according to the interpretation put upon the news from the country. In regard to the much-discussed Cedula question an official proposal has at last been put forward by the Government of the Province of Buenos Ayres. Briefly, the offer is to exchange 75 per cent. of the face value of the Cedula for a gold bond that is £6 12s. for each $100 currency of Cedulas, and £3 6s. for each $100 of currency coupons, "Bonos" and "Certificados," falling due up to January 1 next. The new bonds will be sterling bonds of the Province bearing 3 per cent. per annum for five years and 3½ per cent. thereafter. The offer does not err on the side of magnanimity, but it may be successful.

Home Rails Still Dull—The Traffic Record—District Fares Agitation—State Purchase of Railways—Scotch Railway Accounts—Highland Dividend.

Absence of public interest and the rise in the Bank rate to 4 per cent., to say nothing of the recent decline in Consols, have scarcely been conducive to strength in the Home Railway market. Yet prices at the end of last week showed a distinct tendency to recover, being well above the worst, and I think the recovery will become more pronounced before long. There is certainly no pressure of sales and the "Bull" account open is small. Indeed, speculation in the Home Railway market is too costly nowadays, what with stamps and rather dear money, though I readily acknowledge a growing inclination to adopt the far more reasonable percentage method in quoting "contangoes" in place of the former system prevailing in this market of quoting them in fractions. The chief market feature is the scarcity of stock. This, of course, implies that whenever any appreciable demand arises, prices must go ahead. At the moment, however, it is just as well to recognise that the public shows no taste for Home Rails. The traffic record is an excellent one all round, with the sole exception of the Metropolitan, and even in that case the position is not so bad as it looks, because the transfer of considerable mileage to the Joint Committee of the Great Central and Metropolitan Companies implies a saving in expenses. There are now ten weeks' traffics available, and it must be kept in view so far as the goods-carrying lines are concerned, that the period covered is that in which such traffic is at its lowest level. Without allowing for obvious under-publication, the North Eastern has a gross increase of £134,800, the North Western £82,000, the Great Western £64,100, the Great Central £42,300, the Lancashire and Yorkshire £48,200 and the Midland £38,100. These are mainly goods lines, but the passenger companies have not fared badly. The South Western leads with £18,200 increase, and among the others may be noted the South Eastern and Chatham with £13,000, the Great Eastern with £10,200, and the Brighton with nearly £6,000. Among Provincial railways the North Stafford is doing well, its increase of £11,500 representing over 6 per cent. advance. Of course, the Scotch railway half-year has only run for six weeks at present, but the Caledonian and North British each contribute over £13,000 increase and the "Ayrshire" nearly £5,000. From the traffic standpoint there is nothing to complain of, therefore, and the outlook remains bright in this respect. The agitation in regard to the increase of fares on the District is not very reassuring to railway shareholders generally. The position is quite simple. A reduction in fares was made in anticipation of electrification. After considerable experience it has been found that the fares were cut down too low. In confirmation of that one has only to turn to the last District accounts, where it will be seen that a deficit of nearly £50,000 was shown in the fixed

Romano's Restaurant, Strand, is a Parisian Restaurant in London. The prices are moderate, and the cuisine is excellent. New Russian and Venetian Rooms.

charges last half-year. A continuance of that sort of thing means bankruptcy, in which case the public would be the greatest sufferer, seeing that it now enjoys the use of a clean and up-to-date electric railway with a very frequent train service. Having found fares too low, the natural step was taken of increasing them—but they are still lower than they were a few years back. The increased fares are also well within the Parliamentary powers of the company. Yet the District Company is abused and threatened with all sorts of penalties on account of its honest attempt to keep the property on its legs. Members of Parliament have not scorned to further the agitation by promising to raise the matter in Parliament, though they would certainly not tolerate any like interference with their own businesses. I suggest that the District Board should close the railway for a week, and then perhaps the public will learn what a boon it is to them, and possibly be more ready to pay for its use. Even with the increased fares the prospects of the line are not very bright. As for the noisy agitation, it will probably go the way of other movements which derive their inspiration from the halfpenny press. The State purchase of railways is being raised in several quarters. Mr. Bryan led off by advocating it in his "home-coming" speech in New York. A few days ago the Trade Union Congress also passed a resolution in favour of the principle in this country, and attention has again been drawn towards it by the decision of the Argentine Finance Minister to invest surplus funds of the Republic in the leading local railways. Shareholders must be prepared to have the subject widely discussed in this country, and I trust the directors will be fully alive to the necessity of protecting the interests of stock-holders. At present the attitude of most railway directors and officials is to scoff at the idea, but they would do well to regard it more in the light of a possible development in the future. It may be pointed out that the discussion of the question would by no means be to the disadvantage of the shareholders. Indeed, the terms of purchase laid down by the Act of 1844 would probably yield them liberal compensation for the transfer to the State. Though that Act is admittedly very crude and scarcely applicable to the conditions of to-day, it forms a useful charter for railway shareholders should this question be raised in a practical form in the future. The Scotch Railway accounts were satisfactory, except those of the Caledonian. That company had a large increase in actual operating expenses, and no advance in maintenance outlays. On the other hand, the North British accounts were strong in the matter of maintenance, etc.—an extra sum of £28,000 being so expended. The Ayrshire and Great North of Scotland accounts were very satisfactory. The Highland dividend is announced at the rate of 1½ per cent. per annum, the same as a year ago. My table gives movements on the week:—

Home Rails.	A Year Ago.	Make up, Sep. 11.	Closing Price, Sept. 8.	Closing Price, Sept. 15.	Movement.
Caledonian Pref.	80½	76½	76½	76½	—
Do. Def.	37½	31⅝	32½	32½	— ½
City and S. London	41	44	44½	44½	—
Central London	91	85	86	85	—1
Great Central 94 Pref.	67	—	80	77	—3
Do. "B"	33½	36½	36¾	36½	— ½
Do. "A"	17⅜	17½	17¾	17¼	—
Great Eastern	84½	82½	82½	82½	—
Great Northern Pref.	101	100½	100½	100	— ½
Do. Def.	38¾	46½	46	46	—
Great Western	139¾	129	129½	129½	— ½
Hull and Barnsley	47	48	48	47½	— ½
Lancashire and Yorkshire	107½	103	103½	104	+ ½
London and Brighton "A"	125	117½	117½	117½	—
London, Chatham, and Dover	16¾	14½	14⅝	14½	— ⅛
Do. 4½ p.c Pref.	98	89½	89	90	+1
Do. 2nd Pref.	62	57	56	56	—
London and North-Western	156½	152¾	153	153	—
London and South-Western Def.	57½	49½	49½	49½	—
Metropolitan Consolidated	91⅛	63½	64	62	—2
Metropolitan District	35¾	23¼	23½	22½	—1
Midland Pref.	68½	66	66	65	—
Do. Def.	67	65½	65½	66	+ ½
North British 3 p.c. Pref.	80½	76½	76½	76½	—
Do. Def.	46⅝	43½	43½	43⅝	+ ⅛
North-Eastern Consolidated	140½	138½	138½	138⅝	+ ⅛
South-Eastern "A"	57⅝	50	49½	49½	—

How to Operate in Stocks Successfully.—See Halford's Adviser (post free).—Palmerston House, London, E.C. Established 1869. Telegrams: "Monitor, London."

I have received a communication from a bondholder in the Midland and South-Western Junction Railway which may perhaps awaken an echo in the hearts of others similarly circumstanced. He says:—

> You might enlighten an unfortunate holder of C. Debenture stock in the Midland and South Western Junction Railway. The only benefit that I seem ever likely to enjoy from it is a pass over the company's line to hear a report which never brings consolation. No dividend, no shares, no interest on B. or C. Debentures, and for the past twelve months no interest paid to Midland Company. They seem to have raised every penny they can, and what if the Midland Company call in their loan? The B. and C. Debentures are quoted on the Stock Exchange at £15 per £100, but there are no buyers.

American Rails Fairly Firm—Coalers Strong—Baltimore and Ohio Outlook—National Railroad of Mexico Preferred—Atchison Dividend Anticipations.

In spite of a falling off of business both on this side and in Wall-street, prices in the American market have been fairly well maintained. Monetary influences are still the guiding feature of the market, and from that point of view the recent large exports of gold from this country are very welcome in the United States. The way in which the market withstood the effect of a deficit in the Banks' reserve is very remarkable, though it must be allowed that, in a measure, the strength was artificially produced by interested support given to the market at the critical moment. The latest Bank statement—that issued on 15th inst.—shows that the deficit of the previous week has been removed and there is now a surplus once more of $3,537,000. It is not improbable that the market has gained in technical strength from the reappearance of "Bears." The Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific dividends, and the subsequent rise in stocks generally, created, and was indeed assisted by, a covering movement of numerous "Bears." Though it would be, perhaps, a mistake to assume that there is any very large "Short" account, the present market situation is certainly better from that point of view than that which existed a few weeks back. The comparative ease with which Readings were lately hoisted ten dollars in New York on Friday and Saturday last, pointed to the existence of "Shorts" in that stock. It is not surprising that that sharp movement has increased the recent liking for the "Coaler" group in general. Eries have continued a very firm spot on the belief in important developments later. Indeed, it is stated that option buying for a few months ahead, inspired by authorities in the confidence of Mr. Harriman, has been on a considerable scale of late. So far as current net earnings are concerned, there is not very much to "go for" in Erie Common, the earnings representing only 2 per cent. But if there is any possibility of that road being utilised as an Eastern outlet for the traffic originating on the Harriman systems, its possibilities are very great. A former favourite among the coal lines—Ontarios—are again looking up to the "Bulls," and are recalling the fact that last year the stock reached 65. Norfolk and Western Common more than holds its own, and the action of the market certainly supports what I foreshadowed last week, about a probable increase in the coming dividend, to say nothing of the prospect of a bonus on an issue of new capital to be authorised at the coming meeting of the company. Yet another "Coaler," the Baltimore and Ohio, has again shown a strong recovering tendency, for the reasons I gave last week. It is said that Messrs. Kuhn, Loeb and Co., who have already been credited with the purchase of a large block of these shares from the Pennsylvania Railroad, are endeavouring to secure an official quotation in Paris. Evidently it is taken for granted that if this effort is successful, the security will be popularised in the French market. The matter is regarded sceptically, however, in some quarters. Though some American Railroad bond issues and loans have been placed in Paris, financial authorities there have always looked askance at American Railroad shares. Though I believe the Baltimore and Ohio to be one of the most substantial properties, I certainly think that in general the attitude of French capitalists is right. The present is not

the stage at which the French investor can be initiated into the ownership of American Railroad shares with safety or advantage. A stock included in the group of American Railroad issues in the Official List, though not strictly of that category, is National Railroad of Mexico First Preferred, quoted at 47½. The road is controlled, and to a large extent owned, by American capitalists, and that is the reason it is classed as "American." An important feature of it is that the Mexican Government has a large financial stake in it, through the ownership of large amounts of the junior securities. The Government of the Republic determined some years ago to have some direct interest in, and control over, the local lines. Through its holding of National Railroad stocks, it is also indirectly interested in both the Interoceanic and the International lines of Mexico, for the former of these is worked by, and the latter controlled by, the National. In all, what may be termed the National Railroad of Mexico system extends to 3,350 miles. Attention is being profitably directed just now to bargains in Mexican Railways of all kinds, and it seems to me that National Railroad First Preferred is distinctly one of these. It is a 4 per cent. non-cumulative stock, to pay the full dividend on which requires only about $1,200,000 gold. In 1905 the profit earned on this issue was $412,000 gold. For the first half of 1906, the net increase exceeded $500,000 gold, and since July 1 there has been a further advance in gross receipts of about $150,000 gold. Off its own bat, therefore, the National is very nearly earning the full 4 per cent. on the Preferred. In addition, however, that Company owns more than three-fourths of the stock of the International line. In the year ended June 30 last the surplus on that road was over $800,000 gold, which fully justified a distribution of a 2 or 3 per cent. dividend. In fact, directly and indirectly, the full 4 per cent. is being earned by the National Railroad Preferred, and may shortly be paid. A beginning of dividends was made recently, when the first distribution of $1 was paid. Eventually this stock should rise to 80. It should be noted that owing to the fact that the Company is changing its financial year so as to end on June 30, a special set of accounts will be issued for the period from January to June last. They should be available next month, and will reveal a remarkable improvement in the position of the Preferred stock. Latterly there has been a wider division of opinion regarding the Atchison dividend, and 5 per cent., instead of 6, is now regarded as more probable by some authorities. On the other hand, I am assured that excellent advices from New York still point to 6 per cent. My table follows:—

—	1905. Highest.	1905. Lowest.	Closing Price, Sept. 1, 1906.	Closing Price, Sept. 8, 1906.	Closing Price, Sep. 15, 1906.
Atchison	96	80½	109⅝	111½	112½
Do. Five per Cent. Pref.	109	102	105	105¼	105¼
Baltimore and Ohio Com.	120½	104 1/16	121⅝	121½	125½
Chesapeake and Ohio	61½	46⅜	66½	65⅞	65⅞
Denver	40 1/16	27⅞	45	44½	45½
Do. Pref.	93⅞	85⅝	89½	89	89½
Erie	54½	38 5/16	47⅝	48½	50½
Do First Pref.	87½	77⅜	81	81	80½
Louisville	161½	140½	154	153	155
Milwaukee	183½	173½	183xd & r	186	184
Mo., Kan., and Texas	39¾	24 1/16	37	37½	37½
Norfolk Pref.	96½	94	95	94½	94
Do. Common	90⅞	77⅜	96¼	96½	97½
New York Central	169¾	140½	148	149½	118½
Ontario	65½	41¾	51½	51¾	52⅝
Pennsylvania	76⅝	67½	73¼	73⅝	73⅝
Reading	73⅜	40⅞	70¼	73½	77½
Do. First Pref.	49⅜	46	47½	47½	47½
Southern Common	39 7/16	28⅜	39½	39	39⅝
Do. Pref.	104½	97½	103½	103½	103½
Southern Pacific	74	59⅝	93½	94½	94½xd
Union Pacific	155⅜	116 7/16	197½	198½	194⅝xd&b
Do. Pref.	102½	98½	98	98	96xd
Wabash Pref.	49⅜	37⅞	47	47	47½
Do. "B" Debentures	86⅞	69½	83½	83½	83
U.S. Steel Corp. Com.	44½	26	47⅞	48⅝	47⅝xd
Do. Do. Pref.	110½	93⅜	110½	110⅝	110⅝

SCRUBB & Co., Ltd., caution the public against the many injurious imitations of their CLOUDY FLUID AMMONIA that are being offered, and draw attention to their having affixed the signature of SCRUBB & Co. to each bottle, without which none is genuine.

CANADIAN PACIFICS—GRAND TRUNKS FAVOURED—MEXICAN RAILWAYS—CUBANS UISET BY THE REVOLUTION—MEXICAN RAILWAYS STRONG.

On the subject of Canadian Railways there is not much that is fresh to speak of. The Canadian Pacific continues to report most excellent traffics, and I probably need scarcely repeat my advice that the Company's shares are a highly attractive purchase for a present return, the prospect of a higher dividend, and the certainty of a substantial appreciation within the next few months. I have on previous occasions enlarged so much on "Canadas" that I am called upon to add nothing more at present, in the absence of special developments. Grand Trunks are not very interesting at the moment, though values on the whole are quite well maintained. I recommend a purchase of the prior stocks down to the Second Preference inclusive for investment; and, for a promising speculation, the Third Preference and Ordinary stocks are worth considering. My table below shows the changes since I wrote last:—

—	A Year Ago.	Make-up, Sept. 11.	Closing Price, Sept. 15.
Canadian Pacific	172½	183¾	184
Grand Trunks	26½	28⅛	28 1/16
" 4 per cent. Guaranteed	104½	104½	104½
" 1st Preference	115	122	121½
" 2nd "	106¾	114	114½
" 3rd "	61⅜	68⅜	68½
Bengal and North-West	157	147	146½
Madras Railway 5 per cent.	126	123	123
Argentine Great Western Ordinary	123½	120	119½
Buenos Ayres and Pacific	136	128	128½
" " 1st Preference	115	118¼	118½
" " 2nd "	110	110	110
" Great Southern	144½	138⅜	137½
" Western	136½	135	135
Entre Rios Railway Preference	94½	89	88½
Rosario Consolidated Ordinary	113½	116½	117
Cent. Uruguay Ordinary	89	87½	87½
Costa Rica Railway	2 1/16	28⅜	28½
Mashonaland Railway Debentures, 2nd iss.	—	92½	92½
Mexican Railway	24½	28½	29½
" 1st Preference	114½	135	137½
" 2nd "	46	60	61½
Nitrate Rails	16½	14¾	14¾

Mexican Railway issues continue in favour, and of the stocks of the "old" Company I should select the Second Preference, which will give the best profit in the long run. In view of the troubles in the country, Cuban Railways may be left alone for the present, unless one is willing to wait for a settlement of political conditions in the island. Argentines are uninteresting in spite of the fact that earnings are on a large scale, but they are well worth considering for investment. Below I give a selection of stocks which may be bought:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Argentine Great Western, L.	119 — 21	£5 0 0
Do. Cum. Part. Pf.	124 — 6	4 17 6
Do. First Debenture	102 — 4	3 18 6
Do. Irred. Second Debenture	98 —100	4 1 9
Do. N. East. L. Pref.	35 — 7	nil
Do. Prior Ln. Debenture	94 — 6	4 4 0
Do. Five per Cent. Debenture	66 — 8	3 14 9
Buenos Ayres and Rosario, L.	117½— 18½	5 1 9
Do. Deferred	111 — 13	5 7 3
Do. Preference	16¾— 17¼	4 3 9
B.A. Great Southern	139	5 0 6
B.A. Western	135	5 3 9

Leopoldinas have strengthened in expectation of better traffics, and I regard them as a fair purchase at the current price.

KAFFIRS DULL—PROSPECTS OF IMPROVEMENT—CROWN REEF DIVIDEND—THREE CONSOLIDATION SCHEMES—MAKING FOR PROGRESS.

In sympathy with the general trend of the stock markets, which have suffered from uncertainty concerning the monetary position, Kaffirs, on the whole, have been inclined to dulness; but the fact that the market readily responds to the slightest influence that induces a hardening of prices tends to support the contention that the account open for the fall has been materially reduced, and that South Africans are prepared to come into line immediately an improvement in prevailing conditions gives the signal for an advance. So far as the Rand is concerned, the outlook was never more encouraging than it now is, and some day, sooner or later—it may come suddenly and when least expected—the enormous gold production is bound to attract the favourable attention of European investors

to the rapid progress that is being made by, and to the immense possibilities of, a mining industry which has no rival in the wide world. For the time being Kaffirs are inactive, but from all that I see and can gather, the indications point to a renewal of the upward movement of a few weeks ago whenever the existing money stringency disappears. The settlement in South Africans last week, which was inconsiderable in its dimensions, disclosed some fairly large shrinkages in values, the more active counters being the principal sufferers. A dividend of 22s. per share (110 per cent.) for the half-year ending September 30 has been declared by the Crown Reef. This mine has been a splendid profit-earner ever since it became a gold producer in the early days of the Rand, and is now paying 220 per cent. per annum. The Cason is doing handsomely, and its profit last month amounted to nearly £32,000. At £5 the shares of this company appear to be a highly promising investment. There has been an advance in Sanella Outcrop Reefs to 2¼ in expectation of favourable news coming to hand shortly relating to a rich discovery on the Company's property. The Company has 912 claims on the Rand formation about seven miles to the west of Johannesburg, and engineers have reported the existence thereon of the Du Preez Reef series which has been worked with such satisfactory results on the Rietfontein Estate, where the value of the ore recovered is quite 50 per cent. above the average yield for the whole of the Witwatersrand. In Deep Levels there has been very little movement, although the amalgamation schemes, to which I made a brief reference last week, have, doubtless, had the effect of steadying prices. As I ventured to anticipate what would probably be the case, the four Companies to be included in the amalgamation scheme which the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa has negotiated, are the South Rose Deep, the South Geldenhuis Deep, the Rand Victoria Mines, and the Rand Victoria East. The properties of the first two Companies are on the immediate dip of the Simmer and Jack Proprietary Mines and the Rose Deep, and the claims of the other two adjoin those of the South Rose Deep and South Geldenhuis Deep on the south, thus forming an extension of the dip. The Consolidated Company, which is to be called the Simmer Deep, Limited, will therefore have a compact block of 1,035 claims, which it will, no doubt, be possible to work to far greater advantage, both from a mining and an economical point of view, as one undertaking, than as four separate mines. The whole of the assets of the South Geldenhuis Deep, South Rose Deep, and Rand Victoria East, and the assets of the Rand Victoria Mines, with the exception of their holding in Rand Victoria East shares, will be acquired by the new Company, the price to be paid to each Company in shares being:—South Geldenhuis Deep, 367,000 shares, or at the rate of 20s. per share; South Rose Deep, 128,575 shares, or 5s. per share; Rand Victoria Mines, 630,000 shares, or 24s. per share; and Rand Victoria East, 227,595 shares, or 12s. per share. The capital of the new Company (which will be registered in the Transvaal) is to be £1,750,000 in £1 shares, of which 1,350,170 are to be issued and 396,830 shares held in reserve. There will also be debentures for the purpose of taking over the existing debenture issues in South Geldenhuis Deep and South Rose Deep. It is calculated that the total sum which would be required to equip the South Rose Deep and South Geldenhuis Deep, separately, but with a joint mill of 400 stamps capacity, and to bring the two Rand Victorias to the crushing stage with a combined capacity of 400 stamps would be for all four Companies £3,179,000, whereas, if the amalgamation be carried out, the necessary equipment, with a reduction plant up to 600 stamps capacity, and development is estimated to cost only about £1,600,000. By the consolidation, therefore, an initial saving of capital amounting to no less than £1,579,000 will be effected, and other advantages will accrue from the day the Company begins active operations. For instance, considerable economy may confidently be looked for in the labour bill, the cost of administration and management will be far less than would be the case were the four mines operated independently, there will only be one reduction plant instead of four, and there will be no necessity to sink and equip deep-level shafts on the present Rand Victoria Mines and Rand Victoria East properties, as the whole of the claims will be worked by means of the shafts that have been put down on the South Geldenhuis Deep and South Rose Deep. As the scheme makes for economy, and will lead to the speedy development of the amalgamated property, it has been the subject of favourable comment in the market, and no serious objection to it is anticipated on the part of shareholders. Another scheme in connection with Rand mining which is viewed with considerable favour is the decision of the Geduld Proprietary Mines, Limited, to amalgamate and work as one large concern the Company's unfloated ground with the properties of the North Geduld and Central Geduld Companies. This step has been taken on the strong recommendation of the company's consulting engineer, who has made a thorough investigation of the properties. Provisional agreements have been entered into with the North Geduld and Central Geduld Companies, which provide that the Geduld Proprietary will surrender for cancellation the 225,000 North Geduld and 225,000 Central Geduld shares which it at present holds, and will issue 35,000 new shares in return for the remaining 100,000 North Geduld shares, and a similar number in return for the remaining 100,000 Central Geduld shares. The property of the Geduld "A" Company will also be taken over for 1,320 new shares, the Geduld Proprietary surrendering the Geduld "A" shares which it holds. The arrangement also involves the issue to A. Goerz and Co., Limited, of 18,780 shares under the agreement of September, 1905. After the amalgamation has been concluded the company will have an issued capital of £490,100, will own a freehold area of 4,004 morgen (considerably over 8,000 acres), and a mining area equivalent to 2,481 claims, and will possess approximately £77,000 in cash. This will be a large mining proposition, but it should not be difficult to work it as one concern, and the advantages to be gained by amalgamation are all in favour of the scheme proposed by the Geduld Proprietary directors. Another consolidation is to be brought about by the South Wolhuter, Limited, acquiring the entire property and assets of its neighbour, the Klip Deep, Limited, for £312,500, in order to obtain which it is proposed to increase the South Wolhuter's capital from £600,000 to £912,500 by the creation of 312,500 new shares of £1 each. The Klip Deep has 230 claims on the immediate dip of the South Wolhuter, whose property comprises 192 claims, so that if the scheme is agreed to the South Wolhuter will have an area of 422 claims. This scheme is, of course, a very small one compared with the other two referred to above, but it is to be commended, and one would like to see some of the neighbouring properties on the Klipriversberg Estate, which were formed at about the same time and on which little or no work has been done, dealt with in a similar manner. If costs are to be reduced on the Rand the charges for administration and management must come down, and this can best be done by consolidating properties, by which means the erection of unnecessary reduction plant and other equipment and the sinking of unnecessary shafts will be obviated. Langlaagte Estate shares are to-day 2½; they would be cheap as an investment did they stand at 4. The company is paying 20 per cent., and could easily distribute 25 or 30 per cent., and besides its mining property it has an estate and holds something like one-half the share capital of the Langlaate Exploration, a company which owns important buildings in Johannesburg, and two or three townships on the western boundary of that city. At 1⅜ the shares of the African and European Investment Company look rather tempting. I hear of very favourable developments in properties in which the company holds the principal interest, and the Roberts Victor Diamond mine, which it owns, is turning out splendidly. Premier diamonds are rather lower, which is surprising considering that the experiments that are being conducted on the mine with a special

solution for the treatment of hard blue ground have been so successful as to threaten to revolutionise the present system of weathering the diamondiferous ground. If all that is said about it be true, the innovation is to be a fine thing for diamond companies, but it must be confessed that up to the present there is no rush to acquire diamond shares. Changes on the month are shown below:—

—	High. in 1895.	1905. Highest	1905. Lowest	Make-up, Sep. 10, 1906.	Closing Price, Aug. 11, 1906.	Closing Price, Sep. 15, 1906.
Angelo	7¾	7 5/16	4¾	2 15/16	3¼	2 15/16
Anglo-French	7¾	4¾	2 5/16	1 15/16	1 15/16	1 15/16
Aurora West	3¾	1 5/8	⅜	6/-	⅜	⅜
Buffelsdoorn	—	1	¼	5/-	⅛	⅛
Bantjes	7¾	1⅜	⅛	⅜	⅛	⅛
City & Suburban (£4)	8	6¼	4¼	4 7/16	4¼	4 7/16
Cons. Goldfields Def.	19⅝	8¼	5 13/16	4¼	4 7/32	4 7/16
Cons. Main Reef	—	2 1/16	1	10	⅜	⅜
Crown Reef	12⅞	16	11	17½	10	10
De Beers Pref.	—	18¼	17 11/16	18½	17½	16½
Do. Def.	—	18 5/8	16 7/16	1 1/16	17⅝	17 15/16
Driefontein	4¾	5¼	3 5/16	3⅜	1¼	1 1/8
Durban-Roodepoort	8 13/16	5	3¼	¼	3½	3⅜
East Rand Ext.	—	3	1½	4¼	1	¼
East Rands	12	9 1/32	6 9/32	18½	4⅝	4⅜
Ferreira	22	25	17½	¼	20	18⅜
Frank Smith Diamond	—	2¼	1 5/16	2½	1 1/8	⅜
Geduld	—	7¼	4 15/16	1 1/8	2⅝	2¼
Ginsberg (New)	2¼	2¾	1 5/8	1⅜	1	1
Goch (New)	3¼	3½	1¼	3 5/16	1 5/8	1⅜
Goldenhuis Estate	7¼	5 13/16	3 13/16	¾	4½	3 1/16
Glencairn	4⅞	1⅝	¼	1 17/32	⅜	⅜
Goerz, A., & Co., Ltd.	—	3⅜	2 1/32	11/-	1 5/16	1½
Henderson	6¾	1 5/16	⅝	3¾	10/6	11/-
Heriot	12½	4¾	3⅜	8	3½	3¼
Jagersfontein (New)	12	8¼	7½	1 3/8	8½	7⅜
Joh. Con. Invest.	6⅞	3 3/32	1 11/16	1½	1⅜	1¼
Johannesburg Est.	—	1 3/16	1½	47/32	1 11/32	1 1/16
,, Goldfields	—	1 5/16	⅝	2⅜	½	⅜
Jubilee	12½	4¼	2½	2 5/8	2	2 3/8
Jumpers	8¾	2¼	1⅝	21/-	2½	1⅞
Kaffir Cons.	—	—	—	1 11/16	21/-	21/6
Kleinfontein (New)	6¾	2¾	1¼	3½	1 13/16	1½
Knight's	11½	6 1/8	3½	3 15/16	3⅜	3 1/16
Langlaagte, Block "B"	3 3/16	1 1/16	¼	2½	½	½
Langlaagte Estate	7½	4 1/16	2¾	1	2 13/16	2½
Langlaagte Exp. & Building	—	2¾	1½	1	⅝	1
Luipaard's Vlei (New)	2¼	2½	1 3/16	2 11/16	⅝	1
May Consolidated	4⅜	4 5/8	2 15/16	4½	2½	2 1/16
Meyer and Charlton	8¼	5⅝	4½	5 15/16	4¾	4½
Modderfontein (£4)	17¾	11½	6¾	23/32	5½	5½
Mozambique	2 1/16	1¼	1	2½	29/32	27/32
Nigel	8 5/16	2 15/16	2¼	1 1/32	2¼	2½
New African	—	4 5/8	1 5/8	1⅜	1 3/32	1 1/16
New Comet	4¾	3 5/16	2 1/32	2 1/16	1 15/16	1 15/16
New Rietfontein	6¾	3	1⅝	1 1/16	2¼	2 1/16
Oceana Cons.	1⅝	1 15/16	1 3/16	2 1/32	2½	21/-
Primrose (New)	8 5/16	3 5/8	2 7/16	⅞	2 5/8	2⅝
Princess Estate	4¼	1 11/16	⅝	6 5/16	⅜	⅜
Rand Mines (5/-)	11⅞	11 1/32	7 5/32	1 9/32	6⅝	6½
Randfontein	4⅝	3⅝	2	1 1/16	1⅝	1⅝
Randfontein Porges	3½	1 7/8	1 5/8	1½	1 3/32	1¼
,, Robinson	2 7/8	2	1	1 5/16	1/32	1 3/16
,, North	—	2¼	1⅝	1/16	1 1/16	1 5/8
Randfontein Block "A"	—	1 5/8	⅜	8½	⅞	⅞
Robinson (£5)	11¼	10⅝	8¼	—	8¼	7⅞
Roodepoort United	8½	4	2⅝	2	1 5/8	2
S. A. Gold Mines	—	9⅜	5½	2⅞	2⅜	2½
S. A. Gold Trust	12 1/8	7 7/32	3⅝	2½	3 1/8	2⅝
Simmer and Jack	*8¼	2⅝	1 7/8	1 3/32	1 1/32	1 3/32
South-West Africa	—	16/9	9/3	14/-	12/3	14/-
Transvaal Con. Lands	4¼	4⅜	2 5/16	2 1/16	2⅜	2⅜
Transvaal Development	2½	1⅞	1/8	14/-	16/-	13/9
Transvaal Exploring	—	10/6	4/6	3/-	2/6	3/-
Transvaal Goldfield	8½	⅜	1 3/32	1 1/16	1 5/16	1 1/16
Treasury	5	4½	2 15/16	1½	1	1½
Van Ryn	11	4⅜	2 15/16	3 3/32	3⅛	3½
Village Main Reef	9½	7⅛	4	4	4½	4 1/16
Violet	—	3 5/16	1⅞	1⅜	1⅛	1⅜
Vogelstruis	6¾	1½	⅝	⅜	⅝	⅝
Welgedacht	—	8½	5	3⅝	3⅜	3½
W. Rand Central	—	⅞	⅜	⅝	¼	5/16
,, (New)	—	2 7/16	1 5/16	1/16	1/16	⅛
Wolhuter	12	3 21/32	2⅜	3⅜	3 5/16	3 1/16
Worcester	6½	1⅜	⅜	16	¼	—

* £5 shares. † New Deferred shares.

Last month's output is shown below:—

—	1902.	1903.	1904.	1905.	1906.
	Fine. oz.	Fine. oz.	Fine. oz.	Fine. oz.	Fine. oz.
January	70,340	199,279	288,824	369,258	428,638
February	81,405	196,513	289,502	363,811	407,668
March	104,127	217,465	308,242	399,823	443 723
April	119,588	227,871	305,946	399,166	439,243
May	138 602	234,125	314,480	416,395	461,202
June	142,780	238,320	308,219	412,317	475,975
July	149,179	251,643	307,840	419,505	491,793
August	162,750	271,918	312,277	428,581	509,115
September	170,802	276,197	312,286	416,487	—
October	181,439	284,544	325,625	415,527	—
November	187,375	279,813	336,167	424,757	—
December	196,023	286,061	362,264	431,594	—
Total	1,704,410	2,963,749	3,776,621*	4,897,221	3,657,357

* Includes 7,949 oz. or £33,766 not declared in year.

Here are values with comparisons:—

—	1902.	1903.	1904.	1905.	1906.
	£	£	£	£	£
January	298,786	846,489	1,226,846	1,588,508	1,820,739
February	345,782	834,739	1,229,726	1,545,371	1,731 664
March	442,303	923,739	1,309,329	1,698,340	1,884,815
April	507,930	967,936	1,299,576	1 695,550	1,865,785
May	588,746	994 505	1,335,826	1,768 734	1,959,062
June	606,493	1,012,322	1,309,231	1,751,412	2,021,813
July	663,674	1,068,917	1,307,621	1,781,944	2,089,004
August	691,322	1,155,039	1,326,468	1,820,496	2,162,583
September	725,522	1,173,211	1,326,506	1,769 124	—
October	770,706	1,208,669	1,383,167	1,765,047	—
November	795 922	1,188,571	1,427 947	1,804 253	—
December	832,652	1,215,110	1,538,800	1,833,295	—
Totals	7,269,888	12,589,247	16,054,909	20,802,074	15,535,465

The contributions of individual mines are appended:

—	Feb.	Mar.	April.	May.	June	July.	Aug.
	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.
Angelo (110; 105)	7,967	7,800	9,980	11,708	10,823	11,524	12,307
Bonanza (55; 55)	4,558	4,248	4,256	3,977	3 867	3 426	3 0 2
City and Sub'n (160; 160)	8,904	9,478	9,339	9,565	9,587	9,861	10,219
Cons. Main Rf. (120;110)	5,753	6,077	6,122	6,398	6 174	6,397	6,681
Crown Deep (200; 185)	10,721	11,120	11,342	11,382	10,785	10,684	11,435
Crown Reef (120; 120)	10,996	10,987	10,728	10,976	10,553	10,596	10,668
Driefontein (220; 160)	6,491	8 711	5,993	6,444	6,211	6,452	6,144
Durban R'dep'rt (80; 80)	4,360	4,517	4,199	4,298	4,362	4,393	4 495
Do. Deep (60; 60)	3,397	4,023	3,709	3,885	3,741	3,811	3,859
Ferreira (150; 120)	12,200	12,703	12,715	13,033	12 894	12,932	13 113
Ferreira Deep (100; 120)	11,638	12,275	12,279	12 462	12,386	12,413	12,743
French Rand (120; 115)	5,063	5,807	5,820	6,191	6,410	6,257	6,752
G'ld'nhuis Dp. (200; 200)	9,142	9,913	9,393	9,708	9,224	9,679	10,009
Geldenhuis E. (120; 115)	6,647	7,271	6,996	7,185	7,102	7,223	7,281
Ginsberg (60; 60)	2 875	3,030	2,949	2,402	2,196	2,302	2,464
Glencairn (160; 100)	3,877	4 122	3,836	3,928	4,095	4,265	4,539
Glen Deep (100; 100)	5,498	6,090	6,136	6,801	6,830	7,092	7,172
Heriot (80; 70)	3,519	3,813	3 756	3,816	3,845	3,889	4,335
Jumpers (100; 80)	4,320	4 447	4 393	4,720	4,967	5,050	4,996
Jumpers Deep (100; 100)	5,335	5,870	5 231	6,141	6,147	6,510	6,656
Knight's Deep (300; 100)	7,413	7,653	7,620	7,988	8 933	9,888	9,890
Lancaster (100; 90)	3,775	3,708	4,230	4,758	4,160	4,621	4,641
Lancaster West (40; 40)	2,244	2,204	2,111	2,042	2,034	2,116	2,185
Langlaagte Dp (120; 120)	6,418	7 098	6,694	7,782	7,443	7,673	7,975
Langl'gte Est. (200; 180)	8,002	9,000	9,250	9,500	9,221	9 255	9,300
May Consld'td. (100; 100)	5,735	6,088	5,906	5,908	5,898	5,839	5,944
Meyer & Ch lton (80; 65)	4,397	4,856	4 853	5 266	5,226	5,612	5,895
New Comet (115)	5,244	6,354	6,596	7,297	6,848	7,422	7,498
New Goch (60; 60)	4 892	5,609	5,900	6,896	7,148	7,385	7 198
New M dd'rf'nt'n (60; 60)	3,563	4,231	4,157	4,276	4,092	5,513	6 094
New Primrose (160; 120)	6,585	6,865	6,738	7 378	7,256	7,354	7,544
New Unified M. R. (60; 60)	2,072	2,242	3,405	2,436	2,255	2,623	2,787
Nigel (50; 50)	3 659	3,028	3,679	3,624	4,123	3,834	3,816
Nourse Mines (180; —)	10,667	11 877	11,324	11,945	11,865	11,814	11,594
Robinson (200; 210)	18,548	19,843	19,711	19,544	20,312	20,563	21,414
Robinson Cent. Deep (150; 90)	9,413	10,483	10,710	11,025	10,914	11,148	11 034
Robinson Deep (200; 200)	14,197	16,121	15,251	15,623	15,586	15,677	16,473
Robinson Randfontein (100; 100)	5,116	5,500	5,750	5,827	5,70	5,785	6,012
Roodepoort Cent. Deep (50; 50)	2,936	2,883	5,697	3,113	3,147	3,219	3,169
Roodepoort United Mn. Reef (110; 65)	3,907	4,445	4,356	4,649	4,483	4,642	4,507
Rose Deep (200)	7,876	8,943	8,353	8,821	9,504	9,580	9 551
Simmer & Jack (320)	18,044	20 010	19,814	20,104	20.013	21,109	23 110
Sth. R'ndf'nt'n (100; 90)	5,654	6,000	6,000	5,037	5,923	5,879	5,895
Transvaal Gold Mining Estates (80; 70)	3,587	3,867	3,887	4,075	3,883	4,120	4,496
Treasury (60; 55)	2,305	2,489	2,242	2,696	2,830	2,746	2,783
Van Ryn (160; 160)	7,930	8,725	8,520	9,165	9,392	10,413	10,135
Village Mn. Rf. (160)	9 065	9 680	13,444	14,184	14,172	14,342	14,959
Wolhuter (100; 100)	3,993	5,015	5,723	5,868	6,260	6,401	6,063

RHODESIANS LESS EXCITED—TANGANYIKA CAPITAL SCHEME—SHARES "TALKED" HIGHER—ANOTHER RECORD OUTPUT—GOOD "BANKET" NEWS.

Although there is less excitement about the market, Rhodesians continue to absorb a considerable degree of interest, with Tanganyikas, of course, most prominent. When discussing the more or less fantastic rumours which accompanied the upward movement in these shares, I ventured to hint that there might be more truth in the whispers concerning a capital issue than the alleged acquisition of an interest in the undertaking by the Amalgamated Copper Company of America, and this proves near the mark. Together with the Société Général, the Tanganyika will form the mineral Company alluded to in the report, and the board have agreed to underwrite £2,000,000 5 per cent. debentures. These debentures will be convertible for five years into Tanganyika shares at £8 per share. The option issued is rather a long one, and this has occasioned some dissatisfaction, but, on the other hand, the existing price of the shares is only about 6½, and it is significant that there has been some rather drastic weeding out of the weak holders of Tanganyikas. This is interpreted as the preliminary to a further upward movement, which will reduce the margin between the

market quotation and the option figure. Whether this will prove accurate, of course, remains to be seen. In the matter of gold production, Rhodesia has been progressing most satisfactorily within the past year or so, and the expectation that the monthly output would reach 50,000 oz. before the end of this year has been realised. The August production amounted to 50,127 oz., an increase of 1,642 oz. on the previous record. As will be seen from the following table, the aggregate for the eight months of the year to date is 360,989 oz., as against 407,048 oz. for the whole of 1905. This is promising:—

—	1902.	1903.	1904.	1905.	1906.
	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.
January	15,955	16,245	19,359	32,531	42,950
February	13,204	17,090	18,673	30,131	38,037
March	16,891	19,626	17,756	34,927	44,574
April	17,559	20,727	17,862	33,268	42,423
May	19,698	22,137	19,424	31,332	46,729
June	15,842	22,166	20,402	35,256	47,664
July	15,226	23,571	24,339	34,693	48,485
August	15,747	19,187	24,669	35,705	50,127
September	15,164	18,741	26,029	35 785	—
October	16,849	17,918	24,919	33,383	—
November	15,923	15,714	26,183	32,861	—
December	16,210	18,750	28,100	37,116	—
Total	194,268	231,872	267,715	407,048	360,989

In relation to the future of the Chartered Company, the agricultural development of the country is of quite as much importance as the exploitation of its mineral wealth, and it is, therefore, hopeful that a land settlement scheme has at last been formulated. Vigorously carried out, it ought to prove beneficial to the country. In the matter of Bankets, encouraging news has been received respecting development in depth, the value at one particular point of the No. 3 level being given at 5 oz. over a width of 5 feet. My usual table follows:—

—	Capitals.		Denom. of Shares.	Amount Paid.	Highest 1905.	Closing Price, Sept. 8, 1906.	Closing Price, Sept 15, 1906.
	Authorised.	Shares Issued.					
	£		£				
Bechuanaland Ex.	400,000	400,000	1	f.p.	1 1/32	5/16	5/16
British S. Africa	6,000,000	4,999,038	1	f.p.	1/16	1 3/32	1 1/8
Chicago Gaika	250,000	201,000	1	f.p.	2 3/8	8/-	6/6
Globe & Phœnix	200,000	250,000	1	f.p.	1 13/16	1 3/16	1 3/32
Lomagunda Dev	250,000	228,000	1	f.p.	2 1/16	1 3/32	1 1/16
Mashon. Agency	400,000	398,976	1	f.p.	1 5/8	1/8	1/8
N rth'rn Copper(B.S.A.)	250,000	160,500	1	f.p.	3 1/2	2	1 3/32
Rhodesia, Ltd.(New)	600,000	500,000	1	f.p.	1	5/8	5/8
Rhodesia Expl.	225,000	227,777	1	f.p.	4 1/2	2 1/8	2 3/16
Rhodesia Glds.	1,000,000	500,677	1	f.p.	1/16	3/6	3/6
Rice Hamilton	175,000	50,000	1	f.p.	2 3/8		1/8
Selukwe	350 000	321,000	1	f.p.	1 1/8	4/6	3/6
Tanganyika Conc.	264 600	234,000	1	f.p.	6 3/4	7 1/4	6 3/4
United Rhodesia	750 000	660,900	1	f.p.	11/3	3/6	3/6
Willoughby Con.	1,000,000	930,000	1	f.p.	1/8	1/-	1/9
Zambesia Explor.	300,000	288,615	1	f.p.	2 1/8	2 1/16	1 7/8

Westralians—Fingall Dividend—No Reduction—Kalgurli Distributions—Deep Leads.

Although Westralians are tolerably interesting, there can be no denying that the market is still rather out of public favour for some reason or another. This is to be regretted, because many of the shares would seem to make a promising purchase at the relatively low level of values prevailing. As I have remarked before, the industry is prosperous, while there is no political nightmare looming ominously overhead, as in the case of South Africans. Generally speaking, the shares appear to be deserving of consideration. In point of interest the renewed weakness of Fingalls is most conspicuous. This, in spite of the declaration of another quarterly dividend at the rate of 5s. per share. This is the same as the last distribution, and is quite satisfactory. Apart from any possibility of improved development in depth, it may be pointed out that the mine is earning such a dividend comfortably, and that, on the basis of a maintenance of 5s. quarterly payments, the shares would give more than 25 per cent. They are speculative, but, strictly regarded as such, they are interesting. In regard to the dividend of 7s. 6d. per share declared by the Kalgurli, this is the same as the previous payment, and is quite up to expectations, though it is anticipated that the final distribution will be enhanced. The mine is certainly earning more than is being distributed, the profits, in fact, equalling as much as £2 per share, though it is hardly probable that the actual payment will be so much as that. Interest in deep leads would seem to be growing, though the process is very slow, in spite of the expectations connected with the Loddon Valley. As a cheap gamble these shares are not unattractive, in view of recent reports. My usual table follows:—

—	1900 High.	1905.		Make-up, Sep. 10, 1906.	Closing Price, Sept. 8, 1906.	Closing Price, Sept. 15, 1906.
		High.	Lowest.			
Associated G.M.	7 1/8	3 5/8	1 21/32	1 21/32	1 5/8	1 7/16
Assoc. Nth. Blocks	3 1/2	1 7/16	1 3/16	1 1/2	1 1/2	1 5/8
Brownhill Ext.	3 7/8	1/2	1/4	9/6	9/6	9/-
Cosmopolitan	30/3	1/2	1/4	4/3	4/3	3/9
Golden Horseshoe	15	8 3/16	6 7/16	5 1/2	5 1/2	5 1/2
Golden Link	3 1/4	4/6	0/3	3/9	3 9	3/3
Great Boulder Prop.	37/6	25/6	20/-	26/-	26/-	26/-
Do. Main Reef	2 7/8	3/3	1/-	2/9	2/6	2/6
Do. Perseverance	13 1/2	16/6	9/6	9/6	9/6	9/-
Gt. Fingall Cons.	6 1/16	8 5/8	6 1/2	3 1/2	4	3 7/8
Hainault	1 3/4	1 1/4	5/8	1 1/8	1 1/16	1 1/8
Ida H. Gold	—	14/3	3/-	5/-	4/9	5/3
Ivanhoe (£5)	15 1/4	8 7/8	7 9/16	6 15/16	6 15/16	6 15/16
Ivanhoe South Extnd.	4 1/8	1/2	1/4	7/16	1/2	7/16
Kalgurli	9 1/2	9 7/8	6 1/8	10 15/16	10 3/4	10 3/4
Lake View Consols	5 1/8	1 3/4	1 1/16	25/32	25/32	1 1/16
L. & W. A. Exploration	1 15/16	15/6	7/-	9/-	9/-	9/-
North Kalgurli	1 1/16	6/-	0/6	1/-	1/-	-/9
Oroya Brownhill	—	3 3/32	2 11/16	3	3	2 15/16
Peak Hill	5 1/8	8/9	0/3	-/6	-/9	-/9
Sons of Gwalia	6 3/4	2 5/8	1 27/32	1 5/8	1 5/8	1 5/8
South Kalgurli	6 1/2	2	25/32	1 5/8	1 5/8	1 7/8
Westralia Mt. Morgans	—	7/16	1/8	2/-	3/-	2/6

West Africans Stagnant — Broken Hills — Esperanzas Still Depressed.

It is a difficult matter for the Jungle to hold up its head in times like the present, and it is, therefore, not in the least remarkable that stagnation and depression are still its most prominent characteristics. There is, as a matter of fact, scarcely a feature of the slightest interest or significance anywhere, and perhaps the less said on the subject of the much-discussed revival the better. As regards Broken Hill descriptions, they are at last coming in for a fair degree of attention, and in my opinion the shares are still deserving of consideration, in view of the condition of the metal markets and the significance thereof in relation to profits. It may be noted in connection with the North mine—upon which a disastrous fire occurred not so long ago—that the profits for the past six weeks approximated £11,000, or as much as for the June half-year, when the fire alluded to seriously curtailed operations. Among Mexicans, Esperanzas continue depressed as a consequence of American selling. The reason for this is somewhat difficult to fathom, unless it be that it is based upon some inside knowledge concerning possible developments. As a speculative holding the shares, in my opinion, still seem interesting, having regard to the profits being earned and the dividends paid, and it may be noted that rumour is busy with the alleged estimate of one of the engineers of the ore reserves, which are said to be equal to a profit of 3½ per share, in comparison with a prevailing quotation of something like 3. If this proves accurate, the shares would certainly be a cheap purchase at the current quotation. Here is my usual table:—

—	Denomination of Shares.	Closing Price, Sept. 8.	Closing Price, Sept. 15.
	£		
Ashanti Goldfields	4/-	12/6	12/6
Akrokerri	1	1	1
Bibiani Goldfields	1	3/16	1/8
British Gold Coast	1	5/8	5/8
Gold Coast Amalgamated Mines	1	1 7/8	1 13/16
Taquah and Abosso	1	1 15/16	1 13/16
Wassau (Gold Coast)	1	1/16	7/8
Egypt and Sudan Mining	1	1	7/8
Egyptian Mines and Exploration	1	4/-	4/-
Nile Valley	1	5/-	5/-
Sudan Goldfields	1	1/16 dis.	1/16 dis.
United African Exploration	1	1 3/8	1 7/16
Anaconda Copper	$25	14 7/8	14 1/8
Balaghat Gold	1	25/-	24/6
Broken Hill Proprietary	8/-	79/-	81/6
Cape Copper	2	6 1/4	6 3/8
Champion Reef	2/6	16/3	15/3
Le Roi	5	1 3/8	1 3/4
Mysore Gold	10/-	6	6 1/16
Nundydroog	10/-	25/6	26/-
Ooregum	10/-	14/6	14/6
Rio Tinto	5	70 3/4	71
Tharsis Sulphur and Copper	2	7	6 7/8
Waihi Gold	1	9 11/16	9 3/8

To Remove a Misapprehension.

On August 15 I had occasion to refer in Truth to the operations of a concern calling itself Douglas Cairn and Co., whose headquarters are at Crown-court, Old Broad-street, E.C. I have since received the following communication from Mr. Douglas Cairney, of 135, Buchanan-street, Glasgow, and of the local Stock Exchange:—

On my return from holidaying I found, on reading over the back numbers of your paper awaiting me here, that some outside firm has been using almost my name in connection with touting for shares. One or two friends of mine have been remarking on the similarity of the names, and as I do a considerable business with London, and England generally, it is not good enough that an outside firm, of presumably no standing, should so closely copy my name. The fact that you have given prominence to this firm in your paper, although your criticism is justly of an adverse nature, may encourage this firm to extend the circulation of their circulars. I am thinking of putting this matter into my solicitor's hands, but it is a little difficult to know how best to put a stop to firms of this class using the names of long-established firms such as my own.

Insurance Notes—American Life Offices—A Foolish Circular—Consequences of the Scandals—Exploiting the Policy-holders—Titles as Tools.

Thanks to the attentions of my readers, any conspicuous act of foolishness is fairly sure to come under my notice. In this way I have received a statement from the "International Policy-holders Committee," and a circular from Lord St. Oswald and Sir J. S. Harmood-Banner, M.P. These members of the British Legislature endeavour to attract the attention of their readers by such headlines as "Too rich a pie," "Ferocious wolves," "Looters' influence," and so on. Up to the present, so far as I can gather, policy-holders in the Equitable of the United States and the New York Life have not been favoured with these circulars, which, however, have been sent to policyholders in the Mutual of New York. By a curious coincidence, the circulars have been received by certain people who are not policy-holders in the Mutual, but whose names were included in a list of policy-holders in that Company, which was compiled under peculiar circumstances some time ago. I hope I am not betraying a convenient secret by publishing the fact that this list of policy-holders contains names which would not appear in other lists of policy-holders, and that consequently the circulars sent out by sundry peers and others are received by persons who were not intended to have them.

The New York Legislature has provided that the directors of mutual insurance Companies are to be elected by the votes of the policy-holders, and thirty-six directors for the Mutual, and twenty-four for the New York Life, are to be elected this autumn. In theory this may give the control of the Companies to the policy-holders, and may be a very excellent proceeding, but as a matter of fact it is of little or no value. It seems that there are over a million policy-holders scattered all over the world, and it is a matter of practical impossibility to get any intelligent concerted action in such circumstances. If people take the trouble to vote at all they must, for all practical purposes, decide in favour of one or other of two lists. The responsible authorities of the Companies put forward the official list, and in course of time the agitators will publish a different list, which they will recommend to the policy-holders. Inasmuch as the bulk of the names on both the lists will be entirely unknown to the great majority of the policy-holders—especially to those in this country—the sensible thing for any member of the Companies to do, if he takes the trouble to vote at all, is to consider whether it is to the benefit of himself and his fellow policy-holders to prolong the state of disturbance and unrest which has prevailed in the American life offices for so long, and then to consider whether the officials or the agitators are the more likely to work for the benefit of the policy-holders.

To my mind there is no doubt that the scandals, because of the consequent reforms, were about the best things that could possibly have happened from a policy-holder's point of view. The fundamental fault of the American Companies was their grossly extravagant expenditure. This has been put a stop to in the most effective fashion, and the Companies are now being managed at a quite moderate rate of expenditure. The enormous economies that have been effected exhibit very plainly the iniquitous expenditure of the past. Another charge brought against the former management, principally of the Equitable and the New York Life, was that the directors were in various ways making profit for themselves out of the investments of the Companies; it was, for instance, a distinct scandal that Mr. Perkins, as chairman of the Finance Committee of the New York Life, and at the same time a partner in Pierrepont Morgan and Co., should act on a huge scale as buyer for the Company and seller for the firm. It apparently needed a great deal of pressure, and it certainly took a very long time to persuade Mr. Perkins to resign his connection with the New York Life. I cannot help thinking that the directors of the New York made a mistake at the beginning of this year when they put Mr. D. P. Kingsley on their Finance Committee: he has been far too intimately associated with the late Mr. McCall, the former president, and with Mr. Perkins. The principal remaining charge against the Companies was that they attempted to influence legislation in the various States by more or less secret methods. In doing this they were—to put it frankly—submitting to a system of organised blackmail. It may have been a quite wrong thing to do, but it was certainly the cheapest course for the policy-holders. Granting that the officials of the insurance Companies were to blame, I think that the legislators of the various States are much more deserving of censure. Legislation, inimical to insurance interests, was introduced for the express purpose of being bought off.

The recurrence of any of these features has been rendered pratically impossible. I have already mentioned the economies in management. Secret interference with legislation has, to the great relief of the Companies, been made a very serious legal offence. There was never very much the matter with the investments, and the regulations made by the Companies, as well as some of the laws which have been passed in the State of New York, safeguard the funds of the offices to the fullest extent possible to human ingenuity. All the officials implicated in past mismanagement have been retired, and it is really difficult to see what more remains to be done to make the American life offices safe and profitable for the policy-holders. I have previously expressed my opinion as to the prospects of the American Companies as regards new business in this country, but the present agitation concerns the existing policy-holders. The great majority of these people would certainly have done better to assure elsewhere, but having taken the policies it is to their interests to keep them in force and to support the Companies in every way possible. By far the best thing for the policy-holders is for the offices to go along quietly on the reformed lines under the new managements which have been appointed. Even if the reforms were not so real as they are, and if the new men who have been given control were not so good as they are, I should still think that the best thing for the assured was for the Companies to get done with all this upset as quickly as possible, and go quietly to work at their proper business of assuring lives.

Thus, even if there were anything to agitate against, I should hesitate a long time before saying that agitation was good for the policy-holders; but all the agitation needed, and much more than was necessary, has taken place, and should now be stopped. Moreover, agitation is a thankless task, that is not in the least likely to be undertaken by any sensible policy-holder, either on his own account, or out of pure philanthropy for his fellow policy-holders. The people who organised the International Policy-holders' Committee are not men whose record would lead even the most credulous to suppose that they were actuated by any other motive than their own welfare. If they could get themselves voted into high positions in the giant insurance companies they would, of course, be well repaid for their trouble; but such appointments would not

benefit the policy-holders. The circulars which have been issued with a view "to rout the insurance grafters out of office"—to quote from the circular—have nothing whatever to suggest for the improvement of the companies. Practically every desirable reform has already been made either by legislation or by the action of the directors. The secretary of the committee has resigned for reasons which are by no means complimentary to the promoters, and one of the most influential members of the committee has been indulging in very straight talk about the language used by the spokesman of the committee, and has advised the policy-holders to vote for the official lists of the Mutual and the New York Life.

In this country several peers and other people were induced to form a committee to deal with the affairs of the Mutual of New York. Every insurance man knows that they were merely used by an astute individual for his own purposes; ostensibly they wanted various reforms introduced, but really they were taking sides in a personal quarrel, and were induced to exhibit violent antagonism to the management of the Company. Having taken up this attitude, perhaps they consider that it ought to be maintained in spite of the fact that all the reforms needed have already been introduced. It would really be much wiser for them to recognise that their titles were merely being used as tools for quite other purposes than the reform of the Company, and to let the whole agitation drop.

For policy-holders in both the Companies undoubtedly the best thing is to support the present managers and directors, and to vote for the lists put forward by the Companies. What is wanted now is good sound work, and the policy-holders should see to it that the officials are left free to work for them, instead of having to apply their energies in resisting opposition which has no longer any *raison d'être*. If this be done, there will be little cause to regret the scandals which have made possible economies and improvements which were sorely needed, and which, but for the scandals, might never have been brought about.

"Truth" Letter Box.

Correspondents will oblige by observing the following rules:—

Name and address, which must accompany all inquiries, should be written on the communication; cards are apt to be lost or misplaced, causing unnecessary trouble.

Anonymous letters will not in any case be attended to.

I cannot reply to inquiries by letter or telegram.

A nom-de-plume or initials (the former preferably) should be given if it is desired that the real name shall not appear in the paper.

Inquiries should be put as briefly as possible, plainly written, and numbered.

Communications received after Friday may not be replied to in the following issue. Delay may also occur where an exceptionally long list of securities is submitted.

I do not recommend brokers.

Government Securities.

Hawk.—Hold Argentine Rescission Bonds for a higher price.

Railways.

A. N. J., Leigh.—The investment is good enough, and it seems to me you have no reason to worry over the payment of the coupons. *Exchange.*—York Deferred and Hulls are the best of your selection. *Argentino.*—1. A fairly safe investment. 2. Prospects of dividend payment are encouraging. 3. The stock is likely to reach par in the near future. *Major.*—Army and Navy Club—Cordoban Western Five per Cent. Debentures should be held for a higher price. *Frugal.*—1. I regard Grand Trunk Third Preference stock as the better purchase of the two. *Ganges.*—You could hardly improve upon Grand Trunk Second Preference in the circumstances. The sum at your disposal is scarcely large enough to be split up into three or four investments. *Socrates.*—You might count upon a rise of about five points between now and the declaration of the dividend. *M. O. C.*—1. I should be inclined to transfer into North Westerns or Canadian Pacifics. 2. Brighton Railway Deferred would suit.

Mines.

R. V. W.—I should choose Western Rand Estates. *West Country.*—I recommend Randfonteins, Anaconda Coppers, Arizonas, and Gt. Boulder Preference. *H. J.*—Hold Arizona Coppers for a higher price. *L'argent.*—1. The mine has a long life before it. 2. The life of the mine cannot be estimated closely. 3. About ten years. *Como.*—1. The shares ought to rise to a very much higher price. 2. City and Suburbans and Kleinfonteins should go materially higher. *F. F. B., "Honan," Westminster.*—You will understand, of course, that a purchase of the particular shares you name is a gamble—a promising one, but still a gamble all the same, and I should not recommend a purchase on any other basis than this. *E. K.*—Arizona Coppers are a good purchase. *Veronal.*—I should not be inclined to buy any more shares of the company. *D. S. T.*—Broken Hill Proprietary No. 14 is a good mining speculation. *Spes.*—Rand Deeps should have a material appreciation within the next few months. *K. P.*—I suggest you should hold your South Africans for a recovery. *Alpha.*—Presteas should improve, and I think you would be well advised to hold on. *Venture.*—I should not recommend a purchase of the shares. *Scotland.*—1. You might hold Mt. Lyell Blocks and Progress Mines of New Zealand for higher prices. 2. Arizona Coppers might suit you. *Stoke.*—1-5. The shares should be good for higher prices. 6. A purchase of Tanganyikas looks like turning out well. *Stamp.*—Arizona Coppers should be kept. *Rufus, Bexhill.*—Rand Mines Deep make an attractive speculation. Utah Apex might also be bought. On a good market Randfontein Estates should recover to £4.

Mixed Securities.

Woolleys.—The only doubtful investments in your rather long list are Nos. 4, 6, and 12. The remainder ought to be held. Nos. 7 and 8 are second-class, but they might be kept for averaging. *Tommy.*—1. North-Western and North-Eastern stocks ought to give you a good profit before the end of the year. 2. Grand Trunk Third Preference stock is a very hopeful speculation. 3. Gold Fields Ordinary, Gold Trusts, and Rand Mines would suit you. 4. The West African is rotten. *Cartagena.*—1. I do not look for any material appreciation in your mine shares, but El Oros, Fingalls, and Esperanzas might be kept for dividends. 2. Van den Berghs are all right, and Cartagena Railway bonds are promising, and Midland Railway Deferred stock is worth holding. Japanese Exchequer bonds make a safe investment. *Veritas, Tooting.*—1. You had better select Rand Mines, Robinson Deep, and Gold Fields Ordinary. 2. I should not choose either share. 3. You would be well advised to invest the money in the shares of Lyons and Brunner bonds in preference to the shares named. *Honan.*—1. Grand Trunk Ordinary stock is good to buy, provided you can hold it for a few months. The working of the Grand Trunk Pacific is likely to prove of advantage. 2. There is no reason why you should sell the shares, but, on the other hand, they are not particularly attractive as a purchase. 3. Not worth buying, unless you are prepared to hold for some years. *Kinematic.*—1. There is no reason to sell Niger Coal shares at present. 2. Village Main Reefs are good to hold for an investment. *Chance, of Worcester.*—1. The best book for your purpose is "Mines of Transvaal," by Mr. Mabson. 2. Kynoch's Preference Steel Corporation Gold Bonds; Canadian Pacifics, and Mitchell's and Butler's Debentures. *Marcus.* 1. Pekins and Shansis might be bought, provided you are in a position to hold them pending the development of the property. 2. I have not a very high opinion of the concern. 3. I am not in a position to say anything of the cause of the libel action against the newspaper. 4. Gt. Northern Deferred and Hulls ought to be good for a considerably higher price before the end of the year. *Nix.*—Buy Manitoba Four per Cent. bonds, Canadian Northern Four per. Cent Debentures, and New Zealand Four per cent. stock. *Hilda.*—1. The bonds are not desirable. 2. The gentleman might, with advantage, be left alone. *St. John.*—1. Debenture Corporation Ordinary stock might be held. 2. Waring and Gillow Debentures are a reasonably good industrial investment. 3. I should not be inclined to buy St. John del Rey Mining shares. *Moorland.*—1. The investment is unattractive. 2. Myall's and Peakhill Gold shares are a fair speculation. *Ardsala.*—1. I do not know the people. 2. Not particularly desirable. 3-6. You might buy Salisbury Buildings and Willoughbys, as well as Mount Lyell Blocks. *L. J.*—The City and South London stock, Arizona Coppers, and London United Tram shares are worth keeping. *Horatius.*—1. All the South African mines should be kept for better conditions. 2. The industrial is not a particularly desirable holding. *Anglo-Indian.*—The investments might be left as they stand. They are reasonably safe.

Miscellaneous.

Harris.—I regard Weldon's Ordinary shares as a very fair industrial holding. *Omar.*—The company is not well known in this country, and I regret that I am unable to give you information about it and its operations. *Charrua.*—I believe the concern is reliable. *Dubbio.*—Messrs. N. Keizer and Co., 29, Threadneedle Street, will give you all the information you require. *Johannesburg.*—There are practically no dealings in the shares of the company, and a sale must be a matter of negotiation. *Pagus.*—All three shares make promising industrial holdings. *J. P. F., Cirencester.*—I am obliged to you for the circular with which you have favoured me. *Neptune, Cape Town.*—You are not at a disadvantage, as you can quickly communicate with your broker. *Robertus.*—I am unable to trace the company. *Damascus.*—I am unable to give you information about either concern. *A. H. H.*—I should not recommend you to deposit money with the concern. *J. H., Rothesay.*—The concern smashed up over a

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year ago, and went into the hands of a court. You had better communicate again with the Official Receiver. *Beta, Brighton.*—The results of these drawings are not published in any of the French papers, so far as I am aware. Messrs. N. Keizer and Co., 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C., will give you details. *Paribus.*—I do not think well of the estate and its prospects. *A. B. C.*—The best are Bradford Dyers, Associated Newspapers, Chadburn's Ships Telegraphs, and George Newnes. As an industrial combination the arrangement is a good one. *C. J. D.*—You might hold W. Cory and Son's Ordinary shares as an investment. *Prescience.*—The most desirable in your list are Associated Newspapers, Furniss Withys, Spencer Santos, and Cargo Fleets. *T. W. H.*—You had better apply to the Royal Insurance Company. *Lawsuit.*—Hold on to the shares. *Junius.*—Rio Janeiro Tram stocks are a good industrial holding. *R. R.*—I have on several occasions drawn attention to the methods of Mr. Martin Bull. I am afraid, as far as this gentleman is concerned, that the fact that you have not communicated with him has nothing to do with the case. *G. J. M.*—I am obliged for your communication. *Despair.*—1-2. I think your best plan would be to deal with an inside broker. 3. You might try Canadian Pacifics. *F. W. N., Chelmsford.*—I suggest that you have no dealings whatever with the gentleman who calls himself J. B. McKenzie, Rood Lane. *J. C., Streatham.*—Foreign Lottery Circulars from Buda Pesth by way of Alexandria do strike one as a trifle far fetched, but it is the way of the crowd. *W. E. F.*—I have to thank you for passing on to me the Hamburg Lottery Circulars. *Novice.*—London and India Dock Deferred stock is good to hold for a better price. *D. J. S.*—If further developments happen I shall be glad to hear from you again. *Baltic Rooms.*—I am informed on good authority that the profits of the company have been steadily increasing, and I should be rather inclined to buy more than to sell at present. *A. J. S., Leamington.*—I do not recommend any transactions whatever with the company. *W. S. B.*—J. B. McKenzie is a persistent bucket-shop tout. I think your best plan would be to leave him alone severely. *W. R. F.*—I have not a good opinion of the concern. *A. L. F.*—I do not recommend dealings with the Provident Association of London. *Rob Roy.*—1. It all depends upon the firm with whom you are dealing. 2. A "bucket shop" with an outside broker which makes a point of leaving you in the lurch, knowing you have no remedy in the law. 3. Both concerns are unreliable. 4. A company of good repute. 5. The authorities will deduct income tax, but you can always recover by application at Somerset House. *J. H. K.*—The company is not entitled in law to recover what it calls "default interest." *West Country.*—1. There can be no difficulty in putting yourself into communication with a good inside broker, and if you have no cause of complaint why take up my time by useless questions. *Sickened.*—As you by error received more than the real surrender value, the company is entitled to a refund. *Chestnut.*—1. The shares ought at least to double in value within the next twelve months. 2. You can buy Apollinaris Ordinary shares through an inside broker inside of the next couple of months. 3. Buy Bovril Deferred now. *D., Liverpool.*—The advertisement is a stale old dodge to give a colour of honesty to a disreputable business. *M. E.*—Have no dealings with Chas. Coventry and Co. *Yankee, Bandon.*—1. Speculation on margin naturally involves risk. 2. I believe the concern is reliable. 3. You have done right in accepting the offer; in fact, you had no choice but to do so. 4. One of the Canadian land shares would suit you. *F. B., Rushwick.*—I assume that your reference is to the Standard Bank of South Africa. In that event communicate with the company, whose offices are at 10, Clement's Lane, E.C. *Hopeful, Colchester.*—1-2. There is next to no market in either share, and a sale must be a matter of negotiation. 3. Birkbecks are all right, but the other I do not recommend.

INDUSTRIALS QUIETER—NITRATES STRONG—FLOURISHING IRON — PEKINS — PROSPEROUS CYCLES — PAQUINS — STORE SHARES—CEMENT RESULTS.

Comparatively speaking, the Industrial market shows up well. To a great extent this is to be ascribed to the general recognition that trade throughout the country continues very prosperous, which fact, of course, is of the utmost significance in relation to the securities in this section. It must be confessed, however, that there is scope for improvement in the volume of business, but if a greater degree of confidence is engendered, perhaps there will be less cause for dissatisfaction in this respect soon. Collectively, I think the market is worthy of consideration at the hand of the speculative investor, the range of values being by no means high. In point of interest the strength of nitrates is most prominent. This is due to the statement that the industry is not to be burdened with larger taxes as well as to the knowledge that the companies sustained scarcely any damage during the earthquakes. In many instances the appreciation is very material, and it would not be wise, therefore, for a prospective purchaser to act now. By looking on for a while the prospective buyer will no doubt be able to fulfil his requirements on more favourable terms. The advices concerning the wave of prosperity in the iron and steel and allied industries continue of a glowing character, but despite this, prices of such shares are not responding to this influence. They remain relatively low, and in view of the satisfactory achievements recently made known they are, as a group, rather attractive. Here is a table showing the yields they give:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Armstrong Whitworth	61/6	£4 16 0
Babcock and Wilcox	4½	4 14 0
John Brown & Co.	1⅜	5 6 0
Cargo Fleets	5	4 5 0
Pearson & Knowles	21/-	4 14 0
Richardson's Westgarth	19/6	6 0 0
South Durhams	23/-	8 2 0
Vickers, Sons, & Maxim	51/-	5 14 0

The report of Pearson and Knowles indicates that the concern has participated in the prosperity of the iron trade, the profits expanding by £5,700 to £62,900, while the divisible surplus is £70,900, as compared with £63,500. Pekin Syndicates are wobbling, but I am still inclined to consider them interesting to the operator who can afford to ignore day to day market fluctuations and hold on to the shares until the productive stage is reached and they begin to feel the influence thereof. They are, it may be emphasised, a gamble, but strictly regarded as such are attractive. Within the past year or so the cycle industry has been recovering from the somewhat abnormal depression following the boom period, and a great deal has been expected of the past twelve months. If the achievement of the Premier Company is any criterion of the conditions generally experienced, then it may be that these sanguine anticipations may be realised. The net profit totals £32,400, and it is possible to wipe off a year and a half's arrears of Preference interest, leaving a substantial surplus to go forward. At this juncture it seems opportune to refer to the first report of A. Vedrine and Co., the concern floated during the motor boom to acquire the business of a firm of the same name. There is a trading profit of £14,400 for the nineteen months covered by the accounts. This is the equivalent of £9,000 per annum, in comparison with the £14,000 for 1904 as given in the prospectus. Altogether, the achievement is not a particularly brilliant one. Still further evidence of the burden involved by the older omnibus concerns by the advent of the motor vehicle is afforded by the passing of the Associated interim dividend. It is considered injudicious to make any payment until the depreciation for the motor omnibuses has been estimated for the whole year, and there is certainly something to be said in favour of such a policy. There has been some buying of Paquins, accompanied by rumours that the concern has enjoyed good times, and that the dividend may be increased. There was an enhanced dividend a year ago, and, as high yielding Industrials go, the shares do not seem unattractive. Here is a table indicating the return obtainable upon drapery and store shares:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
John Barker & Co.	2⅛	£5 14 0
D. H. Evans & Co.	3¼	6 0 0
Harrod's	4¼	5 3 0
Jay's	1⅜	5 18 0
Jones & Higgins	2⅜	4 12 6
Paquin	2¼	6 15 0
Swan & Edgar	2¼	5 0 0

A great deal was expected of the Associated Portland Cement Company last year, and I ventured to doubt more than once whether these sanguine expectations would be realised, and expressed the opinion that the Ordinary shares were not particularly cheap. This proves to be near the mark. The trading profits expanded by £2,300 to £335,500, and the net is £143,200 as against £139,400. After meeting the Preference shares, there is a surplus of £37,600, the bulk of which is placed to reserve, and of course the Ordinary receive nothing in the shape of dividend.

VIGILANT.

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QUEER STORY.

MATRIMONY—ON COMMISSION.

"AND you'll promise—promise faithfully—that you'll marry me as soon as ever we land in America, Stanhope?"

"Indeed, I will, my darling. Surely it cannot be that you doubt me—that you think I could be such a scamp as to play you false, when you know how dearly I love you."

"No! No!" (and she buried her face on his shoulder). "But—but——"

"But *what*, my sweet one?"

"I—I—don't know, Stanhope. But somehow I feel—I feel—as though—as though—I can't tell you exactly how I feel. You would not understand me if I did. No man would. It is a tremendous step for a girl to take—to run away with you like this, and I am afraid—lest—lest something should happen to prevent your marrying me, and—and——"

"Psha! my darling," he interposed, caressing her; "I tell you, nothing can, and nothing shall, happen to prevent my marrying you. In England, as I have already explained to you, such a step is impossible. But when we land in New York, I will marry you as soon as ever the legal formalities can be complied with. You may feel quite easy on that point. I will give you my solemn word of honour."

Still she shivered. Still her whole being was oppressed with a sense of vague, indefinable terror. This step meant so much more to her than it did to him. He stood to lose little or nothing. She stood to lose everything—as, under such circumstances, the woman always does. To her it was the crossing of the Rubicon and the burning of her bridges behind her, without possibility of retreat. To him it was nothing more than merely paddling through a shallow brook, over which to retrace his steps was the simplest thing imaginable. An unequal world this, my masters, for the man and for the woman. I do not pretend that the remark is original. It has been made some millions of times before, and will be made some millions of times again. And satirists will continue to denounce it, and the true followers of the Master will continue to deplore it, and the cruel inequality will go on just the same till the end of time.

He took her in his arms, soothing, caressing, consoling her. She nestled against him, like a little frightened bird. The reproving voice of conscience—the struggling pangs of maidenly modesty—were drawing her in one direction; love and the man were drawing her in the other. And love and the man (as always, when he happens to be *the* man) carried the day. She yielded to his entreaties, and promised to run away with him.

He had already made all his plans. She was to meet him at Euston on the following Thursday (this was Sunday evening) and to proceed with him to Liverpool, *en route* for New York, travelling as his wife. All this part of the programme he meant to carry out. Arrived in New York, they were to be married at the earliest possible moment. This part of the programme he did *not* mean to carry out.

From this you will readily gather what sort of person the Hon. Stanhope Chudleigh was. Of all heartless libertines, he was the most heartless. The bulk of his spare time—which practically meant all the time when he was not eating, drinking, sleeping, or playing bridge—was spent in pursuing and making love to good-looking young women, in an inferior walk of life to his own, with a view to their ultimate betrayal and ruin. He flattered himself that he was a past-master in the arts by which innocent girls are cajoled, and (for we must give the devil his due) he flattered himself not without reason.

His person, his manners, his address, were all eminently attractive. He had a way with him that few women, who did not know the real man, could resist. When he made love to his intended victims, it was done with so convincing an air of honesty and sincerity, that it is no wonder they were deceived. Indeed, what innocent girl, looking into those wonderful eyes of his, so apparently instinct with tender and chivalrous devotion; or hearing that deep, musical voice of his, thrilling with apparent truth and fervour, could possibly doubt his straightforwardness, or suppose that the honourable love, which he so convincingly professed, was anything else than what it seemed?

Yet, when he had entangled her in his toils and she came to know the man as he really was—when she found herself betrayed, deserted, and left to her fate on some foreign shore—then, how she cursed the fate that had ever thrown her across his path! More than one unhappy victim of Stanhope Chudleigh's had died by her own hand, calling aloud to the Almighty to visit her blood upon her betrayer's head; and others were driven to a fate even worse than that, and went down alive into the great abyss. But Stanhope Chudleigh, like many another of his kidney, still held his head high—still pursued, without stigma, and without compunction, the primrose path of amorous dalliance. The betrayer went scatheless. The betrayed were cast into outer darkness. That is how we regulate the balance between the man and the woman in this ugly old world. The only consolation is that the account will, doubtless, be readjusted, with compound interest—in the next. And then (Heaven be praised!) the Stanhope Chudleighs of our social system will have a pretty long account to pay. *Prosit omen*! May it be so!

Enough, however, of moralising on this trite and hackneyed subject. It is time to come to details.

The unfortunate girl round whom Stanhope Chudleigh was now casting his toils, and who, as we have seen, had consented to run away with him to America—under promise of marriage upon their arrival in New York—was a pretty girl, named Netta Sullivan, employed as shorthand and typewriting clerk in the offices of a firm of West End solicitors. Netta, who had always been rather a wilful girl and impatient of the restraints of home life, had quarrelled with her people more than a year ago, and had insisted on coming to London to earn her own living. This had given great offence to her family, and resulted in a complete estrangement between them and Netta. Indeed, no communication had passed between them since she left home.

It was, of course, a dangerous position for an attractive young girl, like Netta Sullivan, to be living alone in rooms in London, with no one to chaperon or look after her. Still, she was fairly capable of taking care of herself, and all might have been well, if she had not, unfortunately, made the acquaintance of Stanhope Chudleigh.

The acquaintance had come about in this way. The firm of solicitors by whom Netta was employed acted for Stanhope Chudleigh in business, and, happening to call at their office one day, and catching sight of Netta's pretty face—which immediately took his fancy—he determined, by some means or other, to procure an introduction. The matter presented no great difficulties to a man of his resource in such affairs, and by a sovereign or two judiciously bestowed upon one of her fellow clerks, the introduction was easily effected.

Netta, at once attracted by his engaging personality, and also somewhat flattered by the admiration of an earl's son, was not backward in responding to his advances, and before long was deeply in love with him. It was, however, evident to him from the first that Netta was not a girl who could be victimised except under the guise of honourable intentions. So—as he had often done before with other girls—he made her an offer of marriage, as the preliminary step in his nefarious game. Netta being, as I have said, deeply in love with him, and having no reason to doubt his good faith, accepted him without demur; though, had she been less in love with him, the fact of his stipulating that the engagement should be kept a secret might have put her on her guard.

I have no time to describe in detail the cunningly contrived methods by which Stanhope Chudleigh brought matters to the pitch which they had reached

at the opening of this story. Suffice it to say that by telling her various tales, which only a blind unreasoning love could have swallowed, he made her believe that the one way of their becoming man and wife was to go off to America together, and to be married there. And to this course the woman's heart—overpowering the woman's conscience and better judgment—ultimately consented.

Stanhope Chudleigh walked home to his rooms that Sunday evening feeling on the whole very well pleased with himself. Only one thing troubled him at all—the question of ways and means. He was rather short of ready cash at the moment, being already considerably in debt and having overdrawn his handsome allowance from his father.

"I shall have to fly a kite," he said to himself, "and negotiate it with the Hebrews. Curse this beastly money problem. It is my one great bugbear in life. S'pose I shall have to marry money before long, or else I shall certainly go on the rocks. Wish I could find some girl rich enough to make it worth while. But the decent-looking girls with large fortunes won't look at younger sons, and I'm not going to sell myself for a song, I know that jolly well. I must ask Annie Slaymaker whether she can turn up anything in my line. Annie will want a heavy commission, of course. But that don't matter, as it will come out of the girl's money. When I've put this little American job through, I must take the matrimonial game seriously in hand."

Talk of an angel, they say, and you will hear the rustle of its wings. Stanhope Chudleigh did not exactly hear the rustle of Annie, Lady Slaymaker's, wings; but he experienced a coincidence nearly equivalent to it in finding a letter from her ladyship awaiting him at his hotel. It ran:—

Dear Stan,—You may remember that, when you and I last met, we had a little talk together, the subject of which was the consolidation of your financial future by a sound matrimonial alliance.

Now, I believe I have found the very thing for you—a girl with £20,000 a year, arising from invested capital, *entirely at her own disposal.*

At present she's living quietly in the country, out of the beat of fortune hunters, and it's not generally known what a pecuniary peach she is. But at the beginning of next season, in less than three months' time, her mother is going to bring her to London and trot her out in society. Then you can imagine how all the bankrupt members of the peerage will be after her, like wasps after jam.

I mention this that you may understand how *really pressing* the matter is. In fact, it is a case of *aut nunc aut numquam*, as William of Orange remarked on a historic occasion.

If you make the girl's acquaintance *now, at once* (and I can easily work it for you), and engage her affections before any more eligible rival has the chance to cut in, I have little doubt you can pull the big thing off.

If you entertain this *simply unique opportunity* of being on velvet for the rest of your life, come and lunch with me to-morrow, and I'll put you on the damsel's track at once.—Yours sincerely,

Annie Slaymaker.

P.S.—As a matter of business, I might mention that my terms are your written undertaking to pay me £4,000 within a month of your marriage. A. S.

Stanhope Chudleigh read this interesting epistle through several times, his handsome face puckered the while into a thoughtful frown.

£20,000 a year, arising from invested capital, entirely at the girl's own disposal. . . And to be had, apparently, for the asking. . . . His mouth watered at the thought of it. . . Of course, it would mean chucking up that American trip with Netta. . . But could he afford to lose such a unique opportunity? . . . He hemmed and ha'd; wavered and hesitated; then finally decided to sleep on it.

Next morning he awoke still undecided. After all the trouble he had taken to get Netta into line, could he bring himself to abandon the gratification of his nefarious pleasures?. . But still, to lose £20,000 a year—and his financial position already so uncomfortably acute. . . It seemed madness. . . And yet—and yet—. So he weighed *pros.* and *cons.*, distracted between the acquisitive instinct and the sexual instinct in his composition. . . And in which direction he would finally have inclined I cannot say, had it not been that chance ordained it that, at the crucial point, he should receive a decisive impetus.

The mid-day post brought him a letter from a firm of solicitors, acting on behalf of a tailor to whom Chudleigh was deeply indebted, pressing for immediate payment of the account, in default of which they threatened to issue a writ against him without further notice. This letter, by bringing home to him in the most forcible manner the really parlous state of his financial position, inclined the wavering scale in favour of Lady Slaymaker's proposal; and he went round, as she had suggested, to lunch with her, and to talk over the matter.

Lady Slaymaker, an old acquaintance of his, who had been left practically penniless by her deceased husband—the notorious peer of that name—and who made no secret of the fact that she made her living by "arranging" marriages, received Stanhope Chudleigh quite *en bon camarade.*

"Welcome, *mon ami*," she said. "I am glad you have come. I thought such a *bonne bouche* would fetch you. She is not a bad-looking girl, either, and only three-and-twenty. These chances do not come in the way of younger sons once in a blue moon. You may esteem yourself extremely fortunate in enjoying the friendship of a certain person, who, when she lands upon a really good thing, is sufficiently interested in you to put you in the way of it."

Stanhope Chudleigh smiled rather sardonically.

"Friendship? Umph, yes," he murmured. "Friendship on commission—at so much per cent., eh, my dear lady?"

"Oh, as to that," rejoined Lady Slaymaker, coolly, "I make no secret of the fact that this sort of thing's my bread and butter; and therefore, of course, I don't pretend to give away my good things gratis. What woman in my position would?"

"I'm not contending that your terms are unreasonable," replied Chudleigh.

"Unreasonable! I should think not," retorted her ladyship. "When the girl has from four to five hundred thousand pounds in gilt-edged stuff, entirely at her own disposal, as well as a nice little realty; and I'm only asking four thou.—less than one per cent.—for my services. The fee is, in fact, ridiculously small. Why, I could place her almost anywhere at double the money."

"I suppose the oof's all right—eh, what?" inquired Stanhope, twirling his moustache.

"Abso-lutely," answered her ladyship, with emphasis. "I don't offer my clients pigs in pokes, dear boy. They know what they're buying when they deal with me. This, as the auctioneers would say, is a personally-inspected property. I've satisfied myself by exhaustive inquiries, and can vouch for it that my statement of the damsel's financial position is in every respect accurate."

"Who is she?" asked Stanhope Chudleigh.

Lady Slaymaker laughed lightly, and applied a very white and shapely forefinger to the much be-pencilled rim of a very lustrous eye.

"You don't happen to see any verdure here, dear boy, do you?" she inquired. "No, no, Stanhope! Business is business, even between old acquaintances like you and me. They say, you know, that you can't trust your best friend further than you can see him in a deal over a horse, and the same maxim applies, with even more point, to a deal over a woman. I must have something in writing before I show my hand. In fact, I've got a little agreement here already drawn up in case you care to execute it. Append your signature to that, and we can get to business at once. But not before, dear boy. You can't expect it."

"Let's see the agreement first," said Stanhope, holding out his hand.

Lady Slaymaker pushed it across the table to him. He took it and read as follows:—

In consideration of your introducing me to an heiress under the age of twenty-five, with a fortune of not less than £400,000 at her own disposal, I agree, in the event of my marrying the said heiress, to pay you the sum of £4,000 within one month of my

wedding day. If no marriage results from the introduction, this agreement shall be null and void.

"That's the form of agreement I usually adopt with my clients," said Lady Slaymaker. "Have you any objection to signing it?"

"Not in the least, my dear lady," grinned Stanhope Chudleigh. "Give us a pen!"

"And now to come to details," remarked her ladyship, briskly, when this little formality had been completed. "First as to the damsel's name. She is a Miss Mary Lorrimer, and she has lately arrived with her mother from Sydney, where her father (who, fortunately for our purpose, is dead) made his pile in canned mutton. They are at present staying—for the winter—at the Bath Hotel, Bournemouth. And, of course, if you really want to annex the damsel, you had better go down there without delay before someone else cuts in and queers the pitch for you. I will go down with you and bring about the necessary introduction. When can you start? This afternoon? To-morow morning—eh?

"I say, that's rather sharp work, though," ejaculated Stanhope Chudleigh.

"There's need of sharp work when it's a question of annexing half a million of money," replied Lady Slaymaker, with business-like decision. "I tell you candidly, my dear Stan, that I'm on thorns all the time lest somebody else in my line of business should get on to her track and spoof me of the profits that I am looking to make over her. Every hour's delay increases the risk of this, and though I've done the friendly thing by you in offering you the first refusal, you must please understand that unless you can take on the job at once I shall be obliged, in my own interests, to place my commission elsewhere. I'd rather you should pluck this financial peach than any one else; and, with your personal advantages, if you give your mind to it, while she is still disengaged, you can make pretty sure of doing so. At the same time, I can't afford to risk losing my £4,000 through any unbusinesslike procrastination on your part. So if it's going to be a deal, you must commence operations on the nail. Let that be clearly understood."

Stanhope Chudleigh, after a little reflection, saw the absolute idiocy of throwing away such a unique chance, and it ended in his agreeing to accompany Lady Slaymaker to Bournemouth on the following day.

So he wrote a very pretty letter to Netta Sullivan, in which he told her that he was obliged to leave London for awhile on urgent business, and that therefore their projected trip to America and subsequent marriage must be postponed for the present. And Netta, poor little fool, when she received this letter, nearly cried her eyes out, not knowing what a terrible fate she was thus escaping, and that nothing more providential could possibly have happened to her.

In the meanwhile, Stanhope Chudleigh proceeded with Lady Slaymaker to Bournemouth, and was there, in due course, introduced to Miss Lorrimer and her mother. The girl, as Lady Slaymaker had said, was by no means bad-looking, and was very quiet and ladylike. She was evidently attracted from the first—as most girls were—by Chudleigh's engaging personality; and in the course of a few weeks matters progressed so favourably that the handsome young fortune-hunter proposed and was accepted. Moreover, there being no reason for delay, it was arranged that they should be married in London at the beginning of the season.

Chudleigh would rather have had the marriage take place quietly in the country, where there would be less chance of Netta Sullivan hearing of it; the more so as he had not yet plucked up courage (for fear of Netta's exposing him to Mary Lorrimer) to write and break off the engagement, and tell her that he was now engaged to marry another girl.

However, as the Lorrimers were bent on the marriage taking place at a fashionable West End church, he did not venture to press his objections, lest he might thereby excite suspicion, and all he could do was to trust to luck to keep Netta Sullivan out of the way until he had safely secured Mary Lorrimer and her £400,000.

But in this respect luck was not destined to favour him. One morning, going to see Miss Lorrimer at her hotel, he found her with a lady visitor, and that visitor, to his unutterable confusion and dismay, was Netta Sullivan.

Netta's dark eyes flashed on him witheringly as he entered. A curious expression, half contemptuous, half triumphant, was on Mary Lorrimer's usually smiling face.

"I think," she said, quietly, "that I need not introduce you to my sister. You have met before, I understand."

"Your sister?" gasped out Stanhope Chudleigh.

"Yes, my sister," replied Mary Lorrimer, while her voice took a note of trenchant and biting scorn. "My sister, who changed her name when she left us and went to live in London—my sister, to whom you made love—whom you plotted to ruin—but whom (thank God!) I have managed to save. I knew it would be useless to expose your real character to her *in words*. She loved you, and would not have believed anything I might have said to your detriment. I set myself, therefore, to devise a more practical and convincing way of bringing home to her your heartlessness and perfidy. If you doubt whether I have succeeded, look my sister in the face, and see what is written there—if you dare."

But Chudleigh Stanhope did not dare. Not usually lacking in effrontery, he could not muster courage to look Netta in the face at that humiliating moment. Instead, he turned and slunk quickly out, feeling smaller—far smaller—than he had ever felt before in all his life.

"But I do not quite understand how you managed it, even now, Mary," said Netta to her sister, in the course of a subsequent explanation.

"Oh, I put myself in the hands of a society woman, a notorious marriage-brokeress, and left her to work it for me. She represented me to that villain as a wealthy Australian heiress, I believe. But exactly what lie she told him doesn't matter. It effected its purpose, and saved you, dear, which is all that I care about," said Mary, folding her sister to her heart.

She did not tell Netta—she was too generous to do that—that the said marriage-brokeress had not done her work for nothing, but that it had cost Mary nearly a third of her little fortune—£2,000, to be exact—to save her sister from the evil designs of Stanhope Chudleigh.

MUSIC.

ADVICE FOR THE ASPIRING.

THE secret of success in music is the subject of an instructive and entertaining symposium in the current number of the *Grand Magazine*, the interest of which for the multitude who would win fame and fortune by the exercise of their musical talents, real or imaginary, is not to be gainsaid. Whether, however, the proportion of hits to misses in the case of future aspirants will be greatly increased as a consequence of the advice so obligingly tendered by the great, wise, and eminent of the profession I will not venture to predict. Unfortunately, not one of the distinguished folk who have been good enough to offer their opinions has had the courage to give the one piece of advice which is most needed by those who would win success in music—or in any other calling for that matter—namely, to have the courage to recognise when Nature has been unkind enough to withhold the qualities requisite to that end. Certainly if this sovereign rule were more generally observed the percentage of failures would be materially reduced, and that of the successes proportionately increased. It is not sufficient to postulate after the manner of most of the eminent folk whose opinions have been invited, merely "a natural aptitude," "some talent," "natural musical gifts," and so on. Most of the melancholy mediocrities who cumber our concert platforms can claim so much. The point which they

cannot and will not grasp, apparently, is that altogether exceptional natural endowments are needed nowadays to win success in a field where the standard is so high and competition so keen.

Another essential requisite to success in these days which is discreetly ignored by most of the distinguished authorities of the *Grand Magazine* is the possession of a sufficiency of independent means to maintain the candidate, even the best endowed artistically, while public appreciation tarries. One or two, however, make note of this prosaic desideratum among others of a less material kind. M. Johannes Wolff puts it brutally enough when he observes that "money is essential for advertisement, including the giving of concerts, which at the commencement is a very expensive item"; while Miss Marie Hall, speaking from her own experience, touches on the same point. "I won a scholarship against forty competitors at the Royal Academy of Music," she tells us, "and then had to resign it because I was not assured of an adequate income during the three years of free tuition to which it would entitle me, and if other help had not been forthcoming, I should have had to abandon my ambition. The question of maintenance during the years of training cannot be ignored by any aspirant whose parents happen to be poor."

Unfortunately, it is not only during the years of training that the maintenance problem presents itself in the case of the majority. Some of the most gifted and most prosperous artists before the public to-day have had to wait years, and sink thousands of pounds of capital, before their art began to yield them a penny piece. Imagine, therefore, the chances of success likely to attend the efforts of the incompetent and mediocre destitute of means. Money may be the root of all evil, but its possession is certainly an essential preliminary to material success as a musician in these days. For the rest the one qualification which seems to be insisted on in every instance is a capacity for hard work combined with others which vary according to the personality of the adviser. Dr. Cowen, for instance, postulates in addition "a sound musical knowledge of the art in *all* its branches," though I think I could name one or two successful vocalists, and instrumentalists too, who have managed to dispense with this particular qualification. Mme. Albani's prescription runs as follows:—"For the successful singer, voice, temperament, musical talent are required, besides continuous study." Miss Fanny Davies lays down as essential a formidable list of qualifications, including "character, personality, physique, enthusiasm, conscientiousness, intelligence, temperament, imagination, self-confidence, magnetism, and perseverance"; but he would be bold who ventured to say that any one of them could be dispensed with.

Only two composers contribute; perhaps because—But no; that suggestion would be unkind. Sir Hubert Parry tersely sums up his advice in the familiar injunction of St. Paul, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," which is excellent advice, doubtless, so far as it goes, if in this connection it does not go, perhaps, particularly far. Mr. Frederick Corder, on the other hand, under a show of scientific precision, is wickedly cynical. "Music as a career," he opines, "includes—(a) the profession of a vocalist; (b) the profession of an instrumentalist; (c) the trade [sarcastic Mr. Corder!] of a writer of ballads; (d) the profession of a composer; and (e) the profession of a teacher"—each of which he dismisses in turn in caustic style—as, for example: "About class c I know very little. There is a market, and there are people who contrive to supply it, but the rest is 'wrop in a mystry' to me." Not so, however, "the profession of a composer," concerning which Mr. Corder thus unburdens his soul:

> After a very arduous education the young composer finds that he must produce all his works at his own expense, that they can hardly hope to be heard more than once, that it is almost impossible to get them published, and that even if this *be* achieved they will be wholly unremunerative to the publisher and to himself. He must be content with glory—expensive glory—and is expected to live by teaching the piano—a thing for which probably he has no talent. It is strange that any one should adopt so unpromising a career; probably no one would who could help it.

"But, if I had to begin in the world," Mr. Corder adds, "I should adopt none of these callings—that is, if I wanted to make money. *I should be a musical agent.*" Yet even here success is not to be had for the asking.

The opinions expressed regarding the principal novelties heard at Hereford last week has displayed the usual pleasing diversity, though the discerning reader, reading between the lines rather than the printed word itself, will not have gathered that either Dr. Walford Davies's "Sacred Symphony" or Sir Hubert Parry's "Sinfonia Sacra" excited absolutely ungovernable enthusiasm on the part of its hearers. It must be regarded as a curious coincidence that two works apparently so similar in form and spirit should have been chosen as the chief novelties of the festival, and possibly if this similarity had been anticipated other arrangements would have been made. The coincidence is the more striking, moreover, seeing that the form adopted represents a decided departure from that of the average work of this class. London music-lovers will doubtless have an opportunity of forming their own judgment concerning both works in due course.

To what extent do the Promenade audiences really appreciate and enjoy the excellent fare which is set before them? The question was suggested anew by an inquiry addressed to myself by a neighbour, a stranger to me, at the conclusion of the performance of Strauss's "Don Quixote" last week. "Was that item number two or number three?" he asked. Seeing that item number two was a vocal number the inquiry was an odd one to say the least of it, but what was perhaps even more curious was that the speaker, who seemed a well educated prosperous person, had listened to nearly the whole of Strauss's work without apparently recognising it as music in any way out of the common, or different from the usual run of what he doubtless would sum up as "scientific" music. And his case is probably that of many other "promenaders" who follow so devoutly and applaud so enthusiastically music which is, in point of fact, altogether beyond them. They enjoy it in a way, no doubt, as a more or less agreeable torrent of sound, but that they follow such works as "Don Quixote" in a really musical sense I take leave greatly to doubt.

There was, by the way, a mild "incident" at this concert. Mr. Wood angrily stopped the performance of one number (M. Bruneau's prelude) and began the work again, on account of the imperfect attention which he considered it was receiving from the audience. As most audiences go, one might have thought that there was little to complain of; but nothing less than absolutely death-like stillness will satisfy Mr. Wood, and so he pulled his men up and began again. The little episode was a striking commentary on the improvement in this respect which has come over the manners of Promenade audiences since the time when the popping of corks, together with "the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind," provided the obbligato accompaniment of every number, grave or gay,

The Bayreuth Festival is now ancient history, but discussion is still proceeding in America, it seems, as to the alleged disagreeable attitude adopted towards Mr. and Mrs. Longworth during their visit by Frau Cosima Wagner, "to mark her disapproval of the performance of 'Parsifal' in America in defiance of her express wishes." "The President's daughter," we are told, "was actually socially tabooed, she being ostentatiously omitted from the list of invitations to the famous soirées held during the week, to which all celebrities were invited. Neither was it found possible to present the Longworths to the so-called 'Queen of Bayreuth' at any of the numerous receptions always held on the terrace during the pauses." On the other side, the New York *Musical Courier* gallantly champions Frau Cosima's attitude in relation to Mr. and Mrs. Longworth, who "could not be regarded by Frau Cosima

as private citizens," but as "semi-official representatives of the United States, the country which, from the point of view of the Court of Wagner at Bayreuth, stole the property of the Wagner family":—

> Could Cosima Wagner maintain her self-respect and yet receive the semi-official Longworths? Certainly not. She was compelled, as a matter of taste, as a matter of ethics, as a matter to civility to others, and as a matter strictly regarding her respect for her late husband, her family, and herself, to pay no attention to the semi-official Longworths, and in doing so she paid her first attention to that necessary compensatory balance that is essential to the fitness and proportion of life.

And to the extent of two or three columns more the writer eloquently endorses Frau Cosima's action. On another page of the same issue I read, above the signature of one of its own German correspondents, the following:—

> A brilliant reception was given by Cosima and Siegfried Wagner at Villa Wahnfried on the evening of the 24th, to which several hundred invitations were issued. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Longworth (née Roosevelt), who attended the performance of "The Ring."

Thus is history written.

On the question of the folk-song and its relation to "art" music, Mr. H. T. Finck has some sensible remarks in a recent number of the American *Etude*. Among other things, he asks why it should be so generally taken for granted that a national music can be built up only on folk-song. As he puts it:—

> Are peasants the only nationalists? Haydn, no doubt, was influenced by Croatian, Chopin by Polish, Grieg by Norwegian idiosyncracies of melody and rhythm; yet the weight of their individual genius reduced these influences to a minimum; there is infinitely more of Haydn, of Chopin, of Grieg in their works than of Croatia, Poland, or Norway. In Russia many composers have written national music, but Tchaikovsky overtops them all, because he has so much greater an *individuality*.

And so it has been, also, as he points out further, in countless other cases. Nationality in music is not to be attained in this self-conscious way. If a composer be attracted by the folk-songs of his native land, as he probably will be, well and good; if not, well and good also; nor need it follow that his music will be any less national and characteristic on the latter account. Mr. Finck effectively disposes, also, of the notion that the foundations of a distinctively American school of music should be sought in Indian or plantation melodies, the latter of which he describes as simply a hodge-podge of Spanish, Portuguese, English, German, French, and American tunes, which the negroes have picked up and adopted. Mr. Finck is quite right. Genuine American music will make its appearance in due season, when America produces its first really great composer. According to some, Mr. Finck among them, such is already to be found in the music of Edward MacDowell.

Mr. Manners continues to report favourably of the response to his National English Opera Union scheme. Signed promises of support are, he states, reaching him daily by the score, and no doubt he is quite correct in assuming that these represent only a few of those whose support may be counted on when his project becomes more widely known and better understood. It may help a good cause therefore to explain that Mr. Manners' scheme involves nothing in the shape of subscriptions on the part of the public, but merely general assurances of interest and support, on the strength of which, given a sufficient number, Mr. Manners is confident that he can give next year at Drury Lane an English Opera season such as has never been known before, at prices ranging from sixpence to six shillings. Here therefore is a chance for those who are interested in the cause of English opera. Mr. Manners' permanent address is:—The Moody-Manners Stores, The Hyde, Hendon.

Talking of English opera, an absurd story has recently been revived with a view to bolstering up the ridiculous contention that opera may be suitably sung in French, German, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, Russian, or any other language but English. This is to the effect that when Gounod once heard a performance of his "Faust" in our vernacular he required to be carried out of the theatre—the effect was so excruciating. Even granting for the sake of argument the accuracy of such a manifest yarn, it is surely obvious that since Gounod knew nothing of English, the argument tells rather against the presentation of opera in a foreign language than the other way. "Faust" in English would be far more likely to jar upon a sensitive English hearer than on a foreigner unacquainted with the language, and not in a position, therefore, to form any opinion whatever as to its suitability. In this particular case, moreover, seeing that Gounod wrote an oratorio to English words, it is doubly unlikely that he held the view ascribed to him.

The late M. Jacobi, whose death occurred last week, was an amiable man and an accomplished musician, who had probably written as much music in the course of his career as any composer of his time. In addition to over one hundred ballets, he composed the music also of more than a score of operas and comic operettas and innumerable smaller works. A short time ago I had the pleasure of a chat with the veteran composer, in the course of which he produced a printed list of his principal works, and thereon proceeded to tick off those of his ballets by which he set most store and which he hoped might perpetuate his name. Eventually a pencil-mark stood against most of them, though I am afraid that they are hardly more likely to secure their author immortality on this account. M. Jacobi's music was always bright and pleasing, but hardly of the sort to live—especially in a form so little conducive to this end as that of the ballet. It is hardly needful to say, however, that to M. Jacobi himself there was nothing like the ballet as a vehicle of light entertainment, and one of his pet theories was that if only our leading dramatists, such as Mr. Pinero, Mr. Barrie, and others, could be induced to provide libretti, as Gautier, Scribe, and others did in earlier days, the glories of the ballet might still be revived.

The announcement in connection with next year's Leeds Festival that arrangements have been concluded for the attendance of Dr. Grieg, who will conduct some of his own works, will have come as a surprise to many in view of the general belief that Dr. Grieg's visit to London this year was the last which he was likely to pay us. Satisfaction at the announcement will, however, be none the less keen on this account, and if he is actually able to fulfil his present intentions when the time arrives, the famous Norwegian master may certainly count upon a reception of no ordinary warmth at the hands of his Yorkshire admirers.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—Mr. Trowbridge, in his interesting "Court Beauties of Old Whitehall" (1) resents all "hackneyed reflections on the careers of those glorified courtezans of yesterday;" and no doubt it would be at once foolish, Pharisaic, and unjust to judge these creatures by the moral standards of to-day. When one of the vilest and greediest of them (the Duchess of Portsmouth) visited France, she and her bastard sat for a painter as the Madonna and Child, while the Church, as represented by the Capucins, paid her the honours due at once to a saint and to a queen. "There never has been," writes St. Simon, "a parallel for the treatment the Duchess of Portsmouth meets with here. When on a high holiday she

(1) "Court Beauties of Old Whitehall." Historiettes of the Restoration. By W. R. H. Trowbridge. With Thirty-two Illustrations. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.)

(2) "Charles Dickens." By G. K. Chesterton. With Two Portraits in Photogravure. (London: Methuen & Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

(3) The Dream and the Business." By John Oliver Hobbes. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

(4) "Collusion." By Thomas Cobb. (London: Alston Rivers. 6s.)

(5) "The Youngest Miss Mowbray." By B. M. Croker. (London: Hurst and Blackett, Ltd. 6s.)

(6) "The Black Patch." By Fergus Hume. (London: John Long. 6s.)

went to visit the Capucins in the Rue St. Honoré, the poor monks, who were told beforehand of her intention, came out processionally to receive her with cross, holy water, and incense. They received her just as if she had been the Queen, which threw her all in a heap, as she did not expect so much honour. Her portrait as the Madonna, with her son as the Child, was painted for a rich convent in France, and used as an altar-piece." The woman whom both Church and State delighted to honour is less to blame for her dishonour than Church and State. When Louis XIV. showed Tom Killigrew a picture of the Crucifixion hanging between two portraits—one of himself and the other of the Pope—Tom remarked, "Ah, sire, though I have often heard that our Lord was hung between two thieves, I never knew till now who they were." Louis robbed his subjects of millions to keep Charles, and the sums of which Charles robbed his subjects to keep his harem also ran into millions. This Duchess of Portsmouth was not, says Mr. Trowbridge, such a gambler as the Duchesse de Mazarin or the Duchess of Cleveland, as she never lost more than £5,000 at a sitting; but

The drafts she nevertheless made on the national exchequer were enormous. Her allowance of £10,000 was generally swollen to £40,000, and in one year she succeeded in drawing the huge sum of £136,668. Like the Duchess of Cleveland, she sold every office that fell vacant; but she went a step further than her Grace and took commissions on the bribes with which Louis bought his creatures in England, trafficked in royal pardons, and did a good business in selling convicts to West Indian planters.

It would not be altogether fair to say that the nation has nothing to show for all these millions, since it owes to them six or eight Dukes; though, perhaps, the price paid, even for their blue blood, was sometimes exorbitant. Charles had to keep not his mistresses only but, sometimes, their lovers, of whom such an abandoned hussy as the Duchess of Cleveland kept a varied host, from John Churchill and Henry Jermyn, down to the actor Goodman, and the rope-dancer, Jacob Hall. Charles, in fact, had every justification for the witty sarcasm he addressed to her, "Though always willing to oblige the ladies, I could hardly be expected to father *all* the babes about to be born at Whitehall." It is some satisfaction to learn that this virago, whose temper was as bad as her morals, met her match in her old age. At the age of sixty-three she married "Handsome Feilding," a worn-out coxcomb, sixteen years her junior, who extorted money from her by threats and blows, and from whom she was at last delivered at the cost of a scandal which hastened her death. It was quite a modern and fashionable scandal of marriage brokerage extraordinary. About a month before his marriage to the Duchess, "Handsome Feilding" commissioned Mrs. Villars, a marriage broker, to secure him for a fee of £500 the hand of a wealthy city widow whom the gentleman had never seen. Taking advantage of "Handsome Feilding's" ignorance, even of the appearance of the wealthy widow, Mrs. Villars palmed off upon him a prostitute named Mary Wadsworth, to whom the duped fortune-hunter was married accordingly. No sooner had "Handsome Feilding" discovered the imposition than he laid siege to the Duchess, to whom he was married three weeks after his wedding to Mary Wadsworth. Hardly was this second honeymoon over before the Duchess had to send "Handsome Feilding" to Newgate "for threatening to kill her two sons for taking her part when he beat her and broke open her closet, taking £400 out." As, however, the termagant was too terrified to give evidence against him the case was dismissed, and "Handsome Feilding" would have got off scot free, but for the intervention of Mary Wadsworth, who charged him with bigamy. The scandals disclosed in this trial, and the ridicule they excited helped, with the dropsy, to kill the Duchess. If lampoons could have killed they would have brought to an untimely end the career as romantic as it was immoral of another of Charles' mistresses, the Duchesse de Mazarin. When she was a grandmother her mature charms so intoxicated two youngsters—one of them her own nephew!—that they fought a duel for her favour. The nephew, the Chevalier de Soissons—brother of the famous Prince Eugéne of Savoy—killed in this duel his rival, a noble young Swede, Baron Banier, and the scandal so shocked even that shameless age that the Duchess tried to drown her momentary remorse in drink. Upon the accession of William III. she was saved from expulsion from England by her debts! Her creditors, who were legion, by representing to William that her expulsion would mean to them total loss of the vast sums she owed, induced that monarch to allow her to remain in the country with a pension of £2,000 a year. It was not, however, till her death that her creditors were paid, and then only through their impounding and detaining her corpse till her husband had paid them the uttermost farthing. Even then her body was allowed no rest, since her infatuated husband carried it about with him from one estate to another, suffering it only once to rest for a short time in the church of Notre Dame de Liesse, where the peasants adored it as that of a saint! These stories of two of Charles' mistresses will suggest to you how varied and romantic is the interest of Mr. Trowbridge's unedifying volume. Reading any book by Mr. Chesterton is like entering the topsy-turvy house at Earl's Court, where everything and everyone are shown to you upside down. The most obvious truisms are to Mr. Chesterton preposterous absurdities, and the most startling paradoxes obvious truisms. Again and again in reading, *e.g.*, his most interesting and suggestive study of "Dickens" (²), you recall that passage which Goldsmith, to Johnson's just regret, struck out of the "Vicar of Wakefield":—"When I was a young man, being anxious to distinguish myself, I was perpetually starting new propositions. But I soon gave this over; for I found that generally what was new was false." You will say, and truly say, when you read, as you must read, this remarkable book, that Mr. Chesterton's paradoxes are often not only new and true, but extraordinarily suggestive; this, however, makes the more regrettable his incessant indulgence in these topsy-turvydoms. The paradoxes flung in your face for the sole apparent reason that they are paradoxes weaken the effect of those which express or suggest instructive truths, just as the underlining of every other word in a school-girl's letter weakens the emphasis of the intrinsically emphatic passages. There is, besides, the exasperating impression left on your mind that Mr. Chesterton thinks, and would have you to think, that the whole world lay in darkness till he dawned upon it. You feel something of the irritation of Job with his very superior young monitors; "Ye are the people! and when ye die no doubt wisdom will perish with you!" All this does not prevent Mr. Chesterton's analyses of Dicken's character and education, of his humour, and of his optimism, being at once the subtlest and the truest I have yet seen. I am not sure that Mr. Chesterton lays adequate stress upon the precocity which enabled Dickens to take in nearly all his cargo as a novelist in his outcast and derelict boyhood. Dickens had, in fact, an education like that Mr. Weller gave Sammy:—"I took a great deal o' pains in his eddication, sir; let him run the streets when he was very young, sir, and shift for himself. It's the only way to make a boy sharp, sir." A like education forced Dickens' faculties of observation, imagination, and humour, which were even congenitally extraordinarily precocious. So naturally precocious was his faculty of observation that he remembered noticing something that occurred before he was two years old, before, that is, his family quitted Portsea, thus surpassing the precocity of Dr. Johnson, who thought his remembrance of something that happened to him when he was two years and a half old extraordinary. The precocity of Dickens' faculty of humour may be inferred from his assuring Forster that his description of Mr. Pickwick's fellow-prisoners in the Fleet prison was a photographic reproduction of his humorous impressions in his boyhood of his father's fellow-prisoners in the Marshalsea. "I understood it all as well then," he said, "as I do now." The precocity of his imaginative faculty may be inferred from the favourite treat of his childhood—that some senior should take him through the slums of St. Giles' in order that the sight of its wretchedness and its

wickedness might inspire him with tales of crime and of despair. Such powers of observation, imagination, and humour, precociously forced through his derelict boyhood, made Dickens a man in faculty before he was a child in years, and, as the impressions of his childhood were ineffaceable—were never blurred, nor obliterated, nor, I might almost say, superseded by those of later years—he took in most of his cargo as a novelist in his 'teens. Indeed, these very faculties themselves of observation, imagination, and humour, were in a sense child-like. In "David Copperfield" Dickens, speaking, obviously, of his own power of observation, says a man distinguished for it has rather retained it from childhood than acquired it in manhood. A child, like Dickens, sees everything, sees everything enlarged, and sees everything in detail. Dickens' humour, too, was child-like in its exaggeration of a single feature in a character—as a waggish boy exaggerates a single feature in a face—to the suppression of every other; while his wonderful imagination was child-like in being rather microscopic than telescopic—magnifying little things, rather than bringing great things out of ordinary sight into the field of vision. That Dickens should have succeeded in making his most grotesque gargoyles as real to us as the most commonplace characters of our every-day experience is, at once, the highest proof of his power, and assurance of his immortality. His characters will live because they belong to no single age or special country, and because, therefore, they cannot die with any age or any country. As Mr. Chesterton puts it:—

> Some people, oddly enough, have suggested that Dickens has suffered, or will suffer, from the change of manners. Surely this is irrational. It is not the creators of the impossible who will suffer from the process of time: Mr. Bunsby can never be more impossible than he was when Dickens made him. The writers who will obviously suffer from time will be the careful and realistic writers who have observed every detail of the fashion of this world which passeth away. . . . Dickens made Dick Swiveller in a very different sense to that in which Thackeray made Colonel Newcome. Thackeray's creation was observation; Dickens's was poetry, and is, therefore, permanent.

Mrs. Craigie's last book, "The Dream and the Business" (3) is not less clever, but no more coherent, than her other novels. You are interested, and deeply interested, in the kaleidoscope of characters and of conversations she presents to you; but your interest is like that of meeting and mingling with, watching and listening to successive groups of clever personages at a party. It would be ungracious to say that there is too much Mrs. Craigie in the book, but though in one sense there could not be too much Mrs. Craigie—too much smartness, that is—in the novel; in another sense, in the sense that you hear her often and incongruously speak through her characters, her ventriloquism, so to say, is disillusioning. There is also, perhaps, too much Mrs. Craigie in the story itself, since its personages are all more or less disillusioned or disappointed. On the other hand, the three leading women of the book (Sophie Firmalden, Nannie Cloots, and Tessa Marlesford—especially Nannie Cloots) are such admirable studies as only Mrs. Craigie could have given you. What the grotesque deformity by Aubrey Beardsley on the cover of the book has to do with the story I cannot imagine. Nothing could be lighter than Mr. Cobb's airy story, "Collusion" (4), whose heroine was to be disinherited of the vast fortune left by her father if she married the irresponsible egotist and genius who had honoured her with the offer of what he was pleased to call his heart. She herself was quite willing to make this sacrifice to her love, and was proportionately mortified not to find him equally disinterested. Her disillusionment, however, was not so absolute as to prevent her entertaining a suggestion of his which would secure her half the fortune with his hand. How this scheme came to nothing I shall leave you to find out for yourself, promising you a very pleasant hour in the process. I can promise all girls of healthy literary appetites a delightful hour or two in reading Mrs. Croker's elaborate modern version of Cinderella, "The Youngest Miss Mowbray" (5). Perhaps the two elder sisters are incredibly odious, but Cinderella and her Anglo-American lover, and her fairy godmother, the Italian Princess, are all that the most romantic young lady novel-reader could desire. Those who can accept the wild improbabilities of "The Black Patch" (6)—a gang of scoundrels whose badge was a black patch over one eye—will enjoy the mysteries and murders of the tale, which are many and monstrous. It is certainly a most exciting story. Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, ever yours very sincerely,

DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

Early next month Mr. Heinemann will publish, in two illustrated volumes, Mr. Bram Stoker's "Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving." It may safely be predicted that it will be a book of exceptional value and interest, for Mr. Bram Stoker is an accomplished writer, and he was for upwards of a quarter of a century intimately associated with Irving as his business manager and his personal friend. Another of Mr. Heinemann's announcements is a colour-book entitled "Versailles and the Trianons." The plates are by M. René Binet, and the text is by M. Pierre de Nolhac, director of the Versailles Museum.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new volume, "Puck of Pook's Hill"—ten tales of how, when, and why, all the Fairies departed from these shores except Puck, "the oldest Old Thing in England"—will be issued by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. on October 2. Each tale has a prefatory poem, and there are twenty full-page illustrations by H. R. Millar.

In "A Pixy in Petticoats" (Alston Rivers, 6s.) Beatrice Pentreath, the heroine, boasts that she is not a prude. "I'm a wild, careless little devil," she observes. Wild and careless she certainly is, and the reader feels that it was, perhaps, fortunate for John Burrough, the Dartmoor literary recluse, that he did not live to marry her. But Beatrice is an interesting, if not an altogether pleasant young person, and the anonymous author of this clever story gives some capital descriptions of the Dartmoor country and some humorous sketches of Dartmoor "natives."

"Links in my Life on Land and Sea," which Mr. Fisher Unwin has ready this week, is a book of reminiscences by Commander J. W. Gambier, R.N. It contains some vivid pictures of life in the Navy in the middle of the last century.

The "Memoirs of the Count de Cartrie," which Mr. John Lane is publishing this week, have been printed from an old manuscript English translation which only came to light last year. The book is a record of the extraordinary events in the life of a French Royalist during the war in Le Vendée, and of his flight to Southampton, where he followed the humble occupation of a gardener. An introduction is furnished by Frédéric Masson, and there are appendices and notes by Pierre Amédée Pichot and others.

The scene of Curtis Yorke's new novel, "The Girl and the Man" (John Long, 6s.) is laid in the Canadian Rockies, where the heroine owns and superintends the working of a silver lead mine. Because the "man" forestalls her by purchasing a neighbouring claim, into which the principal lode in her own mine runs, the "girl" conceives an antipathy to him, but gradually they are drawn together, and after a series of misunderstandings their love story is brought to a happy ending. It is a brightly written novel, with some skilfully sketched characters and plenty of interesting episodes.

Messrs. Hutchinson's announcements include "The First Gentleman in Europe," two volumes of memoirs of George IV., by Mr. Lewis Melville; "Under the Syrian Sun," by A. C. Inchbold, in two illustrated volumes; and "Algiers and Beyond," by M. W. Hilton Simpson.

Thomas Goode & Co.—China, glass, pottery, fireproof ware. Sole agents in the United Kingdom for the famous "Bi Métal" (copper lined with pure sheet silver) Cooking Utensils. Illustrated catalogues free.—South Audley-street, London.

Mr. Richard Marsh is a master of the sensational story, and "In the Service of Love" (Methuen and Co., 6s.) is the best that he has produced since he made people's flesh creep with the horrors of "The Beetle." It is true that the mystery connected with the murder of Lord Sabin may be guessed, in part at least, before the disclosure comes in the penultimate chapter of the book. But there are other crimes and other complications as well as a love story, and the reader's interest and excitement are well kept up until the end is reached.

Another good specimen of melodramatic fiction is Mr. Headon Hill's "Unmasked at Last" (Ward, Lock and Co., 6s.). The villain of the piece is a very wicked French nobleman, the head of a gang of coiners and banknote forgers, whose nefarious operations are carried out in the seclusion of the Hampshire estate where he poses as a country gentleman and game preserver. Wildly improbable the events of the story may be, but there is at least one thrill in every chapter down to the very last, when "the pistol spoke and Henri de Guerin, Baron of France, adventurer, homicide, and wholesale forger, fell dead at the brink of the creek in the quiet English dawn."

Miss Katharine Tynan's new novel, "The Story of Bawn," announced for immediate publication by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., is a romantic love story in the Irish setting which this author knows so well how to portray.

"In Constable's Country," by Herbert W. Tompkins, a book appearing in Messrs. Dent's autumn list, records a ramble in the valley of the Stour, where Constable passed so much of his life and painted so many of his best pictures. The book will be illustrated with reproductions in colour of a number of the pictures.

Mr. G. S. Layard has edited a volume entitled "Sir Thomas Lawrence's Letter-Bag," which will be issued next month by Mr. George Allen. It is chiefly composed of selections from letters of the artist and his friends which have not hitherto been published. The book will also contain Miss Elizabeth Croft's interesting recollections of Lawrence, covering a period of thirty years, and now published for the first time.

Sir Evelyn Wood's autobiography, entitled "From Midshipman to Field Marshal," will be published very shortly by Messrs. Methuen.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—We have arrived at our very last week in Paris, and are so sorry that the visit is nearly over. It has been different from anything we have ever done before, and, alas! we can never come here again. This ancient convent is to be pulled down this very autumn, and we shall never again see the red-tiled floors and the old walls which have been the frame of a perfectly delightful holiday.

I really think we have made the most of our time. Certainly we have seen more of Paris *intime* than we have ever glimpsed before. Bee has the whole plan of it clear in her brain. I have not achieved this, but I am gradually emulating her.

We found the Chamber of Deputies very interesting. It struck us as a little odd that the Right and Left sides of the great hall of séance should not be left and right as regards each other, but the contrary. They are left and right to the President, who sits facing them, so that a Deputy belonging to the Left division has the Right on his left. This sounds a little involved, but your clarity of mind will discover my meaning. The building is one of great magnificence, having been at one time the Palace of the Bourbons. The height and size of the rooms are a revelation. Our palaces have nothing like them, and even the magnificent State Room in the Vienna Rathhaus loses by comparison. The official who showed us round pointed out the position of the throne, "which has been suppressed," he added, with true Republican disdain. In the splendid library, with its hundreds of thousands of volumes, he remarked: "This is one good thing the Bourbons did for us, amassing this fine library."

The ceilings throughout are painted by celebrated artists, but they are so high, and so much above the line of light from the windows, that it is impossible to distinguish the subjects, only the rich colour of the work. It is regrettable.

The deputies have bathrooms, toilet-rooms, etc.—just as in our own House of Commons. I had the curiosity to ask what the charge for shaving is. Twopence-halfpenny is the price, a halfpenny cheaper than our present Parliament gets shaved for. Do you despise me for asking? I confess that I felt rather like the Princess in "The Swineherd," who was so pleased with the enchanted pot that told her what every one in the city was having for breakfast.

There is a lovely garden at the back, in front of the President's house, which is one of the few in Paris that are but two stories high. The height of the houses here is very great, and one night, when fire-engine after fire-engine tore past this place, sounding their two consecutive notes, we thought with horror of the great high houses and the narrow, narrow streets, and could not sleep again.

There is a beautiful old church in this quarter, hidden away among shabby houses. It is St. Sévérin, and we have been twice to see the fine old glass and the curious architecture. There is a painting of Notre Dame Auxiliatrice, brought long ago from Poland, and round it are hundreds of tablets recording successes attributed to the gentle-faced Madonna. Most of these tablets record gratitude for success in examinations. Others are more interesting. One is as follows:—

Mariage désiré,
Mariage réalisé,
Février, 1893.
Vive Reconnaissance,
Mai, 1893.

One hopes that the happiness has lasted until now.

Alice and Edward have had a jolly holiday at Dieppe. They called on us as they passed through Paris on their way to stay with some friends at Chantilly. They have had the unique experience of English comforts and refinements with all the gaiety and charm of that agreeable French watering-place. They sounded the praises of their pension, and we have made a note of it. Of course, I pass it on to you, as I always do with my numerous useful and delightful discoveries. Write it down in your address book at once: "Pension Internationale, Rue Asseline, Dieppe." Here are some of its recommendations, as detailed to us by Alice and Edward: Quiet, not crowded, close to the Grande Rue and post office, cooking excellent, cleanliness beyond praise, terms moderate. The proprietress, Mrs. Edmeston, speaks four or five languages, and looks after everybody in the most delightful way. Sounds tempting, doesn't it? I should love to winter there.

Do make every member of your household particularly careful about dropping pins and needles on the floor. It is a horrid thing to get a piece of one into the foot. I knew of a painful case of the kind some years ago, and this week have made the acquaintance of a sufferer from the same cause, who has been crippled since Easter. When the needle entered the foot a specialist was called in. He applied the X rays, and was so long in operating that, though the foot healed up and all was thought to be well, a terrible burn caused by the rays developed three weeks after. This has never healed, and causes constant pain, day and night, with occasional crises of agony. Is it not

Seeger's Hair Dye.—Dyes the hair by merely combing through. 2s. the Case, or Trial Bottle, mailed free from observation, 7d.—Hinde's Ltd., 1A, Finsbury, London.

frightful? The poor patient is so gentle and so sweet amidst it all, that one feels the deeper sympathy for her sufferings.

We went to the Opéra Comique the other evening to hear "La Bohème," in spite of the heat, and were rewarded by hearing a perfectly beautiful Rodolphe and Mimi, whose faces will long linger in our recollection, no less than their voices. Rodolphe's in particular was delicious. But we needed some cheering up, for we had suffered many discomforts for Puccini's and Murger's sake. Bee went the day before to take the tickets, and had quite an adventurous morning. To begin with, she discovered that what we should call the box-office did not open till half an hour before the play began. However, round the corner was the official office of location, where one can buy seats at a slightly higher price than at the bureau. This place also was shut, and would not open till eleven o'clock. It was scarcely after ten, and Bee was in a hurry; so she went to an agency close by, and bought two seats at the price demanded of her, though they seemed to her rather expensive. Later on, she discovered that she had paid exactly double the official price at the bureau, and three-fifths extra to the sum for which she could have bought them at the location. In London such an extortionate profit on the part of the agents would not be allowed by the theatrical managers, who no doubt pay the agencies themselves, as they do here. One would not grumble at a little extra for the convenience of buying one's seats when and where one pleases, but double the original price is nothing short of usury.

When we arrived at the theatre we were met at the top of the stairs by a crowd of women in black, whom we took for the attendants. They asked us if we wished to leave our coats, to which we naturally said No, as we had no coats. Then the handsome, but not very young, woman who had first accosted us took our tickets, and immediately began to beg: "The service here is very good, it would be very kind of you to give us something." Under the influence of surprise we did so, whereupon she thrust our tickets back into my hand, muttered, "That door in front," and left us. Through the open door of the cloak-room we saw her putting the money into a drawer. It appears that these were the cloak-room women, not one of whom was in the cloak-room; they were all too eager to block the top of the stairs and beg from the public! This, again, would not be tolerated in England, especially in a large and well-known theatre.

Finally, when we had got seated, in very uncomfortable places, so crowded that we could scarcely move, and had tried our best to get a programme, with no result, a man appeared in the doorway, about two minutes before the curtain went up, shouting "Programmes!" Of course, there ensued gropings for money, and handings over of coins and programmes, and apologies, and passings, and stretchings, all of which, being undertaken in a hurry, warned by the lowered lights, increased the already nearly unbearable heat. It is a wretched system altogether. We thoroughly enjoyed the delightful voices, but the orchestra was much too loud, and the instruments were harsh, and did not weld together; while the play was very late in beginning, the audience showing its impatience by shuffling and shouting, whistling, cat-calls, stamping, and groaning. At the height of our discomforts, and in a heat which recalled Tennyson's remark in similar circumstances when in Paris, "This is like sitting on a spike over hell!" Bee suddenly produced a smile so brilliant and unexpected that I could not forbear the exertion of asking what it meant. "I am full of the joy of the jingo," she said; "I am English, and oh, England is a fine country! It's worth all this to feel so sure of that!"

And it was!

There is, in the Rue de Rivoli, an unobtrusive glass door which leads into the great white palace called Redfern's. We saw some frocks there the other day, and I must try to tell you about them, although I could never convey their beauty in words. To begin with, the girls who show them all have the most perfect figures, they hold themselves well, look distinguished, and move like young goddesses. So the frocks have every chance. There was a comparatively simple one for morning wear, a dark blue herring-bone tweed skirt, the coat of which had a long habit, and was edged in front with two bands of sulphur yellow cloth, as smooth as suède, and caught with gold buttons. The collar was of gold embroidery. That was all, but I wish you could have seen it! Then, for afternoon visits there was a scarlet faced cloth, the pleats of the skirt arranged like flat panels, with a wider panel in front, continued up in a cuirass laced with scarlet cord over the shoulders and down at the back. At the side, the skirt was corselet, but not too high, and cut into little points like petals. The blouse beneath was of dark green and red tartan silk, and the high collar was of scarlet lace drawn down to a point.

For a young girl there was an evening dress in palest rose-pink chiffon, very full and plain, with little frills of the chiffon laid on in wavy lines, emphasised by pink lace in a slightly deeper shade. The satin belt was veiled with pink lace, and over the baby-bodice, with its little puff sleeves, were bretelles of the pink, edged with tiny coquilles of pleated pink gauze, diversified with wee pink bows. It was charmingly fresh and simple.

With it, simplicity vanished; we were otherwise occupied. There was an evening frock of white chiffon, faintly painted with pink roses, and having at frequent intervals great clumps of pink roses and green leaves, in embossed velvet, which had been applied in some wonderful way so that it might have been brocaded or embroidered or painted, one could not tell which. Two broad lines of fine lace swept round the full skirt, leaving a plain, full panel in front. The embossed velvet was crossed at the back, and drawn down into the likeness of a belt, while all round the shoulders ran a band of iridescent embroidery, in high relief, softened with lace that matched the lace sleeves.

I have left the two most wonderful dresses till the last, in order that your mind might be prepared for them. One was a reception gown, in chiffon-velvet that had all the grace of chiffon, the softness of velvet, and the lights and shades of plush. The colour was somewhere between old-rose and the flush on a ripe peach, and the style was so very princess that it looked as though the wearer had grown in it. The lines were perfect, fitting closely, but never tightly, quite unbroken by creases, and yet as supple as a sculptor could wish. There was a high collar in lace, with a little circular yoke of lace beneath it, lightly embroidered in gold. The only ornamentation on the bodice was an embroidery in relief of roses and leaves, like a little light garland flung across the front, and done in high relief with the same material as the dress. Similar embroidery appeared near the hem of the skirt. A belt was hinted at by two lines of buttons, beginning high at the back, and drawn to a point in front, set at intervals of about an inch from each other, and quite small. They were covered with rose-coloured silk, matching the dress, and each had a raised cross worked in gold thread on it. The close-fitting sleeves, ending above the elbows, were finished off with a little line of chinchilla, nestling among lace. A band of chinchilla bordered the slightly trained skirt all round.

Bee declares that she has dreamt every night since of the other frock; she speaks of it with reverence. It was of pale cream lace, in a raised pattern on a fine ground, with vandyked edges, so arranged as to outline a panel in front, which continued from throat to hem, for it was a dinner gown modelled on the lines of a tea gown, but close-fitting. It was made with a foundation of white silk and an interlining of black chiffon, with a further panier-like lining of grey chiffon, so that the soft cloudy tones of grey and white were quite delicious. The long panel down the front was

Redfern.—Exclusive and original Models in Day and Evening Gowns, Smart Paris Millinery, Blouses, Lingerie, Furs, &c. 26, Conduit-street and 27, Bond-street.

of black and gold moiré gauze, with dull gold roses woven through it. We heard that this was very wide ribbon. It was an exquisite fabric, and here and there heavy gold fringes kept it in place. A little belt of black tulle was held at either side of the front by Byzantine gold knobs, and where the little round yoke of lace joined the ribbon there was another fringe of black and gold. The sleeves were little puffs of lace. The refinement of this gown was delightful, and for the rest, it combined richness, smartness, and prettiness in a very unusual degree.

Ursula writes:—

The attendance at Doncaster was enormous, especially on Leger Day, when 4,000 more race cards were sold than on the corresponding day last year. The King, as usual, came on three days from Rufford Abbey, but our one-time expectation of seeing the King of Spain with this party was long ago nipped in the bud. Rumour had it, too, that those interesting youths, the Harvard crew, were to be present, but we did not come across the heroes; however, nearly everybody who is anybody seemed to be present, and dress was smarter than ever. Lady Savile, as the King's hostess, was naturally the observed of all observers, and her frocks were very successful. On Tuesday, a day of brilliant sunshine, she wore a pale blue flowered muslin, with a hat trimmed with powder blue feathers and a boa to match; Wednesday, French grey crêpe de chine, much gauged, and a grey picture hat with touches of pink and purple; Friday, pigeon's wing's silk striped with pale blue and black, a large brown hat, trimmed with brown and green leaves, a brown veil, and a most becoming fluffy brown chiffon ruffle. Lady Cadogan wore beige colour, embroidered in black, on Leger Day, and was one of those who braved the threatening elements on Thursday, when she appeared in black cloth, with pipings of pink and green, and a white vest. Lady Sarah Wilson, another of the Royal party, looked very distinguée, especially on Friday, when she wore prune colour, with a much-tilted amethyst straw hat, ornamented with ostrich feathers, shaded purple to heliotrope. Ear-rings of very large turquoises gave a distinctive note of colour. Mrs. George Keppel, as usual, looked very smart. On Tuesday she appeared in black and white spotted muslin, under a long cloak of pale blue cloth, with a collar of violet velvet embroidered in gold, and on Wednesday in fawn coloured cloth, with hat of bronze velvet, trimmed with ostrich feathers of brown and purple. On Friday she wore a very neat black and white check, with a brown hat. Mrs. Lewis Harcourt chose blue on two occasions. Among other interesting people to be seen in the paddock or elsewhere was the Duchess of Newcastle, who motored over from Clumber with her house party. This included the Duchess of Beaufort, who was in mourning, and Lady Rowena Paterson, also in black. The latter's sister, Lady Noreen Bass, wore on Friday a very effective hat, covered with scarlet geraniums, which contrasted well with the grey frock. Lady Fitzwilliam, who brought a very large party, numbering nearly forty, from Wentworth, seemed to prefer pink for her gowns. Lady Galway looked tall and striking as ever in an aubergine tinted cloth with a vest and sleeves of cream lace and felt hat to match. Her daughter, Mrs. Skeffington Smyth, wore a long chain of small diamonds on one occasion, with a dark-blue gown and heliotrope hat. Mrs. Hwfa Williams was smart in her varied gowns of white dahlia, pale tweed, with collars and cuffs of rose pink velvet, while the pink hat, with yellow feathers, which she donned on Thursday as adjunct to a black gown, looked better than it sounds. Lady Londonderry was to be seen once with Lord Scarbrough's party, wearing black gauze over ivory colour, with a black and white toque, but she was called away to town the same evening on account of the illness of the Dowager Marchioness.

Time fails to tell of all the wonderful toilettes which were *en évidence*, so I must sum up my chief impressions in a word. Please note first, that now is the reign of dahlia, prune, and smoke colour; second, that at the present rate of trimming, all the available ostrich feathers in the world will be exhausted in another week or so; and, lastly, that elbow sleeves still hold their own among the best dressed of the community.

Clare sends me the following from Dublin:—

Dearest Madge,—We live to learn, for no matter how many may be the number of years which follow our school days, we go on learning all the time. Though there is nothing new under the sun, things, of all sorts and kinds, come in endless succession that are new to us. Even Methuselah must, in his last century, have added to what was already an extensive and exhaustive store of knowledge. Last week provided our party with unexpected instruction, though we had determinedly given ourselves up to idleness, plain and simple. We lived and learned, whether we would or not. After the whirl, exhaustion, and general social excesses of the previous weeks in Dublin we set out for a rest cure, not a fashionable, hard-working, fagging one, but a really restful one of our own devising, just a week of doing nothing, literally and absolutely nothing. Of course, we entered on it in the most confident and careless spirit. On the face of it, is not to do nothing just the one thing in the world that any and everybody can do? So, no doubt, it appears to you, as it also, in the beginning, appeared to us. Try it, however, as we tried it, and before the end of a week the prediction may be confidently made, that you will know better. You will have learned that there is nothing more difficult to do than to do nothing. That is, for the average ordinary individual. One does not allude to the gifted ones, who are born "bone lazy," as it is commonly called. For them, of course, there is no difficulty, it is the case of natural talent which surmounts all obstacles. They do nothing with the ease of absolute laziness. They rise to nothing in the morning, and retire to rest at night after a most successful day of doing nothing. It was quite otherwise with us, we had not the talent and we had not the "way." Of course, we did not find this out at first. And such a time as we went through in finding it out! Such labour, such worry, and bother! We were certainly not doing nothing, and the week was almost over, when at last we recognised the undeniable fact. If you think this nonsense just put it to the test, go and do likewise. This week, after the ignominious failure of our experiment, we have given up the worries of the rest cure and resumed the ordinary ones of life. Last week "parting summer's lingering blooms" still delayed with us, the gardens smiled, though somewhat wanly, in the sunshine, the trees tenaciously clung to their green mantles. The touch of autumn, however, in the evenings grew more and more obvious with the passing of each day; the September nip in the cold air and the coming end of the many country good things which are not supposed to survive Michaelmas: sea bathing, blackberrying, croquet playing, and so on. Not, indeed, that these old-fashioned ideas often hold good now, as in less hardy and open-air days. Modern fashion is nothing if not defiant of weather and season alike.

We are to have no Viceroyalty in Ireland again until the middle of next month. Lord and Lady Aberdeen are giving some weeks to their own Scotch home, a well-earned holiday from the unceasing duties of the Viceregal state, which seem to grow each year like those of Royalty. Meanwhile, Ireland is having by no means a holiday time. Lord Dudley is staying in a hotel in the capital, over which he so lately reigned with such splendour, and presiding daily over the commission to inquire into all the things with which he is already so fully acquainted. One cannot but think that many of the commissioners must be supremely bored at what cannot but be "damnable iteration" to them day after day. But then men are so accustomed to boring each other, and no doubt all concerned in the inquiry may confidently hope that some day will bring the sensational incident which is apparently an inevitable phenomenon in all Irish matters of state.

The Chief Secretary continued his inspection tours round the island last week and saw much for himself, and no doubt heard still more. The difficulty only must come with the sorting out of the harvest of knowledge and the separating of the chaff from the wheat. Lord and Lady Lansdowne have been for some time at Derreen on Kenmare Bay, where Mr. Victor and Lady Evelyn Cavendish and other visitors were staying with them. Such a romantic spot, so far from everywhere but the wild mountains and the Atlantic. On the opposite side of the bay, almost ten miles across, is the lovely resort of tourists, Parknasilla, also

amidst mountains; eighteen miles further west lies Derrynane, celebrated as the residence of the great "Liberator," Daniel O'Connell. We have got a great deal of "liberating" since his time, too, which never prevents us from wanting still more, but possibly quite the contrary. Increase of appetite grows with what it feeds upon. Never has Ireland had as many tourists as this year. The Princess Louise of Schleswig Holstein is visiting in Waterford this week. She was at a concert at Mount Congreve, amongst those who took part in it being Ladies Waterford, Bessborough and Gweneth Ponsonby. This winter Lord and Lady Waterford—who were absent last year—are expected to live at Curraghmore and aid in the promotion of the hunting "industry." May not hunting, like most other things in the country just now, be viewed as an "industry"? Irish energy never fails in its cause either, and it certainly brings prosperity in its train to all but the foxes.

Lord Rathmore is paying his usual autumn visit to Ireland. He usually visits Greenore, a seaside resort on the southern shore of Carlingford Lough, where the golf links and hotel are renowned and popular. Ireland is fast becoming one of the most golf-playing of countries. The "links" all over the country may now be said to be "jostling one another," like the salmon in Galway river. And to think that they, like ourselves, have only been so lately "discovered."—Yours ever, CLARE.

I want you some day to try these fillets of salmon à la Juive:—

Cut 2 lbs. of salmon into neat fillets, boil the bones and skin. Arrange the fillets in a well-oiled sautépan, sprinkle them with finely minced shallot and chopped parsley, pour in a glass of claret and the reduced liquor from the bones, cover with buttered paper, and cook the fish carefully in the oven for about 25 minutes, then dish in a circle, put turned scallops of boiled cucumber in the middle, and pour the following sauce round: Blanch a minced onion with salad oil in a stewpan, add 1 lb. of ripe tomatoes, and cook until they are done, stir in a dessertspoonful of potato flour, mixed with a little stock, and, when it boils, rub it through a hair sieve. Re-heat the sauce, adding salt and a little cream.

You will like mousse de grouse à l'aspic:—

Line a plain mould with aspic and garnish it with rounds and stars of truffle, set the garnish with aspic, and, when that is firm, pour over a layer of tomato aspic, after which fill the centre with the following purée. Cut the breast from a nice roasted grouse, mince it and stew it with a glass of port wine in a stewpan, add a spoonful of tomato purée and a spoonful of thick sauce, pound thoroughly, season with salt and pepper, and rub it through a wire sieve, mix the purée with a little cold, liquid aspic, and, after pouring it into the mould, pour over a little aspic to set. When it is turned out, garnish with small ripe tomatoes, filled with chopped hard-boiled eggs, mixed with oil, vinegar, salt, and pepper, and sprinkle the tops with chopped truffle.

Peach tart à la Française is sure to give satisfaction:—

Roll some puff paste, and, with it, line a round French tart tin, or a pastry ring, placing it on a baking sheet, brush it well with beaten egg, prick it all over with a fork, and bake it a nice colour. Make also a strong syrup, flavouring it with any nice liqueur. Stir 3 or 4 ripe peaches into the syrup when it is cold, and put them in the pastry case. Cover the fruit entirely with cream whipped, sweetened, and flavoured with liqueur. Sprinkle the whole with desiccated cocoanut.

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TO OUR READERS.

We receive hundreds of letters every week from "Readers of 'Truth.'" A large majority of the writers expect replies direct. Of the work, trouble, and expense involved in doing this we say nothing. But as experience has shown that a large number of our "Constant" and "Regular" readers who inquire about individuals with whom we have dealt in our columns over and over again are not actual subscribers to the paper, but merely occasional readers of it at clubs, libraries, or at friends' houses, we consider we must protect ourselves in the matter.

We have therefore decided that henceforth every reader who writes making an inquiry that necessitates a direct reply must enclose a stamped envelope and also a Coupon which will always be found at the foot of the 3rd page of the coloured cover. Without these no notice will be taken of the communication.

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a Coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" send replies by post.

No Coupon will be available that is over a fortnight out of date, except from correspondents residing abroad.

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ENTRE NOUS.

THE DOLLIES' DIALOGUE.

(Overheard on a shelf in Truth Office, and specially dedicated to Our Lady Readers).

TWO dollies, one named Goldilocks,
The other Raventress,
Reclined within their card-board box
In Eve's primeval dress.

To Goldilocks said Raventress,
"How long, O cousin waxen,
Must we lie here in nakedness
With ne'er a rag our backs on?

"I felt it not so much while still
Sweltered the August weather,
But now, with morns and e'ens so chill,
'Tis cold—this 'Altogether.'

"My lungs, you know, dear Goldilocks,
Were never very strong.
How long must I September's shocks
Endure, undressed—how long?"

"'How long?' Well that, to tell you true,
Depends, sweet coz, you know,
Upon Truth's lady readers who
Support our Christmas Show.

"For if, as in each former year,
Still to our aid they throng,
Why, then I can assure you, dear,
'Twill not be very long.

"But if—No! No! Avaunt the thought!
Tut! Play us such a trick?
Our ladies aren't that fickle sort;
They'll all come up to Dick.

"Oh! Yes. They'll send for us, you bet,
And soon their fingers nimble
To work upon our clothes will get
With needle and with thimble.

"I see 'em now, the busy fair,
Their small mouths many a pin in,
A-cutting out with loving care
Our dainty underlinen.

"And deftly shaping coats and skirts
—Most modish of creations—
And building us Parisian skirts
On Lyons silk foundations—

"No make-believes! The real things
—Fit for a royal toff—
With buttons, hooks and eyes, and strings,
To take both on and off!"

"'Take on and off!'" cried Raventress,
Almost with pleasure skipping.
"'Take on and off?' Well, I confess
That *is* distinctly ripping.

"For I was more than half afraid
They'd treat us just as dummies,
And sew each garment, as 'twas made,
With cotton to our tummies."

Smiled Goldilocks her cousin at,
"This never could befall.
Truth's friends don't send such shams as that,"
Said she, "to Albert Hall."

"What's Albert Hall?" "The palace big
Wherein, when dressed, are we
Paraded in our gala fig
For all the world to see."

"That's grand—that's grand—dear Goldilocks.
For I—I own its true—
Love showing off my pretty frocks."
(Smiled G.: "All girl-things do.")

"But what comes next, sweet Goldilocks?
What happens then?" cried R.
"Oh! Then they pack us in a box
And send us, near and far,

"To wards where small expectant tots,
From alley and from slum,

Are counting, in their little cots,
The hours until we come.

"And, oh! the joy when now we 're there!
And, oh! the rapturous fuss,
The fond, proprietary care
These mites bestow on us!

"And watch with, oh! such jealous eye
To guard us from alarms,
Nor go to sleep, unless we lie
In safety in their arms.."

"I like the frocks," said Raventress.
"I like the Albert Hall;
But little mother's soft caress
—I like *that* best of all.

"But what, O Goldilocks!" she cries,
In accents fraught with pain,
"What if that little mother's eyes
Shall look for me in vain?

"What if the mite, who eager lies
Within her little cot,
Looks, looks, for me with glad surmise—
Looks, looks, but sees me not?"

"The ladies may forget, mayhap,
—As ladies sometimes do—
And then, methinks, my heart would snap
And little mother's, too."

Said Goldilocks, "Sweet Cousin, oh,
You needn't doubt or fret.
Truth's lady readers well I know;
They NEVER will forget!"

It is now definitely settled that the King is to be the guest of Lord and Lady Colebrooke, at Glengonnar House, near Abington, Lanarkshire, from Monday, October 15 (when his Majesty will arrive there from Balmoral), until Friday, the 19th, when he is to travel to London by the Caledonian and London and North Western lines. There will be shooting over the extensive preserves on the Abington estate on two days of his Majesty's visit, and it is expected that the third day will be devoted to an excursion to the Falls of the Clyde. This will be the King's first visit to Abington. The Prince of Wales was a guest there for a few days in August, 1903.

The King had his first day's grouse shooting in Strathspey last Tuesday, when the weather was very fine. The party of six guns drove from Tulchan Lodge to the Cromdale Moors on the opposite bank of the Spey, where a large number of beaters were in waiting, and as the wind was in the right direction excellent sport was obtained. Luncheon was served on the hill above Garvault, and the ladies staying at the Lodge joined the sportsmen there. The day's bag amounted to 150 brace of grouse, ten brace of blackgame, and a few hares.

On Wednesday the King shot over Lady Seafield's Castle Grant moors, and over 200 brace of grouse were killed. On Thursday there was shooting over Ourack moors, luncheon being served at Patagat, and excellent sport was obtained. When the Prince of Wales and the party at Tulchan Lodge shot over these moors last month over 300 brace of grouse were killed. On Saturday there was a good day's shooting over the home beats round Tulchan Lodge. The King left Tulchan on Monday, when he drove in his motor-car to Balmoral.

It was announced in Truth last week that the King would pay a visit while staying at Tulchan to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon at Gordon Castle. His Majesty drove in a 50-h.p. motor-car along the valley of the Spey on Friday morning, and arrived at the Castle shortly after one o'clock, the distance being about twenty-five miles. The King lunched at Gordon Castle, and he inspected the pictures, and walked through the gardens, which are extensive and very well laid out. They were designed by the wife of the fifth Duke of Richmond in the forties. There is nothing romantic about the surroundings of the Castle, which is in a lowland country, and the finely wooded deer park is nearly level. The King left Gordon Castle at four o'clock, and drove to Delfur Lodge, where he took tea with Colonel and Mrs. Ralph Vivian on his way back to Tulchan. His Majesty is to shoot at Houghton Hall in December with Colonel Vivian, who rents that place from Lord Cholmondeley.

The Queen lived on board the Royal yacht during her stay at Copenhagen, although apartments in the Amalienborg Palace had been prepared for her Majesty and Princess Victoria. The Queen visited the King and Queen of Denmark at the Castle of Charlottenlund, the Crown Prince and Crown Princess at the Château of Sorgenfri, and Prince and Princess Waldemar at Bernstorff. The King of the Hellenes arrived from Paris on Friday morning just in time to have a long conversation with his sister before her departure from Copenhagen.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, who have been residing for several weeks at Abergeldie Castle, are expected to arrive at Marlborough House from Scotland on the morning of Sunday, October 7, and on Tuesday, the 9th, they will go to Orwell Park, near Ipswich, until Saturday, the 13th, on a visit to Captain and Lady Beatrice Pretyman. The Prince and Princess, who have not visited Sandringham since their return from India, are expected to arrive at York Cottage on Saturday, October 13.

The Duke of Connaught, who returned to England from Germany on Sunday, has gone to Scotland to join the Duchess and Princess Patricia, who have been staying for ten days at Elie, on the Fife coast, a place which is celebrated for its golf links. The Duke and Duchess and Princess Patricia are going to pay some visits in the North.

For Special for Ladies, see page 772.
For the Truth Hotel List, see page 774.
For Selected Foreign Hotels, see page 775.
For Estates, Auctions, &c., see page 773.
For Amusements, see page 773.
For Appeals, see page 782.
For Our Puzzles, see pages 781, 782.

The Duchess of Albany, who has been staying for several weeks with the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha at Schloss Kallenberg, near Coburg, is expected to return early next month to Claremont Park, for the winter. The Duchess is to pay a visit to her sister, the Queen Dowager of the Netherlands, at the Château of Soestdijk, near Utrecht, when on her homeward journey to England.

Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll is to arrive on Friday at Temple Newsam Hall, near Leeds, where she will stay until Monday. The estate of Temple Newsam, which is one of the most valuable in Yorkshire, was left by the last Lord Irvine (who died in 1807) to his daughter Isabella, Marchioness of Hertford, and when she died in 1836 the property passed to her nephew, Mr. Hugo Meynell, of Hoar Cross, Staffordshire. His son, the late Mr. Meynell Ingram, left his whole property to his widow, and when she died last year she bequeathed the Yorkshire estate to her nephew, Mr. Edward L. Wood, son of Lord Halifax. The present value of the estate may be estimated from the fact that when Lady Hertford died the income was over £30,000 a year. The magnificent Jacobean house at Temple Newsam was built during the reign of Charles I. by Sir Arthur Ingram, and it contains some very fine rooms, notably the library and the gallery. The house has long been famous for its valuable collection of Old Masters. The deer park is large, picturesque, and well wooded, but the smoke of Leeds has much blackened the trees on one side.

The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, who have left Denmark for Germany, will probably pay a visit to England next year as the guests of their Majesties. The Duke and Duchess have not visited England since their marriage. The Duke was last in this country when his father, King George of Hanover, was buried in the Royal vault at Windsor Castle in June, 1878. The Duchess has not been in England for more than thirty years.

The *World* cannot be congratulated on the correctness of its information as to the Royal deer forests on Deeside. It states that among the best beats in the forests "are those on Glen Quoich, Glen Ey, and Glen Lui." As a matter of fact, these three beats have no more connection with the Royal forests than with the preserves at Sandringham. They are all many miles away in the deer forest of Mar, which belongs to the Duke of Fife. The *World* refers to the forest of Birkhall, which is a purely imaginative preserve.

The same paper is, too, entirely wrong in stating that the Duke of Cumberland "is bound by a promise to the late King George not to relinquish his claim to the Kingdom of Hanover." This is the mere hash up of a very old fiction. There was no such promise. The Duke of Cumberland has carefully avoided any communication whatever with the Court of Berlin, out of deference to the feelings of his mother, Queen Marie It is improbable that any sort of *modus vivendi* between the German Government and the Duke of Cumberland will be arrived at during the lifetime of Queen Marie, who is now in her eighty-ninth year.

Last week Dublin was given over to the tourists who have visited the Irish capital in such numbers this year, beating the record of all other years. Dublin Castle is an object of much interest to visitors to Dublin, but has little to show from an architectural or antiquarian point of view. Its outward aspect gives no indication of all that it represents and has for so long represented to the majority of the Irish people. One thing alone is representative and significant. The observant tourist can note that the statue of Justice stands on the Castle gate and without its walls.

The quiet of this week in Ireland is in some way the lull before the storm. No Royal Commission was sitting. Next month the Dublin University, the Congested Districts, and the Canal Commissions will all be engaged on their various inquiries. Many things may be expected to happen during the inquiries, but as to their results experience does not encourage hopeful expectation. However, there is always the chance, especially perhaps in Ireland, that the unexpected may happen. Meanwhile, whenever the season is slack, there is always, for the Ascendency party, the "MacDonnell Mystery" to fall back upon.

An Irish correspondent writes as follows. He is, of course, quite right in his correction, and I apologise for the error: —

Your usually accurate notes in last issue slightly erred in saying that there is no positive enactment against the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland being a Catholic. Such is the fact. No peer of that religion may be, as the law stands, Lord Lieutenant. Nor, in the absence of the Lord Lieutenant from the country, can any of the Lords Justices who take his place and assume his functions be a Catholic. The same disability attaches to no other religion, nor does even the absence of any religious profession disqualify. A Lord Justice may be a Jew, and two of them have been Unitarians. Until a previous Administration of Mr. Gladstone, the same disqualification attached, as regards a Catholic, to the office of Lord Chancellor. But this disability was removed by law, and Lord O'Hagan was the first Catholic holder of the office since the Reformation in Ireland. Mr. Nash subsequently held the office but for a short time; but these two were the only Catholics who were Lord Chancellors of Ireland for two hundred years and more. In England, the Lord Chancellor (as was the case formerly in Ireland) may be anything but a Catholic. A Jew has held the exalted position, but as the law now stands, no Catholic can fill the office wherein Sir Thomas More, the first lay and Catholic Chancellor, was so distinguished an ornament. Until that disability and disadvantage is removed Catholic emancipation is not complete.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has been staying during the last week at Stracathro House, Forfarshire, on a visit to his brother, Mr. James A. Campbell. Sir Henry will reside at Belmont Castle until about October 17, when he is coming to town for the autumn session.

The statement that Sir Francis Laking was staying at Abergeldie Castle with the Prince and Princess of Wales when he was taken ill is incorrect. He was spending a few weeks at Abergeldie Mains, which had

been lent to him for the season by his Majesty. Sir Francis was to have stayed at Abergeldie Mains during the residence of the Court at Balmoral, but his place will now be taken by Sir James Reid, who was for twenty years resident physician to Queen Victoria, and is now one of the King's physicians-in-ordinary. Sir James and Lady Reid arrived at Abergeldie Mains on Friday.

In spite of all I can do to persuade readers of Truth that my knowledge of things in general is limited, requests for information are every week addressed to me which it is quite beyond my powers to answer. Among other things this week I am asked to advise on cigarettes, and as such requests are common, I conclude that for some mysterious reason I am regarded as an authority on this subject. It is true that I smoke cigarettes, and, like other people who do that, I have been told that I smoke too many, which I should never have discovered for myself. But I smoke all sorts, and I enjoy them all so much that I object to draw invidious distinctions between them by recommending one in preference to another. My mind being reduced by cigarette smoking to this condition, the only advice I can give others who are equally undecided, is to try those cigarettes which are advertised in Truth. They might begin with those of the Ardath Tobacco Co., which I have tried myself. My fancy is the Turkish variety, and as I find them good enough for me, I consider they ought to be good enough for anybody else.

Will my Indian and Colonial readers who interest themselves in the Truth Puzzles be good enough to look at the special arrangement which my Puzzle Editor is making this week for their benefit? I have been endeavouring to impress him with the Briton's sacred duty of thinking Imperially. The truth is that some of our kinsmen in distant parts of the Empire have been complaining that, owing to the time limits, they are not on equal terms with their competitors in the home market in respect of the solution of Truth Puzzles. I have, therefore, decided to give them a little preference, by having every three months a special competition for their benefit, and allowing them three months to send in their efforts. This will enable the reader of Truth by Afric's sunny fountains, or on India's golden strand, the backwoodsman, the frontiersman, and all the rest of them, to beguile their leisure with Truth competitions; and, as there will be a prospect attached of thereby putting two guineas into their pockets, it is my hope that the bonds which unite the Mother Country and her children cannot fail to be strengthened.

Sir Edward Chichester, who died at Gibraltar last week, was one of the ablest and most popular officers in the service. His death, which will be deeply and widely lamented, is a real and serious loss to the country. Sir Edward was employed for some years on transport service and in the protection of fisheries, and he was in command of the *Immortalité* on the China Station when the Spanish-American war broke out in 1898. At Manila, Sir Edward acted with fine tact and great firmness during the quarrel which arose between the American officers and those of Germany, and his influence was successfully exerted to restore good will on both sides. It would be impossible to overrate the value of his work as transport officer at Cape Town during the South African war, and he was warmly and universally praised, and particularly by Lord Roberts, whose references to him in despatches were most eulogistic. He had held the important appointment of Admiral-Superintendent at Gibraltar since June, 1904, and there also he had won golden opinions, and enjoyed great popularity and the high esteem of all classes.

Sir Edward was the head of one of the oldest families in the West of England, and he inherited large estates in North Devon on the death of his father, Sir Arthur Chichester, in 1898. He was a most popular landlord, and was an immense favourite among his country neighbours of all classes. The baronetcy was conferred in 1641, but the family have been settled in Devonshire since the early part of the fifteenth century.

General Dunham Massy, who died last week in Ireland, was dangerously wounded at the final assault on the Redan in September, 1855, being then a lad of seventeen. The Russians took him prisoner, but as he was believed to be mortally wounded he was left on the field. He afterwards served in India, and during the Afghan campaign of 1879-80 he commanded a cavalry brigade and greatly distinguished himself. Since retiring from the Army, General Massy had lived at his place in Ireland, and had taken an active and useful part in all local affairs.

Major Wedderburn Ogilvy, of Ruthven, who died last week at the age of eighty-eight, was the head of an ancient and much-esteemed Forfarshire family. He owned large estates in the county, which came to him in 1899 on the death of his elder brother, Colonel Wedderburn Ogilvy, and the property of Ruthven has been in the possession of the Ogilvy family for many generations. The heiress of Ruthven married Mr. Peter Wedderburn, and they were the parents of the late laird. He was next heir, under a special remainder, to the baronetcy now held by his cousin, Sir William Wedderburn. Major Wedderburn Ogilvy was educated for the Church of England, but he preferred to go out to Australia in early life, and remained there for a number of years. On returning home he lived in Forfarshire, at Edinburgh, and at Bath before he succeeded to the family estates. He was a liberal and considerate landlord, and was liked and esteemed by everyone who knew him. He was a keen sportsman

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The Preservation of Health is the subject of interesting remarks of Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., on page 780.

during the greater part of his life, and a noted pedestrian. He was for many years an officer in the Royal Perthshire Militia.

Mr. Roland Philipson, who was killed in the railway accident at Grantham, was one of the most prominent commercial men in the North of England, and a most generous supporter of charitable and philanthropic institutions. He belonged to a family which has long been associated with Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and his grandfather was Town Clerk of that city for a great number of years. Mr. Philipson was an advanced Liberal, though also a strong Churchman, and not long ago he was urgently requested to stand for South Shields, which would have been a safe seat for him, and he might several times have been returned for Tynemouth if he could have been induced to come forward. Mr. Philipson had rented Howick House, the seat of Earl Grey, for the summer and autumn months. He was a great supporter of cricket and athletic clubs, and at one time he owned a very fine kennel of wire-haired fox terriers. His death will be deeply lamented in Northumberland, and in many ways it is a heavy and serious loss to that county.

The Dowager Lady Londonderry was the only child of Sir John Edwards, from whom she inherited large estates in Wales. Her father for many years took a most active part in Welsh politics, and, being a staunch Whig, he was created a baronet by Lord Melbourne. Lady Londonderry, who has died at the age of seventy-eight, was married in 1846 to Lord Seaham, the elder son of Charles, third Marquis of Londonderry, by his second marriage with the only child of Sir Harry Vane Tempest, who was the greatest heiress in England. In 1854 Lord Seaham succeeded his father in the earldom of Vane under a special remainder, and in 1872 he became fifth Marquis of Londonderry, on the death of his half-brother. Lady Londonderry was much beloved on the family estates, for she was very kind and charitable, and showed great sympathy for the people in practical ways, but without any fuss or an elaborate parade of her good works. She was a *grande dame* in the truest sense of the term. A Tory of the old school, she took great interest in the course of public affairs, and was prominent at many famous elections in the city and county of Durham. The family estates in Durham, in Wales, and in Ireland abound in memorials of the considerate generosity of Lady Londonderry and her husband, and they managed their immense property with admirable sagacity and foresight.

Archdeacon Lightfoot, who died last week at the age of seventy, passed his whole clerical life in the diocese of Peterborough. He was the eldest son of Dr. Lightfoot, the well-known Rector of Exeter College. At the age of twenty-eight he was appointed chaplain to Bishop Jeune, and directly after the appointment of Dr. Magee to the See of Peterborough Mr. Lightfoot was presented by him to the Vicarage of Towcester. He succeeded the late Bishop of Ely as Archdeacon of Oakham in 1884, and since 1890 he had been Rector of Uppingham. He served under five Bishops of Peterborough, and was one of the best known and most popular divines in the diocese, and he was most highly esteemed by both clergy and laity. Archdeacon Lightfoot was a High Churchman of the old Oxford school, and he was generally regarded as the head of this party in the diocese, and as a species of buffer between the clergy of this school and the Bishop. He succeeded the Bishop of Guildford as Prolocutor of the Lower House of the Convocation of Canterbury, and held this difficult post with dignity and efficiency for three years, when failing health obliged him to resign. He may be said to have enjoyed the confidence of all schools of clergy.

The death of Archdeacon Lightfoot vacates the important living of Uppingham and the Archdeaconry of Oakham (stipend, £200 a year), both preferments being in the gift of the Bishop of Peterborough. The rectory of Uppingham is worth about £500 a year, with house.

Bishop Hoare, who was drowned last week during the typhoon, had held the See of Victoria, Hong Kong, for eight years, but he had been working zealously in China since 1875. He entered the Church expressly in order to serve under the C.M.S., of which his father, the well-known Canon Hoare, was an enthusiastic supporter. His great work was the establishment of a college at Ningpo for Chinese boys, and this has developed into a highly successful institution, thanks mainly to the energy and shrewdness of its founder. Bishop Hoare was appointed to the See of Victoria by Archbishop Temple, and his work in the diocese has fully justified that prelate's choice. He had special qualifications for his difficult and varied work, and his early death is a great loss. Bishop Hoare was, of course, a staunch Evangelical, but he was a man of wide sympathies, and never figured as a partisan.

The Church Congress is to meet at Barrow-in-Furness on Tuesday next, under the presidency of the Bishop of Carlisle. The opening sermons will be preached by the Bishops of Ripon, Birmingham, and Liverpool.

The Bishop of London, who has been staying in Scotland for several weeks, is to return next week to Fulham Palace, when he will resume work in the diocese. The Bishop will reside at Fulham until early in December, when he is coming up to London House for the winter.

The Bishop of Stepney is to be the Canon-in-residence and Sunday afternoon preacher at St. Paul's Cathedral during October, replacing Canon Scott Holland. Dean Gregory, who has been staying for six weeks in West Sussex, has returned to town, and is again officially in residence.

The following letter from one of my Catholic correspondents gives some interesting information about the Dawes bequest, which has figured so largely in the controversy over Roman Catholic trusts:—

The time for reconstruction has arrived. It is necessary that the Charity Commissioners should formally call upon the trustees of the Dawes Fund to restore and place in safety what they through their own gross want of care have lost. It is high time that an example should be made of all concerned. The Petworth case should also be gone into and the money restored to its original destination.

The late Charles William Dawes, of Barton Hill, Petworth, who died December 25, 1899, at Hove, left in money £118,039 8s. 6d. After generous bequests he left his house to the Jesuits, and the rest of the money (I hear some £90,000) to his two trustees and executors, Andrew Murray, Esq., of Cleveland House, St. Leonards, and Arthur Grey Ellis, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, his solicitor. Probate was obtained on January 29, 1890. The bulk of his property was left to these trustees upon trust for the trustees for the time being of an indenture dated October 9, 1897, between Mr. Dawes on one hand, Bishop Butt of Southwark, Canon William Murnane, Canon Joseph Moore, Canon Charles McGrath, and the said Arthur Grey Ellis. It will be seen by the date of the indenture that Bishop Bourne's name does not appear, and this is strange, for Bishop Butt had already resigned the See of Southwark (April 9, 1897), and Bishop Bourne succeeded on the same day to the See. Now, by the terms of the indenture, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwark for the time being can be a trustee; but I believe that Bishop Bourne has never made himself legally responsible. Mr. Ellis was induced to resign, and I believe also Canon William Murnane, the most respected of all the Southwark clergy. Canon McGrath is dead, but whether he resigned I do not know. I understand that the three trustees now are Provost Moore, Canon Keatinge, and that useful man, Canon St. John. The trustees were authorised to invest the money in certain securities. Did they? And did they know that the money was actually so invested? It must be made quite clear that the trustees and those under whose orders they acted are amenable to the civil law. Again, was the indenture of 1897 ever declared as a trust according to law, and, if not, why not? The more one goes into the case the more glaring becomes the culpability and childishness of the Southwark authorities. No matter what the bishop has done there is absolutely no excuse whatever for them. They are, in their measure, just as much to be blamed and punished as he.

Since Catholic emancipation we have come into contact with the State, and now the time has come that the State should regulate our temporal affairs. In the eyes of the law we are a voluntary association; so are friendly societies, and so are trading companies. The law for the common good and for the protection of individuals, interferes in the business of such bodies, why not in ours? Catholic Church property ought to be doubly secure, for both the Pope and the State profess to protect it. All our trusts should be compulsorily declared. There is no real difficulty now, or none that a short Act would not set straight. I call on the Charity Commissioners to inquire into these cases; I call on Parliament for action; I call on some sensible Protestant members (Catholics would be marked men for the rest of their lives) to raise the point of the tenure of Catholic property in the House, and introduce the required legislation. And I call upon all Catholics not to leave a penny to the bishops until it is put out of the power of their lordships to swindle (it's a nasty word, but it's true) bene factors out of their money.

It is scarcely necessary, I suppose, to say that neither the Charity Commissioners nor any other public body will take any official action on mere anonymous requests addressed to them in newspapers. This is evidently appreciated by another of my Catholic correspondents, who urges that every Catholic reader of Truth should personally write to the Charity Commissioners calling attention to the facts that have been disclosed, and requesting them to take action. What the effect of that might be I cannot say, but I take it that anybody who applies to the Charity Commissioners for their intervention in the administration of a trust over which they have jurisdiction, must show some personal interest of his own in the trust in order to give him a *locus standi*.

The suggestion is also made in another letter that the trustees at fault in these cases should be "prosecuted." So far as I have seen at present, there is no allegation against any of the trustees which raises any ground for a criminal prosecution; and, though I am averse to commit myself to an opinion on a question of law, I think any lawyer consulted on this question would tell my correspondents that the only remedy against the trustees who are at fault would be by a civil action for breach of their duty as trustees. If any person, or any association of persons, is disposed to take such action, the first step is to take legal advice. If not, I fear it is not of much use to call vaguely for "prosecution" or any other legal operation. The difficulty of aggrieved Catholics in this matter seems to be, as I have said before, that for one reason or another no one is disposed to bell the cat, and that is why I see no remedy for the existing grievances except by the action of higher ecclesiastical authority—in other words, that of Rome.

AN "IDLE SHEPHERD'S" RETORT.

Me in the *Daily Tel.* they trounce
And jeer and flout and mock,
And, as a shepherd lax, denounce
Who do not tend my flock;
Or some declare too well I tend
The *rich* sheep of my fold,
While on the *poor* no thought I spend,
But leave *them* in the cold.

One critic e'en—to specify—
My cloth has satirised
Because, or so he says, though I
His baby had baptised,
When next young hopeful out I met,
Too proud was I to greet,
But feigned, sir, not to know the pet
And "passed it in the street."

Now, sir, 'tis quite allowed by me
That I perfection ain't;
Nor have I e'er set up to be
An angel or a saint.
But what I do, sir, claim to know
Is why these scribes all rally
To throw their sticks at ME, as though
I were THE ONE Aunt Sally!

Are parsons, sir, alone, I ask,
Their duties sometimes slack in?
Do they alone their daily task
Not always put their back in?
Do they alone, like drones in hive,
Hate toil, but love the honey?
Are they the only men alive
Not always worth their money?

I've heard—though vouch for it I won't,
Because it mayn't be true—
Of big official wigs who don't
Entirely earn their screw;
Of some who, though 'tis whispered that
At nothing they'd be dear,
Neglect The Nation's interest at
Five thousand pounds a year.

I've heard—it mayn't be true, of course—
Of eminent K.C.'s,
Who pocket, sir, without remorse,
Immense retaining fees;
Yet, though for such tremendous pay,
Their services you've bought,
Don't always recollect, they say,
To turn up, sir, in Court.

I've heard—again it mayn't be true;
Such stories people fake!—
Of company-directors who
A handsome income make

By nothing more than sitting still,
And nodding over *Punch*,
Or yawning off their heads, until
It's time to go to lunch.

Once more, the paper, sir, itself,
Which thus my cloth doth slang,
And hints that, so I draw my pelf,
I let my sheep go hang—
That paper, sir, betrays *its* flock
To any rogue who pays,
Yea, sells them, daily, all *en bloc*,
To advertising jays.

So really, sir, I think—don't you?—
That ere at me it jibes,
And opens up its columns to
The parson-hating scribes,
It *first* a shepherd true and staunch
To *its own* flock should be,
And *then, nor then until*, should launch
Its diatribes at ME!

The curtain has at last been rung down on the Port Elizabeth Settlers' Memorial Tower scheme, an impudent imposition which was first exposed in Truth in 1904. The author of the scheme was the Rev. A. Hall, a Baptist minister at Port Elizabeth, and the erection of a memorial to the British settlers of 1820 was put in the forefront in his appeals for funds both in South Africa and in England. Insidiously and ingeniously combined with this object, however, was a proposal that the fund should also be used for the enlargement of the Baptist church, a fact which was overlooked by many subscribers. From the report of the recent final meeting of the committee at Port Elizabeth, it now appears that out of the £1,894 raised by Mr. Hall in cash and promises, no less than £1,048 5s. was afterwards withdrawn by the contributors in consequence of the exposure of the true inwardness of the movement. Of the balance that still remains, the church appropriates £362 in cash and £47 in "promises," while the Settlers' Memorial Tower Fund gets £215 in cash and £185 in "promises."

It will be observed that under this division the church takes the lion's share of the cash and the memorial is awarded most of the "promises." Even if those "promises" were fulfilled, the total amount obtained would be utterly insufficient for the erection of any worthy memorial, and so for the present the idea has been abandoned, and the memorial fund is to be handed over to the trusteeship of the Mayor and Town Treasurer. The end of this discreditable affair, therefore, is that while the Baptist church has benefited from the fund to a considerable amount, the old settlers are still without the memorial for which the money was mainly intended.

I have received the following amounts towards Lady St. Helier's Poor Children's Holiday Fund:—F. G. P., £3 3s.; Cairo, 5s.; Z. O. M. B. A., £1 1s. Z. O. M. B. A. also sends me £1 1s. for the Toy Fund.

The law's delays are nothing in comparison with those of military procedure by correspondence, notwithstanding all the recent reforms in the machinery. I was privileged the other day to peruse a correspondence extending from July 28, 1905, to April 9, 1906. A pensioner named Grant, employed as R.E. store-keeper at Lydd for upwards of sixteen years, making a total of thirty-seven years' Government service, was summarily dismissed without any explanation at the age of fifty-two under circumstances against which he had every right to protest. This was in July, 1905, and the man at once wrote to the G.O.C., Dover, appealing against his dismissal. Getting no satisfaction in that quarter, on September 18, he laid his case before the Army Council. According to his own statement, he received no reply, and if he did it was evidently no more than a formal acknowledgment. He again wrote on November 6 and December 4, and on December 6 received a reply from the Director of Fortifications and Works informing him that the matter was being considered. On January 25 he wrote again, and on January 30 was informed that his letter had been forwarded to the Major-General-in-Command, Administration, Eastern Command, "with a view to your receiving a reply at an early date." On March 2 a further letter from him evoked the promise that his appeal "shall receive attention." On March 17 he was informed that it is not intended to take any further action in the matter, and on his remonstrating the correspondence closed on April 9 with a letter containing the further information that, "a full investigation" having already been made of the circumstances which led to his dismissal, "it is not considered that any reason exists for further inquiry."

Apart from the extraordinary length of time consumed in dealing with this matter at headquarters, the result appears most unsatisfactory. The story began with a court-martial in October, 1904, at which a foreman of works at Lydd was convicted of a theft of Government property. Mr. Grant was tried at the same time as an accessory, and was acquitted. He did not return to his duty as storekeeper until three weeks later. From the time when he was suspended until the time of his return the stores were, of course, not under his control. At the end of June in the following year, after stocktaking, he was informed by the District Officer that he had to pay £9 10s. 4d. on account of deficiencies, and two days later he received a fortnight's notice of dismissal. It is obvious that the man could not fairly be held responsible for deficiency of stores when the charge of them had been for some weeks handed over to somebody else. This the War Office has acknowledged, for, in the course of the correspondence above mentioned, it appears that the amount charged against the man and deducted from his pay has been refunded. Yet, while thus admitting that he is not responsible for the deficiency, the far heavier punishment which has been inflicted upon him by dismissing

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him from his employment is upheld. The final decision on his appeal is therefore bad on the face of it; and it is the more indefensible in view of the merciless severity of the punishment.

It will be seen that this result is arrived at after the best intellects at headquarters have had this case under their consideration for a period of five months. The final official statement that "a full investigation has already been made" has an air of credibility in view of the amount of time consumed. But it is evident that what is understood by a "full investigation" at the War Office bears no relation to the kind of investigation which is necessary for the elucidation of truth, seeing that it has been held entirely behind the back of the man whose conduct is impugned, and that no attempt whatever has been made to give him an opportunity of establishing his statements. The investigation can only have taken the form of referring the matter back to the local officials who are responsible for the man's dismissal. That the result should be a self-evident absurdity and a gross injustice to the man concerned is only what might be expected. To make the matter worse, in his original complaint Mr. Grant cites evidence given at the court-martial which reflects upon the general management of the stores under the District Officer. These allegations, if well founded, could undoubtedly be proved by independent evidence if a proper inquiry were held. That the "full investigation," under these circumstances, should have taken the futile and perfunctory form above described is quite incomprehensible.

Under a recent regulation an officer, before he can go in for the second part of his promotion examination, must have a certificate from his C.O. to the effect that the latter "is personally satisfied that the candidate has sufficient knowledge of the subjects to warrant his presenting himself for examination; also that as regards his competency to command, to instruct, and train his men in barracks and in the field he is fitted for promotion." A commanding officer is thus entrusted with power to prevent any of his officers passing for promotion; and if he has already made an unfavourable confidential report on a man there is every likelihood that the power will be exercised. The principle on which the regulation is founded is sound enough. Everybody is in favour of stopping the advancement of men in the Army to positions for which they are unfitted; and a C.O.'s opinion of his officers is, *primâ facie*, entitled to more weight than anybody else's. But the expediency of giving an absolute power of stopping a man's promotion to any C.O. without control or appeal is extremely doubtful.

A recent case in which the power has been exercised exemplifies the danger of the regulation. The victim is an officer of some eighteen years' service, and has passed the first part of his promotion examination. But his C.O., having already confidentially reported him unsuited for promotion, declines to give him the necessary certificate for the second part—and he might not unnaturally feel that he would be stultifying himself if he did so. Of the junior concerned I know nothing beyond what has just been stated, except that opinions of other men who know him differ from the C.O.'s. But as regards the C.O., an officer who knows him well, and in whose judgment I have confidence, states that, though personally popular, he is generally considered the reverse of a good C.O., that his judgment of other men is worth little, and that he is essentially a man governed by his personal likes and dislikes. He obtained his command when a vacancy occurred in South Africa, on the strength of a very colourless and "non-committal" report from the G.O.C. of the district in answer to War Office inquiries.

As long as there is a possibility of a commanding officer being fairly open to such criticism as this from a perfectly independent observer—which is much the same thing as saying as long as commanding officers are human—there can be no certainty that a C.O.'s veto on the promotion examination will be in accordance with the interests of efficiency or of justice. From neither point of view is it desirable that a man who has devoted eighteen years of his life to the Army should be exposed to the possibility of finding his career brought to a standstill for no other reason than a personal prejudice, or an error of judgment on the part of a man who is himself incompetent.

Nor is it easy to understand why the military authorities should take on themselves the responsibility of examining officers in order to test their fitness, and yet allow the C.O. to decide for himself and them that any officer is unfit. The procedure is, in fact, absolutely illogical. If a C.O. is competent to pronounce a man unfit, he is equally competent to pronounce him fit, and promotion may as well be left to him altogether. It is one thing to take his opinion and allow it due weight, having regard always to his own professional character and abilities; it is quite another to make this opinion decisive of a question which you profess to decide for yourself. There ought at least to be some power of appeal from the C.O.'s refusal of a certificate for the promotion examination, and the Army Council would do well to consider the necessity for it.

An officer complains of a recent official decision to the effect that a married officer living out of barracks, but having a room allotted to him in barracks which he does not use, must pay for the hire of the Government furniture put into it. I do not quite understand this grievance, unless it is the fact that an officer who has a furnished room allotted to him in barracks is bound to take it, whether he wants it or not. Can he not renounce the *damnosa hereditas?* Of course, if he cannot, to saddle him with a charge for furniture is a real hardship. At any rate, if furniture is allotted to a man and he is compelled to pay hire for it when

he is living out of barracks, he ought to be allowed to temporarily remove the furniture to his own home, if he desires to do so. The complaint is another example of the unfair treatment of married regimental officers who have to provide themselves with homes outside barracks, but are not entitled to lodging allowance. The best way of redressing their grievances, so far as I can see, is to extend to officers the principle of marriage "with leave," and to allow a sufficient lodging allowance to regimental officers on the married establishment.

Apropos of the cry of the Indian officer for a living wage, one of my readers suggests that a good many Indian officers pay most extravagant prices for the board and lodging of their children in England. He mentions a case in which a clergyman's wife was taking charge of two quite small children at the modest price of £15 a month. Having ascertained that he could board his children more cheaply elsewhere, the father protested, and got the payment reduced to £10 a month. If he inquires further, I should think he will discover that he can get it done even more cheaply than that. It is difficult to believe that many Indian officers are so ignorant of the world as to get themselves let in to this extent; but as my correspondent thinks that many of them are, it is no doubt desirable that they should be enlightened.

About a month ago a circular letter was issued from the War Office to the effect that N.C.O.'s and men of the general duty section of the R.A.M.C., having upwards of twelve months' service and good characters, and being able to produce a guarantee of employment, would be allowed to transfer to the Reserve at once, or as soon as practicable. In consequence, large numbers of men set to work and obtained offers of civil employment. In the meantime, however, instructions were given by telephone suspending the previous instructions until further notice; and up to a few days ago no further instructions had been received. The result of this is that numbers of men have applied for and been promised situations in civil life, and are now in a state of uncertainty as to when they will be able to accept them, or whether they will be able to do so at all. In the latter event, it is, of course, highly probable that they will never get the same promise of employment again, for employers are not likely to feel favourably disposed towards men who ask for jobs and then find that they cannot take them. It is really a most inconsiderate and unbusinesslike method of procedure to issue a notice of this kind and recall it in the course of a few days, and it is rather disquieting to learn that our reformed War Office still indulges in such eccentricities.

On September 14, a lieutenant belonging to a Militia regiment, undergoing a course of instruction at the School of Musketry, Hythe, was placed under close arrest, while acting as orderly officer of the day, on the charge of being under the influence of drink while in the performance of that duty. He was kept under arrest for some time, being visited every half hour by an officer specially detailed for the purpose. On the case being brought before the Cammandant, the Major who had ordered the arrest produced one officer as a witness in support of the action he had taken, but this officer failed to bear out the Major's statement, and the accused officer had several who were prepared to testify to his sobriety, though whether they were called, or to what extent the investigation was carried, I cannot say. What is certain is that the charge was dismissed by the Commandant, and the Lieutenant returned to duty, and that the matter ended there. The King's Regulations lay down expressly that when an officer is placed under arrest, the case must be reported to the General. This course does not seem to have been taken in the present instance, the inference from which is that it is desired to hush up the affair. Such a breach of regulations is wrong *per se*, and if the state of the evidence is correctly given in my information on the subject, the matter clearly calls for further investigation.

The following story reaches me from a civilian correspondent at Sheerness, who happens to have exceptionally good opportunities for knowing what is going on in local Service circles. A short time ago finger-marks on some new paint were discovered by a certain officer at the Royal Naval Gunnery School at Sheerness. The officer thereupon caused impressions to be taken of the fingers of all the ward room servants. Not being sufficiently expert, however, to identify the marks on the paint by this process, he stopped the leave of all the servants for a month. The servants appealed by letter to the Captain, who at once reduced the punishment to one week. Since this occurrence the first-mentioned officer has ordered the servants to be caned on every pretext that he can find, and he is alleged to have prefaced the punishment by inquiring whether the delinquent signed the letter to the Captain. My correspondent adds that the frequent use of the cane at the Sheerness School of Gunnery is notorious in the Service, and in view of the above allegations, which I have no doubt can be substantiated, some official inquiry into the matter is needed. In view of what passed in Parliament recently on the subject of caning in the Navy, it is desirable to ascertain, among other things, the ages of the "servants" who have been caned, and Mr. Robertson will appreciate the necessity for this.

A naval correspondent writes:—

Being much interested in your observations *re* H.M. ships taking the ground, I desire to inform you that officers in H.M. ships are informed by Notes Bearing on the Navigation of H.M. Ships (page 10) that a wide berth should be given to every rocky shore or patch, and this rule should be invariably followed—namely, that instead of considering a coast to be clear, unless it is shown to be foul, the contrary should be assumed. By this rule you will see that it is impossible to enter any port or bay without hazarding the ship you happen to be serving on.

The mere landsman is hopelessly at sea when it comes to technicalities of this kind; and I am sorry to say that

I fail to see what my correspondent assumes in his last sentence will be evident to me. How do you hazard your ship in entering "any port or bay" if you follow a course which your chart shows to be a perfectly safe one?

There is another point, however, in the same letter, which even I can understand. The writer goes on to mention that a navigating officer in the Navy has to provide himself with all necessary instruments except charts, compasses, chronometers, and deep-sea lead. Most of the instruments are supplied to officers, as a matter of course, on mail boats, and why should a different practice be followed in the Navy? It seems to me precisely the same thing as if I expected my staff to bring their own chairs, tables, and stationery, when they come to work for me.

The uproar raised in the German press over the *Meteor* incident at Portsmouth is not a very gratifying return for the big effort recently made to cultivate more cordial feeling among German journalists towards this country. The person most to blame, however, seems to be the captain of the *Meteor*, who must be perfectly well aware that he had no right to enter Portsmouth Harbour without permission from the naval authorities, still less to make fast to the first Admiralty buoy he could pick up. Moreover, when a request to him to move to another spot was made by the proper authorities, he must have known that it was his business to obey it if he wanted to use the harbour at all. But he takes offence at a perfectly legitimate request, puts to sea in a huff, and goes home to excite the imaginations of his countrymen with an imaginary tale of British outrage.

Judging by the statements that have appeared about the subsequent proceedings of the same ship at Shanklin, this captain must be an eccentric mariner to place in command of a liner, and one would think that his employers will have something to say to him. That the German papers should have accepted his tale so readily and shown such eagerness to magnify it into an international "incident" must be attributed partly to ignorance of nautical matters. But if they had stopped to think, they must have known that any foreign merchant ship which took similar liberties in the principal German naval harbour would have had a similar experience. The whole thing is a flagrant example of the mischief-making propensities of journalists who degrade patriotism into a "commercial asset," and it shows that these gentry are much the same in all countries.

The reorganisation of the police which is going on in India as the outcome of the Commission of Inquiry still excites much adverse criticism. Recently a scheme dealing with the superior ranks of the force in the Punjab, the North-West Province, and Baluchistan, has been made public. One of the officials who prepared it was the Inspector-General of the Punjab Police. One of its proposals is to raise the Inspector-General's salary from Rs.2400 to Rs.3000 a month. His assistant, who was drawing Rs.800 a month, drops into a newly-created appointment at Rs.1600. The superior officers all round are benefiting by more or less liberal improvements in their pay and position. This is all very well, but what about the subordinate grades, whose miserably inadequate pay has been admittedly responsible for a good deal of inefficiency and corruption? So far the constables have only received a paltry increase of about sixpence a week, and it does not appear that anything more is to be done for them. In a letter from an English resident in the Punjab, unconnected with the police, the opinion is expressed that the reorganisation scheme will do little or nothing to diminish the evils revealed before the Commission; and certainly it looks as though the Government have given too much consideration to those at the top of the service, and too little to those at the bottom.

Here is a complaint from another branch of the public service in India which bears on the favour that is shown to persons on the higher rungs of the official ladder. The complainant was a long way down. After thirty-eight years' work on the North-western Railway of India, he had only reached a salary of Rs.200 a month, and when the time came for his retirement at the age of fifty-five, he applied for an extension of service on the ground that he and his family could not subsist upon the small sum to which he was entitled from the provident fund. He was perfectly fit for further service, but his application was refused, and he has been compulsorily retired to what is really a state of semi-starvation. So far as the age rule is concerned, I do not consider that he would have any grievance if it were enforced impartially and inflexibly. But whilst subordinate employees are thus retired, "the law of the fifty-and-five" is not infrequently relaxed in the interest of better paid officials on the railway; and in these circumstances it is not surprising that a sense of injustice is kindled among the rank and file of the service.

Reference was made in Truth some time ago to the dismissal of Mr. G. Kothandaramayya, a deputy collector and magistrate, Madras Presidency, without any proper judicial investigation of the charge of corruption which was brought against him. Two officials had held departmental inquiries, the first acquitting the accused and the second condemning him. Against this decision Mr. Kothandaramayya appealed to the Secretary of State on the grounds that he was not given an adequate opportunity of defending himself, and that the law entitled an officer of his standing to a strictly judicial investigation. This memorial was, of course, submitted through the Madras Government, who subsequently informed the appellant that the Secretary of State had declined to interfere on his behalf. No further information could be obtained officially, but Mr.

Kothandaramayya learned privately that though the Secretary of State did not order his reinstatement, he strongly condemned the irregular procedure that had been adopted, and expressed the opinion that his case should be the subject of a proper judicial inquiry. A question on the matter in the Madras Legislative Council was disallowed by the Governor, and various requests for a copy of the dispatch were refused. Eventually, in July last, Mr. Kothandaramayya submitted to the Madras Government a petition for transmission to Mr. Morley, in which he asked that he should be furnished with copies of the above-mentioned despatch and the other orders and proceedings in his case. By an order of August 7 the Madras Government withheld this memorial on the ground that it adduced no new facts or circumstances requiring a reconsideration of the case.

No doubt it is necessary that the Governments in India should be vested with some discretion in regard to the transmission of memorials to the Secretary of State. It is difficult, however, to perceive any justification for the suppression of Mr. Kothandaramayya's recent petition. Why should he not be permitted to apply to the Secretary of State for a copy of the Secretary's observations and orders on his case? Why, indeed, should the Madras Government themselves refuse to disclose the contents of the document? Their attitude in the matter is bound to deepen the impression that this ex-deputy collector has not been fairly treated, and that the Secretary of State favoured a further inquiry into the case.

The City Corporation, which has sometimes exhibited signs of progress in matters affecting the public health, had a severe relapse last week. On two occasions it has passed resolutions in favour of the substitution of public abattoirs for private slaughterhouses. Last week the same reform was embodied in a series of recommendations by the Sanitary Committee concerning the inspection of meat, but it was this time rejected by a huge majority. This result is ascribed to the remarkable oration of an ornament of the Council named Domoney. He ridiculed the Chicago revelations and such like "alarmist tales," and pooh-poohed "medical science," which simply meant "keeping a lot of wastrels alive." Seemingly, he regards it as mere foolishness for sanitary authorities to take precautions to ensure the soundness and wholesomeness of the public food supply. "Look at me," he exclaimed, thumping his chest, "there is nothing the matter with me." It is as well that he pointed his boast with a reference to his chest rather than his head.

The Brentford District Council has dealt promptly and effectively with the serious complaints regarding the management of the Isolation Hospital, to which I alluded a fortnight ago. The matter was referred to a committee, and at the meeting of the Council last week it was reported that the matron and a nurse had been summarily dismissed, and other steps taken to prevent any recurrence of the scandal. It is better that there should be no scandal at all in connection with institutions of this kind, but when one is discovered it is, at any rate, satisfactory to see that the Council tackles it in a proper manner instead of adopting the perverse and dilatory tactics which such bodies too commonly pursue when complaints, however well-founded, are made against their officers.

An interesting financial statement has been issued by the liquidator of a Manchester concern called the "Arts Specialities Publishing Company, Limited." The company, on going into liquidation, estimated its assets at £5,637 4s. 5d., of which £5,632 18s. 2d. was in the form of a "claim for damages for breach of contract," and the balance of £4 6s. 3d. book debts. The liquidator's statement shows that the claim for damages for breach of contract realised "nil," and the book debts precisely the same amount. On the other hand, the cost of realising this amount came to £242 4s. 11d. There is, therefore, a balance of that amount due to the Official Receiver and the liquidator. Out of this balance £56 12s. 6d. is represented by Board of Trade and Court fees, and £175 by a "deposit as security for costs" in a certain action—evidently an action brought for the purpose of establishing the claim for damages for breach of contract which figures on the other side of the account. The action in question was brought against the proprietors of the *Manchester Guardian*.

At the date, therefore, when it went into liquidation this company possessed no visible property of any kind beyond a speculative claim for damages against another firm. What liabilities it may have had we are not told. The liquidator's statement does not concern itself with creditors. The question may fairly be asked whether the company went into liquidation for any other purpose except that of getting its alleged claim for damages for breach of contract formulated at someone else's expense by the Official Receiver and the liquidator in an action at law. I do not know out of whose pocket the £242 4s. 11d. that has been lost comes in such cases, but if it came out of the pockets of the officials concerned that would be only just. This is a case which seems deserving of the notice of the Board of Trade Committee on bankruptcy practice, and I suggest to the creditors that they should bring it before the committee.

An extraordinary judgment was delivered by Judge Fitzgibbon, K.C., in an action for libel in the Belfast Recorder's Court last week. The action was brought by a fruiterer and confectioner named Corr against the Rev. E. J. T. Stanley, curate of the Willowfield Episcopalian Church. Some months ago the plaintiff began to open his shop for two or three hours on Sunday evenings, a step which met with the disapproval of the defendant. The Protestant curate's Sabbatarian zeal was probably not lessened by the fact that Corr is a

Roman Catholic, and he drew up a document which denounced the opening of the shop on Sundays as "a public and daring infringement of God's law, a gross insult to our common Christianity, and a disgrace to the neighbourhood." It furthermore entered "a firm and emphatic protest" against Corr's action, and called upon him "to abide by the law of God and his country." The curate induced a large number of local residents to sign this document, and Corr asserted that his reverence threatened "to make matters worse for him" if he did not comply with its demand. At the trial the defendant denied the threat, but it was proved that matters assuredly were made worse for Corr, for, when he refused to be thus coerced into Sunday closing, his shop was more or less boycotted and his business ruined. Meanwhile, other similar shops in the same parish were kept open on Sunday evenings without any clerical protest being made. These shopkeepers, however, happened to be Protestants.

The case was heard by Judge Fitzgibbon without a jury. Here are two or three passages from his honour's judgment:—

> The plaintiff was keeping open his shop on Sundays contrary to the Divine law, contrary to the law of the land. *The clergyman had to interfere with him.* It matters not to what denomination he belongs. . . . And now the clergyman having remonstrated with him for being guilty of this illegal conduct against the Divine and the human law, he is now seeking to make money out of it. The clergyman was acting as a clergyman; he was endeavouring to make him comply with the Divine law.

There was more twaddle of the same kind, and after a final reference to "the Divine and the human law," his honour dismissed the action. It would appear, therefore, that in the opinion of this learned judge a clergyman—at any rate, a Protestant clergyman—is privileged to publish a most damaging libel about a tradesman—at any rate, about a Roman Catholic tradesman—and thereby ruin his business in order "to make him comply with the Divine law"! I wonder what the Belfast Orangemen would have said if the defendant in the case evoking this amazing judgment had been a Roman Catholic priest instead of a Protestant curate.

It is reported that at Barnstaple recently a charge of drunkenness against a tradesman was heard in camera at the police station. Commenting on this a writer in the *North Devon Herald* says:—

> I suppose the magistrates are entitled, if they choose, to exercise their prerogative of excluding the press and the public, but if this case may be taken as a precedent, where is the thing going to stop? Logically, every man who in future is charged with being drunk may apply to have his case heard in private in order that no report of the proceedings may appear in the press.

Perhaps there is some subtle irony in this, though I confess that I cannot detect it. Certainly it seems almost incredible that any journalist can seriously suppose that magistrates are entitled to exclude the public—which for this purpose at least includes reporters—from the hearing of a charge of drunkenness, or, indeed, any charge whatever. On the contrary, the law compels them to hear every case in an open court to which the public have access; and in the interests of a proper administration of justice no such illegality as a private sitting should be tolerated. Usually it is only by trickery or bluff that reporters are kept away from the hearing of a case. Magistrates' clerks, if not the magistrates themselves, are perfectly well aware that the court must be open to the public, and that any attempt to hold it with closed doors is a breach of the law which may get them into trouble.

A somewhat similar question with regard to the reporting of cases heard by the magistrates has lately arisen at Torquay. Apparently some of the magistrates and officials of the court desired that the name and address of a person convicted of drunkenness should be suppressed, but the papers, very properly refusing to depart from the usual practice for the benefit of any particular individual, published the facts. On the next appearance of the reporters at the court they were informed by the magistrates' clerk that the "gentleman" who had been fined was highly offended at his name appearing in the papers, and that in future a copy of the charge sheet would not be placed at the disposal of the press. It would be interesting to know whether this proceeding of their clerk receives the approval of the magistrates.

It may be an old-fashioned prejudice on my part, but I should certainly be sorry to see the abolition of the custom of cautioning accused persons which Mr. Mead advocated last week. Mr. Mead thinks that it would be in the interests of justice that a person who is arrested should be allowed to say what he likes without any warning that whatever he says may be used in evidence against him. My opinion is that this might easily lead to miscarriages of justice. As it is, policemen are sometimes inclined to encourage persons to talk with the object of getting damaging admissions from them, and if the administration of the usual caution were dropped this practice would grow. More often than not such conversations occur immediately after an arrest, on the way to the police station, and though the officer may make notes subsequently, it is impossible for him to write down what is said at the moment. If more than a few words are uttered it is practically impossible for the policeman to repeat them exactly, however honestly he may desire to do so, and some little mistake may occur which will produce a quite erroneous impression on the mind of the magistrate or the jury. And, of course, if an officer is so bent on securing a conviction as to be capable of wilfully misrepresenting what a prisoner has said, the misrepresentation may appear all the more plausible when nothing has been done to warn the prisoner of the danger of speaking freely to his captor.

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My Legal Pillory this week is headed by an instructive exhibition of Justice's justice at Worthing, where a wife-beater is let off with a paltry fine for an aggravated assault, whilst a term of imprisonment is inflicted for the theft of five tomatoes. In the latter case there was an element of doubt, of which the prisoner might possibly have received the benefit if he had not had the misfortune to be prosecuted by a member of the Bench. Further examples of misjudged leniency in dealing with wife-beaters and kindred ruffians are furnished from Blyth, Coventry, Nottingham, and elsewhere; and in the opposite column I record a series of sharp sentences for such heinous crimes as poaching, petty larceny, and sleeping out without visible means of subsistence. The two contrasted cases at the end of the list show that the drunken and reckless driver of a horse vehicle, who actually runs down a pedestrian in a city street, is deemed a more venial offender than a motorist who merely exceeds the speed limit on a country road without endangering anybody:—

Worthing Police Court. Before Dr. H. J. Strong, the Mayor, Major J. E. Pierson, and Messrs. H. R. P. Wyatt, E. G. Amphlett, and A. Pullen-Burry. Winter Wells, charged with assaulting his wife. She had been separated from him, but he got into her house through the window, and when she asked him what he meant he commenced knocking her about and gave her a black eye. The Chairman said it was a very bad assault. Fined 20s.

Worthing Police Court. Before the same magistrates. James Erratt, charged with stealing five tomatoes, belonging to Mr. A. Pullen-Burry, J.P., market gardener. A charge against the prisoner's son, aged eleven years, was dismissed. Prisoner said that a youth in the employ of the prosecutor gave him and his son the tomatoes. Just as they left the market garden, however, they were met by the prosecutor. The youth at once denied that he had given the tomatoes to the prisoner, alleging that the latter had taken them. Ten days.

Coventry City Police Court. Before Messrs. J. Marriott, T. A. Cash, W. Pridmore, and W. J. Wormell. Arthur Murray, charged with assaulting his wife. He followed her to the works where she was employed, and when she refused to give him any money he struck her several blows about the head. A week previously he had turned her out of the house, and she had since been living apart from him. Ordered to find a surety for his good behaviour.

Coventry County Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. O. H. P. Petre, J. B. London, T. Taylor, J. Hollick, and E. Woolton. Wm. Poultenay, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. Twenty-one days.

Midhurst Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. R. C. Fisher, J. Knight, Fraser Piggott, and Lieut.-Col. Turnour-Fetherstonhaugh. Wm. White, charged with trespassing in search of conies. Fined £2 8s.; in default, one month.

Blyth (Northumberland) Petty Sessions. John Scott pleaded guilty to assaulting his wife. He thrashed her with a whip as she lay in bed. A doctor said that she had bruises and other injuries all over her body, the blows seeming to have been delivered with great force. Defendant told a police officer that he would cut the flesh from his wife's bones if she returned home. A separation order was made, and for the assault defendant was fined 40s.

Paisley Sheriff Court. Before Sheriff Darling Lyall. Peter Morgan, John McCall, Robert M'Cartney, and John M'Gowan, charged under the Poaching Prevention Act with being found in possession of rabbits and nets. Fined £5 each; in default, thirty days.

Worksop Police Court. Before Mr. H. V. Machin and other magistrates. Edward Smith, charged with stealing a woman's skirt from outside a shop. Ten days.

Dereham Petty Sessions. Before Mr. W. D. E. Bulmer and other magistrates. John Trappett, charged with assaulting an elderly man named Myhill, by striking him in the face, knocking him down, and breaking his jaw. The magistrates said it was a very cowardly assault. Fined £2 1s.

Axminster Police Court. Before Mr. Scarborough and other magistrates. John Brannon, charged with stealing a pair of scissors, value 1s. 2d. Two months.

Dunfermline Sheriff Court. Before Sheriff Shennan. Wm. Bradley, charged with trespassing in pursuit of game. Fined £2 12s.

Nottingham Police Court. Before Messrs. R. Fitzburgh and A. H. Franks. James Foster, charged with being drunk and disorderly and with assaulting a 'bus conductor, a tram inspector, and a policeman. Because he was not allowed to sit on the step of a motor 'bus he struck the conductor in the mouth and afterwards assaulted the inspector and the constable. Fined 20s.

Glasgow Sheriff Court. Before Sheriff Fyfe. Donald Ferrie, convicted of assaulting two constables by kicking them, biting them, and knocking them down. He was creating a disturbance in the street, and the officers advised him to go home, but he refused. Fined £5.

Colne Police Court. Walter Dean, charged with assaulting Amy Coe. He struck the woman about the face in a brutal manner, rendering her unconscious. Fined 10s. and costs.

Glasgow Western Police Court. Before Bailie Brown. Robert Renwick, charged with being drunk whilst in charge of a horse and cart, and also with driving to the danger of the public. A man was knocked down by the vehicle. Fined £3 3s

Wakefield Police Court. Charles Hemingway, charged with stealing a growing turnip valued at one penny. Fine 18s. 7d., or in default of payment, ten days.

Nottingham County Police Court. Before Messrs. R. B. Bagnall-Wild, T. Metcalf, and G. E. Latham and Major Tennant. William Durose, Harry Pearce and Stephen Gibson, charged with poaching. One month each.

Stratford Police Court. Before Messrs. E. J. Beal and W. Mallinson. John Trendle, charged with stealing apples from a garden. One month.

Southport Police Court. Before Messrs. E. J. Rimmer, E. Thorp, J. M. Dewhurst, G. Hacking, and Dr. Wood. Wm. Ward and John Conlon, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. Two months each.

Grays Petty Sessions. Before Sir Joseph Dimsdale, Messrs. F. S. Hempleman, and W. T. R. Houldsworth. Thomas Pretty, charged with stealing four shirts. Two months.

Norman Cross Police Court. Before Captain Vipan, Messrs. J. A. Herbert, W. Hawkins, L. Mills, and the Rev. H. G. Woodhouse. George J. Spressell, charged with driving a motor car at a speed in excess of the statutory limit, at Stilton. Fined £5 5s. 6d.

The Chairman of the West Riding Bench at Leeds sends me lists of the previous convictions of the three men whose sentences of twelve months' hard labour each for loitering with intent to commit a felony were recorded in my Legal Pillory last week. The lists show that all three are habitual criminals, and if they had been convicted on this occasion of any actual crime, I should not have been inclined to take exception to the sentences. But it seems to me that the Prevention of Crimes Act arms the police and magistrates with powers which may easily be abused. Any old offender is rendered liable to conviction and punishment on what is, after all, a mere suspicion. I regard this as an objectionable system. In the present case the evidence of the prisoners' "intent to commit a felony" appeared to be decidedly weak, and, holding that even old offenders ought not to be consigned to gaol for twelve months on mere suspicion, I pilloried the sentences.

A droll defence was put forward by a prisoner who was recently indicted for fraud at the Johannesburg Criminal Sessions. He denied the charge, but in cross-examination he admitted a previous conviction, and, in addressing the jury—he said it gave him great pleasure to meet such a body of intelligent men—he went on a fresh tack. Producing a chart of his head, he eloquently argued that from the shape of his cranium it was clear that he had a dual individuality, and in regard to one of them, was irresponsible for his actions. Producing next some correspondence and legal documents, he showed that he had applied to the Attorney-General and the Lieutenant-Governor to have a trepanning operation performed on him for the removal of the

Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Nearly 8,000 convictions last year. Complaints marked "Private." absolutely confidential.—Secretary, 105, Jermyn-st., London.

"abnormalities" which get him into trouble. Neither the Attorney-General nor the Lieutenant-Governor would oblige, and he then applied to the Supreme Court for an order calling upon the prison surgeon to show cause why he should not perform the desired operation, "which would prevent his soul being dragged to inevitable perdition." The Supreme Court, however, was obdurate; and so a great opportunity for trying the experiment of a surgical operation as a cure for dishonesty has been missed.

The disreputable quack Hawkins, of Brighton, who has been constantly under notice in the columns of TRUTH for many years past was last week arrested on a charge of fraud. As he is now under remand, it would be improper to do more than record the fact, but I trust that I may be forgiven for expressing my satisfaction at the course which the police have taken. The only regret that I see any room for in this matter is that this step was not taken many years ago.

The vitality of the free portrait trick in all parts of the world is one of the most astonishing proofs of the gullibility of mankind. A gentleman writes from St. Leonards describing the operations of certain parties who have been canvassing that town in the name of the Westbourne Art Gallery, of Chepstow Mansions, Westbourne Grove. His individual grievance is that after he had himself declined to give any order at all until he had seen the portrait that was promised, the canvassers went to neighbours who knew him and represented that he had given them an order. In other respects the *modus operandi* in this case is precisely that of all the operators in this line, namely, to offer a pastel enlargement of a photograph "free," and afterwards to spring a request for a frame at the price of £3. Judging, however, from what my correspondent tells me, it would seem that in this case even the "pastel portrait" itself is an imposition, a "sketch" exhibited for the purpose of obtaining a payment on account having been merely a photographic enlargement.

I still continue to receive from all parts of the world inquiries about the notorious Tanquerey of Paris and his forged testimonials from the Proprietor of TRUTH. If Tanquerey's object in circulating these forgeries was to give me unlimited trouble in answering letters, he must congratulate himself on his success. I fear, however, that the only purpose he had in view was that of swindling the world at large. If he is successful in that, I can only say that the people who are thus imposed upon are themselves to blame for accepting as genuine what is on the face of it an impudent fabrication by a man who can hardly write grammatical English, and the victims can scarcely ever read newspapers, or they would have seen the incessant warnings that have been given throughout the civilised world against Tanquerey and his swindle. I am glad, by the way, to see a translation of a paragraph from TRUTH on the subject of Tanquerey in a recent issue of a newspaper published as far away as Pernambuco.

Who is the turf tipster calling himself "Z.," and giving his address as "'Constitutional,' Upton, Torquay"? Perhaps some of his neighbours can throw a light on his identity. His card bears the mystifying inscription, "Direct Club Connection, R.C., N.S.R., C.C.," and some time ago a complaint against him compelled me to suggest that the last two initials must stand for Common Cheat. Recently "Z." has written to a gentleman at Cape Town offering to send him tips for twelve races at the modest price of £10 and the cost of the cables. There are plenty of greenhorns at the Cape, but I should hardly think that any of them are quite green enough to be caught in this way.

The touting tipsters generally are making the most of the time that remains before the racing season closes, and I am daily receiving evidence of their circularising activity. The irrepressible Pizzey, of Heath Villa, Ascot, once more made an egregious exhibition of himself in a circular that he sent out last week. He asked for a subscription of one guinea for his selections for the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire, and by way of showing his skill as a prophet he gave a couple of free tips for the Yarmouth meeting. He mentioned three horses, two of them as sure winners and the third as an animal which would not run, "or if he does, would not have to be seriously reckoned with." The latter horse ran and won, and the other two were beaten.

"J. Prichard (otherwise Selfe) issues a long-winded effusion from a new address, Vue Tamise, Putney, S.W., in which he talks of his "fifty-five years' experience as rider, owner, and caterer for the public." This is presumably meant as a recommendation. The intelligent reader of the circular is, however, more likely to come to the conclusion that Prichard's experience cannot be of much practical value, seeing that after his fifty years' connection with the Turf he is still obliged to pursue the disreputable calling of a touting tipster. I have also received copies of flamboyant prospectuses purporting to emanate from tipsters named "George Leslie" and "Reginald Vernon," both with addresses at Birmingham. It is a sufficient comment on these productions to say that the names in question are two of the numerous aliases of the swindler Beston.

Advertisements are constantly to be seen in the *Times* emanating from H. Bradley, Ltd., 29, Great James-street, Bedford-row. They almost invariably relate to attractive secretaryships or directorships of companies, and the candidate is quite invariably required to invest a substantial sum—anything from about £300 to £1,700. Having received some inquiries about these advertisements, I sent one of my staff to interview the company. The office in Great James-street is an extremely unpretentious one, considering the

valuable goods in which the company seems to deal. The director, whom my representative found alone in his office, professed every willingness to impart information, and stated that his company was engaged in the business of obtaining capital—and evidently labour also at the same time—for other companies; but he could not personally answer for the merits of the appointments advertised.

It appears from the official information at Somerset House that H. Bradley, Ltd., is a company formed in 1902 to acquire the business of a Mr. Henry Gannell for the price of 3,000 fully paid shares. Mr. Gannell was to be the managing director, and his appointment was to be permanent. The first return of the company states that 3,307 shares had been issued; but singularly enough a subsequent return states that only seven shares had been issued. Under date May 17, 1905, there is filed a letter from Mr. Gannell in reply to representations of the Board of Trade respecting the incompleteness of the company's returns. Mr. Gannell explains that the business is not very flourishing, and that the company has not even the necessary cash to stamp agreements. On June 2, 1906, a letter was written from the Board of Trade calling attention to the failure to make returns, and came back through the Post Office marked "gone away."

From this it would appear that on removing from Chancery-lane to Great James-street the company did not think it advisable to leave its address behind, or make arrangements for the forwarding of its letters. The company also seems to be in the position at present of not having a registered office, in accordance with the requirements of the statute, and to be liable for considerable penalties on that account. It is rather difficult to reconcile the state of things thus disclosed with the constant advertisement in the *Times* of lucrative appointments which H. Bradley, Limited, has on hand, or with the statements made by the director — presumably Mr. Gannell himself—as to the business that is being done in promoting companies, and the genuineness of the appointments offered. Perhaps some gentlemen who have obtained or applied for these appointments may be able to give information which will dissipate this uncertainty.

The motor-'bus, whatever grievances some people may have against it, seems to have been a godsend to Mr. Bowden Green, of Street Noises Abatement notoriety. The vehicle looms large in all the literature which he is now distributing, and it has evidently enabled him to obtain some very useful support in his operations. He has been able to rope in Sir Theodore Martin, who has proposed a resolution at a meeting of the S.N.A. Committee, and his last appeal for assistance to meet the considerable expenditure that has been incurred is backed by a paragraph from the *World* extolling the labours of the aforesaid committee, and wishing "more power to its elbow." I am no fonder of street noises than my neighbours, but if I were agitating on this question, I should not allow the movement to be prejudiced by association with a notorious professional charity-monger, nor should I allow that individual to pose as the "honorary secretary," when it is quite certain that the movement is intended to be a source of profit to him.

During the last hunting season I commented upon a letter in the *Standard* in which an anonymous correspondent described an act of barbarous cruelty to a fox. The statement was to the effect that a fox which had been run to ground was being dug out, and that when part of the beast became visible, an implement resembling a gigantic corkscrew was screwed into his living body, and in that way he was pulled out of his earth as a cork is pulled out of a bottle. This seemed to be incredible, and I suggested that it was not the fox but the editor's leg that had been pulled. For the sake of the reputation of the sport I am sorry to say that my incredulity was not justified. In an article on "The Abuse of Sport," in the October number of the *Fortnightly*, Mr. Basil Tozer repeats the story. He wrote the letter to the *Standard*, and he was an eye-witness of the atrocity which he described. He adds that the "corkscrew," and another implement for the same purpose in which a large triple fish-hook took the place of the screw, were carried regularly by one of the hunt servants last season, so that the inference is that what he saw was not an isolated incident. I am quite sure that the vast majority of hunting men would regard such an abominable practice with indignation and disgust, and it is a pity that Mr. Tozer has not made his exposure and protest more complete and effective by naming the particular hunting country in which the affair occurred.

Mr. Tozer's article is, by the way, well worthy of the attention of sportsmen. The use of implements for pulling out foxes is only one of the abuses with which he deals; and he writes, not as an opponent of field sports, but as a sportsman himself who, like all true sportsmen, is anxious for the suppression of unnecessary cruelty. Unfortunately, nowadays, many men hunt and shoot who cannot properly be called sportsmen.

The Irish Unionist Alliance has now formally endorsed Mr. Long's demand for the publication of the famous MacDonnell correspondence. The resolution is addressed to nobody in particular, but it can only be aimed at Mr. Balfour, and he will probably have no difficulty in formulating pretexts purporting to excuse himself from obliging his Irish friends. Sir Antony himself has declared his opinion that the time has not come for such publication, and Mr. Balfour is not likely to differ from that opinion, whatever shape his answer may take. I hardly expect to see the publication myself. But whatever reasons for not publishing it may be officially stated, or privately circulated, the refusal of the request put forward by Mr. Long as the last Unionist Chief Secretary, and officially backed by the Irish Unionists, as well as their sympathisers in the English press, will necessarily imply that the appointment of Sir Antony was made

under exceptional circumstances for exceptional purposes.

When to this is added Mr. Long's testimony that in taking a part in the Devolution movement Sir Antony had reason for believing that he was acting with the approval of the Government, the "MacDonnell mystery" has not much mystery left about it. Mr. Long's statements imply that there was something in the relations of Sir Antony with the Government which he only discovered after his arrival in Dublin. As he was himself a member of the Cabinet prior to that date, it follows that the "something" was not within the common knowledge of the Cabinet. It is also an open secret that the appointment of Sir Antony was practically arranged by two or three members of the Cabinet—of whom Mr. Wyndham was not one, though he may truthfully say that he "appointed" Sir Antony, since every Chief Secretary appoints his Under-Secretary. Putting all this together, the true state of the case is too clear to be obscured by any official subterfuge or prevarication. The Irish Unionists may legitimately desire to have the evidence before the world in black and white, but there is not much to be disclosed which they and all other parties concerned do not know already to all intents and purposes.

THE INCONSISTENT LIONS.

Reader, this Tale I prithee mark,
Which reaches me from Regent's Park.
The Lions there, in days gone by,
Were fed on Horse-flesh, tough and dry;
Until one Day—or so I find—
It crossed the managerial Mind
To change that coarse, inferior Meat,
And Mutton give, instead, to eat.
But lo! the older Lions—strange
To say!—resent this toothsome Change,
Turn up their nose the Mutton at,
Dub that too lean and this too fat,
And growling, query: "Why the Blank
Change Horse-flesh good for Mutton rank,
When on the first we've fed so long,
And waxed so lusty, hale, and strong?
Great Unicorn! What *are* the Zoo-
Ologic Gardens coming to?"
When this the younger Lions heard,
To Scorn derisive they were stirred:
"Why, any Fool should know, of course,
That Sheep makes better Meat than Horse.
But these old-fashioned Fossils move
In such a fixed and changeless Groove,
That anything that's strange or new
As *ipso facto* bad they view,
Nor aught consider good, I ween,
Except the Thing that's always been."
Derisive thus the younger Crew
Their Elders' Prejudice review,
And marvel, with Surprise intense,
How they *can* be so void of Sense.
But as the Years advanced, I'm told,
These Youngsters in their Turn waxed old.
'Twas then the managerial Mind
A second Change of Food designed,
On Sheep no more the Lions fed,
But gave them prime Ox-beef instead.
But lo! those Youngsters, now grown old,
Began themselves to fume and scold,
And cursed, with mingled Rage and Grief,
The change from Mutton-meat to Beef,
Yea, growling, queried: "*Why the Blank*
Change Mutton good for Ox-beef rank,
When on the first we've fed so long,
And waxed so lusty, hale, and strong.
Great Unicorn! What ARE *the Zoo-*
Ologic Gardens coming to?"

Moral.

The older Folk, when Railways first
Came in, the change opposed and cursed;
While younger People laughed to see
Their Elders' strange Perversity.
But lo! in turn waxed old themselves,
These erstwhile young progressive Elves
Behave (as once behaved their Pas
To Railways) now to Motor-cars.

SCRUTATOR.

HOW SOLICITORS CAN BE KEPT STRAIGHT.

THE question, "Can solicitors be kept straight?" was asked in last week's Truth, and accompanied by a suggestion for helping the profession in the desired direction. When making this suggestion I was quite unaware that a measure on very similar lines to what I proposed was already under official consideration, and probably the great majority of the public, if not of the profession, are no better informed than I am. It seems that a Bill for the amendment of the Solicitors Acts has been drafted, and has been laid before the Board of Trade Committee on the Bankruptcy Acts, for consideration in connection with the question of the discharge of bankrupt solicitors, which is also before the committee. The committee has under consideration a new Bankruptcy Bill, which was drafted for the purpose by Mr. E. G. Jellicoe, and Mr. Jellicoe is also the draftsman of the Bill relating to solicitors. The scope and purpose of the latter measure are clearly enough indicated in its title—"A Bill to make provision for the better security of moneys deposited with or entrusted to solicitors." The second clause runs as follows:—

> All moneys hereafter to be received for or on behalf of any person by any Solicitor shall be held by him exclusively for such person, to be paid to the said person or as he shall direct; and until so paid such moneys shall be paid into a bank carrying on business under the authority of the laws relating to Banking Companies, to a general or separate trust account; and such moneys shall not be available for payment of the debts of any other creditor of such Solicitor, nor shall such moneys be liable to be attached or taken in execution under the order or process of any Court at the instance of any such creditor.

For breach of these provisions a solicitor is made liable to a penalty not exceeding £100 for the first offence, to be suspended from practice for the second, and to be struck off the rolls for the third. The third clause of the Bill proceeds thus:—

> (1) Every Solicitor shall keep proper books of account, showing a debtor and creditor account of all receipts of money for or on behalf of any person or persons, and of the manner in which he shall from time to time disburse the same, and of the balance belonging to each owner of such money.
>
> (2) Every Solicitor shall at such times as may be provided by the Board of Trade, but not less than twice in each year, send to the Board of Trade or as they direct an account of his receipts and payments of moneys deposited with or received by him on account of every such person or persons.
>
> (3) The account shall be made in duplicate and shall be verified by a statutory declaration in such form as may be prescribed.
>
> (4) The Board of Trade shall cause the accounts to be audited, and for the purposes of such audit the Solicitor shall furnish the Board with such vouchers or information as the Board may require, and the Board may at any time require the production of and inspect any books or accounts kept by the Solicitor.

These are the material portions of the Bill. Other subsections of Clause II. provide for the filing of accounts with the Board of Trade and the Incorporated Law Society, and their inspection by persons interested; and the report to the Law Society of any failure to comply with the terms of the section. The following clauses assign the penalty for default in making returns, and declare any false statement in a return to be a misdemeanour.

To all intents and purposes, therefore, this Bill carries out the two suggestions which were made in Truth last week, (1) that a solicitor should be required to bank all moneys received on behalf of clients in separate accounts, and to keep corresponding accounts in his own books; and (2) that both the banking account and the solicitor's account should be periodically inspected and certified by an official auditor. I put forward these suggestions with some confidence because they originally emanated from a solicitor of my acquaintance, who followed the prescribed practice of account-keeping in his own office; and I am gratified to discover that precisely the same idea has been embodied in a Bill drafted by an experienced lawyer—I believe Mr. Jellicoe was in practice as a solicitor before he proceeded to the Bar—and has been referred to the consideration of an official committee. The draft Bill, of course, supplements the rules I suggested by detailed provisions for carrying them into effect, and these seem to be reasonable and practicable. What I had in my mind was that the Incorporated Law Society should be empowered and directed to make rules for the keeping of accounts, etc., and to appoint the auditor who would see that they were properly observed, and that the funds were intact; but it will certainly be more satisfactory to the public that the necessary jurisdiction should be vested in the Board of Trade, and I do not know why the profession should object. A well-known solicitor, in a letter which I published last week, declared that the profession at large would never assent to the Council of the Incorporated Law Society exercising the suggested power of inspection and general control; and one can readily understand this feeling. The reasons for the feeling, however, have no relation to similar control by the Board of Trade. One never can tell in advance what objections may be sprung by professional men to any legislation affecting professional interests, but I am quite certain that in this case the proposal is in the interests of the profession no less than the clients, and, as the profession itself has made no attempt to produce any proposal for dealing with a crying evil and a long-standing scandal, it has little right to object to any action that the Government or Parliament may decide to take for the protection of the public.

A DEAL WITH THE MARRIAGE-BROKERS.

In the recent disclosures in Truth of the business that is done in procuring marriages on commission there has been no instance of a case in which the transaction has been carried through. This is easy enough to understand. People who have contracted matrimony on such terms are not likely to proclaim the facts, and the "brokers," as well as their principals, have good reasons for courting secrecy. In fact, it is essential to the business that it should be carried on in the dark. That many marriages, however, are brought about by the intervention of a commission-agent may be taken as certain from the fact that so many people are engaged in marriage-broking, and from the business-like method in which they go to work. Among the many stories of the trade, or profession, that I have recently heard, there is one in which the marriage duly came off, though, for reasons which will be presently seen, no commissions have as yet been paid; and the story is so strange, and its end so unfortunate for all concerned, that it is worth telling, if only as an example of the perils incidental to matrimony when brought about by the exertions of the commission-agent.

I am not at liberty to mention the names of the principal parties concerned, and there are good reasons why they should not be made public. The hero of the story, whom we will call Mr. A, is an elderly widower, and the claimant to certain large estates. He values the property in millions sterling, and that it is very valuable is quite certain. That he has a bonâ fide claim to the property, whether or not he may be successful in establishing it at law, is also quite certain. Some years ago he was reduced to bankruptcy by legal proceedings arising out of his claim, in which he was unsuccessful. Since that date he has been occupied in seeking evidence to strengthen his case, and also seeking money for the purpose of further legal proceedings. About the beginning of 1905 his solicitor introduced him to another client of his own, who, he thought, might assist him financially. The financier was an American, a colonel, and a lawyer; but, curious to relate, he was *not* the American colonel and lawyer who figures in the story of the Peer and the Brokers, which was told in Truth a fortnight ago. We will call him Colonel B. After some preliminary discussion, finding that Mr. A was a widower, Colonel B suggested to him that he should get married, and hinted that it would not be difficult to find him a wife with sufficient means to finance him in the assertion of his claim to the property. Shortly afterwards the Colonel introduced the claimant to a lady, who was not a candidate for matrimony herself, but was supposed to be in a position to find others who were. I think there is no reason why I should not state that this lady was Lady Fawcett, with whose success in negotiating the marriage of Lord Townshend the public is already familiar. At an early stage of the negotiations two commission notes for 10,000 guineas were executed by Mr. A in favour of Colonel B and Lady Fawcett, and a third note in favour of Lady Fawcett for £4,000. The third note was in the following terms:—

> In consideration of your introducing to me any person or persons who may advance me £10,000, or such other sum or sums as I may agree to accept, I agree to pay you, by way of commission, remuneration, etc., out of such sum as and when received, the sum of £4,000, on the understanding that you provide for all your friends in the way of sub-commission out of such sum of £4,000.
>
> N.B.—If a less sum than £10,000 is accepted by me, the commission, remuneration, etc., is to be reduced *pro rata*.

The other two notes, for 10,000 guineas each, were more

Thomas Goode & Co.—China, glass, pottery, fireproof ware. Sole agents in the United Kingdom for the famous "Bi Métal" copper lined with pure sheet silver) Cooking Utensils. Illustrated catalogues free.—South Audley-street, London.

or less in the same terms. In none of the three was anything expressly said on the subject of marriage. The condition for the promised commission in all cases was the procuring of the money which Mr. A required; but there can be no reasonable doubt that marriage was what the commission-agents had in view. My readers are probably aware that in the eye of the law any contract in the nature of marriage-brokerage is void and worthless. The commission notes given in this case are not on the face of them open to any such objection. That a marriage was in the contemplation of one at least of the parties is shown by the fact that the Colonel shortly afterwards mentioned to Mr. A the names of one or two ladies who he thought would entertain the idea of matrimony, and also advance the money referred to in the commission notes. Mr. A employed his brother to meet and report upon these ladies—I was going to say "inspect," but, as the brother was a blind gentleman, it would seem that his functions were limited to discussing matters of business. Mr. A seems to have acted with proper delicacy throughout all the negotiations which followed the signing of the commission notes, and evidently he preferred to keep in the background when the ladies first appeared on the scene.

Lady Fawcett, on her side, was not idle. By her Mr. A was sent to the office of another solicitor, who had a client disposed to consider the question of advancing the money. This lady, whom we will call Mrs. C, was a widow and a friend of Lady Fawcett's. At the solicitor's office Mr. A met Mrs. C, and the solicitor, on her behalf, went into the question of Mr. A's claim to the estates, and apparently reported favourably upon it. Mr. A was at this time much concerned about the commission notes which he had given to Mrs. Fawcett and Colonel B, and was endeavouring to get them back, having signed them under a misapprehension of their effect. Mrs. C's solicitor negotiated the surrender of Lady Fawcett's 10,000 guinea note, and, in exchange for it, Mr. A gave two fresh commission notes for 1,000 guineas each, one to Lady Fawcett and the other to Mrs. C. In the new note to Lady Fawcett, the promise to pay was stated to be in consideration of the introduction to Mrs. C's solicitor; and henceforth this firm seems to have acted generally for Mr. A, and had undertaken to conduct proceedings for the recovery of the estates. In fact, Mr. A gave to the firm one more of his commission notes, in which, in consideration of their acting for him and carrying his case through successfully, he promised to pay them £10,000, "in addition to costs," within six months of his obtaining possession of the estates he claimed, or any part thereof, or compromising his claim thereto. Thus Mr. A was in the position of having given commission notes for £4,000 and 1,000 guineas to Lady Fawcett, 1,000 guineas to Mrs. C, 10,000 guineas to Colonel B, and £10,000 to his solicitors, and all these notes seem to remain in existence until the present day.

Shortly after the introduction of Mr. A to Mrs. C, the blind brother had interviews with the lady to discuss the business in hand. From his brother and from the lady's solicitor, Mr. A learned that Mrs. C, who was not far short of Mr. A's own age, had a comfortable income under her husband's will, and a reversionary interest in a large estate in land and stocks. He learned something more. After one or two interviews with her, the brother disclosed to Mr. A that he thought Mrs. C was not only disposed to find the required money herself, but to take over Mr. A and his claim at the same time. This proved to be a correct estimate of the situation. Mr. A was invited to Mrs. C's flat, and, after one or two visits, he proposed and was accepted. Within a fortnight the marriage took place. The business arrangements having been adjusted between Mr. A's brother and Mrs. C's solicitor, Mr. A executed a settlement, settling on his wife, by way of jointure, one-fourth of the income of the estate which he was to recover; and Mrs. C, on her side, gave him an undertaking to pay by instalments within six months a sum of £3,000, of which £500 was to go to the brother, and £1,500 to be applied to the contemplated litigation for the recovery of the aforesaid estate. It is due to Mrs. C to state that she desired the marriage to be postponed until she had raised this £3,000, but, following the advice of his friends, Mr. A did not think this necessary.

As to what followed the marriage, brought about by these extraordinary manœuvres it is not necessary to say much. It is sufficient to record that Mrs. A. (as she had now become) proved unable to raise the £3,000 which supplied the husband's motive for entering into the alliance, and that consequently the "brokers" are still waiting for their commissions. It will surprise no one to hear that the sequel has not so far been satisfactory to either of the principals, and they are now living apart, apparently by the lady's choice. As they are still man and wife, and the separation may not be irrevocable, no good purpose would be served by discussing the brief history of their married life. What public interest the affair has, begins and ends with the queer transactions out of which their present unfortunate position has arisen. But there is one point in the sequel of the story which gives a comic touch to the tragedy. It appears that the estimable Lady Fawcett is now herself in the bankruptcy court, with the result that Mr. A's two notes for £4,000 and £1,050 have passed into the hands of the Official Receiver. That functionary has informed Mr. A of this fact, and begged him to take notice that as the trustee of the estate he claims all the bankrupt's interest in the two notes. I do not know what may be the position of Lady Fawcett's estate, but if her ladyship's creditors cherish any hope of a dividend from the results of these particular assets, I fear that they are doomed to disappointment. It would be interesting to know how many other commission notes of the same character have come into the hands of her ladyship's trustee in bankruptcy.

A point that is worth notice in this story is the part played in it by the lawyers. I should hardly have thought that the intimate connection of solicitors with transactions of this character —contracts in the nature of marriage brokerage

being vetoed by the law, not to mention ethics—was altogether creditable, were it not that I know at least one of the firms concerned to be of high repute in the profession. But it will probably be regretted by no one who reads the story that the agents concerned in this unhappy marriage have gained no more profit out of it than the principals. In saying that I do not mean to imply that the principals have done anything to be ashamed of. There is nothing either morally reprehensible or repugnant to sentiment in the desire of an elderly widower for a marriage of convenience with an elderly widow. Such alliances, prompted by mutual interest between people who are old enough to look after themselves, are not uncommon, and are frequently justified by the results. Neither in this case, however, nor any other, so far as I can see, is the prospect of wedded bliss likely to be improved when the union is promoted by third parties, assisted possibly by fourth, fifth, and sixth parties, who have no interest in the affair except to make a commission out of it. At the best, matrimony is a risky business, and its risks must be multiplied and intensified when the holy estate is reached through the agency of brokers.

MEDICINE AND JOURNALISM.

As briefly mentioned last week, the Editor of the *Medical Press and Circular* has once more been directing some luminous criticism to the advertisement columns of Truth. In a recent issue he published a letter from "An Obscure Practitioner," who desired to call the attention of his profession at large to sundry advertisements of proprietary medicines and preparations for the hair and the toilet in the then current issue of Truth. Apparently the obscure practitioner disapproved of these advertisements, but he did not say on what grounds, and there was nothing in the letter which might not have been written by any other person equally obscure, whether in station or intellect. It was left for the editor of the paper to dot the i's and cross the t's, which he did in his best style. After talking at random on the responsibility of the press generally for "the enormous mass of quackery that is preying on the community," and threatening the owners of the *Times*, and the *Standard*, and the rest of the great dailies with the prospect of "being solemnly prosecuted for conspiracy to defraud," he turned to the shocking example of Truth, and called attention to his obscure correspondent's letter. Although it is barely six months since he devoted several columns to certain Truth advertisements, including one of those enumerated by his correspondent, he had the impudence to pretend that the obscure practitioner's catalogue came as a revelation to him. He would never have looked in this paper for "this class of announcement, feeling sure that they could not be found there." He went on to advise me to exercise "closer criticism" over my advertisers, and to confess that he did not understand my position in attacking medical quackery while publishing such things; and after that he congratulated himself that "amongst the medical journals the *Medical Press and Circular* can claim to be the only one that has consistently followed up this subject."

Having quite recently taken considerable trouble to demonstrate the foolishness and insincerity of this ornament of medicine and journalism, I have little inclination to waste further space upon him; and he has fortunately supplied the means by which he may be very briefly refuted. The letter which he publishes and deals with in his article contains the following passage in reference to Truth:—

> On another page of the same number a column advertisement describes the virtues of "Sanatogen," which, "through regenerating the nervous system, restores the functions of the digestive organs, and by rebuilding the whole body compensates the wear and tear of latter day life."

This, then, is one of the class of announcements which the *Medical Press* is astonished to discover in Truth, and for publishing which I am placed in the same category as the owners of the *Times* and *Standard*, who are in danger of prosecution for conspiracy to defraud. Having fully realised so much, I invite the reader to turn to the advertisement columns of the same issue of the *Medical Press*, where he will find a half-page advertisement of this very same article, Sanatogen, describing its virtues in a similar strain to the Truth advertisement (though in the more learned jargon suitable to a scientific paper), and recommending it as a sovereign remedy for "rickets and marasmus." When I last argued this question in reply to my contemporary's criticism of Truth advertisements, I pointed out, among other things, that the *Medical Press* is full of advertisements of proprietary remedies, foods, and other articles, which, judged by the standard set up by the Editor, ought, none of them, to be published in any newspaper. The conclusion I drew from them was that the Editor was a "self-proclaimed humbug"—a phrase he had applied to one of the advertisements he fell foul of. He seems, however, to have felt it necessary to proclaim himself a humbug more loudly and convincingly, and everyone must congratulate him on his success. At any rate, whether it is moral or intellectual obliquity that he suffers from, the journalist who can publish an advertisement on one page of his paper, and on another lecture his neighbour for publishing it, is not a person with whom one can argue, or whose censure will seriously concern any one on whom it may fall. The proprietors of Sanatogen may take the same comfort from the thought as I do myself.

I should not think it worth while to discuss this question further if I had not discovered from several letters received during the last two or three weeks that there are other people besides the Editor of the *M. P.* whose ideas as to the duty of newspaper proprietors in regard to advertisements are still in a very confused state. I had a letter the other day from a gentleman who seems to think I have no business to advertise a new pill which professes to be a remedy for various ailments of the stomach, liver, and digestive organs, and for such ailments as anæmia and nervous disorders. He may be classed with the "obscure practitioner" who objects to the advertisement of Beecham's Pills. I discussed this question very fully some years ago in an article on the subject of "faith and aperients." The substance of what I then said was that there

are very few of the common ailments of mankind which cannot be cured by one or other of these remedies. That discussion arose out of the demonstration by some scientific authority that one of the most popular pills of the day was compounded of nothing but aloes and soap, from which the conclusion was drawn that the pretensions put forward on its behalf must necessarily be delusive. In reply to that I was able to give from my own experience the case of a lady who, having been afflicted for years with a troublesome complaint, which had baffled doctor after doctor, cured herself in the end by nothing but unlimited doses of this same combination of aloes and soap. Quite half—I should say much the larger part—of the disorders that afflict civilised man have their origin in the stomach, or that immediate region; and no one knows better than the experienced doctor how much may be effected by the judicious administration of the humblest aperient. I gave the list of ailments in the advertisement above mentioned to a competent practitioner, and asked him to tell me on his honour as a doctor and a gentleman whether a good pill might not have the desired effect in all the cases specified. He hum'd and ha'd, and took refuge in "ifs" and "buts," but he would not commit himself to a decided negative. As long as scientific opinion and practice are in this state, it is preposterous to suggest that a layman who owns a newspaper, or a hoarding, is bound to determine for himself the precise virtues of aloes and soap, or taraxacum and podophyllin, or cascara, colocynth, rhubarb, or any other similar drug in the pharmacopœia; and on the strength of this decision to discriminate between the advertisements which he will and which he will not allow to be exhibited on the space that he has to let.

Again, a naval medico falls foul of the advertisement of Capsuloids for the Hair, and wants to know what the bald-headed reader is to do when he finds in the same paper an advertisement telling him that he can only make his hair grow by swallowing some preparation, and another telling him that the best way of making it grow is to rub some other preparation into his head. He might as well ask how he is to judge between the merits of two different soaps, or any other rival articles, the proprietors of each of which proclaim them to be the most effectual on the market. People who ask questions like this seem to assume that the proprietors of newspapers (or hoardings, as the case may be) either write the advertisements they publish, or are personally responsible for their accuracy. They have no such responsibility, and one would have thought that everybody understood this, at least in the case of newspapers, where the distinction between the matter for which the paper is responsible and that for which it is not is, or ought to be, clearly marked. A moment's reflection should show any person of normal understanding that it would be impossible to carry on the business of publishing advertisements if the publisher had any responsibility to the public beyond that of the advertiser himself.

Then there are the advertisements of Dr. Alabone, which figure in the *Medical Press* catalogue, and in regard to which I am constantly favoured with more or less intelligent observations, generally from the medical profession. The case of Dr. Alabone has been exhaustively discussed in Truth. He is a fully qualified practitioner, who has been struck off the register for breach of the professional rule in regard to advertising; and it seems to me the climax of impudence that after having exhausted all its legal powers and penalties against the advertiser for the breach of this rule, the profession should then set up the preposterous theory that because they object to a man advertising nobody has any right to publish his advertisements. This is trade unionism gone mad. What a pretty outcry there would be if a workmen's union, after expelling a member, were to claim a sort of veto on the publication by newspapers of any advertisement by the man asking for employment! That is what the medical profession asks for when it suggests that newspapers have no business to publish the advertisements of a medical man who has been expelled from the medical trade union.

The general principle governing the rights and duties of any publisher of an advertisement is perfectly clear. Any statement or opinion which a man is legally entitled to utter about his business or his goods to a party with whom he is dealing, any other person is legally entitled to publish on his behalf. When it comes to statements or opinions which the advertiser is not legally entitled to put forth, the legal position of the publisher may vary according to circumstances. But apart from his legal rights, there are certain moral responsibilities which are not difficult to see, and not likely to be disputed in principle even by the publishers of advertisements, though their practice may not always conform to their principles. No man with any self-respect will take money for advertising what he knows to be immoral or fraudulent, because if he does he makes himself a party to the advertiser's intentions. It follows that if there is anything in an advertisement which may reasonably be suspected to indicate a fraudulent or immoral intention, he will refuse to publish it—at any rate, until he has satisfied himself that the suspicion is unfounded. Beyond this, I know of no duty or responsibility on the part of the publisher of an advertisement towards the reader. Every criticism of an advertisement, or its publishers, that has ever appeared in Truth has been founded on this view of the publisher's duty; and, conversely, I have consistently protested against any suggestion that the duty can be extended beyond these limits.

When this principle is applied to the sale of medicines, it will be seen where people who criticise advertising purely from the medical practitioner's point of view fall into error, and why the *Medical Press* cuts such a ridiculous figure when its editorial preaching is compared with the practice of its advertisement department. The sale of drugs stands on precisely the same footing as the sale of any other goods, and for advertising purposes it is impossible to treat it differently. Every chemist in the kingdom displays on his counter, or will make up to order, draughts, pills, powders, or lotions for the treatment of the maladies of every customer who walks into his shop. Some of them are remedies put up and supplied to the trade by wholesale houses;

others are prepared by each chemist for himself. Large numbers of them are what are called "patent medicines," paying a duty to Government as such, or "proprietary" articles, sold under registered labels or trade marks. Whatever class they belong to, there is no trade-union regulation, so far as I know, to prevent the chemist advertising them in his shop or his window, or on hoardings or in newspapers, as any other tradesman does; if there be such a regulation, it is in no way binding upon anybody outside the union, and, as in Dr. Alabone's case, the breach of it concerns the individual and the union alone. The manufacturer or wholesale dealer who supplies the chemist is absolutely free to advertise his goods, like the manufacturer or dealer who supplies any other class of tradesman. He is free to offer them as remedies for any specific disease, or to say what he pleases in praise of their virtues, subject only to the risk which he may run if he libels a trade competitor or makes what would be held in law a fraudulent misrepresentation sufficient to give a customer a cause of action against him. That being so, there can be no ground for suggesting that any one who makes a business of publishing trade advertisements is not equally free to accept what the drug merchant desires to publish.

This state of things is naturally distasteful to the medical profession. It by no means suits them that the public should doctor themselves with stuff bought over the chemist's counter or ordered by post from an advertising manufacturer, instead of paying a qualified practitioner for *his* remedy for the complaint, whatever it may be. But if any doctor supposes that it is possible to put the drug trade, wholesale or retail, under restrictions in regard to advertising which are not applicable to any other trade, he is a fool. And if any medical journalist suggests to him that such a thing is possible, that medical journalist is a fool. I do not suppose that many doctors are such fools, and when the *Medical Press* boasts that alone amongst medical journals it has consistently taken the right line on this question, it thereby implies that among medical journalists also the number of fools is extremely limited.

We should never have heard of this folly but for the loose and equivocal use of the term "quackery" in medical circles. Quackery may mean anything from the perfectly harmless sale of a liver-pill or a chilblain liniment over a chemist's counter, to the grossest organised fraud involving wholesale robbery and possible loss of health, and even life. To the professional mind it means anything in the whole range between these extremes—anything in the nature of an attempt or offer to supply a remedy for disease otherwise than on the prescription of a registered practitioner. In this sense the public have but little concern with the suppression of quackery. It is a mere trade union question. The only kind of quackery that has ever been attacked in Truth is simply a form of fraud, and on that ground only has it been attacked. In every case the victims of the fraud would have had their legal remedy against the parties who had defrauded them had they chosen to exercise it; and had the fraud not been of a nature which could be proved to the satisfaction of a court of law, the parties attacked would have had their legal remedy against me. But between quackery in this form and quackery in the form of the sale in the ordinary course of business of drugs, which the medical profession itself recognises as having definite value for certain medical purposes, there is a distinction which no man of average intelligence can have any difficulty in appreciating. It is the lack of this necessary degree of intelligence that puts the *Medical Press* in the absurd position of first launching against the lay press at large a violent indictment for propagating quackery, and then illustrating its meaning by an advertisement which appears in its own columns. The medical profession is perfectly entitled to agitate for a strengthening of the law applicable to frauds perpetrated by the sale of medical remedies, and, if it is successful, it will serve the public interest as well as its own. It is also entitled to seek an amendment of the law in regard to the practice of medicine by unqualified men, for here again the public interest and the professional interest are at one. But to agitate for any interference with the sale of medicines for specific purposes, or with trade advertisements in connection therewith, apart from fraudulent ends and means, is to cry for the moon. This was pointed out in Truth only three weeks ago, and no one capable of understanding what he reads can have any difficulty in appreciating my view of the question, whether he agrees with it or not.

THE THEATRES.

"The Bondman," at Drury Lane.

I have a great admiration for Mr. Hall Caine, though this is not wholly an admiration for his work. He has achieved success, and a huge success, through doing commonplace work in the heroic manner. "The Bondman" is not a great play. At a real theatre it would not be tolerated in its present form, but at Drury Lane huge emotional scene-painting is required, and Mr. Hall Caine has filled in his picture with a sincerity which commands my respect. To illustrate what I mean I may say that if Mr. Frank Cooper and Mr. Henry Ainley were playing at the Haymarket they would express their gratitude to each other for continually saving each other's lives, or sacrificing themselves for one another, by silently gripping hands and putting forth a due amount of reserve force! At Drury Lane they fall into one another's arms with glad cries; their pent-up emotion bursts forth in a sort of hysteria, and they hug one another like a couple of school-girls. So it is with the writing of the play. It is florid, old-fashioned, and unashamedly melodramatic, but it is quite sincere in its odd way. I know a clever dramatist who in a moment of disgust said to himself, "The public want rot! Well, if fools can write rot and make money out of it, surely I who am clever can do likewise." So he tried. But he wrote his "inferior" play with his tongue in his cheek, and no one would look at it. You must really dip your pen in blood if you want to capture the town with this sort of thing. You must actually drop great salt tears as you write about your betrayed heroine or your long-suffering hero if you want people to weep with the sorrows of the one or consider the other a martyr and not a professional sacrificialist. Jason, the bondman of the Drury Lane play, is a type familiar

to all who know Mr. Caine's work. He is a great strong primitive creature born to suffer and to be ennobled by suffering. We know the minute he comes on the stage that his mission in life is to sacrifice himself on every possible occasion, and though he raves about the vengeance he will take on his half-brother, at all the crucial moments love triumphs. The two characters who figure throughout the lurid incidents in the play are this Jason and one Michael Sunlocks. (It is only at Drury Lane that you could call your hero Sunlocks). Mr. Frank Cooper is the Jason, and he lounges round sacrificing himself much as he did in "The Prodigal Son" last year. His is really an admirable performance—sturdy, emotional, and telling, and fully in the spirit of the play, and in the right key for the house. Mr. Ainley (in a red wig) is the Michael, and his romantic fervour as the younger, more easily swayed man shows, once more, that he is an actor to be seriously reckoned with in the future. These two are sons of one father but different mothers. Jason's mother was a Sicilian lady betrayed and deserted. Michael's mother was an Isle of Man dame legally married. Father and both mothers are dead, and when the play opens Jason—sailor, outcast, and pariah—has come to the Isle of Man to avenge his mother's wrongs by killing his father or his half-brother (he does not much mind which), and "Sunlocks," meanwhile, has gone to Sicily on an errand of mercy. His father, on his deathbed, has urged him to right the wrong and befriend the woman deserted in the past. When I say that both men fall in love with the same woman, namely Mrs. Greeba Campbell, the merest tiro will perceive that tragedy is in the air. Jason, who has been converted from thoughts of vengeance by the beautiful Greeba, as soon as he finds that his devotion counts for nothing and that she will marry Sunlocks Ainley has a brilliant inspiration and remembers the vow he made to his dying mother. She, on her death-bed, made her son swear to kill her betrayer or his legitimate offspring (a very unsuitable death-bed proceeding, by the way, but then she was a Sicilian, poor soul, and Sicilians, if I may judge from those who figure in this play, are weird beings). In a flash he realises that this vow will come in very handy, for he has sworn to mamma that he will kill the very man who is his successful rival. However, a complication in Sicilian politics and a few revolutions result in "Sunlocks," who has become "President," and Jason being sent as co-convicts to Mr. Arthur Collins' famous sulphur mines, and amid volcanoes, and fumes of sulphur which penetrate the whole house, from sworn enemies they become brothers. In the end Jason, Sydney Carton like, sends Sunlocks off with Greeba to life and happiness while he stays behind as his bondman. The play has a "happy" ending, but we are given to understand that poor Jason, having nothing else left to sacrifice himself for, will die of grief combined with drink. Mr. Caine is rather obsessed with the idea of drink just now, but it seems rather a pity to make his hero a tippler at the finish. Mrs. Patrick Campbell is not well suited in the part of the young girl; moreover, Greeba is not a strongly sympathetic character. She never seems quite worth all the sacrifices, but the Titanic sufferings of Mr. Ainley and Mr. Cooper melt the house. If "The Bondman" was written with tears, it is received with tears; and, as audiences never care much whether they weep or laugh, all is well. Clever people like Miss Marie Illington, Miss Henrietta Watson, Miss Mary Brough, and Miss Eily Malyon are rather thrown away on small parts, but Mr. Henry Neville and Mr. Austin Melford contrive to shine. Mr. Melford's drunken priest is a really fine little piece of acting, and the few comedy lines in the play are given with beautiful precision by that admirable comédienne Miss Illington. Of course, the thing is beautifully produced. The eruption of the volcano is nearly as real as the milking of the cows. In conclusion, I wonder whether other people have been struck by Mr. Caine's curious characteristic of writing dialogue in the form of a series of questions. Again and again the people converse much in this manner:—

A.—You went home, dressed, and had dinner?

B.—Yes.

A.—And then did you not go to a theatre?

B.—Yes.

A.—And you suffered terrible agony?

B.—Yes.

A.—But you cried?

B.—Yes, I cried.

A.—Was it "The Bondman"?

B.—I do not recollect.

A.—Was it very long, and did it smell of sulphur?

B.—Yes; that I remember.

A.—Then it was "The Bondman." Tell me, is it not a huge success, and crowded nightly?

B.—Yes; but it is not crowded by me.

"A Wire Entanglement," at the Comedy.

"Raffles" is playing to full houses at the Comedy, and the resourcefulness of Mr. Gerald du Maurier's amateur cracksman still holds the audience spellbound, but to strengthen the bill a new one-act play, by Robert Marshall, has just been introduced. This is an ingenious little trifle, and shows a courtship over the telephone between the editor of "The Union Jack" and the writer of the Society column in "The Tiara." The stage is divided into two rooms, and all the talk is on the telephone. It is quite bright and amusing.

The Vaudeville Crisis.—Exit Edna.

As I write London has been shaken to its core by the startling announcement that Miss Edna May has resigned her part in "The Belle of Mayfair" at the Vaudeville owing to her name appearing in smaller type on sandwich boards than that of Miss Camille Clifford. This horrible outrage, it seems, was committed without Mr. Frohman's knowledge. It is said that on hearing the dire intelligence of Miss May's withdrawal Mr. Frohman, with a shaking hand, took an even larger cigar than usual and hastily cabled dissolving partnership with Messrs. Gatti, while Mr. Leslie Stuart was so overcome that he took to his bed. Miss May has an additional grievance in that the people who have been asked to write songs for her "do not appear to have

had any inspiration." This statement is weighing on the minds of all the Vaudeville composers and librettists, and they are being hurriedly interviewed. The general opinion seems to be that it needs inspiration of a very peculiar order to exactly suit the lady. I have not yet heard the provincial and foreign comments on Miss May's resignation, but I have no doubt that the Vaudeville crisis will monopolise public attention for some time to come.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

LA VIE PUBLIQUE IN DRAMA.

INTEREST is now divided between the schismatic movement set on foot by M. Henri des Houx; "Le Foyer," a forthcoming play of M. Octave Mirbeau; and Gémier as Ferrier the Deputy, in M. Emile Fabre's new play, "La Vie Publique." Gémier is at once manager of Antoine's former theatre, where this play now fills the stage, and actor. He has now a great reputation as stage manager and comedian, and is a prodigious favourite of the public. It may be said that he worked wonders in his three years' management, for M. Franck, of the Gymnase, and nothing short of miracles in his management of the Renaissance, of which he was the lessee, and at the Odéon, where he acted and filled the post of stage-manager under M. Ginisty. It is said of him that he brings unexpected talents to light as a Périgordian pig unearths truffles. Capus might be still struggling hard for renown and fortune but for Gémier. In the play which Gémier has just staged at Antoine's he has displayed marvellously his talent of stage manager in a mob scene. There is nothing harder than to bring a tumultuous crowd on the boards of a theatre so as to give the illusion of turbulence and tumultuous incoherence while it is really submissive to strict rules.

A long time ago—it must have been fifteen years back—I met at a social gathering a young French deputy who has since won some of the leading portfolios in different Cabinets. The conversation turned upon Spinoza and his gaining a living by grinding and polishing lenses. The future statesman said to me: "Je serais bien plus heureux en travaillant comme Spinoza, qu'en exerçant le triste métier que je fais—la politique." These words, uttered with warmth and earnestness, came, I doubt not, from the very depth of the speaker's conscience. I doubt whether he would now deliver himself in the same sense. I do not altogether say this because he has in the meanwhile "pierced" through an ungenial soil into sunlight and a fairly full and free development. I rather express the doubt in view of the great change which has within fifteen years taken place in France. This deputy abhorred then the Russian alliance, but to show any of his feeling on the subject would have been to condemn himself to ostracism. Belonging to special committees of the Chamber for Military and Naval Affairs, he received an invitation to the Elysée dinner party in honour of the Emperor and Empress of Russia. His constituency had been making such a pother about the Imperial visitors that he had to attend the dinner. He avenged himself next day by giving me and a few other friends some of his impressions. As he had not the sinews that would be needed to stem a cataract, he refused to let them be communicated to the papers. At the time he envied Spinoza, French politics, swayed by "opportunism," were parochial and hole-and-corner. Yet even now, with great public issues such as are involved in separation of Church and State, the new Colonial policy, and the attitude of the Finance Ministry towards Russian loan-mongers, a statesman must, to keep his followers well in hand, give much of his time to things that are mean and sordid.

This unpleasant aspect of public life is the theme of M. Fabre's comedy, "La Vie Publique." The author has created a composite personage for the leading part. I see something of MM. Deschanel, Pelletan, Briand, and Jonnart, now Governor-General of Algeria. Gémier gives the typical character that he personates a resemblance to M. Jaluzot (late of the Printemps) at the time he started his two political papers and conquered a seat in the Chamber. But M. Ferrier's public career does not resemble that of M. Jaluzot. The play ends in a marriage, but the interest is elsewhere. There is no plot to speak of, and the fair sex are as much sacrificed as in "Ventres Dorés." The scene is laid in a big city during municipal elections. Popular passions are let loose, and cool-headed and not too scrupulous politicians—heads of committees and professional agitators—are there to work upon them for their own objects. There are some mob effects that Irving, were he still living, would as a manager certainly envy. Crowds rush to and fro, hooting their friends in their undiscerning anger, and listening with rapture to the clap-trap of the old political stagers. Every personage of any consequence has an axe to grind. Among the most pushing and the sturdiest mendicant of political patronage is a bishop who privately blacks the boots of the very men whom he abuses in public.

Ladies are brought into the political mêlée, but hardly in a way to interest. We have almost a feminine mob of the wives of municipal councillors who certainly have not the ear of the husbands they want to guide. A feminine capitalist and factory owner, Mme. Errazau, is devoted to Notre Dame de l'Usine, and is bent on making her "hands" vote for the good cause. We see in her a baroness who a few years ago led a manifestation in the Place de la Concorde against the Combes educational laws. But I cannot imagine any mill-owning lady with the eyes of a large and hostile town upon her receiving work-girls suffering from tuberculosis in the name of charity, and obliging them to work at prostrating tasks. Such things are only done in dark places where the serfs are orphaned children. A young working girl, Claudine Ravaut, casts a note of elegance, not of the highest order, on some of the scenes, as *l'amie* of a senator of high standing. He employs her to obtain a compromising letter he wrote before he entered the Senate. Perhaps it is better not to examine into the means she employs in discharging the difficult mission.

Ferrier, in some of the scenes, is exactly what the Deputy I spoke of at the outset was fifteen or even

ten years ago. He starts as an *intransigeant*. But he comes round to stoop to those hole-and-corner bargains of *les coulisses du Palais Bourbon*, and finally becomes an opportunist. However, if he accepts the maxim that the means justify the end, he does try to keep the end in view. M. Fabre shows up the press as unscrupulous, a provincial judicature as fomenting a scandal to injure some political men at the coming elections, and capitalists as stirring up strikes to embarrass politicians and to bring in a Cabinet disposed to grant them concessions. There is all this in real life. But in real life there is also a good deal that acts as a set-off against these evils. One is constantly finding acids neutralised by alkalis.

Baden-Baden used to be, in the days of the late Grand Duke Leopold, an extension of the Paris Boulevards. It was thought the right thing for every rich Parisian to spend a fortnight or three weeks there every summer. The first Grand Duke Leopold was sixty-two years younger than his half-brother Grand Duke Louis (nephew-in-law of the Empress Josephine), whom he succeeded. Up to 1804, Baden was but a tiny margravate. Its first rise in the world was through the marriage of a Princess of Baden with the only son of that Duc d'Orléans who, as Regent, took the place of Louis XIV. Towards the end of the seventeenth century a Princess of Baden, daughter of the old Margrave Charles Frederick, and great-aunt of the late Duke Leopold, married the then Tsarevitch Alexander. Her younger sisters became Queen of Sweden and Hereditary Duchess of Brunswick. In consequence of these marriages Napoleon heaped favours on Charles Frederick, the aged Margrave with the very young wife, née Countess von Geyer Hochsburg. The former wanted, through the Court of Baden, to get at the Court of Russia and neutralise the influence of the Dowager Empress of Russia, the irreconcilable enemy of French revolutionists and the devoted admirer of Marie Antoinette, a personal friend of whom she had in former days been furiously jealous. The Revolutionists had driven the father of the Empress Dowager out of his county of Montbéliard, her native place, and taken it. Napoleon could not well return it, and so he preferred to act through the Hereditary Prince of Baden and enrich him at the cost of other German States. In 1804 he raised Baden to the rank of a Grand Duchy with a considerable augmentation of territory and population. In 1807 he declared it the foremost state in the Confederation of the Rhine, and gave it a further extension at the expense of Austria, and the secularised bishoprics of Central West Franconia. The Baden influence, Austerlitz aiding, had a good effect at the Court of Russia, and led Napoleon to hope that he might find there a Grand Duchess to replace Josephine—an object he certainly would have attained but for Talleyrand. The next favour was to bring the Hereditary Prince of Baden into the Imperial Family by giving in marriage to him Stéphanie de Beauharnais, niece of Josephine. The bride took from Paris a paraphernalia so magnificent that when the three daughters with which heaven blessed her grew up and married, Stéphanie could fill up their jewel caskets and retain for herself those brilliants, rubies, and emeralds in which, up to a very old age, she used to shine at Nice.

All these benefits did not prevent Grand Duke Louis from turning against Napoleon in 1813 and joining the coalition which defeated him at Liepsic. It is said that he felt sore at the highly distinguished courtesies lavished on the Grand Duchess Stéphanie when they visited the Court of France, and the comparative neglect with which he found himself treated. He also declared that he could never forgive the violation of the Baden territory to kidnap the Duc d'Enghien. These reasons may have moved him to effect a change of front. But I dare say that Russian influence proved stronger. He died in 1830, at the age of eighty-two. His half-brother witnessed the downfall of the first Napoleon, the Coup d'Etat, and rise of the second Napoleon, but he was in a state that demanded a Regency. The eldest son was in a similar condition, and the present Grand Duke successively acted as Regent for both. He had been sent for his military education to Vienna, and had insisted on completing his studies at Heidelberg and Bonn. At Vienna he became the comrade of the Emperor of Austria's brothers, and at Bonn of his future brother-in-law, Frederick William of Prussia. He had the honour of proclaiming his father-in-law German Emperor in the Mirrors Gallery at Versailles. The Grand Duke of Baden is a man of strong, sterling, and, indeed, great character. He is patriotic to the core, but would be glad if the Kaiser interfered less in the military affairs of Baden.

Mlle. Ganey, a young lady who promises to make a figure in society, has been obliged to send her lion's whelps to the Jardin des Plantes. While in the innocent age of youth, they were delightful pets and of captivating playfulness. But as the time approaches when the severe duties of providing for litters must press upon them, they began to try their teeth and claws, and saw opportunities for doing so in the calves of the menservants' legs. In domesticating the dog and cat we have, it seems to me, exhausted our power to tame feline and canine creatures, and we have pretty nearly reached the end of our tether on the graminivorous side in taming sheep, goats, cows, horses, donkeys, camels, and elephants. Every kind of deer except the reindeer and the gazelle is recalcitrant to the attempts made to domesticate it. We have Cowper's authority for saying that hares can be tamed and their minds improved by the society of human beings. A Mlle. la Frileuse, a lady who farmed a large estate in the Seine et Oise, spent thirty-five years, and in vain, in trying to domesticate zebras. She obtained the help of Hamburg circus tamers, and went to great expense in other ways. All her efforts came to nothing. I forget how many generations of zebras were bred in her acclimatising farm. They had just as wild instincts as the first of their race that Mlle. la Frileuse imported.

Seeger's Hair Dye.—Dyes the hair by merely combing through. 2s. the Case, or Trial Bottle, mailed free from observation, 7d.—Hinde's Ltd., 1A, Finsbury, London.

The Hamburg tamer wanted her to try violent electric shocks and red-hot iron bars, but she shrank from resorting to the cruelty method. He admitted that an animal tamed by this method is always liable to assert its hereditary disposition, and is never to be trusted, however much of a darling it may have been in youth. The gazelle, this man said, is tameable, because it lives on its native soil in a constant state of terror. What looks a sand heap may be a lion couchant preparing to spring upon it. The high herbage along water courses is infested with its natural enemies. It has no chance but in flight, and in fleeing it is liable to fall into the claws of other beasts of prey. A Zoo in a dry and warm climate is to it a restful heaven. It quickly learns to look up to those who supply its wants as to a Providence. At the Compiègne gymkhana they have given up trying to tame the cubs of panthers and other great felines.

One of the Duc de Chartres' gamekeepers at Aspremont is something of a naturalist, and is curious about wild animals. He reared baby wolves with the sucking-bottle, to sell them to lieutenants of *louveterie*, to be hunted. Were not the wolf artificially preserved, and often reared, in France it must have long ago become extinct. Lieutenants of *louveterie* are appointed to exterminate wolves as vermin. They often import wolves' cubs from Germany, or employ gamekeepers to rear others. The wolf hunt is better sport than the English fox hunt, because wolves often relay those fatigued almost to the giving-in point. The Aspremont gamekeeper has a bad opinion, in spite of this proof of solidarity, of the wolfish disposition. He would not trust a dog with a wolfish cross. The late Prince de Joinville was, on his forest estate of Arc en Barrois, a great patron of wolf hunts, and went to trouble and expense in giving it encouragement.

The nicest pet the French forest affords is the marcassin or baby wild boar. It is almost human in its cleverness, delights in funny pranks, has an evident sense of humour, makes friends of children and dogs, and even lends itself to mimic hunts, playing the part of the hunted animal. Its antics are varied and original. The only creature to which the marcassin objects is its distant relative, the pig. Directly it sees that animal its back is up and its growing tusk is bared. In babyhood it has a lovely sleek coat of very dark brown and tan. When the silky hair is shed and bristles take its place, the temper grows uneven. If marital and paternal cares come on, the wild boar puts away its childish ways and wants to take its family to the forest to feed there on acorns and beech mast. Woe to the hound or to the keeper who wants to keep him back! In the forest this paterfamilias may be called the first line of defence, the sow the second, and the little ones gambol round her.

A litter of infant marcassins intended as a present for the Princess Waldemar of Denmark tempted the pencil of Des Pennes, and fetched 40,000fr. But she never received the originals, they having been confiscated by the officials of a German railway for being booked as domestic animals, though wild and classed as such in natural histories.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

ARE the English becoming un-English, dear Lady Betty?

It may be, however, that our timid fellow-countrymen and women label as "un-English" any innovation which they have not as yet adopted themselves! Our ancestors described it as un-English to use an umbrella or to wear an overcoat; our parents, to smoke cigarettes or to drink light wines; and we ourselves, when young, to be in a hurry, to eat French dishes, or to talk foreign languages. It is time that the use of the expression "un-English" should be discontinued; it is a term generally employed by the unenterprising amongst us to discourage the enterprising.

. . . . .

The half-Americanised John Bull should be renamed Jonathan Bull.

* * * * *

The Englishman's burden is the well-connected. It is a matter of national importance that a new industry has been provided for these unindustrious. The following announcement will explain the situation:—

"Gentlemen's and Ladies' Apprentices.—Wanted, by a well-connected family, the sons and daughters of millionaires to be taught to be gentlemen and ladies. Must be apprenticed."

. . . . .

Perhaps the following letter that has been addressed to the present writer may make it clear what some of the accomplishments are that the apprentices will be taught:—

"Mincing-lane, City.

"Sir,—My son has recently contracted the habit of behaving like a gentleman. He spends considerably more than his allowance, does not pay his debts, makes love to other men's wives, gambles, is absolutely heartless, is aggressive in his manner, and runs over children with his motor-car. Can you tell me how he is to be cured?"

Certainly; let him be made a bankrupt. His "well-connected" friends will at once desert him; he will be unable to make debts; the wives of other men will ignore him; he will learn to sympathise with, and to behave courteously to, all; and he will not have a motor-car to kill children with.

* * * * *

When a man loves a woman he generally loves himself; when a woman loves a man she generally loves him.

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The fallen tree is soon stripped.

. . . . .

Before fifty we fight the future; after fifty, the past.

. . . . .

The man-in-the-moon is not companionable; no more is the man in the (honey)-moon.

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Woman's is the scissor-sex.

. . . . .

There are the inevitable virtues of old age.

* * * * *

A combustible Conservative—that is, an Imperialist-Conscriptionist-Protectionist Tory—has replaced the ordinary "horn" on his motor-car with a phonograph which, on being set going, calls "Your food will cost you more." The other day, whilst the car was running over an old villager, the jerk made the instrument call "Your food will cost you *no* more!"—Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

Wedding Presents.—A choice selection of beautiful Dinner and Dessert Services, Breakfast, Luncheon, and Tea Sets, exclusive designs. Mortlocks, Ltd., the Old Pottery Galleries. Oxford-st., and Orchard-st., W. Inspection solicited.

SPORTING NOTES.

LADAS now heads the list of winning sires, with a total of nearly £18,000, towards which sum Troutbeck has contributed close upon £11,000, and Gorgos upwards of £4,800. Looking forward to next season, the position of Ladas is by no means strong, as he has not a single good two-year-old. Troutbeck is a remarkably "hard" horse and thoroughly game, but he has no important engagements next year. It is hoped that the St. Leger winner will make a Cup horse, and he will, no doubt, be trained next year for the Ascot Cup. Gorgos is quite likely to develop into a useful four-year-old, but his only engagement next season is the Eclipse Stakes, and his chance for this race is not promising, as he has incurred a heavy penalty by winning the Two Thousand. It is most unfortunate that Gorgos should have been struck out of next year's Princess of Wales' Stakes at Newmarket, as there is but a weak entry for that race now that Flair and Cicero have disappeared from the Turf, and with Spearmint regarded as unlikely to get through another preparation. Persimmon comes second with nearly £13,900, towards which sum Keystone II. and Plum Tree contributed nearly £10,800. His Majesty's horse is in the same plight as Ladas, in that he has no good two-year-old. However, great things are expected later on of M. E. Blanc's colt, Quadi Halfa, out of Esterling. This animal has been left in for the Surrey Stakes of £2,500, which is run at Gatwick on October 17, and he might be sent over to England to take part in that race, which does not appear likely to take much winning. Gallinule comes third with about £13,500, his best representative having been Slieve Gallion, and next come Pretty Polly and Rocketter. Gallinule's position as to the future is stronger than is that of either of the horses which are at present before him on the list. Slieve Gallion is certainly the best two-year-old of the season, and he appears likely to train on. He is a beautiful colt, combining both quality and substance. A finer two-year-old has probably never been seen on the Turf, and he has been so heavily engaged in the future that he will be afforded ample opportunities of distinguishing himself in the various classic races of 1907. Slieve Gallion has not only won all his races with consummate ease, but he has beaten the best form of the season directly and indirectly. His success is another proof (if any such were needed) that breeding thoroughbred stock is a pure lottery. Gallinule was quite second-rate as a racer, and he discovered an awkward habit of breaking blood vessels. No breeder in England would have thought seriously, for a moment, of sending a good mare to such a horse as Gallinule, who, however, met with some patronage after his arrival in Ireland, and he at once achieved considerable successes with his stock, and he speedily became one of the most fashionable sires of the day. His daughter, Pretty Polly, is a racer of the very highest class, although she is not endowed with sufficient stamina to defeat so genuine a stayer as Bachelor's Button over the severe Ascot Cup course.

Carbine comes fourth with nearly £13,350, towards which total Spearmint contributed £6,460, but if the value of the Grand Prix was added on to the amount of the English winnings of the Duke of Portland's horse, he would be an easy first. It has been a great misfortune for Carbine that Spearmint was prematurely struck out of several valuable stakes, and now he has been turned out of training just when he had two rich races absolutely at his mercy, I do not suppose we shall see any more of Major Loder's horse on the Turf. Gingal, who has been generally regarded as one of the disappointments of the last two seasons, has won over £3,000. This colt was at one time extravagantly over-rated, and it apparently took some time for the stable to discover that he cannot stay. Ayrshire is credited with nearly £13,000, and his best winner has been Traquair. Many people at Newmarket insist that Lord Rosebery's colt is touched in his wind, and I feel convinced that in any case he will be found next season to lack stamina. Dinna Forget has a total of nearly £12,000, of which sum over £10,000 has been won by Dinneford. Isinglass has £11,000, his best representative being Wombwell, whose victory in the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot was certainly the most flagrant fluke of the season. Buckminster has been this horse's best three-year-old, and he has a very smart two-year-old in Gnome, who unluckily went amiss early in the season. Wildfowler (son of Gallinule) has close on £9,800, nearly the whole of which comes from the Eclipse Stakes, won by Llangibby. Florizel II., has a little over £9,000, his best representative having been the two-year-old Prince of Orange, who has won three races, value £5,380. Lord Wolverton's colt won the second richest two-year-old race of the season when he carried off the Prince of Wales's Post Sweepstakes at Goodwood, beating Traquair. Prince of Orange is very heavily engaged in the future. St. Frusquin is credited with nearly £8,200, more than half of which total was won by Flair. The early retirement of Sir Daniel Cooper's mare from the Turf was a serious piece of bad luck for St. Frusquin, as, if all had gone well with her, she would probably have won the Derby, the Oaks, and the St. Leger. Mr. de Rothschild's horse has no good two-year-old, and his other winners are all animals of moderate class.

Matchmaker has eleven winners, and a total of over £8,100. This horse has a really smart two-year-old in Orwell, who is the best filly of her age, and it is very unfortunate for her breeder and owner that she has not been more heavily engaged. However, she is entered for next year's One Thousand and Oaks. Orwell is now in reserve for the Great Sapling Plate of £1,000, which is run at Sandown Park on October 19. This ought to be one of the most interesting two-year-old races of the autumn, as the acceptance includes (besides Orwell) Saxham, Galvani, Bellavista, and Auber. Love Wisely has a total of nearly £7,800, towards which Bridge of Canny has contributed £5,200. Lord Derby's colt is one of the most improved three-year-olds in training, and he stays well. This animal has been most judiciously placed. Winkfield has about £7,200, and his chief contributor was Bachelor's Button (£5,940), who is a real stayer of the old school, and one of the best horses now on the Turf. Bachelor's Button is very likely to go to France next week to run for the valuable Prix du Conseil Municipal at Longchamps on October 7, and, in any case, he will start for the Jockey Club Cup. If Mr. Joel's horse does not go to France, he can pick up the Champion Stakes at Newmarket on October 9. Desmond (£6,800) has a really smart two-year-old in Saxham, but it is doubtful whether he will train on in a satisfactory fashion. Amphion (£6,800) was expected to head this year's list by those hare-brained enthusiasts who vowed last winter that Lally would carry all before him as a three-year-old. Cyllene (£6,400) is very low on the list, and the collapse of Cicero was, of course, a severe blow to this horse. Sweet Mary, moreover, has proved a failure as a three-year-old, although she did manage to win the Fernhill Stakes at Ascot, and how she contrived to beat Sagamore in that race is a puzzle. Count Schomberg (nearly £6,000) is indebted for £4,870 to Black Arrow, and, if Mr. Hall Walker's colt had kept all right, his sire's total would have been considerably increased, as he is a flyer over his own course when he can be induced to give his best running. The deceased Donovan is the only other sire with over £5,000 to his credit, and this horse's best representative has been Donnetta (£2,840), while he has a useful two-year-old in Rockbourne.

Derby, which is now the most important of the "back-end" fixtures, will begin this year on Wednesday, November 14, and it has opposition only on the third day, when a two-days meeting at Lingfield commences. Derby is mainly indebted for its successful revival to the generous support of the county magnates, most of whom entertain largely for the November meeting, and notably to the Duke of Devonshire, who invariably brings a big party from Chatsworth. One year the King (then Prince of Wales) was included in the Chatsworth

party, and there was a rumour at Derby the other day that his Majesty may possibly stay here again this season during the race week. Entries close next Tuesday for the principal events at Derby, including the Chesterfield Nursery of £1,000, the Derby Cup of £2,000, the Osmaston Nursery of £500, and the Markeaton Plate of £500. The managers of the meeting stipulate for fifty entries for the Chesterfield Nursery, and last year they obtained fifty-eight. They also require fifty for the Derby Cup, and they would have been better advised to reduce the demand to forty in the present depressed condition of the entry market. Last year there were forty-eight entries for the Cup, and there were the same number in 1904. Under the circumstances the demand for fifty entries seems unreasonable.

The jockey who rode Troutbeck in the St. Leger has expressed the opinion that if the race were to be run over again Prince William would win, as he was going twice as fast as the Duke of Westminster's horse at the finish. This is no doubt a perfectly correct view, and the rider of Storm considers that the French colt "would have gone very close," if he had got away on fair terms with the other starters. Storm was very unlucky indeed. I hope that M. de Monbel's colt may be sent over to England next summer for one of the long-distance events at Ascot, as he stays well, and he might then have an opportunity of again meeting Troutbeck.

The Duke of Hamilton has declined to renew the lease of the racecourse in the park of Hamilton Palace, which was laid out about twenty years ago. There was then a prodigious trumpeting about the new meeting, which was proclaimed to be the Scottish Goodwood, but the sport at Hamilton has always been of a very poor class, a mere orgie of the uninteresting plating of which there is now a great deal too much everywhere. The disappearance of the Hamilton fixture from the *Calendar* will cause no regret. Attempts are being made to obtain a course at Bothwell, but Lord Home has absolutely refused to permit racing in the Castle parks.

There are thirty-nine entries for the Liverpool Autumn Cup of £1,500 (run November 9th), which is really a miserably poor number, considering the increased value of this handicap, and the fact that the minor forfeit is only £5. I am glad to see that this year the weights are not to be published until after the race for the Cambridgeshire. The best of the older horses in the list are Major Loder's Hammerkop, Mr. Buchanan's Golden Measure, Lord Derby's Chaucer, and Mr. de Rothschild's St. Amant. Mintagon, who ran such a close race with Golden Measure at York, has been entered. Among the three-year-olds are Bridge of Canny, Prince William, and Plum Tree.

There are only thirty-eight entries for the Newbury Autumn Cup of £1,250, which is run on November 1st, and it is utterly absurd and fatuous to publish the weights so early as October 11th. Several of the animals which are entered for the Aintree event are engaged at Newbury also. The White Knight has been entered for this handicap.

The entry for the Great Tom Plate of £500 at Lincoln (run November 5th) includes Velocity and Ob (winner of this year's Lincolnshire Handicap), and M. Ephrussi has a second representative in Champ d'Or.

Entries close next Tuesday for the Newmarket Stakes of 1908, which is a sweepstakes of £30 each, £10 forfeit to the fund if declared by July 1, 1907, with £1,000 added, for now yearlings. Seventy entries are required.

Lord Marcus Beresford was down at Newmarket last Thursday, and some of the King's horses were galloped. Nulli Secundus performed miserably in a trial, and it is to be feared that this very disappointing animal is of no use for racing. Slim Lad, a two-year-old colt by St. Simon out of Laodamia, won a trial over six furlongs. He has several engagements at the Newmarket October Meetings, and he is entered for the Berkshire Foal Stakes of £1,000 at Newbury on November 1. I hear, by the way, that the King will probably attend the autumn races at Newbury. It was originally expected that his Majesty would be present at the summer meeting in July, but he was then unable to go down to Newbury.

Mr. Arthur James's filly Duma, by Merman out of Dum Dum, won a trial over five furlongs, in which two of the King's two-year-olds performed badly—Sir Plume, by Persimmon out of Courtly, and White Frere, by St. Frusquin out of White Lilac. These animals are never likely to do much good on the Turf, and the failure of White Frere is particularly provoking, inasmuch as he was entered as a yearling for no fewer than forty races. It is quite likely that Duma will win the Double Trial Plate at Newmarket to-morrow afternoon.

Llangibby, who has been struck out of all engagements for this year, had undergone a special preparation for the Jockey Club Stakes, but he went amiss last week. He had been going remarkably well in his gallops. Llangibby's only engagements next season are the Princess of Wales' Stakes at the Newmarket First July Meeting and the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot.

Pretty Polly was stopped in her work last week, and it seems highly probable that she has run her last race. It would be utterly foolish to start this mare for either the Prix du Conseil Municipal or the Jockey Club Cup, unless she was quite in her best form.

The Cesarewitch betting is very slip-slop, and wise people will leave this handicap alone until quite the last. Wondrous tales are told about the New Zealand horse Noctuiform, but many good judges expect St. Wulfram or Feather Bed to win.

The racing at Warwick and at Yarmouth was of no general interest, but there was some good sport at Ayr and at Manchester. King Charles won the Caledonian Hunt Cup easily from Kilglass, and thereby showed that he must have an excellent chance for the Cambridgeshire. Gnome was not sent to Ayr to run for the West of Scotland Foal Stakes, and odds were betted on Witch Elm, who won easily. There were only four starters for this race, with thirty-six acceptances out of an original entry of seventy-eight. Flax Park and Powder Puff were heavily backed for the Ayrshire Handicap, and a good deal of money went quietly on Turbine, who won cleverly from Mountain Rose. The winner is an improving colt, and he has come on considerably since he was beaten at York. There were only four starters for the Ayr Gold Cup, and Speculor was made a hot favourite, but Cyrus won in a canter after having made all the running.

The Duke of Devonshire's Acclaim, who won the principal nursery at Derby the other day, was made favourite for the Lancashire Nursery at Manchester, but he ran badly, and Laverna won easily from Sweet Thrush. Acclaim was evidently not in his Derby form, but he had very much the worst of the weights, for he was giving 2 st. to the winner, and 22 lb. to the second. Sweet Thrush might just have won but for the penalty which she had incurred by winning a small nursery at Warwick. Laverna was a clever "claim" out of a selling plate at the Bibury Club meeting in July. The Autumn Breeders' Foal Plate brought out a field which included several animals that were very much fancied, but Wendouree, who was an outsider, won very easily from St. Clare. The Prince Edward Handicap of £2,000 obtained only twenty-one acceptances, but there were fifteen starters, so the race was very much more successful than could have been expected with so meagre a subscription. Best Light was made favourite, but he was terribly slow in starting, and had nothing to do with the finish. Aurina won cleverly from Polymelus, who was giving her about 17 lb. more than weight-for-age.

The official handicap of the three-year-olds was published last week, and Black Arrow, Prince William, Troutbeck, and Keystone II. are estimated to be the four best animals of the lot, as neither Spearmint nor Flair figures in the list. Beppo is 2 lb. behind them. It is obvious that on paper Beppo cannot lose the Jockey Club Stakes to-morrow. At Doncaster he was giving

3 lb. to Keystone II., and finished in front of Lord Derby's mare. To-morrow the colt will be receiving 18 lb. He appears to hold everything left in the race safe enough, but Keystone II. may take the £1,700 which goes to the second.

Next week there will be racing at Nottingham, Lewes, Leicester, Folkestone, Haydock Park, and Kempton Park. It is preposterous that such an outrageous number of fixtures should be crammed into six days, the result being a ruinous clashing and poor fields. The great race of the week will be the Imperial Produce Plate of £3,000 at Kempton Park, which is one of the richest two-year-old races of the season. This event (which is run on Friday, October 5) cannot be dealt with until after the running at Newmarket. The field may include Galvani and Traquair, and the meeting of this pair would be most interesting.

Last week I referred to the long match that took place in the Eastbourne Lawn Tennis Tournament in the semi-final of the men's doubles between Wilding and Marrett as partners against Hillyard and Riseley. In all sixty games were played, and the match lasted close on three hours. And yet some folk talk as though lawn tennis were no fit game for public schoolboys. Every boy cannot play cricket any more than he can play football. He plays racquets in the winter term. Why on earth should he not play lawn tennis in the summer term? It is far cheaper than racquets. It takes up little room, and it is played in the open air.

The one great advantage of the international competition for the Dwight-Davis bowl is that the crack American players are no longer mere names, but living actualities. I congratulate *Lawn Tennis* on the interesting account that it gives of the American championships. There were 170 entries in the singles. One new light has become known, and that is K. H. Behr, captain of the Yale lawn tennis team. In the semi-final he met Little, and the match lasted well over three hours. The next day he played Clothier, but he felt the effect of the previous day's gruelling. However, he put up quite a good game. He did not suffer such a severe defeat as Holcombe Ward, the champion, whom Clothier beat after a brilliant display. Ward was unable to play in England owing to a poisoned finger. He has got back his health, but not quite all his play.

New records are being made. Butler has beaten the London to Brighton walking record by three minutes and a half. The distance is fifty-two and a quarter miles from Westminster Bridge, and he took eight hours, twenty-three minutes, and twenty-seven seconds. Hammond was second. He took nineteen minutes longer, and it was his record that was broken by Butler. Yeomans has been doing some wonderful walking in the provinces. He has cut records. His style has been criticised. At the London Athletic Club he quite failed to make any impression on the two miles record.

I am afraid that Irish cricket attracts little attention over here. It is a pity that a strong annual match between the gentlemen of England and of Ireland cannot be arranged. I was struck by the averages of the Leinster (Dublin) Club, published in the *Sportsman*. R. H. Lambert heads the batting and bowling. He played in twenty-six innings and his average was 124.6. Twice he scored over 200 in an innings, and seven times besides he made over a century. In bowling he took 142 wickets for 11.6 runs each.

Mr. E. C. Breed, of the Lowther Hotel, York, is the holder of the Amateur Billiard Championship. He has put forward certain suggestions with reference to this competition that are certainly worthy of consideration. His plan is to play off the preliminary rounds in England, north and south, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, the winners to play off in London for the right of meeting the holder in York, which happens to be the domicile of Mr. Breed. At present the whole competition is played in London, and I quite agree that it is not fair that players should have to come up here and so incur expense. Most probably the fact that the competition was played off in sections would lead to keener interest, especially if the winner were entitled to describe himself as champion of the county or district, and were to receive a memento of his success. Mr. Breed's notions of fairness are rather discounted by the fact that he wants the challenger to come to York to play him. He no doubt considers that the Londoner at present plays at home. To him assuredly York is the hub of the universe. But it is, in fact, little more than a fair-sized provincial town with a population probably less than half of most of the electoral divisions of Middlesex. The magnitude of a place is not measured either by its Minsters, its number of representatives in Parliament, or its champion billiard player. The champion should meet his challenger on neutral ground, and there is no ground so neutral and so central as London. There is a great deal to be said for the champion's scheme. The York visit is perhaps a little slip.

It seems that the Kent Football Association is doing nothing whatever to incommode junior clubs. The correspondents of the *Sportsman* and other papers are entirely mistaken. The intentions of the Association have been quite misunderstood, and everybody but themselves are in the wrong. What a pity that officialdom did not explain itself a little earlier. It was alleged that the Kent Association was compelling all junior clubs to enter for the Kent Junior Cup or for the Kent Amateur Cup. Nothing of the sort has happened. Only those clubs that ought to enter are to be directed to enter. There is far too much legislation and dragooning in football. The amateurs are forming a defence association. Whether they will ever cut from the parent body remains to be seen. Those in authority over the Football Association seek to compel amateur organisations to take over professional clubs, and to control them. The genuine amateur is forced out of existence. He has not the time. It is as much as he can do to spare the many hours required for amateur work without taking over the trade side of the game. So-called amateurs may run these associations. But they get their pickings by side winds out of the game. They write for the football press, and they get jobs as referees, and so on. In fact, there are nice little pickings for men of moderate incomes. I do not object to the making of money in this way; but they are not the sort of men who are wanted to control gentlemen amateurs like the crack old-boy clubs, Ealing, and the Casuals.

The South continues to do quite nicely in both the First and Second Divisions of the League. The London clubs, with their wide area of patronage, are finding their finances improving with their successes. Woolwich Arsenal scored a brilliant win over Newcastle United, and Bristol City, who were away from home, were well content with a draw against Sunderland. In the Second Division Chelsea went to the Midlands and beat West Bromwich, one of their most dangerous opponents for First League honours. Clapton Orient went to the seaside and gave Blackpool a beating. In the Southern League the competition is exceedingly close and exciting. The public quite realises that the old leagues are no longer cocks of the walk, even though this may not be the view of certain officials.

In Rugby football the South Africans cannot complain that they are not being boomed by the press. It does seem a pity that their club matches are confined to Welsh clubs, whom they will not meet all in a lump. Besides the International matches, they meet chiefly English counties. These are scratch teams, and it would have been much more interesting to see them playing some crack English and Scottish clubs. That Blackheath, with all its advantages, cannot play them is a serious reflection on the decadence of the style of play in metropolitan club football. But the stimulating influence of a league is not permissible. Rugby football, we are told, is an exercise.

All who are interested in the game should read "The Complete Rugby Footballer on the New Zealand System," by Mr. D. Gallaher, the captain, and Mr.

W. J. Stead, the vice-captain, of the famous "All Blacks" team. Their account of the way in which the game is studied and organised in New Zealand is full of interest and instruction; but still more interesting and instructive is the detailed exposition of the formation and tactics of the team which achieved such a series of brilliant successes here last year. Secrets that the most careful students of their system failed to discover—such, for instance, as the method in which the power of the seven-forward scrum was obtained—are now revealed for the first time. The book, which has many illustrations, is published by Messrs. Methuen and Co., price 10s. 6d. net.

According to Major Wardill in the *Times*, that well-known manager of Australian cricket tours in this country, we are all wrong in all that we have thought, said, or done with reference to the upset in Australian cricket circles. What a lot of money has been lost to Australian cricket by not making this explanation at an earlier date! It is so perverse of the M.C.C. to be determined that it shall deal with a thoroughly representative body in its negotiations for sending out a team. The Board of Control in this country is supreme, and the sooner there is a similar body in Australia the better. The teams that come over here make a nice little sum of money, and it looks to us, in our insular simplicity, that there is an attempt to corner the stock.

MAMMON.

Stocks Inactive and Dull—A Rare Chance for Investors—Depression only Temporary—Railways to Buy.

INACTIVITY has characterised the stock markets throughout the past week, and for the most part depression has ruled. It may, perhaps, be that paterfamilias, after the summer holidays, has no present funds with which to speculate, but if he has anything left, he might employ it to real advantage just now. The discriminating man buys on a depressed market and sells on a moderate recovery. It needs courage, no doubt, but the cause of the existing state of things is readily understood, and there is nothing in the situation that need occasion alarm, and it is likely to mend before long. The United States is drawing upon us, the great international bankers, for large sums of gold, the Berlin Bank has advanced its rate for its own protection, our gilt-edged stocks have fallen as a result, the Bank of England has raised its rates for discount, and in a number of good quarters it is feared that the efficient minimum will be brought up to 5 per cent. this week. These are factors telling against speculation, but they need not tell against investment, because they are only temporary in their operation, and when they have spent their force there will be a sharp rebound. Consols, for instance, are one of the cheapest stocks in the whole market, having regard to their safeness and their marketability, added to the assurance of a rise of some points within a very few months. The same remarks apply, though with less force, to all other high-grade investment descriptions. Home Railways have scarcely a friend just now, but it should be obvious that the stocks of the leading lines are worth picking up, since they give 4 per cent. or more. Most of the steam is out of a number of South American railways, so far as speculation is concerned, but here again you have some very attractive investments, reasonably stable, and bringing in 5 per cent. or more. Selections of these I give from time to time. Americans are dangerous for the amateur, but Canadians are good for considerably higher prices in the very near future.

"Finance."—A concise weekly record of markets and prices, published by the Central Stock Exchange, Ltd., 66, Cannon-street, London, E.C. Post free for six months to applicants mentioning this paper.

Monetary Situation Unsettled—Feeling Uncertain—New York Menacing—Banks' Unusual Expedient—French Assistance Rumoured—Bank Return Satisfactory.

The monetary situation is still both unsettled and uncertain, primarily because of the menace threatening by the exceptional demand for gold in New York. Having relieved the bank of its stock of "eagles," that centre has been encroaching upon the stock of bar gold. This development can hardly be regarded with equanimity, especially in view of the autumnal requirements for Egypt and South America that will shortly have to be met, and it is not surprising that the Bank of England is endeavouring to minimise the danger threatening. A further advance in the Bank rate would obviously entail a considerable hardship upon the country's trade, and is to be avoided if at all possible, hence the "Old Lady" has decided to discriminate between its own customers and the outside market. The bills of the former will still be discounted at the official minimum, and loans will be obtainable at 4½ per cent., but the outside market will not be accommodated below 4½ per cent. for discounts and 5 per cent. for money. This is a somewhat unusual expedient, but it may possibly have the desired effect of an ultimatum to New York to be a little more considerate. Apart from the gold purchased in Australia and Buenos Ayres it is now believed that the United States has been endeavouring to obtain the metal direct from South Africa. This is quite probable, and if it be also true that the Bank of France has decided to sell some of its stock of "eagles"—five million dollars being mentioned—the situation in Lombard-street ought to be relieved somewhat. As yet, however, the position is unsettled, and the feeling one of uncertainty, and though day to day loans are still obtainable at about 3½-4 per cent., there is no inclination to take fine bills, either twos, threes, or fours, below 4½ per cent. The Bank's position is rather more satisfactory than had been expected, the reserve being £22,000 higher in spite of the loss of £689,000 in gold during the week, the effect of which was neutralised by the influx of cash from the country.

Consols Sensitive—Dominated by Money—Depreciation only Slight—Stocks for Investment—Japanese Loan Rumours—Attractive Stocks—Cedula Scheme Sanctioned.

The unsettled monetary situation continues to completely dominate the market in gilt-edged stocks. While the effect is not reflected to any material extent upon values, the general feeling is distinctly nervous, and it is safe to say that there will be no improvement in this respect until the position in Lombard-street becomes less threatening. The gamble in American Rails is, of course, the root of all the evil. Apart from the indirect effects of this, there is nothing to fear, but once this menace is removed, it is almost a certainty that the values of stocks, from Consols downwards, will benefit to an appreciable extent. As usual, the pessimists are lugubrious on the subject of the future, and hint at a more material depreciation, but with the Bank endeavouring to obviate any further advance in its rate, there appears to be a bright streak in the horizon. Values may not have bottomed, perhaps, but unless something exceptional develops, they seem very near zero, and regarded strictly from the investment standpoint, they are quite attractive, giving a relatively good yield, and possessing possibilities of capital appreciation. There are few features of any significance in the Foreign market, where the monetary influence is, as a rule, making only a slight improvement. Russians continue to wobble erratically, but as regards Japanese, they are relatively firm on whispers about the issue of a £25,000,000 loan. This is the balance of the £50,000,000 of 4 per cent. stock, one-half of which was placed in November last. It is not, however, expected for some time to come, though it may be issued by the turn of 1907, when preparations

for the redemption of the £22,000,000 6 per cent. war loan of 1904 will no doubt begin. As investments Japanese stocks are attractive, and the following table, which includes Chinese stocks also, shows the yields obtainable:—

	Price	Yield per Cent.
Japan 4 p.c. (1905)	88¼	£4 11 0
do. 4 p.c. (old)	90	4 9 0
do. 4½ p.c.	94½	4 15 0
Chinese 5 p.c. Gold	104	4 16 0
do. 5 p.c. Imperial Railway	102⅝	4 17 6
do. 4½ p.c. Gold	98½	4 11 0

The depreciation in Brazilian bonds is to be ascribed to the fall in the exchange and the market's dislike of the Government's currency conversion proposals, but B.A. Cedula responded to the withdrawal of the hostility towards the settlement scheme. The Defence Committee have accepted the proposals subject to one or two unimportant modifications, and they may therefore go through.

Home Rails Without a Friend—"Bulls" Timid and "Bears" Afraid of being Caught—The Great Northern Disaster—York Deferred very Flat—The Fall in Prices Overdone—Some Stocks Worth Attention.

More dismal conditions than those for the Home Railway market during the past week could scarcely be imagined. Prices pursued a downward course almost without interruption, and the state of dry rot that has set in shows no signs of being stopped. With the market so keenly sensitive to fears of Socialistic legislation and of aggressive demands from the labour unions, it is not to be wondered at that the trouble amongst a few engine cleaners on the Midland Railway should be viewed in the most serious light. What in other days would have been treated as an incident of no real importance was looked upon with as much gravity as if the whole Company's staff had "come out." In addition to this, the market was unsettled by the deplorable accident to a Great Northern express at Grantham, which involved numerous deaths, including that of Mr. Roland Philipson, a Director of the North-Eastern Railway and of several other well-known enterprises in the North. Coming so soon after the disaster on the South-Western at Salisbury, the affair has naturally created a great stir, all the more so as the cause of the smash is as yet wrapped in mystery. In justice to the Great Northern, it should be added that mishaps on its system are extremely few and far between, indeed, there had been no serious accident on the line for ten years. York Deferred—the dividend prospects for which have been somewhat modified by the disaster—fell at one time as low as 42⅝, and, needless to say, the rest of the market was not slow to respond to a lead in the downward direction. Taking the total decline on the week, it cannot be said that it was due to any appreciable amount of selling. I do not hear that real holders are parting with their stocks, and operators know from experience the rashness of selling "short" in Home Rails. The supply of floating stock is so small, and is in such few hands, that anybody so foolish as to sell a large line of stock would be badly punished for his temerity. It is indeed the elimination of the "Bear" division that is largely responsible for keeping the market so non-resilient. Still, after making all that is possible out of unfavourable "technical" conditions, of the labour and political outlook, and of dearer money, there is no question that, taking actual merits into consideration, the fall has been in a large number of cases overdone. The investor who wants sound security and a respectable yield could satisfy his requirements in the Home Railway Market quite as satisfactorily and, perhaps, more so than in other departments that have lately been much more in fashion. Last week I specially pointed out the attractions of North-Eastern Ordinary and of North Staffordshire Ordinary—both lines that pay over 4 per cent. at present price with fair prospects of a higher return—and I might add two promising low-priced descriptions—namely, Furness Ordinary and Hull and Barnsley Ordinary. These two Companies are sharing to the full in the industrial activity prevailing in the north, and while the yields on these stocks at present prices amount to about 3⅞ per cent., prospects favour the annual return being raised to 4½ to 5 per cent. in January. Then there is South-Eastern Six per Cent. Preferred Ordinary. The last two half-yearly dividends on this stock averaged 5½ per cent., and the yield at current price is 4¼ per cent. The stock thus seems under-priced, without making allowance for an increased dividend, whereas less than £20,000 net is all that is required to raise the dividend to the full 6 per cent., and the Company at its present rate of progress should not be long before it accomplishes this feat. Among the Undergrounds I still regard Central Londons as the pick. The Ordinary gives the high return of 4⅝ per cent. The Company, I am aware, has been losing traffic lately, but I question if the falling-off will be sufficiently serious to involve a reduction in the 4 per cent. dividend. It may be, indeed, that by the end of the half-year the loss in traffic will be counterbalanced by economics, and by revenue from other sources such as rents for stations. Anyhow, the Tube possesses what is, perhaps, the finest route in the world, and can practically defy competition. If fares are raised on the District and Metropolitan, the Central London should again get back some of the traffic it originally took away, and which was restored upon the cutting of rates by the older systems. My table is appended:—

Home Rails.	A Year Ago.	Make up. Sep. 11.	Closing Price, Sept. 15.	Closing Price. Sept. 22.	Movement.
Caledonian Pref.	80	76½	76½	76	— ½
Do. Def.	36⅝	31⅝	32½	31½	—1
City and S. London	41	44	44½	43½	—1
Central London	91	85	85	84	—1
Great Central 94 Pref.	68	—	77	76	—1
Do. "B"	34	36½	36½	35½	—1
Do. "A"	17⅞	17½	17½	16⅞	— ½
Great Eastern	83	82½	82½	81½	—1
Great Northern Pref.	101	100½	100	99½	— ½
Do. Def.	38⅝	46½	46	44	—2
Great Western	140	129	129½	128½	— ½
Hull and Barnsley	46	48	47½	46	—1½
Lancashire and Yorkshire	106½	103	104	103½	— ½
London and Brighton "A"	123¾	117½	117½	116½	—1
London, Chatham, and Dover	16½	14½	14½	14⅛	— ⅜
Do. 4½ p.c. Pref.	97½	89½	90	89	—1
Do. 2nd Pref.	61	57	56	55	—1
London and North-Western	157	152⅜	153	151½	—1½
London and South-Western Def.	56¾	49½	49½	48½	—1
Metropolitan Consolidated	90	63¼	62	60½	—1½
Metropolitan District	35	23⅛	22½	21½	—1
Midland Pref.	68¼	66	65	65⅜	— ⅜
Do. Def.	67½	65½	66	64½	—1½
North British 3 p.c. Pref.	79¾	76½	76½	75½	— ½
Do. Def.	45⅜	43½	43⅜	42½	— ⅜
North-Eastern Consolidated	140½	138½	138½	137½	—1
South-Eastern "A"	57⅛	50	49¼	48¼	—1

Americans Inactive—Money Rates Stiff—Union and Baltimore Deal—Position of Readings—Trade Good but Prices High—The Half Year's Earnings—Some Annual Reports.

In Americans the transactions have again been in the main professional, the British public leaving the market alone much more severely even than it is leaving the rest of the House. The high rates charged for loans in New York and the prospect of considerable stringency in the near future tend to restrict operations and to check the previous advance. Readings were again one of the most prominent stocks, the latest rumour pointing to the expectation that the shareholders would obtain "rights" worth 80 per cent. on the separation of the coal business from the railroad. It was reported also, that the Union Pacific was to secure control of the Baltimore and Ohio, but Messrs. Kuhn, Loeb and Co. stated that the assertions were premature, although "negotiations with this object are under way." Reuter's representative cabled as follows: "Assertions made on Wall-street that banking interests did not object to the prevalence of the idea that the

How to Operate in Stocks Successfully.—See Halford's Adviser (post free).—Palmerston House, London, E.C. Established 1869. Telegrams: "Monitor, London."

Union Pacific would acquire Baltimore and Ohio was followed by widespread selling of leading stocks, the notion being that it might foreshadow trouble. Some urged it would be necessary for other large systems to fortify themselves by coming together as an offset to the Union Pacific and Baltimore and Ohio combination. Further consideration of the reported deal caused some readjustment of opinion, and a polite hearing was given to the argument that if the Pennsylvania Road allowed the Baltimore and Ohio to go to a system that might be used to the detriment of the Pennsylvania Company, it must mean a thorough understanding being arrived at which would preserve peace. Some Pennsylvania shareholders, however, expressed dissatisfaction by selling their stock." At one time there was a renewal of old stories like the Pennsylvania and Atchison Topeka combination, and it was suggested that the Erie and the Hill roads and also New York Central and Chicago Milwaukee combinations would be the plausible results of a Union Pacific and a Baltimore and Ohio deal. This, however, was only market talk, and whether the deals are consummated remains to be seen. The course of the American market for some little time to come promises to be unsettled. Dear money is the bugbear. The general state of trade is quite satisfactory, but it is recognised that quotations are high, and the wild manipulation of stocks frightens the public on both sides of the Atlantic. We have had much talk of "deals" before this, but it has been realised that they have for the most part not resulted in anything tangible, and that the only people who benefited were the "bosses" who pull the strings. And I repeat that in the circumstances, the English speculator in Americans is only playing in the dark, and stands a very good chance of losing a lot of money. Here is my table of movements on the week:—

—	1905. Highest.	1905. Lowest.	Closing Price, Sept. 8, 1906.	Closing Price, Sep. 15, 1906.	Closing Price, Sept. 22, 1906.
Atchison	96	80⅛	111½	112⅜	110½
Do. Five per Cent. Pref.	109	102	105½	105½	105
Baltimore and Ohio Com.	120½	104⅜	121½	125½	127⅞
Chesapeake and Ohio	61½	46⅜	65⅜	65⅜	65⅝
Denver	40⅛	27⅜	44¼	45⅛	44⅛
Do. Pref.	93⅞	85⅜	89	89½	89
Erie	54½	38⅜	48½	50⅜	49¼
Do First Pref.	87½	77⅜	81	80½	80
Louisville	161½	140½	153	155	154½
Milwaukee	193½	173½	186	184	184⅛
Mo., Kan., and Texas	39¼	24⅛	37½	37⅛	37½
Norfolk Pref.	96½	84	94½	94	94
Do. Common	90⅞	77⅜	96¼	97¼	97
New York Central	160⅜	140¼	149⅝	148⅛	148
Ontario	65½	41⅞	51⅞	52⅜	51¼
Pennsylvania	76⅝	67⅛	73⅜	73⅞	73⅜
Reading	73⅝	40⅞	73½	77⅛	77⅜
Do. First Pref.	49⅝	46	47½	47½	47½
Southern Common	39⅜	28⅝	39	39⅝	38⅝
Do. Pref.	104½	97½	103½	103½	103½
Southern Pacific	74	59⅝	94½	94⅜xd	96⅜
Union Pacific	155½	116⅞	133½	194⅝xd&b	193⅜
Do. Pref.	102⅜	98½	93	96xd	96
Wabash Pref.	49⅜	37¼	47	47½	46
Do. "B" Debentures	86⅜	69½	83½	83	83
U.S. Steel Corp. Com.	44½	26	48⅝	47⅛xd	46⅝
Do. Do. Pref.	110⅛	93⅝	110⅝	110⅝	110⅛

The New York *Chronicle* publishes its definitive report on the earnings of American railroads during the first half of this year. The gain in the net reaches substantial proportions. For the 166,684 miles of road, in respect of which returns have been procured, the results were as follows:—

January 1 to June 30 (143 Roads).	1906.	1905.	Increase or Decrease. Amount.	Per Cent.
Miles of Road	166,684	164,608	+2,076	1·26
	Dols.	Dols.	Dols.	
Gross Earnings	923,554,268	815,486,025	+108,068,243	13·25
Operating Expenses	651,453,221	589,140,170	+62,313,051	10·57
Net Earnings	272,101,047	226,345,855	+45,755,192	20 21

Both in gross and in net the gain is the largest ever reported for half a year. The fact is shown in the appended table, which carries the record back to 1897:—

Year.	Gross Earnings. Year Given.	Year Preceding.	Increase or Decrease.	Net Earnings. Year Given.	Year Preceding.	Increase or Decrease.
Jan. 1	to June 30.					
	$	$	$	$	$	$
1897 ...	405,003,731	407,164,468	-2,160,737	121 059,320	115,427,318	+5,632,002
1898 ...	460 528,130	410,596,441	+49,931,689	139,585,717	121,895,682	+17.690 035
1899 ...	489,509,765	461,993,058	+27,516,707	150,599,074	140.545,535	+10,053,539
1900 ...	577 149,664	506,366,345	+70,783,319	180 718 437	155,591,468	+25,126,969
1901 ...	638,334,794	580,421,956	+57,912,838	206 218,320	179.495,140	+26.723 180
1902 ...	670,398,926	631,494,280	+38,904,646	109 973,703	202,250,797	+7,722,906
1903 ...	727,932,367	637,699 839	+90 232.528	218 024 05	198,256,826	+19,767,230
1904 ...	731,774,531	744,860,135	-13,085,604	198,807,547	224,157,420	-25.349,873
1905 ...	847,334,204	790,321,750	+57,012.454	234,333,310	215,417,468	+18,916,342
1906 ...	923,554,268	815,486,025	+108,068,243	272,101,047	226,345,855	+45,755,192

NOTE.—In 1897 the number of roads included in the totals is 170; in 1898, 179; in 1899, 165; in 1900, 170; in 1901, 172; in 1902, 154; in 1903, 159; in 1904, 136; in 1905, 148; in 1906, 143. Neither the Mexican roads nor the coal-mining operations of the anthracite coal roads are included in any of these totals.

Conditions were not all favourable during these six months of 1906, though as a whole they were highly satisfactory. The chief untoward circumstances were the coal strikes and the falling off in the cotton movement in the South. Some railroad accounts have come to hand. The Denver and Rio Grande reports good progress. Gross earnings increased from $17,031,507 to $19,686,115, and net earnings from $6,862,547 to $7,581,943. Of the total increase in gross receipts $2,011,136 came from freight, $570,010 from passengers, and $73,461 from express, mails, and miscellaneous—indicating growth in all directions. It is needless to say that the total of the gross receipts at $19,686,115 is by far the largest in the Company's history. The president of the line refers to the absence of disturbing influences during the year, and dwells on the important part played by the maintenance of order in promoting prosperity. The Chicago and North-Western is one of the great systems of the United States. Its annual report shows that the amount applied out of earnings for new construction, improvements, and permanent additions was $6,000,000—a sum which falls little short of the sum charged against the year's account for dividends during the same time (at the rate of 8 per cent. on the Preferred, and 7 per cent. on the Common stock), which was $6,483,913. Even after this contribution a credit balance still remains on the operations of the twelve months in the sum of $2,316,639. The shareholders are shortly to be asked to authorise an increase in the capital to $200,000,000 from the present authorised total of $100,000,000 (of which $99,915,700 had been issued June 30, 1906), the whole of the additional stock to consist of Common shares. Judging from the balance-sheet, however, the Company will have no immediate need for putting out any of the additional stock. It had $16,835,918 of actual cash on June 30, 1906. Adding amounts due from agents and other sources the total of cash assets (not counting materials and fuel on hand) was $20,127,914. Furthermore, it held, as already stated, $10,813,000 of its own bonds in the treasury, and also held $2,337,837 of its own stock. It appears, too, that the Company acquired during the year $4,100,000 of the Preferred stock of the Union Pacific Railroad at a cost of $3,840,000. Thus, there were on June 30, 1906, cash assets and available securities of an aggregate of $37,118,751. The current liabilities at the same date were no more than $9,531,401.

KAFFIRS MOSTLY WEAK—NO PUBLIC—A "BEAR" ATTACK ON GOLD FIELDS—"SIMMER DEEP" AMALGAMATION—SHEBA GOLD REPORT.

South Africans have continued idle and most of the week they have been in a condition of depression. At one time there was certainly a slight rally due to "Bear" closing before carry-over, but this was neutralised at the end by the expiration of options, which had a depressing effect, and, with few exceptions, the leading

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shares show substantial declines on the account. For instance:—

	Price, Sept. 22.	Last Making-up.	Fall.
Gold Fields	3 3/8	4 1/4	3/4
Goerz	1 7/16	1 1/2	1/16
South African Gold Trust	2 5/8	2 3/4	1/8
Welgedacht	3 1/4	3 3/8	1/8
Cason	4 5/8	5	3/8
East Rand	4 3/16	4 3/8	3/16
Modderfontein	5 1/4	5 5/16	1/16
Robinson	7 1/2	8 1/2	1
Roodepoort U.M. Reef	1 13/16	2	3/16
Rand Mines	6 1/8	6 3/16	1/16
South Geldenhuis Deep	1 1/16	1 1/8	1/16
South Rose	1/4	5/16	1/16
Chartered	1 1/16	1 1/8	1/16

A determined attack was made early in the week on Gold Fields, to the accompaniment of talk of a bad Directors' report. The shares were forced down to 3 7/8 at one time, but on the irresponsible nature of the rumours being recognised a recovery took place. The Directors' report is not due for six weeks or so yet, and consequently it is premature to begin talking about its nature. One "Bull" point, at any rate, is the fact that a substantial increase in the dividends received from the subsidiaries will be shown by the accounts. The bulk of the increase will be due to the Simmer and Jack, which for its last financial year paid 2s. per share, against 1s. for 1904-5. On the Gold Fields' holding of over 1,700,000 shares this represents a difference of £85,000. A twelvemonth ago the Gold Fields distributed a dividend of 3s. per share, absorbing £300,000, of which £226,000 was stated by Lord Harris to represent returns from subsidiaries. By 1907 he hoped the dividends received from subsidiaries would total £500,000 per annum. It is pointed out by a broker that "the bugbear of depreciation may be brought forward, but when it comes to writing down such shares as Rand Victoria by 10s. or so it will be interesting to learn if it be really a fact that Robinson Deeps stand on the books not over 2. Should this, as I believe, be the fact, all shares should be brought to the price current on the day the balance is struck." The "Simmer Deep" amalgamation is not meeting with approval in all quarters. With the general policy of amalgamation I have already dealt, and about Kaffirs as a whole there is not much to be added, save that shareholders will, I am afraid, be called upon to exercise patience a little longer. But that the industry has a big future there is no room to doubt, and soon or late there must be a recovery in prices. The report of the Sheba Gold-Mining Company has made its appearance. It states that the average assay value of the ore sent to the mill from the various workings on the property was 12.003 dwts. per ton, as compared with 6.598 dwts. per ton during the year 1904-5. Development and exploration have been energetically pursued in various directions. The total output of gold from all sources amounted to 37,506oz. (bullion), valued at £147,365. The average costs, inclusive of all work done in connection with development, exploration and prospecting, calculated on the tonnage milled—namely, 79,390 tons—amounted to £1 7s. 8.50d. per ton, being slightly higher than the previous year, chiefly due to mining operations being carried on over such a large area, and also to additional expense in connection with the treatment of concentrates. Exclusive of development, exploration, and prospecting, the actual cost of treatment was £1 2s. 1.98d. per ton. The working profit for the year amounts to £38,438, and after deducting the debit balance brought forward from the previous year there remains a balance of £23,242 to credit of general profit and loss account. The actual cash resources at June 30 last, exclusive of stocks on hand, after providing for all liabilities, amounted to £46,334, and since the commencement of the current year the position has materially improved.

TREATISE ON OPTIONS.—Mr. Arthur Crump, late City Editor of the *Times*, described "Options" as "The most scientific and prudent way of operating on the Stock Exchange." This system, although very popular on the Continent and in America, is not so well known amongst Investors here as its merits justify. We have just published a new Treatise on this subject which will be sent post free on application to the Secretary, LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE, LTD., Bankers, Basildon House, Bank, London, E.C., or from any of its Branches.

RHODESIANS LESS EXCITED — TANGANYIKAS — FLUCTUATIONS ERRATIC—BANKETS AS A GAMBLE—CHARTERED RUMOURS.

Having succumbed to the general inertia that has gripped the Stock Markets, Rhodesians are less excited, though they are still the centre of a fair degree of interest. This is more especially the case with Tanganyikas, in which there is not much left to go for now that the terms of the fresh capital requirements are known. At the prevailing figure the shares, which are after all speculative, are not particularly cheap, but being so susceptible to inside manipulation there is no saying what will happen. As regards Bankets, nothing further has transpired concerning the satisfactory developments recently reported, and the shares are more or less neglected. This is not in the least remarkable having regard to the conditions prevailing throughout the "House," but I do not think that Bankets, strictly regarded as a gamble, are unattractive. When Kaffirs move with any degree of confidence Bankets are likely to follow suit, and the prevailing figure, it may be noted, is relatively low. Scarcely anything seems to be able to make an impression upon Chartereds nowadays. The excellent output for last month, exceeding as it did the long expected 50,000 ozs., was without effect; the same may be said of the land scheme formulated, and now the hoary yarn or hardy annual, dealing with the probable Government acquisition of the Charter, leaving the Company with its mineral and other rights, did nothing beyond raising a smile. It may be said of Chartered also, that they will move when Kaffirs move. Here is my usual table:—

—	Capitals. Authorised.	Capitals. Shares Issued.	Denom. of Shares.	Amount Paid.	Highest 1905.	Closing Price Sept 15, 1906.	Closing Price, Sept 22, 1906.
	£		£				
Rechuanaland Ex.	400 000	400,000	1	f.p.	1 1/32	3/16	3/16
British S. Africa	6,000,000	4,999,038	1	f.p.	1 1/16	1 1/16	1 1/16
Chicago Gaika	250,000	201,000	1	f.p.	2 1/2	6/6	5/6
Globe & Phœnix	200,000	250,000	1	f.p.	1 3/8	1 3/16	1 3/16
Lomagunda Dev	250.000	228,000	1	f.p.	2 1/16	1 1/16	1 1/16
Mashon. Agency	400,000	398,976	1	f.p.	1 1/8	1/4	1/4
N rth'rn Copper(B.S.A.)	250 000	160,500	1	f.p.	3 1/2	1 3/16	1 3/16
Rhodesia, Ltd.(New)	600 000	500,000	1	f.p.	1	3/4	3/4
Rhodesia Expl.	225,000	227,777	1	f.p.	4 1/2	2 1/16	2 1/16
Rhodesia Glds.	1,000,000	500,677	1	f.p.	5/8	3/6	3/6
Rice Hamilton	175 000	50,000	1	f.p.	2 1/2	1/8	1/8
Selukwe	350 000	321,000	1	f.p.	1 1/8	3/6	2/6
Tanganyika Conc.	264 600	234,000	1	f.p.	6 3/4	6 1/4	6 1/4
United Rhodesia	750 000	660,900	1	f.p.	11/3	3 6	3/-
Willoughby Con.	1,000,000	930,000	1	f.p.	1/2	10/9	1 1/-
Zambesia Explor.	300,000	288,615	1	f.p.	2 1/16	1 1/8	1 1/8

CANADIAN PACIFICS FIRM—GRAND TRUNK'S DISAPPOINTMENT TO THE MARKET—THIRD PREFERENCE PROSPECTS—MEXICAN RAILWAY SECONDS — ARGENTINES FOR INVESTMENT — FOREIGN RAILWAYS DESIRABLE.

On the week Canadian Pacifics have not moved much, but they have been a hard market, being assisted by another striking traffic, showing a gross increase for the second week of September of $326,000, which brings the gain since July 1st up to as much as $3,266,000. I have enlarged before on the splendid prospects of this company, and need add nothing on this occasion save to emphasise the fact that its shares are an excellent purchase, both for present yield and for a substantial appreciation within a reasonably short time. The Grand Trunk traffic was not liked. It revealed an increase of £4,849, whereas the market had looked for about £15,000, which was rather extravagant, seeing that the corresponding week of last year saw an expansion equal to this last figure. But the Trunk market always wants a lot for its money. For the half-year to date, the company emerges with the very substantial increase of £177,534, and should the directors please, they will be in a position to pay the full 4 per cent. on the Third Preference Stock, and distribute something also on the Ordinary. It would not be wise, however, to acquire Ordinary stock

in this hope, although it makes a good purchase for returns in the near future, together with a great appreciation. My table follows:—

—	A Year Ago.	Make-up, Sept. 11.	Closing Price, Sept. 22.
Canadian Pacific	181	183¾	184
Grand Trunks	25⅞	28¼	27½
,, 4 per cent. Guaranteed	104	104¼	104¼
,, 1st Preference	115	122	120¾
,, 2nd ,,	106¾	114	113¾
,, 3rd ,,	61¼	68¾	67½
Bengal and North-West	157	147	147
Madras Railway 5 per cent.	126	123	122½
Argentine Great Western Ordinary	123	120	118½
Buenos Ayres and Pacific	136½	123	126
,, ,, 1st Preference	115½	113½	119
,, ,, 2nd ,,	110	110	109½
,, Great Southern	145	133¾	135½
,, Western	136½	135	134½
Entre Rios Railway Preference	94	89	89½
Rosario Consolidated Ordinary	113¾	116½	116½
Cent. Uruguay Ordinary	92	87½	88
Costa Rica Railway	2⅛	2⅜	2⅜
Mashonaland Railway Debentures, 2nd iss.	—	92½	92½
Mexican Railway	28¾	28½	28¾
,, 1st Preference	113¾	135	137
,, 2nd ,,	45	60	61
Nitrate Rails	16⅛	14¾	14¾

The Foreign Railway Market has hung fire. The Mexican Railway traffic was quite a good one, but it exercised only a temporary effect upon prices, and towards the end the stocks have developed dulness. The Second Preference strikes me as the most attractive for a speculation, as Firsts have been advanced very high. Cubans are flat on the state of the island. Brazilian Railways are also dull, especially Leopoldinas, and Argentine descriptions are offered by speculators, as usual at the end of an account, owing to the restricted facilities for carrying over. These small fluctuations, however, need not trouble the individual who holds Great Southerns, Westerns, Pacifics, and Rosarios, on the investment basis. The last-named Company announces an interim dividend on its Consolidated Ordinary stock at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, the same as twelve months ago, payment beyond that rate not being permissible till the claims of the Deferred stock have been met at the end of the year. The stockholders, however, will be pleased with the much larger carry forward, which amounts to £345,600, as against £222,100, and, allowing for the difference of the sums brought into account, represents an increase of £190,400. The published traffics for the half-year showed an advance of £324,900, so that, allowing for an extension of general charges, a fair proportion of the better earnings appears to have been retained in net. A selection of Foreign Railway stocks for investment is appended:—

Amt.		Name.	Last Dividend.		Price.	Yield Per Cent.
7,700	20	Porto Alegre & N. Hamb	2	2	4 — 6	8 0 0
173,414	Stk.	Do. Mort. Deb.	6	6	96 — 8	6 7 0
75 000	10	Rio Claro Sao Paulo, L.	14	14	27 — 8	5 1 9
600,000	Stk.	Do. Debenture	5	5	123 — 5	4 1 3
38,780	10	Royal Sardinian	8	8	15 — ½	5 5 0
58.170	10	Do. Preference	8	8	15 — ¾	5 5 6
3 000,000	Stk.	San Paulo, Limited	12	12	211 — 13	5 13 3
1,000,000	Stk.	Do. Non-Cum. Pf.	5	5	120 — 2	4 4 0
750 000	Stk.	Do. Perm. Deb.	5½	5½	131 — 3	4 4 3
250 000	Stk.	Do. do.	5	5	125 — 7	3 19 9
,000,000	Stk.	Do. do.	4	4	104 — 6	3 17 0
110 0 0	5	Taltal, Limited	8	6	6¾ — 7	5 1 9
80.160	100	Do. 1st Charge Deb.	5	5	101 — 3	4 19 0
1,769,000	Stk.	United of the Havana, L.	9	11	175 — 7	5 13 9
700,000	Stk.	Do. Cum. Prefce.	5	5	113 — 15	4 8 6
380,000	Stk.	Do. "A" Irred. Deb.	5	5	125 — 7	4 0 0
1,425,9 0	Stk.	Do. Consd. do.	5	5	119 — 21	4 4 0
393,750	Srk.	Villa Maria Guaranteed	...	3	86 — 8	3 10 0
615,968	Stk.	Do. 1st Deb Stk.	4	4	97 — 9	4 2 3
1,000,000	100	W. of B. Ayres Bds. 1925	5	5	112 — 14½	4 0 3
80 000	10	Western of Havana, L.	8	6	13 — 14	5 3 9
450,000	Stk.	Do. Deb. Stock	4½	4½	111 — 13	4 1 9

WEST AFRICANS STAGNANT—ESPERANZAS—IS THERE ANYTHING WRONG?—RECORD PROFITS—SPASSKY GAMBLE CONTINUES—BRISEIS TIN DENIALS.

The stagnation which has so completely gripped the Jungle within the past month or two is, if anything, more pronounced than ever. Business is virtually non-existent, which, having regard to all the circumstances, is not surprising, and there is scarcely a semblance of interest anywhere. For some time past I have been referring to the low figure attained by Esperanzas in the Mexican group. They appeared attractive speculatively, though the rumour-mongers have been busy with somewhat vague stories concerning the position, and they have been materially assisted in banging the shares by the heavy selling from America. This has prompted a denial by the directors of the various rumours circulating, and a very satisfactory monthly return, as well as the declaration of another quarterly distribution, have brought about a recovery. It is not very material, however, and the shares still remain rather sensitive, because the market refuses to believe that the denials are convincing. The dividend is the same as before, 10s. 6d. per share, while the monthly production establishes a record, the profits being £109,457. This is undoubtedly a very large figure, and more than anything else, perhaps, prompted the suspicion that it is "too showy." The lowest developments, say the directors, are still in the rich ore body, which continues to open up high-grade stuff, but though all the rumours are said to be "without foundation," they are still indulged in, and serve to make an adverse impression upon the price. The gamble in Spasskys continues unabated, though a material setback has occurred. Nothing can be made of the conflicting rumour circulated, but even should the conclusions of the experts prove very favourable, it seems highly probable that the shares would not respond to such an extent as they profess to believe here and there. As regards Briseis Tin shares, the manager has given a lengthy contradiction to the adverse rumour, which is supplemented by a denial from the consulting engineers.

—	Denomination of Shares.	Closing Price, Sept. 15.	Closing Price, Sept. 22.
	£		
Ashanti Goldfields	4/-	12/6	12 6
Akrokerri	1	1	1
Bibiani Goldfields	1	⅛	⅛
British Gold Coast	1	3/16	3/16
Gold Coast Amalgamated Mines	1	1⅛	1⅛
Taquah and Abosso	1	1 3/16	1 3/16
Wassau (Gold Coast)	1	⅜	⅜
Egypt and Sudan Mining	1	⅜	⅜
Egyptian Mines and Exploration	1	4/-	4/-
Nile Valley	1	5/-	4/6
Sudan Goldfields	1	⅛ dis.	⅛ dis.
United African Exploration	1	1 1/16	1⅛
Anaconda Copper	$25	14 7/8	15
Balaghat Gold	1	24/6	24/6
Broken Hill Proprietary	8/-	81/6	82/6
Cape Copper	2	6¾	6½
Champion Reef	2/6	15/3	15/6
Le Roi	5	1¾	1 1/16
Mysore Gold	10/-	6 1/16	6⅛
Nundydroog	10/-	26/-	26/-
Ooregum	10/-	14/6	14/5
Rio Tinto	5	71	72½
Tharsis Sulphur and Copper	2	6⅞	6¾
Waihi Gold	1	9⅛	9⅛

A Company which is about to make its appearance is the Siberian Mines, Limited, which possesses options over eight groups of mines in the districts of Orsk, Troitz, and Cheliabinsk, in the province of Orenburg. It is stated that for one of the groups, comprising thirty-two mines, the amount of the purchase money is less than the cash value of the tailings stored at the mines. It is not at present proposed that the Company should become so much a mining as a parent concern; for should the engineers' reports be favourable, the intention is to float subsidiary Companies, to acquire further options as occasion may offer. The Company will at present incur no expenses other than those incidental to the registration expenses securing the options and the cost of the engineers' reports; no payments for property, directors' fees, office rent, etc., will be made unless the engineers' reports are sufficiently satisfactory for the directors to enter into a contract for the renting of one or more of the properties.

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Westralians Inactive—Sons of Gwalia Interesting—Ivanhoes' Satisfactory Reserves—Deep Leads Quiet.

There is still very little interest centred in Westralians, and the market is rather quiet and colourless. I still maintain, however, that collectively the shares are deserving of more consideration, being hopeful purchases, to be held for dividends, and giving as a rule quite a good return. In point of interest, Sons of Gwalia are most conspicuous because of the encouraging developments reported in depth. It will be remembered that the shrinkage in the average grade of the mine recently induced the board to lower the dividend to 1s. per share quarterly. The property is earning more than this, and a bonus at the end of the year was promised if at all practicable. Even on the basis of 4s. per year only the return would be equivalent to 16 per cent., and they appear worth holding for dividends. The encouraging development alluded to is the showing up of ore assaying £2 12s. per ton over a width of 8½ feet in the lowest level. It would be wise "not to overestimate the importance of this until better development," as the manager adds; but it certainly appears promising. The ore reserve statement of the Ivanhoe is interesting. The aggregate at the end of June is estimated at 796,841 tons, representing an increase of 27,780 tons on the total of December. Seeing that over 100,000 tons were treated during the half year, development has more than kept pace with treatment. The average grade, however, is slightly lower at 58s. 2d. per ton, as against 59s. 4d.; but this is completely offset by the recent reduction of about 4s. per ton in working costs, etc. The position, therefore, is improved, and the total of the reserves being equivalent to almost four years' requirements at the present rate of treatment, and the shares at the lowest point of the year, they appear to be fairly attractive. As regards the deep-lead grants, there is not much activity, owing, one would suppose, to the widespread indifference to Stock Exchange affairs. Nevertheless, with the probability of Loddon Valley attaining the gold mining stage at any moment now, the shares appear to make an interesting gamble at the low figure prevailing. Such an event is calculated to impart a gentle stimulus to all these shares. My usual table follows:—

—	1900. High.	1905. High.	1905. Lowest.	Make-up, Sep. 10, 1906.	Closing Price, Sept. 15, 1906.	Closing Price, Sept. 22, 1906.
Associated G.M.	7⅝	3⅝	1 31/32	1 31/32	1 7/16	1½
Assoc. Nth. Blocks	2⅜	1 7/16	1 5/32	1⅛	1⅛	1⅛
Brownhill Ext.	3⅞	5/16	¼	9/6	9/-	9/-
Cosmopolitan	30/3	½	¼	4/3	3/9	3/9
Golden Horseshoe	15	8 7/16	6 7/16	5¾	5 13/16	5¾
Golden Link	2½	4/6	0/3	3/9	3/3	4/-
Great Boulder Prop.	37/6	25/6	20/-	26/-	26/-	26/-
Do. Main Reef	2¾	3/3	1/-	2/9	2/6	3/-
Do. Perseverance	13¼	16/6	9/6	9/6	9/-	8/-
Gt. Fingall Cons.	6 15/16	8⅝	6¼	3 15/16	3⅞	3¾
Hainault	1⅞	1 1/16	⅝	1⅛	1⅛	1 1/16
Ida H. Gold	—	14/3	3/-	5/-	5/3	5/-
Ivanhoe (£5)	15½	8 7/16	7 9/16	6 15/16	6 15/16	6 15/16
Ivanhoe South Extnd.	1	¾	¼	7/16	7/16	7/16
Kalgurli	9⅛	9⅞	6 5/16	10 11/16	10⅞	10¾
Lake View Consols	5⅛	1⅞	11/16	15/16	1⅛	15/16
L. & W. A. Exploration	1 15/16	15/6	7/-	9/-	9/-	9/6
North Kalgurli	1 11/16	6/-	0/6	1/-	-/9	1/-
Oroya Brownhill	—	3 3/16	2 11/16	3	2 15/16	2⅞
Peak Hill	5⅜	8/9	0/3	-/6	-/9	-/9
Sons of Gwalia	6 1/16	2 5/16	1 27/32	1 15/16	1⅞	1 15/16
South Kalgurli	6½	2	25/32	1 1/16	1 1/16	1 1/16
Westralia Mt. Morgans	—	7/16	3/16	2/-	2/6	2/6

Insurance Notes—Canada Life Again—Altered Conditions—Sources of Surplus—Good v. Best.

The manager for the United Kingdom of the Canada Life Assurance Company has sent me another letter about the comments which I made upon his office; but I have apparently failed to make clear to him the substance of my remarks. My original statement was that "So far as I can judge of its bonus results from the information available in this country, it has not a single participating policy to offer which is so good as can be obtained elsewhere." In a subsequent issue I said that if the manager "can supply me with details of any with-profit policies which he is prepared to issue this year, and which are superior to any that can be obtained elsewhere, I shall have the greatest pleasure in giving publicity to the fact." In the long letter which I have received there is no attempt of any sort or kind to show that the Canada Life is in a position to issue such a policy. It seems, therefore, unnecessary to refer in detail to the various points raised in the letter. In a perfectly fair and courteous fashion the manager shows that certain policies issued in the past under quite different conditions from those prevailing now have produced results which are better than the average, but he has nothing to say as to the prospects under policies issued now. I do not in the least suggest that the Company can guarantee bonuses, but if the manager cannot supply reasonable evidence of the returns being better than those of any other Company, he cannot expect me to modify my original statement.

The rates of premium charged for with-profit policies were greatly increased in 1902, but none of these policies has yet been in force long enough to receive a bonus. If the bonuses are to be at the same rate as those declared on the old low-premium policies the results will be quite unattractive. If the new policies at high premiums are to receive a larger bonus than the old policies at low rates, it might be possible to estimate their merits if the proportionate increase in bonus were stated. The valuation returns, however, do not encourage the idea that the high premium policies will receive larger bonuses than the low-premium. Even if the results under the old policies had been better than they were, I should still have felt that the greatly altered conditions caused these past results to be of little or no value as a guide to the future.

In the absence of actual bonus results under present conditions, the only other means of estimating future returns is to consider the sources of profit which the accounts of the Company exhibit. One of these sources is the difference between the rates of interest assumed in the valuation and earned upon the funds. The official returns show that for the five years ending with 1904 the average rate of interest earned was £4 8s. 9d. per cent. The policies issued prior to 1900, which involved a liability of £5,000,000, are valued at 3½ per cent.; and the policies issued since 1899, involving a liability of £500,000, are valued at 3 per cent. Thus for the bulk of the business the margin of profit from interest is less than 1 per cent., a rate which is not calculated to produce the best results. The profits from this source are likely to steadily increase, because the Company does a large new business, and the proportion valued at 3 per cent. will rapidly increase, while that valued at 3½ per cent. will grow smaller.

Another source of surplus in most Companies is the difference between the expenditure provided for and the expenditure incurred. Here, again, the conditions of the Canada Life are such as to make it difficult to estimate future profits. During the last valuation period the average expenses exceeded 27 per cent. of the premiums, while the valuation returns state that the provision for expenses was 17 per cent. on with-profit policies and 8 per cent. on without-profit policies. If we were to be guided by these figures we should have to conclude that so far from the provision for expenses resulting in a profit, it would result in a dead loss. It ought to be remembered, however, that an equal expenditure for each £1,000 assured means a smaller proportion of a high premium than it does of a low premium, so that possibly the actual amount provided for expenses is greater under the new premiums than under the old. I have taken the trouble to compare the difference between the net premiums at 3 per cent. as valued by the Canada Life with the premiums actually charged by the Company at present rates, and in every case the provision of expenses, even on the with-profit policies, is a great deal less than the 27 per cent. which the Company has been spending. Thus with a moderate, though good, profit from interest, and with a heavy loss owing to extravagant expenditure, I am entirely unable to see how the Canada Life

can be supposed to have with-profit policies for sale at the present time which are likely to be so good as those of the best English and Scottish Companies, and this is my real point.

The manager argues very fairly and reasonably that in past times, when the rates of premium were different, and when probably the interest earned was higher and the expenses of management less, the Company gave results which were considerably better than the average. This I am not in the least concerned to dispute, and I am still prepared to confess myself mistaken if the manager of the Canada Life will supply me with any reasonable grounds for thinking that the policies he can issue this year will give larger returns to a policy-holder for the same outlay than can be obtained from the best Companies doing business in the United Kingdom. In making any comparison of this kind, I should be quite prepared to make allowances for the fact that, as my correspondent says, "the privileges actually guaranteed under our various policies are unequalled, so far as we know, by any British office." Without careful examination I am not prepared to say they are unequalled, but the conditions as to surrender values and the like are very good, and are extremely valuable features.

The manager of the Canada Life is good enough to express his appreciation of the way in which I have commented on his policies and my evident desire to treat his Company and its contracts with the utmost fairness. It is quite pleasant to reciprocate this courtesy by saying that his arguments and his methods of business are characterised by the fairness prevalent in the best-class insurance companies, for which he worked before undertaking the management of the Canada Life; practically our only differences arise from our points of view. I want to discover and to show my readers what is best, while he, like most insurance managers, seems satisfied to prove that the policies he has for sale are merely better than the average. I have dealt with this subject somewhat fully partly because I want to show that I had good grounds for my opinion, and partly because the various points raised serve to show how the selection of a policy should be dealt with. If the Canada Life can show that their policies issued now are likely to be better than anything else obtainable in this country, I shall be pleased to hear from the manager again, and give the fullest consideration to anything he has to say; failing this, I would suggest that both he and I should adopt Matthew Arnold's advice:—

> "Let the long contention cease,
> Geese are swans and swans are geese.
> Let them have it how they will;
> Thou art tired, best be still."

More Philanthropy.

I suppose there must be an enormous number of fools in the United Kingdom, otherwise I fail to see how such an institution as the Imperial Stock and Share Exchange could go on flourishing. This estimable concern, with offices at 19-21, Queen Victoria-street, E.C., has for its telegraphic address "Pondweed, London"—which is certainly appropriate. The Imperial, by its own showing at all events, goes on from success to success in a manner which makes one wonder why it should be content—unlike the majority of us—to go on making money for strangers when it might retire in a few months on a million or two and keep several swagger motor-cars, a two-thousand-ton yacht, and a big place in Scotland, and indulge in numerous other luxuries. By the showing of the Imperial Stock and Share Exchange itself—please do not accept my word for it, by any means—another grand success has been scored—no less than 175 per cent. in two days. This was in "No. 44 Special Stock Deal," closed on the 11th inst. at the net cash profit of £14 on every £10 subscribed. I shall be glad to hear from those who may have been the happy recipients of cheques in connection with the transaction. No. 41 resulted in a profit of £10, No. 42 in a profit of £8, and No. 43 £22, in each case on £10 entrusted to this most philanthropic agency. The Imperial Stock and Share Exchange is very solicitous to remind you that its "Special Stock Dealing System" was originally started only among its own clients, but the results proved so successful that it decided to give the public an opportunity of joining, hoping thereby to extend its business, "and at the same time prove to them that with ordinary care and judgment it is possible to secure handsome returns upon a moderate outlay of Capital." Personally, I should be very chary indeed of accepting the word of this seedy bucket-shop on the question of its past successes.

Messrs. Hanmer and Co., of Mellor's-buildings, Liverpool, and the Royal Exchange, Manchester, are circularising people on the subject of cotton futures, and they write to this effect:—

> We may say that Cotton Futures have a great advantage over stocks and shares or any other produce, insomuch as they can be instantaneously sold or bought at the exact market value. There is only one commission for the buying and selling, and it does not matter how far off the position is, it only costs the same brokerage.

It is hoped that in view of this you may, "as time goes on," see your way to make use of Messrs. Hanmer and Co.'s services. It is to be hoped that no readers of Truth will be tempted to indulge in the luxury of a flutter in futures. I say nothing against the good faith of the concern, but I do know that speculation in cotton futures is a diversion which might very well be left to those who understand the business, because the amateur has a mighty small chance of making money thereby.

I have a good opinion of Mexican Railway Second Preference stock, as I have more than once stated, but I would rather be excused from taking a hand in the gamble which Charles Coventry and Co., of Northumberland-avenue, W.C., reckons to have in them. The stock is one to put away for a time, not one to play with through the instrumentality of a bucket-shop.

In May last, a firm of so-called "financial agents" calling itself Fry and Co., with an address at 34, Coleman-street, E.C., invited a gentleman in the North to indulge in a deal in North-Eastern Railway stock, assuring him that it was "bound to see much higher prices." Very foolishly, he accepted the assurance, being prompted in part, no doubt, by the firm's statement that it would guarantee the return of the amount of the investment, together with the proportion of profit earned, within a month. This guarantee was attested on the receipt for the money sent. Next day the stock "commenced to advance," and my correspondent was advised to increase his interest, which, as the result showed, he had the sense not to do. Before entering into the business at all, he might have taken the precaution of asking who were going to guarantee the guarantors, but this he omitted to do. At the middle of June in reply to a letter asking for a settlement, a reply was received stating that "we shall write you again on Tuesday next, by which time we shall have adjusted the temporary pressure occasioned by the recent slump in American Railways, and to our clients not covering their commitments." It was admitted that the client was entitled to a refund of his money in any event, and regret was expressed that the firm's hopes and anticipations of an improving market had been "so wofully falsified." Several letters have since been sent to Fry and Co. by my correspondent's representative, but no replies have been received, and personal application at 34, Coleman-street, found the office shut.

New Issue.

The following prospectus has been issued:—

Troitzk Goldfields, Ltd.—Capital, £600,000 in shares of £1 each. Of these, 500,000 shares, credited with 14s. paid up on each share, have been issued to the Siberian Proprietary Mines, Limited, the vendors, in payment for the options acquired over the properties referred to in the prospectus. The payment in full of these 500,000 shares will provide £150,000 for the purchase of the property and for working capital. The remaining 100,000 shares are held in reserve, and provision will be made thereout for further developments and plant. The mines are situated in the Orenburg province of South-eastern European Russia. Subscriptions from the public were not invited.

"Truth" Letter Box.

Correspondents will oblige by observing the following rules:—

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" reply by post.

Name and address, which must accompany all inquiries, should be written on the communication; cards are apt to be lost or misplaced, causing unnecessary trouble.

Anonymous letters will not in any case be attended to.

I cannot reply to inquiries by letter or telegram.

A nom-de-plume or initials (the former preferably) should be given if it is desired that the real name shall not appear in the paper.

Inquiries should be put as briefly as possible, plainly written, and numbered.

Communications received after Friday may not be replied to in the following issue. Delay may also occur where an exceptionally long list of securities is submitted.

I do not recommend brokers.

Government.

Thrift, Leeds.—1. Spread the capital over Chinese Fives, Japanese Fours, and Chilian Fives. 2. Scarcely worth holding. *W. H. H., Swansea.*—I should keep Consols for an ultimate rise of at least half a dozen points.

Railways.

Manilla.—Your best plan would be to hold for a settlement. *F. C. C.*—It seems to me that the labour bogey is all humbug. I should hold on to Home Railway stocks. *Nervous.*—Cut your loss if you cannot take up the stock and wait for a good recovery. *Baloo.*—1. The stock ought to be better before the end of the year, but the recent accident is rather against it. 2. Midland Deferred is a good purchase at the current price. *Quin.*—It would be advisable, I think, to hold on to Midland Deferred stock. *E. L. R.*—It is very probable that the Government will exercise its rights in connection with the Bengal Nagpur Railway. *Page.*—1. Canadian Pacifics ought to go to 200 or higher within the coming twelve months. *Rex.*—The investment was a rather indifferent one, and I should be disposed to exchange into a better Canadian or into a well-managed Argentina. *O. O. A.*—The Home Railway market is utterly neglected, and the Scotch stocks are particularly depressed by strike fears. It is quite probable, therefore, that "Coras" will go lower still.

Mines.

F. Parsons.—1. The prospects are very dubious, and I think you might sell out and buy one of the better class copper shares—say, Anacondas or Arizonas. 2. You will have to wait some time for a material depreciation in Camp Birds. *Spero.*—The life of the Jumpers mine is estimated at five or six years. *W. R. H.*—You might buy Randfonteins, Mount Lyell Blocks, and Utah Apex. *Roamer.*—A very decided gamble. *Freda.*—Troitzk Goldfields shares make a very promising speculation. *Frankie.*—1. Of the mines named I should select New Primrose. *G. W. G.*—The company is of little account, and its shares are not marketable. *Textile, Leek.*—The shares should turn out profitably. *W. J. G.*—Fingalls might be bought at the present price as a promising speculative purchase. 2. Jupiters are good for a much higher price on an active Kaffir market, and it would be to your advantage to average if you are under no necessity to realise at present. *Enquirer, Nottingham.*—I regret that I am unable to furnish you with information concerning the progress of the litigation. I have not received complaints from other shareholders. *T. Manley.*—The shares should go higher in the long run, but you will probably have to wait some time for a recovery, and it seems to me that you might get your own, and more, back by realising now and buying one of the good copper or tin shares. *Medico.*—East Rand Extensions are good to hold. *W. D. S. T.*—The Nimrod Syndicate has been merged into the New Nimrod, whose shares are not readily marketable. The other concern has disappeared—at least, I am unable to trace it. *Sussex.*—Casons and Bankets are worth buying. *Navy, Devonport.*—I am unable to trace either concern. *Caucasus.*—The shares are not a good purchase. *Corwen.*—The Great Boulder Prop. is a good mine, and you would be well advised to hold on to its shares. Boulder Deep Levels are a gamble, and not highly attractive at that. *W. G., Guildford.* — The Spassky Copper Company was registered in July, 1904, to acquire properties covering a hundred square miles in the Akmolinsk district of Siberia. The authorised capital is £300,000, in shares of £1 each, and 275,000 shares have been issued and fully paid. The present price of the shares is £6. *Nogard.*—You had better hold on. *Muscle.*—All the mining shares are fair holdings, but they must not be regarded as anything but mining gambles. *Hibernian.*—1. I understand that the concern is reliable. 2. As the journal is made up mostly of extracts from the leading daily papers it may be taken, I suppose, that the information is good. 3. Arizona, Coppers, "Johnnies," and Gold Fields Ordinary. *Hard Up.*—You ought to hold on to Mount Lyell Blocks and "Johnnies." *B., Weybridge.*—1. Mount Lyell Blocks are a fair gamble, in view of the prospect of a high price of copper for a long time to come. 2. Utah Apex should go higher. 3. East Fingalls are a fairly healthy speculation, if you do not mind taking chances. 4. I do not think well of the holding. *Enquirer, Keighley.*—You are entitled to the return of your money if you care to go to the cost and trouble of doing so. At any rate, pay no more calls.

Mixed Securities.

St. Leonards.—You might try Canadian Pacifics, Grand Trunk Second Preference, B.A., Great Southern Ordinary and Lyons. *Tectona.*—1. Mysores will probably suit you. 2. I cannot undertake the responsibility of recommending individual brokers. 3. The prospects of the company are satisfactory. *Menatchin.*—1. It would be well to average. 2. I understand that the business continues satisfactory. 3. Sell out the mining shares, unless you are prepared to hold them as a gamble. *H.M.S. Hecla.*—1. Grand Trunk Second Preference stock is worth holding for a further rise. 2. A good investment bringing in over 5 per cent. is B.A. Rosario Ordinary. 3. The guaranteed debentures can be recommended. *Twig, Weymouth.*—Alberta Five per Cent. Debentures and Norman Long Debentures are both good holdings. *Prego.*—The chances are in favour of an appreciation in your securities, especially the railways. *Mabel.*—1. S.A. Gold Trust Preference Shares are reasonably safe for investment. 2. I have not a very good opinion of the prospects of the company. 4. Invest the money in Japanese Four and a Half per Cent bonds. *Kate.*—1. It would be advisable to hold on to North Western Railway stock. 2. Worth holding as a speculation for 50 or 100 shares. 3. The reserves of ore are not so satisfactory as they ought to be, and this must militate against large present dividends. *H. G. M., Guildford.*—1. Mabira Forest Rubber shares have promise, but you must be prepared to wait for dividends. 2. You can hardly regard Victorian Deep Leads as "a permanent source of income," seeing that so far they have not paid dividends. But the speculative possibilities of the property are very great, and I look for increased activity in the shares during the next few weeks. 3. "Johnnies" would suit you. *Cartagena.*—1. Kalgoorlie Electric Trams Preference shares should appreciate in value. 2. Among the South Africans you might select Rand Mines, Gold Fields Ordinary, and New Rietfonteins. 3. I should not have dealings with the Imperial Stock and Share Exchange. The other concern I do not know. *Marguerite.*—1. Daimler and Argyll Motor Ordinary shares are quite fair industrial holdings. 2. Cuban Bonds are not likely to suffer much by the tinpot revolution in the island—at least, there is no need to fear on the subject of coupon payments. *Cymro.*—1. The money might, with advantage, be put into one of the Japanese issues, say, the Five per Cent. Exchequer Bonds or the Four and a Half per Cent. Bonds. 2. Grand Trunk Third Preference would be the better choice for capital appreciation. I regret that I cannot reply by post. It is stated expressly in Truth that "under no circumstances" can this be done. *Been Abroad.*—It would be advisable to sell all three, as a recovery is improbable, and to place the proceeds in some foreign railway stock or industrial share of promise. I would suggest Buenos Ayres Western stock for an exchange. *Point Le Galle.*—Keep Electric Construction, Welsbachs, and Argentine Southern Land shares, in addition to Schweppes Deferred. The remainder are undesirable. *Black Swan.*—The Home Railway stocks are hanging fire, but the Canadians and Argentines look like going ahead, and National Telephones, Debentures, and Gaslight, and Coke Ordinary are both good. *Camac.*—I should suggest a purchase of the shares of the Canada Company or of Grand Trunk Seconds for the yield which you desire. *Whit.*—Hold Nos. 1, 2, 5, 7, and 8. The others are undesirable. *Pegamoid.*—1. The shares do not strike me as attractive. I should be disposed to sell out. 2. The shares are negotiable only with difficulty. Get rid of them, if you can. 3. An unattractive holding. *Kaos.*—1. The future depends upon the production of rubber on the estate. 2 and 3. Both are good investments. *E. M. W.*—Your list is a good one, and I see no reason why you should make a change. It might be advisable to buy Great Northern Deferred if the Home Railway market were in a better humour. *Bad Look Out.*—1. Both the electric traction issues are promising. 2. You might hold the South Africans if you are in no hurry to realise. The others I should sell and should place the proceeds in one of the good copper shares—say Anacondas or Arizonas. *Civis.*—1. The amalgamation is likely to come off, but there will be a rearrangement of the Debenture capital. 2. I have not heard what the experts in conference will do. 3. The Preference dividend will most probably be paid. 4. The mine will soon commence work, and its shares are a good speculative purchase for a rise to 30s.

Miscellaneous.

F. A. V.—I have to thank you for your circular. *Dimlands.*—I am obliged for the bucket shop circular with which you have favoured me. The man is a persistent nuisance. *Kerlin.*—I understand that the concern is all right. *S. M., Taunton.*—Please accept my thanks for the bucket shops circulars with which you have favoured me. They make a varied and interesting assortment. *Sammy.*—1. The directorate is a practical one, and the company has good prospects. You should hold your shares. 2. Both concerns are bucket shops, and should be avoided. 3. I understand that the concern is reliable. *Benefo.*—I should regard the security as adequate. *A. J. R., Edinburgh.*—Pearson Ordinary shares are held privately. The Preference shares give a return of 5½ per cent. Paquin Preference yield 5 per cent. Both are reasonably desirable industrials. *Maryfield.*—As textiles go, Calico Printers are a fair holding in view of the state of trade. 2. It is a purely Canadian concern, and I am unable to advise you as to its standing. *Walker, Hull.*—You would do well to leave the concern alone. *Boston.*—Would not recommend you to average No. 1, but hold on to what you have. 2. See reply

to "Maryfield." 3. The company is handicapped by the shortage of working capital, and whether it will be in a position to pay any arrears this year is problematical. They are purely speculative, but might be kept. *Reader.*—Paris bonds are an investment and scarcely a speculation. 2. N. Keizer and Co., 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C. *Depair.*—Leave both concerns alone. You ought to follow my general remarks and choose for yourself. *John.*—No. 1 is a fair commercial investment, but I cannot trace the other. *Rex.*—Cannot give advice in the matter. *Bass.*—You would be well advised to endeavour to get rid of the certificates in question. The concern is one which I cannot recommend. *Paribus.*—I have a poor opinion of the society, and if your friend can get out it would be best to do so. *Iso.*—In the circumstances it might be best to cut your loss on any recovery. *A. Orr.*—The second named is all right, but you ought to avoid the other concern. *Bond.*—I would advise you to leave the concern alone. *Johannesburg.*—There are no public dealings in the shares, and a sale is a matter for negotiation. *Beta.*—Would recommend the Post Office Savings Bank in preference to the one named. *Camberley.*—They are to be avoided. *P. A. H.*—Do not take any notice of John B. McKenzie's effusive circulars. *J. Stanley.*—It is not a bank, but more of a moneylending concern, and I would strongly warn you against entrusting it with your money. *J. P.*—They are a tolerably interesting purchase. *F. E. Peat.*—All right, I believe. *Cornishman.*—With the exception of Willans and Robinson. 2. I think you might hold for a recovery. *Cautious.*—The society is reliable enough, I understand, and the debentures quite satisfactory. *Cave Canem, Blackpool.*—They are bucket shops, which might be avoided. The motor shares make a fair purchase. *Zoe.*—You could improve upon the Brewery Preference share mentioned, and I do not regard Tea Tables as being very desirable. The jewellery shares are scarcely attractive. Furness Withy Ordinary shares give about 8½ per cent. The nitrates are not unattractive as a speculative holding. *Glencar.*—One of the better class of insurance companies, and quite sound. *A. D. B. C.*—The concern has everything to make, and its shares are consequently speculative. 2. I know nothing against them, and they are believed to be straightforward. *Cinque Ports.*—I regret I cannot trace anything of the company. *Corny.*—Would suggest that you leave all four alone. *Schoblock.*—The Bank can surely get the dividend if it purchased the shares for you, and you ought to instruct them accordingly. *Stocks and Shares.*—The Royal, Scottish Widows, or any of the other large companies would willingly give you all the information desired. *Bondman.*—Those selected are the best, but you ought to purchase through the Credit Lyonnais Agency or N. Keizer and Co., 29, Threadneedle Street. E.C. *Industrial.*—They have already experienced a substantial advance, and to buy on the top of this would not be wise. *Isle.*—Greenwich Inlaid Linoleum are by far the best of the two. *W. A. C.*—They deal fairly by their clients, I believe. 2. Quite safe. *H. A. B.*—You could perhaps do better. *Brown Moss.*—The first-named ought to be avoided, but the second is all right, though in such a matter you must, of course, use some discrimination. 3. It is a "blind pool," and nothing better, and I would strongly warn you against it. *Tortoise.*—Hold for a possible recovery and then get out. *Ware.*—They can treat you much as they please. *Natal.*—They do not seem particularly attractive, but would possibly advance with Kaffirs. *W. Nimmo.*—You have given no nom-de-plume. See reply to "J. Stanley." *Fiducia.*—Would be best, I think, to hold for a possible recovery. *Central India.*—I cannot trace the concern. Is the title given correct? *A. W. Lester.*—Avoid them. *S. S.*—Quite reliable, I believe. *H. Brooks, Nine,* and *F. A. Joyce.*—Kindly send stamped addressed envelopes, and I shall let you have the desired information. *R.R.*—I am greatly obliged to you for sending me the Martin Bull circulars. I have on more than one occasion warned readers of Truth to have no dealings with the man.

Industrials Quiet but Attractive—Iron and Steel Prosperity—Dick Kerr Results—Telegraph Stocks—Theatres—Nitrate Shares—Breweries—Cements—A View of Barnums.

The inertia which has gripped the House as a whole has even spread to the Industrial market, where there is not only a diminution in the volume of business but also a rather less confident tone. In my opinion this is likely to prove more or less temporary, and with the trade conditions throughout the country still prosperous Industrials collectively appear to be deserving of more consideration. Values are relatively low, and with a little discrimination there are many promising things to be obtained. In point of interest, Iron and Steel shares are still most conspicuous, more evidence of the improvement in the industry being forthcoming, and it seems opportune to refer to the achievement of Armstrong, Whitworth and Co., to which shares I have frequently drawn attention. The net profits reached £523,152, in comparison with £494,559, and after maintaining the dividend on the 15 per cent. basis established for the fifth consecutive year, the surplus forward is almost £20,000 larger at £103,869. The shares yield over 4¾ per cent., and together with Vickers, Maxims, which give almost 5¾ per cent., would make very respectable holdings. On the strength of the past year's achievement Dick, Kerr, and Co.'s shares would not seem to be unattractive. In spite of the keen competition the profits exhibit a slight increase, and the dividend is again on the 10 per cent. basis, the yield at the current figure, which includes the distribution announced, being 5½ per cent. Apart from Anglo "A," which is wobbling somewhat erratically according to the whim of the clique, Telegraphs are rather in the background, though values are well maintained. This firmness is not in the least remarkable, because most of the undertakings are apparently doing well, and seeing that the return obtainable is relatively high and the security satisfactory, they seem to be worthy of attention. Here is a table indicating the yields:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Anglo American Pfd.	114	£5 5 0
Do. Ordy.	67	4 17 0
Direct Spanish Pfd.	9	5 8 0
Direct U.S. Cable	15¼	5 6 0
Eastern	115	4 15 0
Eastern Extension	14½	4 15 0
Indo-European	59	5 8 0

Pekin Syndicate shares still remain somewhat sensitive, which, in view of the fact that production is expected to begin shortly, seems anomalous. It is hinted that it cannot all be ascribed to the market position pure and simple, but if this be the case then the directors ought to speak. Perhaps, however, these suspicions are groundless. More activity has been noticeable in Theatre shares, prices generally receding, the achievement of the Palace Theatre not being productive of much satisfaction. The exceptional depression and unhealthy competition have led to a material reduction in receipts, and in the end the net profit is only £4,100 in comparison with £10,000. An interim dividend of 5 per cent. was paid, but nothing further is proposed, whereas for 1904-5 the distribution was 12 per cent. On the other hand, the Drury Lane Company has done better, and a dividend of 5 per cent. is declared as against nothing at all twelve months ago. As I have had occasion to remark before, Theatre shares are a somewhat uncertain holding, and could be vastly improved upon. In connection with Drapery shares it is interesting to refer to the interim dividend of John Barker and Co., in view of the enlarged capital. The distribution on the new Preference shares is made proportionately; the old Ordinary receive 8d., the same as a year ago, and the new Ordinary 7d., which seems satisfactory. Although they have lost a certain degree of the strength recently displayed, Nitrate shares generally are still relatively firm. From all accounts the industry continues to enjoy quite a fair amount of prosperity, and the belief that earthquakes occasioned scarcely any damage, and that there will be no extra tax, is responsible for the sanguine feeling prevalent. As a group these shares could be improved upon, but they possess the attraction of giving a high yield. Here is a table showing the returns they give:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Anglo-Chilian Nitrate and Railway Preferred	13½	£7 8 0
Colorado	16	5 15 0
Laguna	3¾	7 3 0
Lantaro	11	7 5 0
Liverpool (£2)	18½	10 10 0
Rosario	6	6 12 0
San Lorenzo	11	6 15 0

There is still no sign of any return of confidence with regard to Brewery stocks. The alleged attitude of the Government towards the trade is certainly not very cheering, but this seems to be pretty generously discounted in the existing low level of quotations. The statements made at the meeting are not exerting a beneficial effect upon Associated Cement shares, the hopes of a dividend upon the Ordinary being scarcely encouraged, but with trade improving there ought certainly to be a larger margin of security behind the Preference. From the point of view of yield these are not without attraction, the return of 7¼ per cent. compensating for any risk involved. A somewhat enthusiastic believer in Barnum and Bailey has recently favoured me with his views on the position of the Company. He is thinking of increasing his holding

because he regards the shares as very cheap. His argument is as follows:—

> Here is a company (*a*) with neither debentures nor preference shares; (*b*), practically no creditors; (*c*), over £100,000 in hard cash (sufficient alone to pay 8s. per share on those held by the public); (*d*), which has paid in dividends for the last five years 10, 10, 10, 6, and 7½=43½; and (*e*), whose "carry forward" to credit of current year is £16,000 odd, and yet whose £1 shares are to be got for about 10s. 6d. It certainly is a "circus," and, to a certain extent, speculative; but, compared with many more highly-priced ventures, it is almost gilt-edged. Ample sums are written off every year, and the show is in every respect unique and up-to-date, and even if the "States" indicated any falling off in its drawing powers (which they don't), there is little doubt another tour through England and the Continent would be a gigantic success, when it would return fresh again to America, so that its future seems assured for some time to come.

It is possible that the value of Barnum's shares may be under-estimated by the market, and as a speculative industrial yielding a high return they are not uninteresting, but to speak of them as "almost gilt-edged" is surely drawing the long bow. VIGILANT.

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QUEER STORY.

LOVE AND A LIVING.

"I SAY she've behave most disgraceful and onnat'ral, and ef I wuz her sester, I'd niver spake to her agin, I wooden."

"So her hev, Jonas, so her hev. It jest shew what sart o' gel she be, to steal her own sester's lover away from her like thot. Not as ef she hadden lovers of her own, neither. There be Squoire, now——"

"Aye, to be sure. There be Squoire. Main sweet on that air Mary he've a-bin this six-month, too. But then, I dunno as he mean nuthink. Squoire's one of the love-makin' sart, but he bean't one of the marryin' sart. And it's the marryin' sart as the gels like, Aaron—not them chaps what hangs foolin' around and feedin' of 'em up with pretty speeches, but them what asks a straight question and wants a straight answer. Same as I done with my missis in my coortin' days. 'Sall,' I sez, 'will yer?' 'Jonas,' she sez, 'I doan't mind if I do.' And there we wuz. Aye, aye; that's the sart o' lover as the gels like," declared old Jonas, with a sage nod of his bald head.

"Still they doan't take a little bit o' love-making amiss, neither," rejoined Aaron, knowingly, as he sipped his mug of beer. "When I wuz a-coortin' my old gel, now, she expected of I to say pretty things to her——"

"Dessay—*arter* she was sure of 'ee, Aaron," cut in old Jonas. "Sweets is all very well, as an extry, when thee've satisfied thy stomach wi' butcher's meat. But no gel can't live on sweets, and no gel can't get settled in life on pretty speeches, neither. Aye! aye! Aaron—the marriage question is the butcher's meat of coortin'! All the rest's mere kickshaws and confectionery."

"Dunno as that Curit's one of the marryin' sart, though, any more than Squoire be," remarked Aaron, sagaciously. "No, no! Jonas! Dam ef I think there be much of your butcher's meat about his coortin', neither."

"All the better ef there bean't, Aaron. It 'ud sarve that air Mary right ef she was to fall atween two stools, it would, for the way she've treat her sester, Lottie."

"And I sez as it 'ud sarve her righter still ef she wuz to marry the Curit, and then he wuz to start runnin' arter some other gel," declared Aaron.

"Aaron!" exclaimed old Jonas. "Wheer's thy morals, man?"

"What be morals, Jonas?" demanded Aaron.

"Morals," replied old Jonas, taking his pipe from his mouth and speaking with impressive deliberation, "is never having nothink to do wi' females as doan't belong to ee."

"Then, I should say, Jonas, as morals wuz a very rare thing."

"They be, Aaron," said old Jonas, sententiously.

"And plaguy dull," persisted Aaron.

"You're right, Aaron," replied old Jonas.

Then these two old rustics, who were seated alone together in the tap-room of the Blue Goat, began to recount to each other, with many chucklings, various amatory experiences of their own. And with such interesting and edifying confidences did they regale themselves until closing time.

That, however, does not concern us. It merely behoves me to explain the allusions in the opening part of their dialogue.

"That air Mary," of whom they had spoken with such strong disapproval was Miss Mary Keigwin, daughter of the Reverend Peter Paul Keigwin, rector of the parish; "Lottie" was her younger sister; "Squoire" was the squire of the place, and his name was George Blathwayt; "the Curit" was the Rev. Peter Paul's curate, whose name was Gerald Arkwright.

Now, a good deal of comment had recently been aroused in the village by the Reverend Gerald's behaviour in the matter of the two sisters. After paying marked attentions to Lottie, the younger and, it may be added, the plainer of the two, for nearly twelve months, he had now thrown her over and transferred his allegiance to her sister Mary.

This was obviously bad behaviour. But the village critics, whose bucolic intelligence was by no means so dense as their appearance might have led you to suppose, attached the blame for it much more to Miss Mary Keigwin than to the Rev. Gerald Arkwright. And justly so; since the thing would never have happened if Mary had not openly employed all her arts and fascinations to get away the good-looking young curate from her sister and appropriate him to herself.

And such conduct was the more inexcusable, inasmuch as pretty Miss Mary already had a bevy of admirers, including that eminently desirable, if not very young or attractive bachelor, Squire George Blathwayt, whereas Gerald Arkwright was plain Miss Lottie's one ewe lamb. In short, the elder sister's behaviour was on a par with that of the heartless monopolist in the Scriptural parable, and all the village agreed what a pity it was that there was no Nathan bold enough to come forward and publicly rebuke her.

For my part, however, I am not at all surprised that the village Nathans hung back. Miss Mary Keigwin, despite the angelic sweetness of her appearance, was a dangerous young woman to cross tongues with. Indeed, she was a past-mistress of the niceties of repartee, and, however much she might be in the wrong and her antagonist in the right, she seldom failed (when she gave her mind to it) to make him, or her, look intolerably foolish.

Of the two persons who were aggrieved personally by Miss Mary's conduct in the matter of the curate—I mean her sister Lottie and Squire George Blathwayt—Lottie comported herself in by far the more dignified way. In fact, she behaved like a girl of spirit, put a brave face on it, went about her occupations as usual, and affected not to care a dump.

But the Squire, who in all his many previous love affairs had never been cut out or metaphorically slapped in the face before, took a much less dignified line. He was thrown into a perfect fever of rage and mortification, and made no attempt to hide it either. He would hardly speak to Mary Keigwin when he met her, and to the Curate he would not speak at all. At first, the latter affected to treat Squire Blathwayt's hostility with indifference, but ere long a circumstance arose which made him look at the matter in quite another light. This circumstance was the resignation, through age and ill-health, of the Rev. Peter Paul Keigwin.

Now Gerald Arkwright had long cherished the hope of succeeding the Rector upon his retirement, and until this quarrel with the Squire (who was patron of the living) he had flattered himself that there was some chance of his hopes being realised.

But recent events had changed the whole aspect of affairs, and put him completely out of the running—unless, indeed, he could make his peace with the Squire. That was his one hope, but could he?

He must try, somehow. And being an eminently practical young man, with a shrewd eye to the main chance, he was quite ready to sacrifice anything in reason to ensure his worldly and financial prospects. . . . After all, he wasn't engaged to Mary Keigwin. Hitherto—whatever the gossips might say—things between them had not exceeded the limits of rather advanced flirtation: a very pleasant flirtation it had been, too. But, after all, he couldn't marry on a curacy. And was it good enough, for the sake of a little agreeable love-making, to sacrifice this unique chance of a living worth £500 a year, with a good rectory house? The practical element in the Rev. Gerald Arkwright — always stronger than his sentiments—told him that it was not.

After thinking the matter out, he decided on a certain bold and prompt line of action. He marched up to the Hall, rang the front door bell, and asked to see the Squire.

The Squire's reception of him was not particularly encouraging.

"I am astonished, Mr. Arkwright, at your presumption in coming to see me," he said, with scathing frigidity. "I should have thought I had made it sufficiently clear to you by my manner that I do not desire the honour of your further acquaintance."

"Yes; and greatly distressed I have been to observe it," answered the Curate, humbly. "I am sure, Squire, if I have done anything unwittingly to offend you, I apologise from my very heart."

"Unwittingly?"

The Squire's tone was virulently sarcastic, and his eyes glared with resentful anger.

"Yes, Squire, unwittingly," persisted the Curate, looking rather injured, and also extremely meek and deferential. "I feel quite certain that your annoyance with me arises from misapprehension as to the relations existing between myself and Miss Keigwin."

"Not much room for misapprehension there," broke out the Squire, with ferocious irony. "In fact, it seems to me, sir, that after all the talk and scandal you have provoked by your goings on, the best, indeed, the only decent thing you can do is to marry the young lady as quickly as possible and have done with it."

"I do not know that she would marry me," answered the Curate meekly. "And, in point of fact, I have never asked her."

"Then you ought to do so, sir, and without delay," retorted the enraged Squire.

"On the contrary, Squire," replied the Curate—and now there was a certain *soupçon* of meaning in his tone —"I think the better course would be for me to resign my curacy here and go away for a six-months' holiday, so that she might forget all about me."

"What the devil do you mean, sir?" demanded the Squire.

"I mean," rejoined the Curate, "that as I regard marriage with Miss Mary, even if she would have me, as a thing quite outside the range of practical politics, my best course is to efface myself for awhile and to withdraw from the scene, as I have suggested."

The Squire regarded him for a moment or two in frowning silence.

This was the very thing he could have wished above all others. With this confounded curate out of the way for six months, he entertained little doubt (still having an excellent conceit of himself) that he should be able to bring matters to a definite and satisfactory issue with Mary Keigwin.

But why had the fellow himself proposed such a course. What was his game? What did he expect to get by it? That he had been prompted to do so by mere disinterested good nature was scarcely conceivable. He evidently had some ulterior end. What was it? Then the truth suddenly dawned on the Squire. Arkwright was after the living; and he was going to make his retirement from the arena conditional upon his getting it.

The Squire's face flushed. This curate was the very last man in the world to whom he wanted to do a good turn. Moreover, the living was almost as good as promised to a cousin of his own. And yet if he refused to accede to the demand which he knew was coming, and to pay Arkwright the price of his withdrawal from the scene, then good-bye to his chance of winning Mary Keigwin.

It was blackmail, of course, pure and simple. What should he do? Should he resist the demand or should he yield? Honesty and pride dictated the former course; love the latter. Which of the two should he adopt?

At length he spoke:

"Look here, Mr. Arkwright," he said, "I wasn't born yesterday; I can see, of course, that there's something behind all this; and I shrewdly suspect that it is this living of mine which the present Rector vacates next Michaelmas. If such is the case, you had better admit it frankly. I cannot consent to discuss the affair with you on any other than a perfectly plain understanding. Come! you needn't attempt to deny it. You're after the living, aren't you, now?"

The Curate coughed rather nervously behind his hand.

"Well, Squire, I did think of applying for it," he admitted.

"And you were going to put it to me that your proposal to leave the neighbourhood for six months and resign all further pretensions to Miss Keigwin was to be conditional upon my promising to present you?" demanded the Squire, drumming his fingers impatiently upon the table.

"I hardly meant to put it *quite* in that way," answered the Curate deprecatingly. "It is not for me to dictate terms to my superiors. But I did think," he added with a sickly and somewhat obsequious smile, "that if the mouse did the right thing by the lion, the lion would be too—too—ahem—generous not to do the right thing by the mouse, and——"

"A very pretty way of putting it," interrupted the Squire, contemptuously. "I'm a plain man myself, who calls a spade a spade, and I call this demand of yours neither more nor less than blackmail."

The Curate threw up his white hands in a deprecatory gesture, looking deeply shocked and hurt.

He was beginning to expostulate in injured tones, when the Squire brusquely cut him short.

"We needn't argue about the moral aspect of the case," he said, curtly, "indeed, the less said about that the better. The simple question we have to deal with is this: Shall I submit to your demand, or shall I not? I'm not prepared to answer that question offhand. It wants thinking over. Call here again this time to-morrow, and I'll give you my answer. In the meanwhile, if you want to get the living, you'll be well advised not to breathe a word to anybody of what has taken place at this interview."

"You may rely upon my keeping silence, Squire—if only for my own credit," replied the Curate, as he took up his wide-awake hat and bowed himself obsequiously out.

When he was gone, the Squire sat thinking. He had disliked, not to say hated, the Curate before. But now he thoroughly despised him. A mean-spirited, contemptible, mercenary cur, indeed, who was willing to sacrifice anything—even Mary Keigwin—for the sake of £500 a year, with a rectory house. Ought he, under any circumstances, to present such a man? He knew that he ought not. Moreover, as a matter of personal feeling, the thought of such a thing was hateful to him. And yet, if it was the only way to detach the Curate from Mary ——

Then a sudden suspicion crossed his mind. Suppose this was merely a trick by which the Curate designed to get the living, and then, upon his return, to marry Mary after all.

The Squire's face darkened.

"I'll take good care to guard against that," he said to himself. "It's a sweep's game at the best; but, such as it is, he'll have to play it fair. And, by Heaven! I'll see that he does, too!"

Next day, at the appointed hour, the Curate called again. By this time the Squire had his answer cut and dried.

"I have decided," he said, "to accede to your demand, Mr. Arkwright, subject to certain conditions.

You are to leave the neighbourhood for six months, as you proposed. During that time you are to hold no communication of any sort with Miss Keigwin. If you adhere to this, and if, by the time you return, Miss Keigwin is my wife—as I shall do my best to induce her to become—I will present you to the living. Not otherwise. There stands the matter in a nutshell. Do you accept or decline? Yes or no?"

"Yes," said the Rev. Gerald Arkwright.

* * * * *

With the Curate out of the way, the Squire was successful in his suit with Mary Keigwin, and led her safely to the altar within the six months. Then he kept his word and presented the Rev. Gerald to the living. But even so he wasn't quite easy in his mind; for to have his wife's former admirer, a bachelor, moreover, living in the same parish was not exactly to his liking.

However, the new Rector soon set the Squire's mind at rest by taking to himself a wife—in the person of Mary's sister, Lottie Keigwin.

* * * * *

"Dam if I'd hev had anythink more to say to the feller, arter being treated by him so bad," remarked old Jonas, holding forth on the Rector's marriage in the tap-room of the Blue Goat. "But theer! Theer's no understandin' females."

"And *thee* ort to understand 'em, if anybody do," chuckled Aaron. "Thee's had enough to do wi' 'em, in thy time, Jonas."

"That be just it," replied old Jonas, oracularly. "The more thee hev to do wi' females, the more they mystifies 'ee. When I wuz twenty, I thart I know'd all about 'em. But now I'm eighty, I knows as I knows just nuthink. Females," he went on, impressively, holding his clay pipe out at arm's length, "females is the Chinese puzzle o' the A'mighty's creation, and only the A'mighty hisself has the key. But that air Lottie goin' and marryin' the Parson arter he'd treat her so bad—well, well, it amazes even I," concluded old Jonas, shaking his bald head.

But then, you see, old Jonas, tap-room oracle though he was, didn't know everything. For instance, he didn't know of the little plot in which Mary, Lottie, and the Curate had conspired together to bring Squire Blathwayt up to the scratch with Mary, and further to ensure Lottie's and Gerald's happiness by providing them with the means to marry upon, in the shape of £500 a year, with a rectory house.

MUSIC.

BIRMINGHAM'S FORWARD POLICY.

MANY famous works have been produced at the Birmingham Musical Festival, of which the first was given as long ago as 1768, and the latest takes place next week. It has been declared, indeed, that no other British musical festival can boast so notable a catalogue of first performances. At Birmingham were first heard in this country three of Mendelssohn's most famous works in "St. Paul," "The Hymn of Praise," and "Elijah," produced respectively in 1837, 1840, and 1846, while later "novelties" of note have included Sterndale Bennett's "Woman of Samaria," Sullivan's "Light of the World," Gounod's "Redemption" and "Mors et Vita," Dvorák's "Spectre's Bride," and Elgar's "Apostles," produced three years since, all of which were written specially for this music feast of the Midlands. This time Sir Edward Elgar is again responsible for the most important new work in the programme, and interest and curiosity are great as to "The Kingdom," with which he now carries on a stage further the huge work, the first and second parts of which are comprised in "The Apostles." Concerning the latter work, while its weak features have been generally recognised, a final judgment has been hitherto reserved pending the production of its concluding sections—though it has never been quite clear to some how the patent faults of one work could be sensibly modified by the possible virtues of another still to be produced. It now remains to be seen to what extent this amiable theory may be justified, and everyone will hope, at least, that "The Kingdom" may prove to be in fact, what its admirers predict on its behalf, an addition of lasting worth to our slender stock of native musical masterpieces.

Particulars of the work which at the time of writing have leaked out are meagre, but we are told that, continuing "The Apostles," it carries on the story of the founding of the primitive Church, beginning with a section headed "Jerusalem: in an Upper Room," and opening, after a prelude, with a quartet and chorus in which the Disciples call upon their followers to seek the Kingdom of God and His righteousness. "The Eucharistic service is held, and there is a solo for St. Peter, who is described as taking the lead in the ceremonial of the Breaking of the Bread, followed by a glorious outburst of praise and an elaborate Amen. In a second section St. Peter explains the necessity for ordaining a disciple in the place of the traitor Judas, and the chorus curse his memory. There is a chorus of the Disciples, in which they call for Divine aid in making the choice, and, after a solo quartet, in which the full chorus eventually join, it is told that the lot has fallen upon St. Matthias." Thus, an inspired forecast, which, however, it may be presumed, is hardly a complete account of the work, which could scarcely terminate in the manner suggested, unless Sir Edward, in defiance of the conventions, has elected to ring down his curtain after the manner of certain ultra-modern dramatists at the most unlikely moment and leave the conclusion of the matter to his hearers' imagination. All such doubts, however, will be speedily dissolved now, and whatever else may be said concerning "The Kingdom," it is certainly a work whose production has been awaited with no ordinary amount of interest.

It is a hopeful sign of the times, moreover, that both of the other leading novelties of the Festival are from the pens of native composers. Mr. Josef Holbrooke has long been regarded as one of the most gifted and original of our younger masters, if his originality has occasionally taken somewhat eccentric forms, and his setting of "The Bells" of Poe seems likely, by all accounts, to prove the most considerable and ambitious work which he has yet given us. We are told that the extra instruments required by Mr. Holbrooke include a contrabass tuba, a euphonium, a stier horn, large cymbals, a large gong, a small gong, a xylophone, tubular bells, and four mushroom bells, a hand bell, large jingles, small jingles, a soprano concertina, two grand pianos, and a celesta; from which it will be concluded that Beethoven's famous advice as to the getting of big effects by simple means does not commend itself to Mr. Holbrooke, who, it may be added, also enjoins that his work shall be performed in a darkened auditorium.

Mr. Granville Bantock's work constitutes the first part of a setting of the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyám, the various familiar quatrains of which have been allotted for this purpose to three imaginary speakers denoted as the Poet, the Beloved, and the Philosopher, in addition to the chorus. Mr. Bantock, who has been dubbed the British Berlioz, has always shown a strong predilection for Eastern subjects, while he out-Strausses Strauss in the novelty and daring of his technical methods, likewise in the extent of his productions which, we are told, include a five-act drama, a festival symphony in ten parts, a ballet in three acts, seven symphonic poems, along with overtures, rhapsodies, a mass, anthems, part songs, pianoforte pieces, and innumerable songs, most of which have yet to obtain a hearing. By choosing his work for performance, the Festival authorities have recognised the claims of one who, as Principal of the Birmingham and Midland School of Music, is a prophet enjoying honour even in his own country, and, at the same time, have proclaimed unmistakably their readiness, indicated plainly also by the other novelties chosen,

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to encourage the most modern manifestations of the art. A fourth new work to be heard, Mr. Percy Pitt's Sinfonietta, is also from the pen of a musician who is nothing if not modern in his sympathies. From this point of view, therefore, Birmingham, at least, is free from the reproaches which have too often been levelled at Festival authorities in the past. In no grudging spirit they have given the younger men and the newer methods a chance—with what result we shall learn next week.

Covent Garden, which closed its doors less than eight weeks since, will re-open them again to music-lovers a month hence, when for the third year in succession an autumn season of Italian opera, with artists of the highest eminence, but at moderate prices, will start on its course. Mme. Melba once again heads the list of artists who include also such well-known singers as Giachetti, Zenatello, and others of equal note, while the repertory will probably include Giordano's "Andrea Chenier" and "Fédora," Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," and Catalani's "Lorelei"; also, it is hoped, Boïto's "Mefistofele," along with more familiar works. As last year, the season is being run under the direct auspices of the Royal Opera Sydicate, so that its success may be regarded as a foregone conclusion.

In connection with this season, by the way, protest is once more put forth against the importation of an Italian orchestra, to the exclusion of our native-born players. From the offices of the Orchestral Association, Mr. F. Orcherton writes as follows:

> On behalf of the large number of musicians enrolled in this movement who feel slighted by this neglect by our operatic chiefs, I shall be glad of your opinion as to whether there is not a moral obligation resting upon them to give employment to our own musicians. Argument as to the expense and want of knowledge of the works to be performed is all nonsense, and we think that the public might be disposed to withhold their patronage from Covent Garden if this matter is made known, by which means a little homely patriotism might be instilled into the minds of Mr. Forsyth and his directors.

On the other side I suppose it will be replied that the Italian instrumentalists are cheaper, are more familiar with the works to be performed, and also, perhaps, are more amenable to discipline than our free-born British players.

Meanwhile, the further particulars issued concerning the season of winter German opera to be given at Covent Garden after Christmas hold out hopes of even more attractive performances than were at first anticipated. The engagement of Herr Nikisch as one of the conductors is of itself sufficient to invest the project with altogether exceptional interest, while in other respects the arrangements announced are full of promise. As regards the works to be given, these include, along with others more often heard in London, "Der Freischütz," "Die Verkaufte Braut," and "Fidelio," while the singers are quite a strong list, including Mmes. Marie Brema, Ackté, Litvinne, Agnes Nicholls, Kraus-Osborne, and Minnie Nast, together with MM. Bertram, Bussard, Feinhals, Herold, Felix von Kraus, Van Dyck, and many more of note. It will be curious to observe what amount of support the venture obtains. It has often been urged that the winter months are a more sensible time than the summer for opera-going. It remains for the public to show that they take this view of the matter.

In regard to Herr Mottl's inability to come as one of the conductors of the season, as originally proposed, while it is stated that this is owing to his difficulty in obtaining the requisite leave of absence from Munich, I am told that another reason had something to do with the matter. Herr Mottl is an excellent conductor, but when he last conducted here some of his methods were sharply criticised, and he did not like it at all. Hence, it is said, his disinclination to come again.

The Promenade Concerts continue to draw big audiences every night. Among recent novelties Mr. Norman O'Neill's overture, "In Springtime," proved "only a little one" in point of importance. Mr. O'Neill has written a good deal of graceful music, but this is not one of his most distinguished efforts. A more considerable work heard at a previous concert was Jan Blockx's "Symphonic Triptych," suggested by impressions of the three Church festivals of All Souls, Christmas, and Easter—a clever piece of work on more or less conventional lines. This week Granville Bantock's prelude to "Sappho" was announced for Tuesday, while an overture by Fibich, who is not yet known to fame in this country, "Une Nuit à Carlstein," is to be heard on Thursday.

Mr. Manners' experiment of giving an operatic matinée for the benefit of an audience of children seems quite a good idea, and one which might in the long run have considerable effects as regards the development of a more general taste for opera. As it has been pointed out, the children of to-day are the men and women of the future, and tastes implanted in youth are likely to be retained in after years. It is the opera-going habit which it is needful to cultivate. At present it does not exist so far as the general public are concerned. People in London go to theatres, music-halls, and concerts who never dream of attending an operatic performance. They have never acquired the habit. Thousands of keen music-lovers who revel in Wagner in the concert-room have never seen one of his works on the stage. Such a state of things would seem incredible to the outsider, but it undoubtedly exists.

Reports as to a new concert hall for London are again in circulation, the site spoken of this time being that at present occupied by St. Paul's Church, Great Portland-street, which, though not quite so convenient as some of the others which have been named from time to time, would be sufficiently handy for most concert-goers. St. Paul's Church, which has been unused during the last two years, was formerly one of the old proprietary chapels of which such a considerable number existed in the West End of London in earlier days, but of which now the great majority, if not all, have been either pulled down or formally taken over by the ecclesiastical authorities. Such were Hanover Chapel, Regent street, Curzon Chapel, Mayfair, Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair, and St. George's Chapel, Albemarle-street, all of which have disappeared within recent years, while those still existing, and which have been taken over, include St. Paul's, Portman-square, St. Thomas's, Regent-street, and the Church of the Annunciation, Quebec-street, all of which, it may be noted incidentally, are fearfully and wonderfully devoid of the smallest architectural pretensions. In connection with St. Paul's, it is curious, too, that the site originally given by the Duke of Portland has now come by purchase into the hands of Lord Howard de Walden, the owner to-day of the Portland property in the West End. Earlier still the site of St. Paul's was occupied by a reservoir known as the Marylebone Basin, so that having been dedicated in turn to cleanliness and godliness, as it were, it will now be given over to the service of man's higher needs in yet another form.

The Society of British Composers, which was formed about a year ago, announces that, having made a successful start, it proposes now to enlarge its borders. While the formation of the society was effected entirely by the composers of the younger generation, all British composers, young and old, are now invited to join its ranks, and Sir Edward Elgar, Sir A. C. Mackenzie, Sir Hubert Parry, and Sir Charles Stanford, among others, have already done so. "Our membership," it is stated in a circular just issued on the subject, "is now 165, and increasing daily." Who shall deny, after this, that we are a musical nation? Works by B. J. Dale, Paul Corder, York Bowen, J. Speaight, W. H. Bell, and others have already been published on behalf of the society, two private concerts have been held, while the compilation of a year-book, which it is hoped to make a complete directory of our native composers and their works, is in hand.

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LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—"That old devotee, Lady St. John," said Bentley, wittily, "burnt a whole trunkful of Lord Rochester's loose letters, for which her soul is now burning in heaven." The saintly George Herbert's soul, also, I should say, must be burning in heaven for his gross flattery of that drivelling pedant, James I. A contemporary clerical flatterer—and no one approaches a priest in his mastery of that art—Dr. Donne, also a poet and preacher, thus justifies his own adulation of his patrons: "Nothing is flattery which the speaker believes; and of the grossest flattery there is this good use, that it tells us what we should be." But even this sophistical justification of flattery cannot palliate George Herbert's acknowledgment, as the Public Orator of Cambridge University, of James's *Basilicon Doron* as in itself a library of more worth than that of the Vatican or the Bodleian:—

> "Quid Vaticanam Bodleiumque objicis hospes!
> Unicus est nobis Bibliotheca Liber."

Nor can it palliate his laudation of a speech of James's to the two Houses of Parliament as surpassing all the oratory of Demosthenes and Cicero. "Mr. George Herbert," says Bishop Hackett in his "Life of Lord Keeper Williams":

> Being Prælector in the Rhetorique School for Cambridge in 1618, passed by those other fluent Orators that Domineered in the Pulpits of Athens and Rome, and insisted to read upon an Oration of King James, which he analysed, showed the concinnity of the Parts, the Propriety of the Phrase, the height and power of it to move the Affections, the Style utterly unknown to the Ancients, who could not conceive what Kingly influence was, in respect of which those Demogogi were but Hirelings and Triobulary Rhetoricians.

By the way, the only other passage in which I have come upon this fine epithet, "triobulary," *i.e.*, twopenny-halfpenny, was in a similarly extra-loyal outburst in "Howell's Letters":—

> Any triobulary pasquitier, any sterquilinous rascal is licensed to throw dirt in the faces of sovereign princes.

I quote this passage from Howell's because he was a contemporary of Herbert's, and because the servility of their loyalty was due in some degree to the loyal servility of their age. Still, it is something of a shock to find so saintly a Christian and so accomplished a scholar as George Herbert calling the speeches of Demosthenes twopenny-halfpenny as compared with an oration of the British Solomon. No doubt it was in the days that Herbert was in the running for political promotion, when the only royal road to advancement was through fulsome flattery of the monarch, and when "who peppered the highest was surest to please"; but even in these days, as George Herbert's early letters and poems prove, he was a devout soul, and his very loyalty was a part of his devotion. In a race for the favour of such a creature as James, however, George Herbert could not compete with the infamous Somerset or with that insolent minion Buckingham, who made a woman's appeal to the effeminate taste of the King. "At any ordinary dancing," I am quoting from Mr. A. G. Hyde's most interesting "George Herbert and his Times" (1):

> At any ordinary dancing Buckingham had his clothes trimmed with great diamond buckles and wore diamond hat-bands, cockades, and ear-rings yoked with great and manifold knots of pearl; while at his going to Paris in 1625 to arrange the marriage between Charles and the Princess Henriette Marie, he had twenty-seven suits of clothes made, the richest that embroidery, lace, silk velvet, gold, and gems could contribute—one of them loaded with diamonds to the value of £14,000.

However, the death of James put an end to all George Herbert's hopes of political advancement, and he retired, fortunately for us, and fortunately also for himself, into the ministry. Fortunately also for himself, since I am far from agreeing with Mr. Shorthouse's estimate of Herbert in his preface to an edition of "The Temple," that his mission was "to show the English people what a fine gentleman, who was also a Christian and a Churchman, might be." This estimate irresistibly recalls to my mind Elia's description of the mild Christ Hospital master, Field:—

> Matthew Field belonged to that class of modest divine who affect to mix in equal proportion the gentleman, the scholar, and the Christian; but, I know not how, the first ingredient is generally found to be the predominating dose in the composition.

George Herbert, I should say, was a Churchman first, then a Christian and, long last of all, a fine gentleman. He was also, as that finest of his poems, in my judgment—"Man"—shows, a philosopher so much in advance of his day as to be at once Darwinian and Emersonian. It was quite time that the life of so great and good a man should be written more fully and from a more modern standpoint than Izaak Walton's unapproachable biography, and Mr. Hyde has done our day this service in his admirable "George Herbert and His Times." Mr. Robert Hichens' "The Call of the Blood" (2) reminds me of a story of Grant Allen's, named, I think, "John Creedy," which fascinated me many years ago—the story of a negro educated from infancy in England, who marries an English wife, and takes her out with him to the heart of Africa, where he relapses into savagery. It is the story of a similar call and of a similar tragic marriage and relapse that Mr. Hichens tells and tells well in his last novel. It is only less convincing than Grant Allen's tale, in that the strain of savage blood in Maurice Deleray, whose grandmother only was Sicilian, is so slight. Once, however, accept this improbability, and you are carried along by the striking vividness and circumstantial faithfulness of Mr. Hichens' descriptions to the tragic close.

> He was a great banker! He was a great blackguard. It would not be necessary to say the same thing twice, but that the world is so slow to understand. In his excuse it must be said that he was a hereditary blackguard. His grandfather had developed that exceptional capacity for depriving other people of their money on a large scale, which the world invariably rewards with coronets.

Thus does that delightful writer Maarten Maartens open one of the slight but brilliant sketches that make up "The Woman's Victory" (3). His hatred of the man with the muck-rake who scrapes millions together at the cost of honour, honesty, and the destitution, despair, and even death of thousands, is as intense as it is just. You must by all means read these short stories, each a subtle study of character, and as interesting as it is subtle. Mr. Pett Ridge's "The Wickhamses" (4) reminds me of a picture that faced me for years in my study—of toad-stools so well painted that the cleverness of the execution redeemed the unattractiveness of the subject. You have, so to say, a group of toad-stools painted for you in "The Wickhamses" with a truth to nature and a skill of portraiture which more than make up for any lack of attraction in its prosaic personages. Then, again, Mr. Pett Ridge's humour, dry, cockney, and caustic, lighting up every page, keeps you laughing at or with his characters throughout. I cannot speak more truly or highly of Mr. Walter Raymond's "The Book of Simple Delights" (5) than to say that its title aptly expresses its contents. It is a most tantalising series of pictures of the joys of the simple life in a country cottage, and of the manners and customs of country folk, painted by a townsman to whom all such scenes and personages are as fresh as they are fascinating.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, ever yours very sincerely,

DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

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(1) "George Herbert and his Times." By A. G. Hyde. With Thirty-two illustrations. (London: Methuen & Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

(2) "The Call of the Blood." By Robert Hichens. (London: Methuen & Co. 6s.)

(3) "The Woman's Victory," and Other Stories. By Maarten Maartens (London: Archibald Constable & Co., Ltd. 6s.)

(4) "The Wickhamses." By W. Pett Ridge. (London: Methuen & Co. 6s.)

(5) "The Book of Simple Delights." By Walter Raymond. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

Yet another indictment of the present-day golfer! One imaginative writer recently drew a grotesque picture of the golf club-house as a drinking den; another, with equal ignorance and foolishness, has held it up to reprobation as a gambling hell. Now, in a book entitled "From Fox's Earth to Mountain Tarn" (John Lane, 10s. 6d. net), Mr. J. H. Crawford devotes a chapter to lamentations over the disturbance of wild

life that is being brought about by the growth of the royal and ancient game. No doubt there is some substance in the complaint so far as the county of Fife, "that Paradise of links," is concerned. All along the coast, and inland, too, golf courses have increased and multiplied to an amazing extent, and not a few rare species of wild birds are being rapidly driven from their old, natural haunts and breeding places by those whom the author contemptuously describes as "men running after balls." The golf, he says, is not the old delightful game, and two-thirds of the new contingent of players are not sportsmen. However, this is but a digression in a book which is really a valuable and interesting contribution to the natural history of Scotland—especially valuable and interesting on account of its observations on those wild creatures which have disappeared or are disappearing, under the relentless persecution with trap and gun of spurious sportsmen. "Among the doomed are," he writes, "the wild cat, the greater weasels, and the birds of prey. More than any others these forms make of Scotland an interesting land, and ought to be her chief charge." The volume has numerous illustrations from photographs.

The cult of the camera has had few more ardent devotees than Sir Benjamin Stone, M.P., and his position has given him—especially in the Houses of Parliament—many facilities for the pursuit of his hobby beyond the reach of ordinary photographers, amateur or professional. His collection of photographs, now reaching a stupendous total of over 20,000, forms an unrivalled pictorial record of the times; and the publication by Messrs. Cassell and Co. of a series of reproductions is a decidedly happy thought. The work, which appears under the title of "Sir Benjamin Stone's Pictures," is in two handsome volumes (price 7s. 6d. each), one dealing with Parliamentary Scenes and Portraits, and the other with Festivals, Ceremonies, and Customs. The full-page reproductions of the photographs, numbering about 200, have been admirably made, and each picture is accompanied by a descriptive note, while the autographs of the subjects are appended to most of the portraits of Parliamentary leaders and other distinguished personages. It is altogether a picture book of unique interest.

Mr. Werner Laurie has in the press a book entitled "Camp Fires in the Canadian Rockies," by Mr. William T. Hornaday, with seventy illustrations from photographs taken by Mr. John M. Phillips. It is a narrative of an expedition which the author and illustrator made into the mountains of British Columbia.

In his new book, "The American Scene," which Messrs. Chapman and Hall will publish, Mr. Henry James gives his impressions of a year spent in the United States after a long absence. Another volume announced by the same firm is "The Future of America"—further described as "a search after realities"—from the pen of Mr. H. G. Wells.

"Recollections of a Lucknow Veteran" is a volume by Major-General Ruggles which will be published shortly by Messrs. Longman. His reminiscences of service in India and China include a detailed account from old diaries of the siege of Lucknow.

The Knutsford edition of Mrs. Gaskell's works, which is now in course of publication by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., will win the approval of all admirers of her inimitable stories, and, it may be hoped, widely extend the circle of her readers. The two volumes already issued (price 4s. 6d. each net) contain "Mary Barton and other Tales," and "Cranford and other Tales." To the first, Dr. A. W. Ward, Master of Peterhouse, contributes an admirable biographical sketch of the author, and each volume is also furnished with an introduction from the same capable pen. Some charming illustrations enhance the attractiveness of the edition.

"The Viper of Milan," by Miss Marjorie Bowen (Alston Rivers, 6s.), though only published a week or two ago, has already gone to a third edition, a fact which would seem to show that there is a considerable public for historical romance plentifully bespattered with gore. Miss Bowen is quite as pitiless in regard to her characters as Gian Visconti, the Viper of Milan, himself, and practically every one of them makes an exit from the stage by sword, poison, or torture. This result is, perhaps, inevitable, and at all events Miss Bowen's art makes it appear to be so, for she has written a very vivid story, full of colour and movement. It would be unkind to dwell on the few minor points which reveal the 'prentice hand, for they may confidently be expected to disappear as the author's powers mature.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Paris began to fill again with the first cool days and after a single morning's rain. The Champs Elysées present an animated scene between half-past five and half-past six every afternoon. One or two private hansoms look smart in this hansomless city, the drivers in correct livery à l'anglaise. These hansoms always attract attention, and certainly stand out conspicuously among other vehicles. The automobiles vie with each other in smartness of upholstery and in luxurious fittings. The landaulette is much less popular here than the roomy automobile with a cover or merely a glass screen. Deep red is a favourite colour for the outside. Green comes next, and some are striped. One of the latter was smart but hideous, striped in lizard green and serpent brown.

The insides are often done in satin, sometimes white, at others in a colour that contrasts well with that of the outside. On Sunday we went to the Bois and sat in the garden of the Café Royal, sipping our tea and watching the smart folk getting back from the races. It was interesting. I never saw such hats. Many of them were enormous, and were worn at a tremendous backward slope from the head with a multitude of feathers floating on the air. It seems to be a struggle between these exaggerated chapeaux and the very small ones, and so far as I could judge, the women of high position preferred the small ones. It is difficult, in Paris, to distinguish between the grandes dames of society and other persons who are surrounded by every luxury that money can purchase. If only the great ladies would not cover their faces with a hideous white paste, as the others also do, it would be easier to know which was which. This ghastly white stuff looks horrible, and is extremely unbecoming. I cannot think why it is so universally popular.

We had opportunities of observing some beautifully dressed visitors to our café. One of these had a very fine, soft, cream-coloured cloth gown, that fell in very full folds from waist to feet and just rested on the ground at the back. Two rows of very wide lace trimmed the skirt, and under them a band of water-green moire was introduced, showing through the meshes of the lace. At each side of the latter were very narrow rouleaux of the silk moire. The bodice was full in front, being gathered into a yoke of lace lined with green moire, and large bows of the moire held the lace sleeves above the elbow and trimmed the bodice on either side of the front, small flower-like tassels of the moire hanging from the bows by green chenille cords. The belt was chené silk in all shades of green and cream colour, with just a suggestion of pink and rose. It was high at the back, and fashioned very simply in front, with crossing ends.

A beautifully embroidered little coat was carried by the attendant squire. It was made of the same cloth as the gown, embroidered in white and cream colour and trimmed with green glossy military braid in the same shade as the moire. It was lined with the moire. The hat was bright purple, with feathers shaded from purple through pinkish mauve to cream colour. A

IMPORTANT TO LADIES.—You can get the real genuine HORROCKSES' LONGCLOTHS and FLANNELETTES if you insist on seeing this stamp on the selvedge: 'HORROCKSES.' Obtainable from the principal Drapers. Over a century's reputation.

large tea rose with many green leaves was under the brim over the left ear.

Hats of turban shape were worn by some of the best-dressed, and white was the favourite colour for these, a perfect swirl of tulle or chiffon constituting the trimming. The veil was a feature of the millinery. Those in motors appeared to have at least six yards of veil skilfully disposed about their pretty heads. Figured net seemed to be the favourite material for these, the pattern large and straggling.

We went over the vast and splendid Pantheon this morning, and as we just happened to fall in with a party that was in charge of a guide we joined it and wandered through the crypt where the tombs of some of France's great men are. "Ici dans son caveau repose Victor Hugo," shouted the guide in stentorian tones. "Ici dans son caveau repose le Président Carnot." We hoped that this might not be so; that only the mortal remains of these and others were in the caveaux. But our guide appeared firmly convinced that the bright spirit of the author of "L'Art d'être Grandpère" was in that gloomy place half blocked with the hideous and horrid wire wreaths that the French confer upon their dead.

When we got to the upper air again, Bee and I asked each other why on earth we had undertaken this subterranean expedition so entirely foreign to our taste, and could find no answer to the question.

We climbed the tower of Notre Dame one morning, to the very top. About half way up this latter part there are some twenty steps in complete darkness. We half thought of turning back, lest we might meet Quasimodo in the intense blackness, but hearing the steps of another climber behind us, we went on, and emerged upon the highest point, in the sweet sunshine, to find Paris far below us, and an incomparable view of it from every side. Montmartre shone white in the distance, a princely pile. We were high above the roofs of the tall houses, and the cabs in the square below looked like toys with toy horses and toy men.

The gargoyles are very dislikable. There is one that is scrunching in his teeth the leg of some animal, who is biting hard into the body of his destroyer, a most uncomfortable couple. What strange, wild minds the sculptors of these hideous, leering creatures must have had! We visited the belfry, and wondered at the immense size of the huge bell that rings some eight times a year only. Another tremendous fellow is badly cracked, and is never rung. We were shown the giddy place where the six ringers sit, and were glad that our task in the world does not oblige us to crouch in such uncomfortable places.

Paris is a purgatory for the economist. You can do hardly anything without being asked for a pourboire. We found it useful to carry a bag well furnished with twenty-five centime pieces. It generally came home empty. When we were shopping the youth who carried our parcels to our taximètre had to have a pourboire. Arrived at home, the concierge who carried them in for us expected a pourboire. At every turn we were asked for one by someone or other, and the climax came one day when, our attention attracted by the miserable appearance of a poor lame girl, we gave her a half-franc, whereupon her brother, who was with her, immediately begged for "un petit sou." To do so is now quite automatic, apparently, with the lower classes in the gay city.

At a suburban station where our train stopped the other morning, some ragged children were whining, "Un petit sou! Un petit sou!" when, to our amusement, an intensely British voice from the next carriage shouted at them: "Go away, you young beggars, go away and stop that row!" The children paused to listen to this incomprehensible address and then whined worse than ever.

We met Edda at tea at the Ritz yesterday, that palace of white and gold, and soft colours, with honey-tinted lights. She is on her way home from Spain, where she has had a lovely time. She has made us long to see the Alhambra, but appears to have enjoyed her stay at San Sebastian more than any other part of her trip. Edda describes the admiration of the Spanish for our English Queen of Spain as being quite intense, and they are delighted with the romantic devotion of the King to his handsome bride. At a concert, given at the Casino at San Sebastian the King and both Queens were present. Madame Sobrino sang some English songs which especially delighted Queen Victoria Eugenie, among them Rogers' "Dear, When I Look into Thine Eyes," and Cowen's "Birthday." Both Senor and Madame Sobrino were commanded to the Palace, where they played and sang for two hours, and the Queen Mother presented the soprano with a beautiful brooch. Edda says that the most charming relations seem to prevail between the young Queen and her Royal mother-in-law, and that it was because the former was so enchanted with the English songs that the latter invited the singer to the Palace.

We wondered at the enormous number of widows, as we thought, in Paris until Mary reminded us of what we had forgotten, viz., that the long weepers from the toque at the back are worn here for father, mother, sister, brother, and not for husband only. There is now an immense difference between our mourning customs and those of France. Our widows wear very deep weeds for a year, then less deep for six months, and half mourning for six months. French widows wear weeds for two years at least, and nothing but black until near the end of the third year. For parents very deep mourning is worn for two years, and for brother or sister for at least eighteen months, with half-mourning for another six months.

We have been much interested in watching the royal game of tennis in the Luxembourg Gardens. It is the old game, the *jeu de paume*, as distinct from lawn tennis, and the same that was once known as *sphairistiké*. The ball is smaller than that used in our version, and instead of a net, there is a wide space marked off in the centre of the court. If the ball falls into this space, it is a no-ball. The players sky their balls in a manner that our champions would consider very amateurish, but very possibly it is our game that has departed from the ancient mode and manner.

We begin to pack for home to-morrow, and shall say good-bye to this old Abbey with great regret. It is to be pulled down this autumn, and we shall never again see the courtyard so well known to all the finest spirits of intellectual and artistic Paris during the First Empire. Chateaubriand describes Mme. Récamier's "cell" here, looking over the garden: "Here I found silence and solitude, far above the noise and turmoil of a great city." After a short stay "up seventy-eight steps," according to Miss Edgeworth, Mme. Récamier occupied a much larger set of rooms on the first floor, and literary Paris flocked to the Abbaye-aux-Bois. Lamartine's "Méditations" were read and admired here before they were published. Here Chateaubriand called daily at three o'clock precisely. Here his play "Moïse" was read to a large and distinguished company, and later his "Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe." In "Madame Récamier and Her Friends," by H. Noel Williams (Harper and Brothers), there is the following picture of the courtyard on which we are now looking out. Madame Récamier was ill:—

> During the worst part of her illness M. de Chateaubriand and M. Ballanche might be seen walking in the court of the Abbaye-au-Bois on a cold winter day, watching for the doctor as he came down from her apartment. They did not venture to ring, lest she should find that they were anxious. M. de Chateaubriand's beautiful white silky hair, blown about by a cold wintry wind—his physiognomy the very image of despair—formed a striking picture.

We sometimes think that the spirits of some of these historic personages must occasionally visit the place, and when there is a sigh of the wind in the long,

Redfern.—Exclusive and original Models in Day and Evening Gowns. Smart Paris Millinery, Blouses, Lingerie, Furs, &c. 26, Conduit-street and 27, Bond-street.

narrow corridors we like to fancy that it is really a waft of old memories from the voices of long ago.

I have often described to you the pleasant entertainments given to poor children in all parts of London by the Happy Evenings Association during the last eighteen years. A clause in the Education Bill proposes that "means of recreation" shall be provided for children attending public elementary schools out of the rates. The framers of this clause completely ignore the existence of the private association, which supplies this means of recreation free, and, in fact, pays a small sum for the cleaning and lighting of the schoolrooms in which the entertainments take place. To say nothing of the extra burden to be thrown on the long-suffering ratepayers, how can paid labour ever bring to the task of amusement the same fresh vigour and energy that volunteers display, inspiring the children with the spirit of enjoyment? A special meeting is to be held next week at Mr. and Mrs. Bland-Sutton's house in Brook-street to confer on the matter. Lady Jersey will preside, and Lady Cadogan, Lady Llangattock, and the Bishop of Kensington will be present.

I have received the following letter from Mona:—

My Dearest Madge,—It is most annoying, after paying a fair price for bulbs and attending to them all through the winter, to find that they do not flower properly, but why your hyacinths failed to do so last spring I really cannot say without knowing more about them than you tell me. There are many possible reasons. Sometimes frosts or insects injure the growing points; more often the treatment is at fault; there is a fungoid disease which causes much damage; the bulbs may not have been in good condition. When selecting this year's stock, though size should not be neglected, you should pay special attention to solidity and weight. A solid, heavy bulb, even if comparatively small, is almost certain to flower well. For the flowers which will appear next spring are already forward, complete in all their parts, and their presence, if they are to be fine, involves an increase in weight. Solidity is a sign of good condition. Soft, flabby bulbs should always be rejected. They are deficient in the nutriment which is essential to the plants when they begin to grow, and they may break up into several parts, each with its own flower stem, which will necessarily be much smaller than a single one would be. If you choose fine, compact, weighty bulbs and treat them properly, you are not likely to be disappointed again.

It is easier to explain why your Roman hyacinths did not flower at Christmas, as you expected, or for some months later. They were not Roman hyacinths at all. How do I know? By the price you say you paid for them. They cannot be sold for the money. Your bulbs were really what are known in the trade as "Dutch Roman" (queer combination!), or, in plain language, young hyacinths of the ordinary kind. Though they belong to a different race, they do not differ greatly from the genuine article, but the latter flowers much earlier, is much more expensive, and never grows large. When "Dutch Romans" are sold as such, no harm is done—it is understood that they are merely small bulbs; but when, as sometimes happens, they are substituted for Roman and charged for accordingly, it is a swindle. In your case, though you seem to have been misled as to the name and consequently the time of flowering, you paid only the price of the cheaper kind, so you were not hit as badly as you might have been.

Roman and all other hyacinths should be potted as soon as possible. I do not recommend doubles for indoor cultivation; singles are much more satisfactory. They may be either planted singly, or, if the bulbs are small, three in a pot large enough to hold them easily. The soil should be light, rich, and well drained, and the crowns should just show above the surface. Very little water should be given until top growth commences, and as this should not occur until root growth is well advanced, the pots should be placed in rather a deep box, and packed with cocoanut fibre, with a layer about six inches in depth above them. They should remain there in a cool temperature until the bulbs are well rooted—say, in about six weeks' time—when they should be removed from the fibre and gradually introduced into a higher temperature. The less they are hurried, the finer the flowers are likely to be. The same general principles apply to hyacinths in glasses. They also must be kept in the dark for a time to allow the roots to develop well in advance of flowers and foliage. They also are best brought forward gently. The base of the bulb should nearly, but not quite, touch the surface of the water, and as the water sinks through evaporation or absorption by the roots, more should be added. A small piece of charcoal will help to keep it fresh.

For pots or glasses specially selected bulbs of named varieties should always be selected. A name is some guarantee of merit, as well as of colour, and after taking so much trouble it would be a pity to run the risk of an unsatisfactory result—a risk which those who buy cheap mixed hyacinths must be prepared for. As regards the best varieties for the purpose, there are so many which are excellent that it would be useless for me to send you a list. But get them from a trustworthy firm. Don't buy them at an auction-room sale. I admit that bargains are sometimes to be picked up there—usually by those who have made a business of looking for them—but the whole thing is a lottery. Though the prices may seem cheap, they are not so really, for you are paying, not, remember, for a good thing, but merely for the chance of getting it. And the chance, always small, gets very much less as the season advances. This is easily explained. The Dutch growers—or, perhaps, I should say the less reputable firms, of whom there are not a few—sell all the hyacinths they can to the English bulb merchants, whose agents are on the spot, and naturally take the best; they then sell as much as possible retail to the British public; finally, as the end of the season approaches, they dump down what is left, chiefly the refuse, in English—yes, and some Scotch—sale rooms. There is another reason for planting hyacinths soon, wherever they come from. Like all the bulbs, they are not improved by exposure to the air, and after a time, especially when it is past their usual season for commencing growth, they deteriorate very much. If they have become flabby, they may generally be plumped up by placing them for a few days on a bed of damp cocoanut fibre in the greenhouse.—Your affectionate cousin,

Mona.

Clare sends me the following from Dublin:—

Dearest Madge,—Most of us, average mortals, are like the man who, one day, suddenly awoke to the consciousness that he had been talking prose all his life. We are always making startling and amazing discoveries of things which have long ago been found out; in fact, we are persistent and wondering discoverers of the obvious as we take our way through life. At every turn we come on something or other which vividly strikes us; an emotion, an experience, an observation, a sense of things suddenly inspired or revealed. As our excitement at the "discovery" dies away, we inevitably find that it is no "discovery" at all, but just a special personal observation, or an experience of what has gone on before, and over and over again. We are realising the time-worn truisms for ourselves, the stereotyped wisdom of the headlines of the copybooks of our youth. Do we not all stand wondering, as Elia wrote, "amid the commonplace materials of life, like primæval man with the sun and stars about him?" The scientists are not a bit better than we, either. What a fuss they make; what a blaring of trumpets attends their finding out of the things on or within the bosom of the earth which were lying at their feet all the time, or those in the Heavens which were over their heads.

One wonders if the modern cities have anything more advanced than the buried ones of long ago had. Perhaps the Rameses, or even the "vulgar Ptolemies"—as Lord Randolph Churchill called the latter, on account of their inferior antiquity—used to tear recklessly about their metropolises in motors, annihilating space and other things as well, in just as dashing a style, as that of the motorists of our days. Or possibly they did something in connection with winged traffic through the air, which we have not found out as yet, but will some day "discover" with much éclat and exaltation of spirit. An inventor no doubt makes some claim to being partly a creator, but is he not only a discoverer who makes practical adaptation of things which he finds out? "Man," says Bacon, "can himself do nothing else than move natural bodies to or from each other; Nature working within does the rest." And what a fuss men make about themselves and all that they can do! It is well that they have us women—some of us—to speak as Zarathustra spoke, to teach them themselves, not necessarily the over-man.

We have been enjoying the most delicious weather over here,

"La Samothrace."—Every corset of the London Corset Co., 28, New Bond-street, W., is made in Paris. The very latest models. Not connected with any other establishment.

and lucky are the tourists who have been lingering in our island throughout September. Well may the month rhyme with "remember."

Last week would be hard to forget, for any one with a heart for the beauty of mountain, moorland, sea, and lake, woods and hedgerows. The sun shone in the most natural way in the world, just as if it was his ordinary custom at the end of September. The winds, in a most deliciously lazy and unaccustomed view, took no notice of the equinox, but slumbered on regardless of its call. The gardens even had a little flutter, and like some of our sex that we know of—we ourselves are never like that of course—began to have illusions that they still had the bloom of youth, and were not really fallen into the "sear and yellow." Only the shortening days gave warning that summer, however appearances might be against the thought, was gone. It is pleasant to think of all the pleasant memories of Ireland that so many must have carried away with them; no doubt it leads to an entente cordiale with the people when the associations with the country are agreeable.

The Chief Secretary was in Dublin last week and busy, on several days, at his office in Dublin Castle. An Irish Chief Secretary always has his hands full no matter what the season of the year may be. It is well if he has not the holiday habit, as he gets little opportunity of indulging it. To have a very zealous and energetic Under-Secretary does not seem to help the situation either, but contrariwise. Sir Antony MacDonnell was in Belfast during the week, at the launch of the great "liner" which has been built there. Sir Antony has friends in the North; when in India he was an esteemed friend of Lord Dufferin during the Dufferin Viceroyalty. Mr. Bryce has, as yet, done no entertaining in Ireland, but the Under-Secretary's Lodge has been a centre of hospitality all through Sir Antony MacDonnell's tenure of office, and Lady MacDonnell a charming hostess.

Lord Lansdowne and his family have made a long stay at Derreen, his lovely place on the Bay of Kenmare, and only leave this wild spot, where they entertained many visitors during the summer, next month. On the opposite side of the Bay, Lord Dunraven has been staying at Garinisto, his island residence, within easy visiting distance, by water, of Derreen. Much romance and history are associated with the beautiful Bay and the wild surrounding mountainous country; one wonders if the mystery and the romance of "Devolution" may not in the future be added to these associations. This is not deemed an age of romance, yet think of the mysterious flittings of statesmen and would-be statesmen across the dark waters of Kenmare Bay. How romantic it sounds! You have nothing of the kind in Great Britain, but Cabinet Ministers even seem to turn romantic over here! Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein has been paying visits to Ireland. She stayed with Lord and Lady Bessborough, at Bessborough, and was last week with the Duchess of St. Albans at Newtown Anner, in the County of Tipperary, the county of big men, handsome women, and of the old race which gave the national hero, Brian Boru, to Ireland.

An interesting marriage will take place at the end of next month at Abbotstown, near Dublin, when Mr. Odo Vivian, Lord Swansea's son, will marry Miss W. Hamilton, the daughter of Lady Holmpatrick, who is the Duke of Wellington's sister.—Yours ever, CLARE.

Here are just three nice recipes. I feel sure you will like this aspic of salmon à la moderne:—

Fillet 2 lbs. of salmon, trim the fillets evenly, and cook them in buttered paper in a sautépan, duly seasoned with salt, pepper, and moistened with the stock from the boiled fish bones. When the salmon is done remove it to get cold, then coat one side with well-made chaud froid sauce, put a star of truffle on each, and place them aside to get firm. Set a border mould with aspic, garnishing it with sprigs of chervil and lobster coral. Arrange the fillets, garnished side downwards, and set them with aspic, fill the mould in this way, allowing each layer to set before adding another. When the mould is turned out put chopped jelly round it and iced tomato sauce in the centre.

Do not omit to try tournedos of veal à la Marva:—

Cut six round pieces of veal from the loin, nearly an inch thick, lard them with strips of bacon, and braise them on a bed of vegetables and slices of bacon, moistened with good stock, and a buttered paper over, for 2 hours. Then remove the paper to dry the larding, strain the broth, and convert it into sauce, after removing the fat. Glaze the tournedos and dish them, on a thin layer of mashed potato, straight down the dish, place six farced tomatoes, three on either side of the veal, and pour the sauce round all. To farce the tomatoes: Chop 4 oz. of cooked lean ham or tongue, mix it with a gill of thick sauce and the yolks of 2 eggs, fill the tomatoes, from which the seeds have been removed, put a few browned bread crumbs on the top, and bake them about 15 minutes.

This glace à la Duchesse you will think delicious:—

Mash half a dozen small ripe peaches with the juice of a lemon and 1 oz. of pounded sugar, allow it to stand an hour, and then rub it through a hair sieve. Put the purée into an egg bowl, with 3 eggs, 3 oz. of pounded sugar, whisk it over a saucepan of boiling water until hot, then remove it from the fire, and whisk it till it is cold, at which point add a liqueur glass of maraschino and half a pint of whipped cream. Freeze the cream till it is partly set, then mix in three sliced ripe peaches, previously marinaded in a little liqueur syrup, finish freezing, and mould the ice. Serve it with a compôte of peaches in syrup round it.

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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TO OUR READERS.

We receive hundreds of letters every week from "Readers of 'Truth.'" A large majority of the writers expect replies direct. Of the work, trouble, and expense involved in doing this we say nothing. But as experience has shown that a large number of our "Constant" and "Regular" readers who inquire about individuals with whom we have dealt in our columns over and over again are not actual subscribers to the paper, but merely occasional readers of it at clubs, libraries, or at friends' houses, we consider we must protect ourselves in the matter.

We have therefore decided that henceforth every reader who writes making an inquiry that necessitates a direct reply must enclose a stamped envelope and also a Coupon which will always be found at the foot of the 3rd page of the coloured cover. Without these no notice will be taken of the communication.

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a Coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" send replies by post.

No Coupon will be available that is over a fortnight out of date, except from correspondents residing abroad.

NOTICE.

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ENTRE NOUS.

UNTIL last week no King had visited Aberdeen since July, 1650, when Charles II. spent a few hours in the city. Queen Victoria made her first public appearance after the death of Prince Albert when she went over to Aberdeen from Balmoral in October, 1863, to unveil a statue of her husband. Prince Albert himself had visited Aberdeen in 1859, when he delivered an address as President of the British Association. The King (when Prince of Wales) paid public visits to the city in 1868 and in 1884, and similar visits have been paid during the last thirty years by the late Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (then Duke of Edinburgh), the Prince of Wales (then Duke of York), Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll, and Princess Henry of Battenberg.

The house guests of the King and Queen at Balmoral Castle last week were the Duchess of Aosta (who arrived from London with the Queen on Wednesday morning), the Duke of Connaught, Prince Arthur of Connaught, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Tullibardine, Lord Leven and Melville, Sir Reginald Wingate, Sir Felix Semon, Mr. Arthur Sassoon, Captain Welch, and Sir Maurice de Bunsen. Captain Sinclair was the Minister in attendance at Balmoral from Monday until Saturday, when he was replaced by Lord Tweedmouth.

The King went out shooting on the Royal estates for the first time this season on Friday, when there were two deer drives from the Knock Castle section of the Birkhall Woods, and six were killed. This beat is in the northern division of the Birkhall estate, and is bordered by the Dee. The King drove to the spot where operations were to commence by the south road from Balmoral and Ballater, which passes the gates of Abergeldie Castle, where his Majesty was joined by the Prince of Wales.

A contemporary announces that the King has this season rented a grouse moor on the Abergeldie estate. As a matter of fact, the King has a long lease of the whole of the Abergeldie property, which he inherited from Queen Victoria, this place having been practically annexed to Balmoral for more than half a century. There is, however, no grouse moor on the Abergeldie estate. The King has for the last two years rented the moor of Micras, on the Invercauld estate, which affords fair sport, but last season his Majesty did not shoot there. This moor is a few miles to the north-east of Balmoral Castle, in the Glen Gairn district. Gairnshiel moor, which is stated by a weekly contemporary to have been let to the King, is really rented by Mr. Crewdson.

Lord Leven and Melville had an audience of the King at Balmoral Castle last Tuesday, when he delivered up to his Majesty the late Peer's insignia of the Order of the Thistle. As a rule, Queen Victoria received in audience on such occasions the representative of a deceased Knight of the Garter only, and in the case of the member of another Order the insignia was sent to the Lord Chamberlain or to the secretary of the Order. The King, however, receives personally the representative of a deceased Knight of the Thistle, the St. Patrick, and the first class (G.C.B.) of the Bath, which is, of course, a popular concession. The late Lord Leven and Melville was the junior member of the Order of the Thistle, as he only received his green ribbon last year, succeeding to the vacancy caused by

the death of the late Lord Southesk. The Duke of Atholl, who is the *doyen* of the Knights of the Thistle, was decorated by Lord Beaconsfield in 1868.

It was generally expected that Lord Carrington would be the new Knight of the Garter, and his selection for the vacant blue ribbon meets with general approval. His investiture will probably take place during the latter part of next month, during the residence of the Court at Windsor Castle. The Duke of Rutland will have an audience of the King when his Majesty comes South, in order that he may deliver up his father's insignia of the Garter.

The King invested Lord Aberdeen with the ribbon and insignia of the Thistle at Balmoral last week, and his admission to the famous Scotch Order has given much satisfaction in the North. Lord Aberdeen is well entitled to this decoration, which he has thoroughly earned. His grandfather, the Minister, was the first individual who was allowed to hold the Order of the Thistle after he had been created a Knight of the Garter. The two decorations had not previously been held together.

It was announced in Truth several weeks ago that the King and Queen of Norway are to pay a visit to England late in the autumn. I understand that their Majesties will probably arrive in London from Copenhagen, en route from Christiania, about Wednesday, the 31st, and, after staying for a day or two at Buckingham Palace, they will go to Sandringham on a ten days' visit to the King and Queen. The King and Queen of Norway are to be the guests of their Majesties at Windsor Castle during the latter part of November for about a fortnight, and they will afterwards return to Sandringham for the celebration of Queen Alexandra's birthday on December 1. It is expected that the Royal visitors will be entertained by the Lord Mayor and Corporation at the Guildhall during their stay at Buckingham Palace.

It was also stated in these columns that the Prince of Wales would pay a visit to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon at Gordon Castle before H.R.H. left Scotland for the season. The Prince is now staying at Gordon Castle for a few days, and on leaving that place he will travel direct from Fochabers to London. Nearly all the papers announced last week that the Prince of Wales would arrive at Gordon Castle on the 14th, which happens to be a Sunday, and that H.R.H. "would then enjoy some salmon fishing on the Spey." The fabricators of this nonsense were, of course, unaware of the fact that the angling season on the Spey closes on Monday, the 15th.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are to pay a visit towards the end of this month to Lord and Lady Stradbroke at Henham Hall, Suffolk, where they will stay for three days. The Rous family has been settled at Henham since the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The old manor house was burnt down in 1773, and the present house is modern, and of no special interest. It contains some good portraits, and there are some fine old trees in the park. The estate affords first-rate shooting.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are to leave Liverpool-street next Tuesday afternoon for Ipswich on their way to visit Captain and Lady Beatrice Pretyman at Orwell Park, where the house party will include Lord and Lady Bradford, Lord and Lady Powis, Lord and Lady Sefton, Lord and Lady Dartrey, Lord and Lady Onslow, Lord Cecil Manners, Mr. Victor and Lady Evelyn Cavendish, and Lord Walter and Lady Amabel Kerr. There is to be partridge driving next week over the extensive and well-stocked preserves on the Orwell estate. The party will break up on Saturday, the 13th, when the Prince and Princess of Wales are going to Sandringham.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia were last week on a visit to Lord and Lady Wemyss at Gosford House, East Lothian, where the party included Mr. Balfour, Lady Marjorie Manners, Sir George and Lady Maud Warrender, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, Sir Edgar Vincent, Lord and Lady Elcho, and Major Ponsonby. A great sum of money was expended about a quarter of a century ago in building a new house at Gosford, but, owing to some mistake in the process of construction, it could not be inhabited, and it remains a mere shell. The old house, which is close by the new one, has been enlarged and improved. It contains a very fine collection of Old Masters, including three remarkably good Ruysdaels, and a splendid Hobbema. Gosford, which is within a short distance of the sea, is situated a few miles to the west of North Berwick, on the road to Edinburgh.

Prince Christian, who spent last week at Vienna, was received by the Emperor Francis Joseph on Tuesday at the Castle of Schönbrunn. He will return to England in about a fortnight, and is then going to settle for the winter at Cumberland Lodge. He leaves Aix-les-Bains this week for Paris on his way home. H.R.H. and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein were to have been the guests of Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam at Wentworth Woodhouse for a few days, from Monday, the 22nd, but this arrangement may be altered in consequence of Lord Fitzwilliam's illness.

Princess Victoria and Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein were last week the guests of Mr. and Lady Nina Balfour at Newton Don, near Kelso. Princess Louise is on a round of visits in Ireland.

The Grand Duchess Marie of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha is spending the autumn at her château near Tegernsee, in Bavaria, where Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein has been on a visit for a week. The Grand Duke Cyril Vladimirovitch and his wife (the ex-Grand Duchess of

For Approved Charities, see pages 834, 835.

Hesse) are also at Tegernsee, where they have purchased a villa, and the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Roumania have been the guests of the Grand Duchess Marie for a fortnight. Princess Henry of Battenberg is expected shortly at Tegernsee on a visit to her sister-in-law, and the Grand Duchess Marie and her youngest daughter, Princess Beatrice, will very likely come to England next month for a short time. In this case they will be the guests of Princess Henry of Battenberg at Kensington Palace during their stay in town, and they are to visit their Majesties at Sandringham and at Windsor Castle.

The Comtesse de Paris has returned to Randan, her seat in the Puy de Dôme, after spending a fortnight with the Duc and Duchesse d'Orléans at Wood Norton Hall. The Duchesse d'Aosta, who has also been on a visit to Wood Norton, has been the guest of their Majesties at Balmoral Castle during the last week. The Comtesse de Paris and Princess Louise d'Orléans will very likely pay a visit to the King and Queen at Sandringham in the early part of next month, before they leave France for Spain to pass the winter and spring months at Villamanrique.

I am asked to mention that the Suffolk County Ball will take place as usual at the Athenæum, Bury St. Edmunds, on Thursday, January 3.

The Lord Chancellor, who is now staying at Nairn, is to visit Glasgow on Friday, the 12th, when he will deliver the opening address of the Session of the Glasgow Parliamentary Society. The meeting is to be held in Hengler's Circus. Lord Loreburn's subject is to be, "How to Keep his Majesty's Dominions Beyond the Seas."

Whether or not all that is reported about Mr. Chamberlain's health is true, it is quite evident from what has been "officially" stated that he has had a bad illness, and the attempts of those about him to conceal or discount the fact, in imitation apparently of the practice in Royal circles, are very absurd. At seventy a man does not quickly recover from such an illness, but I hope that Mr. Chamberlain will prove an exception to the rule, and that he will be found in his old place in the House and in his old form when the next Session opens. He has always been a keen fighter, and has courted hard knocks as well as given them. But no one among his adversaries would desire to see him compelled to leave the field through bodily infirmity, and all would sympathise with him if he had to do it at the present moment, when the fortunes of his party are at their lowest ebb, and when the cause which he has made his own needs him more than ever.

The death of Miss Edith Boscawen will be much regretted by a large circle of friends. She was the second daughter of the late Lord Falmouth, by his marriage to the Baroness Le Despencer. The Boscawens are one of the oldest families in the West of England, but their Peerage only dates from the reign of George I. The Barony of Le Despencer, which was conferred in 1264, has undergone many vicissitudes, having been thrice forfeited, and it was long in abeyance. The late Lord Falmouth acquired large and valuable estates by his marriage, including the domain of Mereworth, in Kent, which is famous for its extensive and very beautiful woods, through which there is a noble avenue, three miles in length. Mereworth Castle was built in 1748 by the eighth Earl of Westmorland, after a design by Palladio for a villa for "a noble Vicentine gentleman, in a situation pleasant and delightful." Mereworth is one of the most attractive summer residences in England.

Colonel Blundell, who died at his house in Stratton-street on Friday, served for many years in the Rifle Brigade and in the Grenadier Guards. He served in the Crimea during the last few months of the war, and distinguished himself in the Nile Expedition of 1884-85. He was the Tory member for the Ince Division of South Lancashire from 1881 until 1892, and from 1895 until the last General Election. Colonel Blundell owned a large estate in Lancashire, and he belonged to one of the oldest and most esteemed families in that county. The Blundells have been settled at Ince Blundell since the Conquest. The late Mr. Henry Blundell obtained a European reputation as a collector of antiques in Italy, Greece, and Egypt, and he built a museum at Ince Blundell after the model of the Pantheon.

The news of the death of Mr. C. W. Wicksted has been received with much regret in Shropshire, where he was well known, having been for twenty years the very popular Master of the Ludlow Foxhounds. He was a first-rate judge of hounds, and kept a very fine pack, which showed capital sport. Mr. Wicksted belonged to an old Cheshire family.

Mrs. Riddell, who died last week, had a very successful career as a novelist for many years. Her literary reputation was made by "George Geith, of Fen Court," which appeared in 1864, and this book went through many editions, and is still read. Mrs. Riddell made commercial life her specialty, and the principal scenes of many of her works were laid in the City. Until 1902 she usually brought out a novel every year. For some years she was editor of the "St. James's Magazine," having succeeded Mr. S. C. Hall in this post in 1868. This periodical ceased to appear many years ago. She also did a good deal of hack work in the way of short stories, none of which was particularly successful.

For the Truth Hotel List, see page 836.
For Selected Foreign Hotels, see page 837.
For Estates, Auctions, &c., see page 830.
For Amusements, see page 831.
For Appeals, see page 838.
For Our Puzzles, see pages 841, 842.

Mrs. Massingberd, of Gunby Hall, Lincolnshire, who died the other day, was very popular in the county, and her death is deeply regretted. She was a daughter of Judge Lushington, and married the son of the well-known Mrs. Massingberd who founded the Pioneer Club. She administered her large estate on strict temperance principles, no public-houses being allowed on the property. The Massingberds have been settled in Lincolnshire since the reign of Edward I., and for over a century there was a baronetcy in the family, which became extinct in 1750, the estates passing in the female line.

Apropos of the story told in Truth the other day of the fleecing of a party of motorists in Normandy, one of my readers contributes the following experience. While staying recently at Luchon he called at an hotel at Granges d'Astoo, where the party, six persons, had *café au lait* and two glasses of *vin ordinaire*. For this the charge was 7 fr. A few days previously he had paid 3.50 fr. for precisely the same refreshment at an hotel in the Vallée de Lys belonging to the same proprietor. He therefore complained to the proprietor as to the second charge, and was told that at the Vallée de Lys there was competition, whereas at Granges d'Astoo the proprietor had it all to himself. This seems a very good instance of the disposition of the Norman hotel-keeper of to-day to charge as much as he pleases when he sees his way to get it. It is a very suicidal policy, for one of the chief attractions of Normandy in British eyes is its reputation for cheapness.

Although I have now accepted Mr. Basil Tozer's story concerning a fox having been pulled from his earth by means of an implement like a big corkscrew, which was screwed into the poor beast's living body, I am not surprised to find that some people are still incredulous. A correspondent sends me for publication a letter in which he challenges Mr. Tozer to give full particulars as to the date, the name of the pack, the name of the huntsman who manipulated the corkscrew, and the names of any witnesses who were present at the incident described in the article in the *Fortnightly Review*. Really I think that Mr. Tozer ought to do this. It would seem from his article that this atrocious cruelty is more or less commonly practised when foxes are being "dug out" in the hunting country where the affair occurred. The name of that particular hunting country at least should be given, in fairness to others which are guiltless of such methods of barbarism.

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Of all the Bips, most up-to-date
  Is sensible Carlisle O,
Who's had the pluck his view to state
  In fearless, manly style O,
That for the general masses' good—
  And 'spite fanatic Grundys—
Our public libraries all should
  Be open thrown on Sundays.

Now prone I'm not, sir, to adore
  These Church's Reverend *paters*,
Nor have I undue weakness for
  The apron and the gaiters.

But any man, or Bip or not,
  Who stands up on his feet O,
And gives it canting Chadbands hot,
  Apron and all, I greet O.

The Bishop said, and said most true—
  Or so his words I measure—
That untold wrong fanatics do
  Who damp folk's harmless pleasure;
Since for all men hath God designed
  (Such was his lordship's text, sir)
That they in *this* world bliss should find,
  As well as in the next, sir.

But one, and he—or so I 'm told—
  A wearer of the cloth, sir,
Who heard the Bishop speak thus bold,
  Was moved to frantic wrath, sir.
And hinted to 'em pretty plain
  That, in the by-and-by, sir,
They'd find, if they God's Day profane,
  Their quarters hot and dry, sir.

Nor there the worthy parson stopped,
  But awful picture drew, sir,
Of what, if they this course adopt,
  They'll precious quickly view, sir.
"These libraries thus open thrown
  On Sunday afternoon, sir,
Will just be used, and used alone,
  As halls in which to spoon, sir.

"Yea, thither, not their minds t' improve
  By reading, will folks go, sir,
But just to make, in couples, love,
  The damsel with her beau, sir.
The books will all neglected lie,
  Yea, e'en the papers sporting,
And nothing there will meet your eye
  But vulgar wretches courting.

"I see those sober halls profaned
  By amorous suggestions,
And ears of decent people pained
  By sound of popping—questions.
And p'raps some 'Arry there may place
  His arm round 'Arriett's waist, sir;
And p'raphs—a yet more foul disgrace—
  Her lips he'll even taste, sir."

* * * * *

But stay, my friend! If so it prove,
  E'en as your eye foresees, sir;
And if young couples *do* make love
  In public librarees, sir—
Well, love they'll *somewhere* make, that's sure;
  'Tis natural and meet, sir;
And better 'midst surroundings pure
  Than in the garish street, sir.

And if, thus courting, maiden's waist
  Does feel the circling arm, sir;
And if her faltering lips *do* taste
  The osculative charm, sir;
If they *do* play the spoony elves,
  'Tis nothing else but what, sir,
We married folk once did ourselves—
  And so I ask, "Why not, sir?"

A Liverpool vicar, announcing in the *Times* that twins have been born to him, is careful to put it on record that the auspicious event happened "at the hour of evening prayer." Why, I wonder. Perhaps as a living example—or two living examples—of the efficacy

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of prayer. I suppose it is not intended as a warning to mankind not to say their prayers in the evening, but some worldlings might take it so.

So far as I know, Truth is the only English paper which seriously took up the question raised by the Archbishop of Malta when he objected to the use of the Theatre Royal, Valletta, for the purpose of a Protestant mission. I therefore feel a special satisfaction in the despatch dealing with this question which Lord Elgin has addressed to the Governor of Malta. The pretensions of the Archbishop were intolerable in themselves, and were rendered the more so by the arrogant tone in which they were formulated. It is quite out of the question that in any portion of the King's dominions one religious community should be allowed to interfere with the holding of religious services or demonstrations by another in a peaceable and inoffensive manner, and still more so that it should presume to object officially to the action of the Government in allowing such a service or demonstration in a building of its own.

There are, of course, cases where what purports to be a religious function is really a hostile demonstration against some other religious or political party, calculated to provoke a breach of the peace. We are familiar with such demonstrations in Ireland, and more particularly in Belfast. In the interests of law and order every Government must keep a tight hand upon such proceedings. But there was no ground whatever for regarding the Protestant mission at Valletta as such a demonstration, nor indeed could any religious function held within the four walls of a building be so regarded. The Archbishop, therefore, had to go to the length of contending that the use of a Government building for a sectarian purpose was in itself an offence to him and his co-religionists. And as this would be an absurdity so long as the Government is prepared to place the building at the disposal of any religious community that desires the use of it, he had to fortify his position with vague references to some bygone declarations of the Government, guaranteeing the rights and privileges of the Roman Catholic Church in the island. It is satisfactory to see that Lord Elgin recognises no declaration or promise binding on the Government which would go to the length for which the Archbishop contended.

Although the Governor declined to admit the validity of the Archbishop's contention, he greatly weakened his own position and that of future Governors by going so far as to cancel the letting of the theatre to the Protestants before the mission was concluded. As was pointed out in Truth at the time, this created a most dangerous precedent, and would have established a condition of things which prevails in no other part of the Empire. The despatch of Lord Elgin lays down once and for all that in Malta, as elsewhere, all religious communities are on an equal footing in the eyes of the Government and of the law, and that the Roman Church can claim no rights in regard to public religious services which are not equally possessed by other churches and sects. It is to be hoped that the Governors of Malta will in future act fully up to this principle, and that we shall hear no more of such scandals as a Church of England chaplain being forbidden to walk in his surplice in a military funeral procession in a British garrison town out of deference to the susceptibilities of Roman Catholics.

The Bishop of Llandaff has presented the Rev. D. J. R. James, curate of Canton, Cardiff, to the living of Llwynypia, which is one of the most important parochial charges in South Wales. There is a population of over 30,000, with five churches. Mr. James is well known as being an excellent preacher, both in Welsh and English.

Canon Glazebrooke has accepted the office of examining chaplain to the Bishop of Ely. He was appointed by Mr. Balfour to a stall in Ely Cathedral shortly after he had resigned the headmastership of Clifton College, and he took up his residence at Ely last spring, after having spent the winter at Rome. The six canonries at Ely are in the gift of the Bishop of the diocese, but one was vacated during the interregnum between the resignation of the late Bishop and the consecration of his successor, so the patronage passed to the Crown.

Canon Raven, whose death is greatly regretted in the diocese of Norfolk, was widely known through his admirable books on bells, on which subject he was the greatest authority in England, and he was also a most distinguished scholar and antiquary. Canon Raven held the headmastership of Great Yarmouth Grammar School with conspicuous efficiency for nineteen years, and he resigned that post on being presented to the rectory of Fressingfield, Suffolk, by Emmanuel College, Cambridge. He was one of the best known clergymen in East Anglia, and took an active part in the administrative work of the diocese of Norwich, and was much concerned with poor-law and educational affairs.

The postponement of the consecration of the new Bishop of Truro until November 30 has excited great dissatisfaction, and no wonder, for so inordinate a delay is really scandalous. Dr. Stubbs was formally elected to the See by the Chapter of Truro Cathedral more than a week ago, and his consecration could perfectly well have taken place on the 18th (St. Luke's Day), but the ceremony has actually been put off for more than nine weeks after the election. By the time that the Bishop has done homage to the King, and has been enthroned in his Cathedral, the middle of December will have arrived, so that there will have been an interval of

five months between the death of Bishop Gott and the arrival of his successor in Cornwall.

The Bishop of Peterborough has appointed Canon Moore, rector of Benefield, Northamptonshire, to the Archdeaconry of Oakham. Canon Moore is one of the best known clergymen in the diocese, and he is quite the ecclesiastical leader of the Oundle district. His promotion will meet with general approval.

I have received from Kuala Lumpur a recent number of the *Selangor Government Gazette*, in which the following is printed among the minutes of a meeting of the State Council:—

3. The British Resident addresses the Council on the subject of a proposal that the State should contribute a sum of $7,500 towards the endowment of a Bishopric of Singapore. He explains to His Highness the Sultan and the native members of Council that the proposal is in no way pressed upon them, and that it is entirely within their discretion to make or refuse the grant. His Highness the Sultan in reply states that he feels sure that all the native members will agree with him that they should not hesitate to grant the sum asked for in recognition of the great services rendered to the State by its British officers. The proposal is unanimously passed.

Selangor is one of the Federated Malay States. Nominally, it is only under British "protection," but in reality the British Resident is paramount, and in spite of his remark about the discretion of the Council, the fact that he brought forward the proposal was sufficient to ensure its adoption. It seems to me a disgraceful thing that this Mahommedan State should be called upon by the Resident to contribute to the endowment of an Anglican Bishopric in a neighbouring British Colony. The injustice to the Malay and Chinese population of Selangor is accentuated by the fact that in the Straits Settlements no such grant of public money has been made—indeed, any proposal of the kind would be sure to meet with strong opposition in the Legislative Council at Singapore. Nor is it only the native population of Selangor who are aggrieved. The majority of the British community are also disgusted with this piece of jobbery, and the hypocritical pretence that the money has been voted in recognition of the services rendered to the State by its British officers is resented by many of the latter. I suppose that the promoters of the scheme can hardly be blamed for taking any contributions that are offered them. Still, it does appear rather a mean and contemptible thing to accept what is practically a forced benevolence from the heathen for the endowment of an Anglican Bishopric.

In a letter published in last week's Truth dealing with the Dawes Bequest, the writer said that he understood that the three trustees now are Provost Moore, Canon Keatinge, and Canon St. John. Canon Keatinge asks me to contradict this suggestion so far as he is concerned. He states that he is not, and never has been, a trustee of the Dawes fund, or of any other fund for ecclesiastical purposes.

The following letter is rather beyond my usual limits, but I strain a point to make room for it, first, because the Sepoy question is of vital consequence to both India and England, and secondly because the rank and experience of the writer entitle him to speak on the subject with authority:—

In your issue of the 5th Sept., you publish portion of a letter from an Indian officer, in which he states that recruiting for the Indian Army is falling off in consequence of the hard work the Sepoys have to go through nowadays, etc., etc. I quite agree with that officer. The Sepoy, who is only after all a mercenary soldier, gets no (aram) rest nowadays, neither in the cold season nor the hot, nor even in the rains, and naturally he is getting tired of it. The fact is there is too much British drill-sergeant about the present headquarters of the Indian Army, and in consequence every colonel, brigadier and general, thinks that unless he makes a fuss and works his men off their legs, he will get a bad name at headquarters.

Besides suffering from the hard work caused by constant camps of exercise, the Sepoy, whose pay is by no means large, suffers in pocket by his kit wearing out, particularly his boots, which he has to replace himself. The cavalry soldier suffers still more, his horse being his own property. If it gets killed or knocked up he has to replace it, and this happens very often, for general officers have a fancy now for ordering the cavalry to march almost impossible distances, and many horses get knocked up.

Another thing that will interfere with recruiting is the new system of sending regiments composed of northern men to stations far south. They are too far from their homes and their families, and in an uncongenial climate.

The truth is that Lord Kitchener, able man as he is, came as a total stranger to India and the Indians, and surrounded himself with officers chiefly of the British service, who were about as ignorant as himself of the idiosyncrasies of the native of India. Hence from pure lack of Indian experience he has done a good many things that had better not have been done.

I see you also allude to the Moplah regiments. This has been a badly-managed business, and I quite agree with the article in the *Madras Mail* on the subject. The Moplahs are descended from Arab sailors and Hindoo women on the west coast of India, chiefly towards the south. They are all Mahommedans and somewhat fanatical. On a good many occasions they have fought against us and have invariably fought until every man of them was killed. They never enlisted in our Army until a special Moplah regiment was raised, and by many old officers in the Madras Army it was feared that their enlistment would prove a failure. In physique they are superior to any other caste in the Madras Army.

The first mistake made was to attempt at the first set-off to raise two battalions. One got on very well under an able and energetic officer. They took kindly to the work and were really keen soldiers, and it was a mistake, as the *Madras Mail* points out, to send men who had never experienced any climate but that of their own hot and humid country, to a very cold one in the winter such as that of Dera Ismail Khan. Moreover, they seem by some mistake not to have been provided with sufficient warm clothing. No wonder they suffered from sickness. Besides enteric they suffered from frontier sores, to which even northern regiments are liable to suffer. It is supposed now at Madras that the people at Simla have determined to abolish the Moplahs altogether after having done their best to make their enlistment a failure; and this is likely enough, judging from the way the Madras Army has been treated ever since the Mutiny, although that army then remained loyal to a man. . . .

As regards the reference to Lord Kitchener in the foregoing letter, all the evidence available to the outside world points to the conclusion that he has rendered invaluable services since he has been in India. I have lately heard one or two things which suggest that he has saved the Indian Army from imminent danger of falling into a thoroughly rotten condition. But it is not inconsistent with this to admit that he has here and there made mistakes from want of Indian experience. He would be more than human if he had not done so. A good deal of "bucking up" was no doubt required in India: but there can be no necessity for keeping native soldiers more or less at work all day long and all the year round; and it is inevitable that they should resent a process so opposed to all Oriental traditions. That they do so is pretty certain, and it is this which has awakened in them a new conscious-

ness of grievances in regard to their terms of service generally.

A Service correspondent writes:—

> There are to-day in the Militia a number of young fellows—perhaps some thirty or forty in all—who have failed for the Army in literary or classical subjects, but who have qualified in all military subjects—indeed, in the latter many have distinguished themselves. The men I refer to are well under the age limit, of excellent physique, and there are county and international footballers among them. In the Militia they have proved themselves in every way fit to hold commissions, and some of them have seen war service. The Militia affords them no opportunities of advancement. A shortage of officers exists in the Army. Why, then, cannot their services be utilised for the nation's benefit?

I can only commend this question to the attention of Mr. Haldane, and it seems to me well worthy of his consideration. It is just one of those questions which he delights in, and he could not render a greater service to the country than in putting the question of the qualifying tests for a commission on a more rational footing than they stand on at present.

When a youth of whose aptitude for the Army you have no knowledge presents himself as a candidate for a commission, it is no doubt necessary that you should require of him certain literary qualifications. It is necessary on social grounds, and also because you want to ascertain what sort of brains the youth possesses, and as long as purely literary subjects, including classics, fill so large a place in the education of British boys, an examination in the work that they have been doing at school is the readiest means of taking the measure of their brains. But both experience and common sense teach you that there are plenty of boys, comparatively speaking, duffers at their school work—especially classics—who may yet have plenty of brains for military work, and all the making in them of excellent officers. If, therefore, you can discover, independently of a literary examination, that a young man possesses all the brains necessary for your purpose, it is foolish to reject him because he cannot pass the literary test imposed upon a public school boy in the ordinary way.

Such means obviously exist, and are recognised up to a point. You grant commissions from the ranks to competent N.C.O.s who could never pass a Sandhurst or Woolwich examination; and you grant commissions from the Militia on the same principle, but still subject to certain literary qualification. If a young man proves himself, either by service in the ranks or in the Militia, to have all the really essential qualifications of a good officer, except the knowledge of schoolboys' subjects, common sense suggests that you should give him his commission—always provided that you are in want of him. This is the principle underlying the letter printed above, and there can really be no reason why it should not be recognised.

I understand that there is some dissatisfaction in the 1st Life Guards at the unfair use of the canteen fund for the special benefit of the married people rather than the regiment at large. My information comes from a gentleman living near Windsor, who has had occasion to make some inquiry into the facts. He states that it has always been the custom to make annual grants out of the canteen fund for supplying men with certain articles of clothing, to contribute £50 for a regimental ball, and a further sum for Christmas festivities; but all these grants have been either stopped or cut down by the present Commanding Officer. The ball grant was reduced last year to £25, and it is understood that it will be stopped this year. On the other hand, a very large sum, estimated at about £80, has been spent on giving the married people a day's outing, and the married people are said to have had benefits in other ways. If these statements are correct, there is good ground for objection on the part of the rest of the regiment. All contribute alike to the canteen fund, and all should share equally in the benefits provided by it.

A strongly-worded complaint reached me the other day respecting the numerous dismissals of members of the staff of the Naval Works Loan Department which have recently taken place. This staff of civil engineers, draughtsmen, accountants, foremen of works, and so forth, was formed about eleven years ago, when a separate department was created to carry out the huge schemes of dock construction, etc., which were authorised by various Naval Works Loan Acts. All the staff were informed that their engagements were "temporary," but this is, of course, a word of very elastic meaning in connection with employment in the public service, and it was understood that in the case of men who proved efficient, these engagements would last until the completion of the works. My correspondent says that, although works involving the expenditure of many millions are still in progress at Malta, Simon's Town, Hong Kong, the Firth of Forth, and elsewhere, nearly the whole of the special works loan staff have now been discharged, and their places filled by men belonging to the permanent Admiralty Works Department.

A somewhat different light is thrown on the matter by information that I have received from another quarter. Some years ago, I am told, it was decided that the separate works loan staff should be abolished as soon as possible, and a few months ago the particular schemes for which it was first created were considered sufficiently near completion to justify this step. A certain number of the separate temporary staff have been re-engaged by the permanent Works Department, but one of the objects of the re-organisation was retrenchment, and there have necessarily been many dismissals. My original correspondent asserts that many cases of hardship and injustice have occurred, and also that the service is likely to suffer in some instances through men with years of experience in a certain class of work being removed to give place to permanent officials with no such experience. Knowing what we all know of the ways of Government Departments, I think it is very likely that some individuals have been badly treated, and some blunders have been made in effecting this

change. But, seeing that their engagements were after all only temporary, I do not consider that the works loan staff as a body have any legitimate ground of complaint against the authorities, while, from the point of view of the taxpayers, the abolition of the separate department certainly seems to have been a step in the right direction.

"Another Naval Correspondent" sends me the following letter on the subject of Admiralty charts and the grounding of H.M. ships. Being a cautious mariner myself, and not fond of venturing into unknown waters, the only observation I will offer on my own account is that the Hydrographer will please consider that he is hereby instructed to the effect which my correspondent mentions:—

Your naval correspondent, on page 729 of this week's TRUTH, quotes only one part of an important caution from the "Notes Bearing on the Navigation of H.M. Ships." He should have added: The 5 fathom line on most Admiralty charts is to be considered as a caution or danger line against unnecessarily approaching the shore or bank within that line. The 10 fathom line is on rocky shores, another warning especially for ships of heavy draught.

Please instruct the Hydrographer to amend his Notes, and to make it quite clear that large cruisers or battleships should never enter a channel where a rocky bottom is shown, where less than 10 fathoms of water may be expected to be found, on account of the possibility of their discovering unmarked inequalities of the bottom, which are by no means unusual when passing over rocky ground.

THE PILGRIM OF ST. ANDREWS.

(Or Golf as she is Played at Headquarters).

I met a golfing friend, one day—
A chap named Billy Brown—
Who'd been (I knew not where) away,
Some weeks, from London Town.

"Hallo, old man! Why, where've you been,
This month and more?" said I.
He smiled, importantly serene,
And thus he made reply.

"Hoots, mon! Ye're speerin' whaur I've bin—"
"What, Bill?" amazed I cried,
"Why prate you thus the 'Kailyard' in,
You native of Cheapside?"

"Och! Dinna fash yersel a wee,
Nor don that quizzy air;
For, like an Alderman," said he,
"Wha's passed the Ceevic Chair,

"And sae's hall-marked, for evermair,
As ane who kens what's what,
E'en thus *I've* passed the goffer's chair
And am a hall-marked Scot."

"Now, what the devil, Bill, d'ye mean?"
"Tut-tut, ye Southron loon!
Ken weel," he proudly said, "I've been
To famed St. Andrew's toon.

"And ainly those wha there hae played
Goff in its ancient hame,
Can—dinna think me rude—be said
To ken the real game."

"What ho! The reason *now* I spot
Why thus you 'side' abound in.
How sped you there?" I cried, "and what
Did you, old man, go round in?"

"I didna just gae roond," said he,
And gravely he scratched his pate,
"And gin ye'll list awhile to me,
Ma story I'll relate.

"Ane morn, soon after break o' day,
I sallied forth to goff,
And to the groond I made ma way
Marked oot for teeing off.

"And there a lengthy trough I spied
Wherein was mony a ba';
Aye, two-o-three lay side by side,
And mine made two-o-four.

"Sae doon I sat beside the burn,
And waited there to see
Ma predecessors, each in turn,
Drive off frae yonder tee.

"And some could drive, and some could nae,
But tuik (I kept their score),
To get a hundred yards away,
The sax, or seven, more.

"And those behind, in rage, yelled 'Fore!'
Until their ain turn came;
Then, swaggerin', they addressed their ba'
And did—weel, juist the same.

"So there I sat and sat a' day
And watched the ba's in trough
A-dwindlin' one by one away,
As they were driven off.

"By twa o'clock my sma' wee ba',
Which, when I'd first begun,
Had stood, I've said, at two-o-four,
Stood now at one-o-one.

"By five p.m., that number stood
Reduced by half, or more;
In fact, the ba's which graced the wood
(Mine last) were forty-four.

"The clock struck eight, and shadows grey
Down on the Goff Links came;
Sae, as there's still sax ba's to play
'Fore mine, I juist slipped hame.

"And noo ye ken the reason, mate,
Why I 'm sae fu' o' pride,
And why in 'Kailyard' tongue I prate,
Tho' native o' Cheapside.

"For I the Pilgrimage hae made
To goff's historic hame.
And there, *as ainly there 'tis played*,
Hae kent THE REAL GAME."

For the last three years licensed victuallers have been omitted from the list of special jurors for the West Riding Petty Sessional Division at Bradford, in spite of their possession of the necessary rating qualification. The omission was made by the overseers in consequence of some one having raised the objection that such persons were not gentlemen. Last week, however, the Bench expressed the opinion that it was not their province or the province of the overseers to decide whether or not a publican was a gentleman, and the names of thirty-six licensed victuallers otherwise qualified were accordingly added to the list. The Bench are quite right. They would have a very delicate and difficult job if they began to inquire who among the persons rated at not less than £100 a year are entitled to be described as gentlemen, for, of course, the inquiry could not be restricted to one class. First of all, indeed, they would have to settle the question, what is it to be a gentleman? Thackeray's famous answer could scarcely be taken as the basis of a magisterial investigation of a jury list.

A well-known City solicitor sends me an answer to the question "Can solicitors be kept straight?" which was written before the appearance of the last article in Truth on that question, but contains one or two points worth notice. My correspondent observes that the first thing necessary is that the Incorporated Law Society should "cease to be exclusively controlled by Lincoln's Inn Fields, as the headquarters of the family solicitor." He further urges that the Law Society should take up the suggestion, which was made immediately after the Lake scandal, and has often been repeated since, that the profession at large should insure clients' funds against loss by fraud on the part of solicitors by a levy on the members of the profession, say, £1 per annum, and the re-insurance with Lloyds', or any insurance company, of any loss above the amount which could be covered by this insurance fund. Even should any legislative measure, such as that described in last week's Truth, be passed for enforcing upon solicitors a certain regular course of procedure in regard to cash received on behalf of clients, this proposal for insurance against losses would still be useful and desirable. As has been pointed out in previous remarks on this subject, many frauds, including most of the biggest, are committed by solicitors, which could not be checked by any regulations as to the keeping of accounts, or any audit of their books and bankers' balances. Unquestionably, the profession can make itself collectively responsible for such losses at a very small charge to individual solicitors; and I doubt if there is any other means of completely relieving the profession at large from the discredit to which it is exposed by the evil deeds of its black sheep.

Another legal correspondent writing on this question calls attention to the following point:—

> In the year 1886 one of the Vendors' and Purchasers' Acts authorised any solicitor, on producing a deed executed by a client, to receive the purchase or other money payable to the client without further authority. This is a most fatal enactment, and has led to the conviction of many solicitors for embezzlement.

The writer goes on to urge that this section should be repealed, and he also suggests that the law should require that any cheque given to a solicitor acting as an agent should be crossed and made payable to the client. These suggestions seem well worthy of consideration. The same gentleman also observes that misappropriation of trust securities would be greatly hindered by "making it compulsory to have a *distingas* upon trust investments," but I am not myself sufficiently acquainted with the virtues of a *distingas* to say how far this course might be useful or practicable.

Another correspondent, who incidentally refers to the necessity for a change in the *personnel* in the Council of the Incorporated Law Society, urges that there ought to be a definite rule in the profession that a solicitor who becomes aware of dishonesty on the part of another solicitor should report the case to some prescribed public authority. This also seems to be a point deserving of attention. It must often happen that solicitors become acquainted in the course of business with misconduct on the part of their professional brethren, and most men under such circumstances are disposed to take the merciful view, unless they happen to have been robbed themselves. I once had experience of this myself in the course of some legal proceedings. If it were an understood rule of the profession that it is the duty of a solicitor under such circumstances to report the case either to the Incorporated Law Society or to some other authority, he would not feel so much at liberty to yield to his own merciful instincts or to his reluctance to mix up with troublesome and unpleasant proceedings. When a man has once betrayed the trust and confidence reposed in him as a solicitor, he has shown himself unfit for his position, and ought to be deprived of the power of abusing it a second time. Mercy may stop short of sending him to gaol, but it ought not to go the length of leaving him on the rolls.

By the way, I have had a letter from Mr. Jellicoe, in which he mentions that the Bill, of which some account was given in last week's Truth, for compelling solicitors to adopt a certain course of account keeping in dealing with their clients' funds is entirely founded on similar legislation which has been in force in New Zealand since 1892. Mr. Jellicoe also states that the New Zealand Act has, to his knowledge, worked well, and has had a useful effect. With regard to the proposal to give the Board of Trade jurisdiction for solicitors' accounts, and to appoint an auditor to verify them, he also points out that the Board of Trade already exercises a similar function in connection with the trust funds of all court officials, including the registrars of superior courts. As solicitors are themselves "officers of the Supreme Court," this seems a very good reason for placing them in the same position as other court officials.

"From him that hath not shall be taken away" apparently commends itself as a sound principle to Sir Charles Graves-Sawle, and Messrs. Arthur Coodie, G. T. Petherick, and H. Hodges, J.P.s of St. Austell. The law, more enlightened than these magistrates, provides that on an application in petty sessions, supported by the overseers, persons unable (by reason of their poverty) to pay the poor rate may be excused from payment. The overseers of Mevagissey and other parishes lately presented to the St. Austell Bench lists of persons in receipt of out-door relief from the union. Most of them are aged and infirm persons, and the fact that they are being relieved out of the poor rate in itself shows the absurdity of calling upon them to pay the rate. For some incomprehensible

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reason, however, the Bench refused to grant the desired excuses, with the result that in due course the collectors will be compelled to demand the rate from these paupers, and in default of payment to take out distress warrants against them. The guardians have been urged to increase the out-door relief by the amount of the rate for which each recipient will be liable, and this way out of the difficulty ought to be adopted, if the wooden-headed magistrates cannot be induced to reverse a decision at once so harsh and so ridiculous.

Since writing the above, I have come across a case at Pembroke Dock in which a pauper has just served a term of imprisonment for non-payment of her poor rate. The pauper is a widow over seventy years of age, bearing an excellent character as a hard-working, honest old woman. She earns a pittance as a field worker, and the Guardians allow her relief to the amount of 3s. a week, whilst relief in kind is also allowed to an almost imbecile grand-daughter who lives with her. On the last occasion, the magistrates refused to excuse the widow from the payment of the poor rate (though they had done so on previous occasions), and after the usual proceedings, including the abortive issue of a distress warrant, she was committed to Carmarthen Gaol for seven days. I am sorry that the local paper does not give the names of the magistrates and officials concerned in the perpetration of this scandal. Such callous wretches ought to be publicly pilloried.

A defendant at Coventry City Police Court last week behaved in a very insolent manner, and in disposing of his case the Chairman said "the Bench hesitated whether they should not commit him for fourteen days for contempt of court." It is just as well that their worships hesitated, because such a committal would have been an illegality for which they might have had to pay damages. The Great Unpaid are not empowered to send any one to prison for contempt—the law seemingly holding that their courts are beneath contempt.

The desire of the authorities in India to protect natives from ill-treatment by white men is very laudable, but judges and magistrates are sometimes inclined to carry this policy to a point at which it becomes unjust. The Calcutta *Englishman* reports a recent case before a "Bench Court" in which a European foreman at some local works was charged with assaulting a native workman. The evidence showed that during a dispute about the non-execution of some work the native clinched his argument by hitting the foreman on the head with a hammer, whereupon the foreman retaliated by knocking the native down. The latter laid an information against the foreman, and the magistrate fined him Rs.20, remarking that though he had received provocation—namely, a blow on the head with a hammer—it was not sufficient provocation to justify the knocking down of the complainant. What would this Calcutta Solon consider "sufficient provocation" for such an assault?

There was what the reporters describe as a "scene" at the Derby County Police Court last week owing to one of the magistrates, Mr. J. Smedley, attempting to cross-examine a prisoner charged with theft. Both the chairman and the clerk pointed out that a magistrate had no right to question a prisoner unless he elected to give evidence on oath. Mr. Smedley has only just joined the Derby Bench, but he stated that he had had eleven years' experience as a magistrate elsewhere, that he had never before been stopped when questioning prisoners, and that he should continue to ask prisoners any questions he thought fit. It is indeed a pretty commentary on our magisterial system that a gentleman who has sat on the Bench for eleven years is still ignorant of the elementary fact that the law in this country does not permit any interrogation of prisoners.

Why should a blackguard escape the punishment he merits simply on account of his father's "position"? This is what happened at the Guildhall last Wednesday, when a smartly-dressed young man was let off with a fine for what the Alderman described as a particularly cowardly, disgraceful, and unprovoked attack on a girl in the street at night. "Had it not been for his father's position," said the Alderman, "he should certainly have sent the defendant to prison without the option of a fine." No wonder people say that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor.

For a professedly religious and philanthropic institution, the Howard-street (Wandsworth) Gospel Mission cut anything but a creditable figure in the Lambeth County Court last week. A builder sued Mr. E. Moffat Soames, the hon. secretary, and twelve members of the building committee for £28, the value of building materials supplied for the mission. There was no dispute as to the supply or the price of the materials, but the members of the committee coolly repudiated the bill on the ground that as Soames (acting as honorary secretary) gave the orders, he alone was liable for payment. Considering that Soames had admitted—so it was stated—that his whole assets consisted of a box of pawn-tickets, the plaintiff naturally regarded this arrangement as not good enough; and Judge Emden, taking the same view, entered judgment, with costs, against all the defendants. It was alleged that the mission is under the patronage of the Queen. In view of this attempt of its leading lights to shuffle out of the payment of a debt, I anticipate that her Majesty's patronage will be at once withdrawn.

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The thorough paced absurdity of the law with regard to the so-called offence of sleeping out is strikingly illustrated by the cases at Lewes Police Court, which figure in my Legal Pillory this week. Three men from London who said they were in search of employment were found by the police sleeping in farm sheds, and were brought before the magistrates on the usual charge. One of the accused had 5d.—not to mention a portmanteau—in his possession, and as it is of the essence of the offence that the offender shall be without "visible means of subsistence," he was discharged. The other two, being absolutely penniless (and therefore having an excuse for sleeping out) were sent to gaol, so that practically they were punished for the crime of poverty. The following list also includes one or two further sentences for this heinous crime, and several for poaching and petty larceny—sentences which, by reason of their severity, stand out in marked contrast to the series of ridiculously inadequate penalties for offences of violence and cruelty which are recorded in the opposite column. In particular, I would call attention to the misguided leniency of the Sheffield J.P.s in dealing with an old offender for a brutal assault, and to the fatuous idea of the Nottingham J.P.s that "savage attacks" on the police will be stopped by the imposition of paltry fines:—

Nottingham City Police-court. Before Messrs. J. K. Wright and T. Shipstone. Frank Pell, charged with assaulting a constable who had arrested him for disorderly conduct. The Chairman: This is a very savage attack on a policeman; we must put a stop to it. Fined 10s.

Epsom Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. Herbert Brooks and C. R. West and Colonel A. H. Lambert. Michael Sullivan, convicted of being disorderly, using obscene language, and assaulting Arthur James Rowe. Fined £1 11s., including costs, for the three offences.

Perth Police-court. Before Bailie Paton. Archibald McCormack and Andrew M'Naughton, convicted of assaulting Walter Pratt, by striking him and throwing him down. He received a severe cut on the head, which had to be stitched up at the infirmary. Fined 20s. each.

St. Helens Police-court. James Walsh and Ralph Ashcroft, charged with unlawfully wounding a man named Cook by kicking him. Cook was seriously injured. The charge was reduced to one of a common assault. Fined £2 each and costs.

Towcester Divisional Petty Sessions. Before the Duke of Grafton, Sir A. E. Dryden, and Mr. J. H. Jepson. Thomas Adams, charged with an aggravated assault on his wife. He went home the worse for drink, and struck her in the face, blacking one of her eyes, and then severely "punched" her about the body. Fined 20s., including costs.

Nottingham City Police-court. Before Sir J. T. McCraith and Mr. J. E. Pendleton. Wm. O'Brien, charged with stealing a pair of boots. One month.

St. Augustine's Petty Sessions. Joseph H. Gregory, charged in two summonses with trespassing in search of conies. Fined £5 2s.

Epsom Petty Sessions. Before the same magistrates. Henry Potter, charged with trespassing in seach of game. Fined £2 and 8s. 6d. costs.

Wigan Police-court. W. Wright, charged with stealing a penny bottle of ginger beer. Seven days.

Kettering Divisional Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. J. T. Stockburn, G. W. Sumner, H. G. Gotch, and F. W. Preston. Alfred White, charged under the Poaching Prevention Act, with being found in possession of a quantity of rabbits. Fined £3 6s., in default one month.

Romsey Borough Police-court. Before the Mayor and Messrs. G. Wheeler, W. Williams, J. Coleclough, E. M. Meddings, and A. M. Elcombe. Samuel Cook and Thomas Stanbridge, charged with stealing a shovel, value 2s. 6d., from outside a shop. Twenty-one days each.

Doncaster Police-court. Charles Waistnedge, charged with trespassing in pursuit of game. Fined £2 and costs.

Wokingham County Police-court. Before Messrs. H. G. A. Knox, C. T. D. Crews, S. A. Hankey, R. Edgcumbe, and the Mayor. Frederick Davis and Joseph Pearcey, charged with trespassing in search of game. Davis fined £1 8s. and Pearcey £2 8s.

Salisbury City Police-court. Before the Mayor and other magistrates. William Beaumont, charged with assaulting George Andrews, an elderly man. Without any provocation he struck complainant on the head and knocked him down. Fined 10s.

Sheffield City Police-court. Before Messrs. A. J. Hobson and F. C. Wild. Herbert Gray, charged with being drunk and disorderly, and with assaulting a barman at a public house. Because the barman refused to serve him defendant struck him in the mouth, knocking a tooth out, and kicked him. He was very violent when arrested. There were numerous previous convictions. Fined £2.

Holywell Police-court. Mary Elizabeth Owens, wife of a farmer, charged with cruelty to a dog. By her orders the dog was tied up in a hedge on the farm, where it was kept for six weeks and then died of starvation. She said the dog was put there to stop the sheep coming through a gap in the hedge. Fined 10s and costs.

Oswestry County Police-court. Before Captain Lovett, Messrs. R. G. Venables, and R. Moon, Dr. W. A. Lewis, and the Rev. T. M. Bulkeley-Owen. Edward Jones, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. Twenty-one days.

Alfreton Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. Fitzherbert Wright, G. Preston, C. R. Palmer-Morewood, and Colonel Pearson. John Kinder and his son, Thomas Kinder, charged with stealing a ferret. One month each.

Ludlow County Police-court. Before Mr. H. Foster. John Taylor and John Rogers, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. Five days each.

Wallingford Borough Police-court. Before the Mayor and Messrs. B. W. Hilliard, W. Bliss, and W. D. Jenkins. Harry Smith, charged with stealing a pair of boots. Fourteen days.

Chester County Police-court. Before Messrs. J. Thompson and T. Butler. Thomas Hughes, charged with an offence under the Poaching Prevention Act. £2 9s.

Lewes Police-court. Before Messrs. C. R. Kemp and H. Willett. Two labourers, who said they had come from London in search of work, were charged with sleeping in a cowshed and having no visible means of subsistence. Five days each.

Leyster Courtis, a carpenter from London, who said he was in search of work, charged with sleeping in a farm shed and having no visible means of subsistence. It appeared he had fivepence in his possession and also a portmanteau. Discharged.

An ingenious novelty in the "mail order" branch of retail trade was lately introduced by somebody calling himself Paul and Co. From an address at Aston Manor, he offered by advertisement to supply ladies and gents with stockings and socks at a very tempting price. In case the price might raise doubts about the quality, he added a guarantee to keep the stockings in repair free of charge for three months. A customer (no doubt there were many more) who thought this offer was good enough, found that his socks wore out very quickly, and sent them back to Aston Manor to be repaired, according to contract. Being unable to get any reply, he communicated with the local police, who informed him that Paul and Co. had disappeared from his address. No doubt he has taken the socks with him and is selling them by this time to somebody else on the same terms. This must be a profitable method of conducting business, and one of the advantages of it is that, unlike the ordinary shopkeeper, the tradesman can see a great deal of the world, being under the necessity of changing his address at least once in three months.

One of my readers forwards from Cape Town a sample of the advertisements of J. W. Kidd, of Fort Wayne, Ind., making the familiar offer of the Kidd treatment at a reduced price for a limited number of days. The treatment having started at about two guineas, has now come down to 10s., or 5s. for a "half treatment" by way of experiment, the reduction being prompted solely by Kidd's desire to save the life of a fellow-creature. In forwarding this document, my

ROYAL SOCIETY FOR PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS. Nearly 8,000 convictions last year. Complaints marked "Private" absolutely confidential.—SECRETARY, 105, Jermyn-st., London.

correspondent remarks that under the latest protectionist legislation of the Colony the catalogues and business literature of English firms are subjected to a duty, while any harpy of the Kidd type may flood the local market with his advertisements free of charge. This is a good example of the absurdity of this class of colonial legislation, judged even from the colonial standpoint. There might be some sense in "protecting" colonists against being "kidded" by quacks, American or otherwise. But the amount of "protection" in the economic sense, secured by the above-mentioned Act is infinitesimal, for 90 per cent. of the advertisements of British manufacturers that are dispatched to South Africa relate to articles which cannot possibly be produced in the Colonies.

Some person, at present unknown, though I hope he may be brought to light and rewarded, recently took a room at 3, Tudor-street, E.C., and labelled it with the name of The Chemical Products Company. He then issued advertisements on one of the approved home employment models. Those who replied received a business-like looking circular running thus:—

THE CHEMICAL PRODUCTS CO.

CHIEF OFFICE AND WORKS: PARIS.

CABLE ADDRESS: "SANTONIN, LONDON."

A.B.C. CODE 4TH EDITION USED.

London Office: 3, Tudor Street, Ludgate Circus, E.C.

London, Sept. 4th, 1906.

Dear Sir or Madam,—We have the pleasure to inform you that for the purpose of introducing into this country a novel and miraculous medical product of our house, we have decided to distribute all over the United Kingdom several hundred thousand advertising pamphlets, and to this end, that is to say, to conduct our enterprise to a successful conclusion with the shortest possible delay, we think that there is no better means than that of engaging several collaborators in each region of this country.

The following are the two propositions which we have the pleasure to submit to you:—

First Proposition:

(*a*) Copying of addresses on wrappers from lists furnished by us.
(*b*) Doing up our pamphlet in the wrappers.
(*c*) Posting the said pamphlets.

The execution of these three items will be paid for at the rate of 15s. per 1,000 pamphlets sent off.

Second Proposition:

(*a*) Looking up addresses of persons to send our pamphlets to.
(*b*) Copying these addresses upon our wrappers.
(*c*) Doing up our pamphlet in the wrappers.
(*d*) Posting the said pamphlets.

The execution of these four items will be paid for at the rate of 20s. per 1,000 pamphlets sent off. . . .

All this and much more is merely preliminary to the usual demand for a deposit of 3s., "this sum not being as a guarantee for the value of the stamped wrappers which we shall send you, which is incomparably greater, but simply as an assurance of your good faith and seriousness." This is, of course, simply the old trick worked by a dozen or more notorious home employment swindlers. But in order to give it a convincing air of bona fides, the operator encloses a sample of the literature which his employees will have to distribute, in the shape of a small pamphlet descriptive of the virtues of the "novel and miraculous medical product." A tidy bit of money and no small amount of labour must have been expended on compiling these circulars and pamphlets, and all to get a 3s. deposit out of people in search of home work. I sent up to Tudor-street to make inquiries about this business, but found that the office was shut up, and that the "Chemical Products Co." was making himself scarce. Anybody who has paid him money had better communicate with the City Police at 26, Old Jewry.

Tanquerey is assuredly a most enterprising swindler. Every part of the world is brought within the sphere of his operations. Only a week ago I mentioned that I had just heard of him from Pernambuco, and now I have received a batch of letters and newspaper-cuttings relating to his descent on the Transvaal. In addition to the usual forged testimonials from the Proprietor of Truth and other persons, Tanquerey is using in his Transvaal campaign the names and addresses of a number of people in Johannesburg and Pretoria. The Johannesburg *Star* expressed a desire to hear from these parties as to their experiences in the matter of the "free portrait." One victim informed the editor that the frame for which he guilelessly paid a guinea was not worth more than the odd shilling. Quite possibly, however, some of the customers are perfectly satisfied, for, strange as it may seem, Tanquerey occasionally comes across dupes so thick-headed and ignorant of the real value of the portrait and frame that they do not perceive that they have been swindled. On very rare occasions, too, Tanquerey has actually carried out his original offer simply in order to extract a testimonial which may be employed as a bait for the rest of the public in the same locality. But that his whole business is a huge fraud surely needs no further demonstration after all the exposure it has received.

The prosecutions that have taken place during the past year or two seem to have put an end for the present to the posting of foreign lottery circulars in England. The circulars now have to be posted abroad, but why should a firm of so-called "bankers" at Buda-Pesth go to the trouble of sending them via Egypt? Many people in London last week received from this firm a prospectus of a Hungarian lottery, which was enclosed in sealed envelopes bearing Egyptian stamps and the Alexandria postmark. There must be some object in this dodge, and it might be worth the while of the Postmaster-General to ascertain what it is.

One of my readers relates another unfavourable experience in doing business with Mr. Gasson, of Rye. A quantity of garden netting, ordered on the strength of one of Gasson's advertisements, was delivered short of the quantity represented. Failing to get the deficiency made good, the matter was placed in the hands of a solicitor, and, after a long and troublesome corre-

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spondence, Gasson wrote that he was forwarding further netting to make good the deficiency. He did not do so until after he was written to again, and a second time the quantity was deficient. After several months' delay, protracted correspondence, and the cost of employing a solicitor, the customer still found himself 100 square yards short of the quantity he had paid for. Judging from the frequency of such experiences, Gasson must be doing a highly profitable business.

Companies are formed nowadays for all sorts of purposes, but, so far as I remember, it is a novelty for the public to be invited to provide capital for carrying on a betting business and racing and football "coupon" competitions. This is done in a prospectus which is now being widely distributed by the Nugget Sporting Agency Company, Limited, Middelburg, Holland, which offers for subscription 20,000 £1 shares. The prospectus suggests that the sporting public, "being as a rule good business men," will be quick to perceive the benefit of such an investment. Those who are good business men will probably be quicker to perceive the disadvantage of putting money into a concern engaged in gambling enterprises on lines that are illegal in this country. The company is not registered in England, and I imagine that if the shareholders had any cause of complaint they would be unable to get any redress or protection from the English Courts.

Something of a curiosity in the way of a Turf commission agent's circular has been sent on to me by one of the recipients. It is signed "A member of Tattersall's and the London Market," and the anonymous writer states that "although his business has been established over twenty years, it is a strictly private one, and being a member of the 'London Market' he is prohibited by its rules from giving the address here." He will, however, be pleased to hear from you with a view to the opening of an account, and direct communication with him can be obtained if a telegram asking for his name and address is first of all directed to "Phantasm, London." This appears to be the registered telegraphic address of a member of the Beaufort Club, and if the issue of the circular really is an evasion of some professional commandment, his fellow members will doubtless have something to say to him on the subject.

A few weeks ago reference was made in TRUTH to the advertisements of a Dr. N. J. R. Sethna, M.D., who describes himself as "the only London dental surgeon in Sind," or as "Dental Surgeon, M.D., London." I pointed out that Mr. Sethna is not an M.D. of London as these advertisements seem to indicate. I have now received a long letter from the gentleman, in which he justifies the reference to "London" in connection with his qualification on the ground that he studied dentistry here, although his degree of M.D. was taken in Brussels. He declares that his only desire is to notify this connection with London. It is really absurd for the holder of a Brussels degree to suggest that he is justified in describing himself as "M.D., London," or as a London dental surgeon, when he neither has a Lodon degree nor has practised in London, and if Dr. Sethna has no desire to mislead anybody he had better find some less equivocal way of notifying where he received his dental education.

The *Morning Post* publishes regularly an advertisement headed "Miss Faithfull's Institute (late of Regent-street) — Miss Grey, treasurer." The advertisement always notifies the need of funds for one purpose or another, and recently £15 was stated to be wanted for rent. The address given is 54, Wellington-road, Regent's Park. I would warn the public against this advertisement, and the *Morning Post* would do well to make some inquiry before allowing it to appear further. Some years ago Miss Faithfull's Institute for the Benefit of Governesses, etc., was well known. But Miss Emily Faithfull has been dead for many years, and her sisters who have survived have nothing to do with the institute; in fact, the institute has, to all intents and purposes, ceased to exist. Miss Grey is a lady who was formerly associated with Miss Faithfull, and she carries on the concern on her own account. She is dependent upon it for her own livelihood, and it is doubtful whether anybody else gets any benefit from its existence.

I am constantly receiving requests for information about a concern called the Mint Co-operative Club, Limited, carried on in connection with a paper called the *Mint* at 17 and 18, Great Sutton-street, E.C.; and the information chiefly desired seems to relate to the value of the shares of the company as an investment. The paper called the *Mint* was started by a firm called the British and Continental Art Company, which is itself of recent origin, and came into prominence a few months ago as the promoter of a big "birth-rate competition," which was very widely advertised. A good deal was said about the competition in TRUTH at the time. The result of the competition was announced in the *Mint*, which was an ingenious way of giving the journal a start. The "Mint Co-operative Club" was subsequently introduced as a means of selling all sorts of goods, through the medium of the paper under a scheme designed to persuade the purchasers that they gained valuable advantages by making their purchases in this way. Whether they really do is a question which can only be decided by experience, and not being a purchaser myself I am not in a position to advise on the merits of the so-called club.

With regard to the shares, however, I have referred to the records at Somerset House, with the following results: The Mint Co-operative Club, Limited, was formed in pursuance of an agreement by the British and Continental Art Publishing Company to sell to the new company certain of its effects. The agreement recites that the vendors have conceived the idea of a business as universal providers, and have at a cost of £10,000 collected the names of 80,000 possible customers, and have printed and circulated the *Mint;* and it goes on to provide for the sale by them to the Mint Co-opera-

tive Club, Limited, of their system, actuarial calculations, the names and addresses of the 80,000 possible customers, and all other assets of the vendors except the *Mint* itself and the cash in hand. For this the new company is to pay £25,000 in shares. This seems a pretty big price for a trading system which has no novelty in it and the names of 80,000 possible customers, most of them presumably to be found in directories; and if the vendors had thrown in the *Mint* and their cash in hand, I should still be unable to recommend the shares to anybody as an investment.

Mr. McKinnon Wood is quite on the right lines in the interview which the *Daily Chronicle* published last Thursday, and it is to be hoped that he will have the majority of the London Progressives at his back. There is no reason why education in London should be dealt with on a principle different from that adopted for the rest of the country. For better or worse, the control of public education was placed by the Acts of 1902 and 1903 in the hands of the municipal authorities; and if we are to go back on that policy by establishing an *ad hoc* authority in London, a similar demand is sure to be forthcoming sooner or later from other quarters. It is time that we had some finality in educational legislation, and it is to be hoped that that view of the matter will weigh strongly with the present Government against the sectional demand for the restoration of a London School Board.

Whatever difficulties there are in administering the last London Education Act can be got over by increasing the numerical strength of the County Council and its Education Committee, and at the same time giving a more free hand to the latter body. This is necessary, as Mr. McKinnon Wood points out, in the interests of the other work of the Council besides that of the Education Committee. I have always thought myself that the best proposal was that which Dr. Macnamara made in 1903—to add a second member to each existing L.C.C. constituency. By selecting and running second candidates on educational grounds the ends of those who favour the *ad hoc* principle would be sufficiently gained for all practical purposes. Mr. Wood suggests instead that some of the larger constituencies should be divided, so that the total strength of the Council would be brought up to something like 200. Whether the thing should be done this way, or by increasing the representation of the existing constituencies, is more a question of detail than of principle. What is of importance is that the London Progressives should come to a decision on the question, if possible, in time for a short Act to be passed during the present year. Otherwise, as the next County Council election takes place in March, the question will be hung up for another three years.

There is something to be said for the resolution passed by the Lewisham Borough Council in favour of the rating of omnibuses, but the question will want looking at from a good many different points of view before it can be satisfactorily dealt with. It is not altogether fair that a tramway company, which pays substantially for the privilege of laying rails by being required to keep in repair the whole portion of the roadway which it uses, should contribute heavily to the local rates, while a competing omnibus company gets the use of the roads for nothing. Again, in big towns the omnibuses have always taken more wear and tear out of the roads than any other class of traffic, and the advent of the motor-'bus is likely to greatly increase the burdens of the ratepayers in this way. On the other hand, when turnpikes were abolished, the principle was adopted that the maintenance of roads should be a public charge, and that the use of them should be free to all, no matter how much any particular individual or corporation might use them; and it is difficult to see how you can charge one party on the ground that he uses a road excessively and makes a big profit out of it, without charging, *pro ratâ*, all others who use it—in other words, going back to the turnpike principle.

The only practicable way of compromising between the two principles of free roads for all and payment by all who use the roads seems to be to put a licence duty on certain classes of vehicles and apply the proceeds to the maintenance of roads. I suppose that this result is in some degree arrived at already where the licensing authority for omnibuses, road locomotives, etc., is also the highway authority. But the amount is small, and in the case of London omnibuses, the highway authorities have nothing to do with the licensing, and unless I am very much mistaken get nothing out of the fees.

An important point to note is that it is well worth the while of the proprietors of motor 'buses to pay something for the upkeep of the roads, if they can have security that the payment will be applied to keeping the particular roads they use in good condition. It must make an enormous difference to the wear and tear of a motor 'bus whether it is running on a perfect surface of wood or asphalt or over a badly laid piece of macadam, or any kind of pavement full of holes and ruts. It makes an enormous difference to the passengers, too, and must therefore affect the popularity and earnings of the vehicles on the bad portions of the roads they use.

The difference in the comfort of a motor 'bus in different thoroughfares is simply incalculable. Out of curiosity I have lately sampled a good many lines of motor 'buses in different parts of west and central London, and there are one or two roads that I would not ride over again if I were paid for it. One of them

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is Whitehall, where the road is now being relaid, after having been allowed to get into a disgraceful condition. When going at about twelve miles an hour, my vehicle only touched the ground at irregular intervals, and when descending into the valleys or bumping over the peaks, I wondered against whom I should have an action if I ricked my neck or broke some of my new teeth. As the lives of 'buses, equally with those of passengers, must be shortened by such usage, it would well pay the proprietors to contribute towards keeping the roads smooth and level; and as the weight of the vehicles also contributes directly to the destruction of the surface, they may fairly be expected to do so. Instead, then, of rating omnibus companies, I would have a licence duty graduated according to the weight of the vehicles, and pay over a substantial part of it to the highway authorities, at the same time giving the owners some power to compel those authorities to keep the roads in a proper condition for such traffic.

THE SQUAWS AND THE NOSE-RING.

'Mong Choctaw Squaws—the story goes—
In Days when Rings were worn i' th' Nose
(A Fashion which, the Truth to tell,
Both hurt and uglified as well),
Was found—O most uncommon Find!—
A Dame of independent Mind,
Who Fashions never took for granted,
But always first a *Reason* wanted.
Now great Sensation did she cause
Among her modish Sister Squaws,
By turning up, one Morning fair,
Without a Sign of Nasal-Wear.
"Great Redskins!" cried they all in Lump,
"Have you gone, Woman, off your Chump,
Thus to defy the proper Thing,
And, bold, discard your nasal Ring?
Why have you done it? Tell us, *why!*
We wait," said they, "your prompt Reply."
That Squaw she answered, smiling bland
Upon the shocked, inquiring Band,
"Tell you, my hidebound Friends, I won't,
The *Reason why* I wear it DON'T,
Till me you've told, and told me true,
The *Reason why* YOU wear it DO!"

MORAL.

There's oft more Reason to apply
To Fashion's Slaves the Question, "*Why?*"
Than of their Opposites, I wot,
Conversely to inquire, "*Why* NOT?"

SCRUTATOR.

THE *TIMES* ON THE WARPATH.

THE declaration of war between the Publishers' Association and the *Times* can surprise nobody who has any knowledge of the book trade. When the *Times* Book Club was first started it offered to the publishers a profitable opportunity of disposing of all the stocks of unsold literature mouldering in their cellars, and it was natural that many publishers, being only human, should jump at the chance. But the scheme of running the "Club" as a second-hand book shop as well as a circulating library threatened serious complications in the trade, which could easily be foreseen. By offering alluring inducements to the most profitable class of customers first to read a book under the "free" library privilege, and then to purchase it at a handsome discount, if they found it to their taste, the scheme struck straight at the heart of the bookselling trade. The publishers cannot afford to be indifferent to the interests of the booksellers, nor is it to their advantage that a very large slice of the retail trade should be captured by the *Times* Book Club, which is already decidedly exacting in its dealings with the publishers, and would be likely to become more so if it gained a position to dictate its own terms. All this several of the longer-headed publishers foresaw at the outset, and they therefore declined to do business with the *Times* on the special terms which it endeavoured to impose. The course of events has justified them, and now the Publishers' Association collectively has resolved not to countenance the sale of books at second-hand prices within the period after publication provided by the rules of the *Times* Book Club.

In the flamboyant advertisements with which the *Times* has once more been bombarding newspaper readers, a valiant show has been made of defying the publishers and adhering to the original scheme. This looks rather like making a virtue of necessity, for if a contract has been made with subscribers on specified terms, those terms must be adhered to. While it is obviously true that the publishers cannot prevent a man who buys a book in the open market from selling it again at what price he pleases, it is quite certain that they can impose what terms they please on those who buy of them direct. If, therefore, the *Times* elects to abstain from dealing with them directly, it forfeits all the pecuniary advantages which it has hitherto been able to obtain as one of the largest buyers. There is, therefore, a prospect of a trial of strength which will be of great interest from the sporting point of view; but beyond that the public which does not subscribe to the *Times* and its Book Club has absolutely no interest in the matter. It is the height of absurdity for the *Times* to pretend that it is fighting the battle of "the Reading Public" against the publishers. The circulation of the *Times* is a secret which it is entitled to keep to itself, but the number can only be an insignificant fraction of the circulation of any of the big penny and halfpenny daily papers, and the regular subscription list is not equivalent to the whole *Times* circulation. It is childish to suggest that these few thousand subscribers constitute or in any way represent "the Reading Public," though it is quite possible that they include enough regular buyers of the more expensive class of books to draw off a great deal of valuable trade from the booksellers' shops. Outside this limited number the reading public is altogether unconcerned in the dispute. It would not be in any way affected if the *Times* Book Club closed its doors to-morrow.

In order to bolster up the suggestion that it is fighting the battle of the public, and to secure support in the shape of additional subscriptions (see subscription form attached for this purpose), the *Times* has undertaken to

THOMAS GOODE & Co.—China, glass, pottery, fireproof ware. Sole agents in the United Kingdom for the famous "Bi Métal" (copper lined with pure sheet silver) Cooking Utensils. Illustrated catalogues free.—South Audley-street, London.

prove that the current prices of new books are outrageously excessive. The publishers are represented as a ring of "monopolists," exacting monstrous profits by means of artificially inflated prices. All the language at the command of the fluent gentleman who writes the Book Club advertisements is exhausted in the denunciation of this ring of public enemies, and in depicting the heroic attitude of the *Times*, which has undertaken, single-handed, to beard the dragon of monopoly in its den and rescue the reading public from its domination. The whole of this fanciful picture is founded upon one of the most nonsensical calculations that was ever offered for public consumption. The writer takes three books published at 36s., and estimates that not one of them cost more than 4s. "to produce," this cost including paper, type-setting, making the plates, printing, and binding. The inference is calmly drawn from this that "the all-round profits on these books should thus amount to 800 per cent., a profit which is, we believe, enormously in excess of that expected in any other trade." The "800 per cent. profit" furnishes an imposing side-heading, conspicuously displayed in heavy type. Further examples follow to show that 800 per cent. is quite the normal thing among these bloodsuckers of publishers. A guinea book is estimated to have cost 1s. 8d. "to produce," an 18s. book 1s. 6d., and so on. The *Times* does not pay much compliment to the intelligence of the Reading Public that it hopes to enlist in its club by seeking to delude them with such rubbish. It must surely occur to some of them that the author of a book expects to make something out of it as well as the publisher. Nor can they be so ignorant of business matters as to suppose that a publisher's working expenses are limited to the cost of the raw material of the volumes he publishes, and the mechanical processes by which the raw material is manufactured into books. To the ordinary expenses of maintaining an office and conducting a business, which every wholesale producer has to bear, must be added in this case an exceptionally large outlay on advertising; and it is strange that the *Times* should affect to overlook this element in the cost of putting a new book on the market, considering what a handsome revenue, by the evidence of its own columns, it must draw from the publishers, and considering that one of the conditions which its Book Club has imposed upon the publishing trade is the return of a handsome percentage on every book the club purchases in the shape of payment for advertisements in the *Times*. It is this view of the matter that makes the *Times*' attack on the publishing trade such palpable humbug. The Book Club people first extort from the publisher a big slice of his profit for their own benefit, and when he refuses to conduct his business in the way that suits them, they turn round and abuse him unmercifully as a grasping monopolist who is making 800 per cent. out of his customers, and hold themselves up to public admiration as disinterested philanthropists who have resolved to put an end to his evil deeds in the interests of cheap literature!

Of course, the fallacy of the 800 per cent. argument does not end with the disingenuous pretence that everything between the published price of a book and the cost of printing and binding it is publisher's profit. Everybody knows—no one better than the *Times* and the writer of the Book Club advertisements—that the publisher supplies the retail trade at a discount, and consequently that the 800 per cent. never reaches him at all. Probably the advertisement writer intended to cover himself against this observation by using the phrase "all-round profit," and he goes on later to recognise that the bookseller must be paid, though he would have it believed that the retailer does not get a fair share of the profit. But in this he only admits against himself that the 800 per cent. of which he makes such a parade is altogether misleading, and that he has no right to suggest that the publisher pockets anything like that amount. The greatest fallacy of all, however, in the argument, and the most insidious, is the assumption it makes that the whole edition of every book produced is sold out. A publisher who priced his books in the expectation that none of his stock would ever be left on his hands would be a candidate for the Bankruptcy Court, if not for a lunatic asylum. Apart altogether from the misleading financial calculation on which it is based, the *Times*' argument conceals what is really the most essential factor in determining the price of books—namely, that the trade of a publisher is among the most speculative in existence, and that he deals in what are to a large extent in the nature of "perishable goods." The number of new books of which the success can be predicted before publication is, in relation to the whole output of the publishing trade, almost infinitesimal. Of the rest, in spite of all that can be done by lavish advertisement or other adventitious aid, a very large proportion are foredoomed to utter failure. Of many more, for which some brisk demand may be excited at the moment of their appearance, it is certain that in a few weeks or months they will lose their attraction either because the circumstances which gave them an interest have passed away, or because they have been eclipsed in popularity by some new publication. It is just for this reason that it is of vital consequence to the publisher that his stock should be cleared quickly, and that he, equally with the retail bookseller, is liable to be hit so hard if a large quantity of his books are thrown on the market second-hand at reduced prices while the demand for them is still active and the new stock not yet exhausted.

The publishing trade is, therefore, one in which large losses are inevitable incidents; and to attempt to estimate the general rate of profit in the trade by taking one single article and comparing its retail price with the cost of production—even the honest net cost to the producer—is an absurdity which would only be committed by a person totally ignorant of the business or deliberately seeking to deceive others. To those who know anything of the trade this will appear little better than a platitude. That there are large houses which consistently make good profits may be true enough; but the reason is clear—their reputation enables them to command the most attractive goods, and the risks of the business are therefore reduced in their case to a minimum. But that large fortunes are

nowadays to be made out of the mere publishing of books I do not think any one will assert. On the other hand, that it is a business which opens an easy road to failure and bankruptcy is only too often proved, and the number of firms who get more than a bare living out of it is very limited. The *Times*' picture of a ring of monopolists, sweating extravagant profits out of booksellers and readers, is therefore not only founded on inaccurate and misleading arguments, but is inconsistent with notorious facts. The very term "monopolists" is absurd claptrap, for there is nothing in the nature of a monopoly in the trade. Nothing is easier than to start in business as a publisher. Of late years new firms have sprung up like mushrooms—often to live no longer—and the trade certainly suffers at present as much as any other from excessive competition.

That the *Times* of all papers should identify itself with this foolish attack on the publishing trade is astonishing and incomprehensible. During the last twenty or thirty years there has been a progressive fall in the price of daily papers, and the vast majority of "the Reading Public" now declines to pay more than a halfpenny. The *Times* alone adheres to the price at which it was sold half a century ago. It has a perfect right to do so; but there is not an argument, or apology for an argument, with which it has been belabouring the publishers which might not be equally used against itself. It is easy to imagine a parallel case to that of the Book Club. Suppose that Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, who deal extensively in the *Times* and also run a circulating library (and a very good one), were to suddenly announce that every subscriber to their library might read the *Times* at their bookstalls free of charge, and that after certain hours in the morning more or less soiled copies of the paper would be on sale at 1d. or a ½d., according to the amount of wear that the subscribers had taken out of them. This would be an immense boon to the Reading Public. The *Times*, in spite of all the eccentricities that have recently discredited its management, retains many of the features which originally placed it at the head of English journalism. Most people like to have a look at it if they can get the chance, and all that stands in their way is the prohibitive price at which it is published. Such a scheme as I have sketched above would place it at once within the reach of the humblest newspaper reader, who is now limited to the *Daily Mail* or the *Star;* and it might also prove very profitable to Messrs. Smith and Son. But it would work havoc with the *Times* subscription list, and incidentally, therefore, with the *Times* Book Club; and the proprietors of the *Times* would have every right to say that they would not supply any firm without a guarantee that the paper would be sold at the published price—at any rate within a certain period of publication. If Messrs. Smith and Son were to reply by publishing broadcast calculations showing the disparity between the price of the *Times* and the cost of the paper and printing (based on their estimate of its circulation), denunciations of the greed and stupidity of the proprietors of the *Times*, and invocations to the public to assist them in breaking down a grasping monopoly by subscribing to their library, I think the proprietors of the *Times* would have some ground for resenting their proceedings. The whole business is, indeed, a lamentable exhibition of the ignominious position into which the *Times* has been dragged by its association with the outside enterprises that have been run in its name. When the Book Club project was first in the air I spoke strongly in these columns of the policy on which the proprietors of the *Times* had embarked. There is no impertinence in this, for the *Times* has in the past gained the position of a public institution in the welfare and good name of which we are all interested—and none more than journalists. It was not a good day for English journalism when a paper holding such a distinguished position committed itself to the risky policy of supplementing the profits of its own business by entering into an alliance with an enterprising American for the sale of goods in the name of the *Times* by unstinted use of the arts of the "smart" Yankee advertiser. I never believed that in the long run the *Times* would gain by this policy, whatever the quantity of grist that might immediately be brought to its mill. You may buy gold too dear. That this is a sound view is very clearly proved by the sordid squabble with the publishing trade, the questionable means that have been used to extract a little business capital out of it, and the discreditable figure that the *Times* cuts in the whole affair.

CHEAP LAW FOR WORKING MEN.

A case was brought under my notice the other day which shows how working class people are liable to be done out of their rights under the Workmen's Compensation Act. The victim is a woman named Turner, whose husband was killed by an accident in the course of his employment. Immediately after the accident the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited, with whom her husband's employers had insured their risk under the Act, offered her £80 in settlement of her claim. She also received a visit from a Mr. J. J. Pink, general manager and secretary of "The" Legal Aid Society, 37, Walbrook, and Rotherhithe, S.E. Pink advised her not to accept the offer of the Ocean Accident Corporation, undertook to look after her interests, and obtained from her a document authorising him to instruct a solicitor, and agreeing to pay him 10 per cent. of the amount of compensation obtained. The advice not to accept the offer of £80 was decidedly sound, as the deceased had been earning two guineas a week, and the Act entitles a widow under such circumstances to three years' wages, subject to a minimum limit of £150, and a maximum of £300. Pink instructed a solicitor named Roland Ward, of 37, Walbrook, the City address of Pink's "society." Ward conducted the negotiations with the Ocean Accident Corporation after this point, and eventually informed Mrs. Turner that the Corporation had settled the claim. She went to his office, and he gave her a cheque for £30 on account. A few weeks later Ward died. His estate was insolvent, and was administered in Chancery, and, after a delay of some months, Mrs. Turner heard from other solicitors that in due course she would be informed what dividend she would receive. Over a year has now elapsed since Ward's death, but she has heard nothing further. She

has, however, learned quite recently from the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation that they paid £150 compensation and 7 guineas costs to Ward in settlement of the claim a week or two before that gentleman handed his client a cheque for £30. Why Ward accepted £150 when his client had a good claim for £300, and why he received seven guineas for his costs from the insurance company, remains unexplained. What is clear, however, is that he was in embarrassed circumstances at the time, and there can be no reasonable doubt that he used £120 of his client's money for his own purposes. This is, therefore, another bad case of the defaulting solicitor, and shows once again the necessity of some stringent measures to prevent solicitors making free in this way with money received on behalf of clients.

I suspect that a good deal of hanky-panky goes on between solicitors in a small way of business and "legal aid societies" for the benefit of working people, and that the latter suffer a good deal in consequence. A few weeks ago reference was made in Truth to a concern called the Trades and Workmen's Legal Aid Society, of 6, Whitefriars-street, E.C., with a branch at Dartford, which offered "legal advice free" for a subscription of 6d. per annum. The Whitefriars-street office of this precious organisation was a barber's shop, where the manager called for his letters. I invited the manager to give me the name of the firm of solicitors who were prepared to give legal advice free to the members of this society, but he has not responded to my invitation. Since that date I have learned that there are in existence innumerable "societies" of the same character. Sixpence per annum seems to be a common rate of subscription for working-men; but there is one—the Workmen's Legal Friendly Society, 115, Chancery-lane—which admits members at an annual subscription of 1d. Mr. Pink's concern, which distinguishes itself from its rivals by styling itself "The" Legal Aid Society, charges an annual subscription of 1s. and an entrance fee of 6d. All these concerns profess to offer "free legal advice" on these easy terms, but other clauses in their prospectuses sufficiently indicate that the free advice has only reference to claims in respect of accidents, in which cases the expectation is, of course, that the costs will be obtained on the Dodson and Fogg principle "out of the other side," as was done by Mr. Ward in the case mentioned above. It is perfectly obvious that these societies are nothing but touting agencies for solicitors, even if the agency and the solicitor are not domiciled in the same premises, like Mr. Roland Ward and "The" Legal Aid Society. The purely nominal subscription can hardly be enough to pay the manager and the working expenses, and when it comes to a subscription of 1d. per annum it is clear that the agency must be financed by some one in the background, who can only be the "society's" solicitor. The evident object in view is to get on to the books of a bogus "society" the names of hundreds of prospective clients who may any day have claims under the Workmen's Compensation Act for the society's solicitor to look after.

I do not know what view the professional authorities may take of this practice, but it is obviously undesirable from the public point of view. No reputable solicitor would lend himself to such dodges for getting business, and the consequences must be that working men's claims are put into the hands of the least reputable members of the profession. The danger that results is not limited to the possibility of the solicitor misappropriating the client's money, as occurred in the above instance. It has to be remembered that insurance against claims under the Compensation Act is almost universal with employers. When, therefore, claims arise, they have generally to be settled with one or other of a very limited number of insurance offices. If, by the process described above, a small number of solicitors manage to get into their hands a large proportion of claims under the Act, it follows that this small group of solicitors will be in the position of constantly settling one class of business with an equally small group of insurance companies. The danger that arises under such circumstances, if the solicitors are not men of the strictest integrity and unreservedly devoted to their clients' interests, may readily be seen by everyone who knows the world, and, of course, the danger is aggravated by the fact that the clients are mostly poor people, ignorant both of law and business. From past experience, I suppose it would be of little use to suggest that the Council of the Incorporated Law Society should turn its attention to the relation between the profession and these so-called legal aid societies, but I *do* suggest that the effect of such a course of business on workmen's claims for compensation calls for the attention of leading men of the working class.

INTERVIEW WITH A "GOLD BRICK" SWINDLER.

A fortnight ago, in referring to one of the latest efforts of the American gangs who run what is known as the "gold brick" swindle, I mentioned that the gentleman who brought the matter to my notice stated that a friend of his own had been defrauded by the same trick of no less than £5,000. This statement was received with incredulity in some quarters. It so happened, however, that within a week or so I received convincing proof of its perfect credibility. A lady and gentleman walked into this office, who, after paying a preliminary visit to the United States, and returning to this country for the purpose of raising money, were on the point of going back to America with £7,000 in hard cash to be paid over to one of the American gold brick gangs; and, by a curious coincidence, the very letter by means of which they were trapped, was identical with the one mentioned in Truth of September 19, in which the correspondent of the gang figures as a Mr. G. James Cromwell, and gives an address at Albany, U.S.A. As, in spite of the frequent warnings that are given in Truth, so many people with money to lose appear to be absolutely ignorant of the nature of this trick, it is worth while to describe the experience of Mr. Cromwell's dupes.

The opening move in the game, as I trust most of my readers know already, is to address from America a letter to some gentleman recently deceased, whose will

Savoy Hotel, Dresden, has had ten years' reputation as the leading and favourite hotel of English visitors to Dresden. Pension terms.—F. Margraf.

has been proved for an amount which furnishes the gang on the other side of the Atlantic with all the preliminary information they want to work upon. The letters are almost always in the same form, and are designed to imply that the deceased gentleman has been, unknown to his family, affording financial assistance to some person unknown in the Far West—familiarly alluded to as "Thomas"—who is engaged in prospecting for gold. The letter announces that Thomas's operations have been rewarded by the discovery of a mine of surpassing wealth, and that he has decided to convey a half share of the property to his benefactor in England. The trick is, in short, from start to finish, an elaborate development of the "confidence trick" worked at public house bars in London at the expense of strangers from the country; and the whole idea is to inspire sufficient confidence in the minds of those into whose hands the letter falls, to induce them to come out to America to obtain possession of the fortune that has fallen to their deceased relative, and then to get a big payment out of them for preliminary expenses in one shape or another.

The lady who walked into the trap on this occasion, Mrs. S., is a young widow. Her husband died a few months ago, and particulars of his will duly appeared in the papers. The above mentioned letter from G. James Cromwell was addressed to him soon afterwards. Mrs. S. has left the letter in America, "Cromwell" having got it from her on some pretext or other—evidently thinking it safer not to let it come back to England. But the lady was able to recognise the Cromwell letter already in my possession as practically identical with it, the only material difference being in the names. This letter opens in the usual form, thus:—

> Dear Sir,—I arrived here to-day from the mines of Arizona, where I left Thomas in poor health, but highly elated with his rich find. He would have come out himself had not the doctor advised him to stay in the high altitude for the present. Poor fellow, I do not think he will live long. He had a severe hemorrage of lungs wich left him very weak. He requested me to write you fully at my earliest opportunity, as you would be very anxious to hear from him. He has discovered some of the richest gold mines that has ever been found. He feels thankful to you for your kindness to his mother while in need, and says he never could have continued prospecting but for your assistance to him, so he has declared you in as an equeal partner with him in everything, share and share alike. He owes his success to you and to the pecunary assistance you gave him, and he feels you are justly entitled to share equeally with him in any profits that has or may result from his explorations or discoveries. . . .

Then follow glowing particulars of the richness of the mine. Enough very rich rock has been discovered "to keep a five-stamp mill running night and day for years." In some cases from 34 oz. to 40 oz. of gold has been knocked out per diem with an ordinary hand hammer, and Thomas has 300 lb. of gold recovered by this simple process. He therefore wants a reliable person sent out to bring this gold over and get it coined at the Mint. One-half of the proceeds the gentleman to whom the letter is written is to keep for himself, and the other half is to be lodged at the Bank of England to Thomas's credit. Then we come to the following passage, which prepares the ground for the subsequent development of the swindle:—

> If the vein does not change or assume the perpendicular within a few feet it will lead across the adjoining property; if it does, we will purchase that property in order to control the entire lode. I think it could be bought reasonable, as there has been little development work done on it up to the present time, although Murphy told me the owner was going to employ some men and commence active operations and develop the property to a considerable depth. We have succeeded so far in keeping its richness from becoming known, which will enable us to purchase said property at a reasonable price, should it be necessary, and to secure titles to as many claims as the location laws will admit. . . . . I should send the gold to you through bank, but to do so would expose us to the annoyance of inquisitive meddlers. Therefore to obviate that and protect ourselves, send your son or compitent person. Cable me on receipt of this, when and by what steamer he sails, etc., etc.

The necessity for strict secrecy, on which Mr. Cromwell so strongly insists, will be easily understood. In the usual course, the letter addressed to the deceased gentleman came into the hands of his widow and executors, and the result was that Mrs. S. and a brother of the deceased arrived at the conclusion that the best thing they could do was to go out to America without delay. They did so, and in due course met "Cromwell" at New York. The bearer of this historic name is described as a comfortably stout gentleman, something over 55 years of age, with iron-grey hair, a "goatee" beard, and the general appearance of a prosperous middle-class man. At the first interview he gave further details of Thomas's discovery, and produced, as a guarantee of good faith, a sample of what looked like gold, as big as a tennis-ball. Thomas had at the mine seventy-three sacks of similar stuff, valued roughly at £300,000, and the first step was to get this conveyed to England and minted, as proposed in the letter. Cromwell further explained that Thomas held the property under agreement from a man named Trimble, who was the owner of the adjoining property mentioned in the letter, into which the reef was expected to run. Hitherto Thomas had avoided approaching Trimble, in order not to excite his suspicions prematurely. Cromwell having explained all this, it was unanimously agreed that negotiations should at once be opened with Trimble, who was at Philadelphia. Cromwell undertook to communicate with him, and presently the party adjourned to Philadelphia, and an interview with Trimble took place at an hotel where he was supposed to be staying.

The negotiations which followed offer an instructive example of the elaborate ingenuity employed in such cases to inspire confidence in the victims while hustling them into the immediate payment of money. Trimble, who is described as a dapper little man, 5ft. 5in. in height, about sixty years of age, thin and sallow, appeared to be full of business, and was very short and off-hand in his manner. He was not at all anxious to deal, but was willing to sell the property at his own price—£7,000. He produced what purported to be the original deed under which he had acquired it, showing that he had paid for it $500. He expected that the other parties would think that he was making a pretty big profit, but he explained that he had had good reports concerning the minerals. At any rate £7,000 was his price, and the matter must be settled at once, one way or the other. His wife had recently died, and in two or three weeks' time he was going on a long visit to Japan for the purpose of settling up her affairs there. So Mrs. S. and her brother-in-law could take the property at once or leave it. Such was the confidence with which Cromwell and Trimble had inspired them, that they were quite prepared to take it at once, but unfortunately

they had not £7,000 in their pockets. Mr. S. therefore suggested that they should return to England and at once cable the money over. Trimble did not like this at all. He pointed out that it would be a most unbusinesslike proceeding on their part, for they knew nothing about him, and would have no security for the completion of the contract if this course were adopted. For anything they knew, he said, he might go off to Japan with the £7,000. He could not allow them to put him in the position of being able to do such a thing as that. He would prefer to give them sufficient time to obtain the money from England so that the deal might be carried through personally before his departure. It did not occur to Mr. and Mrs. S. that Trimble's objection to the proposed course was probably founded upon the fact that in order to obtain money cabled over in this way the party to whom it was remitted would have to satisfy the Post Office of his identity, and thereby put his head into the lion's mouth. They therefore deferred to Trimble's delicate scruples, and it was arranged that a document should be executed giving Mr. and Mrs. S. the option of purchasing the property at Trimble's own price within twenty days, and that they should at once return to England and bring back the £7,000.

When the result of the negotiations up to this point was reported to Cromwell, further evidence was forthcoming of the scrupulous delicacy which distinguished everybody in connection with Thomas's gold mine. Cromwell insisted that Trimble must be induced to extend the time. He had just heard from Thomas that an agent of Trimble's had been on their land to inspect the workings. After his first visit the astute Thomas, knowing that he was coming again, and fearing that he would see what they had discovered, had put a couple of dynamite charges into the tunnel and blown it up; and when Trimble's man reappeared he explained that they had had a fall of earth which had blocked the workings at this point. In consequence of this, the seventy-three bags of gold, value £300,000, were buried far out of reach, and Thomas estimated that it would take at least sixty days to clear the workings again and get to the gold. Mrs. S. pointed out that this was immaterial, as she was going to find the money herself. As Thomas's representative, Cromwell could not assent to this at all. Thomas, he was convinced, would not hear of such a thing. The gold was there to pay for the property, and Thomas would certainly not allow the daughter of the benefactor to whom he was already so greatly indebted to be put to the trouble of going over to England to raise £7,000 for his benefit. No; the time must be extended until the gold could be got out of the mine. So off went Mr. and Mrs. S. again to Trimble. Trimble, however, was inexorable. By way of getting over the deadlock thus created by the scruples of Trimble on the one hand and Thomas on the other, Mr. S. proposed that he himself should advance the money, which might not be so distasteful to Thomas. Reluctantly Cromwell assented to this course. A bond was accordingly executed, under which Trimble, in consideration of $500 paid down, was bound, under a penalty of $500,000, to convey the whole of his auriferous property to Mrs. S. on payment of the stipulated price on or before the date named. When it came to executing this bond, Mr. and Mrs. S. were in the further difficulty that they had not in their possession at the moment the $500 which was to be paid to Trimble as the consideration for the agreement to sell. This led to a fresh proof of the obliging and magnanimous disposition of Mr. Cromwell. He at once offered to lend them the money, and in due course he handed to them a $500 note, which they in their turn handed over to Trimble. It is interesting to see the mechanism of the venerable confidence trick here introduced in its simplest form.

These formalities having been concluded, Mr. and Mrs. S. hurried back to England and at once went to Mr. S.'s banker to obtain the money. The banker expressed some curiosity as to the reason why his client wanted so large a sum at such short notice, and in consequence heard the story. He seems to have thought that he had heard of something like this before, so he told his client that he could not arrange for him to have the money until the following day. On the following day (September 20), when Mr. and Mrs. S. arrived, he had provided himself with some extracts from Truth, including the current issue, in which appeared the paragraph describing how the very same G. James Cromwell had written the same tale to another party on behalf of his friend Thomas. After this the banker had no difficulty in persuading his clients of the unadvisability of returning to Mr. Trimble with the £7,000. On the contrary, he persuaded them that it would be better to go at once to Scotland Yard, and to Truth Office, which they did; and there the story ends, so far as Mr. and Mrs. S. are concerned. They have incurred some expense over a journey to Philadelphia and back on this wild goose chase, but they have had a very lucky escape, and it may be hoped that the experience they have gained will be worth the trifle it has cost them.

When the story is told in this way, it is easy to jump at the conclusion that the people who are taken in must be excessively simple or credulous; but such a view is far from just either to the operators or the victims. It would certainly be unjust to Mr. and Mrs. S., whom I should take to be quite up to the average of mankind in intelligence and knowledge of the world; and I might say the same thing of all the people I have met who have been led into negotiations with the gold brick swindlers, though I only remember to have seen one who had actually been done out of his money. He, by the way, had parted with a little trifle of £1,000. The truth is that the mechanism of the swindle is a masterpiece of perverted genius, and the conspirators are the most cunning and adroit of rogues. The cleverness of the whole trick is evident at every stage of the foregoing story, and when the bait has once been swallowed, I should think the odds are all in favour of the fish being eventually landed. There are a good many people who, though they may not have heard of this particular trick, regard with instinctive suspicion a communication from a stranger holding out hopes of enormous wealth; and such people will not even spend half a sovereign on a cable to

America without making inquiries or seeking advice. Such inquiries reach me almost every week. But unless a person is of this disposition, the "Thomas" letter, innocently addressed to a deceased person, plausibly conceived and worded, and containing nothing intrinsically incredible, unless it be the magnanimous behaviour of Thomas in making over a half-share of his property to his mythical benefactor, is pretty sure to excite curiosity and an irresistible hope of a magnificent fortune. "There may be something in it," the recipient will say to himself. If so, how foolish to miss it by grudging the cost of a cablegram, or even a personal visit to America just to look into the matter! When once he has got as far as that, the victim is lost. Any doubts that he may carry across the Atlantic at the back of his mind will soon be dissipated when he gets into the company of two such capable and straightforward gentlemen as Messrs. Cromwell and Trimble, and the only possibility of his escape lies in his having his eyes opened by accident before the business is completed, as happened in the above instance.

Just as I am sending this story to press I read in the morning papers of the arrest at Philadelphia of one William Trimble, of San Francisco, who can be no other than the same worthy who, up to the end of last week, was awaiting the return of Mr. and Mrs. S. with the £7,000 for the purchase of his property. It is highly significant that, though the fraud which has led to his arrest is the same, the prospective purchasers of the mine are different parties. The statement is that a representative of the heirs of the late Mr. Thomas Hicks had been inveigled into a visit to America under the same pretext as Mr. and Mrs. S., but had declined to deal with Trimble, and given information to the British authorities, who in turn informed the American police. A decoy telegram brought Trimble to Philadelphia, where he was arrested. Thus it is evident that Trimble and his confederate were actually in negotiation for the sale of the gold mine to two British purchasers simultaneously, for the deal with Mr. and Mrs. S. was to have been concluded on September 28. This will show how abundant is the supply of dupes, and how generally ignorant is the British public of a swindle which is being tried on somebody almost every day with a sufficient percentage of successes to make it highly profitable. This ignorance extends to the press, and does not seem to be confined to this side of the Atlantic. The very Reuter telegram which announces Trimble's arrest describes it as "revealing the workings of a novel international fraud." A novel international fraud! Why, my knowledge of the game dates back at least fifteen years, and during that time many of the parties engaged in it have been captured and brought to justice in America—though generally only when they are so indiscreet as to try their hands on their own countrymen. As long as such ignorance prevails, the game will always go on, for the trick is the common property of the criminal classes in the United States; and so long as they confine their operations to this side of the Atlantic they have little to fear from failure. In the above case Mr. and Mrs. S. did not evince any eagerness, after their expenditure of time and money on Thomas's mine, to visit America again in the interests of justice; and this is how people naturally feel, whether they have been caught in the end or whether they have had the luck to escape after falling into the toils. The only means, therefore, of counteracting the operations of the gold brick gentry lies in warning the public on this side against the trick, and I think the police might do more in this direction than is done. So far as my own power lies, I have done my best, and I am glad to know that Truth has, both directly and indirectly, rescued many victims from the clutches of "Thomas's" friends. The gentleman who opened the eyes of the expectant millionaires in the above case told them that they ought to read Truth regularly for the rest of their lives. This is sound advice, and I can only repeat it for the benefit of the public at large.

THE THEATRES.

"The New Aladdin," at the Gaiety.

After all the talk about the passing of musical comedy and the introduction of something new, or rather of a return to old burlesque, it is a little disappointing to find that the only difference between "The New Aladdin" and any other musical piece lies in its title. Aladdin is a "musical extravagance," not a comedy; but this distinction is so subtle that I could not detect the lines of demarcation. In form and feature, face and limb, it is just the same old variety show. There is the same old plot, which, starting in the first act, becomes hopelessly lost in the second act; there are the same individual "turns;" there are the same clever people making bricks out of "vapid" straw, and there is the same entire lack of individuality about the thing, except the individuality of Mr. George Edwardes. It is always a source of amazement to me that clever people can be so dominated by a management as to be content to merge their identity in a hotch-potch of this nature. The chief interest attaching to any work, whether it be musical, dramatic, poetical, or what not, lies in its revelation of the worker, and this is so whether it be a libretto by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, a play by Mr. Pinero or Mr. Hall Caine, or a coon song by Mr. Leslie Stuart. But here at the Gaiety the one influence, the one individuality that gets over the footlights, is that of Mr. George Edwardes, and that is why, though I admire a number of the clever people who interpret the work, I yet sit bored throughout the evening. Mr. Edwardes puts a huge and generous plateful of fare before me, a plate piled with selected luxuries, but I enjoy nothing because it has all been chosen for me, and the flavour of each dainty kills the next one. A simple dish would be much more palatable. The people who have made "The New Aladdin" are as follows:—

GEORGE EDWARDES.

James T. Tanner.	George Grossmith, Jun.
W. H. Risqué.	Ivan Caryll.
Adrian Ross.	Lionel Monckton.
Percy Greenbank.	Frank E. Tours.

All have done able work, but no one has really a chance of showing his powers, and each jostles the other, like a surplus of comedians in a Drury Lane pantomime. Why is it that in musical plays the best write

to collaborate in octets? Can any one imagine any other form of play being produced on those lines? Conceive, for example, a new comedy written in the same way. Would an announcement like this attract?

THEATRE ROYAL, PALL MALL.

To-night for the First Time.
"The Abandoned Man."
A Drama in Three Acts.

Plot by Cecil Raleigh. Construction by A. W. Pinero.
Comedy Scenes by Hubert Henry Davies.
Additional Comedy Scenes by Robert Marshall.
Emotional Passages by Hall Caine. Society Satire by Alfred Sutro.
Epigrams by F. Anstey and Henry Arthur Jones.

I do not think that the result would be very satisfactory, but managers who produce musical pieces seem to have a child-like belief that the merit of a piece increases in arithmetical proportion according to the number of people who have a hand in it. Their ideas, if analysed, would be something like this: If one man can write a good play, two can write a better play, three can produce something quite out of the common, five something brilliant, and by the time you have got eight working together, why then you may reasonably expect to get something good enough for the Gaiety!

The real way to treat musical comedies would be to frankly call them variety shows, and play the different scenes as so many turns.

1.—Opening Chorus, by Percy Greenbank and Lionel Monckton.
2.—Fragment of Dialogue, by James T. Tanner.
3.—Comic Song, written and sung by George Grossmith, Jun.
4.—Quartet: Mr. Nainby, Mr. Payne, Mr. Grattan, and Mr. Hatherton.
5.—The Lost Policeman. Interlude by Mr. Alfred Lester.

All this does not mean that "The New Aladdin" does not cause plenty of laughter, or that it is not, or will not, be a success. I would like to see Mr. Lester again. His dismal policeman lost in a Utopianised London is delightful. Mr. Nainby is very quaint as a comic German officer; Mr. Edmund Payne adds another page boy to his long gallery of studies and is as droll as ever. Miss Lily Elsie and Miss Adrienne Augarde are dainty and charming, and a newcomer, Mlle. Gaby Deslys, is very piquante, and made quite a success both in a concerted number, "The English Language," and also in "Sur le Plage"—though this last was marred at the finish by a piece of bad taste—and Miss Connie Ediss is still Miss Ediss, only more so. Mr. George Grossmith, alert and energetic, keeps the thing moving as the Genie of the Lamp, who transports the company to an idealised London and, incidentally, he wears a series of costumes which reflect the greatest credit on the imagination of himself and his tailor. I suppose "Aladdin" will be a great success, and I could very well enjoy seeing certain episodes in it again, but in spite of much graceful and tuneful music, the success will be the success of the company; for the book is feeble, and the lyrics, with a few exceptions (notably in the case of Mr. Risqué) are entirely undistinguished. They are facile and vapid, neither better nor worse than what we have had before, except, perhaps, that they are rather more tedious.

"The Silver Box," at the Court.

The Vedrenne-Barker matinées at the Court Theatre have started brilliantly with an exceedingly able little play by Mr. John Galsworthy. It is a very modern and very realistic study showing the effects of a theft on two different households. Jack Barthwick, the foolish son of a wealthy M.P., steals a purse from a light lady. This is his idea of a joke. "Jones," a morose, soured "out-of-work" steals a cigarette-box from Jack Barthwick's father's house—by way of revenging himself on society. Both men are drunk at the time, and neither of them would have thus acted had they been sober. Jack's folly is, of course, hushed up to avoid scandal. "Jones," in a police-court scene which is a triumph of acting and of stage management, is sentenced to three months' imprisonment. There are no strained effects in the play, everything is keyed down so that it is most quietly natural, but there is a strong undercurrent of drama, much admirable dialogue, and the character drawing is excellent. The play is so well acted all round, even down to the smallest parts, that it is almost unfair to mention any one actor without mentioning all; but particularly good are Mr. Norman McKinnel as "Jones," and Mr. A. E. Matthews as the wretched youth who is the primary cause of all the trouble, and for whose escapades less fortunately situated people have to pay.

Terry's Theatre was re-opened on Saturday by our old friend Mr. W. H. C. Nation. I wish his venture all success, but I should like to be able to feel a little more confident about its prospects. The first piece in the programme is an old comedy of manners, by Thomas Holcroft, called "He's Much to Blame." Its five acts have been condensed into two, and the condensation, as far as I am concerned, might well go further. This is followed by "Yellow Fog Island," a "musical and satirical" play, by Mr. Arthur Sturgess, based on an old story by Gilbert àBeckett. To this Mr. Nation has himself contributed some songs, and Mr. Napoleon Lambelet has done the rest. The play tells in a rather old-fashioned pantomimic way of a potentate who comes to London to point out to Londoners the error of their ways. The whole production suggests that it is the enterprise of a management which has been to sleep for fifty years and does not know how far London has progressed since this sort of fare was acceptable.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

A DESCENDANT OF THE STUARTS.

MR. ARTHUR MEYER has lost his grandfather-in-law (Edouard Antoine Stuart, Duc de FitzJames), who died, in his seventy-eighth year, at the Château of Montjustin, in the Upper Saône. The funeral took place quite privately at Montmartre, in the little churchyard where, it seems, the family had an old burying-place. No requiem preceded it, but a Low Mass was celebrated a few days later for the repose of the Duke's soul at St. Philippe du Roule. No *lettre de faire part* or other intimation was issued, except in the papers. The Duchesse, née Loevenhielm and

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daughter of a former Swedish Minister to the French Government, is seventy-six, and felt unequal to the journey to Paris with the remains.

The late Duc de FitzJames descended equally with the Duke of Berwick and Alba from James II. and Arabella Churchill; but from Anne Bulkeley, who belonged to the sad Court of Mary of Modena at St. Germain's. The English and Spanish titles of the first of the FitzJameses went to his eldest son. Louis XIV. created an appanage estate in the Oise for the first son of the second marriage, attached to it the ducal title of FitzJames, and bestowed it for life on Berwick. The Revolution disentailed it, and it became the stud farm and country seat of Baron Stern and Mlle. Croizette, the actress. The late Duc could not, however, complain of wanting residential properties. Besides his château in the Upper Saône, he had that of Bénézet in the Gard, and round it a wide extent of vines.

Three of the sons of Anne Bulkeley became successively Ducs of FitzJames. The third figured in the French Army as Marshal de FitzJames—not brilliantly, but respectably. What became of the other ten I have no idea, but I dare say they found opulent wives and husbands. A talent for securing the hands of wealthy widows and heiresses seems to have run in the blood. It asserted itself alike in France and Spain, where the senior grandson of James II. took root, and his descendants have gone on flourishing. His son married the heiress of the Duke of Alva. The present Duke is a great-nephew of the Empress Eugénie. The prudent Churchill disposition seems to have predominated in the Spanish and French sides of the family. There was also a vein of Whiggism in both. Who could believe that a son of James, who shared that monarch's exile at St. Germain, was a steady enemy of the Inquisition in Spain, and took counsel with the Princess des Ursins as to the best means of putting it down?

Not long ago I came across a correspondence between the Secretary of State for War and the first Duke of Berwick. It was dated 1717, and on the subject of Army Chaplains. The Duke, who commanded at Sens, opened it by calling the attention of his chief at Versailles to the pestiferous fanaticism of members of divers religious orders licensed to attend to the spiritual wants of the troops there and in other localities under his command. These ghostly guides, he complained, sowed intolerance and hatred, and practised on superstitious fears. They intrigued against the parochial clergy and bred strife wherever they went. The Duke of Berwick proposed that parish priests should appoint priests under them to minister to the troops, and that officers should take their soldiers to Mass at parish churches. The Secretary of State had been appointed by the Regent (the Duc d'Orléans) and abounded in the sense of the Duke of Berwick. He gave general orders against the *intrusion* of the religious orders in soldiers' and officers' quarters.

The Duke of Berwick's French is crabbed and awkward. He thinks in English. His Churchill prudence may have stood in the way of a freer style. He would have made a better King than the George who succeeded his aunt, Queen Anne. I daresay he might have become as good an Anglican churchman as she was a churchwoman. What a pity that his friend Bolingbroke did not put him forward before his death! He may have intrigued for him with Marlborough.

The now Duchesse-Douarière FitzJames cannot be looked on as a mascotte. I used to see her many years ago at a country house where I stayed on a visit, near Nîmes. She had the eye, the profile, the decision, and the energy of a falcon in going straight to some object that concerned herself only. Her energy cost France as much as the last war, and had the indirect effect of making a sober nation one of dram drinkers. The Duchesse, in her passion for self-aggrandisement, imported vines from America to plant on her estate in Nugard. They brought phylloxera there. It spread all over France, and ruined for years the vintage departments. Her American vines could resist this disease; French vines could not. The loss. my friend, M. Léonce de Lavergne told me, to the Gironde alone came to 500,000,000 fr. M. Fallières's whole family and connections were nearly ruined by phylloxera. She could not have foreseen the disaster her restless energy brought about. But the story of what came of it ought to be a warning. There is nothing the French dread, and justly, more than *un homme remuant*, except *une femme remuante*. Are not these vines a good subject for some future Arabian Nights story teller?

How should a marchioness be seated on a chair? The question is not unimportant, as you will find from what follows. Mme. Bouillet, a young and elegant *parfumeuse* until the want of rich patrons obliged her to shut up shop, found herself about two years ago in sore straits for money. Advised by an impecunious admirer, she resolved to trust to her wits for a living, and to some degree to his wits, too. To this end she took the euphonious titles of Marquise de La Ferronière et Comtesse d'Aubigny. For some time, her gracious manners aiding, they rendered her good service. She could with their help obtain dresses, mantles, blouses, and underclothing enough to set up, had she chosen, in a *maison de confection* or as a ladies' outfitter. She could even keep a carriage. Every step she took, every artifice to which she resorted, answered. Mauduit, her male confederate, had Protean capacity for adapting himself to the many parts he played. He wormed himself into a business syndicate in which there were some rich and highly respectable members, his object being to serve as a reference for the fair widow. He also, to push her, played the part of tout to different tradespeople, and he fingered commissions for recommending them to the Marquise, who thus became their customer. In going round to others he asked if they could enable him to get at her, as she had recently come into a large fortune, and he had heard that she had tastes which became one of her rank, wealth, and natural elegance. His tactics resembled the

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"approaches" of a beleaguering force. He boasted elsewhere of being engaged to the Marquise, and of her having arranged to devote the interest of 5,000,000 fr. to the common expenses of the *ménage*. He and she, he said, were negotiating the purchase of a château and stud farm in the Mayenne. He made a good harvest for himself in going about to blow her trumpet. Unfortunately, he died, and he left the ex-*parfumeuse* to her own resources.

The Marquise one forenoon, in taking her constitutional walk, felt tempted to enter the shop of a well-known *lingère* to price, and possibly buy, some delicious things she saw in the window. After some hesitation, she allowed herself to be tempted and go much farther in yielding than she had intended. When she found she had stayed beyond her luncheon hour she poured seven 20-fr. pieces out from her purse on the counter, saw there was not nearly enough to pay for the lovely things, and asked if they could be sent to her address, which she gave. When she went round a shop girl said to the mistress, "I furiously suspect the quality of that lady. A real marquise would not sit on the edge of the chair." This led to inquiry. The *lingère* fell in with another ladies' outfitter with whom the Marquise had also dealt, but who had paid her over the counter. This woman had been some years ago *femme de chambre* to an eccentric Princess of Holstein, who has since died at Cairo. So far from adopting the inference of the shop girl, she stood out against it, and the goods were delivered and not paid for. The former *femme de chambre* to the queer Princess was of opinion that sitting on the edge of a chair might be almost taken as evidence of the Marchioness having moved in court circles. If a Sovereign or a Royal or a mere Serene Highness invited a lady calling on her to be seated on the same sofa she would sit on the edge and almost on one hip, always facing towards the exalted personage. A Marquise familiar with Courts would, when so seated, hold her hands loosely folded on her knees and wait to speak until spoken to. Her attitude ought to show her consciousness of being the merest decorative nullity.

This exchange of impressions and opinions led, however, to a searching inquiry as to the real status of Mme. de La Ferronière d'Aubigny. It did not at once transpire, so carefully had Mauduit screened it from peering eyes. When the affair came before the Correctional judges, the observant shop girl and the former maid of the Holstein princess, underwent examination. They were called on the suspicions of the one and the knowledge of Court manners of the other. It is the way in French law courts in penal matters to go round about a case, as one might do in writing a novel. The presiding judge asking the latter witness or informant whether Court manners did not greatly differ in the different Courts, she declared they did not. There was an internationalism at Courts, just as there is in the servants' halls of the great modern hotels. What are good manners at Carlsruhe are good manners in every other palace in Europe, except, perhaps, at the Winter Palace and Peterhof. Etiquette is easy at the former, and easy to laxity at the Alexandra Villa, in which the Emperor and Empress live at Peterhof. The Emperor and Empress go out to shoot or to picnic, the Emperor is not above grilling the steaks or chops himself, or making the tea and handing it round. Were the Empress to ask a Russian lady to sit on the same sofa, the latter would plant herself solidly on it. A foreign ambassadress inured to Court usages elsewhere would not. She would place herself almost as if on a side saddle, on the very edge. This enlightenment—one can hardly call it evidence—mightily amused the judges and the young advocates who had come to listen. Sentence on the woman Bouillet; two years, and prohibition to reside in Paris for three years after her release.

Blessed are those who possess. Mauduit, fourteen months before his decease, had not a centime. He died worth nearly 75,000 frs., which went to his heirs. The persons whom he swindled have no redress. A dead man is not prosecutable. Proof that he came by the money through criminal means is therefore impossible. As to the heirs, if it cannot be shown they were parties to the swindles, they must be presumed to have come honestly by the money he left them.

There is a De La Ferronière family in Paris of high pretensions and comtal title. They are related to the Comte de Mun. Mrs. Augustin Craven belonged by birth to this family. A curious busybody, Comtesse de La Ferronière, brought an enormous pile of money into the connection. She had a palace on the Cours de la Reine, and she boasted of having brought about, when yachting on the Tagus, the marriage of Don Carlos and the Princesse Amélie de Paris. She would have been too lively, clever, and unused to Court manners to have sat on the edge of a chair or sofa, if invited by Queen Pia to be seated. Because of her fortune her noble connections regarded her solecisms as amusing eccentricities of no importance.

Memories of "la belle Ferronière" hang round Rambouillet. We connect them with the death, there, of Francis I. She was the wife of one Ferron, who owed his name to his father being an art blacksmith.

M. Bompard is on the black books of the Court of Russia. The reason is his conscientious care in seeking for materials for his reports to his Government on Russian finances and industries. He did not trust to second-hand impressions, but travelled over the great empire to judge for himself. Since he returned to Paris it has been noticed that feelers of Russian agents touching projected loans have been less well received by La Haute Banque here. The reason of this is supposed to be the conversations which M. Bompard has had with M. Bourgeois and other members of the Government. As a set-off, M. Kokotzoff, the Czar's Minister of Finance, and M. Schwanebach have been filling the Paris papers with optimist statements in the shape of interviews.

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LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

MEN generally call a woman an Angel, dear Lady Betty, for the Devil there is in her.

. . . .

The good man seldom discovers the bad there is in woman; the bad seldom discovers the good.

. . . . .

The world is a looking-glass; it reflects——yourself.

. . . . .

Our neighbours are a jury; they judge us only upon the facts that have been disclosed.

. . . . .

Position is nine-tenths of the law.

* * * * *

"Store Friendships" is the singular title of the following letter that has been addressed to me:—

"Ritz Hotel, London.

"Sir,—My father, my mother, and myself arrived in London four months ago, and, as we were comparatively unknown in our own country—the United States—we feared that we should be ignored in England. There were some in America who told us that we should be agreeably surprised as to this: they said, '"society" in England is little else than a store—you can buy the friendship of any well-known person there'! We are rich, and father decided to give the curious suggestion a trial. It has been most successful. The Court was somewhat expensive; the Church was extraordinarily cheap; Art, except in one or two instances, cost little; Literature we did not touch, as in England it has no social value; and the Stage was, of course, dear, as it is the special delight of the great in this country. We have now a valuable collection of store friendships; it would have taken a life-time to obtain one tenth of the number in any other country but yours. It might be said of English friendships, as it is of some patent commodities: they are 'Sold Throughout the World'!—Faithfully yours, An American Girl."

* * * * *

The Hurried-Breakfast Peril is a development of our time in England that will soon be forced on public attention. The ordinary Englishman of to-day feels in the morning as if he had a multitude of things to deal with which are of immediate importance. This is mainly caused by the appearances of hurry which surround us on every side now. He seldom, if ever, eats breakfast slowly, but bolts it as if every moment were precious. This is rapidly destroying two-thirds of the digestions in the country, and is doing more to cripple us commercially than is any other circumstance. An enterprising City confectioner has now on sale "The Breakfast Bun," which is supposed to contain eggs, bacon, tea, milk, toast, and sugar in a concentrated form. The character of a people is to be seen in its cakes!

* * * * *

An obscure pauper died last week in a London workhouse, and he left a will. The document contains but this:—"In this country they ignore even your slightest wish until you are dead; after your death, every wish you are entitled to express in your will is scrupulously fulfilled. I —— —— therefore, confidently direct that no monument, or memorial, of me, shall be erected to my memory. All that an infamous system, and the wickedness of my fellow-creatures could do to render life distressing to me has been done; I direct that the latter do not injure me after my death by erecting a villainous monument to perpetuate my memory. 'Art is long,' it is said; in England it is long-suffering."

The wretched tramp evidently had time when alive to examine the many monuments, statues, and memorials we have in this country!

To design an inartistic statue may be excusable, but there can be no excuse for placing the spurs of Oliver Cromwell upside down as they are on the statue of the Protector outside Westminster Hall. If the purpose of the donor of the statue was to present to the nation a comic Cromwell, of course the matter must be considered from a different point of view. A celebrated Frenchman of to-day has said:—"The English are never amusing—except in art."—Believe me to be, very truly yours, MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

IT was announced in Truth some time ago that Lord Fitzwilliam would be put up for the Jockey Club at one of the October meetings. He was elected last Wednesday. His grandfather, the late Lord Fitzwilliam, was a member of the Club for a great number of years, and his uncle, Mr. Henry Fitzwilliam, is an old member, who has served the office of Steward. Lord Fitzwilliam is also connected with the Jockey Club through his father-in-law, Lord Zetland, who has been a member for many years.

It is funny to read such delirious drivel in one of the sporting papers as the advice that the Street-Betting Bill should be "worried to death in the House of Commons." It is difficult to imagine how any one can indite such trash, unless he is either an absolute ignoramus, or infatuated on the subject to the point of lunacy. Anyone with a particle of knowledge of Parliamentary procedure must be aware of the folly and absurdity of imagining that it is now possible to "worry to death" (*i.e.*, to obstruct vexatiously) a Government measure when the Ministry has a big majority behind it. The proceedings last summer in the House of Commons on the matter of this Bill proved conclusively that there is no backbone in the opposition to the measure. It would have been passed early in August but for the decision to postpone the report stage until the autumn session, in order that the Bill might be strengthened and made more comprehensive. Can any one outside the office of a sporting paper seriously suppose that the Duke of Portland, Duke of Devonshire, Lord Derby, Lord Rosebery, Lord Durham and Lord Crewe are likely now to oppose this measure? They said nothing against the Bill when it was passing through the House of Lords last spring, and I do not know why they should now be credited with a wish to facilitate street betting, which, as Lord Beaconsfield wrote in 1880, has converted the Turf into "a vast engine of national demoralisation." It is certainly most unreasonable to expect Lord Crewe to oppose a Government measure, considering that he is himself a member of the Ministry. Any one reading the hysterical ravings of some of the sporting papers would suppose that the welfare of the Turf depends upon popular betting, and is inseparable from it. As a matter of fact, some of the most influential members of the Jockey Club would gladly see the measure strengthened, so as to squabash the numerous establishments for starting-price betting, which have become the greatest curse of the Turf.

There really seems to be a species of blight on Lord Falmouth's St. Martin, own brother to Quintessence, who enjoys the reputation of being the best two-year-old in the Kingsclere stables. This colt was sent to Ascot in order that he might make his début in the Triennial (which race he could not have lost), but the ground was so hard that it was decided not to start him. He went to Goodwood to run for the Molecomb Stakes, but the hard ground again caused him to be sent home, and this was also the reason that he missed his engagement at Derby last month. St. Martin went to Newmarket for last week's meeting, and was confidently expected to win both the Buckenham Post Stakes and the Rous Memorial Stakes, but Lord Falmouth's sister died on Monday, the 24th, so his horses could not fulfil their engagements at the First October Meeting. St. Martin may run next week for the Prendergast Stakes, or he may be reserved for the Criterion Stakes on the first day of the Houghton Meeting. These are his only remaining engagements this season. Next year St. Martin is entered for fourteen races, including the Two Thousand, the Derby,

the St. Leger, the Eclipse Stakes, and the Jockey Club Stakes.

The defeat of his Majesty's colt, Slim Lad, for the Buckenham Post Stakes, was the sensation of last week. Odds were freely betted on him, and he was generally declared to be emphatically the good thing of the meeting. The result of the race was a tragical crash for the plungers, as Slim Lad was never at any time dangerous, and he appeared quite unable to go the pace. It was a truly ignominious failure. The Welkin is a much superior colt in point of appearance, but in the trial won by Slim Lad (to which I referred last week) Lord Wolverton's colt was beaten a long way. It is quite clear either that there was some prodigious bungling about the trial, or that Slim Lad is a rogue, unless he was amiss on Tuesday. It will be interesting to see how he gets on in his next race. Of course, a two-year-old should never be severely judged by his first race, and Slim Lad may have been upset by his gallop five days previously. The Welkin, who is by Flying Fox out of Woodbury, is a colt capable of much improvement, and he palpably wants time to develop. Slim Lad is not likely to start for the Middle Park Plate, but he may be seen out again during the Houghton week or at Newbury on November 1. A very moderate lot of animals are entered for the £1,000 race at Newbury, the best of the lot being Lord Wolverton's Prince of Orange, who is a stable companion of Slim Lad.

Bridge of Canny appeared to be a really good thing for the Great Foal Stakes, and he won with extreme ease. Lord Derby's horse cannot lose the £5,000 stake at Gatwick on the 16th if he keeps all right, and I expect he will train on into a very useful four-year-old. He stays well. Bridge of Canny has made an enormous improvement since last season, when he started seven times without winning. This colt was well tried as a two-year-old before the Newmarket First July Meeting, and he was made a great favourite for the Stud Produce Stakes, but ran nowhere. He again disappointed the stable at the Liverpool July Meeting, when he was very easily beaten by Bill of the Play. At York, a few weeks later, Bridge of Canny was again heavily backed for the Convivial Produce Stakes, but he could only get third to Satira and Cytheras. It was curious that many of the so-called clever people went for His Eminence for the Great Foal Stakes, but Lord Howard de Walden's horse is stale and wants a rest, and he cannot stay A.F., which is a severe course. Buckminster also needs a long rest.

In the absence of Prince William, Bridge of Canny had an easy task in the Triennial, long odds being freely betted on Lord Derby's colt.

I plumped for My Pet II. for the Hopeful Stakes, but Traquair was made favourite, and Lord Rosebery travelled to Newmarket from Ayr to see him run. My Pet II. won very cleverly, but Traquair certainly did not show to advantage, although he looked well. I never believed that Traquair would turn out to be a flyer of the first class, although there was so much ecstatic trumpeting about his superlative merits during the early part of the summer, and some time ago it was predicted in Truth that Bezonian will be Lord Rosebery's best three-year-old next season. My Pet II. will not defeat Slieve Gallion for the Middle Park Plate, but he is quite likely to win the Dewhurst Plate, in the probable absence of Captain Greer's colt. Traquair finished in front of Prince of Orange, who defeated him at Goodwood, and the victory of Lord Wolverton's colt in the rich Prince of Wales's Sweepstakes was evidently a rank fluke. Traquair manifestly failed in coming down the hill.

Lord Derby's colt by Orme out of St. Victorine, who just beat Sixty for the Boscawen Stakes, is one of the best-looking two-year-olds of the season, and he may train on into a racer of the highest class. He is at present backward, and the best policy now to adopt would be to throw him up for the season, as he is very heavily engaged as a three-year-old. I do not believe that Sixty will ever again get within a head of Lord Derby's colt. There was at one time a great deal of talk about Benvenuto, who ran badly in this race. This colt, who belongs to the Duke of Portland, is by St. Simon out of Arno, and he commenced the season with thirty-three engagements.

Nero, winner of the Portland Plate, was made favourite for the Great Eastern Railway Handicap, but was cleverly beaten by Ulalume, who had 11 lb. the best of the weights. It was time for Sir Edgar Vincent's filly to win a race, as she has several times disappointed her owner. Gemma, who ran fast, ought to win a race over five furlongs before the end of the season. She apparently cannot stay, but she is said to be a difficult animal for a boy to ride.

The Jockey Club Stakes has been won by some of the best horses in training, but this season there was a deplorable collapse, for there were only five starters, and only the presence in the field of Keystone II. redeemed the race from utter contempt. Beppo, having a 12 lb. breeding allowance, was obviously a certainty on paper, and odds were freely betted on Mr. de Rothschild's horse. Beppo won somewhat cleverly, but he had to be hard ridden, and the running of Keystone II. (beaten a length) shows that she ought to have been much nearer to winning the St. Leger. On the Doncaster form Beppo ought to have won a great deal further, considering the difference in the weights. Lord Derby's mare suffered, not only in that her St. Leger preparation was more than once interrupted, but also in being interfered with during the race at Doncaster. Polymelus ran very creditably. There was a miserable attendance at Newmarket on Thursday, considering that the programme included one of the richest stakes of the year, and the weather was quite perfect.

Backers must have altogether lost their wits when they betted odds on so bad a horse as Caro for a selling plate, although he really had nothing to beat. Elston, who walked in, cost 2,000 gs. as a yearling, but nobody would now bid 100 gs. for him.

Vedas upset a "pot" in Jelly for the Welter Handicap, although he had got off badly. Vedas appeared to be a truly lamentable object when going down to the post, as he was not only heavily bandaged on both fore legs, but also wore blinkers. There were seven races on Thursday, with only thirty-three starters altogether. There was a walk-over for one event, and another ended in a match, with odds of 33 to 1 betted on the winner.

The King won the Newmarket St. Leger with Cheverel, who is wretchedly bad, but he had the best of the weights with his three opponents, all of which are animals of abjectly poor class.

Knight of Tully ran very badly for the Rous Memorial Newmarket Stakes, having started favourite, and Hexagon won with extreme ease from Catskill. Maybole was a general tip for the race, but Lord Derby's filly was unplaced.

Pretty Polly was walking only last week, and she certainly will not race at Longchamps on Sunday, nor do I expect to see her included in the field for the Jockey Club Cup.

The Grand Criterium at Longchamps was won very easily by Ouadi Halfa, who has for some time enjoyed the reputation of being the best two-year-old owned by M. E. Blanc. Ouadi Halfa was bred by Lord Clonmell, who sold him as a foal to M. Blanc. This colt was foaled in France, whither his dam had been sent in order that she might be covered by Flying Fox. He is by Persimmon out of Yesterling. Ouadi Halfa has been left in for the £2,500 stake at Gatwick on the 17th, and next year he is engaged in the Derby; but he has been struck out of both the Eclipse Stakes and the Jockey Club Stakes.

The Second October Meeting at Newmarket was for many years regarded as being the most important of the three autumn fixtures, but the Cesarewitch does not now excite nearly so much general interest as formerly, and the stupid parsimony of the Jockey Club has pretty well destroyed the old prestige of the Middle Park Plate, which, in these later days, is by no means the most valuable two-year-old stake of the season. The

sum of £500 is announced to be added to this event, but, as there is an entrance of £5, the amount really given from the fund last year was £55, and only £35 will be contributed to next week's race! Considering the large sum which is realised by the entrance dodge (which was unknown in the early years of this race), surely the Jockey Club might add £1,000 to the stake, which was once popularly known as the Two-year-old Derby.

There are forty entries for the Clearwell Stakes on Tuesday, including Major Loder's Galvani, Mr. W. Hall Walker's Knight of Tully, and Lord Wolverton's The Welkin. I shall predict the success of Galvani. There are fifty-five entries for the Cheveley Park Stakes, which is the only two-year-old race on Wednesday, the list being headed by his Majesty's fillies, Osella and Victoria. I expect that Lord Derby will win this race with Ste. Claire II., or the filly by Florizel out of Alt Mark. There are only twenty-two entries for the Prendergast Stakes on Thursday, the best representatives of public form being Sir E. Vincent's Auber, and Sir R. Waldie-Griffith's Simon Square. I shall plump for St. Martin. There are ninety-three entries for the Middle Park Plate, and the field may include his Majesty's Slim Lad, M. E. Blanc's Vichy, colt by Cyllene out of Vicuna, Lord Derby's colt by Orme out of St. Victorine, Mr. E. Dresden's Saxham, Lord Wolverton's The Welkin, Mr. J. Wallace's Gnome, Lord Rosebery's Benzonian or Traquair, Mr. Raphael's My Pet II., Major Loder's Galvani or Weathercock, Sir R. Jardine's Jovial, and Captain Greer's Slieve Gallion. The Kingsclere stable may be represented by the Duke of Portland's Apponyi, by St. Simon out of Mneme, or the Duke of Westminster's Dusty Miller, by St. Frusquin out of Rydal, and a high opinion must have been entertained of the former colt when he was a yearling as he was entered for thirty-three races. I shall plump for Slieve Gallion, and expect that My Pet II. will finish second.

There was a splendid entry for the Champion Stakes when the race closed in December last, including Flair, Cicero, Pretty Polly, and Bachelor's Button. This event would be a good thing for Mr. Joel's horse, but, as he runs in France on Sunday, he is not likely to be started at Newmarket two days later. There are neither penalties nor allowances in this race, and Polymelus or Gold Riach may win.

There are forty-two entries for the Newmarket Oaks, and Lord Derby may win with either Keystone II., Victorious, or the filly by Isinglass out of Canterbury Pilgrim. Quair appears incapable of winning a race, but she has an immense advantage in the weights here, and if she is beaten under such advantageous conditions, the Duke of Portland may as well send her to the stud at once.

The Bretby Stakes of £700 on Thursday will be the last of the post stakes for this season. The Duke of Westminster has two rarely-bred animals engaged—Chandron, filly by Martagon out of Throstle, and Wansdale, filly by Orme out of Rydal Mount, dam of Troutbeck. One of the Duke of Portland's pair is Caroline Roche, filly by Carbine out of La Roche. The dam of this filly appears to be as grievous a failure at the stud as her owner's famous mare Memoir has proved.

The entry for the Lowther Stakes includes Spearmint, Pretty Polly, and Challacombe. There has never been a season in which so many races with "cracks" engaged have entirely collapsed.

I shall not attempt to predict the winner of the Cesarewitch, for the prospects of this race at present are thoroughly chaotic, and all sensible people will leave it alone until the day of running arrives. The hard ground is rendering training operations exceedingly difficult, and every day one hears of horses being stopped in their work, or breaking down, or going amiss. It is quite certain that the Cesarewitch will this year be contested by a field of contemptible class, and that not half of the animals which have been mentioned in connection with this handicap have the slightest pretensions to stay the course.

Fifty-six two-year-olds are left in the Imperial Produce Plate of £3,000 at Kempton Park, out of an original entry of 189. I observe that Hexagon is among the lot withdrawn. Traquair will probably start, but Bezonian has also accepted, Lord Rosebery having five left in. The list also includes Lord Derby's colt by Orme out of St. Victorine, Mr. A. James's Sixty, Lord Cadogan's The Sun, Mr. W. Hall Walker's Ulpian, and Major Loder's Galvani, who has a breeding allowance of 5 lb., and he certainly ought to win this race, which is one of the most valuable two-year-old stakes of the season.

Polymelus is remarkably well weighted for the Duke of York Handicap, which race has proved a dreadful failure this year, there having been only twenty entries, and fifteen are left in. A large sum will have to be drawn from the fund to make up £2,000, which is the advertised value of this handicap, and the managers of the meeting will be lucky if they get off with a loss of less than £1,500.

AMATEURS AND "SOCCER."

Some of the members of the London Football Association may be forgiven if they now think that the Psalmist's warning, "Put not your trust in princes," should be extended to peers. The present trouble arose in this way. A meeting had to decide whether or not professional clubs should be taken under the control of the L.F.A. Every possible pressure had been exercised by the Football Association, if not directly at all events indirectly, to bring about this measure, which had been previously rejected. Lord Kinnaird was in the chair. On the poll the resolution abandoning the exclusive amateur status was carried, and a scrutiny was demanded. Lord Kinnaird promised that a scrutiny should be held. At the subsequent meeting confirming that historic meeting the minutes were passed subject to the words recording the promise being inserted. This was done. But no scrutiny has been held. The London Football Association has, therefore, to regulate professional football. In effect this will mean handing its organisation over lock, stock, and barrel to professionalism. I do not hesitate to say that a deadly blow has been struck at metropolitan amateur football. To avert the danger an amateur defence council was formed. How the writers in the football press have gibed and jeered at this organisation! Many of these writers hold high position in the Football Association. They are bursting with a sense of their dignity and superiority to an extent that a county justice or civic alderman might envy. These men owe everything to professional football. To them the amateur is the man who will become a professional or he is not worth considering. They have scoffed at the idea of the scrutiny. Amateurs are informed that they have no grievance. A few Londoners, belonging to the Old Boys' clubs of the better class, are piqued because of the result of the London meeting, and they make the scrutiny question a peg on which to hang a grievance. They are told that no scrutiny was ever promised, for the great Lord Kinnaird was in the chair. Like the Crown, he can do no wrong. A Lord is with them, and what shall these foolish amateurs do?

Certainly Lord Kinnaird has made a grievous error in throwing in his lot with the professional gang. He has helped them considerably. However, these professional critics and legislative authorities will probably realise that the amateurs are not going to take their defeat lying down. A large and enthusiastic meeting of the Amateur Defence Council was held last week. Its name was altered to the Amateur Football Defence Association. Lord Kinnaird was not elected president. There were delegates from all parts of the country. They came from Sussex and Surrey, from Darlington, Stockton, and Bishop Auckland. It was clearly shown that the grievances of the amateurs were not confined to a few leading Old Boys' clubs. Never has the professional writer and critic shown himself more thoroughly wrong, never has he more completely misled the public

as to the rights and wrongs of the question. I am quite willing to accept the position that these writers erred in honest ignorance. That simply supports the contention that many of the bigwigs in the Football Association know nothing, and care just as much about the aims and aspirations of amateur football. From the North came the tale of how the amateur ranks were depleted by the agents of professional clubs getting promising players to leave the amateur clubs during the season and join the professional organisations. To such an extent has the evil spread that some clubs register their players as professionals in order to protect themselves from these poachers during the football season. These players never get a penny pay. Now, it is idle to pretend that the council of the Football Association was not well aware not only that injury would be, but was, in fact, being inflicted upon amateur clubs. But what the council's press representatives did not anticipate was that clubs and districts so affected would make common cause with the Londoners. I wonder if these writers wrote down and jeered at the metropolitan clubs in order to keep the provincial clubs out of the field. If that be so the manœuvre failed, but it would have been a trick worthy of some of those who originally started professional football under the guise of amateurism. No more striking instance could be needed of the grossly unfair treatment to which amateur clubs are subjected under the rules of the Association. For the sake of the trade or paid clubs a rule is passed forbidding poaching during the season, and there are divers regulations as to transfer fees, and so on. The amateur club can take no transfer money and is liable to have its best players filched at a moment's notice. Then, instead of fostering and protecting associations like those of London, that have devoted themselves solely to amateur clubs, the aim and object of the parent association has been to commandeer them for professionalism. It is perfectly clear that the people at headquarters have no proper conception of their duty towards amateurs. The starting point is that the Association recognises both professionals and amateurs. That is, both classes can play under its rules with one another. It should be concerned only with the rules of the game. It should leave the trade to work out its own salvation, protecting the non-trading from unfair treatment. It has adopted an entirely different policy, as was the natural consequence of getting power. It has regulated wages and transfers. It has become a union of employers of paid footballers. The amateur has been neglected and oppressed. Hence the necessity for the new Association. It means business. It will not be ridiculed out of existence by a press that is swamped by professional representatives.

The South African footballers did not start off with the advantage of the New Zealanders. The latter were our first colonial victors. They startled us, and in the nature of things, it was practically impossible that any other team could give us greater jumps than they did. However, the South Africans have shown that they are quite good successors of the "All Blacks." They have mopped up the East Midlands and the Midlands in excellent form. Certainly in their first match they started off with a sad exhibition of stage fright. But then the press had boomed them to such an extent that they were fearful of themselves. They soon pulled together and won easily. Pace was the chief factor in their success, and there was one bout of lovely passing. The Midlanders were supposed to be a much stronger team. The South Africans showed much improved form, and they gave some excellent exhibitions of combined passing. Carolin was splendid at half-back. He and Villiers both dropped goals. It will take a really good team to tackle the South Africans. As to other matches, the United Services romped over a strong Richmond team. Blackheath made a mess of the New Zealand formation, and played a poor game against Rosslyn Park. The Harlequins romped over the Old Merchant Taylors. To celebrate the opening of the London Devonians' ground the County played and beat Middlesex, whose team was very much out of condition

Turning to the Association game it is astonishing to find the two clubs, Southampton and Reading, right at the bottom of the Southern League. Southampton have lost each of their three matches by a margin of one goal. In the League the Southern clubs hold their own. By beating Leicester Fosse, Chelsea went top of the Second Division, while Woolwich Arsenal went to Birmingham and drew with the Villa.

Truth, like Homer, sometimes nods, and I have to thank many correspondents for kindly correcting the mistake I made last week as to the American Lawn Tennis players Holcombe Ward and Beals Wright. I confounded—but no, I might embark on the Athanasian Creed. It was Wright, and not Ward, who had his finger cut off.

MOTORS AND MOTORING.

THE ISLE OF MAN RACE.

CONGRATULATIONS are general in respect of this year's Tourist Trophy race, and in many respects they are well deserved. It would be idle to pretend, however, that this is the case all round. Under many heads things were not all that they should have been. For one thing, the authorities laid themselves open to criticism once again in regard to their interpretation and enforcement of the rules. It would seem to the outsider the simplest thing imaginable, when regulations have been laid down, to stick to them. But apparently the Automobile Club officials are incapable of doing this. While they (very properly) disqualified cars which failed to present themselves at the "weighing-in" enclosure at the appointed time, even when this entailed the most manifest hardship, far more serious breaches of the rules were suffered to pass unnoticed.

What is the good, for instance, of stipulating for genuine "touring" frames and bodies if frames drilled and riddled like sieves are passed without a word? Another rule was that after the cars had been passed by the club officials they could not be touched again till the morning of the race, and then only under official observation. Yet all sorts of repairs, adjustments, and alterations were permitted to be made in any number of cases in flagrant violation of this proviso. It is freely declared, indeed, that many cars which satisfactorily passed the twelve-miles-an-hour-on-top-gear test before the race subsequently had their carburetters so altered that they would have been quite incapable of doing the same thing on the day of the race itself. Obviously laxity of this kind is simply putting a premium on sharp practice and unsportsmanlike conduct. Certainly such things are not encouraging to those who are confiding enough to act on the assumption that the rules announced will be adhered to.

Another cause of regret is the gross inconsiderateness and utter disregard of life and property displayed by most of the drivers during the preliminary practices before the race. Much has been made of the Manxman's sporting proclivities and sympathetic attitude towards the motorist. Cautious drivers, we are told, were positively jeered at and chaffed for not going faster; the hardy islanders absolutely revelled in "close shaves" and so on. Those behind the scenes, however, know that this is all nonsense. The truth of the matter is that the utmost indignation was excited throughout the island by the wanton lack of consideration displayed, and it is, in point of fact, very doubtful at the moment whether permission to run the race in the island will be accorded again. Nor is it difficult, when one hears of speeds of sixty and seventy miles an hour having been attained by so-called "tourist" cars on the open road and under the ordinary conditions of traffic, to understand the feelings of the inhabitants. The Manxland arms take the form of legs. Perhaps there was intelligent anticipation here. They foresaw the necessity for flight from Tourist Trophy racers.

There has, in fact, been far too much of ordinary break-neck helter-skelter motor racing about the Tourist

Trophy so far. When the race was first projected such speeds as forty and fifty miles an hour were never contemplated. It was, in fact, expressly designed to obviate these by the proviso of a fuel limit. As it is, the race has resolved itself, under the conditions laid down, into practically an "all out" struggle between cars of about 18 h.p. or 20 h.p. This was not the original intention at all. There is, at any rate, point in the suggestion which has been made in various quarters of late that in future years classes for smaller cars—none are necessary for larger ones—should also be instituted. Or perhaps it would be better still to stick to one class as at present, but to vary the petrol allowance from year to year—so that one time it might be a race of small cars (say from 6 to 10 h.p.), another year for cars slightly bigger, and so on. Then all the leading manufacturers might be induced to compete each year. It is really the smaller cars—the cars which the million are waiting for—which most need encouragement at present. No one needs Tourist Trophy races to demonstrate the efficiency of 20 h.p. Rolls-Royce cars, 16 h.p. Argylls, 16 h.p. Humbers, and the like.

At the same time unqualified recognition is due, of course, to the fine achievements of these and other cars taking part in this year's race. It is a source of satisfaction, too, that the winning car was of British make. Nor did it stand alone in this respect, since some of the finest achievements of the other cars were accomplished by those of native origin. Mr. Napier, for instance, on his Arrol-Johnson, if he had not had such bad luck with his tyres, would almost certainly have made a close fight with Mr. Rolls for the first place; the 16 h.p. Argyll ran magnificently, too; while Messrs. Humber point with legitimate satisfaction to the machine-like uniformity of the running of their cars, which finished fifth and sixth as the result of an average speed of 32.8 and 32.1 m.p.h. respectively.

The Hon. Leopold Canning, J.P., D.L., who is favouring the readers of the *Autocar* with a graphic account of his experiences in the course of a tour through Devon and Cornwall on a 6 h.p. car, does not appear to be endowed with that amount of prudence and consideration which might be expected from one who proudly appends the initials above quoted to his name. So much one gathers, at least, from one incident which he narrates with gusto. Descending a steep road into Ilfracombe, he came, he tells us, upon a party of five or six ladies with one male escort, who, "evidently wishing to impress the ladies with his dauntless courage, stood in the middle of the road, flourished his stick at me, and then aimed at me in the 'fixed bayonets' attitude." Mr. Canning continues:—

> This rather roused my bellicose instincts, and I then executed a manœuvre with the object of giving him an object lesson for his future good behaviour; this would have succeeded nicely had the road been dry. I frankly admit that I was "hoist by my own petard" in the unexpected result. Skids being an unknown experience with the Rover, I foolishly omitted to notice, or care, that the surface of this hill was very greasy. So I kept well to my side of the road until I neared the man, and then shot across towards him. I passed him within an uncomfortable proximity, and he was so scared that I don't think he will ever again stand in the middle of the road and threaten motorists, but, unfortunately, the car after that sharp swerve started a gruesome skid, and then went sideways down to the bottom of the hill. No damage ensued, and I got her straight again in time to put on a spurt for the hill rising into the town.

A more foolish or reprehensible proceeding it would be difficult to imagine. Whatever the nature of the pedestrian's procedure which excited Mr. Canning's "bellicose instincts"—and it would be interesting to have the pedestrian's side of the story on this point—it was certainly no sort of justification for such action as he describes, and it is amazing that he should have the hardihood to recall and glory in such a piece of hooliganism in the leading organ of the motor press.

That is a somewhat remarkable County Court decision which has recently been given, to the effect that a repairer is entitled to take out without authority on the road for "testing" purposes any car which happens to have been entrusted to him, "just the same as a watchmaker is permitted to test a watch which he has been given to repair." In the case in question it seems that one of the brake springs of the car required attention. The repairer, having presumably adjusted this, proceeded to "test" the car on the road, with the result that he did, according to the owner, £20 worth of damage to the gears. When the owner sought redress, the decision given was that above stated. It is certainly not one which will commend itself to motorists in general. Most owners, probably, have had acquaintance, direct or indirect, with those "test" runs of the sporting garage owner or his still more sporting and more youthful assistants. It is a common experience that a car which has just been overhauled, at an alarming cost, usually runs worse and causes more trouble than at any other period of its existence; but the probabilities in this direction will certainly be appreciably increased if the decision given in this case is sound law.

A paradoxical outcome of the perfected car is the imperfect driver. Thousands of cars are driven to-day by owners who a few years since would never have dreamed of undertaking such responsibility. The astonishing reliability of the modern motor car has made it possible. It is, in fact, quite amazing with how little knowledge of matters mechanical the latter-day automobilist can manage to get along. Formerly it was very different. Then only the real enthusiast with a genuine bent for mechanics was bold enough to essay what was recognised at that time as the perilous experiment of taking a motor-car out on the public roads. Nowadays, the least experienced have no such qualms. Many would be amazed indeed if they knew how little real technical knowledge often accompanies the smart appearance and easy external manner of the haughty owner-driver. One such confided to me in a burst of confidence, not long since, that when, in the case of trouble, he had substituted one sparking-plug for another he was at the end of his resources. Yet he has recently driven his car all over England with hardly a stop on the road. Such things are remarkable testimony to the state of perfection to which the modern car has been brought.

MAMMON.

Stock Markets Stagnant—America's Gold Demands—Distrust of the Government—Political Considerations—A Chance for the Courageous Operator.

I AM unable, to my regret, to chronicle any appreciable improvement in the amount of business done on the Stock Exchange. Last week was, in fact, one of the idlest for many weeks past, and members of the Stock Exchange are wondering if the investor as well as the speculator has disappeared for good. There were various circumstances, however, which militated against dealings. Towards the end of the quarter money is always tight, and this time the stringency has been increased by the demand for gold for New York. Though this is slackening now, there is still talk of an advance in the Bank rate this week to 5 per cent. Then there is undoubtedly much distrust over the attitude of the Government, which induces capitalists to hold their hand in the belief that we shall see a still lower level of values for gilt-edged stocks, and with them for Home Railways and some other descriptions. The state of affairs in Russia and in Cuba, though not affecting us directly, count with the more immediate factors in upsetting confidence, and it is not easy to see a way out of all the troubles for the time being. Still, investment conditions in this country are healthy, and, as I have pointed out before, the adverse elements may be expected to work themselves out before long. When that comes about, we shall have a sharp rebound, and the courageous man who buys stocks just now, when almost everything is depressed, will find himself well rewarded. Among the few shares which have not followed the general tendency have been Canadian Pacifics and Hudson's Bays. Both these are rapidly

justifying all that I have said of them. The second is now close upon 100, and will before long reach 110; the first is about 190, and will soon pass the 200 mark.

Money — Situation Slightly Relieved — U.S. Treasury Action — Acute Stringency Improbable — Bank's Attitude Effective—Quarter End Pressure.

The rather belated action of the United States Treasury in releasing twenty-six million dollars for the purposes of the money market is responsible for a more hopeful view being taken of the international financial situation. It has served to remove a certain amount of the unsettlement that has prevailed, and, so far as Lombard-street is concerned, has afforded some relief, though the effect is not as yet very manifest. The amount may not be relatively large, but it ought to avert the acute stringency that has been threatening and may be said to minimise the possibilities of a further advance in the Bank rate. This latter has, of course, been menacing for some weeks past, as might have been inferred from the attitude adopted by the Bank in refusing to discount any but its own customers' bills at the official minimum, charging 4½ per cent., and holding out for 5 per cent., for market loans. This action has proved quite effective, and the "Old Lady" has obtained control of the situation, the fact that the outside market has borrowed largely in loans at 5 per cent. for a week, and very little in discounts, being a good point, inasmuch as it obviates the prospect of any undesirable fall in money rates. Owing to the exceptional requirements incidental to the end of the quarter, the value of money has been rather high. This could only have been expected in the circumstances, but it would seem that from now onwards, while the value of money will be well maintained, it ought not to be unduly high, provided that the situation in New York does not again assume a threatening aspect, and menace the Bank's position. It must, of course, be remembered that the customary autumnal drain of gold abroad has to be met, but this is not likely to make any material impression if the other menace is removed. Owing chiefly to the quarter-end withdrawals to the country and the drain for abroad, together with the expansion in the note circulation, the Bank's reserve is down by £1,403,000 on the week, the ratio to liabilities being also lower by 4¾ per cent. to 42.83 per cent.

Consols Less Sensitive—Stocks Cheap for Investment—Yields—Russians Less Dejected—An Optimist—Turks and Brazils.

Although still dominated by the monetary situation the gilt-edged market is rather less sensitive, and unless indications are deceptive it would seem that the depreciation in values so long in evidence has about been arrested. Confidence, however, is by no means restored, but the action of the United States Treasury in coming to the assistance of the money market there is regarded as a hopeful sign in that it minimises the threatened monetary menace which has been making such an adverse impression upon values. There is, indeed, less uncertainty, and in relation to the trend of quotations this is an important consideration, not only because this uncertainty has helped to depress stocks, but also because it has stifled all initiative and strangled business. Stocks, from Consols downwards, are undoubtedly cheap from the investment point of view, and over and above the relatively high yield obtainable have the additional attraction of possessing certain speculative qualities. Incidentally, it may be remarked that the discount houses are said to be absorbing securities of the gilt-edged type, which, if true, is significant, inasmuch as it implies that the banking community regard the future with more confidence. I repeat the following table showing the yields obtainable on gilt-edged stocks:

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Consols	86½	£2 18 0
War Loan	97½	2 17 6
Transvaal 3 p.c.	98½	3 1 0
Local Loans	98	3 1 6
Irish Land Guaranteed	88	3 2 6
India 3 p.c.	92½	3 5 0
London County 3 p.c.	88½	3 8 0
Water Board	92½	3 5 0

A point of interest in the Foreign market is the appreciation in Russian Government bonds due to the somewhat optimistic attitude adopted by the Minister of Finance in regard to the country's financial position. In spite of the chaos that prevails he is hopeful as to the future. It is perhaps only natural that he should be, but this does not induce me to modify my opinion of Russian bonds, which do not appear an attractive purchase, even at the low figures prevailing. The New Fives, it may be noted, still stand at a substantial discount, while the Fours are no better than 73, at which price they would give almost 5½ per cent. This does not say very much for the country's credit. The illness of the Sultan is being made the excuse for depressing Turkish stocks, but they are likely to recover before long. Brazilians have suffered still further from the financial proposals, which would fix the exchange at 15d. per milreis, but although these have been sanctioned by the Chamber of Deputies it is considered improbable that it will receive the approval of the Senate.

Home Rails Still Out of Favour—The Labour Question Investor's Fears Overdone—Prospects of a Recovery —Six Likely English Stocks — Scotch Rails and the Clyde Dispute.

It is still impossible, to use the phrase of the late Mr. Yerkes, "to get a move on" the Home Railway market. Day after day this department of the Stock Exchange is allowed to remain in a condition of utter neglect, shunned by bulls and bears alike, the former being afraid to venture because of the indisposition of the general public to take a hand, the latter wisely refraining because of the narrowness of the market. Under such circumstances it is not to be wondered at that jobbers do not want to put stock on their books, and that in consequence the realisation of a most moderate amount has an altogether disproportionate effect upon prices. For the present the public is unable to see the substance in the shape of high yields and good dividend prospects which the market offers, and can only look at the shadow in the form of feared troubles in the labour world, and of threats of legislation of a socialistic kind that shall undermine the rights of railway proprietors. It must be admitted that the labour leaders are just now making a big noise, and that with the help always accorded by a section of the Press to any agitation that is likely to catch on, they are doing their best to make the capitalist's flesh creep. If it were not for the encouragement thus given we should surely never have been treated to such ill-weighed statements as that, for instance, made by Mr. Chiozza Money, M.P., at a recent meeting of the railway men in the West London district. This authority announced that the concessions required by railway men throughout the country involved an increased annual outlay of 7½ millions sterling. The granting of such a demand would be pretty well tantamount to extinguishing Ordinary dividends altogether; yet all this leader of public opinion had to say on the point was "Why should the dead hand of unproductive capital, which had got into the pockets of promoters, landlords and lawyers, keep down the wages of railway servants?" It is perhaps natural, after all, that has been written about the Socialistic intentions of the present Government, if such talk as this is taken seriously by a section of the investing public. But those who know that the apostles of confiscation are still happily in a hopeless minority in the country can afford to wait a little, when it can be proved that the

"Finance."—A concise weekly record of markets and prices, published by the Central Stock Exchange, Ltd., 66, Cannon-street, London, E.C. Post free for six months to applicants mentioning this paper.

How to Operate in Stocks Successfully.—See Halford's Adviser (post free).—Palmerston House, London, E.C. Established 1869. Telegrams: "Monitor, London."

noise made by the agitators for violent reforms in the conditions as between capital and labour is out of all proportion to the strength of public opinion behind it. After all, as I pointed out a week or two ago, our railway Companies have nothing to fear from examination of their conditions of service. Wages and hours of labour compare very well against those in other branches of industry, while only in the last half-year nearly all the leading Companies have utilised a large proportion of the increased revenue derived from greater trade prosperity in advancing the wages of their servants. The strength of the men's union itself, too, is nothing like so representative as has been made out in some quarters, while the return issued by the Board of Trade regarding the complaints lodged by railway servants is also evidence that among the rank and file there is no desire to revolt. The return embraces 22,000 miles of railway, involving considerably over half a million men, yet the total number of complaints lodged during 1905-6 was fifty-seven. I need only add that communications of the kind on the part of the men are treated as confidential, and that the labour society naturally encourages them to make complaints. I have dealt at some length with the labour question, for at the present time it is undoubtedly the main factor in preventing a recovery in the market. With this bugbear removed, or at any rate viewed in its proper perspective, prices might at any time take a distinct turn for the better, for the slightest resumption of public buying would find the dealers rushing around to get stock, with the inevitable result that quotations would go up points at a time. Meanwhile, I doubt if the fall can go much further, and investors willing to take up and hold for a little might with advantage lay in a few of the best stocks. If asked to name off-hand the most likely half-dozen stocks, I should say South-Eastern Six per Cent. Preferred Ordinary, North-Easterns, Hull and Barnsley, Midland Deferred, Furness, and Central London Ordinary. With the individual merits of these stocks I have dealt too recently to need to elaborate them now. A new point in favour of Central London, and indeed of all the undergrounds, is the resolution just passed by the Lewisham Borough Council to tax omnibuses. If, as is not unlikely, the practice becomes general, it should do something towards removing the unfair conditions under which the railways now have to compete with the omnibus Companies, and may not unlikely force the latter to revise their fares. The prospect of the Clyde boiler-makers' dispute being settled by compromise brought about a rally in Scottish Railways towards the end of last week. In this group I see little attraction in Caledonian Deferred, but British Deferred is worth attention, especially in view of the greater conservatism shown by the Board of late years, in the matter of "betterment" allowances from revenue. Glasgow and South-Western Deferred is attractive, on account of its high yield. My table is appended:—

Home Rails.	A Year Ago.	Make up, Sep. 25.	Closing Price, Sept. 22.	Closing Price, Sept. 29.	Movement.
Caledonian Pref.	78½	75⅞	76	73½xd	—
Do. Def.	37½	30⅝	31½	30xd	—
City and S. London	41	42½	43¼	43	−¼
Central London	91	83½	84	84	—
Great Central 94 Pref.	68	—	76	76	—
Do. "B"	35	35½	35½	35½	−¼
Do. "A"	18	16⅝	16⅝	16⅝	−⅛
Great Eastern	85	80⅝	81⅛	80⅞	−⅛
Great Northern Pref.	101	99½	99½	99½	—
Do. Def.	39½	43¼	44	43	−1
Great Western	139¾	128½	128½	128¾	+¼
Hull and Barnsley	47	45½	46	45	−1
Lancashire and Yorkshire	103½	103½	103½	103½	—
London and Brighton "A"	124	116½	116½	116	−½
London, Chatham, and Dover	16⅞	14	14⅛	13⅞	−¼
Do. 4½ p.c. Pref.	99	89	89	88	−1
Do. 2nd Pref.	62½	55	55	53	−2
London and North-Western	157	151	151½	151½	—
London and South-Western Def.	56½	48	48½	48	−½
Metropolitan Consolidated	90	60	60½	59½	−1
Metropolitan District	34½	21½	21½	22	+½
Midland Pref.	68	65½	65⅝	65½	−¼
Do. Def.	67½	64½	64⅝	64⅝	—
North British 3 p.c. Pref.	78½	75⅝	75⅞	74xd	—
Do. Def.	45⅜	42⅛	42⅜	41½xd	—
North-Eastern Consolidated	142	136¾	137½	136½	−1
South-Eastern "A"	57½	48	48¾	48¼	−½

Americans Feverish—Tendency Lower—Are Prices High? Mr. Shaw's Action—Floods and the Railways—"Hearstism"—Letting the Market Drift—The Ore Deal—About the Currency.

The American market seldom lacks excitement; during the past week it has had more than the average, and movements in prices have, as a consequence, been violent. There are not many English people in the market apart from the professional gentlemen who know something of the game and are able to look after themselves, and those members of the public who prefer to sleep peacefully at night have not had their rest disturbed to any material extent, which is well, for the outsider seldom comes out well in the long run on a deal in Yankees. The fact is that, although industrial conditions in the United States leave little to be desired, the stock markets are in a highly sensitive state owing to the high level of prices and the refusal of the public to relieve the big interests of the stocks which have been accumulated in large volume during recent months. There are a number of high authorities in the United States who are of opinion that good crop prospects, large railroad earnings, and prosperity generally have been about discounted. If, therefore, the upward movement is to continue, it must be in the nature of a wild inflation, designedly for the purpose of unloading securities on the outside public. The larger interests apparently believe that with at least six months' good times ahead they can successfully allure the unwilling outsider, and are straining every nerve to that end. Besides increasing dividend rates, there will be a judicious announcement of deals, with rights to shareholders. This is what happened in 1901, when the trading was of an entirely different character, the place of the speculative plungers now making the market being occupied by the public. The sad experience of the rank and file in 1901-2, however, has created an apathy hard to dissipate, and Wall-street Napoleons of finance may be reckoning without their host. Wall-street, as no one needs to be told, is always sensitive, and circumstances make it peculiarly so just now. Most of the influences in operation are adverse. Mr. Shaw's decision to deposit $26,000,000 with the banks in various cities for return on or about February 1, when the pressure in the money market will be over, made for confidence, although the quality of the finance is open to question, but it came late in the week and had been generously discounted. Almost simultaneously, too, came the news of big floods in the South, and this not only upset the stock of the railroads operating in that part of the country, but affected the whole list. The nomination of Mr. Hearst at the Democratic Convention was not calculated to please business interests, but the subsequent denunciation of "Hearstism" imparted a better tone at the end of the week. The Cuban developments, too, were a disturbing factor, of which we may yet hear more. The favourable influences included continued very large earnings, with big increases on the Atchison, Rock Island, and other systems, and a revival of reports that the ore deal had been concluded, together with further gold engagements. But the "Bears" have almost throughout been very aggressive, and insiders showed a marked indifference in supporting the market. "Big operators," says our cable, "seemed disposed to let the market drift for a time, possibly desiring to see a lower plane for the purpose of fresh accumulation of stock." They might hope for more success if they would allow prices to drop to a level which would bring in some public support. During the current month a stringency in call houses is anticipated, and the uncertainty of the political outcome at home and at Cuba is likely to occasion irregularity. It is perhaps not necessary for me to point out, after what I have said, that the present is not a favourable moment in which to indulge in a "Bull" speculation in Americans. Apropos of the ore deal, it is understood to have been definitely closed, and only awaits formal ratification of the contract. An announcement is expected early this week. The transaction is believed to include both the Northern Pacific

and the Great Northern ore lands, as well as about 30,000,000 tons of ore held privately. It is estimated that the deal will make the ore holdings of the Steel Corporation nearly 2,000,000,000 tons. My table shows movements on balance during the week:—

—	1905. Highest.	1905. Lowest.	Closing Price, Sep. 15, 1906.	Closing Price, Sept. 22, 1906.	Closing Price. Sept. 29, 1906.
Atchison	96	80⅛	112⅛	110⅛	109⅛
Do. Five per Cent. Pref...	109	102	105½	105	105⅛
Baltimore and Ohio Com. ...	120¼	104⅛	125½	127⅜	126
Chesapeake and Ohio	61½	46⅜	65⅞	65⅜	64⅞
Denver	40 1/16	27⅜	45⅛	44⅛	42⅜
Do. Pref.	93⅜	85⅜	89½	89	88⅞
Erie	54½	38 7/16	50½	49½	47⅜
Do. First Pref.....	87½	77⅜	80½	80	79⅝
Louisville	161⅛	140½	155	154½	152½
Milwaukee	193⅛	173⅛	184	184½	179½
Mo., Kan., and Texas	39¼	24¼	37⅛	37½	36⅜
Norfolk Pref.	96½	94	94	94	94
Do. Common	90¼	77⅜	97½	97	98⅞
New York Central	169⅜	140½	148½	148	145
Ontario	65⅛	41⅞	52⅝	51½	49½
Pennsylvania	76⅝	67½	73⅞	73⅛	73⅛
Reading	73⅜	40⅞	77½	77⅜	75⅞
Do. First Pref.	49⅜	46	47½	47½	46
Southern Common	39⅜	28⅜	39⅝	38⅞	36⅞
Do. Pref.	104½	97½	103½	103½	101xd
Southern Pacific	74	59⅝	94⅜xd	96⅜	96⅜
Union Pacific	155⅞	116 5/16	194⅝xd&b	193¾	189⅝
Do. Pref.	102¼	98½	96xd	96	97
Wabash Pref.	49⅜	37⅜	47½	46	46
Do. "B" Debentures ...	86⅜	69½	83	83	82
U.S. Steel Corp. Com.	44½	26	47⅜xd	46⅝	46⅜
Do. Do. Pref.	110⅜	93⅜	110⅜	110⅛	110⅝

The unsettled state of the money market in our own country is traceable, as most people are aware, almost entirely to the demands of the United States. While the bad distribution of currency in America, as the basis of legitimate banking operations, is primarily due to a defective currency system—the inflexibility and immobility of the volume of money—the present situation in New York as the money centre has been greatly aggravated by rampant speculation on the Stock Exchange, incited by financial magnates with the complicity of banks over which they exercise a greater or less degree of control. It is the demands of speculators who have been luring the public into the stock market by a "boom" in prices that have sent call money on its erratic course to high rates from day to day, and have caused the pressure upon loanable funds which compels commercial borrowers to pay a commission above the legal rate of interest for time loans. This situation having been created by the defects of the currency system and intensified by the speculators, the Secretary of the Treasury comes to its relief again with the gold of the Government, first of all lending it to the banks without interest, while they are obtaining an equivalent amount from abroad to strengthen their depleted reserves, and now depositing $26,000,000 with the banks in various cities to be returned when the pressure is over. There is no lack of gold in America to sustain the country's system of credit, but it is not adjusted properly as a support to the system. The supply of currency does not flow and fluctuate to correspond to the demand in time and place for its use. The fabric of credit is a network ramifying through the texture of business, without elasticity and subject to continual strains which concentrate upon the banks of New York, where it is tightly anchored. When the strain gets too severe they have to call upon the banks of Europe for rescue with some of their gold, and now-a-days the Government Treasury has to help them out with its surplus supply. On this subject the New York *Journal of Commerce* makes some pertinent remarks:—

> There is much discussion of incidental and contributary causes, but there is one fundamental cause, which is all-sufficient to explain the disquieting and costly situation, and it is not lack of gold in the country. It is a lack of a proper use of the credit of banks, backed with the values at their command as security, for supplying currency when and where it is needed. By far the largest volume of currency by which exchanges and payments are effected consists of bank credit based upon deposits and circulated by means of cheques and drafts; but this does not come down to the hand to hand payments for wages and retail goods sufficiently to supply the place of current money. For that the banks need to be put on their credit in circulating notes, amply secured and redeemable on demand, to expand and contract according to the needs of time and place in the course of the seasons; but the Government will not allow it. It has tied their circulation fast to its own immovable credit and will not release it. The consequence is that it cannot expand and flow to and fro when and where it is needed, and recede to its sources when no longer required, making gold reserves mobile within the country, but becomes rigid and refractory, forcing up interest rates and straining for relief from abroad through the foreign exchanges. Every year these symptoms recur from time to time and grow malignant in the crop-moving season. At every recurrence they are solemnly discussed by the financial doctors and palliatives are applied by a paternal government from the public pharmacopeia, but the one simple and obvious remedy for the intermittent malady is never resorted to. Some day the disease will assume an alarming phase.

Canadian Pacifics Going Strong—The Company's Potentialities — Nearing the 200 Mark — Grand Trunk Earnings — Mexican Railway Seconds — Argentine Railways—B. A. Western New Capital.

Canadian Pacifics are justifying to the full my steady recommendation of them as an investment—I have before, in fact, described them as one of the most promising in all the market, and have advised a purchase of them ever since they stood at about 120. Since then they have received three or four half-yearly dividends, as well as two bonus share distributions equal to about $30; so that the individuals—and my correspondence shows that they are numerous—who bought anywhere on the way up have done well on their purchase. I have all along predicted that "Canadas" would within a relatively short space of time go beyond 200, and they are making rapid progress in that direction. A month ago they were made up at 175, a week ago at 183½, and they stand now at 188, and look stronger than ever. The buying is to some extent speculative, of course, and if the favourable pronouncements expected at the meeting this week are not made, we may have a temporary relapse. But that would not adversely affect the intrinsic merits of the shares: rather it might be regarded as a highly favourable opportunity for coming in with the certainty of a quick recovery. Investors who recognise even in part the enormous possibilities of development in the territory served by the Company, and in the land owned by it, will not allow themselves to be frightened by a drop of a dollar or two, should such a thing be brought about. I am always loth to initiate speculation solely as such, but I feel bound to say that on this basis "Canadas" are promising: while, as an investment giving a fair present yield and having great potentialities of appreciation, they are very hard to beat. The earnings are on a big scale, as usual. For the third week of September a gross increase of $260,000 is reported, bringing the aggregate gain since July 1 up to $3,526,000, or over £700,000. There is every prospect of these phenomenal figures being repeated, and their significance is the greater since they follow upon big totals last year. The Grand Trunk is also doing remarkably well. The traffic increase is £17,192, following upon £8,005 in 1905, and the gross improvement from July 1 is brought up to £194,726, in comparison with £88,182 for the corresponding period. There are still ten days' earnings to complete the quarter, and a gain in excess of £200,000 may be counted on. The record for the final quarter may or may not be so good, but the undertaking is assured of very large earnings, and, with reasonable expenditure, there should be no difficulty in paying the full 4 per cent. on the Third Preference stock. It is possible, as I said last week, that the hitherto forlorn Ordinary stock may get something, although it would not be wise to count upon that too much, as a good deal may happen between now and the end of the year. But at least, the stock is well worth buying to put aside. A dividend next year or the year following is not an unreasonable expectation, and by that time the stock will

Treatise on Options.—Mr. Arthur Crump, late City Editor of the *Times*, described "Options" as "The most scientific and prudent way of operating on the Stock Exchange." This system, although very popular on the Continent and in America, is not so well known amongst Investors here as its merits justify. We have just published a new Treatise on this subject which will be sent post free on application to the Secretary, London and Paris Exchange, Ltd., Bankers, Basildon House, Bank London, E,C., or from any of its Branches.

be very much higher. And when the Ordinary comes by a bit of its own, the Third Preference will be 90 at least. My table follows:—

—	A Year Ago.	Make-up, Sept. 25.	Closing Price, Sep. 29.
Canadian Pacific	178	183½	183⅝
Grand Trunks	26	27½	27⅛
,, 4 per cent. Guaranteed	104	104	104½
,, 1st Preference	115	120	120½
,, 2nd ,,	107	114	114½
,, 3rd ,,	61⅜	67½	63⅜
Bengal and North-West	156½	147	147
Madras Railway 5 per cent.	125	122½	122½
Argentine Great Western Ordinary	123½	118	116½
Buenos Ayres and Pacific	136½	125½	124
,, ,, 1st Preference	115½	118	117
,, ,, 2nd ,,	112	110	109½
,, Great Southern	145½	135	134½
,, Western	137½	134	133½
Entre Rios Railway Preference	94	89½	89
Rosario Consolidated Ordinary	112⅛	115½	113½xd
Cent. Uruguay Ordinary	92½	88	87½
Costa Rica Railway	2⅜	2⅜	2⅜
Mashonaland Railway Debentures, 2nd iss.	—	92	92½
Mexican Railway	25½	28½	28½
,, 1st Preference	1 7½	136½	137½
,, 2nd ,,	49	60½	61½
Nitrate Rails	16⅜	14½	14½

A good deal of speculative activity has developed in Mexican Railway issues, and I am glad to see that more attention is being paid to the Second Preference, which I have for some time past recommended for a speculative purchase. Firsts are a prime favourite, because there is always a fascination in speculating on what the next dividend will be; but they have not much higher to go, and it will be essentially the turn of the Seconds before very long. The standardisation of the dollar has made a great difference to the various railways in Mexico, and the country is prosperous and has a great agricultural and mineral future; so that a purchase of Seconds is tolerably certain to prove highly profitable in the end. In the wake of Seconds, but some distance behind, the Ordinary will follow. This stock is interesting because it seems to give you a lot for your money, and it will move at least as rapidly proportionately as the others. The Argentine market is inclined to pick up after a period of dulness, but much of the steam is out of the speculative side, and the public are no longer deeply interested, save as investors. On this basis the leading Argentines are quite attractive. To be sure, they are prone to increases of capital, but the money they raise is used for extensions designed to open up tracts of rich country at present inaccessible, and it quickly becomes productive. The B.A. Western is the latest line which proposes to raise more capital for this purpose, it having proposed to ask the proprietors at the annual meeting to sanction an increase from £13,000,000 to £16,000,000. Concessions have been obtained for new lines, the total length of which is 930 kilometres. The increase in the capitalisation would be lower, but the earnings are already greatly in excess of the amount required to pay dividends at the present rate of 7 per cent. per annum, while the company has very large reserves. The increase in the gross receipts of the line for the year is £266,356, equal to 17.59 per cent., and the increase in the net profit is £57,496, or 7.35 per cent. The number of miles open for traffic is 966, the same as last year. The working expenses amount to 52.83 per cent., as compared with 48.33 in 1904-5.

Kaffirs Quiet—Tendency to Harden—Cinderella Deep—Bushveld Tin Errors—Messina Copper—Beware the Diamond Boom.

Business in the Kaffir market is on so small a scale that it calls for very little in the way of comment. The movements either way are comparatively insignificant from day to day, and until the result of the approaching elections under the new Transvaal Constitution is placed beyond doubt, no material change in the course of the market is anticipated. It may be remarked, however, that while business is infinitesimal the tendency is, if anything, towards higher prices, the "Bears" being disinclined to take liberties with the market. When I referred to the shares of the Langlaagte Estate a fortnight ago as offering a promising investment, I omitted to mention the important fact that the Company has acquired a lease for twenty-five years over the Langlaagte Block B property. Shaft-sinking and development are now being vigorously prosecuted on the latter, an expenditure of £120,000 having been authorised for these and other purposes. For reasons of economy, the Langlaagte Estate mill is to be increased by the equivalent of 100 stamps, and the necessary additional cyanide plant is to be provided, instead of giving Block B a separate equipment. This arrangement will be of great advantage to both Companies. The Consolidated Main Reef is at last free from debt, and shareholders will be pleased to know that future profits, after allowing for development, will be available for distribution. For the twelve months to June 30 last the working profit earned by the Company was no less than £97,457. The mine is being worked in an economical manner, and it is satisfactory to hear that improving values have resulted from recent development work. At ⅞ Consolidated Main Reef shares certainly look cheap. Reports from the Salida Mines give such glowing accounts of the immensely rich ore which is being opened up there, that it would not be surprising to see some sensational business in the shares of the New Brighton Mines, Ltd., when the whole of the facts are made public. The New Brighton Mines, Ltd., is a Transvaal Company, and it has numerous large properties in that Colony, including a valuable and extensive alluvial gold area, and a farm on which rich copper lodes have been proved; but some time ago it acquired a controlling interest in the gold and silver mines of Salida, in the island of Sumatra, which were worked in the seventeenth and early in the eighteenth centuries by the Dutch East India Company. Under that régime, as can easily be imagined, the mines were worked in very primitive fashion, and the exigencies of the times only permitted of the richest ores being shipped to Holland for treatment. The official records prove that during the twenty-seven years when the mines were worked the selected ores sent home for treatment had an average assay value of £125 per ton for gold and silver, ore of lower grade being consigned to the "dumps." In some cases the ore assayed as high as 163 oz. of gold and 1,793 oz. of silver per ton, and the Dutch East India Company refused to send out the necessary plant to treat the rock for fear of having the product stolen. Some months ago an expedition was sent out to the property, with the result that numerous quartz veins, carrying extremely rich gold-bearing silver ores, which belong geologically to the same category as the silver veins of South America, and the famous Comstock lode in Nevada, United States, have been located and satisfactorily tested. These have been proved to yield high assay returns, and the old "dumps" show 7 oz. of gold and 40 to 50 oz. of silver per ton. The property is an immense one, it is adjacent to and easily accessible from the coast, labour and fuel are plentiful, there are no disturbing political factors, and the engineers who have inspected the mines are sanguine that they can be operated economically and with great profit. Developments are progressing most favourably in the east drive on the East Rand Extension Company's property, the highest assay giving 4 oz. 2½ dwt. over a width of twelve inches. The cablegram giving this information states that the average assay value since the previous message was 1 oz. 11 dwt. per ton over fifteen inches, the last thirty-five feet averaging 2 oz. 8 dwt. This is very good indeed, and not the least important item in the cable is the announcement that the reef has widened out to twenty-two inches. I hear that the reef at the Cinderella Deep, one of the deepest mines on the Rand, is turning out exceptionally rich, the average value being far above that of the mines in the Witwatersrand district. The Cinderella Deep reef was intersected at a depth of 4,000 feet, and developments in the mine have gone far to strengthen the confidence of speculators in Rand deep level propositions. The Messina (Transvaal) Development Company is making great progress in the exploitation of the huge copper deposits on its properties in the

Limpopo River region of the Transvaal. So far some 350 tons of ore have been sent home, the assay value being 60 to 65 per cent. of copper, yielding an approximate profit of £30 per ton. Very shortly the returns will be increased to 100 tons a month. The reports circulated some time since to the effect that gross errors of judgment have characterised development work on certain of the Bushveld tin areas of the Transvaal are confirmed. Through ignorance or carelessness the experts who have been directing the prospecting operations on behalf of the Bushveld Tin Mines, Limited, have failed to discover the true "strike" of the tin-bearing fissures on the farm Enkeldoorn, and, after eighteen months and the expenditure of many thousands of pounds upon "lodes," which were really "false leads," supposedly traversing the property almost due north and south, it is believed that the true fissures have a north-east south-west "strike." Shareholders can only smile and look pleasant in anticipation of an early verification of the latest theory. The boom in diamond properties continues at Johannesburg, and strenuous attempts are being made to interest Throgmorton-street in a few ventures of this description. Johannesburg revels in booms, regarding them as a relaxation from its propensity for politics, and from the effects of the acute depression which followed in the wake of the war; but it may be as well for speculators and investors on this side to understand that many of the so-called diamond mines that are being temptingly dangled before the public are absolutely innocent of diamonds except such as may be temporarily lodged there, an operation that is known as "salting." A happier designation, perhaps, would be "a little bit of sugar for the bird." The £10 shares of one diamond venture recently changed hands at Johannesburg at over £500, and in another case £2,000 would not now buy a £50 share in a syndicate. There have been other phenomenal rises, but, as in no case has the existence of a diamond mine been conclusively proved, it is unnecessary to say more on the subject.

Westralians Still Neglected—South Kalgurli's Dividend—Boulder Perseverance—Lake View.

General conditions in the Westralian market remain much as they have been recently. The volume of business transacted is exceedingly small owing to the continued public indifference and apathy, and, as a rule, the market is rather uninteresting. So long as there is no display of confidence it would be too sanguine to anticipate any material improvement, though, as I have frequently remarked, Kangaroos, collectively, are deserving of more consideration. At the outset, it is worth while referring to the final dividend of the South Kalgurli. This is 2s. per share, making 4s. for the year, or the equivalent of 20 per cent., and the mine having only attained the dividend stage six months ago, the achievement is quite satisfactory. The estimated profit, after providing for development, expenditure, and equipment, is £61,000, and when the dividends are deducted there is a balance of £19,000 available for further depreciation of plant and development. On the basis of a 4s. dividend the shares would return about 16 per cent., added to which they are not devoid of speculative possibilities, and, altogether, make a respectable holding. In consequence of the adverse rumours in circulation, the directors of the Great Boulder Perseverance have made a statement to the effect that there is "no sufficient cause or justification" for the depreciation that has occurred. A dividend of 6d. per share is declared, the same as a year ago, but it may be noted that there has been no corresponding distribution of the 6d. per share paid in July, 1905. The ore reserves at June 30 are estimated at 301,329 tons of an average value of 9 dwts. 3 grs. per ton, in comparison with 336,373 tons of an average value of 10 dwts. 4 grs. at the end of December. This represents a considerable shrinkage, though the probable reserves are approximated at an additional 185,349 tons averaging about 6 dwts., as against 140,466 tons of a similar value in December. To some extent this compensates for the shrinkage in actual reserves. It has long been recognised that the life of the Lake View Mine is very short, and the policy of acquiring interests in other directions has been pursued. The ore reserves show a slight increase on the half-year, being estimated at June 30, as 121,474 tons of an average value of 30s. 9d., in comparison with 103,050 tons averaging 31s. 6d. per ton in December. The reduction in value is offset, so it is stated, by a corresponding reduction in working costs. This total represents about a year's milling requirements, and it must be borne in mind that the property is not opening up well in depth. The shares are therefore worth holding on the possibilities connected with the other interests alluded to. My customary table follows:—

—	1900 High.	1905. High.	1905. Lowest.	Make-up, Sep. 24, 1906.	Closing Price, Sept. 22, 1906.	Closing Price, Sept. 29, 1906.
Associated G.M.	7⅝	3⅜	1 21/32	1 7/8	1½	1⅝
Assoc. Nth. Blocks	3⅜	1 7/32	1 3/32	1 3/32	1½	1 3/32
Brownhill Ext.	3¾	13/16	¾	8/6	9/-	8/6
Cosmopolitan	30/3	¼	¼	4/-	3/9	4/-
Golden Horseshoe	15	8 3/32	6 3/32	5¾	5¾	5⅜
Golden Link	3½	4/6	0/3	4/-	4/-	4/-
Great Boulder Prop.	37/6	25/6	20/-	20/-	26/-	25/3xd
Do. Main Reef	2¾	3/3	1/-	3/-	3/-	2/9
Do. Perseverance	18¼	16/6	9/6	8/-	8/-	7/9
Gt. Fingall Cons.	6 13/16	8⅝	6½	3 7/8	3¼	3 3/32
Hainault	1¾	1 1/16	⅞	1 1/16	1 1/16	1 1/16
Ida H. Gold	—	14/3	3/-	5/-	5/-	5/-
Ivanhoe (£5)	15½	8 7/8	7 9/16	6 27/32	6 15/16	6¾
Ivanhoe South Extnd.	4⅜	2¼	½	13/16	7/8	¾
Kalgurli	9⅜	9 1/8	6 5/16	10 15/16	10⅝	10⅜
Lake View Consols	5⅜	1⅝	1 5/16	1 5/16	1 5/16	1 5/16
L. & W. A. Exploration	1 15/16	15/6	7/-	9/-	9/6	9/-
North Kalgurli	1 15/16	6/-	0/6	1/-	1/-	1/-
Oroya Brownhill	—	3 23/32	2 15/32	2⅞	2⅞	2¾xd
Peak Hill	5⅜	8/9	0/3	-/9	-/9	-/9
Sons of Gwalia	6 3/4	2 5/32	1 27/32	1 5/16	1 5/16	1 5/16
South Kalgurli	6½	2	1 25/32	1 5/16	1 5/16	1 5/16
Westralia Mt. Morgans	—	1/8	1/8	2/-	2/6	2/6

Rhodesians Quieter—Tanganyikas the Centre of Interest—Bankets Still Low—Wanderers.

Like traffics, the Rhodesian market is suffering from what is best described as "dry rot," and is, generally speaking, devoid of any particular interest. After the recent spasm of activity, all the initiative would seem to have momentarily fizzled out. It is the old order of things re-established. There is no decided tendency, and the bulk of the interest is still centred in Tanganyikas, which wobble about somewhat erratically, according to the passing fancy. Although the terms of the new capital issue are known, there is still "something to go for," and perhaps when times become more auspicious the margin between the current market valuation and the option figure of the new shares will be lessened. A drawback is, of course, the length of the option period, and I think it worth while emphasising that Tanganyikas at the current quotation are nothing better than a gamble in these circumstances. It was different, of course, when, in the recent depression, they were recommended as a promising purchase, for since then the advance has been material, and anyway they will probably be obtainable cheaper by waiting. As regards Bankets, nothing fresh has transpired respecting the opening up of the property, and the shares continue somewhat lethargic. On the strength of what is known about development, however, I still regard the shares as a promising gamble at the relatively low price prevailing. Among the less important shares Wanderers are now coming in for attention, to the accompaniment of favourable rumours respecting development. These are extremely vague, and as yet they also lack official confirmation, but even this does not deter operators, who are also whispering that the company has repaid all the loan due to its parent, the Charterland Goldfields. In the absence of any authoritative information the shares do not appear to be in any way attractive, and I am inclined to regard the present movement as being the result of "interested" manipulation. The company has an authorised capital of £450,000, of which £400,000 has been issued, and is said to be earning a net profit of about £2,800 monthly.

Seeger's Hair Dye.—Dyes the hair by merely combing through. 2s. the Case, or Trial Bottle, mailed free from observation, 7d.—Hinde's Ltd., 1A, Finsbury, London.

It is a low-grade proportion, the results being obtained from 3 dwt. ore. My usual table follows:—

—	Capitals.		Denom. of Shares.	Amount Paid.	Highest 1905.	Closing Price, Sept. 22, 1906.	Closing Price, Sept. 29, 1906.
	Authorised.	Shares Issued.					
	£		£				
Bechuanaland Ex.	400,000	400,000	1	f.p.	1 11/16	1 1/16	1 1/16
British S. Africa	6,000,000	4,999,038	1	f.p.	1 3/32	1 1/32	1 1/16
Chicago Gaika	250,000	201,000	1	f.p.	2 3/8	5/6	5/6
Globe & Phœnix	200,000	250,000	1	f.p.	1 13/16	1 3/16	1 1/8
Lomagunda Dev	250,000	228,000	1	f.p.	2 1/16	1 3/32	1 1/16
Mashon. Agency	400,000	398,976	1	f.p.	1 3/8	1/2	1/2
N rth'rn Copper(B.S.A.)	250,000	160,500	1	f.p.	3 1/2	1 5/16	1 3/8
Rhodesia, Ltd.(New)..	600,000	600,000	1	f.p.	1	7/16	5/16
Rhodesia Expl.	225,000	227,777	1	f.p.	4 1/2	2 1/32	1 1/16
Rhodesia Glds.	1,000,000	500,677	1	f.p.	5/16	3/6	2/-
Rice Hamilton.....	175,000	50,000	1	f.p.	2 3/8	1 1/16	1 1/16
Selukwe	350,000	321,000	1	f.p.	1 1/4	2/6	2/6
Tanganyika Conc.	264 600	234,000	1	f.p.	6 3/4	6 3/4	6 1/4
United Rhodesia.....	750.000	660,900	1	f.p.	11/3	3/-	2 6
Willoughby Con.....	1,000,000	930,000	1	f.p.	1/16	10/-	9/9
Zambesia Explor.	300,000	288,615	1	f.p.	2 1/16	1 1/4	1 1/16

West Africans Idle—Copper Shares Strong—Anaconda Dividend—Arizonas—Esperanzas.

If the West African mining market is not actually dead, it is, to all intents and purposes, certainly moribund, devoid of any semblance of business, and utterly uninteresting—all of which, by the way, seems to imply that its rehabilitation in public esteem is postponed indefinitely. In point of interest, the strength of copper shares is a noteworthy feature. The price of the metal continues at a high level, so that the margin of profit to the producing companies must necessarily be large—a fact which is responsible for sanguine dividend expectations. From all indications, production is scarcely equal to current consumption of the metal, and with the statistical position strong, and the sentiment in the metal market "Bullish," copper shares as a group are still fairly interesting. The quarterly distribution of the Anaconda just announced is 150 cents, as compared with 137 cents for the preceding quarter, but, in spite of the fact that this is about the fourth consecutive increase, the market professed to be disappointed, having pitched its hopes even higher. In reality, however, there is nothing to grumble at. In regard to Rio Tintos, it is anticipated that the interim dividend due within a month will be 50s. per share as against 40s., and this explains the record price ruling for the shares. Arizonas, for some reason or another—probably the slight difficulty experienced with the plant—are not responding like the other shares to the influences at work. They are, however, exceptionally firm, and an upward movement seems probable very shortly. In these circumstances the Preferred Ordinary shares seem to make an attractive purchase. The Broken Hill group continue in favour, and I consider that, collectively, they are still fairly attractive. As regards Esperanzas, the official denial given to the rumours in circulation has not made much of an impression, though the price is well above that recently touched. Deducting the 10s. 6d. dividend declared, however, the quotation is still exceedingly low, and it is safe to say that were confidence to be restored the shares would be placed upon a materially higher basis.

—	Denomination of Shares.	Closing Price, Sept. 22.	Closing Price, Sept. 29.
	£		
Ashanti Goldfields	4/-	12/6	13/-
Akrokerri.....	1	1	1
Bibiani Goldfields	1	1 3/16	1 3/32
British Gold Coast.....	1	5/8	5/8
Gold Coast Amalgamated Mines	1	1 1/4	2
Taquah and Abosso.....	1	1 1/16	1 1/8
Wassau (Gold Coast).....	1	7/8	15/16
Egypt and Sudan Mining	1	7/8	7/8
Egyptian Mines and Exploration.....	1	4/-	3/6
Nile Valley.....	1	4/6	5/9
United African Exploration.....	1	1 1/2	1 3/4
Anaconda Copper	$25	15	14 5/16
Balaghat Gold.....	1	24/6	25/6
Broken Hill Proprietary	8/-	82/6	85/-
Cape Copper.....	2	6 1/2	6 3/8
Champion Reef	2/6	15/6	16/3
Le Roi	5	1 1/8	1 1/16
Mysore Gold	10/-	6 1/8	6 5/8
Nundydroog	10/-	26/-	26/6
Ooregum	10/-	14/3	15/6
Rio Tinto	5	72 1/4	73
Tharsis Sulphur and Copper.....	2	6 3/4	7 1/8
Waihi Gold	1	9 1/8	8 3/4

Insurance Notes—Rebate of Income Tax—Life Assurance as Investment—Comparison with Shares—Adaptability to all Requirements.

The Revenue Act of 1906, which came into force on the first of this month, provides for rebate on Income Tax on premiums paid for life assurance or deferred annuities effected in any insurance Company lawfully carrying on business in Great Britain or Ireland. Prior to 1904 this rebate was only allowed on premiums paid to life offices having their head office in the United Kingdom. The Finance Act, 1904, allowed the rebate on premiums paid to Colonial offices, and the new Act gives the same benefit in connection with payments to foreign offices doing business in this country. For all practical purposes this means the American offices and the new regulation comes at a very opportune moment for them. Hitherto they have had to persuade people that they could give as good value for 19s. paid in premiums as British offices could give for £1. This difficulty was in some cases surmounted by the Companies themselves paying back to the policyholders the amount to which they would have been entitled for rebate of Income Tax had the assurance been effected with a British Company. Quite recently the point has been discussed in the States, and ex-President Cleveland, to whom the matter was referred, expressed the opinion that for the Companies to make this rebate was a violation of the State of New York. Had this decision been enforced, it would have been extremely awkward for the American offices in this country, but for the new regulation contained in the Finance Act of this year.

With Income Tax at so high a rate as it is at present, this rebate upon life assurance premiums goes a long way towards making life assurance a particularly attractive investment. I can illustrate the value of the arrangement most clearly by considering the investment of £100 a year in life assurance and in other investments, such as stocks or shares. If a man pays a life office £105 5s. 3d. a year he can, so long as the amount paid in premiums does not exceed one-sixth of his income, and so long as Income Tax is 1s. in the £, claim a rebate of £5 5s. 3d., so making his net investment £100 a year. Thus for practical purposes he has to compare the return of £100 invested in shares with what an insurance Company will give him for £105 5s. 3d.

In considering the results obtained from life assurance, it is usual to reckon the rate of compound interest obtained upon the money actually paid to the life office. For the moment I will suppose that an assurance Company can return all the money paid accumulated at 3 per cent. compound interest; some life offices guarantee a return upon this rate under sinking fund policies which have nothing to do with either Income Tax or life assurance, but the rates for these policies serve to show that some perfectly sound offices, such as the Norwich Union and the Sun Life, are quite ready to pay 3 per cent. compound interest on the money they receive. In reckoning the 3 per cent. in this way, no deduction of Income Tax is made from interest or dividends; but if money invested in shares with the dividends re-invested immediately, were to yield a net 3 per cent., the dividends would have to be at the rate of £3 3s. 2d. per cent., since the 3s. 2d. would have to be deducted for Income Tax. To take a concrete example, I will suppose that a man takes an endowment assurance policy maturing at the end of twenty years, or at death if previous, for which he pays an annual premium of £105 5s. 3d. He receives a rebate of £5 5s. 3d. in the year, and at the end of twenty years he receives £2,913, a result which is by no means exceptional. If he invested exactly the same amount annually for twenty years in shares yielding interest at the rate of £3 10s. per cent. per annum, subject to tax, and if he could invest his money immediately at the same rate, he would in reality be accumulating his money at only £3 6s. 6d. per cent., since 3s. 6d. would be deducted for Income Tax; and at the end of twenty years he would have accumulated only £2,870, or £43 less than he would

have obtained from life assurance. Thus in the course of twenty years the Income Tax regulations cause a 3 per cent. investment in life assurance to be better than a 3½ per cent. investment in stocks or shares.

In these figures I am considering the worst case from a life assurance point of view, since I have supposed that the investor lives for the full twenty years. As a matter of fact, the life policy provides in the meantime a very valuable feature which shares do not give. If the man were to die after paying his first £100, he would receive more than £2,000 under the policy, and only about £100 from his shares; this benefit, of course, decreases as time goes on, but it is a feature of great value, which ought not to be ignored.

Considered as an investment, it is quite an underestimate to suppose that life assurance when well selected yields interest at only 3 per cent. It is quite easy, by combining a life assurance policy with an annuity, to obtain an absolutely safe investment yielding interest at the rate of £3 12s. 6d. per cent., the income commencing immediately, and continuing without fluctuation of either income or capital until death, when the whole amount invested is repaid to the man's estate. Moreover, life assurance lends itself to particular requirements in a way that no other form of investment does. If a man is earning a fair income at present, so that a small income from his investment suits his present needs, he can provide an income at the rate of about 3¼ per cent. for, say, twenty-five years, with the certainty of receiving more than 6 per cent. thereafter for the rest of his life, the whole amount invested being returned to his estate at death. If he is content with a smaller income at first, he can enjoy a much larger income later on; he can arrange for the income to increase gradually, or he can have a fixed income for as many years as he chooses, with a sudden large increase at any age he selects.

By means of properly chosen life assurance, he can draw a larger income at once, diminishing gradually, or suddenly, later on. If his special requirement is the largest possible income for himself and his wife so long as either of them lives, and there is no necessity to leave a large amount of capital at death, assurance is equal to this requirement, and meets it without any difficulty in the most advantageous way.

There is, in fact, nothing like life assurance for providing exactly what is wanted, when it is wanted. Very few forms of investment are so safe, and none are safer; while very few investments indeed that can be considered really secure are quite so profitable. When I talk to people in this way they are apt to express incredulity and to wonder how it is that life assurance Companies can yield such good returns accompanied by such excellent security. There are various causes for this which people in general do not recognise, and which I will try to explain at some other time. This week I have only referred to one of the causes, namely, the rebate of Income Tax on premiums, but the effect of this, as I have already shown, is quite considerable.

New Issue.

The following prospectus has been published:—

Victorian Government Four per Cent. Railway Loan (1881) for £4,000,000, maturing July 1, 1907. — The London and Westminster Bank, Limited, are instructed by the Government of Victoria to offer to the holders of £1,000,000 of the Bonds and the Inscribed Stock (including the Stock Certificates to Bearer) of this loan the option of at once converting the same into Victorian Government Three and a Half per Cent. Consolidated stock, 1929-1949. The bonds and stock of the 1881 Loan will be exchangeable for an equal amount of 3½ per cent. Consolidated Stock, 1929-1949, six months' interest on which will be payable on April 1, next. The payment in cash will be made on conversion at the rate of £1 7s. 6d. per cent. (less income tax), in adjustment of interest to 4 per cent. up to the date of maturity of the Loan.

Wedding Presents.—A choice selection of beautiful Dinner and Dessert Services, Breakfast, Luncheon, and Tea Sets, exclusive designs. Mortlocks, Ltd., the Old Pottery Galleries, Oxford-st., and Orchard-st., W. Inspection solicited.

"Truth" Letter Box.

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" reply by post.

Name and address, which must accompany all inquiries, should be written on the communication; cards are apt to be lost or misplaced, causing unnecessary trouble.

Anonymous letters will not in any case be attended to.

I cannot reply to inquiries by letter or telegram.

A nom-de-plume or initials (the former preferably) should be given if it is desired that the real name shall not appear in the paper.

Inquiries should be put as briefly as possible, plainly written, and numbered.

Communications received after Friday may not be replied to in the following issue. Delay may also occur where an exceptionally long list of securities is submitted.

I do not recommend brokers.

Government Securities.

Sweeds.—Official assurances have been given that all Russia's obligations will be faithfully met, but at the same time I would rather be content with a return of less than 6 per cent. than put my money into the new 5 per cent. loan. *Heder.*—Hold on to Mexican Fives, for the present, at all events. *J. P., Southwold.*—I do not recommend a sale of Consols at present, certainly not an exchange into the bonds you name. If you want a better interest upon your money try one of the better foreign Government stocks—say, Japanese, Chinese, Argentine, or Chilians. *J. H.*—On Government stocks you cannot obtain anything like the return you ask for. The best which I can recommend are India Three and a Half per Cents., and India Threes, which yield rather more than 3¼ per cent. *Drab and Maroon.*—Japanese Four and a Half per Cent. bonds (second series), Chilian Fives (1885), Argentine (B. A. Water) and Brazilian Fives (West of Minas), would meet your needs.

Railways.

Soupac.—The Southern Pacific has a good future, and in time its shares should be substantially higher than at present, always assuming that a reasonable degree of prosperity is maintained in the United States. As you paid for your shares, you need not worry about temporary movements. *Spero, Darlington.*—In view of the strikes on the Clyde, I think that Scotch stocks might be left alone for the present. The "Herries" are worth picking up now if you are prepared to hold them for a time. On the basis of present earnings, the dividends for the current half year will show a further recovery, and the yield upon an investment will work out at 4¼ to 4½ per cent. With equal security you can hardly do better, provided you can take up the stock you buy. But do not speculate on the "Bull" tack just at present. *Mill.*—Milwaukees are one of the best Yankees, but a policy of drift is the present keynote in that market, and a lower quotation seems very probable. If you cannot take up the shares you had better get out on the best terms possible. *Chemist.*—Canadian Pacifics ought to go to 200 before the end of this year. *Coburg.*—The company is doing well, and is extending its operations, but in the present state of the markets, buoyancy is out of the question. It would be well to average. *Paterfamilias, Bognor.*—You would be well advised to ignore the screeches of Cassandra and to look at the matter from a sane business standpoint. The San Paulo is all right. *Marguerite.*—Of those suggested, I should select Western of Havana shares.

Mines.

Campanology.—It might be advisable to average. *Vilverde.*—Both shares are unattractive. *Carlton.*—Do not join the reconstruction. *Leon Hamel, Avranches.*—Simmer and Jack, Rose Deeps, Goldfields, and Chartereds, will have a certain advance when conditions in the Kaffir market become a little more favourable. *Contract.*—The system seems a good one, and gives you a decent run for your money. *Barton.*—It is true that the profits for August constituted a record, but from the eagerness displayed recently by the insiders to attract public attention to the shares, it would appear that production is being forced, and that the said insiders are anxious to get out. I don't believe in your "getting in cheaply" theory. *Omikron.*—There is no valid reason for the disrepute into which Westralians have fallen. Whatever may have been the case in the past—and there were undoubtedly some pretty scandals—the leading mines are well and honestly managed, and they furnish you with all the essentials of a good mining speculation. *Giorgio.*—The next Oroya Brownhill quarterly dividend ought to be declared in December. The life of the mine as a high grade producer will not extend for more than a couple of years longer, and then the dividends must be reduced. But as a low grade proposition, the property should last for a number of years. *H. H. F., Brixton.*—1. You ought to get out as soon as possible. 2. Tanganyikas might be left for a recovery. *Erratic.*—1. I have not a high opinion of the prospects of the company. 2. The last dividend declared on "Johnnies" was 2s. in December, 1904.

Mixed Securities.

Match.—1. I believe the concern has been liquidated, but I have no details. 2. British North Borneos are a reasonably fair speculative investment. 3. Sanata Fé Lands are hopeful. 4. There is not much likelihood of New York Ontarios going up to the figure

at which you bought, and as the immediate outlook for the American market is doubtful you had beter sell. 5. The investment is a good one. 6. There is practically no likelihood of the Russian Government suspending payment of dividends on its bonds and railway bonds. *Creeper.*—1. City and South London Railway stock might be held for a better profit. 2. Associated Portland Cements Preference ought to go higher. *Como.*—1. It is quite probable that Briseis Tin shares will go to about 17s. or 18s. 2. I should be inclined to hold on to the two English railway stocks. *Greenhorn.*—The three shares might be held, but I should buy no more, and I should not be inclined to average, because there are plenty of desirable investments for any available capital which you may have. *Cartagena.*—1. By an error of transcription the word Preference was used instead of Debenture. 2. I do not think it is worth while at any time endeavouring to analyse the contents of a bucket-shop circular. 3. It should be obvious to all people who receive these circulars that they cannot hope to obtain security for their money, and at the same time command such a high rate of interest. 4. The prospects of the mine are quite doubtful, and I should not be inclined to increase my holding. 5. Cut the loss. *Fifth William.*—1. Pekin Syndicates are certainly worth holding for at least a few months, when production on a large scale will have been begun. 2. There should be a material advance in the price of Utah Apex shares. 3. I should suggest Goldfields Ordinary, East Rands, Casons, New Brightons, and Johnnies. *Prescience.*—Furness Withys are good, Spencer Santos are fair, but the African Brewery and the Bank shares are not likely to have any recovery until conditions in South Africa show a decided improvement. *Stock Pot.*—For a safe investment in several lots of £100 each to bring in about 5 per cent. interest, you could scarcely improve upon the selection which you have submitted to me. They have the advantage of not being subject to violent fluctuations. *Navy, Barrow.*—1. The best of the four are the two New Zealand mines. 2. I would not give much for Kent Colliery shares. *James, Newry.*—1. The Crown Reef has a life of about seven years. The capital of the company is £120,000, all paid up. There is a free market in the shares. 2. The Cason Mine has a life of about ten years. The capital is £500,000 in £1 shares. 3. Hold the Great Central Railway Preferred Ordinary Stock, which will have a further very substantial appreciation within the next two or three years. *Sharrow.*—All three holdings are undesirable, and should be sold now to avoid further loss. The least doubtful is the rubber share, but you will have to wait some years for the fulfilment of a very doubtful promise. *Xavier.*—1. Canadian Pacifics are likely to go to 200 before the end of this year. 2. Hudson Bays are already very near 100; they are talked to 110. 3. Your Kaffirs will give you a profit if you can hold them for a better market. 4. Johannesburg Fours or Rand Water Board stock would suit.

Miscellaneous.

Koko.—You would be well advised not to entrust the concern with your money. The high rate of interest offered is utterly incompatible with security. *Theo. Trapp.*—I am under the impression that the company no longer exists. *Nemo.*—I have a poor opinion of the concern. *H. L. B.*—It is obviously a money-lending establishment, despite the high sounding title. Many thanks. *Notts.*—Apollinaris and Johannis Ordinary give 7⅛ per cent., Bovril Ordinary 6¼ per cent., and Slaters 6⅜ per cent. The others are worth holding, though the "shop" company is one of the "silent" sort, failing to publish any proper report, etc. *Chemist.*—I regret my inability to advise you regarding the concern, nor can I find its address. Presumably it is a private undertaking. *Simplicity.*—You would be very unwise to "touch" the special deal, which is nothing more nor less than a blind pool. *Virginia Water.*—My objection to Cunliffe, Russell, and Co., of Paris, is that they charge exorbitantly for the bonds. Some of the bonds are not unattractive; others are undesirable; but you might realise that the odds against your drawing a full winner are stupendous. *Silex.*—Both are old established institutions, but I should prefer the Union. *Digbys, Exeter.*—See foregoing reply to "Virginia Water," and leave the company alone. The bonds are procurable at current market prices from any of the Crédit Lyonnais agencies, or N. Keizer and Co., 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C. *Nine.*—Address is being forwarded, as desired. *Malin.*—Both the nitrates and the iron share make a promising purchase, but whether they will be obtainable cheaper by waiting is problematical. 3. Cannot say. *Drew.*—It is quite unreasonable to expect a yield of 5 per cent. with absolutely gilt-edged security. The purely gilt-edged stocks—British Government stocks—give about 3 per cent. at present. Follow my remarks week by week, and then judge for yourself. *Mead, Liverpool.*—The communication alluded to has evidently been mislaid. The concern named is an undesirable bucket-shop, has pleaded the Gaming Act, and altogether might be avoided. Peruse rules regulating the "Letter Box." *Argyll.*—They are all right. *Spiffers.*—Bank shares have one drawback, the liability involved by uncalled capital; £100 shares, for instance, have only £20 paid up in many cases, but with the well-established concerns the risk is, of course, very remote. *Anxious Z.*—I know nothing about the first and last-named, but you might leave the second alone. Ask the Scottish Temperance and the Century Insurance Companies for terms. *J. P., Tuebrook.*—Do not purchase any of No. 1, as they are scarcely cheap. You could also improve upon Lipton's and No. 3, but the others are a tolerably fair selection. Burnell's, too, are hardly desirable. *"Lover of Truth."*—I am constantly uttering warnings against Cunliffe, Russell, and Co. It is not the way to enlarge one's income by any means. See foregoing reply to "Virgin a Water." *Workingman.*—Quite undesirable. See reply to "Koko." *Pole.*—Continue payment of the premiums. *E. C., Ventresdorp.*—I know nothing about the concern; have not, in fact, ever heard of its existence before. *Kerlin.*—"B" is all right, but "A" is simply a bucket-shop. *J. P., Tuebrook.*—I am obliged for the sheaf of bucket-shop literature with which you have favoured me. I am afraid there is no remedy (short of the good sense of the recipients), unless the Postmaster-General can be induced to take action.

City Notes.

Industrial Quiet—Hudson's Bays—Pekin Explanation—The Financial Position—High Yielding Shares—Textiles—Iron and Steel Shares and the Strike—Nitrate Firm—South African Banking—Bank Shares—Poor Beer.

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There is nothing more harmful to the Stock Exchange than a feeling of uncertainty; it militates against any expansion of business, and, as a rule, makes a bad impression upon values. In spite of this unsettlement, created by the monetary position and the threatened strikes, the Industrial market holds up relatively well. In point of interest the renewal of the upward movement in Hudson's Bays is most continuous. These shares have scored a fresh high level record, almost touching the 100 figure so freely predicted. To a certain extent the movement was undoubtedly accelerated by the market position, though it must also be noted that the "Bull" contingent are seizing the opportunity to again enlarge upon the possibilities of the concern, and hint at a still higher price. With conditions throughout the country flourishing, the Hudson's Bay Company must no doubt be doing good business, and the prospects, too, are bright,. In the matter of Pekin Syndicates the shares have not benefited from the Board's "vindication," and their refutation of the rumours circulated. Progress is still being made at the Ja-mei-sen Collieries, though the operations at Shansi are being retarded by the Government's delay in giving a working permit. The water difficulty would seem to be an important factor, so much so, in fact, that the Company has sent out an expert to advise upon this aspect of the case. It is hoped that the Shansi permit will shortly be obtained, and then it is proposed to go on with the iron smelting at Shansi, in which, it will be remembered, the Chinese Government is to have participation. Such a partnership is calculated to establish firmly the Company's position. As regards coal, when the difficulty of sinking is overcome an output of 2,000 tons daily may be expected at the Ja-mei-sen pits for a full sixty years. The financial position is considered very strong, £774,000 in Chinese Gold bonds being held, in addition to £180,000 in cash, etc. On the strength of this, I still regard Pekins as being a promising holding for a fairly long shot. The following is a list of high yielding Industrials, which I have prepared for those readers who fancy such things, though it may be added that high yields and first-class security rarely go together:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Apollinaris and Johannis	6½	£7 8 0
Associated Cement Cum. Pfce	7⅞	7 0 0
Bovril Dfd.	9/6	8 0 0
Carlton Hotel	1¼	7 10 0
Chadburn's (Ship) Telegraph	1⅜	8 0 0
Greenwich Linoleum	1⅛	6 14 0
Schweppe Dfd.	⅞	8 10 0
Slate's	2⅛	6 9 0

There being nothing left to "go for"—to use a market expression—Textiles are somewhat neglected with values, in spite of the satisfactory achievements of the past years, inclined to droop. From all accounts, however, the industry continues to enjoy quite a fair degree of prosperity, and the shares would not make a poor purchase, especially if the depreciation in prices should go further. Iron and Steel shares are still rather quiet, the strike on the Clyde and its possibilities not being a good feature, but, nevertheless, I am still disposed to believe that there are many promising things obtainable in this group. The industry is still active, and the outlook is bright enough, while it may be that any labour troubles will be compromised. South Durhams and Cargo Fleets are being well supported, and I still regard both shares as being a promising purchase, but there are, of course, scores of others worthy of attention, notably Armstrongs and Vickers. Once again Willans and Robinson make a lugubrious showing, though its achievement is, perhaps, a little better than a year ago. At Rugby there is a profit of

£4,100, as against a loss of £8,600, and at Queen's Ferry a loss of £10,600, against one of £14,300. In all, the deficit is £6,500, as against one of £22,900, but the debit balance is still £122,500, apart from the sum of £92,900 in suspense, and at the present rate looks like "strangling" the concern in course of time. The £5 Ordinary and Cumulative Preference shares which stand at about 1 and 3 respectively are certainly not overvalued. There is nothing fresh to chronicle in relation to Nitrates, which still receive a fair amount of support on the strength of the knowledge that the industry is flourishing, and that it is not proposed to burden it with any extra taxation. Conditions in South Africa still remain depressed—a conclusion substantiated by the results of the Standard Bank, the profits being again slightly lower, though the dividend is maintained on the 18 per cent. per annum basis for the third consecutive half-year. Previously the 18 per cent. basis has been established for five half-years. When the conditions in the country improve, it is likely that the banking concerns will benefit, and that their shares will recover. Here is a list showing the yield on Bank shares. The one drawback they possess is involved in the uncalled capital, but the risk in the case of the established institutions is, of course, remote:

	Price.		Yield per Cent.
African Banking (£10 – 5 paid)	5	.....	£5 14 0
Bank of Africa (18¾—6¼)	11¾	.....	5 9 0
Lloyds (50—8)	32½	.....	4 9 0
London and County (80—20)	95	.....	4 4 0
London and South Western (50—20)	71½	.....	4 9 0
London and Westminster (100—20)	52	.....	4 18 0
Pans (100—20)	86	.....	4 12 6
Standard of South Africa	79	.....	5 9 0

The threatened legislation, calculated to burden the industry still further, is still dominating Brewery securities, which remain at a very low level, the knowledge that the improved industrial conditions throughout the country must result in greater sales being unavailing. In my opinion all the adverse possibilities seem to be generously discounted, and there are certainly many shares worth picking up, more especially among those of the provincial group, which make very fair holdings. VIGILANT.

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QUEER STORY.

SIR JOHN EXMOUTH'S COURTSHIP.

IT is now a good many years since Chief-Detective Inspector Pipon, of the Criminal Investigation Department, retired upon a well-earned pension, and I believe that few events have ever been hailed with greater rejoicing by the criminal population of the metropolis. Not without reason, either, for New Scotland Yard had never turned out an officer more astute, more persevering, or more relentless in the hunting down of criminals. His range of acquaintance among men of this class was extraordinarily extensive. He knew them as a shepherd knows his sheep, had their whole history at his fingers' ends, was perfectly familiar with the haunts which they frequented, and, if he wanted any one of them, could put his hand upon him, or her, at a moment's notice. No wonder, then, that they rejoiced when "Old Pip," as they called him, retired from active service.

But, not being the sort of man who cared to live an idle life, he set up, as so many ex-detectives do, in the private inquiry line. It was while he was thus engaged that the circumstances which I am now about to relate came under his cognisance. I had them from his own lips—for he is a personal friend of mine; and since I cannot hope to better Old Pip's racy style of narration, I shall try to tell the story, as far as possible, in his very words.

"You want some good copy for one of those 'Queer Stories' of yours that you write for Truth—eh?" said Old Pip, taking his pipe from between his teeth and contemplating it affectionately. "Well, if you want something downright queer and novel, out of real life, I don't know that I can do better than tell you how Sir John Exmouth courted Lady Juniper—these, by the way, not being the real names of the parties concerned, which professional etiquette forbids me to divulge.

"It's an odd story—in its way—one of the oddest I ever came across. I should think it would work up well in print; and I'm quite sure it will interest you. Anyway, here goes.

"Sir John Exmouth was a man whose acquaintance I first made in connection with certain divorce proceeding which he instituted successfully against his former wife. He employed me to collect evidence and, while so employed, I naturally saw a good deal of him. A rum file was Sir John—quite a curio, in fact. Had his head stuffed full of all sorts of odd notions that would never occur to the average sane man. But he was gifted with a cynical, sardonic humour that made him rattling good company, when he was in the mood, all the same. And many's the entertaining chat he and I've had together.

"Well, Sir John was dead set on marrying Lady Juniper. I should have thought his experience with his first wife ought to have given him a sickener of matrimony. But such was not the case. The decree hadn't been made absolute three months before he was making up to Lady J. for all he was worth.

"Now what he saw so peculiarly attractive about her ladyship, I never could make out. She had a goodish bit of money, it's true (but then, so had Sir John—quite as much as he wanted), while her personality was, to say the least of it, the reverse of bewitching. She was middle-aged, she was fat, she had already begun to develop a third chin, and—to make matters worse—she was a sort of gloomy hypochondriac, living the life of a recluse and lavishing all her affection on a fat, stuffy, evil-smelling pug-dog, which she called Fi-Fi.

"However, want to marry her Sir John did, and that's all about it. Indeed, if you come to that and set yourself to solve the problem about every pair of lovers you meet, 'what the deuce can so-and-so see in so-and-so?' you'd find yourself in a perpetual state of being hopelessly stumped. For falling in love's a queer game, subject to no rules or regulations that I could ever discover, and governed by no law of rhyme, reason, or probability——"

"Hilloa! Pip," I interposed, "I didn't know that you were a philosopher."

"All married men are philosophers," he answered, with a feeling sigh. "If they don't begin by being so, it's soon forced upon them. Indeed, I don't mind admitting to you—for it's an open secret that my domestic life ain't exactly a bed of roses—I spend half my time in philosophising as to what the d——l ever made me fall in love with Mrs. P."

"And have you found the answer to that question?" I laughed.

"No," he said, "nor ever shall. . . But let that pass Now you'd have thought that Lady Juniper, at her time of life, and with her face and figure, would have jumped at a well-preserved, well-connected, well-bred, and good-looking old fellow like Sir John Exmouth. And certainly, she did favour him more than she had ever favoured any of her other suitors (who, it was pretty obvious, were after her for her money); inasmuch as she received him at her house, and was quite friendly and pleasant to him. But there it stopped. Marry him she wouldn't. Fifty times, at least, Sir John asked her, and fifty times she said 'No!' But (so he told me, for he was quite open with me, was Sir John) she didn't refuse him like a woman who was averse to him, but rather with an air of reluctance—as though she had some secret reason that compelled her to go against her own personal inclinations in the matter. In fact—from the accounts Sir John gave me—I began to suspect that she must already have a black sheep of a husband hidden away somewhere in the background. But when I suggested this to Sir John, he scouted the idea. 'Not she,' he said. 'Whatever reason she has—and I shan't rest till I've found it out—it's not *that*, Pip, my boy. Shouldn't wonder if it wasn't only some silly trifle, after all. Women are

queer things. You never know what they're up to. But I can tell you this. Lady J.'s got to marry me, sooner or later. And if she doesn't, I've got to know the reason why.'

"It wasn't many days after this conversation that Sir John came round to my office looking very fierce and determined.

"'The last three times I've called, she's refused to see me,' he said, 'so I'm going to place the matter in "other hands," as dunning tradesman say. Pip, my boy, I want you to put me on to an expert dog-stealer.'

"'A what!' I ejaculated, entirely surprised by so odd and unexpected a request.

"'A dog-stealer,' he repeated—stamping his foot impatiently—'You're not deaf, are you, Pip?'

"'Hardly,' said I. 'But what do you want me to put you on to a dog-stealer for?'

"'Never mind,' he answered. 'I want it. That's enough for you. Now then. How much longer are you going to keep me waiting?'

"I gave him the name of a man I knew, called Perks (not his real name, of course), who was an artist in that particular line, and also the name of a certain public house in Soho, where he might be inquired for. Sir John, after taking down these particulars in his pocket-book, went off without a word.

"Being very busy just then with other matters, I hadn't much time to think about Sir John and his affairs. A week or so later, however, I happened to run up against this fellow Perks, and he stopped and spoke to me.

"'I say, Pip,' he began, 'Rummy old cove that, as you sent along to me the other day. Good man to do business with, though, even if he is a bit dotty. Paid me fifty quid down, he did, to pinch a mangy beast of a pug-dawg wot'd be dear at a gift, and promised me fifty more for keeping the brute till I receive further instructions from him. I'm to get the reward offered by the old lady, too, when the right time comes——'

"'Pug-dog? Old lady?' I struck in. 'Ah! It was Lady Juniper's dog he put you up to steal, then?'

"'Yus,' says Perks. 'That's the old gal. Though wot he wants 'er beastly dawg for 's more than I can guess. 'Owsomever, that's no affair of mine. Sir John's money's O.K., which is orl as I cares about. And I say, Pip, if you've any more such blokes up yer sleeve, wot wants similar light and easy little jobs done on the same terms, yer might send 'em along. See?'

"'So ho!' thinks I to myself. 'I see how it is. Sir John means to use Fi-Fi as a lever to force the old girl's hand. It's his intention to undertake to get the dog back for her on condition that she consents to marry him. Yes! yes! Obviously that's what he's after.'

"And in the case of any other man, the inference would, doubtless, have been as correct as it was obvious. But—as I might have known—it was dangerous to draw the obvious inference from anything Sir John Exmouth did; for the simple reason that such inference was always sure to be wrong.

"Next morning, I had another call from the baronet.

"'Pip,' he said, 'I want you to do me a further little favour. Will you be so good, this time, as to put me on to a smart and reliable cracksman?'

"'Hilloa!' I ejaculated. 'What felony's in the wind now, Sir John? Doesn't the possession of Fi-Fi give you sufficient hold over her ladyship, then?'

"'Hold over her ladyship? Who wants a hold over her ladyship. I'm sure I don't!' he replied, with a shrug of his shoulders. 'She's got to marry me *willingly*, if she marries me at all. It was for that reason I wanted Fi-Fi——'

"'But how the dickens can your having stolen Fi-Fi induce her to marry you *willingly*?' I inquired.

"'It can't—of itself,' he said. 'Fi-Fi was only the first step. Now I want something else—in fact, to be quite candid with you—I want Lady Juniper relieved of her family jewels.'

"'Her family jewels? Of what earthly use can her family jewels be to you?' I demanded.

"'None whatever. *I* don't want the jewels. Wouldn't have 'em if they were offered me. What I do want is that she should be relieved of them. And that done, the cracksman who relieves her of them is very welcome to stick to 'em for his trouble,' he answered, with perfect *sangfroid*.

"'But why——' I began.

"Sir John, however, cut me short.

"'Look here,' he said, 'I've answered quite enough of your confounded questions, Pip. I don't mean to be catechised any further. Besides, I'm in rather a hurry. So just give me the name and address of a suitable cracksman—there's a good fellow.'

"He asked for it as calmly as if he had been asking for the name and address of a tailor, or grocer, or other respectable tradesman. The criminal side of the affair, and the serious risks he ran, did not seem to occur to, or at any rate to trouble, him. It was so like Sir John Exmouth.

"I really felt that I ought to caution the old boy.

"'I can, of course, put you on to the sort of man you want,' I replied. 'But pray bear in mind that by doing what you suggest you stand something more than an off-chance of being sent into penal servitude!'

"'Do I?' he rejoined, with supreme indifference. 'Well, that's as may be. Anyhow, my mind's made up to this course, and I'm going to put it through. Come! out with the name of your man. If you won't tell me, I shall have to go to some one else who will.'

"Well, Sir John was a good client, whom I didn't want to offend, and as I saw that he was bent on having his way, I gave him the requisite information—supplying him with the name and address of the most accomplished cracksman of my acquaintance then at large. Suppose we call him Jenkins.

"Sir John thanked me and departed. It was only two or three days later that this man Jenkins, who was quite the gentleman in his way, called at my office to thank me for having thus put business in his way.

"'Awfully obliged to you,' he said, 'for thinking of me. It was quite the queerest commission I ever had to execute, and about one of the softest. That Sir John Exmouth's a ripper. Not only paid me £250 for my services—half down in advance, and the other half on my production of the stuff to him, but when I took him the goods this morning (having done the little job at Lady J.'s last evening, while she was at dinner), he told me he didn't want the d——d things, wouldn't touch 'em with a barge-pole, and that, in fact, I was very welcome to 'em for my trouble. Now, I call that something like a man to do business for, don't you?'

"'Yes, Jenkins. I should think you'll have come uncommon well out of it. The jewels are worth a large sum, I suppose?' I inquired.

"'Well, not quite so much as I expected,' answered Jenkins. 'There are too many opals among 'em. And people won't buy opals nowadays. There's some d——d nonsense about their being unlucky. So though these are superb specimens, I don't suppose I shall get much for 'em. However, there's a nice little lot of brilliants in addition—which ought to be worth some money. So altogether, I don't think I need grumble. Thanks once more, Pip, for having recommended me to Sir John. But I say; what's his game? What the deuce made him pay me so handsomely for pinching the stuff, and then, after all, not want it when I'd pinched it for him? Is it that he just wants to spite Lady J., or is the old boy barmy on the crumpet, or what?'

"'Oh! Sir John is not barmy,' I answered, 'He's eccentric and always doing odd and unaccountable things. But it generally turns out that he has had some method in them, though exactly what his method may be in this particular case I don't pretend to understand.'

"'Well, after all, I don't know that it matters much to you or me, so long as we get our money—eh! Pip?' laughed Jenkins

"'No,' I replied, 'I don't know that it does.'

"Jenkins had not been many minutes gone, when—to my surprise—who should walk in but my other friend, Perks, the dog-stealer. Perks was carrying under his left arm a horribly fat and hideous beast of

a pug, which I immediately guessed must be Lady Juniper's pet, Fi-Fi. The chap, as usual, brought a smell of whisky with him, and was more talkative than usual.

"'What ho, Pip old man!' he said, 'as I was parsin' I thought I'd just give you a look in. See this 'ere beast? Well, it's the old gal's dawg as I'm on the way to take back to 'er by Sir John's instructions. There's fifty quid reward offered and no questions arst, which with the 'undred I've already 'ad from the bart., makes a 'undred and fifty; an orl for this 'ere bloomin' compound 'o fat, mange, snuffles, and diseased liver, wot's only fit for bein' made into sossidges. I say, Pip, good thing for you and me as there's some lunatics about as isn't shut up in 'sylums, isn't it?'

"'Speak for yourself, Perks,' I said.

"'Wot?' he retorted, 'Ain't Sir John paid you nuthink, then?'

"'Not for stealing old lady's pug dogs,' I rejoined. After some more chaff he sloped off, leaving me more puzzled than ever about Sir John Exmouth's little game."

At this point, my friend the ex-detective paused to relight his pipe, which had gone out in the course of his narration.

"Next thing I heard of Sir John," he resumed, when he had completed the little business of the pipe, "was that Lady J. had accepted him, and that the marriage was going to take place almost immediately. And a few days later, Sir John himself came to see me, and to bring me a card of invitation to the wedding.

"'Well, Pip,' said he, in his friendly, genial way, while a self-satisfied smile played about his clean-cut lips. 'You see that my new and original method of courting her ladyship by stealing her pet-dog and her family jewels, has been amply justified by results. I told you—didn't I?—that if she was going to marry me at all, she should marry me willingly. Well, when I proposed for the fifty-first time last Monday, she not only didn't say 'No!" She actually threw herself into my arms. Now, can you guess why the course I took resulted in this sudden change of attitude, on her part, towards me?'

"'It's beyond me,' I replied.

"'So would it be beyond any man,' answered Sir John, 'who had not made an exhaustive study of women in general, and of Lady Juniper in particular, as I have. You have heard me speak of her as a hypochondriacal sort of woman, perpetually in the blues, and always imagining that some disaster was hanging over her?'

"I nodded.

"'Can you guess the cause of it?' he asked.

"'Well, it sounds rather like liver,' I hazarded.

"'No,' said Sir John. 'It wasn't liver, Pip. It was —opals.'

"'Ah!' I remarked, a glimmering of light beginning to dawn on me—'The family opals!'

"'Just so,' rejoined Sir John. 'Being unusually superstitious, even for a woman, she firmly believed that the possession of those opals laid her under a curse, and that any new venture on which she might embark, while they were in her possession, was doomed to disaster. . . . That was why she wouldn't accept me, although she was dying to do so—because of the opals.'

"'But if she feared all this misfortune owing to the possession of the opals, why the deuce didn't she get rid of them by selling them, or giving them away?' I inquired.

"'Because,' replied Sir John, 'she had an extraordinary idea that any collusive attempt to dodge the laws of fate by voluntarily getting rid of the opals would not only be worse than useless, but would actually involve her in instant and condign punishment at the hands of the Nemesis she was thus trying to befool. All this I gathered, partly by observation, partly by intuition, and, having at length sized up the situation, I took steps accordingly. Step No. 1 was the stealing of Fi-Fi. Fi-Fi's disappearance was at once put down to the baneful influence of the opals. Step No. 2 was the stealing of the opals themselves. Lady Juniper, though she dared not say it, was more overjoyed by their disappearance than if you had given her half a million of money. She felt that the curse was lifted. This salutary conviction was confirmed by the restoration of her precious Fi-Fi (step No. 3) on the very day after that on which the opals had disappeared. In fact, she regarded her pet's return, at that significant moment, as a special intimation from Providence that the curse was finally removed. So, there being now no longer any reason against it, she (step No. 4) accepted me. So there we are!'

"And that," said my friend the ex-detective, as he concluded his narration, "is the Queer Story, from real life, of Sir John Exmouth's courtship of Lady Juniper."

MUSIC.

SIR EDWARD ELGAR'S NEW ORATORIO.

THE event of the week is, of course, the production of "The Kingdom" at Birmingham. At the moment of writing it has not been possible to hear the work, the first performance of which takes place to-morrow morning (Wednesday); but perusal of the pianoforte score, published by Messrs. Novello, is sufficient to give assurance that Sir Edward Elgar has produced in this case a work of rare beauty and significance. Taken as a whole, "The Kingdom" is doubtless open to some extent to the criticism passed on "The Apostles," in that it consists rather of a series of separate scenes than of one single theme treated as a coherent whole. But even so, the scenes are, in this case, more closely and logically connected, and the general effect of the music is consequently much more satisfactory than that of the former work. As to the scope of "The Kingdom," it is not quite clear on the face of it whether it is to be regarded as the final section of the whole undertaking begun with "The Apostles," or whether still another instalment has yet to come. No indication on this point is given in the score itself, which, indeed, curiously enough, does not even indicate that "The Kingdom" is a continuation of "The Apostles," although, as every one knows, this is the case—the same themes being employed in each. Perhaps Elgar has done this deliberately, with a view to leaving himself a free hand as to pursuing the subject further or not in the future. Certainly, there is no reason why he should not give us yet another work on the same theme, if so disposed.

Obviously, if it was Sir Edward's original intention to cover the whole ground of the Apostle's mission, "culminating in the establishment of the Church among the Gentiles" (to quote from his preface to "The Apostles"), "The Kingdom" leaves the story still incomplete. Such further notable episodes of that memorable history as the martyrdom of St. Stephen, the conversion of St. Paul, and the martyrdom of St. James, to say nothing of such minor incidents as those associated with the names of Ananias and Sapphira, the imprisonment of St. Peter, and so forth, would provide picturesque material in plenty for Sir Edward's fertile pen. In oratorio, however, as elsewhere, enough is as good as a feast, and perhaps Sir Edward may be disposed to consider that the Apostles and their doings have now received substantial justice at his hands and turn his mind to other themes. Sir Edward's admirers are, indeed, not few who regret the amount of time and attention which he has bestowed already on a class of work which some had fondly supposed to have had its day and ceased to be. But that is neither here nor there just now. Whatever opinion may be entertained regarding the oratorio as an art form, there can hardly be two questions as to the rare originality, beauty, and distinction of the music which Elgar has put into "The Kingdom." A study of the pianoforte score suggests that the work is a distinct advance as regards its music on "The Apostles." That work contains many noteworthy pages and many marvellous technical exercises which fail more or less to come off in performance. How "The Kingdom" may turn out under the

latter head remains to be judged, but if one may go by the score the composer has profited by past experience, and has avoided that excessive complexity which goes to mar the effectiveness of the earlier work. His style seems to have gained in mellowness and sweet reasonableness. His progressions are more natural, his harmonies less disconcerting.

Greater familiarity with the music, also, has something to do with the matter, no doubt. Many of the leading themes employed are now old friends, through their occurrence in the earlier work, and are welcomed as such. But a difference of method and treatment on the composer's side is discernible, too. At the same time, this greater simplicity happily implies no falling off in Elgar's powers. On the contrary, "The Kingdom" contains some of the finest music which he has so far given to the world. Elgar shows himself once again in this work possessed of the rare faculty of writing music which, while entirely original and intensely expressive, yet makes an immediate and irresistible appeal. You have not to stop and consider, as in the case of so much modern music, whether you really like it or not. At the same time, the mystical and spiritual atmosphere of the whole is marvellously preserved throughout. There seems no limit to Elgar's resourcefulness in the production of fascinating figures and tender, poignant harmonies, which are at once beautiful and appealing, and at the same time most subtly and delicately expressive. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that since Wagner no one has shown like genius in this respect. Whether all the beauties of his score will come out in performance is perhaps another question. In "The Apostles," unfortunately, much is lost in performance which study of the score reveals. The music is there, as you plainly perceive from the printed page. But as often as not it does not reach the ear. It is to be hoped that the music of "The Kingdom" may turn out more happily in this all-important regard. But only actual hearing of the work can determine that.

The winter concert season, which started with Herr Kreisler's recital at Queen's Hall on Saturday (when that famous artist obtained a great reception), promises to be full of interest. In fact, it would consume much space to indicate even a tithe of the attractive announcements which have already been issued. At the Queen's Hall Symphony concerts Mr. Percy Pitt's new sinfonietta, the excerpt from Boehe's cycle "Odysseus Fährten" which made such a success at a recent Promenade Concert, and a new concertstück for orchestra and violoncello by Dohnányi (the solo part of which will be taken by Herr Becker) will be the leading novelties; while Sarasate, Lady Halle, Pugno, Kreisler, and Carreño are some of the soloists who have been engaged. The London Symphony Orchestra under Richter will do Liszt's "Dante" symphony, and introduce a piano concerto by Mr. D. F. Tovey among other works. Then, in the way of chamber music, the Broadwood concerts will bring us the Rosé, Capet, and Brussels Quartets, among others, along with various distinguished soloists, vocal and instrumental, including (pianists will note with interest) that miraculous player, Herr Leopold Godowsky, who has not been heard in England for some years.

Lovers of choral music will be generously provided for by the efforts of the Royal Choral Society, the London Choral Society, and other bodies. Both of those named and also the Alexandra Palace Choral and Orchestral Society include "The Kingdom" in their season's programmes, while a second of the Birmingham novelties, in Mr. Holbrooke's setting of "The Bells," is to be done by Mr. Arthur Fagge's society, which will also repeat Brahms's "Requiem" and Saint-Saëns' "Samson and Delilah." "The Kingdom" is the only new work which will be heard at the Albert Hall.

As regards miscellaneous concerts and recitals the list is already a long one, including one, at least, of altogether exceptional interest in that at which Mme. Patti will take farewell of her London admirers. Mme. Clara Butt's reappearance at the Albert Hall on Saturday week will also draw many thousands. Then in addition there will be the Sunday concerts, which seem to grow more attractive every season. Those to be given at the Queen's Hall I recently referred to. In the case of the Albert Hall an extraordinary list of solo performers is announced, including, as it would seem, nearly all the finest performers obtainable under every head—Mme. Ada Crossley, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Andrew Black among the singers, Lady Halle, Kreisler, and Mischa Elman among the violinists, pianists like Carreño, Bauer, Hambourg, and Sauer, 'cellists like Hollmann and Gerardy, and so on. Mischa Elman has also been engaged for one of the Sunday League concerts, whose range is being further extended this season by the giving of oratorios in the suburbs instead of at Queen's Hall only.

Meanwhile the Promenades go on their prosperous way, and huge audiences nightly revel in programmes which offer music of every class and school save that which is inferior or unworthy. Among recent novelties heard, Mr. Bantock's elaborate orchestral prelude to his song cycle "Sappho," properly commanded special attention. For is not Mr. Bantock, by general admission, one of the cleverest and most ambitious of our contemporary masters? Yet even in writing the words it is curious to reflect how little even habitual concert-goers really know, under modern conditions, of the work of this or that man enjoying big repute. Take the case of Mr. Bantock, for instance. We are told that this prelude is "one of his latest works," and he is generally spoken of as a composer of established reputation. Yet how many, even among professional musicians, have any sort of acquaintance with his music as a whole? An occasional performance of this or that work at remote intervals—these are the only opportunities afforded of acquiring such knowledge. It is a curious condition of affairs—which applies, more or less, to nearly all our other native composers. Returning to Mr. Bantock's prelude, it proved an elevated and, in many respects, impressive work, the only drawback to which was its obvious suggestion of Wagner here and there.

How many, if any, of those attending this year's Birmingham Festival can go back in memory to the Festival of sixty years ago, at which "Elijah" was produced, or to those of 1837 and 1840, which first brought to a hearing "St. Paul" and the "Hymn of Praise" respectively? Of the festivals of those earlier days an amusing contemporary account was brought to light a few years since in a copy of the *Pictorial Times*, which dealt with the Festival of 1843. The singers were Mario, Grisi, Fornasari, and Clara Novello, while the instrumentalists included Dragonetti (double bass), Lindley ('cello), and Prospere, with his giant ophicleide, who seems to have been quite the sensation of the Festival. Mario's entrance was watched by the ladies with intense interest. His collar turned down, his gloves without a seam, and his raven hair maintained his London glory as an Adonis of a tenor. Fornasari was signalised by his remarkable stature and prominent chest encircled in the smallest possible white waistcoat. Clara Novello alternately smiled a smile and cast around Genoese glances of disdain. Miss Rainforth looked sedate, and her intellectual forehead found many admirers. And so on and so on. Why are modern Festivals no longer dealt with in this picturesque style?

In connection with this year's Festival, by the way, the members of the chorus have had a grievance in that they have been denied the customary rehearsal tickets for their friends. It is an old, old difficulty which has often arisen in similar cases before. Outsiders are admitted to rehearsals in increasing numbers till they cease to be genuine rehearsals at all, but semi-public performances. Hence the decision of the Festival authorities. Dr. Richter, it is well known, has a strong objection to having any outsiders present when he is rehearsing—in which connection there is told one of the best of many amusing and characteristic stories in which that famous conductor figures. Spying, on

one occasion, while rehearsing at St. James's Hall, a harmless, necessary charwoman at the back of the hall whose dusting activities distracted him, Richter, whose command of our tongue was then considerably less than it is to-day, shouted in a voice of thunder, "Wife! begone!"

The autumn opera season at Covent Garden will open on Friday, according to present arrangements, with a performance of "Rigoletto," with Mme. Melba as Gilda, Signor Sammarco in the title part, and a new Italian tenor, Signor Krismer, as the Duke. It is understood that the booking so far has been excellent, and there seems every prospect of a season at once artistically as well as financially successful. A recent addition to the well-known singers engaged is Mme. Maria Gay, who will appear as Carmen in the course of the season. Mme. Gay, it may be remembered, made her début in London a year or so since at a Philharmonic concert. The performances will be given every evening, except on the nights of the fancy dress balls, which take place every alternate Friday, and there will also be matinée performances. Signor Mugnone is the conductor, as last time.

While some hundreds of cultivated amateurs were listening with well-bred composure to Herr Kreisler at the Queen's Hall on Saturday, as many thousands of music-lovers of a humbler status were revelling at the Crystal Palace in the fiercer joys of the annual brass band contest which brings North and South and East and West together every year at Sydenham. It is necessary to attend one of these remarkable gatherings to get some notion of all that the despised brass band implies to its devotees, and—be it added—of the part which it is playing at the present time in the musical education of the multitude. A competition for concertina bands was an interesting feature of this year's meeting. The "superior person" may scoff at the concertina, yet its capabilities are much greater than is generally supposed, and those who have made merry over its employment by Mr. Josef Holbrooke, in his setting of "The Bells," would be surprised, perhaps, to learn that more than one serious musician in the past, as the faithful Grove records, has written works for it—notably Mr. Eduard Silas, still living, by the way, at a hale old age in London—who has penned quite a number. In combination the concertina is possessed of qualities all its own, and capable of very striking effects.

The visit of the Yorkshire Choir to Germany last week seems to have been attended with unqualified success. The German audiences were delighted by the superb tone, quality, and finished singing of their visitors, and some thousands of Teutonic music-lovers will certainly retain a more favourable conception of British musical accomplishment henceforward as the outcome of the undertaking. Dr. Coward's great gifts as a conductor came in also for due note, of course, while it was naturally a happy feature of the scheme that the choir were enabled to be heard in such a worthy example of modern British music as "The Dream of Gerontius." A remark ascribed (in the *Tribune*) to Dr. Otto Neitzel, the well-known critic, in regard to the tone quality of the Yorkshire voices is worth quoting. "If," he is reported as saying, "one might call the sound of Rhenish voices silvern, one might think of a golden bronze when listening to the Yorkshire singers." "Gold" would have pleased the latter better, no doubt, but "golden bronze" will do. From every point of view such visits as these can be productive of nothing but good. Heartiest congratulations, therefore, to one and all concerned.

Mr. Manners writes to explain that in a letter from him which I recently printed he did not mean to say that in the event of his obtaining the support anticipated he could afford to engage the services of both Melba and Caruso eight times a week. What he had meant to say was that he could afford to engage those eminent artists eight times during a month's season, that is, twice a week. I hasten to insert the correction, therefore, to prevent misapprehension on the part of those who may have given their support to the scheme under the impression that Mme. Melba and Signor Caruso were going to appear nightly.

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LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—Mrs. Campbell Dauncey's "An Englishwoman in the Philippines" (1) is no doubt very English and very womanish, but it is also very light, bright, and suggestive. She shakes—or, rather, kicks—the dust of the Philippines off her feet, when she had at last the happiness to leave them. Here is the sum of her impressions:—

> No, no terrestrial paradise, for one has the laziness, the heat, the apathy, the cruelty of the East without the compensations of artistic beauty, cheapness, plenty, luxury, which make up for these drawbacks in other hot countries. A shuffling, drab, discontented, thick-headed, costly East, with all the worst traditions of four hundred years of the offscourings of the Spanish monkish orders overlaid by a veneer of shallow cock-sureness hastily assimilated from a totally incongruous alien civilisation.

Elsewhere she says of these Spanish monkish orders that "the enervating climate, lazy life, complete irresponsibility and irresistible power of the priest over the superstitious, childish Malays were too much for these men of God; and the stories of their cruelties, rapacities, and immoralities are all terrible and often sickening. I have heard them from people who lived in the *pueblos*, and the things that went on there were like the Decameron and the Inquisition rolled into one." Then, you would say, the Filipinos must welcome their American deliverers. Not at all. They loathe Americans:—

> The natives loathe the Americans and their theories, say so openly in their native press, and show their dislike in every possible fashion. Their one idea is to be rid of the U.S.A., to have their government in their own hands for good or evil, and to be free of a burden of taxation which may be just, but is heavier than any the Spaniards laid upon them.

This taxation is certainly crushing. Take the Customs alone, which tax every import, small or great, living or dead, to the very immigrant and emigrant:—

> I told you about the opening of our cases and how we took them out of bond, as they were valued at £30. Well, a day or two ago the bill came in, and when we saw it we nearly fainted away, for the amount of duty came to £70.

The Customs officer suggested that they might make over the goods to the Government, to be sold by auction to defray part of the duty imposed; but, as they were wedding presents, Mrs. Campbell Dauncey hesitated about the sacrifice, till a friend suggested, "Why, we can buy them in at the Government auction for you." "Not unless they fetch £70," explained the Customs officer, "since, if the goods do not fetch the price at which the Government has valued them, they are publicly burned." And all this crushing taxation is not for revenue only, but also for protection—to protect a country which has no manufactures and never will or can have, if foreign labour is to be, as at present, rigidly excluded from the country, since the natives lack at once the necessary industry and aptitude. Indeed, according to Mrs. Campbell Dauncey, the Americans themselves have been at great pains to atrophy what little natural

(1) "An Englishwoman in the Philippines." By Mrs. Campbell Dauncey. With Illustrations and a Map. (London: John Murray. 12s. net.)

(2) "The Pillar of Cloud." By Francis Gribble. (London: Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

(3) "A Morganatic Marriage." By Carlton Dawe. (London: Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

(4) "Love Among the Chickens." By P. G. Wodehouse. (London: George Newnes. 6s.)

(5) "A Golden Shadow." By L. T. Meade. Illustrated. (London: Ward and Lock, Limited. 6s.)

native industry or aptitude there might be by their protection of native labour, and by such a consequent enhancement of wages that the lazy Fillipino can earn all he cares to earn with the least possible exertion. What, however, most enrages Mrs. Campbell Dauncey is the cant of equality, social and political, on every American lip and in every American paper which has made the town Filipino insupportably insolent. It is mere cant, since the American no more dreams of treating his "little brown Filipino brother" as an equal than he dreams of treating as an equal his big black negro brother at home. He does not, however, kick him about as, according to Mrs. Campbell Dauncey, the Britisher does:—

> The way some of the white men hit their servants about is brutal and foolish. I said something to this effect to Mr. B——, who cried, very much surprised, "Why, doesn't your husband have to kick your fellows about?" And he was quite incredulous when I assured him that my husband never dreamed of such a thing but once.

Nevertheless, even her exemplary husband himself a few pages later is described as hitting a native because Mrs. Dauncey and he got "rather tired of his looking down upon them" from the deck of a steamer; while in the chief hotel of Iloilo her husband "said very definitely to our waiter that he would knock him down if he attempted again to hand things on the wrong side." Why it should be thought a fine thing to knock a native about and a dastardly thing to knock a woman about, I cannot imagine. It is certainly to the credit of the American that he treats "his little brown brother" as a human being; though Mrs. Campbell Dauncey doubts the disinterestedness of the States in their affecting to regard the Filipinos as "dear wards from God and a solemn trust from humanity," to quote from an eloquent speech of Secretary Taft's.

> "To the mere observer," comments Mrs. Campbell Dauncey, "this cry of altruism is not very convincing in face of the fact that the Philippines lie so conveniently on the west of the future Panama Canal. It was not brotherly love which prompted astute American politicians to wash off the Spaniards with rivers of blood and treasure."

And they have their work still cut out for them, if you are to believe Mrs. Campbell Dauncey, who assures you that the islands, when not in flagrant rebellion, are honeycombed with disaffection, and that the detestation of individual Americans is open, universal, and intense. By labelling the rebels "ladrones," or robbers, the Americans justify at once their hanging these wretches as common criminals, and their boast that there is no such thing as disaffection in the Philippines.

No doubt self-respect is a kind of vice-conscience which takes its place when it is asleep or dead; but whether the snobbish self-respect solely based upon a consciousness of being a lady by birth could have arrested Bella L'Estrange's descent down "the primrose path" is doubtful. What, however, is not doubtful at all is the intense interest of her story as told by Mrs. Francis Gribble in "The Pillar of Cloud" (2). Gissing himself could not have painted with a more grim realism the drab dreariness of the lives of the young girls whose only home was the Stonor House boarding establishment run at once as a charity and as an investment. Then you follow every step of the heroine's degradation, and painful re-ascent out of the depths of the dismal plane from which she started, with the poignant interest a humane man feels in watching a hare-hunt:—

> "As a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
> Pants to the place from whence at first she flew."

Passing by "A Morganatic Marriage" (3) as too preposterous for any credulity, since it represents a lawyer meeting on a penny Thames steamboat, and eventually marrying an Infanta of Spain, I come to "Love Among the Chickens" (4), which is rather farcical than humorous. But it is amusing farce, though perhaps the quantity and quality of the slang used by the personages will be too much for your refined taste. Mrs. Meade's "A Golden Shadow" (5) hinges upon an extreme improbability, since no man in his senses would bequeath £60,000 in the indirect and indefinite way Jack Halyard left it to the heroine; but the story is certainly interesting, and the characters, with the exception of two mawkish children, are natural. I fancy "A Golden Shadow" would be extremely popular with wholesome-minded and young-hearted girls.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, Very sincerely yours,

DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

A well-known living journalist is sometimes credited with the invention, some thirty years ago, of the "sketch," partly critical and partly descriptive, of Parliamentary proceedings. But, as is shown by a volume entitled "St. Stephen's in the Fifties" (Fisher Unwin, price 10s. 6d.), the originator of the "sketch" was the late Mr. E. M. Whitty, and though he has had brilliant successors in the Press Gallery, his work has never been excelled. The newspaper articles reproduced in this book deal with the Session of 1852 and 1853—the first Session of the famous Coalition Ministry under Lord Aberdeen, which gave Mr. Gladstone the opportunity for his first great triumphs as orator and Chancellor of the Exchequer. As Mr. Justin McCarthy remarks in an introduction, the book presents "a living picture of the political scenes, events, and persons" of a most interesting period. Whitty's descriptions are singularly vivid and his personal criticisms extremely frank—indeed, in these days some of his references to hon. members would be deemed rather too outspoken.

"The Motor Maniacs" (Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d.) is a collection of four slight but brightly-written stories by Mr. Lloyd Osbourne. American girls and their lovers are the "maniacs," and the stories are distinctly humorous.

There are melodramatic passages in "The Poacher's Wife" (Methuen and Co., 6s.), but the fact that the author is Mr. Eden Phillpotts will suffice to assure those who know his work that the novel is not by any means to be classed with the ordinary run of melodramatic fiction. Through the machinations of the villain of the piece the hero, a Dartmoor miner, who does a little poaching, is arrested on his wedding day for a murder of which he is innocent. He escapes from custody and gets away to the West Indies, where he has some strange and exciting experiences. Meanwhile his devoted young wife works with the skill of a Sherlock Holmes to clear up the mystery of the murder, and in the end her husband's innocence is established. In bald outline the plot seems a little old-fashioned, but there are plenty of ingenious complications and sensational incidents, some deftly-drawn characters, and not a little of the pleasant humour one expects from Mr. Phillpotts.

"The Life of Charles Godfrey Leland" ("Hans Breitman"), by his niece, Mrs. Pennell, was announced for publication some time ago, but its appearance was delayed by the discovery at the last moment of a large amount of new material concerning Leland's student days. The book has now been completed, and it will be issued at once by Messrs. Constable and Co.

Mr. Edward Arnold will publish next week "The Reminiscences of Lady Dorothy Nevill," which is confidently expected to be one of the most entertaining books of the season. As a frontispiece the book will have a reproduction of a recent crayon portrait of Lady Dorothy by M. Cayron.

Next week Mr. Arrowsmith will issue Anthony Hope's new novel, "Sophy of Kravonia," in which—as many of his admirers will rejoice to learn—he returns to the field of romance.

Mr. Douglas Sladen's two handsome volumes, "Carthage and Tunis: the Old and New Gates of the

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Orient" (Hutchinson and Co., 24s. net), are of unequal merit. The first, after some chapters on the Carthage of to-day, is devoted to the Carthage of the past, and the somewhat copious quotations include about sixty pages from a prose translation of Virgil's Æneid. Mr. Sladen makes a skilful use of historical and other materials, but he is much more interesting when he comes to give those personal impressions of Tunis which occupy the second volume. His description of the strange life and the picturesque sights of the city is delightful reading, enlivened by many good stories. It will fill the untravelled reader with a desire to visit so fascinating a place, "the best bit of the Orient easily accessible from London," and in anticipation of this Mr. Sladen furnishes a great deal of information that will be useful to the tourist. The book has several maps, and innumerable illustrations, including reproductions in colour of some charming water-colour sketches by Mr. Benton Fletcher.

Mr. Frederic Harrison's new book, "Memories and Thoughts," contains more than forty essays on a great variety of topics. It will be published this week by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

"Sir John Constantine" is the title of Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch's new novel, which will be published immediately by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. On this occasion "Q." gives his readers an eighteenth century story of romantic adventure undertaken by an Englishman to secure the crown of Corsica for his son, and to rescue a certain Royal lady from durance.

An impartial account of "The First Annexation of the Transvaal" could scarcely be expected from the pen of Dr. Leyds. In the book bearing that title (published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, price 21s.) Dr. Leyds speaks with some justice of the travesties of South African history with which people in this country have often been supplied. History, however, may be travestied from the Boer as well as from the British point of view. Both in the first part of the book, which deals with the earlier relations of Boers and British, and in the second part, which gives an account of the annexation of the Transvaal in 1877, and its subsequent restoration to the Boers, Dr. Leyds is thoroughly one-sided. He writes as a fierce partisan, and where he might have made out a good case he manages to spoil it by the extravagance of his claims for the Boers, and the violence of his denunciations of everything and everybody British.

Mr. Harry Lauder, one of the most popular comedians on the music-hall stage, has written a little book, entitled "Harry Lauder: At Home and Abroad," which will be published by Messrs. Greening and Co. It is said that it admirably reproduces the author's "pawky" humour.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Here we are at home again, and settling down for the fireside months. Our dear London is rather in curl-papers, with most of Oxford-street up, and the principal West End thoroughfares still wearing a deserted look. But the shops are very interesting. We think the window-dressing here greatly superior to that of Paris. The different things seem to be set forth much more temptingly, and certainly the colours are better blended. The only exception is the tailors' windows. In these the gowns and costumes do not look so well because the stands are not so cleverly shaped as those in the good shops in Paris.

It was lovely to stroll down Bond-street in the sunshine and find most of the scaffolding gone that had disfigured it throughout the season. We stopped a long time looking at the furs in Redfern's window, and at a dear little red toque in clarets and scarlets exactly like those we had admired in Paris. We extended our stroll to Regent-street, and here again made a long pause, so attractive were the windows of Robinson and Cleaver, with their neat and well-finished autumn suits, their tempting furs, and nice collars and laces in neckwear.

We were specially interested in the tailor-made costumes, having come back from our holiday in the usual Miss Flora Macflimsey predicament of having "nothing to wear." It was difficult to choose, for each that we saw was so nice that we wanted it, until we saw the next, and after viewing a dozen or so we inclined to hark back upon them all for final decisions. A heather mixture in warm tones was made with a fold down the front (always so becoming), and a well-cut coat fastening with one button on the chest over a white cloth waistcoat piped with claret-coloured velvet. The collar and cuffs were in similar velvet. The basque was just a little full, being very smartly rounded. A striped brown and green tweed was made with a green velvet collar and cuffs, trimmed with loops of green braid alternating with gold over a band of white silk edging the collar. The buttons were very handsome, bright brown with pale green oak-leaves enamelled upon them.

Now which would you have chosen, this last or a dark blue cloth with several stitchings down the front breadth and a neat little short coat, blue velvet collar daintily embroidered in green and blue? From either side fell folds of dark blue silk lined with pale green. I believe you would have chosen this one.

There was endless variety. Some had striped black and white waistcoats with the collar and revers piped with some colour. A grey tweed with a three-quarter coat, fitting at the waist, was handsomely trimmed with fancy black silk soutache. Another grey costume had a black velvet collar with a little gold embroidery introduced upon it. The skirts were nearly all slightly but appropriately trimmed. The moderate prices of these tailor-mades were not among their least recommendations.

As to Liberty's windows, there is nothing in Paris that gets anywhere near them in the grouping of beautiful tints and the draping of fine fabrics. We have a greater treasure in our London shop-windows than we have ever properly realised. In Vienna we looked in vain for such as we have at home. There was not the same completeness, the same attention to detail, nor the same appropriateness to climatic conditions that is one of the most remarkable things about our clever window-dressing in London.

It is pleasant to have an autumn Italian opera season again. It makes such a difference to London. I hope it may become a permanent institution. The opening night (Friday of this week) is sure to be brilliant. It is to be "Rigoletto," with Melba, Sammarco, and the new tenor, Signor Krismer. I hear that there is a brisk demand for boxes, stalls, and grand circle. The fact is, that the opera is regarded as a distinct boon by that important section of society that enjoys seeing and being seen, displaying its diamonds and pretty frocks, and looking at those of other people, and, last but not least, appreciates the brightness of the opera house and the assemblage of the brave and the fair, with the agreeable accompanying pretext for a little supper afterwards, one of the cosiest and most enjoyable meals ever invented.

I hear of wonderful evening coats for the present season, marvellous amalgams of fur, lace, and chiffon, or velvet, fur, and lace, with floating ribbons in dreamy chené tones. Soft cloth in white, ivory, and delicate tones of colour are also prepared, some lined with fur, others with a rather thick, soft satin, and finished about the shoulders with fur and lace and chené ribbons. Coventry should be smiling, for ribbons are to be worn to any extent this season.

I notice that even the fur coats have short sleeves; that is, those of bolero shape or with narrow basques. But then the arms can have the protection of probably

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the largest muffs ever worn. White furs are in again, and the new stoles in white fox look very cosy, for there begins to be a real chill in the air. Ermine is to be immensely worn, both in coats, capes, and stoles, and as dress trimmings as well. But, of course, sable is King, as ever. Chinchilla is to have an innings, and silver fox is also among the chosen furs of the season.

The newest capes are long enough to reach the waist at the back, and have stole ends to the hem of the gown in front. The part that covers the chest is very wide and protective, as it ought to be. Heads and tails are prominent features of the mid-season stoles and capes. In fact, the price in some cases is ruled by the number of heads and tails the purchaser wishes to wear.

The fur motoring coats are even more ample than those of last winter, and look like comfort itself. I noticed one in dark musquash lined with squirrel, another in ponyskin with collars and revers of marten. The soft dressing of the furs has now reached perfection, and makes the coats all the more graceful when worn by well-shaped women, the lines falling in to those of the figure.

The neatest possible tight-fitting coats are prepared in black or grey Persian lamb, with sleeves to the wrists (so comfy!), and large buttons down the fronts. Coatees in these furs and in sealskin and caracul have embroidered collar and vest, and are highly ornamental little garments.

A very nice kind of paletot has come up this season, made in either fur or cloth. It fits to the figure at the back, but has straight fronts, and is worn with a band round the waist, is three-quarter length, and has sleeves to the wrists. I have seen it in white cloth and in dark blue cloth, and thought it one of the most convenient garments imaginable. Being unlined, it is light of weight, and yet is warm enough to be just the thing for putting on over a light gown when the day is chilly.

We paid a visit to the Groceries Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall on Saturday morning, and saw many pretty things. Among the most picturesque of stalls was a model of the Victoria Falls, South Africa, with real water running down the dark rock, and the bridge above with a clockwork train crossing and re-crossing it. Green bushes with coloured lights marked the course of the falls. Caley's Chocolate had another lovely stall, more conventional in style and beautiful with orange draperies, thick orange ruches suspended in festoons along the top and tied at the corners with dull green ribbon. It was very artistic. The Erasmic Soap and Vinolia Soap stalls were dainty as usual, and the perfume of them refreshed the air for yards round them. We bought some particularly nice soap at Armour's stall, and also brought away with us a pamphlet entitled "The Jumble of 'The Jungle,'" written by a practical Welshman. Everyone who has read extracts from Mr. Upton Sinclair's "Jungle" should in fairness read this pamphlet as well.

Before parting with the subject of soap I must tell you that we secured a bar of V.H.S., the soap that is free from caustic, and therefore washes clothes white instead of yellow, averting the necessity for using blue.

The Ronuk stall attracted us, for Ronuk is a household word in this family. From floors and furniture to boots and bags there is scarcely anything it will not polish, and polish well.

We were very much interested in the extensive Government exhibit that filled the minor hall under the direction of the Agent-General for Victoria, Australia. I have never seen such large potatoes nor finer dried fruits. We were anxious to buy some, also some frozen eggs, being curious to see how the latter would turn out after the novel experiences of which their mothers, the hens of far-away Victoria, could have taught them nothing. The man in charge, however, told us that nothing was allowed to be sold. I particularly wanted some of the dried prunes. They had an invitingly juicy look.

If any of your friends living abroad or in the country should want shopping intelligently done for them in London, tell them that they can rely confidently on Mrs. Vereker, 14, Belfast-buildings, Beak-street, Regent-street, to undertake everything of the kind. She has the advantage of being a gentlewoman, so that she knows exactly what a lady wants, and, having lived for years in India, is well equipped for choosing things suited to that exigent country. It often happens that those who live far away from town see something advertised or illustrated in newspapers, and would like to send for it, but hesitate, not knowing how much the carriage would be or whether the article is really suited to their requirements. Here, then, is their opportunity of obtaining all information and expeditious action by applying to Vereker's Agency. Economy is one of the points studied, and whenever possible a discount is made, especially in outfits for the Colonies or elsewhere, an important branch and a useful one, as so many come to London for their outfits and buy wildly and rashly from pure ignorance of the best firms to deal with.

Commissions for men are attended to by Major F. E. V. Taylor—guns, rifles, saddlery, and harness being purchased by a well-known expert. The agency has now been established some years. It issues a neat little book detailing terms, and entitled "Shopping Simplified."

I know that you, like myself, take some interest in vegetarianism. If I had two bodies, I would experiment with one of them and discover the pros and cons of this gospel of diet. Having but one, I think it better to go on with the general food that keeps it in good health. Doubtless you are of the same opinion. At the same time, vegetarianism is no longer in the crude and experimental stage that characterised it some years ago. It has made great strides during the last few years. I see that a series of cookery classes is to be held in connection with the Vegetarian School of Cookery in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street, during the next few weeks, the demonstrator being Miss Winifred Godbold. In one of the lists of subjects I see gravy mentioned. I should like to know how it is produced, for I have sometimes thought I could really become a vegetarian, only that I should miss gravy so much. The lesson announced for October 30 has rather an inviting list. It consists of vegetable soup, creamed corn, green corn fritters, corn mayonnaise, and a mysterious dish called "Agar-agar galantine." Don't you wonder what it is?

There is a passage in Mr. Hichens' new book "The Call of the Blood," that has made me realise, as I never have done before, the awful lack of peace in the crowded homes of the poor. He is writing of Lucrezia, the Sicilian peasant girl who is servant to Hermione in her sweet cottage on Monte Amato:—

> Her large eyes opened wider, and she laid her hands on her hips and fell into a sort of dream as she stood there, hearing only the faint and regular ticking of the clock in the sitting-room. She was well accustomed to the silence of the mountain world and never heeded it, but peace within four walls was almost unknown to her. Here no hens fluttered, no turkeys went to and fro elongating their necks, no children played and squalled, no women argued and gossiped, quarrelled and worked, no men tramped in and out, grumbled and spat. A perfectly clean and perfectly peaceful room—it was marvellous. What must it be like to be gentlefolk, to have the money to buy calm and cleanliness?

What a picture of lives spent in the midst of jarring noises, voices peevish, angry, merry, scolding, joking, crying, laughing. Our poor have no hens or turkeys in their homes, but there is plenty of noise and pother left. Is it any wonder that they throw things at each other—fenders, lighted lamps, and jugs of boiling water?

How do these men—these Willy Maxwells, these Robert Hichens, and others—get to know the very heart

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of women so incredibly well? They must have dissected more than one sample in order to have arrived at such minute diagnoses as those of Hermione, in "The Call of the Blood" (slightly suggestive of "Romola"), and Vivien in W. Maxwell's novel of that name. Has any woman novelist, with the possible exception of Charlotte Brontë in "Jane Eyre," ever succeeded in producing such a portrait of the Innerste of Man as the above-named have done? And now Mr. Gerald Maxwell, another son of Miss Braddon (Mrs. John Maxwell), is entering the lists with a first novel. Will he, too, evince signs and tokens of deepest study of the enigma, woman, in his "Miracle-worker"? That, I believe, is the title of his book.

La Rochefoucauld says: "We like to divine others, but we do not like ourselves to be divined." I rather resent the extreme cleverness of these students of feminine human nature. And they are both young men, so that it is not even the result of a lifelong experience that they give the world in their books.

In a book of memoirs I have just been reading a French lady is mentioned whose indiscretions, not infrequent, she kept carefully from her husband's knowledge, "for fear of hurting his feelings or disturbing him." She succeeded in concealing everything, but used to remark to her friends: "What a surprise poor Charles will get on the Judgment Day!"

I know you will approve these recipes. Here are Oysters à la Poulette:—

Fry a sufficient number of cutlet-shaped pieces of bread in butter, sprinkle them thickly with grated Parmesan cheese, and brown them nicely in the oven. Arrange the croûtes in a close circle on a thin border of mashed potato. Blanch, strain, and beard eighteen or twenty good oysters. Dissolve 1 oz. of butter in a stewpan, mix in a spoonful of flour, the oyster liquor, and milk and stock to make the sauce of a delicate consistency. When it boils, add a teaspoonful of lemon juice, the yolk of an egg, a pinch of salt and cayenne pepper, and half a gill of cream; stir it till it is quite hot, then add the oysters and a spoonful of chopped parsley. Serve the oysters in the centre of the prepared dish, and pass the yolk of a hard-boiled egg on to the top.

Grouse à la Montresor is the "plat par excellence" for a picnic:—

Having plucked and cleaned a nice plump grouse, remove the breast bone, working from the neck, pound the meat with 2 oz. of lean veal and work in 2 oz. of butter, 2 oz. of scraped fat bacon and 2 eggs, season it with salt and pepper, and rub it through a wire sieve. Cut the contents of a jar of foie gras into slices, lay the bird breast downwards on the board, put a layer of forcemeat inside, a layer of foie gras, repeat the forcemeat and foie gras until it is all used, sew up the neck, turn the bird, truss it into shape, and fasten it in a band of thick, buttered paper. Braise the bird with stock and vegetables, and allow it to cool in the braise. Then remove the paper, absorb the moisture in a cloth, glaze the legs and the back part of the bird, but pour a little white creamy chaud froid sauce over the breast, and decorate it with crescents of truffle. Dish the bird garnished with aspic.

Tartines à la Victoria are a delicious but simple savoury:—

Cut slices of bread and butter into rounds with a plain cutter, spread them with bloater paste, place a similarly cut piece of ham on each, then a slice of hard-boiled egg. Mix some finely-cut pieces of beetroot with mayonnaise sauce, put a portion on the top of each, and dish them nicely garnished with parsley.

Finally, "Nids d'Oiseaux" are a pretty entrée:—

Blanch and press 6 or 8 lamb's sweetbreads, lard them with strips of fat bacon, and braise them with stock and vegetables. Meanwhile, chop a dozen scraped and peeled mushrooms, sprinkling them with lemon juice, and cook them with butter in a stewpan. When they are somewhat reduced stir in a spoonful of bread crumbs and a little cream. On the other part, boil as many globe artichokes as there are sweetbreads, remove the inner leaves and fibre, trim the outer leaves with the scissors. Put a portion of the purée in each artichoke, and on this place a sweetbread, duly glazed. Dish the artichokes on fried croûtons of bread, and pour creamy mushroom sauce, mixed with the reduced broth from the braise, round them.

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TO OUR READERS.

We receive hundreds of letters every week from "Readers of 'Truth.'" A large majority of the writers expect replies direct. Of the work, trouble, and expense involved in doing this we say nothing. But as experience has shown that a large number of our "Constant" and "Regular" readers who inquire about individuals with whom we have dealt in our columns over and over again are not actual subscribers to the paper, but merely occasional readers of it at clubs, libraries, or at friends' houses, we consider we must protect ourselves in the matter.

We have therefore decided that henceforth every reader who writes making an inquiry that necessitates a direct reply must enclose a stamped envelope and also a Coupon which will always be found at the foot of the 3rd page of the coloured cover. Without these no notice will be taken of the communication.

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a Coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" send replies by post.

No Coupon will be available that is over a fortnight out of date, except from correspondents residing abroad.

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ENTRE NOUS.

I AM pleased to be able to announce that the Royal Albert Hall will be available again this year for the Truth Toy and Doll Show, which will be held there on Wednesday and Thursday, December 19 and 20 next. The experience of many years has proved conclusively that the Royal Albert Hall is the best possible place for the holding of this annual exhibition, and my thanks are once more due to Mr. Hilton Carter and the Council for the favourable terms on which the use of the building has been granted for this purpose. Full particulars of the arrangements for this year's Show are given on page 901 of this number of Truth.

The King, who arrived at Buckingham Palace late on Monday night from Balmoral Castle, left town yesterday for Newmarket until Friday evening. His Majesty is to spend the week-end in town.

His Majesty's approaching visit to the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire is exciting much interest in the county. It is understood that his Majesty will arrive at Abington Station by special train from Euston about five o'clock next Monday, and Glengonnar House, the seat of Lord Colebrooke, is only a short distance from the railway. The King was to have returned to London on Friday, the 19th, but, according to the latest arrangements, his Majesty will not leave Glengonnar until the morning of Saturday, the 20th. There is to be a shooting party on one day of his Majesty's visit, at Elvanfoot, and another day is to be spent at Netherton, where the preserves are full of game. One off day will be devoted to a visit to Lord and Lady Home at Douglas Castle, near Lanark, and part of the remaining day is to be occupied with an excursion to the Falls of the Clyde and Cartland Crags.

A weekly contemporary is all wrong in stating that the King "had very poor sport at a deer drive in Glenmuick Forest." His Majesty has not taken part in any deer drives, except those in the Royal forests and from the Birkhall woods. The King had some very successful drives last week in Ballochbuie Forest. Another journal refers to his Majesty as "enjoying excellent deer stalking," the fact being that many years have elapsed since the King went out stalking, a form of sport which he never much cared for. His Majesty now shoots deer only by driving.

The King and Queen and a party from Balmoral, including the Duke of Connaught and Prince Arthur, had a very pleasant day on Loch Muick. They drove to the Glassalt Shiel (Queen Victoria's cottage on the north shore of the loch) through the Royal deer forest, and embarked on a large new boat, which the King has just placed on the Loch, and which is kept at Altnaguibseach, at the east end of the Loch. Luncheon was served on the lawn of the Glassalt Shiel. A large number of trout were caught during the day. Loch Muick, which is just over two miles in length by half a mile broad, is surrounded by wild and romantic scenery, and is quite hemmed in on three sides by mountains, of which Lochnagar is the principal. The King has all the Loch Muick fishing in his own hands, as he rents the Abergeldie and Glenmuick sections of the lake, which afford splendid sport during the summer.

Amongst the guests of the King and Queen at Balmoral Castle last week was Lieutenant-General Leach, who was invested on Saturday by his Majesty with the insignia of the Second Class of the R.V.O.,

when he was also knighted. Captain and Mrs. Beatty, who are the tenants of Invercauld this season, dined with their Majesties on Saturday. Dr. Macgregor, of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, who is the ablest and most eloquent preacher in the Church of Scotland, occupied the pulpit of Crathie Church on Sunday at the morning service, which was attended by the King and Queen and a large party from Balmoral. Dr. Macgregor dined with their Majesties in the evening.

A ball for the tenants, gillies, and workpeople on the Balmoral, Abergeldie, and Birkhall estates was given at Balmoral Castle on Friday night, which went off with complete success, and the guests appeared to enjoy themselves exceedingly. Dancing took place in the ballroom, which was built out from the Castle by Queen Victoria early in the 'eighties, and which is adorned with sporting trophies from the Royal deer forests. Supper was served for the company in the dining-hall adjoining.

The Queen is expected to stay at Balmoral for ten days or a fortnight longer, and when her Majesty comes south she will spend a few days at Buckingham Palace before going to Sandringham.

The Prince of Wales obtained only moderate sport during his visit to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon at Gordon Castle last week, as the Spey was running very low, and the river was not in good order for angling. H.R.H. landed a few salmon, including one very fine fresh run fish, which was killed on the Gordon Castle lower water. The Prince left Gordon Castle at five o'clock on Saturday afternoon, and travelled by special train to Aviemore, where the Royal saloon was attached to the night express from Inverness to Euston.

The King and Queen of Norway are to arrive in London from Christiania on the evening of Thursday, November 1, according to present arrangements. They will be met by the King at Victoria Station, and are to dine and sleep at Buckingham Palace. On Friday, November 2, the King and Queen of Norway will accompany his Majesty to Sandringham, where they are to stay until Monday, November 12, when they will return to town. Their Majesties are to reside at Buckingham Palace from Monday, the 12th, until Friday, the 16th, when they will proceed to Windsor Castle, and their State visit to the City is fixed for Wednesday, November 14. The King and Queen of Norway will be the guests of their Majesties for a week at Windsor Castle, and on Friday, the 23rd, the Court will return to Sandringham. The King and Queen of Norway are to go back to Sandringham with their Majesties, and they will be guests at the Hall until Monday, December 3, or Tuesday, the 4th, when they will return to town for a few days before leaving England on their return to Norway.

For Special for Ladies, see page 899.
For the Truth Hotel List, see page 896.
For Selected Foreign Hotels, see page 897.
For Amusements, see page 895.
For Appeals, see page 895.
For Our Puzzles, see pages 901, 902.

The King of the Hellenes, who is now at his country seat on the Sound, a few miles from Copenhagen, will probably arrive in England with the King and Queen of Norway, but his visit to this country will be a brief and strictly private one. King George, who will be accompanied by Prince George of Greece, is to be the guest of their Majesties at Sandringham from November 3 until November 12, and he will leave London for Paris, on his way to Vienna, on the 13th or 16th.

Princess Christian returns this week to Cumberland Lodge from Paris, where she arrived on Saturday from Aix-les-Bains. H.R.H. had been staying for nearly four weeks at Aix, and she has been much benefited by her cure. Princess Victoria has returned to Cumberland Lodge from Scotland, and Princess Louise is in Ireland.

Princess Louise and the Duke of Argyll proceeded to the West of Scotland on the termination of their visit to Lord and Lady Halifax and Mr. Edward Wood at Temple Newsam, near Leeds. The last day of their stay in Yorkshire was devoted to a visit to Fountains Abbey, where they were met by Lord Ripon, who conducted his guests over the famous gardens at Studley Royal. These gardens were laid out in the valley of the Skell during the reign of George I. by Mr. Aislabie in the formal Dutch style, with fish ponds and canals between terraced banks, high evergreen hedges, temples, and statues. The walks cut through the woods which border the gardens command fine views. The Skell forms a lake of twelve acres in the park, in which are noble avenues of beeches and limes. There are some remarkable trees at Studley, which is one of the most beautiful domains in the North of England.

GOOD-NIGHT TO THE (SILLY) SEASON.

(With Apologies to W. M. Praed).

Good-night to the Season; 'tis over—
  The Season that "Silly" we style—
Which lately, from Caithness to Dover,
  Hath reigned through the whole of our Isle;
The Season when brayeth the Ass O,
  The Season when bleateth the Goat,
When piffle the Pifflers *en masse* O,
  And the dotards by thousands they dote.

The Season of futile suggestions,
  The Season of fatuous outcries,
The Season of asinine questions,
  The Season of anserous replies;
The Season when, news being short, we
  Back on problems and platitudes fall,
And "Are we?" and "Should we?" and "Ought we?"
  Envelop the Press like a pall.

The season when Editors gruel,
  And full are reporters of growls,
And it 's making up fires without fuel,
  And laying of eggs without Fowls;
When even the "latch-key and voter"
  Come as balm to the journalist's pen,
And a spaniel run o'er by a motor
  Makes him say, "Alleluia!—Amen!"

But a happier time is in sight O;
  The Asses' close Season is o'er;
And those who the Papers indite O
  Will be gravelled for matter no more;

For Parliament soon will be back O,
Soon return will the Judges to Court;
And then, whate'er else we may lack O,
There 'll be plenty of—*jaw* to report.

So Thank Heaven! the Season is over—
The Season that "Silly" we style—
Which lately, from Caithness to Dover,
Hath reigned through the whole of our Isle.
Yea! Never yet words did I write O
Which it gave me more pleasure to write,
Than these: "Silly Season, good-night O,
Good-night, Silly Season, good-night!"

There has been some interesting correspondence lately in the press on the "coupon system" of trading. One of my readers forwards the following contribution to the discussion. A friend of his found frequent cause to complain of the quality of the goods that were being used in his kitchen. At last he looked personally into the matter, and discovered that his cook was dealing with coupon tradesmen instead of those whom the master favoured. The coupons, of course, were cashed by the cook. This really amounts to an instance of the way in which employers are defrauded by the giving of commissions to servants, and one of the objections to the coupon system of trading is the facility it offers for the receipt of such commissions.

The Dowager Lady Portsmouth, who died last week at her residence in Hampshire, was a charming and highly accomplished woman. She and her husband were about the most popular couple in England. Lady Portsmouth was a keen politician and strongly Liberal. She had a great admiration for Mr. Gladstone. She took a most active part in more than one election in Devonshire, and gained many votes to the side which she supported. She was concerned in much parochial and county business, both in Hampshire and in Devonshire, and during her husband's life she was seen a great deal in public. She was full of high ideals, and exercised a good influence on all around her, but she was no visionary, being gifted with abundance of practical common sense. Her death is lamented by all who knew her. Lady Portsmouth, who survived her excellent husband for fifteen years, was a sister of the late Lord Carnarvon, over whom she had much influence, and she nearly succeeded in converting him to Liberalism after his split with Lord Beaconsfield in 1878.

Mr. G. H. Morrell, who died last week at Nauheim, was for eleven years the Tory member for Mid-Oxfordshire, and he was very popular among all classes in that county. Mr. Morrell was distinguished as an oarsman when an undergraduate at Exeter College, and he was a fine runner. He took honours in natural science, and acquired a remarkable knowledge of anatomy. He had been one of the most prominent residents in Oxfordshire for the last thirty years, and he was widely known through his munificent charities. He was a barrister of the Inner Temple and a member of the Oxford Circuit, but had never practised seriously.

Judge Raikes, who was a brother of the late Mr. Henry Cecil Raikes, was a great authority on maritime law. He had presided with conspicuous ability and success over the Hull County Court for the last eight years, and for more than twenty years previously he had a large and varied practice at the Bar. In early life Judge Raikes passed several years at sea, and served both in the merchant service and in the Royal Navy. His county court district is one of the most extensive and important in England, and it afforded abundant scope for his remarkable judicial powers. He was exceedingly popular in Yorkshire, and all the sea-faring classes regarded him with the highest esteem, as they appreciated his profound knowledge of nautical technicalities.

Gertrude Lady Pembroke was a very clever woman, strongly intelligent, and with an excellent and highly cultivated taste in art and literature. She was all her life most warmly interested in political and social questions, and her marriage with the late Lord Pembroke was a union of great felicity, as they were thoroughly well suited to each other in their tastes and pursuits. She was much concerned with charitable work, and she was full of kindness and sympathy for the poor and suffering. Lady Pembroke's conversation was remarkably good, and she was a charming hostess, being attentive, affable, and obliging to all her guests, and with a natural agreeableness and a fine tact which rendered her peculiarly distinguished.

There were nine candidates for the Greek Chair in Glasgow University, which is worth £1,000 a year, with house, and the regular work only lasts from the beginning of November until April. The University Court held a meeting on Thursday to elect the new Professor, Mr. Asquith, the Lord Rector, being in the chair. Mr. G. Austin Davies, who was appointed, was formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and during the last eight years he has been Gladstone Professor of Greek at the University College, Liverpool. He is an admirable Greek and Latin scholar, and a most successful teacher. The late Sir R. C. Jebb described Mr. Davies as "a brilliant scholar—one of the most brilliant of his time at Cambridge." The chair became vacant by the transfer of Professor Phillimore to the Chair of Humanity, which is worth about £1,500 a year, with residence. When Sir Daniel Sandford died, just seventy years ago, A. C. Tait, then Fellow and Tutor of Balliol, was invited to stand for this professorship. If he had done so and had been elected he would never have been Bishop of London or Archbishop of Canterbury, and the whole course of events in the Church of England would have been entirely changed.

Oxford men have been wonderfully successful in the recent examinations for the Indian, Home, and Colonial Civil Service. There were eighty-four vacancies, and Oxford men gained fifty-one, the list being headed by Mr. Niemeyer, Exhibitioner of Balliol, who is 419 marks ahead of the second man. Last year there were eighty-two places, and thirty-six were gained by Oxford and twenty-eight by Cambridge.

Sub-dean Duckworth has replaced Canon Henson, rector of St. Margaret's, as the Canon in residence at Westminster Abbey. Sub-Dean Duckworth has now taken up his permanent residence at his prebendal house in the Little Cloisters. He is the senior member of the Chapter of Westminster, having been nominated to his stall by Lord Beaconsfield in March, 1875, when he succeeded Charles Kingsley. Canon Duckworth became Sub-dean about twelve years ago on the death of Sub-dean Prothero, rector of Whippingham, who was appointed to his stall by Mr. Disraeli in 1868, succeeding Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, who was then promoted to the See of Lincoln. The special preacher at the evening service on Sunday, the 28th, is to be the Rev. A. V. Magee, who has succeeded Sub-dean Duckworth in the important Crown living of St. Mark's, Hamilton-terrace.

The eight hundredth anniversary of the consecration of Ely Cathedral is to be celebrated next Wednesday, when there will be a special service, with sermon by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is to be the guest of Bishop Chase at the Episcopal Palace. Ely Cathedral is a magnificent church, and so well situated that it forms a landmark for the whole district. Ely was one of the richest sees until the reforms of 1840, and the Bishop's patronage was very large and of great value. In those days the Bishop was *ex officio* Custos Rotulorum of the Isle of Ely, and a sword of state was carried before him in the Cathedral.

Archdeacon Williams, whose tragical death has excited widespread sorrow and deep sympathy in Wales, was the son of a Glamorganshire farmer, who was an enthusiastic Nonconformist. He joined the Welsh Church after leaving Oxford by his own earnest wish. He was himself a thorough Welshman, and was profoundly versed in Welsh literature. For many years he was a well-known figure at the Eisteddfod. Archdeacon Williams had been one of the most popular, active, prominent, and influential ecclesiastics in North Wales for the last twenty years, and he was generally regarded as a future Bishop. He was a most able organiser and administrator, an eloquent preacher, and an accomplished scholar. His death is an immense loss to the diocese of Bangor.

Monsignor Molloy, of Dublin, who died suddenly last week at Aberdeen, was much liked and greatly esteemed. He was a zealous Home Ruler, and an enthusiastic supporter of national education from the Irish point of view. Monsignor Molloy was an advocate of social tolerance between the different creeds and parties in Dublin, and he was a prominent figure at most ceremonials both public and social. He was a very clever man, and his versatility was remarkable. His scientific lectures were regarded as admirable by competent critics, and he was the author of many works which achieved a genuine success. Monsignor Molloy had been closely connected with the Royal University of Ireland since 1880, and he had been Rector of the Dublin Catholic University since 1883. His death is sincerely regretted by all classes and parties in Dublin, where he will be much missed in many circles.

The Archbishop of Westminster has published in the current issue of the *Tablet* a reply to some of the allegations that have been made in the course of the correspondence that has appeared in Truth during the last few months on the subject of Catholic trust funds. I have not conducted this discussion on my own account, and I would rather that the Archbishop's defence of his own dealings with Church funds were answered by some of the gentlemen who have criticised him than by me. I do not, therefore, propose to discuss the Archbishop's letter in any detail at present. But there are one or two brief observations that I should like to make at once.

In the first place, when Archbishop Bourne says that Truth has for some months "allowed its columns to be used for a veritable campaign of slander against him" and against some of his colleagues in the Episcopate, he overlooks the fact that the columns of Truth have been open throughout that period to himself or any one who desired to answer anything that has been said in reference to him or to any of his episcopal colleagues. It is not my fault if neither he nor any one else has done so. I presume I may say that the columns of the Roman Catholic press would have been equally available for the same purpose, but, beyond one disingenuous *démenti* in the *Tablet*, which I understand to occupy a semi-official position, little or nothing has been said by way of reply to my correspondents. If it is desirable to answer them now, it was equally so four or five months ago.

In the next place the Archbishop does not recognise the possibility that the Editor whom he blames by implications for opening the door to this "campaign of slander" may possibly not have opened it to anything like its full width. It has apparently not occurred to him that even stronger things may have been written to Truth than the Editor has allowed to appear in print. Yet such is the case. I must ask the Archbishop to believe that many letters have gone into my waste-paper basket, and many that have been published have been severely edited, for no other reason than to spare him offensive personalities, so far as is compatible with a due regard for the exposition of the truth. I do not see how I could have done more, or less, consistently with my duty as a journalist, more especially in the absence of any attempt to disprove the allegations of my correspondents.

I cannot refrain from adding that the Archbishop seems to me to have stated against himself, for the purpose of denying them, a great many charges that have never been made against him; and I think he may have failed to appreciate other allegations which he deals with less explicitly. In one case the emphatic denial which he gives, "on my honour as a Bishop of the

The Cure of Consumption: Dr. Alabone's Treatment.—E Austin, J.P., of Finsbury, writes:—"I desire to bear testimony to the efficacy of Dr. Alabone's treatment, having had one of my daughters under his care with most gratifying results. Twelve years ago she was at death's door, and now every sign of weakness and disease has left the lungs, and she is one of the bonniest girls in the North of London."—"The Cure of Consumption, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh," price 2s. 6d., by E. W. Alabone, Lynton House, Highbury-quadrant, N.

Catholic Church," covers allegations as to the doings of another Bishop which I made on my own responsibility before correspondence had begun to come in from Catholic sources, and the allegations rested on that Bishop's own admissions, which I gave. I cannot think, therefore, that the Archbishop's *apologia*, long as it has been in preparation, will be found in all respects conclusive of the issues that have been raised.

I hope that my readers will have noticed that Sir William Treloar's Crippled Children's Hamper Fund is now open for subscriptions. The object of this fund is to send a hamper of provisions to all the crippled children who are unable to attend the annual children's Christmas banquet at the Guildhall. How many of them there are is shown by the fact that something like 7,000 hampers have been sent out annually for some years past. It is thirteen years since Sir William Treloar started this work, and it would be an appropriate way of helping him to spend a Happy Christmas at the Mansion House to give him the means this year of making his hampers more numerous than ever. Those who agree with me should send their subscriptions to 67, Ludgate-hill, E.C.

TONICS UP-TO-DATE.

(Or the *Lancet's* Latest).

To "dress for dinner" was,
According to my view,
A thing one did—well, just because
It was The Thing to do.

But now the *Lancet*—and I s'pose
The *Lancet* must be right—
Upon this "dressing" question throws
A wholly diff'rent light.

It says—e'en "form" apart—to "dress"
Before you dine or sup
Doth tonic properties possess
To brace the system up.

Yea, as a *stimulant*, it is—
Or so I seem to glean—
More efficacious far than fizz,
More potent than quinine.

Now if what *Lancet* thus declares
Should turn out sound and true,
Then *this* condition of affairs
In medicine soon we'll view:

You're feeling cheap, fagged out, run down!
The "blues" your mind depress!
Eh? Go, for change of air, from town?
Pooh! Nonsense, man! Just—"Dress."

You've had the Flu, and Little Moll,
Long starved, wants something in her!
What? Vimbos? Lemco? or Virol?
Bosh! Simply—Dress for Dinner.

You come from Kempton, glum and black,
Because you've backed no winner!
Eh? Hennessy? or Mumm—Gold Lack?
Tut-tut, man. Dress for Dinner!

You call the doctor in alarm,
Because you're getting thinner.
He straight prescribes this sovereign charm:
"Dress thrice a day for Dinner."

In short, whate'er the matter be
With saint, or eke with sinner,
To this specific remedy
He'll flee and—Dress for Dinner!

There seems to be a strong feeling among the rank and file of the Army in South Africa that officers get an unfair share of the benefits which the South African Garrison Institute yields to its customers. Rebates are granted monthly on a fixed scale, beginning at the bottom with 4s. for a private, and ranging up to £3 15s. for a colonel. If all ranks spent the greater part of their pay in the canteens there might be some justice in this scale, but in practice it is not so, and there are consequently cases where a colonel may receive in rebate almost the whole of his month's expenditure, while a married private who has spent the greater part of his pay in the purchase of household necessaries through the canteen, only gets 4s. back at the end of the month. The hardship of this is increased by the fact that officers receive a colonial allowance in consideration of the increased cost of living in South Africa, while married privates, who feel the cost equally, get no such allowance. Another material point is that an officer is allowed a month's credit by the Institute, and gets a five per cent. discount on his account, while the private pays cash and gets no discount at all. All this is grossly unfair, and some arrangement ought to be made by which the large profit made by the S.A.G.I. may be more equitably divided. A co-operative concern ought to know no distinction between its customers on the ground of rank.

Although I have not heard of it for a long time, the ancient grievance arising out of the "surplus" expected on the sale of beer still seems to flourish in India. In the 1st Bedfordshire Regiment, at Jhansi, the canteen sergeant is expected to pay in Rs.75 on a hogshead of English beer purchased at Rs.67.8a., and Rs.60 on a hogshead of country beer purchased at Rs.54. That a surplus will always arise in the process of retailing a barrel of beer in small measures is undeniable; but the system adopted in the above instance, and still I suppose general where canteens are under regimental management, offers a direct inducement to the canteen sergeant to sell short measure deliberately, and thereby make something for himself as well as for the canteen fund. In the above instance the men complain that the result is that a pint of beer is cut down to about two-thirds of its normal dimensions. As the whole difficulty arises from the fact that a pint measure cannot be exactly filled up to the brim if you are to avoid waste and consequent loss, I have never been able to understand why the beer cannot be drawn in a vessel holding slightly over the pint, with the correct pint measure marked on the side of it.

With reference to the remarks in last week's Truth on the distribution of the canteen profits in the 1st Life Guards, I am informed that the responsibility for the application of the funds rests, not with the Commanding Officer, but with the president of the canteen committee. It was this officer, not the C.O., who has made the changes in the distribution of the proceeds which were referred to in my paragraph.

There seems to be a good deal of jobbery and underhand business constantly going on in connection with

appointments in the Indian Military departments. A few years ago an officiating store-sergeant, with only a few years' service, but intimately connected by marriage with a higher official, was appointed to a vacancy in the Madras Gun Carriage Factory, in defiance of the standing orders of the Indian Ordnance Department. Recently he was transferred to another factory. The vacancy thus caused has now been filled by the introduction of another officiating store-sergeant, with barely fourteen months' service in the Ordnance Department, again in defiance of the standing orders, and at the expense of a number of senior and fully qualified men. This man has been allowed to sit for his departmental examination, by a further violation of the standing orders, in which (para. 18) it is expressly laid down that no N.C.O. will be permitted to sit for his examinations until he has completed two years' continuous service in the department. The Indian authorities would do well to recognise that it is no use laying down on paper regulations of this kind unless some measures are taken to ensure their being observed.

A private in the Rifle Brigade has just been sentenced by a civil court at Malta to twenty years' hard labour for the attempted murder of a sergeant in his battalion. As there seems to have been no doubt that the prisoner intended to kill his man, and did his best to achieve his purpose, he is lucky to have escaped hanging. But it is a notable fact that a few months earlier a native of Malta charged with the attempted murder of a woman, was sentenced by the same judge to ten years' penal servitude. There is certainly nothing in the two cases to justify the imposition of twice as heavy a penalty in one case as in the other, and it seems to me that there ought to be some means of reviewing a sentence passed by a native judge who thus discriminates between one of his own countrymen and an Englishman in two precisely similar cases. By the way, it would be interesting to know what inspired the rifleman with his desire to murder the sergeant, and it is to be hoped that the regimental authorities have given their attention to this question.

Many of the guests on board the *Araguaya* in the Solent on Saturday must have regretted that the cruise was not to last for a few weeks, or at any rate a few days, instead of a few hours. In the case of even the poorest sailor ocean-voyaging is robbed of more than half its terrors on such a vessel. The *Araguaya* is the latest of the "A." steamers built for the South American service of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company. A year or two ago I gave some account of the *Aragon*, in which the high-water mark of not simply comfortable but luxurious accommodation for passengers seemed to have been reached. She is equalled, and in some respects excelled, by the new ship, which is equipped and furnished for passengers like an up-to-date first-class hotel. It is, indeed, scarcely an exaggeration to describe the vessel as a floating Carlton; and she will yet farther enhance the high reputation of the service in which she has now been placed.

Some interesting remarks on the subject of modern life and nerve strain by Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., are found on page 900.

One of my Anglo-Indian readers asks me to bring to the notice of the English directors and shareholders what he stigmatises as the sweating of the East Indian Distillery Company's employees, both European and native, in India. Sweating is certainly the right word for it, if his statements are correct—and he writes without any prejudice against the company, being himself a small shareholder. According to his account, the employees in the company's factories at Samalkot and Nallihuppam have to work on weekdays and Sundays without any weekly or other periodical half-holiday or any break at Easter and Christmas, when Government offices and many other establishments are closed. There is one annual holiday of a few days at the company's factories, but with this exception every one has to work day in and day out all the year round. My correspondent thinks that the majority of the shareholders of this prosperous company are ignorant of all this, and very likely that is the case. Perhaps some of them will raise the question at their next meeting.

Last week I forgot—if, indeed, I ever knew—that there is now a penny post between this country and Egypt. That arrangement is the obvious explanation of the recent practice of despatching Hungarian lottery circulars to England via Alexandria. The postage from Hungary would be twopence halfpenny, and as the circulars are sent off in quantities of 50,000 or more at a time the Buda-Pesth lottery-mongers can effect a very substantial saving by forwarding them in bulk to be posted at Alexandria. Perhaps the Postmaster-General will now ascertain whether Lord Cromer cannot put a stop to this misuse of the Egyptian Post Office.

The Blackpool Watch Committee, like other municipal bodies, evidently believe in doing themselves well when they eat and drink at the expense of the ratepayers. Last week the Town Council discussed the cost of the luncheons with which the committee were regaled when holding their annual meeting for the licensing of hackney carriages, boats, etc. It seems to be a job that conduces more to thirst than to hunger, for while the bill for food was only £7 4s. 9d., that for drinks came to £11 19s. 3d., and there was a further item of £2 16s. 9d. for cigars. Blackpool is a prosperous town, and probably the majority of ratepayers would not object to a reasonable expenditure on refreshments when their representatives are engaged throughout the day on public business. But, unfortunately, Aldermen and Councillors appear to be incapable of exercising any self-restraint when the public is paying for their luncheons or dinners, and so they give occasion for those charges of gorging and guzzling which bring so much ridicule and odium on municipal life.

The Ritz Hotel, Piccadilly, London, is the latest addition to the famous Ritz Hotels. Built on the same lines as The Ritz Hotel, Paris, it is replete with all the latest appliances which add to the comfort of guests. The Hotel is entirely decorated and furnished in the Louis Seize style, and is the most artistic Hotel in Europe. The Direction and the Tariff of Prices the same as at the Carlton Hotel. Single Rooms from 7s. 6d. per day, Single Rooms with Private Bathroom from 15s. per day, Double-Bedded Rooms from 12s. 6d. per day, Double Rooms with private Bathroom from 21s. per day. Suites, comprising Sitting-room, Bedroom, and Bathrooms from 25s. per day. The Ritz Restaurant overlooking Green Park, is open to non-residents. The Ritz à la carte luncheon at 6s. per head is served daily.

Many appointments of new magistrates are now being made throughout the country. It appears to me that this process should be supplemented by the removal from the Bench of those who contumaciously refuse to carry out the law, and the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster might very well make a beginning with Mr. J. Worsley, J.P., of Bolton. Recently a man applied to the Bolton Borough Bench for a vaccination exemption certificate, whereupon Mr. Worsley, who was in the chair, observed: "You are wasting your time and ours by applying, because you won't get it. You will have to apply to other magistrates." The man did so next day, and the certificate was then granted. But why should he have been put to the trouble of making two journeys to the Court, probably thereby losing two half-days' pay, when one ought to have sufficed? Whether a magistrate approves or disapproves of the Vaccination Act, his duty is to administer it, and as this muddy-minded Shallow impudently and openly refuses to do his duty, his name should be withdrawn from the commission.

Quite a number of correspondents have written to me with reference to some utterances of the coroner at an inquest at Horley last week on the body of a child of three who had been killed by a motor-car. "Children," said this functionary, "should not be allowed to wander along highways at dangerous places. Chauffeurs could not be expected to look after machines and children." The accident in this case seems to have been unavoidable, the child having suddenly darted across the road in front of the car. As every one is aware, youngsters very often risk their lives in the same way when a motor or a carriage is coming, and when cycling first became popular cyclists were constantly blamed for similar accidents.

Nowadays of course only the accidents in which motorists are concerned are deemed worthy of notice in the newspapers, but if the truth could be ascertained it would probably be found that many more children are injured or killed by horse-drawn vehicles. I am not, therefore, going to give voice to the unreasoning outcry against motorists which some of my correspondents desire to raise, and so far as small children—such as this Horley infant—are concerned, I agree with the coroner that they ought not to be allowed to wander about the highways by themselves. At the same time the coroner's further observation that chauffeurs cannot be expected to look after machines and children was extremely foolish and mischievous. It is their duty to be on their guard against every possibility of accident, as well as to look after their machines, and I am not surprised that the coroner's ill-considered remark, which is calculated to encourage reckless driving, has aroused a good deal of indignation.

In a case at Huddersfield the other day, when a motorist was charged with exceeding the speed limit, the Chairman of the Bench said they felt sympathy for the defendant; "twenty-five miles an hour was easily run, especially if a driver of a car were in conversation with any one." Still, their worships managed to keep their sympathies well under control, for, after these remarks, they proceeded to fine the defendant—whose offence was committed on an open road, free from traffic at the time—£4 1s. 6d. However, that is less than he would have had to pay if he had had the misfortune to be haled before the Surrey J.P.s at Kingston-on-Thames, where the usual penalty in such a case is £5 or £6, exclusive of costs. At a sitting last week these worthies netted no less than £79 9s. from motorists. In three successive cases it was alleged that the defendants travelled over the same stretch of road on the same date at the same speed—namely, twenty-seven miles an hour. Struck by what he described as this "singular coincidence," the Chairman of the Bench inquired whether the watch with which the defendants were timed had been tested. Superintendent Marks, one of the most redoubtable of the Surrey motor trappers, replied that the watch was a good one and in capital condition, and the Bench were satisfied. But, then, they are very easily satisfied when it is a question of convicting a motorist.

Though I deprecate unfair attacks upon motorists and criticise the conduct of such biassed magistrates as those at Kingston, I am not by any means blind to the existence of motoring road hogs. They form, I think, a comparatively small proportion of the whole body of drivers, but still they are sufficiently numerous to account for the aversion, not to say the detestation, with which so many people regard motorists. In a letter in the *Daily Telegraph* the other day, "A Motoring J.P." proffered some good advice to his fellow motor owners. "We shall be wise in our generation," he wrote, "if we refrain from offending unnecessarily the many who neither do, nor ever can, own motors, lest penalty come—mingled with vengeance—in the shape of very, even unduly, drastic legislation." In their own interest, therefore, the majority of motorists who themselves show proper consideration for the safety and comfort of other users of the roads should do everything they can to secure the suppression of those drivers who are nothing else than highway hooligans.

Messrs. Crookall and Monk, J.P.s of Fleetwood, held a special sitting at the Police Court last week to try a case in which five Greek sailors belonging to the steamer *Ivydene* were charged with disobeying the lawful commands of the captain. With the exception of a few broken words, the men were unable to speak English, nor could they understand properly what was said against them. In a court of justice the services of an interpreter would have been obtained. This, however, was a court of amateur magistrates, which is not by any means the same thing as a court of justice. The evidence for the prosecution was heard, and the question whether the men had a good defence or not being apparently deemed immaterial, they were con-

SEEGER'S HAIR DYE.—Dyes the hair by merely combing through. 2s. the Case, or Trial Bottle, mailed free from observation, 7d.—HINDE'S Ltd., 1A, Finsbury, London.

THE LUXURY OF A BATH is incomplete without the addition of SCRUBB'S CLOUDY FLUID AMMONIA, which refreshes and invigorates. Sold everywhere, price one shilling per bottle.

victed and fined 20s. each and costs. I trust that both the Home Secretary and the President of the Board of Trade will give their attention to this scandalous proceeding.

Apropos of a recent paragraph on the illegality of magisterial sittings in camera, my attention has been directed to an article in the *South Wales Argus*, with reference to the holding of "occasional courts" at Newport, Mon. Where the regular sittings of the magistrates are held only once a week, or at longer intervals—in many rural districts there are only monthly petty sessions—it is obviously necessary that provision should be made for dealing in the meantime with persons arrested on minor charges, which could not justly or reasonably be adjourned. The Summary Jurisdiction Act therefore authorises the holding of courts for this purpose, as occasion may require, but provides that no heavier sentence than fourteen days' imprisonment may be inflicted. Such a court may be held in any convenient place duly appointed by the Bench as an occasional court-house, but whether it is held in the police-station or the magistrates' clerk's office, or anywhere else, the court must be open to the public.

The Bench are compelled to give notice from time to time of the places chosen as occasional court-houses; but of course no similar notice can be given of the actual sittings which take place as cases arise. As a rule, the newspaper reporters hear of such cases from the police or the magistrates' clerk. Recently, at Newport, however, two offenders were dealt with at a special sitting of the magistrates, of which neither the Press nor the public at large had any knowledge. There was nothing illegal in this, for it is not incumbent upon either the police or the magistrates to notify the newspapers of the holding of such a court. Nor does there seem to have been any reason or desire on the part of the authorities for secrecy in this particular case or in some others that have been disposed of. But the administration of justice ought to be kept above suspicion, and suspicions are certain to be engendered if it becomes known that offenders are sometimes brought up and dealt with at what are practically secret, though nominally open, sittings of the magistrates. It is therefore satisfactory to learn that the Mayor of Newport has given instructions that in future the press shall be informed and a notice be posted outside the court-house when any "occasional" sitting of the Bench is being held.

By the way, a magistrate ought not to double the parts of prosecutor and judge, even at an occasional court. This is practically what was done at Bexhill-on-Sea lately, when Patrick Donald, a tramp, was charged with begging. He not only begged, but aggravated his crime by begging at the house of Mr. W. R. Dewing, J.P. A constable was at once informed of this outrage, the miscreant was pursued and arrested, and next morning he was brought up at the Police-court before Mr. Dewing, who sentenced him to seven days' hard labour. Poor beggar!

For Mosquito Bites, Wasp or Bee Stings, nothing allays the irritation so quickly as Scrubb's Cloudy Fluid Ammonia. Price 1s. per bottle. Beware of imitations.

Perth figures prominently in my Legal Pillory this week, on account of the travesties of justice that have occurred both in the Sheriff Court and the Police-court. Bailie Paton passes a sentence of imprisonment for a petty theft, but he thinks it sufficient to impose a trumpery fine on two young ruffians who followed up an attempt at watch-snatching by a brutal assault, while a similar exhibition of misguided leniency on the part of Hon. Sheriff-Substitute Kinloch stands out in striking contrast to some of the penalties that have been inflicted for offences against the Game Laws. There is also a particularly effective object-lesson in Justices' justice from Wigan, where one defendant is awarded a month's hard labour for poaching, and another is let off with a fine of 10s. for an aggravated assault on a constable. Apropos of the latter case, a magistrate remarked that "something ought to be done, or some of the policemen would be killed"; but seemingly the lives of the police are deemed of less importance than those of the sacred birds:—

Perth Police Court. Before Bailie Paton. Wm. Hutchison and James Kinnoch, charged with assaulting James Robertson by striking him in the face, knocking him down, and kicking him whilst he was on the ground. They also attempted to snatch his watch chain, and his wife was likewise assaulted by the accused. Fined 20s. each.

Perth Sheriff Court. Before Hon. Sheriff-Substitute Kinloch. James Macgregor and James Paton, charged with assaulting Wm. Japp by striking him with their fists, knocking him down and kicking him. Japp was badly knocked about. Macgregor (previously convicted) fined 30s., and Paton 20s.

Wigan Police Court. James Heaton, charged with being drunk and with assaulting a constable. On meeting the officer defendant said he had been "the cause of a seven days' sentence," and at once violently attacked him. The Head Constable said his men at the "out-stations" were often badly mauled. Mr. Fyans, J.P.: Something ought to be done to police these districts or some of the policemen will be killed. Defendant was fined 2s. 6d. for being drunk and 10s. for the assault.

Wingham Police Court. Before Messrs. H. F. Plumtre, L. F. Godfrey, J. D. Maxted, and other magistrates. Robert Mark Stringer pleaded guilty to assaulting a little boy. Finding the child pulling up some carrots in his garden defendant gave him a blow in the face, which blacked his eye, and then threw him to the ground, breaking his leg. Fined £3.

Hereford City Police Court. Thomas Parker, charged with assaulting a policeman. He suddenly caught hold of the officer and threw him to the ground, cutting his face so severely that he had to be treated at the hospital. Fined 20s. and costs.

Perth Police Court. Before Bailie Paton. Alexander McLean, charged with stealing a pair of drawers. Twenty days.

Preston Borough Police Court Before the Mayor and Mr. R. Fazackerley. Herbert Todd and Wm. Ingham, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. Seven days each.

Perth Sheriff Court. Before Hon. Sheriff-Substitute Wilson. James Dow, charged with poaching. Fined £2; in default of payment, one month.

Glasgow Sheriff Summary Court. Before Sheriff Scott Moncrieff. John Campbell, John Marley, George M'Pherson, and Peter Cunningham, charged with poaching. Sixty days each.

Wigan Police Court. James Whittle, charged with night poaching. One month.

Ormskirk Police Court. Before Mr. J. C. Wood and other magistrates. John Howard, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. Fourteen days.

Spalding Police Court. Before the Rev. J. T. Dove and other magistrates. Sidney Albert Webb, charged with stealing a jacket, value 1s. Twenty-one days.

Paisley Sheriff Court. Joseph Cruickshanks, Charles M'Donald, and David M'Donald, charged under the Poaching Prevention Act with being found in possession of six rabbits and nets. Fined £5 each; in default of payment, 30 days.

Brigg Police Court. James Hargreaves, charged with stealing a dish-cloth from the workhouse. One month.

Coventry City Police Court. Before Messrs. J. Bill, W. Lee, T. Burbidge, and C. V. Pugh. George Rouse, charged with stealing a pair of boots. Three months.

Southampton County Police Court. Before Mr. G. Franklin. Wm. Till, charged with sleeping out. Seven days.

Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Nearly 8,000 convictions last year. Complaints marked "Private." absolutely confidential.—Secretary, 105, Jermyn-st., London.

Saxmundham Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. T. P. Borrett and G. Aldous. Ernest Booty, charged with assaulting Mary Chandler by striking her about the face and kicking her. He said he had had "a glass or two." Fined 20s. and costs.

Derby Borough Police Court. Before Dr. W. Legge and Messrs. T. H. Wigley and G. Frost. Harry Coxon and May Thomas, charged with assaulting Walter Clark, a County Court bailiff. The latter had a commitment order against Coxon, who struck him in the face, bit his hand, and kicked his legs. The woman also struck him several times. Thomas fined 5s. and costs; Coxon 20s. and costs.

Cupar Sheriff Court. Before Hon. Sheriff-Substitute Bruce. John Wallace pleaded guilty to assaulting Wm. Chalmers by striking him several severe blows on the face and body, and kicking him in the legs, to the effusion of blood. Fined 40s.

Chester City Police Court. Before Messrs. B. C. Roberts and F. Skipwith. Michael Curwen, charged with stealing a pair of boots from outside a shop, and Wm. Smith charged with feloniously receiving the same. Twenty-one days each.

Malmesbury County Petty Sessions. Before Sir R. H. Pollen, Colonel C. N. Miles, and Mr. T. L. Henwood. Wm. Carson, Herbert Dickenson, Edwin Eyres, George Stickler, and John Stickler, charged with trespassing in search of game. Dickenson and Eyres fined £2 10s. each, the other defendants £1 3s. each; in default, one month.

Littledean Petty Sessions. Before Sir Thomas H. Crowley-Boevey, and Messrs. M. W. Colchester-Wemyss, J. Kear, and R. J. Kerr, jun. Charles Hayward and George Cook, charged with stealing a fowl. Two months each.

On Saturday last Mr. W. D. Bullard, scholastic agent, of 217, Piccadilly, was brought up at Marlborough-street Police-court on a warrant, charged with defrauding a schoolmaster, and it was intimated by the prosecution that other similar charges will be added in due course. Bullard will be recognised as the person whose operations under the name of "Schofield and Jessop" were fully described in Truth during June and July; and the case which was described at the police-court is one of those of which I gave particulars. As Bullard is now under remand, I do not desire to say anything more about him, but, having strongly recommended him to the attention of the police, I am very glad to see that the proceedings have been taken.

Apropos of my last week's article on the gold brick swindle, a correspondent points out that the success of this trick must nearly always depend on the obedience of the parties it is tried upon to the stringent injunctions laid upon them to keep the matter secret, and that if they only had the prudence to consult competent business advisers they would always be warned. I would certainly advise people who receive any sort of mysterious communications of this character to take trustworthy advice before making any response. But even if they do this, it is not always certain that they will be as well advised as were Mrs. S. and her brother-in-law when they disclosed their business to their banker—the manager of the Shaftesbury-avenue branch of the London, City, and Midland Bank. Two cases have already been mentioned in Truth in which a solicitor when consulted failed to recognise the fraud, and in one instance a lady was actually going to America under the advice of the family solicitor, when a relative heard of her intention, and saved her. By the way, I inadvertently misstated last week the relationship of the lady and gentleman who were rescued by the London City and Midland Bank manager from the clutches of Mr. Trimble, of Philadelphia. The gentleman was "Mrs. S.'s" brother-in-law, as stated, but he was the husband of her sister, and ought consequently not to have been described as "Mr. S."

Arthur George Whiteman, the moneylender, had the unusual experience of hearing a judicial censure on his conduct withdrawn in the Clerkenwell County Court last week. In a case which first came before Judge Edge in August it was alleged that a borrower, on being served with a summons at the instance of Whiteman, was told that if he would sign an admission of the debt and an undertaking to pay 5s. a month it would be "all right," and he need not attend the Court. He did not attend, and in his absence Whiteman obtained judgment against him for the full amount claimed, payable forthwith. On this statement Judge Edge made some strong remarks. Last week, however, after hearing further evidence, his Honour said a different complexion had been put on the matter, and he did not now think that the plaintiff did anything to trick the defendant in connection with the signing of the form of admission. As I gave publicity to the judge's censure, it is only fair that I should record his exoneration of Whiteman. But the latter's acquittal of any deliberate trick on this particular occasion does not, of course, alter the fact that he is a harsh and unconscionable usurer. Besides running a usury-shop under the alias of "Cox and Co.," A. G. Whiteman trades in partnership with his brother, W. H. Whiteman, as "Seymour and Whiteman." Their nefarious business is mainly carried on among City clerks, and as has been shown by case after case in the courts, they have adopted methods of bloodsucking which are morally indistinguishable from blackmailing.

The following curious document has lately been received as the result of answering an advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph*. The nature of the advertisement is indicated in the first paragraph:—

The Registered Societies Sickness and Accident Assurance, Limited.

"Registered Temporary Offices": 13, Walbrook, London, E.C.

Telephone 6160 Bank. September 27th, 1906.

Sir, Annent (*sic*) your application "Secretary, £200, rising to £500 per annum." Owing to the hundreds of applications, and the majority of them offering to take up shares, in the Company as a proof of their efficiency and bonafides, and as a further proof of their confidence in their own ability to engineer the multiplicity of work evolving (*sic*) upon a secretary in a Company with £100,000 Capital, without commenting upon these said offers, as a Committee, appointed to select the ½ dozen for the Boards final decision, *have selected you*, and "thank you" for your application, but we feel being large shareholders ourselves in the company, that there is a great deal to be said in favour of the applicant who is thus prepared to support his own ability in holding by transfer 500 one pound shares in the Company, 5s. paid.

The whole of the £100,000 Capital has been allocated, and being a Private Company you can only secure these by arrangement. This we will do for you, if the Board decides to accept a Candidate with a share holding.

The late Secretary's indisposition would not permit his advisors allowing him to continue.—"His holding in the Company is £300 one pound shares, fully paid by transfer, and 500 one pound shares, 5s. paid."

You will realise the importance of the position when we tell you that you will have the regulating of *15 Directors*, 5 town and 10 country, and 10 Managers, the work to be divided and sub-divided into departmental series, so that the entire business can be properly supervised and the Board's work become rotative under your guidance. Our business as an Assurance Company is primary to insure—*en bloc*—members of Co-operative Societies, or the insuring of any Registered Friendly Society, or Tontine, and to insure—*en bloc*—Employees, in large works, arrange pensions, organise and establish Quarries, Businesses, Farms, Creameries, Factories, Mines and generally and every kind of Mercantile Business, which can be worked on a Co-operative basis; so that our title claims its full significance.

You will note that we have not yet settled in our permanent address which will be one of a number of superior suites of

Wedding Presents.—A choice selection of beautiful Dinner and Dessert Services, Breakfast, Luncheon, and Tea Sets, exclusive designs. Mortlocks, Ltd., the Old Pottery Galleries, Oxford-st., and Orchard st., W. Inspection solicited.

offices which are now under review. This Company was Registered July 31st ultimo, and went to allotment August 2nd.

There is a multiplicity of organic work waiting for the Secretary's immediate attention, and we shall be glad to have your reply at once, as to the one query—viz.:—(your shareholding), so that we can place your application in the next stage.—Remaining, yours truly, J. W. Rackham, Chairman, of Committee.

J. P.

The company here referred to is one of a group of phantom insurance companies which have been mentioned in Truth more than once during the present year. On the last occasion when they came under notice (June 13), the same Mr. Rackham who signs this circular was endeavouring to palm off on a medical gentleman vendors' shares in the Co-operative Sickness and Accident Association, Limited, on the representation that they would yield in bonus and dividend a return of 580.5 per cent. on the purchase price. The Co-operative Sickness and Accident Association, Limited, had been previously mentioned in Truth as a very unpromising venture of two gentlemen named Dickin and Hibbins, formerly engaged in what is known as the "area gate" touting line of business. Among a group of companies which Rackham disclosed as affiliated to this concern was "the Registered Co-operative Societies' Sickness and Accident Assurance, Limited (Capital, £100,000)"; and I presume that the concern referred to in the above circular is this same company with the word "Co-operative" struck out of its title.

It would be interesting to know to whom the capital of £100,000 has been "allocated," and on what terms; but I have not thought it worth while to send to Somerset House for this information, for the whole document, taken with what is already known about these companies, speaks plainly enough for itself. It will be seen that although this company was only registered on July 2, it has already used up one secretary, but, strange to relate, has not yet acquired a permanent office. The circular above set out, though apparently typewritten in the first instance, bears evidence of having been copied by some multiple process. Copies of it have reached me from more than one quarter. It may, therefore, be inferred that many people who answered the *Daily Telegraph* advertisement have been favoured with it, and that each has been informed that the Board has selected him, subject to his taking over the late secretary's shares. I can only hope that none of them have been so foolish as to qualify for the vacancy in the secretaryship by relieving Rackham of this rubbish.

I have received the following letter from Mr. Basil Tozer in reference to a paragraph in last week's Truth. It is to be regretted that he has refused to name publicly the parties responsible for the cruelty which he described. They certainly deserved to be pilloried, and—what is more important—this would have been the most effectual method of ensuring the abolition of the practice. The fact—if it be a fact—that there are other offenders is not a sufficient reason for permitting those who have been detected to escape the penalty of public censure. The R.S.P.C.A. might as well refrain from prosecuting some animal-torturer against whom there is evidence on the ground that it would be unfair to make a scapegoat of him:—

Dear Sir,—In reply to your correspondent who writes with reference to the article under the above heading in the *Fortnightly*, had it been my intention to make a scapegoat of a single master, huntsman and pack, I should have done so in the first instance.

It is the practice that we—I speak for all hunting men who are sportsmen in the right meaning of that much abused term—intend to see "shut down," and not a single master and huntsman whom we wish to pillory.

Though the fox to which I refer in the article was the only one that I personally saw pulled out with an implement, I now have it on indisputable authority that at least four foxes were dragged out in the same way, and by the same means, and in the same country, during last season.

This I will say, for as Devonshire is my native county, some of my friends may be inclined to put two and two together and so jump at a wrong conclusion,—It was not done in the West Country.

—Yours faithfully, Basil Tozer.

Boodle's, S.W.

Apropos of a recent remark in Truth, a friend tells me the following story as an illustration of the physical origin of criminal instincts. He gives it on the authority of one of the most eminent surgeons of the day, who narrated the experience in his presence. Some years ago a man who had received some injury to his head in a mining accident came under the charge of this surgeon, who was not so well known then as he is now. After he appeared practically cured, the patient developed into a dissolute ruffian of the most depraved type, having previously been a man of irreproachable life. He came back to the doctor complaining of strange sensations in his head, which the doctor was unable to account for. One day, in the course of conversation, the man mentioned that since the accident he found himself unable to read, though he could still recognise the letters of the alphabet. The surgeon thought he saw a clue, and offered to perform an operation on the man's brain, which was carried out, with the result that a small abscess was discovered and removed. The man quickly recovered, not only his health, but his former moral character. Many authentic cases parallel to this can be found in medical works. The problem which they suggest is a wide one, and goes far beyond that of the moral responsibility of the mere criminal. I suppose that one of these days, when science and surgical skill have made a little more progress, we shall be able to influence a man's moral character in any direction desired by means of a surgical operation.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE MERMAID.

One Morn, as by the Sea I strolled,
A Mermaid fair did I behold,
Who from her canvas Bathing-tent
Down o'er the pebbly Shingle went.
And as she went, uncommon slow,
And gingerly on cautious Toe—
For oh! those Pebbles hurt her so!—
She'd often stop to shriek, or groan,
Or say she only wished she'd known
How cruelly that horrid Shingle
Made a Girl's Trilbies smart and tingle;
For then she'd ne'er have tried, not she,
To reach, through so much Pain, the Sea.
But she—when, all the Shingle passed,
She'd gained the welcome Waves at last,
And the ecstatic Pleasure knew
Of splashing in the briny Blue—
Cried: "*Now* I'm glad I *didn't* know
That Shingle hurts one's Trilbies so;
For, if I had, 'tis sure that ne'er
I'd ventured o'er those Stones to fare,

Dieudonné Hotel and Restaurant, Ryder Street, S.W. Excellent cuisine, prompt service, and comfort. Luncheons and Dinners Prix Fixe and a la carte. Mod. charges. Tele. No.: 5265 Gerr. Tele. Address: "Guffanti, London" Now open for Supper.

And thus, by shirking lesser Pain,
Had failed this greater Joy to gain."

Moral.

As I—(at Hastings 'twas)—surveyed
This Damsel from that Town's Parade,
Methought, why here in Type compact
'S a miniature of Life exact,
Where nought worth gaining can we gain
Sans intervening Toil and Pain;
And only those such Toil who face
E'er come out Winners in the Race.

SCRUTATOR.

ROSEBERY AND RANDOLPH.

LORD ROSEBERY'S impressions of Lord Randolph Churchill, as set forth in the book just published by Mr. Humphreys, give a very fair idea of his personality. I cannot say, however, that I ever was struck by the "emotion of his moustache," or that his "protruding eyes" added, to my thinking, a compound interest to his conversation. He was a man of moods. Sometimes he was an agreeable companion, and sometimes he was not. This depended upon the persons with whom he found himself, and upon the state of his nerves. He could talk pointedly on most subjects, and had a keen sense of humour, and there was a vein of boldness and dash in his remarks which, coupled with his boyish and occasionally boisterous manner, had much charm in it.

Lord Rosebery is quite right in expressing doubt whether Lord Randolph intended his letter of resignation to Lord Salisbury to lead to resignation. The Sunday before the letter was written, I was sitting smoking with him for above an hour. I asked him how he was getting on in the Cabinet. He said that there had been a good many differences of opinion, and that there was a perpetual struggle between the old gang and the new. "Is there a quarrel on now?" I asked. He replied that there was one about the expenditure on armaments. "And how will it end?" I inquired. "Oh, as usual," he answered. "I shall, as usual, threaten to resign, then it will end in a compromise." I gathered, however, from his general observations, that he was under the impression that, if it did not end thus, it would be rather Lord Salisbury who would resign than he, and that thus he would become Premier. After the letter had been sent and the resignation had been accepted there was an attempt to withdraw it. This, however, was not successful. Lord Salisbury said that the resignation had been published without first obtaining the permission of the Queen. This, I take it, was merely a civil way of declining to further discuss the matter. Lord Salisbury had by this time offered the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer to Mr. Goschen, who had accepted it. Two or three times later on Lord Randolph said to me that it was surprising that during our conversation on the Sunday previous to the resignation, when we had incidentally talked of his possible successor in the event of his withdrawal from the Cabinet, we had never thought of Mr. Goschen. My impression is that Lord Salisbury disliked the perpetual rows in the Cabinet, and that he was determined to end them by seizing the occasion to get rid of Lord Randolph as a colleague.

I think Lord Rosebery has pretty accurately diagnosed the bargain between Lord Randolph and Mr. Parnell, except that when the former joined the Salisbury Cabinet, he had explained to Lord Salisbury what that bargain was, so that the Conservative Party was actually pledged to it. Naturally the Liberal Party wanted the Irish vote at the General Election that was impending. Parnell had disappeared, and it was not easy to find him, as was generally the case when he did not want to be found. After some trouble I met him. He made no secret of the bargain to me, and gave me confidentially its details. The Conservative Party was to have the Irish vote in Great Britain, but not in Ireland. The consideration was that no Crimes Act was to be passed before the General Election, and that an inquiry should be held with reference to the Maamtrasna murders. I urged Parnell to reconsider the matter, and adduced various reasons more or less cogent for doing so. He replied that he might want to make bargains with the Conservatives again, and that if he did not keep to this one, all Irish bargaining would be impossible. Then he explained to me, that the Liberals—whether they had the Irish vote or not—were certain of a majority, and that it was desirable in the interests of Ireland that it should not be too large. In vain I urged that, though Mr. Gladstone might be depended on to bring in a genuine Home Rule Bill, it was by no means certain that—even if there were a Liberal majority in the House—this majority would hold together, for there were a good many Liberals who would be elected as Liberals, but who might bolt on the Home Rule issue. He insisted that only a very few would. He was a very suspicious man, and he did not seem quite convinced that the contemplated Bill would be a thorough one, unless the Irish votes in the Commons were a factor in the situation.

Unless I am mistaken, the last speech that Lord Randolph made in the House of Commons was in answer to me. When the late Duke of Edinburgh became Duke of Saxe-Coburg, it was a very doubtful question whether he was entitled to an annuity which had been voted to him as a British Prince. The point turned upon the interpretation of a marriage contract embodied in a treaty between England and Russia when he married a Russian Grand Duchess. I thought that the annuity lapsed, and when a motion was made in the House of Commons to continue it, I had given notice to oppose it. On the morning of the debate, Lord Randolph came to see me, and asked me to show him any papers that I had on the subject, as he wished to support the motion. I gave him the Russian treaty, which was the only paper that I had, and told him that the interpretation was rather a doubtful one, and arguable on either side. But I noticed that he seemed by no means well, and I urged him to leave the matter alone. He, however, was determined to speak, so he got up after I had sat down. He did not remember the treaty, and was almost unintelligible. He had not heard what I had said, and was perpetually saying,

"The hon. gentleman said——." Once I got up and suggested that the noble lord was mistaken in supposing that I had said anything of the kind. He at once turned to the gentleman who was sitting next to him on the front Opposition bench to bear him out. The gentleman made a sign to me behind him to keep silent, which, of course, I did. After the discussion, we both went out together to the smoking-room, when he said to me: "I think that I got out all the points for the grant, and did well." I never felt more grieved in my life, for it was clear that this was the beginning of the end.

Whether Lord Randolph had any strong political convictions, and, if so, what these convictions were, must always remain a moot question. He was a member of the Conservative Party, and his aim—like that of Disraeli—was to become its chief; to this he devoted his energies and his conspicuous abilities. Had he not been a young man in a hurry—to paraphrase his own phrase in regard to Mr. Gladstone—he would have remained Lord Salisbury's chief lieutenant until the succession fell to him, which it must have done had not his health failed. Lord Rosebery says that he had all the qualities that go to make up success in politics. He undoubtedly had many of these qualities, for without them he would never have raised himself to the position that he had secured in the country and in his party. It may be that in his case, as in that of other politician athletes, the verdict on him would have been the *dignus imperii nisi imperâsset* of Tacitus, had he ever become Premier. There is a vast difference between a statesman and a party leader who is merely an adroit debater and skilled in seizing on any occasion to damage a Government.

THE *TIMES* AND ITS BOOK CLUB.

The *Times* published on Monday a letter from the manager of *The Times* Book Club under the heading, "Publishers and the Public," which might better have been entitled, "Publishers and the *Times*." With much of it the public have not much concern, but a good deal of it directly concerns me, though the *Times*, in accordance with its traditions, "names no names." Three allegations answered in the letter are obviously taken from the article which appeared in last week's Truth. I will therefore consider the three answers in detail.

1. "It is alleged," says the manager of the T.B.C., "that we only represent 'a few thousand subscribers,'" and the answer is as follows:—

> The number of members of the Book Club entitled to purchase books is over 81,000, consisting of individual subscribers to the *Times* who can also borrow books, of subscribers to the Weekly Edition and our other publications, of clubs, institutions, libraries, etc. If each of these represents three individuals, it gives us nearly a quarter of a million book readers.

When I spoke of "a few thousand subscribers," what I was referring to was the subscribers to the Book Club, as distinct from "the Reading Public" at large, which the Club in its advertisements pretended to represent. The 81,000 persons enumerated in this paragraph, and then conjured by an ingenious stroke of the pen into "nearly a quarter of a million," are not the subscribers to the Book Club, but something very different. They are persons "entitled to purchase books," but described, on some principle which the Manager of the Club alone understands, as "members." Of the three categories in which he classifies them, the first only includes individual subscribers to the Club—that is to say, "members" of the Club in the ordinary sense of the term. Category No. 2 is "subscribers to the Weekly Edition and our other publications." I hardly think that the Weekly Edition subscription list will be strongly relied on for a large addition to the total. But what about "our other publications"? This will, of course, include subscribers to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," the "Century Dictionary," and I know not what beside. There is nothing to show that it does not include subscribers to the Law Reports, and companies which pay for reports of their meetings. At first sight it may seem incredible that all the purchasers of these publications should be held out to the public as "members of the Book Club entitled to purchase books"; but I cannot find any definition of membership in the rules, and, in the absence of it, a calculator of liberal views might possibly so reckon them. Further, it appears that subscribers to these publications have received communications inviting them to purchase books at the Book Club on special terms, which suggests that they are regarded by the Manager of the Book Club as a sort of brotherhood entitled to special privileges, which is quite consistent with his counting them up as "members of the Book Club entitled to purchase books." But this sort of outside membership of the Club is not yet exhausted, for we have still category No. 3, consisting of "clubs, institutions, libraries, etc." Now a club, institution, or library becomes a subscriber to the *Times*, or the Book Club, by paying an individual subscription like any private citizen. We have already had "individual subscribers to the *Times*" in category No. 1. Why, then, do we have this other class of subscriber repeatedly enumerated in category No. 3? It can only be, if the classification has any logical basis, because these are treated as collective, as distinguished from individual, subscribers. In support of this view, I find in one of the original Book Club subscriptions this note: "A subscription taken in the name of a club or other corporate body covers the buying privilege but not the reading privilege." That being so, the Manager of the Club may think himself entitled to number all the members of such institutions among his members entitled to purchase books, and it seems to me that it would be doing an injustice to his remarkable talents to suppose that he has not done so. He is at liberty to correct me if I am wrong; but if I am it is nobody's fault but his. If he desired to impress the world with an accurate sense of the importance of the *Times* Book Club, he would have told us how many people subscribe to it in the same way as to any other library. Instead of that he presents a meaningless list of persons "entitled to purchase books," apparently comprising every individual to whom he would send a circular when he is holding a sale. When by this means he has made up the imposing total of 81,000 "members" of the Club, he gravely proceeds to multiply it by three, on the assumption that every person thus "entitled to purchase"

represents three others equally entitled to purchase. So we arrive at the magnificent result that this "gives us nearly a quarter of a million book readers." "Gives us" is really sublime. Not the least wonderful thing about the calculation is the modesty and restraint which characterise it. The premises of the *Times* Book Club are a shop open to the whole world; anybody can walk in or send his order by post. While he was about it, the manager might just as well have quoted, say from the "Encyclopædia Britannica," statistics of the population of the English-speaking portion of the globe, and concluded that this "gives us" so many hundred million book readers. Why stop at 243,000?

2. The next allegation dealt with in the Manager's letter is "that we unfairly stated that the publisher made a profit of 800 per cent"; and the answer is:—

> We said nothing of the sort. We said that the difference between the mechanical cost of production of a book and the price the public paid for it was 800 per cent. upon the cost. That amount has, of course, to be divided between author, publisher, and bookseller, and our contention is that the publisher, who does least, gets a great deal more than his fair proportion.

There cannot be any serious dispute about what was said in the advertisements. They are on record and speak for themselves. The figure 800 per cent. was introduced and accentuated in a way which was pointless if the intention was not to suggest that the publisher pocketed the 800 per cent. There was not a hint that the author takes any share in the proceeds of the sale, and only a half-veiled allusion to the bookseller. I might mention here what has been pointed out to me by one of the most eminent of London publishers, that the *Times*' estimate of "the mechanical cost of production" made no allowance for author's corrections, often one of the heaviest items in the printer's bill. But, even accepting the 800 per cent. as correct within the limits now assigned to it, there is no sense in basing an indictment of the publisher upon it, so long as the publisher is only one of the parties among whom it is to be divided, and so long as you fail to show in what proportion it is to be divided, and what part of the publisher's share is net profit when all his trade expenses are paid, and when due allowance is made for his trade losses, treating all his publications as a whole. The "contention" of the Book Club manager may be that the publisher gets an unfair share as compared with the other two parties; but the "contention" will not carry much weight on the mere dictum of a tradesman who has a personal grievance against the publishing trade, and in the absence of any facts or figures to support it. There is a further contention in the same paragraph that the "extravagant charge made by the publisher is the reason why books are dearer to-day than sixty years ago, and why the book trade is in a decadent condition." Are books dearer than they were fifty years ago? Novels constitute by far the largest part of the annual output of books. They are now published at 6s., instead of the old-established price of a guinea and a half. How can the general price of books have risen in the face of this enormous reduction? I do not know whether it be the fact that the book trade is "decadent," but, if it is, it would be easy to find reason for this state of things without having recourse to highly questionable statements of fact.

3. In a later paragraph, the Manager of the Book Club refers to the little parallel which I suggested between the publishers of the *Times* and the publishers of books in their relation to circulating libraries and second-hand sales:—

> We have been asked how the *Times* would like it if Smith's, or others, offered to sell secondhand copies of that paper at 1d. or 2d. This is hardly my province, but it is a matter of public notoriety that this is already done largely, and I should be much surprised if the manager of the *Times* would not be ready to welcome with open arms any one who would establish a shop and sell the *Times, even new*, at 2d. or 1d.

Nothing like what I suggested is "already done largely." I suppose what is referred to is the practice among newsagents of lending the *Times* to read, and allowing the last reader on these terms to retain the paper. Whether or not this practice prevails largely, it is not the same thing as my suggestion. It is not much use discussing this point unless we know what the Manager of the *Times* thinks on the subject, but we are both in the same line of business, and I think I should be compelled to object to Messrs. Smith and Son selling off cheap copies of Truth second-hand at an early hour on the morning of publication for the benefit of their own circulating library. At any rate, whether I did or not, there can be no question about my right to do so.

This brings us back to the point of the matter so far as the *Times* is concerned, and it is its connection with the *Times* which makes the Book Club a matter of public interest, apart altogether from its quarrel with the publishers. The starting of the Book Club, not to mention "our other publications," is a virtual admission that the *Times* no longer satisfies its proprietors as a commercial undertaking. This may mean that the proprietors, having already a legitimate profit on their capital, are greedy of a larger one, or it may mean that the profits have declined so much that subsidiary enterprises have to be started to supplement them. I do not think there can be much doubt which is the true explanation, but as regards the general result, one is not much better than the other. If the profits of the *Times* as a newspaper are unsatisfactory, the reason must be that its price is too high in relation to the reduced prices of its competitors and greater value now given for money throughout the newspaper world. I do not say that, from the literary point of view, the *Times* is inferior all round to-day to what it has been at previous periods of its history; but for one reason or another it has ceased to possess the authoritative character that once distinguished it, while its cheaper competitors are infinitely superior in all respects to their predecessors of forty or fifty years ago. The leading penny papers of to-day, such as the *Morning Post*, the *Daily Telegraph*, or the *Manchester Guardian*, are little, if anything, inferior as newspapers to what the *Times* was in the days of Delane. The leading halfpenny papers are better than the penny or twopenny papers of that period. The *Times* may still give its readers much that they cannot get elsewhere, but the number of readers who want what is only to be found in its columns is limited. It stands to reason, therefore, that the *Times* cannot face the present competition in the trade at its old price. When it offers to its regular subscribers, without extra charge, a

circulating library subscription which at current commercial rates would be worth more than half the price of its annual subscription, the net result to its customers is that the price of the paper is reduced by more than one-half. Common sense and business experience alike suggest that it would be wiser to give the reduction in cash than in collateral advantages. The latter policy is that of the tradesman who attempts to create a fictitious demand for his goods by "bonuses" or "premiums" more or less delusive, by "giving away" an album or a china vase with a pound of inferior tea, or a Brummagem chain with a shoddy watch. An old-established and highly respectable business has little to hope from such dodges; and if, in the present case, the promised bonus is really a valuable one—to those who happened to want it—its value has been discounted by the extravagant claptrap advertising employed to gain the market. Judging from the figures given by the Manager of the Book Club, who has been driven to such transparent artifices to give fictitious dimensions to the "membership" of the concern, the result in genuine subscriptions to the paper has been in itself nothing to boast of. Without having the slightest ill-will to the *Times*, I am not sorry for this, for it may lead to the adoption of a wiser policy, and discourage imitation of latter-day *Times* methods in other quarters.

A "RAGGING" MILITIA BATTALION.

As the authorities at headquarters have lately evinced a proper desire to suppress "ragging" in the Army, Mr. Haldane and the Army Council may be interested in some information that I have recently obtained respecting the prevalence of this amusement in one of the Militia battalions. The battalion in question is the 4th Battalion, East Surrey Regiment. The battalion must have some reputation for such practices already, for I understand that the late C.O. was retired on account of a bad "ragging" case which occurred while the Militia was embodied during the Boer War. Judging, however, from what follows, it would seem that his successor, a former Line officer, has failed for one reason or another to suppress the evil which brought his predecessor to grief. During the training of the battalion at Gosport in 1905, and again at Shorncliffe during the present year, there have been bad cases of "ragging." The sport seems to have taken the usual forms of ruffianly "practical joking," personal violence, and the destruction of the victim's property. At Gosport on one occasion the victim was a senior captain. On returning to camp one night he found his tent sacked and removed, and he had to sleep for the night in an improvised tent. In the morning this shelter was found to be adorned with a placard bearing the words "Not Wanted," for all the battalion to read. He was suffering at the time from a pulmonary complaint, and has since died from it. During the same training a subaltern suffered so much from "practical jokes" and personal violence, that he left the battalion. Among other pleasantries, this man, who was a teetotaler, was forced to drink liquor until he was helplessly drunk. He was subsequently transferred to another battalion as lieutenant, although he had only been a second lieutenant in the East Surrey, which is pretty good evidence that he was a competent officer. Two bad cases also occurred at Shorncliffe this year. In one of them a subaltern, on returning to camp at night, found that his tent and furniture has disappeared. He resented this liberty, and a row ensued, in which the victim was so much knocked about that the picket came to his rescue. Another subaltern, who had been unmercifully "ragged," packed up his things preparatory to leaving the camp there and then; but he was prevailed upon to abandon his intention, and the incident was hushed up. The repetition of these incidents shows the systematic way in which the game is carried on. Not the least interesting fact mentioned to me is that this distinguished battalion keeps up an institution known as the "ragging tent." Here the rowdy members of the mess assemble every night to "rag" new-comers or unpopular comrades and make things generally unpleasant for them. Here the furniture of the victims is brought to be broken up, and a regular pandemonium is kept up every night, into the small hours, close to the men's lines.

It stands to reason, of course, that the Commanding Officer cannot be ignorant of this state of things, and there is clear evidence that it has been forcibly brought to his notice on several occasions. Officers have appealed to him on many occasions for protection. He is always sympathetic, and he has declared repeatedly and emphatically that this sort of thing must be stopped; but, beyond making this declaration, he appears to be unable to do anything. I understand that from the purely military point of view he is a capable soldier, and for his sake I am sorry that it should be necessary to call attention publicly to the scandal. But as he is unable to stop the "ragging" proclivities of his officers, it is evident that somebody else must do so. Such a state of things as prevails in this battalion is a subversion of all military discipline—indeed, it is a mystery how order can be maintained in the ranks when officers set their men such an example—and it must add materially to the difficulty of obtaining competent officers in the Militia, which is already serious enough. It may be pretty safely taken for granted that the hooligans in uniform who habitually indulge in this kind of fun can never be of any use to the Service as soldiers. It is not likely that men who make it their business to drive comrades out of the battalion, either for the mere fun of the thing, or to gratify their personal antipathies, who organise disgraceful rows in camp every night, and set the worst possible example to the rank and file during the brief period when the men are brought together for training, will ever take the trouble to make themselves efficient officers, or have the slightest pride in the efficiency or good name of their regiment. When I am told, therefore, that the ringleaders of the "ragging" set in this particular battalion are the most useless type of officer from the point of view of mere soldiering, I readily believe it.

For every reason there ought to be a prompt and full inquiry into this business. I have not the slightest doubt of the accuracy of my information, or I should not publish it; but I do not ask the military authorities to take it on trust. Let them investigate the matter for themselves. Judging from my own experience, they

will have no difficulty in obtaining information; and, if they go the right way to work, I do not think they can fail to see the necessity of making a clean sweep of all the parties responsible for this scandal.

A BOWDEN BRAKE CONSPIRACY.

On February 3, 1905, Mr. Lewin Karmel, managing director and principal proprietor of the Nottingham Cycle Company, Ltd., of 12, Arkwright-street, Nottingham, was committed to prison by an order of Mr. Justice Bray at the instance of the Bowden's Patent Syndicate, Ltd., for breach of an injunction restraining him from selling infringements of the well-known Bowden brake for bicycles. He remained in prison for over ten weeks, when he was released, having declined to make any apology to the Court, and maintained his innocence from first to last. Since that date Mr. Karmel has made efforts in more than one direction to establish his innocence, and to expose the conspiracy of which he asserts that he was the victim; but he has been greatly impeded in doing this by the financial loss inflicted upon him by his imprisonment, and the use subsequently made of it by the Bowden's Patent Syndicate, and, not being successful in other directions, he has laid the facts before me, with a view to their publication. Such publication appears to be eminently desirable, not only in justice to Mr. Karmel himself, but in the public interest, affording as it does a conspicuous example of the dangerous abuses which arise from the methods adopted by more than one company in the position of the Bowden's Patent Syndicate to protect what they conceive to be their rights. I would therefore ask the attention of those who are interested in such questions to Mr. Karmel's story, which is necessarily a somewhat lengthy one.

The Nottingham Cycle Company is a firm doing a wholesale and retail trade in bicycles, and more particularly in bicycle parts, and also executing repairs. In this character they exhibited at the Stanley Show in London in 1903 a brake invented by a Mr. Wakefield, which the Bowden Syndicate alleged to be an infringement of their patent. The Syndicate commenced an action on that ground. Mr. Karmel, having no interest in the Wakefield brake, was not disposed to go to the expense of defending the action, and the inventor does not seem to have been in a position to do so. Accordingly, the Nottingham Cycle Company settled the action, consented to an injunction, and paid the plaintiffs' costs. It was for breach of this injunction, granted early in 1904, that Mr. Karmel was subsequently imprisoned. Prior to this date the Nottingham Cycle Company had bought brakes in large numbers of the Bowden Syndicate, but after this the Syndicate refused to supply him; in other words, they boycotted him, and he was unable to obtain the Bowden brakes which he required for the legitimate purposes of his business. In this state of things a company at Birmingham which had manufactured parts of the Bowden brake for the Syndicate went into liquidation, and the liquidator offered the unsold stock for sale. Through the agency of a man named Atkinson at Birmingham, the Nottingham Cycle Company purchased, first in March and again in October, 1904, a large quantity of those parts. On the first occasion Atkinson offered the parts in the first instance to the Bowden Syndicate, but no sale was effected. On the second, he offered the goods, and the immediate reply was a writ against Atkinson and the liquidator (Mr. Sharp). Before the writ was served the stock had been removed to Nottingham, where it was warehoused in premises owned by the Nottingham Cycle Company. There was, therefore, no secret whatever about the purchase of these parts, so far as the Bowden Syndicate was concerned. The Syndicate were aware that Mr. Karmel had them, and could watch the use which he made of them. As a matter of fact, they did so, very closely. On his side Mr. Karmel would expect to be watched, and as a matter of fact he soon knew that this was being done. It was not very likely, therefore, that he would make any use of this Bowden stock beyond what he was legitimately entitled to make in the ordinary course of his trade. His evidence, and that of all his employees is that after October, when the writ against Atkinson was issued, strict instructions were given in the shop that no Bowden brake should be sold, and that none of the parts which bore the mark "Bowden's Patent" should be used for any purpose.

Early in December, 1904, the Bowden Syndicate commenced an action to restrain the Nottingham Cycle Company from "passing off" other articles as Bowden brakes. On December 13, Mr. Karmel, while in London in connection with an interlocutory proceeding in this action, was served with notice of an application to commit him to prison for breach of the injunction already in force. In due course the application came before Mr. Justice Bray as Vacation Judge. The case put forward in support of the application was that on December 8 a complete Bowden brake was sold by Mr. Karmel personally to a man named Hitchcock, having been fitted to Hitchcock's bicycle in the Nottingham Cycle Company's shop. The evidence offered in proof of this was that of Hitchcock and an employee of Karmel's named Attenborough, the brake being produced in support of their story. Hitchcock swore that he had called at the shop on December 7, and had seen Karmel and left his bicycle in order that it might be repaired and fitted with a free wheel and a Bowden brake; that he called for his machine the same night, and again saw Karmel, who told him to call again the next day; that he called again on the following day, about 12.45, again saw Karmel, who told him that it would be necessary to make certain alterations in the machine before a free wheel and a Bowden brake could be fitted to it. Hitchcock replied that he would think it over, and in the meantime would take away the machine and the brake, whereupon Karmel supplied him with the complete brake, which he took away, and paid to Karmel 12s. 6d.—9s. 6d. for the brake, and 3s. for some odd repairs. Attenborough swore that he and Karmel were alone in the shop at 12.45 on December 8, when Hitchcock arrived, and that he saw Karmel hand Hitchcock his machine and the brake, and take Hitchcock's money.

In order to understand what happened when the case came before the learned Judge, it must be explained that the foregoing story was not disclosed

all at once. In the first instance the application to commit was supported by a short affidavit by Hitchcock to the effect that he had purchased the brake produced on the same date without further particulars. With only this information as to the case which he has to meet, Mr. Karmel had to frame his defence, and support it by affidavits. Observe how admirably this procedure is calculated to facilitate perjury and defeat the ends of justice. On December 8 Mr. Karmel, having much other business to attend to, had only paid two brief visits to the shop between 12 and 1.30. He went out before 12.30 to see his solicitor, was absent about half an hour, came back and took lunch, and left to catch a train for London at 1.45. He had no recollection of seeing any customer during that time. Neither had any of his employees. They none of them knew who Hitchcock was. The books contained no record of any sale for the amount of 12s. 6d., but on looking into the book from which receipts for cash were given, and in which counterfoils were preserved for entering the cash into the cashier's diary, it was found that a counterfoil had been torn out, corresponding to a sale which would have taken place, so far as could be judged, about 2.30 on the day in question. No entry corresponding to this counterfoil had been made in the cashier's book, which would indicate that the missing leaf had been torn out on the same day. In this state of mystification, Mr. Karmel and three members of his staff make affidavits showing Mr. Karmel's movements on the day in question, stating that only one customer, who was identified, and had made a purchase to the amount of 1s., had entered the shop before the time when Mr. Karmel left, and generally denying that any Bowden brake or parts stamped "Bowden's Patent" had been sold on that day or for some months previously. Independent evidence was also given of Mr. Karmel's movements. Only after these affidavits are made is the story of Hitchcock and Attenborough disclosed to the other side by affidavits in reply. With this story to guide them, Mr. Karmel and his staff remember that a "boy" really *had* left a bicycle to be repaired and fitted with a free wheel and Bowden brake on December 7; that he *had* called for the machine on the following day about 1 o'clock; that Mr. Karmel *had* seen him, explained to him that the free-wheel had not been fitted (it subsequently appeared the machine would not take one), had taken 2s. 6d. from him for the small repairs, and given him a receipt —for 2s. 6d., mind, not 12s. 6d. They all come in due course before the Judge. They recognise Hitchcock when pointed out as the "boy" who had brought the bicycle (he was, in fact, a grown man, but deformed and having the appearance of a boy). They are thus in the position of having sworn a series of affidavits which break down before further evidence. The case for the defence is further discredited by another witness named Blanchard. After having sworn to a conversation with Attenborough, in which the latter had told him that he and Hitchcock were earning money for the Bowden's Patent Syndicate, and invited him to join with them in this good thing, Blanchard assumed an ambiguous attitude in Court, and played the part of endeavouring to screen Karmel when questions were put to him. His conduct will be explained presently. The whole case naturally conveys the worst possible impressions to the mind of the learned judge, and Karmel is sent to gaol *sine die*.

This was on February 3. A few days afterwards the man Attenborough went to one of Karmel's salesmen and confessed that his evidence was false. He repeated this confession to Mrs. Karmel, and was taken to Mr. Karmel's solicitor. He then made an affidavit, dated February 11, declaring that the whole story of the sale of the Bowden brake was an invention concocted between himself and Hitchcock. His story now was that Hitchcock had brought a bicycle to be repaired, that he called for it on the day in question by preconcerted arrangement, and that Attenborough handed the machine to him, and that Mr. Karmel charged him 2s. 6d., for which Hitchcock took a receipt. He then went home to dinner, where Hitchcock met him, and suggested to him that he should tear the counterfoil out of the book, which he did on going back to work about 2.30 the same afternoon. On the evening of the same day, in the presence of Hitchcock and his wife, he burnt the counterfoil, and altered Hitchcock's receipt by putting a "1" in front of the figures, so as to make the 2s. 6d. into 12s. 6d. He also stated that Hitchcock brought to him on the same evening the brake which he (Attenborough) despatched to the representative of the Bowden's Patent Syndicate in London as having been purchased by Hitchcock from the Nottingham Cycle Company. He went on to say that when he gave his evidence he did not know that Mr. Karmel was likely to go to gaol, or that the consequences would be so serious; that when he found what had happened he was sorry, and had confessed accordingly; and that he had not received any reward or promise of a reward. His affidavit was supported by another from his wife, who deposed to significant conversations between her husband and Hitchcock on the day in question, both at dinner time and in the evening; to seeing her husband burn a piece of paper in the evening which he had brought home with him; and to seeing her husband marking with a pencil another similar piece of paper in consultation with Hitchcock. She said that after the paper had been marked, each of them held it up to the gas light and looked at it, and it was then marked again with pencil and held up to the light a second time. She also swore to seeing Hitchcock bring the brake to the house when he came in the evening, and seeing the two men attach labels to it and pack it up.

It might have been supposed that after these affidavits had been obtained Mr. Karmel would have been speedily released. In due course an application for that purpose was made to Mr. Justice Bray, who, after a further hearing—Hitchcock being called, and adhering to his previous evidence—refused the application. About a month later a second application for release was made, and came before Mr. Justice Bucknill, Mr. Justice Bray being on circuit. I believe I am right in saying that Mr. Justice Bucknill evinced an inclination to release the prisoner, but he referred the matter to Mr. Justice Bray, who suggested that the

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application should stand over until he returned to town. This was done, and on his return Mr. Justice Bray declined to release the prisoner unless he apologised to the Court. Mr. Karmel wrote to the Judge from prison declining to apologise and maintaining his innocence. Shortly afterwards, however, when he had been in prison for seventy-four days, Mr. Justice Bray released him, I suppose on the ground that he had been sufficiently punished. I should be the last to criticise the decision of any Judge of the High Court without fuller materials than are available in this case. But I confess I do not understand the retention of Mr. Karmel in prison after Attenborough's confession. It is true, of course, that a retractation made by a witness in this way must be regarded with suspicion. I have seen Attenborough myself, and I can understand that his evidence would not inspire confidence in a court of justice. But his second affidavit did not stand unsupported. It was supported by his wife's evidence, and in a more significant way still by the receipt produced by Hitchcock, which, I understand from those who have examined it, bears obvious evidence of having been tampered with precisely in the manner described by Mrs. Hitchcock. The learned Judge, of course, was entitled to arrive at the conclusion that Attenborough's second confession had been bought. But, seeing to what an extent the whole story of the sale of the brake rested on this man's evidence, it seems a strong measure to detain the prisoner for two months after the witness had proved himself ready to supply affidavits for a consideration either to one side or the other. What Mr. Justice Bray did not know, however, but what I know now, is that Attenborough and Hitchcock had been paid, and paid handsomely, by the plaintiffs in the first instance, and that the witness Blanchard received £10 from their representative immediately after Mr. Karmel's committal. It is this which enables one to judge on which side perjury existed, and to see through the whole conspiracy to which Mr. Karmel fell a victim.

As intimated at the outset of this article, the circumstances which led to Mr. Karmel's imprisonment have an interest of their own for the public, apart from the individual injustice to the victim. In order to make this clear, it is now necessary to explain the position of the Bowden patents and their proprietors at the time of these incidents, and the proceedings on the part of the Bowden Syndicate which resulted in Mr. Karmel's committal. In the first place, it must be understood that the validity of the Bowden patent has been more than once questioned and never to this day legally established. At the Stanley Cycle Show in London in November, 1903, a second brake, besides that of Mr. Wakefield already mentioned, was exhibited, which the Bowden's Patent Syndicate asserted was an infringement of their patent. This was called the Vim brake, and was exhibited by a Mr. Slack. The Bowden's Patent Syndicate commenced an action for infringement against Mr. Slack at the same time as against the Nottingham Cycle Company. The defendants took the opinion of six counsel, including Mr. Bousfield, K.C., who advised unanimously that the Bowden patent was not a good one, and that neither of the other two brakes was an infringement. Mr. Karmel, as already explained, settled the action against his firm. Mr. Slack was in a different position, and prepared to fight, but the Bowden's Patent Syndicate settled the action against him, and, I understand, paid his costs. The Vim brake remains on the market to this day. Subsequently to this the Syndicate brought an action against another firm for infringement, which action was tried and judgment given for the defendant and against the Bowden patent. I understand that there are two Bowden patents, and that only the first of them was in question on this particular occasion, but it was the "master" patent. It will be understood that I am expressing no opinion of my own on the validity of the Bowden patents; my only purpose in recounting these facts is to show that at the end of 1904, when these measures were taken against Mr. Karmel, the validity of the patents was open to serious question, and that the Syndicate had given evidence in Slack's action of not being at all confident about their legal position. It is necessary to look at Mr. Karmel's case by the light of these facts.

Let us turn now to the methods by which Mr. Karmel was brought to prison. At this period the Bowden Syndicate had in operation a system of spying upon the cycle trade for the purpose of making examples of tradesmen infringing the Syndicate's rights. A Mr. Arthur Goodwin was either at the head of the spying department of the business, or one of the principal officials in it. In November, 1904, for the reasons already indicated, Mr. Goodwin had the Nottingham Cycle Company under close observation, and had got into communication with the man Attenborough above mentioned. What was going on between Goodwin and Attenborough cannot be better shown than by extracts from the correspondence which passed between them. On November 26, 1904, Goodwin writes to Attenborough as follows from the office of the Bowden's Patent Syndicate in London:—

> I am in receipt of your favour of yesterday, and have wired you to-day asking for the immediate purchase of a complete Bowden brake from the man Blanchard. I shall be very pleased to repay you for the trouble of purchasing this brake, viz., I will forward you the amount of your disbursement with a further sum of 10s., on the distinct understanding, of course, that you will be prepared to sign an affidavit to the effect that you have purchased such an article from such a man on a certain date. Of course you quite understand that my offers as to remuneration for the purchase of a brake from Lewin Karmel did not apply to Blanchard. The cases are totally different, as against the one we already have an injunction, but against the other of course we have no remedy. At the same time we shall be only too pleased to remunerate you from time to time according to services rendered. I wish to be perfectly fair and square on this point. Trusting you will post on the brake without delay,—Yours faithfully, A. Goodwin.
>
> P.S.—You may be interested to hear that J. Atkinson, of Birmingham, is now being looked after at the expense of the Government.

It will be seen from this that the Bowden Syndicate were offering bribes to a working man in Karmel's employ for the purpose of obtaining from him evidence to get his own employer into trouble. The man Blanchard referred to in the letter is evidently the same man who subsequently figured as a witness in the charge against Mr. Karmel. It would seem that Blanchard, having left Karmel's service, and doing business on his own account, the Bowden Syndicate

were also endeavouring to obtain evidence against him. But later on, after he had made an affidavit for Mr. Karmel indicating that Attenborough was in the pay of the Bowden Syndicate, Mr. Goodwin approached him in a different spirit. On January 12 Mr. Goodwin paid him 13s. for expenses of a railway journey, and on February 4, the day after Karmel's committal, £10 for "bonus paid to him as arranged."

The next letter from Mr. Goodwin to Attenborough, dated November 28, acknowledges the receipt of a letter and parcel, and then says:—

I am having an affidavit drawn up that you may execute this down at Nottingham most probably to-morrow or the following day. I presume that the brake you purchased is one made up from the stock of the Nottingham Cycle Co. I will write you immediately it comes to hand, and you will probably hear to-morrow from our solicitor with a copy of the affidavit he wishes you to sign. . . .

Attenborough, it will be seen, is earning his money, and has purchased a brake—with what results will be seen in the next letter. The information that it is the practice in these cases to draw up in the office of the company's solicitor in London the affidavit in which the *agent provocateur*, at Nottingham or wherever it may be, is to give his own account of what he has done, makes this letter particularly interesting. It throws light on the brief preliminary affidavit subsequently made by Hitchcock, in answering which the defence was so fatally embarrassed, until the detailed story on the other side was disclosed by affidavits in reply. On the next day Goodwin writes thus:—

I have at last received the brake sent up by you. It appears to be just the thing I wanted, but on second thoughts I should imagine it would be far better for us not to implicate your good self in this prosecution, but, instead, to get someone else to make the necessary purchase and execute the affidavit we require, and you will then be kept entirely in the background, and no one would get to know from whom we were getting the necessary information. It would be far better for us, and we think would enable us to secure more information from the inner ring than possibly we should otherwise be able to secure. . . . Be sure and keep this matter *entirely* to *yourself*.

Here we have the explanation of Hitchcock's introduction on to the scene. The Bowden Syndicate think it undesirable to disclose the fact that they are obtaining what they want from one of Mr. Karmel's workmen, so they suggest that he should put up somebody else to purchase a brake and furnish the materials for the affidavit which the company's solicitors are to prepare. No doubt, as Mr. Goodwin frankly puts it, this would be "far better for us." The next letter is dated December 1:—

Replying to your further favours I have pleasure in enclosing remittance herewith for 18s., covering the brake you have purchased, also a little remuneration for the services so far rendered. You had better get the friend to whom you refer to make these purchases, as I presume he is unknown to any of the parties, but be sure you can trust him in every regard before placing this commission in his hands, as it is most essential that the matter should be kept absolutely quiet. If you cannot purchase a brake from all the parties mentioned in your wire, namely, Blanchard, Bottomore, Colton, and Kay, you must do the best you can, and purchase from as many as possible. The goods, of course, must be bought as Bowden brakes, and the party purchasing will have to be prepared to sign an affidavit. . . .

After this, it appears from a telegram, that Mr. Goodwin went down to Nottingham and saw Attenborough on December 2. From the next letter—December 5—it is evident that he was able to arrange matters very satisfactorily at this interview:—

As promised I herewith send you another remittance to enable you to make some more of the purchases arranged for between us. I find on my return to town that our solicitor has already sent down the writ to his agents at Nottingham for service upon Blanchard, but as they have done this without an affidavit, or reference to any specific sale, he does not, of course, know how we became possessed of the necessary information, but we shall make use of Hitchcock and his purchase at a later stage *I hope, however, this prompt action will not make Lewin Karmel too nervous to even execute the simple trap we have already laid for him to-day and to-morrow, and if you can only succeed in that little matter I will see you and your friend are suitably rewarded.*

The reader will now see clearly exactly how the "simple trap" for Karmel was engineered between Goodwin, Attenborough, and Hitchcock. The remainder of the correspondence throws no further light on the origin of the plot, but there are one or two passages worth quoting:—

December 6 (Goodwin to Attenborough).—I wrote you last night from my private address, and enclosed a further remittance for 35s., as arranged with you on Saturday last. This, together with what I handed you on Saturday last, should enable you to make several more purchases as arranged. . . .

December 22.—I have your favour of this morning to hand, and note your remarks about the large quantity of carbide and rubber solution kept upon Karmel's premises. Although with my present acquaintance with the Nottingham police, I could undoubtedly upset Karmel a great deal in this regard, it will not materially assist in what we at present have in hand. I do not think it wise upon reflection to follow the course you suggest. I am anxious to avoid giving you anything in the form of a remuneration that would tend to handicap your evidence under cross-examination when the trial comes along, and whatever remuneration I send you in the meantime must be looked upon as paying your actual out-of-pocket expenses and loss of time in looking after the execution of any instruction we may give you. I will try and get a small remittance sent along to you during the next day or two, as a Christmas-box. Of course, when the matter is all settled, I will see that you are suitably rewarded as originally arranged.

Here we see the precautions taken to prevent the true relations between the Bowden Syndicate and the witnesses who were to prove its case against Karmel from coming to the knowledge of the Court. This evidence of the spirit in which the case was got up and presented to him must be particularly interesting to Mr. Justice Bray. Another noteworthy point in the letter is the incidental allusion to the Nottingham police. The local police, as appears from other evidence, were being paid at this time to keep an eye on Mr. Karmel's premises and report any movements of stock. This astonishing misuse of the powers of the police has, I believe, been dealt with by the Nottingham Watch Committee.

The next letter from Goodwin covers the remittance of the little Christmas box of £2 referred to in the last. On January 6, when requesting Attenborough and Hitchcock to come to London for the purpose of affidavits, a further remittance is enclosed "to cover your expenses, and also a little remuneration for your services to date." Some further information in reference to the payments made to Attenborough is to be found in an account of Mr. Goodwin's expenses in connection with these matters, which came to light in the course of other proceedings. In this appear the following items:—

			£	s.	d.
Dec. 10	Attenborough	Services in advising us of despatch of goods from Nottingham	1	0	0
,, 12	,,	Instructed Attenborough to come to London. Handed him	1	15	0
,, 13	,,	Do. to return to Nottingham Handed him	1	0	0
,, 23	,,	Amount remitted to	3	0	0
,, ,,	,,	Attenborough and Hitchcock, extra expenses coming to London (£1 0 0)	0	10	0
1905.					
Jan. 17	,,	Remitted to Attenborough	1	10	0
,, 20	,,	Do.	1	10	0
			£10	5	0

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It is not clear why Mr. Goodwin enters £3 as remitted to Attenborough on December 23, when the amount of the "Christmas box," according to his letter of this date, was only £2; and the entry for expenses for coming to London on the same date does not explain itself, as there is no indication in the correspondence of Attenborough having visited London at this time. Whether these discrepancies have anything to do with Mr. Goodwin's desire of making it appear, with a view to cross-examination, that Attenborough had received nothing from the plaintiffs beyond "payment for actual out of pocket expenses and loss of time," one cannot say; but, anyhow, this account shows that Attenborough received from the company a total of £10 5s. for services rendered in procuring Mr. Karmel's imprisonment, in addition to the liberal remittances for actual expenditure mentioned in the above letters of Mr. Goodwin prior to the date December 23.

I may give here Mr. Goodwin's full account of his payments to Blanchard:—

			£	s.	d.
Jan. 12.....	Blanchard	Amount handed to Blanchard ...	0	5	0
		Expenses to and from Leicester...	0	8	0
Feb. 4.....	,, ...	Bonus paid to him as arranged...	10	0	0
,, 21.....	,, ...	For services	3	10	0
Mar. 30.....	,, ...	For his services	1	0	0
Apl. 3.....	,, ...	As per arrangement	3	10	0
			£18	13	0

The "Bonus" paid on the day after Karmel's committal speaks for itself. What the other "services" were can only be conjectured, but it will be noted that they were all rendered during the time Karmel was in gaol, and that during that time three abortive applications were made to the court for his release. This account of Goodwin's is in all respects a most illuminating document. It begins with Attenborough in December, 1904, and goes on down to June of the following year. The total amount is £294 3s. 8d., of which £181 12s. 8d. is distinguished as "expenses." With the exception of about £31 for carriage and storing goods, it is entirely made up of payments to individuals for services. Goodwin himself goes down for £68—seventeen weeks at £4 a week. £76 1s. 9d. is paid to "detectives" for watching premises and other services; £16 to two or three other people. Except the £31 above mentioned, the whole of these expenses were incurred over Karmel's case and in watching his premises; and the account shows how freely the money flows when there is work of this character to be done.

Mr. Goodwin and his employers will, of course, say that it was no part of their design that Attenborough and Hitchcock should manufacture a bogus case against Mr. Karmel and support it by perjury. No one can contradict that statement. The owner of a patent is entitled to obtain information as to the infringement of his rights wherever he can find it, and to pay those whose services he employs for the purpose. But when he finds himself compelled to employ a sort of detective who goes to men of whose character he knows nothing, and offers them tempting sums of money, as was done in the above instance, for the sort of information he wants, and constructs with them "traps" by which it is to be obtained, he is deliberately inviting fraud and perjury; and as he must know that he is doing so, he must be held responsible if fraud and perjury are the result. If for his own ends he has to adopt such procedure, it is his business to guard himself against the inevitable risks of such dirty business. In law a man is held responsible for the natural results of his own actions; and the moral responsibility is wider than the legal. The correspondence set out above, with its significant hints about a future reward when the desired end has been obtained, and its edifying admission of the necessity of keeping the Court in the dark as to the true relation between the plaintiffs and their witnesses, on whose evidence they are seeking to get a trade competitor sent to gaol, reveals to all the world the disreputable practices that have to be adopted in maintaining a monopoly of this character; and the public can judge for itself how far those who profit by such methods can be held responsible for them and for such results as followed in this case at Mr. Karmel's expense.

In forming such a judgment, it is not immaterial to notice the use made of Mr. Karmel's imprisonment by the Bowden Syndicate for its own trade ends. The Syndicate naturally has a potent influence with the trade press, and it is intimately connected with one or two trade journals. In all these papers the case was made the subject of articles assailing Mr. Karmel in terms of unmeasured abuse and insult. After the abortive application for his release, a full-page advertisement, recording in the largest type how Lewin Karmel was committed to prison, how an application had been made for his release, and how he had "returned to prison," was inserted in several of these papers; and for months afterwards this sort of persecution continued at intervals. Even so late as March of the present year there is an example of it in the shape of an apology by Hay Nisbet and Co., Ltd., to another tradesman, Mr. Frankenburg, of Birmingham. This apology recites that an action for libel had been commenced by Mr. Frankenburg against Hay Nisbet and Co., Ltd., on the strength of some grossly libellous paragraphs in the *Scottish Cyclist*, a journal owned by the defendant company; and that the defendants accordingly offered to the plaintiff a full apology, withdrew all imputations, and agreed to pay Mr. Frankenburg a sum by way of damages, together with all his costs, and to publish this apology in various trade papers. The libellous paragraphs are appended to the apology, and here again the name of "Louis Karmel" (*sic*) is bracketed with that of Mr. Frankenburg, and he is referred to in the most contemptuous and defamatory terms. Mr. Nisbet, the Chairman of the company, in one of whose journals this libel was published, is also the Chairman of the Bowden's Patent Syndicate. The primary object of all these articles and advertisements is, of course, to terrorise the trade by holding up Mr. Karmel's imprisonment before their eyes as a warning to all makers and repairers of bicycles. From my limited knowledge of the law of libel, I should think

Thomas Goode & Co.—China, glass, pottery, fireproof ware. Sole agents in the United Kingdom for the famous "Bi-Métal" (copper lined with pure sheet silver) Cooking Utensils. Illustrated catalogues free.—South Audley-street, London.

it is extremely doubtful whether the Bowden Syndicate is entitled to go on advertising Mr. Karmel's imprisonment in this way; but having severely crippled him by the imprisonment and the heavy costs incidental to the legal proceedings, the Syndicate can afford to take any risk which they may incur under that head, and for the attainment of their business ends they go on in this way holding up the man they have crushed to public contempt, regardless of the further injury that they are thereby inflicting upon him. An incident which occurred only two or three months ago shows how remorselessly the power of the monopoly is used to keep its victim under. A trade journal, the *Cycle and Motor Trader*, published some editorial remarks with reference to Mr. Karmel's case, and Mr. Karmel instructed his solicitor to ask for an apology. The editor and proprietors of the paper at first treated the matter very fairly, and after meetings between the solicitors it was eventually arranged that all the documentary evidence should be placed in the hands of Messrs. Engall and Crane, of 44, Bedford Row, the solicitors to the proprietors of the *Cycle and Motor Trader*, and that if they were satisfied that an injustice had been done to Mr. Karmel, a suitable explanation should be published in the paper. Messrs. Engall and Crane went into the case accordingly, and the result of their report to their clients was that an article on Mr. Karmel's case was drafted for publication in the *Cycle and Motor Trader*. In this draft the editor declared himself satisfied of the truth of Mr. Karmel's story, and, after reference to the facts, he expressed regret that the decision of the Court had led the paper to make remarks which were unjust to Mr. Karmel, and stated his belief that "this man had suffered, as the result of a wickedly-concocted plot, an injury such as has seldom marked the record of trade disputes in our courts of law." After the draft had been approved by Mr. Karmel's solicitor, that gentleman heard from Messrs. Engall and Crane that the directors of the company owning the paper had altered their minds, taken the matter out of their hands, and placed it in those of the solicitor to the Bowden's Patent Syndicate. Needless to say, the promised apology has never been published. I suspect that I know precisely how the contemplated apology came to the knowledge of the Bowden Syndicate, and how the influence of the Syndicate was exerted to suppress it. But without going into that, it is sufficient to leave the matter as it stands as a proof of the power of the monopoly with which Mr. Karmel has come into conflict, and the use of this power to frustrate all his efforts to vindicate his character.

I trust that the public recital of the whole story may bring to this gentleman what he has so long been waiting for. The facts speak so plainly for themselves that I do not think any one who reads this article can doubt that Mr. Karmel has been the victim of a plot which can only be described as diabolical; and I hope that the exposure of this plot may assist him to retrieve the loss he has suffered. But what is not less to be desired is that the perpetration of such plots should be rendered less easy in future. It is time that the public understood, what is known at present only to people in certain branches of trade, that the methods adopted by the Bowden's Patent Syndicate for protecting their legal rights, and revealed so instructively in the correspondence of the chief of their spy department, have long been in habitual use among companies holding trade monopolies based upon patents. I could mention two such companies which have in recent years gained an unenviable notoriety both in trade circles and in the records of the law courts, by their organised persecution of small trade competitors. Not only is the machinery employed in all these cases identical with that revealed above, but the very agents and spies through whom it is worked appear now in the service of one firm, now in that of another, showing that the business is one in which the most successful practitioners gain a reputation which causes their services to be in request by other firms. As showing the peculiar talents required for such success, it is not immaterial to mention that a particularly eminent member of the profession, who had no doubt played his part in many applications for injunctions and motions for committal, was rewarded not long ago with a handsome term of penal servitude. The general public has no conception of the frequency of these motions for committal, which are heard in Chambers and never reported. At the trial of the action against Mr. Atkinson, which has once or twice been mentioned, some reference was made to the imprisonment of Mr. Karmel, as a person who had been associated with Atkinson. "How many people have you had sent to prison?" asked Mr. Justice Bigham of Mr. Walter, the junior counsel for the Bowden Syndicate. "I do not know, my Lord," was the reply; "*some hundreds in the course of my professional career for breaches of injunctions.*" Perhaps we must make some little allowance here for the pardonable pride of a professional gentleman in his own performances. But when one single member of the Junior Bar can publicly make such a boast in Court, the reader may obtain a sufficient idea of the scale on which these operations are carried out. If he will remember that in the greater number of these hundreds of cases of imprisonment the same machinery brought to bear on Mr. Karmel has been at work, and probably in not a few of them the same skilled operators, he will understand the reign of terror which has been set up over small tradesmen throughout the length and breadth of the land by some of these monopolist corporations, and the deadly perils which arise under it.

It is no doubt desirable, for the sake of public no less than private interests, that the rights of patentees should be effectually protected by the law. But the legitimate protection of the patentee is far exceeded when a wealthy company, which has acquired his rights, is put into a position to crush all trade competition by a process of summary imprisonment, and that without the necessity of even obtaining a legal decision on the validity of its alleged rights, unless it is so incautious as to tackle a man who is prepared to spend a thousand pounds or two in attempting to upset a patent. The summary procedure in secret before a Judge in Chambers is the deadly weapon which, with all the power of the purse

behind it, gives the monopolist his irresistible strength. In one way or another it should be taken from him. Our Judges are for the most part experienced men of the world, and properly regardful of the liberty of the subject. But by no means all of them are familiar with the ins and outs of patent law practice, or the abuses incidental to the defence of trade monopolies by private detectives directed by sharp lawyers. The judge, therefore, should be assisted by a jury whenever the owner of a patent is desirous that the Court should send one of his trade competitors to gaol, and the trial of the issue should not be conducted on affidavits prepared in lawyers' offices, but by oral evidence in the full publicity of open court, as in the case of any other criminal proceeding. Under such conditions I doubt if we should hear much more of such "simple traps" as were laid by the agents of the Bowden Syndicate in Mr. Karmel's case—traps for judges no less than for honest tradesmen.

THE THEATRES.

There is little to chronicle this week save the humble recantation of Mr. Arthur Bourchier in respect of his omission to ask the Press to witness the first performance of "The Morals of Marcus." It takes the form of a circular letter begging for a notice of the fiftieth in lieu of the first performance, and apologising for the tone of the printed notice previously sent. My hope is that Mr. Arthur Bourchier will let the ordinary motive of production and Press notices take its course in future, and rather concentrate his attention upon the artistic quality of the work done at his theatre. For the last year or so he has been all too prone to fall foul of the Press, and then to fall upon his knees to the Press and begin again. M. Antoine, the present director of the second theatre of France, the Odéon, would serve as a good model for Mr. Bourchier in many respects. As regards modesty, for instance, I see that M. Antoine causes all names to be printed of an exactly equal size on the bills of the theatre. I should like personally to conduct a certain number of our managers, actor and otherwise, to the Odéon and oblige them to study M. Antoine's methods. A lofty ideal, extreme severity of study, the subordination of every individual in the cast to the sole end of obtaining the maximum of effect from the play, these may be mentioned as some of M. Antoine's merits. The chink of the money-box has always with him been a secondary consideration, but that agreeable chink has been found to follow the lead of the higher impulses.

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Miss Phyllis Dare's first appearance at the Vaudeville on Saturday evening last, in Miss Edna May's former part, began with an ovation and ended in a real triumph. The crowded house seemed at the very first determined to show its sympathy for this charming young actress on her return to the stage, and, this kindly feeling having spent itself, larger and larger waves of enthusiasm surged through the house as the audience observed the firmness of touch, the perfect memory and speaking of the long part which it was known Miss Phyllis Dare had studied for less than a week. Not only was the playing good as regards facial expression and gesture, but Miss Phyllis Dare carolled the songs of Julia Chaldicott with a thrushlike purity of tone that fairly won the house, and joined in the concerted pieces as though she had been playing in the piece since the first night.

The whole performance was otherwise brilliant. Every one was taking every inch out of themselves and striving to make an especially great success of the occasion. Mr. Farren Soutar notably supported the fair young heroine of the evening with all imaginable tact and skill, Mr. Arthur Williams was at his very best as her humorous parent, Mr. Courtice Pounds, Mr. Charles Angelo, and the others, including Miss Camille Clifford and Miss Louie Pounds, each contributed to the triumphs of a long evening, that was not for a moment dull. I will not recapitulate what I said formerly about the quality of Mr. Leslie Stuart's music, which so well bears hearing a second or a third time, nor again extol Mr. Charles Brookfield's and Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's book, which is now yet fuller of witty things than when I last heard it.

"The Belle of Mayfair" is sure of a second springtide, since Messrs. Gatti have been fortunate enough to secure, in their little Prima Donna, Primavera herself.

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Monday was a great afternoon at Messrs. Maskelyne and Devant's. The St. George's Hall was full of people come to see Mr. Maskelyne make good his claim upon Archdeacon Colley for £1,000. The Archdeacon apparently challenged Mr. Maskelyne to produce by trickery any one of several phenomena which the Archdeacon affirms had been produced in his presence by the occult powers of a medium. The one chosen by Mr. Maskelyne was that of causing a "spirit form" to emerge from his side and walk about the stage. It must be explained that Mr. Maskelyne poses as the medium, and an old colleague as the Archdeacon, who did not put in an appearance in the flesh. After a little dialogue between the two, pseudo-Archdeacon and pseudo-medium, a very substantial "spirit" does emerge amid smoke from that side of Mr. Maskelyne which is turned away from the audience. The illusion is very cleverly managed, for we first see a lily hand, then a neck, and finally the entire person of the apparition, seemingly suspended in the air, but eventually coming to earth and walking about on two substantial legs, while the pseudo-medium is rent with unspeakable throes of creation.

I do not know if the Archdeacon will have to pay Mr. Maskelyne the £1,000, which the latter states that he will sue him for if it be not paid within a week; but I do know that the entertainment of Monday afternoon was excellent of its sort, from the Japanese juggler Gintaro, a perfect equilibrist, to Mr. David Devant's clever conjuring tricks. Of these "The Point of View" seemed to me the neatest, wherein two rats take the place of two doves by some mysterious legerdemain not unconnected with the false bottom of a straw hat, and yet apparently not all explicable on that hypothesis. But there are others as ingenious, notably Diogenes in his tub.

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Mr. W. H. C. Nation has taken too literally my remark last week that the production with which he has re-opened Terry's Theatre "suggests that it is the

enterprise of a management which has been to sleep for fifty years." He writes to say that fifty years ago he was a very small boy, that he began his career as a theatrical manager at Sadler's Wells in 1866, being then twenty-two years of age, and that he closed his season at the Charing Cross Theatre in 1874. But really I never intended to imply that Mr. Nation was a Methuselah, or that it was precisely half a century since he last had a theatre under his management.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE GERMAN SOCIALISTS AND MILITARISM.

M. JAURÈS is learning the drawback of leaning on the German Socialists. They understand organisation, but they are too limp a lot to use it bravely against the Kaiser's militarism. At Socialist gatherings in Germany, anti-militarism is good for France. But let the French ask for reciprocity, and Bebel himself will slink off. Bebel has been towards Jaurès as the rat that cut the cord that tied the sack that held the malt that lay in the House that Jack built. Set on, it may be unknown to himself, by some emissary of the Kaiser, Bebel through Jaurès broke down the Combes Cabinet. He helped through the same agency to raise the hue and cry against Delcassé which led to the retirement of that Minister. Doubtless William II. wanted to oblige his Vatican friends in ridding them of the Combes Government and to vex King Edward in obliging Delcassé to resign.

"L'Humanité" seemed destined to a long and prosperous career when the French Government had Waldeck-Rousseau at its head. It retained its influence up to the time of the war scare brought about by the German Emperor's frowns and sensational words. The tide then visibly ebbed from it. At the following general elections the Radicals it attacked had an overwhelming victory. M. Jaurès now states that he has been carrying on his paper at a dead loss of 13,000 fr. a month. He might now, he tells us, at once command a sum of 200,000 fr. if he ceased to attack Russian finances and kept silence on the intended Russian loan. The money has been offered to him. This throws a side light on the "interviews" which the Russian Finance Minister has been granting to French journalists. I last week called attention to their optimism.

M. Jaurès refused the offer. Apart from the moral aspects of the case, to which a man of his high character must have been alive, he was wise in refusing. 200,000 francs could have only acted as a reprieve. Meanwhile he must have fallen as a political magnate to the basement story. Silence on a forthcoming Russian loan must have been in his case too suggestive of hole-and-corner bargains. The blow that "L'Humanité," as an ultra-pacifist organ, received last week at the Mannheim Socialist Congress utterly broke its back. Liebknecht (son of the late eminent Socialist) had there the manfulness to propose a campaign against German militarism. The Congress at once shut his mouth, and Bebel led it on. What is sauce for the French goose is sauce for the German gander. Jaurès has been too closely associated with Babel for the discomfiture of Liebknecht not at once to fall upon him.

Jaurès is a prodigiously fine orator when one has not had too much of him. His afflatus is phenomenal. He has the defects of organ music, which is too much in the clouds not to make ordinary hearers long for the more earthly orchestra. As a writer this defect clings to him. Eloquence ought to be stimulated by the excitement of the public meeting, and being forced to flash and fight by hostile hearers. One of Gambetta's troubles was the obligation which the law on public meetings of his time placed upon him, namely, to speak before over-friendly audiences. He needed foes to call out the forked lightning that lay dormant. Clemenceau is never so much himself as when interrupted by clamouring foes. Jaurès can soar above a storm. But he goes as though on the wings of the wind, in undramatic majesty. Clemenceau contrives to throw the interest, the esprit, and the variety of a first-rate French play into his speeches. In dictating an article he tries to fancy himself assailed and knocked about by platform and other opponents. He would not be a Gaul if he did not love to sniff powder, and to hear the noise of battle.

There is nothing of this in Jaurès, either as orator or writer. His articles loaded down his journal. They might be good reading in a quiet country retreat—a reason, maybe, why Capus "s'en raffole" amid his vines in Touraine. In a busy capital, where a day of forty-eight hours would not be too long for all we have to get through, one has, in reading a leader of Jaurès, to skip column after column, musical though they are.

Jaurès, absorbed in his own ideas, has little insight into other minds. He is more emotional than sensitive. His part of France—the Tarn—is permeated with the spirit of ancient Rome. Jaurès is the orator of the rostrum. He could speak like Brutus, with magnificent effect, but never like Mark Antony. Mark Antony in his place would have put a price on his retirement, and in fingering it sold the Russian Government and loan-mongers as well.

I incline to pay Clemenceau enthusiastic compliments on his visit to La Vendée. He had a delightful way of talking to the Vendéans and Western Celts, as such. The Roche-sur-Yon speech could not have been delivered twenty years ago. It is the speech of a man of an ardent and enterprising temper, who has enriched his brilliant race-qualities by study, observation, the habit of taking the rough and the smooth as they come, and the rough in a high and combative spirit, apparently a light spirit, but deeply serious at bottom. He loves fight. If he did not, would he be a true Gaul? Difficulties call out his native intrepidity. He is inclined while flaring up at difficulties and worries to bless them for putting his higher faculties on their mettle. His notion of true happiness is active cerebration at the service of true ideas, which can excite one's enthusiasm. He defends his idealism with common sense and reason. Under the discipline of life some defects that stood in his way have dropped from him. The touches of

The CARLTON HOTEL. RESTAURANT and GRILL ROOM,
The CARLTON HOTEL. The most fashionable in London.
The CARLTON HOTEL. Nat. Tel. 1598 Gerrard. Gen. Mgr. C. Ritz.

sentiment in his speeches, the eye open to the beauties of the bocage, the plain, and the seaside fens of La Vendée, the anecdotal references to early years, to his father, and to farther back forebears, found warm appreciation. The father, a proscript of the *coup d'état*, was again exiled without any kind of trial in 1858, the place of exile being the back country of Algeria. But two friends, as he departed under guard, had the courage to shake hands with him as he set out. All the others had fled. The eldest son, now Minister of the Interior, and then a schoolboy, went up to Dr. Clemenceau, and said in an undertone: "Papa, I swear to avenge you." "All right, my lad; but if you want to keep your promise, be a hard worker." The youth had not been a brilliant pupil at the Nantes Lycée. Taking to heart the paternal injunction, he could say at Roches-sur-Yon, "And I worked."

Clemenceau has the ready jest, the brilliant trait, the touches of nature which one hardly ever—if ever—finds in the speeches of first-class second-rates. Nobody can touch him in spur-of-the-moment samples. The complexion of his wit and of his mind generally is peculiarly Celtic. He can be charmingly familiar. Thus, when a woman with a pretty Saint Hermine cap threw a bouquet into his carriage he picked up the flowers, doffed his hat, and cried: "What a pretty cap you wear! I never see a cap like it in Paris without wishing to stop the wearer and say to her, *Bon jour, mon pays.*" O'Connell would have ventured on complimenting a countrywoman in a crowd on her nice cap. But could you imagine a John Russell or a Robert Peel prompted by a holiday spirit or the exhilaration of a public triumph to stoop so low? Be assured that every Vendean woman wearing a similar cap will henceforth think kindly of Clemenceau, even were the Bishop of La Rochelle to declare him publicly an incarnation of Satan.

In visiting Languedoc President Fallières also distinguished himself as a good Gaulois. His tour round the Lot et Garonne was a family fête, the whole Department being his family and one with him in gladness of heart and genuine affection. As he never rode the high horse, he did not dismount from it when he instructed M. Mollard, the official Master of the Ceremonies, to give himself a holiday, and trouble nobody with protocol rules. There is nothing Ciceronian in the charming speeches he delivered in the quality of a plain man of simple habits, but much that might be Horatian had a Horace been in his place. His good humour and humorous turn of wit never failed him. Every locality which helped him in his public career had a full share of genial compliments and deliciously expressed thanks. He complimented prettily the young ladies, and asserted his right as President to kiss those who offered him bouquets for Mme. Fallières, and recited "compliments" in verse. M. Fallières dealt prodigally in the retort courteous. He managed not to be sentimental in laying bare his sentiments. Agen received the thanks it deserved for naming him a Senator; Mezin, his birthplace, was the object of his filial affection, a sentiment which he also owed to Nérac, which adopted him, elected him thrice Mayor, and then sent him into the thick of a long battle in electing him Deputy. He came out best at Nérac, where his name is, and has long been, a household word good to enlarge upon in talks to schoolboys. Nérac fancied him—or divined his worth—when he was a young advocate. It encouraged him, stood by him through all his difficulties, and now triumphs with him. The two Queens Marguerite and Fallières stand on the same plane in the imagination of the Néraçais. Sympathy is stronger than principles. In speaking as he did of the Reformers, the Margarets, and King Henri, the President wished to say something agreeable to his Protestant and Royalist neighbours, and to revert to his early loves. He fell in love with the Marguerite des Marguerites and read with breathless interest the account of her perilous ride from Madrid to the French frontier, which she gained but an hour before the expiry of the safe conduct Charles V. gave her to visit her brother, the King of France, in his prison in the Spanish capital. Some pages of Brantôme about the second Marguerite (de Valois) turned his head some years later, the promenade on the riverside at Nérac and local traditions aiding. When law business did not come as fast as he wished at the outset of his career, he thought of writing a life of Henri IV. and of exalting in that king the Gascon type of Gaul.

One of the notabilities pointed out to me the other day, at a grand wedding at St. Pierre de Chaillot, was "le Marquis de Mailly de Nesle, Prince d'Orange." At first I scarcely believed my ears. It needed a sight of the witnesses' names to convince me I had known of the horrors perpetrated in the Tour de Nesle, and of three De Mailly de Nesle sisters being the successive favourites of Louis XV. But I had never heard that their family could claim the highest place in the Châlons-Orange genealogy. This is what I learned on making inquiry: "The Marquis de Mailly, etc., sets up to represent the branch of the Châlons family which remained loyal to France, and which replaced at the French Court the branch settled in the Netherlands. The latter followed the fortunes of Mary of Burgundy and her husband, Maximilian of Austria." This may be true, but Orange remained an independent shred of the Carlovingian Empire until Louis XIV. seized on it. William of Nassau, of "Immortal Memory," was just as irreductable as the Duke of Cumberland has been, on the question of his Orange Principality. The "Je maintiendrai" implied no compromise on that matter. He felt as proud of his Châlons as of his Coligny or his Bourbon blood.

Out of respect for William's memory, the negotiators of the Treaty of Utrecht *maintained* his claim to Orange. But, as nobody wanted to fight about so small a matter, the diplomats at Utrecht hit on a rather curious compromise, which saved the dignity of that Prince. It was to leave the King of France in possession of the principality of Orange; its nobiliary attributes were to be conveyed to an estate of the Nassau Oranges in Guelders. That family were to have the exclusive right to the princely title and the armorial bearings. In the noble faubourg they do not look closely to such trifles as the provisions of an international treaty just quoted. They "fix up" there genealogies for the use of the American marriage market.

It is just possible that a De Mailly Orange principality may one of these days be a successful means of netting a large part of the Rockefeller fortune. Failing the Queen of the Netherlands, who is descended from a younger son of the Comtesse de Châlons, the German Emperor would have a right, it seems to me, to call himself Prince of Orange, without having any right to the Principality. Treaties are generally short-lived, jury-mast affairs. The clauses of the Treaty of Utrecht dealing with the principality of Orange and the Newfoundland French fisheries had phenomenal vitality. M. Delcassé enabled John Bull to extricate himself from the fisheries net in which he had floundered for 190 years. It would be more curious if the German Emperor found at Orange one of those historical claims which Frederick so well knew how to use.

The shooting season has brought about no very marked change in the costumes of *chasseresses*. The most salient is in an approximation to the cyclist's suit, but it is not a happy innovation. I, however, give my vote for the knickerbockers following the colour of the skirt, whether they are of the same stuff or otherwise. The skirt is a little shorter than last year, and the hat is Tyrolese. The model may have been found in that portrait of the German Emperor exhibited in this year's Salon.

The rehearsals of "Sainte Thérèse," by Catulle Mendès, are to begin on November 1, *le Jour des Morts* It will be at once erotic, mystical, psychological, and diversified with strong situations. As in "Scarron," there will only be room for a single star. Eros perches on the shoulder of the chief character. A part of the interest will lie in the wildfire of terrestrial love conflicting with the lambent flame which the Divine lover has lighted in the saint's heart. This is not a drama for Quebec or Cuba.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

MAD MAYFAIR, dear Lady Betty, is more than a sensational alliterative expression. It is a circumstance that must soon occupy the attention of the community, for Mayfair claims to rule in the present and the future because it governed in the past in altogether different conditions—when the class system was more firmly established than it is to-day, when ignorance was more general, and when the press had not the power that it has. The poorest, the most feeble, and most obscure amongst us now has a standing army of over a million practised pens to protect him or her against injustice.

"Society" is not sane. It is mostly composed of the descendants of generations of men and women who have led luxurious, artificial, or dissolute lives, and have inherited moral, physical or mental defects. The ancestors of these men and women have continually intermarried, for it was established as a principle of the utmost importance that alliances with members of the other classes were improper. Many members of this exclusive class have attained distinction, but almost in every case because they have been placed in conditions where distinction was comparatively easily attainable, or even unavoidable. They have been statesmen because favouritism or interest has given them the opportunity; generals, because influence forced them to the front, where their ability could display itself. There have been exceptions, of course.

How many of them have through the ages distinguished themselves outside the limits of what may be described as the formerly protected employments? They were carefully educated whilst the multitude was kept in ignorance; how few have risen to the front rank in Literature! The Public Schools have taught thousands of them for generations past to draw or paint; how many have made their mark in Art? It is probable that Eton or Harrow has seldom produced a first-rate painter or composer. It is useless to urge that men in their circumstances had not the necessary incentive to make great efforts in these directions, for genius in either is not to be restrained. In the law few have been successful; the lower and middle classes have produced many men who have been ornaments to the profession. In science it is the same. How many have built for themselves great industries; how many have occupied themselves with legitimate business and acquired vast fortunes? Amongst the newly-titled families are many who have raised themselves from comparative or absolute obscurity to the Peerage by their industry or ability—why have so few members of the older-established families, with the advantages and opportunities they possessed, not distinguished themselves in those directions?

Idleness, State-maintenance, luxurious or dissolute living have sapped their energies through the generations, except in the protected employments—in politics, diplomacy, the Army, and the Church, and who can say for certain in such matters whether most of them who attained prominence in those did really good work? In Literature and Art it is possible eventually to ascertain whether the work accomplished is of value; the inventor leaves that behind him which can be appreciated at its right worth; the lawyer is judged in time by his decisions. A politician, however, may have attained great power and made a name which will live for long—and done incalculable injury; a diplomatist may have obtained the highest distinction—and have been a great misfortune to his country.

The heirs to property and oddity claim now still to govern, though much of the property has been redistributed, the middle class is highly educated and prosperous, and the lower class is no longer ignorant.

Oxford and Cambridge, Eton and Harrow, compete every year in sport; let us have educational matches. Let the "reserved" public schools send eleven of their picked boys to compete with other institutions and all-England teams annually in classics, English, mathematics, foreign languages, history, geography, science, and art. All other conditions being more or less equal, if Mayfair produces even in this direction the more retentive brains, and the better results of effort, it will be an argument in favour of its contention that it should continue to govern. If the consequences of hereditary moral, mental, and physical defects are as apparent in those competitions as they are in the everyday circumstances of life, let Mayfair cease to obstruct the course of Progress with its endeavours to maintain its control of public affairs.

* * * * *

The wonders of the West End are numerous; the following letter describes one of them:—

"Sir,—On leaving London for the summer months, I engaged a respectable-looking man and his wife to act as caretakers in my house in town. The former I saw before engaging him, but the latter I failed to see, as, in the circumstances, it did not appear to be necessary for me to do so. The man had an excellent character; his reference was a titled personage. Accidentally, I have discovered since my return that these caretakers were Lord and Lady —— ——! Caretaking should be a very suitable employment for impoverished men and women of title; it requires little training. That it requires some is, however, obvious, by the condition of my house on my return, for it is apparent that Lord and Lady —— —— have never used a brush or broom in it since my departure."

Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

I READ the other day a dissertation upon the delights to be discovered by a perusal of old "Calendars." It is difficult to imagine the condition of mind of any one who could waste time in pondering over such lumber. Old "Calendars" will become of inestimable value when the old Ptolemaic cycle shall begin a second time to run, and all things shall happen over again exactly as they have been beheld in the past; but until that period arrives there does not appear to be any interest in this branch of literature.

It is earnestly to be hoped that next year the Stewards of the Jockey Club will set themselves to work at a drastic revision of the official list of race meetings, of which a great deal too many are now licensed. The preposterous plethora of fixtures of course leads to a melancholy tenuity in the fields, and nearly every week of the season affords abundant evidence that racing is now ruinously overdone. At several meetings there has been a complete collapse, and valuable stakes with large entries have dwindled down to matches, while walks-over have been depressingly frequent. The average number of starters at several meetings has been miserably small, and on several occasions the sport was only saved from a crash by the nurseries, which nearly always bring out fairly large fields.

The Jockey Club Stakes of £10,000 for 1909 has closed with 210 entries, the Stewards of the Jockey Club having stipulated for 200. Sir John Robinson is the largest subscriber with nine entries, and next come Lord Wolverton and Lord Farquhar with eight each. Lord Rosebery, Lord Howard de Walden, and Mr. L. de Rothschild have seven entries each. The race has been supported by all the principal owners, and by several of the public breeders. Among the notable entries is Mr. W. Bass's filly foal by Cyllene out of Sceptre; Mr. H. Cholmondeley has nominated three of the Sledmere foals, including a colt by Gallinule out of La Flèche, and a half-brother, by St. Frusquin, to Spearmint; Major Loder has entered the yearling sister to Pretty Polly; one of Lord Rosebery's foals is a half-brother, by Persimmon, to Traquair; and Mr. L. de Rothschild's lot includes a foal that is own brother to St. Amant. Lord Falmouth has entered a yearling colt by Orion out of Quintessence.

Of the present lot of three-year-olds Black Arrow is the only one which has been engaged. It appears, therefore that Mr. Hall Walker's horse is likely to recover from the accident which has caused him to forfeit so many engagements this season, and that he is expected to train on. I am rather surprised that Lord Derby did not enter Bridge of Canny. Among the now two-year-olds in this race are the Duke of Devonshire's Hillsprite, Mr. Fairie's Comus, Lord Farquhar's Glacis, and he is the nominator of the colt by Orme out of St. Victorine, Lord Harewood's Qu'appelle, Major Loder's Galvani and Adora, Lord Wolverton's Prince of Orange and Larig, Mr. W. Rankin's Desmond's Pride, Mr. Singer's colt by Wolf's Crag out of Poppy, Sir E. Vincent's Auber, and last, but by no means least, Mr. Hall Walker's Polar Star, who will have the benefit of a 9 lb. breeding allowance if he is still in training three years hence. This list may be remembered with advantage, as only two-year-olds which are expected to do well in the future would be entered for such a race. M. E. Blanc, who has usually patronised events of this class, has entered nothing, and the only French owners whose names appear in the list are M. Michel Ephrussi, Baron Edouard de Rothschild, and M. Jean Joubert.

Considering the curiously unattractive pecuniary conditions of the Lowther Stakes the race for next year has done remarkably well in obtaining twenty-one entries, and there are some notable names in the list, including Keystone II., Picton (it had been supposed that the last had been seen of Mr. Dugdale's horse on the Turf), Radium, Beppo, Achilles, Poussin, Plum Tree, and Gold Riach; while among the now two-year-olds are My Pet II., Polar Star, and Auber.

The acceptance for the official Free Handicap of the three-year-olds is very disappointing indeed, only nine horses having been left in, representing seven stables. Beppo is top weight, but I doubt whether Mr. de Rothschild's colt can give 2 lb. to Radium or 9 lb. to Plum Tree. Mr. Fairie's horse appears to be the pick of the lot, as he was beaten by but little over a length for the Jockey Club Stakes (in which race he finished third), and he was then giving 9 lb. to Beppo, whereas he now receives 18 lb. This race is to be run on Thursday in the Houghton week, the course being A. F. Cherry Lass was favourite for last year's Free Handicap, but finished nowhere, Outbreak being the winner, as well he might be with 29 lb. the best of the weights. Cherry Lass then ran her last race.

Polar Star has won eleven races during the past season, but the Gimcrack Stakes at York has been his only important victory. His defeat on that occasion of My Pet II. must be ignored, for Mr. Raphael's colt was nearly knocked down at the start, and he never had a fair chance of success. Polar Star has been very judiciously placed, and his career reminds one of The Bard, who won race after race during the season of 1885, and he was generally regarded as a veritable flyer, but he had no chance against Ormonde in the Derby. All the time that The Bard was pursuing his triumphant course there was a very much better two-year-old in the stable, a filly by Hermit named Philosophy, who had been tried far superior to the colt, but her Turf career was exceedingly brief, as she soon went all to pieces. Robert Peck told the late Lord Portsmouth that Philosophy was the highest-tried two-year-old he had ever been concerned with, but that he feared she would not last long. It is a great pity that Polar Star is not entered for the Middle Park Plate, as his meeting with Slieve Gallion and other "cracks" would have been very interesting. My own opinion is that Captain Greer's colt would win, and people who doubt whether Slieve Gallion can stay the Middle Park Plate distance must surely have forgotten that he won the New Stakes at Ascot in a canter. Any animal which can stay the T.Y.C. at Ascot without difficulty will certainly be able to achieve the B.S.C. at Newmarket. Polar Star's only remaining engagement this season is the Criterion Stakes on the first day of the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, the entry for which includes Weathercock and Galvani, and Lord Falmouth's much-talked-of St. Martin, who will probably make a successful début to-morrow in the Prendergast Stakes. Polar Star's first engagement as a three-year-old is the Payne Stakes at the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, but he is not entered for any important races. This colt is nominated for the North Derby of £1,500 at Newcastle in June, and for the Hurst Park Lennox Plate of £1,500 two months later, and in each race he will have the benefit of a breeding allowance.

Entries close this week for the Manchester November Handicap of £1,500, but the managers of the meeting will be fortunate if they succeed in obtaining a subscription of fifty. Indeed, any such number of entries cannot be reasonably expected, considering that there were only twenty-eight subscriptions for the Duke of York Handicap of £2,000 at Kempton Park, and thirty-two for the Prince Edward Handicap of £2,000 at the Manchester September Meeting. Last year this race obtained fifty-five entries, and it was won by Ferment, who was a complete outsider, Outbreak starting favourite.

Several horses have "come on" wonderfully in the course of the season, but no animal has made so remarkable an improvement as Velocity, who was bred in Ireland, like so many other recent winners. He is by Speed (son of Hampton) out of Ballast. As a three-year-old, the great performance of Velocity was winning the Cambridgeshire with 6 st. 5 lb. on his back, and before that success he had been beaten no fewer than nine times. Velocity won by a length from Santry, who

was giving him 30 lb. but now it is probable that the four-year-old would be well backed against the older horse if running at weight for age over the same course. This would mean running at even weights. Last year Velocity was entitled to receive only 8 lb. from Santry, so the second carried off the honours of the race. The laurels gained by Velocity at Newmarket were tarnished grievously at Lincoln a week later, when he was heavily backed for the Great Tom Plate, but failed to finish in the first three, although the class of the field was by no means high. During the spring of this year Velocity was three times beaten, after which he was placed in charge of Mr. Peebles, who worked quite a magical transformation in this horse. Velocity won an important handicap at the Manchester Whitsuntide Meeting, and at the Sandown Park June Meeting he carried off the Wellington Handicap with 10 st. on his back, although he had got off badly. He was "just" beaten for the Liverpool Summer Cup by Chaucer, and for the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood by Gold Riach, but in both races he had very much the worst of the weights. Velocity next won a race at Lewes, and at Doncaster he defeated Achilles, Feather Bed, and Buckminster for the Cup. He is now first favourite for the Cambridgeshire, and in that race he will have to carry 9 st. 2 lb., a very different weight from his burden of last year. A horse must be fairly endowed with stamina to win over the last nine furlongs of the Cesarewitch course, which is the track over which the Cambridgeshire has been run since the desertion of the splendid course over which this handicap was formerly decided. It is too soon, however, to applaud Velocity as a thorough stayer on the strength of his victory at Doncaster, as the Cup field only really raced for about three-quarters of a mile, and for the rest of the distance there was a miserable muddling pace. The race was run just to suit a non-stayer, in the absence of Bachelor's Button and Hammerkop. Of course, Pretty Polly would have won easily if she had started and had been in good form.

When writing about the Duke of York Handicap last week Polymelus was the only horse mentioned by me, and he won very easily indeed on Saturday. I only wonder that such a generous price was to be had about him, as it was a case of he who runs may read, and it really did not seem possible that he could be beaten at the weights in a field of such moderate class. Polymelus is another horse which has made a vast improvement as the season advanced. He was hopelessly out of form during the spring and summer.

Fifty-six two-year-olds are engaged in the Chesterfield Nursery of £1,000, the best known of them being Hill Sprite, Sagamore, Futurity, Mildew II., and Jubilee.

There has been a great deal of croaking and bewailing over the failure of the Jockey Club Stakes, and it was absurdly stated that this event would prove nearly as costly to the Newmarket fund as the Princess of Wales' Stakes at the First July Meeting. As a matter of fact, the loss over the Jockey Club Stakes was only £725, as compared with £1,382 last year, and £74 in 1904.

I am sorry to hear that My Pet II. is coughing, so he is not likely to start for the Middle Park Plate, and it is improbable that he will be again seen out as a two-year-old. My Pet II. was exceedingly unfortunate both at York and at Doncaster, but his victory over Traquair in the Hopeful Stakes was a most satisfactory performance. I gave him a plumper for this race, and was amazed to find Lord Rosebery's colt the better favourite.

Saxham is also coughing, so he is not likely to run again this season, which is unfortunate for his owner, as this colt had two nice engagements in prospect at Newmarket and at Sandown Park.

I had confidently expected Galvani to win the Imperial Produce Plate at Kempton Park on Friday, and he landed the odds which had been betted on him with extreme ease, but was very nearly being disqualified, as he suddenly crossed over the course, and thereby palpably interfered with the colt by Orme out of St. Victorine. This muddle nearly lost Galvani the race, and it would, indeed, have been grievously bad luck if the objection had not been over-ruled, as there was no pretence for asserting that Major Loder's colt had prevented the second from winning. He had won his race when the crossing occurred. The surprise in connection with the race was the backing of Turpitude down to 4 to 1, but Lord Rosebery's filly was never dangerous. Galvani is an improving colt, and he ought now to finish second to Slieve Gallion for the Middle Park Plate. M. E. Blanc won a race at St. Cloud with Myram, the two-year-old brother to Jardy, who had previously been twice beaten. Myram is engaged in the Epsom Derby.

Next week will be practically divided between Gatwick and Sandown Park, as the racing at Wolverhampton, Newcastle, Thirsk, and Stockton is not likely to be of any great interest. Thirty-nine horses were left in for the Gatwick Stakes of £5,000, out of an original entry of 202, when the last forfeit was declared on January 2nd. The list included Spearmint, Black Arrow, and Colonia, and the mare was at that time regarded as likely to win the One Thousand and Oaks. Bridge of Canny has the best of the weights, and he ought to be able to beat Prince William, in spite of the good running of Mr. Joel's horse at Doncaster. On the second day there is the Surrey Stakes of £2,500, for two and three-year-olds. Fifty-two are left in out of an original entry of 144. Ouadi Halfa will win this race if M. E. Blanc cares to send him over to England for it. In the absence of this colt, Lally certainly ought to win if he is in any sort of form, as he has a 9 lb. breeding allowance, and the distance (seven furlongs) will just suit him.

At Sandown Park, the Produce Stakes of £5,000, for three-year-olds, ought to be won by Keystone II., but if the St. Leger form is to be accepted as correct, she would be beaten by Prince William at the weights. I shall expect Lord Derby's mare to win this race.

The Great Sapling Plate of £1,000 looks a good thing for Galvani, who will beat Bellavista, and he will not now have to meet Saxham. Orwell should be the most dangerous opponent of Major Loder's colt.

THE ROWING ROW AT CAMBRIDGE.

I hope there is not going to be another miserable upset in Cambridge rowing circles. We were told by eminent rowing authorities that one lesson of the Harvard and Cambridge boatrace was the impossibility of the professional coach. Since that race the *Field* has opened its columns to a correspondence on Cambridge rowing, in which Mr. Steve Fairbairn has figured largely. He is particularly angry with Sir John Edwards Moss, the old Oxford oarsman, who has certainly taken up the cudgels for what is regarded as the orthodox style of oarsmanship. Mr. Steve Fairbairn has explained his position in a letter as remarkable for its length as its contents. He says that there is no Fairbairn style. He teaches only the orthodox style. He then proceeds with quite half a column of self-glorification. He points out all the brilliant work he has done as a coach. He begins with Thames, who owed the Grand to his coaching years ago, but before that, in his early days at Jesus, he had coached Pembroke. Corpus, Christ's, Jesus, and Thames must be under a debt of gratitude to a gentleman who is obviously more eminent as a coach than an oarsman. There has, on his own showing, never been such a coach in the rowing world as the old Jesus and University oarsman. The rowing world has not appreciated him. Brilliant as he tells the world his success has been with college crews, experts have not appreciated the style in which they rowed. No doubt the rowing experts were pathetically ignorant. But I remember college coaches equally brilliant in their own estimation, who essayed to coach University trial eights and University crews, and the result was a series of disasters for Cambridge rowing. Neither of these gentlemen went to the length that Mr. Fairbairn has done, and advertised his powers in the *Field*. No professional coach has ever done

this sort of thing, and a professional who did so would never get a job at the University. Let Mr. Fairbairn's statement that he only teaches the recognised principles of rowing be accepted. He can then only be advocating his powers as a teacher. Those results the experts, as I have said, do not like. This year a member of Jesus College has been elected president of the C.U.B.C. It will be interesting to see what Mr. Fairbairn will do. Is his virtuous catalogue a preliminary overture to an invitation to coach the University trial eights and the University crew? Just consider the position this teacher of eminently orthodox principles took up last year. He wrote to Mr. Powell, the president of the C.U.B.C., and suggested that he should select a trial eight from Jesus, Christ's, and Corpus. There would thus be three trial eights. In this way his teaching, and, as every one understood, his style, would be tested as against that adopted by the rest of the University. The obvious suggestion was that he was right and the rest of the University wrong. There was to be a contest between the Fairbairn style and the University style. That any Old Blue with an atom of regard for the harmony of his University should have ever penned such a letter was little short of a scandal. But now he says that there were no pet theories of his own. He was always teaching rowing truths. Why on earth did he not write: "I am the best coach you can have. Let me take the trial eights in hand, I can out-Fletcher Fletcher; see what I have done whenever I have had the chance, from the days of my youth upwards, with college and metropolitan crews"? He reserved that sort of effusion for a larger public a twelvemonth later.

If Mr. Fairbairn's real position was that he was a brilliant teacher of orthodoxy, it was very bad form on his part to desire to limit his teaching to three selected colleges. It scarcely showed the proper attitude for an aspirant to University coaching honours. It will not do for him to say that he desired to take over the men who already knew his ways. Why should he be given this advantage over other coaches? Why should such a splendid teacher need this concession? Surely he could coach other college men not altogether ignorant of slides. One of his present day boasts is the rapidity with which oarsmen develop on sliding seats under his methods of tuition. He makes a great parade of the number of oarsmen who have gained their Blue that have passed through his hands. He says that four have done so. No more striking illustration of a man's misconception of his own abilities could be found. I have been told again and again by gentlemen whose reputation (no doubt unjustly) is greater both as oarsmen and as coaches than that of Mr. Fairbairn, that Mr. Fairbairn has a remarkable faculty for picking out a man who will make a good oarsman. It is to this faculty that I attribute the Blues that have come through his hands. A man may be a very good judge of a young race-horse and yet he may be no trainer. That is the view generally held by rowing men as to the position that Mr. Fairbairn occupies in the rowing world. It is one of which he may be justly proud. He is singularly unhappy in citing the name of one gentleman who adopted his orthodox theories as a coach. That oarsman, with his quaint fads and fancies, was a source of considerable anxiety to the Cambridge crew when training for the Harvard race.

It is not many years since Cambridge rowing was divided. Certain coaches of influence advocated different styles. Each had their adherents. Thanks to Mr. W. A. L. Fletcher, Cambridge oarsmen adopted orthodoxy. The 1899 crew has been their model since. They want no fads or fancies to improve that model. These are signs of deterioration. There are evident signs of trouble when a gentleman, with apparently little regard for that model, seeks one year to run a trial eight from three colleges on his own account, and in the next year advertises his brilliant success in a panegyric of his own composition. Mr. Fairbairn is certain of one admirer of his powers as long as he lives. Few men have even this privilege. It would, therefore, be a pity to suggest that he should study Kipling's "Recessional." He has made a great bid for the position of University coach. Oxford men will no doubt be interested to see what course the President of the C.U.B.C. will adopt.

The Covered Court Tennis Championship was won by Wilding, who has thus won twenty out of twenty-four finals in which he has played this year. Of the younger players, A. H. Lowe and Ross showed considerable promise.

The Otter Swimming Club had an excellent entertainment. Harvey won another championship, and R. G. F. Cohen, who swam for Cambridge several years ago, won his first open handicap (with one second's start) after ten years. Scratch men in swimming have as good a time as scratch runners in handicaps.

The *News of the World* professional golfers' competition was won by Herd, who defeated Mayo easily. The triumvirate were not in it. Their defeat was chiefly due to Duncan, who, however, failed to defeat the second champion that he met. He had beaten Taylor. This was Herd's first win. Mayo, until he met Jones, had a fairly easy time. I congratulate the promoters on having instituted such a really interesting competition. The youngsters receive the best possible training and good prizes, even if they cannot win outright.

In Rugby football, the South Africans pursue the even tenor of their way by scoring twenty points in each match. Durham dropped a goal against them, but their line has not yet been crossed. In that match they passed much better than against Kent. The Old Merchant Taylors had a splendid game with Newport, who only scored a goal and two tries. Blackheath, blundering on with the New Zealand formation, were beaten by Molesey. In Association football, Woolwich Arsenal head the League.

MAMMON.

MONEY SITUATION UNCERTAIN—THE EGYPTIAN DRAIN—BANK'S ACTION—SUBSTANTIAL SHRINKAGE IN RESERVE.

THERE is still a considerable element of uncertainty in the monetary situation which, so far as discounts are concerned, is almost crippling business. At one juncture it seemed very probable that the Bank rate would be advanced last week, but in spite of the shrinkage of practically three millions in the reserve not only were these anticipations falsified, but the Bank notified that it would no longer discriminate between the market and its own customers in the matter of business to the detriment of the former. Both are now on equal terms, bills being discounted at 4 per cent. and loans are obtainable at 4½ per cent. This is regarded as significant, it being inferred that the directors are convinced that the position is strong enough to meet the situation. It seems to imply, too, that a continuance of the heavy gold drain for America, which has caused all the unsettlement, is not expected to last. Some colour is lent to this belief by the recovery on the New York Exchange, but this, so far, is not very material, and, on the other hand, the customary drain to Egypt has commenced in earnest. The withdrawals for this quarter have already been on a very large scale, and if it should be maintained at anything like the same rate—and here and there the opinion prevails that the necessary withdrawals for Egypt will prove greater than was anticipated a short time ago—it seems highly probable that the Bank will be forced to advance its rate, especially if America should continue to absorb all the gold arrivals. Indeed, in such an event a rise in the Bank rate is certain. Altogether the position at the moment is too unsettled to attempt to gauge the trend of affairs far in advance. Although the action of the Bank in discontinuing to discriminate between its own customers and the market has seemed to depress discount quotations, money rates are well maintained, there being no inclination to allow

them to fall away. The Bank return shows a reduction of £2,400,000 in the stock of coin and bullion, of which about £1,350,000 was taken abroad and the remainder to the country, and in addition the note circulation was expanded by about £500,000, so that the loss to reserve is £2,986,475, the total being no higher than £20,401,000, and the ratio to liabilities 4⅜ lower at 38½ per cent.

Consols Still Sensitive—Money the Dominant Feature—Stocks as Investments Interesting—Russian Slump—Retrenchment Imperative—Turks Depressed.

Owing to the continued monetary uncertainty and the general unsettlement, the market in gilt-edged stocks is still somewhat sensitive. So far as values are concerned the effect is inappreciable, however, and perhaps this is not at all surprising, seeing that the general level is already very low. There does not seem to be scope for much further depreciation, but while the monetary unsettlement continues, any material improvement in the general sentiment can scarcely be anticipated. Money, in fact, is likely to dominate the situation. Regarded from the investment point of view, there is something to be said for gilt-edged stocks. Consols return about 2⅞ per cent., while the majority of the others give above 3 per cent., almost 3¼ per cent. in some instances. Having regard to the nature of the holding, such yields are good, and there is the additional attraction of possible capital appreciation. Russians continue the centre of interest in the Foreign market. After recovering somewhat briskly, in consequence of the optimistic attitude of the Finance Minister, the publication of what is described as a "confidential report" from this same gentleman, not only counselling economy and retrenchment in the matter of expenditure, but incidentally painting a somewhat lugubrious picture of the future, has made a sledgehammer impression. There is no longer any buoyancy. I have not the space to deal with the principal features of this document—which, by the way, is supposed to have been subsequently denied—but suffice it to say that the development bears out what I have constantly said on the subject of the speculative qualities of Russian securities. They can scarcely be regarded as investments, the mere fact that they would yield something above 5½ per cent. being in itself indicative of the decay of the country's credit. In the matter of Turkish stocks, the illness of the Sultan is still made the excuse for marking prices down, but there seems a good chance for recovery before long, and holders might as well hope for such rather than realise now.

Further Fall in Home Rails Followed by a Partial Recovery—Stocks that are Worth Putting Away—Heavy Rails and York Deferred—South-Eastern Preferred—The Metropolitan Lines—A Word for North London.

For the first part of the last week it seemed as if the bottom were out of the Home Railway market. Prices were allowed to slump without the slightest regard to merits, and the offer of quite a small line of stock meant a concession of a point or more in the quotations of the security affected. The inevitable reaction came on Thursday, helped partly by the absence of a rise in the Bank rate, and although values are nearly all lower on the week there has been a fair recovery from the lowest. The fall had probably been hastened by bear sales, although the settlement now commencing will show whether these have been extensive enough to materially change the market position. Personally, I doubt whether the bears have indulged very freely, because of the difficulty they would have in covering extensive commitments, but if there is a "short" account open in any stock we may look out for a quick responsive movement in prices. As I said a few weeks ago, the re-establishment of a bear account would be one of the most hopeful circumstances for the Railway market, and it has been the absence of this element that has robbed this department of its resisting power for several years past. The rebound witnessed in the Scotch stocks was not due to any more hopeful news from the Clyde—where the strike among the boilermakers continues to be carried on with at least every outward show of endurance—but to the completion of liquidations connected with a large Glasgow operator's account. As regards the outlook for the market generally, it is too early to assert that the tide has really turned, for there have been too many false starts already. Home Rails have been too long out of fashion for the market to suddenly re-awake to popularity, and those who indulge in purchases to contango will probably discover that they have once more played into the hands of the jobbers, who find it an attractive game taking in stock at the current rates charged for such accommodation. While, however, disadvising carry-over operations, I would again draw the attention of the investor to the bargains offering in this market. I am not so rash as to positively assert that prices have touched bottom, but would remind my readers that the man who delays buying in order to get in at the lowest is frequently the man who later on rushes to get in at the top. It is enough for me that Home Rails, based upon present earning conditions, and upon future prospects, so far as they can be gauged, offer a return which is distinctly high, allowing for the standard of security offered. It is possible that prices will never again soar to the record levels reached during the dirt-cheap money spell of ten years ago; but it is of practical utility to bear in mind that the leading stocks have now fallen to lower levels than for over a year past, notwithstanding that dividends have been increased from ¼ to ½ per cent. Taking the four principal junior stocks in the group the yields, based upon dividends for the twelvemonth ended 30th June last, work out as follows:—Great Western, £4 4s. per cent.; London and North-Western, £4 5s. per cent.; North Eastern, £4 5s. per cent.; Midland Deferred, £4 7s. per cent. Further current traffic returns plainly indicate that there is no question about the maintenance of dividends; the only point is as to how far, if at all, it will be possible to advance them. Although traffics are now running against big takes in the corresponding period of 1905, the Companies continue to steadily pile up increases. This is shown in the following table, giving last week's returns, together with the result of a year ago, and also the aggregrate gains for the thirteen weeks to date:—

Company.	Increase or Decrease for Week.	A Year Ago.	Increase or Decrease from July 1.
	£	£	£
Brighton	− 1,150	+ 604	+ 4,235
Caledonian	+ 2,314	+ 2,225	+*15,203
Great Central	+ 2,523	+ 6,134	+ 44,123
Great Eastern	+ 4,850	− 1,000	+ 14,100
Great Northern	+ 6,077	+ 192	+ 24,744
Great Western	+ 1,800	+ 19,100	+ 67,200
Hull and Barnsley	+ 1,748	+ 1,583	+ 10,157
Lancashire and Yorkshire	+ 4,320	+ 3,600	+ 57,651
Midland	+ 3,949	+ 9,902	+ 40,053
North British	+ 3,450	+ 1,060	+*20,648
North-Eastern	+ 8,296	+ 1,529	+*155,986
North Stafford	+ 385	+ 191	+ 11,646
North-Western	+ 6,000	+ 23,000	+ 94,000
South-Eastern and Chatham	+ 4,379	+ 3,862	+ 9,618
South-Western	+ 3,600	+ 2,100	+ 19,400

* From August 1.

It will be observed that the increases are still most noteworthy upon the trade lines—as, for instance, the North-Eastern's gain of £156,000 and the North-Western's advance of £94,000—while the earnings of the southern passenger lines continue to improve at a much more moderate rate. In addition to the four Heavy stocks, upon the cheapness of which I have already commented, I would specially point out the claims of York Deferred. The fall in this stock since the accident has been very heavy, the price, which not long ago touched 50, dropping the other day to very nearly 40. Before the Grantham disaster York Deferred was considered good for 60, and although the catastrophe has modified the dividend prospects, it seems to me the

How to Operate in Stocks Successfully.—See Halford's Adviser (post free).—Palmerston House, London, E.C. Established 1869. Telegrams: "Monitor, London."

fall has been altogether overdone. Some authorities estimate that the accident will cost £30,000. Now, the Company has already a gross increase for thirteen weeks of £25,000, which should be sensibly increased at the end of twenty-six weeks. Allowing, indeed, for possible savings in rates and taxes, it is not unreasonable to assume that the increase in compensations will be met without entailing a smaller total net revenue than was earned in the second half of 1905. Now, as York Deferred got 1½ per cent. last year, and the Board supplemented the balance forward at June 30 last by an amount sufficient to give the Deferred another ½ per cent., that stock bids fair to get not less than 2 per cent., which would make the yield at current price nearly 5 per cent. Hull and Barnsley Ordinary, to which I recently drew attention, possesses prospects very similar to Great Northern Deferred. In the Southern group I would still recommend South-Eastern Six per Cent. Preferred as one of the most promising for a lock-up. The old Underground stocks have been disposed to look up a little upon talk of a possible raising of fares by the 'bus companies, but I do not see any attraction in a purchase at present. Central Londons are without question the pick of the Undergrounds. My table below shows movements on balance on the week:—

Home Rails.	A Year Ago.	Make up. Sep. 25.	Closing Price, Sept. 29.	Closing Price, Oct. 6.	Movement.
Caledonian Pref.	77¾	75½	73½xd	73½xd	—
Do. Def.	37	30⅜	30xd	29½xd	— ⅜
City and S. London	41	42½	43	43	—
Central London	91	83½	84	83	— 1
Great Central 94 Pref.	68	—	76	74	— 2
Do. "B"	35½	35½	37½	34¾	— ¼
Do. "A"	17½	16¾	16⅝	16½	— ⅛
Great Eastern	82½	80¾	80¾	81½	+ ½
Great Northern Pref.	100	99½	99½	99	— ½
Do. Def.	38½	43½	43	42	—1
Great Western	138½	128½	128¾	127½	—1¼
Hull and Barnsley	46	45½	45	45	—
Lancashire and Yorkshire	105	103½	103½	103½	—
London and Brighton "A"	122¾	116½	116	114½	—1½
London, Chatham, and Dover	16⅜	14	13⅞	13⅜	—
Do. 4½ p.c Pref.	99	89	83	86	—2
Do. 2nd Pref.	63	55	53	52	—1
London and North-Western	155½	151	151½	150¾	— ¾
London and South-Western Def.	55½	48	48	47½	—1½
Metropolitan Consolidated	89	60	59½	60½	—1
Metropolitan District	34½	21½	22	22	—
Midland Pref.	67½	65¼	65½	65½	— ½
Do. Def.	66¾	64½	64¾	64	— ¾
North British 3 p.c. Pref.	77½	75½	74xd	73xd	—1
Do. Def.	44¾	42½	41½xd	39½xd	—1½
North-Eastern Consolidated	140½	136¼	136 ¾	136	— ¾
South-Eastern "A"	57½	48	48 ¼	47½	— ¾

Americans Irregular—The Ore Lands Deal—Reading Report—Rock Island Results.

The American market has been unsatisfactory throughout the week. Dealings have been on a very reduced scale, and the tendency has been unsatisfactory—a circumstance for which the high level of values is sufficient to account. The British public has no interests in American railways just at present; the only commitment of consequence is that arising out of the Great Northern ore deal, which has been arranged to the satisfaction of the Steel Corporation and the Hill party. For the rest, Americans are not interesting to this market; and stocks might be left alone with advantage until a more moderate level of values be reached. The money market was somewhat sentimentally influenced by the rumours of intended intervention by Secretary Shaw for the further relief to the monetary situation either through the deposit in the banks of the principal cities of public funds or by the purchase of part of those of the Government bonds which will mature next July. On Friday, when the announcement was made public, as elsewhere noted, that he would deposit $26,000,000 in the principal banks, the tone for time loans grew a shade easier, but there was a slight flurry in call money caused by preparations for the October disbursements of dividends and interest. Distribution of the $26,000,000 deposits will be effected as promptly as the securities are passed upon at the Treasury. Domestic offerings of time loans were meagre, and rates therefore were as high as those which have recently been quoted, especially for short maturities. The demand for time money was urgent after the middle of the week, and then commercial paper was reported to be almost unsaleable, conveying the impression that mercantile interests were suffering because of the prolonged monetary tension. My table shows movements on balance during the past week:—

—	1905. Highest.	1905. Lowest.	Closing Price, Sept 22, 1906.	Closing Price. Sept. 29, 1906.	Closing Price, Oct. 6, 1906.
Atchison	96	80¼	110¼	109¼	107½
Do. Five per Cent. Pref.	109	102	105	105½	105
Baltimore and Ohio Com.	120¾	104	127¾	126	127⅜
Chesapeake and Ohio	61½	46⅜	65⅝	64⅜	64
Denver	40½	27⅜	44½	43¾	44½
Do. Pref.	93¾	85⅜	89	88¼	88½
Erie	54½	38	49¼	47⅜	48¾
Do First Pref.	87¼	77⅜	80	79⅜	79½
Louisville	161½	140½	154½	152½	152
Milwaukee	193⅛	173⅛	184⅝	179½	182½
Mo., Kan., and Texas	39¼	24	37½	36⅝	37½
Norfolk Pref.	96½	94	94	94	94
Do. Common	90¾	77¾	97	98⅞	99¼
New York Central	169¾	140½	148	145	145
Ontario	65½	41¾	51½	49¼	49½
Pennsylvania	76⅝	67½	73½	73¼	73
Reading	73⅜	40⅞	77⅞	75⅝	79½
Do. First Pref.	49⅜	46	47½	46	47½
Southern Common	39⅞	28⅜	38½	36⅞	37½
Do. Pref.	104½	97½	103½	101xd	101
Southern Pacific	74	59⅝	96¾	95⅝	98½
Union Pacific	155¾	116	193¾	189⅝	193½
Do. Pref.	102¾	98½	96	97	97
Wabash Pref.	49⅜	37⅞	46	46	46½
Do. "B" Debentures	86⅞	69½	83	82	83
U.S. Steel Corp. Com.	44½	26	46⅝	46¾	50
Do. Do. Pref.	110¼	93⅜	110½	110⅜	111⅝

In the twelve months covered by the present report, the Philadelphia and Reading Company had adverse conditions to contend against in the anthracite trade. There was a complete suspension of mining from April 1 to May 10. Furthermore, the Company realised much lower average prices for the coal sold by it than in the year preceding. In fact, it realised 14½ cents less per ton, while the cost to it of the coal mined or purchased was reduced only 1 1-10 cents per ton. Hence, there was a decrease in the net results as compared with the previous year of 13 4-10 cents per ton. It should be added, too, that this follows less satisfactory results in 1905 as compared with 1904. In other words, in 1905 the average realised on the sales had been 9 7-10 cents less than in 1904, while the saving in the mining of coal averaged only 2 7-10 cents per ton, leaving a decrease in the net results of 7 cents. Adding this 7 cents loss in 1905 to the 13 4-10 cents loss in 1906, it will be seen that in the latest year the net result was smaller by 20 4-10 cents per ton than two years previously. The loss is explained as due to the fact that a much larger proportion of the smaller sizes of coal was sold and that this decreased the average price of all coal sold. This explanation, however, does not alter the fact that the Company realised just so much less for the coal disposed of by it. Notwithstanding the adverse conditions enumerated, and particularly the losses incident to the coal miners' strike, the net earnings of the three Reading Companies combined (the Reading Company, the Philadelphia and Reading Railway, and the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company) for 1905-06 were only $393,933 less than the remarkably large total of 1904-05. A favourable report is presented also by the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railway, and the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad, constituting what is commonly termed the Rock Island-'Frisco system. The reports of both of these Companies, which appeared simultaneously a few days ago, have accordingly been the objects of not a little attention, for the reason that they represent substantial progress towards placing the Rock Island Company of New Jersey, which controls them both, upon a better footing. It may be too early to expect that dividends upon the Preferred stock of the latter organisation, which were suspended last February, will be soon resumed, but examination of the earnings of the constituent concerns would lead to the conclusion that the policy of making no dividend payments for the time being and devoting surplus earnings to necessary improvements is a wise one, and will have good results in the end. The comparative statements, both of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific

Railway and of the St. Louis and San Francisco, the latter including the figures for the year of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad Company, which it controls, are as follows:—

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND, AND PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Year ending June 30.	1906. Dols.	1905. Dols.	Increase. Dols.
Gross earnings	51,237,358	44,051,509	7,186 349
Operating expenses	35,067,059	31,058,209	4,008,850
Net earnings	16,170.709	12,993,300	3 177,499
Other income	1,015,839	1,526,172	*510,334
Total income	17,186,637	14,519,472	2,667,165
Charges and taxes	10,400,805	9,786,363	614,442
Balance	6,715,832	4,733,109	2,052,723
Dividends	4,677,552	4,676,622	930
Surplus	2,108,280	56,487	2,051,793

* Decrease.

ST. LOUIS AND SAN FRANCISCO AND CHICAGO AND EASTERN ILLINOIS.

Year ending June 30.	1906. Dols.	1905. Dols.	Increase. Dols.
Gross earnings	41,975,219	38,381,618	3,593 601
Operating expenses	27,116,022	25,052,867	2,063,155
Net earnings	14,859,197	13,628,751	1,530,446
Other income	998,953	276,991	721,962
Total income	15,853,150	13,605,742	2,252,408
Charges	13,354,182	12,504,439	842,743
Balance	2,503,968	1,101,305	1,402,665
Dividends	676,882	997,182	*320,300
Surplus	1,827,086	104,121	1,722,965

* Decrease.

From the above it will be seen that the surplus of the Rock Island Railroad Company applicable to dividends was equal to 9 per cent. upon the $75,000,000 of capital stock, and in the case of the San Francisco property the surplus would be sufficient to provide for the full 4 per cent. dividends upon both its first and second Preferred stocks, leaving the equivalent of 5.19 per cent for the Common stock, upon which no dividends have as yet been paid. In fact, it should be noted that, as part of the conservative policy adopted by the controlling interests in the Rock Island Company, the half-yearly dividend of 2 per cent. upon the Second Preferred stock, which was due last February, was passed. It is also to be noted that the entire surplus over the dividends of 6¼ per cent. paid on the Rock Island railway stock, this surplus being $2,108,281, was all appropriated for special improvements and equipment. In fact, the Company made deductions from its general profit and loss account, amounting to some $3,000,000 additional, for similar purposes, thus showing that the management has made every effort to place the property in good condition, availing itself of the highly prosperous year just experienced for that purpose.

Kaffirs Lifeless—Gold Fields Dividend—Sheba Mine—Cason's Rich Reef—Nigel Profit.

The condition of the Kaffir market is anything but an inspiring theme. There is hardly sufficient business transacted day by day to test prices, the result being that movements are within extremely narrow limits. Speculation is already rife as to what the dividend of the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa is likely to be, but the secret will doubtless be kept by the directors until the report is ready to be issued towards the end of this, or the beginning of next month. In the present state of Kaffirs the pessimists will have it that the Company cannot be in a position to make any distribution amongst its shareholders, but, on the other hand, there are some big-hearted optimists who look for at least a dividend of 2s. 6d. per share. But it is useless speculating on what the directors may or may not do; when the time comes they will tell us all about it. This much one may hazard—that the report of the Gold Fields board will refer with satisfaction to a substantial increase in its revenue derived from the dividends received from its subsidiary Companies. The Simmer and Jack, in which the Gold Fields holds 1,700,000 shares has doubled its dividends this year (2s. per share as compared with 1s.), which alone means an increase of £85,000, and the receipts from other sources will, no doubt, be proportionately swollen. There has been some activity at advanced prices in De Beers on the report that the late Mr. Beit's large holding in the Company has been satisfactorily disposed of, and Premiers and New Vaal River Diamonds have also been features. The Sheba, a one time favourite, did somewhat better last year than was expected. For the twelve months to June 30, the Company made a working profit of £38,438, and after deducting the debit balance brought forward from the previous year, the net balance to the credit of general profit and loss account was £23,242. It is fortunate for the Company that the rich Zwaartkopje shoot has been met with again. A few weeks ago there was a spurt in Cason shares, and the cause may probably be found in the statement received by mail to the effect that a very rich block of ground has been opened up, the reef being so liberally sprinkled with visible gold, that it was carried to the mill in sacks to avoid loss by theft. It appears that this block of ground is in the zone in which the sensational development assays, showing 90 dwts. over a stoping width, were made a few years ago. This rich layer, which is on the footwall of the reef, will help to bring up the average yield of the mine. During the year ended June 30 last the Nigel Gold Mining Company made a profit of £74,421, and after distributing 35 per cent. amongst its shareholders in dividends a balance of £13,089 was carried forward. This Company still has 487 of its original holding of 532 claims intact. A cablegram from Johannesburg states that, "in view of the uncertainty of future labour conditions, the directors of the Cloverfield Mines have resolved to stop shaft-sinking, with a view to husbanding the Company's financial resources. Meanwhile, the development of the adjoining property will afford useful data regarding probable value of property of this Company." One feels inclined to pity the poor shareholders who bought their £1 shares at a premium of £2 each. The Company was registered in the early part of 1903 with a capital of £385,000, 295,000 shares (of which the vendors received 220,000 credited as fully paid) being issued at the time. Standing, as they do at present, at about 10s. each, the shares are not undervalued. The Minnie Reef Gold Mining Syndicate is being formed with a capital of £10,000 to acquire three blocks of claims aggregating 100, on the farm Frischgewaagd, on the Marabastad Goldfields, near Pietersburg, in the Northern Transvaal. The object of the syndicate, of which Colonel R. C. Graham Mayne, C.B., is the chairman, is to thoroughly prove the property, which is highly spoken of, before floating it into a concern with a larger capital.

Rhodesians Idle and Uninteresting—Tanganyikas Wobbling—Bankets Neglected—Diamond Progress.

The spasm of speculative enthusiasm that recently ovewhelmed the Rhodesian section has now almost completely fizzled out. Scarcely the slightest interest is being evinced in anything, and there is now a lack of initiative, so that the general complexion of affairs is not particularly inspiring, nor productive of much satisfaction. In point of interest Tanganyikas are still most conspicuous, but to say this is to say very little. Nothing fresh has transpired to stimulate speculation, and though the shares may be the chief centre of interest, they wobble in an uninteresting fashion. It may, however, be significant that the price is well maintained, and seemingly the insiders are not disposed to permit any steady downward movement. The inference is that when general conditions are more auspicious

Treatise on Options.—Mr. Arthur Crump, late City Editor of the *Times*, described "Options" as "The most scientific and prudent way of operating on the Stock Exchange." This system, although very popular on the Continent and in America, is not so well known amongst Investors here as its merits justify. We have just published a new Treatise on this subject which will be sent post free on application to the Secretary, London and Paris Exchange, Ltd., Bankers, Basildon House, Bank, London, E.C., or from any of its Branches.

the margin between the current quotation and the option figure will be reduced, but even if this assumption proved correct, I would hardly be inclined to recommend Tanganyikas as a speculation at the moment. Within the past few weeks they have been twisted up materially, and a purchase on top of such a rise would not seem wise, especially as they will probably be obtainable cheaper by looking on for a while. Banket shares remain out of favour, what little interest is available in the market being absorbed by Tanganyikas. The mine is opening up satisfactorily, but this is of less consequence to the speculator than the possibilities of an improvement in general market conditions in which Bankets would be likely to participate. Concerning the diamondiferous deposits which are being exploited by the South African Option Syndicate, very little has been said recently, and it is opportune therefore to remark that according to advices just to hand everything is going on satisfactorily. Experiments with the object of determining the best way of handling the ground are being carried out, and it has also been found necessary to further increase the water supply; but in the meantime the hand rotaries are winning diamonds of high quality and large average size. The shares of the Option Syndicate stand at about 10½. They are not altogether unattractive as a speculative holding, but it may also be stated that the Willoughby Company has a considerable interest in the venture. My usual table follows:—

—	Capitals.		Denom. of Shares.	Amount Paid.	Highest 1905.	Closing Price, Sept. 29, 1906.	Closing Price, Oct. 6, 1906.
	Authorised.	Shares Issued.					
	£		£				
Bechuanaland Ex.	400,000	400,000	1	f.p.	1 11/32	1 3/32	1
British S. Africa	6,000,000	4,999,038	1	f.p.	1 3/32	1 3/16	1 7/32
Chicago Gaika	250,000	201,000	1	f.p.	2 1/4	5/6	5/6
Globe & Phœnix	200,000	250,000	1	f.p.	1 13/32	1 1/4	1 1/2
Lomagunda Dev	250,000	228,000	1	f.p.	2 1/16	1 3/16	1 1/16
Mashon. Agency	400,000	398,976	1	f.p.	1 3/8	1/2	1/2
N rth'rn Copper(U.S.A.)	250,000	160,500	1	f.p.	3 1/2	1 3/8	1 3/4
Rhodesia, Ltd.(New)..	600,000	500,000	1	f.p.	1	7/8	7/8
Rhodesia Expl.	225,000	227,777	1	f.p.	4 3/4	1 1/8	1 3/8
Rhodesia Glds.	1,000,000	500,677	1	f.p.	5/8	2/-	2/-
Rice Hamilton.....	175,000	50,000	1	f.p.	2 3/4	1 1/16	1 3/16
Selukwe	350,000	321,000	1	f.p.	1 1/8	2/6	2/6
Tanganyika Conc.	264 600	234,000	1	f.p.	6 1/2	6 1/2	6 7/8
United Rhodesia.....	750,000	660,900	1	f.p.	11/3	2/6	2/6
Willoughby Con.....	1,000,000	930,000	1	f.p.	1/2	9/9	9/6
Zambesia Explor.	300,000	288,615	1	f.p.	2 5/8	1 1/8	1 1/8

West Africans' Spasmodic Buoyancy—Copper Shares—Arizona—Tin—Esperanzas—A "Broken" Champion.

Experience would seem to show that when the mining markets proper are "out of sorts" gloomy operators in the Jungle contrive to stimulate a semblance of activity in that section. The object no doubt is to give prominence to the "charms" of West Africans at the psychological moment. But it does not succeed, and the spasm of buoyancy being more or less artificially created is not likely to last, and the much discussed rejuvenation of the Jungle appears to my mind to be as far off as ever. The only point worth referring to is the twisting up of Nigeria Bitumen shares on the strength of a "House" tip. The object of the manipulation is not quite clear, and I should be hardly inclined to recommend these as an interesting speculation. A considerable degree of interest continues to be centred in copper shares, the statistical position of the metal and the outlook generally remaining satisfactory, though Arizonas, to which I have recently drawn attention, are still unresponsive. It seems opportune, therefore, to deal with them. In the first place, the difficulty with the new concentrator has been overcome, but on the other hand there is still the question of the labour shortage resulting from the trade activity throughout the country. This drawback, it is understood, is gradually being surmounted by recruiting in Mexico, and before long the plant ought to be working to its utmost capacity. In addition it has to be noted that the company, by selling its metal as produced, must be earning very large profits, and altogether I consider that the Preferred Ordinary shares would make a promising purchase. There is nothing fresh to chronicle in relation to Ancondas or Rio Tintos, though in connection with the latter the dividend expectations continue to influence the price. As regards tin shares, the metal remains at a high level, and Briseis have completely recovered from the effects of the recent Colonial selling accompanied by sinister rumours concerning the property. The statement of the Board seems to have inspired confidence, and the shares, in view of the large profits that the company must be earning in consequence of the high price of the metal, appear rather interesting. Profit snatching has made a slightly adverse impression upon Broken Hill descriptions, but they ought soon to recover, and I am not disposed to modify my opinion of their attractiveness. Esperanzas are still a somewhat sensitive and depressed market, in spite of the "vindication" of the Board. Deducting the dividend of 10s. 6d. actually declared, the shares are well below 3, which, when it is borne in mind that the profits for August exceeded £100,000 on a capitalisation of less than half a million, seems a trifle anomalous, not to say remarkable. Among Indians, the position of the Champion Reefs would seem to be becoming more unsatisfactory. Though a record tonnage of ore was treated last month, the results are the worst for some years, and altogether the situation is more serious than it appeared to be only a short time ago. Here is my table:—

—	Denomination of Shares.	Closing Price, Sept. 29.	Closing Price, Oct. 6.
	£		
Ashanti Goldfields	4/-	13/-	12/6
Akrokerri.....	1	1	1 1/16
Bibiani Goldfields	1	1/2	13/16
British Gold Coast.....	1	9/16	11/16
Gold Coast Amalgamated Mines	1	2	1 15/16
Taquah and Abosso	1	1 7/8	1 15/16
Wassau (Gold Coast).....	1	13/16	7/8
Egypt and Sudan Mining	1	3/8	5/8
Egyptian Mines and Exploration.....	1	3/6	4/-
Nile Valley.....	1	5/9	6/3
United African Exploration.....	1	1 5/8	1 1/4
Anaconda Copper	$25	14 3/4	14 7/8
Balaghat Gold.....	1	25/6	27/-
Broken Hill Proprietary	8/-	85/-	84/6
Cape Copper.....	2	6 3/4	6 5/8
Champion Reef	2/6	16/3	15/6
Le Roi	5	1 1/8	1 1/4
Mysore Gold	10/-	6 3/8	6 1/4
Nundydroog	10/-	26/6	26/-
Ooregum	10/-	15/6	14/3
Rio Tinto	5	73	74
Tharsis Sulphur and Copper.....	2	7 1/8	7
Waihi Gold	1	8 3/4	8 3/4

The Utah-Bingham Mining Company has a capital of $2,000,000, in 400,000 fully paid shares of $5 each. The total area of the property owned and operated by this Company comprises approximately 115 acres. It is situated in the mining camp of Bingham and in close proximity to other well-known properties there, including the United States Mining Company, the Utah Consolidated, Bingham Consolidated, and the Boston Consolidated, etc., all of which Companies, as is well known, are most successful and have very high market value. The managing engineer of the Company reports that on this property there are already proven three distinct fissure veins, and that it has every prospect of becoming one of the best properties of this camp. It is situated on a mountain, directly between two of the best producing mines of this locality.

In average mining area it compares favourably with the other Companies operating in the locality. Copper ore has already been proved by previous workings at a point nearly 1,000 ft. below the apex of the vein, and it is estimated that a large output can be commanded at the expiration of a few months more of development work. Various assays from different points of the mine have given values as high as $30 to the ton, and there is every reason to believe that the ores will carry the same average values as are found in practically all of the Companies that are operating in this camp, which in the smelting ores average approximately from 2½ per cent. to 3 per cent. copper, in addition to gold and silver values; they also frequently carry a very high per-

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centage of lead and iron, making them practically self-fluxing, and thereby reducing largely the cost of smelting, it being a fact that one of the best-known mining Companies in this camp produces its copper cheaper than any other Company in the United States.

Westralians—Fingall Reserves—Further Reduction in Treatment Probable—Kalgurlis Strong on Dividend Possibilities—Deep Leads.

Despite the continued indifference of the general speculator and the consequent dearth of business, Westralians as a group are rather full of interest. Fingalls are, perhaps, most conspicuous in consequence of the statement respecting the position. The ore reserves are approximated at 677,525 tons of an average value of 45s. 9d. per ton. Very little ore is estimated at the lowest levels, although recent developments at certain points are very encouraging, while it may be noted that the total includes about 35,000 tons of high-grade stuff, averaging 76s. 6d., representing values in the upper portion of the mine which are not at present available. Of far more immediate consequence than these figures is the decision to gradually reduce the monthly output between £35,000 and £40,000 "unless developments in the meantime warrant an alteration," and thus keep it within the average of the mine. Only a few months ago there was a reduction to £45,000 following the recommendations of the expert who investigated the property. On the other hand, the indications of returning values in the line of the main ore chutes are very encouraging, especially when taken in conjunction with the low working costs averaging about 20s. per ton. The profit in sight on this calculation of reserves is about £3 5s. per share, which in its way is satisfactory, but it hardly seems probable that the maintenance of dividends at 5s. per quarter will be practicable should the monthly output be reduced on the lines suggested. Even should the dividends be reduced, however, the contingency would seem to be generously discounted in the prevailing quotation. Considerable interest is being centred in Kalgurlis on the strength of dividend possibilities. The next distribution is expected to be 10s., in comparison with 7s. 6d., and such a payment does not seem impracticable, seeing that the mine is now earning something like £250,000 on a capital of £120,000. In depth developments are very encouraging, and the shares are talked much higher than the prevailing figure, which is already high. Notwithstanding the impending developments at the Loddon Valley, Deep Lead shares remain more or less neglected. There seems to be a lack of speculative enthusiasm everywhere, which accounts for the prevailing apathy. Regarded strictly as a gamble, Loddon Valley appear to be interesting. It is quite possible that the result of the first operation in the auriferous wash may not prove exceptionally good, but ultimately the rich stuff will no doubt be entered and the profit-earning stage attained. My usual table follows:—

—	1900 High.	1905. High.	1905. Lowest.	Make-up, Sep. 24, 1906.	Closing Price, Sept. 29, 1906.	Closing Price, Oct. 6, 1906.
Associated G.M.	7⅛	3⅜	1 21/32	1 7/16	1⅜	1 5/16
Assoc. Nth. Blocks	3⅜	1 7/16	1 3/16	1 3/16	1 1/16	1 1/32
Brownhill Ext.	3¾	15/16	1/2	8/6	8/6	8/-
Cosmopolitan	30/3	1/4	1/4	4/-	4/-	4/-
Golden Horseshoe	15	8 3/16	6 3/16	5¾	5⅝	5 9/16
Golden Link	8½	4/6	0/3	4/-	4/-	4/-
Great Boulder Prop.	37/6	25/6	20/-	26/-	25/3xd	26/6
Do. Main Reef	2¾	3/3	1/-	3/-	2/9	3/-
Do. Perseverance	18½	16/6	9/6	8/-	7/9	8/9
Gt. Fingall Cons.	6½	8⅝	6¼	3¾	3 5/16	3 5/16
Hainault	1¼	1 1/8	7/8	1⅛	1 1/16	1 1/16
Ida H. Gold	—	14/3	3/-	5/-	5/-	3/6
Ivanhoe (£5)	15½	8 1/8	7 1/16	6 3/4	6¾	6 15/16
Ivanhoe South Extnd.	4⅜	1/2	1/4	13/32	3/8	3/8
Kalgurli	9⅝	9 7/8	6 1/16	10 15/16	10 7/8	11 5/16
Lake View Consols	5⅜	1 3/8	31/32	29/32	7/8	7/8
L. & W. A. Exploration	1 13/16	15/6	7/-	9/-	9/-	9/-
North Kalgurli	1 3/16	6/-	0/6	1/-	1/-	1/-
Oroya Brownhill	—	3 11/16	2 15/16	2 3/4	2¾xd	2 15/16
Peak Hill	5⅜	8/9	0/3	-/9	-/3	1/-
Sons of Gwalia	6 5/16	2 5/16	1 27/32	1 1/16	1 1/16	1 1/16
South Kalgurli	6½	2	25/32	1 1/16	1 1/16	1 1/16
Westralia Mt. Morgans	—	1/16	1/16	2/-	2/6	2/6

Insurance Notes—The Profits of Life Offices—Sources of Surplus—Favourable Mortality—Economy of Management.

Last week I said that when people were shown the good results that can be derived from life assurance as an investment they frequently wonder how it is possible. It is, for instance, feasible to obtain an immediate income yielding £3 12s. 6d. per cent. per annum, without any possibility of the income decreasing or the capital depreciating in value. In yet other cases a Company will return to a policy-holder at the end of twenty years all the money he has paid, accumulated at 3 per cent. compound interest, in addition to which he has insurance protection, so that in the event of death within the twenty years his estate is paid the sum assured under the policy, an amount which greatly exceeds the sum paid in premiums. To make this clear, let us suppose that one thousand people at age twenty-five take endowment assurance at a premium of £10 a year, the sum assured being paid on reaching age fifty, or at previous death. Out of one thousand persons thirty-four die within the first five years, and the payment to their estate is equivalent to the return of all the premiums accumulated at compound interest at the rate of not less than 60 per cent. per annum. In the second five-year period thirty-nine people die, having earned compound interest at the rate of 20 per cent. In the third quinquennial period forty-three people die, and on their account the Company pays more than 9 per cent. In the fourth five-year period forty-seven people die, and the return is over 5 per cent. The remaining eight hundred and thirty-seven people who die in the last five years or survive till aged fifty have returned to them, or their estate, the whole of the premiums paid accumulated at compound interest at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum.

It is quite natural to ask how it is done. The average rate of interest earned by the Companies does not exceed £3 15s. per cent., and the expenses of management have to be provided for. The problem is well worth considering. The solution of it brings out in clear relief various points which are important in the selection of a policy. One principal source of surplus, and consequently of bonuses, is favourable mortality. If a Company selects the lives it assures carefully and wisely, the mortality is likely to be more favourable than the mortality tables indicate. In making the valuation of liabilities and assets, funds are set aside sufficient to meet the claims if mortality occur according to the tables. If the rate of mortality is more favourable than the tables the Company will find five years hence that it has some surplus in hand which can be distributed among the policy-holders. This surplus is not profit in the ordinary sense of the word; it simply means that the cost of assurance was less than was calculated upon. Clearly, therefore, it is a good thing for a policy-holder to assure in a Company which is careful in the selection of lives. He had better enrol himself among a number of more than usually healthy persons rather than among a lot of average or under-average lives. It is, of course, perfectly possible that under-average lives, if only accepted at an increased rate of premium, may yield quite a handsome surplus, but then such lives are commonly written up so that a man of thirty-five pays a premium for, and is treated as, age, say, forty-five. Such lives, therefore, do not enter very directly into the question of surplus from favourable mortality as ordinarily dealt with.

It would be a good thing if information about surplus from mortality could be given in the official returns; this, however, is not done, and comparatively few offices supply any details on the point. It is not an easy matter for people unacquainted with the subject to form an opinion upon, but those familiar with insurance matters can make a fairly shrewd guess as to the kind of mortality that is being experienced, and they know pretty well which Companies are careful in this matter and which are lax. Some time ago the manager of a life office which is notoriously careless in this respect, which is greedy for a big new business, and altogether

devoid of attraction, foolishly confided in me that he did not mind very much who he assured, since things would be all right during his few years of office, and his successor could take the worry of the higher death rate of future years. This particular manager has not retired so soon as he contemplated, and the chickens are coming home to roost in singularly uncomfortable fashion. The practical moral of this consideration is to see the kind of people you are included with when taking a policy, and to get assured, if you can, in an office where the mortality is favourable, and consequently the cost of insurance protection is low.

Another matter of very great importance is the question of expenses; a penny saved is a penny earned, and a life office that is managed economically is likely to be much better for the policy-holders than one which indulges in extravagance. The way to look at this question of expenses from a practical point of view is not so much to see the actual rate of expenditure as to compare the provision made for expenses with the expenses actually incurred, the difference being a source of surplus. Then again, it is quite important to take account of the amount of new business transacted. If a life office does a large amount of new business the expenses are inevitably heavy; the commission to agents has to be paid, fees for medical examinations have to be provided for, advertising expenses may fairly be charged to new business, and so on. Consequently it is not an accurate test of the economy of a Company to consider merely the percentage of the total premium income which is used for expenses. Quite a good plan is to assume that the expenses for new business cost ten times as much per cent. as the expenses for renewal business. This is the basis adopted in "Whitaker's Almanack," to which everybody can refer. From "Whitaker" it appears that the excellent Old Equitable is spending less than 8 per cent. of its total premiums on management, and that this is equivalent to paying 51 per cent. of new premiums and 5.1 per cent. of renewal premiums. On the other hand, the Scottish Amicable, which does a much larger new business, pays 50 per cent. on new premiums, and 5 per cent. on renewal premiums; but this expenditure is 14 per cent. of the total premiums. Now, rightly considered, the Scottish Amicable, which pays 14 per cent. of its new premiums, is really managed more economically than the Equitable, which spends only 8 per cent. One reason why this distinction between new and renewal business has to be made is that new policy-holders have to be obtained to replace those who die or surrender, and that to get new premiums costs a great deal more than merely to receive renewal premiums. Another point is that the mortality among new policy-holders is for the first five years or so much more favourable than among old policy-holders, and therefore, within certain limits—which, however, most Companies exceed—the gain from favourable mortality among the recently assured more than counterbalances the extra expenditure needed to obtain their proposals. The practical point in regard to this matter is that in selecting a policy economy of management is of supreme importance, but that to judge of the reality of the economy it is necessary to take account of the proportion of new business transacted, a factor which happily "Whitaker's Almanack" enables us to do without any difficulty.

Among the Philanthropists.

William Humbert, Nephew and Co., of Wardrobe-chambers, Queen Victoria-street, E.C., are sending circulars to strangers pointing out "the only safe method of speculating in stocks and shares." It will probably come as a surprise to those who have dealt in stocks and shares to learn that there is any "safe" method of speculating in them, and that Humbert, Nephew and Co. should be the medium to a fortune is simply preposterous. You can obtain a fair idea of the quality of these people from the following brief extract from their circular, which essays to show how "an investment of £5 may lead to a fortune":—

> It is a well-known fact, that in order to increase one's income nowadays it is necessary to indulge in speculation of some sort. Many people go in for horse-racing, others speculate in house property, but it is an indisputable fact that by judicious operations on the Stock Exchange, profits can be made in a remarkably short time with a very small outlay of ready money, and our system presents the most favourable opportunities for that purpose, because while profits can be secured to an unlimited extent, the liability is absolutely restricted to the original amount invested. In every security, whether Home Rails, Americans or Foreign Bonds, fluctuations take place, not only daily, but from hour to hour, sometimes even from minute to minute, and it is by taking advantage of the information which we derive from well informed sources, that in the course of a short time, by judicious investment and the careful following up of such advice, large profits are made. Many people think that only on a rising market a chance takes place for securing profits, but experience has taught us that whether prices go up or down, the operator may be equally successful, so long as he avails himself of the experience, which we after many years' study have gained.

This kind of claptrap, one would imagine, would not deceive a conceited idiot, but sad experience has shown me that people who make a serious pretence of sanity and decent judgment are constantly being taken in, and are losing their money to these bucket-shop philanthropists, who do nothing beyond taking their deposit and either allowing the margin to run off or repudiating their obligations (under cover of the Gambling Acts) should the luck go against them. Humbert, Nephew, and Co. would like you to take advantage of their "exceptional offer for a first transaction." With all possible deference, I suggest that you leave them severely alone.

The London Scottish Stock and Share Exchange, whose address is 20, Bucklersbury, E.C., goes on from one success to another. The style of its "literature" so closely resembles that of the Imperial Stock and Share Exchange, which has offices round the corner, that were it not for the haughty repudiation of a connection with any other shop—bucket-shop—one might be forgiven for supposing that there was a connection between the two. Astonishing are the results obtained over the "Stock Unions" of the London Scottish. Union No. 18 was closed (so we are told) on September 25 at a net profit, after deducting a modest 10 per cent. for charges, of £5 12s. 6d. for every £5 subscribed. The London Scottish Stock and Share Exchange we are informed—

> are exceedingly pleased with the satisfactory results obtained by their Stock Union System of dealing in stocks and shares, which shows how large quick profits may be secured by a very small outlay, and the success which has attended their operations during the last six months, proves beyond doubt the reliability of this method of operating. The Stock Union System is a novel and safe method of dealing successfully in stocks and shares, whereby the liability is limited and the profits unlimited, and the most substantial proof of this statement that can possibly be given is a reference to the last four Stock Unions, which have all been closed at substantial profits in a very brief space of time.

A blind pool is not novel, and as to being "safe," pray excuse me. It is a standing wonder to me that the police allow institutions of this sort to go on fleecing the public week by week. A correspondent tells me that one of this precious bucket-shop's circulars was addressed to his son, who is eleven years of age!

The great Mr. John B. Mackenzie, of 23, Rood-lane, E.C., continues to raise his raucous voice in support of stocks which he hopes will go down. On the 2nd inst. he recommended a purchase of Canadian Pacifics, on the ground that the meeting was fixed for the following day, and that "you can rely upon important news being forthcoming." The news was forthcoming, but it was hardly to the liking of the market, and since then "Canadas" have dropped five or six dollars; which means that the people who sent "margin" money to the gentleman who calls himself Mackenzie have lost their cash. The following extract from a circular, dated the 1st inst., shows what sort of a prophet Mr. Mackenzie is:—

> On the 4th inst., a meeting of the directors will be held, and when the news becomes public, as it will do shortly after, I look for the stock to be touching 200, therefore, do not hesitate in purchasing, but buy immediately as per telegraph form enclosed, and remittance can follow by post. Any amount up to £500 can be employed for purchasing, and I think has more than a probability of trebling itself in the course of a few days.

Once more you would have lost your "cover" had you been such an ass as to deal with the noble Mackenzie.

Ind Coope Amalgamation.

For some time past a closer, more harmonious and more economical working of the two breweries of Messrs. Ind, Coope and Co., of Romford and Burton-on-Trent, has been under the serious consideration of the Board of Directors. The matter has been one of considerable magnitude to arrange, but, we understand officially, as and from quite a recent date the fusion of all interests in connection with the two businesses has now become an accomplished fact. The Board of Directors have decided to place the management of the whole business under the direct control of one Managing Director, Mr. C. Howard Tripp, who, for the greater part of the last thirteen years, has been, with Mr. Chas. W. Matthews, joint Managing Director. This complete reorganisation and amalgamation of interests in this old-established concern should be conducive to a period of greater prosperity, and the interests of all parties and of all the employees will now be, as I have long felt they ought hitherto to have been, identical. The agents and representatives of the combined businesses will be able to sell the products of each brewery, whichever may be preferred, with the full knowledge that it will be equally to the advantage of the company and themselves individually.

New Issues.

The following prospectuses have been issued:—

Southern Alberta Land Company.—Capital, £500,000, in £1 shares. The present issue consists of £400,000 shares, of which 133,333 will be issued to the vendors under the agreement. Messrs. Chaplin, Milne, Grenfell and Co. are authorised to receive subscriptions for 266,667 shares. No underwriting commission has been paid in this issue.

Canadian Northern Railway and Canadian Northern Quebec Messrs. Chaplin, Milne, Grenfell, and Co., are authorised to offer for subscription £1,000,000 Four per Cent. Perpetual Guaranteed Debenture stock of the Northern Quebec Railway Company, part of an issue already authorised. It is intended that the Canadian Northern Railway system shall be comprised of the lines of the three principal railway companies—the Canadian Northern, the Canadian Northern Ontario, and the Canadian Northern Quebec Railway Company. Details are given in our advertisement columns.

"Truth" Letter Box.

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" reply by post.

Name and address, which must accompany all inquiries, should be written on the communication; cards are apt to be lost or misplaced, causing unnecessary trouble.

Anonymous letters will not in any case be attended to.

I cannot reply to inquiries by letter or telegram.

A nom-de-plume or initials (the former preferably) should be given if it is desired that the real name shall not appear in the paper.

Inquiries should be put as briefly as possible, plainly written, and numbered.

Communications received after Friday may not be replied to in the following issue. Delay may also occur where an exceptionally long list of securities is submitted.

I do not recommend brokers.

Government Securities.

Northampton.—Canada 3 per cent. stock is very desirable. It has frequently been recommended in Truth. *Consols.*—1. Why not exchange into India Threes or Water Board stock? These will give you a full 3 per cent. If you want 4 per cent. try Johannesburg Fours, Rand Water stock, or East London Inscribed. 2. You had better leave mines alone. 3. North Easterns are a good investment.

Railways.

C.C.C.—Pennsylvania Railway Ordinary shares are a very good investment. *Malacca.*—I see no reason why Guayaquil and Quito bonds should be sold. *Kent.*—1. Midland Railway Deferred stock will recover, and in the meantime you are sure of a good dividend. 2. Quebec and Lake St. John Income bonds ought to improve. *Indigent.*—1. Convert into Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary stock. 2 and 3. Keep the Illinois Central bonds and Baltimore and Ohio bonds. 4. The Alberta Railway has a promising future, and its 5 per cent. bonds are a promising holding. 5. Hold the Cuban Fives. *W. H., Cestria.*—I should not feel disposed to buy North London Railway stock.

Mines.

Rosebud.—It would be advisable to buy more "Johnnies" to average. The market ought to recover appreciably within the next three or four months. *B.J.C.*—Your three South Africans are good and will recover when Kaffirs generally are in a better humour. *Club.*—The New Primrose mine has an estimated life of about 10 to 12 years. *Preston.*—1. The South Africans will go better on a good market, for which you may possibly have to wait a little while. 2. Troitzsks are a promising speculation. *Austral.*—I have not a high opinion of the prospects of the company. *Morilis.*—1. International Syndicates should be good for a full recovery before very long. 2. Hold the South African, but do not buy any more at present. *E.V.B.*—I am obliged to you for your communication. *Van.*—1. The life of the New Rietfontein Estates Gold Mine is estimated at about 16 years. 2. The Johannesburg Consolidated is not a mine, but an investment company, with large interests in a number of mines. 3. Messrs. F. C. Mathieson and Sons, Copthall Avenue, E.C., publish a little manual giving the information you require. 4. Putting money into a gold mine partakes largely of speculation even when the mine is one of the best. For dividends you might try Robinson Deeps, Village Main Reefs, Waihis, and Alaska Treadwells. *Junior, Bradford.*—1. Rand Mines Deep shares make an attractive speculation provided you put them away for better conditions in the South African market. The capital is £1,000,000 in £1 shares, of which 778,981 have been issued. 2. You might try Vereenigings and New Africans. *Premier.*—New Brighton mines are an attractive speculation. I had something to say about them last week. *Balham.*—1. I regard Deep Leads as one of the most attractive gambles in the whole market, but I would rather pay outright for a few shares and wait developments than open a speculative account in them. I doubt if you will be able to get in more cheaply by waiting. 2. Both are good properties, but I should prefer Anacondas. 3. The result of a manipulation, I should say. *Moor, Cheltenham.*—The company is in a sound condition and its shares are likely to improve with other South Africans. *Wild Duck.*—The reason for the fall in the dividend is to be found in the fact that the grade of ore is falling off, while the reserves are not increasing. *S. A. G. T.*—The explanation of the fall is to be found in the depressed condition of the South African market as a whole. The shares are good for a big recovery on a better South African market. *Vogels.*—Both Vereenigings and Vogelstruis Estates might be bought now if you can afford to put them away for a time. *Mexican.*—1. The insiders are selling, and in the circumstances it would, I think, be advisable to get out. 2. The system is obviously speculative, but it gives you a fair run for your money, and you have no right to ask for more. 3. Both should be held for an appreciation later.

Mixed Securities.

Sharade.—1. Brilliant Gold shares have not good prospects. 2. Mount Lyell Blocks are worth keeping. 3. Sons of Gwalia make a fair purchase. 4. A dividend is improbable. *Rex.*—1. Japanese Fours, Johannesburg Fours, and Rand Water Stocks would meet your requirements. 2. Waihis and Rose Deeps. 3. The Oroya Brownhill Mine is coming to the end of its rich ore, and after another year or two it can only exist as a low grade proposition. *Kelpie.*—1. London Bank of Mexico shares make a very fair investment. 2. Try Canada North-West Lands. *Jacobus.*—1. I am afraid the chances of a dividend on Alabama, New Orleans, and Texas A Preference shares is very remote. 2 to 6. All good industrial holdings and worth keeping. *Hawthorne.*—The investments are all good, and I see no reason to recommend a chance in any one. *Cratches.*—1. Evidently the company has nothing satisfactory to tell its shareholders; it is therefore in no hurry to issue a report. I do not see that you have any practical remedy. 2. The new converter is not yet in full working order. *Northlands.*—I suggest the following: Four and a Half per Cent. Bonds, Chinese Fives, Rand Water Stock, Japanese and Grand Trunk First Preference. *Scottie.*—1. Income-tax is recoverable on application to the Inland Revenue, Somerset House. 2. I cannot advise you as to the Indian Bank, but the Standard Bank of South Africa is an excellent institution and well managed. Your money is quite safe on deposit with it. 3. I suggest that you buy more Lyons shares. *Devonian.*—1. The suggestions of your broker are quite good. 2. For the remaining sum try B.A. Pacific Ordinary. *Camac.*—1. The shares of the Canada company give you a return of a little over 6 per cent. 2. The Lancaster West mine has a life of over a quarter of a century. I regard it as a fair speculation and safe for a much higher price when Kaffirs become a little more lively again. *Bombastic.*—1. I should not be disposed to sell Hudson's Bays just at present. 2. Sell out and invest the proceeds in Grand Trunk Third Preference. 3. Nitrate Railway Deferred shares are worth holding on to. *Rosario.*—British Westinghouse Debentures and Metropolitan Preference stocks are all right to hold. The other stocks ought to be bought. *G., Hull.*—The list of investments is a good one, and none need be realised at present. *Aix-les-Bains.*—Spread the money over Grand Trunk First Preference, Canadian Pacific Preference, Brighton Railway Preferred Ordinary, B.A. and Pacific Ordinary, and Lyons Preference. *J. B., Northampton.*—I should not be disposed to average any of the American Brewery shares, but U.S. Debenture Corporation are a very fair holding. *Lidgett.*—1. Modderfonteins are worth keeping until the South African market improves. They are likely to have a good recovery then. 2. The shares are undesirable, and should be sold. 3. You might average on Mount Lyell Blocks. 4. Zinc Corporation prospects are good, and the shares ought to be held. *Durt.*—Hold both for the present. *Spes.*—1. I should not buy any more.

Tufnell Park, N.—Unfurnished House to Let, easy access to West End and City. Bath, garden. Rent £50.—Apply, C. 74, Huddleston-road, N.

CITY LIBRARY, Handle Carefully, LOWELL, MASS.

2. Worth buying if you can hold for a year or two. 3. A good purchase at the existing price for a big recovery when the South African market developes briskness again. 4. The outlook is poor.

MISCELLANEOUS.

T. F., Youghal.—The office is a good one, but I think you might do as well in an English office. *A. B., Southport.*—You can obtain or sell City of Paris bonds in London through Messrs. N. Keizer and Co., 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C. *Columio.*—I should be inclined to give the concern a wide berth, as there is a catch somewhere. *Bluebell.*—If you must make an exchange buy a few Hudson Bays. *Emlun.*—You would be well advised not to entrust your money with the concern. The high rate of interest allowed is utterly incompatible with security. A great deal might happen in ten years. *Pallancey.*—You could considerably improve upon the holdings, which do not strike me as being particularly attractive. The first-named is the best of the three. I believe they deal fairly by their clients. *Beta.*—The concern is not one that I should care to recommend. *Woods.*—Many thanks. *Nicholas.*—1. Anglo A. is a gamble pure and simple, and to me does not seem anything but unattractive at the prevailing high price. The Ordinary is not devoid of speculative possibilities, and is to be much preferred to the Deferred. 2. All three would be worth holding as investments. *F. W., Torquay.*—Do not know anything about the concern, and would suggest your inquiring of the paper named. *Alabone.*—Many thanks for the document. There is not the slightest doubt that the Continental lottery touts do their utmost to attract the simple-minded. *Asflewenyo.*—1. Leave John B. McKenzie alone. *M. G. D.*—1. Would recommend you to avoid the concern. 2. I have frequently pointed out that Cunliffe, Russell, and Co., of Paris, charge exorbitantly for the bonds, some of which are quite unattractive. The bonds are purchasable at current market quotations from the Crédit Lyonnais Agencies or N. Keizer and Co., 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C. *Tidy.*—You are entitled to the dividend, and should obtain it through your broker. Tolerably fair holding. Cargo Fleets, upon which you already have a profit, should be held for further appreciation. Would advise a sale of the last-named. *A. Keene.*—A bucket-shop, and you ought to leave it alone. *James, Bros.*—Would not like to vouch for the honesty or straightforwardness of the Continental lottery touts who style themselves bankers. *Carter.*—I regret my inability to advise you in the matter, as I have no acquaintance with the concern. *Linehan.*—Avoid Cunliffe, Russell, and Co., of Paris. See foregoing reply to "M. G. D." Peruse regulations to "Letter Box" above. *Bonds.*—See reply to "Linehan," and leave Cunliffe, Russell, and Co., of Paris, alone. *Stock Union.*—It is nothing more nor less than a blind pool, and it would be very indiscreet to throw your money away in such a manner. *Ramrod.*—1. Slaters would make a promising purchase at the existing figure, but British Tea Tables are altogether unattractive, and it is questionable, in view of the passing of the interim dividend, whether the shares are by any means low-priced. 2. Calcutta Electrics are worth holding for investment, and the iron and steel shares might be kept. *R. L., Totteridge.*—1. Harrods' Stores give a little over 5 per cent., and D. H. Evans and Co. about 6 per cent. 2. The insurance shares might be held for a recovery in the near future. African Steamships make a good holding, as far as shipping shares go. The partly paid shares give 5½ per cent., rather more than the fully paid. *C. B.*—Both concerns, I believe, deal fairly by their clients. The resumption of interim dividends on Measures Ordinary seems to imply that the concern is enjoying more prosperous times. They are tolerably interesting, though somewhat speculative. Would not recommend a purchase of "Illustrated News" Preference or Ordinary. *Quæsitor.*—I should hold for a recovery. You have a good dividend in the meantime. *Morah.*—Have no dealings with Cunliffe, Russell and Co., of Paris. *Meg.*—The Prudential would meet your requirements. *South Erin.*—I believe the concern is reliable. *J. McG., Johannesburg.*—Duguid's "Stock Exchange" would suit you. The price is 2s. 6d. net, and the publishers are Messrs. Methuen and Co. *J. C., Dublin.*—The lottery is genuine enough so far as it goes, but the chances of a prize are remote, and you can certainly not get anything valuable until you reach the seventh class. The whole thing, in fact, is a delusion. *F., Manchester.*—I agree with you that it is a pity the Government allows the bucket-shops to flourish, but for my part I fail to see where the remedy comes in unless the Postmaster-General takes action. *Tommy, Bournemouth.*—Better times are coming for the company, but you may have to wait for them. If you do not feel disposed to do this, sell out and buy one or two of the better Home Railway stocks *Ignoramus, Cashel.*—I have not a good opinion of the concern. *G. E. D.*—Leave the people alone.

INDUSTRIALS QUIETER—LABOUR THREATS—IRON AND STEEL—NITRATES STILL STRONG—PEKINS—HUDSON'S BAY LAND SALES—TEA TABLE DIVIDEND PASSED—HOTEL SHARES—ANGLO "A."

The unsettled feeling which has pervaded the Stock Exchange, to the detriment of markets generally is making an appreciable impression in the Industrial section. What small interest was being evinced seems to have been stifled by the uncertainty as to the labour question throughout the country, a consideration of vital importance, of course, to Industrials. If the strike inaugurated on the Clyde leads to a widespread movement in the engineering industry, the matter would become serious, but no useful purpose would be served by taking a despondent view of the future. There is still a chance of the differences which have occasioned the strike being assimilated, and so far, at any rate, the movement has not spread, being confined to the Clyde. Iron and steel shares, however, are not unnaturally suffering from the uncertainty, but the effect is by no means appreciable, and holders of such things would be wise to hope for the best, rather than realise their holdings. The fact that the industry is flourishing makes it quite probable that any general strike may be averted. A feature of interest at the moment is the continued buoyancy of nitrate shares. As I have pointed out before, this industry is enjoying a considerable degree of prosperity, the earthquake occasioned little damage on the fields, and there is to be no extra taxation imposed, as was rumoured not so long ago. Altogether, the outlook is promising, and there are already indications of larger profits being earned by some of the undertakings, the Salar del Carmen's interim dividend, for instance, being at the rate of 15s. per share as against 10s. a year ago. Nitrate shares, it cannot be denied, are a somewhat speculative holding, but, on the other hand, the yields obtainable are unmistakably high, as may be seen from the following table:—

	Price.		Yield per Cent.
Anglo Chilian Nit. and Rly. Cum. Pfd.	13¼		£7 5 6
Barrancchea	3½		9 5 0
Lagunas	4¼		6 15 0
Lantaro	12½		6 17 6
Rosario	6		6 8 0
San Jarge	3¼		8 16 0
San Sebastian	3		8 6 0

Incidentally it may be noted in connection with nitrate shares that a "trust" has been formed to acquire nitrate securities, which is a good point. As regards Pekin Syndicates, they still remain somewhat sensitive and depressed in spite of the official assurance concerning the financial position and the situation generally. Difficulties are undoubtedly retarding progress in the matter of coal production, but they are not of a very serious nature, and, regarded as a gamble, Pekins appear rather attractive at the prevailing quotation. The upward movement in Hudson's Bays has ceased, for the time being at all events, but they are still talked to 100, and in view of this it is interesting to note that the cash receipts for the half-year to September 30 in respect of farm lands and town lots are given as £147,600 in comparison with £119,200 for the corresponding period of 1905. This must be regarded as distinctly promising. Motor shares, which have been receiving considerable attention within recent months, are still rather active, and more than usual interest attaches to the rumour that the much-delayed report of the London Motor Omnibus Company will be published within a month. This will be eagerly awaited, and there is much speculation as to whether the showing will be favourable or otherwise. The Sunbeam Motor Car Company has again made satisfactory progress, and this is reflected in an enhanced dividend of 10 per cent., as against 7½ per cent. It would seem that business has been brisk, and in order to cope with the growing demand the works are to be extended. In connection with "bun-shops," it may be noted that the British Tea Table Company will pass the interim dividend on the Preference shares. In vindicating such an action the directors say that "during the past six months circumstances have been peculiarly adverse to the Company." The development is not altogether surprising after the steady drop in recent dividends, and justifies the poor opinion I have expressed on the shares more than once. The Carlton Hotel has had a fairly satisfactory year, the dividend being maintained on the 10 per cent. basis, and I take the opportunity of showing the yield obtainable upon shares of this class in the following table. Hotel shares, it may be mentioned, are not a particularly good holding, profits being a somewhat fluctuating

ROMANO'S RESTAURANT, Strand, is a Parisian Restaurant in London. The prices are moderate, and the cuisine is excellent. New Russian and Venetian Rooms.

quantity, and the multiplication of such concerns must, of course, mean greater competition in the future:—

	Price.		Yield per Cent.
Burlington Hotel Cum. Pfce	¾		£6 3 0
Carlton Hotel	1¼		7 12 0
Do. Cum. Pfce.	9¼		5 18 0
De Keysers Royal Cum. Pfce.	⅝		5 0 0
Holborn and Frascati	1⅝		5 18 6
Savoy Hotel	6¼		7 3 0
Do. Pfce.	9½		7 0 0

Although values are well maintained, there is not much interest shown by investors in regard to Telegraph stock. I am, however, still of the opinion that these are deserving of consideration by the investor who desires a fairly good return coupled with respectable security. In connection with Anglo "A," the quotation is still kept at what I consider an unduly high figure. The position, it is true, is satisfactory enough, the last quarterly dividend on the Ordinary bringing the total up to 45s., as against 44s. for the year to date, thus leaving only 15s. to be earned during the current three months on the Ordinary stock. Then the Deferred participates, but this stock is nothing but a gamble at the existing figure, which seems to discount possibilities rather liberally. The Ordinary will also receive more than the 3 per cent., and as a speculative investment giving not far short of 5 per cent. it is to be preferred to such a gambling counter as the Deferred. From the investment point of view the Preferred stock is better still, giving 5¼ per cent.

VIGILANT.

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QUEER STORY.

THE COPPER-BOTTOMED HULK.

[The following story was told me a few weeks ago by a loafer, on the Thames Embankment, with whom I got into conversation, and whom I induced, by the price of a supper, a night's lodging, and a screw of tobacco, to recount me some of his experiences. Altogether it cost me exactly one-and-fourpence-halfpenny. It will be for you to say, when you have read the story, whether you think that modest sum was profitably laid out.—The Writer.]

"YUSS," said the loafer, wagging his towzled head, knowingly, "I've had some rummy experiences in my time. You're right there, guv'nor. But the rummiest of the lot, I reckon, was what once happened to me and my mate, Jim Sliggums, when we was in business together.

"Me and Jim had a little place out Battersea way, where we ran a sort of general 'ardware concern, dealin' in scrap metal, iron, brass, copper, lead, old gas-fittin's, pipes, door-knockers, pewter-pots, and anything of the sort that came along. Some of the stuff we handle we come by reg'lar. Some of it, we didn't. In fack—for I won't deceive yer—me and Jim lifted a good deal more nor we ever bought and paid for, in the or'nary course of business. An' the story as I'm a-goin' to tell yer is about how me and Jim lifted half a ton of sheet copper off old Mike Allworthy, the fence.

"Me and Jim had done a lot of business one time or another with old Mike, who was about the slyest and 'cutest old fox in the whole perfession. Yer'll know I'm speakin' the trooth of him when I tell yer, that though he'd been receivin' reg'lar for more nor thirty years, the splits had never once managed to put salt on his tail. They'd set traps for him times out of number and tracked him in all manner of disguises; but old Mike could smell a trap, or a split, a mile away, and when they was foolin' around, he was never takin' any. So at last they giv up tryin', not likin' to be everlasting made fools of, and took to the simpler job of settin' traps for motor-cars instead.

"As for me and Jim, we got on well enough with old Mike—excep' for a bit of hagglin' now and again about the prices he offered us for our stuff—until he played us that dirty trick over a bank-note. It come about this way. We'd collected, at consid'rable pussonal risk, though no pecoonary expense, a fine lot of pewter, which we takes along to old Mike, in our respectable lookin' one-hoss van, and offers him the lot for twenty-two quid.

"Well, old Mike, he beats us down to twenty—which was 'bout what we expected—and he takes the pewter and pays me for it with a couple of tenners. 'Twasn't till next day I discovered as one of these tenners was a duffer, and round me and Jim goes to old Mike at once and wants to know what he meant by it.

"But bless yer, old Mike's quite equal to the occasion. Wants to know what *we* mean—he axshally does—by accusing *him* of palming off a bad note on us. Says he's been there before, he has, and is much too old a bird to be taken in by a musty old story like that. And if we want to unload our worthless paper, we'd better go and try it on upon somebody a few years younger.

"Oh! we was mad, me and Jim was. In fack, Jim wanted to go for the old thief and hammer him to a jelly then and there; but I held him back, knowin' as that sort of game was too dangerous in broad daylight and hundreds of people about in the street outside. So we leaves the shop together, without doin' anything worse to old Mike than cuss him, but taking our Bible oaths—Jim especially—as we'd make him sweat for the way he'd put it across us.

"It wasn't very long, neither, afore our chance come. Old Mike had a wharf on the river at Millbank, where he kept a goodish bit of bulky stuff, mostly old ships' boilers and anchors, and that class of goods, convenient for loading into barges—such things only being worth handlin' at the water's edge. There was a small orfice on the premises, where a clurk sometimes sat in the daytime; but as often as not the place was locked up and nobody about at all. Not much risk in leavin' it deserted, neither; since there was seldom anything there you could carry off, unless you bring a five ton crane along with yer in yer weskit pocket.

"Me and Jim had been over the place, on the q.t., more than once with an eye to business; but a couple of hundred-weight or so bein' about our usual limit for liftin', we had never found anything there the least bit of use to us.

"However, just at this time, as luck would have it, old Mike had got something at the wharf really worth considerin'; for, only a week or so afore, he'd picked up an old hulk covered with sheet copper, and she was a-lyin' bottom uppards, in the yard behind the wharf, so as the sun might shrink the wet wood and cause the copper plates to start and come away.

"Me and Jim had spotted the thing, when we was last round that way, only a few days afore our dust up with Mike, and even then we talked serious of payin' the wharf a visit next moonlight night, and havin' a reg'lar set-to with our jemmies to wrench them copper-plates loose and bring 'em away; but couldn't quite make up our minds as to whether, considerin' all the fag it meant, the job was good enough. But now this 'ere sneakin' way as old Mike had treated us made things look a bit different, as we determined to pinch every sheet of that bloomin' copper, if only to spite him.

"Well, fust of all, we goes and prospecks around—next evening, just afore dusk—to see if the wood was really rotten enough to make the job practicable; also what tools we should want. And while we're a prospecting, we has rather a narrer squeak. For who should come along but old Mike hisself and another bloke with him, a dealer in hardware, sure enough, me havin' had so much pussonal experience of coves in that line of business, that I could twig one almost with me eyes shut.

"Well Jim and me, we sneaks prompt inter a bit of forty-eight inch boiler tubin' what stood handy—afore old Mike and his companion could see us—and there we crouches down and lies low until the coast should be clear again.

"Old Mike and the dealer-chap comes straight up to the hulk with the copper plates on it, and them two begins to bargain over it, us being near enough to hear every bloomin' word they said.

"'That's the stuff, Levi,' says old Mike.

"'Hum!' says Levi tappin' of it 'ere and there with

his stick, to see how thick the metal was. 'Hum! I don't know as it's any partik'lar good to me. Still, if I could get it reasonable—what might yer be asking for it now, Mike—lowest cash price—eh?"

"'Thirty-five, delivered—or thirty as she stands,' answers old Mike.

"'Come, yer larfin' at me,' says the dealer-chap. 'Wonder yer don't say fifty while yer *are* soarin' among them fancy figures. Take ten pound orf your price, Mike, and then p'rhaps I might tork to yer.'

"'Oh! Yer'd like me to throw it in with a pound of tea—*you* would,' answers old Mike. If I was to take two ten off the price, it's the most I could do; and I should be losing money by that.'

"'I say, Mike, where do you expect to go to?' asks Levi, who seemed to be a rather jocular sort of bloke, poking old Mike in the ribs with the end of his stick.

"'Dunno,' grins old Mike. 'Same place as you're bound for, Levi, I shouldn't wonder.'

"'And a good many others in our line as I could name,' chuckles Levi. 'That's if torkin' through yer hat's any qualification for the place we're speakin' of. Come, now Mike. Let's stow all this gassin' and deal straight. I'll give yer thirty for the stuff delivered, or twenty five as she stands. That's a fair offer, and yer knows it.'

"'Make it thirty-one or twenty-six,' says old Mike.

"'I tell yer, I've named my limit, Mike,' answers Levi, 'and I can't go a penny beyond it.'

"However, they haggles a bit longer, and in the end the stuff changes hands at thirty—ten, delivered, the delivery to be made in five days. And then them two left the wharf, and me and Jim come out of hiding.

"'I say, Dick, this is better and better,' says Jim to me.

"'What d'yer mean, Jim?' says I.

"'I mean,' says he, 'as a deal's a deal; and that old sweep Mike, havin' contracted to deliver the stuff to the dealer-chap at so much, he've got to deliver it, or you bet Levi 'll jolly well shoot him for breach of contrack. Well, we cuts in and pinches the stuff in the meanwhile—what then? Why, of course, Mike can't deliver what he ain't got. So he not only loses the value of the copper, but something in damages for breach of contrack as well. 'Oh! yuss,' says Jim, chucklin' and rubbing his horny hands together. 'It couldn't 'ave 'appened better. If I was in any doubt about liftin' the stuff afore, I ain't in no doubt now. You and me, Dick, gets on to this 'ere little job ter-morrer night as ever is.'

"'Not such a very little job, though,' says I. 'I reckon it'll be a whole night's work, Jim, to wrench the whole of them plates loose—and hard work at that.'

"'And if it is,' says Jim. 'Ain't it worth it, to spite old Mike, sayin' nuthink of the value of the metal?'

"'That's so,' says I. 'Won't old Mike be sick, though, when he comes and finds his copper plates all gone?'"

"'The sicker the better, d——n him.'

"'Ear! 'Ear!' says I.

"Then we goes home and makes our 'rangements.

"Well, somewheres about seven o'clock the next night, me and Jim turns up at old Mike's wharf, Jim a carryin' the tools in a carpenter's basket. The moon bein' nearly full, we didn't need no lanterns; so we just takes off our coats and sets to. I oughter add as how that part of the river bank, bein' all taken up with wharves as was left deserted at nights, there was no risk worth mentionin' of any noise we might make bein' overheard. So we felt quite easy in our minds on that score.

"But my! What a tough job wrenching off them copper plates was! We'd quite thought as the wood would be so rotten, as the bolts would have nuthink left to hold to. But in that we was mistook. Most of them bolts did hold—jolly tight; and we had to go orl the way, as the sayin' is, to wrench 'em loose.

"'Damme!' says Jim, at last, as he pauses to take an easy, with the sweat a streamin' off him in rivers. 'If I'd a knowed it was such a hard nut to crack, dunno as I'd a took it on—not even to spite that old sweep, Mike Allworthy.'

"'Nor me,' I says. 'But havin' gone so far, I guess we'll put the thing through—eh, Jim?'

"'What ho! I guess we will,' says Jim. 'Twenty-five quid's worth of copper's twenty-five quid's worth—even if yer do have to sweat for it.'

"And again he falls to, straining every muscle of his arms, as only Jim could do, when he give his mind to it—bein' a sort of young Sandow.

"On and on we toils, gettin' orf the sheets of copper slowly and by degrees; and it wasn't until the day was beginnin' to break—'bout five o'clock, in fack, bein' then late September—as Jim wrench loose the last plate.

"'Glory Alleluia! Thank goodness that's done,' he gasps, as he stands and mops his forehead with his shirt-sleeve, 'Never work so hard in orl my nat'ral. Treadmill's a fool to it, and breakin' stones a pleasant little Sunday diwersion. Now, then, Dick, just you go and give Joe the orfice to come along with that there van.'

"So orf I went and give the tip to Joe, our mate, who was waitin' outside, by instructions, with our respectable one-hoss van; and up he come.

"We sets to, at once, loadin' up the copper; and we'd just put the last sheet of it on the van, when orl on a sudden up pops, from Lord knows where,—who d'ye think now? Why that cunning old fox, Mike Allworthy hisself! He'd got a cewrious sort of smile on his foxy face, and we notices as he held in his hand a glitterin' nickel-plated six-shooter.

"'Mornin' gents,' he says to us, most affable and polite. 'About early this mornin', gents? God bless my soul, how hot and tired you two pore fellers do look! Had rather a hard job, I'm afraid, strippin' orf that there copper for me. Can't say how much obliged I am to yer, gents, for yer kindness. It's as good as a five-pun note in my pocket it is.'

"And he grins at us that sardonic, as we could see all his yaller front teeth, or what there was of 'em, being more gaps than anythink else; which give him a most forbiddin' appearance.

"Well, Jim and me and Joe was that flummoxed, we didn't know what to say, so we said nuthink. Though if it hadn't a-been for that there six-shooter as the smirkin' old fox held in his hand, I rather think as Jim would have *done* a good deal to him—Jim bein' a chap as, when his blood's up, would as soon bash in a bloke's head as not. But even Jim, with his blood up, wasn't goin' to ask for a ounce o' lead in his stummick and nuthink to show for it. So he just stood and glowered at old Mike, as though he'd like to eat him.

"'Havin' been so kind and considerate, gents,' goes on old Mike, in the same affable, pleasant tones, 'as ter strip orf orl my copper for me and load it up *gratis*, I'm sure yer won't refuse me one further little favour—I mean, the loan of your 'oss and van for an hour or two, while I carts the stuff round to Jonathan Levi's, in High-street, Borough. If yer likes to corl for yer van there any time arter nine o'clock, yer'll find it waitin' for yer. And now, gents, as I'm sure yer must be very tired and hungry arter orl yer exertions, I should recommend yer to go orf home and get some breakfast,' says the grinning old devil.

"'Dam yer, yer blankety-blank-old blank!' cries Jim Sliggums, bein' too mad to hold himself in any longer, 'I'll teach yer to grin at me like that yer bloomin' hyener.'

"And he lifts his jemmie and takes a step forward—but, findin' hisself looking straight down the barrel of the six-shooter, he stops short.

"'Now, then,' says old Mike, smiling more sardonic than ever, 'I don't want to do nuthink as might seem ungrateful, gents, arter orl your kindness, but if you three ain't round the corner of the street afore I can count a hundred, I shall be compelled, most reluctant, to blow my whistle for the coppers. Squad will retire. About turn. By the left. Quick—march,' he says, mimmicking the languidge of a drill-sergeant, which I knowed was a sly dig at old Jim, bein' a deserter from the Buffs, what they'd never tried to catch, not wantin' such a holy terror back in the regiment at any price.

"Bit humiliatin', wasn't it? But there. Seein' as Mike had got us on toast, there was nuthink for it but

to quick march; so quick march we did. And as we went, that old brute Mike corled arter us:—

"'You thinks as I didn't see yer the night afore last a sizin' up my copper sheetin',' he says. 'But I did, though; and I guessed your game, and thought it would suit me very well to let yer bring it orf. Now yer knows. So long, dear boys. Be good!'

"And he ackshally has the cheek to kiss his hand to us.

"Oh! we was mad! Jim especially. He swore he'd settle Mike's hash, if he had to swing for it; and I believe he would have done, too, only, unfortunately, afore he could get a chance, he was put away for a little affair relatin' to a hinquisitive copper what got his skull fractured in the Old Kent-road. And while Jim was still in Dartmoor, Mike went of hisself, without any assistance from Jim, into Kingdom come. Which compartment of that same I can't tell yer for certing, though I 'as my own opinion on the subjeck. And if my opinion's c'rect—well, orl I can say is as the Old Gent can't often have had the pleasure of welcomin' a wisitor more a'ter his own 'eart."

MUSIC.

THE YOUNG BRITISH SCHOOL AT BIRMINGHAM.

BY general consent the most notable of the various novelties heard at Birmingham last week—all, with one exception, from British pens—was Sir Edward Elgar's new oratorio "The Kingdom." The favourable anticipations aroused by a perusal of the score were fully borne out in performance. Elgar has produced in this work a worthy addition to those which have previously gone to secure for him such a commanding position among living English composers. The work has not escaped criticism, of course. This one has objected, for instance, that the music is so similar to that of "The Apostles"—an odd point to take, seeing that the one work is a continuation of the other. It might as reasonably be objected that the music of "Götterdämmerung" is so much like that of "Siegfried." A more serious charge, perhaps, is that which assails the composer's employment of the leading motive principle. Too mechanical, too laboured, altogether wanting in spontaneity, say some. Yet this is to a large extent a paper criticism. Study of score and analysis might suggest it, but in actual performance no such impression is produced. It is one of the most striking facts about the music of "The Kingdom" that it flows on so smoothly, though, in fact, as analysis reveals, put together with such artifice.

One might reasonably expect it to sound patchy and scrappy, but in fact it does not do this. On the contrary, the music of "The Kingdom" is, in general, far more sustained and fluent in character than that of "The Apostles," while the general quality of its invention and ideas is perhaps higher. And it is this, of course, which mainly determines the life and popularity of a work in the long run. It is not the enormous technical cleverness of Elgar's music which chiefly accounts for its success, but the fact that he has the gift of creating themes which are immediately recognised as beautiful in themselves. It is the actual stuff of his music which is its strength. The marvellously clever treatment to which he subjects it is, as often as not, a hindrance rather than a help to its acceptance. It is in his quietest and simplest pages that he gives the fullest assurance of his genius. When he is trying to astonish and confound he often leaves one cold. Perhaps, indeed, his besetting sin is to mistake complexity for power. His choral climaxes would often be more effective if conceived on simpler lines. And in the same way he is apt to push to excess in his solo writing regard for what he conceives to be the demands of expression. For every line, almost every word, of the text he seems to think it necessary to find an exact musical equivalent, and though the thing is usually done extraordinarily well the musical effect would often be greater if the principle were less slavishly adhered to. It is not the function of music to follow all the twists and turns of speech. It deals in the general rather than in the particular. Elgar shows himself inclined at times to overlook this fact. But no work is without its blemishes. Taken as a whole, "The Kingdom" is certainly a very notable addition to English music.

It would be pleasant if one could say as much of all of the other new works from native pens heard at Birmingham. Unfortunately, this is not the case. If big ends were to be attained by the elaboration of means, Mr. Holbrooke's setting of "The Bells" should have been a masterpiece indeed. One hoped against hope, indeed, that the inordinate character of his requirements in the way of special instruments, a mammoth choir, darkened auditorium, and so on, really denoted that he had something out of the common to say. Alas! the most cursory perusal of his score was sufficient to dissipate that fond belief. Not to put too fine a point upon it, the work can only be regarded as a colossal and pretentious failure. Pelion is piled on Ossa—but all to no purpose. Mr. Holbrooke has shown that he can pen a complex score and handle vast instrumental forces, but if one may not say precisely with Dr. Johnson that many men, many women, and many children could do the like, that fact of itself certainly does not go very far towards proving that Mr. Holbrooke is that genius which some of his admirers are pleased to consider him. Has he indeed done any really serious work yet which warrants such a belief? As each successive eccentric production has appeared in the past, one has charitably regarded them as a species of musical wild oats. Such a work as "The Bells" can, however, hardly be looked upon in this light. In this Mr. Holbrooke may be presumed to have given us really of his best. Which, being so, it cannot be reckoned other than disappointing.

And to Mr. Bantock's setting of the Rubaiyat much the same applies. Here is another composer of the younger school who has been spoken of for years as a coming man. So far as most music-lovers are concerned, it is true, his works are practically unknown. Now and again one has been heard at this or that concert, but it is doubtful if one musician in a hundred could whistle a single theme out of any one of them. Still, he is known to have written a vast amount of music of ambitious aim, and it is generally understood further that he entertains, as every young and ambitious composer should do, of course, the profoundest contempt for the work of his predecessors. Hence it has been widely hoped that here again might be found a coming master who should carry the fame of British music far afield. Can it be honestly asserted that Birmingham bore out these expectations? It would be pleasant to think so. And yet—the best that can be said is that "Omar Khayyam" was more tolerable than "The Bells." The whole result was rather disappointing. The younger generation got their chance, but they can hardly be said to have turned it to much account.

The autumn opera season opened at Covent Garden on Friday with excellent prospects. When the first of these seasons was given three years ago, it was regarded as a remarkable experiment, the success of which was very doubtful. To-day we take it as a matter of course, and there seems every reason to hope that autumn opera may now be regarded as much of an institution at Covent Garden as that which we are accustomed to in the summer. For the opening performance Melba in "Rigoletto" proved an excellent draw. A new tenor of some note in the person of Signor Krismer was also heard. He is not a second Caruso, or even another Zenatello; but he has a fine, strong voice and a good stage presence, and ought to prove a useful member of the company. On Saturday, "Madama Butterfly" brought us that fine artist, Signora Giachetti, again with Zenatello as Pinkerton and Sammarco (who was the Rigoletto on the previous evening) as Sharpless. "Carmen," with Mme. Kirkby Lunn in the title part, engaged attention on Monday; and for Tuesday Mme. Melba was announced again as Mimi in "La Bohème."

Meanwhile, it is understood that Colonel Mapleson is going ahead with his scheme, and it is stated that there is every likelihood of his acquiring the Lyceum for the purposes of a permanent opera house, to be run on the lines which he has indicated. Opera has, of course, often been heard at the Lyceum in former days, and now, after its enlargement for music-hall requirements, it will be no less suitable, though a certain amount of reconstruction would naturally be required, to which end the services of Mr. Ernest Runtz, the architect of the Gaiety Theatre, has, it is stated, been already requisitioned. Even more promising, as an indication of business being really meant, is the announcement that Mr. George Faber, M.P., the former lessee of Covent Garden, has joined Colonel Mapleson's syndicate—on the condition, as it is stated, that Colonel Mapleson must not enter into direct competition with the Royal Opera during the season. As a consequence, negotiations have been opened, it is stated, with the directors of leading French theatres to play at the Lyceum during the summer months. We shall next be reading that Colonel Mapleson is prepared to receive subscriptions for his opening season. Running an opera scheme in London is a fine business for the cultivation of the pleasures of hope.

Concerts are rapidly increasing in number. On Saturday afternoon Mr. Backhaus had, at the Queen's Hall, an enormous audience, whom he regaled with "food convenient for them" in the shape of such things as Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" variations, the Waldstein sonata, Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso, some approved examples of Chopin, and other familiar works. Mr. Backhaus is an extremely clever pianist, and perhaps he shows his cleverness in nothing more than in his choice of programmes. At a Promenade Concert in the evening quite a crop of novelties of one sort and another figured in the programme—though Saturday is reckoned a popular night, and novelties are not usually popular. But your Promenade audience is a law unto itself in these matters, and revelled on Saturday no less in Mr. York Bowen's new suite for flute and piano, Mr. Egon Petri's concertstück, Moussorgshy's "Gopak," and Lalo's violin concerto than in the "Flying Dutchman" overture and the Walkürenritt. Certainly it was the most curious "popular" programme which has been offered the public for some time. Earlier in the week Sibelius's symphonic poem, "En Saga," was heard, and made a fairly favourable impression. A good deal of the music recalls Tchaikowsky in his gloomier moods. As it stands, the piece is something of a conundrum, since it is obviously a setting of a very definite "programme" which the composer has preferred to keep to himself. On Sunday, at the first of the Albert Hall concerts, there was an enormous audience, Mme. Albani being the soloist.

Once again rumours are current as to the revival of Gilbert and Sullivan opera at the Savoy, and though the statements put forth appear to have been premature there seems to be no doubt that this time they are founded on fact. In this case it will certainly be interesting to note what success attends a move which has long been advocated. Certainly the present time, with musical comedy on its last legs, should be favourable enough in one sense for the experiment. Unfortunately, though there are plenty who still cherish the traditions of the old Savoy days, it remains yet to be proved if the general theatre-going public can be relied on sufficiently to make the venture succeed. While there is no doubt that a great many people would be delighted to hear such things as "The Mikado" and "The Pirates" again this is by no means the same thing as saying that it would actually pay to revive them. Sullivan's music will always be popular, but Mr. Gilbert's humour is of a kind which tends rather to "date." If, however, the suggested plan of devoting a week to each opera be adopted rather than that of mounting any single one for a long run, this would probably give the venture its best chance of success.

In connection with the production of "The Kingdom" last week, a word of praise is due in respect of the excellent analysis provided from the pen of Mr. A. J. Jaeger. Mr. Jaeger has shown himself before wonderfully able in this class of work (even though his enthusiasm occasionally leads him into expressions of opinion best omitted from a formal analysis), and his exposition of the music of "The Kingdom" was again deserving of high praise. Unfortunately, to the regret of his many friends, Mr. Jaeger, who occupies a responsible position at Messrs. Novello's, has latterly enjoyed anything but good health, and as a consequence was prevented from attending the first performance of "The Kingdom," as three years previously he was also prevented from being present at that of "The Apostles." Everyone will wish him a speedy recovery.

Congratulations to Miss Susan Strong. It used to be a familiar jest to talk of Wagner's "washing-day effects," but a Sieglinde ironing shirts is quite a novel conception, and Miss Strong may certainly reckon herself the first of her calling to embrace the dual career of *blanchisseuse* and vocalist. The remarkable and significant thing is that an artist of Miss Strong's attainments in the one capacity should find it needful to supplement her income in this way—for Miss Strong has the good sense to admit that she has gone into the laundry business frankly to make money, and not in response to any less mundane promptings. Like her Transatlantic fellow countryman, who said that pork was his "vo-cation," Miss Strong hopes to make good in this way the deficiencies of an income derived from art in its higher forms, and her resolution and enterprise command respect.

> Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
> Makes that and the action fine;

and in the same spirit, "Nettoyage de linge de luxe," may be regarded as quite as worthy an occupation for fair hands as the making of bonnets or the selling of flowers. "Won't wash clothes" is plainly not Miss Strong's motto.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—It is some time since I have read a book of such varied interest as Captain Gambier's "Links in My Life on Land and Sea" (1). Its most interesting chapter politically is that which describes the intrigues of Mme. A.—"one of the cleverest women I ever met, and admittedly the cleverest woman in the East"—to dethrone Abdul Hamid, and to reinstate the feeble Murad V. on the Turkish throne. This Mme. A. had at her command for the project immense sums of money, an infinite number of persons of the highest official position, and a perfect army of spies of all ranks and nationalities. As Captain Gambier was at that time the *Times* correspondent, and as the *Times* was then a political power of some weight, Mme. A. tried to win over the paper through its representative to the scheme. For this purpose she introduced him in her own house to Murad's mother, a tallish, stout woman, with a pale, sad face and lustrous eyes, now full of tears at the humiliation of trusting her life to a stranger and an unbeliever. This mother of Murad, in describing the plots by which her son had been dethroned, incidentally insisted that his predecessor had been murdered by Suleiman Pasha. Suleiman had broken into a room next that of Abdul Aziz, and, finding there a pair of scissors belonging to one of the harem, had severed with it the veins of the Sultan's arms. This, and not as was given out, suicide, was the death Abdul Aziz died. And assassination also would have been the end of the present Sultan if the conspiracy had succeeded. Captain Gambier confesses that he was strongly tempted to join the conspiracy, if only because the death of Abdul Hamid would mean the reinstatement of Midhat Pasha as the regenerator

(1) "Links in my Life on Land and Sea." By J. W. Gambier, Commander Royal Navy. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.)
(2) "Prisoners." (Fast Bound in Misery and Iron.) By Mary Cholmondeley. (London: Hutchinson & Co. 6s.)
(3) "The Wilderness." By T. B. Clegg. (London: John Lane. 6s.)
(4) "Seven Nights in a Gondola." By Lucas Cleve. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 5s.)
(5) "The Path of Glory." By Georges Ohnet. Authorised Translation by F. Rothwell. (London: Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

of Turkey. However, Captain Gambier at last decided to have nothing to do with the business. Midhat Pasha was exiled to Taif, a remote place in Arabia, by order of the very man, Abdul Hamid, whom he had placed upon the throne. Here, after his eyes had been put out, he was beaten to death. Suleiman Pasha, who, by the murder of Abdul Aziz, had cleared the way of Abdul Hamid to the throne, was bowstrung by the Sultan's orders—not undeservedly. "This incomparable scoundrel," as Captain Gambier calls him with just indignation, "sent tens of thousands of the best Turkish troops—the best troops, perhaps, in the world—to certain death in the Shipka Pass, at Plevna, and elsewhere, bribed to this treachery by Russian gold." As for the English Admiral of the Turkish Fleet, Hobart Pasha, he was as incompetent as Suleiman was treacherous—"a mere windbag, and the worst administrator in the Turkish service." As for the Turkish Commander-in-Chief, Captain Gambier gives the following instance of his incredible incompetence:—

> At Turtukai, opposite Oltenitza, there is an island which practically defends the Danube, barring the passage up the river. This was pointed out to the Turkish Commander-in-Chief (a huge, ponderous old monster who could not rise off the ground without two or three men to lift him on to his feet, and who ate daily a whole sheep of the small Balkan breed), and he was begged to place guns upon it. He requested to be shown a map, and when, after infinite labour on the part of his staff and of his English military adviser, he learnt for the first time what the Danube meant, he took three days to think over it, after which he delivered himself of this profound decision: "What is the use of bothering ourselves about such a little piece of land? Surely our Empire is big enough for us not to care for a mile or two of mud?" His idea was that it was merely to retain the island itself that guns were to be placed on it. Soon after it became one of Russia's chief stepping-stones across the Danube."

But Captain Gambier had not to look outside his own profession for treachery and corruption. He met at Tirnova a well-known correspondent for the —— going back to Constantinople, who yet from that capital contrived to forestal all the information Captain Gambier sent from the seat of war at the cost of immense sums to the *Times*, and of no less trouble and peril to himself. This gentleman had simply tapped all the Captain's telegrams, delayed their despatch to Printing House Square for twenty-four hours, and wired them to the —— as his own! Before parting from this delightful book, which has either a good story or a thrilling adventure in almost every chapter, I must quote from it a characteristic anecdote of the famous Bishop Selwyn. On entering the harbour of Port France, the *Southern Cross*, the Bishop's missionary yacht, touched a coral reef, and had therefore to have her bottom examined. As, however, the harbour swarmed with sharks no one on board either the yacht or the two men-of-war, French and English, dared venture into the water. The Bishop therefore volunteered for the desperate service, holding that no shark would attack a man who showed a bold front. He went overboard, with a long sharp knife for his defence in his mouth, and diving under the vessel, ascertained the damage. He then came aboard Captain Gambier's ship, the *Iris*, where "we arranged to careen the yacht sufficiently to enable him to nail on some copper sheets, which he did himself, again spending a long time in the water. For some curious reason not a single shark hove in sight all the time. The Roman Catholic chaplain ashore was so persuaded that the Bishop had been miraculously protected that he drew up a regular *procès verbal* and sent it to the Propaganda in Rome."

Miss Mary Cholmondeley's "Prisoners" (2) is a novel to be remembered, and even to be re-read, while yet in your memory. Fay is a masterpiece of portraiture, a creature that has almost posed away her personality. No doubt eventually she acquires, at tremendous cost to others, a small soul of her own, and it is not the least of the triumphs of the author's art that we come to believe in the acquisition. Hardly less skilfully painted is the other poor creature of the story, Wentworth Maine, whose small soul is choked with himself, as with bind-weed, and helps by its egotism to sting into life the dormant soul of the heroine. The large-souled creatures, Michael and Magdalen, of course, suffer in proportion to their magnanimity, and Michael's martyrdom and death are the tragedy of the novel, which could not fail to end drearily. It is, however, intensely interesting in its incidents no less than in its characters.

I suppose Mr. Clegg has medical authority—for is there any case or cause for which you cannot cite medical authority?—for the effectiveness of the revenge which Dr. Rockleigh takes upon the millionaire who had heartlessly ruined his father. He administers to him a certain poison which has the effect of destroying not the patient's memory alone, but also his very personality, since the millionaire, Merton, became through the drug as beautiful a character as he had hitherto been odious. This is not the only improbability in a rather bewildering story, "The Wilderness" (3); but those who can accept such preternatural incidents will find the novel interesting. There is a sort of sensual sentimentality about Lucas Cleeve's "Seven Nights in a Gondola" (4) which rather repels you. The man is Ouidaesque without even the slight leaven of manliness which that author used to infuse into her heroes; and, as for the girl, her falling in love with such a man is fatal to your interest in her. Yet her only title to your interest is her love, such as it is. The moral of Georges Ohnet's "The Path of Glory" (5), which seems to have been well translated by Mr. F. Rothwell, is as old as Lucian. The artist, this time a musical genius, has to choose between wealth and art, and he chooses the worst part, only to renounce it remorsefully and recur to the better. The American family which impersonates the temptation of wealth is admirably described generally, but especially well drawn is the American girl who frankly proposes for the hesitating artist. He vacillates between her, the representative of material things, and Eve Brilliant, the Prima Donna, the representative of spiritual things, and finally divorces the American and returns to his life of dreams.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, ever yours very sincerely,

DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

Mr. Herbert Paul is as brilliant as ever in his new book of essays, "Stray Leaves" (John Lane, 5s. net). His wit and his scholarship, his sparkling style and his unceasing supply of happy quotations and allusions make him a fascinating writer. George Eliot is the subject of one of the ten essays in this volume, another is on Charles Lamb, and a third is a criticism of the novels of Thomas Love Peacock. "The Study of Greek," Mr. Balfour's "Essays and Addresses," and the "Life of Lord Randolph Churchill" are among the rest of Mr. Paul's varied topics, and he also gives masterly personal sketches of Wm. Cory, the author of "Ionica," whose pupil he was at Eton, and Bishop Creighton, whose friendship he enjoyed.

Recently Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. published a new edition of "The Upton Letters" (price 7s. 6d. net), with a new preface by the author, Mr. A. C. Benson, in which he explained his reasons for putting his name on the title page of that much-discussed book, which first appeared anonymously. Now it is announced that another anonymous work, "The House of Quiet," which attracted attention two or three years ago, was also from Mr. Benson's prolific pen. Mr. Murray is about to issue a new edition of the book, for which Mr. Benson, discarding his anonymity, has written a new introduction.

Mr. Edward Arnold asks me to mention that owing to the large advance demand for Lady Dorothy Nevill's "Reminiscences" the publication of the book has been postponed till the 22nd instant.

Miss N. G. Royde Smith has given the title of "The Pillow Book" (Methuen and Co., 4s. 6d. net) to an anthology of prose and verse which she has specially designed for "those who get into bed before putting out the light." But really there is no reason why this collection of extracts, "a garner of many moods," should not make an equal appeal to those readers who prefer to put down their book before they get into bed.

Mr. G. W. Appleton's story, "The Ingenious Captain Cobbs" (John Long, 6s.) is concerned with a double murder mystery at Hampstead. One of the victims is in the service of the ingenious captain, who has always derided the methods of the police, and boasted of what he could do as a detective if he had the chance. His neighbour and acquaintance, ex-Superintendent Beale, of Scotland Yard, points out that now he has his chance. However, it is not the captain, but the ex-superintendent who eventually unravels the cleverly contrived, baffling mystery with which the reader's interest is kept up till the end of the story.

Next week Messrs. Brown, Langham and Co. will publish "Some Reminiscences," by Wm. Michael Rossetti. He gives a full account of the early days of the Rossetti family, with interesting sidelights on the Pre-Raphaelite movement and the literary and artistic career of Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

A new edition of Mr. Sidney Lee's well-known book on "Stratford-on-Avon," revised by the author and containing some fresh illustrations, has just been published (price 6s.) by Messrs. Seeley and Co.

Mr. John Randal has written a farcical story of modern life called "The Manager's Box," which will be published this month by Mr. Eveleigh Nash. An American edition of the same author's novel, "The Sweetest Solace," is being brought out by Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Co., of New York.

In the current number of the *Book Monthly* there is an interesting interview with Mr. Andrew Chatto on the popularity of the sixpenny reprint—a subject on which he speaks with authority, for during the past dozen years or so the firm of Chatto and Windus have sold about six millions of sixpenny reprints. Mr. Chatto does not think that it would be possible to issue an original novel at this price and find such a circulation as would cover the expense, not to speak of bringing in a profit. What the public want in this form are books that have already received the hall-mark of quality, favour, even real popularity; and the most successful of the firm's reprints have been novels by Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Ouida, and Besant and Rice. Chiefly, of course, it is fiction that is demanded, but cheap paper covered reprints of such books as Justin McCarthy's "Short History of Our Own Times," also meet with an encouraging amount of success.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—When the elements are turbulent do you feel a kind of unrest? When the wind is blowing strong, when rivers overflow their banks, when clouds tear across the sky with a speed that is almost fearsome, do you feel it impossible to settle comfortably to the work in hand, whatever it may be? Or is it only an unfortunately susceptible minority who are affected in this way?

One of human nature's perpetual bits of inquisitiveness is the egoistic "Are others like me? Am I singular?"

It is blowing what sailors call half a gale to-day. If this "half" means that a whole gale would be double in volume, the wind of twice the velocity of the specimen that is raging this morning, I trust I may never make the acquaintance of a really whole and perfect gale.

Writing to you fully and freely once a week, as I do, is an immense pleasure to me. In these letters I gather together the threads of all the small events that make up daily life, and inditing them seems to produce a concentrated essence of the last eight days. The knowledge that your friendly eyes will read ME into it all is delightful. I cannot tell you how I appreciate it. More egoism, you see! But in excuse, may I not say that we are all egoists, and that only our good manners enable us to hide it, more or less successfully?

It is so nice to meet one's friends in town after their wanderings, and to hear their news. Most of those we have already seen are looking splendid, after the perfectly glorious summer that the whole of Europe has enjoyed. I lunched with Helen the other day. She is just back from the Swiss mountains, and looks prettier than ever. John has presented her with a new motor, a delicious thing, chocolate and black outside, cream and brown inside, and so comfortable that she, I fear, will walk less than ever, though her doctor says she ought to walk five miles a day. She told me so, and added, laughing, "And he says it must not be shop-window walking, which is just better than none, and that is all."

She drove me down to the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit to get out her jewellery, deposited there while she was abroad, and to arrange for her plate to be sent home. What a boon it is to be able to leave one's valuables in safe custody while away from home! Poor Marjory wishes she had done it. Burglars got into her house last month, terrified the poor old caretaker almost into fits, and carried off some hundreds of pounds worth of valuables.

We went downstairs to have a look at Helen's furs, also safely deposited there. I asked if she were not going to get them out. "No," she said. "One never wants furs till the middle of December."

We then whizzed to Liberty's, Helen having set her heart on a dinner-gown of one of their lovely velveteens. Some one had given her a necklace and pendant of pink pearls for a wedding present, and ever since, she says, she has dreamed of a gown to wear them with. That is two years ago, and, the trousseau gowns being things of the past, her dream approaches realisation. You know the Liberty velveteens, beautifully supple and clingy, and in lovely colours. She has chosen a coral-pink one that has a pale, creamy bloom on it, and this is to be made up in one of their artistic designs with some of her own Alençon lace on the shoulders and sleeves. What will you say when you hear that there is to be a green silk belt—palest poplar green—and a couple of small knots of the same on the shoulders? It sounds audacious, but is, in fact, perfectly artistic, and most picturesque. The cool pale green is just the right relief for the pale coral, and with the lace looks sweet.

While Helen was being measured, I buried myself in some samples of Liberty's "Spotless Cloths." These are so light in texture as to seem scarcely more than voile, but they drape very much better than voile does. There are purples, mauves, greys, greens, blues, reds, browns, terra-cottas, white, black, and the new mustard colour, for which some people have such a fancy. Among others, there is a very nice moleskin colour. Black cloth is again to be "the" thing this winter, I am told.

There were some pretty weddings in town last week. On Thursday Lady Margaret Lascelles, only daughter of Lord and Lady Harewood, was married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, to Mr. Gustavus Hamilton-Russell, eldest son of Lord Boyne. The bridal gown was satin, simply made but of very fine texture and slightly trimmed with old lace. Lady Bristol lent the veil of lovely Brussels lace. The eight bridesmaids looked very well in white silk Ninon made with transparent yokes and collars, and supplemented by picturesque little frilled capes. Their large, high-crowned, blue velvet hats were trimmed with old silver ribbon and two very large and wide pale blue ostrich feathers. The bridegroom's gift to each bridesmaid was an oval blue enamel and pearl pendant on a gold chain. Two little pages wore Watteau suits in pale blue satin and carried pale blue crooks.

On the same day at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, Captain Ralph Yorke, 11th Hussars, was married to the Honourable Muriel Herschell, daughter of the late Lord and Lady Herschell, and sister of the present Lord, who gave her away. Here again, there were eight

REDFERN.—Exclusive and original Models in Day and Evening Gowns. Smart Paris Millinery, Blouses, Lingerie, Furs, &c. 26, Conduit-street and 27, Bond-street.

bridesmaids and two small pages. The former wore white silk Ninon Romney gowns and Romney hats of old-rose silk, with capes, muffs, shoes and stockings of the same soft colour. These novel costumes were very charming. The bride's lovely Paquin gown was in white silk muslin beautifully trimmed with white silk ruchings and Honiton lace. The bodice was fashioned in Empire style, the white silk belt being embroidered in silver; the fichus and sash ends were Honiton lace. The bridegroom gave the bridesmaids moonstone pendants set in diamonds. The bride carried a prayer-book—no bouquet. The going-away dress was also a Paquin; mauve cloth with plain skirt and Empire bodice in striped mauve velvet and satin over a chemisette of tucked white lawn. The long travelling coat was in mauve cloth with deep collar and cuffs of the velvet with handsome gold buttons and silk passementerie.

On Monday Lady Celia Crewe-Milnes was married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, to Captain Edward Clive Coates, 15th Hussars, son of Major Coates, M.P. The bridal satin was trimmed with a deep flounce of finest old Brussels point looped in front with orange blossoms and with lace on the bodice, the sleeves composed of it. The tulle veil was also edged with lace and was worn over a crown of orange-blossoms. The bridesmaids' dresses were in palest sea-green Ninon and soft satin with relief at the neck of Mechlin lace and tulle. With these they wore large black picture hats. The two tiny bridesmaids, Miss Azalea Baring and Miss Sybil O'Neill, were the dearest little things. They behaved beautifully, and, getting tired of holding their baskets of roses, sat down in the aisle during the long address with their pretty little heads together, conversing in whispers.

The opening night of the Opera was such a smart occasion that we could easily have imagined ourselves in the height of the London season. It was funny to hear our National Anthem chopped into short lengths like macaroni. Most people sat down when it ended. It would have been good manners to remain standing while the Italian Anthem was rattled through at a tremendous pace, especially as it was announced on the programme that it would succeed the English. It was interesting to watch the tense look and attitude replace indifference when Melba's delicious notes rang clear and true throughout the house. Heads that had been turning here and there to scan the audience at once became fixed, the gaze being centred on the possessor of the incomparable voice.

We noticed that many of the best dressed women wore pearl earrings. A Spanish lady had a long diamond feather standing upright in her dark hair, quivering with every movement. Another striking ornament was a diamond lizard on the front of a bodice. A very handsome woman with beautiful shoulders wore a very covetable opal necklace, the stones pierced and threaded alternately with white sapphires—a lovely ornament.

We love waiting a few moments in the vestibule before going upstairs. It is so interesting to watch the people arriving, to see the eager outlook kept by those who expect to be joined by friends, and to observe these latter, more or less apologetic for being later than the time appointed. Most people are a little late for appointments. Do you not think so?

Among others, we noticed a girl in a Chinese coat with a wonderfully vivid green ground embroidered over with pink and crimson flowers. It was a glorious bit of colour. A very tall woman, on entering, appeared to throw away to some distance behind her what looked like a large cushion. This was the train of a brown satin, gold-trimmed gown. It lay more than a yard upon the floor. The opera is almost as enthralling on its human side as on its musical. But alas! It is here for eight weeks only!

The meeting in connection with the Children's Happy Evenings Association, convened to consider the effect on their position of Clause 24, Section A, of the Education Bill, filled to overflowing the beautiful Persian Hall at Mr. and Mrs. Bland-Sutton's house in Brook-street on Friday afternoon. The Countess of Jersey presided, and represented the state of affairs with her usual lucidity. Among those who spoke were Mr. John Kirk (of the Ragged Schools), Sir Edwin Cornwall, M.P., Mr. J. Rees, M.P., Mr. W. Pett Ridge, the Rev. J. W. Conybeare (head of Cambridge House), the Bishop of Kensington, Lord Sanderson, the Earl of Jersey, Lady O'Hagan, and Countess Cadogan. The discussion eventuated in a resolution which, when carried out, will probably result in co-operation between the existing society for giving children recreation in the evenings and the official organisation proposed by the Bill for a similar purpose. It would be too bad if the efforts of seventeen years were to be entirely ignored by the Government, and the ratepayers would have cause to grumble if the work that is now done for love should be taken away from the Association and given to persons who would have to be paid out of the local rates.

Have you ever considered what a laborious life is that of a successful pianist, singer, or violinist? Miss Katherine Goodson told me the other day that she is engaged to play with the Boston (U.S.A.) Symphony Orchestra in January, and before starting for the States is to fulfil engagements in Scotland, Germany, and Holland. She expects to be back in England in March. What an energetic, strenuous existence it must be!

Princess Christian has promised her support and patronage to the concert to be given on November 6 at the Duke of Somerset's house in Grosvenor-square, in aid of the funds of the Royal Ear Hospital in Dean-street, Soho, an institution that has been doing excellent work for the last ninety years. There is a long list of distinguished patrons, and the programme is an attractive one, so the attendance should be good. The tickets are a guinea each, and may be obtained from the Duchess of Somerset.

The long evenings are now upon us, when it is so pleasant to have a pretty piece of embroidery in hand. Mabel is going in for the competition instituted by the proprietors of the beautiful Peri-Lusta. They are offering £100 in prizes for the best pieces of work done in these brilliant, silky threads. There are three classes, first, embroidery or canvas work done with the "stout" Peri-Lusta; second, the best piece of work in white embroidery threads or Flossette, including broderie anglaise, drawn-thread, or Hardanger work; the third dealing with crochet, knitting, or tatting. The first prizes are respectively twelve guineas and ten. The second prizes in all three sections amount to five guineas, and the third prize to three. In addition there are twenty smaller prizes in each class.

Mabel has chosen for her competitive piece of work a bedspread with a handsome design. If you know anyone who would like to compete, you can give them the address to apply for all particulars, viz., 19, Ludgate-hill.

I read in a paper the other day that men of fashion are wearing invisible nets now, to keep the crimped waves of their hair in perfect order. Can you believe this?

Do you know a recitation beginning, "Have you ever tasted kitchen toast?" and going on to describe it as beautifully brown, buttered to perfection, and melting in the mouth. I was reminded of it by hearing that, in Mr. E. V. Lucas' opinion the best toast in London is that provided at men's clubs. I wonder if he has ever tasted kitchen toast?

I have received the following letter from Mona:—

My Dear Madge,—I quite agree with you that anemones are among the most lovely flowers in the garden, and I am glad that you are going in for them. But when you say what a pity it is that they flower only in spring, you must be thinking merely of a single species, coronaria, the commonest of all. Even coronaria may be made to flower from early spring to late autumn by sowing seed at intervals, though it certainly germinates most readily when sown as soon as it is ripe. But there are over forty other species, with innumerable varieties, in cultivation, flower-

"La Samothrace."—Every corset of the London Corset Co., 28, New Bond-street, W., is made in Paris. The very latest models. Not connected with any other establishment.

ing at very different seasons. I will mention a few. They generally begin to flower in the months named, though sometimes earlier, and often continue into the following month. In February, angulosa (sky-blue), blanda (deep blue), and hepatica (usually some shade of blue); in March, apennina (blue) and nemorosa (the common wood anemone, of which there are a number of beautiful varieties); in April, pulsatilla (the pasque flower, a native plant, violet), stellata (red or white), and coronaria in its many varieties and colours; in May, alpina and baldensis (white), decapetala and sulphurea (pale yellow), and fulgens (brilliant scarlet); in June, multifida (red or some shade of yellow), and patens (purple); and finally, in autumn, japonica (white or rose), in several varieties, of which Lady Ardilaun and Whirlwind are two of the newest and best. The list might be very much longer, but you will probably find it sufficient for your purpose—at any rate, for a start. A collection of anemones is as interesting as it is beautiful, and I feel sure that if you begin to make one you will not be satisfied until it is as complete as possible.

I have spoken only of the flowering seasons in the open grounds. But anemones make charming pot plants, and when grown in the greenhouse or merely in a cold frame they flower very much earlier. In this way, for example, fulgens, the most brilliant of the whole family, may easily be made to flower in January, if planted in autumn. Japonica, again, if carefully lifted now and moved into the greenhouse, will continue to flower throughout the winter.

The majority of the anemones which I have mentioned have tuberous roots. They are sold in a dry state, and then look like shapeless little pieces of black wood. They succeed best in light, well-drained rich soil, and, where these conditions prevail, may be planted in October. If the ground is heavy and wet, it is safe to keep them stored in sand during the winter and to plant them in March—about three inches deep and four or five inches apart. The most suitable position for them is where they will be sheltered from cold winds in early spring, and, especially in the case of the summer-flowering species, shaded from hot sunshine. As you know, many of them grow naturally in the woods—among deciduous trees, thick enough to afford them some shelter and shade, but not so thick as to shut them out altogether from the light, and this is the condition which should be aimed at in the garden. In the woods, too, leaf-mould is abundant, and this provides them with just the kind of soil which suits them best.

You may be surprised to hear that anemones have no petals. If you examine the flowers, you will see that what look like petals are really sepals, coloured to resemble them and take their place. These sepals close at night, and by so doing fulfil a useful function. For, as several species flower at a season when insects are comparatively scarce, they might easily escape fertilisation by this means. Another method has therefore to be employed. The pollen, when ripe, drops on the sepals, and, when they close at night, is conveyed by them to the stigma, thus ensuring fertilisation. The seeds differ in different species. In some—coronaria, for example—each is attached to a long feather-like process, which helps to float it away on the wind, thus giving the seedlings a better chance than they would have if they were all densely crowded together. For sowing, however, these feathery attachments are rather a nuisance, for they bind all seeds in a cotton-like mass. In order to separate them they should be well rubbed in a handful of fine dry sand. The cotton-like mass will still remain, but the tiny seeds will be released and will be mixed with the sand. The mixture will also render it easier to sow them thinly than it would otherwise have been. For this reason it is advisable to mix all small seeds with sand before sowing them.

It is perhaps hardly the time to speak of the treatment of anemones after flowering, but as I am dealing with the subject I may as well do so lest I forget. It is best to lift most of the tuberous-rooted species, such as coronaria, after the leaves have withered, and to store them away in dry sand until autumn, when they should be planted again. Unless this is done they are apt to start into growth before winter, and when they do they are almost sure to be injured by frost. The others which, like japonica, popularly known as the Japanese windflower, are not tuberous-rooted, are best planted once and for all. They never do so well after disturbance, so they should be allowed to remain permanently, or, at least, for many years, in the same position. Little beyond an occasional top-dressing can therefore be done to the soil after they are planted, so particular care should be taken in preparing it beforehand. It should be deeply dug and well manured. I hope you will now feel able to start your collection of anemones.—Your affectionate cousin, MONA.

Clare sends me the following from Dublin:—

DEAREST MADGE,—At last, after many sweet delays and haverings, summer has definitely finished with us. We cannot complain—even the most grumbling of us—regarding the way in which the departed season "did" us throughout its long course. Simply nobly and with lavish generosity. We were given sunshine enough in golden showers to gild our memories for many a dark day to come, and sweet airs the remembrance of which may well bring soothing in the rough wildness of autumnal nights. And there is no sorrow's crown of sorrow in remembering the happier times of fine weather. What we have had before we can, and indeed at some time or another certainly will, have again. The gloomy "nevermore" is not written against it. That particular happy past throws a light, not a shadow, on the future, which helps us through the most dismal present. The holidays are over too, and the holiday mood with most of us. October is essentially the month of the "Heimkehr." With what very thinly disguised joy a large majority bring their "outings" to an end. The study of humanity returning from the holidays is a most interesting one. What beaming faces express the feeling of happy release from the labour and cares of holiday taking, and even something in the set of the luggage on the cabs suggests the sense of an arduous duty well got through and joyously finished with. Possibly, it is immensely to the credit of humanity that the work and the cares of life should be resumed so joyously. But what an object lesson it gives in our methods, generally speaking, of taking holidays. The doctors are now entering on the subject of holidays with great vigour, and each one has his own nostrum. One hopes, however, that the system of the survival of the fittest will yet leave to us holidays that will not be at the same time "cures." One gets tired of being "cured" all the time, don't you think so?

Last week was a very busy one in Dublin; no holiday making, but history and constitution making, as it were. We are essentially a country "on the make" just now, and we women who have nothing to do with the matter wonder much what we are eventually to be made into. Royal Commissions were meeting in several places, and many distinguished visitors were in our midst. Lord and Lady Dudley were staying at a hotel in the capital wherein they had so lately ruled and dispensed such magnificent hospitality. It seemed strange to see them going about as ordinary individuals instead of in Viceregal state. Everyone was glad to see them, for their friends in Ireland are legion. Lady Dudley still takes the same interest in the nursing of the poor which she took when at Dublin Castle, and, indeed, the people in many districts of the country may well rise up and call her name blessèd. She presided at a meeting of the Committee of the District Nurses last week, and, as usual, in the most practical and businesslike spirit. The meeting took place in Dublin. Our sex may well be proud of Ladies Aberdeen and Dudley, as women who prove the capacity of women for work and business when seriously and earnestly taken up. Women are naturally enthusiastic, but when it comes to having staying power with regard to our enthusiasms, many of us fail. When enthusiasm is combined with perseverance and real business capacity, the result is indeed a "woman nobly planned" and powerful in doing good. Lord and Lady Shuttleworth, Lords Kenyon, Brassey and Farrer were also in Dublin. Sir Antony MacDonnell, the man of letters, was, with Bishop O'Donnell, vigorously inquiring into the Board on which they have both been for many years. Does it not seem a little like Gilbert-Sullivan opera style? Just like, for that matter, the government of Ireland which is summed up in the words, "Dublin Castle." One wonders why grotesque ideas always get associated with the governing of our island. Perhaps they are associated with all governments, only that the others are not always being inquired into. "The man whose eye is ever on himself" is, we are told, in a parlous condition. Must it not be in some degree the same with the country which not only has its own eye, but everyone else's on it as well? Much visiting is going on throughout many parts of the country. Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein has been visiting Lord and Lady Clonbrock in Galway, that most interesting and decayed of western "cities," having much to interest historians. She has also stayed with Lord and Lady Oranmore and Browne in the county of Mayo, where moun-

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tains, lakes and moorlands abound in picturesque profusion. Sir Charles and Lady Barrington have been entertaining a large party, including Lord and Lady Drogheda, Lady Eva and Colonel Wyndham Quin, at Glenstal. Lord and Lady Aberdeen return this week to Ireland to stay at the Viceregal Lodge. Lord Aberdeen will visit Londonderry next week.—Yours ever, CLARE.

I am convinced that you will find "egg cutlets" à l'Indienne an acceptable dish with men:—

Take a gill of Lazenby's curry sauce, and into it stir the yolks of 2 fresh eggs, mix in 5 or 6 finely minced hard-boiled eggs, a small finely chopped pimento, and a tablespoonful of thick sour cream. Stir it on the stove long enough to set the eggs, then turn it into a dish to cool, with a buttered paper over it. Form the egg mixture into cutlets, dip them, first, in bread crumbs, then in well-beaten egg, and again in bread crumbs, pat them into shape with the palette knife on a board, put them into a wire basket, and fry them by immersing them in hot lard. Dish the cutlets on a thin border of mashed potato, garnishing the centre with well-boiled rice, and pour curry sauce round them.

Oysters à la Pont de Sully is a chafing dish recipe useful for bridge suppers:—

Blanch, strain, and beard eighteen good oysters. Reduce the liquor to about half a gill, remove it from the heat to allow the temperature to go down a little, add an ounce of butter, a pinch of pepper, salt, a squeeze of lemon juice. Break in five or six eggs, add two tablespoonfuls of cream, and stir it over the heat with a wooden spoon until it begins to thicken, then add the oysters, and stir briskly until they are set. Turn it out at once on squares of hot buttered toast.

Ever your loving cousin, MADGE.

P.S.—Two bits of good news! The Gilbert-Sullivan operas are to be revived at the Savoy; and there are to be a State ball and a State concert at Buckingham Palace in early December, during the visit of the King and Queen of Norway. Will not this make our London gay in the dull days?

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

No. 1555. Vol. LX. Wednesday, October 17, 1906. Price Sixpence.

TO OUR READERS.

We receive hundreds of letters every week from "Readers of 'Truth.'" A large majority of the writers expect replies direct. Of the work, trouble, and expense involved in doing this we say nothing. But as experience has shown that a large number of our "Constant" and "Regular" readers who inquire about individuals with whom we have dealt in our columns over and over again are not actual subscribers to the paper, but merely occasional readers of it at clubs, libraries, or at friends' houses, we consider we must protect ourselves in the matter.

We have therefore decided that henceforth every reader who writes making an inquiry that necessitates a direct reply must enclose a stamped envelope and also a Coupon which will always be found at the foot of the 3rd page of the coloured cover. Without these no notice will be taken of the communication.

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a Coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" send replies by post.

No Coupon will be available that is over a fortnight out of date, except from correspondents residing abroad.

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ENTRE NOUS.

THERE is still an opportunity for a number of ladies to assist in the dressing of dolls for the Truth Show, thereby giving themselves the happiness of sharing in a good work, earning the gratitude of the poor children in some hospital ward or workhouse school, and possibly securing one of the prizes of which particulars were given last week. To be precise, thirty-three of the large dolls still remain unclothed, though the Show is drawing nearer and the weather getting colder. It would be a pity if they had to appear at the Albert Hall naked and ashamed in the presence of their luckier well-clad companions, and I shall be glad to hear from any ladies who will undertake the dressing of one or more of them. About 350 of the small dolls, for which I shall also be pleased to receive applications, are in need of the same service.

Meanwhile I have received the following amounts towards the Toy Fund:—A. C., £2; Mrs. Grant, £2; Maude, £1 10s.

His Majesty is to hold a Council at Buckingham Palace on Monday next at noon. The King will receive the Prime Minister in audience either on Sunday or on Monday.

The King is spending this week in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, where he is the guest of Lord and Lady Colebrooke at Glengonnar. His Majesty is to shoot on two days at Midlock, on the Abington estate, and at Netherton, on the Douglas estate. These are two of the best shootings in the south-west of Scotland. The two other days will be devoted to excursions in the district, and the King is to pay a visit to Lord and Lady Home at Douglas Castle. His Majesty will return to Buckingham Palace on Saturday evening, and on Monday afternoon he will proceed to Newmarket for the Houghton Meeting, but is coming back to town for a few days on Friday, the 26th, or Saturday, the 27th.

Lord Colebrooke descends from Mr. James Colebrooke, of Chilham Castle, Kent, a well-known banker, who died in November, 1752, "reputed worth £800,000." His eldest son, Robert, was for twenty years a member of the House of Commons, and afterwards Ambassador at Constantinople. Lord Colebrooke descends from the third son, George, who inherited, under a special remainder, a baronetcy which George II. had conferred in 1759 on the second son, James, who was M.P. for Gatton. Sir George Colebrooke was head of a banking firm "near Antwerp Tavern, Threadneedle-street," Chairman of the East India Company, and M.P. for Arundel. Lord Colebrooke's grandfather (son of Sir George) was a famous Sanskrit scholar, and he was for over thirty years in the service of the East India Company. The late Sir Thomas Colebrooke, Lord-Lieutenant of Lanarkshire, sat in Parliament for many years, and was on terms of intimate friendship with Mr. Gladstone. Lady Colebrooke is a daughter of the late Lord Alfred Paget.

The King stayed at Newmarket last week, at his apartments in the Jockey Club, from Tuesday evening until Friday, when his Majesty went, after the races, to Moulton Paddocks on a visit to Sir Ernest Cassel. The King dined out on every evening of his stay at Newmarket—with Sir Ernest Cassel on Tuesday, with Mr. and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild on Wednesday, and with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire on Thursday.

On Saturday his Majesty shot over several beats of the Chippenham Park preserves, which are now rented by Sir Ernest Cassel from Mr. Tharp. The partridge drives were most successful, and 669 birds were killed by eight guns, besides eighty-two hares and thirty-eight pheasants. The King drove from Newmarket to London on Sunday afternoon.

His Majesty did not leave his saloon during the journey of over thirteen hours from Ballater to Euston. The train was specially stopped at Abington, on the Caledonian line, to set down Lord Colebrooke, who had been staying at Balmoral for a fortnight as Lord-in-Waiting on his Majesty. The ordinary stoppages are at Ferryhill, Perth, and Carlisle. Breakfast, afternoon tea, and dinner were served in the train. The Royal saloons which are used by the King for his journeys to and from Scotland are the perfection of comfort and luxury, and are provided by the London and North-Western Company. The King's train travelled at an average speed of forty-six miles an hour, and a pilot engine went on fifteen minutes in advance from Carlisle to Euston. Count Benckendorff, Sir Charles Hardinge, and Captain Welch (who had all been staying at Balmoral) travelled south with his Majesty.

The Diplomatic Court which the King held last week in the Throne Room of Buckingham Palace was a most imposing ceremonial, and was attended by the Master of the Ceremonies and the officials of his department, and by the members of the Household-in-Waiting. Sir Edward Grey appeared at Court for the first time since his wife's death, and Lord Althorp also resumed his official duties. Each had an audience of his Majesty. The King first received the Marquis di San Giuliano, the new Ambassador from Italy, and his Majesty wore an Italian decoration. Then there was a brief interval, during which the King exchanged the Italian Order for the insignia of the Golden Fleece, and Señor de Villaurrutia, the new Spanish Ambassador, was then received, and he also presented his letters of credence. The ceremonial on these occasions is very brief and purely formal. Each Ambassador was driven to the Palace in a Royal carriage, the servants wearing their State liveries, and their Excellencies were attended by their Secretaries and Attachés.

The Duke of Rutland had an audience directly after the Diplomatic Court, when he delivered up to the King his father's insignia of the Order of the Garter. The late Duke's brother, father, and grandfather were all Knights of the Garter.

The Queen, whose plans have been somewhat unsettled, as they depended entirely on the health of the Princess Royal, is to leave Balmoral this evening, and her Majesty and Princess Victoria will go direct to Sandringham, instead of coming to town for a few days, as was originally arranged. The Queen is to travel south by the East Coast route to Peterborough, and thence to Wolferton, viâ Lynn. Her Majesty will now stay at Sandringham until the removal of the Court to Windsor Castle next month, a few days after the celebration of the King's birthday on November 9.

The Queen gave a ball at Balmoral on Friday night to the Royal servants and gillies, at which the arrangements were much the same as at the tenants' ball a week previously. The Queen has taken several long drives in the district, quite apart from her frequent visits to the Princess Royal at Mar Lodge, and has made excursions to Loch Muick, Birkhall, Linn of Muick, and the Falls of Quoich.

People who are acquainted with the geography of Banffshire and Aberdeenshire are amused at the nonsense printed in the *World* about Queen Victoria's visit to the Duke of Richmond's shooting lodge at Glenfiddich. The *World* states that her late Majesty drove there "in the autumn of 1892 from Balmoral, and lunched with the late Duke, driving back to Balmoral in the afternoon." This is a strange farrago of blunders. Such an excursion could not by any possibility have been carried out in one day, and some practical joker must have been imposing on the credulity of my contemporary. As a matter of fact, Queen Victoria's visit to Glenfiddich took place in September, 1867.

Here is Mr. Henry Greville's account of her late Majesty's expedition:

> The Queen is gone to pass a day or two at Glenfiddich—an odd freak. Richmond went from Gordon Castle to meet her. The Queen arrived at Glenfiddich in a downpour of rain, and they had managed so badly about the luggage that half of it only arrived at ten at night and the other half at four in the morning. Her Majesty is attended by Princess Louise, Lady Churchill, Sir Thomas Biddulph, and John Brown, with three maids. It was notified to Richmond that after dinner he would be expected to remain in the dining-room, when the Queen withdrew to the drawing-room.

The Prince of Wales and a party from Orwell Park shot over the celebrated Kirton and Leavington preserves on Wednesday, and there were several partridge drives. The Princess drove to Helmingham Hall, to call upon Lady Tollemache. This brick house is a fine and well-preserved example of the Tudor period, which has not been altered since Queen Elizabeth stayed at Helmingham for five days as the guest of Sir Lionel Tollemache. It is full of superb old furniture, the oak being as black as ebony with age, and there is an im- tains many early printed books of great value. After leaving Helmingham, the Princess of Wales drove to Shrubland Park, where she was received by Lady Saumarez. The house there is Italian, and there is a picturesque deer park of 400 acres. The gardens, which have a wide reputation, are admirably arranged

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For Special for Ladies, see page 958.
For the Truth Hotel List, see page 960.
For Selected Foreign Hotels, see page 961.
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For Appeals, see page 959.
For Our Puzzles, see pages 965, 966.

and remarkably varied. The "dressed" grounds extend over about sixty-five acres, and they contain some splendid old trees.

On Thursday the Prince of Wales shot over the extensive Martlesham preserves, and a heavy bag of partridges was obtained, a large number of hares being also killed. The Princess and the ladies drove from Orwell Park to Felixstowe, and crossed the mouth of the River Deben by the steam ferry, proceeding to Orford (where the party inspected the Norman Tower), and thence to Campsey Ash, the charming old seat of Mr. William Lowther, near Woodbridge, where H.R.H. drank tea. There was a shooting party staying at Campsey Ash, including the Speaker. This place, which was purchased by Mr. Lowther in 1885, was formerly the seat of the Shepherd family. The gardens, which were laid out about 200 years ago, are very pretty.

The weather was very stormy at Orwell Park on Friday, but the Prince and a party shot over the Bucklesham Heath preserves. The Princess drove to Stoke Park and called upon Lord Gwydyr, returning through Ipswich. The Royal visit concluded on Saturday morning, when the party broke up, and the Prince and Princess of Wales left by road for Sandringham, their children having arrived at York Cottage from Marlborough House on Friday afternoon. The next country-house visit of T.R.H. will be to Lord and Lady Stradbroke at Henham Hall, near Wangford.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia are to be the guests of Lord and Lady Derby at Knowsley Park for several days during the week after next. They will pay a public visit to Liverpool on Wednesday, the 31st, when the Duchess is to open a sale of Irish Industries. The first shooting of the season will take place at Knowsley during the visit of the Duke of Connaught. Excellent sport is usually obtained in the extensive preserves in and around the park, the bags of pheasants and wild fowl being very heavy as a rule. Knowsley Park, which is richly wooded, comprises 2,500 acres, and contains a lake of ninety acres. It is well stocked with red and fallow deer. The park is walled round, and is entered by twelve lodges, the State approach being by the Liverpool Lodge, which is a most imposing edifice.

Princess Christian has arrived at Cumberland Lodge from Paris, *en route* from Aix-les-Bains. Princess Christian and Princess Victoria are to leave Windsor next Tuesday on a short visit to Lady Fitzwilliam at Wentworth Woodhouse, and on Wednesday H.R.H. will fulfil a public engagement at Sheffield.

Princess Henry of Battenberg is to arrive at Kensington Palace on Saturday or Monday next from Osborne Cottage. H.R.H. will pay visits next month to their Majesties at Windsor Castle, and to Prince and Princess Christian at Cumberland Lodge. Princess Henry has been staying for a few days at Farnborough Hill, on a visit to the Empress Eugénie.

General Sir Dighton Probyn, Keeper of the Privy Purse, who resided at Birkhall House from the middle of August until nearly the end of September, has been staying at Balmoral Castle in attendance on the Queen. Sir Dighton is going to Park House, his official residence at Sandringham, where he will spend the winter, except during the two visits of the Court to Windsor Castle, one in November and the other in January, which together will extend over between three and four weeks. Sir Dighton Probyn occupies the Norman Tower at Windsor Castle as an official residence.

Lady Aberdeen returned to the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin, in the middle of last week, and at once resumed her benevolent activities. At a meeting of the Irish Industries Committee she paid an eloquent tribute to the late Monsignor Molloy in a graceful speech. Lady Aberdeen is practically the foundress of the Irish Industries Association, from which so much industrial effort has sprung in so many and varied directions. From the beginning, when the undertaking had to pass through the inevitable cold water throwing ordeal, Monsignor Molloy was zealous in the cause and gave active help. He lived to see its triumph. Lady Aberdeen attended a Philanthropic "At Home" given by Lady Meath during the week, at Kilruddery, near Bray, at which Lord Meath delivered an address.

Lord Aberdeen joined Lady Aberdeen in Dublin on Saturday. This week on Monday their Excellencies' visit to the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn commenced at Baronscourt. The chief item of the Viceregal programme while in the North is the State visit to Londonderry, the city, like Limerick—but on the opposite political side—of a historic siege. The reception by the Mayor and Corporation of Londonderry and the big luncheon at the Guildhall were fixed for Tuesday. Londonderry is one of the most picturesque towns in the North of Ireland. Its cathedral and walls have much historic interest. Amongst the house party assembled to meet Lord and Lady Aberdeen at Baronscourt this week are Lord and Lady Leitrim, Lord Hamilton, Lord and Lady Wicklow, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Ross, and Lady Clodagh Anson.

The death of Lady Rachel Howard is profoundly regretted in West Gloucestershire, as she was warmly interested in all local affairs, and was most kind to her neighbours, and very generous and sympathetic to the poor. She was actively connected with many county charities. Lady Rachel, who was a sister of Lord Cawdor, was married in 1876 to Mr. E. S. Howard, of Thornbury Castle.

Dr. James Finlayson, who died suddenly last week at Glasgow, was one of the best known physicians in Scot-

land, and he was distinguished as a clinical teacher and as a successful writer on professional subjects. His excellent "Clinical Manual" is one of the most popular of medical text-books. Dr. Finlayson was a most skilful physician, and possessed a thorough grasp of all the details of a case. His opinion was greatly valued by his professional brethren, and he had been regarded with the highest respect by several generations of medical students.

The Dowager Lady Sefton, grandmother of the present Earl of Sefton, who has died at the age of ninety-two, was certainly a link with the past, for (as Lady Molyneux) she figured at the Court of William IV. and Queen Adelaide, and she could perfectly well recollect the visits of Mr. Creevey to Stoke and to Croxteth. Her father-in-law (who died in 1838, four years after her marriage) was a clever, witty man, enormously rich, a great personage in society, very hospitable, and a renowned *gourmet*. He was an active member of the Whig party during the long reign of Toryism, and an intimate friend of Lord Grey and Lord Brougham. Lady Sefton, who survived her husband for fifty-one years, was the only daughter of Mr. Hopwood, of Hopwood Hall, Lancashire, and she had a large fortune when she married. The Hopwoods lived at Hopwood Hall from the thirteenth until the eighteenth century, when the last of the old family left the estate to Mr. Gregg, who assumed the name of Hopwood.

The career of the late Sir Richard Tangye was a real romance of industry. The son of a small Cornish farmer, after serving for a brief period as a pupil teacher, he obtained a situation as a clerk at Birmingham. There at the age of twenty-three, in premises for which he paid the modest rent of four shillings a week, he began what developed into one of the most famous engineering businesses in the world. Two of his brothers were his partners in the business, which received its first real start from an order which Brunel gave for a patent hydraulic lifting-jack (the invention of one of the brothers), which was used at the launch of the *Great Eastern*. Sir Richard Tangye was a model employer and a munificent benefactor to the city in which his fortune was made. With his brother he founded the Birmingham Art Gallery. In art Sir Richard had a fine taste, and several books from his pen showed that he had considerable literary ability. He rendered good service to the cause of education, and in politics he was a life-long Liberal and Free Trader.

The death of Madame Ristori has recalled the fact—in which she took much pardonable pride—that on two occasions she obtained the pardon of criminals condemned to death. The sequel to one of these incidents—and one not without its amusing side—is less generally known. During her first engagement at Madrid an elderly woman one night gained access to her dressing-room, and tearfully begged the tragédienne's intervention on behalf of her son—a young soldier condemned to death for a serious breach of discipline. At the close of the performance Ristori was presented to Queen Isabella, made the required appeal, and obtained the young man's free pardon—perhaps because it gave to the Queen the opportunity of a *mot*, that she was certain the actress had never before played in a tragedy with such a happy ending. Some years later Ristori again visited Madrid. During the first performance a soldier among the audience made a disturbance, was ejected only after severely damaging a number of policemen, and was subsequently sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. He proved to be Ristori's former protégé, who, hearing of her return, had come to the theatre in order to renew his expression of gratitude. Unfortunately he had drunk her health too enthusiastically beforehand—with the result that he finally owed her, not only his life, but free board and lodging for several years into the bargain!

I never heard the late Madame Ristori play Lady Macbeth in English. But nearly fifty years ago, when she was in Russia, the wife of the then English Ambassador undertook to teach her how to pronounce English, and I was present at a good many of these lessons. She could pronounce with fair correctness each separate word, but when she tried to recite the part, and throw herself into it, neither I nor her instructress could understand what she said. Whether her audiences in London were more fortunate, I never learnt. Madame Ristori was a great actress with large limitations. Except in tragedy, I did not think much of her acting. Even in tragedy she was always herself, rather than the part that she played, unless it entirely suited her. If she essayed a light part, it was a tragedy queen masquerading.

A correspondent writes:—

In your issue of a week back you were speaking of a big house of Lord Wemyss's at Longniddry as being unoccupied. I believe the reason is that the mortar used in the building of it was made with sea sand, which for ever gives forth a salt dampness, which would be fatal to furniture, especially pictures, and human life. If I remember aright, Lord Wemyss was largely, if not wholly, his own architect.

AN ELOPEMENT AND A MORAL.

When Essipoff eloped one day
With Ouchakoff's false wife,
And bolted with the dame away—
Yea, bolted for his life,

I think the conduct of those two—
The lover and the lady—
Was, from the mildest point of view,
Well, most distinctly shady.

When Ouchakoff, inflamed with ire,
A hot pursuit began,
And vengeance breathed condign and dire
Against his wife's pet man,

Who'd done him quite the foulest wrong
That man a man can do,
I think the husband's threats, if strong,
Were natural—don't you?

Yet o'er this guilty pair, who thus
The moral law have broke,
A certain journal so doth fuss
As *they* were th' injured folk;

And says 'tis hard that General O
From chasing 'em won't cease,
When so much kinder 'twere, you know,
To let 'em spoon in peace.

Well, p'raps, as by the lovers viewed,
'Tis cruel, this pursuit,
And p'raps the General *is* a rude
And inconsiderate brute.

Yet, anyway, the thing, I ween,
Is no one's else affair,
But lies the husband wronged between
And eke the guilty pair.

Most certainly it calleth not
For all that journal's clatter,
Nor all the sermonising rot
It prints about the matter.

Still less that it should claim control
Of General O's affairs.
Why, next, it will usurp the rôle
Of — Providence upstairs!

I have received the following letter accompanied by a page from a recent issue of the *Tatler*:—

Sir,—With reference to the enclosed, can you tell me why copies of such photographs are inserted in a paper like the *Tatler?* I am no Puritan, but I do strongly object that pictures like this should be forced on the gaze of young people. Having young daughters, I have promptly—though one of the first subscribers—cancelled my order for the above paper at my bookseller's.

To me the picture is not decent. A photograph of a really good statue is artistic and refined, and I cannot see any trace of this in the one I enclose.

This just shows what a difficult job a poor editor has in these days. It is scarcely necessary to explain that the picture complained of is one of "La Milo"—the only item in his first music-hall programme which Mr. Stead found devoid of stupidity, vulgarity, or indelicacy. Mr. Stead having publicly recorded the emotions with which the entertainment inspired him, the newspaper editor, having to illustrate all that is going on in the world, publishes a picture of the lady and of Mr. Stead, and the above letter is the result, coupled with the loss of an old subscriber. I must be more careful than the editor of the *Tatler*, for I don't want to alienate any subscriber to Truth. But for the life of me, I cannot understand how a man who admits that a photograph of a statue may be artistic and refined can regard a photograph of a living model got up to represent the statue as the very reverse. Except in face, the one picture is a replica of the other, and I suppose it is not in the face that the offence lies. There are, of course, people who will find attractions in a woman posing as a statue which they would not find in the statue itself, although the two might be indistinguishable to the eye. Conversely, there are those who will find something repulsive in the living model which they would not find in the statue. The two classes have more in common than they themselves might suppose. But I doubt if little girls will be found among either of them, and I think my correspondent was unduly solicitous about his daughters.

Among the innumerable ecclesiastical matters of all kinds that are discussed at Church Congresses, I wonder that the methods by which money is raised for ecclesiastical purposes have never yet come under notice. A Southport paper, announcing that a bazaar is to be held for the purpose of raising the sum of £800 required for redecorating St. Thomas's Church and its mission room, mentions that "the whist drives so popular last year will be resumed." I suppose that a whist drive is in itself as harmless as many of the money-raising dodges practised in connection with church bazaars. But considering the attitude of many of the clergy towards card-playing—whist not excepted—and the outcry against gambling in general, the idea of raising money for a church by means of a whist drive seems a trifle incongruous. The church is in this respect more fortunate than that other national institution, the public-house, for a publican or hotel-keeper who gets up a whist drive to add to the popularity of his establishment commits a serious offence against the law, as some of them have before now learned to their cost.

The Master of Trinity Hall, Mr. Beck, has been succeeded as Vice-Chancellor of the University by the Rev. E. S. Roberts, Master of Gonville and Caius College. Mr. Roberts, who is a retired Colonel of Volunteers, has done good work at Cambridge in the department of Greek epigraphy. He is a very able man, fond of work, and distinguished for his shrewd and practical common sense. Whatever business may fall into the hands of the new Vice-Chancellor is sure to be well done.

The list of select preachers before the University at Cambridge for the present term includes the names of the Bishop of Birmingham, on Sunday next; the Dean of Westminster, on November 4 (the Lady Margaret sermon), and Canon Body, of Durham, on November 11.

The Bishop of Winchester has collated Archdeacon Fearon to the stall in the Cathedral which became vacant by the death of Canon Haigh. After Dr. Fearon had resigned the headmastership of Winchester College he was appointed in 1903 by Mr. Balfour to the Archdeaconry of Winchester. It is probable that in future a canonry in the Cathedral will be permanently annexed to the archdeaconry. The stipend will be £650 a year, with an excellent house in the Close, and a delightful garden. The Archdeaconry of Winchester fell to the gift of the Crown in 1903, because the office was vacated in the interval between the departure from the See of the present Primate and the enthronement of Bishop Ryle.

The Bishop of Durham has appointed the Rev. Edwin Price, rector of Sedgefield, to the unendowed canonry in Durham Cathedral, which became vacant by the death of Bishop Sandford. Mr. Price was for thirteen years a Minor Canon of Westminster Abbey, and he left London on being presented by Bishop Lightfoot to the vicarage of Bishop Auckland. He was for many years a priest-in-waiting to Queen Victoria, and is now Honorary Priest-in-Ordinary to the King.

The following testimony to the virtues of the Wesleyan community will be gratifying to my Wesleyan readers. It is given by an advertising agent in soliciting an advertisement for a Wesleyan circuit magazine:—

> The field is a very fine one, and the circulation of the magazine being 1,000 paid for copies per month, covers at least 1,000 Wesleyan families in the district named. As you know, too, *the Wesleyans have money to spend. They are careful people, who do not waste their money, and are able to spend it upon their houses, good food, luxuries, and in good clothing.* I therefore, consider that I am absolutely safe in recommending that any money you care to spend in advertisement space in this magazine will produce a good return in the course of a few months.

Would that as much could be said for every religious community!

A gentleman who has a daughter on the nursing staff at Guy's Hospital asks me to suggest to the authorities that attendance at Divine Service in the chapel at 9.30 p.m. as well as 7.45 a.m. should not be obligatory upon the nurses. I am very pleased to comply, and it astonishes me that such a hint should be needed. The nurses are on duty for twelve or thirteen hours per diem, during which time they are not expected to sit down except at meals. They get one hour and three hours alternately per diem for out-door recreation, but they are also on duty on Sundays. It is not likely that a girl worked like this will be very anxious to attend service in chapel on finishing her day's job at 9.30 p.m., especially when she has begun the day with a similar service, and when she has very possibly been present already at the reading of evening prayers in her ward. I am not much in favour of compulsory religious services for anybody, at any rate above school age. In this particular case they must often be in the nature of a "service" to the hospital authorities, not to any Higher Power; and no service rendered under such conditions can properly be called "religious" at all.

The principal of one of the university missions in London sends me a circular advertisement of Mr. H. Grant's lists of the charitably disposed, with which he has been favoured. These books have often been referred to in Truth, and as Mr. Grant has been able to carry on the business so long, notwithstanding the high price of his publications, it must be inferred that they supply a want. "The Queen's List, consisting of 1,000 names and full addresses, with the amounts contributed by the largest benefactors to the Queen's Unemployed Fund," is still selling at 42s., and the revised edition of "The Charitable Ten Thousand," containing the names of "11,000 of the *élite* of the charitable world," is to be had for one guinea. The whole 11,000 are therefore selling at £3 3s. Possibly a good many of the owners of the names are in blissful ignorance of the use that is being made of them; but no doubt to many more the sensation of being advertised among "the *élite* of the charitable world" would be far from displeasing, for in these days the left hand is not often allowed to remain ignorant of what the right hand is doing in the way of almsgiving.

T. S. Hamilton has forwarded me £5 for Lady St. Helier's Poor Children's Holiday Fund.

Mr. Haldane has dealt justly and reasonably with the officers and N.C.O.s who incurred unfavourable notice from the Stores Commission. It is difficult to measure off-hand the respective degrees of culpability of all the parties concerned in such a big and complicated business, but certainly no officer has been punished who did not deserve it, or punished more than he deserved; and one may infer that the same thing is true of the lower ranks—it certainly is true of the more conspicuous cases. As regards General Lyttelton a strong opinion has already been expressed in Truth. Mr. Haldane has formed a different opinion, and gives his reasons. He is in a more difficult and delicate position in this instance than any outside critic; but I am ready to bow to his arguments. The great thing is that a lesson has been given which was evidently badly needed in the Army.

Up to now the War Stores Scandal has looked rather like crying over spilt milk. This may not be useless in all cases. We may hope that it will lead to more care in the handling of the milk in future. But the question naturally arises whether the milk is really all lost beyond recovery, and this is a question which ought to be most carefully considered. The War Office statement that the Treasury Solicitor has been instructed to advise as to the possibility of civil or criminal proceedings being instituted, "especially in regard to proceedings against the contractors implicated and their agents," implies that this is being done; and the hint that "the Treasury Solicitor's advice has been, and *is being*, closely followed" suggests that all hope of some result more satisfactory to the taxpayer than the mere punishment of officers need not be abandoned yet.

The following letter, being based on Sandhurst experience, affords an interesting confirmation of the views respecting educational tests for officers which I evolved the other day from my inner consciousness:—

> From several years' experience at Sandhurst I can thoroughly endorse your remarks as to the admission of suitable candidates from the Militia.
>
> Our experience at Sandhurst all goes to prove that the entire change of subjects taught there from all that a lad has learned before entirely upsets the form shown when passing in. It is almost an unknown thing for a cadet who passes in first to pass out first. A boy coming to Sandhurst may pass in high owing to his being an excellent mathematician, a good Latin scholar, or what not. But as soon as he gets to Sandhurst he at once drops all these subjects, and starts afresh upon an entirely new curriculum, of military subjects topography, fortification, tactics, military history, military law, etc. If under these conditions a boy who passes in very low passes out high, the explanation is that he has found his *métier*, and such a boy is certain to do well in the Service.
>
> The spectacled youth of poor physique is becoming a great deal too common at Sandhurst. It has always been a mystery to me that the standard required for eyesight is not higher. In these days of very long range firing, invisible uniforms, and visual signalling, good eyesight is of the utmost importance to a good officer, and the lack of it may risk his men's lives.
>
> What we want is the class of men suggested by your correspondent—*men* who can handle men. A rigid system of probation should be insisted on. This nominally exists at present, new officers being on probation for three years, but the power of rejection is very sparingly used. If we could take a leaf from the naval book, and weed out in the same wholesale fashion that they do at Osborne, it would be much to the benefit of the Service.

The Navy has the advantage of catching its men young. It is not, however, an unmixed advantage, and one of the disadvantages about it is that you cannot

in all cases accurately take the measure of a boy's capacity for any purpose under fifteen or sixteen years of age—sometimes not even as early as that. There is an excellent way of getting some of the advantages of the naval system without its disadvantages, which was pointed out by an officer in these columns only a few months ago, and it is well worth the attention of Mr. Haldane. The suggestion was that there should be a system of official inspection of the army classes at the public schools. By this means future army candidates could be kept under observation and judged by other tests than those of the schoolmaster, and the weeding out process could thus be commenced long before the Sandhurst examination. I may point out that this would not only be an advantage to the Service, but would be in the long run a kindness to parents and to the candidates. If it were properly carried out, there would be very little necessity for keeping officers on probation after they had passed the preliminary tests, got through Sandhurst, and obtained their commission.

Moreover, if this system were intelligently worked, the purely educational test for entrance into Sandhurst might be very considerably relaxed, and you would be able to take any boys, who, though weak in Latin or other school subjects, yet gave evidence by their general character and abilities of having in them the making of good officers. Nothing could be more instructive than what is said in the above letter as to the difference in the order in which boys pass into Sandhurst and pass out. This is the clearest possible evidence that the examination in school subjects is not a conclusive proof of a boy's potential merits as a soldier, and that it cannot be so stands to reason.

I wonder whether experience is the same in this respect at Woolwich. I happen to know a boy who passed first into Woolwich and first out. But in this case the subjects on which he maintained his superiority all along were the scientific subjects which are essential to the efficiency of an officer in the Royal Engineers. The Woolwich entrance examination is a fairly good test of a boy's suitability for the scientific branches of the Army. The Sandhurst examination is little or no test of his suitability for a commission in the cavalry or infantry; this remains to be discovered afterwards. In the one case the candidates have begun to specialise before they go in for examination; in the other they have not; and the conclusion of the whole matter really is that you should not finally accept or finally reject candidates for the Army until they have begun to specialise in one line or another.

Apropos of the case of the Militia officers, which led to this discussion of the literary tests for commissions, I have received another letter suggesting that Volunteer officers should be allowed to transfer into the Militia if they desire it. It surprises me to learn that it is at present impossible for them to do so, and if, as my correspondent suggests, there are many Volunteer officers who would be willing to transfer if they had a chance, it seems strange that the military authorities should never have considered this method of increasing the supply of Militia officers. At present a Volunteer officer desirous of entering the Militia must first resign his commission. As he must do this without any certainty that he will get a Militia commission, it is highly improbable that he will ever do so. *Ex hypothesi*, a Volunteer officer is a man intensely keen on soldiering, and, being that, he is not likely to take a step which may land him between two stools, and outside both Volunteers and Militia. An importation into the Militia of some of the keenness which distinguishes the Volunteers would certainly do no harm to the former force; and, on the other hand, many Volunteer officers would find it very much more convenient to serve in the Militia, owing to the fact that they could do their training once and for all at one period of the year, instead of being saddled with military work in their spare time all the year round.

The following remarks on the officering of the Volunteers are also of interest:—

> The ranks of colonel and brigadier in the Volunteer Force are very important, and I think it would be of great advantage to the force if only Regular officers were appointed to these posts, or only such Volunteer officers as have had some experience of actual warfare and a great deal of experience in the management of this branch of the Auxiliary Forces. What is wanted is a colonel or brigadier who thoroughly understands all the details of military work in the way that only active service can ensure, and who will give his orders in such a way that every man under him understands exactly what is to be done and what is expected of him individually. What is not wanted is a colonel or brigadier who issues innumerable schemes and voluminous written instructions to his subordinates, which are only bewildering, and is, at the same time, unable to impart practical instruction.
>
> It would also be a great help to the Volunteer Force if the authorities could see their way to train a certain number of volunteer infantry as mounted infantry, and give them an idea of mounted infantry work. Such mounted infantry might also be armed with revolvers. It would also be an advantage, in my opinion, if all officers had to be in possession of riding certificates before they could qualify as captains.

I was glad to read a few days ago that some substantial concessions have lately been made to Indian soldiers on the recommendation of Lord Kitchener. They include the issue of free forage to cavalry on the march, a grant of Rs.5 to N.C.O.s and men as boot money, an increase of Rs.10 in kit allowance, and a provision for grants of free travelling expenses to men called home on urgent private affairs when the distance exceeds 800 miles. These new arrangements came into force on October 1, just about the time when an Indian officer was writing to Truth on the grievances of the Sepoy, and the increasing antipathy to military service among natives. As the points dealt with cover all those which have recently been mentioned in these columns as sources of dissatisfaction, it may be hoped that the concessions will be effectual. Eight hundred miles looks a pretty long minimum distance to entitle a man to a free journey; but Indian distances are not to be judged by English standards, and I suppose the railway fares are not either.

With reference to the observations in last week's Truth on the division of the profits of the South African

Garrison Institute, an officer tells me that the "rebate" referred to is not given by the Institute but by the Colonial Governments, by way of compensation to officers for the burden of the colonial import duties on wines and spirits. I apologise to the management of the S.A.G.I. for the mistake. But this only shows once again how much harm is done by not informing soldiers properly about all financial matters in which they are interested. The fact that larger rebates are given to officers on their canteen accounts than to men, regardless of the amount of their expenditure at the canteen, is laid before me as a grievance of married privates, appears to be a just grievance, and is no doubt widely looked upon as such among the rank and file. This sense of grievance would never arise if it were explained to the men that the rebate is not given by the canteen on its customers' purchases, but by the Colonial Government on the consumption of wine and spirits. So it is with many accounts over which soldiers think they are "done," simply because insufficient information is furnished to them.

The following communication from the War Office, which has come into my possession, helps to reveal to us the curious ways they have in the Army:—

Sir,—I am directed to inform you that this Department will have shortly for disposal about 40,000 empty port wine bottles at the Supply Reserve Depot, Royal Dockyard, Woolwich, and I am to inquire whether you are willing to purchase all or any portion of them under the conditions shown in the accompanying form of tender.

The bottles are now at the Depot, and the wine is being emptied into pipes at the rate of about 10,000 bottles per month. A quantity of empty bottles is available for inspection, etc., etc.

When I say that I had always thought that the usual way of dealing with port wine was to pass it from the wood into bottles, and keep it there, I believe I am only stating the general impression. On what principle this process is reversed by the War Office I am unable even to guess, but if it is another result of clear thinking, it might be useful to connoisseurs if somebody would ask Mr. Haldane to explain the process to the House of Commons. It occurs to me that this is some of the famous War Office South African port, which has been before the Master of the Rolls and other good judges, like Sir William Butler. Perhaps the Army Council have been on a tasting expedition to Woolwich, and have decided that it wants a little more maturing in the wood. But then, why sell the bottles? Presumably they will be wanted again some day—unless, of course, emptying it into pipes means pouring it down the drains, which might be the cheapest course in the long run. However, the bottles will do something to lighten the next Army Estimates, and we must be thankful for small mercies in that direction.

Is it not about time the authorities at the Post Office made some improvement in the trunk line telephone service? There have been complaints about it for years, and it seems to become worse instead of better. I have some personal knowledge of the defects of the system, and I get, besides, not a few letters on the subject from aggrieved correspondents. One subject of complaint is the number of unsuccessful "calls," for which a subscriber is charged by the Post Office. There is not the least doubt that the failure to "get through" is often due to the negligence of the operators, and it is adding insult to injury to debit the subscriber with a fee of threepence, or whatever it may be, after putting him to unnecessary inconvenience. Again, when the desired communication is established, it frequently happens—especially between London and towns within a radius of thirty or fifty miles—that what one says is nearly or completely inaudible. The fact that at other times the same speakers can hear every word that is uttered quite clearly suggests that the indistinctness is not owing to any inherent defect in the system, but to its faulty working. There is no reason why the trunk telephone service should not be much more efficient than it is, and Mr. Sydney Buxton ought to insist upon its being made so.

An ingenious gentleman, but, I fear, an indifferent citizen, communicates to me a method which he has discovered of obtaining all the advantages of the registered post for 1½d. It may be interesting to the Postmaster-General. All you have to do is to put a halfpenny stamp on your letter, seal it up, and post it. As the Post Office will always take good care to collect the surcharge of 1d., the delivery of the letter is to all intents and purposes as safe as if it had been registered. At least, my correspondent thinks so, but I hope no one will send me registered letters by this method, as I invariably refuse to pay for postal communications which are insufficiently stamped.

The Belfast City Council have just perpetrated a flagrant job by appointing an ex-councillor as medical officer of health. This gentleman is a local medical practitioner without any practical experience in the work of his new office, and it is stated in the *Lancet* that "he only got the diploma of public health on the eve of his retirement from the Council in order to become a candidate." Although his appointment was a foregone conclusion, the Council went through the farce of advertising the vacancy and bringing candidates over from England and Scotland, thereby putting them to unnecessary inconvenience, and the city to what in the circumstances was an unnecessary expense. The job is all the more reprehensible because it is notorious that Belfast especially needs to have as the head of its sanitary administration a thoroughly well-qualified and experienced officer who would be, moreover, perfectly independent of all local influences and interests.

Some singular proceedings under the Lunacy Acts have just come to light at Bridlington. A man from Hull was charged before the local magistrates with cruelty to a pony, and with recklessly driving the animal. The magistrates imposed a fine, but, being doubtful as to the defendant's sanity, they detained

him in the cells until he had been examined by two doctors. The doctors refused to certify him as a lunatic, and a bill for the costs of the medical examination amounting to £2 13s. has now been presented to the Bridlington Guardians. In these circumstances, the Guardians have instructed their clerk to sue the man himself for the recovery of the costs which were incurred on the order of the magistrates in establishing his sanity! Surely there should now be an inquiry as to the mental condition of these Bumbles—of course, at their own cost.

FALLACIES OF THE DAY.

THE "SOMETHING FOR NOTHING" TRICK.

When your grocer he
With a pound of tea
  Gives a silver thimble away, ma'am,
You may bet your hat
And your boots, too, that
  For the thimble he makes you pay, ma'am.

That is, to say,
The price you pay
  For the tea is more than *satis*,
To cover both tea
And thimble, which he
  Pretends to give you *gratis*.

When Fibbs and Spouts,
The area touts,
  Into Susan's head instil, Miss,
"If a watch you'll buy
We'll give you a ni-
  Ne gold-carat chain for *nil*, Miss"—

You may take your Dick
'Tis only a trick
  A worthless watch to sell, Miss;
And that what they charge
Yields a profit large
  On the watch *and the chain as well*, Miss.

And just the same,
As this Cheap-Jack's game
  Is the *Times's* "Book Club" caper,
For it 's only a try
To make folks buy,
  At double its worth, that paper.

Why, the books lent "free"
Are in fact——He! He!
  You must wait till my laughter has lulled, Sir—
Just as "free," 'tis plain,
As the thimble or chain
  By which silly Susan is gulled, Sir.

Id est, the charge
For the Paper's so large
  That, when this commercially viewed is,
Its full worth represents
Both of *Times's* contents
  And a yearly subscription to Mudie's.

Yea! This may take you
As an axiom true,
  That such "free gifts" are simply my eye, Sir;
And that dearer you pay
For what's given away
  Than for what in the market you buy, Sir.

In expectation of the release of Mr. George Edalji, which took place last week, in accordance with the promise given some months back by the Home Office, a paragraph was published in nearly all the London and leading provincial papers, stating that the remission of four years of Mr. Edalji's sentence "has been obtained through the instrumentality of Mr. Yelverton, the barrister." It is scarcely necessary for me to inform readers of TRUTH that this statement has no foundation whatever. The remission of four years of Mr. Edalji's sentence was granted by the late Home Secretary, Mr. Akers Douglas, in consequence of his personal attention having been called to the case last year by Mr. Labouchere. How *do* these things get into the papers?

In a pamphlet printed for private circulation Sir Harry Poland and Mr. Herman Cohen subject the Criminal Appeal Bill, clause by clause, to some severe criticism. They hold that the Bill is really not wanted, but though any expression of opinion by Sir Harry Poland on the administration of the criminal law will always be received with great respect, I do not think that he advances any argument that is likely to change the views of those of us who have advocated this reform. Whether the Bill introduced by the Lord Chancellor and read a third time by the House of Lords is not susceptible of improvement is another question. The pamphlet certainly brings out very forcibly what appear to be serious practical difficulties in working the Bill as it now stands, and these points will doubtless receive careful consideration when it comes before the House of Commons.

The Lord Chancellor's appointment of Mr. Cyril Dodd, K.C., to the County Court Judgeship vacant by the death of Judge Raikes, has given much satisfaction at Hull, the principal town on the circuit. Mr. Dodd has enjoyed a large general practice at the Bar for thirty years, and the appointment is regarded as an excellent one. Mr. Dodd, who is a strong Liberal, unsuccessfully contested the Eccleshall district of Sheffield in 1885, and Cambridge in 1886, and he represented the Maldon division of Essex in the Parliament of 1892, but lost his seat in 1895.

For one reason or another the members of the Incorporated Law Society seem strangely averse to tackling the fraudulent solicitor question. At the Manchester meeting a motion was proposed and seconded on behalf of the Leeds Law Society recommending the Council "to take the matter of the safety of clients' moneys into consideration, with a view to adopting some authoritative rule or regulation to which all members of the profession must conform to the satisfaction of the public." The

DIEUDONNÉ HOTEL AND RESTAURANT, Ryder Street, S.W. Excellent cuisine, prompt service, and comfort. Luncheons and Dinners Prix Fixe and à la carte. Mod. charges. Tel. No., 5265 Ger.

CLARIDGE'S HOTEL, BROOK-STREET, Grosvenor-square.— Over 300 rooms; nearly 100 bathrooms. Royal suite, private entrance. Situation ensures perfect quiet.

mover, Mr. Middleton, of Leeds, explained that what he desired was that every solicitor who had to handle clients' money should have a cash book and ledger, that he should keep the money separate from his own, and that the accounts should be subject to audit.

To ask the Council to consider the possibility of making professional regulations for this purpose can hardly be considered a violent or revolutionary proposal. It was, however, ignominiously rejected, only about half-a-dozen of the assembled solicitors voting for it. After this it must be taken that if solicitors generally are to adopt ordinary business methods of handling clients' money, it will only be because they are compelled to do so by superior authority. The chief result of the moving of the resolution was to raise a heated altercation between Mr. Middleton and Mr. Charles L. Sampson, of London and Manchester. Mr. Sampson is a member of the Council—I seem to have recollection of him in connection with a jawbone. He was mightily indignant at a suggestion that members of the Council might have suspected the financial "misfortunes" of the convict B. G. Lake before they became notorious. "Misfortune" has a sympathetic sound which, it is to be hoped, was unintentional. Misfortune may overtake any man. I hope it will never overtake Mr. Sampson in the same shape as it did the quondam chairman of the Discipline Committee; but if he desires to save his professional brethren from similar misfortunes, the best thing he can do is to propose to the Council on his own account some such safeguards as the Leeds Law Society suggested.

Judge Edge has only followed the example of many of the County Court Judges in directing attention to the startling amount of perjury that is committed in such courts. Besides deploring the evil, however, he has made a valuable suggestion for dealing with it. At present, if a County Court judge considers that a person has been guilty of perjury, the only thing he can do is to commit him for trial at the assizes. But such commitments are, it appears, deprecated by the Judges of Assize, because no depositions have been taken in the County Court, and the case comes practically unprepared into the Assize Court. Judge Edge's suggestion is that, instead of committing an alleged perjurer straight off to the assizes, the County Court judge should have power to order him into custody and direct that he should be prosecuted before the magistrates, who would take depositions and in due course send the case for trial at the assizes. It is to be hoped that in this or some other way, the administration of the law will be made more efficient, for in the County Courts, and other courts as well, perjury is a crime that has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished.

Two passive resisters were recently summoned before the Hastings Borough Bench for non-payment of their rates, and in view of the famous West Riding judgment, the magistrates, after consulting their clerk, adjourned the cases for six months. The next day some more passive resisters were summoned at the same court. Different magistrates were present, and though informed of what had been done on the previous day, they declined to adjourn any of the cases, and made the usual orders against the defendants. I know that the question is one upon which magistrates all over the country are at sixes and sevens. Still, for the sake of appearances, members of the same Bench should give at least an outward show of consistency. Let me commend to the Hastings J.P.'s the wise, if cynical, counsel of a former Prime Minister. He told his colleagues in the Cabinet that it did not matter much what they said about some current topic, "but for goodness' sake," he added, "let us all say the same thing."

Talking of passive resisters, I see that Mr. R. Merry, Chairman of the Holbeach Bench, was among a number summoned at the Petty Sessions the other day, but that he nevertheless presided at the hearing of all the cases except his own, which was left to the decision of his colleagues. The whole of the summonses were adjourned for six months. I do not wish to criticise this decision, or to question Mr. Merry's right to become a passive resister. Obviously, however, if a J.P. takes up this position, it is very unseemly and undesirable that he should act as Chairman of the Bench when summonses against his fellow passive resisters are being dealt with.

It is a pity that the prosecutions for rabbit-coursing at Brentford had to be instituted under archaic and well-nigh obsolete statutes for the "better observance" of the Lord's Day. Rabbit-coursing is a brutal and degrading exhibition, with no title whatever to be regarded as a sport, and whether it takes place on a Sunday or a weekday it is equally objectionable, and ought to be equally illegal. No sportsmen worthy of the name would, I should think, offer the least opposition to a measure for the entire suppression of rabbit-coursing, and it is assuredly a libel on the vast majority of working-men to suggest that they have any sympathy with the cruelty that is witnessed at such gatherings as those at Brentford.

Meanwhile these prosecutions have raised a point of considerable interest to other classes of the community than the patrons of rabbit-coursing. Consider, for instance, the position of those who play golf on Sundays. One of the summonses at Brentford was taken out under an Act of Charles I., which provides that there shall be no meetings, assemblies, or concourse of people "out of their own parishes" on the Lord's Day for any sports and pastimes whatsoever. Golfers are not breaking the law if they play on Sundays in their own parishes. But apparently all those who go to links outside their parishes—which is, of course, what many hundreds do every Sunday in the neighbourhood of London, to say

nothing of the provinces—are liable to a penalty of 3s. 4d. each, which may be recovered by distress and employed for the use of the poor of the parish (this meaning presumably the parish in which the offence is committed). One of the rabbit-coursing defendants at Brentford threatened that if he were convicted he would apply for summonses against the law-breaking golfers. It is scarcely necessary to say that I am not opposed to the playing of golf, or, for that matter, cricket or football, or any other game on Sundays. I should, however, rather like to see a few prosecutions of golfers under 3 Car. 1, c. 5, for this would hasten the repeal of a foolish and futile law which ought to have been long since removed from the Statute Book.

A motorist draws attention to the disparity between the penalties that are imposed at the petty sessions, at Lewes and at Hailsham respectively, for precisely similar offences. At Lewes the usual fine for exceeding the speed limit is £5 and costs, and it was not increased in a case in which it appeared that there were several children on the road along which the defendant had driven at the rate of thirty miles an hour. At Hailsham the usual fine is £7 and costs. No distinction is made between the first offender and the previously-convicted defendant, nor do the magistrates reduce the penalty when it is admitted that the motorist was trapped on a road absolutely free from any sort of traffic at the time. Most of the defendants before the Hailsham Bench were caught in a trap on the London to Eastbourne road at a spot where there is a perfectly straight run for two miles. It would manifestly be more useful to the public if the police worked their ingenious timing machine at dangerous cross-roads or turnings or in village streets, but then convictions might not be secured, and it is at the piling up of £7 fines rather than at the real protection of the public that the efforts of the police and magistrates are aimed.

Reigate is another place which has become notorious for the trapping of motorists, and I am interested to see that on Saturday even the magistrates were constrained to admit the unfairness of the methods adopted by the police. The traps are, of course, laid on the rural roads outside the town. In the town itself where the streets are narrow with dangerous right-angled corners, a reduced speed limit might be advantageously made compulsory. But although the Council have been urged to take the necessary steps in the matter they have refused to do anything, and probably they will persist in their refusal until some serious loss of life—there have been several slight accidents and many narrow escapes—occurs.

Draconic sentences were passed on three poachers named Joseph Unsworth, William Unsworth, and Peter Cunliffe, at Bolton County Police-court last week. In addition to poaching they were charged with assaulting a game-keeper, a police sergeant, and two constables. There was a struggle between the three prisoners and their four captors, but, needless to say, the violence was not all on one side, and Cunliffe was badly knocked about. The magistrates, Messrs. J. Phethean, Knowles Edge, and R. O. Spencer, sentenced each of the Unsworths (who had been previously convicted) to six months' hard labour for poaching and ordered them to find two sureties that they would not so offend again for two years, or in default to undergo a further term of twelve months' hard labour. Joseph Unsworth was also awarded two months' and William Unsworth six months' hard labour on the charges of assault. Cunliffe was given six months for the assault and three months for poaching, with a further six months in default of finding sureties.

The sentences are to be consecutive, so that as it is practically out of the question for such men to obtain sureties, William Unsworth will probably be imprisoned for two years, Joseph Unsworth for a year and eight months, and Cunliffe for a year and three months. Two years is the maximum term of imprisonment with hard labour (penal servitude is, of course, a very different thing) which can be inflicted by a Judge of Assize, even for the most heinous of crimes. It seems to me a monstrous state of things that a court of summary jurisdiction, composed of amateur magistrates, should be empowered to pass any such sentence or anything approaching it; and this state of things is rendered all the more monstrous by the fact that it is only in cases under the Game Laws—cases, that is to say, in which the average county J.P. is notoriously biassed and harsh—that they can do so. In the present instance, I do not believe that a Judge would have passed anything like such heavy sentences. But if a gang of poachers really do deserve as much as fifteen months or two years imprisonment, at any rate, they ought only to receive that punishment after trial before a judge and jury whose administration of justice commands the confidence of the public.

In the above case the prosecuting solicitor stated that "the police were on ordinary patrol duty, protecting the houses in the vicinity." The suggestion that it is customary for a party consisting of a police-sergeant and two constables (accompanied by a gamekeeper!) to patrol the country around Bolton "protecting the houses" is a little too thin. As a matter of fact, the gamekeeper's evidence gave the show away, for "he spoke to being *on the carriage-drive with the police* when they saw the men setting nets." It is obvious that these three police officers were employed not in "protecting houses," but in watching game preserves. Judges have over and over again laid it down that this is an improper and unwarrantable employment of the police, and the Lancashire Standing Joint Committee ought to put a stop to the practice.

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In my Legal Pillory this week two Sheffield Solons take the cake for the most striking example of ill-judged, flabby-minded leniency in dealing with an offence against the person. The victim of the defendants' brutality was a little child, and it is a travesty of justice that they should have been permitted to escape with a pecuniary penalty instead of the smart sentence of imprisonment which they richly deserved. Other noteworthy cases in which violent assaults have been inadequately punished with fines are reported from Clydebank, Barton-on-Humber, Brierley Hill, and elsewhere, while in the opposite column I give by way of contrast numerous examples of magisterial severity towards persons convicted of trumpery thefts and such heinous crimes as poaching or sleeping out without visible means of subsistence:——

Sheffield City Police Court. Before Messrs. Senior and Knowles. Fred Burrell, and his wife, charged with cruelty to a child, aged ten years, the daughter of the male defendant. Both defendants had repeatedly thrashed the child in a most brutal manner, the father using a belt. She had a black eye, her right cheek was black, and there were many bad bruises on her body. Besides beating her they tied a towel round her neck and held her up with it till she became insensible. Fined 40s. each, including costs.

Barton-on-Humber Petty Sessions. Before Alderman Tombleson, Messrs. H. Woodcock, J. B. Tombleson, and W. C. Ward and Rev. G. C. Appleby. Stephen Grey, charged with assaulting Harriet Haste by twisting her nose, knocking her down, and kicking her. A doctor gave evidence as to the complainant's injuries. Fined 20s., and costs.

Brierley Hill Police Court. Nicholas Thompson, charged with assaulting Joseph Barnes. He attacked complainant in a violent manner, blackening his eyes and cutting his face. The magistrates said it was a very serious case. Fined £3.

Doncaster Police Court. Martin Coyne, charged with assaulting Harry Ware by knocking him down and trying to throttle him. Fined 30s.

Clydebank Police Court. John Harrison, charged with creating a disturbance; with assaulting a man by striking him with his fists, butting him and kicking him; and with assaulting two policemen by striking and kicking them. One of the officers was badly hurt, and had to be attended by a doctor. Fined 40s.

Bakewell Petty Sessions. Before Mr. C. E. B. Bowles and other magistrates. Frederick Salt and Edgar Salt, charged with assaulting Caleb Bagshawe. He was knocked about in a brutal manner without the least provocation. Fined 15s. each and costs.

Worksop Police Court. Thomas Roper, John Greaves, Wm. Butler, and Wm. Pressley, charged with poaching. Two months each, and a further month each in default of finding sureties that they would not so offend again for a year.

Arundel County Police Court. Before Mr. A. Herington. Albert Charles Hill, charged with stealing apples, value 3d. A constable said he saw prisoner go into an orchard and kept watch till he came out, when he found several apples in his possession and arrested him. Seven days.

Paisley Sheriff Court. Before Sheriff Lyell. James Connor and Charles McReynold, charged with trespassing in pursuit of rabbits. Fined £2 10s. each; in default, 30 days.

Preston Borough Police Court. Before Messrs. W. M. Margerison, J. Browne, W. P. Park, S. Lee, and T. Eccles. Wm. Kirby, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. Seven days.

Wigan Police Court. Robert Wood, charged with stealing a pair of clogs from outside a shop. Three months.

Steyning Police Court. Before Mr. W. Powell Breach. Denis Slaughter and Thomas Strutt, charged with sleeping out. Seven days each.

East Harling Petty Sessions. Before Sir E. A. Nugent, Major Edwards, Major Keppel, and Mr. A. N. C. Hemsworth. George Smith, charged with sleeping out. Two months.

Leominster County Police Court. Before Dr. Hart-Smith and Messrs. G. Page and R. W. Hall. James Woodhouse, charged under the Poaching Prevention Act with being found in possession of a gun and a partridge. He was fined £5 13s., and the magistrates added that the gun should be destroyed.

Tiverton Police Court. Wm. Philpott, a lad, charged with embezzling 14s. 9d., belonging to his employer. Six weeks.

West Kerrier Police Court. Before the Mayor of Helston. Elizabeth Jose, charged with sleeping out. Fourteen days.

Loughborough Police Court. Before Messrs. F. W. Paget and A. A. Bumpus. Henry Banks, charged with being drunk and with assaulting a policeman. The officer was arresting another offender when the prisoner interfered and kicked him between the legs and on the knee. Fined 30s.

Longton Police Court. George Glover, charged with assaulting Elizabeth Sigley. They had been "keeping company," but she told him that she did not wish to have anything more to do with him, whereupon he violently assaulted her and then ran away. She had to have her injuries, including a wound on the head, attended to at the hospital. The Bench said it was a most serious assault. Fined £5.

Billericay Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. A. Ward and E. T. Mashiter and Colonel Kemble. Zachariah Neal, charged with trespassing in search of conies. Fined £2 4s.; in default, one month.

Okehampton Petty Sessions. John Bennett, charged with trespassing in pursuit of game. Fined £2 2s.

Stafford County Police Court. Edwin Simpson, George Baker, and Charles Waltho, charged with poaching. Waltho was fined 10s. and costs, and the other defendants were committed to prison for two months.

Framlingham Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. T. P. Borrett, G. E. Jeafferson, G. Walker, and Captain Schreiber. Thomas Gresham and Arthur Swift, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. Seven days each.

Sleaford Police Court. Before Major-General Sir M. Willson, Captain N. Reeve-King, and other magistrates. Martha Coulson, a poor widow, charged with selling a hare without a licence. She said that a neighbour gave her the hare, and as her children were starving she sold it, thinking the money would be of more use to her. Fined 2s. 6d. and costs. Mrs. Hubbard was charged with buying the hare from Coulson. The police said they thought Mrs. Hubbard only bought the hare out of kindness to Coulson. Fined 5s. and costs.

A new dodge for frustrating the purpose of the conscientious objection clause of the Vaccination Act was adopted some time ago by the Shallows of Hungerford. They refused to consider an application for a certificate on the ground that the objector had not given them twenty-four hours' notice of his application, though no such notice is required by the Act. It was impossible for the man to apply again, and in due course he was fined for failing to have his child vaccinated. On hearing these facts the Home Secretary remitted the fine. With characteristic impudence, however, the magistrates have since refused another application on the same ground, and the Home Secretary has now warned them that their rule as to the twenty-four hours' notice is *ultra vires*. I imagine that their worships will be greatly surprised to hear this, for in the administration of the Vaccination Act the Great Unpaid have long been allowed to assume that they may be a law unto themselves, and do whatever they please.

A man named R. H. P. Wilson, some account of whose career was given in TRUTH of April 18 last, is at present endeavouring to sell tickets for a benefit concert at Enfield on October 20. It seems desirable, therefore, to repeat the warnings that I have already given. Wilson has been engaged in begging-letter writing and swindling of different kinds for about twenty years, in the course of which he has served one term of six months' hard labour, and another of three years' penal servitude, the last sentence having been the result of a forgery. His present game is to put up an entertainment in the name of his wife, and then sell tickets to strangers by appeals in the usual strain of the begging-letter writer. His particular claim to sympathy at the present moment is that he is suffering from angina pectoris and abdominal dropsy. I cannot help thinking that a further course of treatment in one of the institutions provided by Government for such subjects would be the best remedy for his ailments.

ROYAL SOCIETY FOR PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS. Nearly 8,000 convictions last year. Complaints marked "Private," absolutely confidential.—SECRETARY, 105, Jermyn-st., London.

At the opening of the racing season a sharper calling himself "Friar Francis," 27, Addycombe Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne, was inviting greenhorns to pay him £5 5s. for a simple and infallible betting system, which with an initial stake of £10 was warranted to win from £400 to £700 a year. Seemingly he has played out this dodge, and now that the season is nearly over he is on another tack. He says he can advise you by wire "whenever a commission is being placed for any horse out of a certain stable," and "whenever they back one of their horses it generally wins." The only "remuneration" he requires is 25 per cent. of your net winnings based on a fixed stake of £2 on each horse he names, but "as a guarantee of good faith" he requires a payment in advance of £1. If you are too thick-headed to perceive that this arrangement simply works out as a game of "heads I win, tails you lose" for "Friar Francis"—well, you need to have your wits sharpened by a little useful, if expensive, experience.

With his notification of the race meetings at which he is transacting business in the following week a "Turf accountant" named William Roberts, of Brockley, now sends out his "football card, which is," he says, "the latest form of speculation." It is common knowledge that there is nowadays, unfortunately, a great amount of betting on football matches, but it will be news to most people to hear that the evil has gone so far as this. The card gives a list of sixteen matches and quotes the odds which the bookmaker will lay against the backer naming three "home team winners," three "away winners," and so on to the number of about thirty different predictions. The price in each case seems to be absurdly short, but this kind of business is in its infancy, and so I suppose backers are expected to swallow with infantile ingenuousness whatever is offered them.

A North-Country solicitor sends me, with some expressions of his feelings appropriate to the occasion, a printed communication from A. Thomas, otherwise the City of London Direct Supply Stores, 317, Upper-street, Islington. It begins thus:—

> As we are appointing agents to trace and collect from troublesome customers, we beg to herewith quote you our terms, and shall be glad to know if you care to represent us in your district.
>
> Where the amount due does not exceed 15s., we pay a commission of 20 per cent., on accounts between 15s. and £2, 15 per cent., on account above £2, 10 per cent. . . .
>
> We can also give you inquiry work, for which we pay a fee of sixpence. Each case, however, to be called upon and investigated personally, so as to report to us as per the instructions contained on our inquiry slip. . . . .

On these terms I should think Thomas will get a class of solicitors thoroughly suited to his business, and it will be interesting to know more of their method of extracting cash out of troublesome customers.

The humour of the document is enhanced by the fact, already mentioned in Truth, that this business belongs to a man named Yandell, who, a few months back, arranged with his creditors for it to be carried on under the supervision of a committee of inspection until they had got 10s. in the £ out of it. Since that date I have twice referred to complaints from people who have paid cash for goods in response to the advertisements of "A. Thomas," and been unable to get what they had paid for. An opportunity, therefore, presents itself for these "agents," when they have done with Thomas's troublesome customers, to place their services at the disposal of other troublesome customers whose trouble is that they cannot get any satisfaction from Thomas.

This worthy, besides calling himself the City of London Direct Supply Stores, further compliments the City by emblazoning his stationery with its arms. The civic motto, "Domine dirige nos," has a twofold aptness in relation to the operations of the Direct Supply Stores. Around the arms he inscribes the legend, "Licensed by His Majesty's Honourable Board of Inland Revenue," as though the arms were those of Somerset House. This doubtless means that he has taken out the usual plate dealers' licence, it being a frequent dodge of dealers in shoddy plated goods to suggest in this way that they are under some sort of Government sanction and supervision. It does not, however, necessarily mean that they have taken out licences for armorial bearings, and His Majesty's Honourable Board of Inland Revenue might well ascertain whether "A. Thomas" has complied with that little formality.

A correspondent forwards one of the latest samples of the begging letters of Mrs. Hanham, the wife of the Vicar of Graveney, near Faversham. As this lady is still preying upon sympathetic ladies and gentlemen with her tale of woe, it seems desirable to repeat the many warnings that have been given in Truth against her appeals. Among my many acquaintances in this line I think Mrs. Hanham surpasses all in the matter of volubility, for she invariably covers ten or twelve pages of notepaper with her story. The story, however, is always the same, and in its latest edition the lady and her sick husband are still threatened with ruin by the inexorable creditors to whom the gentleman has become responsible for another man's debts (in order to hush up a family scandal), and the lady is as ready as ever to promise prompt repayment of the loan (£34 10s.) which she asks for in order to save her husband and her home. It is significant that in forwarding the appeal my correspondent remarks that it "does not sound" like a fraud. If he had had as much experience as I have, he would recognise the hall-mark of fraud on every page of it. Mrs. Hanham is, of course, only one of a large army of mendicants who make a handsome income by appeals of this kind, and the family resemblance of all such documents is so marked that it is surprising that so many people should be unable to recognise their character at a glance.

The public cannot be too often warned to be on their guard against sham auction sales of second-hand furniture held in private houses. I heard of a sale of this class which took place two or three weeks ago in Collingham-road, South Kensington. The late tenant had died, and the whole of the furniture had been removed from the house for some weeks, when suddenly the house was stocked at night with furniture of a class which can easily be guessed, and notices of

a sale were exhibited, which sale duly came off, and extended over two days. The description of the goods in the catalogue is obviously worded so as to suggest, without actually saying it, that the furniture is the property of the late or present occupier of the house; and, of course, this is the more likely to be believed because nobody would expect to find a house, which must be rented at two or three hundred a year, being used for the purpose of a make-believe sale of this kind. It is surprising, indeed, that such a thing should be allowed by the superior landlords.

The sale in the foregoing case was advertised to be conducted by Messrs. Campbell Smith and Co., auctioneers, of 5, Garrick-street, St. Martin's-lane, and, not wishing to do an injustice to anybody, I instructed one of my staff to call on the firm and hear what they had to say about the affair. He reports that he has called over half-a-dozen times at 5, Garrick-street, but has failed to find Messrs. Campbell Smith and Co., the door being always locked, and a notice stating that the firm will be "back in the afternoon," or at some future time. That being so, I do not suppose that any injustice is likely to be done to the firm by mentioning its share in this particular sale.

A lady in London who advertised the other day for a nurse, received a letter from a Mrs. T. B. Bruce, of 81, King's Road, Brighton, who desired to recommend what would appear to be one of the most gifted, accomplished, and trustworthy females that ever entered domestic service. Mrs. Bruce was only parting with this treasure because she herself was going abroad. The nurse would come up to London for an interview if expenses were defrayed. The lady in London, having a relative in Brighton, replied that this relative would call on Mrs. Bruce to see the nurse. Mrs. B. at once wrote to both ladies that her servant had already taken another situation, but this information was not received in time to prevent the promised visit to 81, King's Road, and the discovery that it was the office of Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son, where Mrs. Bruce had letters addressed to her. A subsequent inquiry at the same address showed that Mrs. Bruce has since left Brighton, and has her letters forwarded to Cook's office in London. There is something rather mysterious about this story, and I am curious to know whether Mrs. Bruce's incomparable domestic has been offered in reply to any other advertisements for servants, and whether any fares from Brighton to London have been paid in consequence.

It seems that I am responsible for garbling Tacitus. In the article on Lord Randolph Churchill which appeared last week, it was said that the remark of the historian about another statesman—"dignus imperii nisi imperâsset"—might have proved applicable to Lord Randolph if he had ever become leader of his party. I seem to think that my contributor has used the same phrase before in relation to other people, and I am not sure that I have not met with it in the same form elsewhere. But a scholarly reader tells me that what Tacitus wrote, speaking of Galba, was "capax imperii nisi imperâsset." He adds that "dignus" properly takes the ablative after it, not the genitive. I suppose I must apologise to the historian. I have a bit of a grudge against him, dating many years back, so perhaps the account may be considered as square now. But as for the ablative rather than the genitive, my recollection of Tacitus is that in playing irresponsible pranks with his mother tongue, he was, like Habakkuk, "capable (or capax) de tout."

In view of the November municipal elections the Tory press is dishing up again all its stale old stories about the extravagance of the wicked Progressives. This must be very diverting to the ratepayers in those London boroughs—the majority of them—which have been foolish enough to put their trust in the moderation of so-called Moderates. The *Star* is doing good service by relating the achievements of some of these apostles of economy and efficiency. The case of Marylebone with its electric lighting undertaking is particularly instructive. The old vestry of Moderates allowed a private company to appropriate the electric lighting monopoly, and in a few years the Council, also composed of Moderates, bought the company out at a cost of £1,212,000, of which no less than £1,000,000 represented goodwill. Hundreds of thousands have since been spent on new works, bringing up the final estimated cost to £2,000,000. And what is the present position? Marylebone now has an electric lighting system which has not only been outrageously expensive, but is at this moment so inefficient that last week the Council were mulcted in penalties to the amount of £60 for failing to maintain a proper supply at a shop in Oxford-street. No wonder the Moderates are now anxious to appeal to their constituents in a new name.

We have most of us made up our minds by this time as to the true inwardness of the MacDonnell mystery, and, if we had not, Lord Lansdowne's contribution to its solution would not help us—rather the reverse. Only the other day Mr. Wyndham declared emphatically that *he* appointed Sir Antony, and that Mr. Balfour had no responsibility in the matter. Now Lord Lansdowne declares that Mr. Balfour appointed him, on the joint recommendation of Lord Lansdowne himself and Mr. Wyndham, who had been commissioned by the Prime Minister to make inquiries as to the candidate's character and antecedents. This is about what was supposed before Mr. Wyndham arose to enlighten the public. Mr. Wyndham's object was to obstruct the attempt of the Irish Unionists to get the "embarrassing letters" out of Mr. Balfour. Naturally, therefore, Lord Lansdowne's evidence has led to a renewed demand that Mr. Balfour shall make a full confession. That the letters will be produced I have never supposed, and Lord Lansdowne's speech makes it clear that they will not be. In that case the conspirators had much better have held their tongues all along. It is a fatal mistake for a party of friends in a case like this to go into the witness-box one after another without agreeing beforehand what they are going to say.

The following extract from a private letter from Griqualand West is interesting and even entertaining.

Apparently some enterprising Boers are profiting by what they learned during our own little war. One ought, of course, to be shocked at such roguery, but still it is difficult to help feeling some amusement at the discovery that the Germans, with their much-vaunted superiorities of military organisation, are being dished by the contractors just as British officers were:—

The war in German South-West Africa is a profitable affair for many of our alien neighbours, including the Jews, who secure nearly all the contracts. Most of the transport goes *viâ* Prieska and Uppington, which are places you will remember, and passes through here *en route*. Many Dutchmen are engaged in buying horses, mules, donkeys, and oxen, which they sell at a good profit to the Germans for cash, and in a day or two they get many of the animals back—no matter how—and re-sell them through another channel to the same German officers.

THE BATHER AND THE BREAKERS.

Last Week, your Fabulist wrote he
About a Mermaid in the Sea;
This Week, he writes, on kindred Plan,
About a Mer—and eke mere—Man.

Saw Yesterday these Eyes of mine
A Merman, swimming in the Brine,
Who—for the Sea ran high and rough—
Found that his Job was rather tough.
A Pal, who had the next Machine,
Standing upon its Steps was seen,
To whom the Swimmer cried: "What ho!
This Water's beastly rough, you know.
Look out, Mate, how you pass the Breakers!
They are—no bloomin' Error—shakers!"
"Pooh!" said his Friend, and scornful eyed
The Waves from where he stood *outside*.
"*Breakers*, d' ye term these Wavelets small?
They're just what I'd a *Ripple* call."
So spake he, with contemptuous Mien,
As down he stepped from his Machine.
But when, those "Wavelets small" among,
Breathless he'd thrice been headlong flung,
'Twas quite another Song he sung:
"*These Waves, now in their Midst I stand,*
Are rougher than they looked from Land."

Moral.

The Woes which on our *Neighbours* fall
We, *from Outside*, pooh-pooh as small;
But when our *Selves* thereby are troubled,
Their Size becomes, that instant, DOUBLED.

SCRUTATOR.

BOOK CLUBS AND BREECHES CLUBS.

THE controversy between the *Times* and the publishers has, incidentally, raised the question, "Are books too dear?" Many authorities have given the public the benefit of their opinion on this question. It may have an interest of its own for buyers and readers of books, but it has not, so far as I can see, any relation to the present dispute in the book trade. That the price of books all round is artificially kept at a level above what the natural conditions of the market would justify is, *primâ facie*, difficult to believe. I should think it possible that a mistake is sometimes made in issuing an expensive edition of a work of great public interest with the intention of following it with a cheaper edition a year or two later. But this is a question of policy which those in the trade may possibly understand better than outsiders; and, what is of more consequence, it can apply only to those exceptional cases where a very large sale can be expected with certainty. Setting aside novels, it can rarely happen that a couple of books are published in twelve months for which a sufficient public demand to justify a large cheap edition can be relied upon.

Mr. Hall Caine's incursion into the fray is neither instructive nor graceful. He has been adding up in the *Daily Mail* the cost of ink, printing, and paper in the spirit of the *Times* advertisement writer, and he has arrived at the conclusion that "middlemen" make a profit of 2s. 2½d. on every copy of a six-shilling novel sold at 4s. 6d. He is fairer to the trade than his rival of the Book Club, and he has got the gross divisible profit down from 800 to less than 100 per cent. But he still, like the *Times* calculator, fails to take into account the fact that, on this basis, publisher and bookseller will lose between them 2s. 2½d. on every copy which they fail to sell, the possibility that the greater part of the copies may be left on their hands in nearly every case, and the probability that a large number will be in very many. This aspect of the business was fully dealt with in the first article on the *Times* advertisements which appeared in TRUTH a fortnight ago. It is therefore unnecessary to point out again the absurdity of estimating middlemen's profits by a comparison between "cost of production" and retail price in the case of a highly speculative trade, in which, for one reason or another, large losses on many ventures are an inevitable incident. The test by which Mr. Caine has undertaken to prove his point has obviously no bearing on it. The question which he has raised relates to new novels, and he has undertaken to test it on a play, which is itself founded on a novel of established popularity. The play is being performed nightly to crowded houses, and the book has therefore a standing daily advertisement to thousands of people, which will not be charged in the publishers' account of the book. The book is to be published by the most widely circulated newspaper of the day, which enjoys exceptional advantages for commending it to the public; and the "experiment" is boomed by all the circumstances under which it is to be made. As regards plays, the "test" will prove less than nothing, for the plays of popular dramatists are already published in the book market at lower prices than Mr. Caine proposes to issue his at; and as regards the publication of new novels it is palpably irrelevant. All that it will demonstrate is the proficiency of Mr. Hall Caine and the *Daily Mail* in the art of advertising, which was hardly needed.

But even if it could be shown that books are "too dear," what prospect is there of their being cheapened by the operations of *The Times* Book Club? The casual observer, or the purchaser of books through the Club, may argue, not unnaturally, that underselling, which is the sole cause of the present dispute, necessarily means reduced prices to the public. For the moment, of course, it does. But it is necessary in these cases to look a little ahead, and to consider the motive of the underselling. This is not a case of ordinary trade

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competition in which one firm by superior business management, or going to work on a larger scale, is enabled to force its competitors to reduce their prices to the same level or shut up their shops. The ordinary booksellers cannot reduce their prices to the Book Club level because the Book Club is not a bookseller only. It is also a circulating library, and the circulating library is a branch of the *Times* newspaper. A firm which has several lines of business can afford to deal in one at a loss for the purpose of bringing customers to another; for example, a draper may put one article in his window below cost price to tempt customers into his shop and then persuade them to buy something on which he is making a handsome profit. Again, a circulating library may sell books below cost price and yet not lose money on them, having already made something out of them by lending them to subscribers to read. It is out of the question, therefore, for the bookseller who is a bookseller only to compete with the Book Club in price if the two are left to fight out their battle single-handed. It follows that the booksellers must go under, and that the bulk of the bookselling trade must fall into the hands of the Book Club, and any other circulating libraries which are in a position to compete with it. In other words, the trade will fall into the hands of a very small ring. If anybody supposes, with Mr. Hall Caine, that such a ring, when it had once fairly got command of the market, would continue to sell books at any less profit than the ordinary tradesman gets out of them to-day, or that it would have any policy but the policy of all rings, to raise prices to the consumer, it is waste of time to argue with him.

It is worth while to point out here that the *Times* has never asked the publishers to reduce their prices, and that its position in the present dispute would not be altered if they did so. The resolution adopted against the Book Club was not the outcome of spontaneous action by the publishers, but of pressure put upon them by the booksellers, who saw their trade threatened with ruin by *The Times* Book Club. This has now been explained very fully to the public by the president of the Booksellers' Association. What the publishers have done is designed to protect the bookselling trade against an illegitimate cut-throat competition by a firm which has no interest in that trade except as a means of advertising another class of business. No doubt the publishers would not take this course if they did not think that it is to their interest to keep the booksellers on their legs—in other words, to prevent the retail trade falling into the hands of a small ring. But so long as they sell their books it does not matter directly to them to whom they sell, or at what price the first buyer resells them. If they reduced the price of new books 20 or 50 per cent. to-morrow, the dispute would remain unchanged as long as the *Times* was restricted from underselling the rest of the retail trade. On the other hand, if that restriction is withdrawn to-morrow, the *Times* will resume buying books at the publishers' prices as heretofore, and we shall hear not another word about its heroic resolution to reduce them.

Again, how can *The Times* Book Club or any circulating library be interested in reducing the price of books? The dearer the books the greater the demand for the lending library. At the same time, the library must tend in a considerable degree to keep up the price of books. The effect of a lending library is to make a single volume serve the needs of more than a single purchaser—in some cases, perhaps, a dozen people, in others three or four times that number, or more. Their joint subscriptions enable the books to be produced at a price which pays the author and the publishers, which a sale at prices within the reach of the same number of people would not. The library, therefore, keeps up prices. "The public wants cheap books," says Mr. Hall Caine. Of a great many new books—and it is only new books we are concerned with; reprints of standard works are cheap and plentiful enough—the statement certainly is not true. All that the public wants is cheap novels, and the public gets them in unlimited quantities—through the circulating libraries. At what price it gets them I think few people have calculated. Twopence a volume is the normal rate to non-subscribers in thousands of little lending libraries which supply in the aggregate hundreds of thousands of readers. At Boot's, Cash Chemists, which as a benefactor of the reading public beats the *Times* hollow, you can get almost any book you want and as many of them as you want for a subscription of 10s. per annum. If you take the victims of the novel habit who change their books two or three times a week (sometimes oftener than that) at Boot's, or some such library, you will find that they are paying less than 1d. per volume. If it were a guinea subscription at Mudie's or Smith's, the charge would not amount to 2d. When Mr. Hall Caine sees in his vision a benevolent Book Trust bringing out somebody's novels at prices within the reach of all who want them, has he reflected that they want them, and get them already, at 1d. or 2d. the volume? I think he will find that 4s. 6d. for a humble ten or fifteen thousand will pay the author better. Anyhow, when new novels come to be sold at the price which the public now pays for reading them, the circulating library will cease to exist, and *The Times* Book Club with it, if not the *Times* newspaper. Let us hear no more nonsense, then, about the Book Club being interested in cheap books, or moving a finger or spending a penny to bring down their price—except for its own special and temporary purposes.

Let us imagine a situation such as the *Times* has created arising in some other trade. We will take breeches, which have been associated before now with books. My tailor charges me two guineas for a pair of these indispensable garments. I have long thought it too much, and probably many of my readers think the same in their own case. There is evidence, moreover, that the articles can be produced much more cheaply. Having the highest example in journalism before me, suppose that I decide to start a Truth Trouser Club. I offer to all annual subscribers to Truth on the usual terms the following privileges, in addition to the delivery of the paper weekly: (1) The use of a pair of two-guinea trousers free; (2) the right to change their trousers as often as they like at this office, or to have a fresh pair delivered at their doors

Handle Carefully, LOWELL, MASS.

once a week; (3) the option of purchasing club trousers at reduced prices in Class A, B, C, or D, according to the state of repair that the garments are in after the other members have had a turn at them. In Class A the trousers will be undistinguishable from new; in Class D they will be a bit baggy at the knees, but still thoroughly serviceable. Having booked, let us say, a thousand subscribers, I go to Savile-row and that district and order for the club of various firms of high standing a thousand pairs of trousers of all hues and sizes, just to begin with. As I am such a good customer I shall of course expect a biggish discount, and I shall not fail to stipulate for a batch of trouser advertisements in Truth. The tailors at first think it rather good business. As for the members of the club, they enjoy themselves unspeakably. They astonish their friends at their other clubs by coming out in a different pair of trousers every day, and they fill their cupboards and shelves to bursting with garments of the best West-end style at Houndsditch prices. The Truth Trouser Club catches on. It is recognised that I have conferred, entirely free of charge, a priceless boon upon the trouser-wearing public. To meet the rush of subscribers, and to provide the necessary facilities for changing trousers, I have to take palatial premises in a leading thoroughfare. I inaugurate them with a mammoth sale of brand-new trousers at low prices, buying up for the purpose the stock of half the slop-shops in the Kingdom. As the result of all this, advertised regardless of expense, the circulation of Truth goes up by leaps and bounds. The Club and its public-spirited founder are in the seventh heaven. But the devil is among the tailors. The demand for new trousers from private customers is found to be vanishing, and the best customers, the men who used to have a new pair once or twice a month, have disappeared entirely. The Club custom is no compensation for these losses. At the end of a year one firm, from whom the Club has taken 200 pairs, finds that it has lost fifty customers who used to be good for 500, and so on all down Savile-row and the adjacent thoroughfares. It is easy to see that the Club movement will not stop at trousers. Coats and waistcoats are bound to follow. Besides, other papers will join in the movement. The *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Telegraph* will soon be going into the second-hand clothes trade, and, by virtue of their colossal circulations, will take millions of customers from the tailors' shops. The tailors and the slop-shops see ruin before them. They do not mind legitimate competition in their own trade, but they object to be undersold by a Trouser Club which is run at a loss in order that a high-priced newspaper may be sold at a profit. Evidently they must take to selling newspapers at a loss in order to sell trousers at a profit, or else they must stop the journalist from giving away trousers. Choosing the second and easier course, the tailors decide not to supply the Truth Trouser Club unless it undertakes not to sell off its stock below cost price until it is visibly the worse for wear.

Then I go on the war-path. I show by adding up the cost of cloth, cotton, and buttons that a pair of two-guinea trousers can be produced for 5s. 3d. I advertise on all the hoardings that an unscrupulous trade is making 800 per cent. profit out of its helpless customers. I denounce the indecent greed of the monopolists who would rather kill the Truth Trouser Club, and leave its members to take refuge in kilts or blankets, than abate a jot of its profits. I swear that this thing shall not be. Truth has promised the world cheap trousers, and Truth will see that the world gets them. In the name of public decency, I appeal to all the trouser-wearing public to aid me by filling up the attached form of annual subscription to Truth. I publish letters from X 99, Y 999, and Z 9,999, members of the club, testifying to the merits of the Truth trousers, and exhorting me as the champion of cheap clothing to stick to my guns and smash up Savile-row. Though hitherto a convinced Protectionist, I put up an anonymous "Free Trader" to write letters to Truth, proving by means of his ancient shibboleths that two-guinea trousers stand for all that is most pernicious in the propaganda of the Tariff Reform League. And this is only the opening of the campaign. "Whatever steps I may in future be compelled to take in defending the Trouser Club and the public" (I quote *mutatis mutandis* from last Saturday's *Times*) must be left for the present to the imagination.

The Trouser Club is as close an imitation of the Book Club as the circumstances of two different trades will allow. The position of the newspapers in the two cases is precisely parallel. It might have been supposed until last Saturday that there was a slight element of difference, but now the *Times* has informed the world that it "originated, owns, and directs the Book Club, and is in every way responsible for it." My relation to the Trouser Club therefore exactly corresponds to that of the proprietors of the *Times* towards the Book Club. What is the position, stripped of all the sophistry, misrepresentation, and false issues by which it has been obscured? Simply that of a trader manufacturing and selling one article, who, for reasons best known to himself, prices his goods at three times their market value, and, finding his sales diminish in consequence, decides to "give away" another class of goods by way of gaining customers for his own at his own price. It is a practice well known in the lowest walks of commercial life, but hitherto confined to them. Adopted for the first time by a firm of world-wide reputation, and supported by a heavy expenditure of money and unstinted advertisement, it achieves a considerable success. But with what result? That another trade is threatened with ruin, and takes steps to defend itself. Finding himself in a difficulty, the interloper poses as a public benefactor, and endeavours to obtain support in the dispute he has provoked and to bring more grist to his own mill by advertising himself in that character. Is he a public benefactor? Obviously not, because the whole object of his operations is to sell his own goods above the market price. The hypocritical pretence that he makes seems to aggravate whatever was previously open to objection in his proceedings. I am sorry to see the leading firm in my own line of business drift into so invidious and ignominious a position; and as its example must have an influence on my trade and others, I hope that the result in this case may not be such as to encourage imitation.

THE ARCHBISHOP AND CATHOLIC TRUSTS.

The reply of the Archbishop of Westminster to the correspondence that has appeared in Truth respecting the administration of Catholic Funds has evoked, as was to be expected, numerous replies from those who have written to me. Some of them I will come to hereafter. But in view of the vehemence of the Archbishop's language it behoves me to say something first on my own account. The Archbishop complains that "a veritable campaign of slander" has been carried on in the columns of Truth against him and some of his colleagues in the Episcopate. He recites a number of those alleged slanders, in his own words, and putting his own interpretation on them. He leaves the utterers, which must include me as the publisher, and the writers of these slanders to the judgment of God. He characterises the utterances as "false statements." With reluctance, and "solely from a constraining sense of duty," he disposes of them thus: "I now declare on my honour as a Bishop of the Catholic Church, that the aforesaid statements are, one and all, absolute falsehoods, and whoever they may be, I declare that those who utter and those who write these things are bearers of false witness." The whole letter is therefore that of a man in an exalted position, who has been vilely traduced by the publication of lies about him, who personally regards these lies with scorn, but who for the sake of the Church of which he is the spiritual head in this country feels it his duty to make once and for all this solemn public denial, but in general terms and without entering into detailed particulars or explanation. Such an attitude is calculated to impress all who read it, some months after the allegations have been made, and to enlist sympathy for a public man and a minister of religion who has been so vilely persecuted. But when the allegations complained of are recalled, and compared with the denial, such sympathy will be found to be misplaced, and the question will suggest itself whether the aggrieved Archbishop is not intentionally evading the issue, and whether his attitude of indignant protest is any better than a theatrical pose.

I said briefly last week that the Archbishop seemed to be denying what had not been said and passing over what really had been said. I have since confirmed this impression by going fully over everything that has appeared in Truth respecting the administration of Catholic trusts in this country since the subject was first brought to public notice by the failure of Mr. Bishop last spring. In an article which appeared in Truth of March 28 I called attention to the fact that Mr. Bishop, who had failed on the Stock Exchange with an estimated excess of £88,762 of liabilities over assets, had a large and influential Roman Catholic *clientèle*, and that representatives of at least one diocese were losers to an enormous amount. I observed that the loss showed that ecclesiastical funds had been used in an unwarrantable and inexcusable manner, and that this was no new thing where Roman Catholic funds were concerned. In proof of this last point I gave extracts from a letter of the present Bishop of Portsmouth to the Administrator of his diocese, which plainly implied that under the rule of his predecessor, and when he himself was Administrator of the diocese, diocesan funds had been employed in speculative financial operations, first, under the Divine blessing, with a gratifying profit, but ultimately, through "a crisis in the financial world," with a loss of between £7,000 and £8,000. The name of this Bishop (Bishop Cahill) was not mentioned, but came out soon afterwards. The Truth article attracted great attention, and another journal discovered that the diocese which had lost so heavily in the Bishop bankruptcy was that of Southwark. Thereupon a representative of that diocese called upon me, and explained the whole circumstances. The money which had been lost amounted to upwards of £56,000. It belonged to the Dawes Trust—a part of the magnificent benefactions of the late Mr. Dawes, of Petworth—to the Catholic Church. The trustees employed Mr. Bishop as their stockbroker, and trusted him implicitly. He was engaged in selling investments and reinvesting the money, and as a matter of convenience, owing to the frequent necessity of effecting sales or purchases quickly to catch the market, and the difficulty of getting all the trustees together at short notice, they had given him a joint power of attorney to deal with their investments. They were deeply conscious, my visitor said, of their error, but as he himself had only been a trustee for a few months, and had no opportunity of becoming familiar with the business of the trust, he was personally free from blame, and could not give much more information than what I have now stated.

I made some observations on this information in Truth, and from that date letters from Roman Catholics who know something of the course of financial administration in the Church began to pour in upon me. The tenor of all of them was the same. A great evil existed. The root of it was the assumption by the English bishops of the right to deal with ecclesiastical endowments at their own discretion, regardless of the terms of trusts and the interests of individual missions and establishments. On the top of this certain bishops—inspired by confidence in their own financial talents or in that of advisers like Mr. Bishop—had developed an evil habit of investing trust money in speculative securities with a view of making a profit—in plain English, gambling on the Stock Exchange. Numerous examples of those abuses were given in different letters from May 2 onwards. One writer explained the precise meaning of the above-mentioned letter of the Bishop of Portsmouth. The explanation was that in the episcopate of Bishop Vertue, the present Bishop being administrator, the endowments of two of the diocesan missions were used for speculating in Argentine securities, which were then booming on the Stock Exchange, the object in view being to obtain money to build a cathedral; and that the substitution of a slump for a boom on the occurrence of the Baring smash led to all the money being lost. Archbishop Bourne was first mentioned in the same letter. It was alleged that he was infected with the speculative spirit and much influenced by Bishop Cahill, and that the entrusting of Bishop with power over the Dawes Fund was attributable to him during the time that he was Bishop of Southwark. It is interesting to note that this letter

led to the publication of a contradiction in the *Tablet*, which ranks as a semi-official paper. But, so far as it related to the loss of ecclesiastical funds, the contradiction was very carefully worded, and by no means excluded the possibility of the Bishop having been fully aware of the course taken by the Dawes Trustees, or having personally concerned himself with the Stock Exchange transactions which Mr. Bishop was conducting on behalf of the Trust. The wording of the *Tablet* denial is very similar to the corresponding passage in that of the Archbishop himself, which will be referred to presently.

The next statements about episcopal tampering with trust funds made by correspondents of TRUTH were (1) that the Bishop of Portsmouth had contrived to appropriate to his own episcopal uses the income of the mission at Gosport; (2) that, when Bishop of Southwark, Dr. Bourne had diverted the income of the mission of Petworth (endowed by Mr. Dawes with £300 a year) by putting in a priest at a salary of £120 or £150, and applying the rest to other purposes; (3) that a seminary at Hammersmith, founded at great cost by Cardinal Manning, had been abolished by Cardinal Vaughan, and that nobody knew what had become of the proceeds, but a sum of £12,000 was believed to have been lost; (4) that a sum of £12,000 collected for the Bede College at Rome was entrusted to Cardinal Vaughan, who lost it in "foolish speculations"; (5) that the diocese of Nottingham had lost £1,000 through foolish speculations by trustees; (6) that a northern diocese lost £20,000 in the same way; (7) that no accounts have ever been issued of the enormous expenditure on the cathedral at Westminster, and that Catholics are quite in the dark as to the present financial position of the undertaking; and so on. I recite all these allegations to show how wide is the ground they cover, and what a serious question they present for the consideration of English Catholics, independently altogether of the individual responsibility of Archbishop Bourne in certain cases. The question whether the present system of ecclesiastical administration is suitable to the interests of the Church of England, and to the protection of the just rights of the laity, has been fully discussed by my correspondents and myself in the course of the correspondence. This is not a question to be thrust aside and dismissed as a malicious personal attack on the Archbishop. His conduct has necessarily been called in question, but I have taken the liberty of suppressing many personal observations into which some of my correspondents have been betrayed in order that the opportunity might not be given of treating it on the other side as a personal matter. Nevertheless, the Archbishop has chosen so to treat it, and that he should do so, without offering any explanation of the particular transactions in which he has been concerned, is the most significant thing about his letter.

For convenience, I will now give the Archbishop's statement in the *Tablet* of the allegations which he wishes it to be believed have been made against him, and I will follow it with replies which I have received from those whom he calls liars and cowards:—

> The Editor has allowed it to be stated or insinuated that I have lost large sums of money either in my official capacity as Archbishop or as a private person; that I have appropriated money belonging to my former diocese; that my revered friend, the Bishop of Portsmouth, has been my financial adviser and the cause of my alleged losses and imprudences; that the said Bishop has lost the money left to build a church at Winchester; that I suspended a priest on account of his financial criticisms, and that, on his appeal to the Holy See, I was obliged to withdraw the suspension; that I made over trust funds to a gambler on the Stock Exchange and lost them; that I gave a power of attorney to a stockbroker to deal at his discretion with diocesan funds; that Bishops have been actuated by financial considerations in endeavouring to make what they conscientiously regard as the most effective provision for the spiritual needs of our Catholic soldiers; that I have disregarded the wishes and directions of those who have founded and endowed missions, and so forth.

The allegations in this paragraph are thus dealt with *seriatim* by one of my correspondents:—

1. "That I have lost large sums of money either in my official capacity as Archbishop or as a private person." Such a thing has not been said in TRUTH. When, some months ago, the *Tablet* in an inspired note declared that the Archbishop in his official capacity, or as a trustee, or as a private individual, had not lost a sixpence by speculation, the sophistry was at once exposed in your columns. Whatever he had done, he had done not as Archbishop, nor as a trustee, nor as a private individual, but as Bishop of Southwark. . . .

I might add that it was expressly stated by the last correspondent of TRUTH who dealt with the Dawes Trust that, although the Bishop of Southwark is under the founder's will an *ex officio* trustee, Dr. Bourne never accepted this position. It must follow that he could have done nothing but advise the trustees or make suggestions backed by the weight of his position as Bishop of the diocese.

2. "That I have appropriated money belonging to my former diocese." Not a word has been said to this effect. *Appropriation* is not the same as *diversion*. It is the former Bishop of Southwark that is accused of diverting moneys from one object to another; he is not accused of appropriating them, *i.e.*, of applying them to his own private use. Why this *ignoratio elenchi?*

3. "That my revered friend, the Bishop of Portsmouth, has been my financial adviser and the cause of my alleged losses and imprudences." This is not a very defamatory allegation, but again I find no such statements in the charges formulated against the Archbishop. I remember it was suggested, and with reason, that he was evidently desirous of emulating the financial successes of Bishop Cahill, and I maintain that the example of Bishop Vertue's "tape-man" has not been without its effect in causing the present collapse.

4 "That the said Bishop has lost the money left to build a church at Winchester." A matter belonging to Bishop Cahill should be dealt with by that prelate; but I will ask the Archbishop this one question: Was the money used as a financial basis for speculations? It does not affect the accuracy of the statement if the money has since been replaced. It is many years ago since the money was left. Why has not the church been already built? The exact truth of the statement I leave to the approaching examination of the Charity Commissioners.

5. "That I suspended a priest on account of his financial criticisms, and that on his appeal to the Holy See I was obliged to withdraw his suspension." To this the reply is easy. Did Father Duggan, then of Maidstone, write a pamphlet on the proposed sale of the Presbytery to pay, not for a mission debt, but for one incurred to suit the convenience of Bishop Coffin? Was Father Duggan suspended immediately? Did he appeal to Rome? Was the suspension removed in consequence? Will the Archbishop print the reply of Propaganda? and will Father Duggan say whether the above statement is correct?

6. The next point the Archbishop makes is: "That I made over trust funds to a gambler on the Stock Exchange and lost them." Is not this absolutely the fact? Were not the funds trusts? Was not the broker a gambler? And were they not lost? What can be the possible good of raising such points when it is admitted by all that trust funds were lost by a gamble?

I may remark here that my correspondent has possibly missed the point of the denial. For the reasons given above, it clearly cannot be said that the Archbishop "handed over" the Dawes investments to Mr. Bishop, and I am quite sure that nobody has said he did.

7. "That I gave a power of attorney to a stockbroker to deal at his discretion with diocesan funds." The Archbishop, as former Bishop of Southwark, has never been charged with giving a power of attorney to a stockbroker. What his precise relations were with Mr. Bishop, or what were the causes of his frequent visits to the City, have not yet come under discussion.

What was stated, and what the Archbishop knows perfectly well was stated, is that the trustees of the Dawes Fund signed a document authorising Bishop to deal with the funds.

8. "That Bishops have been actuated by financial consideration in endeavouring to make what they conscientiously regard as the most effectual provisions for the spiritual needs of any Catholic soldiers." What the Bishops' consciences have been in the matter is not the question. But the man in the street may fairly ask, What but financial consideration could have moved them to act in such a manner? The most effectual provision for the spiritual needs of any Catholic soldiers is to leave their welfare in the hands of chaplains with nothing else to do but to attend to their needs, instead of placing the case in the hands of other priests who have as much as they can do to look after their own missions. I ask: Did the Archbishop, or did he not, hold the bait of 'no pension' before the War Office when he tried to get the military chaplaincies abolished? And, why?

9. "That I have disregarded the wishes and directions of those who have founded and endowed missions, and so forth." I ask: Did Mr. Dawes endow Petworth with £350 a year? Did Bishop Bourne take away a great part of the endowment? Was this in accordance with Mr. Dawes' intention? Was some special furniture removed from Petworth to Wonersh Seminary? I will ask further: Have the endowments of certain other missions, for example, those of Shoreham, or Horsham, been applied exactly as intended? Has the endowment of the Chislehurst School been devoted to its purpose? These things being so, how are we to take the Archbishop's words: "That the aforesaid statements are one and all absolute falsehoods"?

I must add a few words as to the Archbishop's remarks about Mr. Bishop: He says: "Mr. Bishop failed in December, 1905, I had ceased to be Bishop of Southwark in September, 1903." An effective point apparently, until we ask whether it is not the fact that the bulk of the money was lost some six months or more before September, 1903. I ask the Archbishop whether at some date before September, 1903, he did not know that the money was lost, or in the gravest danger? Will he explain why, when the Vicar Capitular of Westminster sent out official news of the appointment, the new Archbishop-Elect threatened heavy ecclesiastical censure on the Southwark Chapter if they proceeded to fulfil their duty of electing at once a Vicar Capitular for the vacant See? Will he also explain why during this delay he besought the Holy See to allow him to remain Apostolic Administrator of Southwark until a new bishop had taken possession? Also, why he moved heaven and earth to get the appointment of a friend to the diocese, and when in Rome went round to canvas for votes for Father Amigo? Why, when by dint of importunity he had secured the nomination of his friend, he still kept possession of the Southwark books which he had taken to Westminster? Why he told Bishop Amigo that the investments had better be left as they were, and that, as the cheques came in he would pass them on to his Suffragan?

Lastly, the Archbishop says: "The advice given by Mr. Bishop was perfectly sound. The choice of investments was strictly within the terms of the trust deeds drawn up by the direction of the late Mr. Dawes. The heavy loss was due entirely to the neglect of Mr. Bishop to give effect to the specific instruction of the trustees based on his own advice." This gives away the whole matter, and is the most open confession of incompetence and culpable negligence. Did the trustees see that Mr. Bishop carried out their instructions? Had they done so the money would not have been lost. To hand over the money to a stockbroker, after asking his advice and giving him specific instructions, and yet not to take the elementary precaution of asking for the script, is an outrage upon common sense. Mr. Bishop's examination is by no means completed. But already it has been shown that the Rev. J. Bellecoq, of St. Sulpice, Paris (whose connection with the Archbishop has not yet been made public), lost in this manner, viz.: Mr. Bishop only invested a small part of the money entrusted to him, and kept the balance until a favourable opportunity offered for investing, meanwhile he paid the gentleman interest, which presumably came out of his own capital. This possibly was what took place through the carelessness of the Southwark authorities, who, as long as they got their half-yearly cheques, did not trouble any more about the matter. How foolish and how culpable they have been is clear from this other point. Mr. Dawes died in 1899, and from that time till Mr. Bishop's bankruptcy the Southwark authorities do not seem to have taken the slightest pains to discover whether their instructions to this broker were carried out or not. If there was any script bought at all it was never in their possession.

The Archbishop's letter has cleared up the position a great deal. His defence turns out to be a confession, and is the most damaging document that has yet been published in connection with the scandals. He says that he is slandered. "This I can prove to anyone who has a right to call upon me for proof." He has stated in a public letter that for the use of his discretion he is responsible only to God and the Holy See. He denies and gives no proof, and I have shown what value is to be attached to his denials.

This letter shows, I think, very cogently, the unconvincing and unsatisfactory character of the Archbishop's denials. I have much other correspondence before me, and those who have been so violently attacked by the Archbishop have a right to be heard in reply. But I must ask them to wait another week.

CANTEENS IN THE NAVY.

The inquiry now being conducted by an Admiralty Committee into the system of canteen management in the Navy has to deal with questions of considerable importance to the public as well as to the Service. The appointment of the Committee in itself denotes a change of attitude on the part of the Admiralty, a change long called for, but postponed as long as possible from a desire to shirk a troublesome question. Probably very few people outside the Navy are aware that up to the present time ships' canteens have been in the nature of voluntary institutions, without any official status. They have grown up as a part of the domestic economy of each individual ship, and have been left to the individual management of the captain and crew. A few general regulations having reference to them have of course had to be made from time to time, but there is nothing in the Navy corresponding to the official control which has been exercised over the canteens in the Army for the last thirty or forty years.

In order to understand all the bearings of the question as it exists to-day it is necessary to know something of the history of ships' canteens. Down to about the time of the Mutiny at the Nore in 1797, the whole victualling of the fleet was provided for officially. A certain amount of stores were issued to ships by Government; a certain amount were purchased by the pursers. Under this arrangement the pursers made a good deal for themselves, and the men were badly fed and no doubt robbed. The discontent which culminated in the mutiny at the Nore was largely due to the abuses that grew up in this way. The result was the introduction in 1799 of the system of "savings" which has existed down to the present day. Under this system the men are allowed to forgo a certain amount of the official ration, and are credited with its value in cash. The official ration thus comes to be limited to such articles of diet as can be conveniently supplied from the Government Victualling Department, and the men are left to supplement these articles according to their taste, paying for them out of their savings. Hence the growth of a provision shop in each ship in the shape of the canteen. In the first instance the pursers undertook the business of catering for the crews, taking their own stocks to sea, and retailing them at a handsome profit. This, of course, reproduced precisely the same evils that had existed under the old system, and in order to protect themselves against the purser's extortion, the crew, whenever the ship put into harbour, would buy their own stocks of food by messes and take their purchases to sea. It became necessary to provide them with some place where these stocks could be kept, and from this it was an easy gradation to providing one common stock, and putting one man in charge of it. Thus the ship's canteen came into existence. But the old abuses grew up with it. The canteen management necessarily fell into the hands of a small ring of the principal lower deck ratings, consisting of the master-at-arms and the ship's steward, with perhaps here and there another petty officer or two. These men would take their own private stocks on board, and when the canteen stock ran short in any particular —possibly by accident, but more probably by design—

would sell their own goods over the counter at a handsome profit. The result would be that the greater the loss of canteen stock by deterioration the higher the prices and the greater the profit of the ring. Another abuse was to sweat the official rations, in the issue of which the ship's steward was not subject to any check, and then to sell to the men at the canteen the very provisions of which they had been robbed. It became notorious that the canteens were hotbeds of fraud and corruption at the expense of the men, so much so that when the question was raised in Parliament a few years ago Mr. Arnold-Forster, then Secretary to the Admiralty, admitted with regret the justice of the allegations made, and said that the Admiralty were not blind to the evil. The Admiralty, however, refrained from taking the question seriously in hand until 1901, when, as readers of TRUTH at that period may remember, a committee was appointed under the presidency of Admiral Rice to inquire generally into the question of victualling in the Navy. The subject of canteen management, however, was not expressly referred to, and the committee discreetly avoided the question, contenting itself with such recommendations as the alteration of meal hours, and the introduction of more variety into the official rations.

In accordance with these recommendations a new scheme of dietary came into force towards the end of 1903, under which such articles as jam, coffee, tinned meat, and preserved vegetables were officially issued. The idea seems to have been to relieve the men to some extent from the necessity of spending all their savings at the canteen; but, of course, no such result followed, and I believe I am right in saying that the new scheme has been more or less a failure, the men for one reason or another objecting to the new elements in the official rations. The most conspicuous result of the new scheme has been the addition of about £200,000 a year to the cost of victualling; and it would seem that a considerable part of the expenditure is represented by the accumulation of unsaleable stock at the victualling yards, for the other day, when the tinned meat scare arose, Mr. Robertson stated in the House of Commons that the stock of American tinned meat on hand was approximately 1,680,000 lbs., the bulk having been purchased in 1903 and 1904. These figures and dates tell their own tale. Mr. Robertson has also stated that a quantity of jam, amounting to 269,000 lbs., had been reported as unsuitable for use, which goes far to explain the failure of Admiralty jam to win popularity on the lower deck. This jam had been bought at prices ranging from 28s. 7d. to 34s. 5d. per cwt.

Simultaneously with the new system of rations, experiments have been made during the last three years or so with the tenant system of canteen management—in imitation of the movement going on at the same time in the Army. Under this system the "ship's canteen" is replaced by a shop run by a civil contractor who puts his own manager on board. I rather think that this system had its origin in the Mediterranean, where of late years the Maltese bumboatmen who used to supply the ships' canteens have been allowed to put their stock on board for sale under the management of their own agent. At any rate, this is the system that has been extensively tried recently in home waters. The plan has usually been that the captain appoints the contractor, who, of course, pays a rent for the privilege; but most captains have preferred to let the men select the contractor for themselves. The last course looks like a simple method of pleasing the men, and at the same time relieving the captain of any responsibility if the contractor does not do his job to the satisfaction of the customers; but as was brought to light in these columns only a few weeks ago, the privilege of selecting their own contractor is from the point of view of the crew an altogether delusive benefit. From the conditions which prevail on the lower deck it is inevitable that under this system the selection of the contractor falls into the hands of the most influential petty officers. The result is to put the master-at-arms and his colleagues into precisely the same position that has always worked so disadvantageously for the men. Having practically the power to get the contractor appointed, they are naturally tempted to turn it to account; and, as a well-informed correspondent, writing to me on this subject, put it the other day, "although there is plenty of competition among the contractors, it is a competition of corruption." The tenant system, therefore, has also been tried and found wanting.

The appointment of the committee now sitting implies that the Admiralty will, in one way or another, have at last to accept some share of responsibility for the canteen business. The question, therefore, which the committee really has to consider is how the business may best be brought under official regulation. A gentleman who has devoted a great deal of time and thought to the matter suggests to me that the best solution is to be found in a tenant system worked under Admiralty control, instead of being left to be worked out by each ship on its own account. He proposes, first, that an Inspector of Canteens should be appointed, who would make all contracts with the tenants, and see that they are carried out to the satisfaction of the Service; and secondly, that the "savings" system should be abolished altogether, and a "messing allowance" of a fixed sum issued instead as is done in the Army. It seems to me that this system promises a satisfactory solution of the whole question at no cost to the public and possibly at a saving. Under it the canteen contracts would be put up to public tender, and concluded through an official at Whitehall, who may be taken to be above all indirect influence so far as any human being can be. By substituting for the "go as you please" savings system a fixed messing allowance, which would be spent at the canteen on behalf of each mess, the contractor would be placed in a position to estimate pretty accurately what amount of business he would have to provide for on a voyage, or commission, and thus would be able to adjust his contract prices pretty closely without running the risk of incurring a loss and having to recoup himself by short measure or bad quality. On the other hand, the abolition of the savings system would relieve the taxpayer of an enormous expenditure on clerical staff and bookkeeping. The possible saving under this head has been estimated at over £300,000 a year. And when one remembers the intricacy of the calculations, both on board ship and in the victualling yards, that must be required in order to ascertain the individual savings per head throughout the Navy, this

calculation does not look extravagant. It is evident, at any rate, that the "savings" system can have little saving about it from the taxpayer's point of view, and it may be fairly taken for granted that its cost far exceeds any that would be incurred by the system that is suggested in place of it. In fact, in the latter case the whole cost of administration is that of an official at Whitehall at a few hundreds a year, and possibly one or two clerks to assist him.

Another proposal has been put forward lately, and seems likely to be laid before the Canteens Committee with some show of expressing the wishes of the lower deck. This proposal is that in place of all existing arrangements a complete official scheme of victualling should be introduced. Two-thirds of the rations supplied, including meat, potatoes, bread, milk, tea, cocoa, sugar, and the alcoholic ration, are to be issued in kind on a fixed scale. For the remaining one-third an official commissariat store is to be established on each ship, from which the caterer of each mess will draw other articles, to the prescribed value according to the tastes of the mess. The objection to this system is that it really introduces the old canteen under a new shape; that is to say, it would place the ship's steward once more in precisely the same position which has been the cause of all the trouble in canteen management, and with the additional disadvantage that any of the old frauds which might now be perpetrated would be perpetrated at the expense of the Government, of whose stock these officers would be in charge, instead of at the expense of the canteen fund. It was reported in the press only a fortnight ago that some proposal of this kind was formulated at a meeting at Chatham of over 300 delegates from various ships and naval establishments in that neighbourhood, and representatives of the men were appointed to appear as witnesses before the committee. On the other hand, at a meeting held at Portsmouth on the very same day, the scheme of an "all Navy" system of canteens was very strongly condemned on behalf of the lower deck. It would be interesting to know precisely who constituted the Chatham meeting, and what claim the "delegates" really had to a representative character. Apart, however, from the difficulty of discovering for certain what really are the wishes of the lower deck, I would point out to the committee that it is by no means certain that the men know precisely what is best for them. It is, therefore, of great importance that the Canteens Committee should be on its guard against attempts of interested parties to supply misleading evidence as to lower deck opinion; and evidence from that quarter will be more valuable when it relates to existing facts than when it deals with possible alternative arrangements. The end to be kept in view is the suppression once and for all of the abuses to which canteen trade on board ship so readily lends itself, and the placing of the whole victualling of the Navy on a properly regulated and business-like footing, which will ensure that the men are properly fed in accordance with the standard of the present day, and that they are not robbed. I trust that this will be the result of the inquiry now in progress.

THE THEATRES.

"The Lemonade Boy" and "The Amateur Socialist," at the Criterion.

The Criterion Theatre, on Saturday evening, kept up its reputation of being a pleasant house of entertainment, one that gives the best of chances to play and players.

Mr. Jerrard Grant Allen produced two plays, of which the former, "The Lemonade Boy," a study in one act of a girl with a sweetstuff stall and three lovers, served to fill half an hour agreeably. The "lemonade boy," when he discovers that Maria, whom he wishes to espouse, is about to elope to London with an itinerant masked singer, pretends to have cut his foot, and thus secures her attention, while his rival departs to London, never to return. The result of this manœuvre is to enrage her against the lemonade boy, and to throw her into the arms of the third lover, a middle-aged bathing-master. The writing of this little play is not very brilliant, but it is the result of observation. Apart from the "lemonade boy" of Mr. Heggie, a realistic and vivid study, the most was not made of their opportunities by the other players, though the inequalities which struck one at the first performance may have very likely been the result of nervousness, and were certainly, in the case of the vindictive Maria, balanced by passages of fine acting.

Mr. Kingsley Tarpey's "eccentric comedy," "The Amateur Socialist," has about it a distinct note of originality, though the writer has obviously profited by the work of Mr. Shaw, as Mr. Shaw, in his case, by that of others. During the greater part of the first act, I was not sure if the eccentric Socialist baronet was going to be amusing or not. I had great hopes of him, however, when I saw Mr. Eric Lewis's name on the programme, and I was encouraged further to hope for the best by the dialogue between the inspector, admirably played by Mr. Dagnall, and the policeman on duty in the Park to keep watch over the costers' meeting. When Sir Hubert Pennefeather does eventually appear and with the suave diction which one is accustomed to associate with Mr. Lewis's stage ecclesiastics announces his detestation of his own class and love of Socialism, doubts are set at rest. The author makes his Socialistic baronet the guardian of winsome Evelyn Rivers, whose hand is sought by a young aristocrat, with whom the baronet is not acquainted, until they meet on this great occasion in the Park. With happy whimsicality, typical of his treatment, Sir Hubert is made by the author to believe that in the Hon. Philip Wykeham he has before him one Mr. Philips, a chance acquaintance of his fair ward's, and just the kind of supporter suitable for his harangue to the costers. The family of Sir Pennefeather consists of a son, who disapproves altogether of his father's Socialism, and a wife, who, while she countenances her husband's vagaries up to a point, is sensible of their absurdity, and takes care to remain friends with her own class. The end of this first act is happily conducted, for Mr. Tarpey contrives to introduce us to Mr. Moberley, a police-court magis-

trate, friend of the Pennefeathers, and by them invited to dine the same evening. He then proceeds to describe, by the mouth of the son, the meeting in the Park, and the Socialistic address of Sir Hubert's, the fight on the platform, followed by Sir Hubert's flight and escape from the police after a severe tussle, in which he is aided by the skill of "Mr. Philips."

In the next act we have the triumphant return of Sir Hubert to his own house, in company with "Mr. Philips," his natural anxiety to see what the papers are saying about his exploit and the gradual assemblage of his family and the guests who have been asked to dinner. Sir Hubert is brimming over with satisfaction at being abused in the Conservative evening papers as a dangerous unknown agitator whom the police failed to seize on the spot of his crime. He hands the paper round to his guests, including the magistrate, who looks grave as he reads the *Globe*. Suddenly two cards are handed in by the butler, who announces that the gentlemen are waiting in the hall, and have come to see Sir Hubert. Their names being quite unknown to him, Sir Hubert at once believes that these are two advocates of "the people's" cause, and orders them to be admitted. Here we are in the domain of real comedy, for these guests turn out to be the police inspector and his subordinate who have failed to enter the house in any other way than as the guests of its eccentric master. In short, they have come to arrest him for inciting to crime by persuading the costers to occupy Rotten Row. When at last Sir Hubert does realise the situation, he persuades the two police officers, who are disguised in evening clothes, to stop and dine, and promises to go away with them quietly afterwards.

So, indeed, it works out. The officers are highly flattered, and as the curtain falls we see the inspector giving his arm to Lady Pennefeather, who is in the next act to describe her unknown cavalier as such an agreeable man, without any of those Socialistic ideas which Sir Hubert's friends so often have. This is a delicate piece of humour, and Mr. Tarpey is to be congratulated on the fact that this is not an isolated specimen, for the play abounds in happy touches and playful allusions.

The last act takes place at the magistrate's court on the following morning. Ushered in with a humorous dialogue between the magistrate and the inspector, who have alike been Sir Hubert's guests, and exhibit a tacit understanding that their prisoner and former host is to be acquitted if there is not sufficient evidence, our minds are set at rest on this point by the knowing winks of the inspector, who tells the magistrate that he will not object to the police being blamed for inefficiency. Sir Hubert is, of course, acquitted, the fair Evelyn Rivers married by special licence to "Mr. Philips," whom Sir Hubert is persuaded to accept as his ward's husband for two reasons: firstly, because he is a gallant fellow and took Sir Hubert's part effectively against the police; secondly, because the young man's father is still comparatively young, and before Mr. Philip Wykeham is likely to succeed the Socialists will have abolished the Lords.

I hope these few remarks will serve to show that there is an amusing entertainment at the Criterion. Resting mainly on the shoulders of Mr. Eric Lewis and of Mr. Dagnall, it also receives effective help from Miss Carlotta Addison as the wife and Mr. Stevens as the magistrate, from Miss Lilian Braithwaite as the ward, to name but a few. This airy structure should survive many more serious productions.

To deal with such solemnities as Socialism, a police-court and a London dinner party, as if they were fit themes for jest, and triumphantly to prove that they are, that is the triumph of "The Amateur Socialist."

* * * * *

The single performance of "The Good-Natur'd Man" at the Coronet Theatre last week was attended by many lovers of the old drama, who were not disappointed in their belief that anything undertaken by Mr. William Poel would be well and thoroughly done. Oliver Goldsmith's play has some attractions about it, notably its literary felicities. Goldsmith's method is to make a number of apparently random observations, and then suddenly to connect them all with some brilliant generalisation, like isolated wires switched on to an electric battery. Mr. Poel's own performance of the constitutional croaker, and that of Mr. Ben Field as the palavering lawyer, were the most finished and striking, and Miss Potter's Olivia had in it the vivacity of her youth and the artlessness of an art which can conceal itself.

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I see that Mr. J. T. Grein leads off the opening debate of the Playgoers' Club season with his views on "The Vexed Question of Dramatic Criticism." These debates are often productive of wise and witty remarks, and serve to fill in agreeably a Sunday evening. If Mr. Bourchier should accept the invitation of the Playgoers and pick up the gauntlet on the evening of the 21st, the debate is likely to be of more than ordinary vivacity, but I see that that distinguished actor is about to lecture on "William Shakespeare, Maker of Men," at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. I am inclined to think that he will do more wisely to lecture on William Shakespeare than to lecture the critics.

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I see that Miss Marie Tempest is likely to continue the chief attraction at the Palace Theatre for some little time, and if, as is hoped, she gives us some of her old favourite songs from "The Geisha," she may be sure of enthusiastic audiences.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE HOHENLOHE DISCLOSURES.

I USED to know Prince Clovis von Hohenlohe, whose "Memoirs" are now making so great a stir in Germany. He once, when I had a sore throat, prescribed for me, and successfully, a gargle of three parts lemon juice and one part of water, first boiled and then allowed to cool. I do not know exactly what birth rank he took among four highly successful brothers, who owed something to caste, and more to personal qualities, which enabled them in steering their barks to keep clear of sands, shallows, and sunken rocks. They had patience and good judgment, and

could be trusted. Unaggressive, undemonstrative, the opposite of busybodies, and gifted with natural civility, they avoided giving offence, hurting feelings, or exciting mistrust. Their natural prudence had not the defect of suspicous caution. Though not deficient in initiative, they preferred waiting for opportunities to forcing the hand of fortune or taking time by the forelock. The eldest brother, Victor Duke of Ratibor, in Silesia, and a member of the Prussian House of Lords, linked himself by marriage with the great Catholic family of Fürstenberg. Clovis married the only daughter of the great Bariatinsky heiress, whose hand Alexander I. bestowed on his aide-de-camp, Prince Sayn-Wittgenstein, and whose fortune, on the death of her only son, went to the Princess Clovis. The third brother, Constantine, attached himself to the Emperor of Austria, to whom he became all in all through the greater part of an exceptionally long reign. The fourth brother entered the Church, and while comparatively young obtained the biretta. I believe he might have risen to the chair of St. Peter on the death of Pius IX. had he not recoiled from posturing as Prisoner of the Vatican, and from the prospect of being a pawn in the hands of the Jesuits. He had a perpetual loan of the Villa d'Este, at Tivoli, from the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, who was too grand a Prince to let it, and who had resolved never to set foot in it himself as long as the King of Italy lives in a Papal palace.

These few words in the "Memoirs" on the present German Emperor, as he was at the age of twenty-three, afford room for reflection: "He lacks civility. His mother herself fears him, and he disputes with his father. Possibly his wife may soften him."

As much as he could Prince Hohenlohe kept aloof at Strasburg from the warring influences at Potsdam and Berlin. The jottings of a conversation with the old Emperor in 1884 give just a peep at the Bismarck-Ferry understanding on West African and Egyptian questions. William I. expresed a high opinion of Ferry, who had been (but Hohenlohe does not say so) trying to earn it by an anti-Radical policy in all directions. The aged Emperor charged his ambassadors to present his compliments and good wishes to Ferry. While William I. "deplored the Radical tendencies of England," he did not wish the German Embassy in Paris to envenom differences between France and England, and was for rather giving a loose rein to Gladstone, "who works really for us and not for his country"—an opinion endorsed in the highest place in England. William I., though so estimable, conscientious, and wise in preventing Bismarck going again to war with France, seems in one respect an Imperial Dame Partington. He foresees that "we (the crowned heads) will have difficulty in holding our own. As a defence against the rising tide, he thinks it important for the three Emperors to unite for monarchical defence. He has sent Prince William on a mission to Russia to bring the Czar into the union." The young Prince followed to the letter "the grandfather's instructions," and Bismarck (who had been charged with a leaning towards the democratic parties) "had declared himself happy to defend the monarchical cause." Prince William went on a similar mission to England, and discharged it above the head of Gladstone.

Prince Hohenlohe mentions the prudent reserve of the Prince of Wales (King Edward) when speaking to him at Berlin in 1883 of the Bismarcks, and his inability to understand the use of a goading and irritating policy towards France. This tactful disapproval is sure to bear fruits abundantly here. It will be taken as evidence that if the King of England forgets any opposition or criticism he met with as Prince of Wales, he continues faithful to his old friendship for France. The Prince of Wales spoke to Prince Hohenlohe of a visit he had had from Herbert Bismarck and of the coarse manners of the family. He was only restrained by his wish to preserve good relations between England and Germany from showing Herbert Bismarck the door.

Herbert Bismarck had none of his father's bright wit in conversation, but had his overbearing temper and his mother's violent irascibility. She had the disposition of the Frankish woman as exemplified in Fredegonda, but held in check by modern conditions. Bismarck in anger was as terrible as a ferocious mastiff. She, far from restraining him, kept on saying: "Good dog; tss-s-ss. Go at him (or at her); good dog; tss-s-ss," or tantamount words. The mastiff that lay below the surface in Bismarck grew more and more infuriated, especially if the evening before he had eaten and drunk copiously. With these parents, Herbert, Jane, and Bill Bismarck could not be expected to have courteous manners. Herbert, who was no stranger here, and whom the fond father hoped one day to send among us as ambassador, was bulky, sullen, and of a complexion that revealed an angry state of the blood. Gambetta said of him: "He reminds me of a limb of the law hardened to the work of laying on executions—in short, of a low-class bailiff (*recors*)." He would have gruffly told the Prince of Wales that his brother-in-law was disqualified by his bad throat from exercising sovereign power. This view had at the time an important bearing on the future of the Empress Victoria. It was only as King of Prussia that Frederick could make ample provision for her. Were the cancerous throat the disqualification Count Herbert said, her income would be only that of a Crown Prince's widow, which is small. Delays were caused by Bismarck in the execution of the necessary arrangements to secure her the regal pension and to her and the younger children certain private advantages out of the estates of the Crown of Prussia. Prince Hohenlohe is silent as to these points.

The prudent reserve of the language of the Prince of Wales contrasts with the plain speech which seems to have been universal at the Court of Berlin, except when the Empress Augusta spoke in those elegantly turned "phrases" which excited Prince Bismarck's admiration. The Empress Frederick tells Prince Hohenlohe exactly what she thinks of Bismarck and his creature Waldersee. One is "false, unscrupulous,

OVER-STOUTNESS is not difficult to permanently cure when the right remedy is found. "Antipon" is now in universal favour. The *Methodist Recorder* says:—"It is satisfactory to know that 'Antipon' is the practical result of a specialist's researches and discoveries, so that reliance can be placed upon its efficacy." Price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle, of all chemists, or of The "ANTIPON" COMPANY, 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.

ready to drag his country to ruin providing that in so doing he satisfy his selfish ambition." The other is "false and bereft of conscience."

Princess Bismarck, not being able to take a Fredegonda-like vengeance on the young Emperor, orders—and in the presence of his messenger—the portrait he sends her to be packed off to Friedrichsruhe and hung up there in the stable. It was, of course, a cabinet photo, and bestowed as a *fiche de consolation* for the disgrace of Bismarck. The young Empress Augusta Victoria (who, by the way, had been cold-shouldered as a bride by the Prussian Royal Family) tells Prince Hohenlohe that towards the close of his illness the state of Frederick's ulcerated throat gave out a smell so terrible (she does not tone down any fact) as to make his death a deliverance to all those about him. The late Czar is also a plain speaker in the "Memoirs." He told the German Emperor that he never spoke to Bismarck without feeling sure he wanted to cheat him. Alexander used the French verb *tricher*. He probably picked it up at the card parties he used to attend before his marriage, where the *tricherie* would have been in proportion to the stakes. The Grand Duke of Baden is also to be classed among the plain speakers. He informed Prince Hohenlohe that the Emperor would hide his real sentiments towards Bismarck until the latter had carried through the military bill before the Reichstag. "The Emperor has," added the Grand Duke, "Bismarck up to here." Suiting the action to the word, he placed his hand on a line with his eyes, instead of with his throat, and then said: "As to Herbert Bismarck, the Emperor loaths him."

The Empress Frederick at Baden Baden expressed her strong disapproval of those showy visits the Emperor is so fond of paying to foreign capitals. She told the Princess Betsy Hohenlohe that his visit to Athens ruined Greece.

In dealing with the Imperial, Royal, high and mighty personages who filled the great situations at Berlin, Prince Hohenlohe gives the impression of a game of chess played with pawns only. His grand personages are the merest minnows, save Bismarck and the old Emperor, who has sterling qualities and an unsophisticated sense of duty. He is one of the few who witnessed the stormy time between Jena and Liepsic, and shared in the flight of his mother from Berlin to Königsberg. The lessons family disasters gave him made a man of him at a very early age, and he kept to the age of ninety-two their impress.

The plumb line of Prince Clovis Hohenlohe is short. It can only measure depths in shallow water. There was a deal of first-rate stuff in President Grévy that he does not appear to have noticed or at all divined. A few solecisms are what chiefly strike him. I believe, because he says so, that in his first visit to Grévy he saw him pick his nose with his little finger and use the nail of his first finger as a tooth-pick. But I was very well acquainted with Grévy, and never noticed the slightest unseemliness of or forgetfulness of what he owed to his situation and, indeed, to himself. If Grévy spoke German as well as Prince Hohenlohe, there would still be a great and unbridgable gulf between their minds. If Grévy had the cold judgment of the Franche Comtois he had a deliciously playful mind. It could butterfly with ease and grace among flowers of intellect, whether grave, gay, deep, or bright, with the many coloured hues of fancy. He was no arrivist, had never tried to "climb over the wall," and had risen through courage, prudence, and close attention to business to one of the first situations at the bar. No advocate stood higher professionally or as a Republican politician.

Without high birth, Prince Hohenlohe could have made no figure in the world, and least of all in Bavaria and Prussia. His great conscientiousness saved him from ranking as a barnacle. A *bugetivore*, I am, in following his unvarnished truthfulness, tempted to call him. He filled from the outset of his career highly-salaried offices for Germany, and since 1874 the German Embassy in Paris, the Statthaltership, with a salary of 389,550 marks, and the Chancellorship of the Empire. A wide gulf, not to be bridged, must have lain between a man of his mind and antecedents and those of M. Grévy. The widely-evolved brain of M. Grévy could understand more easily Prince Clovis Hohenlohe's mental state than the much less evolved one of the Prince could enter into communion of ideas and sympathies with that of M. Grévy. What saved Prince Hohenlohe from narrowness of mind were his two main characteristics—great patience and unalloyed fairness. He had no *coup d'œil*, but he did his best to form true judgments, and he leant towards charity in forming them. He made a match in marrying the Princess Marie von Sayn-Wittgenstein which brought him before he left Paris one of the largest fortunes in Russia, or, rather, brought her, and her death their eldest son. She inherited from her brother, Prince von Sayn-Wittgenstein, Military Attaché at the Russian Embassy. His haughty air belied a romantic character, which led him to marry the daughter of a Breton fisherman, and to enrich her family and village, to which she remained indissolubly attached. She had all the gifts good fairies could lavish on her in her cradle, and a head that could not be turned. In her great wealth she remained the simple Bretonne that she had been before her marriage. He remained devoted to her. She lived long enough to test his constancy. When she died he lost all interest in life and soon followed her to the tomb he built for her near her native village on a headland looking down on the Atlantic.

The private interests of Prince Clovis Hohenlohe would have moved him favourably towards a policy of friendliness towards France and of union with Russia. His brother's high situation at the Court of Vienna gave him a foothold there. I remember the late Czar, in a fit of anger at something Bismarck did, ordering within eighteen months the sale of the Sayn-Wittenstein, or rather the Bariatinsky, estates of the Princess Hohenlohe. The order caused a slump in real property in the government in which these estates lie. Alexander, however, let himself be persuaded to grant a longer delay.

CANNES.—HOTEL DES ANGLAIS. First-class. Numerous Self-contained Suites, with Private Bath-rooms, etc. Central Heating. Renowned Cuisine and Cellars. Large Park.

I have never been a flatterer of the German Emperor, and do not mean to be one in saying that he comes out well in many passages of the "Memoirs." He did well to watch Bismarck, who was very capable of plunging him into a war to keep him busy with military affairs. The grandfather kept a close eye on his Chancellor because he dreaded being in his old age committed to some military adventure. The quarrel which put an end to Bismarck's official career presents analogies to that between Queen Victoria and Lord Palmerston. But Bismarck had to justify his position, an order issued in 1852 forbidding Ministers to take their reports direct to the King before submitting them to the head of the Ministry. The King in that year had begun to suffer from softening of the brain, and his doctors ordered him to transact the least possible business with his Ministers. William II., finding that Bismarck had this document and forty years' practice on his side, said that Bismarck must either abrogate it or resign. He resigned. William I., in leaving things as they had been in his brother's time, managed to hold Bismarck fast on peace lines.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

ENGLAND, dear Lady Betty, is now a suburb of America! The change has not been caused by the Free Trade policy of the former but by the free institutions of the latter. The methods of yesterday are millstones around the neck of John Bull.

. . . . .

The worship of mediocrity is a prominent feature of our present system; we mistrust that which cannot be weighed, measured, or compared. There are two minds; the assimilative that warehouses information, and the associative that creates. The assimilative mind commands the greatest respect in this country, for its store can be weighed, measured, or compared; it takes prizes and scholarships, obtains the best opportunities and appointments, and often attains positions of distinction though it seldom distinguishes itself.

It is the associative mind that is encouraged in the United States. The new slinks like a criminal into England; it stalks like a hero in America. If Shakespeare had but taken a scholarship what a name he might have made for himself!

. . . . .

In England the assimilative mind reaches prosperity; the associative, posterity.

. . . . .

The wisdom of our ancestors, it is forgotten, was the outcome of the circumstances of their times, and is in many instances not applicable to the greatly altered conditions of to-day—yet the lives of thousands of our fellow countrymen and women are still influenced by plausible phrases that have ceased to be true. "A rolling stone gathers no moss" was a judicious precept when almost every village and town was much more isolated than they are now, and when the stranger was naturally opposed in all of them. The "rolling stone" now often obtains the most opportunities. The Americans are not influenced much by such old-world "wisdom." They try a hundred and one professions and employments until they come upon the one for which they are best suited. The ordinary Englishman is a soldier because his father was in the Army before him, or in Parliament, because his grandfather was there, though physically and mentally he himself may not be adapted to either. There are hundreds of delicate and diminutive officers in our Army who were meant more for a ball-room than a cannon-ball, and dozens of Members in the House of Commons to whom a Blue Book is as incomprehensible as it would be to a bluebottle. A Royal Commission should be appointed to examine our proverbs, and to remove from currency those that have become misleading by the greatly altered conditions of the time.

* * * * *

The Poster-dreadful is even more pernicious than the Penny-dreadful, but, as yet, the former does not seem to have attracted the attention of the serious-minded. At the moment the multitude may be described as having a thorough poster education, for it reads little else than the "contents bills" of the newspapers, and the placards on the hoardings, and the former produce little for it but "catastrophes," "massacres," "murders," or "outrages," and the latter mostly represent criminal scenes or tragedies. Representations of half nude females, of men endeavouring to murder women, or of women endeavouring to murder men, of battle scenes, of desperate assaults, of wholesale slaughters—these are the most general placards that decorate the walls and hoardings throughout England, and as the eyes turn from them they fall on a cluster of "contents bills" at the corner of the street that announce in large letters some kindred calamities! "We must arouse the interest of the public to make money," say those who provide these injurious object lessons, but it remains to be proved whether they are entitled to demoralise it for the purpose in this way more than in others which are already prohibited. There is no doubt that the character of the scenes represented on our hoardings has become far more blood-thirsty than it was twenty years ago, and that the style of newspaper announcements that appear on the newspaper posters is far more sensational. It is not that the public has become more blood-thirsty and sensation-loving, but that those who prepare these abominations for it are more reckless in their endeavours to make money than they were in the not long-distant past.

* * * * *

Mr. J. T. Herbert Baily, the well-known and accomplished editor of the *Connoisseur*, has achieved so great a success with his "Life of Lady Hamilton"—a magnificent book, in which many of the best portraits of Lady Hamilton are reproduced—that he is about to publish another collection that will certainly attract as much attention. Early in November next there will be published an extra number of the *Connoisseur*—"The Life and Works of George Morland"—which will contain nearly a hundred illustrations in colour and monochrome.—Believe me to be, very truly yours.

MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

SEVERAL of the daily and weekly papers are for ever hungering and thirsting for "sensations," however obviously silly and ridiculous. Last week a morning paper came out with a rigmarole farrago, remarkable only for prolixity, absurdity, and fatuity, entitled, "Racing as a Pastime for the People." The less "the people" have to do with racing the better for themselves and all connected with them. As to racing being made cheaper for owners, "so that the man who can afford a motor-car could afford to own horses instead," everyone knows that impecunious owners (i.e., "small men") are of no benefit whatever to the Turf, which, as a rule, utterly ruins them in a few years. One need not waste space in discussing such delirious drivel, and the suggestions with a view to improving the sport at meetings are simply idiotic. Anyone who seriously recommends post entries simply puts himself out of court at once, for their evil results and their extreme unpopularity among owners have long since been sufficiently demonstrated. Nearly forty years ago the experiment of post entries was made in the Ascot Cup, the result being that Sabinus was engaged, after he had proved himself during the spring to be one of the best three-year-olds in training, and a real stayer. Admiral Rous soon discovered that if the novelty was

continued for another year the Ascot Cup would be irreparably damaged, so there was an end of post entries on the English Turf. If post entries were allowed in the "classic" stakes, in which yearlings are engaged, there would soon be no entries at all when the events in question closed, and the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger would all be speedily killed off, the result being that racing would degenerate into an affair of practically "over-night" stakes.

At the present time Polymelus is no doubt one of the three best four-year-olds on the Turf, and John Porter, who formerly trained him at Kingsclere, always maintained that he was a good horse when in form. Certainly our racehorses do not last long as a rule. Of the "cracks" of last season, Cicero has done no good as a four-year-old, and is now out of training; Cherry Lass went to the stud at the end of her three-year-old season; Challacombe has never been heard of this year. Polymelus was sold early in the present year for 4,000 gs. by Lord Crewe to Mr. D. Faber, who had hoped to win a big race with this horse, but he ran badly in the summer for both the Princess of Wales's Stakes and the Eclipse Stakes, and in the spring he had disappointed the stable in the City and Suburban. He also failed at Ascot, when much fancied. At the Newmarket First October Meeting Polymelus was sold by Mr. Faber to Mr. S. Joel for 4,200 gs., and the horse has since won the Duke of York Handicap of £2,000 and the Champion Stakes of £1,000. Polymelus has at last come into form again, and it certainly seems that Mr. Faber was exceedingly ill-advised in getting rid of the horse before the end of the season, but his defeat at Manchester (where he finished second to Aurina) apparently disgusted his late owner. His rash sale has turned out a most tragical transaction for Mr. Faber, and it is quite likely that Polymelus may train on into a really good five-year-old, in which case he will not have much to fear from the three-year-olds of this season.

Mr. John Martin, who died last week at Edinburgh, was an owner of race horses for more than forty years, and he was a well-known figure at the northern meetings. He owned many winners, and with The Swan he carried off no fewer than thirty-seven races. Mr. Martin, who was a noted and successful agriculturist, was very popular in sporting circles, as he was well known as a thoroughly "straight" man, and exceptionally sensible and hard-headed. He acted with success and general approval as arbiter in many Turf disputes. He was on intimate terms with the late Sir Robert Jardine and the late Mr. James Merry, both of whom had a very high opinion of his judgment in racing affairs and as a judge of horses.

Sagamore is not likely to be again seen out as a two-year-old, for he is coughing. The illness of his stable companion, My Pet II., has come at a most unfortunate time, as matters have turned out.

I remarked a fortnight ago that there seems to be a fatality about Lord Falmouth's St. Martin, own brother to Quintessence. After missing engagements at Ascot, Goodwood, and Derby, in consequence of the hard ground, this colt was sent to Newmarket to run for the Buckenham and Rous Memorial Stakes during the First October week. However, Lord Falmouth's sister died, so the colt could not run for these races, which he would certainly have won. Last week St. Martin was intended to make his début in the Prendergast Stakes, and he could not have lost, but he was found to be coughing, so he cannot now be raced until next spring, when he is engaged in the Newmarket Biennial and in the Craven Stakes, both these races being decided during the Craven Meeting. St. Martin is entered for the Two Thousand, Derby, St. Leger, Eclipse Stakes, and Jockey Club Stakes.

Radium had undergone a careful preparation for his engagement at Gatwick this week, and it was hoped that he would there win the £5,000 stake, but he has gone amiss, and there is an end of him for the present season. This is a piece of very bad luck for Mr. L. de Rothschild, as Radium was of no use during the spring, and after running for the Derby he was "thrown up" for the summer, with the result that he had done so well lately that there was every reason to anticipate a successful autumn for him.

Admirable Crichton is also coughing, which was the reason for his withdrawal from the Duke of York Handicap after he had been sent from Newmarket to Kempton Park.

The King will be at Newmarket next week for the Houghton meeting, and I hear that his Majesty is going down to Newbury on the second day of the races, Thursday, November 1, when Slim Lad is to carry the Royal colours in the Berkshire Foal Stakes of £1,000, in which race a very moderate lot of animals are engaged.

Never has the Cesarewitch excited so little general interest, and never has this handicap brought out a worse field. Some of the market movements bore a decidedly equivocal appearance, and there were numerous catastrophes in the way of fancied animals going amiss. Lord Ellesmere's horse, Winwick, was the most fancied of the Newmarket lot by good judges, and he was heavily backed, but he broke a fetlock shortly after passing the T.Y.C. winning post and had to be destroyed. In any case Winwick would not have beaten Mintagon, who had all the field thoroughly settled when the accident happened. Mintagon simply trotted in, but there is nothing at all satisfactory in the victory of a five-year-old with only 7 st. on his back, and after this horse's excellent running in the Great Ebor Handicap he ought to have been much more heavily weighted. To treat Mintagon with such extreme lenity was a reprehensible blunder on the part of the handicappers, and especially when the wretched "class" of the field is taken into account. Hammerkop, who won the Cesarewitch last year, was one of the few animals in the field which could be thoroughly trusted to stay the course. She was kicked at the post, but I fancy that she was not at her best last week. Even if Major Loder's mare had been at the top of her form she would have stood no chance of defeating the Malton horse at the weights, as she was giving him 2 st. 5 lb., including the sex allowance! Alderman was greatly fancied by a lot of infatuated people, but he is really a very bad horse, and I shall be vastly surprised if we hear anything more of this beast in connection with important handicaps. St. Amant, who went remarkably well in the preliminary canter, ran prominently for more than a mile and then declined to exert himself any further. Spate made the running at a rattling pace for nearly a mile and a half and then disappeared. Feather Bed, who started favourite, is said to have pulled up lame, and nothing was ever seen of Noctuiform, who was the great impostor of the race. The horse stood at short odds on Tuesday, but after the numbers went up he retired to 33 to 1 offered. Noctuiform had been as persistently written up in certain quarters as if he had proved himself to be a second Ormonde. The New Zealand horse is no beauty, but he may do better next season (he cannot do worse), as it is most likely that he is not yet properly acclimatised. Bibiani and Royal Dream were ridden out for places, but it may be doubted whether they were really second and third best. Beppo, who finished fourth, ran really well, considering that he carried 8 st. 6 lb., so that he was giving two years and 20 lb. to Mintagon. Manaton ran fairly well for a long way. Achilles, who has been coughing since Doncaster, could not be reasonably expected to show to advantage; and it was much against Catscradle that she had been stopped in her preparation, but Lord Rosebery's mare is quite likely to win a race before the close of the season, and she must not be forgotten when she next starts.

The Champion Stakes dwindled down to a match between Polymelus and Gold Riach, a disappointing result considering the splendid entry. Of course, the horse won just as far as his rider pleased. Nulli

WEDDING PRESENTS.—A choice selection of beautiful Dinner and Dessert Services, Breakfast, Luncheon, and Tea Sets, exclusive designs. MORTLOCKS, LTD., the Old Pottery Galleries, Oxford-st., and Orchard-st., W. Inspection solicited.

Secundus had been "tipped" by most of the papers for the Royal Stakes, but he had no chance against Glasconbury, although Lord Derby' mare had 5 lb. the worst of the weights. Nulli Secundus ought at once to be weeded out of the King's stud, as he only disgraces the Royal colours. Later in the afternoon Glasconbury gave 10 lb. and a hollow beating to Quair in the Newmarket Oaks, and as the Duke of Portland's mare is evidently worthless for racing she will no doubt be relegated to the stud at the end of the season, and she may presently compensate her owner for her ignominious failure on the Turf, as she is by Orme out of Memoir. Candahar was made a hot favourite for the Clearwell Stakes, but the outsider Earlston won easily, and The Welkin, who was well backed, could only finish third; but it must be remembered that Lord Wolverton's colt had 9 lb. the worst of the weights with the winner, and he was giving 3 lb. to Candahar.

The Select Stakes resulted in the finest finish of the week, Thrush winning by a head from Velocity, on whom odds of 7 to 4 had been betted, as he had 9 lb. the best of the weights. The gambling between the pair was very heavy. Thrush is evidently a better stayer than most people have considered him to be. It was a really beautiful race.

There was again some heavy betting between His Majesty and Malua over the Lowther Stakes, which resulted in a match between the pair. Odds were betted on Lord Derby's horse, although he looked wretched, but Malua walked in, his opponent being dead beat at the Bushes. There was a disastrous plunge on Auber for the Prendergast Stakes, for he ran miserably, and is probably stale. Tui won easily from Earlston, who was giving 9 lb. The Challenge Stakes was another gambling match, and slight odds were betted on Roseate Dawn against Rocketter, who "chopped" the old horse for speed at the start, and he had won his race before the pair had gone a furlong. It is probable if all goes well with Rocketter that he will be the T.Y.C. champion next season.

There were only five starters for the Middle Park Plate, and plungers did not hesitate to bet long odds on Slieve Gallion, but it was the opinion of many good judges that Captain Greer's colt did not look so well as at Doncaster, and it seems that he has been suffering from teething troubles, and any such visitation is quite enough to account for his defeat. As to the cackle about his having proved himself to be a non-stayer, it is a certain fact that an animal which can win over the T.Y.C. at Ascot must be sufficiently endowed with stamina to successfully achieve the B.S.C. at Newmarket. Galvani defeated the favourite very cleverly, the pair running at even weights, and Major Loder's colt started at 10 to 1, so that the stable had evidently been afraid to back him against Slieve Gallion. Traquair was certainly second favourite for money, but he seemed to run in a very shifty fashion. The tip of "the sharps" was Gnome, who was altogether outclassed, nor could he stay the course. Galvani and Slieve Gallion cannot meet again before the Derby, as Major Loder's colt is not engaged either in the Dewhurst Plate or in the Two Thousand. Galvani is entered for the Grand Prix, but he has no spring engagement at Newmarket or elsewhere.

Bachelor's Button must have been upset by his journey to France or otherwise amiss when he ran for the Prix du Conseil Municipal, as he was never dangerous at any part of the race, and finished in the ruck of the field. Maintenon, who won easily for Mr. Vanderbilt, was defeated by Spearmint for the Grand Prix, and in the spring he was said to be 21 lb. behind his stable companion, Prestige, who is now out of training, and who was certainly the best three-year-old in Europe. Maintenon is a very much improved horse, and he will presumably be entered for next year's Ascot Cup.

The Newmarket Houghton Meeting will occupy next week, but the big fields and high-class sport for which the October fixtures were formerly distinguished have pretty well ceased. Considering the enormous number of horses which are in training at Newmarket it is amazing that very much larger fields are not forthcoming for the minor events. There are a number of owners who are constantly bewailing the cost of racing, and who never mention that thoroughly exhausted subject without a special croaking about the amount of the travelling and stabling expenses, and it is inexplicable why these same owners do not run their horses at Newmarket, where there would be none of that outlay which is so obnoxious and painful to them, as the animals are there on the spot.

There are forty-one entries for the Criterion Stakes on Tuesday, including his Majesty's Slim Lad and Victoria, Major Loder's Galvani and Weathercock, Sir E. Vincent's Auber, and Mr. W. Hall Walker's Polar Star, who will win in a canter if he is all right. There are sixty entries for the Moulton Stakes on Wednesday, including Slim Lad, Mr. Joel's Earlston, and Mr. Hall Walker's Knight of Tully. Earlston ought to win. There are seventy-one entries for the Dewhurst Plate, including Captain Greer's Slieve Gallion, Mr. Raphael's My Pet II., Lord Wolverton's The Welkin, Mr. W. Clark's Linacre, Mr. D. Faber's Candahar, Sir R. Waldie-Griffith's Simon Square, Sir R. Jardine's Jovial, and Weathercock. Slieve Gallion will win if he runs. My Pet II. is not likely to be seen out again before the Two Thousand. There are forty-eight entries for the Houghton Stakes (R.M.) on Friday, including his Majesty's Osella, Mr. Beddington's Tui, and Mr. Dresden's Saxham, who is amiss. Tui ought to win this race, after his success in the Prendergast Stakes, as he ran on that occasion as if he could stay well.

There was a really remarkable entry for the Limekiln Stakes, which closed in August, 1905, but what a dismal change has come over the prospects of this race, the list including Challacombe, Cherry Lass, Black Arrow, Colonia, Hackler's Pride, Picton, Sweet Mary, Bill of the Play, Signorino, and Pretty Polly! The Jockey Club Cup may be left to Bachelor's Button, who finished second last year to Pretty Polly for this race, while in 1904 he was beaten by Zinfandel, so it is certainly the turn of Mr. Joel's horse to win. This will no doubt be the last appearance on the Turf of Bachelor's Button, and I understand that Pretty Polly has run her last race. The Free Handicap for three-year-olds looks a good thing for Plum Tree on the running for the Jockey Club Stakes.

With horses going amiss every day, and most of the Newmarket stables containing several coughing animals, the Cambridgeshire prospect is decidedly chaotic. It seems to me that Polymelus is at a false price, and that the merit of his recent performances has been greatly over-rated. I do not believe that Mr. Joel's horse will defeat either Thrush or Velocity at the weights. If these three animals were to run at Newmarket, weighted as they are in the Cambridgeshire, I am sure that Polymelus would be the worst favourite of the lot, although such a preposterously short price has been accepted about him for next week's race. I have no fancy whatever for Earla Mor, and Polymelus ought certainly to beat Roseate Dawn again on the Kempton running. It would be insane to attempt a definite prediction so long before the race is run, and the only advice one can give is to leave the Cambridgeshire alone until the day arrives, as there will very likely be a complete revolution in the betting within the next week. The class of the field is likely to be much higher than that of the Cesarewitch, which, indeed, was beneath contempt.

It will be very interesting to see what action those of the Council of the Lawn Tennis Association who have endeavoured to secure the control of the championships will take at the forthcoming general meeting of the Association. The Council finally instructed its repre-

Scrubb & Co., Ltd., caution the public against the many injurious imitations of their Cloudy Fluid Ammonia that are being offered, and draw attention to their having affixed the signature of Scrubb & Co. to each bottle, without which none is genuine.

sentatives to propose to the All England Tennis Club, whose headquarters are at Wimbledon, that the championships should be held under the joint control of the two organisations on the terms that each body should nominate half the members of committee, but the Chairman should be nominated by the Association, as also should be the referee and any other person necessary for the working of the meeting. This would, of course, include the secretary. It was further proposed that the selection of the ball should be invested in the Association. Needless to say, the Wimbledon Club absolutely rejected these proposals, although it was quite willing that the Association should have a couple of representatives on its committee of management. The proposal amounts to nothing more nor less than confiscation. The Association, having proposed a committee in which it is bound to have a majority, makes assurance doubly sure by vesting in itself instead of in the committee the nomination of any and every official and the choice of the ball. These officials would have to be paid out of the gate-money, and there would be absolutely nothing to prevent the committee, by the chairman's casting vote, collaring every brass farthing made at the meeting. A more outrageous proposition for the confiscation of private property has scarcely ever been put forward, and the authors thereof had better enrol themselves under the banner of the wildest socialist that this or any other country boasts.

The action of the Council in putting forward such preposterous proposals is interesting. Their original action was said to be animated by a sportsmanlike spirit to do the best for the game. It was said that the championships should be held first in one place and then in another. They should not be confined to London, and one place in London. It is perfectly obvious that this idea is altogther exploded. The L.T.A. by its Council has pledged itself to play at Wimbledon by the offer it made to the Wimbledon club. It is purely and simply a case of grab. The L.T.A. can hold championship meetings as and when it pleases. It can take all the gate money it can get, employ what referee and secretary it likes, and select whatever ball it chooses. But it cannot, unless it resorts to a dirty piece of conduct which would show that it was utterly unworthy to maintain or foster any amateur sport, deprive Wimbledon of its rights to hold the present meeting for the challenge cup of which that club is the owner. If the suburban meeting fails to draw players, and if it cannot pay its way as against the competition that the L.T.A. might organise, then it will go to the wall. Of course, the dirty piece of conduct would be to pass a rule debarring players who competed at Wimbledon from playing anywhere else. I do not imagine that the Council of the L.T.A. are likely to do this. But unless they are prepared to take a straight issue and run championships by the L.T.A. direct, the only conclusion that I can arrive at is that they are envious of the gate money, and are anxious to rob the club that has weathered the storm of bad times and come to the haven of prosperity. The Wimbledon club has certainly done more to popularise Lawn Tennis than the Association has ever done.

I hear that Mr. Collins, the president of the L.T.A, will propose that the Council of the Association shall have power to nominate two of its number to act on the committee of management of any advertised open meeting in Great Britain. This will apply to all open meetings, and would give the Association direct representation wherever it thinks proper to take this course. Unless the opponents of Wimbledon are willing to start Association championships, they ought to accept this solution of the difficulty.

By the way, Mr. Archdale Palmer has resigned his seat on the Council. So overjoyed was Mr. MacFie at being freed from the contamination of trade influence that he was quite felicitous in seconding the vote of thanks.

"Wie schnell ist alles entflohn." It is just as well in these days of Germanophobia to associate a little German even with a cricket dinner. It helps to accustom people to what will happen when all the *Dreadnoughts* are sunk. Naturally Kent will be one of the first places attacked, and therefore, in the language of her future rulers, I would remind her players how quickly the glories and pleasures of the day pass away. Very happy, indeed, were the arrangements for the county dinner in town. And yet there was the shock of passing years. Veterans, the heroes of one's youth, were there, men whom one had not seen since they were young cricketers; others who were veterans when those heroes were young, and whose memories went back to the days of white top hats in the cricket field, were present. Due honour was done to the champions of this year, who in a twelvemonth's time may be called the ex-champions. The glory soon passes away, but the memory remains, and as different speakers gave their stories of the past, I had wished that each and every one of the cricketers had been called on for one short tale of county cricket in Kent. The cricketer's memory is good, and his imagination keen. All the captains save two—Messrs. Kelson and Troughton—of Kent county cricket during the last fifty years were there. The gathering embodied the feelings of loyalty and good fellowship that are the basis of Kent cricket, and if one's memory would hark back there was the saving reflection that there always have been, there still are, and doubtless will always be, sterling cricketers in Kent.

Golf Illustrated happily suggests that the Irish open championship should be called the "Irish Golfing Oaks." This reminds me of Lord Randolph Churchill's retort. The occurrences at the meeting at Portrush will need to be met by drastic legislation unless the good name of golf is to be dragged in the mire. I shall look to the Professional Golfers' Association to take action if the amateurs are too lazy or too indifferent. Every club should have power to eject any persons following a game who so conduct themselves as to show bias towards one player in such a way as to deliberately upset his opponent. No golfer worthy of the name would take advantage of such a situation.

Last Saturday's Association football was singularly interesting in all the principal leagues. Woolwich Arsenal went top of the League by beating Bristol City after a very good game. One of the features of their success was the feeling of satisfaction expressed by many of the Bristol supporters that a southern club was top of the tree. Chelsea in the second division had not much difficulty in beating Lincoln City, but they owed a step up the ladder to Clapton Orient, who rather unexpectedly defeated Leicester Fosse. In the Southern League Portsmouth are pressing for the leadership, but on their own ground they only managed to draw with Fulham. The match between Millwall and West Ham was expected to be exciting owing to the rough play that had marked their Western League match a month ago. The game went off quite peaceably, but the police had to eject some excited partizans before the match began.

The South African Rugby footballers continue to romp over the Counties. Their play improves in every match, and is very clean. They simply romped over Northumberland and Yorkshire. The secret of their success is pace, and until English forwards practice sprinting they will not get further forward with them. The day of the merely heavy and strenuous forward is over. He must be a stalwart three-quarter capable of dribbling as well as passing. In other words, the forwards must be just as brilliant in every department of the game as the three-quarters, and they must be able to dribble and shove as well. The Blackheath New Zealand formation playing on its own ground failed to do more than draw with the Old Merchant Taylors. Harlequins had their successful start stopped by the London Scottish, while Richmond goes from bad to worse. The weakness of this club is one of the most unsatisfactory features in metropolitan football. They

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were overwhelmed by Liverpool. The United Services are playing a particularly strong game. They scored very heavily against the London Welsh.

MOTORS AND MOTORING.

THE tenth anniversary of the emancipation of the motor-car (November 14 next) was obviously a date to be marked by appropriate ceremonial, and under the inspiring influence of Mr. Charles Jarrott, an organising committee is making fitting arrangements. There will be a run of "pioneers" to Reigate in the morning, followed by a lunch at the White Hart Hotel, while the Motor Union's dinner in the evening at the Great Central Hotel will enable automobilists in general, pioneers or otherwise, to join in the celebration. The definition of "pioneer" is, however, sufficiently elastic to permit of a goodly entry for the forenoon run, though the event would be much more exhilarating and entertaining (from the standpoint of the spectator, at all events) if it were stipulated that cars of 1896 only should be used. Some, I believe, which took part in that historic run of ten years since are still in existence, though whether any would have the courage to venture out on the road on them to-day is, I am afraid, rather doubtful. It is only to be hoped that the weather may be better than it was ten years ago. Who that participated in that epoch-making "run" will forget the fog and rain which added so grievously to the other woes of the hardy pioneers?

There is some sound sense in a recent article in the *Motor* by Mr. Henry Sturmey on the Tourist Trophy race considered from the manufacturers' point of view. Mr. Sturmey takes the view that, considering the heavy cost entailed in one way and another, it is very doubtful if the game is worth the candle so far as most of the competitors are concerned in the case of a contest in which there is necessarily such a large element of luck. After spending money like water in making special cars and preliminary preparations, the competitor may be knocked out in the twinkling of an eye by one of a dozen contingencies—a mechanic's carelessness, a couple of punctures, an unsuspected flaw, or what not—beyond his control; and then, to make matters worse, his very misfortune will, as likely as not, redound actually to his discredit. All this is very true, and could be illustrated by individual instances in connection with the recent race. "Taken generally," says Mr. Sturmey, "it will be seen that, from the manufacturers' point of view, the whole thing is too much expense, too much of a gamble, the whole thing dependent on chance." The odd thing is that manufacturers in general do not, apparently, recognise this. Parental pride stands in the way, no doubt. Each fondly imagines that his particular product will bear off the trophy, and that blissful prospect extinguishes all other considerations.

Somewhat unfortunate differences have arisen between the Automobile Club and Argyll Motors, Limited, in consequence of the latter's having advertised after the Tourist Trophy race that "the Argyll finished second," without the addition of the explanation that the car had been disqualified for losing its ballast. As it stood the advertisement was undoubtedly improperly worded, and the Automobile Club was justified in calling the firm's attention to the matter. It has been explained, however, by the managing director, that he did not actually see the advertisement before its appearance, the form of which was drawn up, he states, by the newspaper's representative, and since it was known to everyone interested in the affair that the Argyll had been disqualified, few can have been misled by the omission of the words which should have stated this.

The most noteworthy feature of the recent Vanderbilt Cup race seems to have been once again the poor performance of the American cars, of which, after an immense amount of preliminary "blowing," not one even figured in the first half-dozen past the post. It is remarkable, indeed, that, with all their mechanical genius, Americans up to the present have achieved so little distinction in automobilism. They may take consolation, however, in the fact that, so far as international motor racing is concerned, their inglorious position at the tail of the procession is shared with ourselves. Take, for instance, the results at Blackpool last week. French Darracqs simply swept the board. Thus a 40 h.p. Darracq took the flying kilometre for cars up to £900 in value, and likewise the flying kilometre for any kind of touring car unrestricted as to price; a 70 h.p. Darracq carried off the flying kilometre for racers not exceeding 650 kilos; in the case of the flying kilometre for cars not exceeding 1,000 kilos a 100 h.p. Darracq was the winner, with another car of the same make second; a 200 h.p. Darracq took the flying kilometre for four-cylinder cars not exceeding 1,000 kilos, and also the standing mile handicap; while, to complete the list, a Darracq-Serpollet headed the motor-omnibuses. Such results were certainly a splendid showing, and Messrs. Darracq are entitled to hearty congratulations.

Of the making of new tyres there is seemingly no end, and if the perfect article is not eventually produced it will certainly not be for lack of energy on the part of the inventors. One of the latest devices patented under this head has the merit certainly of ingenuity. The inventor (Mr. F. A. Macgowan) fills a single tube tyre with a mass of hollow rubber spheres, each containing a small quantity of a gas-producing agent such as bi-carbonate of soda. Then, by vulcanising, the spheres are expanded so as to completely fill and distend the tyre and—*voilà tout!* If you get a puncture the gas of one sphere only is lost, without appreciably affecting—even if you have a score of such—the efficiency of the tyre as a whole. Certainly an ingenious idea. Another, in which Messrs. John Muir and Sons, Beith, Scotland, are interested, has for its leading feature what is described as a "shock-shifter hub." This is a hub filled with steel balls, loosely packed, which support the axle and by the constant variation in their position produce the effect of "an all-but liquid bearing," with the result that the road shock is continuously absorbed and prevented from ever reaching the axle itself. The use of this hub is advocated in conjunction with Messrs. Muir's hydraulically pressed solid leather tyre, made from pigskin, which they claim to be the most wear-resisting material so far invented for the purpose.

One of the minor worries of motoring is the uninvited onlooker, who invariably appears on the scene to superintend any kind of roadside adjustment or repair. Often enough, no doubt, he is quite harmless in himself, but his presence is none the less exasperating. And the worst of it is that there is absolutely no remedy. If, by sheer inadvertence, you chance to drop your heaviest spanner on the toes of anyone standing too near that is his look-out, of course, and he may conceivably be induced thereby to watch your proceedings from a more respectful distance. But you would never think of doing such a thing intentionally, of course. Masterly impassivity is your only policy. Certainly the very worst thing you can do is to betray the fact that you do not appreciate the outsiders' friendly interest in your concerns. Yet, unless one happens to be blessed with a singularly happy temperament, rare self-control is sometimes needed to act on this principle. Nor is it only on the open road that your fortitude is so tried. In the comparative privacy of the garage or the stable it may be just as severely tested. The mere fact that someone is engaged on a piece of mechanical work is sufficient apparently to constitute an invitation to the average man to come and watch the proceedings. Not long ago I worked at a car for two hours in a hotel yard under the stolid observation during the whole time of the ostler and the boots, neither of whom uttered a word from start to finish. Is it unreasonable to wish such uninvited spectators further? Why should one be subjected to such surveillance just because one happens to be engaged on a kind of work which makes it possible?

I recently referred to the transference of the works of the Brotherhood-Crocker cars to Tinsley, Sheffield,

where new works of the most up-to-date character have been acquired. It is now further announced that the car will henceforward be known as the Sheffield-Simplex instead of Brotherhood-Crocker, in consequence of the termination of Messrs. Brotherhood and Crocker's interest in the company, the active management of which will, however, it is stated, remain in the same hands as heretofore.

MAMMON.

Stock Dealings Restricted—Bank Rate Effect—Prospect Better—Some Investment Buying—Where Bargains may be Obtained.

DEALINGS on the Stock Exchange do not show any decided tendency to increase, and conditions at the moment are far from being propitious, although nothing of a really serious import can be pointed to. The advance in the Bank rate to 5 per cent. was in some respects a blessing in disguise, because it promised to make for more settled monetary conditions, the trouble in the Money Market being uncertainty more than relatively high rates charged for accommodation. All things considered, the week has been a tolerably good one. It was interrupted by a settlement, and the volume of new business offering is indifferent; but brokers report less indifference on the part of the public, and there has certainly been a better inquiry for Investment stocks. The reader will find details of the general position and outlook in my notes below. Here I may repeat my previous advice that values as a whole on the Stock Exhange are quite moderate—in some cases tempting, as in the gilt-edged class and Home Railways; and I regard South Africans as among the most desirable shares in all the market, provided you are in a position to put them away for a settlement of the Constitution question, and energetic action on the part of the magnates, who are only biding their own time in order to give values an upward twist. Take it all round, I think it will be a long time before one again has such an opportunity as the present of picking up bargains.

Money Position—Bank Rate Advanced—A Feeling of Relief—Outlook More Promising—Bank's Small Reserve.

The advance in the Bank rate from 4 per cent. to 5 per cent. was not by any means unexpected. It had been becoming more and more evident that such a measure of precaution would have to be adopted sooner or later. The directors, it may be assumed, were reluctant to take any action until it became inevitable because of the disturbance it might occasion to the trade of the country. To some extent the move was precipitated by the advance to 6 per cent. in the Berlin Bank rate, though, as I have already said, a rise was inevitable sooner or later because of the menace threatened by the continued American absorption of gold in face of the usual autumnal drain to Egypt, etc. The event came as a relief and it would seem to have had the desired effect already, for not only has the American Exchange recovered above gold point but the principal Continental Exchanges have moved in favour of this country. Generally speaking the outlook is more promising and it is, in fact, quite possible that the Bank may be able to secure some of the future gold arrivals and thus strengthen its position preparatory to the further withdrawals of the metal abroad, incidental to the last quarter of the year. So far there is some element of doubt upon this point, but in any case the advance in the rate by a full 1 per cent. makes the general situation decidedly clearer, and the fact that no half measures have been adopted is satisfactory. As regards money in the open market, the supplies are rather above current requirements owing to the heavy borrowings from the Bank in the shape of short bills, and rates are consequently easy. If these bills do not mature for some time to come it would be by no means remarkable if the Bank, in order to remove the menace of unduly easy conditions, were to adopt measures to relieve the market of its superfluous supplies and then make its rate effective. Such an action seems probable, and then there would be also a greater inclination to maintain discount rates. That the position justified the advance in the Bank rate is manifest from the latest returns, which owing chiefly to the heavy gold withdrawals indicates a further shrinkage of £2,112,000 in the reserve, which is now under £18,290,000. The stock of bullion diminished by £2,600,285, but on the other hand there was a contraction of £393,630 in the note circulation.

Consols Quiet—Bank Rate Advance Without Effect—No Initiative — Stocks Promising — Colonials—Russians Still Sensitive.

The advance in the Bank rate has afforded a certain degree of relief to the market in gilt-edged stocks, inasmuch as it seems to clear the monetary horizon. The event has, of course, been liberally discounted far in advance, hence it is not in the least remarkable that the impression upon values should be quite inappreciable. Values, indeed, remain pretty much where they were, and so far, at any rate, there is still a lack of initiative, but even though the market should be so listless as to be unable to respond to more favourable influences, I am still convinced that stocks collectively are deserving of consideration. On a purely investment basis the yields obtainable are undoubtedly good, having regard to the nature of the security, while there are also possibilities of capital appreciation. Colonial stocks are now in greater favour, and the following table indicates the approximate yield they give:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Canada 3 p.c.	96½	£3 2 0
Cape 3 p.c.	83	3 12 0
Natal 3 p.c.	84½	3 11 0
New South Wales 3½ p.c.	99½	3 10 0
Queensland 3½ p.c.	99	3 10 6
South Australia 3 p.c.	87	3 9 0
Rand Water Board 4 p.c.	95½	4 4 0

Russian bonds still continue the chief centre of interest in the Foreign market. The lugubrious view supposed to have been taken of the future by the Finance Minister has been, not unnaturally perhaps, supplemented by an amended statement. But I fail to see that this improves matters in the least. That there is an urgent necessity for retrenchment in the matter of the finances of the country is obvious. Whether it will be possible in the present chaotic state of affairs is open to doubt; but in any case I maintain the opinion that Russian bonds are not an attractive holding, mainly because they are charged with an undue element of speculative uncertainty. Japanese stocks are somewhat heavy in appearance for some reason difficult to ascertain, but this does not in reality amount to much, and I still regard them as being a very respectable holding as investments. Otherwise the market is very uninteresting.

A Slight Rally in Home Rails—York Deferred—Hull and Berwicks in Good Demand—Labour Scare Subsiding—Mr. Haldane Denounces the Nationalisation of Capital—The Clyde Strike and Mediation Offers

There is at last some reason for satisfaction in perusing the weekly list of movements in Home Railway stocks. While there has been no striking advance, the all-round character of the advance suggests that the market is beginning to recover from its recent overdose of fright over the labour situation. The rally was allowed to continue, in spite of the rise in the Bank rate to 5 per cent. last Thursday, so that Home Rails may be said to have offered appreciable resistance to external influences. In the van of the upward movement, I am pleased to notice, were Great Northern Deferred, Hull and Barnsley Ordinary, and North-Eastern Consols—the bright prospects of which I have specially urged during the past few weeks. There is little doubt that these stocks are still as cheap as any in the Home Railway group, although many other bargains are to be had, such, for instance, as North-Western, Great Western, and North Staffordshire Ordinary, Midland Deferred, North British Deferred,

Furness Ordinary, South-Eastern Six per Cent. Preferred, and Central London Ordinary and Deferred. Great Easterns have lately been bought on the opening of the new docks at Lowestoft, but although the Board may be relied upon to do its utmost in the direction of economical working, the traffics of the line still lag behind, and the stock hardly looks as cheap as the others I have named. Speaking of the market as a whole, one of the leading factors to induce a better feeling was the recent plain speaking of Mr. Haldane in regard to the Government's attitude towards the Labour Party. The Minister for War did not mince words in dealing with the Socialistic propaganda of Mr. Keir Hardie and his friends, and he emphatically declared that the Liberal Party had no sympathy with any efforts that might be made to nationalise land or capital or anything else. The market is thus assured of immunity from Socialistic legislation, at all events during the life of the present Parliament. Then as regards the agitation for shorter hours and higher pay among railway employees, the admissions made at the recent conference of delegates of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants have helped not a little to put matters in their true perspective. For instance, it was confirmed that the membership of the Society is only some 10 per cent. of the total number of men engaged upon the railways of the country—a fact which makes the suggestion of a general strike sound rather ridiculous. All along, indeed, the market has been far more concerned over the labour position than the railway boards themselves, and it is unfortunate that the traditional reticence of British railway directors has prevented any public utterance on the matter. However, it is instructive to observe the attitude adopted by the general manager of the Great Western Railway towards the goods guards, signalmen, and brakesmen who have been urging concessions affecting hours and wages. Mr. Inglis points out that various changes have been made in recent years in the service and remuneration of these grades, at a cost of £100,000 a year in wages. Further concessions are not obscurely hinted at, including a shortening of the period during which guards and signalmen may reach the maximum wage rate, and improving the grading of signalmen. The hours of goods guards, it is pointed out, have already been reduced from 144 per fortnight to 60 per week, while the time of annual leave has been extended, and lodging allowance increased. I have quoted this reply as an instance of the manner in which the conditions of service are being voluntarily improved by the Companies themselves, and of the conciliatory attitude adopted in regard to new alleged grievances—all of which should reassure those who are nervous about the relations between the men and their employers. Turning to the strike amongst the boiler-makers on the Clyde, there is, at the moment of writing, no definite news to give, but the commendable efforts being made by the Lord Provost of Glasgow and his confrères towards mediation, afford ground for hoping that a settlement of the struggle will be arrived at before long. Scotch Rails have been inclined to recover upon the prospect, while it was also observed that in spite of the strike the traffic receipts of both Companies showed increases last week of over £1,000. Apart from the labour outlook another factor that is said to be connected with the recovery in the market is the conclusion of liquidation of deceased accounts. Of late, the number of big estates upon which death duties have had to be paid has been such as to affect the Revenue Returns materially. The raising of the funds to meet these duties must have entailed the realisation of considerable blocks of securities, and Home Rails are said to have suffered most, not merely on account of the volume of selling, but because of the narrowness of the market. When it is recalled that the offer of £1,500 of Chatham Seconds the other day brought about a fall of 3 points in the price, the state of the market may well be understood. It is, however, surely the time to buy when securities are so unfashionable as this instance indicates, and I do not wonder at the dealers talking about stock having been "given away." My table is appended:—

Home Rails.	A Year Ago.	Make up, Oct. 10.	Closing Price, Oct. 6.	Closing Price, Oct. 13.	Movement.
Caledonian Pref.	77½	75½	73½xd	73½xd	+ ½
Do. Def.	37¼	30⅝	29½xd	29⅝xd	+ ⅛
City and S. London	41	42½	43	44	+1
Central London	91	83½	83	84	+1
Great Central 94 Pref.	69	—	74	73	−1
Do. "B"	35	35½	34½	34½	− ½
Do. "A"	17½	16⅝	16½	16¼	−
Great Eastern	83¼	80⅝	81½	81½	+ ½
Great Northern Pref.	101	99½	99	99½	+ ½
Do. Def.	39	43½	42	42½	+ ½
Great Western	139½	128½	127½	126¾	− ¾
Hull and Barnsley	46½	45½	45	46	+1
Lancashire and Yorkshire	105	103½	103½	103½	− ½
London and Brighton "A"	123½	116½	114½	114½	−
London, Chatham, and Dover	16½	14	13⅝	13⅞	−
Do. 4½ p.c. Pref.	98	89	86	88	+ 2
Do. 2nd Pref.	64	55	52	50	−2
London and North-Western	156	151	150¾	150¾	−
London and South-Western Def.	55	48	47½	46¾	− ¾
Metropolitan Consolidated	89½	60	60½	60½	−
Metropolitan District	34½	21½	22	22	−
Midland Pref.	67½	65½	65½	65	− ½
Do. Def.	67½	64½	64	64	−
North British 3 p.c. Pref.	77½	76½	73xd	73½	+ ½
Do. Def.	44½	42½	39½xd	39½	−
North-Eastern Consolidated	140¾	136⅜	136	136¾	+ ¾
South-Eastern "A"	59½	48	47⅛	47⅝	+ ⅜

Americans Irregular—Pennsylvanias Strong—Unions and Southern Pacifics—"The Absolutely Square Basis."

Throughout the week the American market has been listless, and has developed scarcely a feature. At one time Pennsylvanias were in favour on Wall Street, and among the professionals here, in connection with a rumour that the dividend was to be put upon a 7 per cent. basis, but apart from the good people who hold the shares as an investment very little interest has been displayed, and so far as the speculative public is concerned, dealings are frankly dead. The professionals interested themselves in Unions and Southern Pacifics; they are gamblers, and they do not mind taking risks if they see a possibility of a profit by buying on a fall. But very few other Yankee gambling counters have come into prominence, and I am of opinion that the British public would do well to ignore them. In another article in this issue I deal at some length with the position of the particular member of the public who essays to deal, especially on margin, in stocks upon which he cannot possibly hope to keep his finger; and I suppose nobody labours under the delusion that anything is to be got out of Americans on what one may call the "absolutely square" basis. That is to say, every one recognises that if he takes a hand in the market he will probably secure a profit, provided he comes in on a fall, but he must be prepared for violent movements either way, and if he is one who prefers to sleep peacefully at night and is not worried by any prospect of a big loss he will find Americans quite entertaining; but in other circumstances—that is, if he enters into speculation in order to make money and has no use for risking the loss of all that he has got—he would be well advised to go elsewhere. His chances may, perhaps, be not so great, but on the other hand his risks are decidedly more limited. Union Pacifics have continued very prominent, and against the risk of a Government prosecution on the ground of fraud in the dealings in public lands we are told that the stock is to be retired against bonds worth 230. Personally, I should prefer to believe neither story until I had further confirmation. The general commercial situation is satisfactory. The crops are likely to turn out well, although cotton is a little doubtful owing to the recent bad weather in the South; the general industrial position is highly pros-

How to Operate in Stocks Successfully.—See Halford's Adviser (post free).—Palmerston House, London, E.C. Established 1869. Telegrams: "Monitor, London."

Treatise on Options.—Mr. Arthur Crump, late City Editor of the *Times*, described "Options" as "The most scientific and prudent way of operating on the Stock Exchange." This system, although very popular on the Continent and in America, is not so well known amongst Investors here as its merits justify. We have just published a new Treatise on this subject which will be sent post free on application to the Secretary, London and Paris Exchange, Ltd., Bankers, Basildon House, Bank, London, E.C., or from any of its Branches.

perous, and the monetary situation has ceased to worry. Here is my usual table:

—	1905. Highest.	1905. Lowest.	Closing Price, Sept. 29, 1906.	Closing Price, Oct. 6, 1906.	Closing Price, Oct. 13, 1906.
Atchison	96	80⅛	109½	107½	106⅞
Do. Five per Cent. Pref...	109	102	105½	105	105
Baltimore and Ohio Com. ...	120⅛	101⅛	126	127⅜	128
Chesapeake and Ohio	61½	46⅜	64⅞	64	63
Denver	40½	27⅜	43⅜	44½	44½
Do. Pref.	93¼	85⅜	88¼	88½	88½
Erie	54¼	38⅝	47⅜	48⅜	49⅛
Do. First Pref.....	87½	77⅜	79⅜	79½	79½
Louisville	161⅛	140½	152⅝	152	152½
Milwaukee	193⅜	173⅛	179½	182½	183½
Mo., Kan., and Texas	39¼	24⅛	36⅞	37½	37½
Norfolk Pref.....	96½	94	94	94	93¾
Do. Common.....	90⅛	77⅜	98⅛	99⅛	99
New York Central	169⅜	140½	145	145	145
Ontario	65⅛	41⅜	49½	49½	49½
Pennsylvania	76⅝	67½	73½	73	74¼
Reading	73⅜	40⅞	75⅞	79½	79
Do. First Pref.	49⅜	46	46	47½	46½
Southern Common	39⅞	28⅜	36⅞	37½	37½
Do. Pref.	104½	97½	101xd	101	101½
Southern Pacific	74	59⅝	96⅜	98½	98⅝
Union Pacific	155⅞	116⅝	189⅜	195⅛	195⅜
Do. Pref.	102⅜	98½	97	97	97
Wabash Pref.	49⅜	37⅞	46	46½	47
Do. "B" Debentures ...	86⅞	69½	82	83	85
U.S. Steel Corp. Com.	44½	26	46⅜	50⅝	51⅜
Do. Do. Pref.	110⅛	93⅜	110⅜	111⅛	111⅛

The mail from New York brings details of the great ore deal of which so much has been heard recently. The amount of iron ore contained in the lands controlled by the Great Northern (U.S.A.) is estimated at upwards of 500,000,000 tons. The United States Steel Corporation will lease them from the Lake Superior Company, Limited, which is the title of the corporation through which the Great Northern exercises its ownership, the agreement being that a specified minimum quantity of ore shall be mined and shipped from the properties, with an annual increase therein. The royalty to be paid for the ore is to vary according to its quality, the price at the outset to be 85 cents per ton at the minimum, rising to $1.75 per ton, and a further provision is that the Great Northern Railway shall receive 80 cents per ton for transporting the ore from the mines to Duluth or other points of shipment on the lake. It is the general conclusion that this transaction does not immediately add to the earning power of the United States Steel Corporation. Its importance to that organisation resides in the fact that in this way an enormous addition is made to its iron-ore reserves, the estimates being that, with the control of the Great Northern properties, its combined ore deposits in the north-west will contain fully 1,500,000,000 tons, thus assuring raw supplies for a long term of years, while it also places it out of the power of existing or future competitors to secure the properties which are the basis of the deal in question. To the Great Northern stockholders the proposition is, of course, of much interest, and will, if adopted, prove decidedly to their advantage. As already stated, the ore lands, which were acquired some years ago at comparatively low prices, have never figured in the Great Northern's financial statements, but they have been operated on a profitable basis, having, it is understood, accumulated a substantial surplus. The contract with the United States Steel Corporation would, of course, add largely to its income, and it is claimed in some quarters that there will now be a distribution of part of the surplus to the Great Northern, thus permitting the latter to declare an extra dividend to its own stockholders. The report of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company for the year to June 30 is interesting. The feature which will attract most attention is the fact that, with a further large addition to the gross earnings, there was only a trifling increase in the net earnings. The gross earnings have been steadily growing, indicating satisfactory development of the business of the system and careful attention to it. In the year to June 30 the total of the gross rose from $38,517,070 to $43,008,996. On the other hand, the net earnings gained only from $12,027,049 to $12,075,532. The absence of expansion in the net earnings is the more noteworthy as the same feature had been observable in other recent periods. For instance, in the two years preceding, while gross rose from $35,449,377 to $38,517,070, the net increased only from $11,478,565 to $12,027,049. The situation thus is that during the last three years there has been an enlargement of the gross earnings by over 7½ million dollars, with an increase in the net of not quite $600,000. A variety of circumstances combined to enhance the expenditure during the past year. In the report these are enumerated at length:—

> The better weather conditions, with more work under construction, the increased cost of all classes of labour and materials, the rebuilding of the Louisville passenger station, the repairing of World's Fair equipment, the yellow fever for five months on the Southern divisions, and the unusual number of destructive accidents, account for most of the increases in operating expenses, except "locomotive repairs," which increased 50.6 per cent., due to heavy repairs required upon 76 new engines put in service in 1904 and 21 old ones taken over with the Atlanta Knoxville and Northern Railroad, and to deferred light and heavy repairs during the time of removal from the old to the new shops at South Louisville, which period was marked by a phenomenal increase in tonnage, and consequent additional strain upon motive power.

Canadian Railways Active—"Canadas"—Grand Trunks on the Meeting—Interoceanic of Mexico—Argentines—Argentine Great Western Dividend—Cuban Railways Distributions.

Canadian Pacifics show little change on the week, although something has been gained. The Company's earnings continue on a prodigious scale, the latest traffic showing $293,000 increase, which brings the total improvement since July 1 to as much as $4,324,000. I have enlarged on the merits of "Canadas" a good deal recently, and my readers know that what I have said has been justified. The shares will certainly go beyond 200 before long; meantime you get a fair return on your money, and acquire an interest in one of the most promising railway properties in the world. The Grand Trunk traffic increase of £8,300 was just about half what the market had looked for, and this circumstance, followed by discouraging remarks at the meeting on Thursday, brought about a rather smart reaction in the company's junior stocks. Sir Charles Rivers Wilson never made the mistake of offering too much encouragement to the holders of the Third Preference and Ordinary stocks, and although he gave promise of a higher distribution for the current year on the first-named, he chastened enthusiasm by making remarks on the effect of the protective duty on steel rails—which he said affected the Trunk Company to the extent of about £40,000 a year and the Grand Trunk Pacific to the extent of $4,000,000 over and above the original cost—and also to increased taxation in Ontario. These considerations outweighed the virtual promise of a higher dividend upon the Third Preference in respect of the current year, and sales of the junior securities were pressed up to the finish. If you want your natural optimism checked, please buy a little Grand Trunk stock, and go and hear the chairman make his half-yearly speech. Quite frankly, I admire his caution, but I should like to find it seasoned occasionally with hope. It is absurd to play the dog-in-the-manger game with the Grand Trunk. It has an enormous future, and the public should be recommended to buy its stocks. If they prefer a moderate return, well assured but without much prospect of appreciation, there are the Guaranteed stock, yielding 3⅞ per cent., the First Preference, yielding nearly 4¼ per cent., and the Second Preference, yielding almost 4½ per cent., if they are prepared to take the very little risk involved on the chance (which is bright) of a big advance within the next year or two, which will much more than compensate for the small return derivable in the meantime. The net profits for the first half of this year were the largest ever earned in a six months to June, but the directors contrive to let more revenue than might be really necessary go out for expenses. The bulk of the increase, the chairman explained, was on maintenance, etc., the only exception to this being the special item of £56,000 in respect of Michigan taxation. The traffic receipts had surpassed their best anticipations—hence the decision to wipe off this item instead of spreading it

over two years, as originally intimated. New taxation in Ontario will add about $95,000 a year to expenses. The President dealt at some length with the improvement effected in the Company's equipment at the cost of revenue, and also pointed to the extremely small capital expenditure. The Grand Trunk has spent a good deal in the past out of revenue; it might now, one would think, be a trifle more thrifty. I say this, although I should be among the last in the world to suggest that the system should suffer from being starved. My table will be found below:—

—	A Year Ago.	Make-up, Oct. 10.	Closing Price, Oct. 13.
Canadian Pacific	176¾	183½	185
Grand Trunks	25⅝	27¼	26¾
„ 4 per cent. Guaranteed	102	104	102½xd
„ 1st Preference	112½	120	119xd
„ 2nd „	103⅜	114	112½xd
„ 3rd „	61	67½	67⅝
Bengal and North-West	155½	147	147
Madras Railway 5 per cent.	125	122½	122½
Argentine Great Western Ordinary	129½	118	114½
Buenos Ayres and Pacific	140	125½	125⅝
„ „ 1st Preference	115	118	117
„ „ 2nd „	110	110	109
„ Great Southern	142⅜	135	133
„ Western	140¾	134	127½ x d
Entre Rios Railway Preference	92	89½	86xd
Rosario Consolidated Ordinary	111	115¾	114½
Cent. Uruguay Ordinary	91	88	89
Costa Rica Railway	2⅞	28½	28
Mashonaland Railway Debentures, 2nd iss.	—	92	91
Mexican Railway	24⅝	28½	28½
„ 1st Preference	118	136½	137½
„ 2nd „	48	60½	60½
Nitrate Rails	16	14½	15½

In the Foreign Railway group Mexicans have been prominent. A good traffic helped the old Vera Cruz line, and there were rumours about an alteration in the pooling arrangements. But Inter-Oceanic Preference has been the feature, the buying being of the sustained sort, which suggests that the Government is becoming active once again in connection with its policy of securing control of all the country's lines. I regard these shares as a good lock-up purchase. They are getting nothing in the way of dividend at present, and the "B." Debentures, which rank in front of them for 7 per cent., only obtained 4½ per cent. for last year; but the company is doing remarkably well, and has a gross increase of £172,000 for fourteen weeks, this being equal to close upon 10 per cent. Cuban Railways hang fire a trifle, the state of affairs in the island not being quite so bright as it might be. But the railways go on prospering in spite of the tinpot revolution. The balance dividend declared by the Western Railway of Havana makes 7 per cent. for the year to June 30, being at the same rate as was paid in 1904-5; but this time a larger amount of capital ranks for return. The available balance is now £49,400, as against £53,400; and after meeting the dividend the surplus is £17,400, as compared with £25,400. Last year £20,000 was placed to general reserve and £5,400 carried forward, but this time the whole of the remaining surplus goes into the next accounts. The annual report shows that the ratio of working costs to income rose from 50.21 to 51.62 per cent., the chief reason for the increase being the larger amount spent on repairs and renewals. The special expenditure charged to revenue was £11,400, as against £6,900. The prospects of the current financial year are not regarded as particularly bright, both the recent revolution and the continued effects of the tobacco crop failure being likely to exercise an adverse influence on earnings. The United Railways of the Havana announce a dividend at the rate of 17 per cent. per annum for the six months ended June 30—that is, £8 10s. per cent. Of this £4 10s. has already been paid as an interim distribution, leaving £4 to be paid on the 23rd instant. The price of the stock hardened materially on this announcement. At the present price, with £4 dividend accrued, the yield is 10 per cent. The Argentine group has not much to show, but I may make reference to the balance dividend of 3½ per cent. actually announced by the directors of the Argentine Great Western Railway, this making 6 per cent. for the twelve months to June 30, being at the same rate as that paid for 1904-5. The new shares issued last year also have to be provided with interest, though until their conversion into stock they do not get more than 5 per cent. per annum. The increase in the published traffics for the financial year was £119,000, but it will be necessary for this advance in earnings to be maintained, as a further batch of shares has been added to the capital, and will become interest bearing in respect of the current year.

Rhodesians Livelier — Explorations and an Impending Deal—"Talked" Higher—Tanganyikas and Bankets.

A revival of interest is to be observed in the Rhodesian market. This is most noticeable in the case of Rhodesia Explorations, which are being twisted up on the strength of rumours concerning an impending land deal of considerable proportions. The whispers are extremely vague, though it is freely stated that an area of thirty square miles in the Tanganyika district has been acquired. What it all means is purely a matter for conjecture. It may be, of course, that the move is not unconnected with a revival of the activity in Tanganyikas, which shares are now again in favour. This is only a conjecture, of course, but it is not outside the range of probability. Be this as it may, however, Explorations, on the strength of the rumours circulated, are "talked" considerably higher. Relatively speaking, the existing quotation is rather low, the shares having touched 4¾ at one time last year, while in 1904 they were 6¾. It may be as well to point out that Explorations are a highly speculative purchase. There is not much to add to what I have already said about Tanganyikas, which, as has been frequently pointed out, are something of a gamble to touch at present. As regards Bankets, the shares are being sentimentally influenced by the spasmodic outburst in Explorations, but this apart, I still consider them as being a fairly promising gamble. They are nothing better than a gamble, but it would not be too much to hope that sooner or later the satisfactory development of the property will make an impression upon the shares. My usual table follows:—

—	Capitals.		Denom. of Shares.	Amount Paid.	Highest 1905.	Closing Price, Oct. 6, 1906.	Closing Price, Oct 13, 1906
	Authorised.	Shares Issued.					
	£		£				
Bechuanaland Ex.	400,000	400,000	1	f.p.	1 1/2	½	½
British S. Africa	6,000,000	4,999,038	1	f.p.	1 5/16	1 7/16	1 5/16
Chicago Gaika	250,000	201,000	1	f.p.	2¾	5/6	5/6
Globe & Phœnix	200,000	250,000	1	f.p.	1 5/8	1¾	1 7/8
Lomagunda Dev	250,000	228,000	1	f.p.	2 1/16	1 1/16	1¼
Mashon. Agency	400,000	398,976	1	f.p.	1⅝	¼	⅜
N rth'rn Copper(B.S.A.)	250.000	160,500	1	f.p.	3½	1¾	1¾
Rhodesia, Ltd. (New)	600,000	600,000	1	f.p.	1	7/16	7/16
Rhodesia Expl.	225,000	227,777	1	f.p.	4¾	1⅝	2⅜
Rhodesia Glds.	1,000,000	500,677	1	f.p.	5/16	3/32	7/32
Rice Hamilton	175,000	50,000	1	f.p.	2⅜	21/32	21/32
Selukwe	350,000	321,000	1	f.p.	1 7/8	2/6	2/6
Tanganyika Conc.	264 600	234,000	1	f.p.	6¾	6 7/8	6¾
United Rhodesia	750,000	660,900	1	f.p.	11/3	2/6	2/6
Willoughby Con.	1,000,000	930,000	1	f.p.	15/16	9/6	9/9
Zambesia Explor.	300,000	288,615	1	f.p.	2 7/8	1⅝	1 11/16

The output for last month is shown in the table below:—

——	1902.	1903.	1904.	1905.	1906.
	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.
January	15,955	16,245	19,359	32,531	42,950
February	13,204	17,090	18,673	30,131	38,037
March	16,991	19,626	17,756	34,927	44,574
April	17,559	20,727	17,862	33,268	42,423
May	19,698	22,137	19,424	31,332	46,729
June	15,842	22,166	20,402	35,256	47,664
July	15,226	23,571	24,339	34,693	48,485
August	15,747	19,187	24,669	35,765	50,127
September	15,164	18,741	26,029	35,785	—
October	16,849	17,913	24,919	33,383	—
November	15,923	15,714	26,183	32,861	—
December	16,210	18,750	28,100	37,116	
Total	194,268	231,872	267,715	407,048	360,989

Kaffirs Harder—September Gold Output—Simmer and Jacks—More Amalgamation Contemplated — New Vaal River Diamonds.

Holders of Kaffir shares have suffered so many disappointments during the last few years that a great change will have to come over the market before many of them are likely to be induced to believe in the possibility of a permanent improvement; but sooner or later a turn for the better must come, and some consolation

and even encouragement may for the present be derived from the fact that after being absolutely lifeless for several days prices at the week-end exhibited a rising tendency. The making-up list on the 9th inst. showed that the prices of the more active shares went against holders' last account, and after the carry-over values further depreciated; but the close of the week marks some recovery which it is hoped will be maintained. The returns from the mines point to increasing gold yields and profits, and as dividends are also being augmented everything seems to be in favour of a forward movement in Kaffirs once all uncertainty as to the questions affecting the Transvaal mining industry has been removed. There was a slight falling off in the Transvaal gold output for September, particulars of which are appended, but it did not have the slightest effect one way or the other on the market. The total output was 505,111 oz., of the value of £2,145,575, being a decrease of 4,004 oz. in weight and £17,008 in value as compared with the returns for August. As September was a day shorter than August and the coolies employed in the mines on the Rand, exceeding 50,000 in number, had at least one day's holiday during the month in order to celebrate an important Chinese festival, the output must be regarded as satisfactory, the average daily yield for the months of August and September being considerably in favour of the latter. One point that must be conceded by the most pessimistic critic of the Rand mining industry is that its huge gold production has never been paralleled in the world's history, and in one instance the Simmer and Jack Proprietary is returning about £1,100,000 worth of gold per annum, while its profits are approximately £500,000. This individual record is surpassed by the Esperanza of Mexico, but as a goldfield the Rand is unrivalled, its production being considerably higher than the aggregated outputs of the whole of the numerous goldfields in the United States, or of any other country. It is stated that a scheme is being formulated, having for its object the amalgamation of the East Rand Proprietary Mines and its subsidiaries—the Angelo Gold Mines, Cason Gold Mines, New Comet, Driefontein Consolidated, Cinderella, and New Blue Sky. The parent company holds a controlling interest in its subsidiaries, and would therefore be able to carry out any scheme that the directors might desire, but in view of the changes that have occurred in the claim holdings and capitalisation of the various companies in the course of the last few years, it is doubtful whether any interruption of the existing arrangements would be advisable. Whatever scheme may be proposed, one important point must not be lost sight of by shareholders, and that is the lien held by the H.F. Company, whereby it is entitled to 25 per cent. of the East Rand Proprietary's profits after the shareholders of the latter have received £920,000 in dividends. Up to the present East Rand shareholders have received £645,300, so that further distributions to the amount of £274,700 have to be made before the H.F. Company can exercise its rights. A few years ago the directors of the East Rand Proprietary submitted to the shareholders a proposal which had for its object the settlement of the rights of the H.F. Company, but, as the terms asked were considered to be too high, the scheme was rejected. Since that time the matter has not been broached, but a pretty strong hint was subsequently conveyed to the shareholders by Sir George Farrar, the chairman, that if they desired to have the question reopened the next move must emanate from them. There is no doubt that the H.F. Company's lien constitutes a serious stumbling block to the East Rand Proprietary shareholders, and no one will hardly dare deny that the rights held by Companies and individuals over the profits of various mining and kindred concerns in South Africa have in the past prejudiced such concerns in the eyes of European investors. There has been considerable activity in diamond shares. De Beers have been largely bought on rumours of an increased dividend, and the Deferreds have risen to 19⅝, which is higher than they have been for many a long day. New Vaal River Diamonds have also come in for a great amount of attention, and the shares which a few weeks ago could be bought for 10s. or 12s. are now 3⅜. This is due to the discovery of a large area, covering some 200,000 claims of rich diamondiferous alluvial ground, on the Company's property on the Vaal River, about thirty miles from Kimberley, the stones found in which are reported to be of good quality. These claims extend from two to five miles from the river, and an influential South African financial firm offered to provide the necessary funds to convey water to the claims for washing purposes in return for certain privileges; but the directors consider that this should be carried out by the Company in order that the shareholders may derive every possible benefit from the working of their property. It has, therefore, been decided to increase the capital of the Company from £150,000 to £200,000, and to create £50,000 6 per cent. debentures, of which only £25,000 will be issued at present, to enable the directors to carry out a scheme which will ensure an ample supply of water for the diggers engaged on the new claims. Adverse rumours have made Premier Diamonds a heavy market, but at 12⅝ they close considerably above the worst point touched. Here is my usual table of movements of prices:—

—	High. in 1895.	1905. Highest	1905. Lowest.	Make-up, Oct. 9, 1906.	Closing Price, Sep. 15, 1906.	Closing Price, Oct. 13, 1906.
Angelo	7⅜	7 5/16	4⅜	2⅜	2 1/16	2⅜
Anglo-French	7⅜	4⅜	2 5/16	1 7/16	1 11/16	1 7/16
Aurora West	3⅜	1⅜	9/16	½	9/16	½
Buffelsdoorn	—	1	½	4/-	½	½
Bantjes	7⅜	1⅜	15/16	5/16	⅜	⅜
City & Suburban (£4)	8	6¼	4¼	3 15/16	4 1/16	3⅞
Cons. Goldfields Def.	19⅜	8½	5 13/16	3⅞	4 1/32	3 29/32
Cons. Main Reef	—	2 3/16	1	1 5/16	⅜	⅜
Crown Reef	12⅜	16	11	9 7/16	10	9½
De Beers Pref.	—	18½	17 31/32	17⅜	16½	17⅝
Do. Def.	—	18 5/16	16 1/16	19¼	17 15/16	19⅝
Driefontein	4⅜	5½	3 7/16	1⅜	1 3/16	1⅜
Durban-Roodepoort	8 15/16	5	3¼	3⅜	3¼	3⅛
East Rand Ext.	—	3	1½	¾	¾	¾
East Rands	12	9 11/32	6 9/32	4 1/16	4⅜	4 11/32
Ferreira	22	25	17½	18½	18⅜	18½
Frank Smith Diamond	—	2¼	1 5/16	1 3/16	⅞	⅞
Geduld	—	7⅞	4 15/16	2⅜	2⅛	2⅜
Ginsberg (New)	2½	2⅞	1⅜	1	1	1
Goch (New)	3⅞	3⅜	1¼	1 1/16	1⅜	1⅛
Geldenhuis Estate	7½	5 13/16	3 15/16	3½	3⅜	3 7/16
Glencairn	4⅞	1⅜	⅞	⅜	⅜	⅜
Goerz, A., & Co., Ltd.	—	3⅜	2 5/16	1⅜	1½	1 7/16
Henderson	5⅜	1 7/16	⅝	9/3	11/-	9/6
Heriot	12½	4¼	3⅜	3⅜	3⅜	3½
Jagersfontein (New)	12	8½	7 1/16	8⅜	7⅞	9 1/16
Joh. Con. Invest.	6⅞	3 5/16	1 15/16	1 3/16	1½	1⅜
Johannesburg Est.	—	1 7/16	1½	1 1/16	1 1/16	1½
" Goldfields	—	1 7/16	⅝	1 13/32	½	½
Jubilee	12½	4½	2⅜	2½	2⅜	2½
Jumpers	8⅞	2½	1⅜	1 15/16	1⅞	1 1/16
Kaffir Cons.	—	—	—	1	21/6	20/6
Kleinfontein (New)	6⅜	2⅜	1⅜	1⅜	1⅜	1 15/16
Knight's	11½	6 1/16	3½	2 15/16	3 5/16	3
Langlaagte, Block "B"	3 3/16	1 1/16	½	1 5/32	½	½
Langlaagte Estate	7½	4 1/16	2⅜	2⅜	2½	2⅜
Langlaagte Exp. & Building	—	2⅜	1½	1 5/16	1	1
Luipaard's Vlei (New)	2⅜	2½	1 3/16	1 5/16	1	1
May Consolidated	4 1/16	4 5/16	2 15/16	2 1/16	2 1/16	2 1/16
Meyer and Charlton	8½	5 5/16	4½	4½	4½	4½
Modderfontein (£4)	17⅞	11 1/16	6⅜	5	5⅜	5 1/16
Mozambique	3 1/16	1½	1	1 23/32	1 27/32	1 7/8
Nigel	8 1/16	2 15/16	2½	2⅜	2⅜	2 15/16
New African	—	4 1/16	1 5/16	18/9	1 1/16	1 1/16
New Comet	4⅜	3 5/16	2 1/16	1 15/16	1 15/16	1 1/16
New Rietfontein	6⅜	3	1 5/16	1 1/16	2 1/16	2 1/16
Oceana Cons.	1⅜	1 15/16	1 5/16	17/9	21/-	18/3
Primrose (New)	8 1/16	3 1/16	2 1/16	2½	2⅝	2 1/16
Princess Estate	4½	1 1/16	½	½	½	½
Rand Mines (5/-)	11⅜	11 1/32	7 1/32	5 1/16	6½	6 3/32
Randfontein	4⅜	3⅜	2	1 3/16	1⅜	1 1/16
Randfontein Porges	3½	1 7/8	1 5/16	1 1/16	1⅜	1⅜
" Robinson	2 1/16	2	1	1 1/16	1 1/16	1 1/16
" North	—	2⅛	1⅜	1½	1 1/16	1½
Randfontein Block "A"	—	1 1/16	⅝	13/16	⅞	⅞
Robinson (£5)	11½	10⅜	8½	7⅜	7⅞	7⅜
Roodepoort United	8½	4	2⅜	1⅜	2	1⅜
S. A. Gold Mines	—	9⅜	5 1/16	2	2⅜	2⅜
S. A. Gold Trust	12 1/16	7 7/32	3⅜	2½	2⅜	2 5/32
Simmer and Jack	*8½	2⅜	1 7/16	1½	1 9/32	1½
South-West Africa	—	16/9	9/6	14/3	14/-	14/9
Transvaal Con. Lands	4⅜	4⅜	2 5/16	2 1/16	2 1/16	2 1/16
Transvaal Development	2⅜	1⅜	⅜	11/9	13/9	12/3
Transvaal Exping.	—	10/6	4/6	2/6	3/-	2/3
Transvaal Goldfield	8½	2⅜	1 5/16	1½	1 1/16	1½
Treasury	5	4½	2 15/16	1 1/16	1½	1¼
Van Ryn	11	4⅜	2 15/16	3	3⅜	3
Village Main Reef	9½	7⅜	4	3⅜	4 1/16	3 15/16
Violet	—	3 1/16	1⅜	1⅜	1⅜	1⅜
Vogelstruis	6⅜	1⅜	⅝	⅝	⅝	⅝
Welgedacht	—	8½	5	3½	3½	3¼
W. Rand Central	—	⅞	⅜	⅜	7/16	5/16
" (New)	—	2 1/16	1 15/16	⅝	⅝	⅝
Wolhuter	12	3 3/32	2 5/16	2 5/16	3 1/16	2 15/16
Worcester	6½	1⅜	½	—	—	—

* £5 shares. † New Deferred shares.

Below I give my customary table of the monthly output of gold for September. It shows some decrease as compared with August, but allowing for the one

working day less, there is really an advance of about 10,000 oz. fine:—

—	1902.	1903.	1904.	1905.	1906.
	Fine. oz.	Fine. oz.	Fine. oz.	Fine. oz.	Fine. oz.
January	70,340	199,279	288,824	369,258	428,638
February	81,405	196,513	289,502	363,811	407,668
March	104,127	217,465	308,242	399,823	443,723
April	119,588	227,871	305,916	399,166	439,243
May	138 602	234,125	314,480	416,395	461,202
June	142,780	238,320	308,219	412,317	475,975
July	149,179	251,643	307,940	419,505	491,793
August	162,750	271,918	312,277	428,581	509,115
September	170,802	276,197	312,286	416,487	505,111
October	191,439	284,544	325,625	415,527	—
November	187,375	279,813	336,137	424,757	—
December	196,023	286,061	362,264	431,594	—
Total	1,704,410	2,963,749	3,776,621*	4,897,221	4,162,468

* Includes 7,949 oz. or £33,766 not declared in year.

The next statement shows the value of the gold obtained:—

—	1902.	1903.	1904.	1905.	1906.
	£	£	£	£	£
January	298,786	846,489	1,226,846	1,568,508	1,820,739
February	345,782	834,739	1,229,726	1,545,371	1,731,664
March	442,303	923,739	1,309,329	1,698,340	1,884,815
April	507,980	967,936	1,299,576	1,695,550	1,865,785
May	588,746	994.505	1,335,826	1,768,734	1,959,062
June	606,493	1,012,322	1,309,231	1,751,412	2,021,813
July	663,674	1,068,917	1,307,621	1,781,944	2,039,004
August	691,322	1,155,039	1,326,468	1,820,496	2,162,583
September	725,522	1,173,211	1,326,506	1,769,124	2,145,575
October	770,706	1,208,669	1,383,167	1,765,047	—
November	795.922	1,188,571	1,427,947	1,804.253	—
December	832,652	1,215,110	1,538,800	1,833,295	—
Totals	7,269,888	12,589,247	16,054,909	20,802,074	17,681,040

And in the following you get the contributions of the individual companies:—

—	Mar.	April.	May.	June	July.	Aug.	Sept.
	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.
Angelo (110; 105)	7,800	9,930	11,708	10,823	11,524	12,307	12,212
Bonanza (55; 55)	4,248	4,256	3,977	3,867	3,426	3,022	2,454
City and Sub'n (160; 160)	9,478	9,339	9,565	9,587	9,864	10,219	9,883
Cons. Main Rf. (120;110)	6,077	6,122	6,393	6,174	6,397	6,681	6,272
Crown Deep (200; 185)	11,120	11,342	11,382	10,785	10,684	11,435	11,139
Crown Reef (120; 120)	10,987	10,728	10,976	10,553	10,596	10,668	10,527
Driefontein (220; 160)	8.711	5,993	6,444	6,211	6,452	6,144	6,486
Durban-R'dep'rt (80; 80)	4,517	4,199	4,298	4,362	4,393	4,495	4,666
Do. Deep (60; 60)	4,023	3,709	3,885	3,741	3,811	3,859	3,733
Ferreira (150; 120)	12,703	12,715	13,033	12 894	12,932	13,113	12,931
Ferreira Deep (100; 120)	12,275	12,279	12.462	12,386	12,413	12,743	12,736
French Rand (120; 115)	5,807	5,820	6,191	6,410	6,257	6,752	6,353
G'ld'nhuis Dp. (200; 200)	9,913	9,393	9,708	9,224	9,679	10,009	10,230
Geldenhuis E. (120; 115)	7,271	6,996	7,185	7,102	7,223	7,281	7,193
Ginsberg (60; 60)	3,030	2,949	2,402	2,196	2,302	2,464	2,339
Glencairn (160; 100)	4,122	3,836	3,928	4,095	4,265	4,539	4,624
Glen Deep (100; 100)	6,090	6,136	6,801	6,830	7,092	7,172	6,766
Heriot (80; 70)	3,813	3,756	3,816	3,845	3,839	4,335	4,281
Jumpers (100; 80)	4,447	4,398	4,720	4,967	5,050	4,996	5,142
Jumpers Deep (100; 100)	5,870	5,331	6,141	6,147	6,510	6,656	6,491
Knight's Deep (300; 100)	7,653	7,620	7,988	8 933	9,888	9,890	10,609
Lancaster (100; 90)	3,708	4,230	4,758	4,160	4,621	4,641	4,478
Lancaster West (40; 40)	2,204	2,111	2,042	2,034	2,116	2,185	2,108
Langlaagte Dp (120; 120)	7 098	6,694	7,782	7,444	7,673	7,975	7,680
Langl'gte Est. (200; 180)	9,000	9,250	9,500	9,221	9,255	9,300	9,323
May Consldtd. (100; 100)	6,088	5,906	5,908	5,898	5,839	5,944	5,866
Meyer & Ch'lton (80; 65)	4,856	4,853	5,266	5,226	5,612	5,895	5,965
New Comet (115)	6,354	6,596	7,297	6,885	7,422	7,498	7,747
New Goch (60; 60)	5,609	5,900	6,898	7,148	7,385	7,198	6,951
New M'dd'rf'nt'n (60; 60)	4,231	4,157	4,276	4,092	5,513	6,094	6,290
New Primrose (160; 120)	6,865	6,738	7,378	7,256	7,354	7,544	7,232
New Unified M.R. (60; 60)	2,242	3,405	2,436	2,255	2,623	2,787	2,566
Nigel (50; 50)	3,028	3,679	3,624	4,123	3,834	3,816	3,799
Nourse Mines (180; —)	11,877	11,324	11,945	11,865	11,814	11,904	11,688
Robinson (200; 210)	19,843	19,711	19,544	20,312	20,563	21,414	21,043
Robinson Cent. Deep (150; 90)	10,483	10,710	11,025	10,914	11,148	11,034	10,848
Robinson Deep (200; 200)	16,121	15,251	15,623	15,586	15,677	16,473	16,768
Robinson Randfontein (100; 100)	5,500	5,750	5,827	5,705	5,785	6,012	5,921
Roodepoort Cent. Deep (50; 50)	2,883	5,697	3,113	3,147	3,219	3,160	3,155
Roodepoort United Mn. Reef (110; 65)	4,445	4,356	4,649	4,483	4,642	4,507	4,078
Rose Deep (200)	8,943	8,353	8,821	9,504	9,530	9,551	9,696
Simmer & Jack (320)	20,010	19,814	20,104	20,013	21,109	23,110	22,853
Sth. R'ndf'nt'n (100; 90)	6,000	6,000	5,937	5,923	5,879	5,895	5,696
Transvaal Gold Mining Estates (80; 70)	3,887	3,887	4,075	3,888	4,120	4,498	4,381
Treasury (60; 55)	2,489	2,242	2,696	2,830	2,746	2,783	2,761
Van Ryn (160; 160)	8,725	8,520	9,163	9,392	10,413	10,135	9,640
Village Mn. Rf. (160)	9,680	13,444	14,184	14,172	14,342	14,959	14,571
Wolhuter (100; 100)	5,015	5,728	5,868	6,260	6,401	6,063	6,200

West Africans Stagnant Again—Copper Still in Favour—Arizonas—Tinto Dividend—Broken Hills—Esperanzas.

The Jungle has resumed its customary appearance of utter stagnation, after the recent spasm of half-hearted buoyancy. This change of front is not surprising, having regard to past experience. The buoyancy in question was clearly artificial and incapable of being sustained owing to the continued indifference shown by everybody who is not in the market. There is scarcely a feature of the slightest importance to comment upon. The boom in Copper shares is still much in evidence, a gentle fillip being given by the further advance in the price of the metal. The margin of profit to the producing concerns must now be extremely large, more especially in the case of those mines whose product is sold as it is produced, like the Arizona. I have had occasion to draw attention to these preferred Ordinary shares, which are now responsive to the influence at work, and show quite a respectable appreciation. The general impression, too, is that they will go higher. As regards Rio Tintos, the expectation of an interim dividend of 50s. per share, in comparison with 40s., have been realised. The average price of Standard copper during the half-year was £15 per ton higher than in the corresponding period of 1905, and though the rearrangement of capital involves an extra £5,000, the achievement is not a surprising one. In relation to Copper shares generally, it is significant to note the remarks of the directors to the effect that "all indications point to a continuance of high prices, the consumption all over the world increasing at an even more rapid rate than the output of copper." Interest in Broken Hill descriptions is being revived to a considerable extent. The metals are at a high level, and the margin of profit must therefore be larger, and the dividend possibilities consequently bright. This is more especially the case with lead, which has touched the predicted £20 per ton. I still regard these shares as being a promising purchase. Incidentally, it may be noted that the South Block is expected to attain the producing stage before the end of the year. The market professes to be disappointed over the Broken Hill Proprietary dividend of 1s. 6d. per share, with a bonus of 1s. This is the same as for the preceding quarter, whereas a total of 3s. 6d. or 4s. has been looked for, and, having regard to all the circumstances, such an expectation did not seem unreasonable. Profits would have allowed of such a disbursement, but the board is too conservative to enhance the distribution precipitately. Efforts are being made to create more interest in Mexican descriptions, though so far as Esperanzas are concerned, the results are not very successful. There is still an element of mystery sufficient to depress the price of the shares, which, having regard to the profits being earned, are unduly low-priced. A further indication by the board to dispel the adverse rumours circulated would seem desirable. Mexico Mines of El Oro, which, by the way, must not be confused with the better-known El Oro Mining and Railway, are being twisted up on the strength of satisfactory developments in depth, ore carrying 12 dwts. gold and 6 oz. silver per ton over a width of 24 ft. having been located at the No. 6 level. Here is my table:—

—	Denomination of Shares.	Closing Price, Oct. 6.	Closing Price, Oct. 13.
	£		
Ashanti Goldfields	4/-	12/6	12/6
Akrokerri	1	1 1/8	1
Bibiani Goldfields	1	13/16	13/16
British Gold Coast	1	1 1/16	1 1/8
Gold Coast Amalgamated Mines	1	1 3/16	1 1/4
Taquah and Abosso	1	1 3/16	1 3/16
Wassau (Gold Coast)	1	3/8	13/16
Egypt and Sudan Mining	1	5/8	5/8
Egyptian Mines and Exploration	1	4/-	4/-
Nile Valley	1	6/3	6/-
United African Exploration	1	1 1/2	1 1/2
Anaconda Copper	$25	14 3/4	14 3/4
Balaghat Gold	1	27/-	27/6
Broken Hill Proprietary	8/-	84/6	86/6
Cape Copper	2	6 5/8	6 13/16
Champion Reef	2/6	15/6	13/6
Le Roi	5	1 3/4	1 3/4
Mysore Gold	10/-	6 1/2	6 1/2
Nundydroog	10/-	26/-	25/6
Ooregum	10/-	14/6	15/-
Rio Tinto	5	74	73 3/4
Tharsis Sulphur and Copper	2	7	7 1/8
Waihi Gold	1	8 1/4	8 1/8

Westralians in Great Favour—Interest Broadening Out—Kalgurli Prominent—Boulder Props—Ivanhoes not Overlooked—Fingall Output Already Reduced—The Position.

Quite a boomlet is going on in the Westralian market, and not only is there a considerable broadening out of business on colonial as well as home account, but as a

rule there has been a material appreciation in values. The movement may be said to have originated in Kalgurlis, which property, as I have frequently remarked, is developing in a very promising fashion, and there are naturally sanguine expectations concerning the dividend possibilities. Another contributing factor is the development at a record depth of payable ore on the Boulder Proprietary, which is believed to augur well for the future of the mines on the field. That Westralians as a group are deserving of more attention than they have been receiving I have been constantly pointing out, and the change of sentiment now noticeable is gratifying. Kalgurlis have been twisted much above 12, and though there has been a temporary indulgence in profit-taking on the rise, they are still talked higher. The mine is earning a little above £2 per share, but assuming that such a dividend be paid the yield at the current figure would be only about 15 per cent., and I consider that the shares are already high enough. As regards Great Boulder Proprietary, the locating of 12 dwt. ore at a record depth of 2,050 feet is undoubtedly encouraging, the more so because development in depth on this property has been steadily favourable, and it augurs well for the future. The shares would make a good holding. Ivanhoes, too, are receiving some attention, which is not at all surprising in view of the low figure to which they have been permitted to dribble away to. The mine is doing well, and a repetition of last year's dividend seems very probable. On the other hand, there seems less justification for the advance in Boulder Perseverance, notwithstanding the better results now being obtained on the Lake View lode at the 1,450 feet level. In fact, on the basis of the recent statement of ore reserves, the shares appear to be somewhat unduly inflated, and I can hardly regard them as a promising purchase at the prevailing figure. Even Great Fingalls are participating in the general buoyancy and are less dejected than usual of late. I have had occasion to discuss the position of the property frequently, but it seems worth while repeating that in view of the fact that the profit in sight is equal to more than £3 per share, and that the development in depth is more promising, the low price existing liberally discounts any possible reduction in the dividend in the early future. It has to be noted that the production for September has been reduced to about £40,000 from the preceding monthly average of £45,000, in accordance with the policy outlined. This leaves a profit at about the rate of £225,000 per annum, which is scarcely sufficient to maintain the dividend of £1 per share per annum on a capitalisation of £125,000 in 10s. shares. Assuming the dividend be reduced to 16s. per share per annum, they would give over 20 per cent. Deep Leads remain more or less neglected, though advices from the Loddon Valley still continue encouraging, and it ought not to be long before the productive stage is reached. My usual table follows:—

—	1900 High.	1905. High.	1905. Lowest.	Make-up, Oct. 9, 1906.	Closin. Price, Oct. 6, 1906.	Closing Price, Oct. 13, 1906.
Associated G.M.	7⅛	8⅛	1⅜	1⅜	1 1/16	1 1/16
Assoc. Nth. Blocks	3⅜	1 7/16	1 7/16	1 5/16	1 3/16	1⅛
Brownhill Ext.	3⅞	⅝	7/6	7/6	8/-	7/6
Cosmopolitan	80/3	½	4/3	4/3	4/-	4/6
Golden Horseshoe	15	8 7/16	5 1/16	5 1/16	5 9/16	5 15/16
Golden Link	3½	4/6	3/9	3/9	4/-	3/9
Great Boulder Prop.	37/6	25/6	27/6	27/6	26/6	27/-
Do. Main Reef	2¼	3/3	3/9	3/9	3/-	3/9
Do. Perseverance	13½	16/6	10/3	10/3	8/9	8/9
Gt. Fingall Cons.	6 1/16	8⅜	3½	3½	3 5/16	3 5/16xd
Hainault	1⅞	1 1/16	1 23/32	1 23/32	1 15/16	1⅞
Ida H. Gold	—	14/3	3/6	3/6	3/6	3/6
Ivanhoe (£5)	15½	8 1/16	6 1/16	6 1/16	6 5/16	7 1/16
Ivanhoe South Extnd.	4⅜	⅜	⅜	⅜	⅜	⅜
Kalgurli	9⅜	9⅜	11 1/16	11 1/16	11 1/16	11 1/16xd
Lake View Consols	5⅜	1⅞	⅞	⅞	1/-	1 1/16
L. & W. A. Exploration	1 1/16	15/6	9/-	9/-	9/-	9/-
North Kalgurli	1⅜	6/-	1/-	1/-	1/-	1/-
Oroya Brownhill	—	3 23/32	2⅜	2⅜	2 11/16	2 1/16
Peak Hill	6⅜	8/9	1/-]	1/-	1/-	-/9
Sons of Gwalia	6 1/16	2 5/16	1 1/16	1 1/16	1 1/16	1 1/16
South Kalgurli	6½	2	1 1/16	1 1/16	1 1/16	1 1/16xd
Westralia Mt. Morgans	—	1/16	1/6	1/6	2/6	2/6

"FINANCE."—A concise weekly record of markets and prices, published by the CENTRAL STOCK EXCHANGE, LTD., 66, Cannon-street, London, E.C. Post free for six months to applicants mentioning this paper.

INSURANCE NOTES—PAYMENTS TO SHAREHOLDERS—PROPRIETARY *v.* MUTUAL—ON PROFIT FROM SURRENDERS—THE COST OF PROTECTION.

In explaining how it is that money paid for life assurance yields such good results to the policy-holders, I have already described the benefits of Income Tax, the effect of favourable mortality, and the great importance of economy. Before altogether leaving the subject of expenses of management, something ought to be said about dividends to shareholders. It does not seem to me that the payments to shareholders are generally treated in the right way. The expenditure of insurance Companies is tabulated in various ways, but in no publication with which I am acquainted are the dividends to shareholders treated as an expense, as it seems to me they ought to be. If we wish to compare a proprietary with a mutual life office, or even one proprietary Company with another, we cannot obtain a fair idea from a policy-holder's point of view unless the payments to shareholders are treated as expenditure. In many proprietary Companies, if the dividends to shareholders are reckoned as a percentage of the premium income and the expense ratio is increased by this proportion, it still appears that the Companies are managed with great economy. For all practical purposes it is immaterial to a policy-holder whether the office in which he is assured is proprietary or mutual, but it is very material to him whether its expenditure is at a high rate or a low rate. The most greedy of the proprietary insurance Companies is the London Assurance Corporation, which, as I showed some time ago takes nearly 12 per cent. of the premium income for dividends to shareholders, with the result that instead of its expenditure being about 12 per cent., which is the cost for commission and expenses, it is really about 24 per cent. of the premiums, and good results to policy-holders are therefore impossible. If at any time changes were to be made in the forms of the official returns, I should like it to be made compulsory upon proprietary offices to state clearly how much is paid to the shareholders in excess of the interest earned upon the capital. I am more familiar than most people with the analysis of insurance accounts, but I confess it is frequently difficult to find out exactly how much the shareholders receive. The statements of certain offices are given in such a fashion that a good deal of calculation and research are necessary to make out the facts in regard to this matter. I do not wish to suggest that the statements made are purposely vague, and it ought to be explicitly stated that in many cases the details are perfectly clear and the results entirely unobjectionable from a policy-holder's point of view. Of course, in a proprietary Company the directors are nominally elected by the shareholders, and perhaps their natural bias is to favour the shareholders at the expense of the policy-holders. This, however, is foolish policy which sensible managers avoid, and as the directors are really nominated by the Board, just the same as they are in a mutual office, there is not much importance to be attached to this aspect of the matter in the majority of cases.

It is, of course, idle to pretend that share capital is any additional security for policy-holders. If the life assurance fund is not superabundant for the security of the policies, the Company is no good at all, and share capital cannot make it either safe or profitable. There is also very little in the contention put forward on behalf of proprietary Companies, that they transact a larger amount of non-profit assurance and of annuity business than mutual offices, and that from these sources enough profit is made to pay the dividends to shareholders. There are plenty of mutual offices which increase their surplus by business of this kind. It is the case, however, that the sale of non-profit policies and of annuities does sometimes yield considerable profits. This means that the holders of participating assurances become partners in a business which they did not found, at which they do not work, and in which they can share without subscribing any capital towards it. . . . The profits from miscellaneous sources of this kind should be borne in mind, and, when selecting a life office, it is

well worth while to see what indications there are of a profitable business of this sort being done. . . . At the present time there is probably little profit being earned from the sale of annuities. In some cases in recent years the annuity business has resulted in a loss, and when the annuity terms are favourable enough to attract purchasers, they are seldom such as to yield much profit.

It is frequently said that insurance Companies make very large profits out of policies which are lapsed or surrendered; from time to time elaborate efforts have been made by people unacquainted with the subject to prove that insurance Companies are thieves and swindlers, because after a policy has been in force for some few years they only repay the policy-holder on surrender perhaps 40 per cent. of the total amount he has paid. If people would take the trouble to calculate the cost to a life office of carrying the risk, they would see that little or no profit could be obtained from this source. Out of the first premium, about 80 per cent. has to be taken for expenses, and about 8 per cent. out of each subsequent premium, besides which the cost of the insurance protection has to be paid. This is a fact which people are very prone to forget. When a man is insured against fire, he recognises that he receives good value for money, even if no fire occurs. He has been protected against the risk of loss, and that protection is just as well worth what it costs as is a ticket in a fair lottery which does not happen to win a prize. It is exactly the same with life assurance. A man pays a premium of, say, £30 a year, to assure £1,000 at death. If he dies in the first year £970 has to be provided from somewhere else; if in the second year, £940, and so on, of course, interest being also taken into account. Now, these excess payments are strictly akin to the prizes in a lottery. The man who has been assured for five or ten years has had a chance of receiving one of the prizes, or rather, of having one of the prizes paid to his estate; consequently it is necessary that he should pay for this chance of a prize, and when the cost of carrying this risk is deducted from his premium, there is very little profit left for an insurance Company if it pays a surrender value of 40 per cent. of the premiums at the end of five, or even ten, years.

I am far from saying that the conditions as to surrender values are as liberal as they ought to be in all insurance Companies. It is one of the points that I always urge policy-holders to look to, and it is much more important than many people suppose. Perhaps most people, when taking out a policy, think they will be able to pay the premiums regularly, and never want to borrow upon the security of the policy. As a matter of fact, an amazingly large number of people find they have to borrow on, or surrender, their policies, with results that are frequently very disappointing. Some Companies, on the other hand, give such good surrender values as to make it seem probable that the Company must lose rather than gain from the surrender. When surrender values are poor, it is generally better for the assured to sell his policy, by auction or otherwise, than to sell it to the Company for the surrender value, and the buyer keeps the policy in force. Hence there is a tendency for policies not to be surrendered in an office which gives inadequate terms, and for no profit to be derived by a Company which gives liberal terms. In any case, policies which lapse or are surrendered have to be replaced by new assurances, which are expensive to procure. On the whole, therefore, it is perfectly clear that surrenders are not an appreciable source of profit to an insurance Company, in spite of the widespread but quite fallacious notion that insurance Companies make huge and unfair profits out of those policy-holders who cannot afford to continue the payment of premiums.

Maxims for Speculators.

In the matter of Stock Exchange transactions there are certain axioms, the result of varied and extensive experience on the part of men closely associated with the institution, which the amateur would do well to keep always in mind if he would hope to come out with credit and a profit. As advice, these axioms sound obvious, but it is just the obvious that the average man ignores. He is of opinion that he can measure his wits and his discrimination against the accumulated knowledge of the people who are on the spot, and nineteen times out of twenty he has to suffer for his assumptions. So far as speculation is concerned, I hold to the view I have always held—that the man who is not in close touch with the stock markets has a very poor chance of making money on margins. He is not on the spot—as often as not, he is in some remote corner of Ireland or Scotland, and cannot possibly be expected to follow the movements which bring in cash to the dealers. It is on this account that speculation, especially with borrowed money, turns out so unprofitably for the public. It has always seemed to me to be the better part of wisdom for a man who has £50, or £100, or £200 to adventure, to buy shares or stock to that amount instead of using the cash in the way of "margins," which he loses at once should there be a temporary drop in prices due to a monetary stringency or a fatuous political scare, or what you will; whereas, were he in a position to take up even a small quantity, he would come out well by ignoring these features, and holding on to what he might have. In times of depression he should be careful, because then the tendency of values is downward; but I am, just now, speaking of the present. Trade is active and capital is plentiful, the one single drawback being fears as to the intentions of the Government. The tendency of prices is therefore upwards, not rapidly, but still steadily and unmistakably. Therefore, stocks are safe to purchase, so long as you are not dependent upon casual influences.

A good friend of mine—a man who knows what he is talking about, and one who has concentrated much experience into a few words, which will perhaps sound trite to the amateur—says that "a profit made is a profit gained, so long as you take it." The average speculator is a "Bull": few men have the courage or the inclination to operate on the "Bear" tack; but the mistake which is made by this same average "Bull" is that he never knows when to take his profit. He has difficulty in cutting his losses, when he has the misfortune to incur them; but his sense of cupidity (frequently unrecognised under that word) impels him to hold out for the best possible profit when prices are rising, and more often than not he loses half or more of what he might have gained had he been more moderate. For a big rise, even in an investment stock, is usually succeeded by some recession. There are exceptions, of course; my readers will remember that I have steadily recommended a purchase of Canadian Pacifics from the time when they were under 120. They will credit me also with having told them that Hudson's Bays would have a big rise—which they have had; and they may, in due course, perhaps, remember that I have recommended Home Railways for investment as well as gilt-edged stocks, although these have been kept back by various influences which have been enumerated. Still, an ultimate rise is assured. South American Railways have justified all that I have said about them, and Grand Trunk junior stocks are on the up grade.

Another axiom which I should like to commend to the attention of speculators is this—"Leave something for the next man." It arises, as will be inferred, out of the last position. The sensible plan is to take advantage of good advice which may be offered you, to accept a fair profit, and to get into something else. By working in and out with discretion and some knowledge, you cannot help but emerge with satisfaction to yourself. It may be that values will advance further, but it is quite on the cards that they may not. Anyway, the man who sees a profit of 25 per cent. and is greedy enough to think that he deserves 100 per cent., is not to be commiserated should he find a reaction. This brings me to another point—that "no man was ever ruined by taking a profit." You may feel inclined to kick yourself because, having brought at 20s. or 25s., you sold at 50s. or 55s. some shares which ultimately went to 80s. or more. But what then? Was not your profit a good one? Why should you be such a curmudgeon as to begrudge a little to

the man behind you? After all, he has burdened himself with risks which you never undertook; on a mining proposition of promise, it is a much easier business to advance shares from 20s. to 60s. than it is to advance them from 60s. to 80s.

The head of one of the biggest financial houses in the world—that is to say, in London—has a maxim that the man who strives to get in at the bottom and out at the top, ends by sweeping one of the crossings round about the Bank or Lombard-street. If we could all get in at the bottom and out again at the top, we should be richer than all the Rothschilds put together in less than a twelvemonth. But the sentiment represents the extreme of human greed and is impracticable. Besides, it should be remembered that there are hundreds and thousands who spend their lives in the endeavour to get in at the bottom—and they usually get left at the bottom.

"Truth" Letter Box.

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" reply by post.

Name and address, which must accompany all inquiries, should be written on the communication; cards are apt to be lost or misplaced, causing unnecessary trouble.

Anonymous letters will not in any case be attended to.

I cannot reply to inquiries by letter or telegram.

A nom-de-plume or initials (the former preferably) should be given if it is desired that the real name shall not appear in the paper.

Inquiries should be put as briefly as possible, plainly written, and numbered.

Communications received after Friday may not be replied to in the following issue. Delay may also occur where an exceptionally long list of securities is submitted.

I do not recommend brokers.

Railways.

H. R. W.—Argentine Great Western new shares are an attractive purchase. *T. M., Walsall.*—Grand Trunk Third Preference is an attractive purchase if you do not mind waiting for a decent profit. *Fluminense.*—1. The Preferred Ordinary stock ranks for a specific dividend before the Deferred comes in at all. 2. Brighton Preferred Ordinary is a good purchase. 3. I have a very poor idea of the intelligence or knowledge of a broker who cannot advise you soundly on such a simple point. I suggest that you go elsewhere. *J. R. B.*—Grand Trunk Third Preference is a very good stock to hold, and you would be badly advised to sell out. Please understand that the directors are never optimistic in their statements at the semi-annual meetings. *D. H. F.*—You might buy Canadian Pacifics. *Rosie.*—North-Western Ordinary stock is a very good purchase for any man who can afford to pay for what he buys and put it by. *Q. Q. Q.*—1. I should hardly be inclined to buy North British Ordinary stock. 2. Cuban Centrals are weak, in view of the unsettled state of affairs in the island. 3. The shares are good to hold. The shares will touch 10 if you care to hold them for a year or two. *Antonia.*—I should advise you to sell out and invest the proceeds in Buenos Ayres and Pacific New shares. *Jap.*—On quite a number of occasions I have drawn attention to the merits of City and South London Ordinary stock as an investment. If you read your Truth regularly you would not write to me in the strain in which you have favoured me. *C. J. B. L., Manchester.*—The shares are a highly attractive investment, and I think you would be a fool not to pay the call.

Mixed Securities.

Marcus.—1. The Oroya-Brownhill has only another couple of years or less as a high-grade preparation, but on the low-grade basis (with reduced dividends it is likely to endure a long time. 2. The Fremantle Smelter, Limited, was formed in 1903, with a capital of £150,000 in £1 shares, to take over works in Fremantle, W. Australia. It has paid good dividends, but a holding would be much of a speculation. 3. I should choose Mexican Central Four per Cent. bonds. 4. The prospects of the Company are not particularly bright. *Fitzroy.*—You cannot, in common honesty, expect to get 4½ or 5 per cent., and, at the same time, secure the absolute security for which you ask. You might in a moment understand that 3 to 3¼ per cent. is as much as you can command with absolute security. It is no use talking to me about any London bank or banks in the circumstances. *Vigilance, Canterbury.*—1. North-Western Railway stock should be kept. 2. The Diamond Share is an absolute gamble, and cannot be regarded in any other light whatever. 3. Waihais are one of the best mining speculations. *Midlands.*—1. You have had no reason whatever to complain against me on the score of Canadian Pacifics, and I should be glad if you would spare me any more contemptuous remarks on the subject. The shares were recommended under 120, and they are now about 189, having in the meantime obtained several dividends and two bonus shares distributions. 2. Johnnies have gone down along with the rest of the Kaffir market, and I do not understand your point as to not knowing why they dropped. Do you not follow the course of the Kaffir market day by day? *Violet.*—1. You must employ a broker. My remark had reference to the outside gentry—those who are not members of the Stock Exchange. 2. You can always invest upon your own responsibility; the broker acts upon his instructions. 3. I am afraid the shares are undesirable, and am certain that you would obtain no more satisfaction from a visit to the offices. You had better sell. *Aster.*—You might buy Canadian Pacifics, Grand Trunk Third Preference, and Brighton Deferred.

Mines.

Humber.—1. For a lock-up, East Fingalls are to be preferred. 2. As to calls on Wheal Vor shares, I am in a position to say nothing definite. 3. All three Deep Leads are promising. 4. Utah Apex would be the better purchase. 5. I believe the London firm is all right, but for more than one reason an inside broker is to be preferred. *B. G. M.*—Prospects are indifferent, and I should be inclined to sell. *J. S.*—Buy a few "Johnnies," New Rietfonteins, and Casons. These will give you a good profit when conditions in the Kaffir market improve. *J. R. H., Preston.*—You had better wait for some recovery, then sell out and reinvest in a share that is a little more cheerful. *Cadzow.*—1. A purchase of Langlaagte Estates ought to turn out well. The mine has a life of about fourteen years. 2. Scarcely a desirable purchase. *Investor, Oxford.*—The shares can only be regarded as a gamble. *Syndicate.*—The whole thing was a low-down swindle and you lost your money. It is a trifle late in the day to write to me and ask me for details of the business. I mentioned over a year ago that the whole thing was a gross fraud, and the people responsible have since gone through the Bankruptcy Court. Do you read your Truth regularly or not? *X. Y. Z., Wigan.*—I have on frequent occasions wondered if the man is honest. I believe so; but please do not ask me anything more. I hope you are not a large holder. *Tenara.*—1. Sell Etruscan Coppers. 2. The shares are an absolute gamble. 3. Not worth holding on any account. *Photo.*—The selection of mining investments proposed by you are good. *Ubique.*—As a good mining investment you cannot improve upon Ivanhoes or Great Fingalls or Durban Roodepoorts. The Oroya Brownhill in the next couple of years will have developed into a low-grade proposition, and dividends are certain to be reduced. But if you buy the shares on a fall you might be able to secure a fair profit, as the mine has a long life as a low-grade proposition. *John.*—1. For a mining lock-up I suggest Simmer East, Utah Apex, Great Fingalls, and South Kalgurlis. 2. I should not be disposed to sell any one of the shares you hold now, but if you have not paid for them outright I should suggest you leave out Nos. 4, 5, and 6. *Silk.*—The shares are worth keeping for better conditions. *L. M. C.*—Of the shares suggested, I prefer Broken Hill Props., Siberian Mines, and Troitzks. The last two are especially interesting in view of the prospects of the Siberian gold market. *Tommy.*—Hold your Kaffirs, so long as you are under no necessity to realise them. *Forward.*—1. Your previous letter did not reach me. The two mining shares about which you write are fair gambles, and cannot be regarded as anything else. But they are low-priced, and with an active market they may readily go 30 to 50 per cent. higher. 2. I think you might choose Consolidated Deep Leads and Mount Lyell Blocks. *Brython.*—The future of the Associated Gold Mines is very doubtful, and I should be inclined to exchange into one of the good copper properties. *In Deserto.*—The concern is dead. *Sphinx.*—I should prefer just now an option over one of the Siberian Gold Companies—Siberian Mines, Troitzks, or Orsks. *Ubique.*—The shares are good for a higher price when the South African market develops activity. It is for yourself to say whether you can afford to hold on to them, or whether you would prefer to exchange into one of the good copper properties, or one of the Siberians, which give promise of an early profit. *Bob, Alloa.*—The Robinson Central Deep Mine has a life which is estimated at nine years, or a little more. Casons are a promising speculative purchase. Porges Randfonteins might be bought, provided you are in a position to pay outright for them and can wait for your profit. The other shares named are undesirable. *Vancouver.*—Hold the Ordinary shares. A good dividend is highly probable.

Miscellaneous.

Baltic Rooms.—I would not recommend you to average, though it would be advisable to hold for a recovery. Present purchasing price about 10s. *J. R. H.*—Please repeat your query. The original has been mislaid. *M. W. Smyth.*—Think you might hang on. *Cowper.*—Leave the concern severely alone. *Guerre.*—Armstrong's ought to be held in investment. Your broker will probably publish monthly such a book, giving the desired information. *Gushmere.*—Thanks. I have often dealt with such touts. *Doadie.*—Would not recommend you to deal with the bucket-shop named. Cannot trace the share in question. *Argent.*—Bank of Tarapaca and Argentina shares would make a promising purchase. *Melrose, Aberdeen.*—The concern is a respectable one. See rules regulating letter-box correspondence. *J. J.*—There can be not the slightest doubt that John B. McKenzie is very enterprising in endeavouring to catch simpletons. *Regal.*—Bank of Africa shares are a fairly good holding, and ought to improve when conditions in the country are more settled. *Argyle.*—The so-called "bank" is not a desirable medium for the safe custody of your money, because the high interest offered is incompatible with security. Armstrong Whitworth and Vickers Maxim are promising. Read my weekly articles on the subject. Communicate with a local stockbroker. *Capella.*—In preference to the

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railway bonds named it would be best, if security is the first consideration, to buy home railway stock. The others are quite desirable. *Provisional.*—They could be improved upon, and you might realise upon any recovery. 2. Cannot trace the concern. *Boxer.*—Do not average, but I think you might get out upon any temporary recovery. I believe the concern deals fairly by its clients. *Alext.*—The first is square, but the second is, as you suspect, crossed. The bonds are reliable, but not attractive. The drawings take place, I should imagine, at place of issue. *Goliath, 44.*—The concern is one that you would be well advised to leave alone. *H. O.*—I do not think you can claim repayment in full. Better hope on for the best, and then cut any loss you may have incurred. *Lilliooah.*—I am constantly uttering warnings against Cunliffe, Russell, and Co., of Paris, who charge exorbitantly for the bonds, many of which are quite undesirable. They are purchasable at current market quotations from N. Keizer and Co., 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C. *Cadjetan.*—Distribute the money over three or four securities. Armstrong, Whitworth, give 4¾ per cent., Vickers 5¾ per cent., D. H. Evans 6 per cent., Greenwich Lincleum 6½ per Cent. and Schweppes Ordinary 5⅝ per cent. I do not fancy the share named. *Fenton.*—The Corporation is one of which my opinion is poor, and it is altogether undesirable. *Asoid.*—I would not care to recommend such shares for investment. The business is subject to too many vicissitudes. You could do infinitely better. *Tabit.*—It would not be wise to buy on top of the material rise that has just occurred. *Kona.*—The concern is, I believe, reliable. You must, of course, use your own discretion to a certain extent. *Savile Row.*—It may be a matter of opinion, but there is certainly something to be said against sensationalism of this kind. *Terram.*—The Stock Union "system" of the London Scottish Stock and Share Exchange is much of a blind gamble, and, therefore, ought to be severely avoided. *Blackheath.*—A swindle on the face of it. *Hunter.*—It is nothing of any importance. *Nordrach.*—The concern is a comparatively new one, but has done fairly well so far. Thornycroft Preference might be held. *F. S.*—Yes; are a fairly promising purchase. *F. S. R. H.*—I have frequently drawn attention to the swindle. *B. P.*—The loan office is to be preferred. *Gunner.*—Hold on for a possible recovery in the near future. *Gutherie.*—Alexanders are of the first-class, but the other is not desirable. *Thornton.*—1. I have never had reason to doubt the genuine character of the concern. 2. I should sell. *Edinburgh.*—The circular is more than a little suspicious.

Industrials—Nitrates Still Going Strong—Iron and Steel Less Sensitive—Shipping Shares—Cycle Prosperity—Tuneful Gramophones—Brewery Stocks—Anglo "A."

A rather more cheerful and hopeful feeling now pervades the industrial market, but though this is reflected in a better tone generally, it must be confessed that it is not accompanied by any material expansion in business. The disturbing factor, so far as the growth of confidence is concerned, is the labour unrest, but even in this connection the horizon is clearer. In my opinion the operator who has the temerity to adopt an optimistic attitude in regard to the future, and, realising the full significance of the steady trade revival reflected by the Board of Trade returns, purchases his requirements now that values are fairly moderate, stands to gain something. In point of interest the sustained strength of nitrate shares is still the most conspicuous feature. As a rule, the appreciation is very material, but this does not deter the optimists from hinting at the establishment of a still high level of values. It is quite evident that the industry is flourishing, and that profits are being earned on a large scale, but there can be no escaping the fact that the general advance in prices discounts possibilities generously, and nitrates, which, as I have frequently remarked, are a speculative holding, do not appear a particularly cheap purchase on top of the rise. As regards iron and steel shares, they are somewhat quiet, but hold their ground tolerably well, in spite of the dispute on the Clyde and the possibilities of the struggle spreading to other branches of the industry, the general impression being that a compromise will be arranged before long. In the interests of the industry, it is to be hoped that such an assumption is not too sanguine. Holders of such shares would not be wise to develop nervousness, and even in face of the element of uncertainty, I think they should be bought rather than sold.

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Shipping shares are receiving more attention than usual, and I have therefore prepared the following table, indicating the yields they give:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
African Steamship	16	£5 6 0
Anchor Line Cum. Pfce	9¾	5 10 0
Ellerman Lines	9½	6 3 0
Furness, Withy & Co.	1 3/16	9 5 0
P. and O. Steam Nav. Defd.	229	5 12 6
Do. Ordy.	159	3 17 0
Prince Line	¾	6 3 0

That the cycle industry has enjoyed considerable prosperity is now beyond question, and the shares are consequently coming in for more attention. As regards Humbers, it is expected that the concern will not only wipe out the arrears of Preference interest, but will also be in a position to pay something on the Ordinary capital. This may prove too optimistic, but, in any case, the report which should make its appearance shortly is looked for with more than usual interest. To illustrate the extent of the prosperity experienced, it may be noted that the Enfield Company's profits expanded by some £7,500, and the dividend is put on the 10 per cent. basis, as against 6 per cent. The Eadie Company's trading profits equalled £80,666, as against £62,525, and, although the capital ranking is larger, the dividend is the same as a year ago, 10 per cent., while the additional bonus is 15 per cent., as against only 10 per cent. Brampton Bros., too, increase the distribution by 1 per cent. to 5 per cent. Altogether the industry has experienced considerable prosperity. It is interesting to refer to the excellent achievement of the Gramophone and Typewriter Company during the past year. The trading profits reached £212,237, as against £140,229, and save for 1903, when they totalled £252,285, are a record. After repeating the dividend (with bonus) equal to 20 per cent., there is a surplus of £487,177 to go forward, and it is not surprising in view of this and the fact that business continues brisk, that the directors should have decided to enhance the quarterly distribution in future from the rate of 10 per cent. per annum to 15 per cent. If the final bonus be the same as before, this would put the shares on a 25 per cent. basis, and at the current quotation they would yield 10 per cent. In connection with Hudson's Bays it is interesting to note that the shares have practically touched 100, and from all accounts are going higher still. Intrinsically the shares are undoubtedly very valuable, but, though they may go higher, I would not care to recommend a purchase at the prevailing figure. As regards Pekin Syndicates there is little fresh to chronicle beyond that they continue somewhat depressed. For a fairly long shot, however, I still consider the shares an attractive gamble, provided, of course, they are taken off the market. They are, it must be understood, a gamble pure and simple. Brewery securities are still dominated by the fear of more burdensome legislation, and are now at an extremely low level. The knowledge that the trade must be benefiting from the improved industrial condition throughout the country is completely ignored. Everything considered, they are a somewhat uncertain holding, in view of the contemplated measures, but the high yields they give certainly make them appear fairly attractive. The following table indicates the approximate yield:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Bristol Brewery	24	£6 0 0
Daniell & Sons Cum. Pfce.	6½	10 0 0
Dartford Cum. Pfce	4	6 10 0
Groves and Whitnall Cum. Pfce.	8	5 18 0
Handcock & Co. Cum. Pfce.	10	5 16 0
Hodgson's, Kingston	8¾	5 12 0
Newcastle Cum. Pfce.	10	5 18 0

It may be noted that the Monte Video Telephone Company has made further progress, and this is reflected in an enhanced dividend of 5 per cent., in comparison with 4 per cent. Otherwise Telegraph stock, though values are well maintained, are not particularly interesting. Anglo "A," however, is still being manipulated. I may repeat that at anything like the prevailing figure this stock is quite unattractive. It is true that the earnings are expanding, and the dividend possibilities of this stock are consequently better, but they are not such as to warrant the present figure. VIGILANT.

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QUEER STORY.

THE EDUCATION OF ALGIE CARNFORTH.

"I SAY! What the devil's up with you, old man? Is it liver, debt, a woman, or what?"

"A woman."

"What! Another?"

"Well, hang it all, my dear fellow, it's getting on for three months since the last, isn't it?"

"Ah, yes! I was forgetting. You usually do average four new flames a year, don't you? And I suppose another *was* due just about now."

"Oh, don't talk to me of those others. I give you my word, I never really loved woman until I met this one."

"So you have been saying to me regularly four times *per annum* ever since I can remember."

"Yes, yes! Then I was an ignorant fool, and kept mistaking for brilliants what were only, in fact, a succession of colourable paste imitations. But now that I have, at last, come across real brilliants, my eyes are open. I am to be deceived no longer by imitations, however excellent. No, Baverstock. Don't you make any mistake. I have fancied myself in love ere now a hundred times, but——"

"Tut-tut, dear boy; you exaggerate. 'Pon my Sam, you do. It's not a hundred times, really. It's only—only—thirty-seven. Let me see. There was Mary and Kitty, and Gertie, and Bee, and Ethel——"

"Hang Mary and Kitty and Gertie and Bee and Ethel," interposed the enamoured one, impatiently.

"Now, 'pon my life, Algie, I do think that remark most uncalled for. Because you have been fickle to all these fair damsels, and, in fact, behaved rather badly to them, it's no reason why you should want to hang them; it isn't, really. I should say they had much more reason to say hang, or its feminine equivalent, about you."

"Psha! Not one of 'em ever really cared for me. They only loved me for my money."

"Possibly. But there was nothing discreditable in that, was there? If a girl loves a man, she must love him for *something*, mustn't she? And to love him for his money is quite as virtuous, in my opinion, as to love him for his Roman nose, or his blue eyes, or his fine moustaches, or his amiable qualities—besides being a great deal more sensible."

"I won't hear another word of your infernal cynicism. Because you happen to have known a few mercenary girls, you think they are all tarred with the same brush."

"A few? Ye gods, a *few?*" murmured Baverstock, holding up his white hands in a gesture of comical protest.

"I wish you'd be serious for a moment, Baverstock. I'm not in the mood for jesting. I'm not really. Fact is, old man, I'm most confoundedly miserable."

"Miserable? But why, Algie? Because you have found a girl really worth loving—genuine brilliants—no paste imitation? Is that why you are miserable?"

"No, no; not that. It is because, when at last I have found a girl really worth loving, and have lost my heart to her hopelessly—as a man can do only once in his lifetime——"

"Oh! Some men manage to do it a great many more times than once, I assure you," interposed the incorrigible Baverstock.

"Because," went on Algie, not heeding the interruption, "when I have found her and fallen head over ears in love with her, she requites my affection with supreme indifference and won't have a word to say to me."

"Phew!" whistled Baverstock. "Is that indeed so? I say, old man, does she know that you've got fifteen thou. a year?"

"I have not mentioned the precise figure to her. She's not the sort of girl one could insult by offering to buy her for so much, as if she were a horse. But I have given her to understand, in a general way, that, if I marry, my wife will occupy a good position, financially and otherwise. That, however, had no weight at all. She declined my offer politely, but quite firmly; and begged that I would never refer to the subject again."

"Ah! If she did that, I should say it was all right, then," replied Baverstock, reassuringly. "When a girl begs a man never to refer to the subject again, it's the strongest hint she can possibly give him to mention it again at the earliest opportunity. . . . At least, that's my experience. . . . I proposed to a girl once myself, when I was very young and foolish. And upon her energetically refusing me, and declaring that under no circumstances could she ever possibly marry me, I took her at her word and gave up all further thought of her. In consequence, she has never forgiven me, and is, to this moment, one of my most relentless enemies."

"Ah! That may be so with some girls. But it's not so with Nettie Bowen," answered Algie, in gloomy tones. "What she says she means. She couldn't utter a false word, to save her life. Besides, she refused me for the best possible reason. Not only does she not love me, but she does love, and is already engaged to, another man."

"Ah! A man who can go one better than your fifteen thou. a year, no doubt. An Earl with a long rent-roll, or a Chicago sausage king? Eh? what?" smiled Baverstock in his chaffy, cynical way, and then he softly hummed to himself:

> But she won't look at me for I'm only one-and-nine,
> While t'other fellow's two-and-three.

"Look here, Baverstock," cried Algie, firing up in great dudgeon. "If you make any more of your infernally insulting insinuations against this best and purest-minded of girls, I'm—I'm jolly well hanged if I don't kick you."

George Baverstock, the huge life-guardsman, smiled down from his six-feet-two-inches on the little five-foot-five shrimp beside him, in lazy amusement. Then seeing that his friend was really badly hit and genuinely resented his good-natured chaff, he laid his hand upon his shoulder and said:

"All right, old man. Sorry I spoke. Didn't know it was quite so serious. Feel for you, old boy. I was head over ears myself once with a girl who wouldn't look at me. And I know how bad it makes you feel."

The impulsive little man, as prompt to forgive as he was ready to take offence, was instantly appeased.

"Thank you, old chap—thank you," he said, in husky tones; "shake hands! You've got a heart, George, and a good heart, too—though you do try to make every one believe that you're a mere heartless cynic."

"Oh, come, Algie," smiled George Baverstock. "That's a good 'un—for you to accuse me of playing the cynic, when you yourself have long been known as one of the most inveterate little cynics in the whole of clubland."

"So I was, until I fell in love—fell *really* in love, that is—for the first time in my life, a fortnight ago," replied Algie. "But I'm not a cynic any longer, George. No," went on the little man, a light coming into his eyes as he spoke, that Baverstock had never seen there before; "once to have really loved a true, good woman is to be cured of cynicism for good and all."

Baverstock looked at him in sudden surprise. Algie Carnforth was certainly not a philosopher nor a deep thinker. No one had ever accused him of it, and yet it struck George Baverstock that his hitherto frivolous little friend had somehow hit upon one of the great cardinal truths of life—a truth at which many of the Solons and Solomons among us never arrive.

"Umph! Well, perhaps you're right, Algie," he said, gravely, after a pause.

"I know I'm right," replied Algie Carnforth.

Baverstock was silent for several minutes. Then, giving himself a shake, and falling into his usual flippant tone again, he said:

"Well, dear boy, having discussed the rather deep

and exhausting subjects of erotics and ethics, supposing we now have a little recreation in the shape of a game of pills?"

Algie Carnforth shook his head.

"Sorry," he said, "but I've got to go."

"Where?" inquired Baverstock.

"To Blank and Dash's," answered Algie, naming a well-known firm of drapers in Regent-street, "to buy a pair of gloves."

"But, my dear chap—why all this blazing hurry about the gloves? Surely, they'll keep for an hour or two, won't they?"

"*They* may keep; but *she* won't keep," replied Algie. "I mean, I *must* see her—Nettie you know. She serves in the glove department at Blank and Dash's, and I always go there every afternoon at four o'clock, just to catch a sight of her. It's a melancholy consolation," he added, sadly, "to have to be content with just catching a glimpse of a girl who won't look at you. But it's better than nothing. I should go off my chump if I didn't see her every day at four. I see it's close on that hour now, so I must be off. Ta-ta, old man."

And Algie, rising from his chair, lounged limply out of the smoking-room of the Bachelors' Club, where the foregoing conversation had taken place.

George Baverstock followed his retreating figure with a curious look that was half quizzical, half something else, in his lazy eyes.

"By Jove," he muttered to himself. "Poor old Algie! He has got 'em badly this time, and no mistake. A girl behind the counter of a draper's shop, too! Well, well! And a man of the world like Algie to have gone crazy over her—though she won't look at him. Perhaps that's why, indeed. Algie, with his fifteen thou. a year, is so used to girls who will look at him that a girl who won't has for him all the charm of a unique and alluring novelty. Wonder what will come of it? We shall see."

In the meanwhile, Algie Carnforth, having hailed a passing hansom, drove rapidly to Blank and Dash's, where, affecting as well as he could the nonchalance of an ordinary customer, he strolled into the glove department. As it happened, Miss Bowen herself was the assistant called forward to serve him. She studiously avoided Algie's glances, keeping her eyes bent upon the counter. It was evident that his presence was rather an unwelcome embarrassment to her than otherwise. Algie saw this, yet, like the enamoured fool he was, he still lingered, casting imploring glances at the girl, in the hope that she would give him at least one friendly smile before he left. In this, however, he was disappointed; and, at length, when he could not decently linger at the counter any longer, he strolled out.

As he left the shop he passed the door of an office where Mr. Tupper, one of the cashiers—the man to whom Nettie Bowen was engaged—sat poring over a ledger. Algie caught sight of him in passing, and as he did so, a spasm of mad hatred seized him. Mr. Tupper was a good-looking man, which made Algie hate him all the more. He recognised that, as far as personal advantages went, he was emphatically not in it with this confounded clerk at three pounds a week.

"I'd like to strangle him," thought Algie, eyeing him, truculently, in passing, out of the corners of his eyes.

Mr. Tupper, however, was quite unconscious of the other's ferocious glances. He was evidently occupied with his ledger, which, from the expression of his face, appeared to trouble him a good deal.

It was late that evening—something after eleven o'clock, in fact—when Algie Carnforth, prompted by some influence which he could not define, and of which indeed he was only half conscious, put on his hat and coat and went out for a nocturnal stroll. His steps led him to the Embankment, near Westminster Bridge. Why he went there—for it was by no means a favourite walk of his, especially at night—he didn't know. Something, however, seemed to lead him in that direction, and he had an odd presentiment that he was being led there by this invisible force for some purpose, though what the purpose might be he could not divine. Of this much, however, he was vaguely conscious; that it was, in some way, connected with Nettie Bowen.

He paused near one of the lamps on the Embankment, and as he did so, a man, crossing the road towards the river, came into the glare of the lamp. The light, falling full upon him, revealed to Algie Carnforth the ghastly face of Tupper, the cashier at Blank and Dash's. There was a look in the fellow's eyes, a wild, desperate, hunted look, which left no doubt in Algie's mind as to the purpose on which he was bent.

The river! The river! He was making straight for the river.

Algie watched him for a moment, fascinated and motionless; and while he did so, a strange wild hope, a sense of fierce elation, surged up within him. . . . The fellow was going to throw himself into the river. . . . And then Nettie would be free—free—free. And in time he might—nay, he would—win her to love him—and would make her his wife. The very thought of such a thing filled him with mad ecstasy, and set every pulse in his body throbbing.

Tupper was already on the parapet. In another minute he would be in the cold, dark water—the last resting-place of so many desperate men.

Algie suddenly sprang forward, and, seizing him by the arm, pulled him back on to the pavement. Tupper turned on him fiercely, like a hunted animal brought to bay:

"Who are you that you want to interfere with me?" he demanded. "Can't you leave a poor devil to drown himself in peace?"

Then, recognising Algie Carnforth, he added, "I should have thought you were the last man to wish to stop me!"

"Well, I am stopping you, as you see," replied Algie, in those exaggeratedly drawling tones which he often affected at emotional crises, to hide his feelings. "Though damme if I don't think I'm rather a silly ass for doing it. What the devil do you want to drown yourself for, you fool?"

"The river's better than penal servitude any day," replied Tupper, sullenly.

"Penal servitude? Hallo? What have you been up to now?" inquired Algie.

"I'm in trouble with my accounts," answered Tupper, with a groan. "I got into a moneylender's hands more than a year ago, and in order to meet his perpetual demands I've had to take the firm's money and fake the books to cover deficiencies. . . . That's been going on for a twelvemonth. But now at last they've begun to smell a rat, and I've had notice to go before the partners to-morrow morning. I know what that means. And I can't face it. Let me go! Let me go, I say," cried the wretched man, trying to shake himself free from Algie's detaining grasp. "Let me end it in the river and have done with it."

"Rot, you fool," said Algie. "Be a man, can't you? You seem to be thinking only of your own miserable self. You ought to think of—of others who—who have a claim upon your life. . . . You ought," he added, looking Tupper steadily in the eyes, "You ought to think of—*her*."

"I *have* been thinking of her, and that's partly what drove me to the river," cried the other, miserably. "Nothing but unhappiness could come to her now through my remaining alive, and so I felt that the greatest kindness I could do her was to rid her of my disgraced and degraded self—for ever."

"That is a man's way of looking at things," said Algie. "But women sometimes regard these matters differently. She is a good, true girl, and she loves you, Tupper."

"God knows it. And I love her from my heart. But now——oh! I wish I had never been born!" he cried out, in an ecstasy of wretchedness.

"It's rather late in the day now to wish *that*, my dear fellow," drawled Algie Carnforth. "Come, let's look at the matter practically. What's the amount of these defalcations of yours, Tupper?"

"Close upon three hundred pounds."

"Well now, supposing you were to make a clean breast of it to your firm, and at the same time were to

replace the money, do you think they'd overlook it and give you another chance?"

"They might—if I were to replace the money. . . . But how am I, with hardly sixpence to my name, to find such an immense sum as three hundred pounds?"

"It is within the bounds of possibility," said Algie, in meaning tones. "For instance, *I* am willing to find the money for you——on terms."

"Ah! I can guess what your terms will be. You think you have me under your thumb. And you mean to offer me the three hundred pounds, on condition of my promising to give up Nettie?"

"Well! And what if I do?" rejoined Algie Carnforth, coolly.

"I wouldn't touch your dirty money on such terms," rejoined Tupper, with a sudden access of fierce energy. "I'd rather face the music and go into penal servitude."

"Pooh! You don't mean that?"

Algie's tone was cynical, incredulous.

"By G—d, but I do though," exclaimed Tupper, through his clenched teeth. "And I consider your offering to help me, on such conditions, neither more nor less than an infernal insult."

Algie Carnforth's tone instantly changed.

"You've got the right stuff in you, after all, Tupper," he said. "In point of fact, you are quite mistaken as to the conditions I meant to impose. But I thought I would keep up the delusion just to test you and to make sure that you were man enough to love her as she deserves. I may as well tell you that if you had given me any other answer, I should have left you to your fate. But as it is—shake hands. Don't you be afraid; I'll stand by you and see you through."

"But your conditions—I must know what they are before I can accept your help," demanded Tupper, still doubting him.

"My conditions are," smiled Algie Carnforth, "that you marry her at once, and make her happy. And, by G—d, if you don't," he added, with playful ferocity, "I'll come down on you for that three hundred, and break you, Tupper."

* * * * *

It was some five or six weeks later before George Baverstock again met his friend Algie Carnforth.

"Well, dear boy," he inquired, in his chaffing way; "how goes the matter of the pretty little glove-seller?"

"The pretty little glove-seller," replied Algie, "has just recently married one of the cashiers at the shop—the man to whom she was engaged. They love one another like blazes, and are, I understand, in the seventh heaven of bliss. May they continue to be so!"

"Hang it! You look devilish cheerful about it all, Algie. You seem positively glad that she has married the other fellow. Got over your infatuation for the girl by this time—eh? What?"

"Not at all," said Algie. "Give you my word, I love her more than ever."

"What a curio you are, Algie! You say that you love her more than ever, and yet you're cheerful because she's married the other fellow. I confess the paradox is beyond me," laughed Baverstock.

"You don't put it quite accurately," Algie corrected him gravely. "I'm not cheerful because she's married the other fellow, but simply because I know she's happy. Funny thing, Baverstock; but when you love a girl—when you *really* love a girl, I mean—you don't think of the other fellow; you don't even think of yourself; you simply think of the girl. That's love; and, by Jove, it's an education. Wouldn't do *you* any harm to take a course of lessons, old man!"

Baverstock laughed.

"Rather too one-sided an arrangement for me," he said. "Seems to be all paying out and nothing coming in."

"That's so," nodded Algie, gravely; "and the oddest thing about it all is that you don't look for any return for your money. You just pay—and like it."

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ART NOTES.

ONE of the most striking things about the exhibition of Holman Hunt's collected works, at the Leicester Galleries, is, to my mind, the small space it takes up. Here you have the life work of one of the most distinguished and most lavishly criticised of English painters. Only three really important works are lacking—the "Rienzi," the "Awakened Conscience," and the large "Light of the World." All the rest are comfortably hung on the walls of two small galleries, together no larger than an average double drawing-room—leaving only studies and sketches to overflow into a third room. So much ink has been spilt over Holman Hunt and the pre-Raphaelites generally, that I shall not attempt the impossible task of saying something about them that has not been said already. But I wish that some of our own generation of geniuses would realise the significance of those two small rooms and their present contents. Some of those geniuses, I mean, who would think nothing of turning out as much canvas acreage in a year as has Hunt in half a century. I will not go so far as to suggest that a limitation of their output might improve the average of their work—it would certainly be a good thing for their profession. Everybody knows how appallingly the market is overstocked; if only the annual output was reduced by so little as, say, one square mile of pictures every year, what an infinitely better chance the rest would have of finding buyers. Of course, frame-makers and artists' colourmen might suffer.

There is some retrospective sadness in this collection of paintings by the last survivor of the brilliant band of painters who did so much to change the artistic face of England. Besides Mr. Holman Hunt, of the original Pre-Raphaelite Brethren, but two, neither of them painters, are yet with us—Mr. William Rossetti and Mr. F. G. Stephens. Mr. Rossetti, the chronicler of the Brotherhood, and editor of the famous "Germ," has, indeed, recently completed his autobiography, which is, I believe, to be published this week, and should be among the most interesting of its kind. Although he has preferred to rather efface himself in the memory of his brilliant brother, Mr. Rossetti alike as critic and poet has done work of the highest order. Except for a few boyish efforts he never seriously attempted painting. Mr. Stephens, on the other hand, originally practised art, though he subsequently became for many years art critic of "The Athenæum."

The exhibitions of the Institute of Oil Paintings always have a soothing effect upon my nerves—for there is never anything worrying or exciting about them. The present one, just opened in Piccadilly, is no exception. You may stay for an hour and not a picture will be so ill-bred as to trouble your memory for twenty minutes afterwards. There are many pictures, though, and of many styles. If you are fond of the works of Burne-Jones, of Sargent, of Watts, or of any one of a dozen assorted Academicians—or distinguished Frenchmen—you may be quite sure of finding something that will recall them. There are, in fact, all kinds of nice landscapes, and portraits, and subject-pictures which may be safely warranted as thoroughly broken in, quiet in harness, and free from any kind of vice. If I were a picture buyer I should feel that here at least was safety—there is scarcely a picture that has not a dozen sound precedents to go upon—scarcely one that is not neatly finished, according to its class, and calculated to look nice on almost any pattern of wall-paper. Many of them have really handsome frames. There is scarcely a painting that will disappoint you much, even if you do not buy it. Besides which there is a "Venetian Tavern" by the great Mr. Sargent himself; a fine portrait by Sir George Reid, and a really remarkable idealisation of "Navigation" by Mr. Reginald Frampton. From it I gather, among other things, the genius of "Navigation" is a Conservative in politics being supported—as a herald would say—by a number of ships that must have been obsolete for the last three centuries or so. Judging from her complexion, also, the sea air does not suit her constitution.

If you go to the Dudley Gallery Society's water-

colour show at the Alpine Club and try to do your duty by the pictures, you will come away with a bad headache. There are so many of them—most of them small—they cover the walls and overflow on to screens—you cannot see the exhibition for the pictures. It is as though several hundred young cuckoos had been accidentally laid in the same nest and were all trying to elbow each other out at once. Such, at least, is the impression they made upon me, though, I am sure, some of them were very nice indeed, if I could only remember which was which, if only, that is to say, the gallery had been larger, or the pictures fewer, or more individually striking, or I had not come away with a headache.

MUSIC.

SONGS FOR TOMMY ATKINS.

THE movement in favour of better songs for the Army has evidently caught on, and it is certainly one worthy of encouragement. To Surgeon-General Evatt, C.B., belongs the credit of having initiated the movement—or rather, of having revived it, for this is by no means the first time that such proposals have been made. More than sixty years ago, indeed, in the time of Joseph Mainzer, a famous teacher of singing and author of a work entitled "Singing for the Million," once much esteemed, a very similar scheme was set on foot, and Mainzer actually started giving lessons to the rank and file of the Grenadier Guards—apparently with great success. As an eye witness put it at the time, "To those who have never witnessed such a scene it would be incredible how much those hitherto untaught men learnt during that single lesson." It may be hoped that Surgeon-General Evatt's exertions may be attended by more permanent results. There is certainly a dearth of good Army songs at the present time; or rather, there are plenty of good songs, but the Army does not sing them.

There is even in existence a volume of Army songs which was prepared by Colonel Barrington Foote while he occupied the post of Commandant at Kneller Hall. This has not been published, however, because no means are available for the purpose. Perhaps Mr. Haldane's sympathies can be enlisted in the cause by reference to the example of Germany, where choral singing plays a prominent part in the life of the soldier. At present no instruction under this head is provided in the English Army, though a certain number of boys are, I believe, trained in choral singing at Kneller Hall for church purposes. There are also glee clubs in one or two of the Welsh regiments. But speaking generally choral singing of any organised kind is very much at a discount in the Army. Yet men with good voices are certainly to be found in every regiment and are speedily brought to the fore by their comrades, while whenever the smallest opening for a chorus presents itself it is invariably taken advantage of with a will. In other words, the material is there in plenty and only needs to be developed. In this connection, however, it is quite a mistake to suppose that songs of an exclusively martial flavour are required. Tommy Atkins is an essentially matter of fact individual, and the latest music-hall success commends itself much more forcibly to his taste than anything in the nature of heroics or high falutin'.

The problem is to find something that he really likes, and this raises once more the question of the folk-song as against the so-called national song. At first sight the notion of teaching soldiers folk-songs may seem, perhaps, rather far-fetched. Yet there is, in point of fact, not a little in the contention of Mr. Cecil Sharp that in the barrack, as in the schoolroom, folk-songs are much more likely to serve the needs of the case than those of the so-called "national" order, the most striking thing about which is the fact that they have never become really "national" in the sense of being generally sung by the masses at all. This is undoubtedly the case. Songs like "The Vicar of Bray," "Sally in our Alley," and others of the same kind which figure in popular collections, are excellent enough in their way, and are well known to all musicians. But the odd thing is that they are not sung by the people at large, and even when they are deliberately taught, as in schools, they never really catch on. The children like them well enough in their way, but they never take to them sufficiently to sing them spontaneously outside the schoolhouse. So it is declared by those who have made a study of the matter.

When the genuine old folk-songs have been introduced, on the other hand, the result has been quite different, and astonishing instances are cited of the hold which these older melodies obtain and the fascination which they exercise even in the most unlikely cases—East-end factory girls, for instance—when once they have been taught. Bear this in mind, then (say the folk-song enthusiasts), in the case of the soldier also. Give him your "national" songs (they argue) and they will infallibly fall flat. He will sing them for a time, and then revert, once more, when left to his own devices, to the ditties of the halls. Give him genuine folk-songs, on the contrary, and you will be astounded by the way in which they will strike root. The fact that most of our soldiers come from the shires adds force, moreover, to the argument, while it is hardly necessary to add that any well-conceived scheme of the kind would take due recognition of what may be called the territorial instinct, and see that your Somersetshire regiment gets Somersetshire folk-songs, and so on all round. Even if folk-songs are not exclusively relied on it is certainly to be hoped that some may be tried. Then it should soon be possible to determine whether the one kind or the other find most favour with the men.

Among a good many interesting concerts which have lately been heard the most noteworthy was that which witnessed the début of little Pepito Arriola, the newest prodigy, at the Albert Hall on Sunday afternoon. The child is, beyond all question, a marvel, and it is pleasant to read that his parents do not intend to exploit his precocious talents unduly. On Saturday afternoon Madame Clara Butt re-appeared in the same hall and obtained, of course, an enthusiastic reception. Madame Butt is, I suppose, the biggest "draw" with the British concert-going public of the day. Mr. Kennerley Rumford, unfortunately, had a cold, and so could not do justice to Hermann Löhr's new cycle, "Songs from the Norseland," which will, no doubt, be heard to better advantage on some future occasion. At the Promenade Concerts the most noteworthy of recent novelties has been Sibelius's "Finlandia," which made such a great impression on Saturday's audience that its repetition may be confidently looked for. An overture, "In Memoriam," by George Halford, heard earlier in the week, has some pleasant moments if it is not a great work. Soloists of some note who have given concerts lately are Sarasate (elsewhere referred to), M. Lhevinne, a very finished and artistic pianist, and Mr. Theodore Spiering, a violinist of the Joachim school who possesses many merits.

Excellent audiences continue to be seen at Covent Garden. On Saturday there was a particularly smart house to hear Giachetti in "La Tosca"—one of her finest parts—and though she was suffering from a chill, her success was great. Zenatello was at his best also as Cavaradossi, Sammarco was Scarpia, and the whole performance was indistinguishable in point of quality from those which we are accustomed to in the grand season. Another excellent performance was that of "Carmen" earlier in the week, with Zenatello prominent again as a superb Don Jose, and Mme. Kirkby Lunn singing brilliantly in the title part. She acts the rôle well, too, even if she does not eclipse memories of the greater artists who have been heard in the part at Covent Garden. She only lacks one quality, indeed, but that, unfortunately, is not to be acquired—personal magnetism. On the same occasion Mme. Suzanne Adams made an attractive Micaela, and a new Toreador of fair attainments was found in Signor Scandiani. A

pleasing new tenor has also been forthcoming in Signor Carpi, who, though his voice is not very big, made quite a favourable impression as the Duke in "Rigoletto." On Monday Mme. Melba (who enjoyed "La Tosca" from a box last Saturday) appeared again in "Faust," Mr. Percy Pitt conducting. "Aïda" is down for to-morrow (Wednesday); on Saturday there will be a matinee of "Madama Butterfly"; and next week it is hoped to produce Giordano's "Fédora."

Signor Krismer is apparently, like not a few of his kind, a person of a somewhat impulsive temperament. Because he did not achieve such a transcendent success as he anticipated on his first appearance at Covent Garden he forthwith requested to be relieved from his engagement, and has hastened back to Italy vowing that he will never, never set foot on our benighted shores again. Why he acted so precipitately I do not know. If he did not positively electrify his hearers he made a quite successful début, and was generally referred to in favourable terms on the following day in the newspapers. It is said that he was dissatisfied with his own performance, and this may have been so. In this case however, it was all the more reason why he should have stuck to his guns and done better another time. It is possible, however, that Signor Krismer was misled to some extent by the habit which has sprung up at Covent Garden of recent years, of hissing down premature applause, and took for demonstrations against himself what were really nothing of the kind.

Last week I was under the painful necessity of referring in rather uncomplimentary terms to Mr. Joseph Holbrooke's setting of "The Bells." In reply I have received the following amusing postcard from the composer:—

> Mr. H. is sorry he did not think more of your requirements when writing "The Bells"; it would have prevented his perpetration of a "pretentious failure"! He begs your pardon!

I am glad to note that Mr. Holbrooke has not allowed his perfectly natural irritation to extinguish his sense of humour. Doubtless also Mr. Holbrooke's own partiality for plain speaking helps him to forgive it in others—though this does not invariably prove the case. I sincerely hope that the next time I may be called upon to express an opinion concerning one of Mr. Holbrooke's works it may be of a more favourable character than that which I found myself compelled to pass upon "The Bells."

Sarasate is visiting London again, and to thousands of music-lovers that always means much. Few violinists, even among all the brilliant executants of to-day, have a larger personal following than the gifted Spanish virtuoso, who first visited us now more than thirty years ago. Sarasate has been called the Patti of fiddlers, and the term is not inapt, as suggesting the purity of tone and facility of technique which have always been such distinguishing qualities of his playing. Like Patti, too, he has wonderfully preserved his powers. It is amazing to reflect, on hearing him, that he is now sixty-three. Sarasate was a pupil of the celebrated Alard, who exhorted him, "wed thy violin, my son, but never a woman," and to the grief of innumerable fair admirers Sarasate has acted on the advice.

A patriarch of the pianoforte trade, indeed, is Mr. John Brinsmead, who has just been receiving congratulations on his ninety-second birthday. As long ago as the Exhibition of 1851 Mr. Brinsmead was winning honours for his instruments, and the fine premises of his firm in Wigmore-street to-day are an eloquent comment on the steady progress of the firm since the business was first started by Mr. Brinsmead with one man and a boy in Windmill-street, Tottenham Court-road. Two factors have contributed chiefly to Messrs. Brinsmead's success—in the first place, the excellence of their instruments, and, secondly, persistent advertising. Messrs. Brinsmead perceived early that in these days the one was no good without the other, and, wise in their generation, they have lived to reap the benefit of their foresight. The firm removed to Wigmore-street in 1863, the business being managed to-day by the sons of the founder—Messrs. Thomas and Edgar Brinsmead—of whom the latter is the author of a well-known history of the pianoforte. Mr. John Brinsmead has two other sons and three daughters, with grand-children and great-grand-children numbering in all nearly forty; and, all being well, he and Mrs. Brinsmead will celebrate in June next the seventieth anniversary of their wedding.

Mr. W. H. Hadow has been lecturing before the members of the Girl's School Music Union on "The Principles of Melodic Form," and, among other things, told his hearers what, in his judgment, was "the best tune in the world." The average musician might be allowed a hundred, or even a thousand guesses, and he would certainly never hit upon Mr. Hadow's choice—namely, the Irish folk song "The Flight of the Earls." "The best tune in the world" is, perhaps, a rather tall order. One might as well talk of the most beautiful woman or the handsomest man who has ever lived. There are beautiful tunes and beautiful tunes. This one is beautiful in one way, and that one in another. What would a plebiscite of musicians account the six finest tunes in existence? It would be interesting to ascertain.

An ingenious invention, which may quite readily prove acceptable to violinists who do not memorise their music too easily, is the Paproth "bridgemem." This is a small card to be attached to the bridge of a violin containing a miniature reproduction of the full-sized music, which, though small, is yet perfectly readable by any one possessed or ordinarily good sight. The tone of the instrument, it is said, is not affected at all by the appliance, which it may be further noted is quite invisible to the audience.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—It is only natural that Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy, in his delightful "Sir Joshua and his Circle" (1), should speak of his hero as the central luminary of a constellation of contemporary genius, and should describe this constellation as made up of such stars as never before or since illumined our country. But to speak of Reynolds as the sun of such planets as Johnson, Goldsmith, Richardson and Fielding, Smollett, Sterne and Sheridan, is the very extravagance of hero-worship; while these literary luminaries themselves pale their ineffectual fire before the Mermaid men, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, etc. Not even the symposia of "*the* Club," as it was pre-eminently called, nor of Sir Joshua's dinner parties, could compare with those Shakespearean symposia which Beaumont recalled in a letter to Ben Jonson:—

> What things have we seen
> Done at the Mermaid! Heard words that have been
> So nimble and so full of subtile flame,
> As if that everyone from when they came
> Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
> And resolved to live a fool the rest
> Of his dull life.

As for Sir Joshua's famous dinner-parties, the "flashes of nimble and subtile flame" were accompanied with such thunderous rolls and roars as overwhelmed all but the most daring speakers. Northcote, in his life of Sir Joshua, says that Reynolds's fashionable friends declined to attend his dinners, owing to their dread of his literary lions. "They had strangely conceived such a formidable idea of all those persons who had gained great fame as literary characters, that I have heard Sir Joshua say he verily believed he could no more have prevailed upon them to dine at the same

(1) "Sir Joshua and his Circle." By Fitzgerald Molloy. With Two Photogravure Frontispieces and Sixteen Full page Illustrations on Art Paper. Two Vols. (London: Hutchinson & Co. 24s. net.)

(2) "In the Days of the Comet." By H. G. Wells. (London: Macmillan & Co. 6s.)

(3) "Benita." By Rider Haggard. With Sixteen Illustrations by Gordon Browne, R.I. (London: Cassell & Co., Ltd. 6s.)

table with Johnson and Goldsmith than with two tigers." Probably, however, it was the deafening roar of the tigers which daunted them. Dunning, a famous lawyer of that day, happening to come a little too early to one of these famous parties, thus addressed his host: "Sir Joshua, whom have you to dine with you to-day? The last time I dined here the company was of such a sort that I declare to God I believe there was peace over all the rest of the earth for that afternoon!" Only "great whales," to adopt the image of Goldsmith's happy retort to Johnson's ridicule of his suggestion of the difficulty of making little fishes in a fable talk in character, only "great whales" could be heard in such a company, from which, therefore the less fry naturally shrank. At any rate, there is little doubt that if we had a Boswellian record of talk at the Mermaid, it would seem to us to be higher, deeper, subtler, and brighter than that of Sir Joshua's guests. I am not sure that Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy in this most readable of books has always given the smartest specimens of the wit and wisdom of his subjects. He gives Charles James Fox's *mot* on Thurlow's cant, but forgets Wilkes'. "When I forget my debt of gratitude to the King, may my God forget me!" cried the Chancellor. "The best thing he could do for you," murmured Fox, which is not to be compared with Wilkes witty sally, "He'll see you d——d first!" Surely, too, Selwyn is inadequately represented as a wit by this sally—"the best saying of his, which has the appearance of being manufactured, being that when Horace Walpole remarked that politics remained much the same under George III. as they had under George II., and, in fact, there was nothing new under the sun, Selwyn replied, "No, nor under the grandson either.'" Talking of Selwyn, not the least extraordinary story in the book is that of Selwyn's Mie-Mie, the daughter of the Marchesa Fagniani, by either Selwyn, Lord March, or the lady's husband. Selwyn's extraordinary love for children—in such paradoxical contrast with his morbid delight in seeing men tortured or executed—focussed itself upon this little girl, of whom he fancied himself the father and the desolation of being parted from her, even for a time, nearly killed him. He bequeathed Mie-Mie thirty-three thousand pounds, while the other claimant to the honour of her parentage, Lord March, now become Duke of Queensberry, "cut down the glorious woods surrounding his residence at Drumlanrig and his castle at Neidpath, near Peebles, that he might settle fifteen thousand pounds upon her." The three rival "fathers" were on the most cordial terms with each other, with the mother and with Mie-Mie herself. The young lady afterwards married the son and heir of the Marquis of Hertford, the Earl of Yarmouth, generally known as "Red Herrings" from the colour of his hair and from the town which gave him his title. Open either of these volumes where you please, and you will find the most interesting incidents or anecdotes of the most interesting of the friends, rivals, sitters, or patrons of Sir Joshua; while the picture you get of the hero himself is all that Johnson's prose and Goldsmith's poetic description of him would lead you to expect. Mr. Wells's "In the Days of the Comet" (2) represents the moral regeneration of men through the physical inspiration of a strange green gas diffused by a comet on its approach to the earth. "It was no mere change in conditions and institutions the comet had wrought. It had made a change of heart and mind. In a manner it had dehumanised the world, robbed it of its spites, its little intense jealousies, its inconsistencies, its humour." Even woman's jealousies, even a wife's, it had so extirpated that a man might love many women together without any resenting the subdivision of his heart. Mr. Wells has written an extraordinarily powerful indictment of the present and a remarkable presentation of the future, as it would be in the Utopia of his day-dreams, and he has made the latter at once as real and fascinating to your imagination as it evidently was to his own. Of course, the present time of sordid selfishness, slavery, and savagery are more realisable to you through Mr. Wells's remorseless onslaught upon it than his Utopia of enfranchised souls in an enfranchised world; but this Utopia also is made distinct and desirable to you through the vividness and vigour of its presentation. The world into which Mr. Rider Haggard introduces you in "Benita" (3) needed also no little skill in its presentation to be as real and as interesting to you as he has undoubtedly made it. You have not only the usual hair-breadth escapes and thrilling adventures and the no less usual treasure hunt; but also reincarnation, hypnotism, occultism, and ghosts. But you believe in it all while you read and recall the old thrills of "King Solomon's Mines" and "She." In a word, Mr. Rider Haggard has returned to his old form in this stirring tale.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, ever yours very sincerely,

DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

One would think that a writer whose stories have reached the enormous sale of 5,000,000 copies would be known to everybody, yet the name of Mr. Nat Gould is probably not at all familiar to the mass of the ordinary novel-reading public. The apparent paradox is explained by the fact that Mr. Gould appeals mainly to the particular but very numerous class of readers whose greatest enjoyment is found in novels with a strong sporting flavour. Practically all his stories—and rattling good stories they are, too—are more or less directly concerned with the racing world which he knows so thoroughly. "A Hundred to One Chance," recently published by Mr. John Long, in the two-shilling "yellow-back" form once so popular, is a capital specimen of Mr. Gould's work. Another new novel from his pen, "A Sporting Squatter," is announced by Mr. Long for publication next month, when "Nat Gould's Annual," containing a story entitled "The Pet of the Public," will also be issued.

Colonel Sir Thomas Holdich is the author of a book entitled "Tibet the Mysterious," which will be published immediately in Mr. Alston Rivers' "Story of Exploration" series. The author deals with the whole history of Tibetan exploration from the earliest efforts to the most recent period.

Mr. Stuart J. Reid's "Life and Letters of the First Earl of Durham," which Messrs. Longmans will have ready next week, has been to a great extent based on papers preserved at Lambton Castle. Among other subjects it deals with the great Reform Bill and the intrigues in the Grey and Melbourne Cabinets, and Mr. Reid also gives the secret history of the celebrated Durham Report on Canada.

In his new novel, "A Russian Coward" (T. Werner Laurie, 6s.), Mr. Fred Whishaw gives a clever study of the character of a young military officer whose ignominious reputation for showing the white feather is due in part to his uncontrollable nervous horror at the sight of bloodshed and in part to misconceptions that really arise from his possession of rare moral courage. At the sinking of the *Petropavlovsk* at Port Arthur, and again in St. Petersburg on Red Sunday, the hero proves that he is capable of brave deeds, and there is a happy ending to a story which has a strong plot as well as good characterisation to recommend it. "The Patriots" (Digby, Long, and Co., 6s.) is another novel of Mr. Fred Whishaw. The scene is laid in Finland immediately after the Czar's revocation of the constitution, and the machinations of a Russian agent-provocateur play a leading part in a well-written and absorbing tale.

A work by Messrs. Morris Colles and Harold Hardy entitled "Playright and Copyright in all Countries," which is being issued this week by Messrs. Macmillan, should prove useful as well as interesting to authors, dramatists, publishers, and indeed all who are concerned with copyright questions. It is a practical guide, show-

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ing how a play or book should be protected in all countries of the world where copyright and playright have a marketable value.

In his new work, "British Malaya," Sir Frank Swettenham, formerly Governor of the Straits Settlements, relates the exact circumstances which led to the British protection of that part of the Malay peninsula now known as the Federated Malay States, and describes in detail the gradual evolution of the present system of administration. The book will be published in a few days by Mr. John Lane.

With next week's TRUTH a literary supplement will be issued containing reviews of a number of new books, including Mr. Bram Stoker's "Henry Irving: Personal Reminiscences," and Sir Evelyn Wood's "From Midshipman to Field-Marshal."

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—I have just been having a long talk with Marcia about girls and marriage. She is now twenty-seven, an age at which the era of old-maidism was at one period well begun, but which now is regarded as quite girlish. The fashionable age for marriage is, as you know, from twenty-seven to thirty-two for women, from thirty to forty-five for men.

Marcia has had three or four good offers, but has refused them because she did not love the men who made them. She cannot understand how any girl or woman can marry a man she does not love.

"And yet," she said, in her quiet way, "I should like to marry. I should love to have some one that I could be nice to, thoughtful for. I believe that half the girls in the world feel as I do. They know that they have the power to make some man happy, and every day they feel the want of some one to be good to. It is such a waste, Madge dear. When you think of it, it is not always the girls who have the best capacity to be home-makers who marry. Men seem to admire the fast and fluffy girls, not the gentle, quiet ones who hate to be conspicuous, who neither smoke nor drink B. and S.s nor gamble at bridge."

"But you are one of the quiet ones," I said, "and you have had offers."

"Yes," said Marcia. "One man asked me to marry him because he was a widower with three children, and was tormented by incapable nurses and other servant-worries. Another man proposed to me on three days' acquaintance. I disliked him, and the only reason I can think of for his asking me was that he liked my singing. The third offer was from some one quite nice, well off, and of good position. But I did not care for him in the right way. I don't want to be an old maid, though, Madge!"

I suppose a woman may go through life without meeting any one she could fall in love with? What do you think? It seems rather sad. I asked Marcia if she had ever seen, even for a moment, any man she thought she could endure the thought of as a husband.

"Yes," she said, "once. It was in a crowd on a very solemn occasion. Immediately in front of me stood a tall man, impeding my view of what we were all looking at. I 'willed' him to move, and he did so. You know the trick, Madge? And then I saw his face—fine in feature, beautiful in its serious, manly, sweet expression. I have not forgotten it, though it is five years ago."

"Marcia, was it after you had seen him that you refused those other men?"

"Yes. But that had nothing to do with it. I could not have said 'yes' to any of them in any case."

So she said, and so she thinks, but between you and me, Amy dear, I fancy that that one glimpse of the ideal spoiled our poor Marcia for ever for the real.

Minna attended the first night performance of the new play at the Criterion and raves about the frocks, especially those worn by Miss Lilian Braithwaite. We must go to see them. This is the moment to study gowns and their minutiæ in order to adapt the nicest of the details to one's own new clothes.

We saw a blue cloth the other day so soft and glossy that we took it for satin. Black cloth, I am told, is to be the favourite outdoor wear of the *monde qui s'habille* as distinguished from *le monde qui porte des habits*.

Getting back after a pretty long holiday is a circumstance that entails a considerable amount of repairs and supplies. Six weeks' stay abroad means a depleted wardrobe, boots and shoes with enfeebled constitutions, hats impossible for further wear, and gowns fit only to go to the cleaner or to give away. One of the pleasures of buying new clothes is that of passing on the old ones to others, who will be thankful for them, and who are clever enough and enjoy sufficient leisure to turn them to account.

We made a huge packet to go to the cleaner's, including a number of blouses on which we had previously sat in committee. The result was an agreeable day's shopping—spending money is always a pleasure!—and a visit to North Audley-street to be measured for new corsets. The beautiful carriage and neat waists of the Parisiennes have given us ambitious views on our own account, and we have been diligently squaring back our shoulders and holding up our heads ever since. There is no one like Esmeralda for discovering the possibilities of one's figure and making the most of one's good points. Having made a lifelong study of physiology, she knows how important it is to give absolute freedom to the chest, so that deep breathing cannot be interfered with by the corset. At the same time, the waist is done justice to, and the natural slimness shown when the figure is slight; and when it is not, the dimensions are reduced without such pressure as would drive down the flesh upon the hips. Can anything be uglier than a waist palpably tightened in, with flesh bulging out above and below it? There is no fear of that with Esmeralda. Her methods are gently persuasive, but so effectual that in a couple of months the waist is visibly smaller.

For the Princess gowns a beautifully fitting and well-cut corset is absolutely essential, even when the figure of the wearer is unusually good. When Linda first went to Esmeralda she had a kind of lumpy waist, which spoiled her appearance, as well as a bad carriage of the shoulders. Now she is greatly admired for her pretty figure and for the way she holds herself—shoulders well back, chest forward, waist in. Nature had not been too indulgent to her in the matter of form, and Art had stepped in with excellent results. She can now wear a Princess gown, thanks to Esmeralda.

"Faut être bien corsetée et bien juponnée pour porter le robe princesse," says Madame Valentine in her pretty French voice. We saw a very smart and dainty dark blue cloth gown at her atelier, 30, Sussex-place. The little coat was beautifully cut, and was set into a narrow band below which there was a shallow basque bordered with a silky braid matching the gown in colour. There was no collar, and the fronts, bordered with the fancy braid, were cut away a little just below the neck, showing the lace top of the blouse beneath as well as the front of it almost as far as the waist. Madame Valentine turns these costumes out from five guineas. Her dainty, exquisitely finished blouses for afternoon or evening wear are very tempting. Each of them embodies some new idea in the collar or sleeve, or is trimmed in some original and becoming manner. A lovely demi-toilette one was in pleated ivory satin, the narrow folds stitched down, with yoke of very finely-tucked silk, muslin, and lace introduced where the satin and muslin meet. The sleeves were lightly puffed and finished with pleated frills and lace. Another sweet blouse was in soft satin in the dreamiest tone of pastel blue, the front being cream silk muslin, painted with soft pink and blue flowers and

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finished with lovely little fancy buttons. And then there was a teagown—but I have so many things to tell you about that I must tear myself away from these delicious chiffons, tempting as only a Frenchwoman can make them.

How would you like to be a journalist? I am told that it is a delightful life, full of variety and interest, and bringing one into communication with charming people of all grades of society. This, at least, is the view taken of it by our friend Magda, who has been a journalist for several years, makes a fair income out of it, and has always something bright or amusing to tell about her experiences. She had no training, and simply staggered into it, picking up here and there the necessary knowledge, and consequently making mistakes now and then, as you may imagine. She wholly approves of the School of Journalism started two or three years since by Miss Cartwright. The amateur element, Magda says, is never more trying than it is in public work of the kind, depriving the journalist of the self-confidence that is absolutely necessary to the accomplishment of his work, and occasionally filling the editorial mind with wrath and his lips with language. The school is for women only, and the course of training equips them thoroughly for their career. They are taught reporting, story and article writing, editing and sub-editing, proof-correcting, typewriting, shorthand, reviewing, interviewing, and even making up the paper for the press. They can learn type-setting if they choose. Magda says that if a girl knows how this is done, it is a great help towards knowing how corrections should be made. That the training may be complete, French and German are taught, and a special feature is made of secretarial training.

The school is carried on at 8 and 9, Johnson's Court, Fleet-street, and at 35, Old Bond-street, and has been very successful in obtaining employment for the pupils. The fees are moderate, and the fact that the principal—Miss Cartwright—is the daughter of a well-known publisher and proprietor of a number of successful publications assures abundant scope for the work of the school. The correspondence course is found useful by girls living in the country who wish to embark on the pleasant seas of journalism. If you were beginning life, would you have a try? It must be a fascinating occupation, and one advantage about it is that no one following it could continue to take the narrow, limited views of life without any sense of values of which women are so often accused.

When we went abroad I put in each of my boxes one of the Linsasha sachets I told you about some time ago, and as we had to live in our boxes for days together, I was delighted that I had thought of it, so pleasant was the smell of lavender every time I opened one. The Customs officials opened but one of our boxes, and the delicious perfume came out in a wave when they did so. It made one think of a hayfield on a summer's day. I saw that the manufacturers have now produced a concentrated sachet, and at once sent to John Barker's, Kensington, and got one. It is even more agreeably scented than the other, so when you are ordering it of either Barker or D. H. Evans, Oxford-street—both of whom supply it—do not forget that it is the Concentrated Linsasha that you must particularise.

All these sachets — and they include a nice little eighteenpenny one—are sent out in ornamental green watered boxes by the makers, the Peace Pillow Company, who have done so much for sufferers from insomnia.

I shall have some nice recipes for you next week. Ever your loving cousin, MADGE.

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• TRUTH •

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TO OUR READERS.

We receive hundreds of letters every week from "Readers of 'Truth.'" A large majority of the writers expect replies direct. Of the work, trouble, and expense involved in doing this we say nothing. But as experience has shown that a large number of our "Constant" and "Regular" readers who inquire about individuals with whom we have dealt in our columns over and over again are not actual subscribers to the paper, but merely occasional readers of it at clubs, libraries, or at friends' houses, we consider we must protect ourselves in the matter.

We have therefore decided that henceforth every reader who writes making an inquiry that necessitates a direct reply must enclose a stamped envelope and also a Coupon which will always be found at the foot of the 3rd page of the coloured cover. Without these no notice will be taken of the communication.

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a Coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" send replies by post.

No Coupon will be available that is over a fortnight out of date, except from correspondents residing abroad.

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ENTRE NOUS.

THE King is spending this week at Newmarket, and his Majesty will be in town next week until Friday, when he goes to Sandringham to join the Queen, who has been staying at the Hall since Wednesday night, when she arrived from Balmoral. Her Majesty will probably drive over to Cromer one day this week, and it is expected that she will pay a visit to Lord and Lady Leicester at Holkham Hall.

The King and Queen will entertain a large house party at Sandringham from Saturday, November 3, until Monday, the 12th. The annual partridge drives in the principal preserves on the Royal estates are then to take place. The King's birthday will be celebrated at Sandringham on Friday, November 9, and on Monday, the 5th, his Majesty is to pay a public visit to King's Lynn, when he will formally open the King Edward VII. Grammar School, which has been presented to the town by Mr. J. T. Lancaster. The donor has already expended £40,000 on the school, and he has promised an adequate endowment in addition. The Court will remove to Windsor Castle on Monday, November 12.

His Majesty is to pay a visit next month to Mr. and Mrs. William James at West Dean Park, Sussex. The King will arrive at West Dean from London on Monday, November 19, and he is to stay there until Friday, the 23rd. There are to be battues on two days, the pheasant stooting on this estate being now the best in Sussex, and the third day will be devoted to an excursion in the neighbourhood, probably to Petworth and Cowdray.

During his recent visit to Lord Colebrooke the King had a day's shooting on the Tuesday over the Netherton Moors, which are on Lord Home's Douglas estate. There were three drives in the morning and two in the afternoon, the total bag amounting to 168 brace of grouse, thirty-eight black game, and twenty-three hares. The sport was much enjoyed, as the birds were in excellent condition and strong on the wing. The guns were his Majesty, Lord Rosebery, Lord Mar and Kellie, Lord Dunglass, Lord Brackley, Lord Colebrooke, General Home, Sir Simon Macdonald Lockhart of Lee, and M. Koziello, of the Russian Embassy. The sportsmen were joined by Lord Home, Major Ponsonby, and Captain Despard at luncheon, which was served at Netherton House at half-past one. Over a hundred beaters were employed, and did their work well.

On Wednesday morning the King drove to Elvanfoot moor, on Lord Colebrooke's estate, which lies above the village of Crawford, four miles from Glengonnar. There were about one hundred and twenty beaters, and three drives took place, the morning's bag being 83½ brace of grouse, eighteen black game, one snipe, and one hare. Luncheon was served at Midlock Farm. During the afternoon there were two drives over Midlock moor, the bag consisting of thirty-eight brace of grouse, fourteen black game, and two hares. The guns were his Majesty, Lord Dunglass, Lord Brackley, Lord Colebrooke, Sir Ernest Cassel, and M. Koziello. During the day the King visited Lindsay Tower, an ancient ruined stronghold of the Lindsays, Earls of Crawford.

It is believed that his Majesty will confer the Order of the Garter upon the King of Norway during his son-in-law's approaching visit to England. The King of Denmark has worn a blue ribbon since 1896, and the

King of Norway was given the first class of the order of the Bath (G.C.B., Civil Division) by Queen Victoria at the time of his marriage. King Christian was created a Knight of the Garter in 1865, and at the time of his death he was the senior member of the order in both the ordinary and extra divisions. It is expected that the first class of the Bath will shortly be conferred by the King upon the Crown Prince of Denmark, who at present wears no English decoration.

Lord Rosebery left Glengonnar for Edinburgh in order to fulfil a public engagement on Wednesday morning, and before his departure it was settled that the King should take a forty miles' drive to Dalmeny on Thursday. There were three motor-cars, and his Majesty was loudly cheered as he passed through Biggar, but his passage along Princes-street, Edinburgh, was quite unobserved. On arriving at Dalmeny the King was received by Lord Rosebery, Lady Leconfield, and Lord Dalmeny, and luncheon was at once served. The Royal party left at four o'clock in heavy rain, and returned to Abington by way of Morningside and Penecuik. Dalmeny is a modern house of no special interest, but it contains a fine collection of pictures and a valuable library. The gardens are not remarkable, but the large park is distinguished by its fine woods growing down to the shore of the Firth of Forth, and many of the trees are notable for age and size. The view up the Firth has been quite spoilt by the Forth Bridge.

The King's programme for Friday included grouse drives in the morning over Netherton Moor, luncheon at Douglas Castle with Lord and Lady Home, and a visit to the Falls of the Clyde. A snowstorm upset these plans. His Majesty and a party drove from Glengonnar to Douglas Castle, where they lunched at half-past two, and the King stayed there for nearly two hours, but he was unable to view the beautiful grounds.

The old Douglas Castle was destroyed by fire in 1758, and the Duke of Douglas had arranged to replace it with a magnificent house from designs by Adam, but he died in 1761, when only one wing had been built, and the work has never been completed. The house, as it stands, affords ample accommodation for a large establishment. Lord Home is the representative of the Douglas family through the female line.

The Prince of Wales, who is residing at York Cottage, had several days' partridge shooting last week in the Harpley, Massingham, and Dersingham preserves, accompanied by Lord de Grey and Lord Farquhar (who drove over from Castle Rising), Lord Lovat, and Mr. Derek Keppel. The partridge shooting in West Norfolk has turned out a great deal better than was expected, and it seems as if the bags on the Royal estates will be up to the average. The Princess of Wales is coming to town this afternoon from Sandringham for a few days.

Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, who is now at Roseneath, Dumbartonshire, is to pay a visit to Dumfriesshire next week for the purpose of opening a charity bazaar at Lockerbie. Princess Louise is to be the guest of Sir Robert and Lady Jardine at Castlemilk during her stay in the district.

Apartments have been engaged at the Hotel Bristol, Paris, for the King of the Hellenes, who is expected to arrive there this week from Copenhagen. King George will visit Vienna next month, on his way back to Athens.

Referring to a remark made by my Paris correspondent a fortnight ago, a correspondent at Berlin points out that the German Emperor already bears the title of Prince of Orange. In proof of this he sends me a leaf from a German handbook showing the whole of the Royal and Imperial titles and arms. A very imposing collection they make. Fifty-one principalities and dukedoms figure in the list, beginning with Prussia and Brandenburg. I should think his Imperial Majesty, when he has occasion to use his full style, would almost find it more convenient to recite the German titles that he does *not* bear, rather than those that he does.

The nineteenth birthday of the Queen of Spain is to be celebrated to-day at Madrid, and there will be a grand review, a gala dinner at the Palace, and other ceremonials. The Duchess of Santona, sister of the Duke of Alba, and grand-niece of the Empress Eugénie, has just been appointed one of the ladies-in-waiting to the Queen of Spain, her colleague being the Duchess of Luna.

The Grand Duke Michael Michailovitch has returned to Keele Hall from Scotland for a short stay before going to Cannes for the winter and spring months. The Grand Duke will pay a visit to the King and Queen next month at Sandringham or Windsor Castle before he leaves England for the Riviera.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, referring to the Royal visit to Orwell Park, describes Bishop Pretyman's "Life of Pitt" as "a standard book." The writer is presumably unaware that Macaulay denounced this long-forgotten work as the very worst biography ever written in any age or in any language, while another eminent critic described it as "worthy of a drayman." Another journal states that the Orwell Gallery of Old Masters was collected by the Bishop, who never bought a picture in his life, as he cared only for collecting money. After the Bishop's death, at a dinner party at Sir Robert Peel's, somebody observed how horrified the late prelate would be if he could "look down" and see his son spending thousands in buying pictures. Peel remarked, with a smile: "Is he not more likely to be looking up?" Sydney Smith censured Bishop Pretyman as "a mean and cunning prelate."

For Special for Ladies, see page 1019.
For the Truth Hotel List, see page 1016.
For Selected Foreign Hotels, see page 1017.
For Amusements, see page 1022.
For Our Puzzles, see pages 1021, 1022.

Lord Aberdeen, after a successful visit to Londonderry, returned to Dublin for a few days. Lord Aberdeen has a gift of Viceregal oratory, and the many short speeches which he was called on to make in the North were tactful, kindly, and pleasant. On Friday he left Ireland to join Lady Aberdeen, who had preceded him to England, from where they are expected to return to the Viceregal Lodge at the end of this week.

Of late years successions of Irish Viceroys and their wives have been extremely active and energetic in fulfilling the infinite variety of viceregal duties, which, each year, make increasing demands on them. Lord and Lady Aberdeen are bidding fair to beat the honourable record, Lady Aberdeen in especial. She left Baronscourt for Belfast, where she presided and spoke at a philanthropic meeting, leaving by Larne for London to prosecute other activities. Plato looked for the regeneration of the world to the time when kings should be philosophers; the twentieth century demands that kings and queens and—perhaps even more—viceroys and their wives should be philanthropists. Viceroyalty in Ireland has been, without question, most actively responsive to this demand.

The Lord Chancellor of Ireland has returned to his residence in Dublin from the West of Ireland. Sir Samuel Walker is, like the Master of the Rolls, Sir Andrew Porter, a "brother of the angle," as old Izaak Walton puts it. Both these high officials generally pursue the "calm, quiet, innocent recreation" in Connemara during the holiday season. This picturesque country of mountain and moorland is also one of many lakes and streams.

The Royal Commission to inquire into the working of Canals in Ireland came to an end last week, whilst that in connection with the Dublin University, Trinity College, began its sittings in Trinity College. Many important authorities on education were examined; the public, however, were not admitted to the sittings, as they had been to those of the other Commissions.

Lady Morris and Killanin, who died last week at Spiddal House, Galway, was the widow of the well-known Lord Morris and Killanin. Of late years her health had been impaired, but in former years she was a popular member of society, and had many friends on both sides of the Irish Channel. She had, like many gifted Irishwomen, a charming and genial personality. She was the mother of Lord Killanin, and her father had been a Baron of the Irish Court of Exchequer, a court of which the well-known Baron Dowse was the "Last of the Barons." The Chief Baron alone remains to represent the court, and will have no successor.

The death of Colonel Saunderson has come as a shock to all who knew him. Perhaps during the last two or three years there has been perceptible in him some diminution of his old keenness and pugnacity; but he still retained as much fire and energy as most men ten years younger. He enjoyed a unique position in the House. He belaboured his opponents with the most merciless vehemence. He could punish them as severely with wit and ridicule as with fiery invective. He was never so happy as when he was in the thick of a good fight, giving and receiving the hardest knocks. Yet for some years there has hardly been a more popular man in Parliament, and nobody ever bore him a grudge. Back in the Home Rule days when party feeling was perhaps hotter than it has ever been since, especially between Nationalists and Orangemen, he was perhaps a little hated by some of his fellow countrymen, but they have got to know him better since, and to appreciate the geniality and good nature underneath his political pugnacity. I do not believe there is a Nationalist to-day who is not genuinely grieved at his death, and is not this the highest tribute that can be paid to the sterling quality of his character?

Lady Amabel Kerr, who died suddenly last week, was the only survivor of the family of the sixth Earl Cowper, who married the elder daughter and co-heir of the first Earl de Grey. Last year, on the death of her brother, Lord Cowper, she became co-heir (with Lord Lucas and Lady Desborough) to the Barony of Butler, which was conferred in 1666. Lady Amabel was married in 1873 to Admiral of the Fleet Lord Walter Kerr. She was a clever and most pleasant woman and a charming hostess, and she made herself a general favourite in society.

Lady Amabel Kerr became a considerable heiress on the death of her brother, the late Lord Cowper, as she then inherited the large estates in Hertfordshire and Derbyshire which had belonged to her grandmother, Lady Palmerston, to whom they had passed in 1853, when the title of Melbourne became extinct. Brocket Hall, her fine place near Hatfield, has been let for some years past to Lord Mount Stephen. Lady Amabel and Lord Walter Kerr had taken up their residence last spring at Melbourne Hall, a place about nine miles from Derby, which has long been noted for its old Dutch gardens, extending over about sixteen acres. Until this year Melbourne Hall had usually been let for more than half a century. Lady Amabel had already made herself very popular in the district, and her death is most deeply regretted by all classes.

At Edinburgh on Wednesday Lord Rosebery, as Lord Lieutenant of Midlothian, unveiled a portrait of Sir James Gibson Craig, of Riccarton, late Convener of the County, who for many years has been engaged in important local work. In Lord Rosebery's words, "he has controlled to a large extent the policy, and even the fate, of his county." Sir James is the son of Sir William Gibson Craig, who for fifteen years was a prominent member of the House of Commons, from which he retired on being appointed Lord Clerk Register and Keeper of the Signet of Scotland. Sir William's father—the well-known "James Gibson"—was the heart and soul of Scotch Liberalism for some

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fifty years, and he never flinched from his principles and his advocacy of the public cause even during the despotism of Dundas, when any manifestation of independence was positively dangerous. James Gibson, who assumed the name of Craig on succeeding to the Riccarton estates, was created a baronet by Lord Grey in 1831. He died in 1850 at the age of eighty-five, and, as Lord Cockburn then wrote, "he was the last of the gallant old Edinburgh party who stood out for freedom during the perilous times," and he had "actively forwarded the brighter day that he survived to see."

The Duke of Sutherland has presented a full length portrait of Queen Victoria, by Winterhalter, to the burgh of Dornoch, and it is to be placed in the Court Room of the County Buildings. This picture, which has hung for many years at Dunrobin Castle, was given by Queen Victoria to Harriet Duchess of Sutherland (the grandmother of the present Duke), who was one of the most intimate and trusted friends of her late Majesty, and she was for many years Mistress of the Robes.

A correspondent writes:—

Apropos of your note in "Motors and Motoring" this week, that the tenth anniversary of "Emancipation Day" is to be celebrated, *inter alia*, by a run of Pioneers to Reigate, I don't know whether there is anything more than a telepathic connection between the two events; but we have just been treated to a precisely similar sporting event in Paris, bicycles taking the place of motors, however. Personally, I am inclined to think that the visit of the Lord Mayor's coachman produced this sudden enthusiasm for obsolete methods of locomotion in the bosom of the Parisian. However this may be, more than sixty obsolete "crocks" took part in the procession of "prehistoric cycles." They were of all sizes and shapes and ages; the "dandy horse" (if I have the name aright) propelled by the rider's feet, brought in alternate contact with the ground; the old wooden "boneshaker," shod with iron and with pedals on the front wheel; the tall "ordinary," and I know not what other freakish varieties of the wheels of yester-year. It was a pathetic and a moving—though not a very fast moving—spectacle. It started from the Place de la Concorde, toiled pluckily up the long ascent to the Arc de Triomphe, and so made its way to Suresnes, where the gallant wheelmen partook of what local reporters ingenuously call an "apéritif d'honneur." Now they are talking of starting a museum of modern locomotion in Paris, in which the cycles of the past may find a resting place.

It might be a good idea for London imitation. In that case, let us hope that the present generation of motor 'buses would soon find their way to the locomotive "Invalides."

Most of the papers, in dealing with the now famous robber "captain" of Koepenick, regard his successful hold-up of the local Town Hall as not only ingenious but original. This it certainly is not, being indeed a flat plagiarism, with certain minor variations, upon Malet's seizure of the Hôtel de Ville in Paris nearly a century ago. Malet had been a Republican general, was ruined by the rise of Napoleon, betook himself to plotting, was arrested, and finally put in a madhouse as the best way to get rid of him. During the Emperor's absence in Russia in 1812 Malet thought his opportunity was come. With an accomplice he escaped one night from his prison, obtained a general's uniform, and with his accomplice dressed as an aide-de-camp, made his way to the prison of La Force, where the unsuspecting governor released, on his command, two other ex-Republicans—Generals Laborie and Guidal, prisoners on a like charge to his own. Together they proceeded to a neighbouring barracks, announced to the commandant that Napoleon was dead, and that they were acting by the decree of the Senate, ordered the troops to be paraded, and despatched bodies of men upon various duties. Some arrested Savary, the Minister of Police; others the Police Prefect; another battalion seized the Hôtel de Ville. Everybody obeyed Malet implicitly, even the Prefect of the Seine, and he would undoubtedly have gained possession of Paris had he not been recognised by Laborde, chief of the military police, as an escaped prisoner. He was arrested after a scuffle, the plot was unravelled, and in due course Malet, with twenty-three of his abettors, was shot. For Paris read Koepenick, and for Napoleon Wilhelm II., and the Prussian "captain," consciously or unconsciously, is nothing but an infringer of Malet's copyright.

I have received the following letter:—

I am a little surprised to find no reference in this week's Truth to the Bowden Brake exposure in your previous issue. The case seemed such a bad one that I thought you would surely get some contradiction from the parties whose conduct was impugned. In the absence of contradiction the case looks a degree worse. That a man should suffer the loss of his liberty under such circumstances as you describe is, beyond description, shameful. I should be quite prepared myself to subscribe £20 towards the expenses of prosecuting the guilty parties, but I suppose there would be a great difficulty in pinning the leaders.

Several other letters have reached me to a more or less similar effect, though the writer of the above is the only one who makes a practical business offer in the shape of a subscription. The writer will not be surprised to hear that the question of a prosecution has already been considered. Mr. Karmel, the victim of the conspiracy, has, for reasons which were sufficiently indicated in the article, not seen his way to undertake any prosecution on his own account. Moreover, the whereabouts of two of the parties concerned in the conspiracy are unknown, and the victim is naturally not desirous to single out for punishment the one conspirator who repented and confessed.

The people who really ought to prosecute in such a case are the Bowden Brake Syndicate, who will say, no doubt, that the conspiracy, if it can be proved, was unauthorised by them, and that their employees gravely misapprehended their duties and instructions. A firm which has been placed by its employees in the position of profiting by such a conspiracy could not find a better way of putting itself right than by prosecuting the evildoers; and it has a further reason for doing so, for when employees manufacture a fraudulent case in the performance of their duties they are really defrauding their employers. I have not heard that the Bowden Brake Syndicate has any intention of prosecuting in this case. Failing that, the duty seems to devolve upon the Treasury, for in cases of perjury, and conspiracy to bamboozle courts of justice, the prosecution ought always to be undertaken at the public

The Ritz Hotel, Piccadilly, London, is the latest addition to the famous Ritz Hotels. Built on the same lines as The Ritz Hotel Paris, it is replete with all the latest appliances which add to the comfort of guests. The Hotel is entirely decorated and furnished in the Louis Seize style, and is the most artistic Hotel in Europe. The Direction and the Tariff of Prices the same as at the Carlton Hotel. Single Rooms from 7s. 6d. per day, Single Rooms with Private Bathroom from 15s. per day, Double-Bedded Rooms from 12s. 6d. per day, Double Rooms with private Bathroom from 21s. per day. Suites, comprising Sitting-room, Bedroom, and Bathrooms from 25s. per day. The Ritz Restaurant, overlooking Green Park, is open to non-residents. The Ritz à la carte luncheon at 6s. per head is served daily.

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expense. I can only suggest, therefore, that the facts of the case should be laid before the Attorney-General or the Treasury Solicitor.

A MESSAGE FROM MANCHESTER.

O Manchester's Bishop, much thanks do we owe
To you for your sensible speech
Re curates who, whether they're able or no,
Will stand up in pulpits and preach.

You advised each young cleric—most soundly, i' fegs—
To wait till some judgment he wins,
And knowledge of life, ere he gets on his legs
And lectures the world on its sins;

Or, to put it in homelier figure of speech,
No young cleric should get on his legs
And have the presumption his grandma to teach
How to suck the proverbial eggs.

The Prime Minister has made a most excellent appointment to the deanery of Ely, and the choice of Dr Kirkpatrick for this post will meet with general and hearty approval, and will be most popular at Cambridge and at Ely. Dr. Kirkpatrick had a most distinguished career at Cambridge, and in 1882, at the age of thirty-three (after having been for eleven years Fellow of Trinity College), he was elected to the Regius Chair of Hebrew, to which office a canonry in Ely Cathedral is annexed. In 1898 Dr. Kirkpatrick became Master of Selwyn College, and in 1903 he was transferred to the Lady Margaret Chair of Divinity, thereby vacating his Ely canonry. Dr. Kirkpatrick is a most accomplished scholar, and an admirable preacher, and for the last thirty years he has been one of the most popular of the Cambridge "dons." He has principally devoted himself to Old Testament studies, and has carefully avoided taking part in ecclesiastical disputes. He is examining chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury. He can be trusted to make good use of the comparative leisure which a deanery affords, and will doubtless devote much time to the work of popularising the important subjects on which he is so distinguished an authority.

Apropos of Lord Elgin's despatch on the religious question at Malta, the extraordinary statement reaches me from that Colony that the Bishop of Malta enjoys the honorary local rank of major-general in the British Army, and that it is customary to turn out the guard to salute him when he makes his appearance in public. I do not know whether this statement is really correct, but if the Bishop is treated to military honours on any ground, while a British chaplain is forbidden to walk in his surplice at a military funeral, the episcopal protests against the disregard of the Government for the rights and sensibilities of Roman Catholics become more impudent than ever. I have often wondered why this ecclesiastic bears the twofold title of "Archbishop-Bishop." It appears that he is Archbishop of Rhodes as well as Bishop of Malta. There must be precious few Roman Catholics in Rhodes, and still fewer bishops, so that I suppose the archiepiscopal rank is really honorary, like his arch-reverence's military rank of major-general.

The late Canon Musgrave, rector of Hascombe, was in all respects an excellent parish clergyman, and ever anxious to benefit his people in practical ways. Being possessed of large private means, he rebuilt his church, and expended money in many ways most generously for the good of his parishioners. He farmed his glebe of over one hundred acres, because he was thus able to give constant employment at liberal wages to the labourers. As an example of his considerate thoughtfulness it may be mentioned that a part of the land was kept in copse, although entirely unremunerative, in order to afford winter work. Canon Musgrave was a moderate and sensible High Churchman of the old school. His death is an immense and irreparable loss to the parish in which he had worked for forty-four years. He had been for eighteen years Proctor in Convocation for the clergy of Surrey, by whom he was most highly esteemed.

The lottery scandal grows apace in Ireland. In the report of the last meeting of the central executive committee of the Irish National Teachers' Organisation it is stated that the "arrangements for the All-Ireland Prize Drawing, to be held next Easter week, occupied the leading place in the day's proceedings." It was announced that a large number of prizes had been promised, and the committee ordered that the tickets should be ready for issue early in December. The Irish elementary school teachers are only taking a leaf out of the book of the Irish clergy, who have long been active as promoters of lotteries for all sorts of purposes. The teachers, however, stand in a different position to the clergy. The former are servants of the State, and whatever other people may do, servants of the State surely ought not to be permitted to break the law in this manner, even though that law is practically inoperative owing partly to the supineness of the authorities, and partly to the tangle which has been produced by a series of more or less overlapping and conflicting Statutes. It would not be an edifying sight for the children to see their teachers engaged in getting up a huge gamble, and there is, too, the additional objection that the affair will probably resolve itself to a large extent into a raid on the pockets of the parents. I would suggest, therefore, that the Irish National Board of Education, or the police, should prevent this project being carried any further.

Some observations were made in last week's Truth upon a whist drive for the benefit of the Church, which was alleged to have been advertised at Southport. This was a mistake, for which I apologise to Southport. Stockport is the real scene of the ecclesiastical whist drive. *Palmam qui meruit ferat.*

I have received the following amounts towards the Toy Fund:—H. C. McKinlay, £2; A Friend at Cromer, 3s. 6d.; Catesby and Sons, £1 1s.

Some interesting remarks on the subject of modern life and nerve strain by Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., are found on page 1020.

The Luxury of a Bath is incomplete without the addition of Scrubb's Cloudy Fluid Ammonia, which refreshes and invigorates. Sold everywhere, price one shilling per bottle.

CORPORAL GOOSE AND COLONEL GANDER.

I s'pose that we shall always see,
While this world doth endure,
That one law for the rich there'll be,
Another for the poor.

And if the cause you'd have me tell
Why of these things I speak,
You'll find it, sir, in what befell
At Aldershot last week;

Where in the presence of their mates,
For this sad sight paraded,
Some non-coms. (so the paper states)
Were publicly degraded.

Stripped were the medals from their breast,
The chevrons from their sleeve,
And then, in cutting terms addressed,
The camp they're told to leave.

For them I offer no excuse
Who were in public spurned,
Nor plead that who their trust abuse
Such treatment have not earned.

But what I fain *would*, sir, indict
's the principle that spanks
Non-coms. so hard, and yet so light
Lets down *commissioned* ranks.

The *officers* who'd no less slipped—
Why weren't *they*, sir, degraded
And of their decorations stripped,
Before the corps paraded?

Why were *they* this ordeal spared?
Why were *they* not required
To fare as their inferiors fared,
Before they were "retired"?

If, for the general welfare's sake,
'Tis useful found and just
Public examples thus to make
Of those who break their trust;

Then this with *all* who trust betray
Impartial should be done—
Yes, sir, with ALL ALIKE, I say,
Or failing that, with NONE.

But there! 'Tis aye the same old fake—
In equity's despite—
Examples of the *poor* to make,
But let the rich down light.

Yet wonder small if such abuse
Makes Tommy cry, in dander,
That what is sauce for CORPORAL GOOSE
Is sauce for COLONEL GANDER.

"As TRUTH devotes so much space," writes a correspondent from Trimulgherry, "to the seamy side of army life and the shortcomings of those in authority, it struck me that you might like to use the enclosed report as showing how an officer can combine the highest efficiency with the highest personal popularity." Nobody can be more delighted than I to come across such an object lesson. The "enclosed report" describes the remarkable ovation received by Colonel Herbert on relinquishing the command of the 2nd Royal Fusiliers. There seems to have been a most impressive demonstration of the regard and affection of the men for their C.O. the night before his departure, and the whole battalion turned out again before daybreak to see him off and cheer him till he was out of sight. This battalion is one of the best behaved in the Army; won the Evelyn Wood Cup, and the Aldershot Football Cup, and innumerable other cups at Aldershot and in India for shooting, football, swimming, and boxing. The most interesting point about the demonstration at Trimulgherry is the proof it affords that the merits of a good C.O. are appreciated by no one more than his own men.

Here is an atrociously hard case, which calls for the attention of somebody at the War Office if my informant on the other side of the Atlantic has stated it correctly. A reservist of the R.G.A., named Sanham, late of 81 Company, being unable to find work in England, applied through the military accountant at Dover for permission to emigrate to Canada. This was duly granted, and the man was ordered to report himself to the officer paying pensions at Ottawa. On his doing so only a few weeks ago, and asking for instructions as to how he was to obtain his reserve pay, he was informed that as he left England after May he had, under some recent order or warrant, forfeited his reserve pay. If this is the case, the attention of the man ought to have been called to the fact when he was authorised to leave the country; indeed, as he is entitled to his pay for the full term of his engagement, I do not see how he can be deprived of it for doing anything that it is lawful for him to do, unless his forfeiture of his pay is made an express condition of the permission given him to leave the country.

I am puzzled, indeed, to understand how there can be any order or warrant to the effect above stated, and I shall be obliged to any one who will enlighten me on the point. If a reservist is to forfeit his pay by going to reside in the Colonies, why should it be necessary for him to obtain leave to go? He is actually made to sign an agreement—Sanham did so in the above case—by which he undertakes to serve in any branch of the Army in the Colony if required. He, therefore, takes with him his full liability to be called up for service, and how can this be justified if the War Office renounces its own part of the bargain by stopping his pay? Anyhow, this particular man has been officially encouraged to go out to Canada under a complete misapprehension as to his rights, and the least the War Office ought to do is either to give him his pay or pay his fare back.

Apropos of an article which appeared in TRUTH a few weeks back, an Indian officer writes me at some length on the advantages of a "general list" for officers as exemplified by the experience of the Indian Army. His chief points are that in the Indian Service, although officers may not always be promoted as quickly as they might desire, they are always promoted in fairly regular rotation, and every man knows pretty accurately the prospect before him; while, on the other hand, the fear that such a system will destroy regimental *esprit de corps* is entirely negatived by Indian experience. He also refers to experience in the Royal Artillery and the Royal Engineers as pointing in the same direction. It certainly seems to me that with all these examples, and that of the Navy as well, before us, the idea that *esprit de corps* will suffer by transferring officers from one regiment to another is reduced to a mere bugbear.

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My correspondent suggests that it would be necessary to have, not one general list for the whole Army, but one for each arm; and he also suggests that in the cavalry and infantry certain regiments should be affiliated for the purpose of transfer, as is done in the Indian Army, where three regiments of the same racial composition are linked together, so that any officer in one regiment may either be posted permanently to either of the other two, or transfers may be made temporarily in the event of an accidental shortage of officers. Although any change in this direction would encounter great hostility from old stagers, I am quite sure that it would be to the advantage of officers generally, and would greatly facilitate promotion by merit, which is the first essential of general efficiency.

The Aldershot Operatic Society, an amateur association, is giving a series of performances next month at the local theatre, and in connection therewith the mounted band of the Royal Artillery has been engaged for a week, displacing the permanent orchestra of the theatre. If the Operatic Society were a Service association, this might not be open to much objection; but I understand that the society is chiefly, if not wholly, civilian. If that is so, the members of the band which is thrown out of work for a week have a right to object to a military band displacing them; and unless I am mistaken, the arrangement is contrary to a recent order from headquarters.

The Sheffield papers were filled last week with cries of indignation, perfectly well justified, over the condition of the armament of the Sheffield Artillery Volunteers (4th West Riding R.G.A.). The corps had paraded for inspection on the previous Saturday, but was unable to perform any artillery work owing to the dangerous condition of the guns, which are said to date from 1871, and the rotten state of the harness and general equipment, which had been condemned long ago. For all practical purposes, therefore, it might have been an inspection of Infantry unarmed with rifles. The papers speak in the strongest terms of the wicked absurdity of thus stultifying the efforts of a fine soldierly body of men to fit themselves for the defence of their country; and the feeling will be shared by the public. It is said that increasing difficulty is found in keeping the corps together under such circumstances, and no one can wonder at this. The only wonder is that there is any Volunteer Artillery left in existence, for the case of the Sheffield men is in no way peculiar. Mr. Haldane has promised that as the Royal Artillery is re-armed, the old guns shall be handed over to the Volunteers. He cannot be too quick about it. The re-armament of the Royal Artillery is proceeding rapidly—I am glad to hear with satisfactory results—and it is high time that the discarded guns were turned to practical use where they are so badly needed.

The latest growl from Hong Kong, where a great many very queer things seem to be done, relates to the position of two civilians who are employed as barrack wardens. The post of a barrack warden is essentially one which an army pensioner is thoroughly competent to fill, and, in view of the recognition at headquarters of the importance of doing everything possible to secure employment to soldiers on discharge, it would seem only reasonable to lay down expressly that this particular class of job should be confined to old army men.

The Customs Department possesses a small cruiser called the *Vigilant*, which is kept up at a cost of from £2,000 to £3,000 a year, without serving any legitimate purpose so far as the revenue is concerned. Commissioners make use of her for paying visits of inspection to ports round the coast; but time and money would be saved if these journeys were made by railway, and there is an impression in the Service that the voyages in the *Vigilant* are more often than not mere pleasure trips at the expense of the tax-payers. This impression will be deepened if it turns out to be true that—as I am informed is the fact—a Commissioner recently took his two sons and five friends on a lengthy cruise. It is obvious that this proceeding would be a gross abuse of his authority on the part of any official, however highly placed in the Service, and the matter ought to be inquired into by the Treasury.

The appointment of Admiral Sir Gerald Noel to the Nore command meets with cordial approval, and has given much satisfaction in the service. He is a very able officer, and has enjoyed an unusually large experience of varied and distinguished service both at home and abroad. Sir Gerald Noel will replace Sir Hugo Pearson on January 1, and he will be able to hold his new post for the full period of three years.

A committee has recently been visiting the principal dockyards, inquiring, on behalf of the Admiralty, into the duties and pay of the clerical staff. Apparently this inquiry has some relation to a petition which was presented to the Admiralty three years ago by the clerical staff of the dockyards, but has not hitherto received any official answer, although a committee was subsequently appointed to look into it. The present committee has not, however, invited any representatives of the staff to give evidence in support of their case, which is unusual in such circumstances, and the probability of an inquiry so conducted resulting to the satisfaction of the parties concerned is not very promising. The petition above mentioned made out a strong case for the improvement of the pay and position of the clerical staff, and as there has been practically no alteration in either respect during the last thirty years, there is a strong presumption that the men have substantial cause for dissatisfaction, for during that time the work has become more onerous and complicated, and both within the Service and outside it the conditions of employment have greatly altered. The time seems to have come, therefore, when the Admiralty ought to go into this question with a genuine intention of redressing all reasonable grievances.

The Editor of the *Madras Mail* has favoured me with an extract from that journal concerning the case (noticed in Truth on September 5) of the Anglo-Indian lady who, being destitute, applied for a free passage home.

but was informed that it could not be granted until she had qualified herself in the eye of the law by becoming a vagrant. It was stated that with this object she was sent in charge of a police escort from Madras to Bombay, where she was kept in the gaol for eight days. My contemporary explains that it was the workhouse, not the gaol, to which the lady was taken; but as the workhouse for Europeans at Bombay is located within the gaol limits, the mistake on this point was an excusable one. It furthermore appears that the lady was sent from Madras to Bombay because the former city has no workhouse for European females. All this, however, does not affect the justice of my criticism as to the stupidity and harshness of the procedure required by the law, and I am glad to see that the *Madras Mail* advocates an amendment to meet such cases.

All those who know and appreciate the valuable work that was done for so many years by the late Mr. W. B. Scoones as a "coach" for the Diplomatic Service, the Indian Civil, the Army, and other public departments, will be interested to know that his establisment at Garrick House will continue to exist unchanged except so far as is inevitable from the loss of Mr. Scoones himself. This is ensured by the fact that the Rev. A. D. Clarke, who has so long worked side by side with Mr. Scoones, will control the establishment, and Garrick House will still remain the property of Mr. Scoones's family.

THE TRAMP AND THE SOAP TRUST.

An Appreciation.

I 'ears they 've mide a ring in Sope
  Ter corner the supply;
Which most sincerely does I 'ope
  They 'll bring it orf orl ri';
For then the price 'll uppards slope,
  And workusses won't buy.

Ho, yuss! 'Twill orf the casual ward
  Its wussest terrors rub,
When yaller sope they carn't afford,
  With which us tramps to scrub,
And we 'll be spared—Ho! Thank the Lord—
  That 'orrid, orful tub.

Put down—yer bet—the sope they will
  (And Lord be praised, I saith;
Which, when I'm washed, I feels the chill
  Of every bloomin' breath;
And quite enuff's that beastly swill
  Ter give a bloke 'is death).

And, 'stead o' lyin' dahn ter sleep
  Orl nasty cleen and cold,
The cosy crust of dirt I 'll keep,
  Which doth my skin enfold.
Ho, yuss! That blanket warm and cheap
  Shall larst me till I'm old.

So, "Good old Sope Combine!" says I,
  "Well dun! Wot ho! Orl right!"
I 'opes yer 'll corner the supply
  With orl yer bloomin' might.
And when yer've dun that, *mind yer try*
  Ter keep it cornered tite!

The Carlton Restaurant, Pall Mall, London, S.W.—*The* Restaurant of London. Telephone 1600 Gerrard. Telegrams, "Carlton Hotel, London." C. Ritz, General Manager.

The *Times* published a few days ago a plan which shows the public exactly what is to be done at the new entrance from Charing Cross into the Mall. It comes to this, that the real entrance will be by a "bottle-neck" between Drummond's Bank and the houses on the south-west side of Charing Cross, two or three of which are to be removed so as to give a practicable roadway. Inside this neck there will be a sort of circus, adorned on one side by the backs of the houses in Charing Cross, and out of this will open the official entrance to the Mall in the shape of a triple arch flanked on either side by new buildings. I have no doubt that Sir Aston Webb has made the best that could be made of the site which he had to work upon. But to erect an imposing architectural entrance to a pretentious thoroughfare, and set it back down what is simply a side street, can never have the appearance of anything but a cheeseparing makeshift. There will always be something ludicrously incongruous about this magnificent "processional road" which begins between a bank and a block of shops, and ends in the squalid ugliness of Buckingham Palace.

Why cannot we do a thing of this sort properly if it is worth doing at all? What was needed at the east end of the Mall, if the thing was to be done properly, was to acquire the whole block between the two arms of Spring-gardens and rebuild it in a style worthy of the site, and to rebuild Drummond's Bank on the other side, cutting off the north corner, and extending the bank southwards over the piece of land which appears to have been left vacant to meet this very necessity. Sir Aston Webb's gateway would then have been erected between these new buildings, which could have been made to harmonise with it; the "entrance to the Mall" would have been at the entrance instead of a couple of hundred yards behind it; and Charing Cross would have been beautified with a new and worthy feature. The increased value of the portion of the site left for building purposes would have gone a long way towards covering the cost of this work.

Inside the gates, the back of the new Admiralty buildings—never designed to face the most pretentious thoroughfare in London—should have been reconstructed to suit the changed conditions. This need not have been a very expensive job, since it appears that yet another new block of Admiralty buildings is to be constructed inside the park, to the south of Sir Aston Webb's archway, and with a little architectural ingenuity the two blocks of buildings might easily have been dovetailed into one. At the other end of the processional road the front of Buckingham Palace should have been rebuilt in a style suitable to its new approach and worthy of the magnificent monument that is to stand in front of it. The country would not have grudged the money for this. Even if another £100,000 had been required to complete the whole work on this scale, it is better to spend £200,000 on carrying out an idea properly than £100,000 on half doing it and wholly missing the desired effect.

For Mosquito Bites, Wasp or Bee Stings, nothing allays the irritation so quickly as Scrubb's Cloudy Fluid Ammonia. Price 1s. per bottle. Beware of imitations.

It was stated in some of the papers last week that his Majesty's Judges are likely to have under their consideration shortly a proposal for a Saturday holiday in the Law Courts with a daily opening of the Courts at ten a.m. on the other days by way of set-off. I do not know what foundation there may be for the statement, but, on the whole, I should think that the proposed change would be for the public advantage. Saturday has always been a slack day at the Law Courts, and for several years past the custom has been increasing among Judges of making it a whole holiday. If two hours and a half were added to the other working days and the Courts closed on Saturdays, the probability is that more work would be got through than at present. In order to gain that result, however, it will be necessary for their lordships to commence operations at ten a.m. "sharp."

As a rule, the Judges are pretty punctual in the morning, but there have been conspicuous exceptions to this rule among them, as there are in most walks of life. I do not know how it may be to-day, but a few years ago, when I used to be in the Law Courts a good deal more than I am at present, there was one distinguished Judge who never by any chance appeared till a quarter of an hour after the advertised time of opening, and sometimes a good deal later than that. As his Lordship is still happily with us, though no longer on the Bench, I will mention no names. It used to amuse me to watch the workings of mere ordinary human nature in so exalted a station. His Lordship would frequently, after taking his seat on the Bench, look at the court clock, consult his watch, and shake his head, as though to indicate that there was something wrong somewhere. Frequently he would make impatient references to the congestion of traffic in the Strand. Once, on taking his seat about five minutes to eleven, I remember him remarking that he could not understand what possessed the Government to place the Law Courts at the end of a thoroughfare where a gentleman's carriage was liable to be blocked and brought to a standstill every hundred yards. Those who had been more successful in getting through the block, and had been waiting since 10.30, naturally sympathised with his Lordship in having been detained for no less than twenty-five minutes in getting from Charing Cross to Temple Bar.

If, however, week-end holidays are to become the recognised rule of the Law Courts, it seems to me that the length of the legal vacations is a question which will present itself for consideration. Judges, barristers, and schoolmasters get about twice the length of holidays per annum that anyone else who has to work for his living is able to take. I do not mind saying that I envy them. If a man can take three months' holiday at his own expense, he may be wise to do it. But a distinction must be drawn between holidays which a man can take solely at his own expense and those which he takes at the expense of other people. When the Law Courts have nothing to do, by all means shut them up, and let everybody concerned in the administration of justice, from the Judge to the usher, go off to Brighton, or the Riviera, or wherever his fancy takes him. But we are always hearing about "blocks" in the Law Courts, and it certainly takes an unconscionable time in a general way to bring a case to trial after it has been set down. As long as this is so, the closing of the Law Courts for upwards of four months per annum cannot be justified.

Moreover, I would respectfully point out to their Lordships who arrange these matters that it is the Long Vacation that aggravates this grievance. The effect of it is that a case set down for trial in the King's Bench Division, say, in the early part of June, has little chance of being heard before November. This means serious inconvenience, and possibly serious loss, to the parties immediately concerned, and is a violation in the spirit, if not in the letter, of Magna Charta, Cap. 40. The closing of the courts for, let us say, 175 days per annum, might not inconvenience suitors greatly if the vacations were taken in short instalments, but it is otherwise when the courts are closed for seventy-five days at a stretch. For this reason I suggest that if the public do not offer any serious objection to the regular week-end holiday, they should have it made up to them by some curtailment of the Long Vacation. The fairest arrangement to suitors would be that their Lordships should not start for the Continent in August until they had disposed of all cases set down for trial, let us say, up to the end of the first week in July. Some regulation of this nature might have a wonderful effect in expediting legal business.

I was glad to see the other day that Judge Owen had spoken out strongly in favour of the abolition of imprisonment for debt. In name, of course, it is abolished already—indeed, the Debtors Act of 1869 is entitled "an Act for the abolition of Imprisonment for Debt." But the absurd legal fiction that debtors are now only committed for contempt of court cannot disguise the fact that every year thousands of persons—last year there were 11,066—are really imprisoned for not having paid debts which they have been ordered to pay. In Judge Owen's opinion the only remedy for this state of things is to get rid of the power to imprison on judgment summonses. The present system of credit-giving to working-men by retail tradesmen is, he says, largely the result of the county court system and the power to commit on judgment summonses; and if this power were taken away, he believes that the credit-system would go with it, to the great benefit both of retail tradesmen and their working-men customers. Credit trading, especially among the working classes, is certainly carried on nowadays to an extent which makes it an enormous social evil. Its worst effects, however, are seen not so much in the working of local retail businesses as in the operations of those huge advertising concerns which are ready to supply goods on credit to anybody in any part of the country, in reliance upon the fact that they can employ the county court, with its power of committal, as a debt-collecting agency.

In view of the experience of various persons at Clonakilty, County Cork, the public would do well to be on their guard against the agents of a concern styled

Savoy Hotel & Restaurant, London.—The most beautiful garden and river view in Europe. The Restaurant of the world. Hotel rooms bright, fresh, and delightfully quiet.

the Scottish Photographic Touring and Pictorial Postcard Company, 74, Broomielaw, Glasgow. Clonakilty was visited in September of last year by a representative of the company who took photographs of the principal houses and shops. A fortnight afterwards another representative went round with proofs of the photographs for which orders were booked and the cash paid. In some instances, at least, the photographs have not yet been delivered, though repeated applications have been made to the company. On complaining in July last, ten months after he had parted with his money, one victim was informed by the company that his order was "almost completed." It is evident that photographs take an unconscionably long time to develop and print at 74, Broomielaw—indeed, I should think it is a case in which the customers would be justified in asking the police to consider whether the business is not really a swindle.

An amazing decision was given by the Yarmouth Bench on Friday in a case in which a man and woman named Rule were charged with cruelly neglecting their seven children. The evidence showed that the children, though not starved, had been neglected in a manner at once revolting and injurious to their health. One boy of thirteen had been kept practically a prisoner in a bedroom for two years. The boy, who seemed to be verging on imbecility, was found there in a shockingly filthy state, wearing a garment infested with vermin, and suffering from raw sores on his head. Another little boy in a similar plight was discovered in a cupboard, and it was ascertained that he had not been out of doors since the schools broke up in July. Poverty would, of course, have been no excuse for the conduct of the parents, but they could not even plead poverty, being fairly well-to-do. Yet in the face of these facts the Bench simply adjourned the case for a month, telling the defendants that "in the meantime the house would be watched to see if there was sufficient improvement." In other words, if they behave well for the next month they will be let off without any punishment. Nobody would desire to see punishment inflicted in a vindictive spirit, but, on the other hand, unnatural parents like these are not likely to be deterred from committing such offences if they know that nothing will be done when they are found out, except to call upon them to turn over a new leaf.

No magistrate put in an appearance at the County Petty Sessions at Retford the other day, the consequence being that the cases set down for hearing had to be adjourned. There was a similar failure to form a court at the County Petty Sessions at Hove last week. I would suggest to the Lord Chancellor that both these incidents—samples of many of the same kind that are continually occurring in all parts of the country—deserve his attention in connection with the steps he is now taking for the appointment of new magistrates. It is important that men should not be appointed as magistrates unless, besides being qualified in other respects, they are prepared to give the necessary time to the performance of their duties. In the past the office has been bestowed much too freely on individuals who cared nothing about its responsibilities, but simply coveted the privilege of appending the letters "J.P." to their names. Hence these frequent failures to get together a Bench, which entail great inconvenience and hardship on all the parties summoned to the court.

In my Legal Pillory this week the common magisterial delusion with regard to the relative heinousness of offences against the person and offences against property is effectively illustrated by some cases from the West Riding Quarter Sessions, where petty larcenies of the pettiest kind were punished six times as heavily as a brutal kicking outrage. One or two further examples of severity at Quarter Sessions in dealing with trumpery thefts are recorded in the list, and among the cases from the minor courts I would particularly call attention to the Draconic treatment of first offenders at Much Hadham and Totnes. At Much Hadham, a labourer who had always borne a good character was committed for fourteen days for stealing sixpennyworth of coal from a field, and the Bench, having apparently never heard of the First Offenders Act, actually seemed to think that they were letting him off lightly:—

West Riding Quarter Sessions, Wakefield. Before Mr. Yarborough and other magistrates. Henry Martin, convicted of assaulting George Gething by knocking him down, kicking him, and rendering him unconscious. One month.

Loughborough Police Court. Before Messrs. S. Wells, W. Moss, F. Winser, and R. W. Charles. Edward F. Bird, charged with assaulting John Wm. Smith. Owing to his injuries complainant had to be attended by a doctor, and the magistrates considered that the defendant had been guilty of a dastardly assault. Fined 40s and costs.

Shoreham Petty Sessions. Before Mr. W. Powell Breach and other magistrates. James Carter, charged with cruelty to a horse. The animal was so lame that it could hardly walk, and it appeared to be half starved. Defendant thrashed it most unmercifully with both the lash and the butt end of the whip. Fined 40s., including costs.

Cupar Sheriff Court. Before Sheriff Armour. John Duncan, charged with assaulting Thomas Lowrie by striking him on the head with a shovel and stabbing him in the hands to the effusion of blood. The Fiscal said it was a serious case. Fined 25s.

Portsmouth Police Court. Before Colonel C. Lanyon Owen, and Messrs. T. H. F. Lapthorn and J. Melrose. Fredk. James Flack, charged with assaulting Nellie Harris. He accosted her as she was going home, and when she told him she did not wish to speak to him he struck her a heavy blow, which knocked her down. There were six previous convictions against the prisoner. Twenty-one days.

West Riding Quarter Sessions, Wakefield. Before Mr. Yarborough and other magistrates. Annie Thompson, charged with stealing a skirt. Six months. Elizabeth Parkin, charged with stealing a pair of boots from a shop. Six months.

Loughborough Police Court. Before Captain Heygate, Colonel Curzon, Aldermen Hanford, Bumpus, and Tidd, and Messrs. E. H. Packe, J. Harriman, J. S. Smith, and C. T. Parker. Wm. Stone, charged under the Poaching Prevention Act with being found in possession of a hare and two pheasants. Fined £5; in default one month.

Epsom Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. A. Hyslop, A. H. Tritton, R. W. Wootten, S. Rostron, Colonel E. H. Lambert, and the Rev. E. W. Northey. George Elson, charged with trespassing in search of game. Fined £2 9s. 6d.

Wareham Police Court. Before the Mayor. James Barnes, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. Fourteen days.

Kirkcudbright Sheriff Court. Before Sheriff Napier. Patrick Mulbeam, senior, an old man, charged with poaching. Three months, and an additional three months if he fails to find two sureties in £5 each that he will not so offend again for one year.

Salop Quarter Sessions. Before Sir Offley Wakeman and other magistrates. Alfred John Powell, charged with stealing a coat. Ten months.

Staffordshire Quarter Sessions. Before Colonel Levi, James Vickers, charged with stealing an umbrella. Six months.

Warwickshire Quarter Sessions. Before Mr. W. P. Dickins. Sabin Lucock, charged with stealing a rabbit. Three months.

Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Nearly 8,000 convictions last year. Complaints marked "Private," absolutely confidential.—Secretary, 105, Jermyn-st., London.

Preston County Police Court. Before Messrs. M. S. Maynard and W. Gregory, and Dr. Dunn. Joseph Burrows, convicted of assaulting his wife. It was stated that after striking and kicking her he took hold of her by the hair of her head, dragged her about, threw her outside the house, and then, whilst she was on the ground, jumped on her. Fined 40s. and costs.

Nottingham Police Court. Before Messrs. W. Wigley and A. Franks. John Ward, charged with assaulting Thomas Sharpe, a County Court bailiff, by knocking some of his teeth out and cutting his hand with a knife. Fined £2 10s.

Burslem County Police Court. Isaiah Blakesley, charged with assaulting his wife. Owing to his ill-treatment she left him, but he fetched her back and promised not to assault her again. The same night he punched her about the face, giving her two black eyes. The magistrates said it was a very aggravated and brutal assault. Fined 40s. and costs.

Littledean Petty Sessions. Before Mr. R. J. Kerr, junr., and other magistrates. John Slader, charged with cruelty to a pony. The pony, which was being worked, was old and worn out. One hoof was worn right through, and bleeding so badly that a constable traced blood along the road for nearly a mile. The shoe was off. Fined 10s. and costs.

Much Hadham Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. F. H. Norman, H. Bacon, and T. W. Nott. John Pettit, labourer, charged with stealing 39 lb. of engine coal, value sixpence. He took the coal from a field where a heap had been placed for use in a steam cultivator. He pleaded that he had only been able to get occasional work, that he had a large family, and that this was his first appearance before the magistrates. After remarking that they recognised that this was his first offence and that he had hitherto been a respectable man, the Bench committed him to prison for 14 days, and added that it was a light sentence.

Totnes County Police Court. Before Major G. M. Conran and Captain R. H. Adams. Alfred Parker, labourer, charged with stealing 13½ lbs. of potatoes from a farm where he worked. Nothing was known against the accused. Fourteen days.

Wokingham County Police Court. Before Messrs. S. A. Hankey and H. C. Mylne. Wm. Coston, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. Six weeks.

Perth Sheriff Court. Before Sheriff Sym. Peter Robertson, charged with poaching. Two rabbits were found in his possession. One month.

Newport Pagnell Petty Sessions. Before Colonel Leir, Colonel Bowyer, and Messrs. J. M. Knapp and A. W. Hipwell. James Orpin, charged with trespassing in pursuit of conies. Fined £2 8s. 6d.

The betting prosecution at Liverpool last week, when a bookmaker named Arthur Magnus was fined £100, was the outcome of paragraphs in TRUTH directing the attention of the police to the fact that the defendant was illegally conducting his business on what is known as the deposit system. I see it is reported that the case "aroused enormous interest among racing men, as it was believed a test would be made of the legality of the deposit system." Nonsense! The law on the subject is clear and unmistakable, and it was a childish pretence for Magnus to say—as he did through the mouth of his counsel—that he had been "conscientiously under the impression that what he was doing was not illegal." That idea is refuted by the precautions he adopted—the making of preliminary inquiries about would-be clients, and the marking of his circulars "private and confidential"—and though it is true that he had carried on a huge business in this way for some years without being called to account, he must have been perfectly well aware that this was due simply to the fact that he had not been found out by the police.

On the day before his conviction at Liverpool Magnus, anticipating the result of the prosecution, issued a circular to his clients notifying that in future his "only address" will be Flushing, Holland, where remittances may be forwarded to him for investment. "All commissions," the circular proceeds, "must positively be sent by telegram only to my agent, 'Adults,' London, . . otherwise my old rules and arrangements with you hold good for the present." In other words, the deposits will be received in Holland but the betting will be done in London. Another betting agent in a large way of business has, for a year or two past, adopted this device for getting round the law. In view, however, of a decision in an analogous case some years ago, I believe it is a device which the law is capable of defeating, and I would therefore suggest to the police that they should take proceedings against the offenders.

Just before the Cesarewitch a backer opened an account with R. May and Co., Turf commission agents, 63, Tamworth-road, Croydon. Last week, when a cheque for his winnings should have reached him, R. May and Co. wrote to say that they were unable to meet their liabilities, that they had no means even to make an offer to their creditors, and that they were, therefore, discontinuing business. At the same time they notified that they were leaving Croydon, and that their new address would be 12A, Brewer-street, S.W. I do not think I have previously heard of this firm, and if they are really giving up business nothing more need be said about them. But gentry in this line have a habit of "bobbing up serenely" after a failure, as though nothing of the kind had ever happened; and I therefore place the facts on record in case confiding backers are again invited to open accounts with R. May and Co.

Some striking examples of the rapacity of the sharks of usury were given in a bankruptcy examination at Birmingham last week. The bankrupt had been bled pretty severely by a firm trading as Sankey and Sons, at Wolverhampton, and by the British Finance Company (alias Samuel Cohen), of Manchester and elsewhere; but his worst experience was with a Birmingham moneylender named Lyons. His loans from Lyons amounted to £243 15s., and in the course of eighteen months or so he had paid back no less than £443 10s., but, nevertheless, he still owed Lyons a balance of about £85. In this case, it appeared, the interest worked out at the rate of 290 per cent per annum! No doubt the Official Receiver will consider the question whether Lyons cannot be compelled under the Moneylenders Act to disgorge some of his plunder.

In an action in the Leeds County Court last week it was shown that two local bloodsuckers, named Harry Heron and Bernard Heron, trading under the title of the County and Albion Loan Office, had exacted interest at the rate of 240 per cent. per annum on a loan of £20 for two months. One of the Herons said that they fixed their charges "according to the risk." In this instance they had four good sureties for the repayment of the loan, so that 240 per cent. would seem to be the Herons's idea of a reasonable rate of interest when there is practically no risk.

During the past week or two I have received many inquiries concerning a moneylender trading as "L. Fortescue," of Piccadilly House, 40 and 41, Sackville-street, W. In a circular, which is now being sent out broadcast, he introduces himself with the statement (which I quote for what it is worth) that "it has been his habit, in a private capacity, for some years past, to invest his large capital in accommodating friends well connected amongst the nobility, official, and commercial classes with sums varying from £100 to £50,000." So successful have been his "efforts on their behalf" that he desires to extend his connection, and it is his "earnest wish" that persons requiring financial assistance should avail themselves

of "the benefit of his experience." The real name of this philanthropic capitalist is not "L. Fortescue," but Abraham Cohen, and people to whom this seductive invitation is addressed should be on their guard against him.

In view of the recent observations in Truth on the duty of the police in regard to Bishop McLaglen and his collectors, my attention has been called to the fact that a warning on the subject appeared in the *Police Gazette* of August 24. The warning does not encourage the police to take proceedings against the collectors, but, as I have already said, I do not think there would be much doubt about the result of a prosecution if it were taken up in earnest. At any rate, I have no hesitation myself in saying that McLaglen's so-called Day Nursery is a downright swindle, and I only wish that his reverence would give me an opportunity of proving this to the satisfaction of a jury. That he will ever do so I have not the slightest expectation. Such being the state of the case, any Chief Constable who finds McLaglen's collectors at work in his district need have little difficulty in dealing with them. It is a great pity, however, that the control which the Metropolitan Police have lately obtained over street collections on behalf of charities is not extended to the provinces.

This reminds me that I heard the other day of collectors in the employ of the "Metropolitan and Provincial Association" being at work on Newmarket Heath on the Cesarewitch day. This association is another concern against which I have frequently warned my readers, being one of those charities which chiefly exist for the benefit of collectors and officials. It is a queer thing that racecourses should be selected for collections of this kind, but not at all difficult to understand, for notoriously money is thrown about recklessly on these occasions, and the individual who has just had the luck to find a winner is always in the frame of mind to "spare a copper"—or half a crown, or a sovereign, as the case may be—for the first person who appeals to his benevolence. Patrons of the Turf, however, would do well to understand that respectable charities do not support themselves by cadging on racecourses, and that those who brandish collecting boxes on Newmarket Heath, Epsom Downs, or elsewhere, are of the same order as all others who frequent such places in search of flats—in fact, charity welshers.

One of my readers offers an interesting contribution as to the history of the famous "Spanish prisoner." He tells me that this venerable trick is to be found described in the memoirs of Vidocq, the famous French spy and detective. Vidocq states that prisoners at Bicêtre while waiting to be sent to the galleys were in the habit of writing letters to wealthy people offering to disclose the whereabouts of the proceeds of their robberies, this being, of course, preliminary to a request for a cash payment for expenses of one kind or another. The fraud was worked with the connivance of the gaolers. This corresponds to the Spanish prisoner trick in all essential features, but I daresay that the origin of it might be traced back a good deal before Vidocq's time.

Apropos of the last "gold brick" story told in Truth, an interesting experience was related the other day in the *Manchester Evening Chronicle*. A gentleman who received one of the preliminary letters from America in the usual form received almost simultaneously the following communication from another mysterious correspondent in America:—

> You will receive a letter addressed to your late father, telling him of rich gold mines, and that he is declared in as an equal partner. The letter will request him to come after the gold, or send son. The writer is an impostor, and a gold-brick swindler. So look out for him.

What specially interests me about this is that it appeared in Truth six months ago.

Information has reached me showing that the swindle run by the man Bullock, of Hagbourne, under the name of the League of S. Francis d'Assisi, is still in operation. Bullock, or "Brother Antony," as he calls himself, has been for some time past in hiding, and for very good reasons. He was last referred to in Truth in connection with the late E. R. Donkin, the bogus "Bishop of Santa Croce," having made an impudent attempt to get into his power the lady who had been swindled by Donkin while he was at Oxford last year. Shortly after the announcement of Donkin's death, another member of this precious gang was prosecuted for nameless offences, and got three months' imprisonment. Brother Antony thought it advisable to make himself scarce, and has not been seen since—at any rate, not in circumstances under which he is likely to be recognised.

It seems, however, that letters asking for subscriptions have recently been addressed to foolish people who have joined the League of St. Francis, and it is pretty clear that Bullock has made arrangements for receiving letters sent to his address at Hagbourne. I do not know what the case against him may be which has led to his disappearance, but, if the police want him, they ought to have no difficulty in finding him, in view of the above information. Apart from that, he deserves to be prosecuted for his frauds in the name of his League, the character of which is now proved to demonstration; and I would urge any one who has sent him money recently to communicate at once with the Chief Constable of Berkshire.

Recent advertisements have notified an alarming development of the notorious business of William Cooper, Ltd., of the Old Kent-road. William Cooper, as the attentive reader of Truth will be aware, has hitherto been engaged in providing for the horticultural requirements of the public, on the principle of first obtaining cash from customers, and executing the orders at his leisure during the subsequent six or twelve months—generally with the result that the goods when received are found to be highly unsatisfactory. So profitable has this business been that the company now notifies the opening of no less than six new departments: No. 1 for dress and millinery, No. 2 for clothing at large, No. 3 jewellery and plate, No. 4 furniture, No. 5 pianos and organs, No. 6 billiard tables. By way of introducing the new departments to public notice, a "Great Free Prize Distribution" is announced, which is "Not a Competition,

but a Free Gift Scheme." Advertising firms, like the Greeks, are to be specially feared when offering gifts. This even applies to newspapers when offering book clubs. No doubt Cooper's new departments will be carried on upon the same principles which have distinguished the horticultural business.

On August 29, under the title "An Orphanmonger and His Live Stock," I published an account of a personal inspection of a wretched "Orphan Girls' Home" carried on in Somerleyton Road, Brixton, by a man named Street, in conjunction with a Miss Sillifant, who figured as the matron. The article concluded with a suggestion that the police and the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children should give their attention to the establishment. I am glad to be able to report, and my readers will no doubt be glad to hear it, that the suggestion has had a good effect. Mr. Robert J. Parr, the director of the N.S.P.C.C., tells me that the home has now been closed, and that the Society is now looking after the unfortunate "live stock," in the shape of orphan girls, most of whom have been handed over to relatives. The Society has not often done a more useful piece of work.

I suppose that during the last twenty years I have been instrumental in stopping the operations of at least twenty unscrupulous impostors, like this man Street, who have made their living out of unfortunate children, picked up in the street or elsewhere, as a means of appealing to the benevolence of the public. There ought to be some drastic law to stop this business. In suggesting that, I am not thinking of the silly people who are done out of their money by sham philanthropists. I have little sympathy with the type of charity which is satisfied with disbursing a sovereign or a half-crown to any one who comes with a tale of woe to beg for money on behalf of somebody else, but sees no necessity for taking a personal interest in the sufferer, even to the extent of ascertaining whether the tale is true. People whose charity does not go beyond writing cheques or parting with loose change are certain to be relieved of their money by somebody, and no law that the wisdom of Parliament could devise will ever protect them against impostors.

The mischief which requires the attention of the legislature, as revealed in such cases as this at Brixton, is the exploitation of children, who either have no friends, or whose friends are ready to lend them for the purpose, by rascals, male or female, who are simply engaged in earning a profit for themselves. The children who used to be farmed by sham schoolmasters in the days of Mr. Squeers had a happy time of it by comparison with the human stock-in-trade of the professional charity-monger. Every bogus children's home the character of which has been exposed in TRUTH, shows this to be the case. All establishments of this class should be placed under the inspection of some public authority, and I suggest to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children that it should at once take steps for that purpose.

It would interest me to know whether any of my readers have had dealings in the course of trade with a firm called Frayer and Walker, of 151, Seedley Park Road, Manchester, who describe themselves as "Contract Information Agents." Frayer and Walker undertake to supply to manufacturers information of all opportunities for doing business in their particular lines which may arise in any part of the kingdom. They say that they obtain their information from papers and periodicals of all classes, and from "agents and correspondents in the chief districts, who are always on the look out." Their charge is a subscription of four guineas, one half in advance, and the balance, in the shape of payment by results, when an order obtained through their instrumentality has been executed. The information is to be sent to the subscriber exclusively, and no other firm in the trade. A Bradford firm, who paid two guineas in April last, relate most unsatisfactory experiences of the results. The promised information only came in meagre instalments at long intervals, and after frequently pressing for it; and the subscribers disovered before long that it was also being sent to another firm in the same line of business in an adjacent town. Frayer and Walker's replies to complaints and expostulations were dilatory and unsatisfactory, and at the end of six months the subscribers had got no practical benefit of any kind from their subscription. It seems probable that they are not the only firm in the same position, and any others who have had a similar experience might render a public service by making it known.

I am also curious to know whether Mr. J. W. Rackham has yet obtained a secretary for the Registered Societies Sickness and Accident Association on the terms set out in the circular published in TRUTH of the 10th inst.; and, if so, what the secretary thinks by this time of his investment in the company and the prospects before him. A curious point about this business is that the advertisement of the post in the *Daily Telegraph* appeared on September 26, and Rackham's circular was issued on September 27, the day on which the bulk of the replies must have been received, so that the committee must have performed the task of going through "hundreds of applications," and selecting the six to whom (according to the circular) the appointment was offered, in the space of a few hours.

I have heard from several candidates who continued the correspondence out of curiosity, and Rackham's letters to them are very significant. To one who had intimated willingness to invest £500 he sent by return of post a transfer of 500 shares already executed by himself as transferor. The shares were alleged in the circular to be those of the late secretary. It is curious, therefore, that they should have stood in Rackham's name. Another candidate wrote for information about the company, desiring specially to know whether the £100,000 capital was paid up. After a lapse of eight days he got a letter from Rackham, ignoring his request, but assuming that he was willing to invest the required amount, stating the terms on which the directors had appointed him, and requesting him to come and commence his duties "on Monday," which would be the day on which in the ordinary course he would have received the letter. These gentlemen did not continue the negotiations, and I hope nobody else has yet taken over the shares which Rackham is in such a hurry to dispose of.

One of these candidates mentions that a few months earlier, in response to another advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph*, he called at some address in the City, and found it to be the office of the Bechuanaland Estates Company, Limited. Here he was given a slip of paper introducing him to "J. Dicken, Esq., Registered Societies Sick and Accident Assurance, 3, Broad-street Buildings, E.C." Neither of these names appeared at that address, but the porter directed the pilgrim to a door bearing a different name, on which door was a notification that the appointment was filled. The address at 3, Broad-street Buildings, still appears on Rackham's stationery, though the R.S.S. and A.A. has now got its "temporary office" at 13, Walbrook. The name of Dicken may be in the recollection of some of my readers. His relative and associate Hibbins figures as a signatory of the memorandum and articles of association of the R.S.S. and A.A., as does that of "John William Rackham, The Ivies, Devonshire-road, Wimbledon, S.W., Managing Director of Public Company." Rackham seems to have been known for a good many years past as a touting agent for insurance companies of sorts, and several people relate unpleasant memories of business done through his instrumentality. The companies which he and my old friends Dicken and Hibbins are now engineering hardly promise to yield more agreeable experiences.

I have been requested by Messrs. Campbell, Smith, and Co., Ltd., of Newman-street, Oxford-street, to point out that they are in no way whatsoever associated with the firm of auctioneers, trading under the same name at 5, Garrick-street, but sometimes dropping the comma after "Campbell," with whose sham auctions I dealt in last week's TRUTH. Owing to the fact that Campbell Smith, and Co., of Garrick-street, are in the habit of omitting their address from their advertisements, Messrs. Campbell, Smith, and Co., Ltd., of Newman-street, have already experienced a good deal of annoyance through confusion of their identity with that of the other firm, and I take it that the possibility of such a confusion of identity with a reputable firm may not have been without weight in assisting the Garrick-street people in the choice of a name under which to carry on business.

The States of Guernsey have published the draft of an ordinance which it is proposed to pass for the amendment of the licensing law. One clause is as follows:—

> Hotel-keepers, publicans, and licensed retailers shall cause any drunken person that may be on their premises to be taken home or taken reasonable care of.

How our own taproom topers must envy their fellows in Guernsey! It must greatly ease a man's mind when he is getting drunk in a tavern to know that as soon as he has attained that blissful state he will be carefully taken home instead of being chucked out and left to the tender mercies of the police.

Last week two of the Poplar Guardians were called upon by the auditors of the Local Government Board to explain how it came about that an official visit paid by them to a blind boy in the asylum at Leatherhead should have cost £2 2s. 6d. It appeared that cabs and first-class railway fares accounted for £1 6s., and 14s. had been spent on "refreshments," while half-a-crown was presented to the boy as a tip. The outlay was considered by them to be reasonable and moderate, an opinion in which few ratepayers are likely to concur.

With reference to the vexed question of "House of Lords' Whisky," I have received a letter from Messrs. Henry Simpson and Co., of 6, Crosbie Square, E.C., of which the following are the material passages:—

> DEAR SIR,—Some of our correspondents abroad have drawn our attention to a letter which appeared in your paper of the 25th July last from Messrs. Jas. Saunders and Co., Ltd., relating to the Scotch whisky supplied to the refreshment department of the House of Lords. In this letter Messrs. Saunders and Co., Ltd., make the following statement:—"Mr. Aggas remained refreshment superintendent up to 1902, when he was succeeded by Mr. Casbon. Since the appointment of Mr. Casbon *it may be that some very limited quantities* of whisky have been supplied to the refreshment department by firms other than Messrs. Saunders and ourselves; but we and our predecessors have ever since 1879 up to the present time been the continuous *bona fide* suppliers of Scotch whisky to the House of Lords, with the *small exceptions* above referred to."
>
> As we are regular and *bona fide* suppliers of Scotch whisky at the present time to the refreshment department of the House of Lords, and have been for a number of years past, we consider that this statement reflects upon ourselves, and have therefore referred the matter to the Superintendent, and are informed that Messrs. Saunders and Co. have no authority to make any statement relating to orders given to firms other than themselves, neither are they in a position to know what quantities of whisky have been supplied by other firms. We believe we are correct in stating that since the year 1901 we have supplied very considerably more Scotch whisky to the refreshment department of the House of Lords than any other firm. . . .
>
> We do not think that we need refer to the certificates issued for the years 1904 and 1905, except to say that as *bona fide* suppliers to the House of Lords they were issued to ourselves, the object of these certificates being to stop the sale of spurious brands bearing the title "House of Lords," one of which you referred to in the article which appeared in your edition of the 31st August.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully, HENRY SIMPSON AND CO.

I feel compelled to publish the above letter because Messrs. Simpson and Co. state that, owing to the large circulation of TRUTH in the Colonies, they have been injuriously affected by the previous statement referred to as to the small quantities supplied by other firms. But I must respectfully decline to publish any further correspondence on the subject. In the passage which I have omitted Messrs. Simpson and Co. suggest that their books and those of Messrs. Saunders and Co., Limited, should be submitted to my inspection in order that I may ascertain and make public the respective amounts which they have delivered for the consumption of the Upper House of the Legislature. While it would interest me to ascertain precisely the amount of intoxicants which the House of Lords requires for the performance of its legislative duties, I cannot undertake to decide a question of this nature from the point of view of two rival firms engaged in the trade, and I must therefore beg my correspondents to settle the question between themselves by some other means.

One reason which leads me to this decision is that I decline to countenance in any way the suggestion underlying the controversy that our hereditary legislators among their other gifts possess some knowledge of whisky above that of the rest of mankind. I do not think that this suggestion is fair to their Lordships, nor to the rest of us, including the House of Commons. I believe that I have known members of the People's House who are as good judges of whisky as anybody in "another place," even on the Woolsack itself. Some of them might conceivably pronounce that Irish whisky is superior to anything that comes from Scotland. But without going into that, I would recommend people, if they must drink whisky, to judge it on its merits, without regard to the quantity of it which is consumed in either House of Parliament.

A bank clerk in South Africa wishes me to make known the fact that his cold-hearted employers refuse him permission to marry. It would not be fair, however, to name this particular bank, because I believe that all the banks in South Africa adopt the same anti-matrimonial policy. If a clerk asks for leave to marry it is (as a rule) refused, and if he marries without leave he is dismissed. Bank directors have said that it is in the interest of their employees themselves that they should not be allowed to marry before they are in a position to support wives and families, and no doubt this paternal attitude on the part of the employers may be justifiable in the case of young junior clerks. But in South Africa the regulation is enforced against those who are no longer juniors, and if it is held that they cannot afford to marry, the inference is that they are insufficiently paid. A mere sentimental consideration for the truly piteous lot of the clerks eager to wed, yet condemned to celibacy, is not, I expect, likely to appeal to the bank directors. But most of these directors are Britishers, and so are the bachelor clerks. What about the patriotic aspect of the question—the building up of a strong British population in South Africa, which we are assured, or at least used to be assured, is essential for the progress and the safety of that part of the Empire? Really, when you come to look at it in that light the conduct of these bank directors appears unpatriotic as well as unkind.

Unless matters connected with railway travelling are altered for the better, visitors will hesitate to visit Italy. The railroads belong to the State. Up to this year the State provided rolling stock, etc., and maintained the lines, but let them on lease to companies that worked them. The leases having fallen in at the commencement of the year, the State undertook to work the lines on its own account. Under the former system, the complaints were universal. The trains kept no time, the carriages were so full that pasengers had to pass frequently two or more hours standing in the corridors. Goods were delayed at all the ports and centres of manufacture, and trade seriously suffered. All this was mainly due to there being one line of rails where two were necessary, to the paucity of engines and of carriages and goods trucks, to the main stations being too small for the traffic, and to absence of any efficient control over the employees. In addition to this, passengers' trunks were frequently cut or burst open in transit, and valuables stolen. The State threw the responsibility on the companies, and the companies on the State, with the result that confusion grew worse confounded. The companies were no doubt in fault, but the State was the prime offender. During the last few years every effort was made to establish an equilibrium between receipts and outgoings by successive Ministers of the Treasury, in view of the conversion of the Public Debt, and this could only be done by skimping all expenditure not absolutely necessary, for the taxes were so high that no Minister ventured to increase them.

Things are worse since the State took over the control of the railways. The employees seem to be less in hand. The traffic block is greater, the trains keep worse time, and, in addition, there are more frequent accidents. The Government parades schemes of new lines, and announces that it has ordered a quantity of new rolling-stock, which it will take time to deliver. According to the Italians, the difficulty has been aggravated by the Paris-Mediterranean Company seizing the occasion to demand the return of a good deal of rolling-stock that it had lent to Italy. And it is suggested that this company—which has no desire to be bought up by the State—is delighted to afford the French Government an object-lesson in State ruling of railroads.

Be this as it may, travelling in Italy is not very pleasurable just now. At Milan the Exhibition has been a failure. A considerable portion of the building with its contents was lately burnt. What remains is of very small interest, and does not attract many foreigners. A good many Italians, however, make the exhibition a pretext for a trip to Milan, and the station—although perhaps the best in Italy—is a perpetual scene of wild confusion. To get a chance of reaching the gate when tickets are distributed a person has to arrive more than half an hour before the departure of the train, and it is equally difficult to get luggage booked, or to find a place in a train when the passenger ticket has been obtained. I have no doubt that there will be a great deal of difficulty in establishing a thorough organisation, and that it is aggravated by the cheeseparing that has gone on for the last four years. But the Italian Government should devote all its energies to the task in the interest of the country. Travellers bring much money into it, and they will keep away if the present state of things continues, whilst Italian trade and commerce must suffer greatly by the block in the movement of goods

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THE PARADOXICAL SWEET-PEAS.

Once in a Garden that I knew
Some several Rows of Sweet-Peas grew,
Of which the Owner kept one Row
For picking, but the rest for Show;
And no one was—however much
He wished—allowed these last to touch,
Lest they, of all their Blossoms shorn,
Should cease his Garden to adorn.
  But—strange to say!—the Case fell out
Precisely t'other way about.
The Rows untouched and left for Show
Nor long nor yet profuse did blow;
Whereas the Row, from which his Fill
He gathered daily, bloomed on still,
Yea, bloomed so free and bloomed so strong
'Twas sweet and gay the Summer long,
Charming the Eye and eke the Nose
Of every Traveller by who goes,
And boasting many a floral Crown
When t'other Rows had long died down.
  This so perplexed the worthy Man
That to a Gardener Friend he ran,
And to him, with bewildered Face,
Expounded all the puzzling Case.
  The Gardener laughed, "Oh, Friend," said he,
"That's just the Nature of the Pea.
By picking, 'twill but gain in Power,
And still replace each gathered Flower.
But, left unpicked, its Day's soon past,
For its first Bloom is *then* its last."

Moral.

Our strength of Muscle and of Brain,
By using, greater Strength doth gain,
But, left unused and hoarded, dies
From lack of healthy exercise.

SCRUTATOR.

WHAT IS THE HOUSE OF LORDS?

THE Education Bill, which will come to the front again with the meeting of Parliament, has much to recommend it in various particulars, and it at least puts an end to men being obliged to pay rates without any control over their expenditure. I cannot say, however, that, as a solution of the education difficulty, I feel any enthusiasm for it. So long as the State continues to teach dogmatic religion of any sort or kind, so long will the exigencies of sound education be subordinated to the disputes between sects, and even of individuals of the same sect. There are very few dogmas upon which all Christians agree. The agreement is only so long as each may interpret them. It is a scandal that schoolmasters, as public servants, should be subjected to any religious test as a condition of their being employed. Yet it seems equally absurd that their business should be to teach dogmas as of divine authority in which they do not themselves believe. Even in regard to the special advantages which are secured to the former Church schools, so long as the Church exists as a State establishment, there is nothing illogical in teaching the views which that Church deems true to children in a public school. Secular education should be the basis of all public education. In this I include the teaching of those moral laws, without which it is impossible to conceive of the useful aggregation of individuals in what is termed a State, and which, whether they are innate, or directly revealed from on high, or arrived at by a long process of evolution, stand on an impregnable footing. The Education Bill has passed through its stages in the House of Commons by an overwhelming majority. That House has only been recently elected. What interests me, therefore, is whether the Bill is to be wrecked in the House of Lords, or so altered that it ceases to carry into effect the views of the House of Commons. Some of its supporters may regret that it does not go a great deal further; they are all agreed that it ought to become law. This, I think, all would agree is the wish of the majority of the electorate. The House of Lords disagrees both with the House of Commons and the electorate, and seems determined that its views shall prevail. If this be permitted, we must give up the boast that we ourselves make our laws.

What is the House of Lords? It is a body of hereditary Peers, neither better nor worse than a like number of other citizens. To these are added the Bishops of one particular religious sect. And its ranks are recruited occasionally by some man of light and leading, but usually by men who are either very rich or who have subscribed large sums to the electoral chest of the party to which they belong. It is a reproach to the common sense of any nation professing to enjoy self-government, that it should for one moment tolerate such a Legislative House, and, to do foreign countries justice, nowhere except in England does such a House exist. With us, were it not that it exists, no one would dream of bringing it into existence. But even if this assembly of wealthy hereditary legislators may have done some service in time past, that time has long ceased, and owing to our system being government by party, and the Lords being party men, it has become an assembly perpetuated by one party because of its party advantage. In the Lords there is always an overwhelming Conservative majority. This is composed of men not only conservative in the real sense of the word but in its full party acceptation. And with this result. When the Conservatives have a majority in the Commons and hold office, the House of Lords is to all intents and purposes non-existent as a controlling chamber, should the House of Commons either legislate contrary to the wishes of the nation or allow itself to legislate hastily and impulsively without full consideration. But when the Liberals are in a like position, the case is reversed. The Lords do their utmost to hinder all legislation, and, if they cannot hinder it, to cripple it, in part perhaps because they disapprove of it, but mainly as a tactical manœuvre in the interest of their party. For this they have a personal interest. They wish to drive the Liberals out of office, and that the Administration should be Conservative. Success means to many of them salaries. It means a distribution of stars and ribbons amongst themselves. It means all that is included in the phrase spoils of office, amongst them and those who bless Heaven that there is a House of Lords. The general election having gone against them, their main aim is to force on a dissolution, in the hope that their party may fare better at another election. The House seldom throws out the Bill sent up to it. But it so alters and amends it that, as it ultimately becomes law, it in no way represents the views of its framers. Then the Liberal Administration has to accept it in its new form, or to let it drop, unless it is prepared on each occasion to dissolve Parliament.

Mr. Gladstone protested in his last speech in the House of Commons against the continuance of such a state of things. Old and broken in health, he offered to head a crusade against the House of Lords. Unfortunately his colleagues wanted his grim determination, and since his retirement from public life, the House of Lords has been allowed to pursue its tactics without any attempt to render this impossible. If the Liberals continue to tolerate such an abuse, they will strongly merit the ruin of their Party. I hear much of assurances that the franchise is to be extended, and the registration laws altered in a Liberal sense. But of what use is this if the House of Lords is to remain constituted as it is, and possessed of the same powers for evil that it now enjoys? What is gained by the electorate being enlarged if the Lords can set at defiance the will of the nation ascertained through the electorate? Why trouble ourselves by giving votes to more citizens, if the men that they elect to make laws are to be controlled by an assembly elected by no one?

An Upper Chamber may have its advantages, provided

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that its powers be not such that it can bid the elected Chamber defiance, and that it is composed of all classes, and not of one. It should be composed in the main of men of political experience—old political "crocks," as the irreverent would call them, drawn from all classes, and acting absolutely independently of all personal interest. And to these might be added a few men recognised as leaders of thought, or with a thorough knowledge of some particular subject or question. They should be paid a small annual salary, be appointed for life, and be incapable of ever receiving or holding any place of profit. Their collective functions should be merely to suggest useful amendments in Bills, and to be able on rare occasions to give the House of Commons time to reconsider a legislative enactment which they might deem contrary to the real interests of the country. It would be desirable, too, that they should already have served as elected representatives in Parliament.

Such an assembly might be brought into existence in many ways. Here is one. We will suppose that the number of such Senators should be 300. Any person who has been elected to the House of Commons a certain number of times might announce his intention to retire—for it would be a sort of retirement into the Senate—and would thus become a Senator. A calculation, or perhaps a short experience, would soon show how many times would have to be fixed in order that on an average there should be, say, two-thirds of such Senators in the second chamber. If the number were already 200, then any qualified person would have to wait his turn to avail himself of the privilege. The other third might be elected by the House of Commons, as well as any vacancies that might not be filled up by the claimants in the first category. A Bill would, on passing in the Commons, be sent up to the Senate, as now to the Lords. If not read a second time within a fixed period, it would again be submitted, without change, to the Commons, after an interval of not less than six months and not more than eight months. But the debate thereon ought only to last during one sitting of the House; if repassed it would go to the Crown for the Royal assent. If the Bill passed its second reading in the Upper House and was sent back to the Commons amended, then each amendment would without debate be voted on, those that passed would be incorporated in the Bill, and the Bill thus amended would be sent up for the Royal assent. It may be said that the Bill would always pass on the second occasion. I am not so sure of this. Members would have had the time to consult their constituents, and if they found that it was unpopular the instinct of self-preservation would lead a good many to refuse to vote for it a second time.

In the main the Senate would be composed of hard-headed men, well versed in political lore, without a political axe to grind of their own, and independent of all party trammels. We must take politicians for what they are worth and not more. The only way to ensure the political independence of any body of men is to render it impossible that they can personally gain by not being independent. When their action can in no way profit themselves they will act solely on what they honestly believe to be to the interest of the country. Moreover, I think that discussions by men already known in politics, and others who for some reason or other are recognised as men of light and leading, would have a beneficial influence in the formation of public opinion.

The views already expressed by the Lords in regard to the Education Bill should be an object lesson to the Liberals. The mass of the Peers know no more about education than any other citizens. Some of them are actuated by honest conviction. But it is not the question what conclusion they draw, but what is the opinion of the majority of the nation. A good many of them are merely using the Bill to further what they conceive to be likely to embarrass a Liberal Government, and they hope to bring about its ruin by stalemating it. The same game will be played on other issues. Forwarned is forearmed. If the Liberals within the House of Commons and the electorate at its back, do not make all such devices impossible in future by the simple method of suppressing the House of Lords, they will soon fall into ridicule and contempt, and will be replaced by a Radical Party from which all half-hearted Liberals will be eliminated. We have already had a disastrous experience of Liberal ploughing the sands of the sea shore. The great mass of those to whom the present Government owes its majority will not consent to keep up as a political institution a House of hereditary Peers and Bishops, elected by no one, owing allegiance to no one, and when not actuated by a pig-headed out-of-date hatred of democracy, influenced in their legislative action by a desire to secure to themselves a full share of official loaves and fishes.

THE ARCHBISHOP AND CATHOLIC TRUSTS.

II.

In continuation of the article in last week's Truth on the letter of the Archbishop of Westminster to the *Tablet*, I give below extracts from replies to that epistle written by various Catholics who have previously discussed the administration of ecclesiastical funds in these columns. It is not necessary to give more than extracts, because the Archbishop's letter was exhaustively discussed, point by point, in the long communication which I published last week. There is no occasion to go over the same ground twice; but, as I have already said, when a number of people, clergy as well as laymen, have been violently denounced as liars and slanderers, and consigned to the judgment of Heaven, they are entitled to say something in reply. One of them writes:—

> If the remarkable letter, which appears in the *Tablet* of October 6, over the signature of the Archbishop of Westminster, had been written by anyone else it certainly would not have been worth notice. The writer starts by abusing you and your paper, omitting to mention that your columns were also used by others to deny some of the statements of other correspondents, yet a few lines further on he himself gives the reason why it was not possible to ventilate these things in any other way. He is "amazed" to find a Catholic paper referring to the facts published by you "without previous communication with those to whom, after all, as a Catholic, he owes respect and loyalty." May I ask how much further than the Archbishop's writing table the copy would have gone had the Editor waited for such "previous communication"? Or in case of the Editor having done what he

thought right, might he not have received the same treatment which was meted out to Dr. Carmont, as detailed in your pages recently?

The writer goes on to say that he has been accused of all sorts of things, together with his "revered friend, the Bishop of Portsmouth." I have kept a copy of each of your issues which deal with this matter, and a search through their columns does not show where he has been able to find these accusations. Having, stated the accusations on these lines it is easy to demolish them. Yet, oddly enough, the writer does not attempt to deny the fact that his "revered friend" *did* issue the very remarkable letter to his Administrator, which was first referred to by you in your issue of March 28 last.

Your issue, dated April 11, contains the following paragraph: "The question remains, which my previous article raised, whether the funds of the Roman Catholic Church in England are safeguarded in a manner which the laity can consider satisfactory? I think the declaration of the letter in the *Tablet*, "Until Mr. Bishop's public examination I was not aware that he had ever been declared a bankrupt," is a sufficient answer. Would a body of business men entrust such sums to a man whom they knew so little? . . . .

Will the Archbishop state definitely why a trustee, who had been his legal adviser, named by Mr. Dawes, was induced to resign his trusteeship?

I hope that some of your past correspondents will feel more interested and have more time than I have to pick to pieces the ridiculous *Tablet* letter, with its evasions and misrepresentations of the material issues.

Another writes:—

Archbishop Bourne is very angry, and an angry Archbishop is not an edifying spectacle. You and we, Sir, "are utterers and writers of slander"; "we are left to the judgment of God"; we are "makers of false statements"; we are "cowardly men, who do not show our faces." Yet, as you say, your paper was open to his Grace, and the public Courts of Justice were open to him. He has had recourse to neither against his libellers and calumniators. Nevertheless, all that has been written is simply a tissue of "falsehoods"; we are all "bearers of false witness"; we have no "Christian conscience," nay, "no natural sense of honour." . . . .

His Grace says that you have allowed to be stated, or insinuated, a whole string of accusations against him, but he carefully avoids giving the chapter and verse of these accusations from Truth, and, as a matter of fact, many of these supposed accusations have not appeared in your columns. His Grace adds that all these supposed accusations are false, and that those who write them are bearers of "false witness." Speaking for myself, I adhere to the statements which I made in a former letter, and they can be proved if opportunity be given. His Grace says further that he will prove his denials to anyone who has a right to call upon him for proof. Perhaps the Charity Commissioners may have this right, and, if so, I pray that they may exercise it. In any case, let Archbishop Bourne remember that he stands self-condemned in attributing unworthy motives to any of us. The honour of our Church is as dear to us as it is to him, and it is that honour that we are striving to keep untarnished.

I protest against his bringing in the name of the great and well-beloved Bishop Danell in support of his Stock Exchange transactions. Bishop Danell may have employed the same broker, but he took good care not to let him rob the Church of enormous property. His Grace says that no loss took place while he was Bishop of Southwark, but that is a false issue, for he does not give the date on which the trust money was made over to Mr. Bishop's safe keeping. Besides, Bishop Amigo is said to declare that no loss has been incurred during his episcopate. Which of these two Fathers-in-God is speaking the truth? Both cannot be, for in that case the £56,000 would not have been lost at all. His Grace speaks of trustees, but he knows perfectly well that the trustees as a body were never consulted, and knew nothing of the merits or demerits of the transactions; he was the acting trustee, or took his place, and he alone was, and is, responsible.

His Grace maintains that there never was anything in the nature of illegitimate investment or speculation, but what judge is he of what may or may not be illegitimate? Let him make known what the investments were, and what the instructions to Mr. Bishop. To this we and the whole Catholic world now have an absolute right, if we are to come to a just conclusion. Archbishop Bourne declares that he has never disregarded the wishes and directions of those who have founded and endowed missions. Will he then explain the terms of the Petworth endowment? He declares that he never suspended a priest "on account of his financial criticisms." "Financial criticisms" is a loose account of the alleged reason for the suspension. It would have been better to have stated the reason. Positive statements of fact are more convincing than any negative declarations upon honour. . . . . .

The case referred to in the last sentences is, I understand, that of Father Duggan, of Maidstone. In regard to this the correspondent whose letter was published last week writes to make a small correction in what he then said. The suspension of Father Duggan was, he says, removed by the Bishop upon the priest's signing a document of submission. It is a very minor point, but the promptness with which the error has been acknowledged is at least a proof of the writer's desire to state facts accurately.

A third letter is as follows:—

Those who have written to you before upon this question will no doubt deal with those facts in connection with the Archbishop, with which they are personally acquainted. It appears to me, as you have already pointed out in Truth, that the Archbishop's recital of the allegations which he answers is very far from corresponding to the allegations which have been made. The case of the Petworth Mission, which has been so frequently referred to in Truth, is notorious, and if the facts have been wrongly stated in your columns they have been wrongly understood by dozens of people, of whom I am one. The Archbishop owes it to himself, and to all who know the facts of this case, to explain what were the intentions of the founder, and how they are to be reconciled with his denial that he has interfered with any founder's wishes and directions. . . .

In dealing with the Bishop case, the Archbishop says either too much or too little. He writes: "No loss took place while I was Bishop of Southwark. On the contrary, thanks to generous gifts, I was able to reduce the liabilities and to add considerably to the property of the diocese. Mr. Bishop failed in December, 1905. I had ceased to be Bishop of Southwark in September, 1903." Now, so far as the public know at present, the losses through Mr. Bishop resulted from the giving to him of a power of attorney, enabling him to deal at will with the trust securities. Mr. Bishop made away with these securities to cover speculative transactions, part of the responsibility for which he has endeavoured to place on his authorised clerk. It is not enough, therefore, for the Archbishop to say that no loss took place prior to September, 1903, when he ceased to be Bishop of Southwark, if the power of attorney, which was the cause of the whole mischief, was given before that date. Was it, or was it not? It is strange that the Archbishop, while giving us so many facts which are not material in proof of his innocence, should be silent as to the one which really is material. This again suggests unfavourable inferences.

In the next sentence the Archbishop appeals to Mr. Bishop's public examination as "showing conclusively that never at any time was there anything in the nature of illegitimate investment or speculation on the part of the authorities of the diocese of Southwark." This implies that Mr. Bishop never received instructions to invest in anything but recognised trust securities. I do not know what the public examination has shown as to his instructions, but, granting that they were to the effect implied by the Archbishop, they do not in the least alter the responsibility of the trustees, which arises from their having given the power of attorney, and from not seeing that the instructions which they had given were carried out. In the next sentence the Archbishop tells us that he "does not believe that such things have ever taken place in any diocese." Yet the letter of the Bishop of Portsmouth to the Administrator of his diocese, reciting the story of the Portsmouth speculations in Argentine stocks, and the ultimate loss of all the capital in the Baring crash, has been given to all the world, and stands unrepudiated. If, in the face of this, the Archbishop does not believe that "illegitimate investment or speculation" has taken place in any diocese, what is the value of his opinion about illegitimate investments in the diocese of Southwark? The effect of his words is that he himself would have countenanced in Southwark precisely the same style of investment which resulted so disastrously at Portsmouth. We are entitled to ask, did he do so?

With regard to the question about the Petworth endowment, dealt with in the first paragraph of the foregoing letter, the next correspondent suggests how the Archbishop's denial that he has interfered with any founder's wishes or directions may possibly be reconciled with the facts. I would point out, however, that even this hypothesis reduces the denial to the level of a disingenuous quibble, for if the authority of Propaganda was obtained, as it very possibly was, it must have been obtained at the instance of the Bishop of the diocese, and how can he then come forward publicly to deny that he did the thing?—

It is possible that the Archbishop may excuse himself for his former dealings concerning the Dawes Trust by sheltering himself under the permission of Propaganda at Rome. I must therefore point out to him that whatever ecclesiastical authorities may say, this does not in any way relieve him of his responsibility to the law of the land. Moreover, I should doubt if Rome ever knew all the facts of the case, otherwise I cannot understand how any canonical permission can have been given to divert money, as in the case of Petworth, from the intentions of the benefactors, for the Holy See has surely no wish to invite a conflict with the English Courts on such matters, especially as the Civil Law is upholding the same principles as the Canon Law. Further, Rome's own law is explicit. On referring to Father Taunton's *Law of*

the Church, which comes out with the official *imprimatur* of the Archdiocese, I see it stated that a Bishop cannot take away the endowments of a church, and that in alienating ecclesiastical property the consent and signature of the chapter are required besides that of the Pope; also that all those interested have to be heard and their representation taken into account when considering the justice of the act. This is not only the ordinary Canon Law, but also the special instruction of Propaganda itself. It is clearly impossible to think that Rome, unless misled and ill-informed, could thus set the example of setting her own law at defiance. It would be a foolish policy, too, as nothing will make would-be benefactors so shy of leaving endowments as the knowledge that a few years after their death the conditions which they made and were accepted by the Church, may be wantonly set aside.

The next letter throws a ray of light on the working of episcopal and archiepiscopal schemes for combining the duties (and pay) of Army chaplaincies with those of parish priests:—

The Archbishop, in his letter to the *Tablet*, waxes indignant because it is said "that Bishops have been actuated by financial considerations in endeavouring to make what they conscientiously regard as the most effective provision for the spiritual needs of our Catholic soldiers."

The following extracts from this year's "Catholic Directory" may show what these "effective provisions" are, as carried out in the diocese of the Archbishop's "revered friend." On page 257, under the heading "Portsmouth," occurs the following:—"*Chaplain in Charge of the Forces*, Right Rev. Bishop Cotter." On page 256, occurs, "Right Rev. William T. Cotter, Bp. of Clazomenæ. . . . . Residence: St. Mary's, Ryde."

Page 259. Gosport. Very Rev. John Canon Watson; with two assistants, two churches, Haslar Naval Hospital, and Military Schools, Hospital, and Prison.

Comment is, I think, needless.

I have other letters from correspondents who deal with specific passages in the Archbishop's manifesto, but enough has been given to show the general nature of the replies. I give now a letter which deals with the document before us from a different point of view:—

Sir,—Will you allow one who has not hitherto taken part in the correspondence that you have been publishing to express an opinion on the letter of the Archbishop of Westminster to the *Tablet*? I have no personal knowledge either of the administration of the Dawes Trust or of any financial question affecting the interests of the Church, but in common with, I believe, the majority of English Catholics, I recognise that the position of a missionary church is unsatisfactory in many respects, and that it may easily lead to such results as your previous correspondents have borne witness to. I have, therefore, followed with interest all that you have published. I should like to say that I was specially impressed with the suggestion made by one of your correspondents that the system of churchwardens which works so satisfactorily in the Established Church, might be equally beneficial to us Catholics.

Whatever degree of responsibility may rest with the Archbishop, as the former Bishop of Southwark, for the deplorable negligence of the Dawes Trustees, it must be recognised that the loss of £56,000 at one stroke is a heavy blow to the Church, and a sad frustration of the hopes and expectations of one of her most munificent benefactors. This is the aspect of the matter which most impresses me, as it should all good Catholics. Surely it is an aspect which might have been recognised in the Archbishop's letter to the *Tablet*. We have all waited with anxiety for some public pronouncement from him on this great disaster. We had hoped, hearing all that has been said, that he might be able to disclaim frankly all responsibility for the acts or omissions of the trustees, except at least so far as it is implied in his position as former Bishop of the diocese. If, unhappily, he could not do this, we should have expected from him the more some expression of sorrow for the loss that has befallen the Church, and some declaration that all who have contributed to it have learned a much needed lesson. We might have hoped, I at least have done so, for some assurance that those who are responsible for the Church's welfare, in things temporal no less than in things spiritual, would bestir themselves to guard her in future against such misfortunes.

Alas, of all this there is no sign! No apology for anyone at fault, no hint of regret for the dead benefactor and his frustrated hopes, no promise of amendment or reform. Instead of this, what? A passionate self-defence against liars and slanderers, without the one denial which was hoped for; an appeal to the judgment of Heaven upon evil-doers; in short, the counter-attack of a man fighting with his back to the wall, of one concerned chiefly for himself and his own reputation, and but little for the interests of the Church, of which he is the head.

I write this, Sir, with sorrow and reluctance, but his Grace the Archbishop professes to come before the public under the constraint of duty to the Church, and the same duty may constrain all children of the Church, according to their station. It is necessary for us all to recognise, however unwillingly, that in relation to these sad scandals the Church has not been well served by those to whom she looks for light and leading. The letter of his Grace the Archbishop shows, only too clearly, that the head of the Church in England recognises nothing amiss, and will not listen to, still less favour, any entreaties for reform. We shall all fail in our duty if we conceal the feelings which are thus excited. Our opinions must be expressed openly, if men are to act for themselves, if the authority of Rome is to be exerted, if good is to come out of this evil. I hope, therefore, that you may find room for this letter, in whole or in part.—Yours faithfully, Senex.

The last letter must, I should hope and expect, express the feeling most widely prevalent among Catholics who know the truth. Throughout this discussion I have not myself pretended to speak in any way on behalf of the Roman Catholic community, for I have no right to do so. My function has been limited to placing the columns of Truth at the service of those who desired to give publicity to what seemed to be serious evils in their Church; and to expressing on my own part merely such opinions on the business side of the question as any man of business can form, whatever religious opinions he may hold. For this I have incurred the censure of the Archbishop. This would not greatly trouble me in any circumstances, and as in this case the censure is founded on a perversion, which can scarcely have been accidental, of what I have allowed to be published, it troubles me the less. But as the Archbishop has chosen to take this line, he compels me to express the opinion, which I should not otherwise have expressed, that he has entirely failed to justify himself on the main point in regard to which his conduct has been criticised by the correspondents of Truth whom he attacks, and that by putting forward a specious denial, which does not really answer this criticism, he has given to it a greater significance than it previously possessed. If he thought it incumbent upon him to make a solemn public denial, he owed it to himself to say unequivocally that he had never interfered in the management of the Dawes Trust, and that he either did not know or did not approve of the action of the trustees in giving a power of attorney to their broker. Even so, he would not have relieved himself of his episcopal responsibility for the proper administration of the property of his diocese. But he has not done even as much as this. It is perfectly consistent with the literal truth of the denial he has made, that he was not only aware but approved of the power of attorney, that he practically ratified it by conferring with the broker on the sales and purchases of securities to be made by that gentleman in pursuance of it. If so, he is as much responsible for the loss that has been incurred as any trustee who signed the power of attorney itself, if possible more so, for he would in this case have assumed the position of an acting trustee which the others had abdicated, and he would have done this when, as Bishop of the Diocese, it was his duty to have protested against the surrender of the functions of the trustees into the hands of a stock-broker. Those who previously alleged and believed that he thus participated in a gross dereliction of trust duty from excess of confidence in his own abilities as a financier, and in the expectation of increasing the trust funds by judicious dabbling on the Stock Exchange, will have the more reason for believing it now, since he has gone out of his way to defend the gambling in speculative stocks which a few years ago led to such disastrous loss of ecclesiastical funds in the Diocese of Portsmouth. With the evidence of the true nature of those transac-

tions exposed to the whole world, his gratuitous declaration that nothing "in the nature of illegitimate investment or speculation" has ever taken place in any English diocese, lays the whole of his defence under suspicion, for either he must be ignorant of what constitutes speculation, and what is legitimate investment on the part of a trustee, or he must be capable of using language with little regard for its relation to facts. There are other matters at issue between the Archbishop and his critics besides the administration of the Dawes bequest. They have been dealt with specifically in the letters published above and in last week's Truth. All I will say upon them here is that if the character of his denials in regard to the most important of the matters at issue is a fair sample of his controversial method, it will not be difficult to decide on which side the truth lies.

The effect of a defence or denial which is open to so many damaging retorts is necessarily to make a case worse instead of better. The Archbishop wears the air of a man seeking to mislead by pretending to deny while leaving what is most material untraversed. The vehemence of his language when denouncing his critics becomes a mere rhetorical artifice when the charges denied are seen to bear so little relation to what requires to be explained or refuted. The omission, so well pointed out in one of the above letters, of any expression of regret for an unparalleled disaster, or of recognition of the necessity for guarding against the recurrence of such a scandal, indicates a far deeper concern for the reputation of Archbishop Bourne than for the interests of the community of which he is the head in this country. Such a document gives entirely new force to all that has been said, in these columns and elsewhere, as to the unfortunate position of the Church in respect of the security of its property in England, the imperative need of vigorous reform, and the necessity of looking for it elsewhere than at Westminster.

A NEW *TIMES* SIDE SHOW.

The most interesting episode in the book-trade war during the last few days is the interview between Mr. Hooper, manager of *The Times* Book Club, and a representative of the *Morning Leader*, an account of which appears in Monday's issue of that paper. The interview took place at New York. Whether Mr. Hooper has merely gone home for a holiday, or has decided to direct the campaign from the other side of the Atlantic did not transpire; but he was extremely frank in explaining the origin and *raison d'être* of the Book Club. His account of the matter was as follows:—

> Some little time ago the *Times* was anxious to increase its circulation. We could have done it by reducing the price to a penny or even twopence; but the quality of the newspaper would have suffered. In order to raise the circulation we decided that it was the duty of the *Times*—which possesses more literary lights of London, directly or indirectly, on its staff than any other journal—to embark on a scheme for supplying certain of our subscribers with standard works at no cost to themselves. . . .

It is not quite clear how the "duty" here mentioned arises. Presumably Mr. Hooper means that it was the duty of the *Times* to increase its circulation; but this would only be a duty to itself, which is by no means the same thing as a duty to one's neighbour. However, verbal criticism is out of place in the presence of so candid and illuminating a confession as is contained in this passage. Mr. Hooper tells the world without reserve that at the time when the idea of the Book Club was evolved the *Times* was anxious to increase its circulation—one may be excused for thinking that the anxiety was acute—and that the Book Club was started as an alternative to reducing the price of the paper. Instead of selling the paper cheaper, they decided to supply their subscribers with standard works at no cost to themselves—in other words, to "give away" something else as an inducement to subscribe to the *Times*. This, of course, is not exactly news. It was the natural inference from the facts. It was the view taken in Truth when the Book Club was first started, and I condemned the policy unequivocally. But the official admission of the facts and the object in view is particularly useful at the present moment. It takes us to the root of the present quarrel with the book trade, and it enables the public to see, through the cloud of misrepresentations and side issues by which the quarrel has been surrounded, exactly what the point at issue is. It justifies up to the hilt the observation made in last week's Truth that the object of the Book Club is not to reduce the market price of books, but to keep up the price of the *Times*. It is the process of "giving away" books in furtherance of that object which has brought the book-trade into collision with the Book Club. The result would have been precisely the same had the Book Club been a Breeches Club, on the lines which I sketched last week, or had the *Times* started to give away pictures, or pounds of tea, or any other goods, the legitimate trade in which would have been disorganised and threatened with extinction by using them in this way to support the circulation of a newspaper.

Mr. Hooper's explanation of the reason why the *Times* borrowed this policy from the tea trade instead of adopting the alternative of reducing its own price is curt and unconvincing. "The quality of the paper," he says, "would have suffered" by reducing it to 1d., or even 2d. This is contrary to all experience, and to the facts proved by the existence of the Book Club, as well as to the arguments which Mr. Hooper himself uses in favour of the cheapening of books. It is indeed childish to suggest that the *Times* could not be kept up to its present standard if the price were reduced, when it is found profitable to give with the paper at its present price the advantages of a large circulating library. The reading facilities given by the *Times* are equivalent to those for which three guineas per annum has previously been charged at the best circulating libraries. Let us say that this charge was excessive, and that the actual working cost per subscriber was not more than two guineas. The *Times* subscription, Book Club included, is £3 18s. per annum. Deduct from this two guineas for the Book Club, and the subscribers are paying £1 16s. per annum for the paper. This is barely 10s. per annum above the cost of a penny paper. When the *Times* is being profitably sold at that price to-day to a very limited number of subscribers, how can it be suggested that if it were put on the market at a price to compete with the present daily papers, that is to say a price which would increase its sale perhaps six, eight, or ten times, it would

only pay if its quality were reduced? Why the difference in price would be recovered instantly—and more than recovered—in advertisements alone. It is because all this is so clear, that I am disgusted at the folly which, rather than take the straightforward and businesslike course when circumstances dictate a reduction of price, resorts to an undignified subterfuge, which really means the same thing, missing at the same time a great opportunity, and sacrificing with it the character and traditions of a business with an historical name.

It is not only over the Book Club that this is being done. The public will be interested to learn that the *Times* is now running another "side show" in the shape of a sort of a registry office for servants. The character of this business is sufficiently indicated by the circular reprinted below. The proprietors of a provincial newspaper send it to me, stating that this copy was addressed to a woman who had advertised in their paper for a housekeeper's place, and that they have reason to believe that a similar communication was sent to everybody who had advertised for a domestic situation in the same paper, which, under the circumstances, might almost be assumed. The circular is headed with the Royal arms and the name of the *Times*, in the same style as the daily issues of the paper. It is addressed from "West End Advertisement Office, 376, Oxford-street, London, W."—the address of the *Times* Book Club. It is not signed, and one is left in doubt, therefore, as to the identity of the "I" who speaks; but I trust it is not Mr. A. F. Walter, from whom I received a communication in reference to the Book Club by the same post. The word "housekeeper" in the first line is filled in with a pen in a space left for the purpose:—

I have seen your advertisement for a situation as a Housekeeper.

If you call at this address (or write with particulars) I have no doubt that I should be able to find you a place, and I could give you the benefit of our new system of character-references, explained in the enclosed prospectus, which please read, as it is of great interest to all Domestic Servants, in or out of place.

Our system is to take up references once for all, so that former employers are only troubled to answer *one* inquiry, namely ours. We should insert an advertisement for you in *The Times* (making no charge unless you obtain an engagement) and receive the replies here. On your calling upon anyone who answered your advertisement, you would refer them for your character to *us*, and *we* should answer their inquiries instead of your late master or mistress.

So far we have nothing more than we might get from any domestic servants' agency, pushing its business and offering special advantages to servants and employers. But now listen to the blarney addressed to servant girls to tempt them to patronise the *Times* establishment:—

It is very much to your advantage to take a situation in a family where *The Times* is taken. A family which pays threepence for a daily paper (which is the price of *The Times*) instead of a penny or a halfpenny, is evidently a family of the best class, keeping a number of servants, so that they are company for each other. These families are just the people to offer a comfortable and permanent situation and to appreciate good service; and besides keeping servants for years, to take care of them in sickness or old age. They are not cheap, commonplace people, but good families having fine establishments and too anxious to have everything of the best not to keep plenty of servants for the work to be done. Even if you have received some replies to your former advertisement, it is worth your while to see the kind of place we could find for you, and you will risk nothing by it, as the advertisement has not to be paid for until we have found you a place, and then the charge is but 1s. 6d.

I hope therefore that you will call or write as soon as possible.

P.S.—Please fill up enclosed form.

The circular ends here, but its spirit is maintained in a batch of enclosures. These include a batch of letters on the subject of Servants' Characters, which appeared in the *Times* last month, designed to show how the *Times'* system of characters obviates the evils deplored in the letters; and a reprint of another letter in which "One Who Knows" deplored that, while "*legacies are often left to secretaries, companions, nurses, butlers, valets, cooks, ladies' maids, footmen, stewards, etc.,*" nobody ever thinks of leaving money to a governess. This letter is offered "as illustrating the way in which readers of the *Times* regard their responsibility towards servants"; and, to drive the point home, the words which I have italicised are underlined. Thus it is shown that "a family which pays threepence for a daily paper instead of a penny or a halfpenny" is not only a family which may be relied upon to keep servants for years, take care of them in sickness and old age, and keep such a fine establishment that no servant will have too much to do, but a family where the domestics may reasonably look forward to being remembered in the will of the master of the house when sickness or old age permanently removes him from the enjoyment of his fine establishment. The ordinary reader will laugh at this extravagant bunkum. His amusement may be heightened when he remembers that a family which takes the *Times* does not now pay threepence for its daily paper, but gets it thrown in with its subscription to a lending library. But it is necessary to remember that this flap-doodle is addressed, not to people who can appreciate its nature at a glance, or who are likely to know anything of the relations between the price of the *Times* and the Book Club subscription, but to the intelligence and worldly wisdom of the servants' hall. By such means it is sought to inspire in John Jeames, and Mary Anne the delusion that a situation booked through the *Times'* registry office must be something incomparably superior to service with the "cheap, commonplace people," who only read the *Daily Telegraph* or the *Daily Mail*, that it carries the prospect, not only of light work and plenty of good company, but an insurance against sickness, an old-age pension, and a chance of being remembered in somebody's will. All this for a trifling remittance of 1s. 6d. to the *Times* Office! Nor is it immaterial that the circular is addressed to servants who are already advertising in other papers, with the view of inducing them to transfer their patronage to 376, Oxford-street. If dodges of this kind have to be resorted to in order to keep the *Times* on its legs at 3d., it will occur to most people that the quality of the paper would have suffered less, *pace* Mr. Hooper, if the price had been reduced even as low as a halfpenny.

Scarcely had I laid down my pen at this point when a friend brought me the following circular to show what the *Times* is coming to. It was handed to him by a London actor, to whom it had been addressed, and the advertisement referred to in the first line is the actor's own professional announcement, cut from a theatrical paper. The address this time is, not 376, Oxford-street, but Printing House Square itself:—

THE TIMES now inserts advertisements of the enclosed kind on the page containing list of Theatres and Theatrical Entertainment advertisements. Your announcement as enclosed would be inserted as above at 4s. per day; once a week for three months, for £2 12s. 0d.

It would be more to your advantage to have your name thus

kept in THE TIMES than to advertise it anywhere else: because THE TIMES is so universally recognised as the leading journal, and the newspaper which is read by the best class of people in the Empire, that the fact of your publishing your address there would indicate to everyone that your performance is one appealing to audiences of the very highest standing. Thus the practical effect of such an announcement would be to put you on a higher level than you could attain by inserting it in newspapers of a less important standing and reputation: you would associate yourself with THE TIMES by showing that you were not afraid to claim the attention of THE TIMES readers.

Thus gracefully and modestly is one class after another informed of the hitherto unsuspected benefits conferred, at rates to suit all pockets, by an advertisement in the *Times*, and of the suicidal folly of advertising in newspapers of "less important standing and reputation." Truly an old name and an historic reputation are valuable commercial assets! But one cannot help wondering how long they will stand being dragged through so much dirt, and how long the *Times* will have any standing or reputation to boast of—outside its advertisement office.

THE KISS CIVIC.

As a steadfast admirer of our venerable Corporation, I am impelled to sound a note of warning regarding the osculatory procedure which marked—to my mind marred—the civic *wayzgoose cordiale* in Paris last week. Much has been written—most of it unfortunately flippant—around and about those chaste civic salutes, but nowhere, not even in the most respectable organs, has attention been directed to the menace which lurks beneath this new tendency in international lip-service. Yet not only does it threaten the possible extinction of the whole human race in the near future, but—what is far more to be deplored in the eyes of many—it aims a poisoned dart, not the less deadly that it is feathered from the wings of Cupid, at the dignity and well-being of our historic Corporation.

To take the more serious contingency first. Few seem to have noticed the sinister significance of the chronological incidence of these kisses. It is not as if the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen of the City of London had originated the osculatory convention. Far from it. They merely followed in the footsteps of London County Councillors! Is not this a very deplorable thing? Is it not as though a respectable householder were himself to hold a candle for the burglar intent upon his ruin? Is it a dignified procedure for the head of an ancient and worthy body which has for dim centuries repelled the assaults of kings and counsellors alike, to meekly salute lips, however rosy, that have been already dedicated to the embraces of the L.C.C.? Is the Lord Mayor to take his marching orders from the despised Chairman? Are Common Councilmen to follow in the labial wake of common councillors? As well hand over Gog and Magog to serve as L.C.C. park constables—abandon the gilt coach of state in favour of an L.C.C. twopenny tramcar, or dedicate the site of the Guildhall to an L.C.C. model dwelling.

This insidious sapping of our corporate dignity is twofold in its operation. Not only does the Livery dance to the tune of the Council's pipe; it foots it to a measure altogether unsuited to its years and weight. Kiss-in-the-ring may be a suitable game for the L.C.C.—a young, pushing, parvenu body, with revolutionary ideas upon most subjects, and none at all on precedence and procedure. Totally without dignity already, its Chairman and councillors may kiss and be kissed by all and sundry without any loss thereof. But the Corporation has a tradition of deportment that goes back to the days of the great pachydermata themselves—it is composed of the weightiest men in the counsels of their country—of the heavy fathers (if so I may translate *patres conscriptae*) of Britain's capital. And shall they take upon themselves the airs of *amorini;* shall they forget their venerable girth, their respectable demeanour, in the mincings and oglings of so many Cupids, what time they sport with Parisian Amaryllises in the same shades of the Paris *Halles* wherein iconoclastic councillors have sported before them? Shall the doves of Venus displace the griffins in the City Arms? Perish the thought! Turtles, if you will, and as many as you will, but leave turtle-doves to bill and coo in (appropriate name) Spring-gardens.

The closer one regards this most deplorable of precedents the more alarming become its potentialities. Could there be a more unfavourable omen than that the Lord Mayor should have become indisposed upon the very afternoon on which the osculatory orgie took place, and, more significant still, that nothing has been allowed to be printed as to the state of health of the Sheriffs, Deputies, and others who shared in it—to say nothing of the saleswomen? And there are other (wider) issues to be considered. Now that the Parisian *dame des halles* has been thus officially embraced, will not her sisters in every other capital with which we may initiate a civic *entente* expect similar salutes from our big guns? Will not their compatriots look upon any remissness in the matter as an intentional insult? Our City Fathers will never fail in their duty, you say? This may be so when only Berlin, or Rome, or New York, or Vienna have joined the amorous circle. But how if, thanks to Mr. Keir Hardie, we should strike up an *entente* with the capital of Zululand, or our Chief Magistrate should pay a visit in semi-state to the chief city of the Esquimaux? What if the refined senses of the Livery should hesitate even for a moment at the rubbing of noses, the soft pressure of clinging lips, however otherwise sweet, anointed, after the local fashion, with rancid butter or with whale's blubber? Even were our Aldermen faithful to their high trust—did no incident mar their visit—were that visit returned, would our own fair saleswomen greet the fragrant advances of our guests with the same avidity and self-sacrifice? We know how delicate must be the conduct of these international courtesies. One awkward moment, one supposed slight, and the *entente* is destroyed—naked Cupid flies howling before the grimly unbared teeth of the dogs of war, and, for all we know to the contrary, Armageddon is begun.

Suppose that such a catastrophe be for the time averted. Nevertheless the downfall of the Corporation were assured. The whole *personnel* must inevitably suffer an insidious change as the kissing convention grew more rigid with elapse of time. For the chief aim of these civic beanfeasts is to draw tighter the bonds of love which unite the cities. Will it not be argued—and rightly—that in such *agapes* as that we have just

witnessed in Paris, so much the better-looking, the more romantically slim, the more kissable the Alderman, so much the more reflected popularity for his native city. The Suffragist—it is well to remember in this connection—is at our doors. A few years and the Livery will owe its being to the votes of women as well as of men. With the increasing growth of the true spirit of internationalism, they will more and more realise their obligation to their foreign sisters of choosing only the most beauteous Aldermen for serial circulation. The present substantial ideal of Aldermanic virtue will then be obsolete—deputies, Sheriffs, the Lord Mayor himself will owe their dignities to the possession of a straight nose, a roguish twinkling eye, and hyacinthine curls. They will inevitably forget the wise conduct of the City's business in the nice titivation of their own exteriors—they will neglect the exercise of civic hospitality while they encourage slimness on a diet of underdone beef and hot water—reverend grey hairs will be lost beneath meretricious hair-dye; the solemn pomp of the magistrate in the posturings of the *petit-maître*. Meanwhile, the Suffragist, marching from victory to victory, will make good her seat upon the civic throne—in the Guildhall as in the Halles man will embrace woman. How shall we like our sweethearts and wives to go junketting, civically, in foreign parts, kissing and being kissed by market porters, from China to Peru?

We are still but upon the fringe of this great subject for foreboding. There is the medical point of view to be considered. Doctors tell us—especially those who have passed their prime—that the kiss is the most potent agent of microbic infection, that the bacillus passes from lip to lip more readily than does the bee from flower to flower. Consider then the appalling international epidemics we may expect as a result of this peripatetic osculatory revival. For, mark you, hallowed by the revered example of the Lord of the one square mile — the kiss civic is bound to achieve universal countenance. What London and Paris do to-day, Slowcombe-in-the-Mud and Petiteville-dans-le-Marais will do to-morrow. Deep will call unto deep—Kleinstadt-am-Spree will pout the lips of love towards Moselekatzekraal—the Parish Council of Little Pocklington will fraternise with the Urban District Board of Great Winglebury, and especially with the Urban District Board's female relatives. Every corporate body of standing will feel it a sacred duty to imitate the Lord Mayor in this department of civil activity. Rural and urban parish councils, corporations and boards of guardians, water boards and main drainage commissioners, all will rally in support of the kiss civic. Public business will be neglected for public embraces. And all the while the merry microbe will leap from lip to lip, will circulate faster and ever faster, in a veritable dance of death, until, when we are upon the point of celebrating the perfect fraternisation of humanity, we shall awake one day to find that there is no humanity left to fraternise. If this should happen —and I do not see how it is to be avoided—it is to the misguided enthusiasm which prompted the present Lord Mayor when he sealed the *entente cordiale* with his lips that we shall owe it.

THE THEATRES.

"Robin Hood," at the Lyric.

There can be little doubt that Mr. Lewis Waller has secured a success in "Robin Hood." I am thus inclined to mention his name first before the authors' because, although the lyrics of Mr. Henry Hamilton are deftly turned, the rest of the book is sometimes trivial, sometimes even childish to listen to, and without Mr. Waller's personality to back it up, I do not think there would be much chance for "Robin Hood." But Mr. Waller links scene to improbable scene with the charm of his personality, his natural and romantic manner. Whether he be defying Prince John and the Governor of Nottingham Castle, making love to Maid Marian or carousing with Richard the Lion-hearted, he always contrives to bring into the improbability—nay, sometimes to the absurdity—of the situation that heroic quality which he seems born to express in terms of dramatic art.

The figure which, next to that of Mr. Lewis Waller, most fills the eye, is Miss Evelyn Millard's as Maid Marian. Lady Marian de Vaux, as she is called in the play, falls into the hands of Prince John, but first falls in love with Robin Hood, and the outlaw's token, which she uses when in danger of being forcibly wedded to a Norman baron, is the happy means of introducing the scene at Nottingham Castle. This scene, where Robin Hood rescues the Maid by stratagem and then defies all comers to stay his own departure, is typical of the whole entertainment. Mr. Lewis Waller stands by the door, with his long-bow drawn, and successfully defies a large company of knights and their attendants. None of them dare approach him. It is a grand piece of swagger carried off by Mr. Waller in his grand manner.

The doings at the Mill afford a good deal of intentionally comic relief, and the escape of Robin Hood disguised as an old woman is well managed. The Friar Tuck of Mr. A. E. George rather stood out among the other contributors of amusement, as did that of the Abbot of Jourvaulx, by contrast, in his dolorous plight.

Apart from the rest of a long cast, in which were many striking presentments of the mighty men of Froissart's Chronicles, appears on the ladies' side Miss Evelyn Millard's pretty satellite, Miss Dorothy Minto, who has shown us, at the Court Theatre, that she can act, as well as dance attendance.

Mr. Waller has not entirely relied on his authors for his success. Mr. Herbert Bunning's music is indeed rarely absent from the doings of the characters, and has in it much of the requisite lightness and bravura suitable to this composite sort of production. The scenery, too, comes in as a powerful auxiliary. That dim outline of Nottingham Castle between the second and third acts, and the arrangement of the interior of the same, are notable achievements, as is the glimpse of the white birch trunks of Sherwood Forest in the last scene of all.

Then there are the incidental songs by Alan-a-Dale and others, though Mr. Waller, after a slight attempt, wisely reserves his voice for what it can achieve in so masterly a manner, which is not singing. But Mr. Cecil Cameron as Alan-a-Dale is to be congratulated

on his able seconding of the illustrious Robin Hood. Mr. Henry Hamilton is the author of the deftly-turned lyrics, that one of "Oh, Richard! Oh, my King!" securing a special round of applause from the happy audience. In Mr. Devereux he has a collaborator for the book and a Prince John in one.

On looking round the houseful of smiling faces at the fall of the curtain and during the playing of the piece, I noticed that many were smiling or laughing *at* the entertainment as much as *with* it. But it was all so good-natured, both on the side of the audience and of their favourite Mr. Lewis Waller, that one felt it was no use judging by a severe standard what is really rather a good varied entertainment than a severe work of art.

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I regret to hear that, owing to an accident, Miss Braithwaite has been obliged to retire for the time from the cast of "The Amateur Socialist" at the Criterion Theatre. Her part is now played by Miss Sybil Carlisle. This play seems likely to fulfil the favourable predictions of the first night.

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The performance of "Pelléas and Mélisande," under powerful patronage, with Lady Vivian as Mélisande, should secure a large contribution to the funds of the London Hospital. It will be given twice, at the Royalty Theatre, on the afternoons of November 1 and 2.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

CLEMENCEAU—AT LAST.

M. CLEMENCEAU'S oratorical tour in the Var fills us with amazement. He was always limpid, lucid, often deeply serious, and terribly impressive, and at times sparkling with wit, humour, gaiety, and always ready to discharge a finely-pointed barbed arrow. There is nothing in the records of either French or British platform eloquence that approaches him. He has the variety of a Shakespearian play. A thoroughly scientific education is one of the advantages that he has over Gambetta. It lifts him above the mere party politician. With that he is not a bit the savant in his manner or speech, but the artist in all his tissues. There is no harder student of blue-books and statistics. But he goes farther and deeper in studying from real life. We have seen this in his surprise visits to hospitals, prisons, places of detention, and to that awful place, the Bureau de Mœurs, at the Prefecture of Police. An intimate acquaintance of nearly thirty years enables me to speak of his methods of study.

M. Clemenceau's situation has been most of that time anomalous. Time after time he forced Prime Ministers to retire. He was constantly gathering majorities round him in the Chamber of Deputies, and as constantly ignored by Presidents of the Republic when he came a victor out of a division. This ostracism may be in a measure explained by a fear of giving William I. an excuse for turning the monarchical defence union he had formed against France. And then there was a deep-rooted prejudice—a Whiggish prejudice one might call it—against Radicalism. No Radical had ever been in office; Society had decreed Radicalism to be unpractical, Utopian, in bad taste, wicked, and just as bad as disestablishment, until the Pope's protest against the President's visit to Rome placed that question on another footing.

Grévy, Carnot, Casimir-Périer, and Faure probably never argued the matter because, if they had done so, they would have given M. Clemenceau his chance. Apart from the motives I have mentioned, they had, I suppose, a notion that they were at the Elysée to make their influence felt, and, if the Constitution left them no impulsive force, it gave them plenty of force of inertia. By delaying as far as they could the advent of Radicalism, they thought they were upholding *la haute politique*. They were merely yielding to the opinion of the "respectable" people and to their own dislike for novelty.

But they could not stop the earth from turning. The result of Elysée vetoes on France's great Radical statesmen was a paradoxical one. The most moderate statesmen of France were compelled to embark on the most Radical legislation this country—I had almost said modern Europe—has known. M. Waldeck-Rousseau, much against his will, found himself compelled to side with Labour and to break the occult power of the Church represented by the monastic orders. M. Rouvier, another semi-Conservative, cut the cable that held France in Roman moorings.

M. Clemenceau has now such a large and compact following that he is master of the situation. M. Fallières personally likes him, delights in his wit, and warmly approves his policy of "reparation."

I have received from Germany two bulky volumes of 500 pages each, of "Prince Hohenlohe's Memoirs," and it appears that almost as much more have been omitted, from justice to the living and respect for the rules of public offices. A French disciple of Brillat-Savarin, who has been glancing over the bulky volumes, likens their contents to boiled potatoes that remained from yesterday's dinner and were warmed again for to-day's in a mutton hash. One often finds those dishes at German boarding houses where foreign students are taken in, but with a flavour of caraway seeds.

On a wider acquaintance with the "Memoirs," I incline to rank them as shirt-cuff jottings, crude, disjointed, tiresome to read for any length of time. To get at the marrow, one should be almost as well informed as the Prince himself about the personages and the situations he deals with. He often excites curiosity and then leaves it unsatisfied. He has no originality, not much insight, a complete lack of luminosity of life. I have read essays of Board school children on cows, sheep, pigs, and rambles in the country in the very same style. In a way this is a merit, or may now be thought so, flamboyant literature being so much overdone. He is nearly always the cold, careful witness, matter of fact and seeing merely a primrose in the primrose. I have come to an exceptional instance which is to his honour. It is the record of his visit to a military hospital where war appeared to him in all

its horrors. He writes: "The tables were spread in the Zoological Garden. The impression I received at the hospital clung to me. All those Philistines stuffing themselves with roast veal and quaffing beer disgusted me as did their singing of the 'Wacht am Rhein.' The stanzas mingled in my ear with the voice of a wounded French soldier who had cried out 'My God! my God! how am I to bear my miseries?'"

The "Memoirs" are valuable in showing how greatly the military force of a reactionist German Empire oppressed France for very many years, warped her political, and indeed general, life, and checked her Republican evolution. Constant arrests of development engineered at Berlin gave rise to Boulangism, Nationalism, and a bad sort of Opportunism. There were other ugly growths and deformities due to the same cause, and I doubt whether we are yet done with them. One sees, when helped by one's own previous knowledge, what narrow escapes France had of attacks from across the Rhine. Such as it was, the Russian alliance put an end for five years to well-founded alarms here. Time after time Prince Hohenlohe, when Ambassador and Statthalter, looked on war as almost certain. He at length allowed the military spirit rife at Berlin to carry him away, and to regard war as necessary. The Grand Duke of Baden, one of the few whose words had weight at Berlin, differed from Prince Hohenlohe, in thinking war could be avoided.

Prince Hohenlohe discloses all the motives of the great, greater, and greatest personages to whom he had ready access. They are small, mean motives, worthy of the characters in Bilse's "Little Garrison." Waldersee's eagerness for another war is explicable by his wanting to climb to the highest pinnacle before age came upon him. The Emperor did Europe a service, one feels, in reading of his pernicious ambition, by sending him that military hut lined with asbestos, in which he was so nearly baked to death in China—a baking that certainly shortened his life. The Crown Prince Frederick as Geffcken represented him in the *Contemporary Review* some years ago, wanted, until the sore throat came up and attacked him, perseverance in the blood-and-iron policy. But France was to be its object. That snake was scotched, not killed. Bismarck warned Hohenlohe that Frederick "is hard-hearted and selfish." The old Emperor says of him, "My son is under the finger and thumb of his wife." In a flying visit from Frankfort just previous to the departure of the Crown Prince and Princess for the Riviera, the Statthalter is shocked at the indifference of the aged sovereign to the son's sufferings.

The "Memoirs" teach us the folly of standing in admiring awe of great statesmen and their statecraft. They may be some good in a crisis. But *l'imprévu* is all the time upsetting their plans. Bismarck, a man of genius and prodigious in some respects, had no idea of the real weakness of the Russian Colossus. He entirely left Japan out of his international calculations. If he thought about that island empire at all it would have been in connection with the colonial and maritime expansion on which the young Emperor was so eager.

The late and present Czar looked forward to the extinguishing of Japan, so far as it was a Power to be counted with, once the long railway were finished. Nicholas II. parroted in a conversation with Prince Clovis at Breslau what he had heard of Japanese ill-will and of the inability of Japan to wreak vengeance on Russia "because they had no capital." Talking of Nicholas II. reminds me of a circumstance which sheds light on his character when Prince Hohenlohe called on him at Breslau. Nicholas mentioned the interview he had had with the Emperor, but did not speak of his intention to visit France. One gathers from what passed that his moral courage had failed him. He almost asks for the approval of the Prince, who gives it, and even tells him that he ought to pay the visit. Thus helped out and relieved, the Czar adds, as if to mitigate the offence against Germany, that he will put up at the Russian Embassy. Was the visitor to infer from this that while in France Nicholas would still be in Russia? There is a curious ambiguity and halting between two opinions in his words. This contrasts with the bold face of Lobanoff. He firmly takes the bull by the horns. "Yes, Russia and France have entered into an understanding, a fact for which Europe ought to be really thankful. Had not Russia got the bridle on those French fellows nobody could say how and where they might not break out." Prince Hohenlohe thereupon reflects "There is truth in that."

There is no mercy anywhere on the Empress Frederick save in the jottings about the visit of condolence on the day after her husband's death. She is spoken of by the shirt-cuff recorder as in the hands of Mmes. Helmholtz, Schraider, and Stockmar. If Frederick's illness drags she will retire to the background. "She is spoken of as being rude and unfeeling towards him." "Bismarck strongly advised the introduction of English doctors." He finds out when they have been some time at work (Morell Mackenzie and Evans doubtless) that they are rough, do not take proper precautions, have only one cannula, a cause of inconvenience and suffering, and that the Attorney-General's intervention is needed to protect the Imperial patient.

Prince Hohenlohe ignores the fact that the Empress Frederick was sent on the sudden to Paris by the Emperor fourteen years ago. A secret military convention had been just signed by France and Russia, and he, doubtless, wanted to find out more of it than Münster could ascertain. The Empress Frederick had been an object of warm French sympathy during her husband's illness, and the Emperor would have wished to find advantage in this. She was able through London to put Lord Lytton in action to obtain for her an invitation, which she never received, to dine at the Elysée. Her visit turned out unfortunately. Prince Hohenlohe writing of it says, "Met Maxime du Camp, now old and deaf, on the Lichtenthal walk. He talked of the Empress Frederick's visit to Paris, and greatly blamed it. What he most blamed was her visits to the painters' studios. Of all vain Frenchmen the artists are the vainest. In going to see twelve she offended 3,000. The order in which she paid her visits also gave offence. An instance. As somebody congratulated Carolus Duran on the honour she paid him he flew out

with: 'Comment cette .. .. .. ?' (the word is too bad for repetition). 'Elle est allé d'abord chez Bonnat.'"

Prince Hohenlohe was a veritable rag-picker in gathering subjects to record. He stooped to pick up every rag that came in his way, and made use of it without criticism or discernment. Sometimes he found a rag that had belonged to a bright or valuable garment. He liked to keep company with those who dealt in crisp tittle-tattle and scandal. No less a person than the late Duc Decazes, Minister for Foreign Affairs, figures in the memoirs as one of his informants. A tale he told—it may be in jest, and indeed probably was—is taken in good earnest. It is about the late MM. Thiers and Léon Say, who are both represented as lovers of a certain Russian Princess. Thiers would have been eighty at the time, and Léon Say was a staid economist and Protestant, though *un homme d'esprit*. Said he to the Princess: "It torments me awfully to hear it reported that Thiers is so well received by you." "I know," she answered, "that *il prétend qu'il a pris toutes les libertés avec moi... Je ne m'en suis jamais aperçu.*"

The story of how the Papal Nuncio took the Order of Saint Gregory to Queen Isabella's secretary for special services, and how the secretary's wife for similar reasons received that of Maria Theresa, belongs to top-shelf literature. Yet the editor of the "Memoirs" is the Rev. Curtius, President of the Protestant Consistory of Strasburg.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

THE West End has to face work, dear Lady Betty! That is the most momentous development of the time in this country, for the circumstance will influence the course of our history for years to come.

Our system has been contrived for the benefit of an "upper-class" that claimed to be superior to the rest of the community; possessed most of the land, wealth, power, and opportunities; despised ordinary work; and supported its poorer members at the expense of the State. The claim to superiority is being gradually abandoned; the rich of the middle-class are obtaining possession of most of the land; the wealth and power are now mainly in other hands; and the State is no longer able to provide for the impecunious members of the "upper-class."

"Work," therefore, is the disastrous word that now forces itself on the attention of all in the West End, and it means much more to them than it does to others. It implies the complete collapse of the system which was contrived for the benefit of the "upper-class." Moreover, when the West End is employed in ordinary occupations class distinctions will fast disappear. It is the Massacre of Mayfair that we are assisting at, and it is not a Party that is exterminating the class which is represented by this district, but the irresistible march of Progress.

* * * * *

The last days of luxury have never seemed to be so far away as they are at the moment, and, probably, have never been so near. For an ordinary West End household composed of a man and his wife, there are six servants necessary; a lady's maid, a man servant, a cook, two housemaids, and a coachman. The number of servants in the country is diminishing rapidly, and the number of those who can afford to live in moderate luxury is increasing with equal rapidity. It is obvious, therefore, that we are fast approaching the time when there will be a serious insufficiency of servants, and then much of the work now done by the latter will have to be undertaken by those who formerly employed them. Luxury will be in difficulties when a rich woman has to be her own cook and lady's maid, and her husband his own man servant and coachman. As the wealth of a nation in modern conditions increases, there arise more millionaires, but the poor become more prosperous, are educated, are able to remove to countries where the system affords them greater facilities for advancement, and the number of servants diminishes—then it is little better to be enormously rich than it was to be moderately so formerly.

* * * * *

The "Back-to-the-Land" cry should be first addressed not to the farm labourer but to the land owner. The latter should be induced to return to his estate from the town, at which latter place he has spent far too much of his time and money in recent years; to discontinue to dabble in finance which he does not understand, and which has greatly impoverished him; and to abandon the newly-formed habit of passing the winter and autumn abroad. When he is re-settled on his land, and attending to the interests and requirements of his dependents there as did his ancestors, he may with more reason than he has now propose to the farm labourer to return. The "Back-to-the-Land" cry of the moment is little else than an insult to the labourer, for it amounts to this, "The pleasures of Progress are for me, not for you; the town, with its amusements, advantages, and opportunities, travel, the new—these are for the members of the superior creation; the old conditions must be sufficient for you and yours.

* * * * *

Adam was not an Englishman. When he awoke and found Eve by his side, she was an absolutely new thing. The English always run away from the new; he did not—Adam cannot have been an Englishman.

. . . . .

Imagination is the weather of the mind; it gilds or dims the landscape of the soul.

* * * * *

"The Reminiscences of Lady Dorothy Nevill," which were published by Mr. Edward Arnold on Monday, will be read with especial interest, for they link together the best worlds of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries as no one living but Lady Dorothy could. It is a far cry from the cavalcade to the motor-car:—"Our cavalcade" consisted of "fourgons, family coach, britzka, French cook, gold-laced courier, maids, footmen, and six saddle horses with two grooms"; that is how the journey was made to Italy in the early forties! In another passage the contrast between the past and present is rendered equally clear:—"I well remember that on our tours abroad, whenever we came across one of the few railways, we still continued to use our carriage, which was hoisted up on a sort of truck." No age has advanced so rapidly before, and these "Reminiscences" cause us to perceive that as no others have.

A very intelligent woman, who has lived in the best surroundings from her earliest youth, and has enjoyed unusual popularity throughout her life, Lady Dorothy has seen the world of her day in the most favourable circumstances, and from cover to cover of the "Reminiscences" there is a cheerful attitude of mind displayed which those who know her have always recognised to be her chief characteristic, and accounts for Lady Dorothy Nevill having attracted the friendship of all the prominent men and women of her time. It is amusing to find how celebrated men differed in their judgments of each other. Thus Lord Ellenborough, a strong Conservative, writes: "As for confidence in Mr. Disraeli, it is ridiculous to speak of it," and Mr. Froude: "I should not object to meeting the Devil, who, I hear, is an agreeable gentleman when you know his ways, but I am glad you promise to spare me Mr. Gladstone!"

There are two curious errors in the volume. Lord Chief Justice Cockburn is trying the Tichborne case and writes:—"I shall lose my winter as well as my summer vacation, and wish Claimant and the whole affair were,

as Robert Tichborne ought to be, at the bottom of the sea." No one should have known better than he that it was Roger and not "Robert" Tichborne whose case he was trying.

The other error is equally difficult to account for. Lord Beaconsfield writes:—"Your bookplate is excellent, and I think I shall adopt it." In a footnote it is explained that this consisted in a label bearing the words "Stolen from Lady Dorothy Nevill." A book with this plate is at the moment before the present writer, and the label has the words on it "Stolen from Dangstein"—Lady Dorothy's place in Sussex.

There is an excellent story told of the late Mr. Abraham Hayward which will remind those who knew him well of another which deserves to be repeated. When the Shah of Persia visited England he was present at a dinner at which Mr. Hayward was also a guest. Through the interpreter, the Shah asked for a description of a "man of the world," and Mr. Hayward at once dealt with the matter, unconsciously giving the "man of the world" a character which in many respects resembled his own. "Ah!" said the Shah, when the description was translated to him, "I know it well, it is what we call in Persia a sycophant!"—Believe me to be, very truly yours, MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

I SEE it is stated that Mr. Joel has been offered a large price for Polymelus by a foreign breeder. It is not likely that the horse will be sold, for he is perfectly sound, and appears likely to train on into a very useful five-year-old. The Princess of Wales's Stakes of £6,000 at the Newmarket First July Meeting appears very likely to be won by Polymelus, for the last has probably been seen of Spearmint as a racer, and Cicero has already retired from the Turf, while Llangibby may not get through another preparation.

Mintagon, winner of the Cesarewitch, has a curious history. He was bred by Sir Tatton Sykes, and at the sale of the Sledmere yearlings at Doncaster in 1902 the son of Martagon and Mimi was purchased by the late Mr. Whitney for 2,100 gs. Mintagon proved a difficult colt to train, and he started only once as a two-year-old and once as a three-year-old. After Mr. Whitney's death he was sold to S. Darling for 1,450 gs. He ran twice as a four-year-old. Darling despaired of winning a race with the horse, so he sold him to Mr. John Hill for 500 gs. Mintagon had suffered from divers troubles, and was generally regarded as a cripple. I'Anson, however, put him into strong work last spring, and very likely the horse had been greatly benefited by being allowed such an easy time of it during the previous three seasons. He was beaten for the Chester Cup and for the Northumberland Plate, but in July he won his first race at Pontefract. A few weeks later he ran Golden Measure to a head for the Great Ebor Handicap, and it was then pointed out in TRUTH that the general notion that this horse was a rogue must be wrong, as only a really game animal would have run so good a race at York. Mintagon was afterwards put aside for the Cesarewitch, which he won in a canter, but his weight was ridiculously light. I cannot imagine why he has been struck out of the Newbury Autumn Cup if he is all right, as he really appeared to be the pick of the handicap with only 8 st. 3 lbs. to carry, while Hammerkop, the best class animal in the race, has 9st. 2 lb.

The Gatwick Stakes of £5,000 has proved a dreadful failure, and this race will not be run again. The Surrey Stakes of £2,500 has also been run for the last time. There is also an end of the Sandown Park Three-year-old Produce Stakes of £5,000, which race was run last week for the first and last time.

The success of Keystone II. at Sandown Park has brought Persimmon to the top of the list of winning sires, but the King's horse has no good two-year-old among his winners, and next season he will apparently have to depend upon Lord Derby's mare and upon Plum Tree. It is unlucky for Persimmon that Keystone II. does not happen to have been entered for either of next year's £10,000 stakes, or for the Princess of Wales' Stakes of £6,000, and she was unluckily struck out of the £2,000 stakes at the Liverpool July Meeting. Ladas, who comes next to Persimmon, is mainly indebted to Troutbeck for his position, and it is now evident that the Duke of Westminster's colt was a very lucky winner of the St. Leger. Gorgos was also a good contributor to the total of Ladas, whose best two-year-old has been Hexagon, who was struck out of the Derby last March. Ayrshire owes his place to Traquair, of whom the best has probably been seen on the Turf already. The recent running of Traquair has fully justified the opinion which was long ago expressed in TRUTH, that Bezonian will be Lord Rosebery's best three-year-old next season. Traquair is not likely to train on, but Bezonian may be expected to turn out a three-year-old of high class, if all goes well with him. This colt is engaged in the Two Thousand and Derby. Gallinule has suffered from the collapse of Pretty Polly and from the dental troubles of Slieve Gallion, which no doubt caused the defeat of Captain Greer's colt in the Middle Park Plate. The prospects of Gallinule for next season are distinctly favourable, as he has two good two-year-olds in Slieve Gallion and Weathercock (who may turn out to be superior to Galvani as a three-year-old), and Rocketter will be hard to beat in T.Y.C. races. Love Wisely has done a great deal better than any one could have anticipated, owing to the immense improvement in Bridge of Canny, who has won stakes to the amount of over £10,250. It is certainly unfortunate that Lord Derby's horse has no engagements next season, but he will no doubt be entered for the Ascot Cup and the Alexandra Plate, as he can certainly stay well.

A morning paper, discoursing on the King's visit to Moulton Paddocks, states that Sir Ernest Cassel purchased that place from the late Lord Gerard, which is all wrong. Moulton Paddocks was sold by the late Lord Gerard to the late Mr. G. A. Baird (Mr. Abington), after whose death the property was purchased from his trustees by Sir Ernest Cassel, who has carried out all kinds of improvements. Moulton Paddocks was entirely created as a residence by Lord Gerard.

Herr Weinberg's horse Fabula, who had been for some time favourite for the Austria Preis at Vienna, has been coughing, so he was scratched. There had been very heavy betting on this race, and Fabula had been backed for great sums. It is said that hundreds of thousands of crowns have been lost by his withdrawal. Some idea of the scale of the betting may be gathered from the fact that a French sportsman who has been staying at Vienna backed Fabula for sixty thousand francs on his own account.

Royal Hampton, who died last week, was foaled in 1882, being a son of Hampton and Princess by King Tom. He was bred by the late Mr. William Blenkiron. A daily sporting paper describes the horse as being a son of Common, who was not himself foaled until 1888! Royal Hampton finished a bad third to Melton and Paradox for the Derby of 1885, but it was generally thought that the French horse Xaintrailles was really third best in that race. As a four-year-old Royal Hampton won the City and Suburban. He was the sire of many winners, notably Kirkconnel (one of the worst horses that ever carried off the Two Thousand), Forfarshire, Royal Lancer, Marcion, Royal Majesty, and Zanoni. Last year Royal Hampton's best winners were Queen's Holiday, Red Robe, D'Orsay, and His Eminence.

Tuesday next will be one of the most important nomination days of the season, as a great number of the leading weight for age stakes, for next year and 1908, are then to close. There are nineteen races at Newmarket, including next year's Middle Park Plate, which event has lost much of its old prestige, owing entirely to the stupid parsimony of the Stewards of the Jockey Club. The Plate is described as "of £500," with sweepstake of £30 each, £20 forfeit, entrance £5. So

there is a liability of £25 on each entry, and, of course, nearly the whole of the money nominally added is got back by the entrance dodge. Last year £55 was the amount really given from the fund, and this year £35 was drawn! These are, indeed, paltry sums for the endowment of what is supposed to be the great two-year-old race of the season at Newmarket. Why cannot the Stewards raise the endowment of the Middle Park Plate to £1,000, which was the sum given by the late Mr. Blenkiron when he founded the race in 1865? Considering the prodigious amount which has been utterly wasted during the last few years on the Princess of Wales' Stakes, surely a decent liberality might be displayed towards the Middle Park Plate instead of the present most beggarly meanness. The Dewhurst Plate is supposed to be endowed with £300, and added to a sweepstake of £25, £15 forfeit, entrance £3. The amount really given this season is £87, and last year £75 was required to be drawn from the fund. The Two Thousand and One Thousand for 1908 remain sweepstakes of £100 each, half forfeit. So long as owners are content with such conditions the Stewards are quite right to keep them unaltered, but it cannot be reasonably supposed that such singularly unattractive pecuniary terms will continue to draw an adequate number of entries for many more seasons.

At Ascot there are six events to close, all with precisely the same conditions as of old, the most important races being next year's New Stakes (£1,000 added), the Prince of Wales' Stakes for 1908 (£1,000 added), and the Hardwicke Stakes for 1908 (£2,000 added). At Goodwood there are next year's Lavant Stakes and Molecombe Stakes, and the Prince of Wales' Post Sweepstakes, and the Nassau Stakes for 1908.

There are events closing on Tuesday at Epsom (including the Woodcote Stakes of £1,000, the value of which race might very well have been doubled), Haydock Park, Kempton Park, Manchester, Stockton, Windsor, and York. At Doncaster there are three events, including the Champagne Stakes for next year and the Doncaster Stakes for 1909. In the Champagne Stakes the minor forfeit of £5 continues to be grabbed for the fund, whereas it ought, of course, to go to the winner. The minor forfeit for this race ought, moreover, to be declared by the first Tuesday in June (as formerly) instead of its being deferred until the first Tuesday in July. The advantage of the minor forfeit for this race being declared before Ascot must be obvious to every one with a particle of knowledge of racing affairs.

The weights for the Derby Cup of £2,000 are to be published to-morrow. Fifty entries were asked for, and forty-eight have been obtained and accepted. It is not so long since there would have been double the number for a handicap of this value, the race, moreover, being one on which there is heavy post betting, so a large stake can be won.

The Manchester people stipulated for fifty entries for their November Handicap of £1,500, which was a most unreasonable demand considering the recent failure of more valuable races of this class. They have accepted thirty-nine entries, and have been well advised in so doing. It is odd that Mintagon has not been engaged in this race, which usually requires a good stayer to win it. The general class of the entry is very poor, the best animals engaged being Hammerkop (who is expected to win a race before the close of the season), Feather Bed, Plum Tree, Great Scot, Spate, Golden Measure, Roseate Dawn, Flax Park, and Manaton.

There has been a collapse of the field in every one of this year's rich stakes, and the £5,000 races at Gatwick and at Sandown Park shared the fate of the richer events of the same class at Newmarket and at Sandown Park. There were only six starters for the Gatwick Stakes, and four of these were regarded as such hopeless candidates that the betting was 25 to 1 bar two. Odds were freely betted on Prince William, who was a general tip, as Mr. Joel's horse was regarded as certain to defeat Bridge of Canny on the Leger running. Writing about this race a fortnight ago, I predicted the success of Bridge of Canny, as I had formed the opinion that the Leger was a false run race, and that people who were so infatuated as to believe implicitly in the Doncaster form would find themselves egregiously mistaken. Bridge of Canny simply cantered away with the race, Prince William never appearing to be dangerous. I suspect that Mr. Joel's horse is considerably of a rogue, as has been the case with several of the stock of Bill of Portland. On Wednesday the Surrey Stakes of £2,500 brought out only four starters, and slight odds were lavishly betted on Lally, who appeared to be decidedly big. Mr. Purefoy's Derby impostor ran well for about half a mile, and then there was an end of him, the race ending in the clever victory of Crusader, as Nero had no pretensions to give him 6 lb. Lally had appeared to hold the winner perfectly safe, for at Hurst Park in June he gave him 15 lb. and won in a canter, and here he had only 16 lb. the worst of the weights, but the tables were most decisively turned. When some of the sporting papers were thrown into such paroxysms of enthusiasm last spring about the superlative merits which Lally was supposed to possess, I expressed the opinion that he was preposterously over-rated, and that his prospects in the Derby were by no means so bright as appeared to be generally supposed.

At Newcastle it was odd that Whipsnade should be made such a hot favourite for the Autumn Handicap after his bad running at Newmarket, but he performed most miserably, and Thunderbolt, who had a great deal the worst of the weights, won very easily from Heworth, to whom he was giving 22 lb. Next day backers were so crazy as to make Thunderbolt favourite for the Northumberland Autumn Handicap, although he had 3 st. and 8 lb. the worst of the weights with Roseburn, who won in a trot. The Astley Nursery was notable for the first success of the much-puffed colt Royal Fox, by Flying Fox out of Hamiltrude, who cost 1,750 gs. at Doncaster last year. He is a good-looking colt, and was heavily backed, having been highly tried, but he is not likely to be ever in the first class.

Keystone II.'s very easy victory in the Sandown Park Produce Stakes had been predicted by me, and the running clearly proves that Lord Derby's mare ought to have won the St. Leger. At Doncaster the mare was receiving 3 lb. from Prince William, and he beat her some distance. Here she gave Mr. Joel's horse 3 lb. (*i.e.*, the sex allowance), and he had no chance with her, for she won with a stone in hand.

Neither Galvani nor Orwell ran at Sandown Park, and the Great Sapling Plate was won easily by Baron de Forest's Bellatrix, this being her first appearance in public. She is by Melton out of Minera, and cost 520 gs. at the sale of Mr. Musker's stud. This filly had been well galloped, and she was backed against the field, the best public form being represented by Auber and Galleot, each of which colts had a stone the worst of the weights with the winner.

Lord Downe's absence from Newmarket during the Second October Meeting was owing to the death of his mother-in-law, Lady Sefton. His duties as Steward of the Jockey Club were taken for him by Lord Crewe.

Bachelor's Button has been going remarkably well in his gallops since he returned to Newmarket from France, and it does not seem possible for him to be beaten to-morrow for the Jockey Club Cup. The Free Handicap now looks a good thing for Bridge of Canny, and I shall be surprised and disappointed if Slieve Gallion is defeated for the Dewhurst Plate. I hear that his Majesty's filly Osella is expected to win the Richmond Nursery to-morrow.

The King's two-year-old filly Victoria must be dreadfully bad, as Belle Vale, who cleverly defeated her for the Bretby Post Stakes at Newmarket, is said to be fully 21 lb. behind Witch Elm. Belle Vale, by the way, is own sister to Challenger.

There will be racing next week at Birmingham, Newbury, Windsor, and Hurst Park. The best sport will be at Newbury, and there only is the racing likely to be of any general interest. Newbury will probably

(*Continued on page* 997.)

· TRUTH ·

SPECIAL LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

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SAILOR AND SOLDIER TOO.

"From Midshipman to Field-Marshal." By Evelyn Wood, F.M., V.C., G.C.B. With twenty-four illustrations and maps. Two vols. (Methuen and Co.) 25s. net.

The very title of Sir Evelyn Wood's fascinating autobiography, "From Midshipman to Field Marshal," itself suggests the variety and interest of the experiences it recalls. Perhaps the earliest chapters are the most interesting from the sailor and soldier point of view—*i.e.*, from the point of view of adventure. Young Wood himself was a perfect dare-devil, and earned the Victoria Cross many times before it was eventually conferred upon him. It is characteristic of the Admiralty that it declined to recommend him for it—in the teeth of the urgent recommendations of the highest military authorities—because he had quitted the Navy. Wood's courage seems to have come to him by heredity. His grandfather, Matthew Wood, who was twice Lord Mayor of London, a city he represented in nine successive parliaments, faced alone a riotous city mob, whose leader was urging them to storm the Bank of England. Rushing into the thick of the raging crowd, Matthew Wood pulled their leader off his horse, and dragged him a prisoner inside the Bank railings. Midshipman Wood's first Captain was such a savage that his whole crew of 770 bluejackets took the first opportunity of being paid off. When they had quitted the ship the martinet Captain ordered his gig to put him ashore at Mutton Cove, where these discharged men had just landed. His coxswain ventured to hint twice over that a landing at Mount Wise would be more prudent, and at last openly explained that a lot of the men were waiting to fling the Captain into the sea. But the Captain only swore and bade him mind his own business. When they reached Mutton Cove there, sure enough, was a mob of men with their wives—lawful or temporary—in wait for their enemy. Nevertheless, the undaunted Captain, jumping on to the slimy stone step, shouted, "Put the women back, and I'll fight the entire d——d lot of you, one after the other!" Hereupon the bluejackets rushed at him in a body, and, lifting him shoulder-high, carried him in triumph to his hotel. That is certainly the most characteristic story Sir Evelyn Wood tells of the Navy. As for its heroism, both of courage and fortitude, in the Crimea it transcended even its frightful sufferings, which, however, were much more severe in the Army. In some regiments seventy per cent. perished of sheer cold and privation! Here is a story, one out of a hundred, of individual heroism. At the cry, "Look out! Whistling Dick!"—an enormous mortar shell—all the men except Blewitt, of *H.M.S. Queen*, safely reached the cover of the trench. Blewitt, however, was struck at the back of the knees by the shell—a mass of iron thirteen inches in diameter—and fell to the ground crushed by its weight. He called out to his chum, Stephen Welch, "Oh, Stephen, Stephen, don't leave me to die!" Though the fuse of the shell was hissing, Welch jumped up, shouting, "Come on, lads, let's try," and, running out, he got his arms round Blewitt and tried to roll the shell from off his legs, but just then it exploded, and not a particle of the bodies or of the clothes of the two men could be found.

Sir Evelyn Wood considered Captain Peel, the son of the statesman, and an Irishman, named Michael Hardy, the two bravest men he ever had to do with. I fancy both Peel and Hardy would have paid Wood the same compliment. Peel's courage differed from Hardy's in this, that he was the most nervous of men, but mastered his nerves by a supreme effort of will; whereas Hardy had no nerves, and, indeed, never knew what fear was. Here is a characteristic story of that iron-nerved Irishman. While serving the vent of a gun (*i.e.*, stopping with his thumb the vent, lest the sparks remaining in the chamber might kindle the charge which was being driven home), his naked neck, chest, and face were deluged with the brains of a boy beside him. If he had lifted his thumb from the vent he would have endangered the lives of the two men who were ramming in a fresh charge, but he never moved a muscle; and, while all the others, including Wood, who had had his hand upon the boy's shoulder, were horror-stricken at his ghastly death, Hardy roared out, "You —— fools, what the hell are you looking at? Is he dead? Take his carcase away. Ain't he dead? Take him to the doctor. Jim, are you home?" to the man who was charging the gun. Hardy was the only man who crossed the abatis and ditch of the Redan, in an embrasure of which his body was found. Sir Evelyn is naturally more eloquent in his description of the heroisms of his special heroes than of his own, but his own were so many and brilliant that I fancy he earned the Victoria Cross more often than any man in either service. In the Crimea, in India (at the tail-end of the Mutiny), in Ashanti, and at the Cape, he distinguished himself by his extraordinary courage, resource, and capacity. Sir Evelyn, too, showed statesman-like prescience in his prediction to his wife, "in a few years we shall have to take over the Transvaal," and in his forecast to his sister, "I propose to return through Egypt. That country must fall to us or to France or to both, and it's as well I should have a look at it." I have been able to give only an inadequate idea of the extraordinary interest of this autobiography, which will probably be the most popular book of its kind issued this season.

REMINISCENCES OF IRVING.

"Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving." By Bram Stoker. (Heinemann.) 25s. net.

At the close of the year 1876 Henry Irving, moved by the emotion of his guest Bram Stoker at the actor's recitation of "Eugene Aram," went into the bedroom of his Dublin lodgings and after a minute's absence returned with his photograph thus subscribed in ink still wet: "My dear friend Stoker. God bless you! God bless you! Henry Irving, Dublin, December 3, 1876." That was no mere "friendship made in wine," or in the passing intoxication of a moment of emotional excitement, since it lasted in an intimacy unbroken and almost unexampled for thirty years. Now, as Irving's attraction for Mr. Bram Stoker was his acting, and as Mr. Bram Stoker's attraction for Irving was his dramatic criticism, it goes without saying that Mr. Stoker must be the ideal biographer of a friend he knew so intimately and could appreciate so competently. And Mr. Bram Stoker's "Henry Irving" is an almost ideal biography. It confirms the impression which every year of Irving's tenure of the Lyceum deepened in the public mind that he was something more than a great actor, a great personality. Dickens, himself a supreme actor, saw in 1866 what it took many more years for the most discerning of the public to see. In that year he said, on seeing Irving in "Hunted Down," "Mark my words, that man will be a great actor." But it was, however, as a great personality that Irving attracted such men as Gladstone and Disraeli. Here, by the way, is a charac-

teristic story of Disraeli. When Count Gleichen was doing at once a bust of Disraeli and one of Irving, he apologised to the actor for the shortness of the sitting he could grant him on a certain morning. "The Premier," he explained, "is coming earlier this morning than either he or I expected." To save time the Count unswathed the clay bust of Disraeli, which Irving proceeded to scrutinise. "That," he presently observed to the Count, "seems something like myself—you know we actors have to study our faces a great deal so that we come to know them." Just then Disraeli came in and the sculptor said to him: "Mr. Irving says that he sees in your bust a likeness to himself!" Disraeli looked at Irving a moment with a pleased expression. Then he walked over to where Irving's bust was still uncovered. He examined it critically for a few moments, and then, turning to Count Gleichen, exclaimed, "What a striking and distinguished physiognomy!" But Irving was great not only to the great, he was a hero (*pace* Marshal Catinat, or rather Plutarch, from whom the Marshal borrowed the famous saying) even to his valet-de-chambre. When Irving was very ill in Glasgow, Mr. Bram Stoker, calling early one morning to see him, found his valet, Walter Collinson, in tears and inarticulate with trouble. At last he sobbed out "He—he is like Gregory Brewster!" the old soldier in "Waterloo." Yet more overwhelming was his grief when his master died in his arms in the hall of the Midland Hotel in Bradford. And the scene of the removal of Irving's remains from that hotel through the Bradford streets was really a more impressive tribute to the actor than his formal funeral in Westminster Abbey. "To say that it was moving," writes Mr. Bram Stoker, "would convey but a poor idea of the attitude of that immense Bradford crowd. It was poignant—harrowing—overwhelming. Were I a Yorkshireman, I should be proud of Bradford that day. It moves me strangely to think of it yet." In one word Mr. Bram Stoker's biography of his great friend is all that an ideal biography should be—sympathetic, discerning, and intensely interesting.

MRS. BISHOP'S LIFE AND TRAVELS.

"The Life of Isabella Bird (Mrs. Bishop)." By Anna M. Stoddart. (Murray.) 18s. net.

During the last thirty years, says Miss Stoddart in her preface, four Englishwomen have established for themselves a well-grounded fame as travellers—Mrs. Bishop, Miss North, Miss Kingsley, and Miss Gordon Cumming. The name of Mrs. Bishop is rightly placed first in the list, for undoubtedly she was the best known lady traveller of her time. Her books have delighted a host of readers, and this interesting and sympathetic account of her life and work will be widely welcomed. Isabella Bird began her travels in 1854, when as a girl of 21 she went on a tour through Canada and the United States. Her last journey, undertaken at the advanced age of seventy, was to Morocco, where she was the first European woman to be received in audience by the Sultan, and the first to make an expedition into the Atlas mountains and go among the fierce Berber tribes. In the interval of nearly half a century between her first and last journeys abroad Mrs. Bishop visited many distant lands. While still a young woman she spent six months in the Sandwich Islands. But it was by her Eastern journeys at a later period of her life that she won her great reputation as a traveller. Japan, China, Korea, Manchuria, the Malay Peninsula, India and Tibet, Persia and Kurdistan, were among the countries in which she travelled, and wherever she went she did not simply follow in beaten tracks but broke fresh ground. "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," which Mrs. Bishop wrote after her first visit in 1879, is a singularly faithful picture of the country and the people as they were in those days. Mrs. Bishop's achievements as a traveller would have been remarkable for any woman, but they were especially so for one who never enjoyed really good health. From her girlhood she suffered from a spinal complaint, and when at home she was always delicate and often an invalid. Yet on travels which took her through wild uncivilised countries she appeared capable of enduring any amount of hardships. It would seem that, as a physician said of her, Mrs. Bishop was one of those subjects who are dependent to the last degree upon their environment to bring out their possibilities. What she could undergo when inspired by her passion for travelling is shown by an extract from one of her letters:—

> We were detained four days by torrents of rain at Khonnikin, the last town in Asiatic Turkey, and soon after reached the snows of the elevated plateaux of Northern Persia, and have been marching day after day from 18 to 22 miles, with mercury at from four to twelve degrees below the zero of Fahrenheit, through snow from 18in. to 3ft. deep, sometimes only getting on one and a half miles an hour, and putting up at night either in cold, filthy, and horrible caravanserais, with 300 or 400 mules and their drivers, or in Kurdish houses shared with mules, asses, cows, and sheep.

MEMOIRS OF THE COUNT DE CARTRIE.

"Memoirs of the Count de Cartrie." With an introduction by Frédéric Masson. Appendices and notes by Pierre Amédée Pichot and other hands. A photogravure portrait of the author and twenty other illustrations. (John Lane.) 16s. net.

One is naturally inclined to discredit such "a fascinating report of the discovery of an old and faded MS., bound in stained and worn vellum," as Mr. Thomas Dow forwarded from Mr. Iredale's bookshop in Torquay to Mr. John Lane, of the Bodley Head. When, however, one finds such indisputable experts as M. Frédéric Masson and M. Pierre Amédée Pichot, to whom Mr. Lane submitted the MS., expressing their belief at once in its genuineness and its authenticity, one's doubts of the sterling value of the treasure trove are set at rest. Mr. Thomas Dow's report, which has been thus authoritatively endorsed, goes on to describe the find thus:—

> We have acquired an unpublished manuscript which might be called "Extraordinary Events in the Life of Ambroise Toussaint de Castrie (Cartrie), Count de Villieniere (commonly called Comte de Castrie), *c.* 1790-1800." This is not fiction, but a personal narrative. The writer came home to his family chateau from Canada after the deaths of his father and three elder brothers (killed at Minden and Port Mahon). He returned on parole, having been a prisoner to the English. He then fought in the Vendean Civil War, and went through miraculous escapes and adventures in the time of the Terror. Whilst an *émigré* at Southampton, etc., he compiled this volume, which in its present form is a translation by a friend.

It is a narrative of extraordinary and pathetic interest, and, like all tales of the Terror time, makes one wonder how the lives which the guillotine had not cut short could have lived out their natural span. Here, *e.g.*, is that undaunted Vendean leader, sister of the Count, Mme. Bulkeley (whom he wrongly supposed to have been shot by "the Patriots," and who had certainly earned many deaths at their hands by the losses she had inflicted on them), surviving all her hopes and sufferings and bereavements to the age of seventy-nine. On the other hand, how many lives must have been shortened through sheer anxiety or terror, like that of the child the Count mentions in a passage which I shall quote as characteristic of the poignant painfulness of his entire narrative:—

> My sister, brave as a heroine, never abandoned her husband, by whose side she fought in every action without once being wounded, though her clothes were on several occasions pierced by balls. . . . In consequence of their insisting, after the defeat of Le Mans, in travelling together and on horseback, contrary to my advice, they were apprehended by the *gendarmerie*, conducted to Angrès, where they, their *femme de chambre*, and my niece were condemned to be guillotined, though my niece was at that time only fourteen, and the law limited that punishment to the age of sixteen. Their trial took place on December 28, 1793, and they were instantly led to execution. They began with my brother-in-law and the *femme de chambre*, but, at the instant they were going to execute my sister, she declared herself to be with child, and they had so much humanity left as to suspend her execution until she was brought to bed. In consequence, my sister and my niece were conducted back to prison, and on the second day my niece died of the fright and horror which had seized her on beholding such a shocking spectacle.

Robespierre's opportune death saved the Count's sister—who was delivered shortly after of a still-born child—and she henceforth devoted herself with vindictive and indomitable resolution to fight "the Patriots." She fought for eighteen months an incredible number

of battles, sometimes alone, and at others in support of Charette, till, says the Count, on receiving two wounds, she fell from her horse, was captured, and executed. The Count here confuses Mme. de La Rochefoucauld, who fought side by side with Mme. Bulkeley, with his sister, since it was undoubtedly the former who was wounded, captured, and shot by "the Patriots." His sister continued fighting until Charette was taken prisoner, March, 1796, and, after the pacification of La Vendée, she retired to her castle of La Brossardière, and died, as I have said, at a great age. The Count makes many slips of this kind owing to the distance of both time and place of which he wrote, but all these errors are corrected in the many and accurate notes supplied to the volume.

MR. GEORGE RUSSELL'S "SOCIAL SILHOUETTES."

"Social Silhouettes." By G. W. E. Russell. (Smith, Elder, and Co.) 6s.

I have just been reading with the very greatest pleasure Mr. George Russell's "Social Silhouettes," a series of admirable essays which leads off with one on the schoolboy. It is odd to find in this essay a story as old as Athens re-told of Eton, Winchester, and Rugby. In the Athenian story, when a Lacedæmonian in a theatre at Athens was applauded by the audience for politely conceding his place to an old man, a sage of the city remarked, "The Athenians know what is right; but the Lacedæmonians practise it." Here is Mr. Russell's story, which is no doubt a development of the classical anecdote:—

A lady arriving late at a college concert, and finding no vacant chair, was met by three stewards reared respectively at Eton, Winchester, and Rugby. The Eton man made a thousand apologies, could not conceive how such a mishap had occurred, implored her to wait a moment, and was quite sure there would be a vacant seat directly. The Wykehamist said never a word, but went out and fetched a chair. The Rugbeian sat down on the chair which the Wykehamist had fetched.

All these papers, which appeared originally in perhaps the best daily journal in England, the *Manchester Guardian*, are written by a man of the world with excellent opportunities for observing the characters he describes, and an excellent eye and pen for their description. His best essays are those upon the clergy—the curate, country parson, town parson, painful preacher, and bishop. "The Worldling" is also an excellent study, and the Lowten motto he suggests for the character: "D—n hurting yourself for any one else, you know!" reminds me of the experience of a friend of mine who lost his travelling companion in Amsterdam for an hour. He found him at last sitting with eyes riveted upon a Dutch inscription, "Dam No. 2." "Look here," he said, eagerly, "do you see that?" pointing to the inscription. "My motto, by Jove! I've never seen it written up anywhere before!" Certainly, "D—n No. Two" would be an adequate motto for Mr. Russell's worldling. Following a Victorian satirist, he divides the worldling world into the "Wholly Worldly" and the "Worldly Holy," and his representative of the latter, who is, of course, a woman, is drawn to the life and obviously from the life.

MISSIONARY AND SPORTSMAN.

"Uganda to Khartoum: Life and Adventure on the Upper Nile." By Albert B. Lloyd. With a preface by Victor Buxton. Eighty illustrations. (T. Fisher Unwin.) 10s. 6d. net.

Mr. Lloyd is a missionary belonging to the Church Missionary Society, but this book, like his previous volume, "In Dwarf Land and Cannibal Country," is not a mere pious record of work for the conversion of the heathen. There are allusions to it, of course, and Mr. Lloyd makes some sensible remarks on the importance of giving the native an industrial training as well as religious teaching. His narrative also shows that, apart from his appointed task of "saving souls," the missionary whose equipment always includes a medicine chest is able to render valuable service in the healing of bodies. But with zeal as a missionary Mr. Lloyd combines a love of sport and travel, and it is with sport and travel that his book is mainly concerned. In the depressing climate in which he labours some relaxation is indispensable, and Mr. Lloyd finds nothing so invigorating as a good tramp through the jungle with gun slung across the shoulder and every nerve keenly on the alert. In Uganda a sportsman's licence costs £50 a year. For a missionary this is a large outlay, but it gives the right to kill two elephants a year, and the tusks of the first will be sufficient to pay for the licence. Mr. Lloyd has been fortunate enough to shoot two elephants each year, and so his sport has cost him nothing. He considers elephant hunting the most exhilarating of all kinds of sport, not the least of its charms being its difficulty and its danger. On two occasions he was charged by elephants and had a narrow escape. Mr. Lloyd's elephant hunting and other sporting experiences form one very interesting feature of his book; and another is his account of native life and customs, especially in the comparatively unknown Acholi country. He and a colleague introduced football as a recreation for the Acholi "boys." It took some time to make them understand that no bloodshed was necessary, but when once they had learned the game it became popular. It was not, however, popular enough to supersede the "drinking dances" to which the Acholi are addicted. These orgies begin early in the morning and last till the evening, when everybody is tired out and disgustingly drunk. Such debauches are arranged before hand, and once when Mr. Lloyd invited a chief to come to a meeting he received the frank reply, "I cannot come, I shall be drunk to-morrow." The author modestly disclaims any pretension that his work is of "literary value," but it is a well written and eminently readable chronicle of African life and adventure.

MR. LUCAS ON LONDON.

"A Wanderer in London." By E. V. Lucas. With sixteen illustrations in colour by Nelson Dawson and thirty-six other illustrations. (Methuen and Co.) 6s.

I have never read a guide by any man through any city so delightful as Mr. Lucas's "A Wanderer in London," and its delightfulness is mostly due to its unconventionality. There is nothing so difficult as for a man who has heard and read so much as Mr. Lucas about what to admire and how to admire, and even how to express one's admiration of the lions of London, to throw overboard all these prepossessions, and see these streets, buildings, statues and pictures, etc., as though for the first time and for yourself. This Mr. Lucas has succeeded in doing, and the result is that he helps even the Londoner to see his city as he had never seen it before, with new eyes, a new interest, and an ever new delight. And yet Mr. Lucas confesses that he is no true Londoner, and doubts if any one whose childhood was not spent in the city can love it with the genuine ardour of Lamb:—

No wonder Lamb shed tears to find St. Dunstan's iron figures—the wonders of his infancy—had vanished. This is the real love of London which I for one cannot pretend to, much as I should value it. London is neither my mother nor my stepmother; but I love her always a little, and now and then well on the other side of idolatry.

Yet there are passages in "A Wanderer in London" which might suggest that Mr. Lucas knew London always and only. Take, *e.g.*, this upon the humour of the music halls:—

The essential street and tap-room humour of London can be studied to perfection in a music hall. London humour is essentially cruel; it rejoices never, and is merry only when some one has met with a reverse—from death itself to the theft of a glass of bitter. It is joyless. It never laughs at nothing out of a clear sky. It misses no discomfiture, no calamity, no shyness. It is always suspicious and incredulous, always instant to reprove and accuse. Most of our street phrases are invented to express either contempt or disbelief.

This is, of course, true; but it is not true exclusively of London popular humour. All popular humour is cruel, because it is elementary—the humour of schoolboys, savages, and those who have never emerged from the schoolboy and savage stage. Its one idea is, through practical jokes, nicknames, mockery, and malignity, to give pain, and through giving pain to flatter its own sense of superiority and its own sense

of power. Hence it hoots and pelts those who are deformed in body or diseased in mind—the hunchback or paralytic, the lunatic or idiot. What is the only humour of a low pothouse? Personalities brutal as blows. If, then, the humour of the London music-halls is essentially cruel—as it is—it is the cruelty, not of London humour distinctively, but that of all elementary crowds and audiences.

FICTION OF THE HOUR.

(1) "Sophy of Kravonia." By Anthony Hope. With sixteen full-page illustrations by Fred Pegram. (Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith.) 6s.
(2) "Listener's Lure." An oblique narration. By E. V. Lucas. (Methuen and Co.) 6s.
(3) "I Will Repay." By the Baroness Orczy. (Greening and Co.) 6s.
(4) "A Drama in Sunshine." By Horace Annesley Vachell. (Eveleigh Nash.) 6s.
(5) "The Workaday Woman." By Violet Hunt. (T. Werner Laurie.) 6s.
(6) "The Incomplete Amorist." By E. Nesbit. (Constable and Co.) 6s.
(7) "The Queen of Swords." The story of a woman and an extraordinary duel. By Joseph Keating. (Chapman and Hall, Limited.) 6s.
(8) "The Woman Thou Gavest." By Lady Troubridge. (T. Fisher Unwin.) 6s.
(9) "Holyland." By Gustav Frenssen. Translated from the German by Mary Agnes Hamilton. (Constable and Co.) 6s.
(10) "The Whirligig of Time." By Beatrice Whitby. (Hurst and Blackett.) 6s.
(11) "The Balance." By Gordon Cuming Whadcoat. (Greening and Co.) 6s.
(12) "The House of the Wicked." By Wm. Le Queux. (Hurst and Blackett.) 6s.
(13) "Her Grace at Bay." By Headon Hill. With illustrations. (Cassell and Co.) 6s.
(14) "The Master Spirit." By Sir Wm. Magnay. (Ward, Lock, and Co.) 6s.
(15) "The Woman in Black." By M. Y. Halidom. (Greening and Co.) 6s.
(16) "The Old House at the Corner." By Florence Warden. (Chatto and Windus.) 6s.

Mr. Anthony Hope is nearly, but not quite, as dramatic, epigrammatic, humorous, and exciting in his "Sophy of Kravonia" (1) as in the "Prisoner of Zenda." "From Kitchen-Maid to Queen" might have been the *ad captandum* title of the novel; but then the kitchen-maid and the queen are of Anthony Hope's creation—impossible outside the covers of "Sophy of Kravonia"; inside them possible, probable, real and enchanting. That Sophy is married to King Cophetua only upon his death-bed, and that, having avenged his death, she retires from Kravonia with her gallant English knight, Lord Dunstanbury, will seem to the reader the aptest end to the romance.

When I read Mr. Lucas's "A Wanderer in London," which I have already noticed, I little thought, or rather hoped, that I should so soon have had the delight of enjoying another book by him of another kind, but of its kind at least as charming as its contemporary. "Listener's Lure" (2) comes to us as a novel; but it is at once something less and something more than a novel—less in its lack of story, more in its wit and wisdom. It is written in the form of letters and each letter expresses, often humorously, always characteristically, its writer. Southey says that letters tell more of the character of the man they are to be read by than of him who writes them; but the letters of "Listener's Lure" tell both; while being in themselves delightful reading. I fear the unfortunate title of the book may deter many readers from ordering it; but those readers who care for something beside a story and better than a story (though, by the way, a pretty love idyll strings these pearls of letters together) will find "Listener's Lure" charming.

Different indeed is the Baroness Orczy's thrilling tale of the Terror, "I Will Repay" (3). Its plot is as old as "Romeo and Juliet," and for that matter far older, since its heroine is the sworn foe of the hero who had slain her brother in a duel. Her father had sworn her by a dread oath to avenge his death on his slayer, and she so far kept the oath that, though she loved him, she betrayed him to the tyrants of the Terror. How all came well in the end through the intervention of our old friend, "The Scarlet Pimpernel," I must leave my readers to discover for themselves, promising them exciting moments, especially towards the close of the story, when both hero and heroine, when at the very foot of the guillotine, are about to be torn to pieces by an infuriated mob.

Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell's "A Drama in Sunshine" (4) has transferred to California the troubles of Ireland—Irish tenants, and a landlord who evicts them and even the inexorable agent, who, nevertheless, is the hero of the story. He is not, to say the truth, a sympathetic hero, and is certainly not deserving of the love and hand of the heroine. Fortunately, the story has chiefly to do with her, with her mysterious birth and her chequered fortunes, and as she interests you deeply, and as her fortunes are deeply interesting, you have not a moment of tediousness from the first page to the last of "A Drama in Sunshine." As the passion of the heroine's brother for his married sister (whom he supposes to be his cousin) has little to do with the story, it might well have been omitted.

Miss Violet Hunt's "The Workaday Woman" (5) is aptly entitled, since her types have been studied obviously from life and have no less evidently been rendered to the life. It is to be hoped that her male types are more imaginary, since none of them is specially attractive, while the hero (?) is repellent and even repulsive. Even he himself has the grace to be conscious of his degradation in marrying for her money a woman he loathed, and in rendering her after marriage the most odious services demanded of a hospital nurse. "I felt what a woman disguised as a valet might feel. I was a valet disguised as a husband." But, as I have said, all the women characters in the book are admirably drawn and they sustain one's interest at a high level throughout.

The heroine of Mrs. Bland's ("E. Nesbit's") story does not improve upon acquaintance; while its hero, "The Incomplete Amorist" (6), is constantly cynical and selfish throughout; but the early scenes of Betty Desmond's childlike flirtation with him, and the later scenes of her Paris experiences — the reverse of childlike—are admirably drawn. You do not quite understand Betty's transformation from an artless child into a reckless woman even in the Bohemian atmosphere of Paris; but you are interested in her risky adventures and escapes and anxious for her supreme escape from "The Incomplete Amorist." And yet at the close you cannot help feeling that in escaping from this gentleman she fell back as a *pis aller* upon a far better man than she deserved.

The chief interest one feels in "The Queen of Swords" (7) is one of curiosity. Why should all the hero's friends decline to be his second in his duel with Sir Charles Mainwaring? But when the reason is at last disclosed, it seems inadequate. Indeed, all the Machiavellian Lord Daunt's schemes seem too far-fetched to be credible. You are certainly puzzled by the mystery of the death of Sir Charles by the sword of some other duellist or assassin; but you are puzzled because Lord Daunt's Machiavellianism is too subtle to be seen through by the acutest novel reader.

Not the least of the improbabilities in Lady Troubridge's "The Woman Thou Gavest" (8) is the duel scene in which the suspected wife throws herself as a shield into the arms of the wrong man. But, indeed, the whole story is a tissue of improbabilities. Over and over again a word of explanation, which must have been asked and given, would have cleared up critical mysteries and misunderstandings of the plot, foiled the clumsy machinations of Lady Desmond and reconciled the estranged husband and wife—but it is never spoken.

Gustav Frenssen's "Holyland" (9), which Miss Mary Agnes Hamilton has translated, is rather a picture gallery than a picture; but what a picture gallery! I do not know when I have come across such life-like portraits and such vivid scenes. It is, besides, an intensely earnest book into which the author has put his whole heart and all the deepest searchings of his

heart about religion. The Life of Christ, which the hero writes, may shock by its views the orthodox reader; but at least it will not shock him by its lightness or irreverence. "Holyland" is not a book to be skipped and skimmed—indeed, you have not the inducement of a keen or coherent interest to compel you to skip and skim—but it is a book to be read and re-read.

In "The Whirligig of Time" (10) Miss Beatrice Whitby avenges the injury done a first wife through the hen-pecking of the second. Hen-pecking is no doubt too mild a word for the masterful tyranny with which the woman's-rights virago disciplines her husband and step-daughters. She is too much overdrawn to be as effective a protest against the New Woman as Miss Whitby intended; but the other characters are sufficiently natural to illustrate convincingly the moral that not the odious "bachelor-girl," but the "loving sort of woman," is man's ideal helpmeet and mate.

Mr. Gordon Whadcoat's "The Balance" (11) seems to have been written under the inspiration of Emerson's fine essay "Compensation." At any rate, both intrinsic and poetic justice are dealt out fairly to the characters, and the moral "you cannot do wrong without suffering wrong" is writ large in the story. The villain is, perhaps, too brutal and the heroine too much of a Griselda, while the recovery of her sight by the born blind Yvonne is hardly probable, but their characters and fortunes interest you at least, if they fail to convince you.

In the second chapter of "The House of the Wicked" (12) the hero and heroine are married in St. Paul's Cathedral; the bride is lured out of the vestry and abducted; and the bridegroom, "staggered and dazed"—as he well might be—under this blow, is arrested for a murder of which he is innocent. This is pretty good (or bad, it all depends upon your point of view) for a beginning, but it is a mere trifle to what follows. There are I know not how many murders and attempted murders, to say nothing of minor crimes, and ever and anon the villains—the story is liberally supplied with villains—tremble violently at the sight in the most unexpected places of a mysterious symbol. Mr. William Le Queux's feast of sensationalism ought surely to satisfy the most voracious appetite for such fare.

Mr. Headon Hill also provides an abundance of thrills in "Her Grace at Bay" (13). Her Grace, the American bride of the Duke of Avoncourt, is in the power of the Purple League, a revolutionary society, which is bent upon the assassination of the German Emperor while he is on a visit to the ducal mansion. It is a startling plot, but it is skilfully worked out, and the book will delight the lovers of a frankly sensational story.

"The Master Spirit" (14) is another good example of melodramatic fiction. Paul Gastineau, K.C., M.P., a brilliant figure at the Bar and in Parliament, but an unscrupulous villain, is the "master spirit," and in addition to an extremely ingenious plot the story has the merit of being better written than most of its class.

"The Woman in Black" (15) appeared to be young, fascinating, and beautiful, yet her years were counted by centuries. This was because she always wore "that priceless life-giving ring which she stole from the mummy of the Egyptian high priest of Heliopolis, Amen Anen, who was a great prophet under Amenhotep III." Besides wearing the ring it was necessary that she should be refreshed with "draughts of human blood," for which purpose she sometimes metamorphosed herself into the form of "a huge vampire bat." England is the scene and the year 1900 the period of this weird and wonderful tale.

It is a relief to turn from the crude horrors of "The Woman in Black" to such a well-contrived sensational story as "The Old House at the Corner" (16). Though the story may be called sensational, Miss Florence Warden does not seek to make your flesh creep by the mere piling up of sensational and sanguinary incidents. Without having recourse to that device she engrosses your interest to the end in a tale of mystery marked, moreover, by some neat character-drawing and brightened by many touches of humour.

SOME VICTORIAN NOVELISTS.

"Victorian Novelists." By Lewis Melville. With portraits. (Constable and Co.) 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. Lewis Melville's "Victorian Novelists" is a title that misleads one with the hope that the critic is about to deal with *the* Victorian novelists, and not merely with his own particular favourites. To omit from the list of Victorian novelists the Brontës, George Eliot, and Charles Dickens, and to include in that list Samuel Lover and Douglas Jerrold, suggests a critical judgment that might almost be thought perverse. Yet Mr. Melville's judgment of the novelists whom he delights to honour is the reverse of perverse. Indeed, the mere fact of his reviewing only those novelists with whom he felt himself in sympathy itself guarantees the competence and justice of his criticisms, since, as Goethe says, "Scorn or hatred even of acutest critic cannot pierce below the surface; only love, sympathy, and kindliness can get to the core of the heart either of a man or of a book." By the way, I am glad Mr. Lewis Melville has included among his favourites that much-neglected novelist, Henry Kingsley, who, in spite of the genuine admiration of such a poet as Swinburne and such a critic as Andrew Lang, is well-nigh forgotten.

A FAMOUS PLAYHOUSE.

"The Annals of Covent Garden Theatre. From 1732 to 1897." By Henry Saxe Wyndham. Two volumes. With forty-five illustrations. (Chatto and Windus.) 21s. net.

It is easy to perceive that Mr. H. S. Wyndham must have found his chief difficulty in making a judicious selection from the embarrassing abundance of the materials he had industriously collected for the purpose of this work. The annals of Covent Garden are packed with matters of interest to all who are interested in music and the drama. In the long interval from the days of John Rich to those of Jean de Rezke innumerable celebrities have been associated with the theatre. It has been the scene of many memorable triumphs, and some scarcely less noteworthy failures. Not a few of the plays, operas, and oratorios first produced there have become classics. Rich, the eccentric actor-manager who founded the theatre in 1732, was most successful with his pantomimes. He excelled in the part of harlequin. Your comedian is often convinced that he is better qualified to shine as a tragedian. Rich seems to have laboured under this delusion, but the result of his solitary appearance as a tragedian was not encouraging; and, though he once said that he would rather play Cato to six persons in the pit than harlequin to a crowded house, he was too shrewd a man of business to do anything so foolish. During his management, which lasted for thirty years, Covent Garden was the home of oratorio as well as of opera, play, and pantomime. Nowadays oratorios are only heard in churches and concert-rooms, and one can hardly imagine a theatre offering alternately such diverse attractions as, say, Sir Edward Elgar's oratorios and Mr. Arthur Collins's pantomimes. Yet it was practically on those lines that Covent Garden was run by its founder. For a period of a quarter of a century, with some breaks, seasons of opera and oratorio were given under the direction of Handel. His oratorios were more profitable productions than his operas, and "The Messiah," "Judas Maccabeus," and "Samson" always drew crowded houses. Oratorios were still given at Covent Garden long after Handel's death, and it was there that the first performance in England of Haydn's "Creation" took place, in 1800. The operas that were first put on the stage at this theatre would, of course, make a long list, while among the plays, Goldsmith's two comedies, "The Good-Natured Man" and "She Stoops to Conquer," and Sheridan's "Rivals" stand out conspicuously. Still longer would be a list of the great players and singers, the authors and composers whose names are more or less closely indentified with the history of Covent Garden

Theatre. "With the stately person of great Garrick at its head," says Mr. Wyndham, "there stretches down the century an illustrious and fascinating procession of all that was beautiful, witty, talented, and memorable in the twin arts of drama and music." Of anecdotes there is naturally a rich store. One of Peg Woffington is particularly entertaining in view of a recent withdrawal from the company at the Vaudeville Theatre. Peg Woffington, it is related, seceded from Rich's company at Covent Garden because "she was offended at the names of Quin, Barry, and Mrs. Cibber being printed in letters of unusual size upon the play-bills which should have been devoted to the comedies in which she appeared." Mr. Wyndham brings his very interesting annals of Covent Garden down to the death of Sir Augustus Harris and the formation of the Syndicate which has since carried on the theatre. The volumes contain many portraits and other illustrations from old prints and paintings.

THE BOY IN FICTION.

"The Young Days of Admiral Quilliam." By F. Norreys Connell. (Blackwoods.) 6s.
"The Triumph of Tinker." By Edgar Jepson. (Hodder and Stoughton.) 6s.

There are many points of difference in these two novels, and but one point of resemblance—viz., that in each case the author has chosen a boy as the central figure around whom the action of the story is to revolve. Mr. Connell's boy is the boy who lives in the memory of the man whom he afterwards became, since Admiral Quilliam is the narrator of his own youthful adventures. He does so in a style that is a perfect parody of that of the memoirists of the early part of last century, a vehicle which peculiarly lends itself to the exhibition of the author's delightfully keen, if somewhat wayward, sense of humour. In other hands, the involved sentences and continual digressions characteristic of the models Mr. Connell has chosen to follow might have been as tiresome as they frequently are in the originals, but, so far from being tiresome, they are so utilised that they supply in fact the salt of the book. There have been many stirring stories of adventure written about the days of Napoleon and Trafalgar, but none more capable than this, and for proof it is only necessary to turn to the chapter on Trafalgar. One feels that the youthful Quilliam was on board the *Victory*, that he had eyes to see, ears to hear, and a memory that did not fail him. Indeed, the novel is much more than an exciting and picturesque story, it is an accurate and intimate study of the times in which it is cast.

Mr. Jepson is also a humorist, though his humour is of a much less subtle character than Mr. Connell's. His boy is pre-eminently a boy of the world, a twentieth century world. Hildebrand Anne Beauleigh, otherwise known to his intimates as the Admirable Tinker, son of Sir Tancred Beauleigh, taking the direction of affairs, outwitting blackmailers, arranging the escape of Russian revolutionists, scoring off offensive politicians, would be as insufferable in real life as he would be impossible. But in fiction he is quite delightful, a fantastic creation whose mission it is to awaken laughter. Even if he had no other object in existence than to have afforded an opportunity for lampooning the redoubtable Sherlock Holmes, Mr. Jepson would have had ample justification for his creation, and that is only one of his many excellent eccentricities. Impossible, extravagant the book is, but there is never a dull moment to be found between the covers.

FOR THE CHILDREN'S LIBRARY.

"Puck of Pook's Hill." By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan.) 6s.
"The Story of the Amulet." By E. Nesbit. (Fisher Unwin.) 6s.
"The Life Story of a Fox." By J. C. Tregarthen. (A. and C. Black.) 6s.
"The Orange Fairy-Book." Edited by Andrew Lang. (Longmans.) 6s.

If the early promise of this autumn's publishing season is to be fulfilled, there is not likely to be any falling off in either the quality or quantity of the literature provided for children this year. It is early yet to think of Christmas, but it is almost safe to prophesy that all four of the books mentioned above will be then in great demand as gift-books, and rightly so, for four more admirable volumes for the children's bookshelf were never found standing side by side.

First there is "Puck of Pook's Hill." Mr. Rudyard Kipling has long ago demonstrated how well he understands the child nature and the child's desires, and how admirably he can cater for the latter. In this, his latest work, there is all of the old clarity of vision and none of the torturing of words, to make a Kiplingesque phrase, which has been so marked a feature in some of his works. Yet, as in everything Mr. Kipling writes nowadays, there is a motive beyond that of the mere story-teller. In this volume the motive is declared in the last verse of "the Children's Song" with which it ends.

> Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,
> For whose dear sake our fathers died;
> O motherland we pledge to thee
> Head, heart, and hand through the years to be.

"For England" is the burden of each story. "For England" is the inspiration of the hero of every tale, whether Briton, Roman, Angevin, or Jew, so that the whole work might almost be described as "the Child's Primer of Patriotism." It would be unfair, however, even to suggest that the moral is intruded anywhere in the stories themselves. Mr. Kipling is far too competent an artist to do such a thing. His visions of the past are stories first, and, as such, make an irresistible appeal to the children, young and old, into whose hands they will fall. Interspersed among the stories are a number of songs which sing themselves, two of which, the "Three-part song" and the "Song to Mithras," are particularly fine. One verse from another of these songs has already been quoted, another stanza from the same song would not be out of place in Robert Louis Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verse."

> Teach us delight in simple things,
> And mirth that has no bitter springs;
> Forgiveness free of evil done,
> And love to all men 'neath the sun!

The above verse would be a not inappropriate motto for any one of the volumes which Mrs. Bland has written for the delight of children, and to which "The Story of the Amulet" is the latest addition. Like Mr. Kipling, Mrs. Bland never preaches. Curiously, too, Mrs. Bland, like Mr. Kipling, has chosen scenes of the past into which to introduce the children of the present. But there resemblance ends. Instead of Puck being the *deus ex machina*, it is a sand fairy, the Psammead of one of "E. Nesbit's" previous stories, assisted by an amulet which has the wonderful power of annihilating time and space, by whose means the youngsters of the book are enabled to obtain first-hand knowledge of prehistoric man, of ancient Babylon, ancient Egypt, and even Atlantis itself. Mrs. Bland is conscientious in her work, too, so that one is not surprised to find the pictures she gives are scientifically and archæologically accurate.

A charmingly told story in quite a different vein is the latest addition to the series of animal autobiographies published by Messrs. A. and C. Black. This is "The Life Story of a Fox," told in the style which Mr. Seton-Thompson brought into fashion. Mr. J. C. Tregarthen is no incompetent student of his master. He knows all there is to be known about "Master Reynolds," and he manages to make an animal story of quite thrilling interest out of his subject.

The fourth in the list is yet another volume of the fairy stories with which Mr. Andrew Lang has charmed many thousands of youngsters. "The Orange Fairy Book" is the tenth of the series, containing fairy-lore from Rhodesia, Uganda, and other savage parts of the earth. Daintily bound, well illustrated, it will rank with any of its nine predecessors.

TWO STORIES FOR GIRLS.

"The Basket of Fate." By Sydney Pickering. (Edward Arnold.) 6s.

"The Hill-Top Girl." By L. T. Meade. (Chambers.) 6s.

There is some clear and clever characterisation in Miss Pickering's work which marks it out from the usual run of stories of domestic interest supposed to appeal to the girl of from fifteen to seventeen. The plot, perhaps, is not very credible nor well worked out. The heroine, Audrey, is when a girl of fourteen the victim of some stupid practical joke at a Scottish hydropathic establishment, whereby she is married to one of the men spending a holiday there, and in later life a half-sister makes use of the fact to blackmail the bridegroom, whom Audrey has never seen after the ceremony. It is natural in this sort of story that the man should later on meet and fall in love with his Scottish bride, and it is to Miss Pickering's credit that she does not let her heroine marry him. The story is not particularly novel, but the actors are very much alive, the half-sister being a particularly well-drawn character.

"The Hill-Top Girl" is one of Mrs. Meade's own special creations, a fascinating little creature of twelve with starry eyes and the spirit of revolt in her heart. She is the daughter of a proud and poor professor, and the friendship between herself and a rich girl of like age, and a like spirit of revolt, who lives in the plains, is the theme of the story. It is all very pretty and very proper, and will be much appreciated in the school-room.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

The late Major-General Patrick Maxwell's book, "Pribbles and Prabbles" (Skeffington and Son, 10s. net), is a remarkable miscellany of information and criticism on many diverse topics. He was an omnivorous reader who industriously made a note of all sorts of curious facts and amusing anecdotes. It is difficult to give in a brief notice even a vague idea of the infinite variety of his topics, but, to name only a few at random, he writes an instructive essay on international proverbs, he gives some quaint specimens of Baboo English as well as of printers' errors, he notes the number of the killed and wounded in the bloodiest battles in history, he glides from the consideration of "puns in Shakespeare" to the subject of "parricide in China," and he records the payments some famous authors have received for their works. The book is one to be dipped into at odd moments, and, perused in that way, it will be found exceedingly entertaining.

"Celebrated Crimes of the Russian Court" (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.) is a translation from the French of Alexandre Dumas with an introductory essay on Dumas as a traveller by Michael Gortshakov. Nobody would look to Dumas for strictly accurate history, but as a series of powerful, moving tales, founded on the crimes and cruelties of the Russian Court, the book is well worth reading.

"Surrey" (price 20s. net) is the most recent addition to the ever lengthening list of books illustrated in colour which are issued from the house of A. and C. Black. The letterpress is by Mr. A. R. Hope Moncrieff, the author of two admirably written Scottish volumes in the same series. In Surrey he is not on his native heath, but long residence in the county, a warm appreciation of its varied charms, and a zealous study of its history and traditions have fully qualified him for his task. The result is just the bright and interesting text which is required to accompany the pictures—and the pictures are, after all, the principal attraction in these books. The artist is Mr. Sutton Palmer, and his delicately finished sketches will delight all who know and love the county. There are altogether seventy-five full page illustrations superbly printed in colours.

Should Kinglake's "Eothen" be classified as a travel-book, or as a romance, or a prose-poem? In an interesting introduction to a new edition (just published by Mr. Henry Frowde, price 2s. 6d.), Mr. D. G. Hogarth remarks that "the literary quality of its style and its saga-like treatment of episodes must not be allowed to obscure its claim to be a genuine travel-book of the very first order." Certainly, as he adds, "Eothen" is assured of its position as a classic.

There is now evidently a considerable demand for what may be described as bovrilised literature. One proof of the fact is the popularity of Messrs. Chatto and Windus's series of little volumes containing "elegant extracts" from the works of famous authors. "The Pocket Thackeray" and "The Pocket Emerson" (2s. each net) have just been added to this series, and in each case the volume has been compiled by Mr. Alfred H. Hyatt.

Cary's translation of Dante's "Purgatory and Paradise," with critical and explanatory notes and sixty illustrations from the famous designs of Gustave Doré, is now published by Messrs. Cassell and Co. in a pocket edition nicely bound in leather, price 3s.

Mr. James Watson's monumental work, "The Dog Book," which was evidently written in the first place for American readers, is a wonderful store-house of information concerning dogs. He traces the history and development of the dog from remote times, ridiculing various theories that have been put forward as to the origin of the animal. "Why the dog should not be given as much credit for originality as any other animal is," he says, "almost remarkable; but some people have it that he is but a wolf, a prairie-wolf, or a jackal, domesticated, and when it comes to the varieties of the dog we have the most marvellous assumptions." From the history of the animal Mr. Watson proceeds to give detailed descriptions of all the important breeds and practical advice as to the selection, care, and management of house, kennel, and exhibition dogs. "The Dog Book" is lavishly illustrated, and is published by Mr. Heinemann in two handsome volumes, price two guineas net.

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(*Continued from page 993.*)

be the last race course visited by the King during the present season. Troutbeck ought to win the Greenham Stakes of £1,000. The Newbury Autumn Cup of £1,200 has proved a disastrous failure, there being only thirteen acceptances out of an original entry of thirty-eight. However, all the handicaps have been doing badly of late. A great number of two-year-olds are left in for the Berkshire Foal Plate of £1,000, and I expect that his Majesty will win this race with Slim Lad, who failed so grievously at Newmarket a month ago, but he will now be in much better trim for racing.

Mr. J. C. Clegg is a vice-president of the Football Association. In practical football politics he is the president. He has been speaking on the amateur and professional question. His remarks are a clear indication of the utter want of sympathy that exists in the legislative circles of the Association with reference to the position of amateurs. He pursues the old, cheap line of argument that the amateur is just as keen on gate-money as the professional. Any man who has a most fragmentary knowledge of football must know that, in order that a playing ground may be maintained, gate-money is absolutely essential. The increase of rents year by year and the difficulties of finding new grounds when old ones are seized by building owners make it absolutely necessary that amateurs should secure an income from gate-money. To do that, they must provide a decent game, otherwise the public will not be in evidence. There is little chance of the amateurs as a class having any hope of development while men like Mr. Clegg are in authority. That was not all the drivel that Mr. Clegg talked. He worked off this sneer in order to emphasise the absurdity of the contempt that the amateur feels for the professional. Mr. Clegg may rest assured that the ordinary amateur has every possible regard for the professional player. There are amateurs—that is, players who do not receive payment—whose social position is certainly inferior to that of many professionals. The better the social position of the amateur, the higher his regard for the professional. Men of the type who play for the Corinthians regard the professional player as being just as good as themselves as individuals on the football field. No one has anything but respect for the straightforward, clean playing professional. This attempt on the part of Mr. Clegg to cause a cleavage between these two classes of players will be regarded with contempt by every straightforward footballer, whether amateur or professional. So far as the question of gate-money goes, it is the amateur, and not the professional, who is concerned. The professional looks to his employers to pay him, gate or no gate. It is the runners of professional teams who have to look after the gate-money. The professional has one grudge against the Association, and that is the wage limit. Mr. Clegg, and men of his calibre, have allowed the Football Association to become immersed in the trade of football, instead of letting that trade look after itself. By forcing professionalism on the London Football Association, they have forced on amateurs the trade of the game. The amateurs have declined the job. The old amateur clubs that ran the London Association are declining the job. The Rump complains to the Football Association of this conduct. Mr. Clegg and his clique are likely to give the amateurs short shrift. Hence the necessity for the organisation recently formed to protect amateur interests.

The Cyclists' Touring Club has resolved to alter its title, and to call itself the Tourists' Club, and to welcome all tourists into its folds. To this end legal steps will be taken. Some years ago I had occasion to go into the affairs and management of this organisation. It was then conducted on a system of extravagant waste. I have not followed its doings with any interest of recent years. I have merely, as a member of the public, observed signs of its uselessness. Its notice boards as to dangerous hills have in no wise been altered to suit the exigencies of the modern brake. They may mean everything or nothing. The sign of their patronage over a cyclists' repairer's shop is, I have found, anything but an indication that work is properly executed, and I have a sort of suspicion that I am generally overcharged as a makeweight for the discount allowed club members. Any hostel or tea house holding out this sign I scrupulously eschew. At the same time I am quite certain that there is a need for an organisation to look after the general body of cyclists as opposed to the racing interests. In this respect the C.T.C. has done useful work, and might have done a lot more if it had worked on more rational lines. Its sphere of usefulness will be considerably limited, and the weight of influence that it might in certain eventualities bring to bear will be materially diminished by the proposed alterations in its name and objects. I consider that it has made a very grievous error in the change it is about to make. It will be something and nothing—chiefly nothing before very long I expect.

Term is now in full swing. At Cambridge an Old Blue who had not been up for nearly twenty years found many changes. There were new boathouses and a new bridge over the Cam. There were motors and motor-bicycles and bicycles. Barnewell pool, of hallowed memories, was not as it was. But the fresher was the same. There the possible Blue or future first-boat captain in brand new flannels, sweater, and blazer was kicking his heels on the river bank patiently waiting for his turn to be tubbed. The coach was late, as usual, in turning up. The polite "look ahead, sir," and "oar in bow or stroke" were shouted as of yore. Not an atom had instruction altered from the query as to the condition of the oarsman's nether garments to the instruction to pull the oar through the water not with the arms but the body. I wonder in what year of grace the coach will begin by instructing the beginner that the blade is the fixed point from which he is pulling the boat. But why worry? The freshers' eights went out—at least one or two—and there were crabs caught, and oars went as a peel of bells. All, all the same—save the old familiar faces. The College fours were out for the University fours. Mr. Steve Fairbairn was teaching Jesus orthodoxy. There was something of the sculler in the style. There were the fours of the Hall, First, and Third. There should be some good racing. The Old Blue had gone on a flying visit straight to the river, and time was getting on; and so back across Midsummer Common, up Jesus Lane, a peep in at the Pit, a call at the old college. The porter and a stray gyp recognised him. This was more like old times. He was rather sorry he had refused the invitation of a don who was up with him to dine in Hall. He was not quite so depressed. He almost felt like calling on the new tutor for an exeat before catching the train to town. That night he dined at his club—one of the University clubs—and there were older men than he in the coffee-room who had once been freshers. It is a mistake to go up again without a chum. Two can play at being young again. One cannot.

It does seem peculiar that for the most part college and University oarsmen are made of the least likely athletic material. Men who have not played for their school at cricket or football, are the men who go down to the river to row, though in these days of hockey and golf the number is smaller than it used to be. I must confess that if I had to advise a youngster as to his athletic career at the University, I should tell any strong, well-built fellow that unless he was certain of a Blue at football or running he had better give the river a good trial. The future cricket Blue can quite well give the October and Lent terms to rowing. The running man can give the October term. There is generally a football eight in the larger colleges. Give the river a good trial. There is no Blue to touch a rowing Blue. It is the greatest help in after life.

The South Africans have been down West with their Rugby team. They beat Devon by a good majority of points. Forward and half the teams were well matched, but the County three-quarters were at fault. Somerset gave the visitors the closest game they have had. It is true that they were not at full strength. But they cannot always be. On the whole, I am inclined to

recede from the former opinion I held that the Colonials should have played club matches. There is a reasonable probability that Colonial teams may visit us with some regularity. I consider that the effect of the visits this season and last, has been to make our players more keen to play County football. This is very desirable. At the same time, I wish that the home Counties would play their matches on Saturday. Surely against the South Africans a match might have been arranged on a Saturday. Oxford played in very promising form against the Scottish, who were seriously handicapped by Simpson being hurt at half-back. Cambridge were scrambling and disappointing against Richmond. Blackheath were away from home and they put up a much better fight than had been anticipated against Newport.

MAMMON.

Six Per Cent Rate—Market Alarmed at Sudden Action—The Real Reasons—American Demands—Heavy Withdrawals for Egypt—No Grounds for a Panic.

It was a very considerable shock which the Stock Exchange received when on Friday morning the Government broker appeared in the House and announced that the Bank of England rate had been advanced from 5 to 6 per cent. Not since December, 1899—the dark period of the Boer war—have we had a 6 per cent. rate; it is many years since it was found necessary or desirable to establish such a rate in October, and the fact that the decision was made suddenly by the Governor only, and that it had not been announced after the weekly meeting of the Court on the previous day caused apprehension in more than one quarter, and wild conjectures were indulged in by the more imaginative and less sagacious members. The event was certainly calculated to set mouths talking; it may, however, be explained on quite well-known grounds, and until one sees better reasons for alarm it would be premature and foolish to rush to conclusions. The Bank of England has to safeguard its reserve in view of heavy demands for our own country at the end of the year. Of late America has been drawing a great deal too freely upon the Bank's stock of gold, and has been a very eager bidder for the fresh gold which arrives weekly from South Africa. This country has again, in spite of the drain of the South African war, become the international money market, and it stands to be drawn upon on the slightest monetary provocation by nations which need gold. In the United States they talk of the "balance of trade" as accounting for the recent buying of the metal for that country, but this is an exploded quantity. This demand is due entirely to the inelastic nature of the currency, which Mr. Shaw endeavours to neutralise by arbitrary means (detailed by me a couple of weeks ago), and to the excessive speculation in American securities, which American citizens, to the disgust of the "bosses," have refused to participate in, thereby compelling these "larger interests" to find funds to carry the huge loads of stock, of which they hoped the American and English publics would have relieved them. In addition to the strong enquiry for the United States, the Bank is being drawn upon heavily by Egypt to finance the cotton crop and the land boom, and with these and the usual other autumnal drains the position of the Bank is imperilled, and drastic measures are necessary. So far as can be known at present there is nothing in the situation beyond what I have explained. In the event of accommodation being violently withdrawn from New York, the only quarter where speculation has been rampant, we shall have a bad break there, and may, perhaps, look out for squalls.

Money—A 6 Per Cent Bank Rate—General Consternation—The American Menace Removed—The Autumnal Drain.

A 6 per cent. Bank rate is not to be regarded with any show of satisfaction, of course, because it implies stiffer conditions in the Money Market, yet it seems, as I have already said, a necessity, and it may not only have the effect of attracting foreign money to London, but also divert the Egyption drain from London to Paris. Then again, the United States Treasury may also be induced, now that possibility of gold withdrawals from London's free market is unlikely, to render some assistance to relieve the New York monetary situation. Altogether, the Bank of England will probably be able to considerably strengthen its position before the year-end pressure begins. The Bank's return, it may be noted, proved rather more satisfactory than had been expected, the reserve showing a gain of £572,000 to £18,862,000. Discount quotations have naturally been twisted up in order to be more in keeping with the higher Bank rate, and there is a general inclination to keep them high. As regards money, the available supplies are scarcely equal to current requirements, owing to the fact that Japanese funds have been taken off the market, as well as to the maturity of bills at the Bank.

Consols Depressed by Bank Rate Advance—A More Confident Feeling Probable—Stocks Cheap and Attractive—Foreigners Lower all Round.

From their very nature gilt edged stocks are keenly susceptible to monetary influences, and it is quite natural that the establishment of the Bank rate upon a 6 per cent. basis should have led to a general marking down of values. That a 6 per cent. Bank rate implies the maintenance of money value at a fairly high level can scarcely be questioned, of course, but, at the same time, it is calculated to make the money situation more settled. Seeing that the general inertia, which has afflicted the market so long, has been directly traceable to the uncertainty on this score, this is a consideration of some importance. The monetary atmosphere is clearer, the possibility of a still higher Bank rate is very remote, and it would not be too much to hope that as soon as the market has reconciled itself to the changed aspect of affairs a greater degree of confidence will be engendered. Naturally alarmed at the unexpectedness of the rise in the Bank rate values at first suffered severely, but quickly rallied, and it is doubtful whether any further depreciation will take place in view of the above facts. Consols dipped to 85¾, the lowest, save for 1904, when they were 85, for ten years, while the other leading stocks fell away proportionately. With values at a low level and the chances of the money bogey exerting less influence, gilt edged stocks appear a cheap purchase, and, apart from the relatively good yield they give, would seem to possess attractive possibilities of capital appreciation during the next few months. Here is a table indicating the approximate yields obtainable:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Consols	85¾	£2 18 6
War Loan	97¼	2 16 6
Transvaal 3 per Cent.	96½	3 2 0
Local Loans	97¼	3 1 6
Guaranteed 2¾ per Cent. (Irish)	87	2 3 0
India 3 per Cent.	91	3 6 0
London County 3 per Cent.	87	3 9 0
Water Board 3 per Cent.	91½	3 5 6

The change in the Bank rate has made an adverse impression upon the whole of the Foreign market. It has served to check, temporarily at all events, the engineered recovery in Russians, and Japanese stocks have experienced a general reaction. In fact, values are lower all along the line, but it is quite on the cards that a gradual recovery will take place and holders have consequently no cause for alarm. As regards Japanese in particular and other stock in general, I consider the present opens up a favourable opportunity for the investor to "get in" on favourable terms. At first

Modern Banking and Investment. Increase of Income by World-wide Investment.—The Stock Markets. How to profit by them. How and when to operate in Home Rails. How to Invest in Mines. Protection of Capital and Increase of Income. Marginal Investment. The most scientific method for the small investor.—Post free on mentioning Truth to the Secretary, London and Paris Exchange, Ltd., Bankers, Basildon House, Bank, London, E.C.

blush it would seem rather inopportune for a revival of the rumours concerning a possible settlement between the Peruvian Corporation and the Government, yet this factor is now serving to sustain the market valuation of Peru Preferred. I should not be a bit surprised if the whole matter ended in the same way as others of earlier times.

HOME RAILS AND DEAR MONEY—CARRY-OVER PURCHASES DISCOURAGED—SOME BARGAINS FOR REAL INVESTORS—A TRUSTEE STOCK THAT YIELDS 4 11/16TH PER CENT.—SCOTCH RAILS AND THE STRIKE—THE PROSPECTS OF A SETTLEMENT.

In common with investment securities generally, Home Rails during the past week have been dull, and prices have been inclined to sag from absence of support. The condition of the money market is just now an effective bar to a recovery in values, and, so far as the immediate outlook is concerned, it would be rash to predict much softening of monetary rates. At the same time, now that the Bank Directors have adopted such a drastic measure as a 6 per cent. minimum discount rate, they should be successful not only in stemming the tide of gold withdrawals, but in adding to the reserve. For the present purchases of Home Rails to carry over cannot be thought of, and those who have been unwise enough to open a "Bull" account, unless they can take the stock off the market and hold it for a few months, had better cut their losses. To pick up stock at the present range of values and pay for it outright is another matter, for those who have followed this column lately will not need me to repeat what I have said regarding its attractiveness to the investor. In a sentence, the points worth noting by an intending buyer are increased gross earnings, which spell further moderate advances in dividends next January, a decided reduction in the rate of capital expenditure, and high yields. The labour scare, which has had much to do with the fall in prices since the beginning of the year, is now present in much less acute form, thanks largely to the recent utterances of Liberal leaders, and also to the facts made public at the recent Railway Servants' Conference, notably, the admission that the membership of the Society comprised not more than about 10 per cent. of the total railway employees in the country. In regard to traffics, the *Railway News* states that the receipts for the week ended the 14th inst. of fifty-three railways of the United Kingdom, which make weekly returns with a mileage of 21,127, amounted to £2,052,804, being equal to £98 19s. per mile. For the corresponding week of 1905, the receipts were £2,052,804, and the number of miles open 20,883, or £98 6s. per mile. These figures show an increase of £37,593 in the receipts, and an increase of 244 in the mileage. On thirty-eight of the railway companies whose returns distinguish the revenue derived from each class of traffic, the receipts from passengers for the week were £869,463, or £27,040 increase, and from goods £1,157,557, or £7,418 increase. The aggregate receipts for the past fifteen weeks of the current half-year amount to £34,036,495, or £782,131 increase. On the thirty-eight lines above mentioned the aggregate receipts for the same period from passengers were £17,154,281, or £405,216 increase, and from goods £15,979,116, or £325,010 increase. The fact that the advance in coaching receipts is now greater than upon goods is interesting, because an increase in passengers does not entail anything like the advance in working costs that accompanies an expansion of receipts for merchandise and minerals. Looking at the traffics as affecting individual Companies the North Eastern still has a long lead, its aggregate increase being £184,000. The North Western also has a gain running into six figures, while other very useful increases are Great Western £74,500, Lancashire and Yorkshire £66,100, Great Central £49,800, Midland £46,500, Great Northern £32,800, North Stafford £12,000, Furness £11,300, and Hull and Barnsley £10,600. The stocks of all these lines are well worth attention at present levels. The standard issues like Brums, Berwicks, Great Westerns, Midland Deferred, and North Staffordshire, give yields of about 4¼ per cent., without allowing for the prospect of an enlargement in the distribution in the new year. The lower priced issues—York Deferred, Hulls, and Furness—give smaller yields based upon the last annual payments, but the dividend outlook is very bright, and a purchaser now has a fair chance of finding the yields brought up to nearly 5 per cent. next January. In the Underground group investors have just had an unusual bargain offered to them in the issue of £150,000 5 per cent. 1903 Preference stock by the City and South London Railway. The price of issue was 105 per cent., which, allowing for the fact that interest will not accrue before March 1, 1907, although the stock will be fully paid by November 15 next, will give a yield of £4 13s. 9d. per cent. The prospectus stated that under the provisions of the Trustee Act of 1893 trustees may invest in the stock. Perhaps it would be more correct to describe the security as a Chancery stock, for the Company has not paid a dividend of at least 3 per cent. on its Ordinary stock for the last ten years, so the claim to being a Trustee stock arises, therefore, out of the rule of the Supreme Court, issued in 1888. But the main point is that a stock eligible for Trustees which gives a yield of 4 11-16 per cent. is a rarity even in these times of high rates of interest, and I am not surprised that there has been a rush for it. On the date of issue the old 1903 Preference was quoted at 113-116. The new money is required for the extension of the railway from Islington to Euston. Turning to the Scotch Railway group, I am glad to see that the efforts made by the Glasgow Lord Provost towards settling the Clyde boilermakers' strike have been so far successful that a conference between the masters' and the men's delegates is to take place on Wednesday of the present week. There is thus solid reason for hoping that this trouble will soon be amicably arranged, and in such event, Scottish Rails ought to make a recovery. It is worth noting that prices have suffered a good deal more from the strike than traffics. To date, for eleven weeks, the increases in earnings are:—North British £21,000, Caledonian £17,200, Glasgow and South Western £8,300. Of the trio, Ayrshires look the cheapest, the Deferred giving a yield of 4⅜ per cent. British Deferred offers a return of 4¼ per cent., and Caledonian Preferred pays just over 4 per cent.; Caley Deferred, however, yields no more than £3 6s. 3d. and can hardly be called cheap. My table follows:—

Home Rails.	A Year Ago.	Make up, Oct. 10.	Closing Price, Oct. 13.	Closing Price, Oct. 20.	Movement.
Caledonian Pref.	77½	75½	73¾xd	74	+ ½
Do. Def.	38⅜	30⅜	29⅝xd	29¼	— ⅜
City and S. London	42	42¼	44	43	—1
Central London	91½	83½	84	84	—
Great Central 5% Pref.	71	—	73	73	—
Do. "B"	36½	35½	34½	33	—1½
Do. "A"	18	16¾	16¼	15⅞	— ⅜
Great Eastern	83¼	80⅞	81½	80	—1½
Great Northern Pref.	100½	99½	99½	99½	—
Do. Def.	39¼	43¼	42¼	40½	— 2
Great Western	139½	128⅝	126¾	123	—3¾
Hull and Barnsley	46½	45½	46	44½	—1½
Lancashire and Yorkshire	106	103¾	103½	100½	—2¾
London and Brighton "A"	123½	116¼	114½	112	—2½
London, Chatham, and Dover	16⅞	14	13⅞	13½	— ⅜
Do. 4½ p.c. Pref.	100½	89	88	86	—2
Do. 2nd Pref.	65	55	50	49	—1
London and North-Western	157	151	150⅜	147¾	— 3
London and South-Western Def.	55½	48	46½	44¼	—2½
Metropolitan Consolidated	88¾	60	60½	60	— ½
Metropolitan District	36½	21½	22	20	— 2
Midland Pref.	67¾	65½	65	64½	— ½
Do. Def.	69	64½	64	63	—1
North British 3 p.c. Pref.	77½	76½	73½	73¼	— ¼
Do. Def.	45	42½	39⅜	39½	— ¼
North-Eastern Consolidated	141	136⅞	136⅜	135	—1⅜
South-Eastern "A"	59½	48	47⅜	45½	—2⅜

HOW TO OPERATE IN STOCKS SUCCESSFULLY.—See HALFORD'S ADVISER (post free).—PALMERSTON HOUSE, LONDON, E.C. ESTABLISHED 1869. TELEGRAMS: "MONITOR, LONDON."

THE BROKEN HILL MINING MANUAL, BY H. A. H. RUSSELL, contains important and up-to-date information concerning the present operations and prospects of the Broken Hill mines.—Published by EFFINGHAM WILSON, 54, Threadneedle-street, E.C., price 1s.

Americans Erratic with a Downward Tendency—Election and Monetary Uncertainties—The Rise in our Bank Rate—An Awkward Poser for Wall Street.

A see-saw tendency, with the downs more pronounced than the ups, about sums up the course of American Rails during the past week. Activity in Railroad issues has been checked by the excitement prevailing in the markets for cotton, copper, and mining securities, which have received the lion's share of attention in Wall Street, whilst the coming election for the Governorship of the State of New York, the decision of the Ohio Courts against the Standard Oil Company in the case of "conspiracy to restrain trade," and the heavy penalty meted out to the New York Central, as a result of the action for the illegal granting of rebates to the Sugar Trust, have all tended to depress prices. Wall Street is not now seriously afraid of Mr. Hearst in the forthcoming electoral campaign, but speculators shrewdly argue that whether the Republicans or the Democrats win there are sure to be some scares during the fortnight prior to the election, and the contest accordingly is having a repressing effect. But all these points are of minor import compared with the rise in our Bank Rate last Thursday to 6 per cent. This step involves very awkward possibilities for the American Market, which has lately been relying to such a heavy extent upon London for the sinews of war with which to carry on its speculative campaign. It will now be a matter of much greater difficulty for New York to renew the finance bills that are beginning to mature on this side, whilst there is the certainty that some onerous rates will be exacted at the forthcoming Settlement upon the heavy speculative account in stocks that for some months has been carried here on behalf of American houses. With the monetary screw thus given another sharp turn, it will be interesting to watch market developments in the immediate future. Certainly there is good indication that we shall soon witness some lively spasms in stocks, for, unless Mr. Shaw again comes forward with Treasury funds, it is hard to see how Wall Street is to escape a spell of severe monetary stringency now that the one free market in gold of the world is being shut against it. The position during the last few days has been further aggravated by a considerable transfer of gold from the States to Canada, in connection with the troubles of the Ontario Bank. That expert advisers on the other side are alive to the danger of the situation is evident from the tone of market cables. *The Evening Post* of New York, whose opinions carry weight, states that high finance is taken off its guard, and infers that the Bank of England is engaged in a fight to the finish against Wall Street finance, while bill-brokers foreshadow a very great stringency in the Wall Street money market before the end of the year. It does not appear, therefore, as if the "Bulls" are in for a very good time during the next few weeks. "Bear" selling, of course, is a risky business when we remember that most of the big men are still committed to the long side, but personally I should prefer at present to sell Yankees on good days rather than buy on flat days. The report of the Atchison Railroad has come in for a good deal of attention, and the figures given ought to satisfy the critics, even those who expressed disgust because the Board did not see fit to adopt Harriman tactics in the matter of its dividend policy. The report points out that for five years past, notwithstanding the loss occasioned by the floods in 1904-5, the Company has earned on the average 9 per cent. per annum, on its Common stock, but President Ripley states plainly that, in the opinion of the Board, the whole amount of the net earnings of the Company shown by the accounts is not properly available for the payment of dividends on the Company's stock. He says that every large railroad system is obliged to expend annually considerable sums for improvements and additions which are not ordinary operation charges, and ought not to be charged to capital account. The statement is timely, though there is good ground for believing that on the next half-yearly dividend day, if everything in business goes well, the dividend rate will go to 6 per cent. Here is my table:—

—	1905. Highest.	1905. Lowest.	Closing Price, Oct. 6, 1906.	Closing Price, Oct. 13, 1906.	Closing Price, Oct. 20, 1906.
Atchison	96	80⅛	107⅛	106⅜	103
Do. Five per Cent. Pref.	109	102	105	105	104½
Baltimore and Ohio Com.	120⅛	104⅛	127⅜	128	123
Chesapeake and Ohio	61½	46⅜	64	63	61
Denver	40 1/16	27⅜	44½	44⅛	41⅜
Do. Pref.	93⅞	85⅜	88½	88⅛	87
Erie	54½	38 5/16	48⅝	49⅜	45½
Do. First Pref.	87½	77⅜	79½	79½	78½
Louisville	161½	140½	152	152½	149
Milwaukee	193⅛	173½	182⅜	183½	177½
Mo., Kan., and Texas	39⅞	24⅛	37½	37⅝	34⅜
Norfolk Pref.	96½	94	94	93⅜	93
Do. Common	90⅞	77⅜	99½	99	96
New York Central	169⅜	140½	145	145	139½
Ontario	65½	41⅞	49½	49½	45⅝
Pennsylvania	76⅜	67½	73	74⅜	72½
Reading	73⅜	40⅞	79½	79	75½
Do. First Pref.	49⅜	46	47½	46½	44½
Southern Common	39 3/16	28⅜	37½	37½	34⅜
Do. Pref.	104½	97½	101	101½	100
Southern Pacific	74	59⅜	98½	98⅜	94⅜
Union Pacific	155⅜	116 3/16	198½	195⅜	189
Do. Pref.	102⅞	98½	97	97	96
Wabash Pref.	49⅜	37⅞	46½	47	47
Do. "B" Debentures	86⅞	69½	83	85	80
U.S. Steel Corp. Com.	44½	26	50 13/16	51⅛	48⅜
Do. Do. Pref.	110⅛	93⅜	111⅛	111⅛	108½

Canadas and Clique Buying—Trunks after the Meeting—Rise in Argentine Rails—Good Crop News—San Paulos—Cuban Centrals—United of Havana.

There has been a fair amount doing in Colonial and Foreign Rails during the past week, and although the 6 per cent. Bank rate announced on Friday caused speculators to shorten sail, prices in many cases mark fair advances. It was rumoured that the old clique was back at work in Canadian Pacifics, and certainly the buying has been of a determined character. At the moment, what with dear money and the great uncertainty surrounding Americans, I do not regard Canadas as things for the public to play with speculatively, but those who want a first-rate investment stock that one day will surely go over 200 need not hesitate to buy. The Grand Trunk market has recovered from the fit of gloom into which it was drawn by the statements respecting the effect of the steel duty and the new taxation in Ontario, and dealers have paid more attention to the prospect of a 3 per cent. dividend next time upon the Third Preference. That is what it read into the hint given by Sir Rivers Wilson the other day. In the Argentine Railway Market the news that a fine wheat harvest is now assured led to a fair revival of buying. The dealers are not taking too much notice of the recent big increases of capital authorised by the two Southern lines. Their argument is that dividends have reached the 7 per cent. which is the maximum the Companies can pay without bringing up the question of a revision of tariffs, and as the Companies are too strong for the maintenance of dividends to be imperilled there is no occasion to take exception at the free outpouring of capital just now, even should the outlays not become remunerative immediately. That seems a reasonable way of looking at the matter; of course, the increases in capital look somewhat steep, but the Companies are so soundly managed that one may feel assured the money raised is going to bring plenty of grist to their mills later on. Regarding the amalgamation between the North-Eastern and the East Argentine, the former Company has heard that a law has passed Congress sanctioning the fusion, and authorising the construction by the combined undertaking of important extensions. On receipt of the text of the law, meetings of both Companies will be convened for consideration of the necessary financial plans connected with the amalgamation. In the Brazilian group some interest was aroused over the San Paulo report. The net revenue for the half-year amounted in sterling to £165,500, as compared with £173,300. The gross earnings underwent

"American Railway Earnings and Dividends," by D. O. Croal, F.S.S. "Not a mere compilation, but a carefully written *résumé* of the position and prospects of the leading lines in the United States." — *Financial News.* — London Effingham Wilson. Price 6d. net.

a reduction of 3.87 per cent., and the expenditure represented 67.68 per cent., as compared with 64.64 per cent. But it is well worthy of note that the coffee crop is estimated to yield about 780,000 tons, whereas the forecast published at this time last year was one of only 450,000 tons. San Paulos on these figures seem worth locking up, especially as the stock may be regarded as a high-class investment apart from the speculative possibilities that attach to the traffic outlook. In the Cuban Railway market some disappointment was caused at the action of the Cuban Central Board in passing the dividend on the Ordinary shares. The Directors could have repeated last year's payment of 2 per cent., but they have preferred to keep their funds in hand, owing to the damage done to the line by the revolutionists. Nobody can blame them, seeing that the estimated damage is no less than £34,000, representing over 2 per cent. on the Ordinary, and that it will necessarily take time before the claim put in against the Government is finally considered. The United of Havana was disappointing in another sense, the figures suggesting that the Board had paid too much away in dividend. The 8½ per cent. declared over a week ago represented the profits for the six months from January to June of this year, and as the net revenue for the previous six months represented only 1 per cent. on the then existing stock, the 8½ per cent. to be paid now cannot be taken by any means as an indication of what the current half-year may have in store. The Company is just now in the transition stage, so that comment must be made with caution, but to have made no provision for reserve, just after the reserves of the old Company had been earmarked for distribution, and when the Board had just taken fresh heavy responsibilities upon its shoulders, hardly seems wise. In view of the unsatisfactory report of the indifferent traffics to date, and of the possibility of stock coming to market when the exchange of United for Matanzas scrip is made next month, I think United of Havana might be well let alone. Among Mexican Rails the feature has been some strong buying of National and Interoceanic issues, accompanied by talk of a coming fusion of these lines. The stocks of the old Vera Cruz line are hanging fire pending the dividend announcement expected on Thursday, but the Second Preference looks like going ahead. Dealers now talk of 7½ per cent. upon the First Preference. My table is appended:—

—	A Year Ago.	Make-up, Oct. 10.	Closing Price, Oct. 20.
Canadian Pacific	177⅜	183½	181½
Grand Trunks	25½	27¼	26¼
" 4 per cent. Guaranteed	102	104	102¼
" 1st Preference	112½	120	118½
" 2nd "	103½	114	111½
" 3rd "	60½	67½	67
Bengal and North-West	155½	147	147
Madras Railway 5 per cent.	127	122½	122½
Argentine Great Western Ordinary	128	118	115
Buenos Ayres and Pacific	138½	125½	124
" " 1st Preference	114½	118	116
" " 2nd "	109	110	107
" Great Southern	142½	135	130½
" Western	140	134	126
Entre Rios Railway Preference	90½	89½	85½
Rosario Consolidated Ordinary	110½	115½	113
Cent. Uruguay Ordinary	90	88	89½
Costa Rica Railway	2⅞	2⅜	2⅜
Mashonaland Railway Debentures, 2nd iss.	—	92	91
Mexican Railway	24	2⅜	2⅜
" 1st Preference	117½	136½	136½
" 2nd "	46½	60½	59½
Nitrate Rails	15⅝	14½	16

KAFFIRS EASY—AN ABANDONED SCHEME—COAL TRUST CAPITAL—EAST RAND EXTENSION—TRANSVAAL GOLD MINING ESTATES—DE BEERS ADVANCE.

Kaffirs are once more in the doldrums, and there does not appear to be any immediate prospect of any material improvement setting in. Beyond occasioning some surprise at its suddenness, the advance in the Bank rate barely affected this market, which seems to be influenced solely by the prevailing mood of the moment with regard to the future of the Rand mining industry. The mood varies from day to day, sometimes even more frequently than that, and so susceptible is the market to rumours that almost any wild story will pass muster on occasion. Business, except in a few specialties, is of the most meagre description, and it is becoming more and more evident that until the labour position on the Rand is assured, there is not much hope of any great improvement in prices taking place. The scheme for amalgamating the subsidiary companies of the East Rand Proprietary Mines, of which I made mention last week, has been abandoned owing to the difficulty in arriving at a satisfactory basis of valuation. An announcement to this effect is contained in a statement issued by Sir George Farrar, the chairman of the East Rand Proprietary, who recently came home from Johannesburg, for a brief stay. With regard to the question of finance, it will be remembered that at the last annual general meeting it was announced that the available funds were insufficient to pay for the new equipment and excess development, and now Sir George Farrar states that at the end of the present year the deficiency would be for the Driefontein Consolidated £25,697, for the New Comet £38,169, for the Cason £100,888, while for the Angelo there would be a surplus of about £2,000. Dividends will be resumed as from January 1, the East Rand Proprietary advancing to the Driefontein and New Comet, the deficiency to be repaid by instalments, while the Cason Gold Mines will offer their shareholders 25,000 new shares—one new share for every nine now held—at 4⅛, the issue being guaranteed free of charge by the parent company at £4. As regards development there is strong proof that the poor zone on the South Reef, in the Driefontein, has been passed through, while in the Angelo both drives in the eleventh level show improvement. The development in the New Comet continues quite satisfactory, and in the Cason the high values are being well maintained. The question of the reduction of working costs is closely watched, and an increase in profits is anticipated. It is stated that the East Rand Proprietary has still considerable undeveloped ground, principally 319 claims adjoining the Cason, which will be energetically developed once the labour position is assured. Evidently the market approves of the abandonment of the amalgamation scheme, as the official announcement to that effect has steadied the shares of the East Rand Proprietary group. As money is required for the opening up of its new coal properties, the Directors of the Transvaal Coal Trust have resolved to create an issue of First Mortgage debentures to bearer to the amount of £100,000, at the rate of 5½ per cent. per annum. It is also proposed to increase the capital of the Company from £500,000 to £550,000 by the creation of 50,000 new £1 shares, to be under the control of the Board, and in the first instance to be applied to the conversion of the debentures into shares if required for that purpose. I referred a few weeks ago to the satisfactory developments that were reported to be taking place on the property of the East Rand Extension Company, and it is, therefore, with considerable surprise that I hear that a cablegram has been received from Johannesburg stating that, pending the adjustment of the Company's financial position, development work has been temporarily suspended. Why it should be deemed necessary to cease operations in the mine while negotiations are on foot for financing the Company appears inexplicable to me. Surely an arrangement could have been arrived at for placing the Company in funds without stopping development even for one day. The Directors may have a sufficient explanation to offer for the action they have taken in this matter, but at first sight it appears to me to be a most unbusinesslike proceeding. It was stated by the Chairman of the Transvaal Gold Mining Estates at the recent meeting in Johannesburg that there was in January last an available cash balance of over £80,000, and, as conditions at the mines were steadily improving, the Board decided to pay a dividend of 10 per cent., absorbing £60,422. This was, of course, a distribution of accumulated profits; but the declaration was fully justified, having regard to the great improvement that had recently taken place in prospects. The cash position at the end of the year was that they had a balance in hand, after providing for the dividend, of

£24,247. To this they had to add £24,255, the net profit of the last five months, after allowing for capital expenditure, so that the available cash balance amounted to £48,502. The Transvaal Gold Mining Estates has a very extensive area in the Lydenburg district, and is, perhaps, the most prosperous of what are known as the "outside mines" in the Colony. Latterly there have been some rich developments in one or two sections of the property, and the outlook for the future is regarded as being particularly rosy. Sanella Outcrop Reefs had a big jump in the week, rising one day from 2⅛ to 2¾, afterwards going to 3 over, but they subsequently fell away on profit-taking to 2 13-16. It is reported that an influential firm has acquired a large interest in this Company, which has 912 claims in a compact block on the Rand, and that the advance in the shares is but a prelude to greater activity in them consequent on recent important developments in various parts of the property. When in the week De Beers rose to 20 there was great excitement in diamond mining circles, it being taken for granted that the cause of the advance was that an increased dividend was assured as the result of the greatly enhanced price of diamonds. New Vaal Rivers have fluctuated somewhat violently, but the shares are still considerably over 4. Other diamond descriptions have not attracted much attention, although attempts are being made to draw the public into a few small and obscure Companies, which are alleged to possess diamond mines. An unhappy correspondent sends me the following wail on the subject of Kaffir dividends:—

We hear a lot about the record outputs month after month, but how is it we hear nothing about increased dividends? Take the Randfontein Co., for instance. Here is a company with a balance in hand belonging to the shareholders of considerably over a million, and with their subsidiaries all doing well and showing record in gold producing, ought not the shareholders to be feeling the benefit of all this accumulated profit? With the market now again almost at its worst, would it not in your opinion be a good thing for Kaffirs generally if some of the companies like the Randfontein were to pay a good dividend and so ease the feeling a bit of their long-suffering shareholders? What is your opinion on the point? I hope you will be good enough to favour me with your views in next week's issue.

I have informed him that it would certainly create a good impression if the South African houses with large accumulated funds were to distribute more among their shareholders, but that they prefer to hold them in hand for further development of the subsidiaries and because of existing market conditions.

Rhodesians Less Active—Exploration Deal Still Vague—Bankets—Satisfactory Output Figures—Chartered.

The interest evinced in the Rhodesian market is of a somewhat spasmodic character, the general lassitude and apathy prevalent throughout the "House" being against any sustained movement. When times become more auspicious, however, and the general sentiment grows more confident, the impression is still sanguine enough that better things may be expected, particularly as regards Rhodesian Explorations and Tanganyikas. Nothing definite has so far transpired respecting the big deal by the former in connection with the land scheme I alluded to a week ago. The rumours are still vague, and more or less unconvincing, but from all accounts there is apparently something in the wind, and when general considerations are more encouraging the upward movement contemplated will be commenced in earnest. The shares, it may be noted, have already scored a fairly material appreciation, but are nevertheless at a relatively low figure, and should the scheme in question prove so important as is hinted, there is certainly scope for a further advance. Like Tanganyikas, however, they must not be considered as anything better than a gamble, but, as I have said, given more healthy market conditions, they may soar. Bankets are still badly neglected, but regarded strictly as a gamble do not appear altogether unattractive, in view of the fact that the property is opening up rather promisingly. At first blush, the figures relating to the gold production do not appear particularly promising, but when allowance is made for the shorter number of days, the achievement is quite satisfactory. That the country is shaping well in the matter of gold production is now beyond question, and it is interesting to note that for the nine months of the year to date the aggregate production already exceeds the total for the whole of 1905, and it would seem that 1906 is going to be a red-letter year for Rhodesia, so far as this matter is concerned. The following table indicates the monthly output for the past five years:—

——	1902.	1903.	1904.	1905.	1906.
	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.
January	15,955	16,245	19,359	32,531	42,950
February	13,204	17,090	18,673	30,131	38,037
March	16,891	19,626	17,756	34,927	44,574
April	17,559	20,727	17,862	33,263	42,423
May	19,698	22,137	19,424	31,332	46,729
June	15,842	22,166	20,402	35,256	47,664
July	15,226	23,571	24,339	34,693	48,485
August	15,747	19,187	24,669	35,765	50,127
September	15,164	18,741	26,029	35,785	48,410
October	16,849	17,918	24,919	33,383	—
November	15,923	15,714	26,183	32,861	—
December	16,210	18,750	28,100	37,116	
Total	194,268	231,872	267,715	407,048	409,399

If the output figures continue to show progress, it would not be too much to hope that before long they will become a market factor so far as Chartereds are concerned, especially if the scheme of colonisation contemplated is productive of good results. There are other favourable factors to be considered in relation to Chartered shares, but owing to their close affinity to the Kaffir market, it is not probable that they will have full play until the complexion of affairs in that section improves. Then, of course, they ought to go better. My usual table follows:—

—	Capitals.		Denom. of Shares.	Amount Paid.	Highest 1905.	Closing Price, Oct. 13, 1906	Closing Price, Oct. 20, 1906.
	Authorised.	Shares Issued.					
	£		£				
Bechuanaland Ex.	400,000	400,000	1	f.p.	1 11/32	½	½
British S. Africa	6,000,000	4,999,038	1	f.p.	1 9/16	1 7/16	1 7/16
Chicago Gaika	250,000	201,000	1	f.p.	2⅜	5/6	5/-
Globe & Phœnix	200,000	200,000	1	f.p.	1 3/8	1 3/16	1 3/16
Lomagunda Dev	250,000	228,000	1	f.p.	2 1/16	1⅛	1 1/16
Mashon. Agency	400,000	398,976	1	f.p.	1⅜	⅞	7/8
N rth'rn Copper(B.S.A.)	250 000	160,500	1	f.p.	3½	1⅞	1⅞
Rhodesia, Ltd.(New)	600,000	500,000	1	f.p.	1	15/16	15/16
Rhodesia Expl.	225,000	227,777	1	f.p.	4⅜	2⅜	2⅜
Rhodesia Glds.	1,000,000	500,677	1	f.p.	7/16	5/16	5/16
Rice Hamilton	175,000	50,000	1	f.p.	2¾	1 1/16	1 1/16
Selukwe	350.000	321,000	1	f.p.	1 1/16	2/6	2/6
Tanganyika Conc.	264 600	234,000	1	f.p.	6⅜	6⅜	6 5/16
United Rhodesia	750 000	660,900	1	f.p.	11/3	2/6	2/6
Willoughby Con.	1,000,000	930,000	1	f.p.	15/16	9/9	9/-
Zambesia Explor.	300,000	288,615	1	f.p.	2 1/16	1 1/16	1 1/16

West Africans Stagnant—Copper Booming—Arizonas—Broken Hills Strong—Champion Reefs.

Stagnation continues the outstanding feature of the West African market, which, instead of coming into greater public esteem, would seem to be sinking deeper and deeper into the mire of depression and neglect, devoid of a semblance of activity, and wholly uninteresting. The boom in copper is gaining momentum, and the metal having attained the record price of £104½, and still being optimistically talked higher, it is only natural that the shares should display exceptional strength. The statistical position favours a sanguine view, and not only is the current production inadequate for the consumption of the present day, but there is considerable importance attaching to the knowledge that the majority, if not all, of the principal producers are sold out months ahead. Rio Tintos take the lead, but Arizonas, the merits of which I emphasised a fortnight or so ago before they responded to the influences at work, are moving upwards steadily. They still appear a promising purchase. The company, it may be repeated, is so situated as to be able to secure the full benefit of the high price of the metal prevailing, because the output is sold as it is produced. The margin of profit must, therefore, be very large. Anacondas, too, are talked higher. Although tin is also booming gaily, the shares of the producing Companies are not responding to any appreciable extent.

Tin is now close upon £200, which is considerably higher than at any time during the past decade, and the profits accruing to the mines must necessarily be large. Briseis, at the current low figure, would seem to be attractive, especially as the adverse rumours recently circulated concerning the property have been denied. Still more metal influences, and this time in connection with the Broken Hill group, which are producers of silver and lead. The price of the former is higher than since 1893, while lead is £20 per ton for both "spot" and forward. Spelter, too, which is another production of Broken Hill, is fairly high, and altogether I still regard this group of shares as being attractive. Incidentally, Zinc Corporation shares are coming in for greater attention consequent upon favourable statements respecting the extraction obtainable upon the tailings, which, it will be remembered, the undertaking has purchased in large quantities from the mines of the Broken Hill district. The venture, it must be borne in mind, has not yet reached the actual productive stage, but the work is being pushed forward vigorously. Among Indians, Champion Reefs remain depressed. The position of this property seems so uncertain that it is open to question whether the shares are not overvalued even at the low price prevailing. The dividend of the Nundydroog is quite satisfactory, being the same as for the corresponding period of last year. My table is appended:—

—	Denomination of Shares.	Closing Price, Oct. 13.	Closing Price, Oct. 20.
	£		
Ashanti Goldfields	4/-	12/6	12/6
Akrokerri	1	1	1
Bibiani Goldfields	1	1/16	3/16
British Gold Coast	1	5/8	5/8
Gold Coast Amalgamated Mines	1	1⅛	1⅛
Taquah and Abosso	1	1 1/16	1 1/16
Wassau (Gold Coast)	1	13/16	3/4
Egypt and Sudan Mining	1	5/8	5/8
Egyptian Mines and Exploration	1	4/-	3/6
Nile Valley	1	6/-	5/6
United African Exploration	1	1⅛	1 7/16
Anaconda Copper	$25	14⅜	14
Balaghat Gold	1	27/6	28/-
Broken Hill Proprietary	8/-	86/6	4 3/16
Cape Copper	2	6 11/16	6⅞
Champion Reef	2/6	13/6	10/6
Le Roi	5	1⅜	1⅜
Mysore Gold	10/-	6¼	6¼
Nundydroog	10/-	25/6	25/-
Ooregum	10/-	15/-	14/-
Rio Tinto	5	73¾	74⅜
Tharsis Sulphur and Copper	2	7⅛	7⅜
Waihi Gold	1	8 13/16	8⅝

Westralians Quieter — Sons of Gwalia — Lake View —Fingalls—Kalgurlis Lower.

The spasm of buoyancy in the Westralian market has about fizzled out, and whether it will be revived, according to anticipation, accompanied by a further broadening out of interest, remains to be seen. Values have naturally relapsed, this being the case all along the line, with perhaps the solitary exception of Sons of Gwalia, to which some strength has been imparted by satisfactory developments at the mine. Everything considered, the present reaction would seem to afford a good opportunity to the average operator to "get in" on favourable terms. The leading shares, in my opinion, are deserving of consideration. As regards Sons of Gwalia, I am still inclined to consider the shares an attractive purchase for dividends. In the current quotation is included a quarterly dividend of 1s., and there are, of course, the bonus possibilities at the end of the financial year to consider. The mine, it is true, is not opening particularly well in depth, but indications are now more promising, while as to the development that has imparted the strength observable, this is the locating of ore assaying £4 per ton at the No. 7 level. The Lake View report seems to indicate that the process of the mine petering out is a slow one. The ore reserves show a net improvement on the year, but even so they are only equal to about twelve months' requirements. The existing high price of Lake View shares is certainly not justified by the position of the mine itself, but, of course, the company has been taking time by the forelock by acquiring interests in other parts, the two most important being in the Broken Hill South Blocks and the Burma Mines Railway and Smelting Company. The former should reach the producing stage early next year, while the Burma plant ought to be in operation about twelve months hence. The holder of Lake View shares, therefore, has something to look forward to. As regards Great Fingalls there is nothing fresh to chronicle. Now that the 5s. quarterly dividend has been deducted the shares look cheap, and though, as I have frequently remarked, they are a somewhat speculative holding, they are by no means unattractive, seeing that the possibility of any further reduction in the distribution consequent upon the lowering of the output is liberally discounted in the existing quotation. Kalgurlis, too, are ex dividend, and the enthusiasm is less pronounced, but I am of opinion that the prospective purchaser would do well to wait for a further decline, the price being still high. Efforts to twist up Associated on the strength of the possibilities of the illusory Iron Duke lode are frequently noticeable, but are not attended with much success, which is not surprising in view of the disappointment so far experienced in this respect. My table follows:—

—	1900 High.	1905. High.	1905. Lowest.	Make-up, Oct. 9, 1906.	Closing Price, Oct. 13, 1906.	Closing Price, Oct 20, 1906.
Associated G.M.	7⅛	3 3/32	1⅜	1⅜	1 1/16	1 1/16
Assoc. Nth. Blocks	3⅜	1 7/16	1 5/64	1 5/64	1½	1½
Brownhill Ext.	3¼	12/16	7/6	7/6	7/6	7/6
Cosmopolitan	30/3	½	4/3	4/3	4/6	4/3
Golden Horseshoe	15	8 3/16	5 1/16	5 11/16	5 5/16	5⅝
Golden Link	3⅛	4/6	3/0	3/9	3/9	3/3
Great Boulder Prop.	37/6	25/6	27/6	27/6	27/-	26/0
Do. Main Reef	2¾	3/3	3/9	3/9	3/9	3/9
Do. Perseverance	13½	16/6	10/3	10/3	8/9d	9/-
Gt. Fingall Cons.	6 1/16	8⅜	3½	3½	3 3/16xd	3½
Hainault	1½	1 1/16	1 23/32	1 23/32	1½	1½
Ida H. Gold	—	14/3	3/6	3/6	3/6	4/3
Ivanhoe (£5)	15½	8 7/16	6 15/16	6 15/16	7 3/16	7 1/8
Ivanhoe South Extnd.	4⅜	3/4	3/8	3/8	7/16	3/8
Kalgurli	9⅝	9½	11 1/8	11 15/16	11½x	11 3/16
Lake View Consols	5⅝	1⅜	⅞	⅞	1 1/16	1
L. & W. A. Exploration	1 1/16	15/6	9/-	9/-	9/-	11/-
North Kalgurli	1 1/16	6/-	1/-	1/-	1/-	-/9
Oroya Brownhill	—	3 3/32	2⅜	2⅜	2 1/16	2¾
Peak Hill	5⅜	8/9	1/-¾	1/-	-/9	1/-
Sons of Gwalia	6 3/16	2 5/16	1 1/16	1 5/16	1 1/16	1½
South Kalgurli	6½	2	1 1/16	1 1/16	1¼x d	7/8
Westralia Mt. Morgans	—	7/16	1/6	1/6	2/6	2/6

High-Class Investments.

It must be confessed that misfortunes are accumulating upon the gilt-edged market, and the latest unkind cut comes in the shape of a 6 per cent. Bank rate declared suddenly by the Governor himself on an "off" day as though the emergency were considerable if not great. We shall have to wait some little time, in view of recent developments, before a recovery in values is to be anticipated. Of the causes which have contributed to the present stringency I speak above. I propose here to deal with gilt-edged descriptions in relation to present prices. The fall all round has been great during the past few months—in Consols and other British Government securities, in Home Railway debentures and Guaranteed stocks, and in cognate issues; and it becomes a question whether the present is not a favourable time to buy, provided you are in a position to put your purchase away for a recovery, being content with an assured rate of interest in the meantime. For a recovery may be looked upon as certain, and you will find yourself much better off in the end, so long as you are what is known as a "safe" investor, than you would be by acquiring second-rate stocks. The latter may sympathise, but the former will lead the way. Even should we have a panic—which is about the last thing to be desired—owing to the inflated state of the American market and other causes, the longheaded investor will realise that a sharp rebound is inevitable. But, of course, the mere speculator for differences would be advised to go with extreme caution because conditions are not propitious for him.

The case of Consols is rather anomalous. There is an enormous amount of the stock afloat, and although ready negotiability is in its favour it suffers from the competition of other Government issues, which are quite liquid enough for most purposes and which give a higher yield. Insurance Companies and bankers no longer hold such big reserves of Consols as they were accustomed to do, partly, in the case of the

former, in consequence of the heavy losses incurred through the San Francisco earthquake, while both recognise the merits of the competing stocks and do not fail to appreciate the better return. Irish Land and Local Loan stock bring in 3⅛ and 3 1-16 per cent. respectively, and as they carry the Imperial Government's guarantee they are for the purposes of most investors quite as good as Consols. There are a number of good judges who, some of them talking by their book and others from real conviction, are of opinion that Consols are quite dear enough even at the present price, and that to say they will reach par again is wildly absurd. As events have turned out it is pretty generally recognised that a mistake was made in reducing the interest on the leading security to 2½ per cent. Even 2¾ per cent. was too low; the stock should have been kept on the 3 per cent. basis, and in that case it would now be standing at a premium. It might not yield much more to the investor. Sentiment counts for a lot, and it is not creditable to see the leading stock in the world changing hands at a heavy discount, which shows a tendency at present to increase rather than to run off. In the future, when the mortgage of wars and of excessive borrowings by ourselves, by Russia, and by others have been neutralised by enhanced gold production, and we have a superabundance of loanable capital as we had down to the outbreak of our own little affair in South Africa, we may witness a recovery to par. But just now investors are scarcely to be blamed if they want more for their money, that money not being particularly plentiful, although it has to be said for Consols that they will lead the way in any recovery, substantial or moderate; but then the rest will follow in their wake, so that the game will not be altogether one-sided. For my part I am only moderately pessimistic on the subject of Consols—that is to say when the existing adverse influences have been neutralised, viz., in another two or three months, the course of quotations is likely to be upwards to the extent of a few points, though par, as I have said, seems a long way off. Below is a table contrasting the yield on Consols with that derivable from several other excellent stocks:—

Present Amount.	Name.	Red.	Per Cent.	Price.	Yield per Cent.
£					£ s. d.
85,540,858	Consols	1923 or after	2½	85⅞	2 18 6
	Do. for A/c (Nov. 2)	do.	2½	85⅞	2 18 6
10,997,543	Guaranteed (Irish Land)	1933	2¾	87	3 3 0
30,000,000	National War Loan	1910	2¾	97½	3 2 0
62,408,768	Local Loans Stock	1912	3	97½	3 1 6
35,000,000	Transvaal Gov. Gua.	1923-53	3	98½	3 1 6
14,533,000	Bank of England Stock (4½ and 4¼ p.c.)		9	272	3 5 9
2,769,231	Bank of Ireland Stock (5½ and 5¾ p.c.)		11½	310	3 13 0
62,535,080	India Stock	5/1/1931 or after	3½	103	3 6 0
66,724,530	Do.	5/10/1948 or after	3	91	3 5 6
11,892,207	Do.	5/10/1926 or after	2½	76½	3 5 0

Stocks of English municipalities have been out of favour for some time past, owing to reckless expenditure, but there are quite a number in the list which will repay attention, though the return upon one's money is not in all cases so large as I think it ought to be. There is no question of solvency, and numerous local stocks are patronised by local investors, owing to limitation of vision or lack of knowledge of stocks generally. London County Council stock is sufficiently well secured so as not to keep holders of it awake at night, and it brings in 3⅜ per cent. Metropolitan Water Board "B" returns just over 3¼ per cent.; Metropolitan Consolidated (1929) 3 5-16 per cent.; and on the stocks of most of the important towns and cities in the country you can secure from 3⅜ to 3½ per cent., a purchase being free of stamp duty. By the way, in making a purchase it is well to know that your stock is not subject to this duty. If you care to go to Colonial corporations, you will naturally fare better, although the security may be less excellent. City of Bombay stock yields 3¾ per cent., Bloemfontein Inscribed 4¼ per cent., Johannesburg Inscribed almost 4½ per cent., East London Inscribed 4 3-16 per cent., Rand Water Board over 4½ per cent., Otago Harbour over 4½ per cent., Pietermaritzburg Fours 4 3-16 per cent., and City of Sydney 3¾ per cent. There has been a decided disposition on the part of investors in this country during the period of relatively tight money to give the preference to reasonably well secured 4 per cent. issues, and that is the reason why recent issues on the part of Colonial municipalities have generally gone off well. On the other hand, Colonial Government descriptions have been left alone, for the reason given in the case of the English municipalities—extravagance in expenditure; and that is why so few new issues have been presented here since the underwriters united and gave the colonies to understand that it was about time that the London market had a rest. But, of course, the stocks of New South Wales, New Zealand, Western Australia, and the rest are quite good holdings; and investors might do worse than turn to Canadian Government and Canadian Provincial Government stocks. The Dominion is advancing very rapidly, and has a great future before it. There should, therefore, be room for appreciation, and the value of the security offered need not be called in question.

Insurance—The Losses of Insurance Companies—The National of Ireland.

For the present I must postpone the explanation of the profits of insurance companies in order to consider some losses. Certain of my correspondents are interested in the National Assurance Company of Ireland, which has long been in a bad way, and has now made a call upon the proprietors of £6 a share. The Company was founded in 1822, and has a share capital of £1,000,000, divided into 40,000 shares of £25 each, upon each of which £2 10s. is paid up. There is thus a liability of £22 10s. on each share, £6 of which has recently been called up. Upon this call being made, a meeting representing the holders of more than 14,000 shares was held, and requested the directors to let the payment of the call be postponed until all matters relating to the past management and present position of the Company's affairs had been investigated by a committee of the shareholders, aided by such professional assistance as they deemed necessary, this assistance to be paid for by the Company. The directors replied that the financial circumstances of the Company made the prompt payment of the call imperatively necessary in the interests of the shareholders, who were reminded that the report for 1904 expressly stated that a call would have to be made. The directors stated that they would be glad to meet a representative committee of the shareholders, but said nothing about professional assistance. The result was that on October 4 the solicitors for the shareholders presented a petition for the Company to be wound up under the supervision of the Court. The directors announced their intention to oppose the petition, and added that if the shareholders desired that Sir Robert Gardner, presumably the accountant chosen by the shareholders, should make enquiry into the accounts and transactions of the Company the directors would be glad to afford him all the information in their power.

In view of this petition it is appropriate to abstain from some comments which might otherwise be made upon the affairs of the Company and the position of the shareholders; but there can be no objection to giving certain facts. The life business and such of the fire business as was under the direct control of the Company have been taken over by the Yorkshire Insurance Company, which is a strong office under able management. The shareholders are left to meet the liabilities under the remaining fire policies which are running off, as well as to cover the very heavy losses which have been incurred in past years. The nature of many of these losses in the past was fully explained by the chairman at the annual meeting in April, 1905. He expressed the opinion, which seems to me correct, that the seeds of misfortune were sown five and twenty years ago, and the directors seem to have been continuing this process of disastrous seed-sowing with but little interruption ever since. They plunged heavily into business in Canada and the United States, with the result that a great deal of money was lost, and that further sums disappeared in getting out of the business they had been so eager to enter. For many years, even

when the fire department showed a loss, the directors paid a dividend of 14 per cent. In 1892, when the fire loss was £18,000, the dividend was 6½ per cent. In 1893, when the loss was slightly more, no dividend was paid. In the succeeding six years the gains exceeded the losses by £4,000, and the dividends were at the rate of 5 per cent., the bulk of this course being derived from interest on share capital. A loss of £67,000 in 1900 was accompanied by a 2 per cent. dividend. In the five subsequent years the net losses amounted to over £300,000, after deducting the profit of £3,000 shown in 1902. This is a very sorry record, the appearance of which is not improved by the fact that at a time when high dividends were being paid the funds were decreasing, while the premium income was increasing. Considering that a great deal of the business was of a very speculative nature and that the Company is a small one, liable to be heavily hit by an exceptional loss, prudence should have dictated that the reserves in proportion to the premiums should at least not have been reduced while very substantial dividends were being paid.

I am afraid that this call will hit many of the shareholders rather badly, though it is appropriate to add that fully one-third of the capital is held by the directors and their immediate relatives. In the event of any considerable portion of the shareholders being unable to meet the call of £6 it would seem inevitable that a larger call will have to be made upon some of the shareholders. The accounts up to December 31, 1905, show a balance at debit of profit and loss account of £270,874. It is, therefore, not certain that the call of £6 per share, which would yield £240,000, would suffice to discharge all the liabilities. The sum of £45,435 has been paid by some shareholders in advance of calls. The question has been raised whether this payment can be treated as part of the calls or whether it is a loan to the Company in regard to which those who made it will be treated as ordinary creditors. It is, of course, obvious that with so large an uncalled capital the Company is in a position to meet all its liabilities in full; this, however, is small consolation to the unfortunate shareholders.

There are many points in regard to the transactions of the Company upon which I should like to comment, but which, in view of the petition, would be inappropriate at the present time. The amazing thing is that the Company should ever have been allowed to get into the position in which it now finds itself. Its downward tendency for many years past has been perfectly obvious, but no effective measures have been taken to prevent the final catastrophe while there was yet time.

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Inquiries should be put as briefly as possible, plainly written, and numbered.

Communications received after Friday may not be replied to in the following issue. Delay may also occur where an exceptionally long list of securities is submitted.

I do not recommend brokers.

Government Securities.

Sigma.—You can hardly do better in the circumstances than invest the proceeds in Japanese Four and a Half or Four per Cent. bonds. *N. E. A.*—1. You can buy British Funds through the Post-Office. 2. Irish Land or Transvaal Three per Cent. stock would meet your requirements. Consols are best, of course, but these others carry the guarantee of the British Government, and they give almost ¼ per cent. more. *Cymro.*—The position is likely to improve rather than to grow worse, and the due payment of the coupons may be looked upon as assured. At the same time I do not care to advise readers to buy more, and in the case of the answer referred to by you, there were special circumstances, the correspondent not being in a position to take any risk whatever.

Railways.

Beta.—I have constantly recommended Grand Trunk Ordinary stock as a lock-up. *Simon.*—Brighton Deferred will be good for a considerable recovery. It is probable that dividend will be maintained, and the yield at the current price is 5 per cent. The stock ought to be 10 to 15 points higher. *M. M.*—Any one of the good Home Railway stocks is safe to buy if you do not mind waiting until the present financial clouds roll by. *Apex.*—1. Sell out and exchange into Grand Trunk Thirds. 2. The 4 per cent. dividend on Central Londons will be maintained, and you ought to hold. *Axes.*—No, not to carry over; but the shares are a good lock up. *Cautious, Weston-super-Mare.*—The guarantee of the Canadian Northern Railway ought to be good enough. *Ireland.*—1. I am afraid you will have to wait a considerable time for a recovery in Districts, and suggest that you buy a Canadian. 2. Metropolitans are scarcely worth your while at the moment. *Welshman.*—Both issues are fairly good, though some way removed from the gilt-edged. But I see no reason for alarm. *Rylands.*—The bonds were recommended as a lock up and not as an immediate dividend payer. As the former they are quite hopeful. *Scot.*—Hold on, but do not buy more at present.

Mines.

Argyle.—You should hold your South Africans for a little time until conditions improve in the market. All three are promising propositions, and will pay dividends in due course. *Adjustment.*—1. The concern, I understand, is all right. 2. The recent booming in the shares from particular quarters has been more than a little suspicious. *C. C. C., Carlyle.*—1. The ore reserves are running out, and developments at depth are not very promising. I should be inclined to sell and invest in one of the good copper shares. 2. Try a couple of the leading Kaffirs. 3. It would be advisable to average on South African Gold Trusts. *Anglais.*—1-2. Randfonteins and Anglo-French Explorations will see much higher prices when the Kaffir market becomes a little more lively. 3. I should be very sorry to entrust the whole of my money to the institution. *J. F. H., Timperley.*—Tanganyikas, Zambesias, and Pekin Syndicates have attractive prospects. The other share is doubtful. *G. F. S. C.*—1. No reason for the depreciation, apart from the general depression. The company is, I believe, in a satisfactory financial position. 2. Good for a rise on a better market. 3 A recovery is very doubtful. *Gareth.*—All three shares are likely to go appreciably higher. *Copper.*—Of course, you understand that the shares are highly speculative. Dunlop's were reported to be favourable, and on the strength of the price of copper, which is likely to be maintained at a high level for a long time to come, the property should do well—always assuming, as we are assured, that the metal is there; and the Company is producing and has paid a dividend. *Jupiter.*—The shares are a very dubious gamble. Try one of the moderate copper shares, or one of the good Kaffirs, if you can afford to hold. *Frenthall.*—1. Zinc Corporation are good, and the Company will probably pay a dividend before very long. 2. Broken Hills are easily the best. *E. Radford.*—Cut your loss and get in again when things look a little more cheerful. *Novice.*—1. See reply to "Copper" above. 2. Hold the shares, but do not buy more. 3. Not very hopeful, in my opinion. *Ormeley.*—It would certainly create a good impression if some of the South African companies, with large accumulated funds, were to distribute more among the shareholders, but, generally speaking, they prefer to hold them in hand for further development of the subsidiaries, and because of existing market conditions. *C. C. C.*—1. I should not sell Arizona coppers just now. 2. I advise averaging. *J. C., Weston-super-Mare.*—1. The first might be kept, but of the second I do not think well. *Lopez.*—You might certainly buy to average if you can afford to. *Berry Head.*—The shares are a speculation, and not an investment. On the existing dividend basis they yield about 15 per cent. *J. Appebb.*—Leave it alone. *B.*—There ought to be a recovery in the shares. *Knill.*—Your best plan would be to get on on the best terms possible.

Mixed Securities.

Grubber.—Both shares are rank gambles, and quite unattractive at that. *La Plata.*—I should recommend Japanese Four per Cents., Rand Water Board stock, Brighton Railway Deferred, and B.A. Rosario Ordinary. *Rob Roy.*—Industrials would scarcely suit you, unless chosen with great care, and mines are quite out of the question. Why not buy Chinese Railway Bonds, Japanese Fours, North Western Railway Ordinary stock, and B.A. Rosarios. *Chemist.*—1. Hudson's Bays look good, on accomplishments and prospects, for a much higher price. 2. The Mexican share is doubtful, as insiders have been selling. I prefer Anacondas. 3. Consolidated Gold Fields or "Johnnies." *Hulme.*—1. Keep Cuban Centrals, and average if you can. I cannot say anything about a dividend this year. 2. The three textile shares are good to hold. 3. Brighton A. will recover when general conditions mend. It is probable that last year's

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dividend will be repeated for 1906. *Brown Moss.*—1. Canadian Pacifics are a good purchase at the present price for a considerably higher figure ultimately. 2. Brunner Monds are good, but I have no acquaintance with No. 3. The rest of your investments are safe. *Sculler.*—1. Interoceanic Preference ought to be held. 2. I should prefer one of the more moderate priced shares, such as South Kalgurli or Sons of Gwalia, or Hainaults. *Match.*—1. The Chinese Five per Cent. Railway Loan would do well for a portion of the amount, and Japanese Fours and Brighton Railway Preferred Ordinary for the balance. 2. National Bank of South Africa shares make a good investment. 3. The charge was a trifle excessive. *J. S. H.*—You could scarcely improve upon the stocks suggested for your particular purpose. *L. M.*—Rand Water bonds and Brighton Railway Preferred. *Fitzroy.*—London and River Plate Bank shares are well worth holding as an investment. 2. Grand Trunk Third Preference is to be preferred for future appreciation. In respect of the current year, the dividend will be at the rate of 3 or 4 per cent. *Disponendo.*—1. The loans you mention are not likely to have a long life, and though they may be as safe, or nearly as safe, as the 4½ per cent. bonds, the probability of early redemption is surely against them. 2. The order is rather a large one, and the only things I can recommend are Grand Trunk Ordinary and Great Central Deferred. *Brooklands.*—1. I see no reason why you should sell your Argentines. As investments they are quite reasonably safe. 2. National Banks of South Africa are all right. *Felix Mas.*—1. I am afraid the concern is hopeless. 2. Try North Westerns and Grand Trunk First Preference. *H. W. T., Winchester.*—The three investments are good, and both the mining speculations are promising.

Miscellaneous.

C. V., Manchester.—Your communication appears to have gone astray somewhere, and I shall be glad if you will repeat your question. *W. H. L., Newcastle-on-Tyne.*—The matter is one upon which I can scarcely advise you, and I recommend you to consult a solicitor. *Rusticus.*—The word was, I admit, scarcely apposite. The Pekin Syndicate is hampered by the Chinese officials, who, without having resources of their own, are now bawling about China for the Chinese; but this opposition is being killed, and as the Company has an enormous and most valuable property, it cannot be long before it begins to derive advantage therefrom. *Buena Ventura.*—The bank share is best, and next come Bradford Dyers. *Carlingford.*—I think you might hold on a little longer; at any rate, until the impending dividend is declared. 2. Better wait for a possible improvement in market conditions. *B. P.*—Royal Insurance, or any of the leading English offices would suit your purpose. *Cadzow.*—Would not be inclined to regard Stubbers as a hopeful investment. The speculative merits of National Telephone Deferred are centred in the possibilities in relation to the distribution of the reserve fund when the undertaking is nationalised. *Prudence.*—Anglo-American Telegraph Preferred stock gives about 5¼ per cent., and Direct Spanish Preference shares 5⅜ per cent. It is certainly the time to buy now that values are depressed, especially if you can afford to take your stock off the market and ignore temporary fluctations. I think you could improve upon the brewing debenture, though if your first consideration is a high field, it is attractive. The Company has a South American business. *T. R. H.*—See rules about governing letter-box correspondence. The concern is one which ought to be left alone. *Scot.*—I think it would be best to hold on to the iron and steel shares. The chances of the Clyde strike mending are now not too clear. Cargo Ordinary received 5 per cent. last year. 2. As you secured such a very handsome profit on Hudson Bays you have nothing to grumble at. I do not favour a purchase of Anglo-American at anything like the present price. *Paterfamilias.*—So far as I am able to judge I think the conclusions you have arrived at are not exactly correct. The Great Northern Telegraph Co. is not a British company, but a good proportion of its shares are held in this country. I regard them with favour, but you would be wise not to put too many eggs in one basket. *Erin.*—I think you would not be far wrong in holding on to the shares a little longer. Conditions in South America are prosperous, and the concern may participate therein. The present price is about 12s. 6d. *Camac.*—There is not a wide range to select from, and perhaps the nearest to your requirements would be Grand Trunk Railway Second Preference, yielding above 4½ per cent. The Indian Queen is still in existence, and you ought to hold shares pending inquiries from the Secretary, Worcester House, Walbrook, E.C., with whom you ought to communicate. Cannot trace the other two companies. *Aciete.*—You cannot expect to get gilt-edged security and a yield of 7 per cent. Apollinaris Ordinary give 7⅛ per cent, Associated Cement Preference 7⅜ per cent., and Carlton Hotel 8 per cent. You had better leave the bucket-shop and its "blind pool" severely alone if you value your money. *Estate, Ilfracombe.*—Many thanks for the copy of letter. The institution is one against which I have constantly warned readers. *P. R. S., Durham.*—Cunliffe, Russell and Co., of Paris, are touts who charge exorbitantly for the bonds, many of which are quite undesirable. The bonds are purchasable from N. Keizer and Co., 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C., or any of the Crédit Lyonnais agencies. *Innocent.*—On the strength of the report, and the assurance that a dividend will be paid a year hence, accidents excepted, Linotype Preference shares are a fairly attractive look up at the existing price. *Abingdon.*—Continue to pay the premiums. The office is safe enough. *Fair.*—I regret that I cannot help you in the matter.

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Industrials Affected by Bank Rate—"Bays" Flutter—Iron and Steel Shares Quiet—Linotypes—High Yielding Shares—Nitrates Suffer from Profit Taking—Telegraphs—Gas Stocks—Cycle Prosperity.

Generally speaking, the industrial market is not so down in the dumps as the majority of the other departments of the Stock Exchange. This in spite of the labour unrest and the possibility of the Clyde strike involving other branches of the engineering industry. The fact is, that a hopeful feeling prevails in this connection, and, as a rule, the tendency is tolerably good, the continued revival in trade throughout the country, reflected in the satisfactory nature of the Board of Trade returns, being a sustaining influence. In view of this, I still consider that Industrials collectively are worthy of the attention of the general investor. In point of interest the further upward movement in Hudson's Bays, which a week or so ago I mentioned was impending, is the most prominent feature. The shares have touched a record of 104½, and, from all accounts may go even higher, when times are more auspicious. Whether they will or not remains to be seen, though, having regard to the power of the clique who have still the shares in hand, the chances are that a still higher price will be ultimately established. It has, of course, been calculated that, intrinsically, Hudson's Bays are worth something nearer 200 than 100, but, to my mind, they are already a trifle inflated, and, as a purchase to the average operator, are now somewhat speculative. As regards Iron and Steel shares, there is still an element of uncertainty to damp the enthusiasm which, but for the Clyde strike and its indirect possibilities, would be making an impression upon values, the industry as a whole being still flourishing. Holders of such shares would, in my opinion, be wise not to become nervous. At this juncture it is opportune to refer to the achievement of the Linotype and Machinery Company. The trading profits expanded by £3,000 to £156,400, and, after meeting fixed charges, the net revenue is £72,700, in comparison with £62,200, raising the total accrued profit to £189,100. A payment on account of arrears of Preference dividend could be made without any effort, but it is not proposed to make any distribution until temporary loans are liquidated. The directors, however, hope to be able to recommend a distribution a year hence, and, regarded as a speculative lock-up, these 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares seem fairly attractive. The undertaking, it may be noted, has been handicapped hitherto by lack of working capital, and but for this could easily have paid dividends on the Preference shares. Here is a list of high-yielding industrials showing the approximate return obtainable:—

	Price.		Yield per Cent.
Apollinaris and Johannis	6⅜		£7 7 0
Do. Cum. Pfce	8½		5 14 0
Carlton Hotel	1¼		7 12 0
D. H. Evans & Co.	3½		6 0 0
Gramophones	55/-		9 0 0
Greenwich Linoleum	1⅝		6 12 6
Hovis Bread	1½		6 12 6
Slater's	2⅛		6 17 6

Profit-taking has brought about a generally lower range of values in the nitrate group, but to my mind the shares are still rather high, and the prospective purchasers would be well advised to adopt a passive attitude for a while in the hope of a further decline. It is true, of course, that the industry is flourishing, but even so the present range of prices liberally discounts possibilities in this respect. A rather less satisfactory tendency is observable in telegraph stocks, more particularly Anglo "A," which, like other gambling counters, is feeling the effect of the increased Bank rate and its significance in relation to the value of money. But the quotation is still rather inflated, and I do not consider it by any means interesting as a speculation. It may be true enough that the undertaking is prospering and the dividend possibilities of the Deferred consequently hopeful, but the existing quotation seems to contain a rather too liberal allowance for everything. The Western Telegraph Company year has been a successful one, but this is not reflected in any enhanced

distribution, the extra profit being placed to the reserve funds. These shares yield something like 4¾ per cent., and would make a good investment holding. Amongst others that might be brought to the attention of the investor is Anglo-American Preferred stock, giving approximately 5¼ per cent., Eastern and Eastern Extension yielding about 4¾ per cent. each, while higher returns are obtainable upon Indo-European and Great Northern, which bring in about 5¼ per cent. and 6¼ per cent. respectively. Certain vague statements concerning a new departure in the business methods are responsible for a rather sharp drop in National Telephone Deferred stock, but this is picking up again. To my mind the importance of this factor is being unduly exaggerated. The 5 per cent. on the stock is quite safe enough in view of the continued expansion in earnings. The following table indicates the approximate yield obtainable upon gas stocks:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
British Gas Light	42	£4 14 0
Buenos Ayres	12½	5 10 0
Cape Town	15⅝	6 5 0
Commercial 4 per cent.	114	4 10 0
Continental Union	125	5 3 0
European	24½	4 8 0
Gas Light and Coke	100	4 7 0
Monte Video	12	5 12 0

As regards Pekin Syndicates, they remain more or less depressed, though a little support of the interested sort is in evidence. It is, however, somewhat spasmodic, and therefore not sustaining, but when the water difficulties at the mine are surmounted the shares ought to begin to respond to the potentialities of the concession. More evidence testifying to the changed complexion of affairs in the cycle industry is forthcoming in the New Centaur report, indicating a fairly considerable expansion in profits. The dividend is without change, however, the surplus being utilised for the purpose of strengthening the financial position of the concern. It would seem that the capital reorganisation of the Frederick Hotels Company carried out twelve months ago has been productive of some benefit. The Preferred Ordinary shares received 5 per cent., and the Deferred 4 per cent., which is hopeful, seeing that no distribution has been made on either class of shares for about half-a-dozen years.

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QUEER STORY.

A NEWMARKET DELILAH.

LOVE has been compared to strong drink, on the ground that, like drink, when it really gets hold of a man, it pretty generally succeeds in making a considerable ass of him. You who have suffered from love-sick friends, or perhaps have even—who knows?—been love-sick yourselves, will doubtless endorse this assertion. But as in the alcoholic sphere there are men with heads so hard that no amount of drink makes them tipsy, so in the amorous sphere there are men with hearts so tough and wits so shrewd that even in their warmest love affairs they always remain masters of themselves and their own interests.

If such a man ever lived, you might have supposed it would have been Caleb Torfield. In the first place, Caleb Torfield made his living—and a good living, too—on the Turf, by owning, training, and running horses. Now a man must have his head screwed on pretty tight not to lose money at this costly and speculative game. But when he not merely does not lose, but actually nets a substantial income, then you may be sure that his head, in being fitted to his shoulders, must have had an extra special turn of the screw applied to it.

Although he was perpetually coming into contact, and often into collision, with rogues and sharpers of every description; and although even the straight men with whom he had dealings were, for the most part, much too long-headed to give anything away; in spite of all this, Caleb Torfield had never been fooled or over-reached in all his life by either man or woman, until, at the mature age of fifty-two, he was foolish enough to fall in love with Madge Nason, the twenty-year-old daughter of a well-known publican in Newmarket.

Madge was a pretty girl in the gipsy style, with dark, saucy eyes, olive cheeks, and full red lips, which seemed to invite, and (so the gossips said) not infrequently experienced, the kisses of the other sex. Doubtless much that was said about the girl was pure scandal, invented by jealousy and embellished by spite. Still, making allowance for all this, Madge was, beyond question, an audacious little flirt, who was always ready to encourage—up to a certain point—any tolerable-looking man who seemed disposed to make love to her. Up to a certain point, I say. For when any of her admirers began to take her seriously, she simply laughed at them. Her own heart—if she had one, which is open to doubt—had never yet been touched; and anything like serious affection appeared merely ridiculous to her. At the same time, while she laughed at her lovers for being in love with her, it flattered her to think that she was thus capable of inspiring, wholesale, in men a sentiment which she was incapable of feeling.

It was to this girl that that shrewd old fox, Caleb Torfield, committed the extraordinary folly of losing his heart. And what was more extraordinary still—considering the nature of the man—his infatuation for the girl rendered him apparently quite insensible to her very obvious imperfections. He was actually so foolish as to imagine that the girl loved him; and certainly Madge did her best to foster that delusion, being far more responsive to him than to any other of her admirers. No doubt Miss Madge had her reasons. Caleb was undeniably well-off, and, despite his fifty-two years, was, as a matrimonial spec., by no means to be sneezed at. Then, too, apart from this, no one was better informed than he was on all the ins and outs of Turf matters, and, therefore, more in a position to impart valuable tips, if he cared to do so. Both these circumstances probably had influenced Madge to encourage Caleb's attentions, on which, it may be added, her father, the publican, looked with an openly favourable eye. So far no engagement had been announced; but it was generally supposed that an understanding existed between them, and many were the facetious comments in Newmarket upon Caleb's fatuous imbecility in allowing himself thus to be led by the nose by a girl who was obviously only after him for what she could get out of him.

But one man there was in Newmarket to whom the affair presented itself in a light quite the reverse of facetious. This was old Sammy Gildersleeves, Caleb Torfield's assistant trainer and general factotum. Sammy had been with Caleb for more than thirty years, and had served him, through all that time, with absolute fidelity. A crooked old file, in a general way, was Sammy, who rather took a pride and a pleasure than otherwise in shady transactions and dubious turf tactics; and many was the clever, dishonest little *coup* in which he had assisted Caleb, for whose astuteness he had an unbounded admiration. But, though he rejoiced in doing any one else in the eye, he always played on the square with his employer. As corrupt as you please in *his* service, to all outsiders he was incorruptibility itself. Had he chosen to sell some of Caleb's secrets, now and again, he might easily have done so without being found out—to his own great pecuniary advantage. But no bribe, however large, had ever induced him to play "the governor" false. I suppose one must regard it as a sort of instance of "honour among thieves."

Old Sammy, then, being really attached to Caleb and having always regarded him as a model of 'cuteness and long-headedness, was deeply concerned and genuinely distressed by the other's sudden and extraordinary lapse into amorous idiocy; the more so as he strongly suspected Madge Nason of taking advantage of Caleb's infatuation for her to worm secrets out of him, with a view to disposing of them elsewhere for a good round sum.

This Sammy had suspected from the first, and something that occurred in connection with the Cesarewitch at length entirely confirmed his suspicions.

It was this way. Caleb was represented in the long-

distance handicap by his fine colt Jumping Jimmie, who had been thrown in by the handicapper at so favourable a weight, that he was generally regarded as the soundest business in the entry, and was soon installed favourite at a short price. Now, in point of fact, Caleb had quite other plans. To be plain, he never intended going for the race at all, but he had arranged with Sammie that the colt should sprain a fetlock at the last moment, which would, of course, necessitate his being scratched. By this proceeding, a large sum of money could be netted, with absolutely no risk, and if people chose to suspect, and to say nasty things—well, let 'em. It would be quite impossible for them to lay their finger on anything tangible, or to prove that the sprained fetlock was anything else than a pure accident.

Caleb had had nasty things said about him before; but he was as thick-skinned as a rhinoceros, and obloquy didn't affect him in the very least. Indeed, I believe he rather enjoyed it than otherwise.

Such was the design. But unfortunately the truth leaked out beforehand, with the result that when Jack Johnson, the bookie, with whom Caleb worked these things, tried to lay against the colt, no money was forthcoming. The public had got wind of something amiss, and were all rushing to hedge. Consequently the whole thing fell through.

Caleb was furious, and old Sammy was positively frantic. He had traced the betrayal of the secret to the public-house of which Madge's father was licensee; so it was as plain as a pikestaff who the traitress was, and he deemed it was now high time for him to take the bull by the horns, and speak to his employer very plainly. This was the more necessary, as they had another little game in view for the Cambridgeshire, in a fortnight's time, and unless Caleb were warned, he might give that away also to the minx who was fooling him.

Caleb, as it happened, afforded old Sammy the opening he wanted, on the morning after the Cesarewitch.

"Can't think how the deuce our plans leaked out, Sammy," he said, with a gloomy scowl. "Only three of us in it—you, and me, and Johnson—and you bet none of us three would have been such fools as to give it away."

"Umph!" grunted old Sammy, fixing his watery eyes meaningly on Caleb's face. "Are you sure there *was* only three of us in it, boss? I makes so bold to say as there was *four*; and its *the fourth* as give away the show. That's what I says."

Caleb coloured, and looked decidedly annoyed.

"What the devil are you hinting at now, Sammy?" he demanded, irritably.

"I bean't hinting at nothing, boss," answered Sammy, in stolid defiance. "Hinting's not my way. I speaks out when I've got anything to say, I does; and I tell 'ee to your face that so long as yer lets that Nason gel worm all yer stable secrets out of yer, yer'll always find yourself being 'had,' as you was 'had' yesterday. That's what I says, boss, and I can't put it no plainer."

"Pooh! you're talking nonsense, you fool," retorted Caleb, at once embarassed and angered by Sammy's plain speaking. "And anyway, I'm not going to hear a word against Miss Nason. She's as straight a girl as ever lived, I tell you; and I'd trust her to any extent."

"No gel's to be trusted when secrets is going," answered old Sammy, stubbornly.

"Pish! What do *you* know about girls?" sneered Caleb.

"Quite enough to make me always keep my mouth shut when any of 'em's around," replied Sammy, with biting emphasis. "And if I was you, I'd do ditto, boss, I would really, now."

"How dare you talk to me like that?" ejaculated Caleb, now very angry indeed. "Why, I tell you, Miss Nason's—a—a——"

"A gel," struck in old Sammy, "and all gels is alike when they wants to get anything out of yer."

"There! That's enough," cried Caleb, savagely. "Don't let me have any more of your infernal impudence. You may as well understand once and for all that I—I—am—ahem—interested in Miss Nason, and that I regard any reflection on her as a personal insult to myself."

And he turned on his heel and stalked out of the stable.

Old Sammy Gildersleeves stood gazing after him with a face in whose expression pity, sorrow, and indignation were all blended.

"Well, well!" he said to himself, throwing up his warty hands in a gesture of tragical amazement. "A hard-headed bloke like the governor at his age, to 've gone and let himself be bewitched by a minx of a gel who might almost be his grand-daughter—a gel, too, who, if what they says is true, has been kissed by 'alf Noomarket. Well, well!"

And, as was his way when his feelings were too much for him, he sought relief in a bout of copious expectoration.

"S'pose he'll go and tell his gel all about that trial of Missie Agatha for the Cambridgeshire," went on the old man to himself, presently; "and she, or her pa, will sell the information again, as they did last time, to all who're interested to get hold of it. It do amaze me that he can't see as the minx is just a-pumping of him for her own profit. And he actually believes as she love him. *Love* him—good Lord! At his age, too; and marked wi' small-pox. 'Pon my soul, it's too shockin'!"

The trial of Missie Agatha, to which Sammy referred, was the trial of that mare—Caleb's candidate for the Cambridgeshire—with a view to gauging her chance in the short-distance handicap. She was galloped in this trial with her stable companion Thersites, one of the speediest colts in training up to a mile and a quarter, though his public form had been too thoroughly exposed to make it worth while to enter him for an event in which the handicapper would have penalised him so heavily.

In this trial Thersites had got home by two lengths. But the weights at which the trial was run—that all-important point—was a secret only known to Caleb Torfield and Sammy Gildersleeves. It was this secret that the latter was so afraid lest his infatuated employer should give away to Madge Nason. Moreover, his fear was but too well founded, for Madge, prompted by her father, had quite made up her mind to worm the secret out of Caleb, whom she at length wheedled into giving her, in strict confidence, the information she wanted. In truth, when the girl coaxed and caressed him, Caleb (as she well knew) could refuse her nothing. Such is the effect of amorous infatuation on even the hardest-headed of men.

The material part of the information was this: that Thersites had given the mare 14 lb. in the trial, and that therefore his two-length victory meant a good deal more than appeared upon the face of it. In fact, taking a line from the mare's performance, with such odds in her favour against her stable-companion, it might safely be predicted that she hadn't even an off-chance in the Cambridgeshire. This was just what Madge Nason's wily papa wanted to know; and as soon as he got the information, you may be sure he lost no time in making good use of it.

Well, the day of the Cambridgeshire came, and—to put it succinctly—Missie Agatha carried Caleb Torfield's colours to victory by an easy three lengths.

The victory was not popular—especially in certain circles which had pinned their faith on Madge Nason's information.

Madge herself was absolutely mad. She came up to Caleb in the paddock after the race, her face white with fury and transformed by passion. So far from looking in the least pretty just then, she appeared positively ugly and repulsive.

"D—n you, you old blackguard! How dare you sell me like this?" she hissed, between her clenched teeth.

Caleb looked blandly astonished, and affected not to understand her.

"My dear girl, what *do* you mean?" he inquired.

"Oh! you know very well. You told me that Thersites was giving the mare a stone in the trial——"

"Oh, no, my dear. You have muddled up the weights in that pretty little head of yours," smiled Caleb, affably. "What I told you was that the mare was giving Thersites a stone ——"

"You —— liar. You told me nothing of the sort, and you know it," she hissed.

"Do I?" said Caleb, shrugging his shoulders. Then, with that inimitable *sangfroid* of which he was a past master, and which had, in its time, enabled him to brazen out many a more trying situation than this, he added, coolly, "Well, yes, my dear; perhaps I do."

Then he put his arm through that of old Sammy Gildersleeves, and strolled leisurely away with him, as though he didn't care twopence for Madge and her wrathful indignation—which, in point of fact, he didn't.

Sammy Gildersleeves looked sideways at his employer with a puzzled, inquiring expression in his watery eyes.

Caleb observed his interrogatory glance, and answered it:

"You can't make it out, Sammy, I see," he said, "yet the whole thing is exceedingly simple. People knew me a jolly sight too well to have put faith in any information that, under ordinary circumstances, I might have tried to circulate. So I went in for the love dodge, you see, and played the infatuated goat on purpose to give Madge Nason the opportunity of wheedling secrets out of me. For what I blabbed to her, in my character of love-sick imbecile, would be swallowed as true, unquestioningly—which is a good deal more than can be said of any statement I might have made in my everyday capacity. *Now*, do you understand, Sammy?"

"Not quite, boss," answered old Sammy Gildersleeves, scratching his grey head. "I mean, I don't understand why yer told the gel the truth about the little rig we'd planned over Jumping Jimmie, and so mucked up the whole bloomin' thing."

"My dear Sammy," smiled Caleb, "it is evident that you are not so clear-sighted an individual as I had supposed you. I gave away the small thing of Jumping Jimmie and the Cesarewitch in order to inspire confidence when it came to the big thing of Missie Agatha and the Cambridgeshire. It was like the three card trick, you know. You always have to let your victims win a dollar or two off you at the outset, or else you'll never get the chance of bringing off the big coup of the five-pound note."

Sammy's mouth expanded slowly into a broad, appreciative grin.

"Well, if any one can see through a brick wall, boss, *you* can," he said, regarding his employer with admiring eyes.

Then he added, with a tinge of reproach in his voice:

"But why didn't you let me into the secret, boss? You know *I'd* not have given yer away."

"I know that, Sammy. It wasn't because I mistrusted you; but, you see, your natural annoyance and indignation at my fatuous idiocy lent colour to the fake—gave it an air of convincing reality, and for that reason, and for no other, I left you in the dark."

"I could have *pretended* to be indignant, though, if that wur all, boss," declared old Sammy.

"Aye, you could have pretended, and no doubt pretended very well," admitted Caleb Torfield. "But then, you see, the real thing—well, the real thing was better."

MUSIC.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

SO the Savoy operas really are to be tried again at last! "Mrs. D'Oyly Carte has, in consequence of the strongly expressed desire of the public, decided to revive some of the operas by Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan. The revivals will begin with 'The Yeomen of the Guard,' which, it is hoped, will be produced at the Savoy Theatre about December 8." Thus the official announcement. It will be extremely interesting to note what amount of success attends the experiment. "The strongly expressed desire of the public" to which Mrs. D'Oyly Carte alludes may or may not translate itself into action. According to some, London playgoers and music-lovers will tumble over one another in their eagerness to retaste the vanished joys of "The Mikado," "The Gondoliers," and the rest. Personally, I have my doubts on the point. No doubt there are plenty who still cherish the traditions of the old Savoy days, but this is by no means the same thing as saying that the general public can be relied on to the extent required. The habit has, in fact, grown up of talking about the Savoy operas in a rather extravagant strain—akin to that of the enthusiast who wrote to the papers not long ago to declare that he had never been to the theatre since the Savoy operas were dropped, and never meant to go again until they were revived. What music like Sullivan's! What books like Gilbert's! In this ecstatic vein the subject is always approached. And up to a point it is perfectly easy to understand. Certainly, there is no denying the charm of Sullivan's music, even when it is admitted that a certain amount of it borders perilously on the commonplace. Granted, also, there is much which may be freely admired in Mr. Gilbert's books—their superior literary finish, their coherence, and their originality. Yet is it heresy to suggest that not a little of the much-vaunted Gilbertian humour is a rather wearisome quality which, if produced by any one less distinguished, would be voted strained and far-fetched? Certainly this was the impression always left by a considerable portion of his work upon one, at least, of his former hearers. Nor was the impression abated by the manner in which, under the author's direction, the works were performed. I am rather sorry to see that Mr. Gilbert is to co-operate in the forthcoming revivals, and that the works are to be reproduced on precisely the old lines. I venture to think that, without importing any unsuitable business of the musical comedy order, a good modern stage manager would contrive to introduce a good deal more spontaneity and invention into the performances than distinguished those of the old days. Mr. Gilbert, as is well known, is a martinet manager who exacts slavish obedience to his injunctions and never sanctions the smallest deviation therefrom. According to his notions, every song had to be sung every time in precisely the same manner and with precisely the same business, and if an encore were demanded the whole thing was given over again down to the minutest detail in the same way as before. This sort of thing was fatal to spontaneous and spirited performances, and those of the Savoy were often sadly mechanical and laboured as a consequence. Excellent comedians were engaged, but they did their work to a large extent in fetters. The iron hand of the librettist-manager was discerned throughout. People laughed because it was "Gilbert and Sullivan" and the correct thing to do. But often as not the merriment was as laboured on the one side of the footlights as on the other.

Times have changed considerably since the Savoy operas were first produced. Then they were something quite new and original. This is no longer the case to-day, and it may be as well to bear it in mind. There is not the slightest reason why the works should be played in that curiously machine-like fashion which was, seemingly, Mr. Gilbert's ideal. Secure suitable comedians and give them free play to develop their own individualities, and infinitely better results might be expected. Otherwise it is much to be feared that the promised revival will be only a brief one, and this would certainly be regrettable. If only on account of Sullivan's delightful music the Savoy operas are works which one would never willingly let die. The choice of "The Yeomen of the Guard" with which to inaugurate the revival is perhaps rather curious seeing that in many ways it is one of the least characteristic works of the series. It is said, however, that in the provinces it has always enjoyed exceptional favour, and that is doubtless why it has been chosen. In one respect, at least, the revival may be counted well timed. Latter day musical comedy certainly offers little in the way of counter attractions.

Concerts have been coming thick and fast of late. At the Æolian Hall on Saturday three more prodigies appeared in the persons of the Cherniavsky brothers,

who will certainly be heard of again. Leo is a brilliant violinist, Jan a clever pianist, while Michael does wonders on the 'cello. The success of all of them was undeniable. On the same afternoon Mr. Mark Hambourg played at Queen's Hall and Busoni at that of Messrs. Bechstein, both drawing fine audiences. Mr. Hambourg has to some extent modified the excessive violence of his earlier manner, but still inclines to mistake extravagance for power. He should learn something of Busoni's wonderful capacity of never sacrificing beauty of tone even in his most strenuous moments, and he can be very strenuous, too, at times. But the ear is never offended in his case, lucidity and proportion are never sacrificed. What amazing variety of tone colour Busoni commands also. In the evening Busoni's talents were displayed in another shape at the Promenade Concert, the programme of which was headed by his "Lustspiel" overture. It is a work of no great importance, but bright and cheerful, as, of course, with such a name it should be. Other interesting novelties recently introduced by Mr. Wood have included a pleasing set of variations by Arensky (op. 35), and an excerpt from Borodine's opera ballet "Mlada," which was hardly so attractive. Russian music certainly has a staunch friend in Mr. Wood. A pleasant recital was that of Lady Halle and Mr. Leonard Borwick, neither of whom is heard so often in London nowadays as might be desired.

At Covent Garden the most notable of recent performances was that of "Aïda," which served to introduce a brilliant new soprano in Signora Scalar and a capable tenor in Signor Franceschini. The success of the former was particularly pronounced. She has a splendid voice which she uses with rare art. "Carmen" on Thursday re-introduced Signor Fazzini, who made only a moderately acceptable Don José to the Carmen of Mme. Kirkby Lunn (a sound rather than electrifying performance), Mme. Suzanne Adams doing well as Micaela—better, indeed, than she did on Saturday as Gilda in "Rigoletto." As regards this week's doings, the revival of "Adriana Lecouvreur" was down for Tuesday evening, while Melba is singing twice—in "La Bohème" to-morrow (Wednesday) and in "Faust" on Saturday.

The gentle pirate, returning to town after his well-earned vacation and preparing to resume business, has been greeted with an unpleasant surprise.

The sky is changed—and such a change!

To his extreme annoyance and indignation he has discovered that the Musical Copyright Act, which, in spite of the heroic exertions of Messrs. Caldwell, Byles, Lupton, and others, was placed on the Statute Book last summer, is actually being enforced—with results disastrous to himself. A round dozen or so are already reflecting on the error of their ways in gaol, and the gravest apprehensions are entertained concerning the future of the industry as a whole. The unsympathetic attitude of the magistrates has, it is understood, specially wounded the feelings of the fraternity, who find it difficult to comprehend the melancholy fact that the doom of their calling, which, under the benignant patronage of Mr. Caldwell, flourished so amazingly, has really been decreed at last.

A curious point, by the way, has been raised in connection with a recent case by one of the Harlesden justices. A prisoner was charged under the new Act, but the magistrate (Mr. W. A. Grant) hesitated to deal with him unless the purchasers of his wares were also brought before him. "I do not think that you can arrest a man for selling what is practically stolen property and ignore the receiver, who is really the worst offender," was his way of putting it. "This pirated music is stolen, and you tell me you have no power to proceed against the receivers of stolen property. I don't see the justice of it." The accused was consequently remanded in order that Mr. Grant might confer with his brother magistrates on the subject. Mr. Grant's desire to punish not the vendors only, but also the purchasers, indicates a healthy enthusiasm in a good cause which musicians will certainly appreciate. It may, however, be pointed out that it is an offence under the Act in question not only to sell, but also to "offer for sale" pirated music, so that in the latter case the absence of a companion in guilt need not stand in the way of an offender's punishment.

Good service is done by *Musical News* in calling attention to the highly questionable character of a newly formed concern calling itself the British College of Pianoforte Tuning, the prospectus of which has recently been issued. To a genuine body having for its object the promotion of the interests of piano tuners there would, of course, be no sort of objection, but the curious constitution and mode of working of this so-called "college" are certainly not such as to inspire confidence in its operations. Under the heading of "Subscriptions" one reads:—

Examining Councillors, £1 1s. per annum, which entitles them to twenty-one copies of Diplomas for distribution to Tuners who have satisfied them as to proficiency in Pianoforte Tuning. Further copies of Diplomas may be had at one shilling each.

From this it would appear that all members of the "College" subscribing a guinea thereupon become "Examining Councillors," with freedom to confer the institution's "diplomas" upon any one they choose, for as much as they can get. Certainly, one can scarcely imagine a very vast sum being secured in this way, since the number of piano tuners likely to be disposed to squander even half a crown for a "Diploma" of this kind can hardly be very great. But the principle of the thing is patently absurd—to employ no stronger term. A Mr. Charles W. Love is named as the "Sec. *pro tem.*" of the concern, whose "temporary address" is 67, Lady Margaret-road, Leighton-road, N.W., and there is further reference to a "Council," whose names, however, are not disclosed.

A rather comical difficulty has arisen in connection with the recent bequest of valuable violins to the Royal Academy of Music by the late Mr. John Rutson. It was part of the terms of the bequest, it may be recalled, that the instruments in question should continue to be used during their lifetime by the various professional players to whom they had been lent in the first instance by the deceased, whose fondness for helping struggling artists was one of his most amiable traits. Consequently it may be a matter of thirty or forty years in several instances before the instruments pass actually into the possession of the Academy, which none the less finds itself confronted with the immediate obligation of paying legacy duty thereon. The Royal Academy is not over-burdened with spare cash, neither is it a purely philanthropic institution. No wonder, therefore, that a certain amount of heart-burning has arisen over the matter. Such at least is the information which reaches me.

Are we to hail shortly yet another musical knight? Rumour has it that strenuous efforts are being made to obtain that coveted distinction on behalf of a well-known member of the profession. Further indication as to his identity would be injudicious. Perhaps the New Year will bring enlightenment on the subject. But, then, perhaps it will not.

Many musicians and musical institutions have lost a good friend by the death of Mrs. Lewis-Hill. One of the fashionable supporters of Covent Garden, whose enthusiasm for music knew nothing of insincerity or make-believe, the "Ada Lewis" Scholarships which she founded at the Royal Academy were only the most important of many benefactions which testified to the warmth of her interest in the art. Another of more recent date, it may be remembered, was the offer of a prize for a string quartet, which was carried off by Mr. Hamilton Harty. For chamber music of the best sort Mrs. Lewis-Hill had all the appreciation of the trained musician, and even when she went yachting she took her musicians with her.

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The complimentary dinner to Mr. Joseph Bennett on November 6 promises to be attended by a very representative gathering of leading musicians. Besides Sir Alexander Mackenzie, who has consented to take the chair, the committee includes Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Charles Stanford, Sir Edward Elgar, Sir Frederick Bridge, Dr. F. H. Cowen, Dr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Edward German, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Charles Santley, and Sir August Manns, most of whom will naturally be present. Tickets for ladies and gentlemen (price six shillings each, exclusive of wine) are obtainable from Mr. W. E. Renaut, Secretary of the Concert Goers' Club, 4, Tenterden-street, W. The musical critics' dinner to Mr. Bennett has been fixed for the 31st inst.

Hearty congratulations to Mr. "Jimmy" Glover on his nomination as Mayor of Bexhill. If Mr. Glover conducts the affairs of Bexhill as well as he does his Drury Lane orchestra there will be no occasion for complaint.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—I have just heard of some one who, having bought at Hayward's a lovely piece of costly old Venetian point, sent it to her dressmaker with instructions to apply it to the trimming of a dinner gown. The dressmaker sliced it up with scissors as though it had been imitation at 15s. or so the yard. Can you imagine the feelings of the owner? I am sure she must have cried, especially if the lace were anything like the perfectly lovely piece I saw there the other day. I love lace. Don't you? There is a refinement about it that is not associated with any other material used in dress. We saw some beautifully fine real Irish lace while there. Some of it had been washed and was pure white, but other pieces, having been crocheted by workers who kept their fingers clean, was in a lovely tone of cream colour and fell softly, as the washed lace cannot do, until it has lost the impress of the washing. There is still a rage for Irish lace, especially the real, at from half a guinea to a guinea a yard, according to width. As to the coarse stuff which was in demand in certain far from humble directions a few months ago, I am glad to say I see little of it now. It looked better suited to lodging-house chair backs than to the wear of pretty women.

London is now very full, but though we hear of quiet little dinners there is not much on a large scale going on. Weddings are pretty frequent. Lord Avebury's daughter, Miss Ursula Lubbock, was married on Monday to Captain Adrian Grant-Duff, son of the late Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff The bride's pretty wedding gown had a court train of Brussels lace made with a dainty little hood to it. She had no bridesmaids, only a page, her youngest brother.

> "Cloth of gold, do not despise,
> Though thou'rt matched with cloth of frieze;
> Cloth of frieze, be not too bold,
> Though thou'rt wed to cloth of gold."

So runs the old rhyme, little thinking that is a lesson in pronunciation. Irish frieze is in such demand nowadays for golfing, motoring, shooting, and hunting suits, that we ought at least to know how to pronounce its name. Its latest and most important development is in the new cloths for sportsmen and sportswomen at Ballymena, where the varieties named respectively motofrieze, drivofrieze, meltofrieze, and sportofrieze are produced, and are distributed chiefly from the London house in Great Pulteney-street. It is a tradition in Ireland that frieze was, in the first instance, manufactured and worn as a protection against the weapons of enemies, which would partly account for its durability and immense strength, produced by a tremendous amount of "milling" and "pulling," both of which are synonyms for a vigorous thumping that mixes all the fibres while damp, working them into a condition of almost impervious substantiability. Melton cloth is made in much the same way, but it is woven from the wool of the merino sheep, and is therefore much finer and softer. Friezes are now manufactured in such perfection as to be practically impervious to wind, rain, or dust. They do not crease, and are very easily cleaned when soiled. These friezes are in four different degrees of thickness, first the very closely woven "moto," backed with cashmere and probably as warm as fur and much more hygienic. Next comes the "drivo," of which I have a fascinating sample before me at this moment, a faint vague check in greys and browns with hints of amber and soft grey, a charming collection of tints on which the inglorious name "all dust" has been bestowed. Probably this is because no kind of dust would show upon it. The "melto" is much lighter and more supple, and the "sporto" is thin enough for a shooting suit in August, and yet proof against the heaviest rainstorm. The wet does not sink in, but can easily be shaken off. Among the shades are some gracefully named, for instance, a dark green mixture called after the greenstone, an equally dark soft "water blue," a "grey-wether," which speaks for itself, a "faded bracken," just the tone of dead gold and tan that at this moment is to be seen in the still sturdy leaves.

The Dickens Fellowship Dramatic Club, about which I told you last year, is going to be very active this autumn. It is to give a new play, adapted by Mrs. Teignmouth Shore and Walter Dixter from "Dombey and Son," and called the "House of Dombey." I believe it is to be given again on two or three occasions in the cause of gentle charity. Mr. Beerbohm Tree is President of the Club. We are going to see the performance at Cripplegate Institute next Saturday week.

And on Monday, November 12, we go to an afternoon concert at 18, Lancaster-gate, to hear Mr. de Herter play the violin, which he does so exquisitely. He is Austrian, and is Court Violinist to the Queen of Roumania, whom all the intellectual world knows and loves as Carmen Sylva.

The Riverbank Club, near Taplow, is to be made into a going concern for all the year round, so much is it liked by the members. It was started for the benefit of brain-workers who felt the need of a quiet place, amidst peaceful surroundings, where they could go to finish some piece of work, or wrestle with the initial difficulties of some important undertaking. The Club is also a rendezvous of bright spirits, and pleasure is not wholly neglected for the sake of work, I am told. At the same time, the busy ones can secure perfect immunity from interruption by working in their bedrooms, which are furnished with writing tables, reading lamps, bookshelves, and comfortable chairs, and where meals can be served. The Riverbank has its own boats and carriages, so that membership is almost as good as having a well-equipped country house.

Among the pleasures of the autumn season is that of buying nice warm underwear, a diversion in which we indulged during the space of an hour or so one day last week at D. H. Evans' in Oxford-street. After the first tang of cold in the air it is a comfortable thing to provide the modern equivalent of the "scarlet" in which the Wonderful Woman of the 31st chapter of Proverbs clothed her family. How luxurious are our up-to-date garments as compared with the "cloth" that even Queen Elizabeth had to put up with. We thought of this as we studied the beautifuly shaped and daintily finished underwear in spun silk, china silk, fine wool and gauze. The trimmings vary between torchon lace and handmade crochet, the latter in very pretty designs. The Shetland or cream silk vests are the comfiest things possible for motoring, and you can have them low-necked with short sleeves for evening wear or high-necked with long sleeves or high-necked with short ones. Send for a catalogue and you will not only find yourself supplied with every possible information on the above subject but with a copiously illustrated price list of smart hats, costumes, evening gowns, and dozens of other things besides.

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Is there anything that makes the dinner or luncheon table look so nice as good glass? We have had numerous breakages in our sets of late, and, hearing that there is a great sale of glass and china at Hampton's, we turned in there, knowing that this is one of the firms that can always be depended on for supplying really good things. Their "Pall Mall" service is an excellent choice, being not only a fine English crystal, handsome in its design of cut and polished border, but easily renewable, as Hampton's can always match it, and supply any pieces ordered. Their special collection of finely cut table glass services has all been reduced in price and included in the sale, and there is many a bargain to be had among them. Their china services are also in the sale, and we noticed with special admiration their Athena dinner service in Staffordshire stone china, dark blue on a white ground and cleverly copied from old engravings; so cheap, too. The vegetable dishes are particularly pretty. If you send for a catalogue notice specially the "Unity" breakfast service, in good Staffordshire china, decorated in colours with rose, shamrock, and thistle, and outlined with gold. This is another of the patterns that can always be matched. A service for six persons costs something under a pound. There are some very covetable dessert services, too.

I see that the autumn sale of the Royal Irish Industries is to be at the Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool, this year. It is to be opened by the Duchess of Connaught at three p.m. on the 31st of this month. Among the philanthropic great ladies who are to be present and who will take part in the sale, are the Duchess of Westminster, the Marchionesses of Dufferin, Headfort, Ormonde, and Waterford, Countess Cadogan, the Countess Annesley, and the Countesses of Aberdeen, Bandon, Bective, Bessborough, Derby, Dudley, Lucan, Mayo, Rosse, and Countess Grosvenor. The eyes of Liverpudlians will enjoy a banquet of beauty and grace during the three days of the sale which is sure to be a very successful one.

I saw two amusing things while out this morning. A horse standing on a cab rank with his nosebag on was being teased by a small boy and girl, who felt safe from reprisals as the animal's teeth were safely occupied inside the bag. But he was not quite defenceless. He suddenly raised his head, turned it aside from where the children were, and then, quickly turning it back again, cleverly banged them both on the head with the nosebag. The children made off as quickly as they could, astounded at the punishment they had received, and righteously received. I only wish every horse were as well able to defend itself.

The other incident was also in connection with a horse. A man with a small cartload of flowering plants was leading his horse past a two-horse van standing outside a shop door. The pair of horses sighted the flowers and both made a dart at them. The off one had no chance, but the near one seized two fine terra-cotta coloured chrysanthemums and promptly bit off their heads and munched them gaily. Horses are becoming more and more intelligent. I fancy that the motor-'buses have provided them with so much food for thought as has tended to stimulate their equine intellect.

If you have any fancy dress dances in prospect you can recommend the delightful costume worn by Miss Lily Brayton as Iseult in the recent piece at the Adelphi. I send you a photograph; the long tunic with the girdle and the high-waisted belt is all green beads on green silk, and the belt is Byzantine gold. The sleeves are lined with dark green silk. The hair is covered by the lightest golden gauze, just the same length as the tresses, and held by a gilden circlet set with gems. The other frocks were dreams of colour and softness, particularly one of purple gauze over emerald green, but this is the most practicable for festive purposes. But then, have you anyone to wear it so pretty and graceful as Miss Brayton, and with such a beautiful, Iseultian profile? It is very unlikely. Hide the photograph from Jane, or she is sure to want to be Iseult; and she is so much more like a horse. Tell her to go as Queen Elizabeth.

About the 200 strokes a day for the hair. It is nicer to have a maid, of course, but some of us cannot afford one, and others of us would regard that appendage as an additional worry to those we have to suffer perforce. You can easily manage the 200 strokes in this way. Take a brush in each hand and set to work with both, grasping them by the body, not the handle. Brush hard until the skin of the head tingles all over. Count 100, and behold, your tale of double that number is complete. Next, dab both brushes in cold water with a few drops of Scrubbs' Fluid Ammonia in it. Two minutes suffice. Shake them, dry them, and put them in the sun or before the fire. Your hair will seldom need washing if you pursue this plan. It is better to have four brushes and use them on alternate days.

Everything seems to point to bridge being as popular as ever this winter, and as long as people are content to play for moderate points, I think it is a very harmless amusement, regardless of the fanciful statements that have been made in certain quarters as to its depravity. The Berkeley Bridge Club, which was started last winter at 27, Upper Berkeley-street, Great Cumberland-place, is, I hear, owing to its rapidly increasing membership, contemplating moving to larger premises at the end of its financial year. At this club, the limit is very properly fixed at 5s., and I believe the usual points played are 2s. 6d. It is a great advantage that at a club points can be, and are, limited. What a good thing it would be if a reasonable limit were insisted upon in private houses. My experience is that the people who play the highest points are generally those who can least afford to lose their money.

Did I tell you that Lucy and her husband left town over a fortnight ago for Nice, where they must have been quite exceptionally early arrivals? They are staying again at the Winter Palace, Cimiez—Nice, the fine new hotel of which they gave us such a glowing report after their visit last winter. To her fear of the English winter — natural, perhaps, after her illnesses — Lucy now adds a profound distrust of the English autumn. She was sure that the weather here, having been on its good behaviour so long, would turn horribly cold and foggy by the middle of October. I am writing to let her know what a false prophet she was.

Mona sends me the following letter:—

My Dearest Madge,—I am glad that you have decided to go in for anemones. You are, of course, right in saying that, as most of them are dwarf, they would be apt to look rather flat in a bed by themselves; so why not combine irises with them? You would have no lack of choice, for the family is an immense one, containing over a hundred and sixty species, and innumerable varieties, all of them exceedingly beautiful. Accustomed to only two or three of the common kinds, you may think that the flowering period is short, but if you make a good selection it may be prolonged almost throughout the year. For instance, to mention only a few, unguicularis (or stylosa), caucasica, histrio, and reticulata begin to flower in February, and sometimes even in January; verna and persica in March; balkana, biflora, cristata, pumila, and susiana in April; flavescens, florentina, and germanica in May; aurea, Douglasiana, fulva, hybrida, tectorum, xiphioides (English), and xiphium (Spanish), in June; plicata and Kæmpferi in July, the latter often continuing until September; and alata from October to December. This is a pretty complete series, is it not? Few other plant families can equal it. And then the flowers are so exquisite in shape and colour, so infinitely various, quite equal, in my opinion, to the most costly orchids. The worst of them is that they do not travel well, they are so delicate. For this reason we grow the plants for sale, not for cut flowers.

In the great family of irises there are some which are suitable

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for almost every conceivable position. The Japanese even grow one species on roofs. Hence its name, Iris tectorum. Their motive is utilitarian rather than æsthetic, but it serves both purposes admirably. They first thatch their cottages, and then, to bind it permanently together, plant this iris on it. The creeping roots spread through and over it, and hold it firmly, and in June it is a mass of charming lilac flowers, about a foot in height. The idea is one which might with advantage be utilised in this country. There are hundreds of ugly summer-houses, tool sheds, and so forth, which might in this way be made very charming. The possibilities of wall gardening are only just beginning to be realised; there is scarcely less scope for roof gardening.

Irises may be divided into two classes—those with thick creeping roots or rhizomes, and those with bulbous roots. The German irises, of which a large number of beautiful new varieties have been introduced of late years, belong to the first class, and the English and Spanish irises to the second. The cultivation is simple enough in either case. Bulbous irises may be planted at any time, from August to the end of November, but the earlier the better. They should be put in three or four inches deep, and if they are six inches apart there will be no need to disturb them for years. Small patches are a mistake; to be really effective they should be massed. A light, rich, well-drained soil is the most suitable for them, and the position should be one in which they are exposed to sunshine, but sheltered from cold winds in spring. It is well worth while giving them a sunny corner, and here some of the newer and most charming kinds, such as Bakeriana, blue and white, with dark stripes, and Rosenbachiana, deep violet, with yellow markings, will be seen at their best. But all in this section are practically hardy, except perhaps in the extreme north. Damp is much more injurious to them in winter than frost; hence the importance of light soil. Peat mixed with it will greatly improve it, especially for such species as cristata.

The German, and most of the other rhizomatous irises, are less exacting in their requirements. They will grow and flower in any ordinary garden soil, and they will do this even in town gardens, for they seem to be indifferent to smoke and fog. As the rhizomes naturally develop on the surface of the ground, they should be thus planted. If they are buried they are certain to decay. They are all hardy, with the exception of the superb Gatesii (the largest iris in existence, white and yellow), the gorgeous Lorteti (pale lilac, crimson spotted and ruddy-throated), the charming susiana (grey blue, netted light brown), and several others. These form a sub-section by themselves, the cushion irises. As they are rather tender, a frame or hand-light should be placed over them at the approach of winter, and should not be removed until danger from frost is past in spring. A hot position should be chosen for them, as in summer they need a thorough baking in the sun. That is the reason why tectorum, though it does not belong to this sub-section, flowers so well when grown on a roof.

Everybody will admit the beauty of irises, but probably few could say in what their beauty consists. It is one thing to admire, but quite another to admire intelligently. Am I growing didactic in my old age? But all I suggest is that the analytic faculty which we employ—not always charitably on our friends—should be extended to our flowers. If an iris be examined, it will be found to have laid itself out in an extraordinary degree to attract attention. Besides the petals, three in number and upstanding, the sepals, green, and therefore inconspicuous in most plants, are beautifully coloured and marked, so as to resemble three additional petals, and, in order to increase the effect and be more readily seen, are turned downwards, thus doubling the size of the flower. Even that is not all. For the stigmas, ordinarily very small, have been greatly enlarged, broadened out, and brilliantly coloured, so that they also look like petals, arching over and protecting the stamens. It is no wonder that a flower so attractive is visited by great numbers of bees, and as they cannot reach the honey without dusting their backs with pollen, they carry it from one flower to another and thus ensure fertilisation.—Your affectionate cousin, MONA.

Clare sends me the following from Dublin:—

DEAREST MADGE,—As every cloud has its silver lining, so has each lining the cloud which it lines. Those to whom the return home from the holidays showed its silver side last week, did not take long to discover the presence of the cloud as well; and that without setting out on any voyage of discovery. Most householders know by the teaching of experience, that "'mid all this mighty sum of things for ever speaking," as the poet says, there is one thing which "of itself will come" without our seeking, and that is the long list of domestic catastrophes, dilapidations, burstings, breakages, which inevitably is presented to us on returning home after an absence of a few months. What occult power our domicile amongst them seems to exercise over our own goods and chattels, a beneficent and salutary one, too! Without our restraining influence, water pipes, gas, locks, hinges, keys, handles, and so on, seem to indulge themselves in a perfect orgy of bad behaviour. As for the glass and china, the spirit of the Harp of Tara apparently enters into them, as though they break "indignant" in their loveliness, to show that still they live. Cousin Jane, who is nothing if not practical, has a more prosaic explanation of the matter. According to her, especially with regard to the glass and china, these breakages have all occurred before one's departure from home; ; they are only revealed when one returns as a "new broom" into one's own kingdom. Jane's explanations of this kind are always given, as it were, to the culprit at the bar; they invariably wind up with offering herself as a brilliant example to the erring one. "Such things never happen when the mistress of the house strictly fulfils her daily duties. I am always a new broom," she says. And I feel sure that she is.

Dublin is in its usual October condition of being neither one thing nor the other. The holiday time is over, but the working days are not well begun. The month is one of the most difficult amongst the months of the year; it is all endings and beginnings. The former come naturally enough, but it is quite different with the latter. How hard to know where or how to begin. For instance, what a problem, with our sex, dressing is just now. What temperature are we to dress for? A dark day of winter's rain and gloom fixes our decision on suitable garb of warm make and sombre colour; next morning, real summer sunshine is mischievously smiling on us and filling our minds with doubt in our previous choice. The shops are very inviting, and we have time to give thought to our shopping; but the varieties of temperature and the nondescript condition of the season paralyse our judgment and energy. Perhaps our minds grow unsettled, in harmony with an unsettled period of the year, just as they grow cheerful in sunshine and depressed in darkness and gloom. It is with a great many other things, as with our shopping, we have to make fresh starts; we stand on the brink, and these first steps, which cost so much, have to be taken at the most embarrassing time of the year.

The Chief Secretary has had a very busy time in Ireland and at Dublin Castle, and rumour has it that he finds the duties of the place onerous enough to require another helping hand. He is little known as yet in society over here, and possibly has little taste for what is called "society," like many of the literary and highly cultured. We hear that Lord Grenfell will shortly be giving up his position as Commander of the Forces in Ireland. He personally enjoyed much popularity over here, from his kindliness and good nature. Lady Grenfell's delicate health during her stay here did not allow of so much entertaining as usual at the Royal Hospital. A pleasant tradition of Lord Grenfell's term of office at Kilmainham will be the number of his relatives and of the members of his staff who fell victims to the charms of Irish girls.—Yours ever, CLARE.

Do you like eels? If so, try these baked eels English fashion:—

Skin, clean, and blanch them, then make a forcemeat of chicken meat, veal suet, and fine bread crumbs, season it with parsley, sweet marjoram, pepper and salt to taste. Stuff the fish with the forcemeat. Curl each eel round, and secure it in form with tape. Place them in a baking dish with some bouillon, let them cook to a brown colour, glaze them, and serve under them this sauce:—Put into a stewpan half a quarter of a pound of butter, a dessertspoonful of essence of anchovies, and a gill of Italian sauce.

Italian Sauce.—A gill of consommé, a glass of wine, chopped mushrooms, minced shalots, and parsley, seasoned with pepper and salt. The whole must be well cooked, before adding the essence of anchovies and butter. Let all simmer until the butter is melted.

Grouse pie is admirable for shooting parties:—

Take a couple of nice grouse, sautez the livers with 1 oz. of butter, 1 oz. of minced fat bacon, 2 sprigs of parsley, 2 sprigs of thyme, 2 minced shalots, 1 clove, and 6 peppercorns; pound them and pass them through a wire sieve. Cut the fillets from the breasts of the birds and place them aside, scrape the remainder

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of the meat from the carcase, and pound it with the flesh of a rabbit, add half its weight of scraped fat bacon, season it with salt, pepper, a pinch of cayenne pepper, and work in 2 whole eggs and the passed liver. Take the lining of an earthenware game pie dish, line it with slices of bacon, and then arrange the fillets in layers with the farce, and slices of hard-boiled egg, fillets of truffles, and chopped parsley, put slices of raw bacon on the top, cover all with a paste made with flour and water, and bake the pie for three hours. Then remove the paste, pour in some strong stock, press the meat with a small saucer and a one pound weight, and leave it until next day. Then scrape off the fat and pour over the pie clarified butter and lard in equal parts.

Riz au gratin makes a nice, tempting-looking sweet:—

Swell two ounces of Carolina rice (that has been washed and dried) in hot milk. When the rice is well cooked, pound six sweet almonds and about four bitter ones, make them into a paste, rub them through a tammy, and mix them with the rice, add a little sugar and a pinch of salt; put the rice into a porringer or a silver casserole, and leave it to gratiner over a slow fire for about three-quarters of an hour; cover it with a piece of buttered paper to prevent dust or steam, and not with the lid, or it will prevent it being gratined; glaze it with the best sugar pounded, then use a salamander.

Eclairs en surprise are a delicious savoury:—

Make some petits choux paste thus:—Roll an ounce of butter in a gill of water, stir in, off the fire, 2 oz. of flour, stir briskly until it boils, then allow it to cool a little, and work in a dessert-spoonful of grated Parmesan cheese, salt, pepper, a pinch of cayenne pepper, and 2 eggs. Put the paste into a bag and force it on to a greased baking sheet, in pieces 3 inches long, bake them very carefully, and remove them to cool. Pound 2 oz. of cooked chicken, with half a small pot of paté de foie gras, and pass it through a wire sieve, mix it with a gill of stiffly whipped cream, seasoned with salt, pepper, a pinch of cayenne pepper, and a spoonful of chopped truffles. Make an opening down the side of the éclairs, fill them with the cream, and brush them lightly with warm glaze. Dish them on a fancy paper, garnished with watercress.

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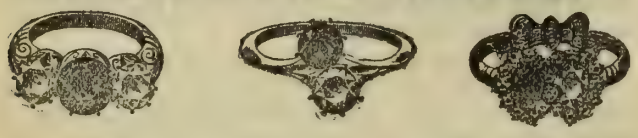

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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TO OUR READERS.

We receive hundreds of letters every week from "Readers of 'Truth.'" A large majority of the writers expect replies direct. Of the work, trouble, and expense involved in doing this we say nothing. But as experience has shown that a large number of our "Constant" and "Regular" readers who inquire about individuals with whom we have dealt in our columns over and over again are not actual subscribers to the paper, but merely occasional readers of it at clubs, libraries, or at friends' houses, we consider we must protect ourselves in the matter.

We have therefore decided that henceforth every reader who writes making an inquiry that necessitates a direct reply must enclose a stamped envelope and also a Coupon which will always be found at the foot of the 3rd page of the coloured cover. Without these no notice will be taken of the communication.

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a Coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" send replies by post.

No Coupon will be available that is over a fortnight out of date, except from correspondents residing abroad.

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ENTRE NOUS.

I HAVE received from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, 112, Regent-street, the pleasing intimation that they will present a gold watch as a prize for competition at the forthcoming Truth Doll Show. This is a repetition of a much-appreciated kindness which the company have displayed in connection with the Show for many years past.

The King and Queen will receive company at Sandringham from next Saturday until Monday, November 12, and from Saturday, November 24, until Monday, December 3. There are to be partridge drives on four days next week, and pheasant and wild fowl shooting during the last week of November.

It is expected that excellent bags of partridges will be obtained at Sandringham next week, but on several of the largest estates in Norfolk birds are neither plentiful nor in good condition. The usual big drives at Holkham have been altogether abandoned this year. The bags of pheasants at Sandringham will be fully up to the average, as all the woods and covers are swarming with birds. On the best day of last year's battues in December over 2,000 pheasants were killed in the Wolferton Wood preserves, besides other game. The marshes between the railway line and the Wash already contain a fair number of wildfowl, and directly cold weather sets in there will be immense numbers of these birds in the Royal preserves.

The King stayed last week at Newmarket, at his apartments at the Jockey Club, from Tuesday afternoon until Friday, when his Majesty drove, after the races, to Moulton Paddocks on a visit to Sir Ernest Cassel. During his visit to Newmarket the King dined with Sir Ernest Cassel on Tuesday, with Mr. and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild on Wednesday, and with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire on Thursday. On Saturday his Majesty shot over three beats of the Chippenham Park estate, and there were several partridge drives, beginning at Snailwell, but only a moderate bag was obtained. There were eight guns. The King came back to town on Monday, and will proceed to Sandringham on Friday afternoon, this being his Majesty's first visit to Norfolk since he left Sandringham in January.

His Majesty is to arrive at Elveden Hall, near Thetford, on Tuesday, December 11, on a visit to Lord and Lady Iveagh. There is abundant and first-rate shooting on the Elveden estate, which was converted into a vast game farm by the late Maharajah Duleep Singh, who owned the property for nearly thirty years. Enormous bags of partridges and pheasants are always obtained, and the battues are conducted on thoroughly scientific principles.

According to the latest arrangements, the King and Queen of Norway are to embark at Flushing on board the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* on the evening of Sunday, November 11, and next morning they will cross to Port Victoria. Captain Seymour Fortescue is to be in attendance on their Majesties from Flushing. If, however, the weather is fine, the King and Queen will very likely proceed from Flushing to Portsmouth and land late on Monday afternoon at the south jetty in the harbour. In this case the Prince of Wales (and perhaps the Princess) will meet the Royal guests at Portsmouth. Whether they land at Port Victoria or Portsmouth, the King and Queen will proceed direct to Windsor.

The King and Queen of Norway are to be the guests of their Majesties at Windsor Castle for a week, after

which they will proceed to Appleton House, their former residence on the Sandringham estate, where they will stay for about three weeks. The visit of the King and Queen of Norway to the Court is to be a "State" affair only during their stay at Windsor Castle. A succession of guests will be entertained at the Castle from November 12 till the 19th, including Cabinet Ministers, Ambassadors, and other Chefs de Mission, and many other official personages, and other individuals of light and leading. There will be two State banquets in St. George's Hall during the week, and either a concert or a theatrical performance in the Waterloo Chamber.

The statement that the visit of the King and Queen of Norway to the City has been put off in consequence of the postponement of their arrival in England is incorrect. According to present arrangements, the King and Queen and their suite will travel by special train from Windsor to Paddington on the morning of Wednesday, November 14, and they are to drive in state in Royal carriages, with a travelling escort of Household Cavalry, to the Guildhall, returning to Windsor in the same way after the ceremonies of the day are concluded. The Corporation address is to be presented in a magnificent gold casket, most elaborately ornamented and decorated with rubies and diamonds.

It was mentioned in Truth nearly two months ago that the Prince and Princess of Wales would be the guests of Lord and Lady Stradbroke at Henham Hall, Suffolk, early in the shooting season, for a few days. The Prince and Princess, who came to town from Sandringham last week, left Marlborough House on Monday afternoon for Henham, where they are expected to stay until Friday. Lord and Lady Graham are included in the house party at Henham Hall.

The Princess Royal and the Duke of Fife are expected to arrive in Portman-square next week from Mar Lodge, where they have been residing since the end of July, and they will spend most of the winter at Brighton. It is possible that H.R.H. and the Duke of Fife may go to Appleton House, near Sandringham, for a few weeks about the middle of December after the King and Queen of Norway have left England.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who are now the guests of Lord and Lady Derby at Knowsley Hall, are to pay a visit next month to Lord and Lady Savile at Rufford Abbey, when the annual partridge drives over the extensive and well-stocked preserves on the estate are to take place. The shooting on the Rufford property has been greatly improved by the present Lord Savile, and heavy bags of partridges and pheasants are now obtained every season.

Princess Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein were last week on a visit to Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam at Wentworth Woodhouse. Princess Christian drove to Sheffield on Wednesday, and lunched with the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress in the Town Hall, after which H.R.H. opened a bazaar in the Cutlers' Hall in aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. There was an immense attendance of Yorkshire notables at this ceremony, and there was a most distinguished and influential list of stall-holders. The Duchess of Portland opened the bazaar on Thursday, and Lady Zetland similarly officiated on Friday. Princess Christian and Princess Victoria were present on Thursday morning at a private meet of Lord Fitzwilliam's foxhounds on the lawn in front of Wentworth House. In the afternoon, H.R.H. drove to Selby to view the Abbey ruins, and Princess Victoria and several members of the house party went to Thrybergh golf links. Their Royal Highnesses left Wentworth on Friday morning.

Prince Louis of Battenberg, uncle of the Queen of Spain, and Prince Alexander, her eldest brother, are to arrive at Malaga on Friday on board H.M.S. *Drake*, along with the Second Cruiser Squadron. King Alfonso and the Queen are going to Malaga to meet the Princes of Battenberg.

Princess Henry of Battenberg has been staying for a few days at Welbeck Abbey, on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Portland, who returned thither last week after a residence of two months at Langwell, their place on the east coast of Caithness.

The King of the Hellenes, who has been staying during the last week at the Hôtel Bristol, Paris, has given up his contemplated visit to England.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen returned to Ireland last week, after a short trip to Paris. They have taken up their residence at the Viceregal Lodge, which is the more popular of the two Viceregal residences in Ireland. In fact, Dublin Castle has quite fallen out of favour as a Viceregal residence, owing to the way in which it is built round, in many cases by what may be called "slums." Also the river, which runs underground within the Castle precincts, excites suspicion, if not absolute distrust, from a hygienic point of view. Historic residences do not often come up to modern hygienic standards, which frequently, without regard to aristocratic prejudice, place the stucco villa and even the week-end bungalow, above the ancient castle "old in story."

The diplomatic reticence which was observed with regard to the retirement of Sir Andrew Porter from the Irish Mastership of the Rolls and the appointment of Mr. Justice Meredith in his place, made these events come as a sudden surprise in Ireland last week. The Irish Bench has suffered a great loss in the resignation of Sir Andrew Porter, who has given up office whilst still in the enjoyment of full mental vigour. He possessed the confidence of all classes of his countrymen as a fine lawyer and a high-principled and absolutely impartial judge. He was first Solicitor and then Attorney General in Mr. Gladstone's Government, and refused the office of Chief Secretary of Ireland before being made Master of the Rolls. Sir Andrew

has an interesting personality and highly cultured tastes. He and Lady Porter are popular members of society, though not inclined to its frivolous side.

At the ceremony of conferring Degrees at the Royal University of Dublin last week, Lord Castletown, who succeeded during the year to the place vacated by Lord Meath, delivered his first address as Chancellor of the University. Lord Castletown is a nobleman with Irish views and a belief in his fellow-countrymen; he is also devoted to the Celtic revival in Ireland. Though he does not go the length of wearing a supposed Irish dress, he has gone so far as to suggest the advisability of embroidered brogues for footwear. Lord Castletown made a graceful and an academic speech on education before a somewhat noisy audience as regarded the students.

Somewhat late in the day I have received a communication from Lady Fawcett with reference to the article that appeared in TRUTH of September 26 under the title "A Deal with the Marriage Brokers." Lady Fawcett was mentioned by name in that article as having received two commission notes for considerable sums from a gentleman who was subsequently introduced to the holy state of matrimony, with somewhat unfortunate results. As I stated at the time, there was no mention in the documents given of the commission being payable in consideration of the gentleman's marriage; on the contrary, the consideration was expressly stated to be the introduction of somebody who would advance him money for the purpose of litigation which he had in view. But I inferred from all the circumstances of the case that marriage with a lady possessing the requisite means was the method of obtaining the money which the parties really contemplated when the commission notes were given. However, Lady Fawcett emphatically denies that this was intended or contemplated, and, as she desires her disclaimer to be published, I have no objection to comply. I fear that the publicity which she has gained in connection with another case has had very disastrous results for this lady, and I should be sorry to add to her troubles by laying anything to her charge unjustly.

Mr. Briggs Priestley, who died last week, commenced life at Bradford in very humble circumstances as a factory lad, but his ability, prudence, and perseverance brought him to commercial greatness, and for many years he was the head of one of the largest manufacturing concerns in the West Riding. Mr. Priestley was all his life a most zealous Liberal of the advanced type, and from 1885 until 1900 he sat in Parliament as Member for the Pudsey Division. One of his sons is now Member for East Bradford. Mr. Priestley was a kind and charitable man, and always ready to help the poor and afflicted. In the 'sixties he was an active promoter of popular education and of free libraries, and Bradford is largely indebted to him for its fine public parks and its art gallery. He was very popular among all classes and parties, and was greatly and deservedly respected.

Lord Arundell of Wardour, who died on Friday, was the head of one of the oldest and most distinguished Roman Catholic families in Europe. He was a popular landlord and was most highly esteemed, but he never took any part in public affairs. Wardour, which has been the seat of this ancient family since the reign of Henry VIII., is about fifteen miles west of Salisbury. The magnificent old Castle was destroyed during the Civil War, when the Arundells were enthusiastic Royalists. The present house, which was built between 1770 and 1776, is more remarkable for size and for the fine rooms which it contains than for any architectural merit. The Rotunda staircase is the most notable feature. The house contains a splendid gallery of Old Masters, and a large and most superb collection of rare works of art, including many exquisite carvings in ivory, and the famous Glastonbury Cup. The Chapel, which is a perfect gem, contains the Westminster chasuble, embroidered with the badges of Henry VIII. and Katherine of Aragon. The park, which is intersected by the Nadder, is large, richly wooded, and surrounded by hills. The ivy-clad ruins of the old castle are buried in woods.

The Norman Court estate, on the borders of Wilts and Hants, was sold on Thursday at the Mart by Messrs. Beadel for £200,000, the purchaser, it was understood, being a member of the Singer family. This property comprises 9,165 acres, including 2,500 acres of woods. The house, which is in the so-called Grecian style, and built during the reign of George III., is large, handsome, and well-arranged. There are excellent gardens, and the grounds are well laid out. The park is picturesque and splendidly wooded, with many groves and avenues of fine old trees, the beeches being remarkable for age and size. Norman Court was granted to the Whitehead family directly after the Conquest, and after several centuries the estates passed to the Thistlethwaytes, who sold it in 1807 to a member of the Baring family. The present vendor is Mr. Francis Baring.

Sir George Wombwell was in the chair on Thursday, when Lord Londesborough opened the Barnardo Bazaar at York, in presence of a very large company. Sir George said he had been told that there was a general wish to hear the story of the battle and charge of Balaclava from one who was present, so he read the account in his journal, which had been written by him on the evening of the charge, fifty-two years ago that day. His narrative was most graphic and interesting, and he concluded amidst enthusiastic applause. At the request of Sir George Wombwell, Canon Fleming recited Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" with striking dramatic force.

I am asked to mention that performances will be given at the Scala Theatre on December 11, 12, and 13,

For SPECIAL FOR LADIES, see page 1077.
For the TRUTH HOTEL LIST, see page 1076.
For Selected FOREIGN HOTELS, see page 1075.
For AMUSEMENTS, see page 1071.
For OUR PUZZLES, see pages 1081, 1082.
For SALES BY AUCTION, see page 1070.

under the patronage of the Princess of Wales, in aid of the Kensington General Hospital, when a comedietta by Mr. Hubert Colegrave and a musical children's play by Major Philip Trevor will be produced. The Kensington General Hospital, which has lately been entirely reorganised, is in urgent need of funds and increased accommodation. Among those from whom tickets can be obtained for the performance at the Scala Theatre are Lady FitzGeorge, 12, Eaton-square; Mrs. Basil Tozer, 124, Elm Park Mansions: or the honorary secretaries, Dr. Moyle O'Connor, and Mr. R. S. Birnbaim, St. James's Court.

If it be true that the British public as a whole does not buy books, one very good reason for it is the enormous consumption of periodical literature. This fact should be taken into account by ambitious novelists of the Hall Caine type who have visions of one-million editions if only publishers would put new novels on the market at 6d. or thereabouts. The growth of the "penny weekly" is one of the most remarkable features of the times, and there seems no end to it. The newest comer is the *Reader*, just produced by Edward Lloyd, Limited, under the guidance and inspiration of Mr. Robert Donald. In matter, style, and appearance the *Reader* is a distinct advance on anything in the same line yet attempted, and its appearance probably indicates that the "snippets" type of weekly has had its day. It is interesting to note that two new novels by Mr. Quiller-Couch and Mr. Robert Barr start in the first number. That means that four chapters of new novels by popular writers are offered to the public for a penny, with a great deal of other excellent light reading thrown in. I do not see how even a Hall Caine can expect to reach his public more cheaply than that.

HIC JACET

WRANGLERIUS SENIOR, ARMIGER.

OB: OCT. XXV. A.D. MCMVI.

Toll for the name,
The name that's ceased to be!
It died at two p.m.
Last Thursday. R.I.P.

For centuries that name
Had been the Cantabs' pride;
And now a law they frame
To hustle it aside.

Toll for the name!
The Senior Wrangler's gone.
No more he'll gather fame;
His day of glory's done!

It was not foes who gave
The culminating shock,
Nor aliens, who drave
The ship upon the rock;

But friends (for shame!)—the own
Alumni of the Cam,
Whose votes, and theirs alone,
Prescribed the fatal dram!

(This sounds a little mixed;
But hold me, pray, excused,
If I by grief transfixed,
Have metaphors confused.)

True, wranglers still there'll be,
Of whose conglomerate lot
The first from last shall we
Have now no chance to spot.

But Senior Wrangler's gone,
His triumphs now are o'er;
And he, the Tripos lists upon,
Shall wrangle first no more.

Numerous inquiries have reached me during the last week or two from clergymen and schoolmasters who have received invitations to subscribe to a Bristol company called the Diploma Correspondence College, Limited. It seems that a Mr. Knipe is desirous of selling his Diploma Correspondence College to the public in the shape of a company, receiving for it £5,000 in cash and £6,000 in shares, besides the appointment of managing director at £225 per annum for "at least six years." The share in the concern offered to the public consists of 7,000 seven per cent. cumulative preference shares. Clergymen and schoolmasters are specially appealed to by a slip attached to the prospectus, informing them that preference will be given to them in the allotment of shares, however small the number they may apply for, because such shareholders will be "in a position to introduce students," and thereby promote the prosperity of the company. In other words, they will be in a position to serve their own interests by the advice that they may give to young men and women in regard to education, and they are offered a seven per cent. investment to induce them to take up this equivocal position. The College would seem to be a good school for sucking company promoters, and its diplomas may be a certificate for proficiency in smart dodges for pushing business; but I am not in a position to say anything else as to its merits as an investment.

The new Quick Professorship of Biology at Cambridge, which is worth £1,000 a year, has been filled up by the appointment of Dr. Nuttall, Fellow of Christ's, and University Reader in Hygiene. He is one of the greatest authorities on tropical diseases, and has devoted much time to researches into the causes and nature of yellow fever. He is required to devote himself principally to the study of protozoa, especially of those which cause disease. Dr. Nuttall worked for some years at the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. He has written largely on subjects relating to experimental researches in bacteriology, physiology, and hygiene. This Chair was founded from a fund bequeathed by the late Mr. J. Quick, of Eltham, Kent, a member of Trinity Hall.

Dr. Ince, Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, is unable, through ill-health, to deliver his lectures, and his place during this term will be taken by Canon Cruttwell, of Peterborough, late Fellow of Merton College, whose course of lectures begins this week. During last term Dr. Ince's lectures were delivered by Chancellor Bernard, who cannot come to Oxford at the present time, as he is now canon-in-residence at Salisbury Cathedral, where he will be on duty until

January 1. Dr. Ince was appointed Regius Professor of Divinity, with canonry of Christ Church annexed, in 1878, by Lord Beaconsfield, when he succeeded Dr. J. B. Mozley.

The Bishop of Guildford has resigned the canonry in Winchester Cathedral, to which he was appointed in 1885 by Bishop Harold Browne, being then Archdeacon of Winchester. He is a son of the well-known Bishop Charles Summer, who was appointed by Lord Goderich to the enormously rich See of Winchester at the age of thirty-seven, in compliance with the wish of George IV., and he held it for forty-two years. The Bishop of Guildford held the then valuable living of Old Alresford for about thirty-five years. He was Suffragan of the diocese under Bishops Harold Browne and Thorold, and under the present Archbishop of Canterbury, and for thirteen years he most efficiently filled the office of Prolocutor of the Lower House of the Convocation of Canterbury. The Bishop of Guildford has done much excellent work in the diocese during the last fifty-nine years, and he is beloved and esteemed by both clergy and laity. It is earnestly hoped that he will continue to reside at Winchester, where his house in the Close has for over twenty years been a centre of valuable Church and charitable work, and most generous and pleasant hospitality.

The Deanery of Ely was formerly worth £1,600 a year, but agricultural depression has reduced the income of the Chapter, and the Dean is now cut down to £1,320, while the stipend of each of the six canons has fallen from £800 a year to £600. The new Dean of Carlisle finds a similar state of affairs, as his own stipend has been reduced from £1,500 a year to £1,080, while the canons are cut down from £750 a year to £530. At Rochester the Dean now gets only £1,200 a year, instead of £2,000, while the canons are reduced from £1,000 to £600 each.

The Bishop of Southwell must regret his impetuosity in the case of the Rev. W. H. Stamper, of Chapel-en-le-Frith. This aged clergyman resigned his benefice some years ago, and now lives in retirement at Chapel-en-le-Frith, but holds a preacher's licence for the diocese of Southwell. The other day, as an act of neighbourly kindness to the pastor, who was incapacitated by illness, Mr. Stamper conducted a service at the Congregational chapel in aid of the London Missionary Society. The hideous fact was reported to the Bishop, and without waiting to hear what the culprit had to say for himself his lordship called upon Mr. Stamper to return his preacher's licence. Mr. Stamper, however, did not at once do so, pending correspondence on the subject, and in the end the Bishop withdrew his demand, explaining that he had made it under a misapprehension. The Bishop has done well to acknowledge his mistake. Unfortunately, however, his lordship's first hasty, ill-judged treatment of Mr. Stamper has produced in the diocese an impression which cannot easily be removed.

Archdeacon Sinclair will to-morrow replace the Bishop of Stepney as the Canon in residence and Sunday afternoon preacher at St. Paul's Cathedral, and will be on duty until December 1. At Westminster Abbey Canon Barnett comes into residence to-morrow for the first time, replacing Sub-dean Duckworth.

I was a little sceptical last week about the information that the Bishop of Malta holds the honorary rank of major-general in the British Army and is entitled to a salute as such. An English chaplain, however, tells me that it is correct, and that he has himself often heard the order "Guard, turn out!" when the Bishop's carriage was approaching. He adds that some years ago an officer who was an ultra-Protestant objected to salute a Roman Catholic bishop, and was dismissed the Service in consequence. My correspondent has been told that the rank was originally conferred in recognition of devoted services rendered to Roman Catholic soldiers during the Crimean War; but his reverence must have been so young a man at that time that it is difficult to believe in his being made a major-general at one step. Be that as it may, the Bishop does not seem to have much ground for complaining of the unsympathetic attitude of the British authorities either towards himself personally or towards his Church.

Glastonbury has a Church of England Men's Society, which, according to the Vicar of St. John's, is "in no sense a political body." By way of manifesting its aloofness from politics the society, under the leadership of the Vicar, has plunged into the municipal election contest by catechising the candidates on the subject of the Education Bill, and refusing its support to those who will not avow their hostility to the main principles of that measure. It is palpably ridiculous that such questions should be put to the candidates. The Town Council have nothing to do with the passing of the Bill, though they may have to administer it when it becomes an Act, and the obtrusion of such a test into the municipal election is an obvious party trick to hoodwink Liberal Churchmen.

I find that I did not do full justice to Mr. H. Grant in my recent notice of his publications for the guidance and assistance of subscription hunters. In addition to those old favourites "The Charitable Ten Thousand," and the list of subscribers to the Queen's Unemployed Fund, Mr. Grant is also advertising his "Church Benefactors," which is said to contain the names of "a thousand generous wealthy benefactors to Church objects." The thousand Church benefactors are sold at 42s., and Mr. Grant seems to think that they are cheap at the price. I can only hope that the benefactors themselves may agree with him.

The following amounts have reached me towards the Toy Fund:—Fredk. Gorringe, £5 5s.; Major John C. Harris, R.E., £2 2s.; Derrick, 10s.; Harold, 10s.; Alex, 10s.; Muriel, 10s.; Winifred, 10s.; Jim, 10s.; One of Many of Your Admirers, 10s.; Mrs. A. E. Rodocanachi, £2 2s.

Mr. Haldane showed once again in the speech he made last Saturday how keen he is on giving officers a practical education. He will find, I think, some opportunity for useful work of this kind if his attention is directed to the practice of making a medical officer pass in such a subject as the Laws and Customs of War in order to qualify for promotion to major. Applying to this such clear thinking as I am capable of, I should think it would be as useful to make an Army Service Corps major pass in submarine mining, or a major in the Marines in tactical fitness for the command of cavalry. That the R.A.M.C. major is expected to tackle the Laws and Customs of War seriously may be seen from the following questions which were set at a recent examination for promotion:—

What are the duties of Neutral States in regard to wounded and sick brought into their territory?

What agreement exists with regard to explosive bullets, and to what extent is it binding on the contracting parties?

I leave it with confidence to Mr. Haldane to decide whether "preparedness for war" will be best promoted by setting army doctors to master questions of this kind, or by putting them through a post-graduate course in a general hospital.

In this connection, I may mention that I hear once again from India of the difficulty of obtaining the text books on which examinations are based. The R.A.M.C. captain who aspires to a majority and must busy himself with the duties of neutrals and the binding force of international agreements, is recommended to read "International Treatises on the Geneva and Hague Conventions." He would find it difficult enough to get such books in England, even if he is a member of the *Times* Book Club, and in India or the Colonies it will be an impossibility, except by sending a blank cheque to a bookseller with an order to buy up any such treatises that are to be found in the book markets of Europe.

Apropos of the recent discussion on officers' pay in India, I have had a communication from the R.A.M.C. I gather from it that the recent improvements in the pay of that corps have not been extended to India on a scale proportionate to the general rates of Indian pay throughout the Army, and that a lieutenant of the corps is still unable to make the two ends meet in India. Seeing that a lieutenant's Indian pay comes to £350 per annum, it does not seem to me that he has any very strong claim on the sympathy of the taxpayer, but at the same time he seems to be getting £50 a year less than a lieutenant of the Army Service Corps, and there can be no reason for such disparities among departmental officers of the same rank. In a letter which appeared a few weeks back in the *British Medical Journal* it was stated that a colonel R.A. and a captain R.A.M.C. receive at home practically the same pay, but on proceeding to India the colonel receives three times the pay of the captain. This again looks an indefensible anomaly.

A regimental officer of my acquaintance gives an exposition of the working of the new system of proficiency pay, which seems to be worth the attention of Mr. Haldane and the Army Council:—

Apart from the fact that Government is breaking its contract with men enlisted prior to the new warrant, I ask you as a taxpayer to look at the following case from the point of view of getting the best possible soldier you can for your money. T. A. is a private soldier, a marksman, or first class shot at every classification, but he has never sat for a third class certificate of education. His conduct is exemplary. His pay is: Daily pay, 1s.; mess allowance, 3d.; upkeep of kit, 2d.; first class service pay, 6d.; good conduct pay, 1d.; total, 2s. per diem. T. A. is no good at school work, but has served through the greater part of the South African War, and has King's and Queen's medals.

Now this man, unless he gets a third class certificate of education by 1.11.07 (which he will not sit for), reverts to class 2, service pay, losing 2d. daily till he has eight years' service, early in 1908. If he then re-engaged to do 12 years with the colours, he would forfeit class 2, service pay, and good conduct pay, and draw 1s. 5d. per diem, whereas some young cockamaroo of two years' service would be getting 1s. 11d. Which of the two would you rather have on your side on outpost duty on a dark, drizzling night? Which is the more valuable soldier?

Again, a difference of one point in the year's annual musketry course—a centre instead of a bull's-eye, for example, an inch on a target half a mile away—may make a difference of £4 11s. 3d. in the man's pay for the year. Oh, it is all so unsound! I know these first class target shots. I remember asking one if he would volunteer to accompany me to South Africa. He said: "No, I'd sooner have my two arms and legs than a row of medals from my chin to my belt." And I have seen second class shots pouring in a steady fire at a mountain side 5,000 by 1,000, which was all the target there was to aim at, though there was a fire emanating from it that would have quite justified the first class shot above-mentioned in his anxiety about his arms and legs.

Good conduct, sobriety, soldierly qualities, and instincts, are ignored by the new warrant, and it is not giving pleasure to the rank and file.

I suppose there can be no question that a second-class shot may be as valuable a soldier all round as his first-class comrade. But what impresses me most in the foregoing letter is the education question. We seem to be applying here to the rank and file much the same thing as the Sandhurst entrance test for officers, on which a good deal has been said in the last few issues of Truth. I suppose it is quite true that an absolute fool will never be a first-rate soldier. But a fool at book work and school work may be anything but an absolute fool; and if he can in some other way prove himself to be a first-class soldier, it seems to me that only an absolute fool would depreciate his merits as a soldier on account of his defects as a scholar. Apart from all this, to cut down extra pay which a man has already earned by complying with certain tests of conduct and proficiency, by suddenly imposing upon him new tests, is contrary to all justice.

With reference to the *Spectator* experiment in military training, a Service correspondent calls attention to the condition of things prevailing at present at Cairo. There are 120 military police on duty in the station, for which the infantry battalions have to find N.C.O.s and men. These men are completely detached from their battalions, and live away from barracks. The infantry also have to find hospital orderlies both at the hospital and at some of the barracks, and to meet the usual demands of headquarters for orderlies, etc., as well as other demands from the Army Service Corps for postmen, batmen, and so on. My correspondent asks how it is possible that infantry battalions can be properly trained when so large a number of men are habitually detached from them for garrison, departmental, and staff work, and I doubt if the question can be answered satisfactorily.

Of course, what is at the root of the evil is the desire for economy; but to save money by taking an infantry soldier away from his training in order to do odd jobs in connection with army administration is obviously false economy, at any rate if it is done before the man has become a fully-trained and qualified soldier. It is palpably absurd to employ infantry men on A.S.C. or R.A.M.C. duties, because if these departments are not adequate for their duties in time of peace, they will certainly not be so in time of war. The efficiency of the Army would be increased if the establishment of the two departmental corps were strengthened and the infantry reduced in proportion, for you would then be sure that your soldiers were soldiers, and your hospital orderlies hospital orderlies, whereas under the present arrangement you are not sure about either. The inevitable result of running your military machine in time of peace with the assistance of men detached from the ranks is that when war comes, and the fighting ranks have to be filled up before everything else, the machine ceases to run properly. This is one of the matters that want looking into if we are to get rid of "make-believe" in peace time, and have an Army really ready for business at short notice.

A vacancy has lately occurred for a clerk in the record office of the N.I.G.R. District at Belfast, and it is understood locally that the candidate selected to fill it is suffering from consumption, having been recently invalided out of the Army on that account. If this is so, the appointment is a most undesirable one, as I think every one will agree who knows the risk of bringing a man suffering from this disease into such close contact with others as work in a confined office necessarily involves. Individually the man may be deserving of all consideration and sympathy, but sentiment ought not to be the governing consideration in such circumstances, even if there were no other qualified candidates, which is not the case. It would be interesting to know whether any medical officer has been consulted in regard to this appointment.

I am frequently puzzled by hearing of cases where men who seem to be desirable soldiers are refused permission to extend their colour service, without any ostensible reason. The latest case is that of a private in the 1st Lancashire Fusiliers, who has two good-conduct badges and a second-class education certificate, has served seven and a half years abroad, has passed his examination for promotion to corporal as well as in three different regimental classes of instruction, and has been in receipt of first-class service pay since it was instituted. Why should a commanding officer refuse to allow such a man to extend his colour service if he desires it? The question is the more difficult to answer in the present instance, because a few months ago the man was asked whether he was going to re-engage, and replied that he would only do so if his wife were taken on the establishment. Since then the wife has been taken on the establishment, but only as a preliminary to refusing to allow the husband to re-engage. In spite of all reforms, the British Army still remains a most mysterious institution.

Mrs. Atkins's troubles about the regimental washing have come under my notice again from Malta, and there is a little point mentioned this time which seems to call for the attention of one commanding officer, if not others. It is alleged that one reason why the washing is "put out," for the benefit of Maltese washerladies, instead of being done at home by the ladies of the regiment, is that the colour-sergeants get a commission on the business. I think it will be found that this statement is well founded, and if so, the game ought to be stopped. Whether it is also true that the Maltese ladies do not get up Tommy's linen as artistically as Mrs. A could do it, and that they are essentially dirty in their habits, is a question which I do not go into, because possibly there may be a little professional feeling involved. I am told, however, that the particular regiment where this grievance is acute is furnished with a well-equipped and up-to-date laundry, and if this is so it is the less easy to understand why the regimental washing should be done by the Maltese ladies in their own homes, whatever they may be like.

I have received several communications from Malta with regard to a recent observation in Truth on the disparity between two sentences for attempts at murder in that island. One of them is from a member of the Malta Bar, who states that the disparity between the sentences was due to the different circumstances of the cases, as shown in evidence, in respect of the two elements of premeditation and provocation, and it is also pointed out that a court presided over by the Chief Justice, Sir J. Carbone, is not likely to be influenced by any prejudice against a British soldier, which is possibly true. An Englishman writing from Malta offers a somewhat different explanation of the case, his suggestion being that the degree of punishment depends upon whether the prisoner is found guilty by a unanimous verdict, or by a two-thirds majority only; but as the writer is not a lawyer, and does not state whether there was this difference in the verdicts in the two cases under notice, his explanation does not throw much light on the matter. From the account of the case which I had in the first instance, it does not appear what evidence there was that the soldier's attempt to shoot the N.C.O. was premeditated; neither does it appear whether or not he acted under provocation. The suggestion was made to me that in point of fact the crime *was* provoked, and that was why I said that the case seemed to call for further inquiry from the point of view of military discipline.

The question propounded in last week's Truth respecting the pay of a reservist who had obtained leave to go to Canada has been kindly answered by one of my readers in the Army Pay Corps. The difficulty seems to rise out of Article 1,299A of the Pay Warrant which lays down that a reservist granted leave to visit a colony where there is no British garrison shall not receive pay for the period of his residence in such

colony "until he returns to a station where there is a British garrison." The British garrison having been withdrawn from Canada, by an order issued on September 13, all reservists who were granted permission to proceed to the Colony on or after May 29 were brought under the conditions of this article. This no doubt explains how the man whose case I referred to came to be informed at Toronto that he could not draw his reserve pay in Canada. It appears, however, that another order was issued on October 1, which rescinded the previous order so far as it related to men who had received permission to proceed to the Colonies prior to September 11. From another quarter I have the information that instructions have now been sent to Canada that all reservists in that country are to be paid irrespective of the date of their arrival. So the matter has now been put right all round.

Might I ask some one in authority in the Army to kindly give his attention to the condition of the thoroughfare leading to the married quarters at Borden Camp from the adjacent high road? This may seem a small matter, but it affects the daily comfort, during winter time, of something like 200 families. It would seem that the thoroughfare in question is a mere track over a soft soil, which has never been made up as a road, and is a foot deep in mud during wet weather. It is sometimes impassable for this reason, and in that case the women and children can only go to and from their quarters by a back way across the drill square and past the canteen of one of the regiments, which is obviously undesirable, especially at night.

The unfortunate owners of the steamer *Briardale*, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, have not yet succeeded in recovering that vessel from the Genoese pirates, in whose clutches she has been held since March, 1905. Pirates is perhaps a strong word to use, but though the original seizure of the ship was made under the cover of Italian law, her prolonged detention seems to be nothing less than piratical. Let me briefly recapitulate the facts. There are at Genoa three creditors of a former part-owner of the *Briardale* who became a bankrupt and whose shares in that ship had previously been mortgaged (for more than they were worth) to a York bank and a firm at Leeds. The claims against the bankrupt at Genoa were not connected with the *Briardale*, but were in respect of services rendered to other ships in which he had been interested. Nevertheless when the *Briardale* entered the port she was arrested by the authorities at the instance of these local creditors of her former part-owner. Her present owners naturally repudiated any liability for the bankrupt's debts, and litigation on the subject has ever since been proceeding in the Italian courts. Meanwhile the *Briardale* remains to this day, rotting and rusting in the harbour at Genoa.

In the course of this protracted litigation the Court of Appeal at Genoa has laid down the principle that a mere personal creditor of an owner of a share in a ship is entitled, in Italy, to have the whole ship arrested (regardless of the interests of the rest of the shareholders) pending the determination of his claim. This is manifestly a very dangerous principle, capable of causing—as it has caused in this case—the grossest injustice, and the British Foreign Office, some time ago, represented to the Italian Government that its maintenance would be most prejudicial to the commercial relations between the two countries. But there are two still uglier features of the *Briardale* affair—first, the refusal of the judges to release the ship on bail, and secondly the dilatoriness of the courts in dealing with the case. Time after time the owners have offered ample security—offering, in fact, an actual payment of money into court—for the satisfaction of any claims against the ship (not against the bankrupt) which may be held to be good in Italian law. The judges, however, coolly insisted that the bail to be given should be a guarantee for the payment of whatever sums should be found to be due from the bankrupt personally, not merely of such sums (if any) as might be found to be legally recoverable from the *Briardale*. That is to say, whether they were eventually held to be liable or not the present owners of the ship would have had to pay their late fellow shareholder's debts at Genoa!

At the beginning of the present month an application was once more made to the Court at Genoa to release the ship on bail, without the above-mentioned preposterous condition, the acceptance of which would be tantamount to the abandonment of the owners' legal defence to the actions that are still pending. Following its usual policy, however, the Court deferred its decision for six weeks. The owners have, of course, already suffered a very heavy loss through the *Briardale* being laid up at Genoa for the last eighteen months, and I am not surprised to learn that a suspicion is arising that the course pursued by the judges is deliberately designed to coerce them into paying claims that are legally untenable rather than incur any further loss. It seems high time that the British Foreign Office addressed a further and sharper remonstrance to the Italian Government on the subject of this disgraceful affair.

What is characterised as "the high-handed tyranny of the Bombay Customs authorities" forms the subject of a lengthy communication that I have received from the Bombay Country Tobacco Trade Association. The grievances of the trade are too numerous to mention, but the main point is that the licensed native dealer in "country"—that is, indigenous—tobacco has to submit to various harassing restrictions which are not imposed upon the European dealer in foreign imported tobacco. For instance, the former is not only required to carry on his business personally, but he must live at the licensed premises, he must store all his stock there and there only, he must keep sundry account books ready for official inspection any day between 10 a.m. and 5 p.m., and he must not employ an assistant or substitute without a special permit. Altogether, the "country" tobacco dealer in Bombay seems to be under severer regulations and stricter super-

vision than a publican in England. But, of course, it is possible that these measures are after all found to be necessary for the protection of the revenue—a question upon which I do not feel qualified to express an opinion.

A short time back I commented upon an atrocious sentence in Burma, by which a man was condemned to imprisonment for life for stealing a goat. By way of contrast to this, an Anglo-Indian reader now sends me an account from the *Madras Mail* of a case before the Cantonment Magistrate of St. Thomas's Mount, in which a husband was charged with wounding and torturing his wife. Assisted by his brother and sister-in-law, this miscreant branded his wife on her face with a red-hot iron, inflicting seven horrible marks, which permanently disfigured and distorted her features. There was no sort of provocation for this outrage, and the magistrate, considering that the maximum sentence of two years' imprisonment which he was empowered to give would be insufficient to meet the case, committed the husband and his accomplices to the District Sessions Court. But the Sessions Judge was not at all impressed by the enormity of the crime, for he let off the husband with six months' imprisonment, while the other two accused were acquitted. Evidently this Indian Rhadamanthus looks upon wife-branding much as an English Shallow looks upon wife-beating—an offence in the eye of the law, but one which is entitled to the sympathy of the bench.

THE PASSING OF THE THUNDERER.

I wonder, I wonder,
Thou God of the Thunder
  That rumbles in Printing House Square,
To see Thee unbend thus
And—Heaven defend us!—
  Thy godhead with flunkeys to share.

'Tis true that Apollo,
If legend we swallow—
  Which requireth a gullet not small—
Came down *suâ sponte*
Olympico Monte,
  And lived in a King's Servants' Hall.

Yet Apollo, thou twiggest,
Was far from the biggest
  Of Gods; nay, indeed, it was reckoned
That to Jove, the Gods' *Pater*,
And Juno, their *Mater*,
  He played a distinctly poor second.

But thou, child of Walter,
At whose name men falter
  (Or did), as a Jove among papers,
No underling God thou;
'Tis even more odd thou
  Shouldst indulge in these servant gal capers.

Besides, Dan Apollo—
If legend we follow—
  A *Royal* establishment fixed on;
But thy humbler plan tries
The kitchens and pantries
  Suburban of Tooting and Brixton.

Sublime condescension!
Supremest extension
  Of kindness at nothing that stops—
Which to Sarah Jane sinketh
Benignly, and thinketh
  Of Anne as she empties the slops.

Oh!—Hooper's spell under—
Where now is the Thunder
  And lightning that once made us blink?
Gone, gone!—and succeeded
By squiblets unheeded
  That splutter ignobly and—stink.

It was stated in some of the daily papers a week or two ago that the National Telephone Company were intending to discontinue the process of payment by annual subscription and substitute for it the penny-a-call arrangement. Have they the power to do this? If they have, I can only say that it ought to be taken away from them. There is no reason why subscribers should not be entitled to obtain the unlimited use of the telephone system at a fixed annual charge, and £17 per annum seems a fair price for the privilege, nor has it shown itself unremunerative in practice. If it is proposed to make the system of payment by calls universal, it may be fairly assumed that the object is to get more money out of the public; and any effort to do this ought certainly to be resisted.

One of the objections to the penny-a-call system is that the subscriber has no protection against being charged for more calls than he has actually made. This has been proved already in the case of the Post Office. A gentleman who has had a dispute with the Department over his account wrote to the *Daily Mail* on the subject early in last month, and his evidence was supported in the columns of that paper by that of another subscriber. I have since been in communication with the first complainant myself. His case is that, suspecting that he had been overcharged, he established a system of his own for checking the calls, and when a discrepancy arose, as it quickly did, between the account rendered by the Post Office and his own register of calls, he objected to pay. Several officials from the Post Office visited him and endeavoured to prove that he had made a mistake, but they failed to do so. Nevertheless the Post Office insisted on payment of its demand, under threat of cutting off the service, and when the subscriber persisted in arguing the point he was told over and over again that his circuit had been watched, and that the Department were absolutely satisfied that no mistake had occurred. The correspondence continued in this strain down to a fortnight ago.

Having looked into this case, I should say that there is no doubt that the subscriber is right, and the Post Office wrong. In the course of the correspondence the General Manager of the telephone service repeatedly refers to the official meter for registering calls, and he evidently thinks this instrument infallible. When the matter was under discussion, however, in the *Daily Mail* it was stated that the Post Office meter is worked by the operator, who is supposed to press a button when a call is made. Obviously there can be nothing infallible about such a system. The operator may press the button by mistake when no call is made, or when a call is made but not answered. The system of registration ought to be automatic, and the meter ought to be at the subscriber's end, like a gas meter, so that he can judge for himself whether it is working correctly or

not. To devise such an instrument does not seem to demand very much mechanical ingenuity.

Of course, it may be said that the subscriber can protect himself by adopting the penny-in-the-slot system. The Post Office concluded their correspondence in the above case by making this suggestion; but it was accompanied by the information that the rent of a penny-in-the slot machine is 30s. per annum. Thirty shillings per annum would represent 360 calls at 1d. Unless, therefore, a subscriber thinks that more than 360 calls per annum are being wrongfully charged to him, it would be cheaper for him to put up with an occasional over-charge than to invest in a penny-in-the-slot machine. Such machines were not introduced for the purpose of checking over-charge, and a subscriber ought not to have to pay 30s. to insure his calls being correctly recorded.

Some amazing proceedings are reported in the *Cork Constitution* in connection with an inquiry in Cork respecting various claims to the property of one John Sullivan, a native of the city, who died intestate in the United States, leaving a fortune of £250,000. The inquiry was held under a Commission issued by the Superior Court at Washington, and it was found to be of importance to obtain evidence of certain burials, or alleged burials, in a grave in St. Joseph's Cemetery, Cork. For this purpose the Commissioner held a sitting in the cemetery—he sat on a tombstone—where the lawyers engaged in the case also attended, together with a number of the public. The Rev. Father Zimmerman informed the Commissioner that he was controller of the cemetery, which belonged to the Society for African Missions (having been purchased from the Capuchin Fathers), and that "he would give permission" for the opening of the grave in which members of the Sullivan family were interred. Thereupon the grave was opened, and the diggers brought to the surface some coffin plates, a coffin containing the body of a woman buried two years previously, and four skulls and other bones. The skulls and bones and also the coffin plates were photographed, and the inquiry was then adjourned.

It was ascertained that Father Zimmerman had allowed the same grave to be opened on at least one previous occasion. At the adjourned inquiry Brother Denis M'Carthy, Clerk of the Cemetery, swore to the accuracy of a burial certificate in his handwriting, stating that he had copied it from the cemetery register. On the register of burials being examined, however, no such entry could be discovered, and eventually Brother M'Carthy recollected that he made out the certificate from the particulars on a coffin-plate which was unearthed when the grave was first opened! This certificate had been used in the litigation in support of a claim, and it was hinted at the inquiry that a spurious coffin-plate had been placed in the grave in order to obtain it.

It is to be hoped that the Chief Secretary for Ireland will deal at once with this scandalous affair. Father Zimmerman had no right whatever to order or permit the opening of the grave, and the exhumation of the bodies was a flagrant breach of the law, for which he and the other parties concerned ought to be brought to book. In Ireland such a thing can only be legally done with the authority of the Local Government Board, just as in England the consent of the Home Office is required. Not only is it necessary that the law in this matter should be vindicated by a prosecution as a warning to the custodians of other graveyards, but the conduct of Father Zimmerman and his subordinates suggests that St. Joseph's Cemetery, which is one of the principal burying-grounds in Cork, ought to be placed under public control.

With a fine appearance of impartiality the Portsmouth Guardians the other day resolved to fill up a vacant clerkship by a competitive examination. A clergyman in the town acted as examiner, and in order that his judgment might be perfectly unbiassed the names of the candidates were kept from him. He reported on their written papers, pointing out that the candidate at the head of the list did very much better than any of the others. But at the last moment the Guardians' old propensity for jobbery overcame the virtue they had momentarily exhibited. They evidently thought that it would after all be creating a dangerous precedent to make an appointment on merit alone, and so, ignoring the result of the examination, they gave the berth to a candidate who, though he cut a comparatively poor figure in the list, had the great advantage of possessing relatives and friends on the Board.

There has been a good deal of talk at Walsall respecting the conduct of the Recorder, Mr. E. Annesley Owen, at the recent Quarter Sessions, and I have received sundry strongly-worded letters on the same subject. Quite independently, however, of such statements as are being made by persons who were present at the court, some of the Recorder's utterances, as reported in a local newspaper, are plainly calculated to provoke unfavourable criticism. A charge of false pretences was being tried—after the adjournment for lunch. One of the witnesses was cross-examined as to his taking certain commissions, whereupon the Recorder broke in with the following observations:—

> I should think he would take a commission from anyone, from the Trinity downwards. I expect the Bar would do the same. I do not pretend to stand on a higher level, I speak as an ordinary Walsall visitor. I should think he would take a commission from anybody from the Trinity downwards. I am downwards, and the Trinity is—— (pointing upwards).

Shortly afterwards the Recorder asked for the electric light to be turned off, adding "Let's trust in Heaven." He indulged, during the rest of the trial, in a variety of more or less eccentric remarks, and finally, when the prisoner had been acquitted, he told him that there were three persons he should thank: "Thank God, me, and the jury."

At one point the Recorder said, quite irrelevantly, "nothing shocks me." This may be so. But he should bear in mind that other people may be more sensitive, especially in matters affecting the dignity and decorum of a court of justice. In view of the impression he created on this occasion, Mr. Owen would certainly do wisely not to allow himself to be so much inebriated with the exuberance of his own jocosity.

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The contrasted sentences at Knighton Police-court, which figure in my Legal Pillory this week, form a striking illustration of magisterial inconsistency on the subject of previous convictions. Both the defendants were reminded by the Bench that they had been previously convicted, but whilst the man who had committed an extremely brutal assault was let off with a pecuniary penalty, the woman who pleaded guilty to a petty theft was sent to gaol. Why in the name of justice should greater weight be attached to a previous conviction for an offence against property than to a previous conviction for an offence against the person? How lightly offences against the person are treated is shown by several further cases in the following list, the Bury St. Edmunds Shallows especially distinguishing themselves by their fatuous failure to punish suitably a savage attack on a man of seventy-six which nearly ended in his death:—

Knighton Police-court. Before Messrs. C. C. Rogers, W. Weyman, and W. S. Bryan. Richard Powell, charged with assaulting William Price. It was a brutal assault, a police inspector stating that "he had not seen such a face for a long time as Price had." The Chairman said defendant had been before the Court for violence on a former occasion, and it was a pity he could not control his violent disposition. Fined £2 and costs.

Cheshunt Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. S. Trotter, J. A. Hunt, and T. H. Harrison. George Thomas Larking, charged with assaulting Charles John Coveney by knocking him down and kicking him. Other men joined in the assault, and complainant was badly knocked about. Fined 10s. and costs.

Kilmarnock Sheriff-court. Before Sheriff Mackenzie. Bernard M'Laughlin pleaded guilty to assaulting his wife by striking her several severe blows on the face and body with his clenched fists. He had been previously convicted of ill-treating her. Fined £3.

Bury St. Edmunds Borough Police-court. Before Messrs. C. H. Bullen, J. Floyd, J. G. Oliver, and J. Ridley Hooper. William Johnson, publican, charged with assaulting John Nunn, a man 76 years of age. The old man had "high words" with another customer in the public house, whereupon defendant not only ejected him, but struck him several times in the face, flung him down on the pavement, and kicked him. A surgeon said that complainant was so severely injured that for twenty-four hours he doubted whether he would recover. Fined 5s. and £1 16s. costs, including the doctor's fee.

Kirkcaldy Police-court. Peter Tennant, convicted of assaulting his wife by kicking her, and also of assaulting two policemen by kicking them. After ill-treating his wife, he attacked the officers who were fetched to the house. Fined 30s.

Knighton Police Court. Before the same magistrates. Mary Davies, charged with stealing a parcel of grocery from the market-room at an inn. She said she "mistook it for her own parcel." The Chairman remarked that this was not her first offence. Twenty-one days.

Kettering Police-court. Before Mr. G. T. Crespigny. George Henry Catlin and William Dimmock, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. Seven days each.

Cheshunt Petty Sessions. Before the same magistrates. William Wheybrow and Augustus Vyse, charged with poaching. Fined £2 each and costs or one month.

Grays Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. E. R. Parker and B. H. L. Williams. Charles Riches, charged with stealing a shawl, value 4s. One month.

Newmarket Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. R. W. King, T. B. Whiting, S. G. Howard, R. Stephenson, and G. Townsend. Norman M. Collin, charged under the Poaching Prevention Act with being found in possession of a number of rabbits. Fined £4; in default one month.

Swindon Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. A. D. Hussey-Freke, W. H. Williams, W. Reynolds, J. Hinton, T. Arkell, Colonel Archer, and Captain Tristram. Frank Bedford, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. One month.

Woodbridge Petty Sessions. Before Mr. R. E. White and other Justices. James French and Arthur Watts, charged under the Poaching Prevention Act with being found in possession of a number of rabbits. Fined £2 7s. each; in default one month.

Somerton Petty Sessions. Before Colonel F. W. Pinney and Messrs. A. Dickenson and F. Meade. Thomas Palmer, charged with trespassing in search of game. Fined £2 7s.

Derby Borough Police-court. Before Messrs. A. Woodiwiss, W. Richardson, and G. Frost. Samuel Chick, charged with being drunk and disorderly and with assaulting a constable. On being arrested he struck the officer in the face with his fists and kicked him several times on the legs and body. Fined £1 13s. including costs.

Dunfermline Police-court. Before Bailie Russell. Michael Gilhooley, charged with assaulting a woman in a common lodging house. He struck her in the face with his fists, poured a pot of boiling water over her, and then tore her clothes from her body and burned them. Her arm was scalded so severely that she had to be treated at the hospital. The magistrate said it was the most cruel and heartless assault he had ever come across. Sixty days.

Derby Borough Police-court. Before the same magistrates. Frederick Kinney, charged with stealing a coat from outside a shop. One month.

Ipswich Police-court. Before Messrs. W. Alexander, R. D. Fraser, S. B. R. Anness, and A. Gibb. George Dobson and William M. Nunn, charged with stealing two fowls. Nunn two months. Dobson three months.

Melton Mowbray Petty Sessions. Before the Rev. P. F. Gorst, and Messrs J. Glover, J. Pacey, J. Gill, and G. S. Wells. William Fletcher, George Miles, Arthur Broughton, and Arthur Warriner, charged with poaching. Three months each.

Newark Quarter Sessions. Before Messrs. C. C. Curtis and J. Thornton, Colonel Nicholson, and Captain Oates. Walter Chapman, charged with stealing a pair of boots. Six months.

There was a singular prosecution, and—I am inclined to think—a wrongful conviction under the Poaching Prevention Act at Kettering last week. The evidence was as follows:—A policeman saw three men carrying sacks enter the house of Wm. Ironmonger at Corby. An hour later one of the men took to the railway station at Corby a hamper addressed to Alfred White, fishmonger, Kettering. The hamper contained thirty-six rabbits, and the policeman went by the same train to Kettering. A railway vanman took the hamper to White's shop, and as it was being delivered—apparently before it had passed into the possession of White—it was seized by the policeman. On these facts White was summoned for aiding and abetting persons unknown suspected of coming from land (also unknown) where they had been unlawfully in pursuit of game. White said that he ordered the rabbits from Ironmonger on the previous day, and had no idea that they were poached. Ironmonger, who is a coal dealer, was also called for the defence. He stated that the rabbits came from land which he occupies at Corby. The policeman admitted that he is the occupier of two fields, but declared that there were no rabbits there. The Bench, on this evidence, found the defendant guilty, and imposed a fine of £3 and costs.

Elastic as are the provisions of the Poaching Prevention Act I believe that this conviction stretches the law to an utterly unwarrantable extent. The Act never contemplated a conviction in such circumstances as the above, nor have I ever heard of a similar case. One condition essential to a conviction is the searching of the suspected person "in any highway, street, or public place" (if he gets into his own house, or any other private place, he can snap his fingers at the police). Another is the actual finding in his possession of game or poaching implements. Can a person be legally held to be in possession of something because a railway vanman is on the point of delivering it to him? If so, any one of us may be convicted to-morrow if a hamper of game comes to us which the police suspect—under this precious Act proof is not required—to have been poached. Of course, the Kettering J.P.s may say that they know more about the parties concerned in this case than I do. But whatever they know would

ROYAL SOCIETY FOR PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS. Nearly 8,000 convictions last year. Complaints marked "Private," absolutely confidential.—SECRETARY, 105, Jermyn-st., London.

not alter my opinion that on the evidence given in court it is a monstrous thing that this defendant should have been convicted. Even in the sacred cause of game preservation magistrates ought not to be permitted to strain the provisions of the law, or to convict a man unless his guilt is proved beyond a doubt.

Things are coming to a pretty pass when a man is awarded six months' imprisonment simply for beating his wife—in Scotland, too. It is only a few months since I gave publicity to a Leith magistrate's valuable advice from the Bench as to the best method of correcting a wife. He favoured the use of a strap. And now the husbands who follow out his instructions run the risk of getting six months—at least if they come before Sheriff Scott-Moncrieff, of Glasgow. Not content with inflicting that terrible sentence, the Sheriff went on to say that there were too many magistrates who seemed to think that an assault, no matter how brutal, was adequately punished by a monetary penalty. Such a remark—as may be seen by a glance at my Legal Pillory—is subversive of the whole system of magisterial justice.

From numbers of circulars recently sent on to me I learn that the Dr. McLaughlin's Electro-Vigour Company "have decided to adopt an unprecedented method of advertising our appliances, instead of spending enormous sums in the usual newspaper publications." The unprecedented method is the stale trick of pretending to offer the articles at a reduced price. In this case the reduction is considerable, the price being £1 instead of £5. A reduction of 80 per cent. in price must mean a considerable slump in Electro-Vigour, which is something to be thankful for. It would be still better news to hear that the company have adopted their "unprecedented method of advertising" in consequence of newspapers and magazines declining to pollute their columns with announcements of such swindles. But, unfortunately, there is no evidence that this is the case.

Electric belts may not be capable of imparting much vitality to their wearers, but their own vitality is one of the wonders of the age. As soon as one swindle of this class goes down in the world another appears in its place. The last candidate for notice under this head is styled the "Appareil Magnetique," and is sold at a shop in Walbrook. Its advertisements contain all the old stock humbug, including the familiar picture of the appliance, with magnetism pouring from it in zigzag rays, like a display of fireworks. Nevertheless, the proprietor has the courage to appeal to his reader thus: "Please don't class *Appareil Magnetique* with the much-advertised Electric Belts and the other paraphernalia you may have tried." Some poor fool writes to ask me whether the thing is really a novelty. I really think he had better pay his money and learn for himself. Experience is a better teacher than advice gratis.

I have received from Egypt a batch of the captivating circulars of the M. A. Winter Company, of Washington, D.C., which had been addressed to a firm at Cairo. The firm are naturally gratified at being invited to take up the sale of "Nature's Health Restorer," and still more at the flattering way in which the proposal is made. It begins as usual:—

> Dear Friend,—Your name has been handed to us by a business concern with which you have been corresponding, as a good party to take up our work in your section. The company speak in the highest terms of your ability as an agent; therefore we are very anxious that you should work for us.
>
> We feel sure you are a most suitable person to carry on this great work for us in your locality, because we believe you are a conscientious, faithful worker, that you will carefully study our instructions, and do your best to follow our advice. In fact, we believe you are just the right person to push such a good and profitable business as we offer you for all it is worth. In the circulars which are enclosed with this letter you will find some information which will be a wonderful revelation to you. Be sure to read them all very carefully, for before you finish you will see what a good opportunity we are offering you to make a great deal of money.
>
> We do not ask you to throw aside your other work, and give us your whole time, etc., etc.

As my readers are aware, the same attractive opportunity of doing a precious work for humanity, and earning a great deal of money, has been made in the same terms to thousands of people in all parts of the British Empire during the last two or three years, some of them very distinguished people, too, including noblemen, Members of Parliament, and some of the higher clergy. It is sad that so many of them should only reject it with scorn.

As a new generation of Truth readers is constantly growing up, it seems desirable to renew my repeated warning against the trick perpetrated from 439, Old Kent-road, by the individual calling himself, or herself, "Ernest Day." This trick consists in passing off old prints and portraits at several hundred per cent. above their market value, by representing that they are treasured family possessions which Ernest Day has acquired through the death of a relative, and is compelled to dispose of by "straightened circumstances," for which reason he will accept the small price of two guineas. Ernest is particularly active at present. The mortality among his relatives is evidently heavy, and his circumstances as "straightened" as they have been for the last fifteen or twenty years, and the accumulation of valuable family portraits in the Old Kent-road must be quite embarrassing to him. What chiefly surprises me about him is that he has not long since disposed of all the prints of this class in the market and retired on a handsome competency.

It is a long time since I heard of "A. Jackson and Son," of the Hague, Holland, but a circular just to hand shows that a betting business is again being carried on in the old name and at the old address. Backers are invited to open accounts on the deposit system, and, as a proof of the standing of the firm, the circular quotes "a few of the most recent press opinions." These so-called "press opinions," which were really advertisements published in the guise of editorial paragraphs in the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*, the *Whitehall Review*, and such-like journals, are dated

1902 and 1903. Much more reliable, as well as more recent, evidence as to the character of the firm these newspapers so shamelessly puffed was given at the Central Criminal Court in June, 1904, when Albert Victor Jackson and his principal assistant, Harold Parker, were each sentenced to nine months' imprisonment for a series of racing sweepstake and betting system frauds perpetrated under the names of "A. Jackson and Son" and "Bevan, Son, and Thompson."

Jackson distinguished himself by a piece of impudence remarkable even in a swindler of his class. Months before the police laid him by the heels his frauds were exposed in TRUTH. He took no notice of this at the time, but on the very day after he had pleaded guilty at the Old Bailey, and while he was actually in prison awaiting sentence, he commenced an action against me for libel. The only conceivable object of this audacious proceeding was to prevent me making any comments upon some further swindling schemes which Jackson's accomplices and representatives, trading as "Bevan, Son, and Thompson," launched from Holland while he was picking oakum at Wormwood Scrubs. Needless to say, TRUTH was not to be silenced so easily, and eventually Jackson's action, after being feebly kept going for some months, was discontinued. Whether it is Jackson himself who is now again sending out circulars in the name of "A. Jackson and Son," I do not know. It is, however, scarcely credible that anybody else would adopt that discredited name, and, in any event, the mere fact that use is once more being made of the very same "press opinions" which the Recorder at Jackson's trial stigmatised as grossly fraudulent, is in itself a sufficient indication of the nature of the business.

When a harpy sets out to prey upon the British public by means of sporting coupon competitions, conducted from a safe retreat on the Continent, it is, I suppose, absurd for him to mince figures in stating the amounts of the prizes he offers. This is evidently the idea of Edwin James, of Middelburg, who issues two circulars styled respectively the *Middelburg Monitor*, and the *Boulogne Investigator*. For the present week he announces prizes to the amount of no less than £2,750 in connection with two racing competitions and one football competition in which coupons—not fewer than six being accepted—are charged for at the low rate of a penny each. Edwin James says that he guarantees the prompt payment of the prize money. Such a guarantee is seemingly considered quite good enough by the simpletons who indulge in this form of gambling.

There is a philanthropist calling himself "E. North," of Winchester House, High-street, Hull, who offers to enrich all and sundry by means of a betting system which he undertakes to work (with their money) for the trifling commission of five per cent. on net winnings. One of his dupes, who was beguiled into sending £8 to North, asks me to make known the result as a warning to the public. It so happened that for two or three weeks the system showed a profit, but instead of remitting the profits once a week, as he had agreed, North kept the money, and indeed asked for further capital (which he did not get), in order that he might increase the stakes. He was eventually called upon to close the account and pay what was due, but, of course, he took no notice of this request, and ten days or so later he sent in a statement showing a loss which swallowed up the original £8 and the profit that was supposed to have been made upon it. North is obviously a common swindler, and it is a pity that the police at Hull, who are well aware of the character of his business, do not take proceedings against him. At the same time, I cannot say that I feel much sympathy for people who merely on his own pretences entrust a stranger with capital for investment in a betting system, and for the information of the gentleman who has lost this £8 I may add that if he had been a reader of TRUTH he would have seen a warning against E. North some months ago.

A new dodge for attracting attention to his racing tips is being practised by an individual calling himself "R. Fellows," and giving 28, Upper George-street, Hyde Park—a newspaper shop—as his address. He sends out a postcard on which is printed a representation of a star with the cryptic message: "My star is shining. Watch it! It will shine at your door to-morrow." Those who watch are rewarded on the morrow by the arrival of a long-winded circular in which they are exhorted to "get their winter's keep" by patronising Fellows' "fear-nothing gems." "We are now," he says, "in what is called among regular racegoers as *(sic)* the 'hay and corn' stakes." Thistles would be a more appropriate diet for the parties who are taken in by such fellows as this.

Officers in the Navy at home and abroad are being circularised by "Mr. Harris," 6, Old Cavendish-street, W., who intimates that he is prepared to advance loans in sums of £50 to £10,000, "upon note of hand alone." I have been asked whether I know anything about this philanthropic capitalist. Yes—and so do many naval men, though they may not recognise him under this name. "Mr. Harris" is, of course, an alias, and one of the two partners whose identity it masks is Phineas H. Emanuel, formerly of Portsmouth. Phineas was for many years manager of the now defunct firm of H. M. Emanuel and Son (*not* E. and E. Emanuel, an entirely different firm), which, beneath the outward and visible sign of the goldsmith and jeweller, surreptitiously practised usury at the expense of young naval officers. Their shameful system of bloodsucking became notorious in the Service, and if young officers of the present day will consult their seniors, I am sure that they will be advised to have no dealings with "Mr. Harris," alias P. H. Emanuel, or indeed with any other professional moneylender.

CHERRY WHISKY FREMY FILS (CHESKY). The Original Brand.
CHERRY WHISKY FREMY FILS (CHESKY). Beware of Imitations.
CHERRY WHISKY FREMY FILS (CHESKY). Sold Everywhere.

The American "Gold Brick" gentry are not the only people who practise artful dodges at the expense of executors. A few months back I described a peculiarly audacious attempt, made in the name of a shady surgeon dentist, to obtain a payment of four guineas for professional services to an elderly lady then lately deceased. Two other examples of this trick have recently come under my notice. In one of them a post card requesting payment of an account for horse embrocation was addressed to a gentleman who had died shortly before; in the other a bogus chemist's bill was sent in under similar circumstances. That the trick was carefully planned is shown by the fact that in the one case the deceased gentleman kept a large number of horses, while in the other he had been a chronic invalid for some years before his death. There seems reason to suspect that this trick is worked by some individual, or gang, making a practice of inquiring into the circumstances of likely people after their deaths are announced, and putting forward claims on the executors accordingly. I would therefore not only warn executors against this trick, but would suggest that in the event of bogus claims of this kind being received, information should be given to Scotland Yard or TRUTH Office, for it is only in this way that the swindlers can be detected.

It is a pity that the Aliens Act does not provide means for the expulsion from the country of the bands of German gipsies. I see that when the Home Secretary was questioned on the subject last week a misguided M.P., Mr. Arnold Lupton, suggested, apparently in all seriousness, that it would be contrary to the laws of Christian hospitality to expel these invaders. Nonsense! These roving gangs of idle vagabonds are an unmitigated nuisance to the country districts through which they pass. The Chief Constable of Cheshire has just given an account of the trouble they recently caused in that county. There were between sixty and seventy of them travelling together—a dirty, unkempt, unwashed band who begged from frightened villagers and stole wherever they could evade the vigilance of the police. Practically all the police can do is to keep them "moving on," and for this purpose many officers have to be withdrawn from their ordinary duties and beats. One would imagine that even gipsies would get tired of being chivied about from county to county, but these people seem to thrive on it, and apparently the nuisance will have to be borne until they have one by one been caught in some criminal act which will qualify them for deportation under the Aliens Act.

Mr. Arthur Chamberlain does not share the present views of his brother Joseph upon trade in connection with duties on it. And it would seem that his opinions are not only equally sound on the metric system, but that he means to prove their soundness by adopting it in the business of Kynochs, of which he is the Chairman, in its dealings with all foreigners. By doing so, he will, I trust, hasten the time when the use of the metric system will become universal with us. It requires almost a special education to understand our weights and measures, and some of them change their value according to the particular business in which they are used, whilst none of them follow any general law, but are quite arbitrary. Naturally, this handicaps our business relations with foreign countries. The metric system is already adopted by most countries, and can be easily understood by all. No one questions that its adoption by us would be beneficial to our trade. It is, perhaps, as logical and as practical a one as it is possible for the human mind to invent. It should be the one, and the only one, recognised and practised by us. Nothing but that stupid pig-headed conservatism that has an unceasing hatred of all change, and that estimates everything by its antiquity rather than its real value, chains us to the absurdities of our weights and measures.

The other day I read in a newspaper a singular argument against the change. It was pointed out that the decimalisation of our weights, measures, and coinage would render calculation so easy that firms would be able to get on with fewer employees, and that consequently the field for employment of clerks would be reduced. Were this argument pushed to its ultimate consequences, all labour-saving machines would be abolished by law, and we ought to still further confuse all our calculations, in order that more accountants should be rendered necessary.

I cannot say that I particularly regret that the extreme faction of the shrieking sisterhood is making itself so objectionably active just now. The conduct of these females is an object lesson, and I think that it will not be likely to increase the number of either sex who favour the cause of woman suffrage. At political meetings they thrust themselves forward, ignore the chairman, and insist, when some important issue is being discussed, on interrupting the proceedings. When they are most properly ejected, they seem to be under the impression that they are suffering martyrs. Their latest achievement is to hold a demonstration in the central lobby of the House of Commons. Brought before a magistrate, they decline to be bound over to behave themselves properly in future, implying thereby that they mean to kick up a row of this kind whenever they get the chance. It is a pity to make martyrs of them, but there is no help for it. We cannot have one law for the female suffrage agitator and another for the drab who throws herself on her back at midnight in Piccadilly and screams and kicks till she is locked up.

Now, I have taken part in many discussions in the House on this suffrage question. The position has always been this: There have been possibly about fifty members who are really in favour of granting votes to women. A considerably greater number have promised during keen elections to support it. The motion, therefore, has been talked out. Those who have promised to support any such motion have looked to its more stalwart opponents to bury it. Does any one suppose that the

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reform would not have been carried in the last twenty years, if there had been an honest Parliamentary majority for it?

The last time the question was under discussion was about two years ago. It was on a Friday, and a Bill raising the issue was the second order of the day. The first was a Bill of some importance on another subject which had reached the Committee stage. There were about two hundred women in the lobby, and vastly indignant were they that any Bill should have precedence over theirs. Any Member passing through the central lobby was surrounded by these women. If he declared himself a female suffragist, he got through in peace; if he did not, this was not quite so certain. The first order of the day was disposed of at about two o'clock. Then came their Bill, on which I ventured to make a few observations.

When I sat down, a Conservative gentleman—a young and amiable Member—came to me, and said: "A lot of women are asking for you outside." "Well," I replied, "they may ask; my place is here." "And you are right," he answered. "There is not a week-ender amongst them." I need not say that their looks—whether beauteous or the reverse—would not have influenced me. I merely quote his observation as a proof that these demonstrations in the lobby rather do harm than good to their cause. The gentleman, indeed, who moved the first Bill told me that they had sent for him, and when he came, some of them spat upon him because, in their opinion, he did not show himself sufficiently zealous in the cause of woman, although he had pledged himself at his election to support any Bill granting votes to women. It would seem that they considered that he ought not to have stood in the way of their Bill, but should have withdrawn his, to leave the field open to the full discussion of theirs. This was all the more absurd, as the Suffrage Bill, not having yet been read a second time, could never have gone beyond the second reading stage, even if it had got through that.

On a former occasion, when a Bill of a like character was before the House, I did go to a deputation of women suffragists in the lobby. They all talked at the same time. After listening for a few minutes, I said: "Ladies, although your arguments may not persuade me, I am particularly susceptible to female beauty, and I am afraid that this may influence my judgment if I stay any longer." The compliment was enough, and they all, I think, felt that my heart was in the right place, if my judgment was not.

THE CHILD AND THE CAKE.

Once on a time, as I've heard tell,
A little Girl, named Rosabelle,
Was by her Mother sent to take
To Auntie Jane a Currant Cake,
Which Mother had designed to be
A special Treat for Auntie's Tea.
  Off set the Child adown the Road,
The Cake beneath her Arm bestowed;
And as with tripping Feet she sped,
These Thoughts they filled her pretty Head:
  "Don't like my Auntie Jane; that's flat!
Think she's a horrid, cross old Cat.
Besides, she's rich, not dreadful poor
Like Cousin Anne, who lives next Door.
Oh! yes, dear Cousin Anne, 'tis plain,
Needs it much more than Auntie Jane.
To her instead, I think I'll take,
All on my own, this Currant Cake."
  So said, so done. The Cake she bore
To Anne's—her favourite's—Cottage Door.
  "A Cake from Mother, Cousin Anne,"
Then turned and rapid Home she ran.
  But next Day, as must Fate befall,
Old Auntie Jane she chanced to call;
And then, of course, soon out it came
The Cake had never reached the Dame.
  So Mother, vexed and pained as well,
Called to her Side Miss Rosabelle:
  "Say, Child, what's happened to the Cake
That to your Aunt I bade you take?"
  "I took it, Mother, please," she said,
"To darling Cousin Anne instead;
Because I knew she's dreadful poor
And needed it, ah! so much more."
  "Then let me tell you," cries Mamma,
"A very naughty Girl you are.
That Cake—as sure I told you plain—
Was meant to go to Auntie Jane."
  "But, Mother, 'twas my honest Plan
To do what's kind by Cousin Anne."
  "P'raps so. And if the Cake had been
Your Cake, why *then* no Harm I'd seen.
But Kindness with what don't belong
To you is Kindness, Child, gone wrong.
Do with your own what likes you best—
Your Right to *that* will none contest.
But what from *others'* Hands you take
In Trust—as you from me that Cake—
With this you're strictly bound, dear Kid,
To do as those who trust you bid!"

Moral.

Some modern Bishops see no hurt in
Trust Moneys, at their will, divertin';
And plead that none condemn them should,
Provided their intention's good.
But thus contending, quite they miss
The point essential, which is this:
That, be its terms unjust or just,
A Trust *is, after all, a TRUST.*

SCRUTATOR.

SOAP AND LITERATURE.

IF the *Daily Mail* is of any use as a weathercock—one is obliged to say "if," owing to the suspicion that more often than not it makes its own wind—the breeze of public interest has veered away from books during the last week and set strongly in the direction of soap. In the circumstances of the moment the two things have a good deal in common, but they have also points of difference. One difference that can be seen in a moment is that the number of people who want soap is larger than the number of people who want books. On the other hand, there is a large number who want neither, and it is not disputed that anything which will widen the demand will be to the advantage of the community, though this is probably more true of soap

"Truth" will be sent weekly to any address in the United Kingdom for 7s. for 3 months; 14s. for 6 months; or 28s. for 12 months. The subscription for all Countries included in the Postal Union is, 3 months, 7s. 8d.; 6 months, 15s. 4d.; 12 months £1 10s. 8d. All subscriptions are payable in advance, and cheques and P.O.O.'s should be made payable to the Manager, "Truth" Building, Carteret-street, S.W.

than of books. The people who want soap have been scared by the apparition of a soap trust; those who want books have been bidden to arm and defend their libraries against the coming book trust. The enterprising Mr. Lever has endeavoured to allay panic by explaining that he is bent on cheapening soap, which must facilitate the cleansing of the great unwashed. In the same spirit, the enterprising Mr. Hooper declares his resolve to cheapen books, and thereby improve the minds of the great unlettered. The ingenious Mr. Bernard Shaw has touched up and sharpened Mr. Hooper's arguments for him. He has not said anything about Mr. Lever, but he was only writing to the *Times*. When he writes to the *Daily Mail* he will be able, without altering his letter materially, to do as much for the other hero of the hour, and to show us that a soap trust is only a short cut to the millennium. I should like to be a *Punch* artist and do a sketch, after Millais, of Mr. Shaw blowing bubbles in the shape of trusts. What a poster it would make for the soap-men, and what an advertisement for Mr. Shaw! Would not Mr. Hall Caine gnash his teeth in envy!

Without having any affection for commercial trusts, I cannot say that I am much alarmed by either of the spectres which for the moment haunt the daily papers. The soap trust, from the nature of the case, cannot be anything worse than a turnip-headed bogey with a journalistic rush-light to illuminate its gruesome features. As Mr. Lever has himself pointed out, it is impossible in a Free-Trade country to corner any article which can be imported at a competing price. The *Daily Mail* has confirmed him with a delicious unconsciousness of what it was doing, in a despatch from its Berlin correspondent. Hundreds of tons of soap, according to this authority, were being accumulated at German ports in readiness to be dumped on our shores as soon as the price of English soap should go up to the point at which the operation would be profitable. This, the writer was good enough to explain, was rendered possible by the absence of tariffs in England. Precisely. It is just what Free-Traders have been preaching for three years past. As long as there are no protective tariffs to secure them the command of the home market no combination of native capitalists can succeed in raising the price of an article which can be produced abroad as cheaply as at home. No trust can, therefore, be very dangerous to the British consumer unless it includes the foreign producers in its ring. Mr. Lever does not seem to have attempted this; indeed, he is very far from having gathered all the English manufacturers into his "combine," That being so, the soap trust may possibly be useful to its own members, but cannot do much harm to anybody else. Of course, it may hurt newspapers, because the object of the trust is to reduce working expenses, and one way in which it will do that is to relieve the firms composing it of the necessity of advertising against one another. Owing to the keen competition in the soap trade, soap advertisements have been a lucrative branch of newspaper revenue—to some papers even more so than advertisements of new books. The *Daily Mail*, therefore, may well be indignant at Mr. Lever's proceedings, and beat the soap trust with any stick that comes handy. But so long as the trust only embraces a section of the trade, there is a strong probability that the outside firms will feel the necessity of advertising their own goods more assiduously than ever, and that this may impel the trust to do more advertising than it would if left to itself. This aspect of the matter seems also to have presented itself to the acute intelligence of the *Daily Mail*. In short, if you can scare the public into boycotting the trust, and goad the outside firms into fighting it regardless of expense, there is a possibility that the soap war may not be such a bad thing for the poor newspaper man after all. Being no more averse than my neighbours to advertising soap, I cannot but admire any efforts to extract good in this way out of what looks at first sight like a terrible evil for all of us.

As regards the book trust, it seems rather *in nubibus* at present. Whatever it may become, the *Times* Book Club is not yet in the nature of a trade combine. It is merely a single competitor in a large trade endeavouring to undersell its competitors. For the present it has been more or less stopped from doing that, and I doubt if it will ever succeed. But undoubtedly its operations, if continued, would crush out all the small firms in the trade, and thus clear the way for combination and monopoly. When, therefore, the wisdom and expediency of checking its operations are in dispute, it is certainly material to consider how far a bookselling and publishing trust would be to the advantage of authors and readers. There is an important difference here between soap and books. The home market in the second class of goods is practically secure against foreign competition. It is not likely that English authors will ever make a practice of having their books printed and published in America, still less in Germany; moreover, a trust which controls the channels of distribution would be in a strong position to resist the importation of books manufactured abroad. We may consequently take it that a book trust could acquire a virtual command of the market without any protective tariff to help it, where a native soap trust would fail altogether.

Personally, I hardly think that a middleman trust completely controlling the distribution of any class of goods can be to the advantage of either producer or consumer, and I sympathise with Mr. Kipling and other authors who regard such an organisation in the book trade with apprehension. Mr. Shaw bids Mr. Kipling dismiss his fears. Mr. Kipling is told that he has a monopoly of his own, as have also Mr. Shaw himself, Mr. Wells, Mr. Hall Caine, and Miss Marie Corelli, not to mention the small fry—a monopoly secured by Act of Parliament for forty-two years. "We can fight Mr. Moberly Bell and Mr. Hooper, or any other book-trade boss," says Mr. Shaw valiantly. "If they don't go down on their knees to us we will 'threaten' to do our own publishing and bookselling and knock them into a cocked hat." The mere threat, it seems, will suffice, and it is easy to believe

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this. The combination of Hall Caine and Bernard Shaw is enough in itself to strike all beholders with awe. But it is not every author who will relish the prospect of going on the war-path against the trust with these two heroes. Mr. Kipling may, perhaps, be relied on when the guns begin to shoot, but I do not feel so sure about Mr. Wells. It was only the other day that he referred resentfully to Mr. Hooper's sort of war as an irruption of wild asses into his garden, though, of course, that was before Mr. Shaw appeared in the field. Let it be granted, however, that the stalwarts all face the music and return from battle laden with the spoils of victory, leaving the Bell-cum-Hooper faction to bite the dust: I cannot help thinking of the humbler brethren, who have not such brawny muscles and do not wield such mighty pens. The dwarf will have to fight beside the giant, or else make his submission to the enemy, and his fate will be about the same either way.

It is quite true that we have only one Bernard Shaw and one Hall Caine. It may be true that, secure in their statutory monopoly and the loyalty of a worshipping public, they are either of them in a position to dictate their own terms to the most powerful middleman that ever bossed a trust. But what fighting value has his statutory monopoly for the man who can never aspire to touch the great heart of the people, the man whose most successful work has never sold to the extent of more than a few thousands? What use will the trust have for him, and with what weapon is he to hold his own against it? Mr. Shaw recognises his plight, but with scant sympathy. The trust "might be able to dictate its own terms to the large proportion of authors who are often impolitely called literary hacks." The hacks are told that they will not avert their fate by screaming over it; and they are reminded that they are already treated mercilessly by the publishers. From this it would seem that we are to divide authors into two classes — the one comprising Messrs. Shaw, Caine, Kipling, and Wells, and Miss Marie Corelli, the other comprising the literary hacks. If this is Mr. Shaw's fun, the fun is a little cheaper than usual, and for once rings false. It assumes that small sales are synonymous with poor workmanship, and that the survival of the author whose exploitation will bring most profit to a trade ring is necessarily the survival of the fittest. It misses the vital question, Who is going to make the Bernard Shaws and Rudyard Kiplings, not to mention the Keatses and Brownings, of the future? The answer, of course, is the trust; and as the trust can make or mar them at will, I should think that if it understands its own business it will take good care never to let them attain a position where they can dictate their own terms. Mr. Shaw may think that all this is a promising prospect for literature and for the public. If so, he has a faith in commercial trusts which I almost think may be regarded as another of his monopolies. A clever little pamphlet on the book war has just been issued by Messrs. Alston Rivers with the title of "Canned Literature." The name suggests the moral sufficiently for the present purpose. We know what the trust has given the world in the shape of beef; and we can guess what sort of stuff it will be ready to put on the market in the shape of books, whenever the interests of shareholders require it. At the best there is little prospect that caviare will be stocked in the canned literature shop. The profits of that class of trade are made from big sales and quick turnover.

It is painful to say it, but it is the fact that Mr. Bernard Shaw is on this occasion less luminous than usual. Pray Heaven it may not be that the coming trust has cast its shadow before! Mr. Kipling is put right by his eminent contemporary for approving of the conduct of his publisher in refusing to supply the Book Club. Mr. Shaw can see no excuse for such conduct from a business point of view, as it could only damage the publishers and Mr. Kipling. As Mr. Kipling and his publishers are of a different opinion, this is simply begging the whole question. In one paragraph Mr. Shaw finds that the author who is not sufficiently in demand to stand up against a book trust is a literary hack, who must submit to his fate without whining. In the next he lavishes compliments and sympathy on the journal whose sale declines because it only appeals to the superior person, and discovers that the journalists who contribute to a daily sale of hundreds of thousands are "a casual staff of Dick Swivellers." This hardly looks like clear thinking. It might even lead Mr. Hall Caine to suspect that his comrade in arms has got his tongue in his cheek and is drawing odious comparisons between *him* and Dick Swiveller. He had better ask Mr. Shaw to explain wherein lies the difference between the novelist who writes for the gallery and the journalist who has no better ambition. The truth is that Mr. Shaw's arguments are vitiated throughout by a personal prepossession which has little relation to the matter in dispute. He looks forward with longing and hope to the day when his plays will be produced by the London County Council and his books will be published by a Minister of the Crown—shall we say the President of the Local Government Board? He sees in his mind's eye a capitalist trust consolidating and co-ordinating the whole literary industry and, all unconsciously, paving the way for that happy consummation. So he takes up his parable and blesses the unborn babe. But the prospect which thus moves him has not its attractions for all, and many who may like the look of it may not like any better for that the hardships of the road which Mr. Shaw points out to them, especially if they have little belief that the journey will be finished in their time. It is a poor consolation for the inconvenience of dear soap or "jungle" beef, or whatever it may be, to know that you are affording a useful text to socialist preachers, or to be told that things are going on splendidly, at your expense, for the benefit of those who live to see the millennium. I can even understand its making a short-tempered man curse the preacher and blaspheme against the millennium.

On the other hand, I desire, if it is not taking a liberty, to associate myself with what Mr. Shaw says about the *Times* from the merely literary point of view. Without professing to be a superior person, and without belittling

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the talents of Dick Swiveller, I can appreciate what I get from Printing House-square for 3d., and I do not particularly grudge the money, even though I do not patronise the Book Club. Moreover, as a humble journalist, I have always looked up with a sense of pride to the character and traditions of the *Times*. They have seemed to throw a reflected lustre on all of us, even on poor Dick Swiveller. It may have been a delusion, but it has been a pleasant one, and the thought of parting with it distresses me. That is why I do not like the recent doings of the *Times*, being convinced that they can bring no good to the paper. The "Encyclopædia Britannica" game may have put money into somebody's pocket, but it was at the expense of the *Times*. The Book Club may have profited the promoters and saved a little money to its subscribers, but the *Times* is none the better for it. The Servants' Registry Office, some of whose seductive literature I published last week, can only expose the *Times* to ridicule and contempt. Much the same thing may be said of other appeals for advertisements now in circulation. One of them endeavours to extract a few shillingsworth of capital out of the Book Club trouble by telling them that public attention is for the moment focussed on the *Times*, and bidding them—in the spirit of a Yankee medicine vendor—seize at once this auspicious opportunity, "which can exist but for a short time." Every step in this direction means a sacrifice of the traditions that have made the *Times* what it is; in other words the paper is living on the most valuable part of its capital. Why? In order that one reader may pay threepence for it where twenty would pay twopence and fifty a penny. I believe that I am a better friend to the *Times* than Mr. Bernard Shaw. At least, I have had as much experience in the newspaper trade, and I have no side interest in promoting the millennium or the co-ordination of industry. I would, therefore, earnestly beg Messrs. Walter and Moberly Bell to turn a deaf ear to that insidious gentleman when he seeks to persuade them that the *Times* can no longer exist on its merits as a newspaper. It simply is not true that the demand for such a paper is confined to an insignificant minority of superior persons. The existence of the *Morning Post* as a valuable property disproves any such contention. It is not true that a paper as good as the *Times* cannot be produced at less than threepence. The *Morning Post* runs the *Times* very close in quality, and it points a lesson which cannot be misread, for it has become a better paper as well as a better property since its price was reduced fifty per cent. The same thing might be said of the *Daily Chronicle*. It is not true that the *Times* can maintain its literary standard or its editorial traditions as a side show to any other commercial undertaking. I would as soon believe that the Paradise Lost could have been produced in conjunction with pills and published as wrappers for the boxes. Nor is there even the assurance of permanent profit on the other branch of the business, for, as Mr. Shaw has incidentally pointed out, if it temporarily succeeds every newspaper in difficulties will be tempted into the same field as a competitor. The weakest penny paper is in a stronger position for such a purpose than the *Times*, and the first show of serious competition must place the Book Club in the same difficulty, through the high rate of its subscription, that the *Times* has been placed in by its own artificial price. From every point of view the policy adopted has been wrong, and the best friends of the *Times* are those who say this the most plainly.

THE ANTI-WOMAN PLOT.

It will not have escaped the notice of many of my readers that a determined effort is being made by a devoted band of women-workers to obtain for their down-trodden sisters that blessed guerdon of freedom, the Parliamentary Franchise. It is my unpleasant duty to make clear to the world how, co-incident with this spirited propaganda—to some extent, indeed, arising out of it—a dastardly plot is being hatched by, need I say, a band of male conspirators, with the double object of depriving woman in general of her chance of abstract freedom, and of aiming a deadly blow at the concrete freedom of many women in particular. It is a cunning plot as well as a base one, for it seeks to use the highest and noblest aspiration of womankind as the slack-rope along which to pirouette towards its unworthy end. I have refrained from reference to it until I might be provided with absolutely incontrovertible evidence of its workings; the course of events now makes it imperative that I should speak.

It will be remembered that the first knock-out blow in the cause of woman's liberty was struck in Manchester, where a local heroine, having repeatedly flung defiance in the double-faces of certain (so-called) Liberal politicians, consecrated, and at the same time typified, her message of freedom by spitting in the face of man-made law as embodied in a policeman. Her name, who thus sealed her mission with her lips, has escaped my memory. It could, no doubt, be discovered, by those interested, in the charge-sheet at one of the Manchester police courts—a document which I have little doubt will one day be treasured by our daughters' daughters as a very Magna Charta of Woman's Rights. An unimaginative Gessler among magistrates sentenced the heroine to a prison cell, which, in years to come, will no doubt become as hallowed a place of pilgrimage as Tell's chapel itself.

It is from this point that the hands of the plotters begin to show themselves. The first symptoms of their machinations was a growing change in the personnel of the workers for the cause—a change so natural, outwardly, that not the most suspicious of womankind could recognise its evil significance. Hitherto, the most prominent actresses had been of tender years, aflame with the ardour of youth, young lady Herculeses crushing the serpents of tyranny with small, soft palms; hurling defiance at the minions of despotism from pouting, rosy lips. But now a sterner, more imposing figure advanced with measured tread into the arena—the Matron placed herself beside the Maid in the van of progress, too often, alas, to be typified by another kind of van. As resolute in determination, she was an even doughtier champion of the cause, mature in experience as in years, vigorous of lung, eloquent in invective, practised in argument, substantial alike in character and body. At her frown, at the first movement of her elo-

quent lips, strong men in private life had trembled; as in the particular, so also, it was reasonably argued, in the general. With her help, it seemed, added impetus must be given to the cause. Unfortunately, the plotters were at work, seeking, only incidentally, indeed, the triumph of reaction—more particularly their own base private ends.

These stern mothers in Israel had, for the most part, husbands—all without exception were burdened with male relatives of one kind or another. How did these so-called men greet the great uprising against their own despotism? Did they act as the brutal instincts of their sex would have dictated? Did they invoke their pretended authority, forbid their wives to assault policemen, refuse them the opportunity of putting their gifts of private argument to public service? They did not. They cloaked malignant fury under the guise of benevolent interest. Outwardly they feigned to welcome the bursting of the shackles they themselves had forged. *Meanwhile they waited.* The Cause progressed; everywhere the banner of freedom was unfurled. Cabinet Ministers were driven to craven flight, meetings were raided, policemen put to shame, the hypocritical husbands applauding in the background. Who could suspect them of ulterior motives, who thus openly acclaimed their own downfall, thus patently approved the sacred cause of womanhood? Who could have guessed that all the while they were but harnessing the pure celestial flame of female enthusiasm to propel their own infernal chariots?

I now come to the events of the past week, when, as will doubtless be remembered, a splendid blow was struck for freedom in the very Palace of Despotism, so that the Liberal Government (so-called) hid, trembling, behind its own despatch-boxes, while its embattled mercenaries could scarcely withstand the splendid courage of some of our sisters. In the end, it is true, brute force prevailed. Matrons and maidens, seeking a noble martyrdom, were borne back, cheated of an heroic death only by the pusillanimity of the police. Ten only—or it may have been eleven—obtained, in a modified form, the martyrdom they sought. Their names, which should be inscribed in golden letters on the scroll of fame, have escaped my memory, but all behaved with like heroism, all were alike snatched from the jaws of victory in the unfeeling arms of police inspectors, and thrown into loathsome dungeons. And still the plotters, chuckling now, dissembled. The outer world, knowing nothing of these treacherous sub-currents, marvelled at the heroism of the gallant ten, and clamoured for their names, which, in the true spirit of classic modesty, they refused (if I am not mistaken) to give, preferring to go, if need be, to their graves unknown save as mute witnesses to the holiness of their endeavour. Fortunately for the world, police-court procedure and the presence of reporters rendered the modest purpose unavailing, and those names, with the various messages of faith, hope, and true womanly charity, which they gave to the world, have been preserved—and may easily be referred to by those interested—in the pages of the daily press, where they have carried a ray of pure joy into innumerable homes throughout the country. The gallant ten—or eleven—were sentenced, by a brutal stipendiary, to a living death in prison. *Mark what followed.*

A gentleman—whose name I cannot recollect—husband to one of the imprisoned heroines—at once, to mark his admiration of her prowess—offered to contribute towards the funds of the Cause the sum of £10 for every day of her imprisonment. He, there is no doubt, was actuated by the noblest impulse—for even among men there are some who emulate the finer feminine nature—who can regard a subject with almost feminine eyes, and act with almost feminine judgment. *But he was the unconscious agent of the Plotters.* It is most probable indeed, though there is no actual proof, that one of them, under a treacherous mask of friendship, actually suggested this idea to the gentleman whose name I have forgotten. Baited thus with generous impulses, the snare was all too powerful. The fatal step was taken cheerfully. At once the plotters rushed forward, one after another, in seeming emulation. Within twenty-four hours £600 was promised on similar conditions. By now it may well be £6,000. In a few days, for all I know to the contrary, it may be £60,000. Why do these men act thus? The answer is too obvious. That they may indulge their vicious masculine propensities secure from the watchful eyes, the reproving voices of their wives, mothers-in-law, maiden-aunts, or revolting daughters, as the case may be. They count, with too much reason, upon the noble self-sacrifice of women. They trust that their own wives, joyfully emulous of modest martyrdom, may—those of them who have not already done so—themselves assault policemen, chase coy Chancellors, be imprisoned, and so remain. And, unfortunately, all the noblest instincts of woman's nature work involuntarily towards furthering the plot. The Cause, like other causes, requires money. To obtain it, those already imprisoned, once released, will eagerly flock prisonwards again, even though it entail upon them the hated penalty of notoriety. Their nominally free sisters will seek to outdo them in the heroism of their deeds, that they may achieve even longer—and to the Cause more lucrative—terms of imprisonment. Again, it is the most strenuous and energetic of our sisters—those most capable by voice and argument to withstand the tyranny of man—who will obtain the longest sentences, who will spend weary years in their living tomb, leaving only their meeker, more mildly enduring, less vocally vigorous sisters to fall an easy prey before the revival of Despotism.

Thus, then, the plotters have placed woman in the hideous dilemma that the cause of freedom must suffer either from lack of funds—for man, unfortunately, holds the purse-strings—or from the enforced absence of those workers who are most capable of bringing it to a happy issue. But, serious as is this public aspect of the question, it is the private issue that most compels our indignation. The thought that there are men capable of such dissimulation that, under the guise of assisting the cause of the angels, they should thus plot to rid themselves of all the gentle, restraining influences of their wives, mothers-in-law, maiden-aunts, and revolting daughters, and incidentally confine them to a seclusion more awful than that of a Turkish seraglio, in which the

tongue and mind must alike suffer inevitable atrophy from lack of use—that, even among men, such creatures should exist—is it not an appalling commentary upon the depths of which male human nature is capable—a most cogent argument in favour not only of the enfranchisement of woman, but of the immediate disfranchisement of man?

THE MUSQUASH AND THE RABBIT SKIN.

About a year ago the London Chamber of Commerce, through the secretary of the Vigilance Committee of its Fur and Skin Trades' Section, issued a warning to the public against the fraudulent misdescription of furs. Ladies—the warning, I take it, applies chiefly to the nobler sex—were informed how musquash and rabbit were sold as seal, marmot and hare as sable, white rabbit as ermine or chinchilla, goat as bear, kid as lamb, and so on all round the Zoological Gardens. It would seem that in the furriers' and drapers' shops almost every animal is occasionally to be seen masquerading as some other, though nothing was said about the ass disguising himself as the lion. In addition to giving this information, the Vigilance Committee of the Fur and Skin Trades' Section mentioned that if any purchaser of fur should feel doubtful of the zoological accuracy of the name applied to it by the vendor, they would give expert opinion free of charge if the articles were sent to the London Chamber of Commerce. This notification looks, on the face of it, highly useful to the public, as well as conducive to the interests of honest trade; but judging from the experience of one lady who responded to it, its appearance may be as delusive as that of the skins against which it is directed.

In November of last year, the lady referred to ordered of a highly respectable firm in a seaside town a coat which was to be of best quality musquash, at the price of thirteen guineas. On the delivery of the garment, having seen in the press the notification from the Chamber of Commerce, and desiring to make her mind easy, she forwarded the coat, with the vendors' ticket still on it, to the secretary of the Fur and Skin Trade Section, for the opinion of that body. In due course she was informed that an expert member of the Vigilance Committee of the F. and S.T.S. had examined the coat, and pronounced it to be of best quality musquash. The coat was thereupon returned to the vendors for some slight alteration, which they had promised to make. For some reason which is not apparent, the firm then informed the lady that the alterations would cost 30s., and proposed to allow her this sum instead of doing the work themselves, and the coat was accordingly sent to a London firm to be altered. The furrier of the second firm informed the owner of the coat that although musquash, it was not "best quality," and this opinion was confirmed by a second furrier, who said that the fur might be second-hand musquash. Upon this the lady sent her coat again to the Chamber of Commerce, but she does not seem to have informed them that she had submitted the coat for examination previously, and this time the garment bore the label of the London firm which had altered it. We have now got to April 11, when the secretary wrote that the expert members of the Fur and Skin Trade Section had examined the coat and found that it was not musquash, but rabbit skin. The lady then put the matter in the hands of her solicitor, who wrote to the Chamber of Commerce, pointing out the discrepancy in the two judgments which had been pronounced upon the same garment. The Fur and Skin Trade Section asked that the coat might be sent back for further examination, which was done; and on May 1, the secretary informed the solicitor that the coat had been again examined by the committee, who confirmed their previous opinion that "it was manufactured from dyed and prepared rabbit skins, and was not musquash." The letter added:—

> The article in question is an exceedingly clever imitation of musquash, not only in the preparation of the fur, but also in cutting the skins to the size of a musquash, and anybody, especially a draper's buyer, might easily, and probably would, be misled into believing it to be a genuine article. The opinion originally given in November, which we regret was incorrect, was owing to the subtle imitation, and it was only after very careful examination of the fur and pelt by members of the committee a fortnight ago that they gave the opinion then expressed, which they now confirm.

On receipt of this letter the solicitor wrote to the vendors, informing them of what had happened, and asking what they proposed to do in the matter. The reply was that the firm were certain in their own minds that the fur was musquash, and that their furrier was seeing the Chamber of Commerce on the subject. A fortnight later the vendors informed the solicitor that their furrier had been informed by the Chamber of Commerce that the coat had been again inspected and found to be musquash; and this was followed by a letter from the secretary of the Fur and Skin Trade Section, of which the following are the material passages:—

> A communication has been received on the subject from the furrier, who was, it is understood, the actual maker of the article, and as the result of his representation, it was again examined by three experts, who opened the lining, and also compared it with samples of special rabbit skins dyed under the new process recently adopted in preparing such pelts and in dyeing them, with the result that the opinion previously expressed was reversed, the majority now arriving at the conclusion that the article in question is genuine musquash.
>
> The similarity between musquash skins and the special rabbit skins as now dyed and prepared, as mentioned above, is very great, the resemblance being so complete that the committee believe that experts would be divided on the subject.

There seems to be no doubt on this last point; indeed, it is the only expression of opinion from the committee in the course of the case which is not obviously open to contradiction. In reply to the question, musquash or rabbit? these experts had now given four answers, two on the one side and two on the other. They had said first musquash and then rabbit, and on being invited to reconsider their judgment, they had said first rabbit and then musquash; and all they could offer by way of apology for the bewildering conflict of their utterances was very much like the explanation of the nigger in the story—that rabbit and musquash are so much alike, especially rabbit, that you cannot tell t'other from which.

It will be noted, however, that even the final deliverance of the oracle in favour of musquash still left undecided the very important question for the purchaser whether the article was "best quality musquash." The unfortunate lady who had come to these learned men for advice proceeded to press for their opinion on this

point. She pressed from the middle of May till the middle of September. She tried ordinary letters, registered letters, and telegrams. Sometimes she got an acknowledgment of her communications, sometimes she got none. But she never persuaded the Vigilance Committee to commit themselves to another opinion. They had evidently had enough musquash; and when at last the lady notified her intention of sending the correspondence to the press, the secretary rebuked her for the tone of her letter, and her lack of appreciation of "the gratuitous assistance which the committee have given you." Apparently, therefore, the F. and S.T.S. still cherish the delusion that they have rendered valuable help in the elucidation of an obscure problem.

That experts should contradict one another, and even themselves, is no new thing. It has happened often enough over more important matters than rabbit skins or even musquash skins. But the contradiction in this case has a peculiar feature about it which one cannot help noticing. The coat is sent to the Chamber of Commerce bearing the label of Messrs. A., and is promptly pronounced to be genuine. It is sent again, bearing the label of Messrs. B., and it is promptly pronounced to be a fraud. On the contradiction being pointed out, the article is examined again, and again pronounced, more confidently than before, to be a fraud. Messrs. B., whose label the coat had borne in the first instance, then approach the Chamber of Commerce, and forthwith the experts reverse their second and third decisions, and go back to the first. This variation in the opinion of the experts concurrently with the variation in the name of the firm whom they supposed to be implicated in the question has a somewhat unpleasant look. In the course of the correspondence a request was made for the names of the experts who had given their judgment on the coat, but the request was refused. I think that the Chamber of Commerce would do well to ascertain these names, and consider whether personal considerations may have had anything to do with the extraordinary conflict of opinion in this case. There may be nothing in the point, but when gratuitous advice is offered in the name of the Chamber of Commerce, it is as well to make sure that the advice will be disinterested. To this I may add that if, as the Fur and Skin Trades' Section has insisted in this case, frauds are perpetrated in the trade so artfully that it is sometimes impossible for experts to detect them, it is not much use to offer expert advice to the public, gratuitously or otherwise. On the contrary, it may easily do the public more harm than good. In this particular instance the purchaser of the coat might very possibly have been involved by the Fur and Skin Trades' Section in a costly action at law, with the result that she would have found herself in the end given away by the very experts who had led her into litigation. The experience of this lady is decidedly disquieting for purchasers of high-priced furs; but the moral for them would seem to be that if rabbit can be made to resemble musquash so closely that even experts cannot recognise its identity, there is no reason why anybody should desire musquash, and it is safer to wear rabbit skin at rabbit prices.

THE THEATRES.

"Les Merveilleuses," at Daly's.

"Brilliant" is the epithet for the new "comedy opera" at Daly's. Saturday night made certain the success of this happy adventure into the land of Offenbach, led by Captain Basil Hood, *pace* Victorien Sardou for the story and Mr. Hugo Felix for the music. The latter has a quality in his music which recalls memories of the "Grande Duchesse" and the "Belle Hélène," and to many ears this quality is more precious, in its melodies, its gay insouciance, than much Wagnerism. Not only the orchestration, but also the accompaniments to the deft lyrics of Mr. Adrian Ross, show Mr. Felix to be the right musician in the right theatre. It is judged as a whole that the performance at Daly's comes out so well, and that is the important point. It would be easy to multiply instances of successful individual performances, to draw a portrait of Miss Evie Green, in better voice than ever before on a first night, triumphing as *the* Merveilleuse among many Merveilleuses. I might wax lyrical over the fresh, honeyed notes and the comedy touch of Miss Denise Orme, whose "Cuckoo" song and her "Gay Director" rondo especially captivated applause. I might vaunt in volume form Pervenche's cleverness and art of "saying well," as the French call clearness of delivery, but those who see Miss Sully will hardly need this pointed out. Or I might congratulate, and I will congratulate, Mr. W. H. Berry on his very successful impersonation of Mr. George Graves (unfortunately laid up with a chill) and of the part of St. Amour. He was buoyant throughout, and did much to help the success of the piece, as did Mr. Evett, whose topical song at the end of the last act was a terrible intruder, but so amusing that one could not help forgiving its having nothing to do with the story.

The story, what of that? Well, it is all about a young couple who were married, and then he went away to the wars, and, being absent over six months, enabled another man to marry his beautiful bride, for apparently absence for six months during the Directorate was a case of desertion and divorce. Eventually all is set right again by the order of the mighty Barras, that god who never emerges from the machine, but sends his decrees by the hands of the amiable Merveilleuse.

There was less of the dance and more of the song than is usual at Daly's, but in Miss M. Perceval I am pleased to greet a graceful newcomer. The stage management, dresses, lighting, and scenery left nothing to be desired, and the first night's performance went without a single hitch, a rare and notable achievement for so complex a production. The change of scene in the second act, between the Stock Market on the Perron at the Palais Royal and the gorgeous reception-room at St. Amour's town house, was one of the most complete and the most rapidly effected that I have ever witnessed.

At the fall of the curtain there was tumultuous applause, and every one appeared in turn to receive the welcome douche: first the five Merveilleuses, then *the* Merveilleuse, then the Incroyable (Mr. Louis Brad-

field), and the many others in, or rather out, of their turns, in the cheerful haphazardness of success. Mr. George Edwardes was, of course, called in stentorian tones by his friends from all parts of the house, and he really deserved their congratulations, a pleasant set-off to the recent first night at the Gaiety.

"The Virgin Goddess," at the Adelphi.

Stendhal says somewhere, I think, in his comparative essay on Racine and Shakespeare, that the difference between the classical and the romantic in literature, is the difference between what pleased our great-grandfathers and what pleases us. This way of looking at literary work has often been to me illuminative. To judge all works of art set before one by one's true reactions, not allowing convention in any form to step between—that seems to me to be the only form of criticism of any value.

So much by way of preface to my lack of appreciation of Mr. Rudolf Besier's exercise in classic drama. The unities of space and time are strictly observed; the stage, in the three acts, represents the courtyard of the temple of Artemis, which fills the greater part of the back of the stage. The crime of the King's brother, who murders the King—not solely, as he says, for the good of the people, whom the weakling monarch is incapable to save from their enemies, but really for love of the Queen, his sister-in-law—is the culminating event from which the ruin of the city is brought about. The goddess Artemis, indignant at the achievement of such a deed within her temple, brings calamity upon calamity on the citizens of Artis. She is at length appeased, when Hæphestion, the King's brother, slays the Queen with his own hand. For it was the Queen who urged Hæphestion to do the deed. Their love has been their ruin.

The plot of the play is extremely simple, logically developed, and strengthened by the introduction of Cleito, the King's mother, whose blindness is made the theme of much eloquence. The author has followed the classical models of the Greek drama in respect of his plot, and has treated most of his characters in the same manner. Cleito has touches reminiscent of Maeterlinck, but the King's brother and the Queen, who are the protagonists, are modelled on the antique.

As regards the writing, the verse is smooth and fluent, with all the similes and phrases one would expect in an exercise on a classic theme by one conversant with classic models. There is nothing new in the treatment, nothing, that is, which, as in the case of the Litany of Act II., one cannot trace to Mr. Swinburne's influence, or, in the Battle Chorus of Act III., to that of Shelley. There was, indeed, throughout "The Virgin Goddess" a sense of the already seen, of the already heard, which weighed heavy upon me, with the weight of the academic peplos. Mr. Besier has evident scholarship, and has studied the classical models to advantage. His play is not, to my thinking, more than a good exercise, which had the advantage of an excellent all-round rendering by Mr. Oscar Asche, Miss Lily Brayton, Miss Genevieve Ward, and others. As a story in prose it would have done quite as well, and there would probably have been less of repetition, which may be called "gilding refined gold" by the charitable. The fall of the curtain was the signal for applause, and I believe that those who enjoy adaptations from the Greek dramatists may enjoy "The Virgin Goddess." But the average playgoer will probably be able to obtain more pleasure elsewhere.

A New Comedy at the Court.

At the Court Theatre, during the past week, there have been two performances of Mr. St. John Hankin's comedy, "The Charity that Began at Home." Mr. Hankin is already favourably known to the public that frequents the Court Theatre as the author of "The Return of the Prodigal." In his new work Mr. Hankin is delivered in four acts of an original idea. That true kindliness consists of being kind to the undeserving, and true hospitality in entertaining those whom others do not invite owing to their unpopularity, is the novel theory of dear Lady Denison, a theory with which she has been inspired by the philanthropist Basil Hylton. With this for motive we are presented to an incongruous group of strange people. A testy Indian general, a vulgarian fat woman, a stiff governess, and a young man who has had to leave the army for misappropriation of mess funds: these are the characters, mostly at loggerheads in the first three acts. Lady Denison does all she can to smooth down the perpetual quarrels, and is heartily assisted by her amiable daughter Margery. Things, however, speedily show signs of moving to a crisis. The first serious storm occurs when Soames, the butler, admits that he has seduced Anson the lady's-maid. Miss Henriques played the latter part remarkably well, and one did not know whether to laugh at dear old Lady Denison's expostulations—Lady Denison is admirably rendered throughout by Miss Florence Haydon—or to lament with the unfortunate Anson. The engagement of the young officer under a cloud to the daughter of the house is the severest blow of all, and the scene in which Lady Denison accepts him as a son-in-law because her daughter says she must marry him for purposes of regeneration, is one of the most charming of the play. Afterwards it tails off, and the last act, in which the young man in question resigns the hand of the philanthropic young lady, leaves one cold, because there is no real passion on either side, and one does not care whether she marries the philanthropist instead, or not.

I believe the play would have been better treated throughout in a light farcical manner. As it was, the first three acts contained wit and character-drawing; the last was all too long, especially in the matter of speech-making. The characters do not talk. They make orations.

The Empire.

At the Empire, the latest novelty, "Burning to Sing," makes a brilliant conclusion to a programme, as brilliant even as the present. After the "Fête Galante," where one is in Watteau-land, or in the glade of the Park at Beau Séjour, after Coppélia, that ballet of European reputation, after five single turns and the Biograph, comes this blazingly funny burlesque of grand opera. Those who have not thought it worth while to visit the Empire for the sake of this single novelty are mistaken. It sends one away in a hilarious mood, and keeps one shaking with mingled laughter and admiration of the vocal feats

performed by Miss Anna Hickisch and Mr. Ottley Cranston. The grand finale, composed of the above-mentioned visitors, the firemen, the hotel proprietor, and the page boy come to warn them of their danger, is lingered upon while the hotel is blazing, and every possible operatic trick for elongating those exquisite moments indulged in, until the whole building is on the verge of collapse. The stage management of this difficult scene was excellent. I have never seen such well-behaved fire. It blazed away in the right places, never apparently daring to overstep the limits set to it.

To hark back to the single turns, I enjoyed the spiced dainties of the "Café Concert" as sung by Mlle. Juniori; the audacities of Carl the comedian, whose bull dog becomes so firmly attached to a part of his costume, elicit shouts of applause from the gallery and elsewhere. Certainly it would be difficult to equal Carl's bull dog in tenacity of purpose.

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At the Palace Theatre, in "La Statue Humaine," the Lady Galatea, who rejoices in the name of Miss Maude Odell, gives a pleasant performance. Of her twelve "living pictures" No. 3, "Salambo," and No. 4, "Musique Profane," are far the best. They are accompanied by the pleasant music of Mr. Finck, the conductor, but the assistance of the chorus behind the curtain might have been dispensed with.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE NEW MINISTERS.

THE Cabinet contains thirteen members. It spends what is known as *la Semaine des Morts*, or *les vacances de la Toussaint*, in preparing a ministerial statement. For the first time anything of the kind ever happened to a Cabinet, the President of the Republic congratulated it on its advanced character, and exhorted it to pay the debt the Republic owes to the democracy. As an honest *vigneron* who never suffered his bills to be protested, M. Fallières is for the honest payment of bills drawn on the electorate, and he thinks that payment cannot be too prompt.

Dear, delicious, tiny, and yet great, Louis Blanc ought to look down joyously from his celestial abode on the new Cabinet. His idea of a Labour Ministry has been put into practice by his former disciple Clemenceau, who declares the copyright belongs to Louis Blanc. The latter, as a member of the Constituent Assembly of 1848, called for the creation of this department, but he could not do more than table the Bill he had framed to give effect to his notion. The terrible outside storms prevented him obtaining a hearing. When the Legislative Assembly came in he was in exile. To escape a State trial he had fled to England and remained there in exile for twenty years. He had unlimited faith in his own theories and ideas, Corsican tenacity in holding fast to them, and infinite charm in setting them forth. Louis Blanc had the genius of social grace. As a charmer he had no match. Clemenceau came under his subjugating charm during the siege of Paris; he took many of the theories *cum grano*, but found in them a right spirit. A darling child of Louis Blanc's brain was the *Ministère du Travail et de Progrès*. Belgium borrowed of him the first half of this notion. The other half Louis Blanc derived from Spain, where his father, the Finance Minister to King Joseph (Bonaparte), induced that sovereign to create a "fomenting" or initiating ministry. The Ministry of Labour is being set up in the buildings in the Rue de Bellechasse, where the late M. Dumay for nearly a quarter of a century received the high-grade representatives of the three cults recognised by the State. The concierge can hardly believe his eyes now that he sees rough sons of toil, citizens heading trade unions, and such like asking to see M. le Ministre or his secretary or under-secretary. The door-keepers had been used to heads of Protestant and of Jewish consistories, to Papal prothonotaries, to violet robes or black silk robes with crimson buttons, and patriarchs with flowing beards and smooth Levantine manners. All gone, and no more sign of them remaining than a ship that founders in the mid-Atlantic!

1906 may be counted the *revanche* of 1849, when Louis Napoleon, his friends, his open and half-hidden well-wishers, and the Church prepared to rid themselves of the French Republic while putting down the Roman one and bringing back Pius IX. to enjoy earthly sovereignty at the Vatican. The Law of Separation is to take fuller effect on December 11. The author of this law, M. Briand, belongs to the Ministry. A Minister who can be trusted to defend the law against illegal violence is at the War Office. There will be unity in the Cabinet as to the course it ought to take in putting down attempts to provoke civil war. General Picquart is one with Clemenceau. I hardly think him a soldier made for energetic action. But one cannot doubt, after the tests he has borne, his firmness of character. M. Pichon will do nothing behind the back of M. Clemenceau to open indirectly good relations with the Holy See.

We are not to look for any reason other than the one he gave—ill-health—for M. Bourgeois's refusal to remain in office. Those fast-recurring tributes paid by his family to tuberculosis have aged and, indeed, utterly shattered him. They have killed in him all ambition for the high official situations. Were he offered the Presidency of the Republic, I am sure he would reject it. M. Clemenceau greatly desired the co-operation of M. Bourgeois for the sake of his address, his soft manner, and the European prestige won by him at the Hague Peace Conference.

The German Emperor, in view of this prestige, might think a good many times before treating M. Bourgeois as he did M. Delcassé. Prince von Münster, probably acting on instructions from Berlin, began his course at the Hague by a condescending attitude towards the head of the French Mission to the Conference. M. Bourgeois, in his dulcet way, soon took down the Prince and placed him at a disadvantage that Münster found it impossible to surmount. Nor is M. Pichon a man to be looked down upon at the Wilhelmstrasse. He has an invaluable quality in the office he now fills—complete freedom from vanity coupled with real dignity. His judgment is good,

he is excellent at a summary, whether of a book, a debate, or a long and important conversation. The firmness of his character bore appallingly severe tests at Peking. M. Pichon is painstaking. As he made for about ten years special study of international questions and foreign affairs, he will not resemble M. Jules Deville, to whom Lord Dufferin had to explain the French side of the controversy about Siam and Cambodia. M. Pichon always wrote the articles on foreign affairs that came out in *La Justice*. He often spoke on them in the Chamber of Deputies, and always with clearness and good sense. The clearness secured him a hearing whenever he mounted the tribune. He managed—a high art—while being unadorned, not to be bald or dry. On his wife's side he belongs to a Nîmois Protestant connection. Without making him a "*bondieusard*," I imagine she must have brought him round in those terrible seventy days in the besieged legation at Peking to belief in a good Providence. There seemed, on the fiftieth day, no hope—humanly speaking—of deliverance—so M. Pichon stated in the diary he kept. He confesses his pessimism. In looking back, he now also confesses that the besieged Europeans in the legation "owed deliverance to an *ensemble* of events which are inexplicable by any process of reason or rational assumption."

Before M. Pichon became a journalist he walked the Paris hospitals. This will be an advantage to him in a Cabinet prepared to give so much attention to public health and how to improve it. Maladies become more and more international, and the tendency is for doctors and diplomats to meet at hygienic conferences.

M. Pichon tries to elucidate rather than to coax round an opponent. He is cold, civil, obliging, and unaffected. I never knew him to be ranked as a feminist, but he deliberately submitted to the direction of his mother, mother-in-law, and his wife. They adored him, and agreed among each other as to how they ought to direct him. Somehow, it all ended in his having his own way. A Prince Hohenlohe could not find a shred of crisp gossip about the Pichon ménage, which used to be in one of those ancient and roomy houses of austere aspect in the Ile de St. Louis. The two old ladies and the young wife held together there until M. Ribot gave M. Pichon a diplomatic post fourteen years ago at Port au Prince. The mother and mother-in-law then clubbed together, and M. Pichon kept a diary which he sent them by every mail. Private letters which he wrote from China in 1889 and 1900 would add perspicacity could they be published. It used to be said of M. Ribot that the only Radical for whom he had a distinct bias was M. Pichon.

It is, now that Asiatic questions are so pressing, an advantage for a Minister for Foreign Affairs to have served in China. As Resident-General in Tunis, M. Pichon became acquainted with Islam, and conversant with what may be called the Mediterranean outlook and the Barbarossa-like ambition of the German Emperor there. Barbarossa put a foot down on Morocco. This in some degree explains the Emperor's attitude in the spring of last year; and nobody ought to know this better than the ex-Resident-General at Tunis.

It is of great importance for the War Office to be well in hand in the impending religious crisis. I was going to say of vital importance, but stayed my pen; there are really so few things vitally important, and especially in the political world. The appointment of General Picquart answers to present needs and prospective dangers. He shrunk from the office partly from philosophy, partly from his lack of egotism, partly from reluctance to call out against a storm of hatred and abuse. He has become attached to habits he has fallen into in the eight years of his forced retirement from the Army. His *garçonnière* in the Rue de Longchamp suits him better than the glitter and the spaciousness of that glass house, the War Office. One cannot doubt his professional capacity, save in his not being sufficiently the brute to remain unmoved amid the horrors of war and in ordering slaughters *en masse*. Culture in his case has too much eliminated the dross of the old Adam for him to manœuvre armies in the face of modern artillery. But Old Moltke himself might not come up to him in head work and capacity to create a vast military machine. If he makes a great figure, it will be as an organiser. General Picquart is a man of rare accomplishments, and might have been a great painter or musician or mathematician had he not, on quitting the Colmar Lycée, been moved by patriotic enthusiasm to study for St. Cyr. He came out of his final examination there as No. 5. In every grade and capacity in which he has since served, whether as military instructor, in an arduous campaign in Tonquin, on the staff of General Galliffet, a very exacting commander, General Picquart distinguished himself, and in doing so eschewed every opportunist trick or short cut. I should imagine that his strength lies in determination, once he has decided on a path, not to be turned from it. His obstinacy leads him to a passive resistance which is not to be shaken. Had he the gift of a concise and pointed style in writing, I should liken him to Vauvenargue, who died at the siege of Prague, and whose spirit-lifting maxims, penned in the miseries of a winter campaign in Bohemia, are equal to those of the greatest Stoic. But if General Picquart wanted to say "Please shut the door," he could not help wrapping the order up in a page of verbiage. This long-drawn verbosity exposed him, when he gave evidence in the Dreyfus case, to the charge of cuttlefish tactics, than which nothing could be more unjust. I entirely accept Clemenceau's answer to this reproach: "Picquart est le plus honnête homme que je connais." That offence laid to his charge by General Pellieux and Father Dulac was attributable to his practising Wagnerian music, and not alone. The companion of his musical studies, his cousin, was unhappily married. Given French manners, and the ideas set forth in the Paris theatre, what else could happen than what did happen? For suitors who have cultivated this music, Wagner is the grand usher to the divorce court. Ask President Ditte and wait for his answer.

I have not much to say of M. Caillaux, who succeeds M. Poincaré at the Finance Ministry. He gave satisfaction there as a member of the Combes Ministry, and he has the same æsthetic tastes as the late M. Félix Faure, as may be inferred from their admiration for the same beauties. Not long ago he put an end to his *vie de garçon* by

marrying a captivating widow. She has every qualification for shining in that temple of Golden Calf worship, the grand salon under the dome at M. Caillaux's ministry. The lofty roof glitters with gold, and the wall decorations are of corresponding richness. It is a creation of the Second Empire.

Viviani and Briand form the vanguard of the feminists in the cabinet. Viviani has the fearlessness of the Algerian born and brought up in a debatable land, as was his colleague Thomson. They are both natives of Oran and familiar with the haunts of the wild tribes under the French flag and the Moorish standard. Viviani has a pleasing directness, is thoughtful, and yet really eloquent, in a style in which deep study has pruned originality and eccentricity. There is no harder worker at the Bar or in the Chamber. He assiduously practises and studies law in order to be no "professional politician," and is a socialist.

Prince Clovis Hohenlohe was not a fighting man, and I cannot think he was perfidious. He was, however, liable to be suggestionised. One sees this in his Memoirs. When I first became acquainted with him he was wholly Bismarckian. His ardour then cooled. One can gather from his memoirs why. The old Emperor growled at Bismarck's real or supposed desire to engage him in another war with France. William I. thought this wish a determination. A war, if unsuccessful, would have put an end to the diplomatic situation of Prince Clovis. It would have shut out every hope of becoming Statthalter. I do not think the idea of taking Bismarck's place in the Wilhelmstrasse had yet dawned on his mind. He feared Bülow in all places and under all circumstances—his lynx eyes, his whisperings with Mr. Beckmann, his runs to Berlin—and prevented him transacting any important business. When he had to go himself to Berlin he went to the French Foreign Minister to warn him to let business with the German Embassy stand over until he (Prince Clovis) came back, and to be shy of Bülow.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

THE arousing of the female giant, dear Lady Betty, is the development of our time that is being watched the most anxiously by thinking men. Woman throughout the ages has been taught that she is physically and mentally inferior to man; it is impossible for her to admit the superiority of the latter in the enormously altered circumstances of modern times.

Diligent attention to muscular training, careful dieting, and the almost total abandonment of an indoor life, have together made the woman of to-day physically stronger than she has ever been in the past, and the end in this direction is not even in sight. As regards mental development, woman has always been more intellectually receptive than is man, and now that she is receiving the same education that he enjoys, her superiority in this direction is becoming daily more obvious.

On the other hand, the accumulation of work and anxieties, and the increase of indoor employment, are rapidly affecting the physical condition of man; he is diminishing in stature, in strength, and in energy.

Man is the exhausted sex! In the course of centuries, the continued rest cure which he is destined to undergo will replace him in the condition which he formerly occupied, will make him grow in stature and in strength, and will revive his energies, whilst the strain of government will lower in its turn the physique of woman as it has his. Thus the see-saw of circumstances will give to each sex in turn their terms of supremacy.

. . . . .

The advanced woman, figuratively speaking, points a pistol at the head of man, and cries: "Your breeches or your life!"

. . . . .

Woman is like the Tory Party. When the latter is defeated in the House of Commons it has the House of Lords to support it; when the strength of woman is exhausted she has always her weakness to fall back upon!

* * * * *

There are in these days the *train de luxe*, *edition de luxe*, and *hotel de luxe*, but it seems to have entirely escaped attention that there is also the *femme de luxe*. It is the latter that is rapidly ruining the less happily-conditioned of her sex. The *femme de luxe* associates only with the rich and prominent, lives but for amusement, spends money recklessly, and has no respect for either the Ten Commandments or the Upper-Ten Commandments. The ordinary woman who still obeys the laws and by-laws of good conduct sees the *femme de luxe* discard them all with impunity, and naturally considers that she has as much right to do this as has the former. "I would be as attractive as she is had I but her clothes and jewels," she says to herself. "It is only a matter of courage and opportunity. I, too, must rebel against restrictions, and I shall soon then be as much admired as she is." Two-thirds of the sex are now more or less in this condition; they crave for finer clothing, and for more substantial friends whose influence will support them whilst they are freeing themselves from the restraints which are imposed upon ordinary women. They all want to be *femmes de luxe*, and, undoubtedly, if misconduct is tolerated, and even admired, in some, there is no reason why it should be resented in others.

This *femme de luxe* and *homme de luxe* difficulty is the disease which, spreading with enormous rapidity, threatens to remove good conduct from the civilised world. A handful of men break every law, divine or human, swindle with impunity, and behave like hooligans, and with them are a handful of women who have abandoned all restraint. These are held up to the rest of the community as of such social importance that their misconduct is to be admired. That is Socialism in "Society"—but "Society" that has adopted Socialism for its own convenience, entreats us to resist its advance in the lower classes of the community, where it would be an inconvenience to "Society"!

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The public may rest assured that the authorities of the time will carefully retain the picturesque features which our parks and open spaces possess; and especially is this true as regards those there are in London. The outcry which has been raised concerning the proposal to remove the oak palings that surround Regent's Park is unnecessary. Much of this oak is completely rotten, and the expense of replacing it would be so great that the authorities feel compelled reluctantly to substitute iron railings for the fencing where the latter has rotted—and only there. Meanwhile a subscription is being raised to assist the authorities in the matter, to find the surplus amount necessary to replace the rotten portions with fresh oak fencing. Undoubtedly, oak is far more picturesque than iron-work, and there is every reason to believe that the former will be retained notwithstanding the difficulty that has been described, but to do that the public must itself come to the assistance of the authorities, and provide a portion of the cost.—Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

Scrubb & Co., Ltd., caution the public against the many injurious imitations of their Cloudy Fluid Ammonia that are being offered, and draw attention to their having affixed the signature of Scrubb & Co. to each bottle, without which none is genuine.

SPORTING NOTES.

WRITING a fortnight ago about the Criterion Stakes I predicted that Polar Star would win in a canter, and so he did. Galvani was well backed, but I cannot believe that he was really fancied by the stable, for he appeared to be light and jaded before the race, and he was sweating profusely. As to the Middle Park Plate form, I expressed the opinion the week after that race was run that Slieve Gallion was not up to the mark, and it now appears that his dental troubles were really of a serious nature. Captain Greer was well-advised in not sending his colt to Newmarket last week, and we shall not see Slieve Gallion out again before the Two Thousand. I understand that this colt went off considerably after he had returned to Beckhampton from Doncaster, and now that his teeth have been put right he will probably be much the better for a long rest. I regard Slieve Gallion as being decidedly the best two-year old of the season when in form, and the crack-brained cackle which was heard after the Middle Park Plate about his being a non-stayer was utterly fatuous and absurd, for a colt which has found no difficulty in achieving the severe T.Y.C. at Ascot would certainly not be stopped by the B.S.C. at Newmarket. Polar Star is a smart colt, but I fancy his continued successes have been due to clever placing rather than to his own superlative merits. At York he was lucky in that My Pet II. was nearly knocked down at the start, so that Mr. Raphael's colt was never fairly in the race. At Newmarket last week Galvani was not so good as he had been ten days previously. Polar Star has no "classic" engagements next season, which may turn out to be a lucky arrangement for his admirers, as many sound judges are of the opinion that he will turn out a non-stayer. The Duke of Westminster's colt Dusty Miller, by St. Frusquin out of Rydal, was at one time considered likely to turn out smart, but he ran badly for the Criterion Stakes, although he had 10 lb. the best of the weights. Sequin, who finished last, had been well beaten in a trial with Persinus. Mr. de Rothschild's colt, who is also a son of St. Frusquin, appears likely to turn out a costly failure, for he was so highly thought of as a yearling that he was entered for thirty-nine races.

Polymelus had come to be regarded as a certainty for the Cambridgeshire, and he won with extreme ease, having the race well in hand a long way from home. Kaffir Chief was considerably fancied, as he was thought to have improved a good deal since he won a race at Newmarket during the Second October Meeting. Ganelon II. was one of the best-looking horses in the field, but he was over-weighted, as Polymelus was giving him only 10 lbs. for the year. Malua finished third, but I do not a bit believe that this horse was really third best. Polymelus had obviously won his race so far from home that many of the runners were eased, and I do not suppose that any starter was ridden out to the last, unless its rider had been instructed to gain a place if possible. Of course, it is a melancholy and ridiculous end of a big handicap for a horse to win in a common trot carrying a penalty of 10 lbs. Such a result does not indicate much acuteness or discrimination on the part of the handicappers, but in this case they cannot fairly be blamed. Polymelus had been beaten five times as a four-year-old before the weights for the Cambridgeshire were published, and nobody could anticipate that there would be such a prodigious improvement in this horse during the autumn. It must be remembered, moreover, that the class of the field was certainly not high, as Velocity was the only really good horse among the starters. Earla Mor is smart, of course, when fit and well, but he had not been doing proper work for such a race, and it is significant that he started without a price in the betting. It is, however, confidently predicted at Newmarket that Earla Mor will win an important handicap before the close of the season. St. Amant broke down in the race, and he is at once going to the stud. Polymelus has only one engagement next season, which is the Princess of Wales's Stakes of £6,000 at the Newmarket First July Meeting, but he will no doubt be entered in January for the Coronation Cup at Epsom, and for the Gold Cup at Ascot. If all goes well with Mr. Joel's steed he ought to be the crack of the next season's older horses.

There was no better known or more popular sportsman in the North than the late Mr. C. J. Cunningham. He had been a prominent figure on the Turf ever since he came of age in 1870, and was for many seasons one of the most successful of the gentlemen riders. In 1886 he had seventy-six mounts, and won forty-three races. Mr. Cunningham owned many smart horses, and he raced both under National Hunt Rules and under Newmarket Rules. At one time (in the 'seventies) he was wonderfully successful with three of his hunters, which won fifty-one races out of sixty-eight attempts. His greatest disappointment on the Turf was over the Grand National of 1889, which race he had fully expected to win with Why Not, but his horse was beaten by Frigate. Mr. Cunningham for a short time owned horses in partnership with Lord Zetland, and he had an interest in certain animals which ran in the name of his intimate friend, the late Mr. Charles Perkins. He was an excellent judge of hunters, and a most successful agriculturist. He had farmed in Selkirkshire on a large scale for thirty-five years. Mr. Cunningham was a fine shot and a most expert angler, and in early life an excellent cricketer, and, indeed, he was generally considered to be one of the very best "all round" sportsmen ever known in the Border Counties. He was regarded as a thoroughly "straight" man, and he had such a reputation for sound judgment and practical ability that his opinion was much valued on almost any subject that came up. He was no means a mere "dog and horse" man, but took a large share in the public work of the county and district, and he was a zealous promoter of popular education, and keenly interested in political affairs and in many local charities. Mr. Cunningham was all his life a regular follower of the Duke of Buccleuch's hounds, and he will be much missed in the hunting field.

Orion, who was purchased for 130 gs. at the sale of Mr. Musker's stud to go to Hungary, has just died in that country. Orion, by Bend Or out of Shotover (both sire and dam being winners of the Derby) was bred in 1888 by the late Duke of Westminster. He was a failure on the Turf, but proved fairly successful at the stud, Chevening and Hercules being the best of his stock. Orator was the best representative of Orion last season.

Polar Star was at the top of the annual official Free Handicap of the two-year-olds, and his elevation above Galvani and Slieve Gallion excited some rather vituperative criticism, but his easy victory in the Criterion Stakes shows that this estimate of Mr. Hall Walker's colt was perfectly correct. I do not a bit believe in the accuracy of the Middle Park Plate running, and shall be vastly surprised if Galvani again beats Slieve Gallion if they meet in the Derby, supposing both colts to have done well in the interval. Animals alter so much, either for the better or for the worse, between two years old and three that the changes in twelve months are positively astounding. For example, in last year's Free Handicap Lally was top weight, being estimated to be 15 lb. superior to Spearmint, and he had to give 30 lb. to Beppo and 35 lb. to Bridge of Canny. At that time, however, people were perfectly infatuated about Lally, and they overlooked the fact (which was pointed out in Truth) that although this colt had won several races, yet he had never beaten anything with any pretensions to first-class form. The most curious feature, however, in last year's Free Handicap was the omission of Keystone II. and Troutbeck, neither the filly nor the colt being regarded as good enough to be weighted, nor was the name of Rocketter, who is probably the most speedy animal in training, to be found. Spearmint, Keystone II., and Troutbeck were all regarded with unbounded contempt, and of the idols of last winter only Flair has maintained a creditable position. It is quite likely that Flair would have won the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger if she had kept all right. She was a remarkably

good filly when at her best, and she could stay well. Her breakdown was most unfortunate, and a great disappointment to her owner, but her disappearance certainly opened up the classic races of the year. The entry for next year's Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot (which race closed a year ago) is now rather melancholy. It included Flair, Cicero, Challacombe, and Spearmint. Last year's Leger winner made a miserable appearance at Newmarket in the Limekiln Stakes, but he was not half fit, and I hear that it was impossible to gallop him on hard ground, but it is hoped that he may be able to win a race now that the going is soft. Challacombe will scarcely be in proper racing trim before the end of this season, and, in any case, it will be difficult to place him as he would be over-weighted in handicaps, and in weight-for-age events he has a heavy penalty to carry for winning the St. Leger. Challacombe is probably one of the worst horses that ever was successful at Doncaster.

It is nothing against Slieve Gallion's Derby chance that he was beaten for the Middle Park Plate, as he thus followed in the steps of Galopin, one of the best Derby winners of modern times, who was defeated for the Newmarket race only because he was most injudiciously ridden. The Rake, winner of the first Middle Park Plate in 1866, broke a blood vessel when the Derby was regarded as practically a certainty for him. It was not until 1885 that a winner of what was then the great race at Newmarket carried off the Derby, and this was Melton. Only four other winners of the Middle Park Plate have been successful at Epsom—Donovan, Isinglass, Ladas, and Galtee More.

Raconteur, by St. Simon out of Plaisanterie, who died at Cheveley the other day, was bred by Sir Tatton Sykes in 1892, and at the sale of the Sledmere yearlings in 1893 he was purchased for 3,000 guineas by the late Colonel McCalmont. Raconteur won the Dewhurst Plate of 1894, and he was much fancied for the Two Thousand and Derby of 1895, but he never won an important race after his two-year-old season, and he proved a sad failure at the stud.

A writer in one of the weekly papers predicted that Bachelor's Button would win the Jockey Club Cup, "assuming that Pretty Polly will not run." It would not have mattered a groat whether Major Loder's mare started or not, inasmuch as she has done no work for some time past.

It is quite on the cards that Malua will turn out a very useful four-year-old, and it will not surprise me if this horse improves with time as much as Polymelus has done. Malua has no engagements next season, but he is a very likely animal to win one of the spring handicaps.

Silver Heeled, who had not been seen out since the Epsom Summer Meeting, when she was unlucky in not winning the Great Surrey Foal Stakes, only just won the Moulton Stakes from Galleot, who was giving her 18 lb., so the performance was nothing remarkable. This filly is by Florizel II. out of Game Chick, and she was bred by Sir Tatton Sykes, and was purchased at Doncaster, at the sale of the Sledmere yearlings, for 2,000 gs. by Mr. Cunliffe. Slim Lad, who was backed for some money, palpably wants time, but he will never be anything of a flyer.

Plungers were brought to dire disaster over the Scarborough Stakes, odds being freely betted on Gingal, for whom the race was a certainty on paper. The bookmakers must have known that Gingal was not up to the mark, as the odds considerably declined, and, as might have been expected after such transactions, Nausicaa won easily, the favourite never being dangerous. There was some heavy gambling over the race, and a large amount of the Polymelus winnings were lost by the defeat of Gingal, but Nausicaa has been coming on since the ground became soft, and she is now in good form, so that the favourite could scarcely be expected to give her 13 lb. over this severe course.

The absence of Slieve Gallion deprived the Dewhurst Plate of all interest, and there were only five starters. My Pet II., of course, found no difficulty in defeating Candahar, who apparently was quite unable to stay the distance. Much longer odds would have been asked for about Mr. Raphael's colt but for the muddy-minded fancy for Candahar, who does not run generously in his races. Baltinglass, who finished third, is ridiculously backward, but he may very likely train on into a really good three-year-old.

There was some hare-brained plunging on Achilles for the Jockey Club Cup, so that odds of only 65 to 40 were betted on Bachelor's Button, for whom I have always considered this race a certainty. He simply galloped Achilles all to pieces, winning quite as easily as at Ascot. It was quite the turn of Mr. Joel's horse to win this Cup, as he finished second last year to Pretty Polly, and ran second in 1904 to Zinfandel. He has thus creditably concluded a most brilliant racing career, and a stouter horse has not often been seen on the Turf.

There was a crash for backers over the Free Handicap, when Bridge of Canny, with long odds betted on him, was very easily beaten by Killeagh, winner of the Irish Derby, to whom Lord Derby's horse was giving 16 lb. I dare say that Bridge of Canny is getting stale, for he has done a lot of work this year, and Killeagh has improved vastly since the ground became soft.

I predicted the success of Tui for the Houghton Stakes, and was surprised that such extravagant odds as 5 to 1 should have been laid on Saxham, for not only had Mr. Dresden's colt been amiss, but he is not the sort of animal to shine in a mile race.

Sagamore won the Free Handicap for two-year-olds very easily, having much the worst of the weights. It is most unfortunate that Sagamore has been disqualified for his numerous and important engagements next season by the death of Sir James Miller, as he might be expected to turn out a Derby horse of high class. He is by Sainfoin out of La Sagesse, whose filly foal by Rock Sand unluckily died, but she is now in foal to John o'Gaunt.

Some of the papers have been printing the most frantic nonsense about Mr. Joel's winnings over the Cambridgeshire, which are generally reckoned at £100,000 by persons of vigorous and mendacious imaginations. I understand that the sum which he has really won is something under £25,000.

It was stated in the *Sportsman* of Saturday that "if Troutbeck should be started" (for the Greenham Stakes at Newbury) "it seems useless to look further for the winner." The writer had overlooked the fact that Troutbeck was struck out of this race on Tuesday, the 23rd. Several of the sporting papers have predicted the success of Troutbeck, although a notice of the scratching of the Duke of Westminster's horse appeared in last week's *Calendar*. I hear that the Kingsclere people expect to win the Greenham Stakes (which is a race of £1,000) with the Duke of Portland's mare Paid Up, who has 12 lb. the best of the weights with Rocketter, the Beckhampton stable also having Ramrod engaged.

Mr. William Clarke's Demure (three years, 6 st. 12 lb.) is said to be a good thing for the Newbury Cup to-morrow, but Mr. W. R. Wyndham's Peter's Pride (five years, 6 st. 10 lb.) is much fancied at Newmarket for this race, and this horse's weight is certainly light enough, even including a penalty of 5 lb.

Next week is divided between Lincoln and Liverpool, and large fields may be expected at both meetings. Good acceptances have been obtained for the principal handicaps at Lincoln. The Liverpool Cup need not be thought of for another week, as this handicap is now only a post-betting race, and the early speculation is

THE DANGER TO HEALTH of obesity is not sufficiently emphasised. Stout people should know that "fatty degeneration" of the heart and liver is a constant menace to them. The *Sketch* says:—"This pleasant, rational, and most efficacious remedy may be warmly recommended to stout persons, as much for health's sake as for the attainment of perfect elegance of figure." Price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle, of all chemists, or of The "ANTIPON" COMPANY, 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.

mere fiddle-faddle, stable commissions being sensibly deferred until the latest possible moment.

At Cambridge Mr. Goldsmith, who was elected president of the boat club last term has resigned his office and become secretary. Mr. Johnstone, of Third Trinity, has succeeded him. Mr. Johnstone has twice been secretary of the club. The admirable way in which these two men have pulled together under what might have been trying circumstances shows that at Cambridge the old days of college warfare are absolutely passed. Mr. Goldsmith had the honour of being president when the crew rowed against Harvard. The tact which he then showed has been further exemplified by his resignation of the presidency in favour of one who in the ordinary course would have preceded him in that office. With two such men as these in charge one may rest assured that the best traditions of English rowing will be maintained at Cambridge, and that men with fads and fancies will find no favour.

With regard to the University Fours, I am told that Third Trinity are pretty certain to win. Hall are not bad, Jesus are improving, while First have been emulating the ship on which the Bellman hunted the snark by mixing up bow and stroke side in a new craft for no earthly reason. At Oxford there is more weight than style in most of the fours. I hear that Mr. Gold has brought on the Magdalen second boat very well, and that it might go near winning. Newhall, the Harvard seven, is at Balliol. He is rowing in their four. He will, I believe, be up for two years. Cambridge men will be happy to meet him again, and they will hope that the result will be the same.

There are a certain number of people who always see in anything one may say or do much more than was ever intended by the actor in his wildest moments. These people may be classed as commentators or critics and village gossips or pot-house politicians. They have been thoroughly enjoying themselves because the Rugby Union has decided that previous connection with the Northern Union shall not prevent a soldier playing in regimental matches only under Rugby Union rules. It must be remembered that no person can play under those rules who has at any time played under the rules of the Northern Union or signed their form, even though he may never have received a penny for doing so. That was the attitude the Rugby Union took when the North went over to professionalism, and from that position it has not deviated one hair's breadth until the resolution in regard to the Army was passed. The commentators and gossips see in this affair portents most wonderful. It is but the prelude to the Rugby Union fraternally embracing the Northern Union, and all footballers playing under one banner. A joyful prospect, says the scribe who chiefly writes on football as played by Association players. The stern and virtuous Tory, on the other hand, sees his beloved Union rapidly leaving the narrow way for the broad path that leads to professionalism. Needless to say, the Union intends nothing of the sort. It means just as much as it says and no more. Not even the Navy is included. There will have to be another meeting for that purpose. Surely the rule might have read that, in matches played by, or between, teams consisting of players in the Navy or Army, a player should not be barred because he has signed a Northern Union form or played for or against any club belonging to that Union. I fail to see that Army football will be sufficiently encouraged if the privilege is limited to inter-regimental matches. Some practice is needed in other games. I cannot see that the thin end of the wedge is being inserted. For this reason I do not regard the meeting as a peg on which to hang an argument as to the attitude of the Rugby Union being altered in any respect with regard to professionalism. At the meeting two significant speeches were made. Both the speakers—Mr. J. F. Byrne representing the Midland Counties, and Mr. Edwards the Old Edwardians, who play at Birmingham—were very properly called to order. But they both had time enough to say that veiled professionalism existed in the provinces in certain clubs. It is rather unfair of these speakers to ask the committee why they are not up and doing. A committee cannot know everything. In Mr. Coles there is a secretary who does not spare himself in his work. Let these speakers put the committee on the right trail, and I undertake to say that no trouble will be spared to bring the offenders to book. Open professionalism is a straightforward game. The secret payment system, with its dodges and subterfuges, brings amateurism into contempt, and causes the paid player who is quite above board to be regarded unfavourably. The Rugby Union must have no truck with professionalism. It means that men who run teams to make money out of them rule the roost. Association football affords the necessary lesson. There the amateur game has gone under because of vested trade interests, while the men who make the money—that is, the paid players—find their wage-earning capacities limited by a set of rules passed by an association in which they have no representation, either direct or indirect.

The South African Rugby footballers attracted a good crowd to Richmond, where they were playing Middlesex. To compare them with the New Zealanders in the same match last year would obviously be unfair to all parties. The county team was a very different one. Its play was then much inferior, and if the forwards had shown anything like the same form that they did on Wednesday the New Zealanders would have been hard pressed. It would not take many matches before the county forwards developed into one of the best packs that could be found in the country. They were fast, tackled well, dribbled finely, and got the ball in the scrimmage. They were faulty in passing. They needed practice. They were admirably led and captained by Harding. A very great deal was due to him, Forwards, halves, and three-quarters were ready to back him up in everything he said and did. There is not the least doubt to my mind that the New Zealanders have improved our county football very much indeed. The county three-quarters had pace, they tackled admirable, and they ought to have scored at least twice. The centres were at fault; they passed mechanically across the ground instead of taking openings that they had made. Lambert, on the wing, had a glorious chance. Finding himself unsupported, he eased in his pace, and so he was overtaken. Unless I am altogether a wrong judge of form, I fancy that the Harlequin three-quarter would improve enormously if he sprinted during the summer. He has a splendid natural stride. It is not all knee and kick behind. He tackles well. Dixon at full back was very safe. The team quite extended the South Africans, who are weak forward. This was also evident in the Newport match. Their passing is more mechanical than that of the New Zealanders. There are no electric rushes and clever high kicks. Marsburg at full back was superb. They play a good, clean game. But I shall be surprised if they succeed in their international games.

Saturday was a great day for Old Boys' teams, and a bad day for the Universities. Cambridge went under to the Old Leysians, and, after a strenuous game, the Old Merchant Taylors by splendid forward play beat Oxford. The O.M.T.s are playing a most in and out game. After being romped over by the Harlequins, they play a close game with Newport, draw with Blackheath, get whacked by London Hospital, and then proceed to beat Oxford, who have beaten the Scottish and Moseley. Surely a few changes in the team ought not to make all this difference. But apparently it does. The University teams ought to be in form by now, and they ought to give us some of the best football.

To return to the South Africans, any team will be well advised never to give them a chance of kicking a penalty nearer than the half-way line. They had three kicks against Middlesex. One came off, and the others were too good to be pleasant. If only Mr. Cartwright could referee all the leading Rugby matches, what a difference there would be in the play.

Woolwich Arsenal have lost their leadership of the first division of the League. They had the game of the season against Sheffield United, who were playing at

home. They scored two goals in the first half after some brilliant football in which the home team's goal posts and crossbar were bombarded. Then Sheffield showed splendid form. A penalty put them ahead, and they added another goal. In the second division West Bromwich and Chelsea head the list. Fifteen thousand people were present at Stamford Bridge. If one pays one's entrance money, one can see an Association football match. In the metropolis you have to take your chance if you go to see the Rugby game, even if it is an international match.

Mr. A. E. Stoddart, the cricketer and footballer, and golfer, too, has been elected secretary of Queen's Club. He was married last week, and in the morning played a foursome with the parson, the best man, and the organist.

MOTORS AND MOTORING.

A FORTNIGHT to-morrow (Thursday, November 15) will see the opening of the fifth international motor exhibition of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders at Olympia, and all the signs point to a show of even greater interest than last year. While it is still idle to hope to rival in London the wonderful show which is to be seen in Paris, that of Olympia grows more and more comprehensive every year. This time a distinct departure will be noted in one respect, inasmuch as the forthcoming exhibition will be devoted entirely to pleasuring cars—a separate show in the spring of next year having been reserved for commercial vehicles and motor-boats. Gain all round should result from this arrangement. A much bigger display of touring cars will be rendered possible, and the footsore visitor looking for a touring car will not find himself lost in an alien world of motor 'buses and steam tractors; while the latter in their turn will secure undivided attention and a proper amount of space, neither of which they had had hitherto at their own exhibition.

Many will be glad to note that, undeterred by the rather unsatisfactory results which attended their last experiment in this direction, the Automobile Club are arranging another series of tyre trials. In the spring, it will be remembered, most of the leading manufacturers declined to enter on the score that they stood to lose more than they would gain from the public testing of their wares in this way. This time, accordingly, the Club proposes to get over that difficulty by purchasing examples of tyres not voluntarily entered and testing these with or without their makers' consent. While a large element of chance and luck necessarily enters into tyre trials, the public should certainly be able to derive useful conclusions from those proposed. There is no subject connected with motoring concerning which more diverse opinions are expressed than tyres and their merits. One man has luck with Dunlops and swears there are none like them; another is less fortunate, and pins his faith to Michelins; a third tells you that Palmers are the only ones for lasting wear; a fourth says, "Don't touch them at any price." What is pretty certain, however, is that tyres all round are steadily improving in quality, with extended knowledge and experience on the part of manufacturers, and though so long as punctures are possible the existing pneumatic tyre can only be regarded as a makeshift device, it is amazing how much it will often stand if properly looked after.

Meanwhile, yet another substitute for the too vulnerable pneumatic is announced—this time from Paris—in the shape of a material rejoicing in the name of "elastes," and described as a species of artificial india-rubber. This is injected into the inner tube instead of air, with results said to be completely satisfactory. Obviously, puncturing is impossible, little heat, it is said, is generated, the wear of inner tube and outer cover are, it is declared, positively increased, and so on. The only question is whether there can possibly be the same springiness as that afforded by the pneumatic principle. After all, as an eminent authority has recently pointed out, compressed air takes a lot of beating in this respect.

From the interesting particulars recently supplied by the *Car*, it would appear that the projected motor racing track now in course of construction at Weybridge is much further advanced than had been supposed, since it is hoped to hold the first race meeting early next year. The scheme appears to have been very carefully thought out, and the support and co-operation of the Automobile Club having been obtained, the undertaking should have every chance of success. The first day's "card" will, it is stated, include a race with prizes of £2,500 in cash, while another £2,500 will be distributed over the remaining events, so that good entries should be secured from all parts of the world. Motor racing on the Weybridge track should be vastly more interesting to the spectator than that on roads, since it will be really possible to follow what is happening all the time, while the ample width of the track, allowing of ten or a dozen cars travelling abreast, will admit of neck-and-neck racing to any extent, without danger. The elliptically shaped track will, we are told, have a length of more than three miles from start to finish, with all its curves suitably banked, to admit of speeds of 100 miles an hour, while there will be a straight track of a mile traversing the elliptical course diagonally, for the purpose of mile records. The track will be under the management of the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club, with the Automobile Club retaining a supervising and guiding influence.

Why use petrol, alcohol, or any other liquid fuel for internal combustion engines? Why not lycopodium? This is the novel suggestion put forward in a recent number of the *Autocar*, by Mr. Rankin Kennedy. If you ask, as well you may, what on earth is lycopodium, the answer is that it is a highly combustible powder derived from the seed of the *Lycopodium Claratum*, which is used, among other purposes, behind the scenes to produce artificial lightning. Further, it is said to be cheaply produced, to be safe, clean, and odourless, and generally all that could be desired. As to the feasibility of its employment as fuel for internal combustion engines, Mr. Kennedy assures us that it has been proved that the mixture can be made, drawn in, compressed, ignited by electricity, expanded as a work producer, and exhausted, so that only the needful alteration of carburetters would seem to be required for lycopodium to take the place of the pungent Pratt, the trusty Shell and the costly Carless forthwith.

When the next suitable opportunity presents itself in Parliament, it is fervently to be hoped that legislation will be introduced to compel the carrying of rear lights, not only by market carts and other wheeled vehicles, but also by cyclists. With the short days of winter drawing on, the urgent necessity for an amendment of the existing law to that effect forces itself once more on the attention of every automobilist who finds himself on the road after dark. How more cyclists are not run into and killed by cars overtaking them passes comprehension. Certainly if they realised the danger they run, cyclists themselves would carry back lamps for their own protection without waiting for any compulsion. Travelling on the road by night is entirely an affair of lights, and, as a consequence, anything on the road unlighted is in constant danger. This applies to pedestrians no less than to vehicles, but they can keep close to the side of the road. Cyclists, on the contrary, seldom do this. As a result one is in constant terror of running them down. If you wish to realise the absolute necessity of a rear light in the case of an ordinary vehicle, let something go wrong with your rear lamp on a well-frequented road, and the fact will speedily be brought home. If you are not quickly run into, it will be due to nothing more than luck. And there is no very obvious remedy unless you have a spare red light to show. An ordinary white light is worse than useless in this contingency, since it is naturally taken for that of an approaching car—with possibly disastrous results.

SOUTHAMPTON.—SOUTH-WESTERN HOTEL.—The new Dining-room, elegant Lounges, Smoke-room, with Restaurant and Grill room on ground floor now open.—For tariff, apply to Manager.

MAMMON.

Stock Dealings Small—Two Failures—A Nineteen-Day Account—Attractive Stock to Buy.

On the Stock Exchange during the past week business has been on a poor scale, and an irregular tendency has prevailed. The arrangement of the old account was not attended with much trouble, although a couple of small failures were reported, but the nineteenth-day period upon which we have just entered is not conducive to active dealing. At the same time, investors would be well advised to realise that the moment is very favourable for a purchase on the part of the individual who can afford to pay outright for what he buys. The more attractive stocks include gilt-edged, Home Railways, and Canadians.

Money Matters—Position more Hopeful—Egyptian Drain nearing its End.

So far, at all events, it would hardly seem that the 6 per cent. Bank rate has been productive of the results desired. True enough, the Exchanges have responded, but none of the Foreign money centres have, up to the present, sent any gold, and though the Bank temporarily advanced its buying price for Foreign coinage with the object evidently of emphasising its attitude, nothing resulted. And, momentarily, some apprehension was created upon the possibility of a still higher Bank rate becoming necessary. Such a menace could not, of course, be regarded with equanimity, but, fortunately, the nervousness has now passed away, and the general impression is that the "Old Lady," adverse developments excepted, will be able to pull through the remainder of the year without adopting such a stringent measure. The Treasury has come to the assistance of New York, not by placing a premium upon gold imports, but by increasing the national bank note circulation against securities, Government and otherwise, which is a much more satisfactory method in that it is calculated to no longer disturb the international monetary situation. A resumption of gold absorption by New York is, too, a remote contingency. Then again, the Egyptian drain, though not diverted to Paris as was hoped, is now believed to be almost near its end, and it may be noted that the remainder of the metal ear-marked at the Bank on Egyptian account has been set free. This £250,000 will go to strengthen the Bank's reserve, and there is every probability of the bulk of the future arrivals of the metal being secured for the same purpose. Of course, there is the commencement of the customary Argentine demand threatening, which creates a certain slight element of uncertainty, but with a thoroughly effective 6 per cent. rate it is not improbable that ultimately gold will come from some of the Foreign money centres, Paris in particular, to relieve the strain upon the Bank. Its reserve is, it has to be noted, scarcely higher than £18,188,000, as against £21,485,000 a year ago, but it is quite possible with the Foreign drain lessened that the imports may exceed the outflow during the next few weeks, and the position may thereby be strengthened sufficiently to meet the customary end of the year strain. Generally speaking, while there is a slight element of uncertainty as to the immediate future this is not by any means an actual menace threatening a still higher Bank rate.

Consols—A Greater Confidence—The Investor's Opportunity—Russians Recovering—Foreign Stock Yields—Peru's Latest Effort.

Having at last reconciled itself to a 6 per cent. Bank rate, it is not remarkable that the gilt-edged market, in spite of its natural susceptibility to monetary influences, should show to better advantage. There is less of that hopeless pessimism, and there would also seem to be a greater degree of confidence as to the immediate future. The recent slump was manifestly overdone, but, as I remarked at the time, it afforded a promising opportunity to the investor possessed of sufficient courage to ignore the temporary dejection and regard the future. The possibilities of capital appreciation seem to be promising enough, while the yields obtainable at the low prices prevailing are, when the nature of the securities is taken into consideration, relatively good. With the turn of the year it is quite natural to anticipate that the value of money throughout the world will gradually diminish, and to this factor gilt-edged stocks will naturally respond, and save for some exceptionally acute monetary stringency, it does not seem that there is much scope for further depreciation in the interval. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the Foreign market is the continued recovery in Russian securities, especially the new Fives. After being as low as 12¼ discount at one time this year, this has recovered to 6 discount. Even at this figure the stock could be purchased to bring in a handsome return. The same may be said of the older Fours, but neither appear to me to be a desirable holding, in view of the uncertain state of the country, and the still more uncertain financial position. Here is a table showing the approximate yield obtainable upon Foreign stocks:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Argentine 4 p.c. Rescission	89½	4 10 0
do. 4 p.c. 1900	86	4 13 0
China 4½ p.c. Gold	96½	4 12 6
,, 5 p.c. Gold	101	4 19 0
Japan 4 p.c. 1905	87¼	4 12 0
,, 4 p.c. Consolidated	88¼	4 11 0

A gentle fillip has been given to Peruvian Corporation issues, especially the Preferred, by the announcement that the Government is to reopen the negotiations for a settlement of the outstanding differences. The fact that a period of six months is stipulated for the completion thereof might sound impressive were it not for past experience. Whether the bargaining will prove fruitful it would be hazardous to say. In this connection it has to be noted that cable advices state that the Government is to raise a loan of £3,000,000 with the Deutsche Bank. Should this be accurate it is hardly likely that the Government, being thus placed in funds, would take the negotiations with the Corporation seriously. Anyway, Peruvian Corporation issues are a gamble, and, being practically controlled by inside cliques, are not worthy of the attention of the ordinary speculator.

Sharp Rise in Home Rails—The British Investor Reawakening—Why Stocks may be Called Cheap—A Few Leading Attractions—Strong Case for York Deferred.

It is many months since the Home Railway market has shown such consistent good form as during the past week. At last the British investor appears to be awakening to the opportunities offered him in this long neglected and yet one-time most favoured department, and with the market almost bare of stock prices have quickly responded all round, the rise in most of the leading stocks extending to several points. It seems at first a little paradoxical that the rally should have set in almost immediately after the announcement of a Six per Cent. Bank rate, and with contangos running up to 8 or 9 per cent.; yet to those who appreciate the true position of the market—the unduly low level of prices, the excellence of current earnings, and the prospect of further dividend increases in the New Year—there is nothing strange about the movement. Once the public came to see the bargains that were offering—and the subsidence of the Labour scare has done much to clear the air—a rapid recovery in values was a foregone conclusion. The present high Bank rate, in fact, affords in itself a sound argument for buying. The spell of dear money that has, let us hope, now culminated in a Six per Cent. official discount minimum has naturally had much to do with lowering the prices of all high-class securities. If the influence of the money market has been less perceptible upon Railway stocks than upon, say, Consols, it is because other factors, such as the Labour agitation, have tended to obscure it. A little later on, as the Bank of England's position becomes stronger, and as the dividend season draws nearer, there will be a double incentive given to Home Rails to rise, and those who buy

now are getting in on the ground floor. In order that my readers may see at a glance how traffics are shaping I have compiled the following table:—

Company.	Increase or Decrease for Week.	A Year Ago.	Aggregate (16 weeks).
Caledonian	− 1,600	+ 1,100	+ 15,500*
Great Central	+ 200	+ 7,200	+ 50,000
Great Northern	+ 2,300	+ 4,000	+ 35,200
Great Western	+ 2,900	+ 11,300	+ 77,400
Hull and Barnsley	+ 80	+ 200	+ 10,700
Midland	+ 1,000	+ 13,300	+ 47,600
North British	− 600	+ 2,700	+ 20,300*
North-Eastern	+ 7,500	+ 4,100	+192,100
North Stafford	− 500	+ 600	+ 11,500
North-Western	+ 3,000	+ 15,000	+104,000
South-Western	+ 600	+ 2,000	+ 17,200
Great Eastern	− 2,700	+ 4,600	+ 16,900
Lancashire and Yorkshire	+ 1,300	+ 2,400	+ 10,700
London, Brighton, and South Coast	+ 2,000	+ 1,100	+ 11,600
Metropolitan	− 2,300	+ 100	− 40,300
Do. District	− 200	+ 1,200	+ 10,100
South-Eastern and Chatham	+ 400	+ 3,500	+ 12,700
Central London	− 500	+ 400	− 4,200

* For twelve weeks.

It will be noticed that the only Companies showing decreases to date are the Central London and the Metropolitan. The former is, of course, feeling the keener competition from the electrified "sewers" and from the motor omnibuses, but it is doubtful if the loss will be sufficient to affect dividends; in fact, the growing revenue from rents over stations will be a useful offsetting item. Assuming that dividends be maintained, Tube stocks look a decided bargain, the Ordinary giving a yield at present price of 4¾ per cent., and the Deferred a yield of 5¼. Even should the Company, at the worst, have to reduce its dividend rate, there is no reason to suppose that the reduction would be more than temporary, for several new feeders will be shortly added, and as the soundest argument for buying one has only to refer to the ever-growing population of London, and to the undisputed fact that the Tube possesses the finest route in the world. With the Metropolitan the falling-off in traffic is more serious, and as regards the part arising from reduced fares there is little hope of a recovery. Of course, the showing appears worse than it is because of the fact that a large portion of the system formerly worked by the Metropolitan has been transferred to the Joint Committee, a change which should mean a subtantial saving in expenses. Making all allowances, however, I do not see how Metropolitans can be called cheap, even at their present level. The yield on the basis of the dividend for the past two half-years is no more than 3 1-16 per cent., and what with the possibility of traffic decreases until next April, and the big increase of capital that has been incurred in connection with the electrification of the line, the outlook for the stock is scarcely bright. Coming back to the trunk lines, the results set out in the table above speak for themselves. Notwithstanding that traffics are now running against very fine takes a year ago, all the leading Companies continue to put up fair increases. The Scotch lines are an exception, but the decreases there are accounted for by the strike on the Clyde. Some of the aggregates are assuming quite big proportions; relatively to mileage the best results are those of the North-Eastern, North-Western, Great Central, Great Northern, and Hull and Barnsley. Great Central junior issues, perhaps, are already at a price that allows a good deal for "prospects," but those who buy the Ordinary issues of the other four lines cannot go far wrong. I would again emphasise the attractions of Great Northern Deferred. The dividend on this stock is paid annually in February. For 1905 the rate was 1½ per cent., and as the amount carried forward in August last was increased by a sum equal to ½ per cent. on the Deferred, the dividend, assuming that the net profit in respect of the current half-year is merely maintained, should be 2 per cent. Now, what are the prospects of an increase next time? To date for sixteen weeks the line shows a gross increase of £35,200, equivalent to, say, £57,000 for twenty-six weeks. There is the Grantham accident, of course, to be kept in mind, and this, according to some critics, may cost £30,000. There must also be remembered the rise in the price of materials. On the other hand, the Company has been economising wherever possible, and has saved a fair amount in rates and taxes as a result of its recent actions in the Courts. Now, an increase of £18,000 in net revenue would mean another ¼ per cent. in dividend on the Deferred, and should this be forthcoming, it would make the dividend 2¼ per cent. for the year and the yield on the stock 5½ per cent. That had better not be counted upon too confidently, but it is quite on the cards that the Directors may be able to pay 2⅛ per cent., which would give a return, based on present price, of 5 3-16, while, even assuming that the dividend be no more than 2 per cent., York Deferred offers the still very attractive yield (for a stock standing at such a big discount) of 4⅞. Those who buy now ought to see them at 50 before we are much older. My table follows:—

How to Operate in Stocks Successfully.—See Halford's Adviser (post free).—Palmerston House, London, E.C. Established 1869. Telegrams: "Monitor, London."

Home Rails.	A Year Ago.	Make up, Oct. 24.	Closing Price, Oct. 20.	Closing Price, Oct. 27.	Movement.
Caledonian Pref.	78½	74	74	74	—
Do. Def.	30⅝	30	29½	30⅜	+1⅛
City and S. London	44	43	43	43	—
Central London	92	84	84	84	—
Great Central 94 Pref.	76	—	73	70¼	−1½
Do. "B"	38½	33	33	34½	+1½
Do. "A"	18½	15⅝	15¾	16½	+ ½
Great Eastern	86½	80½	80	81½	+1½
Great Northern Pref.	102	99½	99½	100	+ ⅜
Do. Def.	40½	41	40½	42⅝	+2¼
Great Western	140⅝	125	123	127	+4
Hull and Barnsley	47½	44⅜	44½	45¾	+1¼
Lancashire and Yorkshire	108	101½	100½	103½	+3
London and Brighton "A"	125½	114½	112	116	+4
London, Chatham, and Dover	17⅛	13⅞	13½	14½	+1½
Do. 4½ p.c. Pref.	102	86½	86	89	+3
Do. 2nd Pref.	66	49½	49	53	+4
London and North-Western	158½	149½	147¾	151¾	+4
London and South-Western Def.	58	45½	44½	46¾	+2¼
Metropolitan Consolidated	92½	60½	60	60½	+ ½
Metropolitan District	37½	20	20	20	—
Midland Pref.	68½	64¾	64½	66½	+2
Do. Def.	69½	64½	63	65¾	+2¾
North British 3 p.c. Pref.	77¾	73½	73½	73¾	+ ¼
Do. Def.	45⅝	40	39½	40½	+1
North-Eastern Consolidated	143½	135⅞	135	138	+3
South-Eastern "A"	59	45¾	45½	47½	+2

Americans Irregular—Left to the Professionals—Norfolk and Western Dividend—Iron Trade Prosperity—Crop Reports—Nine Months Earnings.

In the American market dealings have continued on a most attenuated scale. Money has dominated the whole position, and neither the English nor the American public shows an inclination to take a hand in the game which is in progress. The Norfolk and Western dividend of 2½ per cent., as against 2 per cent., was quite up to expectations, but the market was not exactly in a condition to respond favourably. The week has witnessed no feature of particular interest, and for my part I do not see much inducement for the Englishman to go into the market. If you yearn for excitement, by all means try Yankees. If you wish to sleep comfortably, leave them alone. My table is appended:—

—	1905. Highest.	1905. Lowest.	Closing Price, Oct. 13, 1906.	Closing Price, Oct. 20, 1906.	Closing Price, Oct. 27, 1906.
Atchison	96	80⅛	106⅞	103	103⅞
Do. Five per Cent. Pref.	109	102	105	104½	104
Baltimore and Ohio Com.	120⅛	104 7/16	128	123	123
Chesapeake and Ohio	61½	46⅜	63	61	59
Denver	40 1/16	27⅜	44½	41¾	41½
Do. Pref.	93⅜	85⅜	88½	87	86½
Erie	54½	38 5/16	49⅝	45½	44⅜
Do. First Pref.	87½	77⅜	79½	78½	78
Louisville	161⅛	140½	152½	149	147
Milwaukee	193½	173½	183½	177⅞	175⅞
Mo., Kan., and Texas	39¼	24 1/16	37½	34⅜	34⅜
Norfolk Pref.	96½	94	93⅜	93	93
Do. Common	90⅜	77⅜	99	96	97
New York Central	169⅜	140½	145	139½	131¼xr
Ontario	65½	41⅞	49½	45⅞	46½
Pennsylvania	76⅝	67½	74⅞	72½	72½
Reading	73⅜	40⅞	79	75½	72½
Do. First Pref.	49⅜	46	46½	44½	44½
Southern Common	39 3/16	28⅜	37½	34½	34½
Do. Pref.	104½	97½	101½	100	99
Southern Pacific	74	59⅝	98⅜	94⅜	94⅝
Union Pacific	155⅜	110 9/16	195⅜	189	187½
Do. Pref.	102⅜	98½	97	96	96
Wabash Pref.	49⅜	37⅛	47	47	45½
Do. "B" Debentures	86⅜	69½	85	86	83
U.S. Steel Corp. Com.	44½	26	51⅜	48⅜	48½
Do. Do. Pref.	110⅜	93⅜	111½	108½	109⅜

The condition of the iron and steel trade leaves very little to be desired, and as the crop reports are almost uniformly favourable, the man who buys Yankees for a long shot has every prospect of turning out trumps. A three months' option, for instance, is unusually attractive. It will mature when the market has got over its present little worries—mitigated by the latest action of the Secretary of the Treasury—concerning money. The last crop report issued by the Department of Agriculture at Washington, while it furnishes no definite or final estimates of yield, gives sufficient data on which to make pretty close computations of the probable yield of the grain crops. The grain harvest almost without exception has been bounteous. The spring-wheat crop will not be quite as large as that of last year, but the loss here is more than made up by an increase in the production of winter wheat, and the total wheat crop proves to be one of the very largest on record—figuring out roughly 740,000,000 bushels, against 693,000,000 bushels in 1905 and 552,000,000 bushels in 1904. The corn crop will be the very largest ever raised, exceeding even the phenomenal total of last year. In other words, it will amount to about 2,770,000,000 bushels, against 2,708,000,000 bushels in 1905, 2,467,000,000 bushels in 1904, and 2,244,000,000 bushels in 1903. Even the oats crop, which at one time seemed likely to prove heavily deficient, has turned out very much better than expected, and the falling off from the prodigious crop of last year will be relatively small, the figures pointing to a crop of 863,000,000 bushels, comparing with 953,000,000 bushels in 1905, 894,000,000 bushels in 1904, and 784,000,000 bushels in 1903. Combining wheat, corn, and oats, and adding barley and rye, we get a grand aggregate for these five crops of 4,548,000,000 bushels, against 4,518,000,000 bushels in 1905, 4,081,000,000 bushels in 1904, and only 3,827,000,000 bushels in 1903. So far, therefore, as the immediate outlook for business depends upon the size of the crops, the future may be regarded as assured, and the reader will not require to be reminded of the importance of the harvest to the country's general prosperity. In pig iron there is a positive famine, and according to our advices from the United States, confirmed by the New York *Chronicle* and also by the *Iron Age*, early relief seems out of the question. The *Iron Age* shows that production during September was larger than in the previous month, with one day less. The production for the thirty days of September was 1,970,962 tons, as compared with 1,926,736 tons in August, with thirty-one days. Thus the daily rate was 65,699 tons in September, an increase of 3,546 tons a day over the average in August. It is also noted that the weekly capacity of the furnaces in blast October 1 was 469,665 tons as against 441,426 tons per week on September 1. Based on these figures, an increase of 120,000 tons a month is figured out. But this expectation, if realised, would give an increase of barely 1½ million tons a year, which, at a time of extraordinary demand like the present, it cannot be denied, must prove wholly inadequate—unless, indeed, some unexpected reverse in the business situation should occur, of which at present there are no indications whatever. Moreover, it appears from the reports that American consumers, unable to supply their wants at home, are turning to Europe to supplement their own domestic supplies—a point which holders of English and Scotch companies' shares should bear in mind, because this American demand, coupled with activity in our own manufacturing centres, will advance the price of iron here, bring in larger profits, and lead to bigger dividends. Quite a considerable tonnage of pig iron warrants, it seems, has been bought for American account. Of course, the figures given refer only to the raw material, the pig metal, but the demand for the finished forms of iron and steel is equally active and urgent.

Railroad earnings continue to reflect the prosperity of the country; traffic conditions in September, concerning which we have received details, were not altogether favourable. There was one Sunday more than in 1905, and, in addition, the Southern roads suffered from a marked contraction in the cotton movement, and Western roads from a falling off in the grain movement and also (speaking of the roads collectively) in the live-stock movement. Furthermore, the fact that the Buffalo, Rochester, and Pittsburgh still continues to report diminished revenues is evidence that some roads have not yet fully recovered from the effects of the coal strike, which in the case of the company named had been prolonged until July. The *New York Chronicle's* compilation, comprising the roads which furnish early preliminary returns, shows an increase altogether of $6,600,266, or 9.01 per cent. In August, it will be recalled, the improvement for substantially the same body of roads was $9,245,499, or 13.19 per cent. The falling-off in the cotton movement was very marked, the shrinkage following in considerable measure from the fact that the crop is a very late one. At the Southern outports the receipts for September, 1906, were only 719,693 bales, as against 981,124 bales in September, 1905, and 1,069,553 bales in September, 1904. With such a large decrease in this important item of traffic with Southern roads, it is not surprising that some of them should reflect the fact in diminished amounts of gains. Reports for the nine months to September show that the railroad earnings of the country have eclipsed all previous records, the gain over the same period of 1905 amounting to $89,654,620, on a total of $696,239,512, or 14.7 per cent. And it should be understood that this total is derived from returns that do not include the earnings figures of such systems as the Pennsylvania, Atchison, Union Pacific, or Southern Pacific. Needless to say, a more comprehensive report would furnish a larger volume of actual increase. As it is, however, the data presented furnish a relatively good idea of the trend of affairs during the nine months to which I have referred. The majority of the factors that prevailed during the first three-quarters of the year were of a favourable character; business was of immense proportions, and attained great momentum as the crop-growing season progressed, with promises of large cereal yields, and the winter was a mild one, speaking generally. The adverse influences were the coal-miners' strike, or suspension of work, which took place in April, and the San Francisco catastrophe, which occurred on the 18th of that month. But neither of these happenings created any lasting adversity for the railways as a whole, though particular coal-carrying interests were affected for a time. Now, while the past can well afford to rest on its laurels, the gratifying feature is that the future holds out excellent prospects for railway income. That prosperity was very well distributed over the country is clearly attested by this table, for which I am indebted to *Bradstreets*, in which the returns of gross earnings for the nine months of 1906 and 1905 are arranged in group form:—

	1906. dols.	1905. dols.	Inc.
North-western	67,942,357	54,417,359	23·2
Central-western	119,624 485	109 023,496	9 7
Trunk lines	203,676 962	187,071.458	11·5
Southern	115,717,657	99,871,125	15·8
South-western	81,216 753	72,490,044	12·0
Pacific	103 961.298	83,711,410	24·1
Total	696,239,512	606,584,892	14·7

It will be noticed that two groups—the Pacific and North-Western—report very large increases, 24.1 per cent. and 23.2 per cent. respectively. The Southern roads contribute a gain of 15.8 per cent., the South-western one of 12 per cent., and the Trunk lines one of 11.5 per cent. The Central-western roads return an increase of 9.7 per cent.

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"AMERICAN RAILWAY EARNINGS AND DIVIDENDS," by D. O. CROAL, F.S.S. "A carefully written *résumé* of the position and prospects of the leading lines in the United States."—*Financial News*.—EFFINGHAM WILSON. Price 6d. net.

MEXICAN RAILWAY DIVIDEND — A PLEASANT SHOCK FOR THE MARKET—FULL UPON FIRSTS WITH 3¾ PER CENT. ON SECONDS—THE POSITION DISCUSSED—FALL IN UNITED OF HAVANA—BUENOS AYRES PREFERENCE—A CHEAP INVESTMENT—CANADAS AND TRUNKS.

The outstanding feature in the Foreign and Colonial Railway group was the surprisingly good dividend declared by the Mexican Railway last Friday. As I had previously stated, the market was generally expecting a payment at the rate of 7½ to 7¾ per cent. per annum for the half-year on the First Preference, and although some people talked about 8 per cent., they were regarded as extremists. The surprise of the dealers may therefore be imagined when the amouncement was made of the full 8 per cent. on the First Preference and of 3¾ per cent. on the Seconds. For a time the market was thrown into a state of confusion, the Second Preference changing hands in one place at 72, while not many yards away it was at the same moment being bought at 65½. Dealings were continued for some hours in the Street, and so far as Friday is concerned advances were established of nearly 12 points in the Second Preference, and of over 5 points in the Firsts and the Ordinary. In common with everybody else, I must confess to a certain amount of astonishment at the handsome nature of the dividend, but this arises from knowledge of the extremely conservative policy pursued by the Board lately, rather than from any doubt about the line being able to pay at the advanced rate recommended. The fact that estimates have been falsified will only tend to swell the profits of those of my readers who have acted on my oft-repeated recommendation to buy Mexican Rails, and particularly the Seconds. As far back as the beginning of the year, I ventured to forecast that the current twelve-month would witness a substantial improvement in Mexican Railway stocks, because of the general forward movement going on in the trade of the country and the excellence of its Government. To see how truly this prophecy has been fulfilled, one has only to turn to the big rise that has already taken place in the securities of the old Vera Cruz line, and in those of the Interoceanic and the National. The dividend now declared upon Mexican Rails compares against 6¼ per cent. upon the First Preference, with, of course, nothing upon Seconds, at the corresponding period of 1905. The last time a dividend was paid out of earnings upon the Seconds was in 1891—since when the Company has had to struggle against the competition of the Interoceanic. The addition to the dividend calls for £42,000 more than a year ago, and although at the moment the report is not available, there is no reason to believe that the Company did not properly earn it. The line had a published traffic increase of $366,000 for the half-year to June 30 last, while exchange was rather more favourable than in the corresponding half-year; moreover, in the first six months of 1905 expenses were swollen to the extent of £55,000 by the Metlac Bridge accident. Regarding the current half-year, it is important to observe that merely for the three months to September 30 the line has put up a gross gain of $249,000—for, as the increase for the whole of the first six months of this year was not more than $366,000, the rate of advance is getting faster. Assuming that traffics during the December quarter are maintained at the rate of the September period, the gross gain would be $498,000, or, say, £50,000. Owing to the freedom with which money has been spent during late years, the greater part of the increase in gross (whatever it be) should be retained in net. A sum of about £24,000 would be required to raise the dividend on the First Preference to 8 per cent.—the amount paid in respect of the second six months of 1905 being 6⅛ per cent.—and anything over would, of course, go to the holders of the Seconds. To give them their full 6 per cent. for the half-year would require £30,000—in other words, net earnings must rise by £54,000. That is perhaps too much to hope for, but a payment of, say, 2 or 3 per cent. is not at all unlikely. That should do nicely to go on with, and, with the scope possessed by the line for further expansion, the payment of the full 6 per cent. upon the Seconds seems within measurable distance. The First Preference, assuming that 8 per cent. be paid for the full year, would give a yield of 5½ per cent. at present price. This makes them fairly attractive as an investment, but the principal business for some time to come will now be in the Second Preference and the Ordinary. Regarding other foreign Rails there is little calling for comment. Argentine Rails have been fairly steady considering high money rates at the carry over. The new Buenos Ayres Western Preference shares, which give a yield of practically 4½ per cent. at present price, should not be overlooked by the investor wanting this return with virtual safety. Brazilian Rails have been dull, poor traffics and the unfavourable exchange both affecting Leopoldinas. In the Cuban division there has been a sharp fall in United of Havana, as I anticipated when writing a week ago. The insiders may check the fall for the time being, but the great point to bear in mind is the coming issue of new stock in exchange for Matanza scrip—a matter that will probably keep the market well supplied with stock from Cuba a little later on. In the Canadian group Canadian Pacifics have been buffeted about a good deal. Seeing that this represented nearly a point on the price, the market's agitation is not to be wondered at. The immediate future of the market is clouded by the monetary uncertainty both here and in America, but this temporary factor need not worry those who have taken my advice and have bought the stock outright. Grand Trunks continue to hold their own in sturdy fashion, and the last traffic, an increase of nearly £20,000, has done much to keep the "Bulls" in a good temper. Here is my table:—

—	A Year Ago.	Make-up, Oct. 24.	Closing Price, Oct. 27.
Canadian Pacific	174½	179¾	179¾
Grand Trunks	24½	26½	26⅝
" 4 per cent. Guaranteed	101¾	102	102
" 1st Preference	112½	118	118½
" 2nd "	103	111	111
" 3rd "	59½	67½	68½
Bengal and North-West	154½	146	147
Madras Railway 5 per cent.	126	121½	122½
Argentine Great Western Ordinary	125½	114	114
Buenos Ayres and Pacific	139½	124½	125
" " 1st Preference	114¼	115	115
" " 2nd "	109	107	107
" Great Southern	139	139	125xd
" Western	137½	125	126
Entre Rios Railway Preference	93	85½	88
Rosario Consolidated Ordinary	110	113	114
Cent. Uruguay Ordinary	88	90	87xd
Costa Rica Railway	2⅞	27½	28
Mashonaland Railway Debentures, 2nd iss.	—	86	90½
Mexican Railway	24	28	36⅝
" 1st Preference	117	137	144½
" 2nd "	46½	60¼	75½
Nitrate Rails	15½	16¼	16

KAFFIRS FIRMER—THE LABOUR QUESTION—OCEANAS AND MODDERS—NEW VAAL RIVER DIAMONDS.

With the exception of one or two diamond specialities business in Kaffirs was extremely slack and prices were drooping until towards the close of the week, when there was a distinct recovery. It was generally thought that the improvement was due to the activity of and rapid advance in New Vaal River Diamonds, and a few kindred descriptions, the view being held that the attention attracted to the market by the heavy dealings in specialties might develop into a South African revival; but it is much more probable that the firmer tendency was induced by the indications of a better outlook on the Rand in regard to the labour question. This question is being resolutely faced by the various political combinations in the Transvaal, and if, as seems probable, an agreement is reached between them, the solution of the difficulty is not as remote as it appeared to be a few weeks ago. Neither of the parties, I am informed by influential South Africans in the City, desires to deliberately injure the mining industry in the slightest degree; in fact, all are agreed that it

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is of the utmost importance that there should be no impediment to its progressive development, and that being so, a friendly discussion of the points on which opinions differ should easily lead to a satisfactory settlement. The spirit in which the question is now being discussed on the Rand indicates that the tendency of the parties is towards unity of action, with the object of solving it in a manner which shall be for the permanent good of the industry and the whole South African community, and it is not unlikely that the recognition of this fact is responsible for the strengthening of Kaffirs. Until all uncertainty is removed, however, no very considerable improvement in prices is likely to occur; but in a few months more at most the mining industry will know exactly how it stands on the labour question, and thereafter the market position should be clear. Given an ample supply of cheap labour, the industry will make rapid progress, and one result will be a very appreciable advance in the leading Kaffir shares, the great majority of which are unquestionably low-priced to-day. One of the companies to benefit by improved labour conditions would be the East Rand Mining Estates, whose report is just published. The areas for working on this Company's properties—Grootvlei and Palmietkuil, which are situated on the far-eastern extension of the Rand—have been provisionally located, and the sites for the shafts selected. Work will begin when the enactments of the new Gold Law and the question of the labour supply are settled. At 17s. 6d. Oceanas should prove a profitable investment on account of the number and variety of the Company's interests in different parts of Africa. An important diamond discovery is reported to have been made on one of the company's properties in the Pretoria district. Modderfonteins are inclined to go better on the news that twenty stamps are to be added to the battery, which will ensure increased returns. The sensation of the week has been the continued advance in New Vaal River Diamonds, which, after making-up at 5, rose in a remarkable manner day after day until on Saturday they touched 10½, and were being talked much higher. Official reports about the recent discovery of a vast area of rich alluvial diamondiferous ground on the Company's farms are highly encouraging, and should the results of the numerous tests that have been made only be realised to the extent of one-half, by actual working the rise in the value of the shares will be more than justified. That an important discovery has been made by the New Vaal River Company is undisputed, and in a week or two more definite particulars of vital interest to shareholders, bearing on the future of their undertaking, will be forthcoming. As a result of the excitement in New Vaal Rivers, there has been a very material appreciation in the shares of two other companies having interests in the same district—Read's Drift and Southern Land. The shares of the former, after being a very few shillings for years, have advanced to over £2, and the latter have risen from 3s. to 20s. How long these specialities will remain in favour no one can predict, but there is much talk of business in these descriptions broadening considerably.

Rhodesians Neglected — Tanganyika Capital — The Mineral Company — Exploration Deal Still Unknown.

Very little interest is being evinced in Rhodesians, and the market generally is quiet and somewhat lethargic. There does not, in fact, seem to be any speculative initiative, not that dear money is having any restrictive influence, but because conditions generally are not regarded as propitious. In connection with Tanganyikas the arrangements concerning the formation of a Mineral Company have been settled and given publicity; but this has not served to revive the speculative interest in the shares. The Company will be formed under the laws of the Congo Free State to acquire the whole interest in all the deposits already discovered. The Tanganyika will be allotted 40 per cent., and the Katanga Special Committee 60 per cent., of the vendors' shares, and each party will subscribe one half of the working capital. The Tanganyika will appoint half the Board. For the purpose of taking up the working capital shares of the Mineral Company and providing for the further construction of the Benguella Railway, the Tanganyika will create 250,000 5 per cent. debentures of £8 each. This issue is guaranteed, on the terms of payment of a cash commission of 5 per cent. and a call of 100,000 reserve shares of the Company for five years at £10 per share. The capital is to be increased from £525,000 to £1,000,000 by the creation of 475,000 new shares, of which 412,500 will be set aside to provide for the conversion of the debenture issue at £8 per share and the call of £10 per share. A new construction contract for the furtherance of the Benguella Railway has been entered into. There are not many "Bull" points in the scheme. Tanganyikas at present stand under £7, and the option of converting the new debentures into shares at £8 extends over five years, while the call of 100,000 shares at £10 given to the guarantors extends over a similar period. A great deal, of course, is likely to happen in five years, but the period is too long and the market is somewhat disappointed. As regards Exploration nothing has so far transpired in connection with the big land deal, the possibilities of which occasioned the recent advance. Perhaps the whole thing is a rumour without much solid foundation, but upon that point enlightenment will no doubt be forthcoming before long. My usual table follows:—

—	Capitals.		Denom. of Shares.	Amount Paid.	Highest 1905.	Closing Price, Oct. 20, 1906.	Closing Price, Oct. 27, 1906.
	Authorised.	Shares Issued.					
	£		£				
Bechuanaland Ex.	400,000	400,000	1	f.p.	1 1/32	1/2	1/2
British S. Africa	6,000,000	4,999,038	1	f.p.	2 1/16	1 7/8	1 15/16
Chicago Gaika	250,000	201,000	1	f.p.	2 3/8	5/-	4/6
Globe & Phœnix	200,000	250,000	1	f.p.	1 3/8	1 1/8	1
Lomagunda Dev	250,000	228,000	1	f.p.	2 11/16	1 1/16	1 1/8
Mashon. Agency	400,000	398,976	1	f.p.	1 3/8	1/8	1/8
N rth'rn Copper(B.S.A.)	250 000	160,500	1	f.p.	3 1/2	1 3/8	1 13/16
Rhodesia, Ltd.(New)..	600.000	500,000	1	f.p.	1	1/16	1/4
Rhodesia Expl.	225,000	227,777	1	f.p.	4 3/8	2 1/8	2 1/4
Rhodesia Glds.	1,000,000	500,677	1	f.p.	5/16	3/32	1/8
Rice Hamilton.....	175,000	50,000	1	f.p.	2 3/4	1/8	1/2
Selukwe	350,000	321,000	1	f.p.	1 1/4	2/6	5/6
Tanganyika Conc.	264 600	234,000	1	f.p.	6 3/8	6 3/4	6 3/4
United Rhodesia.....	750 000	660,960	1	f.p.	11/3	2/6	2 6
Willoughby Con.....	1,000,000	930,000	1	f.p.	1/16	9/-	9/6
Zambesia Explor.	300,000	288,615	1	f.p.	2 3/8	1 1/16	1 1/8

West Africans Moribund—Broken Hills Strong—Coppers—Champion Reefs.

The West African market remains more or less moribund and, if such is at all possible, less interesting than ever. This state of affairs must be very heartrending to those optimists who professed to believe that the so-called merits of the Jungle would receive greater recognition and that the market would soon be rehabilitated in general esteem, and it is the more unfortunate because instead of shaping towards such a happy consummation things would appear to be moving in the opposite direction. As regards Broken Hill descriptions, though the enthusiasm received a temporary check it is steadily reviving again, the significance of the high value of the metals being a sustaining influence. Zinc and lead prices, it is true, are a trifle lower but not appreciably so, while silver is fully maintained, and it may be noted in this connection that the average value of this metal for the year to date is considerably above that of 1905. The margin of profit in every instance must be larger to all the producing concerns, and this is a point that the holder of Broken Hill shares must bear in mind. The interest in copper shares is not waning because of the lower price established by the metal. The sensational advance a week or so ago was due, it now transpires, to rather exceptional causes, but there is no ground for expecting any further fall. From all accounts an advance seems more probable. With the metal selling at anything like £100 per ton it is beyond question that the margin of profit must be handsome. This is an important consideration, and the

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fact that the leading producing Companies have sold their output months in advance may be taken as implying the maintenance of high prices. I still favour Arizona Preferred Ordinary which have scarcely participated in the upward movement to the same extent as the others, though the Company, from its position, is calculated to reap the full benefit from the prevailing high prices. Among Indians the depreciation in Champion Reefs has been arrested and support is forthcoming, but this does not induce me to modify the opinion that the shares are scarcely attractive. Nothing has transpired which would indicate any improvement at the mine.

—	Denomination of Shares.	Closing Price, Oct. 20.	Closing Price, Oct. 26.
	£		
Ashanti Goldfields	4/-	12/6	12/6
Akrokerri	1	1	1 5/16
Bibiani Goldfields	1	3/4	3/4
British Gold Coast	1	5/8	5/8
Gold Coast Amalgamated Mines	1	1 1/2	1 11/16
Taquah and Abosso	1	1 1/4	1 1/4
Wassau (Gold Coast)	1	3/4	3/4
Egyptian Mines and Exploration	1	3/6	3/6
Nile Valley	1	5/6	5/-
Anaconda Copper	$25	14	13 13/16
Balaghat Gold	1	28/-	27/6
Broken Hill Proprietary	8/-	4 1/16	4 5/8
Cape Copper	2	6 1/2	6 3/4
Champion Reef	2/6	10/6	12/6
Le Roi	5	1 3/4	1 5/8
Mysore Gold	10/-	6 1/4	6 1/8
Nundydroog	10/-	25/-	25/6
Ooregum	10/-	14/-	14/-
Rio Tinto	5	74 1/2	75 1/2
Tharsis Sulphur and Copper	2	7 3/8	7 1/4
Waihi Gold	1	8 3/8	8 5/16

Westralians Quiet — Kalgurlis Associated Still Low— Fingalls—Deep Leads.

There are still no indications of any revival of the recent boomlet in Westralians, and the market as a whole is quiet, and not particularly full of interest, with values disposed to seek a generally lower level. This would seem to open up an opportunity for the average speculator to fulfil his requirements on favourable terms, and I am of the opinion that Westralians as a group are deserving of more consideration. Not only are the mines doing well, but the market has the advantage of being immune from political bogies, and the leading Kangaroos appear to me to make a very promising holding. As regards Kalgurlis, these shares being ex-dividend and inclined to drop momentarily, appear rather more interesting than at the top of the recent upward movement. The mine is earning £2 per share, and the expectation is that the quarterly dividend will be put on a 10s. per share basis before long, in the event of which the shares, now that they have fallen away to near 11, would give quite a good return. It has to be noted in connection with Associated that the shares are now at a more normal level. Perhaps it is that those operators who established the shares on a somewhat inflated basis on the strength of the Iron Duke possibilities were losing patience because their sanguine expectations respecting the value of this lode are not being buoyed up by development reports. The East Australia lode, it is true, is giving satisfactory results, but the Iron Duke so far has proved poor. The shares, which were run up to 3⅜ last year and 3 9-16 in 1904, are now not particularly strong at 1⅜, which is not in the least remarkable. As regards Fingalls, there is nothing fresh to chronicle beyond that they are again hovering about 3. The odds are that the dividend will have to be reduced owing to the lowering of the output to between £35,000 and £40,000 monthly, but it may be noted that the contingency is liberally allowed for in the current figure, and there is, of course, just the possibility that the recent improved development in depth may prove important. Deep Leads are still comparatively neglected, though in regard to Loddon Valleys it is expected that the auriferous wash will be entered within the next week or two. Should the result prove satisfactory, it ought to impart a gentle stimulus to the shares of this group. Loddon Valleys appear to be a fairly attractive gamble. My usual table follows: —

—	1900. High.	1905. High.	1905. Lowest.	Make-up, Oct. 23, 1906.	Closing Price, Oct 20, 1906.	Closing Price, Oct. 27, 1906.
Associated G.M.	7⅜	3 3/4	1⅜	1½	1 5/8	1 5/8
Assoc. Nth. Blocks	3⅜	1 7/16	1 5/16	1⅜	1½	1
Brownhill Ext.	3⅜	3/16	7/16	7/-	7/3	7/-
Cosmopolitan	30/3	1/2	4/3	4/-	4/3	4/-
Golden Horseshoe	15	8 3/16	5 1/2	5⅜	5⅜	5 1/2
Great Boulder Prop.	37/6	25/6	27/6	28/6	26/9	27/3
Do. Perseverance	13¼	16/6	10/3	9/-	9/-	8/3xd
Gt. Fingall Cons.	6 1/8	8 3/8	3½	3 1/16	3⅛	3 1/16
Hainault	1½	1 1/16	1 3/32	1 11/16	1½	1 3/8xd
Ivanhoe (£5)	15½	8 7/16	6 15/16	6 7/8	7 1/16	6¾xd
Ivanhoe South Extnd.	4⅜	1/2	3/8	3/8	3/8	3/8
Kalgurli	9⅜	9 1/16	11 1/8	11⅛	11 3/16	11 1/8
Lake View Consols	5⅜	1⅜	7/8	29/32	1	7/8
L. & W. A. Exploration	1 1/16	15/6	9/-	11/-	11/-	11/6
Oroya Brownhill	—	3 3/32	2⅜	2 11/16	2⅜	2⅜
Sons of Gwalia	6 1/4	2 3/16	1 5/16	1 7/16	1½	1 3/8
South Kalgurli	6½	2	1 1/16	1 1/8	7/8	15/16

The Old Brigade.

The noble bucket-shop brigade continues very active, more especially in the matter of Americans, it being generally possible for them to secure a "turn" against the client. The situation in this particular market is unusually perilous just now, and the stranger who is appealed to by people in the City with a pretended desire to make his fortune would be well advised to remember that fortunes are not made through this kind of agency. I suppose that the man who calls himself John B. Mackenzie, of 23, Rood-lane, and the other man who poses as Martin Bull, of 7, Fenchurch Buildings, E.C., must find a number of fools, or they would not be able to spend so much money in sending out thousands of circulars. The first-named has adopted the device of sending out code messages.

I have only communicated in this manner on two occasions, says Mr. MacKenzie, and in each instance the news has been followed by over a 10 point rise. I expect this to be even better, as my correspondent is one of the shrewdest operators in Wall Street, and in no circumstances would the advice be sent unless its thorough trustworthiness had been investigated, and I am confident that a sum of money up to £500 used as margin has every chance of trebling itself at no distant date.

One of Mr. Bull's latest tips is Atchison Common, a good stock enough if one can buy to hold, although not the kind to deal in through a bucket-shop, especially in existing circumstances.

Morgan, Corcoran, and Co., of 14, Great Winchester-street, E.C., fancies Canadian Pacifics on top of the recent rise in the shares, and they will open for you 100 shares against a margin of £50; "larger or smaller amounts will open a proportionate number of shares." They do not mind how large or small your first order is, everything being fish that comes to their net.

Ives, Anderson, and Co., of 51, Bishopsgate-street-within, have what they call an "ideal system" account, which is after the old familiar type. One of their most recent tips was Brighton "A," a highly unfortunate choice.

Insurance Notes.

Just at present there are quite a number of insurance companies whose affairs are more or less unsatisfactory. One of these is the Standard Life Assurance Company, several policy-holders in which have been complaining to me. My correspondents, in company with many others, were foolish enough to take with-profit policies in this Company, in spite of the fact that its results were particularly unattractive and must obviously become worse before they could become better. The number of these foolish people was quite exceptionally large; the exact number was 26,383 in the course of the past five years. Precisely how many of these paid extra premiums for the sake of sharing in the profits I have no means of knowing, but these, and all the other foolish people who in previous years assured in the Standard, are now grumbling because, having paid extra to participate in profits, there are no profits to participate in. What is the good of these people coming to me *now* and grumbling at the consequences of their own folly? The directors have perfectly rightly in-

"Finance."—A concise weekly record of markets and prices, published by the Central Stock Exchange, Ltd., 66, Cannon-street, London, E.C. Post free for six months to applicants mentioning this paper.

creased their reserves, with the result that money which might otherwise have been distributed has had to be kept in hand. The directors have gone hopelessly wrong in paying a dividend of 10 per cent. per annum to the shareholders at a time when they are passing the bonus on participating policies. They are assuming that profits will be earned in the future and paying them away before they are earned. The Standard has made the mistake of forcing a huge new business, and the best thing that could happen would be for people who wish to assure to select an office in which they will get a far better return for their money than they are likely to receive from the Standard. Instead of doing pretty nearly the largest amount of new business of any company in the kingdom, it would be appropriate that its new business should be about the smallest of all.

In view of the tremendous efforts which have been made in quite exceptional circumstances by the North British and Mercantile to persuade policy-holders to assure with them, it is a little unfortunate that they have had to publish their valuation returns and bonus results this year. This is such an effective method of advertising their inferiority that the consequences must be rather disconcerting to some of their most energetic representatives. On the supposition that their bonus continues at the same rate as at present it is possible to buy some kinds of without-profit policies elsewhere, which give better returns to the policy-holders than the participating policies of the North British. It is obviously absurd for a man to take a with-profit policy when he can get a guaranteed contract yielding better results, so far as the sum assured for a given premium is concerned, accompanied by features of still more marked superiority in the matter of surrender values. If the policies of the North British are compared with those of the best British life offices, taking in both cases policies which share in the profits, the inferiority of the North British is very marked. The Company is, of course, perfectly solvent, but its indifferent quality from a bonus-paying point of view, to which so much publicity was given a few months back, is emphasised by the formal evidence contained in the valuation returns.

Another office, which after a short period of excellence got into low water and remains there, is the English and Scottish Law Life Association. This Company also had a valuation and declared a bonus as at the end of 1900, and has just deposited its valuation returns with the Board of Trade. With an expenditure higher than before, and a provision for expenses that is less than formerly, the Association has reduced its rates of premium for new policy-holders, thus making it probable that the bonus at present small will, in the future, be less.

For various reasons it is more important to call attention to unsatisfactory features of insurance Companies than to the satisfactory features. One reason for this is that when a Company gets into a bad way it is apt to redouble its efforts to obtain new business. It is consequently advisable to give publicity to the facts of the case, in order that policy-holders may not waste their money by assuring in relatively inferior Companies. At the same time, I recognise that to expose the weakness of some insurance Companies without explaining the strength of others is apt to create a wrong impression. It is therefore well to refer to two valuations which have been made this year, which may be regarded with unqualified satisfaction. One of these is that of the Scottish Amicable Society, which holds reserves on a basis financially stronger than any other Company, with the result that its sources of profit are exceptionally large. This society maintains the high rate of bonus which it declared five years ago. The Scottish Amicable, under certain tables, charges an extremely low rate of premium —lower, as a rule, than without-profit rates—by discounting future bonuses and allowing their present value in reduction of premiums from the outset. The maintenance of the bonus at a higher rate than is discounted is, therefore, of more than usual importance, since it supplies what so many people want, perfectly safe insurance protection on the lowest terms.

Yet another Company, which, already excellent, has become better, is the United Kingdom Temperance Institution. This Company holds reserves which are abundantly strong, and has slightly increased the large rate of bonus which it formerly declared. It divides its business into two sections, general and temperance. The results which it gives are good in the former and unequalled in the latter section. I have previously condemned the Directors of this institution for proposing to buy the business of the Star. I am glad to hear that this transaction has been abandoned. The reasons for the failure of the negotiations are somewhat flimsy, but the final decision is quite sound. A first-class mutual office can only lose by buying a second-rate proprietary Company.

New Issue.

The following prospectus has been issued:—

Kaneika United Goldfields, Limited.—This Company has issued a prospectus offering to the shareholders in the Sesan Syndicate, Limited, 100,000 shares at par, the Sesan Syndicate, Limited, having previously arranged to place an additional 25,000 shares firm at par. The Company has a nominal capital of £350,000 in 350,000 shares of £1 each, of which 100,000 are held in reserve, and are under option to the Sesan Syndicate, Limited, and the guarantors of the working capital at 30s. per share. The Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring and working 28 quartz and alluvial gold mining claims, situated in the province of Semipalatinsk, Siberia. The properties have been examined and reported upon by Mr. George R. Adams.

"Truth" Letter Box.

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" reply by post.

Name and address, which must accompany all inquiries, should be written on the communication; cards are apt to be lost or misplaced, causing unnecessary trouble.

Anonymous letters will not in any case be attended to.

I cannot reply to inquiries by letter or telegram.

A nom-de-plume or initials (the former preferably) should be given if it is desired that the real name shall not appear in the paper.

Inquiries should be put as briefly as possible, plainly written, and numbered.

Communications received after Friday may not be replied to in the following issue. Delay may also occur where an exceptionally long list of securities is submitted.

I do not recommend brokers.

Government.

Kew.—Hold on to the India Threes, or, if you want more with good, but scarcely so excellent, security, try Japanese Four and a Half per Cent., which will give you 4¾ per cent. for your money. *H. E. M., Walworth.*—You had better buy Chinese Five per Cent. Railway Loan, which will give you over 5 per cent. as a net return.

Railways.

J. P.—This kind of anomaly is common; it would be well, however, to stick to the Southern Pacific Preferred stock, as the line is doing remarkably well, and has very striking prospects. *Navigation.*—1. The bonds are not exactly of the gilt-edged class, but I think they might be held for dividends. (2) Perhaps a couple of years. 3. I would not venture to hazard an opinion. *H. B. B.*—1. It would be advisable to make an exchange into Canadian Pacifics. The immediate return on these shares is over 3¾ per cent., and there is a prospect of appreciation of 10 or 20 points within another few months. 2. I should not advise a purchase in preference to Canadian Pacifics. *Pebble.*—I do not think you could put the money out to better advantage.

Mines.

Beppo.—1. Apparently the mine is not opening out well at depth. 2. The shares do not strike me as desirable, and they might be sold to the best advantage. *Cautious, Nuneaton.*—General Mining and Finance shares are a good purchase if you are able to take them off the market and hold them for a fair recovery. *Tyro.*—Of the shares suggested I should recommend Utah Apex, Johnnies, and Venture Corporations. *Slow.*—Cut your loss on both shares. *J. B. G., Cheltenham.*—El Oros and May Consolidated would meet your requirements. The others might be left alone. *Ego.*—You might buy Broken Hill Props. as one of the most promising speculative purchases in the whole market. *Silver*—The engagement cannot be renewed. *Go Shea, Cork.*—There is every probability that there will be a British majority. *L. K. C.*—1. I advised a purchase of Lloyd Copper shares several months ago when they stood at rather less than half the present quotation. It is probable that they will have an advance of a few shillings even now, but I do not care to recommend them after such an advance. 2. Great Cobras are quite a fair speculation. 3. Hold the nitrates. *Medicus.*—Buy Angelos. *Ruxfra.*—I should not buy Willoughbys, either for a speculation or to put away. *Haddock.*—It seems to me that the Company has a very poor chance of success.

Mixed Securities.

Roughty.—1. I would suggest Rand Mines, Randfonteins, Goldfields Ordinary, Johnnies, and General Mining and Finance. 2. Grand Trunk Ordinary stock makes an excellent purchase, to put away for a year or so. *Black Rock.*—1. Both shares are worth holding on to, as the companies are doing well and the outlook is favourable. 2. An option on Canadian Pacifics ought to turn out satisfactorily. *Rag.*—1. The new issue will probably go to a premium, and may therefore be recommended for a purchase. 2. I see no reason why the stock should be sold. 3. Quite a fair industrial holding. *B. W., Sedbergh.*—1. Keep Artesians and Labourers' Dwellings, Nizan State Railways, and Maypole Dairy Ordinary for higher prices. 2. The Chinese Railway Five per Cent. Loan would suit you. *Watch.*—1. Hold on to Brighton "A," which is a very good speculative investment holding. 2. Premiers are all right to keep. *X. Y., Hampstead.*—You will understand, of course, that the shares are not exactly a speculative investment, but an out-and-out gamble. On this basis they are attractive enough, but the market in them is very limited. *Hebden.*—1. I think it would be advisable to hold on to the South African. 2. Keep "Coras" for a higher price, or else exchange into North-Western Ordinary stock. *Fitzroy.*—Spread the capital over India Rupee stock, Johannesburg Fours, Grand Trunk First Preference, and B.A. Great Southern Ordinary stock.

Miscellaneous.

Alfreda.—It should be avoided. *Monty, Cape Town.*—Many thanks for the German lottery tout's literature. *Burma.*—It would not be safe to entrust the self-styled bank with your money, the high interest offered being utterly incompatible with security. *M. M.*—Bath Gas stocks would make a respectable investment. *Major.*—There is not much to choose between them. 2. The Egyptian bonds are all right, but you ought to purchase both classes through a reputable firm, or bank, and not any of the Parisian touts, who charge exorbitantly. 3. Hold British Electric Traction Ordinary for a possible recovery. *Spero.*—Pearks (Africa) dividends are due in August. 2. Leave them alone. 3. I believe they deal fairly by their clients. *Sammy.*—Do not know the concern. If it is one of the new flotation the shares are naturally speculative. 2. I know nothing against them. *Innsbruck.*—Would not recommend purchase of the American Brewery shares. 2. This is tolerably attractive of its particular class. *I. Levey.*—The concern has a weakness for treating its clients in such a manner. I do not think you have any redress, unless there was a surrender value agreed upon. *H.R., Leeds.*—John B. McKenzie's precious circulators are designed with the object of catching simpletons. *Novice.*—They deal squarely by their clients. *McWilliams.*—The so-called bank ought to be left alone. The high rate of interest offered is quite out of keeping with security. *J. D. Ware.*—I would not recommend the Corporation on any consideration. 2. Leave it alone. *J. J.*—Many thanks for that wonderful philanthropist John B. McKenzie's special and very important communication. *Quilp.*—They were marked ex-dividend September 13, so you obviously cannot claim dividend if your purchase dates October 10. *Rustica.*—1. They are likely to recover in time. 2. The future of Russian Petroleums is very obscure. 3. Cement Ordinary do not pay dividends on the Ordinary, but the Preference receive their full 5½ per cent. 4. Tolerably good holding of their type. They give about 9. *Doubtful.*—The system may be all right, but you ought to study it thoroughly and realise the adverse as well as the good points. *Scalpel.*—The Ordinary stand about 9s., and the Preference 18s. Whether the Ordinary shares are put on a dividend basis in the near future is problematical. *B.*—As a gamble they are not wholly unattractive. Your information is correct. *Hale, Ash.*—Ought to be avoided. See regulations governing Letter-box. *Zebra.*—Read Bros. Preference and Harvey Steel. Do not consider the other desirable. *Beaumont.*—Cannot say whether the Hudson's Bay's interim dividend will be £3. It is not true that the shares are to be split. The value of the land is appreciating, and townships are being established as a result of the generally progressive railway policy of the country. *Semdinoner.*—It is doubtful. *Ignoramus.*—They make a tolerably decent holding as a group. *Welshwoman.*—Humbers have already experienced a very material rise. *Query.*—They are certainly not the pick of the basket. You have to work in the dark. I think you might cut your loss at once. *Veritas.*—Leave both severely alone. *Aberdonensis.*—No. 1. Yes. 2. Difficult to ascertain. 3. Marine and General. *Royal Navy.*—Many thanks. *Heatherland.*—You are labouring under a misapprehension. The Post Office assist the lottery touts rather than deter them. *H. J.*—If you averaged, not too heavily, it might prove desirable, seeing that a higher dividend is expected for the current year. *Derry.*—Choose one of the larger and better-established offices. 2. Slaters and the mine shares are fairly attractive. *Henry Gibson.*—See foregoing reply to "McWilliams." *Clarence.*—Have no reason to anticipate any rise. 2. They may recover ultimately. *Cork.*—I would recommend you to leave the concern alone. See foregoing reply to "Burma." *Soap.*—Study both sides of the matter first, and then decide. *A. E. Smith.*—There is probably a limited market, and a broker would be able to get you a quotation. *X. Gee.*—Leave it alone. *Brew.*—1. You could do better. 2. The chances of a further recovery are problematical. *Gladys.*—Produce Clearing House shares are a good investment. *Creole.*—I suggest that you leave the so-called bank alone, as you cannot get security together with a high rate of interest. *L. W. T.*—*Bournemouth.*—I suggest that you leave the Bremen gentleman severely alone. These Continental lottery bonds are not much of a catch anyway, but if you want to deal in them consult Messrs. N. Keizer and Co., 29, Theardneedle-street, E.C.

Industrials — Cycle Prosperity — Rudge-Whitworth and Humbers—Iron and Steel—Nitrate Falling — Good Coats — Hopes Revived — Telegraphs—Hotels Improving.

Although business in the Industrial Market is still restricted, the attitude of the general investor remaining more or less indifferent, the tendency of values is more satisfactory. The market, as a matter of fact, would seem to have reconciled itself to the higher Bank rate, and is only waiting for a revival of public interest. That Industrials collectively are deserving of more consideration I am still convinced, especially as the trade prosperity continues and the Labour question is assuming a less threatening aspect. Cycle shares are gaining more prominence, and further evidence attesting the flourishing state of this industry is forthcoming in the report of Rudge-Whitworth. For the preceding twelve months, it may be recalled that the profits showed a somewhat phenomenal expansion, but this record is exceeded, the net earnings being £6,600 larger at £53,100, while the disposable total is £9,000 higher. The dividend, however, is without alteration at 10 per cent., and though more could have been paid the wise policy of strengthening the financial position of the concern is pursued. At the existing figure these shares would give about 6½ per cent. Joseph Lucas, Limited, too, have fared well, the profits expanding by £4,700 to £19,500, while it was confidently expected that the Humber Company would be in a position to wipe out some of the arrears of Preference interest, and, indeed, a distribution on the Ordinary as well is looked for here and there. As a matter of fact the Ordinary shares are to receive 5 per cent., and with the Preference arrears cleared off and £40,000 placed to reserve the Humber Company has clearly done well. As regards the hints concerning a fusion with the Daimler Motor Company nothing definite has been allowed to transpire. The enthusiasm in Iron and Steel shares is still rather subdued, owing to the apprehension concerning the Labour question, the knowledge that the industry is still flourishing, and that the prospects are bright being without much effect. Values are consequently lower, but to the investor who has the temerity to believe that the labour threat is unduly magnified the present affords a good opportunity for a cheap purchase. Here is a table indicating the approximate yield obtainable:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Armstrong	57/-	4 19 0
Babcocks and Wilcox	3⅝	5 0 0
Bolckow Vaughan	21/-	5 5 0
Brown, John & Co.	1¾	5 7 0
Cargo Fleets	20/-	4 19 0
Pearson and Knowles	4¾	4 16 0
South Durham	22/6	8 1 6
Vickers Maxim	48/-	5 16 6

Nitrates continue to fall away after their recent outburst of strength. This is to be ascribed more to profit-taking than to any adverse developments in the situation, and this seems to afford an opportunity to the speculative investor who fancies such things. As regards Hudson Bays, the speculative interest is growing, and the shares are still maintained well above 100. Such a price for a £10 share is rather inflated from the investment point of view, though a still higher figure is prophesied within the near future. A gentle stimulus has been given to Textile shares by the achievement of J. and P. Coats during the past year. Satisfactory results were expected, and these hopes have not been falsified. The business of this Company is colossal, as may be inferred from the fact that the net profit amounts to £2,974,100, including £63,700 brought in. This represents an expansion of £594,700, and in addition to the usual dividend of 20 per cent. which has been paid quarterly, it is proposed to pay a bonus of 5 per cent., making the distribution 25 per cent. all told. The allocations are again on a generous scale, and the surplus carried forward is £700,000, as compared with £480,000. There is little cause for dissatisfaction over these results, though it may be noted that the recent steady appreciа-

Claridge's Hotel, Brook-street, Grosvenor-square.—Over 300 rooms; nearly 100 bathrooms. Royal suite, private entrance. Situation ensures perfect quiet.

tion in the market valuation of the shares has discounted the bonus distribution. The achievement of Hope Bros. would seem to imply that this concern, which has been in a bad way during recent years, has at last turned the corner. There is a resumption of dividends on the Ordinary shares, which receive 3 per cent., in comparison with 4 per cent. in 1904 and 7 per cent. prior to that, the net profit being £23,184 in comparison with £13,747 in 1905. Telegraph stocks are not much in evidence, and as regards Anglo "A" it would seem that the speculative enthusiasm is simmering down, the price being now under 23. But this is still rather inflated, and I scarcely think the stock is attractive, even as a gamble. The Western Company, as I remarked when dealing with the dividend, has had a prosperous year, the revenue expanding by about £31,100, and the disposable balance is £196,147, there being a considerable reduction in expenditure. The dividend, however, is without change. Telegraph stocks, as I have frequently remarked, make a very good holding, and in the following table is shown the approximate return obtainable:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Anglo American Pfd.	110	£5 6 6
Do. Ordy.	65	4 17 6
Direct Spanish Pfce	9	5 8 0
Direct U.S. Cable	15⅞	5 6 0
Eastern Extension	14	4 15 6
Eastern	142xd	4 19 0
Great Northern	35	6 7 6
Western	14¼	4 17 0

So far as hotel companies are concerned the past year has been rather more satisfactory, as might have been inferred from the reports already published. With the resumption of dividends on the Ordinary shares of the Frederick Hotel, following the reorganisation of the capital, I dealt a week or two ago. The net profits after meeting Debenture interest amount to £55,430, as against £33,880, the largest for many years, and there is some satisfaction to be derived from the fact that a reserve fund has been started. The net profits of the Hotel Cecil, too, show a large expansion, to £27,766 from £14,487, but no dividend is paid on the Ordinary, which have received nothing since 1902-3, when 1 per cent. as against 3 per cent. was distributed. The report of the Yokohama Specie Bank states that the gross profits for the half-year to June 30 last, including yen 678,115 brought forward, amounted to yen 13,149,833, of which yen 9,785,925 have been deducted for current expenses, interests, etc., leaving a balance of yen 3,363,908. The Directors now propose that yen 400,000 be added to the reserve fund, and yen 1,000,000 be appropriated to the special reserve fund. From the remainder the Directors recommend a dividend at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum, which will absorb yen 720,000 on old shares and yen 450,000 on new shares, making a total of yen 1,170,000. The balance, yen 793,908, will be carried forward to the credit of next account. At the annual meeting of Messrs. A. and F. Pears the Chairman was able to make a very satisfactory statement of the Company's position. He said: "Before dividing profits we have in the fourteen years put £150,481 to reserve and leasehold redemption, and, as your Directors have repeatedly informed you, the premises, the plant, and stock being just as good to-day—indeed, worth very much more than they were at the birth of the Company—these reserves, with almost the sole exception of £9,500 required for leasehold redemption and £14,500 reserved for depreciation of our investments—making together £24,000—have consequently only been wanted to provide for a possible "rainy day," which, during the past fourteen years, we have not experienced. We say, therefore, that we regard the £150,481, less the aforesaid £24,000, as being practically a writing off of the cost of the goodwill to that extent; and of this amount some £99,000 has been provided at the expense of the Deferred shareholders, who were legitimately entitled to it under the prospectus and articles of association, and only £18,000 has been contributed by the Ordinary shareholders."

VIGILANT.

Wedding Presents.—A choice selection of beautiful Dinner and Dessert Services, Breakfast, Luncheon, and Tea Sets, exclusive designs. Mortlocks, Ltd., the Old Pottery Galleries, Oxford-st., and Orchard-st., W. Inspection solicited.

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QUEER STORY.

THE LADY IN THE TRAIN.

HAROLD GODBY lolled back on the padded seat of a first-class compartment in one of the expresses between Brighton and Victoria, yawning over an unusually dull morning paper. The compartment contained only one other passenger, a lady, well-dressed, youngish, and decidedly good-looking, who sat in the opposite corner to himself. Every now and then Harold Godby's eyes roamed in her direction, and, each time they did so, he was more and more struck with her appearance. Yes! There was no doubt about it; she was, at once, an uncommonly pretty and an uncommonly interesting-looking young woman.

"Lot in that face—deuce of a lot," said Harold Godby to himself. "No mere wax-doll prettiness that. Should say she's got brains and has had experiences. Yes; there's a history behind that face, I'll be bound. Wonder what it is."

Presently, in a half-absent sort of way, he took out his pencil and began to make a sketch of his fair companion on the margin of his newspaper.

Harold Godby was always sketching people. It was a kind of involuntary habit with him. He had a wonderful eye for catching likenesses, and no mean skill in draughtsmanship either. But, so far, he had only cultivated his gift in a leisurely, amateurish way, for his own amusement and the delectation of his friends, none of whom guessed, any more than did the young man himself, the latent mine of talent in this direction that he really possessed.

By profession he was a member of the Junior Bar, where he earned rather a meagre livelihood. It did not occur to him that his real vocation was not the law at all, but that he might easily, had he given his mind to it, have won distinction and wealth—comparative wealth, at any rate—as a black-and-white artist. Possibly, a good many other men, and women too for that matter, are in the same case, and go through life obscurely with some unsuspected gift which, if seriously exercised and developed, might have made them famous among their fellows.

Harold Godby had nearly completed his sketch before the lady, who was the subject of it, had any idea that she was, so to speak, involuntarily sitting to him.

When she became aware of it, she flushed, looked considerably confused and annoyed, then rather amused, and finally moved over on to the same side with Harold Godby and peered sideways at his drawing, as if to see what sort of likeness he was making of her.

It was now Godby's turn, seeing that he was detected, to look confused and embarrassed.

"I beg your pardon," he began, awkwardly, feeling that some sort of apology was called for. "Stupid habit of mine to sketch people I meet, if their appearance interests me. . . . Didn't mean to cause you annoyance. . . . Er—hope you're not—er—offended."

His companion laughed good-humouredly, showing as she did so some uncommonly white and even teeth.

"That depends, sir," she replied in sprightly tones, and with an air of self-possession that bespoke the complete woman of the world, "on what sort of picture you have made of me. If you have made me twice as nice-looking as I am, perhaps I may forgive you. Otherwise, I shall probably take a most serious view of your behaviour. . . . May I see your sketch, please?" she added, holding out a very small and neatly-gloved hand.

Godby gave her the paper. The request, of course, was one that he could not possibly refuse.

"This is only a very rough sketch," he explained, deprecatingly.

She took it, and regarded it for a moment or two in silence. Then she looked up at him, and, with something more than the suspicion of a twinkle in her bright eyes, said demurely:

"I forgive you."

"I breathe again," he replied, playing (nothing loath) up to the damsel's rather flirtatious lead. "I was

afraid, after the conditions you had laid down, that I had sinned beyond forgiveness."

"To what conditions do you refer, sir?" Her voice was roguish, and her eyes challenged him. A Professor of Metaphysics at Oxford or an Egyptologist from the British Museum could hardly have failed to respond to so provocative an invitation from so fair a creature, and Harold Godby, never averse from frivolling with a pretty woman when the chance offered, entered at once and with zest into the spirit of the situation.

"You said that you would only forgive me if I had made you twice as nice-looking as you are, and I have certainly not complied with that condition, for the simple reason that to do so was a manifest impossibility," he declared, audaciously.

She held up a pretty little forefinger at him in playful reproof.

"I ought to be very angry with you," she said, "for paying me so extravagantly fulsome a compliment on the strength of a speaking acquaintanceship of precisely three minutes. But in point of fact, I am merely—amused."

"Then, at least, I have not lived in vain if I have contributed to your amusement," he rejoined.

"Really, sir, you get worse and worse. I wonder what my husband would say if he heard you?"

"You have a husband?"

There was perhaps an involuntary note of disappointment in Godby's tone. It was a ridiculous feeling to have, of course; but somehow he didn't like to think of this exceedingly pretty and fascinating girl as the exclusive property of another man. In fact, he almost felt at the moment as though he should like to kick that other man.

"You seem surprised to hear it," she answered, mischievously. "Now, *that* is a poor compliment, if you like, and takes all the gilt off the ginger-bread in what you said before. But, chaff apart," she went on, suddenly falling into a serious tone, "this sketch of yours is really uncommonly good. There's a freedom and a breadth about the line of it that reminds me of Phil May. I confess I should like my husband to see it. I know he's on the look-out for a new artist just now—and, upon my word" (regarding the sketch with appreciative eyes), "I really think I must take this home with me and show it to him. Shall you mind?"

"Not in the least," answered Godby, who felt, in truth, a good deal flattered by the request.

"I don't know whether, if my husband were to offer you work on the *Illustrated Leader*, you would care to undertake it," she said, tentatively.

"The *Illustrated Leader?* Your husband is connected with the *Illustrated Leader?*" ejaculated Godby.

"He is editor and part-proprietor," she replied, with perhaps just a touch of conscious pride in the announcement.

Godby looked, and, indeed, was, considerably impressed.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "I would like to draw for a paper like that. Wouldn't I just? Why, it's at the very top of the tree, in its own line."

"Yes, it has a reputation," she answered, smiling, "and, what is more to the point, a circulation. . . . Of course, I cannot pledge my husband in any way; but I am pretty confident that, when I have shown him this sketch of yours, he will want to see further samples of your work."

"Awfully good of you to wish to put me—a perfect stranger—into such a good thing," he rejoined, gratefully.

"Not at all," she said. "It is to the interest of my husband and of the paper to discover new blood. He is always on the look out for rising young artists. I expect he will ask you to call upon him at the office. You will go, of course?"

"Won't I just," exclaimed Godby.

At this point the train began to slow up, preparatory to stopping at East Croydon.

The lady rose from her seat and began to collect her wraps and belongings.

"I get out here," she said. "No doubt you will hear from my husband in a day or two. And I hope something will come of it."

"But, I say! I haven't given you my name and address," ejaculated Godby. "Your husband won't know where to write to me."

"Tut! Tut! How stupid of me! Just like a woman, isn't it? It is a good thing you thought of it in time. . . . Thanks very much" (taking and placing in her purse the card which he handed her) "And once again, good-night." . . .

"By Jove!" said Harold Godby to himself, as, left alone in the compartment, he journeyed on to Victoria. "Rum go this, if anything *does* come of it! More like the sort of thing one reads of in novels than what happens in everyday life. . . . Make rather a good 'Queer Story' for Truth, by Jove! Think I shall have to write it up and send it in. . . . Umph! I dare say nothing will come of it, after all, though. However, we shall see."

More than a week elapsed, and Harold Godby waited in vain for any communication from the Editor of the *Illustrated Leader*. At length he nerved himself up to the bold course of going and bearding the great man, uninvited, armed with some of the best specimens of his pen-and-ink work.

Arrived at the office of that journal, he had some difficulty in obtaining an interview. After being kept waiting for something more than an hour, however, he was at length admitted into the *sanctum sanctorum*, where the Editor, a rather unkempt elderly gentleman, sat in his shirt-sleeves, with a mass of papers before him.

"Well, sir?" he demanded, somewhat curtly—for he was very busy and inclined to be cross at the interruption. "I don't know your name. You are a stranger to me. What can I do for you?"

"I—I thought, perhaps, that—that your wife might have mentioned me to you," blurted out Godby, not a little taken aback by this reception.

The Editor (who was a confirmed old bachelor) looked at Godby suspiciously, from under his bushy eyebrows, as though he were doubtful of his sanity.

"Wife? Wife? My wife? he ejaculated. "What the deuce do you mean, sir? Haven't got a wife. Never had a wife. Never even contemplated taking a wife. Kindly explain yourself, sir."

Godby, now more than ever taken aback, stared at the Editor in bewildered amazement.

"The lady to—to—whom I refer—certainly represented herself to—to me—as your—your—wife," he stammered.

"Oh, did she?" rejoined the Editor. "I wonder what she did that for? Wanted to inspire confidence, perhaps, with a view to borrowing money from you? If that was her game, and you were fool enough to lend her anything, you needn't think I'm going to repay you, for I tell you plainly I shall do nothing of the sort."

"Oh, she never suggested borrowing money from me," answered Godby. "She didn't seem to be at all that sort of person. But she was very much interested in a sketch I had made of her, and took it, as she said, to show to you, because (this was what she told me) you were on the look-out for new blood, and she felt sure you would like to see further specimens of my work."

And he briefly detailed all that had taken place in the railway carriage between himself and his fair companion, including a more or less accurate description of the lady's personal appearance.

The Editor listened in frowning and perplexed silence.

"Your description conveys nothing to me," he said. "I am confident I have never so much as heard of the woman. She had some object, I suppose (unless it were simply a feeble sort of practical joke—women have curious ideas of humour sometimes)—though what, except on that supposition, her object may have been, is more than I can guess. However, as you're here, and have brought your specimens with you, I may as well glance at them," said the Editor, with an air of weary resignation.

He had so often looked at specimens submitted to him by would-be young artists and had so seldom found anything worth looking at, that he had really grown rather

sick of this perpetual search for the needle in the bundle of hay.

Godby handed him the sheaf of sketches he had brought with him, and anxiously watched the Editor's face, as he turned them over one by one. The Editor's face, however, was inscrutable, and told him nothing. So Godby had to wait for the great man's verdict until such time as it might please him to deliver it verbally.

At length—the inspection of the sketches completed—the Editor looked up.

"Well," he said, deliberately, "whoever that mysterious young woman was, and whatever object she may have had in taking my name in vain, it is certain that she must be a good judge of a drawing. Some of these sketches are decidedly promising—decidedly promising, sir. I am too busy to go into the matter with you just now; but if you will leave them with me, I will communicate with you in a day of two, and I have no doubt that we shall see our way to some satisfactory arrangement."

That was high praise from the Editor of the *Illustrated Leader*. No work submitted to him was ever more than "promising." You see, he thought it wholesome for young contributors (most of whom had a sufficiently good conceit of themselves already) to have that conceit rather damped and chastened, than encouraged and fomented. So in praising their work (when he did praise it) he made a point of never saying more than half of what he meant.

Godby left the office of the *Illustrated Leader* considerably elated, and also considerably puzzled—elated by the Editor's reception of his sketches; puzzled by the mystery surrounding his fair companion in the train who had passed herself off as the Editor's wife. What could have been her object in thus pulling his leg? What could have induced her to take that sketch for the ostensible purpose of submitting it to her supposed husband, when she had, and could have had, no such intention? The problem was quite beyond Godby. He could not solve it.

However, whatever the lady's motive, the result, curiously enough, had been just as satisfactory as if she had really done what she had represented herself as intending to do; that is to say, it had indirectly brought about his introduction to the Editor of the *Illustrated Leader*—an introduction which it would never have, otherwise, occurred to him to seek. And whatever happy consequences ensued would be, in a sense, entirely due to her.

I may add that the consequences *were* happy—very happy indeed, so far as Godby was concerned, for the young man soon found himself installed on the staff of the *Illustrated Leader*, and in receipt of an income at least four times as large as he could ever have expected to make at the Bar.

But the puzzle of his unintentional benefactress—the mysterious lady in the Brighton express—remained as much a puzzle as ever. Nor was it until more than a year had elapsed that anything happened to suggest the clue.

Godby was, one morning, in the office of the *Illustrated Leader*, when he happened to see, upon the Editor's table, the proof of an illustration for that week's issue which at once arrested his attention. It was the likeness of a young and very pretty woman—yes! yes! The counterfeit presentment of his mysterious companion in the Brighton express.

"Who's that? Where did you get it?" he exclaimed, excitedly.

The Editor smiled at him, a smile of complacent satisfaction.

"Ah, my boy," he said, "that's a unique portrait of the lady—the only one in existence. I can't tell you how I got it. It would involve the betrayal of office secrets. But I may say that I've paid a pretty penny for it—so as to get it all to ourselves. The publication of that portrait in the *Leader* will make a sensation, I tell you. Scotland Yard will have it in their gallery within an hour or two of its appearance——"

"Scotland Yard!"

"Yes. They've been trying to get a likeness of the lady for years, but couldn't find such a thing in existence anywhere. That woman, my dear Godby, has been baffling all the police of Europe for close on four years. She is Muriel Fitzgerald—and I don't know how many other *aliases*—the celebrated jewel thief——"

"Muriel Fitzgerald? Jewel thief? But that's the woman I met in the train, who passed herself off as your wife, and——"

"By Jove!" interjected the Editor, banging his fist heavily on the table. "By Jove! Now I see her game."

"I don't," said Godby, still looking utterly mystified.

"Why, it's as plain as a pike-staff. Not wishing to court publicity, or to have inconvenient portraits of herself flying about, she made up her mind to get that sketch from you, my boy, and told you the most plausible tale she could think of, on the spur of the moment, to effect her object. . . . . Well, you've no reason to grumble anyway, my dear Godby, considering she has made your fortune for you. And I say—we must have this story of yours in type before night-fall—it will add immensely to the effect of the picture—'Romantic Story.'—'Truth Stranger than Fiction.'—'Notorious Jewel Thief who Started a Young Artist on his Successful Career'—and all the rest of it. . . . . My dear fellow, it will be the greatest draw we've had for months. Go home and write it up—with as many embellishments as you please—at once!"

ART NOTES.

THERE are two pictures at the R.S.B.A. show in Suffolk-street which have driven all the rest completely out of my head. I wish this was not the case, because they are not by any means the best pictures. Indeed, as a whole, the show is to my mind the best the British Artists have brought together for years past, with quite a number of good pictures in it, and only quite a few that are really vile. There are, for instance, some excellent—but it is no good, I can only think of those two. One of them is a portrait of a little girl by Professor von Herkomer. It is, I honestly believe, the most terrifying portrait that ever was painted. The little girl stands before a dark curtain, in a mediæval dress. I think it must be mediæval, that is to say, and have been originally made for some very stout ancestress of the little girl. It has been shortened to fit her, but the adapter has forgotten to take it in at the waist, so that the effect is peculiar. In the face and attitude of the little girl the painter has concentrated all his powers of suggesting and inspiring terror. Her hands are meekly folded before her, in pathetic resignation, and she gazes out of the canvas with such an air of frozen horror that at first I thought the title of the picture must be "Sentenced to Death," or something like that, though we do not usually execute little girls of tender years. Then, noticing a green smudge upon the hem of the skirt, I inferred that she had been caught kneeling in some damp grass, and was expecting punishment. But on consideration I now believe that the artist's brush had something of a prophetic aim, and that he chose to represent how the little girl might be expected to look when she saw the finished portrait.

The other picture is by Mr. Leonard Watts, and represents "Truth overcoming Error." It was the actuality of the subject which first attracted me, as might a delicately expressed compliment. But all other feelings were at once lost in admiration for the admirable use Mr. Watts has made of the costume he introduces. His Truth is not a young lady, is not naked—it seldom is nowadays, of course—and does not live at the bottom of a well. Instead, it is a young man, who has sought out Error—or been sought out by him—on top of a rocky mountain, and who in the ordinary way is chastely attired—after the fashion prevalent in India—in a neat loin-cloth of pink crêpe-de-chine. The artist wishes to suggest that a violent struggle has taken place, for we only actually see its sequel: Error tumbling dejectedly over a precipice. He does it in the simplest yet most effective way. So violent have been the writhings of the combatants that the pink loin-cloth has become untied, and now floats freely on the breeze, preparatory

to falling to the ground. Error, by the way, wears a similar costume of unpleasant purple, which has also been disarranged, though as he is on the point of being dashed to pieces that will not be likely to trouble him much. Personally, I never remember to have seen a "costume" picture in which more convincing, though sparing, use has been made of costume.

These two satisfactoril disposed of I can now recall one or two other canvases which impressed me from one cause or another. There is Mr. Stephen Reid's "Gather Ye Rosebuds." It is a very decorative picture, and I should like to own it, for it represents a nice girl picking roses—both of which I like. But there is a Cupid hiding among the roses waiting to shoot the nice girl with his bow and arrow. Cupid, as is customary, has no clothes on—the roses, as is also customary, have thorns. Does Mr. Reid wish us to believe that Cupid's skin is puncture-proof? I have always understood him to be a rather thin-skinned young person. Then there is Mr. F. O. Salisbury's portrait of "Sir C. Lawes-Wittewronge, Bart.," which is a veritable triumph of symbolism. The painter wishes to suggest that his sitter is two single gentlemen—a sculptor and a Bart. rolled into one. Accordingly, he dresses him in a beautiful flowing purple tie and one of the most artistic brown velvet coats I ever saw in my life, and puts his coat of arms—red hand and all—in the right-hand top corner of the picture. What could be more expressive?

While I am about it I should like to congratulate the R.S.B.A. on its Hanging Committee. As you go into the main gallery the opposite wall has only five pictures to support—all fairly good ones. You think you are going to have a delightfully uncrowded hour of artistic life, and it is not until you are right in the middle of the room that you realise how all the other walls are crowded to their fullest capacity. Another cunning idea is that most of the worst pictures have been hustled together into corners where you need not look at them unless you like—though, personally, they are the ones I get most pleasure from. The only possible improvement on the idea that occurs to me would be to leave them out altogether.

MUSIC.

SUBSIDISED PIANISTS.

THE question of the subsidising of professional pianists by pianoforte firms for advertising purposes is one of old standing which is being discussed anew with great vigour just at present in musical circles in America, on the initiative of Mr. A. F. Freund's weekly paper, the *Musical Age*. American journals are nothing if not frank, but even the American public seems to have been amused and startled by particulars recently published by the journal in question as to certain contracts which have lately been entered into by two of the world's greatest living pianists, namely, Paderewski and Rosenthal. Under these contracts, we are told, Paderewski is to receive 40,000 dollars from the Æolian Company for using the Weber piano at eight concerts, while Rosenthal is to receive a like amount from the same firm for using their instruments at one hundred concerts. Why Rosenthal's market figure should be so much lower than that of Paderewski I do not know, and that eminent artist (who has been credited with the remark that he would play on a tin kettle if paid sufficiently well for it) will doubtless see to it that he gets better terms next time.

As to the accuracy of the figures, however, there seems no occasion for doubt, and the only surprising thing is that the publication of the facts should seemingly have excited such commotion. Doubtless it is a startling thing in its way to learn that a world-renowned artist is to receive in addition to the enormous fees which he otherwise commands a douceur of £1,000 per concert for consenting to advertise a given make of instrument; but there is certainly nothing novel in the information that, in common with most of his rivals, he makes a practice of adding to his earnings in this way. On the contrary, it is notorious that the system in question prevails almost universally. It may sound offensive to say that every pianist has his price, but this, or something like it, is what it comes to. Both artists and makers there are, no doubt, who, to their honour be it said, will have nothing to do with a detestable system; but these are exceptions to a well-established rule. Under the circumstances, indeed, it is becoming a question for the pianoforte makers to consider whether this mode of advertising really offers any longer any commensurate return for the enormous expenditure which it entails, and it is significant in this connection to note that one or two firms, at least, which formerly paid such subsidies have now ceased to do this.

No doubt, in the case of an unknown instrument, to get an artist like Paderewski to use it is an effective means of bringing it before the notice of the public. In the case of pianos of established repute, on the other hand, it is decidedly open to question if the game as it is played nowadays is worth the candle. There is, moreover, always the possibility to be considered, when the instrument is not of the highest class, of public attention being directed in this way rather to its defects than to its virtues. One well-known pianoforte, at least, could be named which has suffered the most grievous loss of reputation in this way. Eminent performers have been paid enormous sums to play upon it, but the result has been disastrous. The inherent defects of the instrument have been brought home to the musical public in a manner which would otherwise have been almost impossible, and wherever two or three musicians are gathered together the name of the instrument is a by-word and a reproach as a consequence. And the artists in turn have suffered also from their folly in playing on an intrument so ill adapted to display their powers to advantage. But then they may console themselves with the thought that they have had their reward in another form—even if they do not all possess the courage to follow the example of a certain eminent performer who is reported to have once declared in the course of a recital in America, "You know I am paid for playing on this piano."

Why, if they consent to be subsidised at all, artists do not at least choose the instruments of the best firms it is rather hard to understand. But presumably it is a case of selling their services to the highest bidder. The Paderewski and Rosenthal "deals" above referred to were, it is stated, only arrived at as the outcome of much preliminary negotiating on the part of rival firms. That the whole thing amounts to little less than a deliberate fraud upon the public—or would do so if the facts were not so well understood—it is hardly necessary to point out. When a great artist, such as Paderewski, elects to play on a certain piano, the assumption is natural from the standpoint of the uninitiated that the instrument represents his deliberate choice, and is one which he holds in the highest possible esteem. Yet, in fact, it means nothing more than that the manufacturers of the piano in question are prepared to pay more for being advertised in this way than their rivals. Can such a system last much longer?

Repetitions have been chiefly the rule at Covent Garden of late, but the revival of "Adriana Lecouvreur" last week was an exception to be noted. Cilèa's opera contains much charming music with which it was a pleasure to renew acquaintance. In its way it is just as good as the best of Puccini, and it is rather surprising that the work of the one composer should be so little heard while that of the other enjoys such extraordinary favour. Cilèa not only has a charming gift of melody, but also possesses in an eminent degree the sense of the theatre. He knows exactly what he wants to do, and his effects always come off. The performance was first-rate, with Giachetti, de Cisneros, Zenatello, and Sammarco in the leading parts. This week the first performance at Covent Garden of Giordano's "Fédora" on Thursday will be an event of interest.

The Promenade Concerts concluded on Friday, and hearty congratulations are due all round in respect of a season which has been in every respect one of the

most successful on record. It would be impossible to exaggerate the value of the services rendered to the cause of music in London by these supremely enjoyable concerts, and it is matter for unequivocal satisfaction that, financially as well as artistically, they can now be considered so securely established. The final novelty of the season was Mr. Joseph Holbrooke's symphony "Les Hommages," which contains some clever music, if it can hardly be regarded as on the whole a very inspired work. It was, however, enthusiastically received. Mr. Holbrooke was in evidence again on Monday, when the London Choral Society gave his setting of "The Bells." On Saturday Sarasate played as brilliantly as ever at the Bechstein Hall, while a younger violinist who has made a promising début is M. Argiewicz, who had the honour of being accompanied by Herr Kreisler. A pleasing vocalist who has been heard is Mr. Vernon D'Arnalle, who has a beautiful voice which he employs with good taste. Another interesting vocal concert was that given by Mr. Ernest Sharpe, who devoted his programme entirely to Hugo Wolfe, and came well through the ordeal. Original also was the programme put forward by an excellent new pianist, M. Raphael Navas, consisting as it did entirely of works by living Russian, French, and Spanish composers. At the first of the Broadwood's Mr. Leonard Borwick was the pianist, and the Kruse Quartet played.

With concerts in full swing again the plaint of the swindling concert agent's victim is once more heard. The summer season is his principal harvest time, of course, but so long as there are gulls to be duped his business flourishes, more or less, and the supply of gulls is seemingly inexhaustible. Primarily, of course, it is his clients' own vanity and lack of judgment which leads to their undoing. If they went to any agent of the better sort they would learn at once how slight were their chances of success. Those of the other class, however, know a more excellent way. Flattery and blarney are their stock-in-trade, and their victim's self-esteem does the rest. Then when the bills come in the bitter truth is learnt, but too late. As often as not the agent will make a double profit over the transaction—charging the concert-giver £5 for Miss So-and-so's services as singer and charging Miss So-and-so £10 in her turn for the opportunity of appearing. It is a case of fools and their money—but one cannot help feeling sorry all the same for the fools.

A provincial correspondent writes to complain of the treatment which he has received at the hands of Messrs. Glendining, the auctioneers, whose operations have more than once been referred to in these columns in unfavourable terms. According to my correspondent's narrative, he sent in May last a violin of his own make to Messrs. Glendining to sell for him, fixing a reserve of £6. In June they sold it to the highest bidder for 27s., which they remitted to him. On his applying for the difference he received the reply that they had recovered the instrument from the purchaser and would send it when he returned what they had paid him. He ascertained, however, that, in fact, they had never seen it since its sale, and pressed again for satisfaction. They then threatened to sell the fiddle again (it not being in their possession at all), and charge him with the difference between what they called the good price which they had originally obtained for it, and what it would fetch when re-sold. Eventually, my correspondent had recourse to the County Court and got judgment against Messrs. Glendining for the £6, less what he had originally received from them, with costs. This story is entirely in keeping with what I have heard of Messrs. Glendining's general methods of business, and I reproduce it for the benefit of others who may be contemplating dealing with the firm.

Colonel Mapleson is a true son of his father, whose optimism never deserted him. The Lyceum scheme has now followed the Coliseum one into the limbo of the unattainable, but the gallant colonel positively rejoices at this, and tells the public that he has now resolved on something better still in the shape of a brand-new opera house, to be built "on a convenient and central site" which the Government are to be induced to grant, "at a low ground rent." As to the cost, the Imperial Opera House—so the buoyant Colonel has already named it—could be built for £120,000, while "very favourable terms" have already been received "for the decoration of the vestibule and foyers with rich jasper marble." After this it remains only to decide on the uniforms of the attendants, and a national opera house may be regarded at last as an accomplished fact.

Another new musical venture, according to the papers, is that of Mr. Joseph Lyons, chairman of Messrs. Lyons, the caterers, for a model music-hall to be run on lines quite different from those of any at present in existence. Mr. Lyons has, it seems, been struck by the discomfort and inconvenience endured by those who have to wait in the street to get places in the cheaper seats at the existing halls, and the establishment he has in view will take the form accordingly of a winter garden, open all day long for the supply of refreshments, with a music-hall attached. It sounds an ingenious scheme, which might prove a success. On the Continent the restaurant music-hall is, of course, common enough.

Herr Kubelik has been falling foul of his critics again—those of Prague this time. They did not accord a due amount of space, it seems, to one of his recent concerts, and Kubelik has resolved on a terrible revenge. He will not play in Prague again! According to latest advices, Prague is bearing up as well as can be expected under the circumstances. As a matter of fact, it is whispered in well-informed quarters that Kubelik has not been enjoying lately anything like that amount of financial success which formerly attended him wherever he went. He plays as well as ever, but he no longer draws to the extent to which he did at first. His last tour in America was, by all accounts, a grievous disappointment. Since, however, Herr Kubelik is credibly reported to have put aside some £80,000, he need not entertain any immediate anxiety as to his future.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—I have just been reading Mr. Charles Sherring's "Western Tibet and the British Borderland" (1) with at once the interest and the Lucretian pleasure of a stay-at-home who loves a narrative of adventures which he would hate to share. Even the adventurous, however, could hardly enjoy retiring to rest after an exciting day under the circumstances of Mr. Sherring's sojourn at Dharchula.

In the cold weather, when my wife and I were camping at Dharchula, although we had scorpions in our bedding and under our pillows, and the servants were continually finding them in their quarters, we had all escaped in the most fortunate way; but this time one stung the cook on the forehead in two places. He had a sleepless night from pain, but in the morning a couple of injections of cocaine brought immediate relief.

In Mr. Sherring's experience, snakes and scorpions, contrary to the popular idea, are quite as venomous in the hills as in the plains, where the heat is supposed to intensify their virulence. On the other hand, tigers are so rare at high altitudes that the appearance of a formidable man-eater on the slopes of Chipla (13,000 feet) was unprecedented. It is not so long since that I read in a book on India, occasioned by the Prince of Wales's visit to that country, a long tirade against the cruelty of tiger killing, which, however, left out of account the cruelty of the tiger. Fifty years ago these creatures decimated the inhabitants of the lower alti-

(1) "Western Tibet and the British Borderland." By Charles A. Sherring, M.A., F.R.G.S. With a Chapter by T. B. Longstaff, M.B., F.R.G.S. With Illustrations and Maps. (London: Edward Arnold. 21s. net)

(2) "In the Shadow of the Lord." By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. (London: Methuen & Co. 6s.)

(3) "The Belles of Vaudroy." By G. B. Burgin. (London: Hutchinson & Co. 6s.)

(4) "A Lost Leader." By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Illustrations by Fred. Pegram. (London: Ward, Lock & Co. 6s.)

(5) "The Flowers." By Agnes Grozier Herbertson. (London: Greening & Co. 6s.)

tudes of a region where only the other day in the higher altitudes, on the slopes of Chipla, this man-eater started by carrying off an old woman, and followed up his success a day or two later by attacking a party of reapers and carrying off a man. Upon this the villagers were roused to pursue and attack the brute armed only with axes and stones. They crept stealthily upon him while he slept, and dropped a huge stone upon his back, rousing him to charge them. They stood their ground and fired a volley of stones, some of which broke the tiger's teeth. Hereupon he turned and fled, but was pursued and stoned relentlessly till he was so disabled as to be easily finished off with axes. Almost all the teeth in the skull were broken, "an eloquent testimony," says Mr. Sherring, who saw the brute the day after the kill, "to the accuracy of the stone-throwers." It is curious to find the most modern modes of medicine, mesmerism, massage, and perhaps I might add, Christian Science, in effective use amongst the primitive natives of Western Tibet. When the nephew of the local millionaire of Tinkar was crippled with rheumatism, the Lama of the place cured him in one day by spells. The cure, however, of a native gentleman who accompanied Mr. Sherring was attempted not by spells only, but by mesmerism and massage, which drew down the demon (of which he was possessed in the form of malarial fever) from the upper part of the body to his legs, and from his legs to his feet, and from his feet into a white scape-goat. The goat was removed at once to a distance to prevent the return of the demon into the body of the patient, and then, apparently to make assurance doubly sure, the animal was eaten by the Lama! Though the immediate effect of this treatment was miraculously curative, there was a subsequent relapse, perhaps owing to the continued attendance of the Lama, after he had eaten the devil-possessed goat, upon his patient. Far from the least interesting chapter in the volume is that contributed by Dr. Longstaff describing an attempt to climb Gurla Mandhata, a mountain peak 24,000 ft. in height, and the most thrilling passage of this description is that recording the doctor's fall of a thousand feet! Mr. Whymper, I think it was, who, in describing a similar fall of his on the Alps, noted that his only thought, as he swept through the air, was the indifferent reflection, "the next bump will do it!" But the next bump saved, instead of finishing him, by arresting his fall. The doctor's similar experience is well worth recording, since it suggests that the approach of a horrible death is not expected with horror:—

> Just as I turned to take in the slack of Henri's rope I heard a curious hissing sound above me. The newer layer of snow, lying on an older and harder layer, had slipped from it—we had started an avalanche! Henri, lying flat and trying hard to stop himself by driving the pick of his axe into the snow, came down on the top of me and swept me away from my hold. As I shot down past Alexis I felt his hand close on the back of my coat, and we went down together. The sensation was a very curious one. The mind seemed quite clear, but rather curious as to the end than terrified. Time seemed annihilated, so slowly did thoughts pass through the mind during the minute or so of our fall. The glacier below, with the rocks just above it, seemed to be rushing up towards us at an incredible pace, just as the engine of an oncoming train grows bigger and bigger each instant as it approaches. I distinctly remember throwing off my snow spectacles for fear that I should damage my eyes when we reached the rocks below. . . . . Presently I got turned round with my head downwards, and saw a few yards off a ledge of rocks with a drop on the far side. I seemed to rise on a wave of snow and dropped over a low cliff with Henri somehow or other mixed up in my part of the rope. We were, of course, *in* moving snow, and we fell *on to* moving snow, so our pace was only slightly checked, and we hardly felt the shock of the fall. On we went, with the rope round my neck this time, but it was easy to untwist it. Then came a longer drop; surely this must be the last, I thought, when suddenly, to my intense surprise, the rope tightened round my chest, stopping me with a jerk which squeezed all the breath out of my body. The avalanche had spread out and stopped of its own accord, on a somewhat gentler slope of snow. We had fallen a thousand feet at least, and fully realised what a miraculous escape we had had.

Every one, I fancy, has a secret anti-Aristides kind of grudge against George Washington as a hero with no redeeming vices, and this unregenerate grudge will hardly be lessened by reading Mrs. Hugh Fraser's account of his youth in her interesting novel, "In the Shadow of the Lord" (2). To say the whole truth, the youthful George is a prig of the first water. A boy of eleven who complains to his father that his schoolmaster is not sufficiently clever to teach so stupid a lad as himself, and who expresses the complaint thus, is a little trying:—"Master Hobby is perhaps a little dull, though he knows so much, and that is why I do not get on better. The tougher the rood the sharper should be the axe, sir." But George's father and mother, and indeed most of the other characters in the novel, are natural and interesting, while there is no lack of excitement in the narrative. Mr. Burgin's "The Belles of Vaudroy" (3) is interesting chiefly for its excellent pictures of life in Canada under primitive conditions. Perhaps the way in which the hero's course of true love is made smooth—through the death of the girl he was engaged to in an effort to save him from the vengeance of her father—is somewhat too melodramatic; while the trickery by which much of her bankrupt father's property is secured to the heroine is the reverse of honourable. On the whole, your sympathies are in tune throughout with the author's, and you rejoice in the happy ending of an interesting love idyll. You are a little disgusted in Mr. Oppenheim's political novel, "A Lost Leader" (4) with the feebleness of the hero and with the grossness of the two women who contend for his favours. The woman he loved—except in this matter of once giving gross expression to her jealousy—is a lovable and intelligible person; but the lady he married is inscrutable. The chief weakness of the novel is the weakness of its hero, the Lost Leader. Even Mr. Balfour never seemed to his worst enemies so feeble as Mr. Mannering, while the other political leader, who tried to make a cat's paw of the Premier, is an incredible scoundrel. Nevertheless, "A Lost Leader" is at least interesting. Miss Agnes Grozier Herbertson's anti-vivisectionist novel, "The Plowers" (5) fails of its effect through her failure to make you realise the cruelties inflicted in the brutal doctor's laboratory. Indeed, you are not even told how Nemesis at last overtook him, whether by suicide or murder. But the whole story is weak and shadowy.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, very sincerely yours,

DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

Sir Hubert Jerningham has written a book entitled "From West to East," in which he gives an account of a journey from England to India and thence to Japan, Manchuria, and Korea. His special object was to visit the scenes of the battles by land and sea in the Russo-Japanese war, and at most places he had the advantage of being received by Japanese officers, high in command, who had taken part in the fighting. The book will be published by Mr. Murray. Another book promised by the same publisher is "The Outlook in Ireland," by Lord Dunraven, which will, of course, deal with the devolution scheme with which his name has been associated.

The new novels announced by Messrs. Harper and Brothers include "Ann Boyd," by Mr. Will N. Harben, and "The Gentleman Bagman" by Mr. Wilbur Nesbit. The latter is a humorous story which is said to recall the late Frank R. Stockton at his best, but with a very distinct vein of originality.

Many distinguished writers are contributing original stories and verses to a volume which will be published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus a few weeks hence in aid of the Barnardo National Memorial Fund.

"The Psychology and Training of the Horse" is the title of a work by Count Eugenio Martinengo Cesaresco, a well-known authority, which has just been published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, price 10s. 6d. net. The author has made a special study of the mental qualities and habits of the horse, and he gives a minute and practical account of the manner in which the animal learns and the methods by which it can best be trained.

As a companion volume to Mr. J. MacWhirter's "Landscape Painting in Water Colours," Messrs. Cassell and Co. have now issued "The MacWhirter Sketch Book" (price 5s.). It contains many reproductions (twenty-four being in colour) of sketches from the artist's sketch-book, "designed to assist the student of landscape painting in colour." Mr. Edward Bale fur-

nishes an introduction, and Mr. MacWhirter himself offers some useful advice to students.

I willingly publish the following letter from Mrs. "E. Nesbit," though my reviewer certainly did not intend to suggest—nor do I think that his remarks would lead readers to suppose—that she had taken the idea of her story from Mr. Kipling's:—

In your kindly review of my book, "The Story of the Amulet," you say: "Curiously, too, Mrs. Nesbit, like Mr. Kipling, has chosen scenes of the past into which to introduce the children of the present." One has one's literary conscience: and lest any should suppose that in this matter I have slavishly followed even our greatest English story writer, I beg you to make public the fact that "The Amulet" began to appear eight months before "Puck of Pook's Hill," and that the same number of the *Strand Magazine* held the *first* chapter of Mr. Kipling's story and the *ninth* of mine.

Mr. Reginald Blunt has written a book entitled "Paradise Row, or a Broken Piece of Old Chelsea," which ought to be sure of a welcome from many Londoners and London lovers. Paradise Row is—or, rather, was, for it is now practically destroyed—a modest little thoroughfare, but one peculiarly rich in interesting associations. In former times many personages famous in politics, literature, and society lived there, and the annals of the Row are full of curious and diverting matter. The book, which Messrs. Macmillan are publishing immediately, will be embellished with numerous portraits and other illustrations.

Messrs. Greening and Co. will publish shortly Mr. Reginald Turner's new novel, "Davray's Return," which is said to be of rather more serious interest than his recent books. It is a return to the style of "The Steeple" and "The Comedy of Progress," the brilliant novels with which the author first made his mark. To their attractive Lotus Library series the same publishers are adding "Guy Thorne's" amazingly popular story "When It was Dark"; Dumas' "The Black Tulip," illustrated by John Hassall; De Goncourt's "La Faustin"; and Zola's "L'Assommoir," illustrated by Charles de Lacey.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Town is now pleasantly full, and the social columns of the daily papers are full of announcements that Lord This and Lady That have returned to their houses in So-and-so-square or place or gardens. We are looking forward to a bright, gay autumn season, now that Parliament has assembled. It is going to be a lively Parliament. It has been sitting but two weeks, and already there have been two scenes in the House.

Last Wednesday we had an opportunity of observing the difference between the conduct of our King when his motor caused some injury to a man and that of some of his subjects. The King showed the most sincere anxiety, though the injury inflicted was but a slight one, and in no way the fault of any one but the sufferer himself. Directly his Majesty reached Newmarket he telegraphed to St. George's Hospital to inquire how the patient was going on.

On the same day an old man was knocked down at the corner of Bond-street and Grosvenor-street by the pole of a carriage, in which sat two ladies. The old man was carrying a board, and when he fell this fell on him. It was horrid to see him go down, and people were compassionate. Not so the two women in the carriage. They lay back with perfect indifference, and never even looked to see whether the man were badly damaged or not. He was taken to the hospital. The poet sings of

"That repose
That marks the caste of Vere de Vere,"

but it is singularly out of place in such circumstances as the above, when pity for the poor and needy might arouse a little interest, even if the accident had not been caused by their own carriage. The contrast makes one admire the King's good feeling all the more. Such women as these do untold mischief by embittering the masses against the classes; and what must their Christianity be like?

I was so pleased to see two girls at Prince's the other evening wearing gowns of brocade. They looked very nice and were pretty enough to embellish their charming dresses. And, then, Prince's is such a sweetly becoming room! Jim was dining us there and we had lovely roses on the table and he gave us each a bunch of lily of the valley. Their pale green leaves suited both our gowns quite perfectly. The food was delicious, especially something of turbot and the biscuit glacé, the flavour of which caressed the palate.

I called in with Jim the next afternoon to pay the bill and found a very animated scene, the great room and the foyer, too, being filled with beautifully dressed women and cavaliers to match. Delicious odours of coffee mingled with the delicate aroma of cigarettes, and it was all so gay that I felt quite lonely when I got out into Piccadilly again.

My dear Piccadilly! Is there anywhere so fascinating? Bee and I love it more and more after every absence. On a sunny morning there are few better forms of exercise than a stroll down the frequented side. Each big thoroughfare has its own atmosphere, or, so the mind imagines. That of Piccadilly must be compact of history, poetry, music, the heartbeats of the nation, and the romance of every day. Bee and I sometimes say to each other, paraphrasing Dr. Johnson: "Let's walk down Piccadilly," and we enjoy every moment of it.

The Gordon Hospital balls are to be given again this year in the Empress Rooms, Royal Palace Hotel. The dates arranged are November 5 and 19 and December 3. These are always pleasant dances, and the hospital is one well worthy of support. It is situated in a poor district, where it has done and is doing excellent work. It has become absolutely necessary to make some alterations in the out-patients' department, and this will involve an outlay in addition to the usual working expenses. It is hoped that the dances may be sufficiently successful to provide the funds for this.

A bazaar is to be held next week (Tuesday and Wednesday) at Observatory House, East Sheen, by kind permission of Lady Mallet, in aid of the restoration fund of the ancient parish church of Mortlake. It is mentioned in Domesday Book as "Moartlage," and was founded in 1348, rebuilt in 1543, enlarged in 1725, again enlarged in 1860, had a new chancel built in 1885, and the present alteration includes a new wing. The debt is £800, and the bazaar committee is most anxious to try to make this amount. The Marchioness of Donegall is to open it at 2.30. Her little son, the present Marquis, has among his titles that of Hereditary Lord High Admiral of Lough Neagh, one of the largest loughs in Ireland. It is amusing to think of this tiny child of three years old as Lord High Admiral of anywhere. Nora, who lives on the banks of Lough Neagh when she is at home in Ireland—and that is not often—always laughs when she thinks of that placid water having a Lord High Admiral.

What a loss to England was caused by the fire at Selby Abbey! And to think that it could easily have been prevented by having the apparatus for fighting fire all ready on the spot. Reading about it decided us to go to Greenwich on a little expedition we had for some time had in contemplation, that of being shown over Merryweathers' fire-escape works that are about three minutes' walk from the station there. We saw much that was very interesting, things old and new, curious relics of great fires, some antiquated fire-engines that have been removed from our London Royal palaces, odd articles found after fires, such as an electric wire and a gas tube fused together (dangerous marriage that!)—a shilling and a penny fused into one, etc.

Redfern.—Exclusive and original Models in Day and Evening Gowns. Smart Paris Millinery, Blouses, Lingerie, Furs, &c. 26, Conduit-street and 27, Bond-street.

The premises are very large, and we visited every part. The foundry was one of the most interesting. There we saw the various copper parts of the fire-engines in preparation, the shapes first sunk in sand, then boiling copper poured over them from a crucible made of plumbago, and carried on an iron bar between two men. The colours of the boiling copper were a wonder of beauty, ranging from the brightest orange and gold flame tints to a pink and green so vivid that I know of nothing with which to compare them. We were shown the glowing furnaces underground in which the crucibles are heated, so fiery and burning that our clothes began to smell of scorching where we stood. The boiling copper has to be skimmed of dross just as soup is skimmed of scum. The motor fire-engines that are now superseding the horse-drawn have all double wheels that prevent skidding. The engines sent to South America are constructed for a pair of horses, but as these are scarce in that part of the world there are also places for hooking ropes on so that men may drag the engines. It was curious to see all the different parts being made in the different "shops," and then to see the great engines with every part complete, ready for the road. They are sent from here all over the world, for the foreigner cannot compete with us in turning out fire-engines complete in every part. It is good to know that we still excel in something, so much has been filched from us of late.

I asked the manager about fires in churches, and he said that the public hardly realises the danger that exists, especially where new heating apparatus has been put into an old building, and where electric light has been installed without doing away with the pre-existent gas. The heat ascends and becomes stored in the roof, the part most vulnerable to fire.

There is at least one church in London that I never enter without wondering what would happen in case of either fire or panic. And I do not suppose that it is singular in having no exit at the end of the galleries furthest from the door. The County Council would not permit a theatre to be constructed on such a plan. Why should worshippers be less guarded from being roasted than the audiences at theatre or music hall?

For our own special protection we chose an escape that is one of the simplest arrangements possible and by no means costly. And now we can lie down at night and think with equanimity of those who sleep on the upper floors.

Don't you think that choosing furniture is a fascinating occupation? We always enjoy it, especially when we know we are getting bargains. This was certainly the case last week when we visited Oetzmann's in Hampstead-road, where they are selling off the stock of a manufacturing firm whose furniture, until now, was sold only to wholesale houses, and from them to retail dealers. Consequently those who attend the sale can secure what they want at prices far below what they will ever be likely to get the things for again. Think of getting Chippendale sets for either drawing-room, dining-room, or study, for less than half the price usually paid! Sheraton, Queen Anne, and Adam work is also represented by well-made copies, and as we walked through the rooms we were astonished at the low prices and almost wished we were re-furnishing. Think of a Sheraton sideboard for something under £5; the rest of the dining-room furniture at a proportionate price. We particularly admired some delicately designed gilt mirrors after the Adam manner, oval in form and eighteen inches high, very tempting to those who like nice shapes upon the walls. There are very cheap fumed oak book-stands, an article of which one never seems to have enough in the house. Some of them are bureaux as well, with flap for writing on and nice little nooks for stationery. There are also bargains in bedroom suites, carpets, curtains, down quilts, clocks, lamps, entrée dishes, and dinner services. Send for a catalogue.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES. — You can get the real genuine HORROCKSES' LONGCLOTHS and FLANNELETTES if you insist on seeing this stamp on the selvedge: 'HORROCKSES.' Obtainable from the principal Drapers. Over a century's reputation.

You, who know the comfort of the Ardent oil stoves and the admirable way in which they warm a room in a very short time, will be interested to hear of the latest development of this clever and invaluable invention. It is the Ardent Intense Heat stove. In these the heat from the lamp flame is made to circulate through double-walled chambers in the body of the stove, with the consequence that the surrounding air is warmed with incredible rapidity, and with a saving of oil equal to one pint in three. These stoves have a very bright and cheerful look, caused by the reflectors. The smallest of these stoves will warm a room of ordinary size in a few minutes. For a cold office, one of them would be a treasure, but many persons object to the price. They would rather pay a few shillings for a trashy lamp that, not being scientifically constructed, wastes half the heat, and, owing to imperfect combustion, smells abominably of paraffin. But any one who has tried an Ardent is aware that these defects are far from it. The Drum stoves, with reflectors, radiate warm air through the room, and yet allow the heat to descend to the floor level, thus keeping the feet of the occupants warm and cozy. I am always happy to recommend the Ardent, for every one who has had one is delighted with it, and writes to thank me. Especially for sick rooms is it a boon and a blessing, and for this purpose the hygienic Ardents are the best. These are provided with a flue connection and down-draught outlet, so that all the products of combustion are carried away out of the room.

A very interesting series of entertainments is to be given in the ballroom suite of the Ritz Hotel on the afternoons of November 28, 29, and 30 by the Presidents and Lady Presidents of the League of Mercy. Tableaux vivants will be presented illustrating the history of costume from earliest times up to our own period, ranging from scenes of ancient days to those of our own Courts under King Edward VII. and his Queen. As all the costumes will be supplied free of cost to the League of Mercy by the Maison Templier, the entire proceeds of the entertainment will go to the funds of the League. Tickets will be a guinea each. There is to be a final performance on the Friday evening. Mr. Alfred Rothschild, with his usual kindness, is lending his private orchestra, under the direction of the accomplished Mr. Carl Heubert. Mr. George Edwardes is arranging a matinée café chantant, and many other attractions are promised, full particulars of which can be had of Mrs. Paddon, hon. secretary to the Committee, 3, Roland Houses, S.W.

The Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, has promised to open, on November 21, the Christmas Sale of the Ladies' Work Society, of which H.R.H. has been president for many years. The Society, whose rooms are at 31, Sloane-street, does excellent service in providing remunerative employment for poor gentlewomen, and work of all sorts from plain needlework to elaborate embroidery is undertaken.

Clare sends me the following from Dublin:—

DEAREST MADGE,—The end of October is the season of our usual settling down for the winter—that is, if anyone ever in these days, "really and truly" (as the children say) settles down at any time. But, however that may be, most of us follow a routine, and go through the modern adaptation of the process of settling down. A very unsettled kind of settling, no doubt; just a change in the form of our activities, necessitated by shorter days and longer nights, and the certain uncertainties of weather. We do not hibernate, as did our predecessors, in the days of ancient peace, when leisure was a highly honoured privilege of class, and before rest had become mainly a matter of therapeutics and medical prescriptions. Whatever doubt there might be about the settling down, there was still more up to the very end of last week, about the winter. If it was approaching, its footsteps were of the stealthiest, and no shadows were forecast. Was there ever such an October, such a case of an autumn summer throughout the month? The sun seemed to have got into such a way of shining that he did not know how to stop. The lingering tourists in our picturesque resorts had a delightful experience. The woods were simply glorious, with all their red, russet, and golden tints glorified by the sunshine. It was no case of "chill October," such as Millais painted, but warm, glowing October. Never did Nature give more undeni-

able demonstration of her power to be beautiful, even in decay. If the tourists were lucky, those of our sex who had come up to town to do their winter shopping, as usual, were very far from thinking themselves so. How they grumbled! "As if we could buy furs, when the very look of them is suffocating! We might as well go into a Turkish bath at once as try on in a winter wrap department! And this beastly sunshine, we cannot judge of colours in it. As it blazes away, too, the very touch of these thick, soft, warm materials sends a creep of heat down our spines!" Some people never will rise to the beauty and poetry of a situation, but will take their own prosy, utilitarian view of it. But, of course, it may be a little unhinging to have summer blandly beaming at us, when it ought to be winter, or nearly so, and we want to get our house into order accordingly.

There was much crossing from our side of the Irish sea last week for the opening of the Parliamentary Session. The Chief Secretary left his official residence in the Phœnix Park, where Mrs. Bryce, however, remains for several weeks longer. Mr. Bryce, no doubt, will have Irish "week ends," which are quite within the scope of Parliamentarians, though in the journeys which they entail the wind is not always tempered to either legislator or high official. How closely our two capitals are drawn together now—our countries little more than a couple of hours apart. What a change from the time when Mrs. Delany, on her way to Ireland, was weatherbound at Chester, having secured places for the passage of the Channel in the "Pretty Betty" and paid five guineas for the best cabin. How contradictory of us it would be to wish for separation just when we are being drawn every day more closely and comfortably together. Without going into politics, one rather dreams of still more comfort when the chasm between us might be tunnelled under or bridged over. Some day, no doubt, the inhabitants of our islands will have as much enterprise with their seas as the Swiss are showing with their mountains. They will smile, in passing painlessly through the Irish sea—or maybe under it—to think of how their ancestors were wont to be so dolorously tossed on its tempestuous waters.

The principal social event of last week was the marriage of Miss Winifred Hamilton, Lady Holmpatrick's daughter, to Lord Swansea's brother, Mr. Odo Vivian. Lady Holmpatrick is a leading member of society over here, and active in charitable and philanthropic work. She is indirectly Irish, being a Wellesley and sister of the present Duke of Wellington. Her husband was best known as Mr. Ian Hamilton, a Conservative member of Parliament for many years, who was created a peer hardly a year before his death. The family residence, where Lady Holmpatrick lives, is only a few miles north of the Phœnix Park. The marriage reception was held there, the day being one of brilliant sunshine, such as rarely shines on an October bride. Lady Swansea and other relatives came over for the wedding, and, of course, all the elect of society were assembled at it. Lord and Lady Aberdeen were not in Ireland at the time. There has been much giving in marriage this year in connection with the Castle, as well as with the Royal Hospital. Dublin is becoming quite renowned for the ringing of wedding bells; we expect that its good name in this respect will contribute to making an excellent Castle season. It certainly provides much amusement for the world that amuses itself just now, with such restless and inexhaustible energy. And then, to the majority of women, "Marriage is the higher life," as the downright girl says in Miss Cholmondeley's clever book "Prisoners"; they like to give themselves chances, at any rate.

All our Royal Commissions, or nearly all, have come to an end; we must now be the most thoroughly sorted out and sized up country in the world. We are wondering what is to come of it, but not with any very active wonder. We are not of the kind that can be sorted out, neatly labelled, and done for accordingly.—Yours ever, CLARE.

I shall have some nice recipes for you next week. Ever your loving cousin, MADGE.

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64, CORNHILL, LONDON. A. VIAN, Secretary.

AUCTIONS.

HUNTER SALES by AUCTION at ALDRIDGE'S, St. Martin's-lane, London, every fortnight.—The Special HUNTER SALES have been resumed, and the next will take place on Saturday, November 3, 1906, at about One o'clock, and will be held at this Repository every alternate Saturday. The horses (with owners' permission) may be seen over hurdles in the yard on Fridays, a suitable place having been made. They will be shown over jumps on the day of sale at auction if the owners wish it.
Entries invited. W. & S. FREEMAN.

TATTERSALLS.

Messrs. TATTERSALL beg to give notice that they will hold an EXTRA SALE at Knightsbridge, on Thursday, November 1.
Sales every Monday as usual.

TO INVALIDS.—A LIST of MEDICAL MEN, in all parts, receiving RESIDENT PATIENTS, sent gratis, with full particulars. Schools also recommended. Medical, &c., Association, Ltd., 22, Craven-street Trafalgar-sq., W.C. Tel. Add., "Triform, London." Telephone No. 1,854 Gerrard

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For full particulars, reports, etc., in plain sealed envelope, apply to the Secretary, 9 West Bolton Gardens, London, S.W.

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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TO OUR READERS.

We receive hundreds of letters every week from "Readers of 'Truth.'" A large majority of the writers expect replies direct. Of the work, trouble, and expense involved in doing this we say nothing. But as experience has shown that a large number of our "Constant" and "Regular" readers who inquire about individuals with whom we have dealt in our columns over and over again are not actual subscribers to the paper, but merely occasional readers of it at clubs, libraries, or at friends' houses, we consider we must protect ourselves in the matter.

We have therefore decided that henceforth every reader who writes making an inquiry that necessitates a direct reply must enclose a stamped envelope and also a Coupon which will always be found at the foot of the 3rd page of the coloured cover. Without these no notice will be taken of the communication.

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a Coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" send replies by post.

No Coupon will be available that is over a fortnight out of date, except from correspondents residing abroad.

NOTICE.

The terms of Subscription to Truth, *which are payable in advance, are as follows:—To any address in the United Kingdom, for 3 months, 7s.; 6 months, 14s.; and for 12 months, 28s. The Thin Paper Edition is forwarded to countries within the Postal Union for 3 months for 7s. 8d.; 6 months, 15s. 4d.; and 12 months, 30s. 8d. Cheques and Post Office Orders should be made Payable to the Manager,* Truth, *"Truth Buildings," Carteret-street, S.W.*

ENTRE NOUS.

THE King and Queen are to leave Sandringham next Monday for Windsor Castle, where there will be several State ceremonies and entertainments between Tuesday and Saturday. On Monday, the 19th, his Majesty will proceed to West Dean Park, Sussex, on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. William James until Friday, the 23rd, when he is to return to Sandringham. The Queen and the King and Queen of Norway will leave Windsor early in the same week for Sandringham. King Haakon and Queen Maud are then to take up their residence at Appleton House for between three and four weeks, after which they will spend a few days at Buckingham Palace before leaving England on their return to Norway.

The Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, which has been anchored in Portsmouth Harbour since she brought the Queen home from Denmark, is to leave on Friday for Flushing, where she will embark the King and Queen of Norway, who are to land at Portsmouth (at the south railway jetty) about noon on Monday. The *Victoria and Albert* will then remain at Portsmouth until she conveys the King and Queen of Norway back to the Continent about the middle of December, after which she is to be laid up until the beginning of February, when she will fit out for a spring cruise in the Mediterranean.

Several members of the Royal family will arrive at Windsor Castle next Monday on a visit to their Majesties, and the Mistress of the Robes and the Great Officers of the Household are to be in attendance when the King and Queen of Norway arrive from Portsmouth at the Sovereign's Entrance to the Castle, where they will be received in state by their Majesties. The King and Queen of Norway will now have precedence of the Prince and Princess of Wales and all the other members of the Royal family.

At the Council which the King held at Buckingham Palace on Monday, October 22, his Majesty signed an order constituting a new Archdeaconry for the diocese of Birmingham. This is to be called the Archdeaconry of Aston, and the Bishop of Birmingham has appointed Canon Mansfield Owen, vicar of Edgbaston, to be office. The stipend is £200 a year, paid by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

A weekly contemporary announced last week that the guests at Sandringham this week "will include the King of the Hellenes and Prince George of Greece." King George, who has been staying in Paris for nearly a fortnight, is leaving this week for Vienna, and has no intention of visiting England. Prince George of Greece has left Port Said on his way to India. The announcement in the same journal that there was to be "a big pheasant drive" at Sandringham yesterday is another fiction.

The King has kindly placed Barton Court House, the Royal residence on the Osborne estate, at the disposal of Sir Francis Laking, who has gone to spend a few weeks in the Isle of Wight in order to complete his recovery after his recent severe illness. Barton Court House was lent during the spring and summer months to Canon Hervey, rector of Sandringham, who has been passing the autumn in Scotland. The manor of Barton was purchased about sixty years ago from Winchester College by Queen Victoria, who rebuilt the picturesque

gabled house, which has pretty, old-fashioned terraced gardens.

The Prince and Princess of Wales returned to York Cottage, Sandringham, on Friday evening from visiting Lord and Lady Stradbroke at Henham Hall. The Prince had three days' excellent shooting during his stay at Henham, nearly three thousand head having been killed, principally partridges. The weather was wet and stormy on Wednesday. The Princess drove on Tuesday to Southwold, and afterwards visited Lord Huntingfield and the Misses Vanneck at Heveningham Hall, where the house and park are considered to be about the finest in Suffolk. On Wednesday H.R.H. was to have visited the Dowager Lady Bateman at Oakley Park, a place celebrated for its imposing classical house, beautiful gardens, and richly wooded park. The weather, however, stopped this expedition, and in the afternoon the Princess drove with Lady Graham to Easton Park, and visited the picturesque ruins of Framlingham Castle. On Thursday H.R.H. drove to Dunwich, and spent the afternoon on the beach. The Prince and Princess of Wales are to leave Sandringham next Monday for Windsor, and they will stay at Frogmore Lodge for about ten days.

The Prince of Wales is to pay a visit later on in the shooting season to Sir Savile and Lady Crossley at Somerleyton Hall, near Lowestoft, where he will stay for three days. There is excellent shooting over the Somerleyton estate, and heavy bags of wild fowl are obtained during the winter. The shooting has been much improved during the last twenty-five years, and the extensive preserves on the estate are now among the best in Suffolk.

Somerleyton was for centuries the seat of the Lords of the Island of Lothingland, and the estate was afterwards owned by the FitzOsbornes, the Garneys, the Allens, the Anguishes, and the Jernigans. The domain was sold in 1844 by Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne to Sir Morton Peto, from whom the estate was purchased by the late Sir Francis Crossley.

The handsome house at Somerleyton, which is of red brick and stone, was built during the Peto period on the site of a most interesting old manor house, which was barbarously pulled down. The interior is gorgeously decorated with frescoes, tapestry, and carved ceilings and chimney-pieces, and there is a gallery of modern pictures. There is a large winter garden attached to the house. The park of three hundred acres contains a very fine lime tree avenue, and the gardens are elaborately laid out.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia spent last week at Knowsley Park, on a visit to Lord and Lady Derby, whose house party also included Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck. The Royal visit to Liverpool on Wednesday was most successful. On the other days the Duke of Connaught enjoyed some excellent shooting in and around the immense park, and the Duchess and the Princesses drove to Formby Links and played golf there.

Princess Louise was received with great enthusiasm when she visited Lockerbie last Tuesday for the purpose of opening a bazaar in the Town Hall, and H.R.H. was loudly cheered by large crowds on Thursday as sho drove through the decorated streets on her way to the station. Princess Louise and the Duke of Argyll, who are expected at Kensington Palace this week from Roseneath, Dumbartonshire, were the guests of Sir Robert and Lady Jardine at Castlemilk during their visit to Annandale.

On Wednesday Princess Louise paid a visit to Comlongon Castle, the Dumfriesshire seat of Lord Mansfield, which is let to Mr. Johnstone Douglas. This ancient castle, which was restored by the late Lord Mansfield, was once the country residence of the Warden of the Western Marches. It is well placed on the edge of an extensive wood, and commands fine views.

A morning paper published a telegram from Berlin last week stating that the Emperor William "will visit King Edward in the Isle of Wight at the end of February or the beginning of March." This is the very purest of fictions, no such visit ever having been contemplated. There is an *a priori* absurdity in the very idea of the King receiving any guest whatever in the Isle of Wight in February or March. Where would such a guest be entertained now that there is an end of Osborne as a Royal Palace?

The story of the probable appointment of the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg to be Ambassador in London is another ridiculous invention. It would be in the greatest degree inconvenient, for both public and private reasons, to have a personage as Ambassador who is married to a niece of the King. The Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg is a great-grandson of the Duchess of Kent, through her first marriage with the Prince of Leiningen, and the Hereditary Princess is the third daughter of the Grand Duchess Marie of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and the late Duke Alfred.

The Peers of Scotland have been formally summoned to meet at Holyrood House to-morrow for the election of a Representative Peer in the place of the late Lord Leven and Melville. It is said at Edinburgh that Lord Rothes will be chosen.

General Sir C. Mansfield Clarke, G.C.B., will shortly be retired under the age clause on a pension of £1,000 a year, thus giving promotion to Lieutenant-General Sir

For APPROVED CHARITIES, see pages 1141, 1142.
For APPEALS, see page 1137.
For SPECIAL FOR LADIES, see page 1143.
For the TRUTH HOTEL LIST, see page 1145.
For Selected FOREIGN HOTELS, see pages 1144, 1145, 1146.
For OUR PUZZLES, see pages 1149, 1150.
For ESTATES, AUCTIONS, see page 1150.
For AMUSEMENTS, see page 1142.

B. Blood, who has just vacated the Indian Northern Command. Sir C. M. Clarke will continue to hold the Governorship of Malta until April, 1908.

Few statesmen have survived their retirement from public life so long as the late Lord Cranbrook, who was one of the ablest and most influential of the Conservative leaders when Disraeli was at the zenith of his power, but he has outlived him a quarter of a century. Mr. Gathorne Hardy, to give him the name by which he was known throughout the most active period of his life, was the third son of Mr. John Hardy, of Dunstall Hall, Staffordshire, for many years M.P. for Bradford, whose family made an immense fortune out of the famous Low Moor Ironworks. The future Minister was educated at Shrewsbury and Oriel, and on leaving Oxford he went to the Bar, but never practised. His public life commenced in 1856, when he was returned at a by-election for the now extinguished borough of Leominster, and he very soon became known in the House of Commons as a most able debater, and a forcible and eloquent speaker. He was so favourably regarded by Mr. Disraeli that when the Tories came into office, in February, 1858, he was appointed Under Secretary at the Home Office.

Mr. Hardy was a staunch Churchman and an adherent of the old High Church party, and in 1865 he was selected (mainly through the influence of Archdeacon Denison) to stand for Oxford University against Mr. Gladstone, who had held the seat for eighteen years. Mr. Hardy won the seat, and when Lord Derby again came into office, in July, 1866, he was appointed President of the Poor Law Board, with a seat in the Cabinet. Ten months later Mr. Hardy succeeded Mr. Spencer Walpole at the Home Office. He most vigorously opposed the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and his fiery speeches on that question greatly raised his Parliamentary reputation. Mr. Hardy was Secretary for War from 1874 until 1878, when he became Secretary for India in the place of Lord Salisbury, who had succeeded Lord Derby at the Foreign Office. In the same year he was raised to the Peerage. Lord Cranbrook held the office of Lord President of the Council in Lord Salisbury's first and second Governments, and he retired from public life in 1892, when he was advanced to an earldom.

In public life Lord Cranbrook was eminently a fighting man, but he was richly gifted with shrewd common sense, and did not waste strength on battles which were obviously both hopeless and useless. He always denounced what he described as "effete, torpid, and bigoted Toryism." He was a warm advocate of Church reform on what he considered to be practical lines. Personally, he was universally popular, and his genial hearty manner made him innumerable friends. Lord Cranbrook was very fond of riding and shooting, and he was a remarkably fine shot. He was most hospitable both in town and country, and was an admirable host. He was greatly beloved by his family and intimate friends, who were able fully to appreciate his virtues in home life and his personal charm of character.

Lord Cranbrook's appointment as Home Secretary reminds me of a Parliamentary episode that took place after the Hyde Park riots which brought his predecessor, Mr. Spencer Walpole, to grief. People always imagine that obstruction was invented by the Irish. As a matter of fact it flourished long before Messrs. Parnell and Biggar first used it as a Parliamentary weapon, and the Hyde Park riots led to the first instance of it in my recollection. The Session was ending when the Government brought in a Bill arising out of the riots. It had been agreed that no controversial matter was to be taken, and only uncontroversial Bills carried through their final stage.

At that time there were few Radicals in the House, and the Liberal Party was inclined to treat them as a negligible quantity. I suppose that the Whips of the two parties had agreed to regard the new riot legislation as uncontroversial, and the Government Bill was brought forward to be advanced a stage on a Wednesday sitting. At once Mr. John Stuart Mill called a meeting of Radicals, at which only about half a dozen members put in an appearance. It was agreed to talk the measure out. Mill divided the time by the number present, and each was to speak a certain time. There was half an hour over. I, being young and zealous, offered to add this half-hour to my time, and the offer was at once accepted.

At first I got on swimmingly; but the clock, as I progressed, seemed to go slower and slower, and I seemed to have said everything which, on a large interpretation of what was germane to the matter, I could say. The House was almost empty, the reporters had ceased to report, the Speaker was asleep, and no one except John Stuart Mill seemed to be listening. So I said that I would give an account of a dispute in regard to a park that occurred in the time of Charles II. Having got my *dramatis personæ*, I gave speeches made in the Common Council, and then particulars of dispatches interchanged between Lord Chancellor Clarendon and the local authorities. Thus I triumphantly filled in my allotted time.

When I sat down John Stuart Mill said to me that this dispute was a most interesting one, and, curiously enough, it had escaped his notice. I shall never forget his air of surprise—to put it mildly—when I told him that no such incident had ever occurred, and that it was purely an effort of my imagination. Mill was a great philosopher and political economist, but he was not a practical Parliamentarian. As for the Hyde Park Bill, after this display of the resources of a very small minority, it was dropped.

FOR MOSQUITO BITES, WASP OR BEE STINGS, nothing allays the irritation so quickly as SCRUBB'S CLOUDY FLUID AMMONIA. Price 1s. per bottle. Beware of imitations.

Mr. Micklethwaite, who died last week in his sixty-fifth year, was a most distinguished expert in ecclesiastical architecture and a learned antiquary. He was a pupil for seven years of Sir Gilbert Scott, but he soon established a high reputation on his own account. Mr. Micklethwaite's time was practically occupied either in designing new churches or restoring old ones, and his work was always most carefully and judiciously carried out. He was architect to Westminster Abbey and to St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle. Mr. Micklethwaite's body was cremated last week at Golder's Green, and the ashes were afterwards buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. He was a native of Wakefield.

A few years ago I used to see a good deal of Mr. George Herring. As everybody now knows, he laid the foundations of his wealth as a bookmaker, and when I first knew him he was acting as betting commissioner for Sir Joseph Hawley. Very astutely he discharged that duty. He was a clear-headed, shrewd man, with the instinctive gift of making money out of money, but unlike many who possess that gift he was absolutely straight in all his dealings. In all the years I have known him, I never heard any shady transaction alleged against him, and the reputation he bore in this respect, first on the Turf and afterwards in the higher walks of finance, undoubtedly contributed to his astonishing success in life. The truth was that, though he had such skill in manipulating it successfully, he never valued money unduly for its own sake, as is shown by the use that he eventually made of his wealth. He was an unaffected man, who never aspired to shine socially, and the soul of good nature.

In his public benefactions Mr. Herring always showed the same shrewdness and sound judgment by which his money had been made. His principle of making a pro ratâ contribution to the Hospital Sunday Fund brought thousands of pounds to the London hospitals beyond his own magnificent gifts. I do not suppose that any man who gave lavishly to charity was ever less imposed upon; in fact, it may be taken for granted that he never wasted a penny in charity. This was because he never believed in charity as the mere writing of cheques, but interested himself actively and closely in any object to which he directed his benevolence. A few years ago he built a block of almshouses near Maidenhead, for the benefit of middle-class married couples in reduced circumstances—an admirable design, but one easily open to abuse. He invited me to help him by finding tenants for his houses through the columns of TRUTH. I had no difficulty in finding any number of candidates, but the candidates found it uncommonly difficult to gain admission, owing to the minuteness of the conditions that Mr. Herring laid down, and the trouble he took personally in investigating the cases, and assuring himself that no one got the benefit of his charity who did not fully deserve it. In all this he was a model to wealthy people who desire to use their money for the benefit of others, and there would be far less humbug and imposture connected with charity if his example were universally followed.

Mr. William Brown, who died last week at Crathie, near Balmoral, was the brother of John Brown, who was for many years the trusted servant of Queen Victoria. William Brown formerly occupied a farm on Deeside known as The Bush, which was frequently visited by her late Majesty when staying at Balmoral. When John Brown died in 1883 he left considerable property to his brother, including a handsome house in the Balmoral grounds, which had been built for him by Queen Victoria, who had made it over to him by deed of gift. About three years ago this house was purchased by the King, and William Brown built himself a residence on the Invercauld estate, which he named Victoria Villa. He was a genial, unassuming old man, and was much liked in the district.

Mr. F. S. Corrance, of Parham Hall, Suffolk, who died last week, was one of the best-known country gentlemen in East Anglia. He had for over forty years taken a most prominent part in local government work in Suffolk, and had been actively concerned with many agricultural movements. He was returned for East Suffolk at a by-election in 1867 as an Independent Conservative, being known as the farmers' candidate, and he represented the county in three Parliaments. He was a hearty supporter of all practical schemes for benefiting agriculturists. Mr. Corrance was very popular in the county, and he was most highly esteemed by all classes.

A correspondent writes:—

The *Pall Mall Gazette* describes The Grange, near Winchester, as "the family domain of the Ashburton family." The Grange estate was purchased by Mr. Alexander Baring (who was created Baron Ashburton in 1835) about ninety years ago from Mr. Henry Drummond, who had owned the property for about thirty years.

This place is really "the family domain" of the Henleys, who owned the estate for nearly two hundred years, and the first house was built by them from designs by Inigo Jones. Robert Henley, the Lord Chancellor, took the title of Earl of Northington from the parish in which The Grange is situated. The present very handsome house, which is in the Grecian style, was built by the first Lord Ashburton, who ornamented it with a stately portico copied from the Parthenon.

Lord Bute has a predilection for the Scotch baronial style of architecture. That fact, not in itself exactly a matter of public concern, has lately become of importance to the people of Rothesay owing to his lordship's refusal to grant feus (*i.e.*, building leases) except on the condition that the feuars put up houses in this particular style, following the sample designs of the estate architect. Personally, I have only the vaguest idea what the Scotch baronial style is like. A writer in *The Buteman* points out, however, that it belongs to a period when houses were built for defence more than for comfort, and I should think there is a good deal of truth in the contention that such a style

THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION: DR. ALABONE'S TREATMENT.—M. R. C. S., L. R. C. P., London, testifies as follows: "I was under the professional treatment of Dr. Alabone, and during that time received the greatest benefit from it. *I was placed on the retired list, as unfit for further service, owing to Phthisis.* Thanks to Dr. Alabone's treatment I have been able to resume the practice of my profession, and have now been actively engaged in practice for six months in good health"—"The Cure of Consumption, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh," price 2s. 6d., by E. W. Alabone, Lynton House, Highbury-quadrant, N.

is quite unsuited for small private dwellings in the present day.

In one instance at Rothesay, an architect's plans for an eight roomed house which a local resident desired to erect have been rejected because the design is baronial! It certainly appears probable that attempts to model houses of these modest dimensions upon the lines of mediæval castles will result in the production of architectural abortions as ugly and comfortless as any of those "pitiful concretions of lime and clay," against which Ruskin used to fulminate. No doubt a ground landlord is to be commended when he requires—this being, indeed, almost the only thing that he can do to justify his existence—that the buildings constructed on his estate shall conform to a worthy standard of taste and stability. But it is quite another matter when he arbitrarily insists, as Lord Bute is doing, upon the application to humble dwellings of the incongruous and impracticable style of old baronial halls.

My valued contributor "Madge" took upon herself the other day the responsibility of asserting that "men seem to admire the fast and fluffy girls, not the gentle, quiet ones, who hate to be conspicuous, who neither smoke, nor drink B. and S.s, nor gamble at bridge." When I published this I wondered whether no man would contradict it, and I have had a letter from a gentleman who gives a totally different view of the matter. He is a Queenslander. He seems to have come all this distance in search of one of the gentle, quiet ones, who hate to be conspicuous, and do not smoke, nor drink B. and S., nor gamble at bridge; but the significant fact about his evidence is that he has not been able to find her in England, and now he has gone to look for her in Norway, from which country he writes to contradict "Madge." His contention, therefore, seems to be that it is not men who are at fault, but girls. Men admire the right type of girl—"we needs must love the highest when we see it"—but the right type simply does not exist.

I do not want to mis-state the case in any way, or to attach more importance to the Queenslander's failure in his search than it is justly entitled to. I ought, therefore, to mention that though in search of that "sweet, womanly girl" described by "Madge," he also makes a *sine quâ non* of "sweet blue eyes and fair hair." It is just possible, therefore, that he may have come across in England a sweet womanly girl who does not smoke, drink, or gamble, but that she failed to suit owing to her eyes or hair being the wrong colour. He incidentally remarks that "the fair type is practically extinct in England, except in the imagination of novelists." I must confess that this remark inspires me with a little misgiving about the value of his evidence. I know so many fair girls myself—in fact, whole families, not to say tribes, of them—that I wonder whether he really has been searching England as assiduously as he suggests, or whether perchance his own eyes are at fault. It is true that as a rule the fair damsels are inclined to be "fluffy," but, speaking for myself, I have not noticed that this characteristic is associated with undue partiality for cigarettes, spirits, or bridge.

However, the Queenslander's good faith is not open to question, for he concludes with this genuine business offer: "I will gladly give £100 to any one who would introduce me to the right girl, as I soon spend that money in search for her." A man cannot say fairer than that. It seems a great chance for the mothers of sweet womanly girls with sweet blue eyes and fair hair, who would often give £100 for such an introduction themselves, whereas here the fee is to be received instead of given. But unfortunately I am precluded from taking any share in the business myself, having lately, in an evil hour, devoted a great deal of space to exposing the evils of marriage broking. Is there any way out of this difficulty? If so, it must be found at once, for it strikes me that the Queenslander is now searching in a very likely quarter. I don't know about Norway, but if he drifts over the frontier into Sweden, he will find the most irresistible blue-eyed and fair-haired girls wherever he looks, and he may be lost to his countrywomen at any moment.

Messrs. Sotheby will be occupied throughout next week with the sale of the Duke of Sutherland's library from Trentham Hall. All kinds of books are to be found in the collection, but there are very few really valuable items in the catalogue, the chief rarity being a really fine copy of the Shakespeare third folio. The Trentham library was principally formed between 1790 and 1820 by the first Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, who were better known as Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford. They do not appear to have been guided by any principle whatever in their collecting work, but they simply bought any book which happened to take their fancy, so this library is not so much choice as large and varied.

Lord Carrington may be congratulated on his selection of Professor Middleton, of Cambridge, to succeed Dr. William Somerville as one of the assistant secretaries of the Board of Agriculture. It is an excellent appointment, as Professor Middleton is admirably qualified in every way for such a post, and it would have been impossible to find a more capable man. Professor Middleton has most efficiently filled the Chair of Agriculture at Cambridge during the last four years.

The early death of Prebendary Rogers is a great loss to the Evangelical party. He was a very able man, with an untiring capacity for work, a most clever organiser and administrator, and an admirable preacher. He was quite an ideal clergyman to be in charge of a large and difficult parish. Prebendary Rogers was successively curate of St. Paul's, Onslow-square, vicar of St. Peter's, Tunbridge Wells, and vicar of Great Yar-

SEEGER'S HAIR DYE.—Dyes the hair by merely combing through. 2s. the Case, or Trial Bottle, mailed free from observation, 7d.—HINDE'S Ltd., 1A, Finsbury, London.

mouth between 1880 and 1900, when he was presented by the Simeon Trustees to the rectory of Walcot, Bath, one of the most important benefices in their gift. Although a staunch Evangelical, he was a man of wide mind, and by no means a partisan. He was thoroughly practical, and took large views of affairs. For some time he had been in failing health, and he would have resigned his living but that the Bishop of Bath and Wells begged him to hold on for at least a short time.

The list of Select Preachers at Oxford during the present term includes the Bishop of Southwark on the 18th, and the Bishop of Ely on December 2.

WEIGHED—AND WANTING.

(An Object Lesson for Christian Scientists.)

Though some strongish things have said I
About a dame named Eddy,
  Who the founder is and eke the Priestess High
Of that strange creed, whose clients
Have baptised it "Christian Science"
  (Though, hang me if I know the reason why!

For science hath no lot in
This superstition rotten,
  Nor yet, I'm sure, hath Christianity).
Still, I can't help sorry feeling
For this *doyenne* of Faith-Healing,
  If it's true that she's by cancer doomed to die.

But while my heart, thus tender,
Doth pity that pretender,
  I cannot from myself disguise, not I,
Here's a striking object-lesson
In the humbug of "Impression,"
  Which, you know, 's the corner-stone of Christian Sci.

For it says, with strong insistence,
That pain has no existence,
  That sickness and disease are all my eye;
That they're but subjective notions
Of the cheated mind's emotions—
  In fact, a sort of metaphysic lie.

And that if, when pained or ailing,
You'll believe that health you're hale in
  (And faith will help you do so, if you try),
Like magic, flies Hey! Presto!
The pain and all the rest O,
  Because—well, they were never there to fly.

Yet we're told the very lady
Who founds this system shady
  Is doomed (or so some papers say) to die;
Nor, now that sickness reaches
Herself, the "faith" she preaches
  Can arrest—much less remove—her malady.

So if there's any noodle
Believer in that boodle,
  For whom *this* doesn't open wide his eye,
I'd recommend such man—well,
To take next train to Hanwell
  And stop there till the River Thames runs dry.

The following amounts have reached me towards the Toy Fund:—G. and A. H., £1 1s.; Dolly, 5s.; Lady Bevan, £5; H. W., £2 2s.; G. A. Z., £2; Noel, £1; G. A. T., £10. I have also received a parcel of "Viyella" cuttings for use in connection with the dressing of the dolls, and a large dressed doll from Miss Potter, of Pau, France.

It seems that what was said in TRUTH last week as to the examination for promotion to major in the R.A.M.C. might be extended to the examination of majors for further promotion. This involves a further mastery of such subjects as the Laws and Customs of War, Military Law (advanced), and the terms of the Geneva Convention. It is really an indefensible absurdity to impose tests of this kind on a man who has served from fifteen to twenty years in one scientific branch of the Service. For any relation they have to his efficiency for his own work, he might just as well be required to pass an examination in Latin grammar or French conversation; in fact, to take a man who is engaged in a highly-specialised class of work and set him to study such subjects must effectually mar his efficiency. Surely all the trained intellect we have now got at headquarters must recognise this.

A medical officer writes to me on this subject whose rank denotes that he has passed these examinations, and therefore is not personally interested in the question. He gives it as his opinion that the major's examination for promotion is merely an instrument for getting rid of thoroughly competent professional men, and he asserts that within his knowledge many such men, who were either unwilling to go in for the examination or failed to pass it, have been compulsorily retired at twenty years' service and become a useless charge to the taxpayer, when they might have done many years more of useful medical work in the Army. It is surprising that the Treasury, which generally keeps so close an eye on pounds, shillings and pence, does not put some check on War Office fatuities which serve no purpose except to swell the non-effective vote.

The absurdity of this system of examining for promotion is, of course, aggravated by the fact that passing the examination is no guarantee for promotion. The medical major who has, at the sacrifice of his proper studies, made himself a master of military and international law, has still to stand his chance of "selection," and, as if to finally stultify the system of examination, plenty of men who have passed—and the same informant says good professional men, too—have never been promoted although they have qualified. Apart from the injustice to such men, the fact that passing affords no certainty of promotion must necessarily increase the number of those who do not care to face the examination, and must therefore add to the number of those compulsorily retired irrespective of professional fitness. The whole system seems to offer a most congenial subject for the exercise of Mr. Haldane's talents.

A correspondent writes:—

> In your issue of to-day I see the statement that an ultra-Protestant officer in Malta many years ago refused to salute the Roman Catholic bishop of that island. I believe the facts were as follows: The officer, who was marching with a detachment, refused to order his men to salute the Host, and was dismissed from the Army in consequence; but the regulation was changed, and orders were given that British soldiers were to salute the priest who carried the Host.

If my correspondent is correct, the change in the orders seems to have made a distinction without much differ-

ence. At any rate, I presume that no such order is now in force.

From two quarters during the last week I have been asked to urge on the rulers of the Army the desirability of extending the policy of getting rid of elderly warrant and non-commissioned officers, which has been already applied to the Garrison Artillery. One correspondent has his eye on numerous militia sergeant-majors who, he thinks, have passed the age at which they can be sufficiently useful to the Service to be allowed to exclude younger men from desirable billets. Another wants to make a clean sweep of all the N.C.O.s in the infantry, including the militia staff, who have served above twenty-five years. One may smile at the artless enthusiasm of the writers for the efficiency of the Army in all its branches, but in the main I think that common sense is on their side. Primâ facie, I should say that few men over forty-five years of age are likely to be equal to the demands which must be made upon a warrant or non-commissioned officer in a stiff campaign—especially the sort of campaign in which the Auxiliary Forces would have to be called upon—and at any rate, if men are allowed to serve on beyond that age, it should be only after passing very stiff medical examinations.

A growl reaches my ears from Aldershot in consequence of the refusal of permission to wear plain clothes to two senior N.C.O.s of the Army Ordnance Corps, who were going away from the station on pass. I gather that the Army Ordnance Corps is treated differently in this respect from other branches of the Service at Aldershot. This only shows once again that the present regulations leave too much discretion in the matter to commanding officers. Until some general rule is laid down as to the circumstances under which plain clothes may be worn, anomalies are bound to arise, and to create an incessant sense of grievance.

"The Father of a Cavalry Subaltern" writes in strong condemnation of the recent withdrawal of the privilege which cavalry officers have always enjoyed of buying forage for their own horses from Government at contract price *plus* 2½ per cent. I must say that it seems, on the face of it, an inconsiderate proceeding, totally at variance with all official professions of desire to save the pockets of officers, for, as my correspondent points out, it is impossible for an officer to buy of a dealer as cheaply as he has hitherto bought of the Government, compelled as he is to buy in very small quantities owing to the limited facilities for storage. The privilege cost the country nothing; the 2½ per cent. added to the contract price was quite enough to cover the cost of storing and handling the forage, and probably yielded a profit. Officers are encouraged to hunt and play polo if they can afford it, and for very good reasons. Why, then, should the War Office go out of its way to add to the cost of keeping horses?

What a wonderful awakening there has been at the War Office of late is shown by the case of Henry Miller, recorded in Monday's papers. Forty years ago it seems, Miller, being then in possession of the Crimean and Baltic medals, with clasps for Alma, Balaclava, Inkerman, and Sebastopol, lost all his decorations in a shipwreck. They have just been re-issued to him, and were ceremoniously presented to him at Chatham by Sir Robert Hart. Everything comes to him who can wait, but, unfortunately, everybody has not Mr. Miller's staying power.

A very proper order has been issued by Lord Kitchener in India, under which men admitted to hospital for certain reasons for which they may be rightly held responsible, shall forfeit service pay for twelve months, be required to make up subsequently all guards and pickets which they have missed while in hospital, and be disqualified for all paid employment. I am credibly informed that in a company of Garrison Artillery at Nowshera, three men recently discharged from hospital under the circumstances contemplated by the above order have all been given employment, one man on a grass farm, one in the garrison police, and one in the wheeler's shop. This in itself might have passed unnoticed; but when these men, with two others, went into hospital two months previously, the whole company was punished for their fault by the stoppage of all passes for one month, and having to furnish a picket of one N.C.O. and two gunners per night for the same period. That, after such a punishment of the innocent for the guilty, the men who have brought it about should be rewarded in defiance of orders from headquarters is enough to make any man write to TRUTH, and to make TRUTH wonder how people who make such a foolish use of their authority come to possess it.

The question of living wages for officers being now to the fore, I have heard once again of the long-standing grievances of the accountant officers of the Navy. The strongest point seems to be that when an assistant-paymaster is promoted to the ward-room he draws £145 per annum. This rate of pay could only be justified if living were exceptionally cheap; and as it is added that ward-room mess bills average £9 or £10 a month, it cannot be said that this is the case. A man must certainly have a very great difficulty in making the two ends meet under such circumstances, unless he has some private means, which in this case is not very probable.

Another little grievance deserves mention. An accountant officer begins as an assistant-clerk on £45 2s. 2d. per annum. At the end of a year he may pass an examination and get promoted to full clerk with an increase of pay. But he must remain in this rank until he is twenty-one, when he is eligible to pass his examination for assistant-paymaster. The result of this is that a man who has passed in first may be caught up or passed at twenty-one years of age by a man who has passed in far below him, and a man may gain a year's

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seniority on the strength of no other qualification except age. This is not an imaginary occurrence, for I have a case before me in which a man has been passed over by twenty-five others for this reason. It would be perfectly easy to make rules to prevent this, and it would be to the benefit of the Service as well as the individuals who immediately gained by it.

Apropos of what has been said lately about sentences passed by Maltese judges on Englishmen, a correspondent mentions another case which occurred not long ago. According to his account of it, a man in the Navy was insulted and assaulted, without provocation, by a Maltese boatman, who solicited his patronage. The Briton knocked the man down, but as he was going to a boat to return to his ship he was attacked with knives by two men, cut about the face, and thrown into the sea. He was rescued by some other sailors and taken to the hospital. He subsequently took out summonses against his two assailants, and a cross summons was taken out against him. The British sailor was fined 30s., and the two Maltese were acquitted. Of course, this is an *ex parte* account of the case, and there may have been evidence against the Briton and in favour of the Maltese which does not appear in it. But the sailor's wounds, and the fact of his being thrown into the sea, speak for themselves. The only ground on which the two Maltese could have been acquitted was that they were not the parties who thus treated the sailor—in which case it is not easy to see why he should have been fined 30s. for assaulting them.

One of my readers in Mysore forwards a copy of an extraordinary law which has been enacted in that native State at the instance of the Government of India for the protection of the property of the local gold-mining companies. It severely restricts dealings in gold, makes the mere possession of any unwrought gold an offence unless the possessor is licensed, gives the police absolute powers of search, arrest, and seizure upon suspicion, and in cases where mere possession is not in itself to be accepted as a proof of guilt it still throws upon the accused the burden of establishing his innocence. These drastic regulations are not simply confined to the neighbourhood of gold mines, but are extended to the whole country, and the whole population of five and a quarter million people. It is, of course, the duty of the administration to protect mining companies as well as everybody else from robberies, but this law violates fundamental principles of freedom and justice, and may easily be converted into an instrument of oppression and cruelty.

Once more I have received a letter bearing the familiar signatures—familiar to me at least—of U Maha Sing, U Tibor, U Kali Sing, U Hiro Sing, U Ira Sing, and U Ra Sing, Myntris of the Ruling Twelve Clans of Cherra State in the Khasi and Jaintia Hills district in Assam. They still sing the same plaintive song that I have been hearing from them for the past three or four years. The burden of it is that the Indian Government, misled by its local officer, set aside the immemorial custom of the people in regard to their election of the Siem, or head of the State, and installed in the "guddee" (which I suppose is the Cherra equivalent of the throne) an upstart whose rule is productive of "evils of the most harrowing description." When last the Myntris communicated with me they declared that the appointment of Mr. Morley as Secretary for India had "suffused their minds with a measureless joy." They expected that he would remove the usurper and establish the rightful claimant in the Siemship. Mr. Morley, alas! has bitterly disappointed them, yet their hearts—so they tell me—are still buoyed up by "a belief that the British people have not been so totally shorn of the feeling of justice as to turn a deaf ear to the genuine and ingenuous representations of an unsophisticated people, subjected to the most unjust, inequitable, and unlawful treatment." Of course, it pains me to say so, but really I am afraid that the Myntris are courting another disappointment.

The Treasury has so far proved inexorable in the case of the few surviving members of the old class of Civil Service writers who are threatened with compulsory retirement without a pension. As I have previously explained, the age of these men rendered them ineligible for promotion at the time, some twenty years ago, when their younger colleagues of the same class were transferred to the "established" service, and so became entitled to pensions. The remaining non-established writers have been employed for periods averaging between thirty and forty years, and their average age is now over seventy years. Certainly these veterans ought not to be required to work any longer, but the proposal to discharge them next February with a gratuity of £100 instead of a pension is highly discreditable to the State. It means that as soon as the gratuity is exhausted some of them will be faced with the alternative of starvation or the workhouse. The Treasury is a soul-less abstraction to which it is useless to make further appeals. But the Treasury is amenable to properly-directed pressure, and I trust that Sir George Kekewich, M.P.—who, as a former Secretary of the Education Department, where most of the old writers are employed, is fully acquainted with their case—will be well supported in his efforts to secure more liberal treatment for these humble servants of the State.

The remarks in last week's TRUTH on the Post Office telephone service have brought me a great deal of correspondence, and it is evident that the public feel considerably aggrieved in regard to this matter. There is, of course, no means of proving conclusively that the official record of calls is incorrect, but several correspondents mention experiences which strongly suggest that there is something wrong. The following is the strongest evidence on the subject:—

I recently checked my own accounts, which on the face of them indicate that they are incorrect. My office is in the Strand, with two lines on the limited call system. During the first month the

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SOME interesting remarks on the subject of modern life and nerve strain by Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., are found on page 1148.

minimum of 360 calls on each line at 36s. was stated to have been exceeded, and about 40 extra calls charged on each line. That is to say, my calls from a small office amounted to 800 in one month, whereas I calculate that my average is about 250 a month on both lines together. In my opinion an association to protect subscribers should be formed. The general inefficiency of the P.O. service is only too well-known to every subscriber.

A gentleman who writes with the authority of a consulting engineer to prove that such complaints are all moonshine, takes his stand on the ground that a subscriber's telephone is often used without his knowledge. He argues that unless the telephone is kept under lock and key, anyone in the house, or office, can use it, and though the subscriber may keep an accurate account of his own use, he cannot check the use of it made by others. This is very plausible, but it has no material application to the case of a man with a small office and staff, who keeps his telephone in his own room. In the above case, it would imply that for every time the subscriber used the instrument once, some of his employees were using it twice regularly every day in the week. This is highly improbable. But my correspondent's theory is still better negatived by the case mentioned last week, in which the complainant was for several months in communication with the Post Office respecting his allegations of overcharge.

In this case the subscriber has only a small office consisting of two rooms with a glass door between them, so that the telephone cannot be used without his knowledge when he is in the office. When he began to check the calls, he placed a lady clerk in whom he has implicit confidence in charge of the instrument, instructing her to take a record of every time it was used, and telling her the object of it. When he first found a discrepancy between his own and the Post Office records, he brought it to the notice of the Department. One of their officials came to inquire into his system, and then put a similar check on the line at his own end. He subsequently brought his record to compare with that of the subscriber's clerk, and the two tallied exactly. Surprise visits were paid to see if the subscriber's clerk could be bowled out, but it was never once done. This went on for two months or more, and as long as the Post Office were taking special means to check their own record, no further discrepancies arose.

My engineering correspondent gives me an interesting description of the mechanism of the meter, tending to show that it is impossible for the operator to register a call which has not been made and answered, though it is possible for her to omit to register one and thus make an error in favour of the subscriber. I can only say that, in the face of the above and other evidence, I remain sceptical about the infallibility of this mechanism. And my scepticism does not rest solely on this evidence. I am told that "the operator presses the meter button, not at the beginning, but at the end of the call, just before she has received the disconnecting signal from each subscriber, and is thus positively informed that a completed call has occurred." Does she? Who knows that she does? Unless my correspondent has done the invention an injustice, it is quite possible for the operator to be a little too previous and press the button *before* she is positively informed that a completed call has occurred. This would exactly explain what happened in the case above described, where as soon as the Post Office watched their end calls ceased to be wrongly registered. The inference is that prior to that calls which were not answered had been recorded.

The Helmsley Guardians, at a recent meeting, considered the condition of the workhouse pigs, and resolved that these animals should be "fattened up." The next business was the revision of the out-relief lists. It was alleged that one old woman who was receiving four shillings a week had given a friend a wedding present which was said to have cost about five shillings. Her allowance was at once cut down to three shillings a week without any attempt to ascertain whether the story was really true, or, if so, how much self-denial the old woman had practised in order to make the gift. The paupers in this union must envy the pigs.

Mr. Justice Bigham decided last week that the proprietors of a motor 'bus are not liable for injuries to one of their passengers caused by the skidding of the vehicle. As his Lordship is one of those Judges who are generally right, this decision is rather disquieting. I am not thinking so much of the passengers, who may take the risks of a motor 'bus journey with their tickets, as of the innocent bystanders. The skidding motor 'bus is a portentous addition to the perils of the streets, as everybody knows who has seen one of these formidable engines skating sideways towards the pavement on which he happens to be walking, or towards the hansom cab in which he happens to be riding. The peril was alarmingly illustrated on Waterloo Bridge last week, when, if we may trust the daily papers, a motor 'bus nearly skidded through the parapet of the bridge into the river, and in wet weather the danger is omnipresent. If you can get out of the way of the 'bus, which is not so easy if you happen to be in another vehicle alongside of it, you are still liable to be knocked on the head by the lamp-post which it usually displaces in the course of its gyrations.

The lamp-post difficulty has become a serious question for the municipal authorities, and I understand that the liability of motor 'buses for the destruction of street lamps is now a question in dispute between the respective owners of such articles. If Mr. Justice Bigham has read the law aright, motor 'buses seem to be free to destroy lamp-posts at will. London is, therefore, faced with the question whether it will have motor 'buses or lamp-posts; it clearly cannot have both. Even if the local authorities get over the difficulty by suspending street lamps from the houses in the manner practised by our forefathers, this alteration in our system of street lighting will be expensive

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for ratepayers, and as a matter of equity, if not law, it would seem that the 'bus proprietors ought to contribute to the cost.

I should have thought myself that if a man drives down the streets a machine which he is unable to control properly, he would be liable for any mischief that it may do when it escapes from his control and runs amok at the expense of any persons or property that come in its way. It may be that Mr. Justice Bigham's decision does not conflict with this view, having reference merely to the question of rights between the 'bus company and one of its own passengers. But it is clear that something will have to be done for the protection of the public either by lawyers, legislators, or engineers. Up to the present mechanical ingenuity has failed to devise a non-skidding tyre for motor vehicles which can be trusted to work satisfactorily on a muddy day in a London street. Cannot some ingenious person devise a non-skidding pavement without reverting to the days of macadam or granite setts?

A County J.P., writing in reference to a recent paragraph, suggests that the failure to form a Bench at Petty Sessions, with the resulting inconvenience to the parties having business there, is sometimes due to the fact that the sittings of the court are fixed for the same days as meetings of the Boards of Guardians, District Councils, or other public bodies of which some of the magistrates may be members. He also states that some Benches omit to draw up a rota of attendances. Both these explanations simply show that the Benches in question are very unbusinesslike, for they ought to have a rota, and care ought to be taken that the Petty Sessions do not needlessly clash with other periodical public engagements. I doubt, however, whether either explanation really accounts for the majority of the cases in which Petty Sessions have to be postponed owing to the non-attendance of magistrates. It is not so much the performance of other public duties as the allurement of shooting or fox hunting that causes many of their worships to be absentees from the Bench. There are any number of country magistrates who never, or hardly ever, put in an appearance at the court, and I fail to see any reason why the names of such deadheads should be retained on the commission of the peace.

Deemster Moore, of the Manx High Court, has laid down a startling proposition in regard to contracts between employers and workmen. A Douglas tradesman sued a man for leaving his service without notice, and as soon as the case was called on the Deemster (who seemingly thinks that the hearing of evidence is a waste of time) announced what his decision would be if the plaintiff chose to go on with the action. There might be a legal right of action, said the Deemster, but he considered that it was a most childish proceeding to bring such an action against a workman, and if the claim were pressed he should assess the damages at one farthing, and refuse the plaintiff any costs. Counsel for the plaintiff stated that the defendant put his employer to considerable loss and inconvenience by quitting his situation without any warning in the height of the season at Douglas. It was pointed out that tradesmen, boarding-house keepers, and others would be placed in a very awkward and unfortunate position if their employees were allowed to break their contracts with impunity; but the Deemster was obdurate. "It is enough for me," he said, "to know that the action is against a working man," and the claim was thereupon withdrawn.

Very similar opinions were expressed by the Deemster in two subsequent cases, in which another Douglas tradesman was the plaintiff. It would seem, however, that his Honour makes one notable exception to the rule that contracts between employers and employees are not binding on the latter. According to the *Isle of Man Times*, Deemster Moore has on occasion visited on absconding farm labourers who have been brought before him the punishment provided by the law. That punishment, in the case of farm labourers, is not a fine or an order to pay damages, but positively "imprisonment until they consent to go back to the service of their employers," and it is asserted that "unfortunate yokels have languished in gaol for months" for the offence of leaving their employment without notice. But it appears that Deemster Moore is himself an employer of agricultural labourers—a fact which possibly accounts for his readiness to give the farmer the fullest protection against absconding servants, though it is obviously no excuse for his unjust refusal of any remedy whatever to the town tradesmen whose workmen break their contracts.

Last Wednesday Judge Fitzgibbon, County Court Judge and Recorder of Belfast, suspended for the day the Michaelmas Sessions, which were being held in Belfast for the trial of prisoners and the hearing of civil bill cases. Parties who in ignorance of this arrangement made a fruitless journey to the court on Wednesday were blandly reminded that it was Hallowe'en, as though, forsooth, the occurrence of that festival were a sufficient explanation of the judge's absence, but the newspapers next day revealed the fact that his Honour had adjourned his court in order that he might attend a Diocesan Synod of the Church of Ireland. The result of this loss of a day's sitting was that the business of the sessions was disorganised, and could not be finished in the allotted time, the judge being due at Ballymoney on Saturday. In Belfast little notice is taken of such a proceeding on the part of a Protestant judge. One can, however, easily imagine how the Orangemen would howl if a Roman Catholic judge, when holding the assizes at Belfast, ventured to adjourn his court on St. Patrick's day or some such an occasion.

The case of a woman named Chervini at the Old Bailey last week was marked by another of those suppressions of the names of material witnesses or other parties concerned which have become a good deal too common in connection with criminal prosecutions. The

prisoner was charged with an offence under the Criminal Law Amendment Act, and at the hearing at the police-court "a gentleman" admitted having taken the woman's daughter, who was described as "dressed and looking as though she were fourteen," but who was really seventeen years of age, to his place in the neighbourhood of Bond-street. With a tenderness for this person to which he most assuredly had not the slightest claim, the magistrate permitted him to give evidence without publicly disclosing his name; and, as the prisoner pleaded guilty at the Old Bailey, he was not, of course, again examined as a witness in the case. If he had been examined there, I have no doubt that the judge would have insisted upon the disclosure of his identity, and I fancy, too, that if it had been brought to his notice last week, his lordship would probably have condemned the course pursued by the magistrate. As Mr. Justice Bucknill very emphatically observed in a notorious case a few weeks ago, the suppression in court of the names of witnesses or other persons is wrong in principle, and in practice it is rendered doubly objectionable by the fact that nine times out of ten the parties so favoured are utterly undeserving of any such consideration.

The Recorder of Bedford (Mr. W. Russell Griffiths) gave last week the worst exhibition of judicial ferocity that has come under my notice for a long time past. Two men named Woods and Hutchinson were charged with breaking a plate-glass window in the High-street, Bedford. It appeared that the prisoners, who were on tramp, went to the police station on a Sunday evening and asked to be allowed to stop there, averring that they had been turned away from the casual ward at the workhouse. On being told that they could not remain at the police station they said they would soon "do something" to be kept there, and they then walked to the High-street and in the presence of a constable deliberately smashed a shop window. At the Quarter Sessions the prisoners pleaded guilty to this offence, and in reply to the usual questions said they had nothing to say about it. They spoke in what a local newspaper describes as "a cheerful manner," whereupon

The Recorder said the matter was not one for laughter. It was a serious offence, and one for which they might be sentenced to five years' penal servitude. Had they anything to say in defence? "No," they answered, and the Recorder immediately passed a sentence of *five years' penal servitude.*

I suppose that even the Recorder of Bedford would not hold that the breaking of a shop window is in itself a crime meriting five years' penal servitude. It is, indeed, evident that the passing of this terrible sentence was to a great extent due to the fact that the Recorder lost his temper when the prisoners, instead of putting forward excuses and pleas for mercy, admitted the offence with what he considered an unbecoming levity. Their impenitence may have been a matter for regret. It was, however, no justification whatever for the infliction of a punishment so monstrously out of proportion to the crime, and I trust that the case will be at once brought under the notice of the Home Secretary with a view to the reduction of the sentence.

A startling course was adopted by the Lord Chief Justice of Ireland at Dublin Assizes the other day in a case in which one Jennings pleaded guilty to the manslaughter of his wife. Jennings, his wife, and their four little children lived in a tenement house. He had the character of being a quiet, respectable, industrious man, and the neighbours looked upon him and his wife as "rather an attached couple." One evening, however, this affectionate husband, finding that his supper was not ready, gave his wife a kick which knocked her down and inflicted a wound from which she died the same night. On the police entering the room early next morning, they "found the dead woman covered with blood, the whole place saturated with blood, and the little children sitting round looking at their dead mother."

After remarking that the couple appeared to have been very much attached to one another, the Lord Chief Justice went on to say:—

Perhaps on this occasion the wife, although usually admirably conducted, had been taking some drink, and this man, finding that she had not his supper ready, kicked her without contemplating that he would injure her. The whole thing resulted from a momentary outburst of passion. It might be a strong thing to do, but his lordship took it upon himself to discharge the prisoner to come up for judgment when called upon. He would not take the man away from his little children.

There does not seem to have been any evidence whatever that this unfortunate woman was drunk. But even if she had been "taking some drink" on this occasion, did that fact, coupled with the fact that his supper was not ready, justify the husband in kicking her? It is very likely true that he never intended to kill her, but all the same, the condition in which the victim was discovered showed that she must have been kicked with terrible violence; and to allow a man to escape unpunished for such murderous violence because it was the result of a momentary outburst of passion appears to be a decidedly dangerous proceeding. It is right that justice should be tempered with mercy. In this instance, however, the judge's anxiety to be merciful seems to have caused him to lose sight of the requirements of justice, and to take a course which, to say the least, is not calculated to discourage the practice of wife-beating, already sufficiently prevalent in Dublin.

It is rather a serious look-out for those of us who line onions, for in future, it seems, their scent is to be the distinguishing mark of the up-to-date burglar. So, at least, I gather from a case in the Brussels police courts last week, where a person suspected of burglary was found to be carrying a large onion in his waistcoat pocket. He protested that it was to take the place of his watch, which he had temporarily lent to a relative. But police-witnesses declared that an onion is one of the most usual accessories of the perfect burglar. If he is surprised at work he cuts it rapidly in two and attempts to rub the halves in the eyes of his captors. I do not know if this new fashion is confined to Belgium, the country which has taken as its national motto, "L'Oignon fait la force." Personally, I should have thought a pinch of cayenne pepper more adapted for the purpose.

In my Legal Pillory this week I give three particularly striking examples of magisterial leniency in dealing with offences against the person at Derby, Woodbridge, and Ashbourn. It is preposterous that defendants guilty of the serious assaults described in these cases should be let off with pecuniary penalties, the only proper and adequate punishment for such acts of brutality being a term of imprisonment without the option of a fine. But many of our Shallows appear to labour under the strange delusion that imprisonment is a form of punishment which should only be prescribed for offences against property, or for vagrancy by sleeping out without visible means of subsistence, or for the atrocious crime of playing cards—for money too!—on a public footpath. On this last-mentioned charge the county bench at Winchester have committed three youths to gaol for a fortnight—an outrageous sentence which ought to be at once remitted by the Home Secretary:—

Eddisbury Petty Sessions. Before Captain Wynne Griffiths, Lord Tollemache, Messrs. J. B. Littledale, H. E. Burder, and other magistrates. James Rutter, charged with assaulting Charles Edward Lovatt. After knocking complainant down, defendant knelt on him and struck him several times. Ordered to pay the costs.

Derby Borough Police-court. Before Messrs. W. G. Norman and G. Frost. Edward Taylor, convicted of assaulting Arthur Williams. A doctor said complainant's right cheek bone was broken. Fined 40s. and costs.

St. Helens Police-court. Wm. Wilson, charged with an aggravated assault on his wife. He threw a cup at her and then struck her with a bottle. The Bench said it was fortunate he was not there on a more serious charge; he might have killed his wife. A separation order was made, and defendant was fined 15s.

Woodbridge Petty Sessions. Before Colonel R. J. Carthew and Mr. J. Loder, Arthur Oxborrow, charged with assaulting Seth Finch. Defendant seized complainant by the throat, stabbed him in the head with a knife, and afterwards knocked him about whilst he was on the floor, injuring two of his ribs. Fined 30s. and costs.

Perth Sheriff-court. Before Sheriff Sym. John Sinclair, farmer, charged with assaulting a ploughman by seizing and compressing his throat, knocking his head against a window, and striking him. Bound over to be of good behaviour for the next six months.

Ashbourn Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. G. M. Bond, P. Turnbull, H. E. Okeover, and G. G. Busby. Joseph Muskery, charged with assaulting William Dean, an old man. Whilst complainant was at work in a field defendant threw missiles at him, and on being remonstrated with, struck him on the head with a hayfork, causing a wound which bled freely. Fined 10s. and costs.

Eddisbury Petty Sessions. Before the same magistrates. Thomas Jeffs and Enoch Astbury, charged under the Poaching Prevention Act with being found in possession of a number of snares. Fined £2 each and costs.

Margate Police-court. Walter Twyman, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. One month.

Derby County Police-court. Before Messrs. G. W. Peach, V. M. Jervis, E. Elsey, W. L. Mugliston and Sir A. Haslam. Samuel Ley, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. One month.

Belfast Police-court. Before Mr. Hodder. Alexander Kennedy, charged with stealing a pair of boots. One month.

Melton Mowbray Police-court. Before the Rev. P. F. Gorst, the Rev. J. P. Seabrook, and Messrs. J. Glover, G. S. Wells, and J. Gill. Harry Riche, charged with trespassing in search of game. Fined £1 10s.

Preston Borough Police-court. Before Messrs. W. Gregory, W. H. Francis, A. Clemesha and H. Cartmell. Mary Alice Malling, charged with stealing a skirt. One month.

Ormskirk Police-court. Before Messrs. J. Bromley and R. Shawe. John Winrow, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. Seven days.

Chesterfield County Police-court. William Green and John Renshaw, charged under the Poaching Prevention Act with being found in possession of a net and seven rabbits. Renshaw fined £1 and costs, and Green £3 and costs, or two months.

Winchester County Police-court. Three youths, named Albert Moody, Charles Walkley, and Percy Walkley, charged with gaming by playing cards on a public footpath on a Sunday afternoon. A constable said "money passed between them." There were previous convictions against the defendants. Fourteen days each without the option of a fine.

Newport (Isle of Wight) Borough Police-court. Before the Mayor and Messrs. G. B. Purkis, R. Bullen, F. Pittis, B. Vibert, C. Salter, and J. Stanley. George Wavell and Frank Eldridge, charged with assaulting a constable. They attempted to rescue a prisoner, Wavell striking the officer a violent blow in the face, and Eldridge kicking him in a brutal manner. Fined 40s. each and costs.

Annan J.P. Court. Before Mr. E. J. Brook and other J.P.'s. A gamekeeper pleaded guilty to assaulting a farm servant by striking him about the face, knocking him down, and kicking him on the head to the effusion of blood. Fined 7s. 6d.

Sheffield City Police-court. Samuel Jones, charged with attempting to steal an overcoat from a shop. Twenty-one days.

Mansfield Police-court. Herbert Blagg, William Durose, and Hugh Hughes, charged with poaching. Fined £2 each; in default, one month.

Newent Police-court. Before Major Thackwell and Mr. E. Conder. John Rick, charged with stealing a pair of boots from a shop. Twenty-one days.

Upton-on-Severn Petty Sessions. Before Colonel G. T. Scobell, the Rev. Canon W. H. Coventry, and Messrs. R. S. Bagnoll and A. W. Protheroe. Albert Price, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. Fourteen days.

Cricklade Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. A. D. Hussey-Freke, T. Arkell, J. E. Ward, and Lieutenant-Colonel Archer. Frank Telling, charged with cruelty by working a horse whilst it was in an unfit state. The animal was in a very poor condition, suffering from a diseased hock, and utterly unfit for work. Fined 20s.

ROYAL SOCIETY FOR PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS. Nearly 8,000 convictions last year. Complaints marked "Private," absolutely confidential.—SECRETARY, 105, Jermyn-st., London.

The lesson of his conviction for fraud in 1904 seems to have been completely forgotten by E. Phillips, of the *Railway Supplies Journal*. He is, indeed, playing his old game with rather more than his old boldness, for to one of his recent letters to a patentee (in the familiar form of which I gave a specimen on April 25) he appends the following postscript:—

I have a firm offer from a capitalist staying in your locality at the moment. Could you send telegram saying if the patent is for sale or royalty?

This is, of course, a further pretence to lure from the pocket of the patentee the usual half-sovereign which Phillips solicits, on the ground that he is going to publish an article on "your splendid patent." The definite statement as to the "firm offer from a capitalist" is unquestionably false, and the time has evidently come when another dose of imprisonment should be prescribed for this swindler.

"Understand, I am no tipster," writes an individual signing himself "W. Richardson," 12, Grenville-street, Brunswick-square, W.C. He writes this in a letter to a stranger whom he furnishes, at the suggestion of a "very old friend" (unnamed, of course), with a list of about thirty horses which can, he suggests, be safely backed for "good wins." The least gifted prophet could hardly fail to give some winners in so lengthy a list, but it is almost needless to say that Richardson's tips also included a lot of losers. Having taken no notice of the letter, the gentleman to whom it was addressed has now been favoured with another communication from Richardson asking why he does not reply when "a friend wants to do him good." This seems to be a silly game to play, but apparently it succeeds, mugs being found who consider they are under some sort of obligation to pay any unknown person who chooses to send them tips in this way.

Mr. F. Freke Palmer has written to me on behalf of his client, Mr. Albert Victor Jackson, in reference to my paragraphs last week concerning the issue of a betting circular in the name of "A. Jackson and Son," The Hague, Holland. Mr. Palmer says his client informs

him that he is not connected in any way, either directly or indirectly, with the firm issuing the circular, nor was he aware until he saw my paragraphs that the name in which he formerly carried on business was being used in this manner. It is added that the police authorities in Holland have been communicated with, and that everything possible will be done to stop any business being carried on in this name. In commenting on the circular last week I remarked that in view of the circumstances which I mentioned it was scarcely credible that anyone else than Jackson would choose to revive the firm of "Jackson and Son," and reprint so-called "press opinions," which had been judicially condemned as grossly fraudulent. According to Mr. Freke Palmer's letter, however, this is what has really happened, and his client's disclaimer, therefore, adds to the force of the warning which I published in regard to the betting business now purporting to be run by "A. Jackson and Son" at The Hague.

About three months ago the ranks of the registered usurers in Bristol—a city swarming with these pests—received a new recruit in the person of one Louis Fine, who describes himself as a retired tradesman, and who was formerly in business as a "furnishing company." Whether he ever actually lends money I do not know, but that he is as grasping and audacious as any of the older members of the fraternity in the matter of fee-snatching is shown by a recent incident. Fine's advertisement includes an intimation that he discounts bills. A bill was taken to his office, 2, City-chambers, and his manager asked that it should be handed to him "for the inspection of his bankers," promising to report the result in half an hour. On the applicant calling again he was informed that Fine could not discount the bill. The applicant then asked that it should be returned to him, whereupon Fine's manager replied that it would not be given up until two guineas had been paid for the cost of inquiries! This demand was afterwards repeated in a letter from Fine himself. Of course, he could be compelled by legal proceedings to deliver up the bill which he so impudently retained, but the parties to it preferred to take the less troublesome and equally effective course of stopping payment of it, so that it is now a worthless piece of paper.

It will be seen from this that Louis Fine is a harpy against whom would-be borrowers should be on their guard. He is, too, a harpy who deserves the attention of the Chief Constable of Bristol, for I find that he is daily committing a breach of the law which renders him liable to heavy penalties. My information on the subject is at the disposal of the Chief Constable if he cares to ask me for it.

Although the Viavi business is not so much in evidence as it was a few years ago, inquiries prompted by advertisements of "Viavi Health Lectures for Ladies" still reach me occasionally from different parts of the country. The latest comes from Penzance, where a Viavi agent has been conducting one of the usual campaigns. It seems desirable to mention once again, for the benefit of ladies in that part of the world, that Viavi is simply an ordinary quack cure-all of American origin, and that the objectionable feature about it is that the female agents who go about selling it offer medical advice and treatment, for which they have no qualifications of any kind whatever, being, in fact, merely trained to reel off sham medical "patter," like the quack doctors who used to be a familiar feature at country fairs. The serious danger of sending ignorant women about the country in this way to give medical advice to others is self-evident, and has been demonstrated by the deplorable results in many cases.

The latest thing in home employment advertisements appearing in the *Daily Telegraph* emanates from a concern with the magnificent title of The National Home Employment Association, Albemarle Works, Hounslow. The pamphlet issued to those who answer this advertisement is a typical example of the humbug of this class of business. It is got up more or less in the style of a *Times* Book Club advertisement, with the most attractive points displayed in catchy headlines, and the victim is intended to gather from it that the N.H.E.A. has devised a novel up-to-date scheme by which the unemployed may earn from 30s. to £5 a week; that it has spent "thousands of pounds" in bringing its business to perfection, and sold over two millions of one class of goods last year; that in some directions you can make "a clear profit of £1 per day at the work," and even after that "still further add to your income."

This is to be done either by going about selling what are known as transferable pictures for the decoration of windows, furniture, and also motor-cars and perambulators, or else converting them in your own home into magic lantern slides, which are the articles of which the association professes to have sold over two million last year. The only formality necessary to start earning £5 a week, and even making a fortune by this method, is to remit at once 5s. or 10s. 6d. for a complete outfit—the ten-and-sixpenny outfit being recommended as yielding the best results. It will be seen from this that the stock in trade of the N.H.E.A. is merely that of all the individuals who have from time immemorial practised on the credulity and distress of people who want work, and, judging from its advertisements and circulars, I should imagine that it is only the newest stalking horse of some old-established practitioner in this line.

Mention was made in TRUTH the other day of a lady named Bruce, who professed to be in possession of a matchless treasure in the shape of a nursemaid, whom she desired to introduce to various people who were advertising for servants in London papers, if the girl's fare from Brighton to London were paid. When, however, a lady in Brighton proposed to call on Mrs. Bruce and see the girl there, a reply came immediately that

the paragon was already suited. From information which I have since received, it appears that the same trick has been played on a number of people, and the idea probably was to get as many ladies as possible to pay the fare for one railway journey. "Mrs. Bruce" wrote from Messrs. Cook and Son's office at Brighton, and on inquiry there it was stated that she had left Brighton, and that her letters were being forwarded to Cook's office in London. Messrs. Cook and Son have now informed me that they have declined to receive any more of Mrs. Bruce's letters, and are returning them to the Post Office, and I have no doubt that they have taken the lady's measure correctly.

The *Daily Express* contained a few weeks ago a comical account of the first meeting of the "Eligible and Social Circle," organised by the Rev. W. J. Gommersall, at Stanley House, Belsize Park, Hampstead. From this it appeared that the reverend gentleman was coming to the rescue of lonely individuals of both sexes in London, who pined for the society of their fellow-creatures. He got them together in a schoolroom, and amused them with recitations, and when the ice was broken, and the lonely ones began to feel thoroughly sociable, he set them to play musical chairs, with the result, according to the reporter, that "widowers and widows, bachelors and spinsters, romped about like school children." The following letter, which has since been sent to me by the recipient, seems to indicate that Mr. Gommersall's mission to lonely eligibles may not be wholly disinterested:—

Stanley House, Stanley Gardens,
October 6, 1906.

Dear Sir, — I have much pleasure in offering you a very superior home in our young and cheerful well-educated private English professor's family, sociable and musical, at 21s. weekly, partial board inclusive. My husband is an Oxford and London honours man, F.R.S.L. I am diplomæ H.M.Sc.L. Our table is liberal, late dinner, and I feel sure we could make you very comfortable in our family of three daughters and one son. This large detached house is most pleasantly situated, etc., etc.

According to the *Daily Express*, Mr. Gommersall disclaims any intention of running a matrimonial agency. Under the circumstances that is just as well.

It is always a little dangerous to carry out a reform, however excellent, in too much of a hurry; and that is just what they have done in France in their haste to do away with capital punishment. They did so, to all intents and purposes, some little time since by deleting from the Budget the salary and other expenses attendant upon the public executioner. But although that gentleman was then officially done away with, the actual abolition of the death penalty has only just been *déposé* before the Chamber. In the meantime there were three criminals sentenced to death in Paris, and at least one in the provinces. Luckily for them there is no longer any machinery by which the sentence can be carried out, so they were able to hear it announced without undue concern. What is more, they are, according to long precedent, being treated while in prison much more leniently than would have been the case were they merely serving a term of imprisonment. And so they remain until somebody can make up his official mind exactly what to do with them.

A very remarkable article appears in the current issue of the *Fortnightly Review* under the title "Englishmen in Foreign Service," and I would recommend the perusal of it to all the Jeremiahs who are given to bewailing the inefficiency of the modern Englishman and the decadence of the British race. The article shows, by the enumeration of individual cases, the prominent share at present taken by our countrymen in the government of foreign States, such as China, Corea, Siam, Turkey, Morocco, and others; but the most remarkable part of it is the record, extending over four or five pages, of Britons occupying important posts in government and municipal employ, in the Church, the educational service, and the universities of the United States. As the writer, Mr. M. F. Johnston, points out, it is far more wonderful that Englishmen and Scotchmen should fill so large a place in the public life of the United States than that they should take a lead in half-civilised countries. The fact that they do so is a conclusive answer to all the outcry we hear about "American invasions" and the Americanisation of John Bull. The boot is on the other leg. John Bull is to the fore in the United States and everywhere else. No nation that ever existed has ever taken so large and conspicuous a part in managing the affairs of others, and the most astonishing point about it is that we should have all this superfluous energy and ability for the service of other countries over and above all that is absorbed by the world-wide business of running the British Empire.

While the better regulating of trade disputes is engaging the attention of our own legislators, it pleases me to observe how thoroughly the system of the strike has acclimatised itself in the Far East. In Indo-China especially they seem to enter thoroughly into the spirit of the thing. Thus the French papers inform us that, in the pleasant Tonkinese province of Binh-Dink twelve thousand native Christians have gone on strike against the "collection." They have, in fact, for the time being at least, de-Christianised themselves altogether, and stoutly declare that they will never re-enter the fold until the missionaries give up pestering them to support charities and otherwise exert themselves in good works. Such matters, they declare, come within the special province of the missionaries themselves, and with taxes as high as they are the congregations should not be worried for voluntary contributions. A good many of us in this country have felt much the

The Ritz Hotel, Piccadilly, London, is the latest addition to the famous Ritz Hotels. Built on the same lines as The Ritz Hotel, Paris, it is replete with all the latest appliances which add to the comfort of guests. The Hotel is entirely decorated and furnished in the Louis Seize style, and is the most artistic Hotel in Europe. The Direction and the Tariff of Prices the same as at the Carlton Hotel. Single Rooms from 7s. 6d. per day, Single Rooms with Private Bathroom from 15s. per day, Double-Bedded Rooms from 12s. 6d. per day, Double Rooms with private Bathroom from 21s. per day. Suites, comprising Sitting-room, Bedroom, and Bathrooms from 25s. per day. The Ritz Restaurant, overlooking Green Park, is open to non-residents. The Ritz à la carte luncheon at 6s. per head is served daily.

same thing occasionally, though I never remember to have heard of a congregation actually going on strike against the dreaded "plate."

BALAAM—UP TO DATE.

When Balaam, Israel called to curse,
Did the said process just reverse,

And (forced by God) his curse did change
To blessing, Balaak thought it strange.

So think I strange the curious line
Ta'en by the *Mail re* Soap Combine;

Which cursed is by our friend the *Mail*,
Both up the hill and down the dale.

Now this crusade, so fierce and strong,
May p'raps be right, or p'raps be wrong;

But that is not the point at all,
To which I 'd your attention call.

The point is this: the worthy *Mail*,
Intent to make Port Sunlight quail,

And on that single object set,
Holds o'er its head this solemn threat:

"Your wicked Trust is bound to fail—
I say it, I, the *Daily Mail*—

Because, if you make prices jump,
The Germans here cheap soap will dump.

Aye! no vile Trust can ever stand
In Britain's "unprotected" land;

Since foreign competition will
(Good business, too!) the monster kill.'

Now, though the *Mail's* remarks are true,
I think them rather odd—don't you?—

As made by such a champion warm
Of Tariff (quite miscalled) "Reform."

For, sure, the *Mail* thereby implies
That in Free Trade our safety lies,

In which alone escape we see
From Trade's worst scourge—monopoly.

So let me, inconsistent *Mail*,
Thee as our Free-Trade Balaam hail,

Who, fain to rail and curse and blether,
Yet "*Lo! hast blest it altogether!*"

It is a long time since I heard of the Primrose League, and I had an idea that it was dead, but the other day somebody handed me a leaflet headed "What is the Primrose League?" and explaining why I was asked to join it. In one respect it would seem that the League has altered its character since we used to hear of it, for the leaflet begins by stating that "three great principles," which should be the watchwords of "British men and women of all parties," are maintained by the League "independently of Party Politics." In its palmy days the League was about the "yellowest" party organisation ever started. Its hue has sadly faded. Why this change? When did it occur? Did the colour begin to go before the sun ceased to shine on the plant, or was it that the sun ceased to shine and then the floweret faded?

Much as I should like to join the League, I am afraid that its non-party character is, as yet, insufficiently pronounced for me to subscribe to its "three great principles." The first of them is all right. I am to declare myself in favour of "the maintenance of religion." Not only all Christians, but all Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics can do that cheerfully. But when we come to principle No. 2, the maintenance of the Estates of the Realm, I see a little difficulty at once in regard to the Lords Spiritual and Temporal. It is not clear how "men and women of all parties" can be expected to maintain them, or how it is going to be done independently of party politics. When it comes to No. 3—the maintenance of "the Imperial Ascendency of the British Empire"—never having heard of such a thing before—I should like to know what it is before I swear to maintain it. Imperial Ascendency, if it means anything (mind, I am not suggesting that it does), must mean ascendency over the world outside the Empire. I cannot swear to maintain that, because it does not exist; and I am not sure that I should if it did.

Owing, no doubt, to its independence of party politics, the League is shockingly misinformed about the present doings of parties. It thinks that the Radical Party "is supporting mere Secular Education." This seems to imply the delusion that Mr. Chamberlain still represents the Radical Party. The said Party is also said to be "assailing the law"—Heaven knows how or where! It has also "sought to diminish the extent and reputation of the British Empire abroad, and to restrict the sources of our foreign trade." I have not heard where the reputation, still less the extent of the British Empire, has been curtailed recently, or where the attempt in that direction has been made; but the other clause of the indictment is obviously aimed at the tariff reformers. It is very odd to find anybody supposing that they are the Radical Party. I cannot help thinking that the Primrose League has been using up some stale ammunition left in its lockers from the date when it was a party organisation. If not, the pretence of being independent of party politics must be all humbug, and those who have paid their shilling or five shillings on the strength of this fraudulent misrepresentation should demand their money back.

A portentous amount of nonsense has been talked about the London Borough Elections. Down to the year 1903, the "Moderates," as the lineal successors of the old vestrymen, dominated nearly all the Metropolitan Boroughs. In 1903 the Progressives gained a majority on about half of them. Now the other side have recovered their lost ground. The only result that is to be expected, therefore, is that local government in London will revert to its old lines, though I cannot say that I have ever noticed much deviation from them during the past two or three years. As for the cost of it being

reduced, the expectation of such a thing would only be accepted by fools. London rates rise, in the main, through the creation of new municipal duties by Parliament, or the demand for improved municipal services by the public. Borough Councils control but a fraction of them, and the "Moderate" faction has never shown a disposition to keep them down, while it has always been identified with rings and monopolies, which are the worst enemies of the ratepayers. The elector who believes that because these gentry have, for the third time, changed their name for electioneering purposes, they have also changed their character, will believe anything—even the *Daily Mail*.

It is amusing to see Unionists drawing comfort from the London Borough Council elections, and Mr. Balfour encouraging them in this course. Even if the Moderates were to gain a majority at the next County Council election—as they very possibly will—the event would have no significance from the point of view of parliamentary politics—or if it had any, it would be in favour of the Liberals rather than the other side. For years and years the majority of the London Boroughs have returned Unionists to Parliament and Progressives to the County Council. The idea of the electors seems to be that if they give one side a turn at the parliamentary elections they should make it up to the other at the municipal. It is, therefore, quite in accordance with the established tradition that, having gone Liberal in January they should go Moderate in November, and again next March. It is to be expected, of course, that we shall soon see signs of a swing of the pendulum against the Liberals at parliamentary elections, but when that happens we may equally expect to see the municipal pendulum swinging in the opposite direction. It is a paradoxical state of things, and I do not profess to understand it, but it is how things always have been.

The Galway election gives a curious lesson in Irish politics. It was the first public contest between Devolutionism and Nationalism. Mr. Stephen Gwynn, the successful candidate, is a Nationalist of a moderate type. He stood largely on the merits of his grandfather, Mr. William Smith O'Brien, who was an open revolutionist, and suffered accordingly. Mr. Gwynn, however, is not of the physical force party, and does not profess the political principles of his grandfather, but on the contrary is a reasonable Home Ruler. Ireland is the land above all things of paradox and contradiction, and it is not to be wondered at that Galway, with much energy and enthusiasm, returned Mr. Gwynn as its member.

The following letter raises a side issue on the education question which, so far as I know, has not come under notice before. I am particularly glad to have an opportunity of publishing the letter, because it shows that there are Roman Catholics who are capable of taking just and liberal views of the rights of all concerned in the question, notwithstanding all the narrow-minded bigotry that has been so much in evidence of late:—

Sir,—Some possible justification of the attitude of the opponents of denominationalism in schools may be found in the fact that a great deal of the money that is contributed to their support through the rates and taxes is virtually used as an endowment of communities of religious women in convents in England and Ireland. It seems, even to right-thinking Catholics, unreasonable to require non-Catholics to support organisations of any religious community to which they do not belong. Non-Catholics have a just grievance in this matter as the case stands. The situation is more indefensible when one considers that each member of these religious bodies makes a vow of poverty, and surrenders her wealth on admission to a common fund for life support. These religious communities are therefore not dependent on their school earnings for their revenue, as are the trained secular teachers whom they supplant. Moreover, it must be remembered that these religious women do not possess, like the secular teachers, the primary advantage of efficiency, namely, regular scholastic training. Most of them only begin to learn a little when they enter the convent.

It is a great hardship for the qualified secular female teacher to find every Catholic school's door shut against her by the nuns and clergy, after she has spent years of studious toil and money in equipping herself for her profession. The remedy for these combined evils is to limit employment in State-supported schools to trained seculars, with the essential condition of religious education, and the daily study of the catechism, according to the denomination of each school. In this way the endowment of Catholic religious establishments out of the funds of Protestant people—an obvious flaw in the Education Bill of 1902—would be avoided, as would also the exclusion of secular teachers from Catholic schools.

On the point of the disqualification of nuns for the public service in the educational department, I would direct attention to one point now recognised as an essential element in public education—namely, athletic exercises and physical culture. I lately heard from a school inspector who was strong on this branch of education that some nuns, not to be ousted from their hold on State-subsidised schools, employed an ex-military instructor to make them experts in athletics. It was a truly grotesque spectacle to see the ex-soldier drilling his religious recruits in the convent grounds, and the ladies equipped for the occasion in a sort of semi-male costume. But anything sooner than lose the coveted school fees, which hundreds of poor girls, trained and competent teachers, are deprived of by less competent rivals.—I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

A Catholic School Inspector.

One thing I sincerely hope, and I think that most Liberals are with me in the aspiration. It is, that there will be no compromise with the Lords in regard to the Education Bill, in order to secure its passing. Small, minor amendments involving no principle may be accepted by the House of Commons, if they be deemed improvements by it. But there must be no yielding of principle. It will be far better that the Bill should not pass, leaving to the Lords the responsibility, and taking speedy care that henceforward the Lords will be unable to renew their baneful work. The Bill is not one that satisfies me, for I am against all religious teaching in schools supported by the taxes or rates, the teaching of religion not being the business of a Government, however valuable it may be. But, in view of the enormous majority by which it passed in the Commons, there is no question that it represents the views of the majority of the electorate.

The Lords are not a representative Assembly. There is no reason to suppose that their personal opinions in regard to education are more valuable than those of any other few hundreds of individuals. The question, therefore, at the bottom of the present issue is, whether the views of the country as set forth by their elected representatives, or those of a few hundred hereditary noblemen, and the bishops of one particular religious sect,

Cherry Whisky Fremy Fils (Chesky). The Original Brand.
Cherry Whisky Fremy Fils (Chesky). Beware of Imitations.
Cherry Whisky Fremy Fils (Chesky). Sold Everywhere.

shall prevail. Among the hereditary Legislators there are some men of ability, but there are also a great many as little qualified to frame an Education Bill as—let us say, Lord Townshend.

No sooner was the Bill before them in Committee than an amendment was moved that religion should be taught in all schools, and the discussion showed that the idea was that it should be taught in school hours, and by the schoolmaster. As the Lord Chancellor said, the amendment was moved solely as a flag of defiance at the commencement of the proceedings. Neither Bishop nor hereditary Peer explained what was meant by the word "religion." It need not necessarily have been Christianity. It might, indeed, be Pantheism, or Comtism, or Mahometanism, or any other of the numerous religions that find votaries. It need have involved no dogma, and this religion when decided on was to be taught by a Civil Servant, who might, or might not, believe in it. Nor was it clear what authority was to settle the religion. Apparently, this was to depend upon the local authorities, which would, of course, lead to an envenomed fight each time they had to be elected. And yet this most absurd amendment was carried in a full House by about five to one, the majority consisting entirely, as usual in the Lords, of Conservatives. After this, nothing that transpired, or will transpire in regard to the Bill until it has left the Lords, will be a matter of surprise.

We recently had an object lesson in the ways of women. About a hundred shrieking, scratching females managed to get into the Palace of Westminster. They were removed by the police, and on refusing to enter into recognisances for good behaviour they were conveyed to prison, where those who have not been released on account of ill health still remain, asking the country to admire them as martyrs, whilst some of their husbands write letters denouncing the iniquity of arraying them in prison garb, and obliging them to clean out their cells and make mats. Far from regarding them as martyrs, or regretting that they are put to useful work, there are very few, except the silliest and most henpecked of men, who do not rejoice that women who set the law at defiance should be punished, for it is obvious that, if all who do not have votes announce their intention to ignore law, and to render it impossible for Parliament to legislate owing to their unruly behaviour in the sanctuary of legislation, we should cease very soon to be a civilised community.

I know of no more reason why the Lords should interfere with the national will than these silly women. We are, however, so accustomed to their doing so that the outrageous character of the episcopal and lordly interference does not strike us as so absurd as in the other case. Yet so it is. I wonder what we should have thought had an Upper Chamber, consisting of bishops and hereditary noblemen been allowed to amend according to their own sweet will the recent law in France separating Church from State. But neither in France nor in any other civilised country outside ours would such an Upper House be allowed to exist.

THE DELUDED WEATHER-PROPHET.

A Man named Jones, as I've heard tell,
Deemed he could read, and read so well,
The Language of the Wind and Sky,
And gauge with such unerring Eye,
That accurate he could divine
The coming Weather—wet, or fine.
One Morn, when ushered in the Day
A North-East Wind with Welkin grey,
To Town set off this cocksure Feller
Minus his Coat and his Umbrella,
Although his Wife, protesting loud,
Points to the Sky o'ercast with Cloud:
"Why, Tom, what*ever* are you at?"
"You'll spoil," said she, "your best Top-Hat!
With Sky so grey, 'tis bound to pour."
"Pooh! Pooh! A Blight, my dear. No more.
The Wind's North-East—a certain Sign,"
He said, "of Weather settled fine.
A Spot or two, at worst, may fall.
Yes! That—I bet you—will be all."
But scarce he'd got half way to Town,
Ere came, in Sheets, the Deluge down,
And lasted, too—the Truth to say—
Incessant, all the livelong Day.
To Jones, when home he reached that Night—
A wetter and a wiser Wight—
His Spouse, as Spouses will, you know,
Exclaimed, "Well, Dear, I told you so.
Next time you will be less inclined
A Pledge of Weather fair to find,
Unfailing, in your North-East Wind."
"Can't make it out; for ne'er, I vow,
Knew I such Wind bring Rain, till now."
"With North-East Wind we seldom get,
I quite allow," she answered, "Wet.
But when it *does* rain from that Quarter,
It always rains a perfect Snorter!"

Moral.

E'en when Life's Sky seems settled fair,
The prudent Man will still beware.
For Woes from unexpected Source
Fall ever with redoubled Force.

SCRUTATOR.

THE *TIMES*, PAST AND PRESENT.

IT is difficult for the present generation to realise the influence of the *Times* under Mowbray Morris and Delane. Before the days of the penny press its circulation was probably as great as that of all the London dailies combined, whilst its readers were far in excess of its circulation, for it was often the only paper taken in at provincial reading rooms, and it was extensively let out by newsagents for reading at so much per hour. Mowbray Morris was a very able manager. Delane was an admirable editor for such a newspaper. The *Times* in those days was always by way of being independent of all party ties, but it generally managed to be the organ, if not of an Administration, at least of some man or men of note amongst the leaders either of the "ins" or of the "outs." The articles took a side, but they were written with such skill that they gave the impression of an impartial summing up by a judge, seeking to get a verdict, but

SAVOY HOTEL & RESTAURANT, LONDON.—The most beautiful garden and river view in Europe. The Restaurant of the world. Hotel rooms bright, fresh, and delightfully quiet.

carefully concealing this aim from the jury. Even when the paper did throw all its influence on one side or the other on some matter seriously affecting the State, it did so with a certain air of patriotic dignity, which doubled the effect on the public mind. The rise of the penny paper struck the first blow at this press autocracy. With the repeal of the paper duty, penny papers soon acquired a large circulation. But the *Times*, as the most influential press organ, maintained its supremacy for long. It was thought so "respectable." Its foreign correspondence was far superior to that of its new rivals, and in many departments it was a better paper.

The *Times* retained this pre-eminence, though greatly weakened, up to the moment when, in an evil hour for itself, it published the famous Parnell letters. The trial that followed was its battle of Leipsic. Its next serious mistake was its alliance with the mining magnates of the Transvaal. The Parliamentary Commission that investigated this alliance was its Waterloo. What could be more damning than the undated letter from the "Helots" of Johannesburg, detailing the mythical dangers to which they were exposed, which was kept in stock to be issued at a fitting opportunity? Or the discovery that those connected with the "Raid" were the "independent" contributors to the *Times*? Or the sealed letter which was sent to *Times* correspondents in European capitals, to be opened when the order was telegraphed to them, and which, of course, directed them to represent the views of these capitals in the sense that was desired at headquarters? From the date of this exposure, the *Times* lost its goodwill as an exceptionally respectable and honest journal, and it has never recovered from the blow. Since then it has held a brief for this cause or the other, but its influence on the set of public opinion has been absolutely nil. It has long since abandoned the judicial pose which used to give it an air of authority, and created such an impression on the general reader. It has descended, so to speak, from the Bench to the Bar, and the exaggerated violence of its partisanship and the perverse ingenuity with which it handles facts have more of the style of the Old Bailey than the forensic skill of the higher walks of advocacy. The result is that the *Times* has to a great extent lost its audience, and that, so far as public affairs are concerned, it has entirely lost its influence with the audience that it retains. Outside politics, it has maintained fairly well its old standard, but, owing to the improved quality of its cheaper competitors, it no longer possesses a monopoly of the best writers or the highest authorities on particular subjects. In his interview the other day with the representative of the *Morning Leader*, at New York, Mr. Hooper alluded to the *Times* as "the leading mouthpiece of public opinion," and asserted that it possessed more literary lights of London on its staff than any other English paper. This is in keeping with Mr. Hooper's methods of advertisement, for it bears no relation to fact. Abroad, it is true, the *Times* still passes as the most authoritative organ of English opinion, for the change in its position is not known. In England Mr. Hooper's absurd boast can only render the *Times* ridiculous. As a Radical, I may be prejudiced in favour of Radical newspapers, so I will not compare it to them. But I do not hesitate to say that the *Morning Post* and the *Daily Telegraph* are as well edited, their articles as well written, and their information as correct.

The *Times* is the property of a private partnership, and the shares of this partnership have been so subdivided that I think that I am correct in saying that there are above two hundred partners. The paper was founded by Walter the First, an able and public-spirited man. He was succeeded by his son and grandson, Walter the Second and Walter the Third. Walter the Third was rather of the type of a country squire than of a newspaper magnate, but by no means wanting in common sense. Walter the Fourth now sits on the throne. What the precise terms of partnership are I do not know. It has always been understood that the Walters derive their main profit from some old agreement between them and the proprietary. But it would seem that the control of the reigning Walter has its limits, for once when Walter the Second insisted upon a particular line being taken in regard to some ecclesiastical matter, which did not find favour with Mr. Mowbray Morris and Mr. Delane, they threatened to submit their difference to the proprietary, and on the strength of this threat they got their own way. It may be taken for granted that some of the present proprietors are not entirely satisfied at the series of blunders which have so seriously injured their property and reduced their profits, and, in point of fact, some of them a few months ago commenced an action in the Chancery Division against the reigning Mr. Walter to restrain his proceedings, to obtain accounts and business information, and to get the proprietary converted into a limited company. As this action, so far as I know, is still pending, one can say nothing as to its merits, but the mere fact of its having been commenced shows how serious are the troubles in which the *Times* has become involved by the mistakes it has made during the last twenty years.

In justice to Walter the Fourth, it must be admitted that when he came to the throne in Printing-house-square, the circulation had fallen and was still falling, and, owing to this and the increasing competition of the *Morning Post* and other papers in directions of which the *Times* had hitherto possessed the monopoly, the advertisement business was falling off also to a serious extent. The newspaper was sold at threepence, and was by this time the only daily paper sold above the price of one penny. To reduce its price was the policy which would naturally suggest itself. But the experiment would, of course, have risks, as it might have necessitated the abandonment of special features, such as the full Parliamentary and legal reports, which secure the paper a certain number of readers; and it may be that the consent of the general body of proprietors would have been necessary before such a step could be taken, and might have been difficult to obtain. Something, however, had to be done to keep the *Times* going, and such was the situation when Mr. Hooper appeared on the scene. He was an American with a reputation as a past master in the art of writing seductive advertisements and engineering a trade boom. The "Encyclopædia Britannica" was at this time very much out of

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date, and had practically ceased to sell. Probably any one wanting a new copy could have obtained it at a good deal less than trade price. Mr. Hooper had formed the idea of exploiting it. He appears to have arranged with the proprietors to give him an option to buy up the whole of their rights in the publication, and then he approached certain London newspapers with a view of getting them to advertise it and sell it. He failed with the first papers he approached, but he induced the *Times* to take up the scheme, no doubt because the *Times* was in the position that it must try something. So Hooper's pen went to work in the name of the *Times* and engineered the boom, the public were fooled to the top of their bent, and the *Times* sold off enough of the stale edition of the Encyclopædia to compensate the proprietors for many years of dwindling profits. Whether Mr. Hooper encouraged the proprietors of the paper to believe that they would at the same time secure such an advertisement that the paper would be set on its legs again, and saved from the necessity of resorting in the future to any such outside speculations, is a secret between himself and Mr. Walter. But if there was any such expectation, it was certainly disappointed. The methods by which the Encyclopædia was boomed would seem to have been specially designed to disgust the class to which the *Times* as a newspaper chiefly appeals. They were certainly not calculated to commend to it any one who had previously considered that it was not worth its price. The *Times*, therefore, could derive no benefit from the speculation beyond the sum in cash directly made by it. The necessity for doing something to keep the paper alive was consequently bound to become as acute as ever as soon as these profits were expended. Even a Hooper cannot engineer an "Encyclopædia Britannica" boom once a year. The attempt was made to repeat it with one or two publications, but without much success. Then came the idea of establishing a permanent business as an auxiliary of the *Times*, and so we get the Book Club, under which the subscription to the *Times* also covers the subscription to a lending library, while the library has an independent existence of its own as a retailer of new and secondhand books to the public at large. What the Book Club has led to all the world knows. It has possibly been as profitable as the "Encyclopædia Britannica." But it has failed, and was bound to fail, to rehabilitate the *Times* as the leading English journal, to restore its former circulation or its former authority. It has possibly brought in a few thousands of fresh annual subscribers; but they can only be retained so long as no competitor offers equal advantages at cheaper rates, and any competitor is obviously in a position to do this who does not start with a newspaper tied round his neck which will not sell profitably on its own merits. On the other hand, the *Times* has gained incalculable discredit by the repetition of the Hooper method of advertising, and the ugly figure it has cut in the quarrel with the book trade.

Far from having any ill will to the *Times*, I should be sorry to see it go under. Mr. Walter the Fourth is an honest man, having more at heart the good name of the paper that he has inherited than the advisers into whose clutches he has fallen. I would therefore urge him seriously to ask himself whether the *Times*, as a newspaper, has not lost in character and authority by the Book Club. He would do well to dissociate his newspaper from it, and if he feels inclined to speculate in a lending library with Mr. Hooper, or with any one else, not to drag the *Times* further in the mire by any connection with such speculations. If he finds that a threepenny daily paper cannot live in the face of its numerous penny and halfpenny competitors, then let him reduce his price to a penny. It is a risk, I admit; but it seems to be his one possible course not likely to end in disastrous failure. What he has omitted to take into account is that anything which detracts from the established traditions and character of the paper must make it less worth its price in the eyes of the public than it was before. The reader of the *Times* does not get the same thing for his threepence to-day that he got a few years ago; bit by bit the paper has lost, and is still losing, all that raised it above the level of its contemporaries. In effect, therefore, the policy that has been lately adopted comes to the same thing as if its price had actually been raised. It is really a dearer paper instead of a cheaper one. Mere advertising is worse than useless if it is done in such a way that it discredits the article it is designed to sell; and even the small grocer's trick of giving away one article in order to sell another cannot be permanently successful, if the public demand for the article you desire to sell is gradually disappearing.

ECCLESIASTICAL GAMBLING.

The following is one of several letters which have reached me since the last TRUTH article on the Catholic Trusts question:—

SIR,—I am surprised (1), as an ordinary Catholic, that any one of us should choose the British public, through the medium of your journal, as an arbitrator or court of appeal between Catholics and their bishops; (2), as an ordinary person, because it does not appear that the complainants have been seriously injured; (3), at the animus exhibited when a bishop is called names, *e.g.*, a "tape man," and inferentially accused of gambling. This leads me to think there is a personal feeling in the matter.

As to the word gambling, it appears to have a relative meaning I put £5 on the Derby, and bet perhaps four times a year, and yet a person, wishing to injure me, once told a friend that I was to be avoided as a gambler. The word means anything in the mouth of a vituperative person, from pitch-and-toss to bridge for heavy stakes.

If I or anyone else, with the intention of benefiting a society for which we may be trustees, buy shares rendering a good profit, on the advice of an expert, are we gambling? If so, many holders of "Industrials," who go to chapel and say their psalms regularly, are damned. I am a trustee. I had money to invest some years ago. I gambled legally—that is to say, bought 2¾ per cent. Consols at 113. They some time since came down to 2½ per cent.; and now I have to sell some at 86. If it had been an affair of hundreds of thousands my case would be on all fours with that of the bishops. They appear to have done what was best in their judgment for their sees. They trusted men of reputation and ability, and, like many others who have been deceived in trusts, they have lost. Is there anything reprehensible or wonderful in this?

As to their methods of administering their dioceses, surely this is not the business of the B.P., unless there has been some social injury. If any of your correspondents have been personally injured, they may be able to remedy their wrongs by a process in the regular way. I therefore think they are making mischief to gratify some unknown spite.—Yours,

A ROMAN CATHOLIC.

In regard to the first part of this letter, I would point out (1) that no one has chosen the British public through the medium of this journal as an arbitrator or court of appeal between Catholics and their bishops; all that has happened is that many Roman Catholics, having reason to be dissatisfied with episcopal administration,

and having no other means of calling the attention of their fellow Catholics to what has been done, have used the columns of TRUTH; (2) that, so far from no complainants having been seriously injured, they have all, as Roman Catholics, suffered from the appalling financial losses which have overtaken the Church, and which are calculated to do the greatest harm to the Catholic cause in this country, directly and indirectly; (3) that the term "tape man," quoted by my correspondent, was not applied to any bishop, but to the stockbroker, or financial adviser, who was employed by one of them. That an animus against the Archbishop of Westminster may have been shown in some of the letters that have been published, I am not concerned to deny. I have been quite as much impressed as my correspondent by the vehemence of some of the criticism directed against Archbishop Bourne; but, unlike my correspondent, I am disposed to draw from it the conclusion that if a man in such a position has inspired such unfavourable sentiments in so many members of his own Church—most of them people who have no direct personal relations with him—it is more probable that their animus is inspired by disapproval of his methods of administration than by any personal grudge.

As regards "gambling," my correspondent's arguments seem hardly worth answering. The duties of a trustee with regard to investment are clearly defined and perfectly well understood. He has a choice of stocks, and if he is solicitous for the welfare of the trust he will naturally select stocks which he or his financial adviser consider likely to improve in value. If the stock which he selects goes down in value instead of going up, he is not open to any blame, so long as he keeps within the terms of his trust. But it certainly is not the business of a trustee, even if he keeps within the strict limits of trust investments, to be continually dabbling on the Stock Exchange in the hope of improving the aggregate value of his investments by repeatedly buying at a low price and selling at a high one. The complaint against the bishops is not only that they have done this, or countenanced the doing of it by trustees under their jurisdiction, but that it has been carried beyond the recognised limits of trust investment, and into systematic dealing in speculative securities which offer the prospect of a larger profit—or a larger loss. If this is not "gambling," the term has no meaning. It is applied to such Stock Exchange transactions every day, and neither the name nor the thing can be different in the case of clergymen from what they are in the case of laymen. That this was the course taken, with disastrous results, in Portsmouth diocese, we know from the statement of the bishop himself. In the case of the Southwark funds, we do not know precisely—at any rate I do not—what class of stocks was operated in, but we know that the trustees united in giving a power of attorney to their stockbroker, whereby a loss of £56,000 has been incurred. The allegation against Archbishop Bourne is that he was a party to, if he did not inspire or direct, this proceeding, and that the object in view was, not legitimate changes of investment within the limits of trustees' powers, but speculative operations in likely stocks, with a view to making quick profits out of market fluctuations. Whether this was the true state of the case, and how far the then bishop of the diocese was a party to it, may be open to dispute. But that the thing, if done, was in the nature of gambling with trust funds is beyond question, and nothing that the Archbishop has said in his own defence negatives that view of the matter or excludes his share of responsibility for it. To compare such financial operations as those undertaken at Portsmouth—and, it is believed, elsewhere—with the buying of Consols by a trustee at 113 and the subsequent selling of them at 86, is manifest nonsense. Trustees are no more secure against losses from depreciation of stocks than the rest of the community, but they have no legal right to operate in speculative stocks with the funds placed in their charge; they can only do it at their own risk, and as a general rule they can be called to account when losses occur through their unlawful speculations.

Of course it is true that the methods by which Roman Catholic bishops may administer their dioceses are no affair of the British public at large. But, so far as I know, the British public takes very little interest in the matter. The question is one for the Roman Catholic public, and the Roman Catholic public alone has taken any part in this discussion—except for the incidental share that I have had in it, in my editorial capacity. The argument that if any one has been personally injured, he has his remedy by legal process, is very little to the purpose, for two reasons, which have been more than once referred to in the course of the discussion. The personal injury cannot be anything more than an individual share in the collective injury which a diocese suffers when its resources are dissipated by foolish and unbusinesslike administration, and which the Church at large suffers when the munificence of would-be benefactors is "damped down" by the public revelation of the insecurity of endowments. Moreover, the discipline of the Roman Church makes it an invidious task for any individual to personally come forward in opposition to the episcopal authority in defence either of his own rights or those of the Church at large. I am glad to see, however, that in regard to some of the scandals referred to in TRUTH somebody has been found to take action. According to the *Catholic Herald* "a layman of good standing" has applied to the Charity Commissioners for an investigation into the administration of some of the trusts connected with the dioceses of Westminster, Southwark, and Portsmouth. I do not know how far the powers of the Charity Commissioners may go in this matter, but it has been stated several times in the course of the correspondence in TRUTH that the Charity Commissioners can call some of the ecclesiastical trustees to account. Now that they have been set in motion I suppose that they may be trusted to do so if they can; and it is to be hoped that all those Catholics who disapprove of the state of things that has lately been brought to light will do what they can to assist in making the investigation as wide and thorough as possible.

The following letter throws some further light on the consequences of the action taken by the Catholic bishops,

in conjunction with the War Office, in regard to the Roman Catholic chaplains in the Army:—

I am a retired military officer, and cannot help contrasting the present state of things with the past when we had regular Catholic chaplains. Formerly we had three regular chaplains in this district—one at Hilsea, one at Portsmouth, and one at Gosport. At present the work at Gosport is done by one of the priests of the parish, the money going to the bishop, as Gosport is a mensal parish of the diocese. At Portsmouth the work is done by one of the priests of the Cathedral, as it stands to reason that Bishop Cotter, who is down as the acting chaplain, cannot attend to the work, seeing that he lives at Ryde, on the other side of the water. The only work he can possibly do is to acknowledge the cheque when it becomes due. The work at Hilsea and adjoining forts is done by the priest at North End, as zealous a priest as could be found anywhere, but he is run off his legs attending single-handed to the wants of his own congregation, so that here the Catholic soldiers must inevitably suffer. Surely, were it not for the desire of getting the money given by Government for services rendered, what other inducement can there be for the Bishop to keep the military chaplains out of the district? As a Catholic, I am in hopes that Rome will now intervene and set matters right.

I seem to remember that when military chaplains were appointed to minister to the wants of Catholic soldiers, the Catholic Bishops appointed the Bishop of Southwark to be their representative and spiritual head of the chaplains. I see by the "Catholic Directory" that Archbishop Bourne has taken over this duty. Did he do so with the consent of the other bishops?

This letter enlarges on one which appeared in TRUTH a fortnight ago from another Catholic, who gave some particulars of the army duties of the Catholic clergy in the Portsmouth district. In his recent letter to the *Tablet* the Archbishop repudiated the suggestion "that Bishops have been actuated by financial considerations in endeavouring to make what they conscientiously regard as the most effective provision for the spiritual need of our Catholic soldiers." If the bishops conscientiously believed that the arrangements that have been made in the Portsmouth district were the best, it is pretty clear that they have been misinformed, and it is to be expected that now that their minds have been enlightened their consciences will act in accordance with common sense. Failing that, I agree with my last correspondent that it is difficult to believe that wisdom and conscience have been at work in this matter independently of financial considerations.

A NEW THEORY OF GHOSTS.

The *Morning Post* published the other day an interesting article by Mr. Andrew Lang dealing with certain occult, or obscure, phenomena which he calls telephany and telethoryby. Mr. Lang has invented these names himself, and takes a pride in them, to which he is fully entitled. Telephany is the appearance of persons outside their bodies; and Mr. Lang is satisfied that there are persons who occasionally commit this eccentricity, though he seems to think that their conduct is involuntary and unconscious. Telethoryby is a similar phenomenon so far as the operator is concerned, but in this case, as I understand it, he manifests himself at a distance from his body by appealing, not to the eyes, but to the ears of other people, *e.g.*, by tramping heavily about a room or staircase, rattling pots and pans, or making other alarming noises. This particularly interests me, because Mr. Lang cites as an instance of telethoryby the experience which Mr. Labouchere related in these columns a year or two ago of a house of his in the West End. In Mr. Labouchere's case the phenomenon took the form of a tremendous row in the basement, like the rattling of kitchen utensils and the smashing of crockery, late at night, when the servants had gone to bed upstairs. He also repeatedly heard what appeared to be footsteps proceeding from the basement to the top of the house, although when he went out to catch the intruder there was nobody there. The previous tenant had committed suicide in the house, and the servants, who heard the footsteps on the stairs, though not the noise in the kitchen, easily satisfied themselves that the deceased gentleman was still hanging about the premises. Mr. Labouchere rejected this explanation, but was unable to arrive at any other, although he tested every available hypothesis.

Mr. Andrew Lang seems to have cleared up the mystery perfectly, aided by his knowledge of the Scottish Highlands, where telephany and telethoryby are everyday phenomena and perfectly understood. He has just been living in a house in Argyleshire, let to an English family. Some of the Highland servants remained in the house, but a Lowland girl had temporarily left it. In two of the upstairs rooms disturbing noises were frequently heard at night, such as the opening and shutting of doors and drawers. One door was particularly indentified because there was a Sandow apparatus hanging on to it, which was heard to rattle when the door opened and shut. These rooms were empty when the noises were heard, but the Highland servants left in the house at once explained that the noise was caused by the Lowland maid, who, when in the house, occupied one or other of these apartments. The girl had gone away reluctantly. Her heart was still in the Highlands, and it would seem that some other portion of her personality accompanied it, and consoled itself by making the noises which she had been in the habit of making in the flesh when going to bed. From what Mr. Lang says it would seem that we are wrong in attributing stories of this kind from the Highlands to Celtic superstition. The true state of the case is that Highlanders are addicted to the practice of going about without their bodies, and manifesting their presence by this class of phenomena. The natives understand this perfectly, and see nothing uncanny or supernatural about it. Consequently the doings of the invisible Lowland maid in the Argyleshire house alarmed nobody but the English visitors.

The inference from this seems to be that the noises which Mr. Labouchere heard in his house in Bolton-street were really made by servants. It may be that his cook, after she had tucked up her body in bed, was in the habit of revisiting the basement in the spirit and preparing the dinner or washing up over again. If her daily duties were very much on her mind this may be easily understood. Or it may be that when the previous tenant committed his "rash act" and his establishment was broken up in consequence, his cook or kitchen maid, like the Lowland maid in Mr. Lang's story, retained a psychical association with the premises which brought her back at midnight to smash the crockery and walk up and down the stairs. It will be noted that according to Mr. Lang's theory these phenomena are always created by the living, not by the dead. When, therefore, a gentleman kills himself in a house, it will be haunted in future not by him, but by his relatives or servants who have moved elsewhere, and are tempted

to revisit the former abode. This thought may bring some comfort to people who have a nervous prejudice against ghosts, but, personally, I should object as much to pots and pans being chucked about in my kitchen in the middle of the night by the spirit of a living cook as by the spirit of a dead one. Mr. Lang's discovery, however, is of great practical value, because if a living man is addicted to telephany or telethoryby, there is a possibility of his being caught and punished, whereas we are powerless to deal with the eccentricities of the departed.

Mr. Lang may be interested in a case which I heard of the other day—apparently one of telephany. A young nurse who had recently entered one of the London hospitals was in temporary charge of an accident ward in the evening when she heard the door open, and, looking round, saw one of the doctors enter the ward and approach the bedside of a patient. The doctor stood looking at the patient for a moment, and then went out. The nurse went to the bed, and saw that the patient was asleep. The patient in the adjoining bed, however, was awake, and told the nurse that she had seen the doctor come in. On seeing the doctor later, the nurse made some allusion to his visit, when he stated that he had not come in previously. This puzzled the nurse, and she mentioned the incident to the ward sister, who said nothing at the moment, but on the following day told her that many nurses had seen the same thing, but that they kept it quiet in order not to alarm the patients in the ward. This story comes from one of the principal London general hospitals, and can easily be tested if any one thinks it worth investigating. If it rested on the testimony of one girl, it might not account for much, but if several nurses have really had the same experience, there must be a strong case of telephany against one of the doctors. I may mention that he is alleged to have entered the ward arrayed in the white over-all of the operating room, which shows only too clearly in what direction his thoughts were running. Such conduct on the part of a medical man cannot be too strongly condemned. It is unnecessary to point out what a disastrous effect the unexpected appearance of the doctor, arrayed in the garb of the operating-room, might have upon a nervous patient in a critical condition.

DOES MRS. EDDY EXIST?

It is not my good fortune to see eye to eye with the followers of Mrs. Mary G. Baker Eddy, the discoverer of "Christian Science," but I am a believer in fair play, and there are limits beyond which candid criticism degenerates into sheer persecution. If it is not persecution to insist that a lady is dead, despite her almost pathetic assurances to the contrary, what is it, I should like to know? Yet that is what certain writers in the American press—widely quoted in our own—have been doing to Mrs. Eddy. They began, temperately enough, by declaring that the lady was seriously ill, and had called in a Boston specialist. When she protested they retorted by killing her out of hand, and nothing that she has since said or done has prevailed upon them to bring her back to life again. I was at first inclined to suspect pique on the part of the reporters, but upon consideration I now believe that either party is perfectly sincere in their contention—Mrs. Eddy, that she is alive; the reporters, that she is dead—and what is more, I am far from satisfied that either party is wrong. Certainly, if we divest our minds of all prejudice, there is much to be said for both contentions, as well as for quite a number of others, equally contradictory to both. It is not only whether Mrs. Eddy be alive or dead that has to be considered. She may be alive, yet unable to prove it to the satisfaction of the reporters. She may be dead without being aware of it. She may never have existed at all. The reporters, while honestly believing Mrs. Eddy to be dead, may be all the time dead themselves without knowing it, and may never have existed at all, into the bargain. A little reflection makes it clear that all these possibilities may very likely be equally correct—a conclusion which must, I think, prove satisfactory to all parties concerned.

To consider the last question first: Do those reporters exist now, and have they ever existed? As we may learn from Mrs. Eddy's illuminating handbook, "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures" (which may, if I am not mistaken, be obtained through most booksellers for the moderate charge of $3 50 c., and very likely at a substantial reduction from the *Times* Book Club), there is no such thing as Evil. It is present, we are told, only as the manifestation of a false belief. This definition, as I am sure Mrs. Eddy would be the first to maintain, applies with stunning force to the American Yellow Press—to say nothing of that section of our own which differs from me politically—which is universally hailed as the incarnation of all evil, as the very Devil, in fact. Obviously, therefore, the Yellow Press exists only in the disordered imaginations of non-Christian Scientists. But, as the whole includes its parts, a non-existent Yellow Press must be controlled by non-existent staffs—the reporters whom we believe to work for it must be more unsubstantial than their own flimsies. As it is impossible to satisfactorily prove anything to a non-existent somebody it is not surprising that Mrs. Eddy—remarkable woman though she is—should fail to convince those unreal reporters of her own vitality.

Equally probable is it that Mrs. Eddy is herself actually dead, while honestly believing herself to be alive. She herself has told us that disease and its results are purely imaginary, arising chiefly from the fact that her invaluable and moderately-priced handbook was not published some twenty centuries since. To the Yellow Press, indeed, and the rest of us unregenerates they may seem real enough, to the truly faithful they simply do not exist. How likely, then, that to our disordered senses she may present all the symptoms, exhibit all the signs of having a severe illness, being treated for it by a Boston specialist, of dying and being buried, while all the while herself knowing nothing about it. Reporters, returning from the funeral ceremony, may insist, in all sincerity, that she is buried; she, with equal singlemindedness, can but assure them that they are mistaken.

Not only do I think it very likely that the foundress of the Revised Version of Christianity has died and

been buried without noticing it—I go further—I very seriously doubt if she ever existed at all—whatever opinion she herself may hold on the subject. Physically she certainly never did. I am on safe ground here, for the Rev. Arthur R. Vosburgh, who is a member of the Christian Science Board of Lectureship, said as much in a lecture at Queen's Hall last Thursday evening. He said, at least, if correctly reported (I wonder, by the way, whether that reporter was of the filmy variety?), that the real man is only spiritual, and that physically he exists only as a figure of speech. To which the reverend gentleman might have added, as a figure of fun, occasionally. We have it thus, on practically first-hand evidence that, physically speaking, Mrs. Eddy has never existed, save as a figure of speech. Remain the mental and spiritual side of her to be disposed of. From the same reverend authority I learn that Mrs. Eddy "is gifted with a rare mentality" (rather ambiguous this, is it not?) and that "in all dear and desirable qualities of the head and heart, she is of the world's elect." To some, such testimony may seem conclusive evidence of Mrs. Eddy's existence. But it is, after all, very faint praise for such a woman. If you go to Boston and visit the Cathedral erected to the Glory of God and Mrs. Eddy, you will find that she is a very remarkable person indeed. So you will if you read, in the magazine she publishes, the letters from grateful convalescents ascribing their recovery to the joint powers of Mrs. Eddy and the Almighty. Mrs. Eddy was, in fact, and I am sure that every Christian Scientist will support me in this, sent into this world for no other purpose than to cure humanity of the various ills which it suffered before she came. And those ills, mark you, were purely imaginary. It is just that fact which proves to me that Mrs. Eddy never existed. If you have no illness, its cure becomes impossible. If your nose is not bleeding, there is no possible way by which you can stop it. If you have no bane, you can have no antidote. If there is no such a thing as evil, there can be no Mrs. Eddy. She exists, in fact, only in our imaginations. She is the ideal woman; she is a beautiful rose-tinted dream, just as the Yellow Press, reporters, chillblains, and tailor's bills, are as many nightmares. I might, if space permitted, consider the matter at the length its importance deserves; might prove beyond the possibility of cavil, that there never was such a person as a Christian Scientist; that the whole splendid edifice of Christian Science exists only in our imaginations, and that, accordingly, all the many writers, lay and clerical, who have busied themselves in exposing its errors and dangers, might as profitably hold up umbrellas to keep a rainbow from crushing them. But it is sufficient for my present purpose to show that, as far as the persecuted Mrs. Eddy is concerned, there is not, nor ever was such a person. And I do feel very strongly that, for the credit of journalism, those American reporters should cease from persecuting an estimable lady by persistent reports of her death, when not only does she steadfastly and conscientiously deny the reports, but they know perfectly well, as they must after reading this plain statement of the facts, that neither she nor themselves do now exist, ever have existed, or ever could, under any circumstances, exist, co-existently with Christian Science at any rate.

The CARLTON HOTEL. RESTAURANT and GRILL ROOM.
The CARLTON HOTEL. The most fashionable in London.
The CARLTON HOTEL. Nat. Tel. 1598 Gerrard. Gen. Mgr. C. Ritz.

JOURNALISM IN THE DOCK.

In two cases which were before the courts last week newspaper proprietors or editors were found guilty of criminal offences. Both cases are of considerable interest to the public as well as to newspaper proprietors, though the offences differ considerably in gravity. The less heinous case was the charge against the publisher of the *Weekly Telegraph*—which, of course, is not to be confounded with the *Daily Telegraph*, being a Sheffield paper—of running a lottery in Fleet-street. The charge had been in the first instance dismissed by a magistrate at the Mansion House, but a case was stated for the High Court, and the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Ridley and Mr. Justice Darling concurring, sent the case back with directions to the magistrate to convict. The lottery in question was one of the most ingenious of the many schemes that have been devised for increasing the sale of newspapers by the chance distribution of cash among the purchasers without infringing the letter of the Gaming Act. Its peculiar feature was that the purchase of the newspaper was not ostensibly necessary to the winning of a prize. Metal discs were distributed indiscriminately among the public, each bearing a number and the legend: "Keep this; it may be worth £100. See the *Weekly Telegraph* to-day." The £100 and other cash prizes were distributed by chance among the holders of the numbers corresponding to those on the tickets, just as they would be in the case of an ordinary lottery. The object obviously was, and no attempt was made to deny it, to induce people to buy the current issue of the paper in order to ascertain how the discs might be worth £100, and to buy a subsequent issue later on, in order to see whether they held a winning number. But it was contended that the purchase of the paper was not a necessary condition of winning a prize, because information as to the winning numbers would be given gratuitously to anyone who applied for it at the office, and a file of the paper was also open to the inspection of the public at the office free of charge. The case for the respondents, therefore, was that there was no sale of anything analogous to a lottery ticket, and that no payment of any kind was required of the prize winners. The Lord Chief Justice and his colleagues, however, made short work of this argument, looking to the substance of the scheme rather than the form. The whole object of the promoters was to obtain pennies from the people to whom they presented the metal discs. They admitted that they had been successful in this to the extent of 20,000 pennies a week; and if they had not been they would not have kept the game going for a long period at a large weekly expenditure, as it was found on the evidence that they had done. To have held under these circumstances that the thing was not a lottery because the proprietors did not take money for the chance of winning a prize in it would have been to stultify the law which makes lotteries illegal.

I do not myself hold ultra-Puritanical views with

regard to gambling. It is a thing we most of us do in one shape or another, and it only becomes a vice, like eating and drinking and other intrinsically innocent acts, when carried to excess. But undoubtedly it is necessary, as a matter of public policy, to check the promotion of gambling in any shape as a business. The stress of competition among newspapers has led many of them, including the most distinguished, to resort to other means of promoting their sale than the natural one of giving the reader the best literary value possible for his money. Among such means Book Clubs might be mentioned, but lotteries thinly disguised have played the most conspicuous part. So used, besides being demoralising to the public, they are degrading to journalism. Most of the periodicals which adopt this practice frankly sell a lottery ticket in the shape of a coupon attached to the paper; but seek to avoid the law by a pretence that the thing is a competition of skill and not a gamble. The decision in the *Weekly Telegraph* case does not touch lotteries in this shape. But it shows that the superior courts will not allow themselves to be hoodwinked by fine-spun technical subtleties where the scheme is essentially a gamble for the benefit of the promoters; and it is to be hoped that the decision will encourage the police and those who disapprove of gambling on moral grounds to set the law in motion wherever attempts are made to evade it.

A much more important case, however, than this from every point of view is that of the Editor of *Judy*, who was convicted at the Old Bailey of publishing, and conspiring with others to publish, "obscene libels." The offence has been notorious for some time past. The paper in question formerly occupied a reputable position among its contemporaries, but it has gradually fallen to the lowest level of journalism. The public are slow to appreciate a change of this kind in a paper which has once been a popular favourite, and many people who purchased this one were disgusted at what they found in it. For a long time past I have been constantly urged to publish protests on the subject, but I have never thought it worth while to do so, for any public reference to such a matter has its value as an advertisement, and would doubtless be welcomed as such by the editor or proprietor. I do not know that to the casual reader the advertisements were the most objectionable feature in the paper, but they related to businesses which are in themselves amenable to the jurisdiction of the police and the criminal law, and the important point in the prosecution of the editor is that by publishing these advertisements he has incurred conviction as an accessory to the illegal business which he advertised. In his case it was impossible to plead that he was unaware of the true significance of the advertisements, because the police had repeatedly warned him on the subject, and the warnings had been accepted to the extent of discontinuing the advertisements for a time, but only for a time. As the magistrate who convicted was asked to state a case for appeal, the conviction cannot as yet be regarded as final; but as it stands it seems to establish that the responsible manager of a paper may be held criminally liable as an accessory for the publication of advertisements having an illegal object.

I have repeatedly urged that some liability of this kind ought to be attached to newspaper proprietors, and I have often wondered whether it might not exist in law already. It is the only way of checking the worst abuses of the advertisement columns of newspapers. The particular class of business which Mr. De Marney has got into trouble over is not the worst from the point of view of the mischief done, though it may be the ugliest from that of the moralist. The worst evil is the systematic use of the columns of newspapers for the purpose of carrying on wholesale frauds upon the public. Every regular reader of TRUTH knows the extent of this abuse. Scarcely a week passes but what I have occasion to call attention to some flagrant example of it, and the records of the police-courts tell the same tale whenever a prisoner goes to gaol for a fraud committed by means of advertisements in the press. Only a few weeks ago I quoted the evidence on this point given by the Head Constable of Liverpool in his report to the Watch Committee, and it is worth repeating here:—

> Of minor forms of fraud the most numerous are those which are worked through newspaper advertisements. Five cases alone during the past year have produced 253 complaints of unsatisfactory dealings from a distance, and have induced twenty-seven newspapers to withdraw advertisements which would never have been published if a little preliminary inquiry had been made into the *bona fides* of the advertisers.

The sting of these remarks lies in the last sentence. No respectable newspaper, of course, will admit that it publishes advertisements which have a fraudulent or immoral object. The managers profess complete innocence, and shelter themselves behind the plea that there is no editorial responsibility for matter published in the advertisement columns. The plea is perfectly valid up to a point. We none of us accept responsibility for the statements of our advertisers, and newspaper advertising would be impossible on any other footing. But a newspaper proprietor cannot knowingly allow any portion of his columns to be used for an illegal or immoral purpose without making himself virtually a party to it; and he cannot say that he or his employees did not do it knowingly if there is anything about the advertisement calculated to arouse suspicion, or if, as is very frequently the case, the advertiser is a notorious evil-doer. It is not too much to expect that a man who is in charge of the advertising department of a large business like a newspaper office will possess the ordinary knowledge of a man of the world, and use it in his business; but in point of fact there are whole classes of advertisements habitually published by newspapers and magazines—including those owned by wealthy individuals and companies—which any man of the world knows to be in the main fraudulent or immoral, and which, therefore, should never appear in a properly conducted publication until the publishers had satisfied themselves by careful inquiry that in this particular instance the advertiser is not what his advertisement suggests him to be. The proprietors of the *Morning Leader* long ago notified that several classes of advertisements were absolutely excluded from the paper—*e.g.*, those relating to home employment, children wanted for adoption, betting systems, and so forth. There is no very exalted morality in this; it is merely a broad recognition of

the plain duty of every newspaper to its readers; but such is the standard of ethics generally prevalent in the trade, that it sets the *Morning Leader* on a pinnacle of virtue by comparison with the majority of its contemporaries, including many of those which brag most magnificently about the extent of their circulation, and have, therefore, unless they are lying, the least inducement to patronise the lowest class of advertisers. The truth is that, with a few conspicuous exceptions, advertisement managers deliberately shut their eyes to everything but the payment of their price. That is the true meaning of the statement of the Head Constable of Liverpool that the twenty-seven newspapers in his district which in one year stopped advertisements on the complaint of the police would never have published them if they had made a little preliminary inquiry.

But an advertisement manager is only an employee. His first duty is to make a profit for his employer, and if the employer is content to pocket the profit without any troublesome scruples as to how it is made, he is the man to blame, not the man who works for him at a few pounds a week. The unfortunate fact is that the newspaper-owning conscience is very elastic—the evidence of that is not always confined to the advertisement columns—and this is why we want the law to get at the proprietor personally. I have had many illuminating experiences of the different attitudes taken by proprietors. A few years ago, sick of girding week after week at a contemporary which was always advertising one form of swindle, I fired off a few sarcasms at the personal expense of the proprietor, who occupied an exalted station. Within two or three days round came the advertisement manager, in quite an exemplary frame of mind, to ask for information about one of his customers, and to explain how anxious he was always to keep his department above reproach. On a later occasion, somebody having come to me with a complaint against an advertiser in another paper, I sent a deputy to the advertisement manager to hear what he had to say. What he had to say was, in effect, that if his employer was satisfied it was no business of mine. I do not agree with the conclusion, but I agree that the proprietor of the paper was more directly concerned than I was, since he took the advertiser's money. I remember, however, that same employer, who is now at the top of the tree and a reputed millionaire, when he was in a very small way of business. I had occasion then to expose a scoundrel who was advertising in his paper—in those days he had only one. He wrote me a very nice letter, expressing his regret at having had any share in furthering the operations of such a rascal, and enclosing a cheque for the TRUTH Toy Fund, because, as he put it, he did not like to think that any of the fellow's money was in his pocket. The columns of TRUTH bear witness that the money of many another scoundrel has gone into the same pocket since, but I have never had any more conscience money for the Toy Fund. Sometimes the conscience expands with the purse, but occasionally it contracts. It is also necessary to remember that, in these days, newspapers and all classes of periodicals are owned by companies which too often have no consciences, individual or corporate. What is required, therefore, is some method of keeping the working staff in the straight path where the proprietor's conscience is either dormant or non-existent. I can think of none better than that which has been applied in the case of Mr. De Marney. True, it may not always get at the proprietor, for the law does not, as a general rule, hold a man liable for the criminal act of his agent or employee. But when it is once established that the man, whatever his capacity, who knowingly publishes any advertisement having a criminal intent is an accessory, or a fellow conspirator, in the eye of the law, advertisements whose character is at all doubtful will be regarded in newspaper offices with a very different eye from that which is turned on them at present. A censorship will be exercised in all offices which is confined at present to a very few; and whole classes of advertisements which now yield a handsome revenue to many magazines and papers will disappear as if by magic.

THE PRICE OF SMARTNESS.

I recently read a report of the proceedings at the Church Congress a good many hundred miles from Carlisle, and it is wonderful how perspective alters the proportions of things seen from that distance. I noticed a speech made by the Bishop of Bromley. This worthy man seemed ambitious to walk in the steps of Father Vaughan, who has gained so much fame by his onslaught on the sins and foibles of fashionable society. From the dingy seclusion of Bromley, his reverence had made a pilgrimage to Hyde Park Corner near the fag end of the season, where for a quarter of an hour he had studied the features of those betaking themselves to the Park for the afternoon drive, by peering at them under the "picture hats" of the wearers. Nowhere, he said, had he ever seen so many joyless faces, or so many persons with lack-lustre, bothered, and bored looks, and from this he deduced the conclusion that no one can plan to disappoint the Divine purpose with impunity, and that no one can, like these Mayfair butterflies, as he termed them, convert material means of enjoyment into an immortal capacity for enjoyment. This last dictum is by no means novel; its truth, indeed, would be admitted by all, and applies equally to butterflies and to mere working units of the community. I greatly, however, doubt the fact from which he drew his moral. I never myself remarked that the ladies frequenting the Park in their equipages look either exceptionally bored or bothered. They go, in part, to get a little fresh air of an afternoon, in part to see and to be seen. If they fancy that their "picture hats" and their sartorial creations suit them, they have usually a pleased air on their countenances, and the notion that they are all in a bad humour because material enjoyment cannot be immortal is an effort of the episcopal imagination.

I do not believe that smart people of to-day are one whit more immoral or more frivolous than their predecessors. As it is, so it was in Rome of old, and so it has been for long in London. The ideals of the modern butterflies are somewhat more snobbish, and whereas in former times their number was far more restricted, it is now larger and access to its sacred circles is more easy. As the doings, however, of the

more silly of its members are at present widely chronicled in the press, and as this class lives more in public than it used to, it has more emulators amongst the sitters at the gate who aspire to be received within the portals. As, too, society is more frankly plutocratic than it used to be, to keep up the standard of fashionable living is more expensive than heretofore. The result is that many of its votaries are obliged to have recourse to questionable means to maintain their position. Gambling was one of the charges brought against society by Father Vaughan, and he hinted that many women have been found to sacrifice their honour in their search for money to pay their card debts. But did not women gamble before bridge was invented? Did not they lose on the Stock Exchange and on the Turf, and were they not sometimes reduced to questionable expedients to pay for their finery? A person may be better employed than in playing this game for several hours every day; but would those who do so be better employed if they did not? Dr. Johnson in his day advised Mrs. Montagu to have plates filled with sweetmeats at her receptions, if she did not permit card-playing. Bridge at least makes some demand on the intelligence, whereas the sort of vapid conversation that would replace it does not. There may be isolated instances of girls sacrificing themselves to pay their play debts, but they can only be few and far between, and these debts are not so often due to gambling as to the dressmaker pressing for something on account, and declining to supply more goods unless she receives it. And so it is with married women.

Not many years ago, I knew a lady who was privately a partner with a fashionable dressmaker. She took it into her head that her partner was cheating her, and asked me to go through the accounts with her. To this I consented. I thought that I should thus learn the secrets of the trade; and so I did. There was a great deal owing to the firm from various fashionable clients. I looked through the list, and, judging by the names, I doubted whether many of these debts were good. On this, the dressmaker produced a private book in which by the side of the names of the debtors were inserted the names of those who were in the habit of paying their bills. "But how," I asked, "can you know the names, for surely the lady would get the money and pay it herself to you, instead of trusting her secrets to a third person?" "If the cheque were not made out to me, the lady," she replied, "would cash it herself, and the friend would have to pay again; even as it is, when the client brings me the cheque, she often refuses to give it to me unless I will return to her a portion of the money that it produces." As for the bills, she explained that this was the way in which they were made out: The cost of material and the cost of making up were set down without the trade discount. They were then doubled, and the total was the amount charged. Thus, even allowing for a certain percentage of bad debts, the business was a very remunerative one.

Another way in which impecunious fashionable ladies find the money to carry on is this. They manage to get what they are pleased to call Stock Exchange tips from wealthy social aspirants. A lady once told me that she had gone to spend the week end at a large country house. Amongst the guests was a very vulgar plutocrat, of German origin. She asked her hostess why she invited such a man? "For what I hope to get out of him," was the reply. "And how is money got out of him?" she asked. "You tell him that you have a little money which you want to double by buying shares that will go up. Then you give him a cheque for a certain sum, and in a week or so he returns to you a much larger sum." "But," said my friend, "I am overdrawn at my bank, so I cannot give a cheque." "Oh," was the answer, "that need not trouble you, he knows what is meant, and does not present it, but sends it back to you with the sum that has been made by the speculation, which depends upon his estimate of your social value." "And what was the estimate of your social value?" I asked. "Two hundred pounds," she answered.

There are many other expenses besides those of dress connected with the existence of a Mayfair butterfly. She and her husband must needs live in the most expensive hotels when travelling, show a certain amount of hospitality by entertaining at expensive restaurants, and in many other ways spend more than is, in most cases, consistent with their assured incomes. But I believe that the ladies' dress is the heaviest charge. Women do not so much dress for men. Men rarely know what is costly and what is not. But women do, and they dress against each other. Dressmakers thoroughly understand their customers, and how to fleece them. The fashions are altered arbitrarily and radically so that new dresses have to be ordered. The elder Worth was really an artist of considerable talent in his way. He could dress a woman well, although he made her pay heavily for it. The dressmaker of to-day is usually a person absolutely wanting in taste. Simplicity is ignored, the most expensive fabrics are used, and on these are piled lace and ribbons in order to charge an excessive price. These garments the humbugs call "a creation." What is regarded by them as a well dressed woman is usually arrayed as a cocotte, with a thing on her head which resembles the trappings of a horse drawing a hearse, only that it is of many colours instead of being black. What can be more silly than to travel—as these ladies do—with a dozen or more huge trunks full of hats and dresses, which a few months later will be cast aside as out of fashion, because the wife of some Chicago pork-butcher, or of some successful promoter of a gold mine in Africa, renders herself ridiculous in like manner? The wife of the golden calf may be able to afford to bedizen herself in this style, but why should others beg, borrow, or steal, in order to keep pace with her? Society may be frivolous, its ideals may be contemptible, but this and much of the same kind has been said of fashionable society in all times. It will always be so, as long as we have a class comprised to a large extent of men and women who are perpetually craving for excitement and amusement. Instead of telling the butterflies that they are sinners, and adjuring them to change their very nature, it would be more useful to show them that they might shine as brilliantly and be equally admired without throwing money out of the window with such brainless folly. I have no

desire to see women all frumps and dowdies. But to avoid this it is not necessary for them to pass their existence in perpetually ordering new dresses and new hats, or always to have far more of these articles by them than they can possibly need. If they must be a little mad, let there at least be method in their madness. There are many ladies in the highest social positions who are far better dressed than those who flaunt themselves lower down the scale, and at a quarter of the cost. No woman ever yet achieved social success by converting herself into a lay figure on which dressmakers and hat makers may display their wares, whilst many ruin themselves and their families by adopting this method of seeking it.

THE THEATRES.

There has been no new production of importance during the past week. But one is glad to welcome Mr. Tree back to the part of Colonel Newcome, which he fills "as to the manner born," though one knows that Mr. Tree is anything but a stiff and stately veteran. The cast at His Majesty's has undergone considerable change since the first night. Personally, I missed the performance of Mrs. Tree, whose part as Mrs. Mackenzie was filled by Miss Annie Schletter, who seemed to be modelling her work upon that of her predecessor, but although she made Mrs. Mackenzie as socially unpleasing as did Mrs. Tree, yet she did not at the same time succeed in making her amusing. Miss Constance Collier has not quite the personality for the part of Ethel Newcome, yet she makes a gallant effort to fill it; her tradition is classical, and the ringlets and the manners of the mid-Victorian Miss are not quite what is suited to her. One missed also Miss Marion Terry, whose part as Madame de Florac is taken by Mrs. Percival. Miss Mary Sumner as Rosey Mackenzie looked and played winsomely.

The performance, though it had not the electric qualities of the first night, was well received and well sustained on the part of the male characters, but one must admit that on the other side the cast is not so strong as formerly. I see that Mr. Tree proposes to run the play for a month, and can safely advise those who may not have seen it to visit His Majesty's, if only for the fine performance of Mr. Tree, who is not always so happy in accomplishing that difficult feat of getting outside himself which stamps a man an artist.

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At the London Hippodrome there is a diversified entertainment. The Kitafukas are acrobats and balancers, whose performance is both clever and amusing. They provide one very definite emotion, when one of their number takes a perilous jump through a wire barrel, stuck through on all sides with swords, leaving but just sufficient space for his passage—if he makes no mistake. Other balancers are the De Wynne Brothers, whose feats are those of head and hand, all quietly and masterly performed. The performing cats are very well trained, and upset my former belief that they would not listen to reason, like the suffragettes. Some small boys, habited as lancers and mounted on ponies, will provide a pleasant ten minutes when they have had a little more practice in their evolutions. The Indian Fakirs again make one disbelieve the evidence of one's eyes. One of them places a lump of sugar in his mouth. Clouds of smoke and fire issue from it. After this, he removes the sugar, intact. Their last trick is the old basket trick, perfectly achieved, and aptly concluding an excellent turn. The Earthquake is portentous: a marvel of stage management.

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The prospect of a visit in April from the famous Meiningen Company of actors is indeed welcome. Mr. Otho Stuart will place the Adelphi Theatre at their disposal, if possible; otherwise they will be housed somewhere else in the West-end, and we shall have a chance of seeing some of the finest acting in the world. Their repertory will consist of modern as well as classical plays.

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Next Friday night will witness, at the New Theatre, the hundredth consecutive performance of "Amasis." A full musical score will be handed to all present on this occasion, and Miss Hart-Dyke will for the first time dance into the cast. The success of this play, with its definite story and real interest, enlivened with the strains of true comic opera, offers a complete refutation to those who have maintained that the mush of modern musical comedy was the only food that the London public could digest.

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The charitably disposed may be glad to have their attention drawn to the performances to be given at the Scala Theatre on Friday and Saturday evening, in aid of the Little Sisters of the Poor. In brief, the first of three plays which form the programme is the play that used to precede "The Silver King," not inaptly named "A Simple Sweep." The second is a duologue, the third no less than a Fantastic Opera in One Act, entitled "The Minstrel."

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"The Morals of Marcus" has proved a success at the Garrick Theatre, and as evidence of this will go to Brighton on Thursday, for a flying matinée. The play is to cross the Atlantic next year, under the ægis of Mr. Frohman.

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I witnessed at the Pavilion on Monday afternoon a hypnotic performance conducted on the familiar lines. The hypnotist marshalled half-a-dozen paid subjects, seated them on chairs facing the audience, and without difficulty induced the hypnotic state in each. He suggested, for instance, to one that he should be much amused, to another that he should feel very cold, to all that they should believe themselves to be fishing. Through all these exercises they went without a hitch, and the probability of his having really hypnotised them, the certainty of his having hypnotised the man over whose rigid body extended between two trestles passed a horse and a rider, seem to be obvious. But I do not agree with the hypnotist that the exhibition is "amusing." The main facts of hypnotism have long been proved beyond a doubt. In France, Austria-Hungary, and elsewhere on the Continent, hypnotic suggestion is largely used in healing, and also as an anæsthetic. I hope that the medical profession in

this country will in this respect hasten to follow the excellent example of the Continent. But I do not care to see the human will played ducks and drakes with. It is the finest thing we have, and I am never amused at observing its degradation.

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At the Alhambra on Monday of this week appeared for the first time six Swedish singers, the Poettingers, from the Norwegian fiords, suitably framed and—I was going to say gilt—but I will change it to golden-voiced. The performance of Agnes and Julius Zancig, "two minds with a single thought," as they are aptly described on the programme, is certainly remarkable, and I recommend every one with any interest in thought-transference to take an early opportunity of witnessing it. In about ten minutes Agnes Zancig had described correctly watches, bracelets, and such-like objects on which Julius Zancig, flitting rapidly about the auditorium, had at the same moment for the first time cast his eye. More than this, the numbers of bank-notes, seen by him in the stalls, were instantaneously written out by her on a slate on the stage; also names and dates of coins. I myself wrote in pencil on an envelope the word "Lucretius," which, as soon as Julius Zancig had read, was correctly written out by Agnes on her slate, save that she gave the Roman poet a k instead of a c to his name.

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"The Collaborators" blossomed before the "Amateur Socialist" at the Criterion on Monday night. By the same author as the longer play, it has all the harmlessness of domestic drama, being adapted by Mr. Tarpey from a story by his lawful wife. In the play Miss Braithwaite, the most absolutely moral of our actresses in her artistic effect, transfers her affections from a playwright to a painter. It is all very pleasant, and there are some good lines about the art of concocting stage-plays, evidently the result of collaboration. But the triumphant painter should really not come on in a painting jacket quite so obviously smeared with paint of all the colours of the rainbow. Certainly it set me into fits of laughter, for which I was duly grateful, but it spoilt the effect of "the play in one act."

NOTES FROM PARIS.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS IN FRANCE.

I HAVE just been plied with queries about the *Times*. It was at a newspaper office. A member of the staff asked me: "Qu'est-ce qu'il y a donc au *Times*? Il y a donc une révolution?" I apologised as best I could, and quoted Mr. Stead on the Americanisation of England. A member of the staff was reading aloud an article of TRUTH on the Book Club, and comments were flying across the room. The letter from Printing House-square to a London actor in reply to an advertisement was received with mirth, particularly the sentence running thus (I quote from memory): "The effect of an announcement in the *Times* would be to put you on a higher level than you could obtain otherwise." A caustic journalist paraphrased it thus: "Votre talent ne vous permet pas d'atteindre le piédestal. Nous vous y élèverons."

I defended the *Times* as best I could, for the sake of the reputation of the English press. "The editor," I pleaded, "would probably tell you that the editorial and the advertising staff were entirely distinct, that the leading articles and the circulars of the Book Club were written in different rooms, and possibly even on different stories of the building." "Very likely," replied somebody, "but the question is, Who benefits from those transactions?"

"That reminds me," said some one else, "of the decease of the *XIXe Siècle* newspaper. After occupying the foremost rank in the Paris press under Edmond About, it had seen evil days. It had fallen into the hands of the adventurer, A. E. Portalis, who met with a melancholy end. This Portalis had as his secretary a Belgian named Declercq. A person having fallen in the toils of the law received Declercq's visit. The secretary of the *XIXe Siècle* said: 'Your case is of public interest. Nevertheless we can suppress it. We often do such things. It is the custom when we thus oblige someone for the person to help our paper, which is run at a loss—to become, in fact, our partner.' 'How much do you want?' asked the person alluded to. 'Five thousand francs,' said Declercq. 'Let me think over it.' An appointment was made for the following day. Detectives were in hiding behind a curtain. Declercq repeated his offers and his threats, and was arrested. On the day of the trial Portalis came forward and deposed that Declercq had acted without any authority from his principal. Declercq replied: 'You know very well you have put me on to jobs of this kind ever since I entered your service, and that my share of the spoil has never been more than ten or twenty per cent.' Declercq was convicted, but the *XIXe Siècle* was ruined, the public being of opinion that in the case of a newspaper editor, at least, the right hand cannot be ignorant of what the left hand does."

The Editor of TRUTH has invented the amusing fiction of a Trousers Club. Does he know that there was such a thing—or very nearly—in Paris? A few years ago, the *Petite République*, while Jaurès was still its editor, started a Trousers Department—pantalons à 4 fr. 90 c. It went on for a year or two. One day Jaurès, in a public speech at Armentières, complained that the women of the cotton mills there did not earn two shillings a day (I think that was the figure). The *Aurore* thereupon replied that the sweated Polish Jews who made up the trousers of the *Petite République* earned much less. I remember Jaurès' apology. He drew a distinction between the editorial and the financial department. He explained that the *Petite République* had fallen into the hands of a syndicate over whose doings he had no control. To his credit, be it said,

SAVOY HOTEL, DRESDEN, has had ten years' reputation as the leading and favourite hotel of English visitors to Dresden. Pension terms.—F. MARGRAF.

THOMAS GOODE & CO.—China, glass, pottery, fireproof ware. Sole agents in the United Kingdom for the famous "Bi-Métal" (copper lined with pure sheet silver) Cooking Utensils. Illustrated catalogues free.—South Audley-street, London.

he left the *Petite République* a few weeks later, to found the *Humanité*, a paper which has run no side shows like the *Petite République* Trousers Department.

A printer has obliged me with some particulars about the publishing trade in France. The circulating library is hardly known in this country. Books, as a rule, are bought outright, and this is probably the cause of their cheapness. Novels are invariably priced 3 fr. 50 c., but three francs is the net price everywhere in Paris. Booksellers get about fourpence profit. The author usually receives threepence a copy. Very popular authors get as much as sixpence, but this is a maximum. Editions consist of one thousand copies. The first thousand cost about 1 fr. 50 c. a copy. The second edition about 1 fr. 20 c. The others about 1 fr. That is the price a publisher has to pay a printer. Of course, a large proportion of unsold copies may be reckoned upon. A sale of 700 or 800 copies must be made before the publisher begins to recover his expenses.

Another printer whom I asked for particulars as to the cost of bringing out a book replied by showing me a recent number of the "Journal Officiel de l'Imprimerie." This paper is never tired of emphasising the doctrine that "a printer who fails to make a careful estimate before quoting terms to a customer either swindles the latter or else he goes into the bankruptcy court." The estimate is made this way:—You count the cost of paper, type-setting, workmen's wages, gas, fuel, paper, in fact, everything. Then you add 60 or 70 per cent., and you have an estimate that is fair to both parties. The percentage is not profit, which is but a fraction of it. Some small, inexperienced printers anxious to get business, cut prices and fail to take into account depreciation of type—a heavy item—of machinery, etc. They go to the wall.

Publishers must average successful books with failures—*rossignols*, as they are called in French slang. These *rossignols* meet with various fates. Those which are illustrated and have an attractive appearance are bound up anew, and become prizes for Christian Brothers' and nuns' schools. The novels are taken up by hawkers, who will vend them at the *terrasses* of Boulevard cafés. If you are in Paris for a holiday and want to bring home some French novels to your friends, you can get as many as you like from these hawkers at about twopence-halfpenny apiece.

With the feudalism still existing in England, golden calf worship, the want of independent ideas in the aspiring middle-class, and the terrible want of sympathy generally with letters, British authors would be a miserable class indeed were their earnings as small as those of their French confrères. They have not and could not have in the present state of things in England the compensations for slender earnings which the French *littérateur* enjoys. The latter commands the sympathy of all who read his works with any pleasure, though they are only journalistic. A French novelist can always extract a play out of a novel that has had a fair amount of success. If he dreams of becoming even President of the Republic, there is nothing insane in the ambition. He can, if less imaginative, hope for a post in a public office, where he may in intervals between official tasks use his pen on his own account. The Administration has been foster-mother to many young authors, now eminent authors. J. K. Huysmans wrote nearly all his work in his office at the Ministry of the Interior. Géard could afford to wait for public taste to come round to him at the Hôtel de Ville, where he has a post. Henri Rochefort worked there in the Department of Public Buildings. A writer of a fairly good play, or novel, or a journalist of any talent can also, if his life bears inspection, hope to marry a fairly rich only daughter. Taine could marry when he did not earn £200 a year the only daughter of a wealthy house decorator, and look forward to combining literary gains with the Chair of Æsthetics at the Ecole des Beaux Arts.

Then there are endless museums and libraries which enable meritorious authors to supplement their literary earnings. Each palace has its curator and librarian as when a Court enlivened it. M. Weiss, whom Ollivier made his Minister of Fine Arts, was given, at the instance of Gambetta, the post of librarian in an empty palace. Octave Feuillet could live comfortably in his old age through having been librarian of the Palace of Fontainebleau, and on his wife's dot. His novels were, in his early days, "slow to move." If Victor Hugo made money in exile he ruined his publishers, Lacroix and Verboeckhoven in Brussels, and Pagnerre in Paris. He stated his terms, and told Lacroix they were *à prendre ou à laisser* before he allowed him to glance at the MS. of "Les Misérables." They had ultimately to face the bitter consequences of taking the pig in the poke. Still, as they came out of the venture covered with glory it might be said of them: "Battus, mais contents."

Louis Blanc only made money in England, and that by writing for *Le Temps*, *L'Indépendance Belge*, and a New York paper—the *Tribune*, I believe. He published "L'Histoire de Dix Ans," his master work, at a loss, and also the "Histoire de la Révolution," save in the cheap illustrated edition. But these works placed him on a pedestal, and won for him the affectionate sympathy of thousands. Before Victor Hugo had the halo of exile round his head he was not rich, and his publisher could not have had much profit on his works except "Notre Dame de Paris," for which there was a furore. He recouped fairly well with his plays, and his literary fame opened to him the House of Peers. That Senate fell with the collapse of the Orleanist monarchy, and the poet lost his official salary.

The Second Empire, to be just, did its best to keep the traditional respect for letters, for which Richelieu set an illustrious example. Any number of authors refused the presents of Artaxerxes, but the Emperor brought as many of them as he could into his Senate. There were always authors and journalists in the from-Tuesday-to-Saturday series of guests invited to Compiègne. De Sacy and Prosper Merimée were there *en permanence*. An attempt was made to bring down to the Hunting Palace on the Oise, once and for all, a horde of writers. They came as the equals of no

CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL, W.C., CONVALESCENT HOME, Limpsfield, dependent on £15,000 a year from voluntary sources. Contributions urgently solicited.

matter whom, and found themselves tactfully shuffled up among the grandest company. The Empress wanted, to open the Academy to Georges Sand, to have an excuse to invite her also. Could such sympathy and distinction be expected in London? The late M. Jules Oppert, the Assyriologist, came back poor as poverty from his researches on the Valley of the Euphrates. A post was created at the National Library to give him bread and cheese and enable him to write work of a high interest, but to a narrow public only. He lived long in a garret, but had the compensation of the red ribbon and soon after of the red rosette, was invited to Compiègne, and at once given currency in the most brilliant society. M. Cuvillier Fleury, who furnished those admirable articles to the third page of *Les Débats* for nearly forty-five years, refused to take anything for himself. Remembering that he had begun life as a secretary of Louis Bonaparte, he had no objection to the Emperor calling his son-in-law to the post of Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Journalism in France that keeps clear of plutocratic ways is extremely dignified in a quiet, natural manner, so far as the *rédaction politique et littéraire* is concerned. The writers on this side of the staff aim at the Academy, at high posts in the Administration at the Chamber of Deputies, and the Senate. MM. Pichon, Clemenceau, Pelletan, Geoffroy, Jaurès, Jean Dupuy, Hanotaux are instances. M. Hanotaux is less careful to stand aloof from the money-changers in the Temple than the others. One could not conceive *L'Aurore*, which in point of paper and impression is only a rag, or *Le Temps* or *Débats*, resorting to Trousers Club expedients. When the *Justice* found itself financially beaten in 1893 its director, now Prime Minister, closed the concern and went to the publishers to see on what he could write for them. He furnished a feuilleton to *L'Illustration*, which brought him directly 16,000 fr. The volume in which it next appeared paid fairly well.

The wedding of Prince John George of Saxony and the Princess Marie Immaculata of Bourbon Caserta took place under rather unpromising circumstances. The civil marriage was preceded by the benediction of the Bishop of Nice, in the benefits of which the Queen Dowager of Saxony and the other Royal personages participated. It did away beforehand with any theological drawbacks with which a marriage according to the code might be attended. The Mayor of Cannes, acting on an official dispensation sent down from Paris through the Sub-Prefect of Grasse, declared the Prince and Princess husband and wife in the salon of the Count of Caserta's villa. The religious marriage took place on the Toussaint or All Saints' Day at the Chapel of Nôtre Dame du Bon Voyage. October 31 is hardly less a *jour des morts* than November 1, on which date the Archduke Otho was delivered from his misery. His wife—now his widow—is a sister of the bridegroom As such she attended his wedding. Her stepmother-in-law—a Braganza of the Miguel line—had the charity to stay with the Archduke to the end of his dreadful illness. He had long suffered from a malady resembling eczema, but covering the whole face. The throat affection lasted a year and a half. It was not cancer. Since last December the Archduke had to breathe through a cannula and to be fed by surgical means. He was a first cousin, through his mother, of the Count and the Countess of Caserta, and the only Archduke who had dark eyes, hair, and complexion. As second heir presumptive he stood next at Imperial fêtes to the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. I only saw him once. It was at the opera. His father (a very fair Austrian) and his stepmother (a rather handsome, gentle-looking lady) sat in the front of their box. The Archduke (a tall and rather handsome young man) stood behind them looking intently at the stage. He seemed between the acts in the foyer in madcap spirits. Prince John George married two years ago a daughter of Prince Philip of Wurtemberg and great-grand daughter of the Citizen King, Louis Philippe. She died a few months after her marriage. The new Princess George is sister of the titular Prince of the Asturias.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

"A PEER'S PROVERBS," dear Lady Betty, is the title of the following epigrams which were coined by a young member of the House of Lords last week whilst waiting to vote against the Education Bill:—

The House of Lords.—An institution at which the divorced meet the divines to resist the destitute.

. . . . .

The House of Commons.—An institution at which the representatives of the people sell the interests of their constituents.

. . . . .

Poverty.—The hunger of the many, mostly caused by the greed of the few.

. . . . .

Worldly Wisdom.—The knowledge of how to misconduct yourself respectably.

. . . . .

Respect.—The reward of concealed iniquity.

. . . . .

The New Woman.—A man in petticoats who wishes to be a woman in trousers.

. . . . .

Love.—A sentiment we all entertain for ourselves, and occasionally imagine that others entertain for us.

. . . .

Marriage.—The miscarriage of flirtation.

. . . . .

A Smart Woman.—A woman who maintains her reputation at the expense of her character.

. . . . .

Money:—A thing we spend upon our amusements, and owe for our necessities.

. . . . .

Home:—The last resort of the dissipated.

* * * * *

"The Lives of the Saints" have been discarded in England; they have been replaced by The Lives of the Lords—the Peerage.

* * * * *

There is a passage in Howell's "Familiar Letters" that may be quoted here for the purpose of applying it to the situation of the moment. "Sir Thomas Fairfax told me of a soldier who, as he passed through a wood, with his knapsack on his back, sat down under a tree and fell to some victuals he had; but on a sudden he was surprised with two or three wolves, who, coming towards him, he threw them scraps of bread and cheese, till all was gone: then, the wolves making a nearer approach to him, he knew not what shift to make, but by taking

a pair of bagpipes which he had; and as soon as he began to play on them, the wolves ran away: whereupon the soldier said:—'Plague take you all! If I had known you had loved music so well, you should have had it before dinner.'"

The Tory-Unionist members of the House of Lords are astonished to find how little the people resent the opposition to the Education Bill, and they are saying, "Plague on you all! If we had only known how meek you are, you should never have had any education whatever."

. . . . .

A sailor being asked, at his trial, whether he was a Catholic, answered "No." Whether he was a Protestant. "No."—"What, then, are you?" "Why, I am captain of the fore-top." When Mr. Arthur Balfour is asked whether he is for Protection he answers "No." Whether he is in favour of Free Trade. "No."—What, then, is he? The leader of the Tory-Unionists!

* * * * *

The death of Mr. George Herring has caused regret to many in all conditions of life, and to few more than to the writer, who possessed in him an old and able friend whose wide experience, clear intellect, and keen sense of humour made him an especially agreeable companion. It may be said with the utmost truth that the late Mr. Herring never lost an opportunity of employing his wealth or influence to assist those who applied to him for help in either direction, and whose appeal was deserving of attention. He had amassed a great fortune and spent it generously.—Believe me to be, very truly yours, MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

MR. GEORGE HERRING had been well known for many years past as a most generous philanthropist, but for over a quarter of a century he was one of the most prominent bookmakers and Turf commissioners. He won a considerable fortune on the Turf, which is supposed to have been afterwards enormously increased by a long series of successful operations in the City. Mr. Herring executed many heavy and important commissions in the fifties and sixties, when there was betting for several months on a huge scale over the classic stakes and the principal handicaps. He was commissioner for Sir Joseph Hawley for a long time, and won largely over the great races in which that owner's horses were successful. Mr. Herring never achieved much as an owner, nor was he apparently ambitious of distinguishing himself in this line, as he seldom ran anything above plating form. He was a most sagacious man, and full of practical common sense, and found it far more profitable to pull the strings in the management of other men's horses than to be himself an owner of a large stud. It was mainly through the strenuous efforts of Mr. Herring that William Palmer, the Rugeley poisoner, was accused of the murder of Cook. He insisted that the mother and stepfather of Palmer's unfortunate victim should take proceedings to have all the circumstances of his illness and death thoroughly investigated, the result being that Palmer, having been tried and convicted at the Old Bailey before Lord Campbell, was hanged at Stafford. It has always been believed that Palmer poisoned several of his relations and friends. He stopped at nothing when in want of money. If the funds required could be obtained by getting rid of some man or woman, then the individual in question was promptly sacrificed. Mr. F. Swindell had an exceedingly narrow escape at Wolverhampton in 1853. He had backed a horse for Palmer in the principal handicap for £500. The animal won, but if it had lost there would have been an end of Swindell, who was ill in bed at the time (from the effects of poison administered by Palmer) when the race was being run. If the animal backed for Palmer had lost, the death of Swindell before settling day would have made the bet void.

Mr. Herring's great and long-continued success as a Turf commissioner was due to the fact that he was known to be thoroughly "straight," and his employers had full confidence in him. A commission which was placed in his hands was certain to be both prudently and cleverly executed. A man needed to be not only of strict integrity, but also to be exceptionally tactful, far-sighted, and acute, in order to obtain the confidence of Sir Joseph Hawley, who was often very difficult to get on with, and morbidly suspicious. Mr. Herring's employers knew that the best possible price was sure to be obtained by him for their money, and that every penny of the winnings would be paid them on the following Monday.

Mr. Townley Parker, of Cuerden Hall, near Preston, who died last week, at the age of eighty-five, was the head of a very old Lancashire family, and he had been a magistrate for that county for nearly sixty years. Through the female line he represented the Banastres, of Bank. At one time he owned racehorses, with which he won many important stakes, and at Cuerden there is a remarkable collection of sporting trophies, including several cups won in the eighteenth century. Mr. Townley Parker was on intimate terms with the late Lord Derby (the father of the present Earl), and he could have been elected to the Jockey Club in the early fifties had he cared to join that society. He was an excellent shot and an expert angler. There are some valuable pictures at Cuerden, which is a beautiful old place, which came to the Parkers from the Banastres by marriage.

The papers have been publishing what they describe as "an incident in the race for the Derby of 1882," the hero of which is S. Mordan, the ex-jockey, who had the mount on Bruce. T. Cannon is alleged to have related the story to the reporter who has communicated it to the press. The circumstances really occurred, but not in the Derby of 1882. The incident took place in the race for the Cesarewitch of 1869, when Mordan was riding John Davis, who ought to have won easily, but he was beaten by Chérie. The story of the race is told in Mr. George Hodgman's entertaining book, "Sixty Years on the Turf." He was the owner of John Davis, and backed the horse for £1,000, as he had been so highly tried that the Cesarewitch was practically a certainty for him. Mr. Hodgman has often related this melancholy episode in his career as an owner, and never without well-nigh exhausting the vocabulary of vituperation in his criticisms of the jockey. To make matters worse, John Davis was struck into at the finish, and he never could be trained again, so Mr. Hodgman sold him for the paltry price of nineteen guineas. This horse, however, proved fairly successful at the stud, and among his stock was Don Juan, winner of the Cesarewitch in 1883, when his owner, the late Mr. George Lambert, brought off a great coup in bets.

Pretty Polly finished her racing career when she was so easily beaten by Bachelor's Button for the Ascot Cup, and she left Newmarket last week for Major Loder's farm in Ireland. It was hoped that she would have been in condition to start for the Doncaster Cup, which race she would certainly have won if in form, but I do not believe that she would under any circumstances have defeated Bachelor's Button for the Jockey Club Cup. It will be interesting to see how Pretty Polly gets on at the stud, for it by no means follows that a brilliant racer will prove a successful brood mare. Memoir, for example, has turned out an abject failure at the stud. The yearling relative to Pretty Polly is an own sister. Her dam (Admiration) lost her foal by St. Frusquin last spring, but she is now in foal to Flying Fox.

Major Loder has a two-year-old sister to Pretty Polly in Adora, who has not been trained during the past season, but she is a good-looking and racing-like filly, and is quite likely to turn out very useful in the future. Her owner and trainer have acted most judiciously in giving the filly plenty of time, as if she had been trained and raced as a two-year-old she would probably have been ruined for racing. Adora has forfeited eleven engagements during the past season, and she is entered for twenty races in the future, including the Two

Thousand, the One Thousand, the Oaks, the Coronation Stakes, and Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot, the Gordon Stakes and Nassau Stakes at Goodwood, the St. Leger, the Jockey Club Stakes, and the Grand Prix.

Llangibby, who has been very groggy during the autumn, is not likely to stand another preparation, and he will probably go to the stud next season. The disappearance of Llangibby from the Turf will leave the Princess of Wales' Stakes of £6,000 at the mercy of Polymelus, for I expect the last has been seen of Spearmint as a racer. Mr. Joel's horse would now beat Spearmint over this course easily enough.

Bachelor's Button has gone to the stud, and he will stand at Maiden Erleigh, Mr. Joel's place near Reading. This horse's subscription is full for next season at the fee of 98 gs., which is a moderate price considering his excellent performances and his rare stoutness.

One of the most promising two-year-olds which ran at Newmarket during the October Meetings is Baltinglass, by Isinglass out of Sibola, who finished third for the Dewhurst Plate. He is at present very backward, but is quite likely to develop into a really good three-year-old. Baltinglass was not apparently expected to distinguish himself as a two-year-old, for he was entered for only ten races during the past season, and he has thirteen engagements in the future which were made for him when a yearling, including the Two Thousand, the Derby, the St. Leger, and the Grand Prix. This colt's first engagement next season is in the Greenham Stakes of £1,000 at the Newbury Spring Meeting.

Amphion, by Rosebery out of Suicide, who died last week, was bred in 1886 by Mr. G. S. Thompson at the Moorfields Stud. He had a prolonged and successful career on the Turf, which was concluded during the summer of 1891, when he walked over for the Stockbridge Cup, after having won the Rous Memorial Stakes at Ascot. His principal successes on the Turf were the Kempton Park Jubilee Handicap and the Fernhill Stakes at Ascot (in 1889), and the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot, the rich Lancashire Plate at Manchester, and the Champion Stakes at Newmarket in 1890. Amphion was raced by General Byrne, who had purchased him as a yearling for 350 gs. He turned out a most successful sire, but his stock have been more distinguished for speed than for stamina. Among the best winners were Dieudonné, Lally, and Sundridge, who was as speedy a horse as ever was seen on the Turf. Dieudonné won the Imperial Produce Stakes and the Middle Park Plate for the Duke of Devonshire in 1897, and he started second favourite for the Derby of 1898, which was won by Jeddah, but he turned out a non-stayer.

The omission of Polar Star from the entries for next season's classic stakes is very unfortunate, and also somewhat exasperating, considering the lavish manner in which Mr. Hall Walker's yearlings are engaged. It has several times happened that owners have made very few engagements for the yearling which turned out to be far and away the best racer of their lot. Mr. Rose entered Cyllene for a comparatively small number of races, and the Derby and St. Leger were not among them. It is quite certain that Cyllene would have won all the classic races of his year if he had been engaged in them. Many good judges, however, are of the opinion that the best has already been seen of Polar Star, and it is quite likely to turn out that he will be found to lack stamina next season.

The King had been expected to visit Newbury on Thursday, but it is quite as well that his Majesty did not go to the races, as he would have been again disappointed with Slim Lad, who started favourite for the Berkshire Foal Stakes, but he ran no better than on previous occasions. Slim Lad so palpably wants time that it would have been a more judicious course to have thrown him up for the season after his sensational defeat at the Newmarket First October Meeting. It is rumoured that several of the King's racehorses will be sold at Newmarket next month, and there can certainly be no object in his Majesty keeping a number of bad animals in training, as they will never do any credit to the Royal colours. If Laodamia had been more judiciously mated she might have been a success at the stud, instead of a miserable and very expensive failure.

A fortnight ago, when referring to the death of Royal Hampton, I mentioned his breeder, Mr. William Blenkiron, as "the late," a slip of the pen which I regret, as that gentleman is alive and well.

The hunting season commences in earnest this week, and since April there have been numerous changes of mastership. In the Blankney country Lord Charles Bentinck will act as joint master in conjunction with Mr. Edgar Lubbock, and intends to hunt the hounds himself. In the York and Ainsty, Mr. Miles Stapleton replaces Mr. Harry Preston as master of the bitch pack, which is now kept at Myton, while the dog pack remains in the hands of Mr. Lycett Green, and is still kept at Accomb. This new arrangement will considerably facilitate the hunting of this extensive country. In the Bramham Moor country, Captain Lane Fox, M.P., has replaced his father, the late Mr. George Lane Fox, and Mr. Douglas Crossman has succeeded Mr. Smith Bosanquet as master of the Cambridgeshire. Sir John Hume Campbell, of Marchmont, late Master of the Ormonde, has taken the North Cotswold country, replacing Mr. Charles McNeill, and Mr. W. J. Yorke Scarlett, from the Tedworth, has succeeded Mr. Peter Ormrod as master of the Craven Hunt. Mr. Howard, of Greystoke, has given up the joint-mastership of the Cumberland pack, which is left in the hands of Mr. C. J. Parker. Mr. John Swire has become master of the Essex, replacing a committee. Mr. Salaman is now master of the Exmoor pack, in succession to Mr. Brunskill. The Mackintosh has given up the Glamorganshire Hounds, and Colonel Homfray, of Penllyn Castle, is the new master. The old Gogerddan Hunt, which has flourished for centuries, has been re-established under the mastership of Sir E. W. Parry Pryse, who will himself carry the horn. Captain Heygate has taken the North Herefordshire, in the place of Sir William Cooke, who has succeeded Mr. Carnaby Forster as master of the Ledbury pack. Mr. Walter Long is the new master of the Hursley country in the place of Mr. Swindell. Mr. Spry, of Beaworthy, has taken the Lamerton pack, succeeding Mr. Henn-Gennys, and Mr. Evelyn Waddington, of Usk, is the new master of the Llangibby, replacing the late Mr. H. A. Williams, while in the Monmouthshire country Colonel Herbert has been succeeded by Mr. E. C. Curre. Sir W. Hyde Parker has resigned the mastership of the Newmarket and Thurlow pack, and is succeeded by Mr. R. Bower. The Percy country has a new master in Mr. J. B. Pease, who replaces Mr. A. Browne, and there is a similar change with the Suffolk, Mr. R. G. Everard having succeeded Mr. Riley Smith. Mr. T. A. Brassey has given up the East Sussex, and the new master is Mr. Du Mont, who will reside at Bexhill-on-Sea. Mr. J. W. Fleming, of Chilworth Manor, has taken the Tedworth, succeeding Mr. Yorke Scarlett, and Mr. Arthur Jones is the new master of the Worcestershire, replacing Mr. C. N. Mills, who had hunted this country since Lord Dudley's resignation. Lord Algernon Percy has undertaken the joint mastership of the North Warwickshire, in conjunction with Mr. Arkwright. The extensive country hunted by the late Sir James Miller has been divided—the Berwickshire section having been taken over by Mr. F. Usher, while Mrs. Burrell, of Carham Hall (daughter of the late Mr. Charles Perkins) has undertaken the Northumberland district. There is a new pack of foxhounds in Yorkshire, of which Colonel Conyers Scrope is the master, and he will hunt the Leyburn district of the immense Bedale country three days a fortnight.

The Newbury Meeting turned out a great success, in spite of the comparative failure of the principal event in the programme. The railway service was superlatively good. Paid Up proved a sorry substitute for Troutbeck in the Greenham Stakes, and Rocketter won easily from Crusader. The distance was further

WEDDING PRESENTS.—A choice selection of beautiful Dinner and Dessert Services, Breakfast, Luncheon, and Tea Sets, exclusive designs. MORTLOCKS, LTD., the Old Pottery Galleries, xO ford-st., and Orchard-st., W. Inspection solicited.

than Captain Greer's horse cares for, but his superior class pulled him through. There was some vigorous fielding against Rocketter, as it was thought that he would fail to stay the course. There was a lot of betting on the Highclere Nursery, the favourites being Billidere and Geronima, but Rockbourne won very easily from Queen of Spain, and it was a good performance, as he was giving the second 25 lb. Rockbourne ought to make a good three-year-old.

It was preposterous folly to make Slim Lad favourite for the Berkshire Foal Stakes with such a large field, and he was never dangerous, the prize falling to Beeswax, who won cleverly from Prince of Orange with 16 lb. the best of the weights. This filly was bought out of a selling race at Doncaster for 810 gs. The White Knight could not be trained on hard ground, so he was "thrown up" for the summer after winning the Vase at Ascot, and he now came out in excellent form, and won the Newbury Autumn Cup in a canter. It had been thought that his stable companion, Peter's Pride, would go for this race, and that The White Knight would be reserved for a later engagement. Demure was stopped by the heavy going.

The Windsor meeting was notable for the successes of Greendale and Quair, two failures belonging to the Duke of Portland. Greendale, by St. Simon out of Ismay, was so highly thought of as a yearling that he was entered for thirty-nine races, but he had never distinguished himself until he won the Great Western Handicap of £400 on Friday, a success due to the very poor class of the field. Kilglass, who started favourite, was giving the winner 17 lb. more than weight for age! Quair, who won her first race—a trumpery £100 Plate, in which Crusader was giving her 10 lb.—was positively backed for a lot of money for the Oaks against Keystone II. Quair, who is by Orme out of Memoir, commenced her racing career with thirty-two engagements, not one of which has she been able to win.

There has been no betting on the Liverpool Autumn Cup, which has turned out an utter failure this year, there being only thirteen acceptances. Killeagh appears to be the pick of this handicap.

Next week has Leicester with two days, Derby with three days, and Lingfield with the Saturday. There ought to be some excellent racing at Derby, and the fields will probably be very large. The back-end meetings appear likely to turn out a Moscow campaign for backers.

THE LAWN TENNIS BALL SCANDAL.

I have received a copy of the resolutions that are to be proposed at the annual general meeting of the Lawn Tennis Association. To describe the more important of them as being revolutionary would be using rather mild language. I propose now only to deal with one matter, which most materially affects the public, and that is the scheme for the selection of lawn tennis balls. In considering this scheme, I am doing so simply and solely from the point of view of the private consumer—that is to say, the man who uses balls on his private court or the club that buys them for the use of its members during the season. At present the ordinary price of lawn tennis balls is twelve shillings a dozen. At open meetings as defined by the rules of the Lawn Tennis Association manufacturers allow a rebate of six shillings a dozen for the sake of the advertisement. At Wimbledon, so valuable is the advertisement that I believe the balls have always been supplied for nothing. In other words, these amateur organisations bargain with the trade, and get the benefit of large discounts. At the price of six shillings a dozen there is a very heavy loss to the seller. As the manufacturer is not a philanthropist, one may be pretty sure that what he loses on the swings he makes up on the roundabouts. Therefore, either on the balls or on other implements of the game the ordinary consumer has to pay the piper. My view is that no club whatever should put itself under any liability or obligation to the trade. Every open meeting should pay the full market value for any article of the game that it requires. I sincerely hope that Wimbledon will in this respect lead the way.

Now there is a so-called reform movement in the lawn tennis world headed by Mr. MacFee. He is a vice-president of the Council of the L.T.A. His crusade is based on what he calls antagonism to trade influence and ball monopoly. He is solemnly propounding the creation of a ball monopoly from which the Lawn Tennis Association is to draw an income. Before outlining his scheme I may point out that the consent of some manufacturer will have to be obtained. Whether or not Mr. MacFee has some willing manufacturer in view I do not know. If he has not, then I can only say that I hope that in the interest of the public no self-respecting manufacturer will have anything to do with the scheme that Mr. MacFee is going to bring before the Council. He proposes that a committee shall be formed of certain denominated persons to select the ball to be used in all the championships of the four countries, and in International matches, and in Inter-County Cup ties during 1908. The manufacturers are to be invited to tender at the rate of not more than 12s. per dozen for ordinary use and 6s. per dozen for tournaments. On this point of price, I wonder what Mr. MacFee has to say as to the rise in the price of rubber? I do not suppose any such considerations enter his acutely business brain. Then follows a provision for a secret test as to the best ball. The ball being selected, the contractor is to deliver at the agreed price. He is to undertake not to sweat. As the contract is open to all manufacturers at home and abroad, it may be well to point out that what we consider sweating here would not be sweating in Germany. Further, in consideration of the privilege of supplying the balls at the meetings already mentioned at 50 per cent. less price than the ordinary public can buy them, the contractor is to pay the Lawn Tennis Association a royalty of ninepence a dozen on all balls used at any open meeting at which there is a single-handed competition on level terms open to all gentlemen amateurs, for which the first prize is either five pounds or the right to hold a challenge trophy value ten pounds. In other words, having tendered at six shillings he will have to deduct another ninepence a dozen at all the championships of the four countries and at the meeting for the Dwight-Davis bowl, and at open meetings. The decision as to the selection of the ball is to be communicated at once to all clubs. The scheme does not expressly say that the ball is to be used at all open meetings, but this is pretty clearly the object of the whole scheme. It is needless to say that manufacturers cannot carry on business one year and close down the next. The effect of Mr. MacFee's scheme would be to create an annual monopoly in tennis balls, out of which the L.F.A. is, by way of blood money, to draw ninepence a dozen on balls supplied to open meetings, and which money the public will, indirectly, have to pay.

If it be said that the scheme does not make it compulsory on all open meetings to buy the selected ball matters will stand in this way: Manufacturers of balls just as good for all practical purposes as those selected by the MacFee system will be able to underbid the selected ball, because they will have the ninepenny margin to play with. As a mere matter of business clubs will accept the man who gives the lowest tender, other things being equal. The glory of tendering and supplying balls for the championships of the four countries would so handicap the contractor in respect of other meetings that he could not compete unless he were prepared to run a year's trading at a dead loss in order to create an absolute instead of an annual monopoly. I make no doubt myself that Mr. MacFee intends that the use of the selected ball shall be compulsory at all open meetings. This is the proposition of a gentleman virtuously opposed to trade influence. He is prepared to arrange a match ball monopoly for the benefit of the funds of the Lawn Tennis Association. The public is to be sweated to enrich the Association. It is nothing more nor less than a monstrous scandal that a vice-president of the Lawn Tennis Association should be associated with such a scheme. At present the organisers of any open meeting can

buy what ball they please and from whom they please. I know that at Eastbourne one maker's balls are used, and that those of another maker are played with at Wimbledon. So far there is free trade. I would have it a rule of the Association that no club or affiliated body receive discounts for advertising purposes. These bodies should not be favoured customers. Until this rule is passed the L. T. A. may rest assured that all the talk of its reformers about trade influence is the purest twaddle. The fact that the reformers have the effrontery to propound such a scheme shows that they are not the class of men who can be trusted with the conduct of any amateur sport. They are desirous to make all the money that they can for their precious Association. Then will the members of the Council be able to vote themselves monies for travelling and other incidental expenses? Some years ago I exposed the lawn-tennis cadger who put up as guest—save the mark!—at the houses of members of entertaining committees. The Association took the matter in hand and stopped that sort of trick. The Association was poor, but honest. Now it seeks to become rich in a most dishonest way. I shall have the greatest possible pleasure if the scheme passes, and if any contractor contracts, in warning the public against buying any athletic outfits from the contractor on the ground that the public is supporting a tennis-ball monopoly. The Association should have nothing to do with the provision of the implements of the game. For this reason I strongly disapprove of Mr. Collins' resolution that the Association may from time to time recommend the ball to be played with. I hope he will withdraw it. It is an attempt at compromise on impossible lines. Mr. MacFee's scheme must be killed outright if there is to be any purity in the game. A gentleman who can seek to embark the Association on such a policy is too dangerous a person to hold office in the Association. Of other propositions, including the attempt that is to be made to kill the Wimbledon meeting, I may say something next week. The annual meeting will be held on November 14, and I sincerely hope that representatives will do their best to preserve the wholesome influence of the Association, and not participate in a movement which is degrading and disgraceful.

As I anticipated last week Magdalen second four were successful in the University fours at Oxford. They beat New College after a good race. New had just beaten Magdalen I., who had to row an untrained man at the last moment. At Cambridge, I read in the *Field*, Jesus have been consistently under the supervision of Mr. Fairbairn. They have no doubt benefited by their long practice, and are a splendid crew. I can scarcely hope to do justice to Mr. Fairbairn's own inimitable style in which he shows his powers as a coach on paper. The facts are that this coach's crew was beaten by Third Trinity by five and twenty yards, having drawn a bye in the first round. Third has practically never had a coach. And Third were beaten by Trinity Hall after a splendid race by five yards. Hall had a coach, D. C. R. Stuart, until ten days or so before the race, when bow went ill and Stuart took his place. After which event they had no coach at all. Under these circumstances I wonder what inferences are drawn by the rowing world in general, and Mr. Fairbairn in particular, as to his powers as a coach.

The South African footballers are to be congratulated on having beaten Glamorgan. The Welsh writers send keen appreciations of the play of the outsides to the London press, and they agree that Maesburg is the best full back playing. Against Gloucestershire the forwards got control of the ball and gave the halves and threequarters every chance, and they took the opportunities. If the forwards can get hold of the ball in the scrimmages they will go very near to winning their International matches. Their defence is their strong point.

Dawson has beaten Stevenson by over a thousand points in 9,000 up. I wonder what the next move will be?

MAMMON.

MARKETS SLACK — TENDENCY IRREGULAR — STOCKS WHICH SHOULD BE BOUGHT.

STOCK EXCHANGE dealings during the past week have been on a poor scale, and the movements in prices have not as a whole been in favour of holders. Stocks which it seems to me are worth buying are Consols and other British Government securities, because they are safe for a very appreciable improvement early in the new year. Foreigners should also be bought, and Home and Canadian Railways are also a safe purchase, the first-named being particularly attractive.

MONETARY SITUATION LESS UNCERTAIN—PROSPECTS BETTER—BANK'S POSITION.

No change of any consequence has taken place in the monetary situation. The 6 per cent Bank rate is fully effective, and so far as one can judge it would seem that there will be no necessity for making any further advance, untoward development of a serious nature this side of the New Year excepted, of course. The apprehension on this score has, therefore, subsided, though it must be allowed that an element of uncertainty still exists and this seems to inspire a degree of caution. At one juncture the momentary weakness of the American Exchange created some slight apprehension, but this quickly passed off, it being generally recognised that any recrudescence of the demand of gold from that quarter is improbable because such a development would be likely to be followed by a measure of precaution by the Bank of England calculated to affect New York seriously. The Egyptian drain, too, seems to be about ended, and Russia being disposed to wait for more propitious times to secure her requirements of the precious metal, the Bank is likely to continue to secure the arrivals in the open market, and thus strengthen its position materially preparatory to the customary strain during the concluding months of the year. The Continent is reluctant to part with much gold, in spite of the Exchanges. Germany, however, has sent a small amount, and it may be that eventually the other centres will modify the attitude adopted, in which event the situation here would become all the more favourable. In spite of the fact that £455,000 in gold was received on balance from abroad, the Bank's reserve shows a slight diminution, owing to the heavy outflow of cash to the country amounting to £485,000. The total is now £18,158,000, and it is likely to be augmented week by week, not only by the filtering back of money from circulation, but by the foreign arrivals of gold. If, as is supposed, the Argentine withdrawals, which are likely to begin in December, should prove smaller, the outlook is not unsatisfactory. The stringency incidental to the end of the month has been rather acute, but as the dividend payments filter back to the market the position will gradually become more normal.

CONSOLS RECOVER—STOCKS STILL CHEAP AND ATTRACTIVE.—RUSSIANS STEADILY ADVANCING—PERUS DULL.

Although the monetary situation continues to militate against any growth of confidence or any display of enthusiasm, the gilt-edged market preserves a tolerably cheerful tone, and not only has the depreciation in values following the establishment of the Bank rate on a 6 per cent. basis been arrested, but a slightly better tendency is observable. Everything considered, this is not remarkable, because stocks have lately dribbled away to an unduly low level. At the same time, there is still an element of uncertainty owing to the monetary unsettlement, but unless Lombard-street is to be afflicted with acute and prolonged stringency between now and the end of December, which seems improbable, so far as one can judge at present, there does not seem to be much scope for depreciation. Therefore, gilt-edged stocks, which can now be bought to bring in a relatively good return, may be regarded as an attractive purchase, especially in view of the possibilities of capi-

tal appreciation within the turn of the year, when the monetary situation is likely to experience relief, an important consideration, of course, in relation to the market valuation of such securities. In the Foreign market the recovery of Russian bonds goes on merrily. This is difficult of explanation. No striking improvement in either the political or financial situation of the country has transpired to justify it. The chances are that the recovery is being engineered, as I have hinted before, especially as the rumours connecting the movement with Jewish support and the grant of concessions to that race have been officially denied. The Russian Financial Administration, says the denial in question, does not need the financial assistance referred to. In spite of this, I am not disposed to modify my opinion of Russian securities, which are charged with speculative qualities too uncertain for the average individual. It is not in the least surprising that Peruvian Corporation issues should now be ignoring the possibilities of the recent decision of the Government to negotiate a settlement. When such a step is taken simultaneously with the report that a loan is to be raised with one of the principal German banks, it must be confessed that the chances of the settlement are not particularly bright, seeing that by adopting the latter measure the Government would put itself in a position of independence so far as the Corporation is concerned.

Home Rails Easier — Traffics and Quotations — High Earnings and Low Quotations — The Investors' Opportunity.

On the whole the disposition to secure profits has predominated in the Home Railway market during the past week, and with one or two exceptions prices have lost a good part of the improvement recorded in the previous week. The dearness of money still acts as a drag upon the market, more particularly as fears have been revived lately that the Bank rate may even yet have to go to 7 per cent., owing to the slowness with which the Threadneedle-street establishment under a 6 per cent rule is adding to its gold reserves. Apart from money, which, after all, must be a temporary adverse factor, and the Clyde labour trouble, which continues to affect Scottish Railway stocks, the general position of the market remains promising. Traffic returns continue to show up very well, in spite of the large increases registered at this time last year, and so far as the leading trunk lines are concerned, every week that passes makes it more certain that the various Boards will have substantial advances in gross revenue by the end of the half-year. The traffics for last week, together with the results for the seventeen weeks to date, are given in the following table:—

Company.	Increase or Decrease for Week.	A Year Ago.	Half-year Inc. or Dec.
	£	£	£
Brighton	+ 1,200	+ 150	+ 12,847
Central London	− 507	+ 232	− 4,749
Great Central	+ 1,817	+ 8,913	+ 49,369
Great Eastern	+ 4,500	− 300	+ 21,400
Great Northern	+ 2,690	+ 4,215	+ 37,906
Great Western	+ 9,700	+ 5,900	+ 87,100
Hull and Barnsley	+ 894	− 174	+ 11,645
Lancashire and Yorkshire	+ 425	+ 3,146	+ 67,981
Metropolitan	− 1,924	+ 21	− 42,232
Midland	− 2,702	+ 17,721	+ 44,908
North-Eastern	+ 2,213	+ 6,306	+194,389
North Stafford	− 233	+ 1,239	+ 11,807
North-Western	+ 2,000	+ 17,000	+102,000
South-Eastern and Chatham	+ 1,140	+ 1,703	+ 13 836
South-Western	+ 400	+ 1,400	+ 17,600
Caledonian	− 1,991	+ 4,281	+ 13,625*
Glasgow and South Western	+ 667	− 363	+ 9,514*
North British	− 301	+ 4,341	+ 20,032*

* From August 1.

It will be observed that the Great Northern continues to show relatively very good increases, and in view of the prospects for that line as outlined in this column a week ago, it is not surprising that York Deferred keeps such a hard market. But perhaps the big increase scored by the Great Western is the surprise in last week's figures. This Company has been a laggard lately in the matter of gross earnings, but in view of the very large expenditure on capital account, etc., during the past year or two it ought soon to be making a better show. The North-Eastern has the handsome aggregate gain of £194,000, and the North-Western follows some way behind with an advance of £102,000. Relatively to mileage the increases shown by Great Central, Lancashire and Yorkshire, Hull and Barnsley, and the North Staffordshire are also very noteworthy, and should have an important bearing upon dividends next January. To those who intend taking an interest in the Home Railway market, it is instructive, after studying the current traffic record, to see how far, if at all, the improved outlook has been reflected upon prices. Accordingly, I show below the highest and lowest prices touched during 1905 and 1906 side by side with the level ruling at the time of writing:—

Stock.	Highest 1905.	Lowest 1905.	Highest 1906.	Lowest 1906.	Present Price.
Caledonian Defd.	42 1/16	33½	42¼	28⅜	30
Central London Ord.	94½	88½	96½	82¼	84
City and South London	48½	37¾	47½	39	43
Glasgow and South-Western Defd.	43	35½	42½	37½	38
Great Central 1894 Pref.	76¾	51	81⅜	69	72½
Great Eastern	93 3/16	80¾	91⅛	79½	80½
Great Northern Defd.	45 15/16	33⅜	48⅞	39½	42
Great Western	145⅜	135½	144	122⅝	125½
Hull and Barnsley	49½	40¾	49½	42½	45½
Lancashire and Yorkshire	112⅝	103¾	109¾	100	102¾
North Western	161¾	147	163½	147½	150½
South-Western Defd.	60¾	52½	57½	44⅜	46¾
Brighton Defd.	131½	116½	130⅜	111½	115½
Chatham First Pref.	103½	95½	99½	85	88
Metropolitan	100	86½	89½	59	60
Midland Defd.	74⅜	62½	74½	62½	64½
North British	49⅛	43⅜	47⅛	38⅜	40
North-Eastern	146¾	133½	147½	134½	137
South-Eastern Defd.	60⅜	48⅛	55⅜	44⅛	46½

The striking fact brought out by this table is that not only are prices within one or two points of the lowest touched during the present year, but in the majority of cases they stand lower now than the lowest reached in 1905. Seeing, as I have said, that the dividend outlook has undergone a further improvement during the past year, it is patent that something quite apart from intrinsic merits is responsible for the fall. In a sentence, I should say Labour scares and a 6 per cent. Bank rate are the two outstanding causes. Nervousness in regard to socialistic legislation has recently been calmed considerably by the utterances of Liberal statesmen, while the blow dealt at last week's Municipal elections to the apostles of Socialism will do a good deal of itself to restore public confidence. We are left, therefore, with dear money as the one unfavourable factor, and in regard to this it is morally certain that early in the New Year we shall witness a speedy amelioration of conditions. The moral, therefore, is obvious, namely, that Home Rails should be bought now, while, in consequence of the market being out of fashion, prices are unduly low. Here is my usual table:—

Home Rails.	A Year Ago.	Make up, Oct. 24.	Closing Price, Oct. 27.	Closing Price, Nov. 3.	Movement.
Caledonian Pref.	18½	74	74	73¾	− ¼
Do. Def.	40½	30	30⅜	30	− ⅜
City and S. London	44	43	43	43	—
Central London	92	84	84	84	—
Great Central 94 Pref.	75	—	70½	72½	+2
Do. "B"	33½	33	34½	34⅜	+ ⅛
Do. "A"	18¾	15⅝	16½	16¾	+ ¼
Great Eastern	87½	80½	81½	80½	−1
Great Northern Pref.	103	99¾	100	100	—
Do. Def.	44½	41	42½	42½	—
Great Western	143	125	127	126	−1
Hull and Barnsley	47½	44¾	45½	45½	− ½
Lancashire and Yorkshire	109½	101½	103½	102½	− ¾
London and Brighton "A"	126	114½	116	116	—
London, Chatham, and Dover	17 1/16	13⅞	14¼	13⅜	− ⅜
Do. 4½ p.c. Pref.	102½	86½	89	88	−1
Do. 2nd Pref.	66	49½	53	51	−2
London and North-Western	159	149½	151¾	150½	−3½
London and South-Western Def.	59½	45½	46¾	46¾	—
Metropolitan Consolidated	92	60½	60½	60½	—
Metropolitan District	39½	20	20	21	+1
Midland Pref.	69¾	64½	66½	66¼	—
Do. Def.	71½	64½	65¾	64½	−1½
North British 3 p.c. Pref.	77¾	73½	73¾	73¼	− ½
Do. Def.	46⅜	40	40½	40	− ½
North-Eastern Consolidated	144¾	135¾	133	137	−1
South-Eastern "A"	59	45¾	47½	46¾	− ¾

How to Operate in Stocks Successfully.—See Halford's Adviser (post free).—Palmerston House, London, E.C. Established 1869. Telegrams: "Monitor, London."

American Railways Quiet—Public Still Apathetic—The Dangers of the Market—Trade Conditions and the Railways—The Monetary Position.

The American market continues to be left severely alone by the English public, and professional dealings are altogether disproportionate to the amount of the noise heard in the House and in Capel Court by the "Bears." The plain fact is that, at all events for the time being, Yankees possess no serious attractions, most of those who had the good fortune to sell at high prices two or three years ago having got out, and having since then paid attention to Canadian or South American Railways, realising that Americans are at a very high level, even making allowance for the rapid progress of the country, and for its tremendous commercial possibilities, which will, as usual, be reflected in larger railroad earnings. To buy in order to put away, the better class American Common stocks are a good investment; and some of the cheaper descriptions are not without merit for lock-up purposes. But the outsider ought not to buy speculatively, because he is not, and cannot possibly be, in a position to see any of the shares of the game which is being played, and he is certain, soon or late, to be left in the lurch. My table below shows the measure of movements on the week:—

—	1905. Highest.	1905. Lowest.	Closing Price. Oct. 20, 1906.	Closing Price, Oct. 27, 1906.	Closing Price, Nov. 3, 1906.
Atchison	96	80⅞	103	103¾	104½
Do. Five per Cent. Pref.	109	102	104½	104	104⅞
Baltimore and Ohio Com.	120¾	104⅛	123	123	122⅝
Chesapeake and Ohio	61½	46¾	61	59	56¼
Denver	40⅛	27¾	41¾	41½	41¼
Do. Pref.	93¾	85¼	87	86½	87
Erie	54½	38⅛	45½	44⅝	45⅜
Do. First Pref.	87½	77⅜	78½	78	78
Louisville	161½	140½	149	147	148
Milwaukee	193½	173½	177½	175¾	177
Mo., Kan., and Texas	39¼	24⅛	34½	34⅛	35⅞
Norfolk Pref.	96½	94	93	93	93
Do. Common	90¾	77⅜	96	97	96½
New York Central	169¾	140⅞	139½	131½xr	132
Ontario	65½	41⅞	45⅞	46½	46⅝
Pennsylvania	76⅝	67½	72½	72¼	74⅛
Reading	73⅜	40⅜	75½	72½	75
Do. First Pref.	49⅜	46	44½	44½	44½
Southern Common	39⅞	28⅜	34⅜	34½	35⅛
Do. Pref.	104½	97½	100	99	99½
Southern Pacific	74	59⅝	94⅜	94⅝	94⅜
Union Pacific	155⅜	116⅞	189	187¼	188½
Do. Pref.	102¾	98½	96	96	96
Wabash Pref.	49⅜	37¾	47	45⅞	46
Do. "B" Debentures	86⅞	69½	86	83	86
U.S. Steel Corp. Com.	44½	26	48⅜	48¼	49⅛
Do. Do. Pref.	110¼	93⅜	108½	109⅜	109¾

My advices from the United States indicate that railway facilities in almost all parts of the country are unequal to the enormous volume of traffic and the inability of many of the roads to furnish motive power and cars sufficient to meet the requirements of shippers. It remains to be seen, when winter arrives, whether the superabundance of traffic will not result in more or less trouble at the principal junction points. From the standpoint of owners of railroad securities there is, however, one exceedingly important and satisfactory phase of the current situation. This relates to the unusually well-maintained rates which prevail and the absence of any cutting or disturbance such as has almost invariably occurred when the grain crops begin to move in volume. It is, in fact, stated that for the first time in ten years there has this autumn been no rate war growing out of the competition of the gulf routes with the so-called granger railways. It is therefore concluded that the railways will be the gainers to a large extent by the increase in their revenues from the maintenance of full rates during the crop-moving season. Some authorities place this at fully 25 per cent. of the total amount which will be received by the different companies for hauling grain. Mr. Secretary Shaw's plan for dealing with the monetary situation has naturally given rise to a good deal of discussion. His decision to discontinue deposits to facilitate gold importations was the result of his conviction that for the present the United States had its share of the gold available, and of a natural desire not to disturb conditions out of the country. His proposal to stimulate the national bank circulation by accepting approved securities other than government bonds for deposits already made, and allowing the bonds released to be used immediately as a basis of circulation without withdrawal from the Treasury, at once permitted of an increase of the note circulation by $18,000,000, and will afford an opportunity of testing in operation a plan for providing an elastic currency such as has been in substance suggested more than once of late. Under the plan banks accepting the Secretary's offer must agree to retire the additional circulation taken out some time between March 15 and August 10 next, the order or proportion of retirement from month to month to be determined by the Treasury Department. The life of the circulation is therefore limited to a fixed period. The working out of the plan in practice will be watched with interest because of the light it may throw on some of the problems now pressing for solution.

Canadian Revenue Statements—The Boom in Mexican Rails—A Fine Report—Interoceanics—The Prospect of a Funding of Interest Arrears—Argentine Great Western and Amalgamation Talk—Rally in Cuban Central.

The Colonial and Foreign Railway Market has attracted a great deal of attention during the past week and several stocks have scored big advances. Canadian Pacifics, which have lately reflected the uncertainty prevailing in Americans, showed a disposition to break away to some extent from the influence of Yankees, and the shares have put on a dollar or two. Certainly the revenue statement for September was calculated to encourage the "Bull's" gross earnings, for the month increased by $1,280,000, and of this no less than $662,000, or nearly 52 per cent., was retained as extra net profit. The total net earnings for the month are $2,438,000—an increase at the rate of 37.2 per cent. This is not quite up to the average increase for the three months, which works out at 39.7 per cent., but it is noteworthy that the ratio of working expenses to the gross earnings for the three months is 60.24 per cent. as against 62.75 per cent. for the whole year ended the 30th June last. The Canadian Pacific's statements continue to afford a strange contrast to those of the Grand Trunk. The latter Company, in respect of September, was only able out of a gross increase on the combined system of £43,400, to retain £6,300 as extra net revenue, while taking the three months, an expansion of £200,000 in gross revenue has yielded a paltry £28,700 as additional net income. This is, doubtless, disappointing to the holders of the junior securities, but, taking the long view, the liberality with which revenue is being spent on raising the efficiency of the road to handle the rapidly increasing volume of traffic falling to its share is all to the good, and those holders of the Third Preference, and probably the Ordinary too, who are willing to exercise patience should get their reward later on. As it is, we have the chairman's virtual promise that the dividend upon the Third Preference will be increased in respect of the current year, an intimation which the market has interpreted as meaning 3 per cent. instead of 2 per cent. That recent revenue statements are not engrossing too much attention on the part of the market is evident from the rise in the Ordinary and Third Preference that has occurred since the publication of the September figures. In fact, this was due to "Bear" covering induced by the strength of other Canadian securities, but it was also largely fostered by buying against options entered into by London and Continental speculators. Turning to Mexican Rails the pace during the last few days has been fast and furious, the profit-taking lull that succeeded the dividend announcement being followed

Persons who may be considering the advisability of making financial provision of a satisfactory character for themselves or for their dependents should not delay in obtaining the new prospectus of the Scottish Widows' Fund. The kind of information which is helpful in the selection of an assurance office is to be found in this publication. The whole profits belong to the assured. The Society was founded in 1815, and has accumulated a fund of £18,000,000.—London Offices: 28, Cornhill, E.C., and 5, Waterloo-place, S.W.

by a renewed outburst of activity which has sent the Second Preference and the Ordinary stock up from 5 to 6 points. Enthusiasm was encouraged rather than diminished by the issue of the report, which showed, as I anticipated, that there has been no straining of the Company's resources in order to pay the greatly advanced rates recommended. The ratio of working expenses to receipts worked out at 53.57 per cent., which is the lowest for many years, but this decline is due not to any material reduction in the allowances for maintenance of way or rolling-stock, but to greater economies in working, combined with the absence of the special compensation charge of $28,000, which figured in the accounts a year ago as a result of the Metlar Bridge accident. The Company benefited also by the rate of exchange, the average value of the Mexican dollar being 24.85d. against 24.34d. for the first six months of 1905. The benefit of a higher exchange will also be felt in the current half-year, for during the three months to the end of September the rate has varied between 24.80d. and 24.92d., as against an average of only 24.49d. for the second half of 1905. The flourishing state of affairs reported by the old Mexican Railway has caused greater attention to be paid to the securities of the other lines serving the Republic. National of Mexico First Preferred has again met with strong support and looks like going higher, and the bonds of the Mexican Central have also risen sharply, though a set-back occurred at the end of last week on the announcement that negotiations with the Government for the control of the Railroad from the Pierce Syndicate had been abandoned. Interoceanic Seven per Cent. Preference, the bright possibilities for which I several times emphasised in the early part of this year, have had a further spurt, and the present price of 11½ compares against 6 ruling when I first wrote. No dividend has been paid on these £10 shares since 1891, so that arrears alone amount to rather more than the par value of the shares. It is estimated by the dealers that, if only one year's Preference interest had to be paid, present earnings would be sufficient to show 4 per cent. on the Ordinary shares. Under such conditions the Company is almost bound before long to take steps to find the Preference arrears on lines similar to those adopted lately by one or two Argentine Railways. Perhaps the report for the year to June 30 last will make some reference to this matter. Coming now to the Argentine Railway group, the outstanding feature has been the strong demand for the stock of the Great Western. This may have been due in part to the excellent report just issued, but the main reason was a revival of the rumour respecting an absorption of this line by the Buenos Ayres and Pacific. The two lines are already pretty closely connected, having the same Chairman, and it is regarded by market men as merely a matter of time when they will become one concern. Certainly there is good reason why the Pacific should desire such a union. On the side of the Great Western it is hardly likely that opposition to amalgamation would be offered if the terms should be according to rumour, namely, a 6 per cent. guarantee, ranking before Pacific Preferences. The Great Western is very unlikely to increase its dividend beyond the present 6 per cent., as a payment of 7 per cent. would raise the question of a revision of tariffs. Therefore a guaranteed 6 per cent., which would make its stock worth, say, 140, would hardly be refused by the present stockholders. Perhaps the terms to be offered will not be quite so attractive, but in any case Great Westerns are well worth attention, for, apart altogether from the prospects of amalgamation, they give the very decent yield of 5⅜ per cent. Among other Foreign Rails a feature has been a good demand for Salvador shares, which rose more than a point to 6 on a cable communication that traffic had been resumed, and that the damage done by floods was not serious. Cuba Central Ordinary responded to the hopeful statements made at the meeting; the Chairman, referring to the £34,000 set aside against damage done by revolutionaries, said he regarded it as merely "a payment deferred with prospect of some increase." The Board is naturally counting upon getting due compensation from the Government. My table is appended:—

—	A Year Ago.	Make-up, Oct. 24.	Closing Price, Nov. 3.
Canadian Pacific	177⅞	179½	180⅝
Grand Trunks	23 1/16	26¼	27⅛
,, 4 per cent. Guaranteed	102	102	102½
,, 1st Preference	111½	118	118½
,, 2nd ,,	102	111	111½
,, 3rd ,,	57½	67½	68⅝
Bengal and North-West	154½	146	147
Madras Railway 5 per cent.	126	121½	122½
Argentine Great Western Ordinary	125	114	119
Buenos Ayres and Pacific	142	124½	126
,, ,, 1st Preference	114½	115	114½
,, ,, 2nd ,,	108¼	107	107
,, Great Southern	138½	130	124
,, Western	137½	125	123½
Entre Rios Railway Preference	92½	85½	86
Rosario Consolidated Ordinary	109¾	113	113½
Cent. Uruguay Ordinary	87½	90	86½
Costa Rica Railway	2⅞	2⅞	2⅞
Mashonaland Railway Debentures, 2nd iss.	—	86	90
Mexican Railway	24	28	37
,, 1st Preference	117½	137	141½
,, 2nd ,,	46¾	60½	78
Nitrate Rails	15⅞	16¼	16½

KAFFIRS HIGHER—TWO PROSPEROUS LYDENBURG COMPANIES—GOLD FIELDS DIVIDEND—GEDULD AMALGAMATION—DE BEERS RISING—THE DIAMOND BOOM.

It is satisfactory to be able to record that Kaffirs are firmer, and that there has been a steadier feeling in the leading shares since last week. The rise so far is of very moderate dimensions, but one hears less pessimistic talk about the probable course of the market, and the tendency is unquestionably towards a higher level of prices. There is strong reason for believing that the Rand gold output and profits for October will establish another record, and altogether the Kaffir outlook appears to be much brighter than it has been for a considerable time past. It was only last week that I called attention to the encouraging prospects of the Transvaal Gold Mining Estates, a Lydenburg Company which recently declared a 10 per cent. dividend, and promises to do much better in the near future. A few days ago a cablegram was received from Johannesburg to the effect that the general manager, reporting on prospecting operations on the farm Vaalhoek, belonging to this Company, stated that he had traced the reef in four small prospecting shafts covering a distance of 200 yards across the hill, and that the reef is 8 ft. wide, with an average assay value of 1 oz. 7 dwts. per ton. Other improvements have lately been noted on the extensive property of the Transvaal Mining Estates, and although the shares have risen ¼ to 1¾, there are few better mining investments at the price in the whole South African list. In the same district of the Transvaal is situated the property of Glynn's Lydenburg, a Company which, it may be noted, has during the past year declared dividends amounting to 25 per cent. on its issued capital, and absorbing £41,838. The shares stand at about 2. Consolidated Gold Fields shares have been stronger in anticipation of the dividend, the announcement with regard to which may come at any moment. Last year the dividend was 3s., and this year an additional 6d. per share is expected in the market. Although the year has not been favourable for Kaffir share speculation or for the realisation of share holdings, the Consolidated Gold Fields Company has derived a considerably increased revenue in the form of dividends from the Companies it controls, some of which have made remarkable progress in gold production and profits. The earnings of the Robinson Deep alone are well on the way towards £500,000 per annum, and very shortly, when all its tube mills are at work, the monthly profits are expected to amount approximately to £45,000. Middleburg Steam Coal shares at 16s. are receiving the attention of investors. So great is the demand for this Company's coal, which is stated to be the best in the Transvaal, that the output has risen from 8,000 tons in January last to 18,000 tons in October, while the reserves in the colliery are estimated at 19,000,000 tons. At present the profits being made equal 15 per cent. on the ordinary capital, and when the full capacity

of the plant, 40,000 tons per month, is reached, the management expect to earn 40 per cent. Geduld Proprietary shares were somewhat prominent on one or two days on account of the statement made by the chairman at the amalgamation meeting held at Johannesburg that, of the 1,100 ft. of work now accomplished in the north drive, the reef had been exposed for 900 ft., and showed for that distance an average assay value of 12¼ dwts. over a width of 24 in. The raise No. 1 south had been extended 610 ft., exposing the reef for the entire distance, showing an average assay value of 14 dwts. If there is nothing sensational about these reef values, they show a very fair average, and provided the yield is maintained in depth and throughout the whole length of the property, the success of the Geduld Proprietary Mines may be regarded as being well assured. This Company has now absorbed the Central Geduld and North Geduld Companies. In the Diamond section there has again been considerable activity, and De Beers shares, among the heavies, have been in demand, rising to 20 11-16. New Vaal Rivers, after advancing to 12¼, began to wobble, and eventually toppled over, falling at one time to 6. Before they touched the latter figure, however, there were numerous intermediate fluctuations extending over several days, and there has since been a substantial recovery. Seeing how rapid the rise was a fall was inevitable, due to profit-taking on the part of recent purchasers and to realisations on the part of long-standing holders; but as the prospects of the Company have improved rather than the reverse there is no reason to suppose that New Vaal Rivers have lost their attractions for investors. The reverse will probably be proved to be the case when the full details of the Company's discoveries are placed before the meeting to be held at Kimberley next Saturday. Arrangements have been made for the immediate construction of a waterworks system on the new discoveries on the Company's property, by which sufficient water for washing 8,000 loads of diamondiferous ground per diem will be obtained. Mr. W. Wells, one of the London directors of the Company, who formerly resided on the Diamond Fields for many years, sailed from Southampton last Saturday, on his way to Kimberley. There has been considerable fluctuation in Read's Drift shares, which, after rising to 2 3-16, fell back to ⅞. One reason given for the erratic course of these shares was the forced closing of a deceased account, but perhaps other reasons equally valid might be found. The price rose to 2 3-16 in too great a hurry, and they could not be maintained at that or advanced. Consequently a slump set in, and afterwards word was passed round that the directors of Read's Drift had placed 7,500 unissued shares at a premium, and would proceed to make arrangements for exploiting the property with the £16,000 cash now in hand. The fact that Mount Yagahong shares rose from 2s. to 4s. early in the week is explained by the statement that the Company owns a half interest in 840 diamond claims adjoining the property of the New Vaal River Diamond Exploration Company, and that steps are being taken with a view to exploiting the same. Mount Yagahong has other large holdings besides that already mentioned, in South Africa, including interests in Inhambane Oil, in a concession at Lydenburg, and in the Middleburg Colliery, and developments in one or more of these might easily send the shares to 20s., their par value. The shares of the Regina Diamond Syndicate are being dealt in, and a high price is predicted for them; but investors may save money by being cautious. Apparently the Syndicate is taking an old friend, the Klipfontein diamond mine, which is situated in the Orange River Colony and adjacent to the Koffyfontein mine, in hand, and if so they will have no little difficulty in proving it to be a payable proposition, if one may judge from the results obtained by the company which worked it many years ago. Transvaal Diamonds and Peiser Diamonds are the names of two other concerns seeking public favour for their shares, and altogether things seem to be shaping for a boom in diamond companies—good, bad, and indifferent. It will be necessary for speculators to use more than ordinary discrimination before they purchase the shares of obscure companies at heavy premiums.

"American Railway Earnings and Dividends," by D. O. Croal, F.S.S. "A carefully written *résumé* of the position and prospects of the leading lines in the United States."—*Financial News*.—Effingham Wilson. Price 6d. net.

West Africans Still Asleep—Coppers Firm—Esperanzas Drooping.

The West African mining market remains more or less moribund, with business virtually non-existent and scarcely a semblance of interest in any direction. In the face of all that has been said on the subject of the coming revival in the Jungle, this all pervading lethargy can hardly be considered promising, but, as I have said all along, this market has yet to live down its somewhat shady past, and until the industry shows palpable signs of progress it is hopeless to expect any general change of sentiment. As regards Copper shares they continue to be stimulated by the high value obtaining for the metal and the strong statistical position, not to mention the prospects. The fact is, of course, that current production is scarcely adequate for the increased consumption consequent upon the industrial activity throughout the world, and though it may be quite true that a good deal of the strength of the metal market is to be ascribed to speculation, yet at the same time it must not be forgotten that the majority of the leading producers have sold their output for many months to come. This augurs well in relation to the maintenance of values and is, of course, an important consideration in regard to the profit-earning capacity of the copper producing Companies. As a good holding I regard Arizona Preferred Ordinary as promising. There is still a lack of confidence in Esperanza shares, which are scarcely better than 2½. Bearing in mind that the monthly earnings are extremely large and the capitalisation comparatively moderate this seems anomalous, and if they have the interests of the Company at heart, it is clear that the directors should attempt to vindicate the position, and, if possible, refute the adverse rumours in circulation. An exhaustive statement leaving no loophole for misinterpretation is essential, and the sooner it is forthcoming the better. My table is appended:—

—	Denomination of Shares.	Closing Price, Oct. 26.	Closing Price, Oct. 20.
	£		
Ashanti Goldfields	4/-	12/6	12/-
Akrokerri	1	⅝	⅞
Bibiani Goldfields	1	¾	⅞
British Gold Coast	1	⅝	⅝
Gold Coast Amalgamated Mines	1	1 1/16	1⅛
Taquah and Abosso	1	1⅛	1 1/16
Wassau (Gold Coast)	1	¾	⅞
Egyptian Mines and Exploration	1	3/6	3/6
Nile Valley	1	5/-	5/-
Anaconda Copper	$25	13 1/16	14
Balaghat Gold	1	27/6	27/6
Broken Hill Proprietary	8/-	4⅝	4⅛
Cape Copper	2	6¾	7
Champion Reef	2/6	12/6	12/-
Le Roi	5	1⅛	1⅛
Mysore Gold	10/-	6	6
Nundydroog	10/-	25/6	26/6
Ooregum	10/-	14/-	13/6
Rio Tinto	5	75½	73½
Tharsis Sulphur and Copper	2	7⅛	7⅛
Waihi Gold	1	8 7/16	8 7/16

Rhodesians Quiet—Tanganyikas — Unbridled Optimism—Scottish Mashonalands.

There is no revival of speculative interest in the Rhodesian market, which remains somewhat quiet and neglected, though a little more life has been infused in Tanganyikas by the statements at the meeting. It has, of course, been long recognised that when the completion of transportation facilities renders the thorough exploitation of the mineral wealth possible, the possibilities of the Tanganyika are enormous, and in dealing with this aspect of the case the chairman did not restrain his enthusiasm. As regards the Kansanshi copper deposits alone, he predicts a profit of anything between £600,000 and £1,000,000 per annum, and if the production be enlarged the figures would naturally be considerably greater. The concern, he assured the

proprietors, would be able to produce the metal cheaper than anybody else, and there are practically unlimited quantities to be treated. The concession covers a very large area, and it would seem that the mineral wealth is varied and generously distributed, but, this being conceded, it would not be wise to indulge in unbridled optimism as to the future. Calculations of profits to be earned are, after all, nothing better than estimates, and ought to be regarded as such. Before any active development of the resources can be started, railway facilities will have to be completed, and in this connection it will be some time before any of the three different lines, the Benguella, the Congo State, and the extension of the Rhodesian railway, will be finished. It must be allowed that the Company has vast possibilities, which is important in relation to the shares; but I am inclined to believe that these will be obtainable cheaper by waiting for the enthusiasm created by the utterances at the meeting to simmer down. It is interesting, in view of the prominence gained by the shares within recent months, to refer to the report of the Scottish Mashonaland Company, which makes a rather more satisfactory showing. There is a profit for the year of £24,808, and it is permissible to wipe out the debit balance of £16,477 brought forward, thus leaving a surplus of £8,330. The Company's interests in other concerns had a market valuation on October 26 of £102,747, but they figure at a total of £125,000 in the balance sheet, so that there is a fairly considerable deficiency. These holdings consist for the greater part of Banket and Consolidated African Copper Trust shares. My table is appended:—

—	Capitals.		Denom. of Shares.	Amount Paid.	Highest 1905.	Closing Price, Oct 27, 1906	Closing Price, Nov. 3, 1906.
	Authorised.	Shares Issued.					
	£		£				
Bechuanaland Ex.	400.000	400,000	1	f.p.	1 1/2		1/8
British S. Africa	6,000,000	4,999,038	1	f.p.	1/32	1 3/16	1 1/32
Chicago Gaika	250,000	201,000	1	f.p.	2 3/8	4/6	4/6
Globe & Phœnix	200,000	200,000	1	f.p.	1 1/8	1	1
Lomagunda Dev	250.000	228,000	1	f.p.	2 1/16	1 1/8	1 1/8
Mashon. Agency	400.000	398,976	1	f.p.	1 3/8	7/8	7/8
N rth'rn Copper(B.S.A.)	250.000	160,500	1	f.p.	3 1/2	1 15/16	1 13/16
Rhodesia, Ltd.(New)..	500,000	500,000	1	f.p.	1	1/2	5/8
Rhodesia Expl.	225,000	227,777	1	f.p.	4 3/4	2 1/4	2 1/4
Rhodesia Glds.	1,000,000	500,677	1	f.p.	5/8	1/4	3/32
Rice Hamilton.....	175.000	50,000	1	f.p.	2 3/4	2	2 1/16
Selukwe	350 000	321,000	1	f.p.	1 1/8	5/6	6/6
Tanganyika Conc.	264 600	234,000	1	f.p.	6 3/4	6 3/4	6 1/4
United Rhodesia.....	750.000	660,900	1	f.p.	11/3	2/6	2/6
Willoughby Con.....	1,000,000	930,000	1	f.p.	15/16	9/6	9/-
Zambesia Explor.	300,000	288,615	1	f.p.	2 3/16	1 1/8	1 9/16

Westralians Quiet—Kalgurlis Still Soaring—Fingalls—Deep Leads Booming—Reconstruction.

There is still an absence of any recrudescence of the recent outburst of speculative enthusiasm in Westralians, and as a whole the market is not particularly interesting, save, perhaps, for the boom in deep leads, with which I deal further on. The fact of the matter is that the general speculative public maintains an attitude of indifference, and chooses to ignore Westralians for some reason or another, though, as I have pointed out before, they are deserving of consideration. In point of interest the most conspicuous feature is the renewal of the upward movement in Kalgurlis after the temporary halt. That this property is opening up well and has a promising future there is little reason to doubt, but at the same time I am still inclined to believe that these possibilities are being generously discounted by the advancing quotation. As regards Fingalls, the latest news respecting development in depth is of a somewhat unsatisfactory nature, and this is reflected in a further depreciation in the value of the shares. The position, however, does not yet seem hopeless, and at anything like 2¾ the shares are not overvalued, even when a liberal allowance is made for the probable reduction in dividend following the further lowering of the monthly output to the average of the mine. At the same time, there is no escaping the fact that the position contains an element of uncertainty. It is interesting to refer to the recovery in London and West Exploration shares consequent upon the appreciation in the companies holding of deep lead descriptions. This concern is believed to hold a considerable interest in Australian Commonwealth Trusts and an option of over 30,000 further shares. It is also interested in the Zinc Corporation as well as the leading Westralians proper. As regards the deep lead boom, Loddon Valleys—which I have singled out as a promising gambling purchase for some months past—are the centre of interest. It may be, of course, that the results given when the auriferous wash is first entered may not be surprisingly good, but the general idea is that the venture stands to make a great deal ultimately. The shares even on top of the rise possess gambling possibilities, and the same may be said of the others of the groups, such as the Australian Commonwealth Trust, the Consolidated, the Moorlort, and the Victorian Deep Leads. These, of course, have considerable headway to make before they attain the same position as the Loddon Valley, but if the results on the latter are as good as anticipated it will prove a powerful incentive to the others to cope with the water difficulty. In this connection it may be noted that both the Moorlort and the Victorian directors have opportunely formulated reorganisation schemes, by which the necessary capital to push forward the venture towards the productive stage will be obtained. In each case the existing shareholders will receive five shares in the new Companies for every eight in the old concerns. My usual table follows:—

—	1900. High.	1905.		Make-up, Oct. 23, 1906.	Closing Price, Oct. 27, 1906.	Closing Price, Nov. 3, 1906.
		High.	Lowest.			
Associated G.M.....	7 1/8	2 3/8	1 1/8	1 1/4	1 1/8	1 1/4
Assoc. Nth. Blocks	3 3/8	1 7/8	1 5/8	1 1/8	1 3/16	1 7/8
Brownhill Ext.	3 1/4	15/16	7/6	7/-	7/-	6/6
Cosmopolitan.....	30/3	1/2	4/3	4/-	4/-	5/3
Golden Horseshoe.....	15	8 3/8	5 1/16	5 1/8	5 1/16	5 1/16
Great Boulder Prop.....	37/6	25/6	27/6	26/6	26/3	26/3
Do. Perseverance.....	13 1/2	16/6	10/3	9/-	8/3xd	8/3
Gt. Fingall Cons.	6 1/16	8 1/8	3 1/2	3 1/4	3 1/4	2 3/4
Hainault	1 3/4	1 1/16	1 3/32	1 1/16	1 1/8xd	1 1/32
Ivanhoe(£5)	15 1/2	8 7/8	6 15/16	6 1/8	6 3/4xd	6 15/16
Ivanhoe South Extnd.....	4 1/8	2	1 3/8	1 3/8	1 3/8	1 3/8
Kalgurli	9 1/8	9 1/2	11 1/32	11 1/4	11 1/16	11 1/16
Lake View Consols	5 1/8	1 7/8	7/8	29/32	7/8	7/8
L. & W. A. Exploration	1 1/16	15/6	9/-	11/-	11/6	—
Oroya Brownhill	—	3 3/32	2 3/8	2 15/16	2 3/4	2 11/16
Sons of Gwalia	6 1/4	2 3/4	1 15/16	1 7/8	1 15/16	1 7/8
South Kalgurli	6 1/2	2	1 1/16	1/16	1/16	1/16

High-Class Investments.

In continuation of what I said a couple of weeks ago on the subject of investment stocks and the advisability of buying them, I draw attention in this issue to the merits of Home Railway and other prior-charge descriptions. Railways have a way of sympathising with the Funds, and consequently they have during recent months shown a downward inclination. But this tendency is not likely, unless we have a very unexpected shock from some very unlooked-for quarter, to be much longer maintained, and I contend, if you are what is called a "safe" investor, and are satisfied with reliable security and 3¼ or 3½ per cent., that Railway issues will meet your case beautifully. They are not exactly as good as Consols and other British Government stocks, but they are not the kind of thing to keep you awake at night, and if you are modest you can hardly improve upon them for the yield. Below is a selection of Debenture stocks which will suit:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Caledonian 4 p.c.	120	£3 7 9
Central London 4 p.c.	109	3 14 6
Great Central 3½ p.c. (Second).....	98	3 12 6
Great Eastern 4 p.c.	117	3 9 6
Great Northern 3 p.c.....	90	3 7 6
Great Western 5 p.c.	148	3 8 6
Lancashire and Yorkshire 3 p.c.	90	3 7 6
London and North Western 3 p.c.	94	3 4 6
London and South-Western "A" 3 p.c.	92	3 6 0
London, Brighton, and South-Coast 4 p.c. ..	116	3 9 6
Midland 2½ p.c.	75	3 7 6
North-Eastern 3 p.c.....	91	3 6 6

Guaranteed stocks are generally desirable, but it is as well to pass by such stocks as District Four per Cent. Guaranteed, which, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle is not guaranteed. But it may generally be taken that the Guaranteed stock of an English railway, or combination of railways, constitutes an investment-holding

good enough for most people. I give a selection of Guaranteed issues which may be recommended:—

Name.	Price.		Yield per Cent.
Caledonian Guarantee Annuities	4	116	3 9 0
Forth Bridge Guaranteed	4	116	3 9 9
Furness Consolidated	4	107	3 14 9
Glasgow and South-Western	4	114	3 9 0
Do. (St. Enoch Station)	4	114	3 9 9
Gt. Cntrl. & Mdld. (£25 to be pd.)	3½	76	3 9 3
Great Central 1st Preference	4½	120	3 15 0
Do. Perpetual 1855	3¼	85	3 15 6
Do. Perpetual	6	159	3 15 6
Do. S. Y. Rentcharge	5	132	3 16 0
Do. Do.	4½	113	3 15 3
Great Eastern Cons. Rentcharge	4	114	3 10 6
Do. G. E. Metropolitan	5	140	3 11 0
Do. Cons. Irredeemable	4	114	3 10 6
Great Northern Perpetual	4	114	3 10 3
Great Western Rentcharge	5	142	3 10 6
Do. Consolidated	5	142	3 10 6
G. W. Bristol & Exeter Rentcharge	4½	125	3 12 0
Lancashire & Yorks. Consd.	4	114	3 10 3
London & North Western Consd.	4	116	3 9 0
London & South Western Consd.	4	115	3 9 6
London Brighton & South Coast Cnsd.	5	142	3 10 6
Metrop. Dist. Consd. Rentcharge	3	73	4 2 3
Do. 4 p.c M. D. Guaranteed	1½ & 1½	72	1 15 9

Preference stocks are a little less excellent than Guaranteed or Debenture issues, but when chosen with care they make good investments. There is little prospect, for instance, of default on the Preference descriptions of the North-Western, Great Western, Midland, North-Eastern, Brighton, or half a score of other Companies which might be named, and it seems to me that Preference stocks of these Companies, which have a big margin behind them in every instance, should merit attention. I have for a long time advocated a purchase of Great Central stocks. The Company is going ahead at a marvellous pace, and has tremendous prospects. For lock-up purposes, the Preferred and Deferred Ordinary stocks are to be recommended, as both will have a large proportionate rise when their possibilities are fully recognised, but if you wish for an immediate yield, try one of the Preference issues. I append a statement of the yield obtainable:—

	Per Cent.	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Great Central Perpetual 1862	5	130	£3 17 0
Do.	4	105	3 16 3
Do. Convertible 1872	5	129	3 17 6
Do. Do. 1874	5	126	3 19 3
Do. Do. 1876	5	124	4 0 6
Do. Do. 1879	5	123	4 1 3
Do. Do. 1881	5	120	4 3 3

The next stock to come into the dividend-paying list is the Four per Cent. Preference of 1889, after which the 1891 and 1894 Preference issues will participate. The Company is doing well, and promises to do still better. It has a big future, and I recommend, as I have recommended time after time, that its stocks should be bought.

A Strange Coincidence.

It seems rather an odd circumstance that circulars penned by Martin Bull, of 7, Fenchurch-buildings, E.C., and R. E. Weiss and Co., of 7, Union-court, Old Broad-street, E.C., should be absolutely identical in terms, apart from the substitution of "I" for "we." Possibly it is a case of the *esprits forts qui re rencontrent*, but the phraseology is so identical that this hypothesis seems to be excluded. The advice of Bull or Weiss may be gathered from the following circular, dated October 18, on the subject of Hudson's Bays:—

Without any desire for self-praise, I must really draw your attention to the merit of my last recommendation. Perhaps you may call it "luck," others might call it *sound judgment*, but the fact remains that four out of five of my recent special advices have resulted in large profits to those who have acted upon them. . . . . It is not frequently that I persistently advise a purchase so confidently as this one, as I approach you together with thousands of other correspondents with a view to making you a large profit on your opening deal with me, so that you may have every assurance to continue. . . . . There is no need to buy *outright*. £5 per share margin is ample to hold them for the coming rise, but I would again earnestly advise you *not to delay*.

But I should like to know how the circulars of R. E. Weiss and Co. happen to be identical, *verbatim et literatim*, with those of the gentleman who calls himself Martin Bull.

Messrs. William Tyler and Co., who describe themselves as "dealers in Stock Exchange securities," which may mean everything or nothing, have to place before you "a great opportunity to make money easily, a method adopted by many shrewd operators in Stock Exchange securities who are cognisant of the advantages accruing therefrom." The following is an extract from a circular issued by the firm:—

We believe you have never read before of such a favourable proposal. It is the purchase of first-class shares at a time when large dividends are declared, but not yet paid, and therefore not deducted from the quotation. It will have been noticed that in most instance, quotations "ex dividend" have been practically the same as "cum dividend," particularly is this so with International Shares. It is seldom that the dividend is not recovered in the price or quotation—in some instances on the same day as it is paid, in others, very shortly afterwards. Those who watch the "dividend periods" are thus able to make a "certainty" out of an operation in such shares, merely buying and holding them over the short period between the declaration and payment of the dividend. We are desirous of bringing before you the unique opportunity just at hand for obtaining an absolutely secured and certain profit by buying at once, without delay, shares of Rio Tinto. This should turn out the most satisfactory deal ever offered you.

It is further stated that as each share carries a dividend of £2 10s., a buyer of fifty shares will receive the sum of £125; but it is not added that the amount of this dividend will be deducted from the quoted price of the shares, so that, to convey—or to endeavour to convey—the impression that this dividend is all profit amounts to obtaining money under false pretences.

"The Wrong Way."

Have you a copy of the brochure entitled "The Right Way," which has been published by Messrs. Morgan, Corcoran, and Co., of 14, Great Winchester-street, E.C.? The publishers are of the opinion that if you have read the circular "you will find the book interesting and profitable." I do not feel called upon to expound the next fancy in speculation, and as to having "reliable news from exceptionally well-informed quarters that Atchison Common, now about 106, will go to at least 120," I should very promptly ask to be excused. You may possibly get a rise, but I am doubtful on the point, for monetary and other reasons, and I should say that an early rise of 14 points is more than improbable.

Insurance Notes—Profits of Life Office—Interest Earned and Assumed—Security and Profit—Some Practical Hints.

For the last two weeks I have had to comment on the losses and the indifferent profits of certain insurance Companies; but it is a more congenial task to refer to the profits of life offices, some of the principal sources of which I have described in earlier articles. It is commonly supposed that it is only necessary to consider the rate of interest that a Company earns upon its funds in order to judge of the profits which it makes out of its investments. From an insurance point of view, this is not at all the way to look at it. What we have to consider is the difference between the rate assumed in valuing the liabilities and the rate earned upon the funds.

In making a valuation the actuary calculates how much money the Company ought to have in hand in order to meet its future liabilities on the supposition that the funds will accumulate at compound interest at a certain rate. At a high rate of interest the funds will accumulate more rapidly than at a low rate, and by employing a relatively high rate of interest in the valuation, he makes out that a smaller amount of funds will suffice to meet the liabilities. Any excess of the actual funds over the amount which calculation shows it to be necessary to hold, is distributed among the policy-holders, and the Company, so to speak, starts fresh. Five years later the performance is repeated. If a low rate of interest was assumed, and consequently funds, which in one sense were unnecessarily large, were retained, a large surplus is found to exist. It may be, for instance, that the actuary found that it was necessary to have funds amounting to £1,000,000 if interest were assumed at the rate of 2½ per cent.; while if he had assumed 3 per cent., £950,000 would have been sufficient for the purpose. The consequence is that an office valuing at 2½ per cent., as compared with one valuing at 3 per cent., has interest upon £50,000 as an extra source of surplus. Moreover, if both Companies were actually earning interest at £3 15s. per cent., one

Company would need to add 3 per cent. interest to its relatively small reserves in order to provide for its liabilities, and have only 15s. per cent. as a source of surplus. The other Company would have to accumulate only 2½ per cent. of its relatively large reserves, and would have £1 5s. per cent. per annum of its funds for bonus distribution.

This brings out a unique feature in life assurance. The Company assuming the lower rate of interest holds larger funds in proportion to its liabilities than a Company which assumes a higher rate of interest. The former, therefore, has the larger margin for security, and also the larger sources of surplus. For instance, the Gresham, which is the only big British life office which assumes so high a rate of interest as 3½ per cent. in valuing its liabilities, earns well over 4 per cent. upon its funds; but the margin for security, and especially for profit, is very small. On the other hand, Companies like the Atlas, Clerical and Medical, Clergy Mutual, Old Equitable, and several others, which value their liabilities at 2½ per cent., earn perhaps 5s. per cent. less upon their funds, but have a contribution to surplus from this source which is more than double that of an office like the Gresham. Unlike investments of all other kinds, life assurance yields the most profitable results to the policyholders when the security is greatest.

It must, of course, be recognised that it is not necessary to calculate upon such a low rate of interest as 2½ per cent. for the purpose of security: strong reserves on this basis are deliberately adopted as a means of providing a large source of surplus, and it is safe to say that a policyholder cannot go far wrong when selecting an office in which to assure, if he chooses a Company valuing at 2½ per cent. There is a further reason for such a choice, and one which is of considerable practical importance. If at any valuation, or even by gradual stages over two or three valuations, a Company has to provide stronger reserves than formerly, the change is apt to have a bad effect upon the bonuses. It means that money which might otherwise have been available for distribution among the policyholders has to be retained for the purpose of increasing the reserves. This is the trouble with the Standard Life Office, to which I referred last week. The directors say that "had they been satisfied with a valuation upon the old lines, it would have been possible to make a division to shareholders and policyholders at the same rates as those of the last quinquennium." Five years ago there was a surplus of nearly £700,000, but the basis of valuation being inadequate, according to modern methods, the policyholders receive no bonus, and what might otherwise have been surplus had to be retained as security for the fulfilment of its contracts.

This process of strengthening the reserves must inevitably take place sooner or later in all Companies which at present assume a higher rate of interest than 3 per cent. The two most conspicuous examples among British offices are the Gresham and the London and Lancashire Life. In both of these at the present time the reserves are calculated on a 3½ per cent. basis: in both of them, as a matter of course, the bonuses are extremely poor, and both must of necessity at some time or other use what might otherwise be surplus for the purpose of strengthening the reserves. I wonder if it would be unkind to hint that there is a connection between weak reserves, poor bonus prospects, and small bonus results, and the extensive issue of tontine policies by these to Companies. Under tontine policies the bonuses are deferred for long periods, during which the policyholders have no means of knowing the results, and in various other ways the tontine system is the most effective method possible of disguising the lack of profits. Two of the Companies in the least satisfactory position from a profit-earning point of view, make a special feature of tontine bonus policies, but I must leave it to my readers to judge whether the co-existence of tontine policies and weak reserves is consequence and cause or mere coincidence.

The majority of British life offices value their liabilities on a 3 per cent. basis, and some of those which calculate at 3 per cent. give first-class results to the policyholders. There is, however, a very distinct tendency among the best companies to strengthen their positions and increase their sources of surplus by changing to a 2½ per cent. valuation. The withdrawal, whether sudden or gradual, of part of the surplus in order to increase the reserves, means, in some form or other, a temporary lessening of the bonuses, although the ultimate effect should be for the benefit of policyholders. This possibility should be borne in mind, especially by people taking policies at an advanced age, since they might suffer a diminution of bonus without living long enough to reap the benefit of the larger sources of surplus. Among other Companies which will sooner or later have to adopt a more stringent basis of valuation are the majority of colonial offices. Most of these value at 3½ per cent., and although they are earning a high rate of interest which yields a good profit for the present, it is practically certain that they will have to come to a 3 per cent. basis sooner or later. The ordinary practice among these Companies is, however, much more sensible and much more fair than that usually adopted by the English and Scottish offices. The colonial Companies as a rule calculate reserves on old policies at 3½ or even 4 per cent., and on new policies at a lower rate. Thus the change is made gradually, and, as old and new classes of policies are kept distinct for bonus purposes, the policyholders suffer little or no diminution of bonuses as a result of the change.

New Issues.

The following prospectuses have been issued:—

Tanganyika Concession.—This Company is making an issue of Five per Cent. Debentures of £8 each to the amount of £2,000,000, the issue price being par. The Debentures will be convertible into bonus bonds, at the option of the registered holder, and will be payable as to £1 on application, £1 on allotment, £1 on February 1 next, and the balance in calls not exceeding 25 per cent. at intervals of not less than two months as and when required.

North Sussex Gas and Water.—This Company announces an issue of £7,500 Preference stock at par. Details will be found in another column.

"Truth" Letter Box.

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" reply by post.

Name and address, which must accompany all inquiries, should be written on the communication; cards are apt to be lost or misplaced, causing unnecessary trouble.

Anonymous letters will not in any case be attended to.

I cannot reply to inquiries by letter or telegram.

A nom-de-plume or initials (the former preferably) should be given if it is desired that the real name shall not appear in the paper.

Inquiries should be put as briefly as possible, plainly written, and numbered.

Communications received after Friday may not be replied to in the following issue. Delay may also occur where an exceptionally long list of securities is submitted.

I do not recommend brokers.

Government.

Ajax.—I think in the circumstances you can hardly improve upon Japanese Fours.

Railways.

L. H., Hull.—I think Brighton "A" is decidedly to be preferred. *J. F. T.*—The reports are very conflicting, but, on the whole, I think you might take up the stock. *T. T.*—The only thing that I can suggest is that you buy sufficient shares to enable you to dispose of them.

Mines.

Lidgett.—The new Zinc Corporation shares are worth taking up. *T. R. H.*—I regard Broken Hill Props. as a highly promising purchase. *J. A., Sutherland.*—1. Wit Townships are good

Investment.—By combining a life assurance policy with an annuity it is possible to obtain an immediate income at a high rate of interest, accompanied by absolute security of the capital invested.—All interested in insurance should write, before taking a policy of any description, for the "Comprehensive Guide to Insurance," which we will send post free on mentioning "Truth," to the Secretary, London and Paris Exchange (Ltd.), Coleman Street House, Coleman Street, London, E.C.

to buy at the present price, as well as Angelo Deeps. *Dungar.*—With all deference, I do not care to recommend any "downright gamble." The one you suggest seems to me to be quite hopeless. *L. P. G.*—So long as you can afford to hold on to your Kaffirs, it seems to me that you will come out all right. *Gobar.*—The report does not augur well for the future, and I am very suspicious of the shares. *A. D., Shankhurst.*—I should say that Benonis and French Rands are good for a recovery on a better South African market. *W. G. H., Cork.*—Both concerns ought to be avoided.

Mixed Securities.

Finchley Road.—The five stocks named would make a good exchange, being well secured and giving a respectable return. *G. C., Co. Clare.*—1. I suggest that you spread the amount over London and Brighton Railway Preferred Stock, Rand Water Board, and B.A. Pacifics. 2. I have not much faith in the concern. *Harrowgate.*—1. Utah Apex are a promising speculative purchase. 2. You might buy Argyll Motors. *Two Swans.*—1. Robinson Deeps, Goldfields Ordinary, and Randfonteins. 2. New Primrose shares are worth buying if you hold them for a little time. 3. Cartagena Railway Five per Cent. Debentures are speculative, but on the whole not unattractive. *Geraint.*—I suggest that you put the money into Brighton Deferred stock and Argentine Great Western New Preferred stock. These will give you about 5 per cent. *Perplexed, Swansea.*—You could hardly improve, in the circumstances, upon India Threes, Johannesburg Fours, London and North-Western Railway Ordinary, and Grand Trunk First Preference. *Bert.*—1. I should not be inclined to hold the shares. 2. Dividend prospects are bright. 3. Quite a gamble. 4. The shares should go higher. 5. Apparently your previous communication went astray; it certainly did not reach me.

Miscellaneous.

Sigma.—You might communicate with the Royal Insurance Company. the Royal Exchange, or the London Life Office. *Bread and Butter.*—Perhaps it might be best to hope for some recovery in the future. The shares have about gravelled, and you would incur a substantial loss by selling now. *Chemist.*—Watch your market and realise upon any upward movement, which seems probable. *Yankee.*—Little is known of the first-named concern in this country. The Preference stock mentioned would make a fairly progressive holding. *P. E. S.*—A higher dividend is promised in respect of the current year. The reduction last year was not due to declining earnings. Though a trifle speculative, I regard the shares as not unattractive at the low figure prevailing. *Rex.*—They would make a very good selection. *E. H. R.*—Many thanks. *Amadan.*—You have no cause for anxiety. The shares should recover in course of time, but do not average. *Elm.*—All would make good investments, though the Government stocks are, of course, preferable to the industrials. Cannot understand to what you refer by Tobacco Factories. *J. A. R.*—The first is all right, but I would not recommend the second. You must, of course, use some discretion. *Spero.*—You have no redress, unless your instructions were clearly worded. *Killaloe.*—The first may have possibilities, and Nigers might be held; but the third is, I am afraid, hopeless. *Alpha.*—1. Tolerably good. 2. Yes, but a long price would be given for the undertakings. *Old Hand.*—1. I would not recommend the concern. 2. They are entitled to a fair commission, the amount of which is fixed by the Exchange. You must realise that in dealing as you suggest you shoulder a certain amount of risk. *L. B. C.*—Leave him alone. *T. R. G.*—I have dealt with the American Exploration Company. Leave it alone. *Candid.*—My advice is leave them alone. *L. T. R., Antrim.*—I have a poor opinion of the concern. Read rules above governing letter-box correspondence. *Kerlin, Birwar.*—If you refer to the Continental Premium bonds, they are purchasable from any of the Crédit Lyonnais Agencies or from N. Keizer and Co., 29, Threadneedle-street, E.C. Cunliffe, Russell and Co., of Paris, ought to be avoided, as they charge exorbitantly. *No Trumps.*—Write to three or four of the leading offices for terms. *Limerick.*—See reply to "P. E. S." The concern is doing well, and you ought, I think, to hold on. *R. Allingham.*—It is an American concern of which little is known in this country. I regret my inability to advise you. *Concrete.*—An undesirable bucket-shop. *Ilkeston Cycle.*—I would recommend you not to deal with the Association. *Julia.*—My opinion of the concern is very poor. *Cowper.*—Inquire of three or four of the leading insurance companies. *Insurance.*—See reply to "Cowper." Those named would answer your purpose well. *J. T. Fisher.*—It is safest where it is. See rules above. *Fallim, Brighton.*—You must understand that the affair is not beyond the experimental stage, hence a good deal of uncertainty exists. *Anxious Friend.*—Hold in the hope of a recovery and then realise. *Annuity.*—Read the article again and then draw your own conclusions. *Yendis.*—I consider the concern undesirable. *Ferret.*—Swindle. No remedy. *The Callow.*—I am frequently uttering warnings against Cunliffe, Russell, and Co., of Paris, who charge exorbitantly for the bonds, many of which are undesirable. *Walford.*—Leave them alone. *Henry Hills.*—You would be well advised to leave the concern alone. *Inexperienced.*—I cannot trace the concern, and am unable to advise you. There are plenty of stocks that would answer your purpose. *R. M., Gravesend.*—1. Nothing wrong is known to me respecting the first concern you refer to. 2. You might leave this association alone.

"Finance."—A concise weekly record of markets and prices, published by the Central Stock Exchange, Ltd., 66, Cannon-street, London, E.C. Post free for six months to applicants mentioning this paper.

Industrials More in Evidence — The Cycle Boom—"Bunshops"—Sweeter Sweets—Textiles Prominent—Strong Coats—British Columbia Electrics.

While there are signs of a broadening out of interest in the Miscellaneous market, it is an undeniable fact that this process is of a somewhat "spotty" character. That is to say, certain specialties are absorbing the bulk of attention, but with the outlook, threatened strikes excepted, generally promising it is not too much to hope that in the course of time the public interest will spread and that Industrials, as a whole, will receive the recognition they deserve. Most conspicuous at the moment is the boom in Cycle shares, to which a gentle fillip has been given by the excellent achievement of the Humber and Daimler Companies. To the dividend of the former I have already referred, the whole of the 18 per cent. of arrears on the Preference being cleared off and a distribution of 5 per cent. on the Ordinary being possible out of the year's profits. This in itself is a striking performance, but it scarcely gives an adequate idea of the improved conditions prevailing. Gross profits reached £112,931 as against £13,284, and the net is £106,559 in comparison with £6,538, and apart from the dividends it is possible to place £40,000 to reserve and yet carry forward a substantially large surplus. The performance is a brilliant one, and the same may be said of the Daimler results, giving a disposable total of £227,100, and there is £30,500 divided between the Preference and Ordinary capital after payment of 6 per cent. on each making the total distribution 36½ per cent. and 22½ per cent. respectively. Alldays and Onions, too, has shared in the general prosperity of the cycle industry, the net profits expanding by £3,200, thus permitting of a 7½ per cent. dividend on the Ordinary as against 5 per cent. The prospective purchaser of Cycle shares must bear in mind that prices now are unduly high in consequence of the boom in progress. It remains to be seen whether the prevailing prosperity will be sustained, but in any case there is every probability of being able to get in cheaper by waiting a while. Here is a table showing the approximate yield given by "Bun-shop" and kindred shares:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Aerated Bread	6¾	£5 1 0
Bovril	22/-	6 5 0
Carlton Hotel	1¼	7 12 0
Holborn and Frascati	1⅝	5 18 0
Lyons	5¾	5 10 0
Slaters	2⅛	6 18 0

Unlike some of the kindred undertakings, the Carlton Hotel does not show any striking expansion in profits during the past twelve months, though there is, everything considered, little cause for complaint, the profits being £57,887, in comparison with £56,798, and the maintenance of the Ordinary dividend on the 10 per cent. basis of the four preceding years is possible without any effort. It is gratifying to be able to allude to the changing fortunes of the Sweetmeat Automatic Delivery Company, reflected in the dividend of 5 per cent., as against only 2½. The net profits expanded by £14,971 to £35,336, and though the appropriation to reserve is unaltered the surplus to go forward is substantially larger. The achievement is promising, but there is still a great deal of headway to be made up, seeing that for the five years to 1901-2 the Ordinary capital received as much as 21¼ per cent. Whether such times will ever return is problematical. There is a noticeable revival of interest in Textile shares, ascribable to some extent to the brilliant achievement of J. and P. Coats. The report shows total receipts, after allowing for depreciation, amounting to £3,021,100, in comparison with £2,428,700, and the available surplus is £564,800 larger at £3,294,700. The business continues to expand, and altogether the results are very satisfactory. In connection with Textiles the most important consideration is the continued prosperity of the industry, which, if it be maintained, augurs well for the dividend possibilities of the current year. As I have dealt with the stocks of the British Columbia Electric Railway, it is opportune to refer to the report, which shows an expansion of £53,900 in the gross receipts, while the net revenue is £85,500, in comparison with £57,000. An increased dividend upon the

Deferred stock could have been easily paid, but the board have wisely decided to strengthen the financial position of the undertaking, the allocation to reserve being £16,500, or £12,000 more than a year ago. It is hoped to increase the distribution in respect of the current twelve months, however, but it has to be noted that it is proposed to increase the share capital from £1,000,000 to £1,500,000. Here is a table showing the approximate yield on Traction shares:—

	Price	Yield per Cent.
Anglo-Argentine Trams	7⅛	6 4 0
Bath Electric Trams Preference	1	4 17 0
British Columbia Electric Deferred	127½	4 13 6
Do. do. Prefd. Ord.	112½	4 8 6
British Electric Traction Prefd.	8	7 1 0
Buenos Ayres Belgrano Prefd. "A"	5¼	5 6 0
Calcutta	8¼	4 14 0
San Paulo Tram and Power	133	6 1 0

The threatened spread of the Clyde strike is still exercising a depressing influence upon Iron and Steel shares, and the knowledge that the industry is still enjoying a fair degree of prosperity is without much effect. There is still a possibility of the differences being assimilated, and I, therefore, believe that holders of such shares would be wise not to realise but to hope for the best. At first blush the decline from £20,300 to £18,000 in the profits of the Lady's Pictorial and Sporting and Dramatic Publishing Company does not look promising, especially as the ordinary dividend is reduced to 5 per cent. from 5½ per cent., but it is explained that a considerable sum has been taken from revenue with the object of improving the publications, the benefit of which may be reaped in coming years.

VIGILANT.

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QUEER STORY.

A 'VARSITY "RAG."

OLD C. H. HAWKINS, Dean and Bursar of All Saints' Coll., Oxford (usually known among Undergrads. as "The Hogger," according to the well-known 'Varsity principle by which every noun substantive, proper or otherwise, is mutilated into something that ends in "er"), cannot truthfully be described as a popular individual. Indeed, the general feeling of the College towards him amounted, at its best, to passive dislike, and at its worst, when he had been exceptionally provocative, to active detestation.

Now, to some Dons it would have been a matter of concern, perhaps even of pain, to feel that they were regarded as obnoxious beasts by the young men under their charge. But so it was not with The Hogger. In fact, he rather enjoyed it than otherwise, being one of those naturally cross-grained Dons who find pleasure in sitting on undergraduates, and who, when, in the exercise of their duty, they have to do a disagreeable thing, take a positive delight in doing it in the most disagreeable manner possible.

Especially did it please him to single out some youth with a good conceit of himself from among those who sat under him at lectures and exercise his sardonic humour and ironic wit, with which he was plentifully endued, at the youth's expense. And this practice of his contributed more than anything else to the hatred with which he was regarded; for nothing is more riling to those *in statu pupillari* than to be publicly subjected to the sarcastic sneers of a superior whose position renders him immune from their retort.

Not that, if they had been free to retort, they would have scored many points against him in a verbal encounter; for, in a battle of the wits, The Hogger was much more than a match for the best of them. Still, there would have been some satisfaction in shying an ink-bottle or a Liddell and Scott at his head, or in playing Aunt Sally at him with the lecture-room chairs. However, for obvious reasons (as the newspapers say), this was impossible, and The Hogger pursued his sarcastic career unchecked.

But events, trifling in themselves, sometimes lead, by the accident of circumstances, to great and sudden developments. And so it proved on a memorable occasion in the case of The Hogger.

He was lecturing one morning to thirty-seven unwilling and inattentive young men on that fine passage (lines 567-588) in the Second Book of the Æneid, the authenticity of which has been so frequently disputed.

Now, The Hogger was great on textual criticism, and he began to hold forth upon the *pros* and *cons.* of the disputed lines with dogmatic gusto.

"The external evidence," he said, "is not strong. Few of the better MSS. have it. But the internal evidence is, to my mind, conclusive. . . What was I saying, Mr. Pringleton?" he asked, suddenly fixing his malevolent eyes upon the man of that name, who, unaware that he was being observed by the lecturer, was wiling away the time by drawing pictures of ballet-girls, with exceptionally short skirts and exceptionally beefy legs, on the blank page of his note-book.

Pringleton started, and sat up, confused and taken aback. He had no more idea what The Hogger had been saying than a babe unborn.

"Well?" demanded The Hogger, with a malicious smile; "speak up, please, Mr. Pringleton. We are all waiting for you."

Pringleton muttered some incoherent remark.

"I didn't quite catch what you said," pursued his tormentor, at the same time adding insult to injury by placing his hand behind his ear in a gesture of mock attention. "I dare say it was all right. But I couldn't quite hear it. Will you be so good as to repeat it, please?"

Pringleton blurted out something to the effect that he had failed to hear what the lecturer had been saying.

"Tut-tut. A little deaf this morning. A cold in the head, perhaps, eh?" pursued The Hogger, with elaborately sarcastic politeness. "Or can it have been—though I should hardly think it possible of so diligent a student as you, Mr. Pringleton—that your attention was otherwise engaged? Perhaps, sir, you will be so very obliging as to pass me up that note-book of yours?"

Pringleton, half defiant, altogether sulky, and very red in the face, complied perforce with this request.

The Hogger took the note-book with an ironical bow and a "Thank you," opened it, turned over the pages till he came to the ballet-girls with the short skirts and the beefy legs, and for some seconds contemplated them with his hyæna-like grin.

Then he held up the open note-book to face the audience:

"Gentlemen," he said, "the external evidence left it doubtful whether Mr. Pringleton was the victim of temporary deafness, or whether he had merely allowed his attention to be otherwise engrossed. But the internal evidence, here before us, is—as I think you will agree with me—quite conclusive. Mr. Pringleton, will you have the kindness to wait on me in my rooms at the close of the lecture, when I shall endeavour to impress upon you some interesting points in connection with internal evidence."

Pringleton duly waited upon The Hogger, and the upshot of their interview was that the young man left his tormentor's room the poorer (witness the "internal evidence" of his sovereign purse, as The Hogger facetiously put it) by the sum of two pounds sterling.

"And I do not think, Mr. Pringleton," said The Hogger, suavely, "that I could have impressed upon you in a more practical way the force of inferences to be derived from internal evidence. Every time you open that sovereign-purse of yours it will be an eloquent reminder. Good morning."

Pringleton left The Hogger's rooms black with rage and brooding all manner of things, as Homer would say, in the deep of his heart. It was then nearly mid term—November 4, to be precise—and his cash balance was already so exiguous that the loss of that £2 was a serious infliction.

"By gad," he muttered to himself, "I'll make the old bounder sit up. Yes, d—n him, I'll give him 'internal evidence.'"

And full of such vindictive thoughts, he repaired to the rooms of a pal where he was due for lunch.

About a dozen others—mostly in-college men—were present at this lunch, and to them Pringleton expounded his grievance, announced his resolve to give The Hogger some "internal evidence" to remember him by, and invited their counsel and co-operation.

These were promptly forthcoming. Not a man present but detested The Hogger, and was ready to join in any scheme for making it hot for him. Some suggested one thing, some another. Many of the suggestions were wild and impracticable. But at length a coherent and practicable scheme was evolved. This was due to the ingenuity of the host—a second year man named Jennifer. To-morrow, he reminded them, was the fifth of November, a day peculiarly appropriate for ragging an unpopular Don. Why not start a bonfire in the inner quad, within sight of The Hogger's windows? This would inevitably draw the old badger; and out he would come, to take the names of the delinquents and to extinguish the flames. On his appearance, they would all scoot, and while, with the assistance of the porter, The Hogger was putting out the bonfire, they would adjourn to the latter's rooms and there make abundant hay.

The happy suggestion was warmly approved, and plans were made accordingly. Extra supplies of paraffin were laid in. Cane chairs and other cheap, light, and easily combustible articles were promised for the bonfire, and everything was got in readiness for bringing it home to The Hogger—by the "internal evidence" of his rooms, as Pringleton expressed it—that he was the most obnoxious and unpopular beast in the whole College.

It was at about ten o'clock on the following night—the night of November 5—that the fun began. Out stole some dozen or fourteen dark figures, scarcely visible in the gloom, carrying the various paraphernalia of the bonfire, paper, straw, old wine-cases, cane chairs, and jars of paraffin. Swiftly, and silently, they erected the pyre; the whole was soaked in oil; and then, with a wild war-whoop, matches were applied and there followed an almighty conflagration.

The draw proved wholly successful. Within two or three minutes of the starting of the blaze, someone shouted "The Hogger," and there was a roar of execration, followed by a general stampede. . . . Other dons came forth from their rooms, and the upper and under porters ran out from their lodge, to help The Hogger extinguish the fire. And in this attempt—for reasons of which the reader is already aware—they were not interrupted; for the bonfire was merely a feint to draw the enemy in a wrong direction. The real attack was already being delivered elsewhere, *i.e.*, in The Hogger's rooms.

Now The Hogger had been entertaining a small party of friends to wine after hall that evening, as was evidenced by the sight which met the eye of the conspirators upon entering his rooms, for, on the big table in the centre stood the remains of dessert, three or four decanters half-full of various wines, and ash-trays containing the stump ends of several cigars.

"By Jove!" said Pringleton, who had already had as much liquor as was good for him, "Let's begin by drinking the old beast's wine and then smashing his decanters and glasses."

So said, so done. One man was told off to keep "cave" at the foot of the staircase, while the rest, after drinking eternal confusion to The Hogger in liberal bumpers of his own port and claret, overturned the table, smashing all the glass and crockery thereon, and then proceeded to wreck the furniture generally.

This completed, they all made good their escape before The Hogger returned from the extinction of the bonfire, congratulating themselves upon a highly successful rag. Not a hitch had there been in the whole affair from start to finish, and it was only natural that the conspirators should plume themselves thereon accordingly.

When The Hogger returned, about a quarter of an hour later, and saw the devastation of his rooms, he merely smiled his usual hyæna-like smile; then, having sported his oak, he retired to his "bedder," undressed, got into bed, and, as he composed himself to sleep—if I may be allowed to adapt the poet—

Cheerfully thought of the morrow.

The morrow came, and when The Hogger's scout, as his duty was, brought him the list of that morning's "*ægers*"—an unusually long list, too—the Decanal smile was more hyæna-like than ever.

In the course of the forenoon he sent for the college mesenger, handed to him the list of those gentlemen who had taken out "*ægers*," and gave him certain instructions. As a result of these instructions, each of the unfortunate "*ægers*" received in turn, a visit from the messenger, with "The Dean's compliments, and will you please call on him at four o'clock this afternoon. And if you're not well enough, he will be obliged if you'll send a doctor's certificate."

Such was the message that the messenger delivered, with wooden, stolid face and in mechanical, parrot-like tones, as is the usual way of college messengers. What he thought about it I do not know; so far as my experience goes, Oxford messengers never have thoughts. At any rate, they never betray them.

At four o'clock that afternoon, a band of fourteen undergraduates, duly arrayed in their college caps and abbreviated little commoners' gowns, presented themselves in the rooms of The Hogger. That their "*ægers*" had been no mere malingering makeshift, designed for the evasion of chapels and lectures, was plain enough from their faces, which were without exception of a green and sickly hue—like those of passengers landing at Dover after an unusually rough crossing.

Some of them even appeared as though they wished themselves dead, and it is possible that one or two of them actually did. At least, they looked dreadfully, desperately sick and miserable.

The Hogger regarded each washed-out specimen, as he entered, with a curious, malevolent twinkle in his hawk-like eyes, and motioned them, one after the other, towards the row of fourteen chairs that had been disposed along the side of the room, against the wall, saying:

"God bless my soul, gentlemen! How ill you *do* look. Much too bad, I am sure, to bear the fatigue of standing. Pray be seated. . . . Now then, if you have sufficient energy to attend to me, we will proceed to business. . . . I have here," went on The Hogger, deliberately adjusting his eye-glasses and referring to a long blue document which he held in his hand, "a carefully prepared estimate of the cost of repairing the damage done to my furniture last night. . . . The estimate works out at £147 14s. 2½d. . . . Now, as there are fourteen of you to divide the expense, your individual shares are approximately ten pounds twelve shillings. I must ask you, therefore, each to pay me that sum, and to consider yourselves confined to the walls of the College until you have done so. . . . The twopence-ha'penny," he added, with a magnanimous wave of his hand, "I propose to say nothing about."

The conspirators looked very blank indeed, and eyed one another positively aghast. Ten pounds twelve shillings! . . . In most cases it would swamp all their available assets for the rest of the term. . . . And how had The Hogger found them out and pitched upon every one of the raggers with such comprehensive accuracy? . . . Could it be merely guess work? Was he only drawing a bow at a venture? It didn't look like it. And yet he could have no positive evidence against them.

Pringleton was the first to speak, making a defiant, if rather feeble, effort to play the part of injured innocence.

"I don't know by what right you are attempting to fix the damage on us," he said, "but I know jolly well that I'm not going to be made the victim of mere spiteful suspicion. I decline to pay a penny, and the rest, if they're wise, will follow my example."

The Hogger simply grinned the grin of serene malevolence. Never had he looked more like a hyæna that at that moment.

Then he took another small document from his coat-pocket.

"I have here," he said "a further little account—

the merest trifle, only two-and-threepence—which I had not meant to say anything about. But under the circumstances, Mr. Pringleton, I am afraid I must ask you to discharge it."

As he spoke, he handed the account—it was headed with the name of a well-known chemist in the High —— to Pringleton, and smilingly watched the young man's face as he read it.

The account was for so many drachms of—*tartar emetic*.

"The external evidence against you may be weak," said The Hogger, after a pause, with sarcastic and allusive facetiousness, "but the internal evidence—(God bless my soul, how sick you all *do* look!)—the internal evidence, as I think you will agree with me, Mr. Pringleton, is quite conclusive."

MUSIC.

DISCOUNTS IN THE PIANO TRADE.

An old question in connection with the pianoforte business has been brought forward again of late by Messrs. Steinway's action in abolishing the so-called list prices with their liberal discounts and substituting net prices instead. Everyone knows of the enormous discounts which have been obtainable, and still are in many cases, in the piano business. Precisely why the practice should have attained such exceptional proportions in the case of pianofortes is not quite clear. Probably, however, several causes have operated to this end. It has been suggested, for instance, that in the beginning of things the piano, when made by hand, was more in the nature of a work of art than an article of commerce pure and simple, and the makers were disposed as a consequence to put more or less fancy prices on their products, just as in the case of a picture, a vase, or any other object of the kind. Then again, there was always the possibility of some unsophisticated purchaser being ingenuous enough to pay the full price without thought of discount, and this was obviously a consideration not to be despised by dealers of the baser sort, though it is hardly necessary to say that only the less scrupulous would stoop to take advantage of a customer's ignorance in such a fashion. Also the system appealed to that deeply-rooted passion of the average human being—the love of getting something at a reduction. To learn that the price of a piano is a hundred guineas is one thing. To be told that its price is one hundred and twenty-five guineas, but that you may obtain it for that amount less twenty per cent., is quite another. It is the old principle, in fact, of putting so much on in order to take it off again.

Yet again there were often cases when the full list price was actually justified. A piano is an expensive article, and purchasers, even the most distinguished, are often unprepared to pay up on the nail. There would be surprise, indeed, if it were known how often the system of payment by instalments, or more probably in the case of your aristocratic customer, of unlimited credit, commends itself as preferable; and in such cases it is obvious that the manufacturer is justified in charging on the higher scale. From the standpoint of the smaller manufacturer, moreover, the system has manifest advantages. Many probably have been surprised, in glancing over the catalogues of pianoforte firms, to note the high prices asked by some of the less known firms. Makers of no repute whatever charge apparently as much for their instruments as those of world-wide fame—that is, according to their catalogues. In reality, of course, they do nothing of the kind. Their catalogue prices are the same, but their discounts are very different. In a well-known maker's catalogue at the present time there is a piano listed at sixty-five guineas which sells for cash at £38; and even bigger discounts than this may be obtained in the case of certain firms who are ready to dispose of their goods for practically anything they can get above cost price.

For these and other reasons, therefore, the system of high list prices and lavish discounts has firmly established itself in the piano trade, and it remains to be seen what will be the effect of Messrs. Steinway's action. Properly enough, Messrs. Steinway take the view that it is only due to the public to state the cash prices of their instruments, and though for obvious reasons this arrangement does not invariably commend itself to the local dealer, they have announced their firm intention of adhering to the new system henceforward. At the same time, it may be pointed out that so far as all the better-class firms are concerned, fixed prices for cash have long since prevailed even under the discount system. A quarter of a century ago, when variable discounts were universal, Messrs. Bechstein established a fixed discount of 20 per cent. off their full catalogue prices for cash, binding their agents rigorously to conform to this rule and to sell neither above nor below these prices, and to-day this is the general practice among all the leading firms. And this amounts, of course, to much the same thing as the net system pure and simple. It has the advantage, however, from the agent's point of view, of allowing a certain margin for bargaining, according to the state of the local market (unless he is absolutely bound, as by Messrs. Bechstein, to sell at the 20 per cent., no more or no less), and on this account, therefore, Messrs. Steinway's example is not perhaps likely to be very quickly followed. They are none the less to be congratulated, however, on having had the courage of their convictions in the matter, and in so far as their action goes to establish the rule of fixed prices as against that of the old arbitrary discounts, it must certainly be regarded as one from which the trade as a whole is likely to benefit.

The production of Giordano's "Fédora" at Covent Garden on Monday was an event of some interest. The work is not a very great one, but it has enjoyed considerable popularity in Italy, and it was pleasant to have the opportunity of hearing it. Like so many modern Italian operas, "Fedora" is based on a story of intrigue of a kind which can hardly be regarded as providing the ideal book for musical treatment. Giordano has, however, like Cilèa, Puccini, and others, shown skill in his handling of rapid every-day conversation, while when opportunities for more emotional passages present themselves he does not fail to take advantage of them. The actual material of his music may not be of a very superior order, but it is all very cleverly and effectively put together. The work received the benefit of a capital interpretation, with Giachetti and Zenatello in the leading parts. The former in particular sang and acted with an amount of intensity which produced a great effect. Signor Scandiani could be praised also as De Siriex, the diplomatist whose song "La Donna russa" he gave with capital effect, while Signora Garavaglia was excellent as Olga.

Last week an interesting performance was that of "La Traviata," with Melba in the title part—a special feature of the revival being the costumes of the early Victorian order, which were a welcome improvement upon the incongruous mixture of ancient and modern which has so long been the tradition in the case of this opera. While they were about it, however, it would have been better still if the period of the play itself instead of that of the date of its composition, had been reverted to, since the result in that case would have been at once more accurate and more picturesque. It must be admitted, however, that Mme. Melba looked charming in her frills and flounces, while no one needs telling how she sang the old familiar music of Violetta. There was an excellent Alfreda, also, in Signor Carpi, and Sammarco made, as usual, a fine Germont. On Tuesday Mme. Nordica was down to reappear in "Aïda."

Among many recent concerts one of the most interesting was Mr. Ernest Sharpe's recital, devoted entirely to the songs of Max Reger. Reger, as everyone knows, represents the last word in musical abstruseness and complexity just now, and this being so his songs proved on the whole less stiff than might have been expected.

Some, indeed, were positively beautiful, while even the most severe left an impression of power and spontaneity and a strong desire to hear them again. It is a surprising reflection on the lack of enterprise displayed by our concert givers that we have heard so little of Reger's music in London heretofore. A concert which also broke fresh ground, though of quite a different order, was that given by Mr. Thomas Beecham at the Bechstein Hall, with the aid of a small orchestra some thirty strong, who provided delightfully spirited and finished performances under Mr. Beecham's direction of examples of various neglected eighteenth-century masters. A new symphonic interlude, containing some graceful music, by Mr. Herbert Bedford was a feature of a concert given by Mr. Albert Spalding, who, on his own account, was heard in Beethoven's violin concerto among other things. Mr. Spalding is a talented violinist —but there are so many of whom the same can be said in these days.

A pianoforte recital of some note was that given by Miss Honoria Traill—a player marked out from the common run alike by the strength of her technique and the individuality of her performances. Strauss's "Burleske" she gave in particular with astonishing vigour, to the accompaniment of a small but efficient orchestra, which was excellently conducted by Mr. W. H. Thorley. The Royal Choral Society began their season on Thursday last with a capital performance of "Elijah," which was particularly noteworthy for the fine singing of Miss Agnes Nicholls as the principal soprano. On Friday Miss Marie Hall played at the first of the London Ballad Concerts, and Miss Amy Castles and Mme. Ada Crossley sang among others; on Saturday the first of the Quenn's Hall Symphony concerts and Mme. Kirkby Lunn's recital at the Bechstein Hall drew large audiences; while Godowsky in the afternoon and the London Symphony concert in the evening both drew big audiences on Monday.

An interesting forthcoming event will be the dinner which is to be given by the musical profession to Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., on Sunday week to celebrate the passing of the Musical Copyright Act. The Duke of Argyll is to preside, and a most representative gathering is anticipated. Meanwhile the Act, which owes its existence so largely to Mr. O'Connor's labours, is working excellently, and music piracy may soon be regarded as a thing of the past. Only from one or two places come complaints. Speaking generally, the magistrates throughout the country are heartily co-operating with the police to enforce the new law, but there are certain exceptions to the rule. At Leeds, for instance, Mr. Atkinson, a stipendiary who in the old days always displayed a curious partiality for the pirate, still seems disinclined to visit him with the punishment which he deserves. One case recently before him he adjourned (though the prisoner had actually pleaded guilty) in order to consider the question whether a public house constituted a "public place" within the meaning of the Act—a point which has long since been decided in the affirmative—and in various other ways his old tendency has asserted itself. In another Yorkshire stipendiary, Mr. Welby, of Sheffield, the gentle pirate seems also to have a firm friend. Here is an extract from the report of a recent case heard before him:—

To-day Mr. Arthur Preston, of the Music Publishers' Association, London, attended before the Stipendiary to prove that the copies seized were all infringements of copyright. He had no light task. Although the songs seized were practically the same in all three cases, the magistrate insisted on examining separately the Stationers' Hall certificate of copyright of each song in each case. As there were 51 copies in the first case, 71 in the second, and 81 in the third, this proceeding occupied considerable time.

This is a kind of procedure to which the legal term "vexatious" would seem to be applicable. In another case Mr. Welby, when asked to inflict an adequate fine, remarked: "Oh, he can't pay that!" and let the offender off with a merely nominal penalty. This sort of thing is, of course, very unsatisfactory, and it would seem desirable to remind magistrates disposed to interpret their duty in this singular spirit that they are paid to administer the law, and not to thwart its operation. Fortunately, such instances are quite exceptional.

The complimentary dinner to Mr. Joseph Bennett organised by the Concertgoers' Club was fixed to take place on Tuesday, with Sir A. C. Mackenzie in the chair. Last week Mr. Bennett was more informally entertained by his colleagues of the press, who presented their veteran confrère with a signet ring as a mark of their respect and esteem. Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland presided over this gathering, and made a happy speech, to which Mr. Bennett replied in an equally felicitous vein. It is pleasant news that Mr. Bennett is preparing a volume of reminiscences. They should make excellent reading.

"Die lüstige Wittwe," a comic opera which has enjoyed enormous popularity of late in Austria, is likely to be seen and heard in London before very long as one of Mr. George Edwardes's productions. The music is said to be very bright and taking. Meanwhile, may it be gently suggested to Mr. Edwardes that foreign composers do not possess a monoply of the art of writing light music? Mr. Bunning's charming incidental music to "Robin Hood," to be heard at the Lyric Theatre at the present time, is a reminder of one talented native composer who has previously done exceptionally pleasing work in this line, while the claims of Mr. Edward German, Mr. Sidney Jones, and others who might be named, are even better known.

A good deal of surprise has been caused by the announcement that the projected new hall to be erected on the site of St. Paul's Church, Great Portland-street, which it was supposed had been abandoned owing to objections on the part of the local authorities, is to be proceeded with after all. The cost of its erection and equipment, apart from the value of its site, will, it is stated, amount to £100,000, from which it will be gathered that it is proposed to do the thing in style. Considering, indeed, that the hall is to seat only twelve hundred, the amount seems very large. There are, however, to be shops and other buildings in addition to the hall itself. Meanwhile, the air is full of rumours of various other new halls projected in this and that quarter. If half are built, there will certainly be no lack of concert-room accommodation in London in the future. Mr. Ascherberg, among others, still cherishes designs under this head, though he has not yet been able to find a site to suit him, while Shaftesbury-avenue is mentioned as the locale of a similar project in which others are interested. Hengler's Circus, a site near the Haymarket, and another in the South Audley-street neighbourhood, have also been mentioned in this connection.

The reappearance of Mr. David Bispham, who has been too long an absentee, will be an interesting event, and every one will hope that his operatic version of "The Vicar of Wakefield" will prove a great success. The work, whose music is by Mme. Liza Lehmann to words by Mr. Laurence Housman, is to be given first in Manchester, next month, and brought to London in December. Mr. Bispham began his career as a vocalist somewhat late in life. He was over thirty-five before he actually came out as a professional, before which he had been engaged in business—though, as he recalls to-day, with the most indifferent results. This was in Philadelphia. Mr. Bispham made his first appearance in opera in Messager's "Basoche" at what is now the Palace Theatre, but which was then the Royal English Opera House. His subsequent success he ascribes to messages which he received from the other world by means of a planchette, advising him to go in for Wagner, and telling him what parts to study; which goes to show that Mr. Bispham is not wanting in that superstition commonly associated with stage folk.

Mr. Wm. H. Grattan Flood sends me the following:—

Your interesting note as to Professor Hadow's verdict on "the best tune in the world" may well be supplemented, for few readers —Irish or English—would recognise the magnificent Irish air under the title of "The Flight of the Earls." Personally, I do not agree with Professor Hadow's choice, as I know of at least

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three other Irish melodies far superior; but it is satisfactory to hear that an Irish folk song may be regarded as the finest tune in the world. "The Flight of the Earls" is quite a modern Anglo-Irish song, written by my friend, Mr. Alfred Percival Graves, some 25 years ago, and set by him to the air of "The Boys of Wexford." This setting was published in "Songs of Old Ireland," the music arranged by Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, in 1882, but the song never became popular. On the other hand, the song of "The Boys of Wexford," words by Robert Dwyer Joyce, adapted to a nameless air in the Petrie collection by Mr. William Ludwig in 1880, has been a long-established favourite.

Report speaks favourably of Emilio Pizzi's new opera, "Vendetta," which is shortly to be produced at Cologne under the direction of Herr Otto Lohse. The scene of the work is laid in Corsica, and Signor Pizzi congratulates himself particularly on the very effective character of his libretto, from the pen of a German writer named Kaiser.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—Another delightful book from the authors of "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.," "Some Irish Yesterdays" (1), with which, however, I am ungracious enough to find the fault that we have too much of the authors and too little of their subjects. No doubt the authors' descriptions are always either witty or humorous, and it seems more than ungracious to quarrel with them when they are lit up often with such portraits as that of the wily Jer Sullivan, who had "a beguiling smile that was staked out by four huge yellow teeth"; but scenes like that of Jer's sale of the wild-eyed pony with "a figure like a toast-rack," or that of "A Patrick's Day Hunt" make us grudge the space in the book given to mere comments, however witty or wise. Others could comment as wittily and wisely upon the Irish peasant, but only these authors could make you see and hear and understand and sympathise with him as though you had yourself "approached one of those cottages on a Connemara road—crooked without quaintness, clumsy, dirty, distressful—and seen come round the manure heap a bare-footed peasant, better skilled in Irish than in English, who converses with you in the true sense of the word—that is to say, with give and take, with intuition, and with easy and instant sense of humour." I wish I had seen more of that sardonic butcher who, when he was charged with the bad butchering of a cow, replied: "I declare to ye, the one that had the killing of that cow was the Lord Almighty." Why should peasant marriages in Ireland be so sordid and so happy? It cannot be altogether because there is no illusion of passion to be followed by an inevitable reaction:—

> Writers of novels and their readers had better shut their eyes to the fact, the inexorable fact, that such marriages are rushed into every day—loveless and sordid, such as we are taught to hold in abhorrence, and that from them springs, like a flower from a dust-heap, the unsullied, uneventful home-life of Western Ireland.

"Their hearts were within in each other" was said of an elderly couple who thirty years before were married in the priest's kitchen in the following fortuitous way. The bride elect at the last moment jumped from her knees and declined to marry the bridegroom at any price. Then the priest looked round the crowded kitchen and shouted out at last to his servant, "Here, Mary Kate! Come on you and marry the man! Sure you wouldn't let him go away, and he after walking five miles in the rain!" Then and there Mary Kate knelt down by the bridegroom without a murmur of remonstrance from him or from herself, and thirty years after, when their children were either married or gone to America, it was said of them, "Their hearts were within in each other." "Well, James, I hear you married your daughter well." "I did, sir, and I got him cheap." Then in a whisper, "He was devilish owld." When another peasant was congratulated upon having got off at last his elderly daughter with but one eye, he answered grudgingly, "Sure I had to give him ten pounds agin the blind eye." And yet the marriages are almost invariably happy—"love the negligible quantity and attachment the rule. Perhaps the clue to the success of such marriages lies in the mutual possession of agreeability and that good nature which goes with the best agreeability. Certain it is that with a command of repartee that makes fighting an artistic enjoyment, their conjugal battles are insignificant." I cannot say more for the illustrations of this delightful book than that they are worthy of the text. I do not know when I have seen more characteristic types of the Irish face than those in the "Slippers A.B.C. of Fox-hunting," or than that of "The Candidate," of the "Priest-ridden Voter," and of the sympathetic nurse of the triplets. There is not much danger of the readers of an admirable biography of Queen Louisa of Prussia (2) confounding her type with that of Elizabeth of England—a danger which, says Mrs. Moffat, led the earlier biographers of the Prussian heroine to dwell so much upon her domestic virtues that her political capacity and her patriotic spirit are left almost out of sight. Elizabeth of England was as detestable as a woman as she was capable as a queen, whereas Louisa of Prussia was as amiable as she was able and as virtuous as she was fascinating. "At Tilsit," writes Mrs. Moffat, in a passage which I quote as summarising the impression of the inspiring power of the Queen which is left upon the reader by this biography:—

> At Tilsit she laid the foundation stone alike of her own fame and of the modern German Empire. The events of 1807 and those of 1870 are intimately related. No wonder the patriotic German takes pleasure in placing the two dates side by side and expatiating on the significance of the change in the order of the numerals. And the theme may be illustrated by a couple of prints—the one a picture of Louisa vainly interceding with Napoleon I., the other a representation of Louisa's son receiving the sword of Napoleon III. after Sedan.

One's only regret on reading the life of this noble woman is that she did not live to see her prophecy of the fall of Napoleon fulfilled. As I closed the book I recalled Richter's parable of the gifts Fate had in store for the Queen at her birth, "the flower garland of beauty, the myrtle wreath of marriage, the crown of a kingdom, the oak and laurel wreath of her people's love, and—a crown of thorns." It is the crown of thorns that the Germans chiefly, and rightly, worship to-day, since Queen Louisa's sufferings cemented as with blood German unity. Hers was a noble life, whether as a wife, mother, or queen, and Mrs. Moffat gives one an adequate idea of its nobility in this interesting volume. The principal character in Mr. L. S. Gibson's "Burnt Spices" (3) could not be more aptly described than by the suggestions of the couplet Mr. Damer-Mathews had the gross taste to apply to her in a conversation with a young girl:—

> "Libitina thy mother; Priapus
> Thy father—a Tuscan and Greek!"

She is an heiress who belongs to a women's club with abominable rites, and her membership does not help to moderate her natural shamelessness. She pursues both with her astral and her real body the hero, makes the most outrageous advances to him, throws herself both metaphorically and literally into his arms, and, when he marries another, dies and haunts him almost to death with her ghost. On the other hand, she left him nearly all her wealth, which, after a German specialist had exorcised her ghost, he enjoys in peace. The mischief she contrives, both during life and after death, to make between the hero and heroine, might have been set right with a candid word from him, which he unaccountably fails to speak. I cannot say that I sympathised with Ida's lament for this daughter of Priapus—"Dear Vittoria! She had diffused such colour, such vitality about her, that life seemed greyer and emptier since she had gone"—but unquestionably the story of her pursuit in life and after death of the hero is interesting. "Rita's" "Sâba Macdonald" (4) fulfils to overflowing the promise of its dedication:—"To

(1) "Some Irish Yesterdays." By E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross. Illustrated by E. Œ. Somerville. (London: Longmans, Green & Co. 6s.)
(2) "Queen Louisa of Prussia." By Mary Maxwell Moffat. With twenty Illustrations. (London: Methuen and Co. 7s. 6d.)
(3) "Burnt Spices." By L. S. Gibson. (London: Chatto & Windus. 6s.)
(4) "Sâba Macdonald." By "Rita." (London: Hurst & Blackett, Ltd. 6s.)
(5) "Moon-Face," and Other Stories. By Jack London. (London: William Heinemann. 6s.)
(6) "Melomaniacs." By James Huneker. (London: T. Werner Laurie. 6s.

the Emancipated Woman, who owes her present freedom of mind, morals, and pastimes to such repression and tyranny as formed the discipline of youth in days such as this book commemorates." It is hardly logical to say that a horse owes its freedom to the beating and the burden which have driven him at last to kick over the traces; but no doubt an inevitable reaction has much to do with the contrast between the status of women to-day and her status in the tyrannous days described by "Rita." The story reads like an autobiography in its realism, but also in its tediousness. Old Hesiod's exhortation, "Fools, they know not how much half exceeds the whole," might well be taken to heart by many novelists, and beyond a doubt "Sâba Macdonald" would have been the better for condensation. Judging by "Rita's" "Sâba Macdonald" and by Jack London's "Moon-Face" (5), spiritualism is not as dead as it is supposed to be. Perhaps the spiritualist story, "Planchette" is as interesting as any in "Moon-Face," and it is certainly quite as probable. "Moon-Face" itself may have some mystic meaning, but to the ordinary reader the diabolical hatred of a man because of his imperturbable good temper, and the no less diabolical practical expression of this hatred even to the point of murder, seem senseless. Not only music lovers, but all lovers of delicately-imagined and written stories will enjoy "Melomaniacs" (6). Perhaps the best of these short stories is "The Rim of Finer Issues," and its continuation, "The Ibsen Girl," but all are admirable.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, very sincerely yours,

DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

A new edition of "Napoleon's Last Voyages," with an introduction and critical and explanatory notes by Dr. J. Holland Rose, has been published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, price 10s. 6d. The book, which has long been out of print, contains the diaries of Admiral Sir Thomas Usher (on board the *Undaunted*) and John R. Glover, secretary to Rear-Admiral Cockburn (on board the *Northumberland*). Dr. Rose, who is the foremost English authority on Napoleon, testifies to the value of these journals as historical documents, and they are intensely interesting on account of the vivid sidelights which are thrown on the Emperor's personality. The volume has many illustrations, including some from very rare prints.

Mr. J. E. Vincent has written a volume on Berkshire for Messrs. Macmillan's "Highways and Byways Series," and the illustrations are by Mr. Frederick L. Griggs.

The hero of Mr. W. J. Locke's new novel, "The Beloved Vagabond" (Lane, 6s.), has a virility which will in all probability enable him to outlive his creator. This child of Mr. Locke's imagination, the inimitable Paragot, half Gascon half Irish by descent, endowed with a Carlylean picturesqueness of phrase and the temperament of a tramp, possessed of the acumen of the accomplished man of the world and the romanticism of the girl of fifteen, stands for a personification of Bohemian revolt against convention. Paragot as president of the Lotus Club; Paragot breakfasting in bed with his hair brush reposing in the butter; Paragot fiddling at French cafés that a girl protégée may be saved from the gutter; Paragot shackled in the frock-coat of civilisation in obedience to sentimental memory; Paragot, foot-weary but mentally robust, returning to lay his head on mother earth as peasant proprietor of a French homestead; a Paragot full of wit and wisdom, blaspheming the Philistine by word and action; this Paragot is "The Beloved Vagabond," and well he deserves the title. If any quarrel is to be found with the book, it is that it is almost too full of good things. Certainly it is the most brilliant piece of work Mr. Locke has done as yet, and in one respect it makes very clear a phase of his outlook on life. How Mr. Locke must hate the bourgeoisie!

Messrs. Methuen are bringing out a luxurious edition in a larger form of Mr. Heywood's well-known translation of "The Little Flowers of St. Francis." Mr. A. G. Ferrers Howell contributes an elaborate introduction, with a biography of the Saint; and the book will be enriched with a series of illustrations from early Italian painters.

In his new historical novel, "Sir Nigel" which Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. will have ready next week, Sir A. Conan Doyle has returned to the style of "The White Company." The story is, however, more in the main current of the English life of those days, picturing the lives of the people, of the clergy, and of the court. It follows the English armies to France, deals with the naval warfare of the period, and includes within its scope such historical episodes as the surprise of Calais Castle, the fight with the Spaniards off Winchelsea, and finally the battle of Poictiers.

Mr. M. W. Hilton-Simpson's book, "Algiers and Beyond" (Hutchinson and Co., price 12s. net), is especially interesting as a record of journeys and experiences in the interior of Algeria. The majority of English visitors to Algiers return home, as the author says, knowing little or nothing of the country beyond what they have seen in the course of a day's excursion from the capital. Mr. Hilton-Simpson preferred to go farther afield, and during his two trips he visited many little-known and out-of-the-way parts of Algeria. His pleasantly written account of his wanderings, the sport he enjoyed, and the delightful scenery and the strange sights that he saw, will probably encourage many travellers and sportsmen to follow in his footsteps, and with this object he gives some useful information. Worcester Sauce is, it seems, one of the things that it is advisable to take, the present of a bottle being much appreciated by the Arab chiefs! The book is illustrated from photographs by the author.

"The Autobiography of Thomas de Quincey," with an introduction by Mr. Tighe Hopkins, has been added to the attractive series of Thin Paper Classics published by Messrs. Newnes.

Mr. G. Manville Fenn may be always trusted to produce a good yarn for boys twice, thrice, or even four times a year, and "'Tention" (Chambers, price 5s.) is up to the average. It is a story of the adventures of Penton Gray, the youngest full private in the one rifle regiment engaged in the Peninsular War, and of his companion Punch, bugler in the same regiment. There are forty-five chapters and a separate thrill in each. What more can the most rapacious appetite for adventure desire. So far as absolute fighting is concerned, however, there is much more of it to be found in another book for boys, Mr. John Finnemore's "Foray and Fight" (Chambers, price 3s. 6d.). It is a story of the Macedonian revolt against the unspeakable Turk. Appalled by the result of an unprovoked attack upon a Christian village at which he is spending a day or two in the course of a holiday ramble, Maurice Boyne throws in his lot with the oppressed people. A little later he meets with Jim Lusk, an American who has come to think it his duty in life to "wipe out" the Turk. Both join a band of Komitajis, and if only their exploits could be paralleled in real life by half-a-dozen fervent like volunteers there would not be many Turks left in Europe. It is a most exciting narrative.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Now is your time to come to town. It is very full, and will be much fuller next week, when the King and Queen of Norway are here. The Venetian masts are up along the City streets, and London is preparing a hearty welcome to pretty Queen Maud and her handsome husband. Will Prince Olaf be with them? He has a dear little face, with plenty of intelligence and a spice of mischief in it, just like his mother.

The shop windows are far too attractive. "They'd fetch a hen off her nest," says Nora. First we notice a window full of the neatest possible tailor-mades, in purple cloth, heather tweed, navy serge, or scarlet cloth, with waistcoats that at least fit the stands to great perfection. Next, we see a display of furs, and observe the fact that it is only those we do not want

that have any price marked on them. The really good ones are to be inquired about inside. Clever as the dyers are in imitating sable, the make-up can always be detected, like that of a woman whose art in face decoration falls short of the height where it conceals itself. What a sweet fur is chinchilla! So delicately soft and pretty; but it soon gets rough and out of sorts. As to ermine, a single excursion on a misty day in town is enough to sully its snowy whiteness. And how intolerable is dirty ermine. Mink is so very dear this season, that hardly any of it is to be seen for sale, and those fortunate ones who bought it last year are hugging themselves.

We saw a sweet little grey caracul bolero in Bond-street. It was made with rounded fronts bordered with grey embroidered cloth, the stitching showing faint, dull tints of serpent green, pastel blue, and golden brown. Anybody would look smart in that little coat.

Jim says he hates to see a nice girl wearing heads and claws of little dead animals. I think I do too. There is such a saddened, helpless look about the poor little limp paws that were once so nimble. Tails are not so bad, for they hung meekly on the original owner as they do now on the purchaser. But whence comes the vast supply of tails? For every little skin there are three or four, on some of the "ties." Probably it would be found, were statistics available, that the proportion of tails sold is somewhere about five or six per furry animal.

Next come the hat shops. Such a difference in hats this winter. Some are quite as small as forage caps. A sweetly pretty woman we know wears a white fur one planted in the midst of her bonny brown hair. It suits her, because she has a small face, with small features. On an aquiline kind of woman it would have a look of quaint inadequacy. Some of the picture hats are immense. We saw one about twelve inches in diameter on a little lady with narrow shoulders and contracted chest. She could not have chosen a better method of emphasising these defects. The immense width of the hat made the shoulders shrink apparently, and gave the chest a sunken look, especially from a side view. On a tall, well-developed figure the hat would have been just right.

I do not see many of the pretty little toques we saw worn so much in Paris. I went into a shop and asked for one, and the answer was: "It is no use bringing small hats to London. English ladies will not wear them." And yet they are very becoming and show off the pretty hair of our countrywomen. Did you see the huge hats illustrated in the *Daily Gramophone* a week ago? I hope we shall never wear such things as those.

At an afternoon party at Baillie's Gallery last Saturday I saw the smartest toque I have seen this season. It was helmet-shaped in black felt, and the trimming was a cluster of silver grapes and groups of shaded grey ostrich feathers falling over the hair at the left side. It was worn by a very handsome woman with dark hair and large, dark, smiling eyes, with that kind look in them that is so endearing.

The new decorations of the Savoy Restaurant are a great success, as we discovered when we dined there the other evening, and found the walls as bright and light as the ceiling. The absence of gilding, too, imparts an air of refinement, and then there are always such lovely flowers at the Savoy and the lights at each table are daintily shaded. We had pink carnations at ours with leaves of maidenhair and trails of smilax, also sprays of a small heathery flower that I do not know the name of. The room was full, and it was interesting to look round and speculate about the various groups—the table with the square party, two pretty women and their devoted cavaliers; two men watching the process of cooking canard à la presse on a silver dish before their eyes; a young goddess in black velvet and pearls, with a distinguished-looking father and two worshippers; and so on.

After the delicious dinner we moved to the foyer and listened to the music. The orchestra gave us a lovely bit from "La Bohème," and one of their number sang in an admirable tenor. We were so happy that we stayed on until the supper folk came streaming in, preparation having been made for them by filling the foyer more than half-way to the door, in addition to the restaurant itself, and even then tables had to be set up in the vestibule. It was a wonderful crowd that streamed in. Such frocks, Amy dear! There were many well-known faces, some of high society, some of the footlights, some connected with diplomacy and our ship of State, others millionaires from America, Australia, and South Africa, with their characteristic expression of mingled shrewdness and good nature; and among them all the eager, alert faces of Italian, Austrian, French, Mexican, Spanish, alive to the unique charm of the scene and its utter difference from anything to be found elsewhere. Our eyes were scarcely quick enough to take it all in, though we worked them hard, trying to see faces, dresses, jewels, lace, and to lose nothing. We nearly missed the graceful gliding of two Indian ladies in Eastern costume, and the wonderful pearls they wore, each pearl a well of light that had sea and sky and moonlight in it, all mingled to a perfect and incomparable tone of warm pallor.

Pearls are more worn than ever. I wish you could have seen Marie Tempest's that evening—ropes of them down to her waist at the back, crossing the shoulders, falling in many curves in front and carelessly looped about her neck.

We had not been at a play since Paris, so Richard took us to see "Peter's Mother" at Wyndham's, and we enjoyed it all. We were amused at the perfectly awful Victorian furniture in the first act. Did our grandfathers really like black horse-hair sofas to lie on, and cases of stuffed birds upon the walls? Miss Marion Terry wears delicious gowns, especially the last, all soft white with a loose over-gown of black net, with large spots and borders of fine Chantilly—such a graceful garment. The two crabbed aunts reminded me so much of my own aunts, Tabitha and Jemima, that I almost forgot to notice the cleverness of their acting. It seemed quite real to me.

Have I told you about these old ladies and their will? It is a most astute arrangement. To each of their servants they leave a legacy which increases with every year the testatrix remains alive. To their doctors they bequeath a nice little sum which increases with every year that they live. You can imagine with what care and attention they are surrounded. And yet, with all this, some of the expectant legatees must, inwardly and invisibly, if not outwardly and audibly, wonder how long it will be before their reward arrives.

Mim has a remarkable system of sending herself postcards in order to refresh her memory about forthcoming engagements and appointments. We reason with her sometimes, and try to guess why the effort of memory that sends the postcards could not be utilised for the occasions themselves. But none of us can understand the ins and outs of each other's mental apparatus. Don't you call Mim's plan rather amusing? But she carries it out in all seriousness.

Your friend's prejudice against foreign hotel-keepers is rather foolish—do not you think so?—but as they are going to spend the winter at Cannes you may easily set their minds at rest. With every confidence that they will be thoroughly comfortable you can recommend them to write for rooms to the Hotel des Anglais, which is justified in its name by the fact that it really is under English management. More important than this, the management is good and the hotel is beautifully situated.

Emmeline said, the other morning, "I have changed from open work to winter stockings. Now the weather will turn warm." The idea of men and women, birds

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of the air, and beasts of the field, meadows, woods, trees, gardens, insects, reptiles, sea, and sky all waiting for Emmeline to change the weather by discarding her summer stockings is just a little bit quaint. Do you not think so? It served me as a spring of laughter all the morning. And yet one is always saying equally absurd things. "If I take my umbrella it will be fine. If I leave it at home it is sure to rain," or something of the sort. Emmeline's remark was no worse than one of these, but it presented itself in a curious aspect to my mind. There are days when one sees things so differently from other days. At times the ludicrous side seems always to turn up, and on a dull, dark, grey, dim, drear November day the dun-coloured aspect comes looming up until the curtains are drawn, the lamps are lighted, and tea—the cheery, the charming, the indispensable—comes tinkling in.

I should like to see a Committee of Women started on a practical inquiry into English agricultural products and how to further the interests of the British producer. What can men know about marketing? It is women who lay out the national income. They know the best kinds of flour, vegetables, fruit, butter, eggs, cheese, and they know, or ought to know, which is home produce, which Colonial, and which foreign.

Frances writes from Brighton:—

DEAREST MADGE,—Our Autumn Season—which is *the* Brighton Season—is now commencing, and there is, I think, every chance of its being a better one than last year, providing, of course, "things" brighten up a little in the City, for, as I have explained to you on previous occasions, our season here is to a great—or, at least, to a certain extent—dependent on the state of affairs on the Stock Exchange. It naturally costs money to indulge in a month or six weeks away from home, and, therefore, if there is no superfluous money about, there are comparatively few visitors about. Let us hope that, whatever the phrase really means, "things" will brighten in the City, as I am sure we are all tired of hearing how bad "things" are. But whether we get a good season or not, we deserve it, as Brighton of to-day is a far more attractive place for visitors than it used to be a few years ago. Then we depended upon its natural attractions; now we supplement these with others, which are especially useful when Dame Nature is unkind to us.

In the first place, our service of trains is much improved, and we are promised that it shall be still better when they are able to open the new station at Victoria for the Brighton traffic. I long to see the day when our expresses do the journey under the hour. The Sunday Pullman does this, and the five o'clock train from London Bridge also does the distance comfortably, and, let me add, practically regularly, in an hour and five minutes. Why, then, should not the Victoria passengers be equally indulged?

The tendency in all towns now is to develop westwards, and this is certainly more pronounced here than at most places. Poor old Kemp Town is practically deserted. The Duke and Duchess of Fife, however, remain loyal to that end of the town. I hear a mansion can be had there for the same rent asked for a glorified cottage at Hove. I often wonder why people do not take advantage of this, though, of course, the question of servants, etc., has to be taken into consideration. The Ladies' Club of which I have told you in previous letters has caught the general infection, and is moving west, seeking the respectability and quietude of Brunswick-terrace. At first it was thought better to take premises in a more central position; but now the motor 'buses run along the Western-road, country people coming from the railway station can be easily "dropped" at the top of Brunswick-square. It will be a great improvement, too, having the luncheon room on the ground floor of the club and the nice lawn to look upon instead of the noise and bustle of the lower end of King's Road. We shall, I hope, be comfortably settled there by the second week in November, for Miss Hollingshead is working very hard to this end. Numbers of new members have joined, and the club promises to continue to be a great success. The success of the club, too, is not limited to the season, for, strangely enough, it is during the summer months that the bedrooms have been most occupied. Now, with the extra attractions of the bands playing on the Hove lawns, and croquet and lawn tennis so near, I very much doubt if Miss Hollingshead will find she has bedrooms enough in her new house.

Sir William Chance is again lending his beautiful mansion in Grand-avenue for the annual exhibition of the Sussex branch of the Royal Amateur Art Society, which is to be held from November 30 to December 5. The exhibition will be opened by Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein.

The Palace and West Piers have been drawing large audiences, and on Sunday they "go in" for extra talent, most of the shining lights of the London theatres and halls being engaged for the afternoons and evenings. The most wonderful entertainment, though, for the money is the Hippodrome. There, with their fourteen performances every week, they manage to almost entirely fill the huge building, and I am not at all surprised at it, as they us give far above the average entertainment of that class, being amusing without vulgarity.

Of course, there are a number of large houses still unlet here, especially, as I have said, at Kemp Town. I almost wonder that "Kemp Towners" do not follow the example set by Hove, where, I notice, they are converting some of the houses in the squares and avenues into nicely appointed flats, which seem to be eagerly snapped up when completed.

I suppose that you were, like me, much interested in the article in last week's TRUTH, entitled "The Musquash and the Rabbit Skin." We all know that there is a large amount of spurious fur sold in the market, hence the reason why I always advise my friends to consult an expert before investing in furs of any sort or description which they are thinking of buying from outside sources as great bargains. Of course, you are all right if you deal with well-known, respectable firms, and I am sure my Barrance and Ford down here would feel very hurt if I did not consult them should I be tempted by a great bargain outside their establishment, more especially just now, when they have been making a speciality of every description of fur, including the most costly sables and ermine. Purchasers of furs are all right if they deal with respectable houses; it is the bargain-hunters who are the victims of rabbit manipulators. But I must say, if the skin of the homely bunny can be made to imitate that of the musquash in the manner described in the TRUTH article I do not see why we should not wear rabbit thus manipulated, provided we buy it at rabbit prices. Do you?

I have received the following letter from Mona:—

MY DEAR MADGE,—Have I made a study of the arrangement of cut flowers? Certainly; I am always doing so. This is as much a part of a gardener's business as is the arrangement of the border or the grounds generally. Indeed, it is not easy to separate the two, for the principle is the same in both. The scale alone is different. In this matter, as in most others, we have travelled far since the days of our grandmothers—or would it be more discreet to say of our great-grandmothers?—when a huge posy, packed tightly with flowers of every imaginable colour, was considered the supreme effort in floral arrangement. David, when sent to gather some flowers, bunches them rather in the manner of long ago, but even he, as the result of example, is learning not to mix his colours—an important point unless it is done, as Wilkie said, with brains—and to give each flower a chance of showing itself. But beyond the posy period lies another of still cruder methods, when those who were esteemed the most artistic gardeners vied with one another in carving shrubs into grotesque shapes, and making elaborate patchwork beds edged with dwarf-box, and filled with coloured sand and glass and shells instead of flowers. If our grandmothers improved upon that method, and we upon theirs, it is more than probable that we are not yet at the top—that there is still plenty of room for further improvement. One thing should not be forgotten: the advance has been due, not merely to the development of better taste, but also to the enormous increase in the number of flowers under cultivation.

As a beginning, I studied the Japanese method, and you might with advantage do the same, using Conder's "Floral Art of Japan." Naturalness is the effect aimed at, yet, singularly enough—though it is characteristic of the race—the means employed are essentially artificial. Individual taste seems to be allowed no scope in Japan; all must conform to certain definite rules. What may be called the floral unit is three. If once you master the rules which regulate the arrangement of three sprays you will have no difficulty in remembering the others, for they are merely simple modifications of the same principle. The unit is composed of a tall, central line, slightly curving to the left, and

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then rather more to the right; a shorter left line, curving to the left, and a still shorter right line curving to the right. As an example, get three branches or sprays suitable for the purpose. Cut, bend, and trim them into the required shapes, and arrange them as described in a vase. You will see that the effect is exceedingly natural. But when the arrangement is repeated indefinitely the artifice soon becomes obvious, and, besides being wearied by the sameness, the attention is diverted from the beauty of form or colour to the means employed.

So far I have spoken only of simple branches or sprays. If they are compound, the principle is just the same. The lowest side-shoot on the central one should curve to the left, the next to the right, and so on, each of a proper length and at a proper distance, and all others being removed. Side-shoots on the left branch should curve almost entirely to the left, and those on the right branch only to the right. For larger arrangements groups may replace single sprays, or the unit may be increased. In either case the method is practically the same. It is, as you will see, intensely artificial, but the effect, if not too often repeated, is very natural. I do not recommend any slavish imitation, but I have certainly found Japanese floral art very suggestive. It has given me many ideas which would otherwise never have taken definite shape, even if I had instinctively acted upon them.

As regards colour, you will find harmony safer than contrast. With the former it is not easy to go astray, whereas the employment of the latter demands a very keen artistic sense. If, however, you prefer contrast, you cannot do better than study Nature's method of employing it, not only to render flowers more conspicuous, but also to point out to insects where they may find the honey. Here harmony would obviously be ineffective. Contrast alone will serve the purpose. Any combination thus used may be safely adopted. But the different colours should not be spotted about so as to leave a confused impression on the eye. They should be massed in a bowl or vase just as they should in the borders. Of course, this does not mean crowding. The form of a flower is not less beautiful than its colour, and it cannot be seen unless each is allowed plenty of room. Two or three skilfully arranged in a vase are far more effective than ten times as many tightly packed.

Of course, individuality is the chief factor in floral arrangement, but there are certain points which all should observe—for instance, that some colours "light up" badly, and should, therefore, be avoided for dinner-tables. Again, some flowers close at night, while others open then. There are many strongly-scented which are charming in the open air, but objectionable in a close room. The foliage is often a difficulty. Each plant with its own is the safest rule; but where this is impossible the leaves should be as nearly as possible of the same character. Maidenhair fronds, though often useful, would only look ridiculous with such heavy flowers as arum lilies. In the autumn there is no lack of lovely foliage, the tints of the common carrot, for instance, being singularly beautiful, while a spray of the wild bramble, with its many shades of bronze and red and green, is almost sufficient by itself to furnish a vase. In no case should the receptacle be excessively elaborate or obtrusive. That is the commonest of all mistakes. Its function should be to show off the flowers, not itself. It is the necessary accompanist, not the performer. If I can give you any other hints likely to be useful to you, I shall always be glad to do so.—Your affectionate cousin,

MONA.

Clare sends me the following from Dublin:—

DEAREST MADGE,—The season of settling down amongst our own household gods, after a long absence, not only shows us the weak spots in our surroundings, but suggests, not infrequently, the same in ourselves, as their cause. How many cases of the stitch not given in time reproachfully arrest our attention, of beginnings, not crowned by endings, and oh! the number of postponed activities which on all sides are accusingly brought to our minds. It is a sad tale of much undertaken and little carried through, of countless new leaves whose turning over never got beyond the good intention stage. We remember only too well the stern resolutions of last year, and, alas! not only of one last year. Never again was slackness to prevail within the precincts of our domestic kingdom. Everything should be kept in thorough repair; was it not just as easy to get a thing mended at once as to put it aside? Breakages should be replaced on the moment, and losses made good. No rubbish was ever again to accumulate in cupboards and closets, to say nothing of the miscellaneous assortments of mysterious "tiddyidities" invariably to be met with in everything—boxes, drawers, vases, and so on—capable of holding them. And now, what preliminaries of repairing, sorting, clearing out, and restoring have to be gone through previous to settling down. We were all energy in the beginning, and the wonder is when and where the leakage in our enthusiasm set in, which led to just the same old things over again. For all that, here we are once more making the old resolutions, only with this difference, we shall really keep them this time. If a small voice whispers that we had much the same idea last year, whispers of the kind are easily silenced and put aside. We ought to know, and do know the absolutely reliable strength of our present determination. Let the dead past bury its dead; we are not going to look back; our business is with the future.

What infinite variety there is in the ways in which our sex manage their households. Most of us are unimpeachable in the matter of having account books. Perhaps, however, when it comes to keeping "accounts" it is sometimes different. A friend of mine was the proud owner of a very business-looking bureau, on which a range of important-looking account books had a prominent place. "How imposing they look on the outside. What is in their insides?" I, one day, inquired curiously. Taking one up, she showed me with much pride what she called a "written-up page." It contained two entries: Alms, 4d.; sundries, £6 9s. 1d. "I forget whether it's a week's or a fortnight's expenditure," she added thoughtfully. "I always like to know exactly where I am; that is why I am so particular in keeping my accounts."

Lady Aberdeen paid a short visit to Liverpool in the middle of last week. She is, without doubt, the most active of the many active "Lady Lieutenants" who have lately in succession done their very considerable part in ruling the destinies of Ireland. The Irish Industries Association, which so successfully held its exhibition and sale last week, was practically founded and worked up by Lady Aberdeen more years ago than one cares to remember. What a gratification it must be to her to see her work develop in so many different places. Many Irish ladies of light and leading crossed the Channel too to do their part in promoting native industries. We are not supposed to be, as you are, a nation of shopkeepers; but, as regards our sex, we might well claim to possess an aristocracy of shopkeepers. The modern Lady Bountiful has turned utilitarian, and gone into business, and in many instances her talent for commerce is considerable. Is it not true bountifulness also to teach people to help themselves, since there are such whom Providence is said to help? Lord and Lady Aberdeen, with a Viceregal party, were present at Mrs. Bryce's "At Home," given on Friday afternoon at the Chief Secretary's Lodge. The house is suited for entertainments, but has not of late years been the centre of sociability and hospitality which it used to be in the old days, especially in the first Vice-royalty of Lord Spencer, when Lady Waldegrave—the renowned "Frances"—reigned there a queen of society. Since our Irish Question grew more acutely constitutional under Parnell's influence, the Irish Chief Secretary has been otherwise too busy to have much time to give to the lighter duties and graces of society. Mrs. Bryce is a charming hostess, and her guests were very numerous. Next week she gives another "At Home."

There have been many shooting parties throughout the length of the land. Lord and Lady Carysfort have just left Glenart, their picturesque residence in Wicklow, where they did much entertaining last month. Hunting is now engaging the absorbed attention of those to whom amusement, especially in connection with the horse, is a prominent and an urgent duty of life. Lord and Lady Waterford are to stay at Curraghmore for the winter, where Lord Waterford has already taken up his duties as Master of the Hounds. Lord and Lady Castletown will spend the winter at their place in Queen's County, having again let Doneraile Court to Sir John and Lady Arnott for the hunting season. Sir John and Lady Arnott, last month, moved into their new residence in Merrion Square, which they bought from Lord Ashbourne, when he went out of office in Ireland. Lady Ashbourne has been visiting her many relatives over here, while Lord Ashbourne is lending a helping hand—it is whispered, not

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infrequently needed—to our hereditary legislators of the Upper House. On this occasion, we, most of us, are with them.—Yours ever, CLARE.

Here are the recipes I promised you. Canapées aux huitres are a delightful savoury:—

Line some small cup-shaped moulds with paste that is made with 2 oz. of flour, a pinch of salt, the yolk of an egg, and a little cold water. Fill them with fine tapioca, mixed with lard, and bake them a golden colour. Blanch, strain, and beard sixteen oysters. Put a little washed mustard and cress in each of the cases, then the oysters, first dipping them in thick mayonnaise sauce, allowing two to each case. Make a border round the edge of passed hard-boiled yolk of egg, sprinkle them with passed lobster coral, and dish them, garnished with small salad.

You will find Œufs à la Madrid a delicious savoury:—

Fry 6 or 8 round croûtes in salad oil, spread them with anchovy butter, mixed with finely chopped ripe chili. Poach an equal number of eggs in salted water, place one on each croûte, arrange them in a fireproof dish, mix a little thick cream with some thick tomato sauce, pour it over the eggs, sprinkle them with grated cheese, then with chopped red chili.

Tomatoes à la Morvia make a welcome variety in vegetarian diet:—

Cut the stalk ends from 7 or 8 ripe tomatoes and remove the seeds with the handle of a teaspoon. Mince 4 hard-boiled eggs very evenly and finely, put them into a gill of good curry sauce, that is made with milk, and in which 2 yolks of eggs have been stirred. Fill the tomatoes with the egg farce, turn them out, side downwards, on to an equal number of fried croûtes, and cook them in the oven for about 20 minutes. Serve the tomatoes with curry sauce poured round them and well-boiled rice in the centre.

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TO OUR READERS.

We receive hundreds of letters every week from "Readers of 'Truth.'" A large majority of the writers expect replies direct. Of the work, trouble, and expense involved in doing this we say nothing. But as experience has shown that a large number of our "Constant" and "Regular" readers who inquire about individuals with whom we have dealt in our columns over and over again are not actual subscribers to the paper, but merely occasional readers of it at clubs, libraries, or at friends' houses, we consider we must protect ourselves in the matter.

We have therefore decided that henceforth every reader who writes making an inquiry that necessitates a direct reply must enclose a stamped envelope and also a Coupon which will always be found at the foot of the 3rd page of the coloured cover. Without these no notice will be taken of the communication.

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a Coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" send replies by post.

No Coupon will be available that is over a fortnight out of date, except from correspondents residing abroad.

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ENTRE NOUS.

THE King leaves Windsor Castle on Monday next on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. William James at West Dean Park. His Majesty will not pass through Chichester, but the Royal train is to set down at Singleton Station, which is reached viâ Midhurst. If, however, the weather is fine it is very likely that the King will drive all the way from Windsor to West Dean.

The fact that King Haakon would be invested with the Garter at Windsor Castle, and that the King would at the same time hold a Chapter of the Knights, was announced in Truth on August 29. His Majesty had originally intended to confer the Order of the Garter upon the King of Norway in June, on the occasion of King Haakon's coronation, and he was to have been invested by the Prince of Wales at Trondhjem. However, his Majesty finally decided to postpone his son-in-law's admission to the Order until he came to England.

The King and Queen entertained their first shooting party at Sandringham last week, including Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Count Albert Mensdorff, Prince and Princess Trauttmansdorff, the Hereditary Prince and Princess Löwenstein, the Dowager Duchess of Manchester (who only arrived on Friday), Dowager Lady Dudley, Lord and Lady Coke, Mr. and Mrs. George Keppel, Sir Hedworth Williamson, and Captain H. Campbell. There were partridge drives over the Anmer preserves on Tuesday, and a battue in the home covers on Wednesday. There were to have been partridge drives on Thursday at Flitcham, but rain was pouring, and shooting was given up for the day. The weather was again unfavourable on Friday, and the King did not leave the house, but the Prince of Wales and some of the men had a couple of hours' duck shooting in the afternoon round the lake in the park. The week-end guests were Lord Lansdowne, Admiral Sir John and Lady Fisher, Sir Archibald Berkeley Milne, Sir H. Goold-Adams, Dr. Jameson, and the Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal. Lady Lansdowne, Lord Granard, and Mr. Henry Stonor were all in waiting at Sandringham last week.

A weekly contemporary announced that last week's shooting party at Sandringham was to be "a very cheery one," and proceeded to give a list of eight persons who were to be among the guests. Not one of the individuals mentioned was invited to Sandringham last week. There will be two more shooting parties at Sandringham this winter, one when their Majesties return from Windsor, and the other after Christmas.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are to pay a visit next week to Lord and Lady Cadogan at Culford Hall, near Bury St. Edmunds, where they will stay for three or four days. The house at Culford was built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth by Sir Nicholas Bacon, but it has been much altered and enlarged, and has been practically rebuilt by Lord Cadogan. The grounds are well laid out, and the small park is nicely timbered, but Culford is by no means the most attractive of the numerous country seats in this district, though shooting is quite first-rate. The estate passed from the Bacons to the Cornwallis family, and it was purchased by Lord Cadogan from Mr. Behrens, after he had been for some years the tenant of Babraham Hall, the family seat of the Adeanes, near Cambridge.

H.R.H. and the Princess are to be the guests of Lord and Lady Derby at Knowsley Park from

Monday, the 26th, until Saturday, December 1, when they will return to Sandringham. Their Royal Highnesses are to pay a public visit to Liverpool on Friday, the 30th, when the Prince of Wales will formally open the new Cotton Exchange.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have been staying at Clarence House since their visit to Lord and Lady Derby at Knowsley, and their next "outing" will be their visit to Lord and Lady Savile at Rufford Abbey, The Duchess and Princess Patricia are to accompany the Duke on his official visit to Canada.

Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who was one of the guests of their Majesties at Sandringham last week, is the son-in-law of the King of the Belgians, the eldest son of Princesse Clémentine d'Orléans, and the brother of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and his only daughter is married to the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg, brother of the German Empress and nephew of Prince Christian. Prince Philip is one of the greatest landowners of Hungary, and head of the Roman Catholic branch of the Saxe-Coburg-Gotha family. He is the grandson of Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, brother of the late King of the Belgians and of the Duchess of Kent, who settled in Hungary in 1815, when he married the only child and heiress of the last Prince of Kohary, who was a leviathan of wealth. Prince Ferdinand's eldest son was the late King Consort of Portugal, grandfather of King Carlos.

The King has conferred the Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order upon Prince Philip, who was invested by his Majesty at Sandringham on Friday. Prince Philip received the first class of the Order of the Bath (G.C.B.) from Queen Victoria in 1885, when he came to England to attend the wedding of Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg.

The King of Saxony went to Vienna to attend the funeral of the Archduke Otto, and some of the papers regard his presence at the ceremony as an outward and visible sign of the excellent understanding between the Emperor Francis Joseph and the Court of Dresden. The relations between the Courts of Vienna and Dresden have always been most cordial, but the King of Saxony happens to be a brother-in-law of the Archduke Otto.

The Emperor Francis Joseph had not seen his nephew for more than two years. He drove from Schönbrunn to the Palace, where the Archduke died, about an hour after the death, and remained for twenty minutes in prayer by his nephew's bed.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen, who were in Dublin last week, will shortly pay another visit to the North of Ireland. They will visit Shane's Castle, the residence of Lord and Lady O'Neill, in the county of Antrim. Lord O'Neill's eldest son is married to Lord Crewe's daughter. Her sister, Lady Celia Coates will, with Captain Coates, who is on Lord Aberdeen's staff, live at Dublin Castle during the winter.

THE IDEAL BREAKFAST.

A man with more spare time than wit
Hath to a certain Daily writ
To ask this question:
"What's the ideal breakfast?" and
Seeks from the write-to-papers band
Some good suggestion;

Nor seeks in vain, for in, by scores,
A torrent of suggestions pours;
And some say "Bacon,"
And some say "Eggs," and some say "Ham,"
Some urge him "Squish," some urge him jam
The top to take on.

But, 'pon my word, I really think,
Before they so much useful ink
Had on't expended,
The questioner, less vague and reck-
Less, should have said for whom the break-
Fast was intended.

For what's a breakfast good to me
P'raps with my neighbour mayn't agree;
And what the *gaster*
(The Greek I use as more polite)
Of Brown would suit, in Jones's might
Produce disaster.

A babe in swaddling clothes confined
Would *its* "ideal breakfast" find
In Nature's fountain;
While a grown athlete might not be
Afraid of chops of mutton three
At breakfast counting.

Then Farmer Giles, at dawn astir,
Might for *his* morning meal prefer,
Say, pork and porter;
While Boozer, dry from last night's spree,
Might *his* "ideal breakfast" see
In soda-water.

On this I might enlarge *ad lib.*,
But fear my Editor would jib
If too much fat in
My lines I put; so merely say:
"Quot hom'nes, tot gentacula,"
In doggish Latin.

The proposal to establish a stag-hunt in the Ribble Valley has provoked such general and strong opposition that the scheme will probably be abandoned. At the recent audit dinner of the Downham and Coverdale Estates Mr. Assheton, of Downham Hall, one of the largest and most popular landowners in the district, expressed the most decided disapproval of the project, and he was much applauded by the tenant farmers who formed his audience. "They would not have the deer, or the hounds, or the horses. Nothing but discord and ill-feeling would follow if the hunt came into the district, and he was determined he would not have it." One can perfectly understand the hostility of the farmers, who are aware both of the enormous damage

For SPECIAL FOR LADIES, see page 1205.
For the TRUTH HOTEL LIST, see page 1207.
For Selected FOREIGN HOTELS, see pages 1206, 1207.
For ESTATES, AUCTIONS, see page 1204.
For AMUSEMENTS, see page 1199.
For OUR PUZZLES, see pages 1213, 1214.

which would certainly be done, and of the great difficulty of obtaining adequate compensation for the same.

The late Mr. Auberon Herbert was a man of very remarkable abilities in many ways, a clear-headed as well as an original thinker, clever in controversy, witty in conversation, amiable in disposition, and so charming in manner that it may be truly said of him that everybody liked him, notwithstanding his strong individuality and his uncompromising assertion of his opinions. But he had that sort of twist in his character which a man's friends are apt to describe as "a bee in his bonnet." It prevented him making any mark in politics, or any permanent mark anywhere.

I believe he denied that he was an Anarchist; but I have heard him argue against all the established machinery of government as resolutely, though not as violently, as any crazy enthusiast in a Soho club of Continental revolutionaries. He always preached that compulsory taxation was indefensible, and he firmly believed that all government could be conducted on a "voluntary" basis. The only difference I could ever see between him and an orthodox Anarchist was that he was always so "nice about it" that nobody could possibly quarrel with him. To say that he would not have countenanced the throwing of a stone, let alone a bomb, if it could have overturned the existing order of things, only feebly conveys his mental attitude. He was such a stickler for the right of every man to live his life in his own way, and to form and act on his own opinions, that I sometimes wondered that he should endeavour to influence the judgment of his fellow-creatures by making a speech or writing a letter to the *Times*. It is not surprising, therefore, that with all his talents he has left the world very much where he found it. I fear that from his point of view it even grew worse during his time.

During the last thirty years of his life Mr. Herbert had resided principally in the New Forest, where his manner of life might be described as "tout-à-fait patriarchale." He was greatly interested in political, literary, and scientific subjects, and especially in geology and natural history. His only son succeeded his uncle, the late and last Earl Cowper, in the barony of Lucas last year, when he inherited the large De Grey estates in Bedfordshire, including the celebrated domain of Wrest Park, which is now let to the United States Ambassador.

Colonel Dalrymple Hamilton, younger brother of Lord Stair, who died last week, joined the Scots Guards in 1871, and he distinguished himself in the Egyptian campaign of 1882, in the Suakin expedition of 1885 (during which he was severely wounded), and in the South African War. He lost an arm at the battle of Belmont. Colonel Dalrymple Hamilton made three unsuccessful attempts to enter Parliament, having contested South Ayrshire in 1880 (as a Liberal) and Midlothian in 1895 and in 1900 as a Unionist. He succeeded to the large Bargany estates, in Ayrshire, on the death of his mother. This fine property is noted in the South of Scotland for its extensive and splendid woods. The first Hamilton of Bargany bought the estate in 1630 from the Kennedys. He was a son of the first Marquis of Hamilton (ancestor of the present Duke of Hamilton), and his son was created Baron Bargany in 1639. The male line became extinct, and the heiress of the family married Sir Robert Dalrymple. The late Lady Stair inherited the Bargany estates from her mother, the Duchesse de Coigny, and they were settled on her second son.

The late Lady Walsingham was the posthumous daughter of Mr. William Locke, who was drowned in the Lake of Como, in presence of his wife, to whom he had been married only a few months. Mrs. Locke for some years afterwards lived a great deal in Paris, and there are references to her in Lady Granville's letters, where Miss Locke is described as appearing in some tableaux in 1838, when she was six years old. At the age of seventeen Miss Selina Locke was married to Lord Burghersh, eldest son of the eleventh Earl of Westmorland, but he died within twelve months. Two years later the young widow and her mother went to Naples on a visit to Lord and Lady Holland, and there she married the Duke of San Teodoro. Twenty years afterwards this union was dissolved, and she was again married in 1877 to Lord Walsingham. After her third marriage she lived principally for many years at Merton Hall, her husband's family place in Norfolk, where she was greatly beloved for her kindness and generosity. She was a true *grande dame* of the old school, with fine and graceful manners, always genial and attentive, and never over-fastidious or exclusive.

Mrs. McLaren, who died at Edinburgh last week at the age of ninety-two, was a sister of John Bright, and widow of Duncan McLaren, the first Radical Member for Edinburgh. One of the sensations of the General Election of 1865 was the overthrow of the old Whig party at Edinburgh (known as the Parliament House clique) by the return of Mr. McLaren. Mrs. McLaren took part in the agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws, and for half a century she had been a zealous advocate of women's suffrage. She was warmly interested in a variety of social questions, and in many philanthropic schemes, and she was a zealous politician, an excellent platform speaker, and an active and valuable helpmate to her husband in his long career. At her Edinburgh residence she entertained large numbers of guests, including many Americans. She was a capital hostess, and her conversational powers were remarkable, but she was by no means a *précieuse*.

In the *Morning Post* of October 30, Lady Victoria Murray was reported as saying: "I saw Mrs. Eddy and spoke to her last December at her home." In the *Christian Science Journal* of last February, appeared a letter to Mrs. Eddy from the Earl of Dunmore, the father of Lady Victoria, notifying his daughter's

departure for America with an illuminated psalter as a present for Mrs. Eddy; and appended to the letter was Mrs. Eddy's reply thanking her "Beloved Students" for their gift, and adding, "I regret that I could not see your dear daughter Victoria when she was in America." An unbeliever might think that there was a "false claim" here; but on the principle that things are not what they seem, no doubt Christian Science can easily explain it away.

The first important book sale of the season took place last week at Sotheby's, when the library of the late Mr. Spence, of North Shields, was dispersed. The illuminated manuscripts were very fine, and a French "Book of Hours," of the fifteenth century, containing twenty-one exquisite miniatures, realised £645, Mr. Quaritch being the purchaser. Another "Book of Hours," of the same character and period, was sold to Mr. Leighton for £500.

I have been requested to call attention to the fact that the individual who, under the name of Ernest Day, has been so frequently mentioned in TRUTH has no connection whatever with Day and Son, Ltd., of 21, Bride-lane, E.C., an old-established firm of lithographers and print publishers. Confusion of identity might very well arise through the fact that the present head of the firm is Mr. Ernest S. Day, and that, in process of winding up the estate of his father, the late Mr. William Day, he is engaged in disposing of a number of interesting old prints and lithographs.

During the last few weeks I have been inundated with specimens of picture postcards which are in circulation in connection with a "postcard chain" promoted by Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons for trade purposes. It appears that this firm are offering large amounts in prizes in connection with a series of competitions, the whole object of which is to sell and advertise their wares. This, of course, is legitimate business, but the objectionable feature is attached to one of the competitions that it purports to be for the benefit of hospitals. How the competition is to be worked or decided I fail to discover, and probably the silly people who are engaged in the competition know as little about it as I do.

The one thing that is clear is that some prospect of winning a large sum of money is offered to individuals and hospitals who are connected with the largest sale of Tuck's postcards through the medium of a "postcard chain." Hundreds of people, mostly of the female sex, are accordingly buying these postcards, and sending them to their friends with a request that they will do likewise, which is, of course, all that the firm want. This makes the thing a nuisance, and it does hospitals more harm than good. The only people who stand to benefit by it are the postcard makers and the few people who will get prizes in what is not much better than a lottery. I do not know whether any of the hospitals have consented to be exploited in this way for private gain, but if they have, they are very much to blame, and will deserve all the discredit which they are likely to get from it.

Here is a grievance of theatrical employees which I should hope all respectable managers will set themselves against. An announcement appears in the *Era* that artists requiring an engagement in a certain company must apply to a certain agency, which alone can book them. This means, of course, that the whole company must pay 10 per cent. to this particular agent. They cannot apply to the manager direct. The suspicion naturally arises that the manager shares the commission with the agent, otherwise he would have no motive for insisting upon being approached exclusively through this one agency. In the case I have under my eye the hardship is particularly felt, because the manager who makes this announcement has just taken over the touring business of another, who engaged his companies direct. Before, therefore, the members of a company thus taken over can continue their engagements, all of them must pay their 10 per cent. in this way. Among them are a number of chorus girls who were hitherto earning 35s. a week, and who will, by the new arrangement, be sweated of 3s. 6d. by the manager and his agent. Everybody knows that it is a difficult enough matter for a chorus girl in a touring company to live respectably on 35s. a week; and to cut her pay down in this way is from every point of view objectionable.

The Rev. W. J. Gommersall, of Stanley Gardens, Hampstead, writes a somewhat lengthy epistle by way of reply to the remarks upon his "Eligible and Social Circle" in last week's TRUTH. I think I can put the contents of his letter very briefly without doing him any injustice. He denies that there was anything "comical" in the *Daily Express* account of his soirée. He objects to my suggestion that his motives may not be wholly disinterested, which was founded on Mrs. Gommersall's letter to a prospective boarder; and he repudiates more strongly than before any designs akin to those of the matrimonial agent. I at once withdraw the "not wholly disinterested" and the "matrimonial agency." I would not have contested the point for a moment in the face of Mr. Gommersall's disclaimer, even if he had not told me that Mrs. G. has been taking paying guests for twenty years, and that her three daughters, mentioned in the letter as though an attraction to lonely gentlemen-boarders, are aged respectively sixteen, fifteen, and thirteen. I hope that the lonely ones will wax sociable under Mr. Gommersall's gentle persuasion, that the eligibles will remain eligible, and that they will not spoil the whole thing by falling into matrimonial habits. But, in return for this concession, I *do* appeal to Mr. G. to let me keep the harmless word "comical." I dare say I have a childish weakness for laughing in the wrong place. But for the life of me I cannot help smiling at the "Eligible and Social Circle"—especially when it is playing at musical chairs.

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It is now definitely settled that the consecration of the Bishop-elect of Truro is to take place in Westminster Abbey on Friday, the 30th, being St. Andrew's Day. The Archbishop of Canterbury will officiate, and the sermon is to be preached by Dr. Stanton, Ely Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, and Canon Residentiary of Ely Cathedral. The new Bishop will do homage to the King a few days afterwards, and it is rumoured that he will be commanded to Sandringham for the week end in order that he may preach there in the parish church at the morning service on Advent Sunday. The Bishop will be enthroned in Truro Cathedral by the Archbishop of Canterbury during the first week in December, and he will then be at once able to get to work in his diocese. The new Bishop has decided to live at Lis Escop (the old rectory at Kenwyn, near Truro), which was occupied as an official residence by Archbishop Benson and Bishop Wilkinson, but has been let during the last fifteen years.

The Bishop of Peterborough has appointed Dr. Phillips, the late Precentor of the Cathedral, to the unendowed canonry which has become vacant by the promotion of Canon Moore to the Archdeaconry of Oakham in the place of the late Archdeacon Lightfoot. This preferment would have been described by Sydney Smith as "a stall without fodder." Agricultural depression has considerably reduced the revenue of the Chapter of Peterborough, so the Dean's stipend has fallen from £1,300 a year to £614, while each of the Residentiary Canons is cut down from £540 a year to £307.

I have frequently endeavoured to enlist the sympathy of my readers for the Gentlewomen's Self-Help Society, of 20, Maddox-street, W. From a letter which Lady Radnor has just written to the press, it seems that there is still great need for people to assist the work of this society by giving orders for needlework and the other goods of various classes which it supplies. This really need not be regarded as an act of charity, for people will get good value for any money that they spend in this way, and at the same time will have the satisfaction of knowing that they are helping some distressed gentlewoman to keep herself from starvation or the workhouse. I would recommend my readers to pay a visit to Maddox-street and see whether they cannot find something there that they want, or failing that, to send a contribution in cash towards the administrative expenses of the society, which will always be welcome.

The managers of Dr. Barnardo's Homes will be placed in a somewhat difficult position by the will of the late Mr. Charles Fulford, one of the chief proprietors, and if I remember rightly the originator, of the "Bile Beans" business. According to the newspapers the testator has left to Dr. Barnardo's Homes shares in the Bile Beans Company to the value of over £10,000, but conditionally upon the legatees retaining and not selling them. It has been decided in the Scottish Courts, and the decision has been upheld on appeal, that the "Bile Beans" business is a fraud on the public, a fraud of such a character as to disentitle the proprietors from any protection from the Court against alleged infringement of their proprietary rights. No honest man can question that the judicial view of the business was in accordance with the rules of common honesty.

How far a charitable institution is justified in accepting by way of bequest the benefit of money obtained by dishonest means may be a nice point of casuistry. The Church in former days thought it no shame to profit by the death-bed repentance of a sinner, but then the Church can grant the sinner absolution, which Dr. Barnardo's Homes cannot, and the bare suggestion of such a thing being done, even by a Church, would have horrified the late Founder. The condition as to the retention of the shares, however, precludes the charity merely treating the bequest as one of cash; it must become henceforth a partner in the business. This is difficult after the Scottish judgments against "Bile Beans," and even if the fraudulent element in the business were eliminated, to be known as a principal proprietor in a concern of this class might do a charity more harm than good. Perhaps the testator thought that it might be good for the business. Perhaps, after all, he was only thinking of himself. Perhaps a little of both.

The current issue of the *Hospital* contains a forcible article upon the great, and increasing, injury done to general practitioners by the abuse of the charity dispensed at the London hospitals. The argument is founded upon the figures which Sir Henry Burdett published some time ago, showing the huge excess of the growth of hospital relief over the growth of the population of London. From every point of view this is a scandal which ought to be stopped, and it is both the interest and the duty of the medical profession to stop it. To a great extent the profession have encouraged the abuse by sending patients to the hospital, from one motive or another, who have no legitimate claim to charitable relief, and the hospital medical staffs have also their motives in the same direction. The *Hospital* rightly points out that the extension of the system of paying wards is the best remedy for the evil. It satisfies the object which the general practitioner has in view in sending a fairly well-to-do patient to a hospital, and those which the hospital doctors have in view in receiving one who is not a proper subject for charity. At the same time it affords a legitimate revenue to the hospital itself, and assists charity instead of misusing it.

The following amounts have reached me towards the Toy Show:—Anon., £5; Miss C. Wright, 4s. 2d.; M. H. and P. H., £1; R. B. S., £1 1s.; A. F. M. S., £3; Sir George Lewis, £5; Lady Lewis, £5; Captain Edward Francis Oakeley, £2 2s.; C. E. M., £10.

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On the subject of the military salute which is given to the Bishop of Malta I have received another letter from an officer who states that when he was at Malta in the time of the Crimean War the guard was always turned out to the Bishop, and that the story of the officer who had been dismissed the Service for refusing the salute was even then in existence. This shows that the last-mentioned incident must, as I said last week, have occurred a good many years ago; and it also seems to dispose of the theory that the Bishop is entitled to a salute on the strength of military rank given to him for his services to Catholic soldiers during the Crimean War. The truth, I suspect, is that the military honour dates back to the time of the first British occupation of the island, when special precautions were taken to protect the susceptibilities of the local Roman Catholics.

A week or two back a quartermaster-sergeant was promoted to sergeant-major at the depot of the Royal Irish Regiment, Clonmel, and a quartermaster-sergeant employed in the South Irish Grouped Regimental District was appointed depot quartermaster-sergeant in his place. This appointment seems to raise some of the questions that were referred to a few weeks ago in regard to another promotion in the S.I.G.R. District; and there is a further question as to why the claims of warrant officers of disbanded fourth battalions should not be considered in a case like this. I understand that the sergeant-major thus promoted was advanced to quartermaster-sergeant from band-sergeant, so that he never held the rank of colour-sergeant, and that he does not possess a Hythe certificate. His qualifications, therefore, for the post of sergeant-major at the depot seem questionable. Another incident open to criticism took place the other day at Fermoy, when three colour-sergeants were allowed to extend their service beyond twenty-one years when there were already three supernumerary colour-sergeants in the regiment. This seems most unfair to all the sergeants thereby affected.

An order which was recently issued in the Yorkshire Regimental District—and, I suppose, in others also—provides that militia recruits drilling on enlistment will be paid by the adjutants of the militia battalions, who will keep separate pay lists for the purpose, and that "additional pay to the non-commissioned officer preparing the pay and mess book will not be admissible." A colour-sergeant on the permanent staff asks why, if the colour-sergeants in the line battalions receive an extra 6d. a day for keeping accounts, the same amount should not be paid to men on the militia staff who have to do the same work. Perhaps some one in authority can answer this question. I can see no reason for the distinction myself.

In view of the elaborate recommendations made by the recent committee on the employment of reserved soldiers, some one at the War Office might well give his attention to certain facts reported from Lydd. There were recently no fewer than seven civilians working on the camp railway line, none of whom had any experience in such work, six of them being farm labourers or fishermen, and the seventh a baker. At the same time, there are at least three army pensioners at the same place who have applied in vain for such work, and some of them are R.E. pensioners, who are, therefore, specially qualified for it. It surely ought to be laid down expressly that preference should be given to ex-soldiers whenever labour is required for army purposes, and this applies equally whether the work is done directly under the Royal Engineers, or through a contractor.

Among a number of queries propounded by a Seaforth Highlander in exile at Nowshera is the question: "Why are we not allowed to wear tartan trews outside the battalion lines?" He goes on to ask, "Is it because our C.O. wishes us to worship the natives of Nowshera instead of them worshipping us?" Perhaps the C.O. can answer those questions. I am not sure myself that I follow the connection between worshipping natives and wearing trews. Of course, if a Highlander has to worship on his knees, to put on a kilt might save his trews. On the other hand, to put on his trews might save his knees. If, however, it is a question of the native worshipping the Highlander, I should have thought that the kilt would be the more likely garment to inspire him with a proper spirit of reverence. I hope my correspondent does not think that no one will worship him after seeing his legs.

The mutiny of the stokers at Portsmouth is a very serious incident, and it is to be hoped that it will be so regarded by the Admiralty. In saying that I do not mean that a draconic policy is to be adopted of "making examples" of the first men you can catch. Technically, of course, men under discipline who indulge in demonstrations of this kind are at fault, and to some extent they must be punished. But the serious question is what has created the spirit which manifests itself with this violence for apparently very trifling causes, and that is the real question which the Admiralty have to deal with. When some hundreds of men suddenly break through the bonds of discipline and go on the war-path without regard to the consequences to themselves, it is morally certain that they have been injudiciously handled, and that they have something to complain of which has made a deep impression on their minds.

It may be that individual officers are at fault. If so, the individual officers ought to be dealt with just as they would be if they had run a ship aground, or committed any other professional blunder which the Admiralty is accustomed to deal with unmercifully. But it may also be that the system of discipline under which officers as well as men have to work is at fault; and this seems to me far more likely to be the case, though possibly individual officers may have made mistakes which have contributed to an outbreak against the system. It has been suggested

in several quarters that the new practice of keeping large bodies of seamen and stokers in barracks on shore is at the root of the trouble. There may be an element of truth in this, but it does not go to the root of the matter. There ought to be no more difficulty about preserving discipline among 1,000 sailors in barracks than among 1,000 soldiers. If, however, your system of discipline is faulty, it is possible that consequences may develop from it when 1,000 men are brought together in barracks which would not develop if they were distributed in small detachments among a number of ships.

My belief is that many things are done on board ship which could not be done on land without risk of serious trouble; and if that is so it may easily happen that when some hundreds of men are transferred from ships to barracks discipline breaks down. Mr. Arnold White has asserted in the *Daily Chronicle* that naval discipline — and, to some extent, military discipline also—is still based on the ideas and principles of the eighteenth century. There is a great deal of truth in this, and it is quite sufficient to account for the breakdown of discipline when the introduction of the barrack system alters the conditions under which the Navy has been able to perpetuate eighteenth century principles. I speak merely as an outsider, but we have a Liberal First Lord, and apparently a Board of Admiralty which is disposed to make short work of obsolete traditions; and I suggest that this view of the matter is what ought chiefly to have their consideration.

It is interesting to know what the lower deck think about this question. I have had a number of letters on the subject from that quarter, and I select a couple of them for publication—both written by men who have passed through the ranks and left the Service, and are, therefore, not in any way implicated in the Portsmouth riot. "An Oldster" writes:—

> Commodore Stopford states that "on the knee" is a common order in gunnery. This is so, but we must look further. It has become a habit of late amongst some officers to give this order in a disciplinary manner. For instance, should a body of men incur the displeasure of the officer in charge for some laxity, he determines to dress them down, and before doing so he gives the order, "on the knee," and then proceeds to lecture them. *This has been done to my own knowledge in the case of an officer addressing a single man.*
>
> My contention is that this is an innovation which is creeping into general use, and should be done away with. It is a needlessly degrading and humiliating position in which to place a defaulter. For gunnery purposes it is necessary, but let it remain at that. If there is a fault to find with a man or men let it be done as in the sister Service, the man to attention, eyes right, and receive his dressing down in a proper manner, not in an unmanly position.

This letter is particularly interesting, in view of what we heard as to the origin of the outbreak at Portsmouth. The reports all seem to agree that the trouble began with the order "on the knee," and that one stoker flatly refused to obey, saying that he "would kneel to no man." I specially call attention to the passage I have italicised, because it is a clear proof of the existence of the practice of making men kneel, merely as a matter of discipline, for the purpose of a "dressing down;" and it is entirely contrary to Commodore Stopford's contention that the order is merely used to put the heads of the front rank at a lower level, so that every man may see the officer addressing him. On the face of it, this explanation looks decidedly thin.

The following letter is from a retired sergeant of the Royal Marine Artillery:—

> I served 17 years in the R.M.A., and left three years ago. I spent nine years in seven different ships, so I have had a little experience. I have never seen, heard, or heard talked of, the order "on the knee," the supposed origin of the bother, and it cannot be found in any drill book except for musketry. The "still" and "lie down" are all explained in drill books. I expect this order at Portsmouth was the last straw of the load, as a body of men do not strike on account of one small matter. They have everything to lose and nothing to gain, and they know it.
>
> I should like to ask why it is necessary to go to "evening quarters" on Sunday, or any other day, wet or fine. This is only done in naval barracks. There is no such thing in the Army. . . . I should like to say that a small mutiny in a ship is not such a rare thing as the public think. As for striking a superior officer, it is quite common. The official reports will show this.
>
> Of course, the men were quite wrong, but I think the officer was also wrong. Two wrongs do not make one right, but what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, punishment included.

While public and official attention are directed to this matter, I take the opportunity of referring again to certain abuses of discipline which are alleged to be prevalent at the Royal Naval Gunnery School, Sheerness. The matter was the subject of a paragraph in TRUTH a few weeks ago, when special reference was made to the practice of caning the ward-room mess servants for trivial offences, or none at all. I was subsequently told by a gentleman who lays claim to special knowledge of such matters that the thing was impossible, and that my credulity had been imposed upon. Having taken a little extra trouble over the matter before publishing the paragraph, I did not like this, and I sent specially to Sheerness to make further inquiries. The result is to confirm fully my original information; and I believe that the punishment-book, if inspected, will demonstrate its accuracy. It will be remembered that the caning of boys was discussed in Parliament on the Navy Estimates, and Mr. Robertson promised that it should be stopped—at any rate, for a time. The members who interested themselves in the question then would do well to ask one or two searching questions as to this practice at Sheerness.

While inquiring into the foregoing matter I heard of another which calls for notice. A number of men under instruction at the Gunnery School have lately been employed for the best part of their time in making a lawn-tennis court inside the dockyard. About a dozen of them have been regularly on this job for about three weeks past. They are necessarily taken away altogether from gunnery instruction during that time, which is radically wrong. To make the matter worse they have been kept to this work without intermission through several wet days. (This statement refers to a date prior to the heavy rain of last week; I do not know what may

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have happened then.) There is a very good indication here of the sort of spirit on the part of those in authority which breeds insubordination. The fault in all these matters is imputed to one officer; but it is only fair to add that it is not the Captain.

In my journalistic experience few things surprise me more than the contradictory estimates given by men in the Army and Navy of the irreducible minimum of mess bills. Last week I mentioned that "it was stated," of course by one of the officers concerned, that the ward-room mess bill of an assistant-paymaster would average £9 or £10 a month. A Captain R.N. at once sends a calculation showing that this is about double the proper figure. He allows £3 for messing, 10s. for servants' wages, and £1 10s. as the "extreme limit" for subscriptions—total £5. He does not allow anything for wine or private entertaining, but I suppose it will not be suggested that these items would amount to £4 or £5 per month on an average. Perhaps somebody else, equally experienced, can explain this discrepancy.

According to a telegram from Genoa, the steamer *Briardale* has at last left that port, the local court having finally dismissed the preposterous claims against her owners upon which I recently commented. The owners were at the same time awarded costs against the claimants, but it is, of course, hopeless to expect that they will be able to get from them any compensation whatever for the heavy loss that has arisen through the unwarrantable detention of the vessel at Genoa since March, 1905. The refusal of the judges to accept the ample bail that was offered for the liberation of the steamer immediately after her seizure was absolutely indefensible, and the whole course of the litigation for a period of more than eighteen months has been a disgrace to the courts at Genoa. For the sake of other British shipowners, let us hope, however, that the strong representations which Sir Edward Grey has made on the subject to the Italian Government will, at any rate, prevent any repetition of such a sandalous injustice.

The latest of the numerous complaints that have reached me in connection with the Indian police reorganisation schemes emanates from the domiciled European community. Their grievance, which has already been ventilated in some of the Anglo-Indian papers, is that they have been made ineligible for the newly created posts of Deputy-Superintendents of Police, which are seemingly reserved for "statutory natives." It is represented that this is really only one more illustration of the systematic way in which "domiciled Europeans" in India—that is, the children of European parents born in that country—are cold-shouldered by the powers that be. On the one hand they are shut out from the higher branches of the public service unless they can afford to come to England to be educated and examined, and on the other hand they find—so it is asserted—that the more desirable of the berths that are open to competition in India are being monopolised by "the insatiable Babu." Perhaps the Indian Government have what they consider good reasons for this apparent hostility to the domiciled Europeans, but it would be interesting to know what those reasons are.

I am still receiving a large volume of correspondence with reference to the telephone service, and it is evident that the sense of public grievance on this question is deep and widespread. The complaints go far beyond the question of overcharge for calls on the limited system, and impeach the efficiency of the service all round. As regards delays in "getting through" on the London system, no doubt allowance must be made for the enormous magnitude of the work of a telephone exchange in the London area. A correspondent pointed out to me the other day that the London telephone district covers an area in which you could pack the whole of New York, Chicago, Paris, Vienna, and Berlin, and still have space over. Occasional congestion in such a business is as inevitable as are blocks in the London streets, or on the London railways. But many of the complaints are not to be disposed of by this argument.

A gentleman writing from Staines relates that one day last week he had to wait one hour and fifty minutes in order to get through to London. When at last he was told that he was through, he got no answer to two separate calls, and then had to send two telegrams, at a cost of 1s. 6d. each, in addition to the charge which he had incurred for the futile attempt to use the telephone. After he had waited an hour and a quarter, he was told by the clerk in charge of the N.T.C. office that the Slough exchange would take no notice of her ringing up, and that she had at that moment about twenty calls to give in. A little later the report from Slough was that the clerk in charge there was too busy to be bothered, or to take or receive calls. Such a state of things points to utter inadequacy either of plant or staff. I suspect that this is generally true of communication between London and the provinces and outlying suburbs, for I could cite many instances of similar experiences to the foregoing.

A medical practitioner in London specially refers to the interest of his profession in this question:—

> Will you allow me to express my approval of your forcible remarks in the current issue of TRUTH upon the mismanagement of the telephone service? The dispute in regard to charges to which you particularly refer seems obviously the outcome of inefficiency, and nothing but inefficiency. The want of sound business management in the Post Office and National Telephone systems is a disgrace to the country. From the scientific point of view they are well to the fore and fairly up to date; but on the side of administrative efficiency they are beaten hollow by every country in the world but one—Holland.
>
> From the point of view of the medical profession it is high time that loose management in connection with the public telephone service should be exposed and denounced, and that an efficiency should be demanded in its place as certain as human intelligence can make it. A surgeon has an urgent operation to perform; he rings up his anæsthetist; inefficiency of service delays communication to an extent of perhaps ten or fifteen minutes. These minutes in such a case might cost the patient his life. Everyone knows that such delays occur daily.

Of course, a public service of this kind which fails when it is most wanted will often be worse than useless. Reliance on the telephone may cause people to refrain from taking precautions which they would otherwise take against accidental emergencies. The telephone, therefore, becomes a sort of dangerous trap.

The gentleman whose complaint against the G.P.O.'s charges for calls raised this question writes again to say that the arguments put forward in last week's TRUTH by an electrical engineer were precisely the same as those used to him by the G.P.O. officials; and that he answered them much as I did, without getting an intelligible reply. He asks what the infallible meter does in the not uncommon event of a subscriber being cut off in the middle of a conversation, and whether this is one of the cases where, if a mistake is made, it can only be in favour of the subscriber. Like nearly all who have written to me on this subject, he urges that an association of telephone subscribers should be formed for the protection of their interests. There is evidently a strong feeling in that direction, but it is not much use suggesting this course unless those who make it are prepared to move in the matter. If they are, I advise them to do so at once.

From information which I have received from a number of sources recently, I am inclined to think that it would be of advantage to the public if the various institutions under the management of the Metropolitan Asylum Boards received a thorough overhauling. Here is a case in point. Thomas Holliman is a sword-maker living in Pimlico. In January last one of his sons was found to be suffering from scarlet-fever and was, in due course, removed to the infectious diseases hospital. His illness appears to have been a lengthy one, but eventually the child was discharged, presumably well, about the middle of April. The father, who received the boy, observed, however, that a discharge was issuing from the nose and ear, and at once seems to have been doubtful of the desirability of taking him home. Having nowhere else to take the child, he made the best provision in his power to render him non-infectious. His efforts, as might be expected in a working man's dwelling, were useless, and a few days later his wife, the baby, and another son were stricken with the disease and removed in their turn to the hospital, together with the child who had been discharged as cured.

In the hospital the second boy contracted diphtheria, but with the others the disease ran a normal course, and Mrs. Holliman and the baby were discharged in June. The two elder boys were still suffering from the ear affection, and though on several occasions the father was notified that they were fit for removal, he refused to take charge of them until he received a medical certificate to the effect that they were non-infectious. Ultimately, after they had been transferred to a second convalescent home, the children were delivered at his house in the Board's ambulance in September last. Still being dissatisfied with their condition, Mr. Holliman called in the medical officer of health, whose representations resulted in the re-admittance of one of the lads to the fever hospital, where he remains at the present moment.

That Mr. Holliman had grounds for complaint seems to have been recognised, for the clerk to the Metropolitan Asylums Board took the exceptional course of collecting a sum of money from private friends, which was handed to him to make good the losses he had incurred. But the case needs consideration altogether apart from the individual hardship caused to the man. No wonder scarlet fever is endemic in London, while patients are turned loose in so casual a fashion as is disclosed in the history of these unfortunate sufferers. I have no doubt that I shall be told that in the present state of medical knowledge a certain percentage of infectious cases are sure to escape the strictest medical surveillance. I fully appreciate the difficulty, but I am not quite sure that the medical surveillance is quite all that it should be. Unless the strictest supervision is exercised in regard to the discharge of convalescent patients, there is the possibility lest the isolation hospitals, so far from being a benefit to the public, prove a public danger by becoming foci for distributing the very diseases they are supposed to prevent.

His Honour Judge Emden seems to have had his attention called at the Gravesend County Court last week to the shady proceedings of one of those "Workmen's Legal Aid Societies" to which I devoted an article not long ago. Owing to the slipshod way in which cases in the inferior courts are reported, it is difficult to make out all the circumstances of the case at Gravesend. But the matter before the court was the distribution of a sum of £300 awarded to a widow whose husband had been killed in an accident; and it appeared (1) that the woman was on this occasion unrepresented by a counsel or solicitor; (2) that the Legal Aid Society which had taken up her case had got the usual agreement out of her to pay the society 10 per cent. of the amount she recovered; (3) that the solicitor who had acted for the society at an earlier stage of the case had told the woman not to mention to the court the fact that she had a son under age.

The Registrar having stated that he had taxed the solicitor's costs in the case, the Judge told the woman emphatically that she was not to pay the 10 per cent. to the Legal Aid Society, so that I take it his opinion of these concerns is identical with mine; and I would suggest that the next time any solicitor comes before a county court on the instructions of one of these societies, the Judge should take upon himself to make some inquiries as to the relation between the lawyer and the society, and, if necessary, to report the circumstances to the Incorporated Law Society. The truth of the matter is that these legal aid societies are simply touting agencies on behalf of a shady class of solicitors, and a means of extorting from the clients a large percentage of the amount they recover in addition to the taxed costs allowed by the court. It is in every way a most objectionable class of business, and the County Court Judges ought to take every step in their power to suppress it.

My attention has been directed to a case at Thorpe Petty Sessions the other day in which John Walton, a labourer, was fined for trespassing in search of rabbits. The conviction was obtained on the evidence of a farmer, who said that he saw Walton shoot a rabbit on his land. Walton denied the charge, and called two witnesses to prove an alibi, but their evidence was disregarded. Two more witnesses in support of the alibi have now come forward, and Walton has,

moreover, discovered the real offender. There seems to be very little doubt that it was a case of mistaken identity, but I fear that it is hopeless for the defendant to expect any sort of redress from the Bench, or even to ask them, as he does, to exercise more care in future to prevent such an injustice to an innocent man. In the estimation of country magistrates, any sort of evidence is deemed good enough to justify a conviction under the Game Laws, and their worships' consciences are not in the least disturbed by an occasional mishap of this kind.

Some of the newspaper reports of the judgment of the Divisional Court in the lottery case last week are, I fear, likely to prove sadly misleading to clergymen and others desirous of raising money for religious or charitable purposes by this method of gambling. From these reports people have assumed that the judgment establishes the legality of lotteries at bazarrs; but in reality it does nothing of the kind. The defendants in the case had got up a lottery, or prize-drawing, in aid of a benevolent fund at a trade exhibition at the Agricultural Hall. They were summoned under the Gaming Act of 1802 for "keeping" the room they temporarily occupied at the hall as an office or place for the holding of a lottery. The magistrate dismissed the summons on the ground that the holding of a single lottery there did not amount to the "keeping" of a place for the purpose within the meaning of the Act, and this decision has been affirmed by Justices Ridley and Darling. But all it does is to show that the police made a mistake in proceeding against the defendants under the Gaming Act of 1802, instead of under the Lotteries Act of 1823. The latter statute is quite clear. It renders liable to conviction as a rogue and vagabond any person selling (or publishing any proposal for the sale) of tickets or chances in a lottery, so that there is no need to charge the promoters of a lottery with "keeping" a place for the purpose.

At Northallerton Petty Sessions last week a tramp named Devaney pleaded guilty to a charge of vagrancy by begging under circumstances described by Superintendent Wright as follows:—

> Prisoner was sent to Northallerton gaol from Whitby for seven days in default of paying a fine for being drunk and disorderly. While in prison he refused to work or comply with the prison rules, with the result that the Governor, *instead of liberating him in the morning, kept him until ten o'clock at night,* as he was entitled to do. When Devaney left the prison he was watched, and immediately he came out he started begging, and was locked up.

On this statement Devaney was sent back to gaol for a month's hard labour. It is a statement that merits the attention of the Home Secretary. Very possibly Devaney is, as was said, a worthless character and refractory prisoner, but the prison rules provide sufficient methods of enforcing discipline without recourse to the stupid and vindictive procedure which was adopted in this case. It is obvious that the man's discharge from the gaol was put off till late at night in the hope and expectation that as he was destitute and homeless he would at once be arrested again for vagrancy—indeed, the Governor seems to have arranged with the police that he should be watched for that purpose. I hope that Mr. Gladstone will seriously consider the question whether a Governor of a Prison capable of acting in this manner is fitted for his office.

In my Legal Pillory this week I give a case at the St. Rollox Police Court, Glasgow, showing that the recent remarks of Sheriff Scott-Moncrieff have brought about no abatement of the too tender mercy of the local amateur magistracy towards wife-beaters. Bailie M'Innes Shaw, at any rate, is evidently determined to treat wife-beating as a most venial offence, for he thinks a pecuniary penalty sufficient even in a case in which an unfortunate woman was kicked so savagely that the police found her lying on the floor "in a pool of blood," and had to convey her to the infirmary. Instead of being let off with a payment of two guineas, the brute of a husband obviously ought to have been sent to gaol for two months. Another noteworthy instance of misguided leniency in dealing with a serious assault is reported from Denton. In contrast, however, to these and the remaining cases on the same side of the following list, it will be seen that the Great Unpaid have no compunction about inflicting heavy sentences for such crimes as petty thefts, sleeping out without visible means of subsistence (for which the Sunderland Shallows actually award three months' hard labour), and poaching:—

Mansfield Police Court. Before Messrs. W. Singleton, S. W. Skelton, and H. Smith. Thomas Cox, charged with being drunk and disorderly and with assaulting a constable. On being arrested he became very violent and kicked the officer on the legs and body. Fined £1 8s. 6d. for the two offences.

St. Rollox Police Court, Glasgow. Before Bailie M'Innes Shaw, Robert Heaney, charged with assaulting his wife by knocking her down and kicking her. A policeman, who was called into the house, found the woman lying "in a pool of blood," and had her conveyed to the infirmary. A "heavy bloodstained boot," which the accused was wearing, was produced in court. Fined £2 2s.

Doncaster Borough Police Court. James Wm. Butterfield, charged with using bad language in the street, and also with assaulting Frederick Thomas Carlisle. After striking defendant complainant pushed him through a window, causing some serious wounds, which he had to have stitched up at the infirmary. Fined 30s.

West Riding Police Court, Sheffield. John Henry Bennett, charged with being drunk and disorderly, and with assaulting a constable by kicking him on the back of the head and on the lower part of the body. Fined 30s. for the two offences.

Lindsey Petty Sessions. Before the Rev. Canon Hutton, Colonel Mason, Major Wright, Alderman Pratt, and Mr. F. H. Hutton. Charles Saxby, charged with cruelty to a horse. The horse, which was being worked, was in very poor condition and suffering from sores. There were two previous convictions against the defendant. Fined £1 4s. 6d., including costs.

Mansfield Police Court. Before the same magistrates. Walter Whitstead, charged with stealing a ham from a shop. One month.

Bearsted Petty Sessions. George Harris, charged under the Poaching Prevention Act with being found in possession of ten rabbits. Fined £2 10s.; in default, one month.

Sunderland Police Court. Before Messrs. Foster, Johnson, Ranken, and other magistrates. Frederick Samuel Marley, George Marley, David Cameron, and John Lamb, charged with sleeping out. Three months each.

Kesteven Petty Sessions. Before Colonel Ellison and Messrs. C. C. Sibthorp, E. Nevile, C. H. Wray, W. H. Morton, and H. Jackson. Albert Forman, charged with shooting a partridge on a Sunday. Fined £2.

Sharnbrook Divisional Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. L. S. Gibbard, F. V. Dalton, and M. Townley. Edward Middleton, Walter Robinson, and Arthur Robinson, charged with an offence under the Poaching Prevention Act. Middleton fined 10s., Arthur Robinson £2 15s. 6d., and Walter Robinson £5 5s. 6d.

Canterbury Police Court. Wm. Read, charged with stealing two ducks. One month.

Spittlegate Petty Sessions, Grantham. Before Major Longstaffe, Sir C. Welby, and Mr. M. Thorold. Ernest Brown, charged with trespassing in search of game. Fined £1 12s.

Epping Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. J. Todhunter, F. Dent, R. F. Bury, N. S. Lawrence, and W. C. Waller. Harry Savill, charged with poaching. Fined £2.

Ripley Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. A. L. Wright and H. Crossley. James Clifford, charged with stealing a jacket from outside a shop. Fourteen days.

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Pollokshaws Police Court. Before Bailie Arbuckle. John Mooney, labourer, charged with assaulting his father by knocking him down and kicking him. Fined £3.

Horncastle Petty Sessions. Before the Rev. Canon Wright, the Rev. J. Graham, and other magistrates. Wm. Henry Hall, charged with assaulting Arthur Gaunt by knocking him down and striking him whilst he was on the ground. Fined 20s. and costs.

Denton Police Court. Before Messrs. L. Broadbent, W. Howe, J. Beardoe-Grundy, J. T. Halse, and T. Morris. John Wm. Lee and Wm. Bretherton, charged with assaulting Oliver Leather. He was knocked about in a most cowardly and brutal manner, being covered with bruises and still walking lame, owing to the kicks he received. Defendants attacked complainant because his mother had discharged one of them, a farm servant. The Bench said it was a most serious assault. Fined 40s. each and costs.

Basingstoke Borough Police Court. Before Messrs. H. Jackson, W. Cannon, and T. A. Phillips. Frank Ilsley, charged with stealing a hare. Twenty-one days.

Lymington County Police Court. Before Mr. V. F. Dent and other magistrates. Walter Renyard, charged with trespassing in search of game. Fined £1 11s.

Chesterfield Borough Police Court. Joseph Johnson, charged with stealing a pair of boots from a shop. One month.

Grays Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. H. E. Brooks, C. E. Curtis, and E. J. Goldsmith. George Burke, charged with stealing a pair of trousers. Six weeks.

Willenhall Police Court. James Ordridge, charged with stealing a pair of boots from outside a shop. Six weeks.

Coventry Police Court. Before Messrs. J. Maycock, T. G. Beamish, J. B. Loudon, and other magistrates. Arthur Parker, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. Seven days.

My reference last week to one Louis Fine, a newly-registered usurer at Bristol, has brought me a report of a recent case in the County Court in which this individual was concerned. Fine claimed the stock-in-trade of an absconding bankrupt named Filby which had been seized by the Official Receiver. His story was that he purchased this stock-in-trade some days before the disappearance and bankruptcy of Filby. According to the Official Receiver the goods so purchased were worth at least £500. The price paid by Fine was £120, of which Filby received £60, the other half being given to a third party "for commission or introduction fee." It was agreed by Fine that the sale of the stock should not be disclosed for a period of ten days, so that it should appear to be still in the possession of Filby, and the Official Receiver contended that the transaction was not a bona fide one, but was designed to assist in defrauding and defeating the bankrupt's creditors.

In the course of Fine's cross-examination Judge Austin remarked that he said one thing in one breath and something else in the next. "If the case goes to another court," his Honour added, "you will be put down either as an idiot or a rogue." Fine replied that he was not a rogue. On the other hand, despite his confusing answers to counsel's questions, he is not likely to be regarded as an idiot. The Judge did not, in the end, attempt to decide the delicate question whether Fine is a rogue or an idiot, but his claim to the stock-in-trade was dismissed. The public can form their own opinion.

A racing sharp, trading under the title of "Turf News," Hand-court, London, gives in one of his circulars the following list of newspapers in which his "successes" are advertised:—

Birmingham Gazette, Birmingham Despatch, Sheffield Telegraph, Yorkshire Star, Stafford Sentinel, Daily Independent (Dublin), *Dublin Evening Herald, Irish Express* (Dublin), *South Wales Daily News, South Wales Echo, Leicester Mercury, Nottingham Express, Nottingham Evening News, Leeds Mercury, Manchester Courier.*

Last week the *Leeds Mercury* announced that it would not insert any further advertisements emanating from "Turf News," and if the proprietors of the rest of the newspapers mentioned in the above list have any regard for their reputation they will take the same course. The "Turf News" business is nothing more or less than a swindle. By means of advertisements, representing that the "Turf News guarantee system gave every client" such and such winners at long odds, greenhorns are bamboozled into paying 20s. for particulars of this wonderful system, together with "seven of our famous one-horse wires." The wires are the usual worthless tips, and the system for which the money is really paid turns out to be the practically impossible one of "backing the last horse named in the betting returns." The "Turf News" harpy is, of course, perfectly well aware that this so-called "system" cannot be worked, and the newspapers which publish his advertisements are morally, if not legally, parties to an impudent method of obtaining money by false pretences.

By the way, a similar trick is being practised by some one using the title of "Jockey's Opinion," Sandland-street, London, whose advertisements appear in some of the less reputable sporting journals. The "Jockey's Opinion" circular is, indeed, mainly a paraphrase of that issued by "Turf News," and I should not be at all surprised to learn that both businesses are run by the same individual, and that he is none other than the many-aliased Beston.

In the Cesarewitch week a backer won £7 from Nash and Co., betting agents, 6, Lisle-street, Leicester-square, with whom he had just opened an account. Not having received the expected cheque on settling day, he telephoned to the firm, and was told that Mr. Nash was not in, but that the matter would have his attention. The backer accepted this assurance, and asked that he should be booked £1 each way on Polymelus for the Cambridgeshire—a request which he was told would be complied with. More settling days have passed, but Nash and Co. have neither paid a penny of the money they owe nor vouchsafed any sort of reply to the applications that have been made for it, and in these circumstances I think it desirable for the protection of other backers to add them to my deplorably long list of bookmakers whose business is conducted on the principle of "Heads I win, tails you lose."

At last something practical is being done for the relief of our down-trodden and impoverished middle classes. Their bitter cry has touched the heart of Mr. Paul Lovatt, V.S., 121, Dulwich Road, Herne Hill, "the champion winner-finder." Hitherto his ordinary charge for five two-horse wires has been one guinea, so that they have obviously been beyond the reach of all but bloated

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FIRE.—Merryweathers inspect and report on safeguarding buildings against fire and on means of escape to comply with the new L.C.C. regulations.—63, Long Acre, London, W.C.

aristocrats. In announcing that he has now decided to send the wires at half-price, he explains that "the reduction is simply made to enable the middle classes" to get his "eye-openers." No doubt those who buy and back his tips will have their eyes opened—to their own folly.

During the last week or two I have received a number of inquiries respecting the cure of rheumatism without medicine by means of "Magic Foot Drafts," which are now once again being very extensively advertised. I suppose that many newspapers and magazines are induced to take these advertisements by the fact that the proprietors promise to supply the Foot Drafts free and leave the patient to pay the price for them only when he is satisfied. On past occasions, however, when I have looked into the business, this arrangement does not seem to have been adhered to precisely as the customers expected; and my impression is that if the proprietors had only obtained money from the people who were cured of rheumatism by sticking plasters on their feet, the business would not have lasted as long as this.

With characteristic astuteness Mrs. Morgan, of the "Institution for Lost and Starving Cats," contrived to secure a useful free newspaper advertisement in connection with the seizure and removal of some homeless tabbies in St. James's-square last week. It is a pity that the *Daily Chronicle* and the *Star* did not remember what TRUTH has said about this "Institution," and consign the lady's communications to the waste-paper basket. Mrs. Morgan describes herself as the "manageress and foundress" of the "Institution." I think she might more correctly be called the 'proprietress," for, though the "Institution" appeals for public support, and though the public have given large sums of money towards its maintenance, Mrs. Morgan has never rendered any satisfactory accounts. On that ground the press would be better employed in warning the public against this concern than in lending it any sort of countenance.

A mysterious body styled the City of London International Commercial Association has apparently taken the *entente cordiale* under its protection, and has lately been junketting in France at the expense of that hospitable nation. An interesting account of its pilgrimage was given in the *Daily Mail* of November 6, under the suggestive headlines, "The Entente Gourmand—A Tour of Mighty Feasts—Heroes of the Knife and Fork." The writer stated that he was the only journalist of the party, which no doubt explains why the English press at large has known nothing of the expedition. It seems to have been a pretty big party. Special trains were required to take it from London to Paris; other special trains were furnished by enthusiastic Frenchmen that the Association might visit Lyons, Marseilles, Toulon, Nice, and Monte Carlo (a well-known commercial centre), not to mention steamboats and motor-cars for minor excursions. For ten long days the pilgrims, among whom were upwards of forty ladies, were entertained wherever they went with regal banquets, musical honours, and popular ovations.

I cannot find among them, however, any names known to the public as particularly representative of the City of London or of British commerce. The president of the Association, Mr. D. G. Collins, and the vice-president, Mr. S. Thirkell, are no doubt worthy men, but I cannot remember to have heard of them before, nor of more than half-a-dozen in all the long list comprising the deputation. This cannot be altogether due to my ignorance, because when Mr. Collins thought it necessary to write to the *Daily Mail* in defence of his Association, and mention quite a large number of respectable professions, trades, and firms that are represented on it, he only specified six individuals—none of them exactly famous—who took part in the invasion of France. It strikes me as akin to impertinence that a mob of unknown people like this should take on themselves to visit a foreign country and accept lavish hospitality as representatives of Britain, and so far from stimulating an *entente cordiale*, such proceedings are certain to provoke the very opposite sentiment when their true character comes to be understood. The truth is that the business of international picnicking threatens to degenerate into ludicrous humbug, and if it is not speedily checked it will soon do nothing but mischief.

As Sir J. West Ridgeway truly remarked at the first annual meeting of the Ceylon Company of Pearl Fishers, it does not often happen that a board of directors within a few months of the incorporation of a company can declare a dividend of 17 per cent. on the ordinary shares and 75 per cent. on the deferred shares, besides making a substantial addition to the reserve fund and carrying forward £15,000. This was what the above-named company did last week, and the chairman held out the hope that they would do still better in future years. It is, of course, a very gratifying state of affairs for the shareholders. The huge profits and rosy prospects of the company, however, only accentuate the scandal of the job Mr. Lyttelton perpetrated when, on the very eve of the resignation of Mr. Balfour's Ministry, he granted a lease of the pearl fisheries to the company at the ridiculously inadequate rent of £20,666 per annum. The result of that discreditable transaction will be that for the next twenty years a vast revenue which rightly belonged to the Ceylon Government will be pocketed by a gang of cosmopolitan financiers in London.

It is becoming a regular thing nowadays for ex-Governors of Colonies and Protectorates to associate themselves after their retirement with companies engaged in the exploitation of the resources of the countries which they formerly governed. One of the least pleasant features of the pearl fisheries affair was the fact that Sir J. West Ridgeway, who had only recently relin-

THOMAS GOODE & CO.—China, glass, pottery, fireproof ware. Sole agents in the United Kingdom for the famous "Bi Métal" (copper lined with pure sheet silver) Cooking Utensils. Illustrated catalogues free.—South Audley-street, London.

quished the Governorship of Ceylon, initiated the negotiations with the Colonial Office which resulted in the granting of the lease. Now a case has occurred in which Sir F. Cardew, who was Governor of Sierra Leone down to 1900, appears as chairman of a company which has obtained concessions from a number of the native chiefs of the colony in regard to the cultivation and sale of various products. The Colonial Office takes the view that there is nothing improper or objectionable in the proposed operations of this company, but an entirely contrary opinion has been expressed by the West Africa Trade Association, of Liverpool. Where colonies like Ceylon or Sierra Leone are concerned, such matters are pretty sure to be brought to the attention of the public at home. Possibly, however, if the archives of the Colonial Office could be inspected it might be found that not a few questionable transactions of the same kind have been carried out unnoticed in out-of-the-way parts of the British Empire.

Here is a case in point. Among the Gilbert Islands—a remote group in the Western Pacific, whose maladministration has frequently been commented upon in these columns—is the island of Paanopa, which has enormous deposits, estimated at between twelve and twenty-four millions, of guano phosphates. In the main the islands are very poor—so poor that the natives are at times pressed for the bare necessaries of existence. But in its guano the island of Paanopa possessed potentialities of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, and so, in January, 1901, the Colonial Office handed it over on a ninety-nine years' Crown lease to an English company of which Lord Stanmore, once High Commissioner of the Western Pacific, is chairman. The lease provided that the company should pay a rent of £50 a year for the first five years, and afterwards a royalty of sixpence a ton on the quantity of guano phosphates exported. What a fine bargain the company made may be judged from the fact that during a period of two and a half years ending December 31, 1904, its net profits amounted to £85,605, the rent for that period being £125! The exports for the two and a half years amounted to 139,472 tons. Last year 108,000 tons were exported, and the estimate for this year is 160,000 tons, so that, what with the increase in the quantity and the rise in the price of guano phosphates, the profits must have been far larger than in 1904 and the preceding years. Nor will the royalty of sixpence per ton be much felt, seeing that the net profit is put at about 12s. a ton.

Yet while this much favoured company is drawing a vast revenue from the Gilberts, the natives of the island are heavily taxed and—as I have previously had occasion to show—oppressively treated by the local representative of the British Government. Perhaps, indeed, this is all part of one scheme for the benefit of the company, for the poverty of the natives ensures a supply of cheap labour. I suppose that so far as the lease is concerned it is useless now to make any protest. The company will continue at work till it has removed all the guano, and then the natives will be allowed to take possession of the worthless rocky island. But though nothing further can be done in this and other cases that have already occurred, it is obviously incumbent upon Parliament to devise some means by which scandals of this description can be prevented.

A petition has been sent to me from Lagos, Southern Nigeria, on behalf of the native population of some five thousand persons, who are threatened with eviction from the settlement known as the "Hausa lines." Over forty years ago the then Governor of Lagos set apart this section of the town for the settlement of men of the Hausa tribe serving in the armed police or military forces. They cleared the site of bush, divided it up into plots, and built their own dwellings. Ever since then the settlement has been occupied by native soldiers and ex-soldiers and their families and descendants, and, in view of the long period of undisturbed possession which they have enjoyed, it is not surprising that they have come to look upon their dwellings as their own property.

To dispossess them after all these years appears to be a very harsh proceeding, and if there is any real necessity for it, these poor people ought to receive far more considerate treatment than is proposed in the ordinance on the subject which has been passed by the Legislative Council. I may add that I have been favoured with a photograph of a group of the ex-soldiers who are being turned out of their homes in the settlement—fine-looking old natives who have a record of upwards of thirty years' loyal service to the British Government. For once, I am sorry that TRUTH is not an illustrated paper, for a reproduction of the photograph of these veterans would add to the force of their appeal against the shabby treatment they are now receiving.

I have received the following letter from Mr. Arnold Lupton, M.P.:—

In your issue of October 31, in a leaderette referring to the German gipsies now in this country, you honour me by some reference, and call me "a misguided M.P.," and you further say: "Mr. Arnold Lupton suggested, apparently in all seriousness, that it would be contrary to the laws of Christian hospitality to expel these invaders. Nonsense!" You then proceed to describe the gipsies as "idle vagabonds"; they are "dirty, unkempt, unwashed," etc. With reference to the want of washing, I would ask, how is it possible for them to present a clean and tidy appearance, when they are being harried from county to county by the police? They are kept, as I understand, continually "moving on." Now, I fully admit that these gipsies are not, perhaps, the most desirable of visitors. They may have many shortcomings. They are not as pleasant to behold as rich men would be, travelling in well-kept carriages and spending money right and left wherever they went. These rich men would be welcomed, and the police would respectfully salute them. But the question I have to ask is: Would it require much Christian charity to be pleased with these rich and gracious visitors? Where does Christianity come in in our daily life? These gipsies, so far as I understand, have not tried or intended to do us any serious harm. But suppose they did. Christ said, "Do good to them that hate you." Now, I do not quarrel with people who say that Christianity is nonsense; they have a perfect right to their opinion, and if you think so, you have a right to that opinion. For my part I do not think it nonsense; but that is not the question. It is admitted that this nation professes to be a Christian nation. Now I ask, is it in accordance with Christian precepts to hunt and harry these poor gipsies from place to place? Why did they come here? Probably because they have been hunted and harried from the country they have left. Where shall they go? If they are bad for us, shall we make some other country bear the burden? I think myself that no good will come to this country from the cruel treatment of aliens, and I think great good might come from the kindly and hospitable treatment of strangers who come to our country thinking that it is a good and Christian country. I remember one time, when visiting Hungary, I was greatly entertained by some gipsies, who discoursed most beautiful music,

and in that respect were endowed with faculties far in excess of those of the ordinary Englishman. Before we, as a nation, set ourselves to despise and trample on the stranger, let us consider first whether we possess all knowledge and all capacity, and whether we are fit to judge who should inhabit the earth in which it is our privilege for a while to sojourn.

I am afraid that Mr. Lupton views the matter from a height too sublimely remote from the conditions of our mundane existence for a mere practical person like myself to approach. Whether it is contrary to Christian precepts that we should expel these German gipsies from the country is a question which I do not think it worth while to discuss, any more than I should think it worth while to discuss the question whether such precepts ought to debar us from resisting an invasion by the German army. What I have said, I have said. I said that Mr. Lupton's talk about "the laws of Christian hospitality" in connection with these gipsies is nonsense; but, though he does not appear to perceive the difference, this is by no means the same thing as saying that Christianity is nonsense. He is, of course, entitled to his opinion, as I am to mine. If some stranger entered my house uninvited, and desired to take up his abode there, I should practise what I preach, and have him thrown out, notwithstanding "the laws of Christian hospitality." I wonder whether Mr. Lupton would practise what he preaches, and share his home with the intruder, vagabond though he might be.

Mr. Lupton's excuse for the dirty habits of the German gipsies is ludicrously feeble. He might just as well hold them up as horrible examples of the evils of the Soap Trust. It is true that they are harried by the police from county to county, but they are not exactly in a state of perpetual motion. They have plenty of time to wash, and plenty of money to buy soap—as was shown the other day when they promptly paid fines amounting to £10 for cruelty to animals. Their uncleanliness is due simply to an ingrained—very much ingrained—aversion to soap and water. Their personal filthiness is aggravated by begging and thieving. Last week, for instance, a gang of these gipsies, numbering about a hundred men, women, and children, with a dozen or so ramshackle vehicles, drawn by decrepit horses, passed through Derby, "begging clamorously," says a local paper, from the people in the streets. This was in a town. In the country districts they not only beg from terrified villagers, but, in spite of the vigilance of the police, succeed in doing a good deal of petty pilfering.

"Why did they come here?" Mr. Lupton asks. Nobody knows for certain, but only their ingenuous champion is likely to suppose that they came because they thought this was "a good and Christian country." More probably they thought that this is—as in fact they have found it—a country in which gentry of their character are dealt with very indulgently. "If they are bad for us," Mr. Lupton continues, "shall we make some other country bear the burden?" Can it be that the beautiful music which gipsies discoursed to this gentleman in Hungary not only soothed his breast—though I am sure it was never savage—but touched his head? It appears that he not only considers that it is our duty to bear meekly any burden in the way of undesirable immigrants that may be thrust upon us from other countries, but he actually thinks that "great good might come from the kindly and hospitable treatment of strangers" such as these gipsies!

I am a free trader, but I draw the line at the importation of hordes of foreign rogues and vagabonds. We have more than enough of our own breeding. I do not suggest—Heaven forbid—that we are fit to judge who shall inhabit the earth. I do hold, however, that we have a right to refuse to allow the United Kingdom to be made the dumping ground for such alien pests as these German gipsies, and I hope that means will soon be devised for getting rid of them.

It is very childish of Mr. Crooks to rail against the report on the Poplar scandals, and to abuse the Inspector and the President of the Local Government Board. The facts are public property, and a very ugly kind of public property. Even Mr. Crooks himself cannot deny that many of them are scandals, and no doubt he personally deplores such scandals. I should think that any level-headed Socialist must do the same, for their effect is to give a handle to the enemy and discredit the cause. Personally, I have a great admiration for Mr. Crooks and for his work in the East End. But I should think he has made the mistake of trying to do too much. To be at once an M.P., a County Councillor, and chairman of a Board of Guardians, is more than the most energetic man can undertake without sacrificing efficiency somewhere. And the policy which Messrs. Crooks and Lansbury set going in the Poplar Union required highly-trained business intelligence, and the most unremitting attention to business, on the part of those conducting the experiment, if it was to be saved from ignominious disaster. I rather doubt if anything could have saved it from that fate in a place like Poplar.

I observe that Lord Salisbury, during the debates on the Education Bill in the Lords, after thanking God that the upper classes were not as other men, and needed no schoolmasters to teach them religion, insisted that working men, not being so fortunately situated, were at the Bar of the House of Lords pleading for their lordships to amend the education laws, so that their children may be given religious instruction by the State schoolmasters.

More than fifty years ago I was at Eton, where I was also at the same period the friend of Lord Salisbury's father. The schoolmasters were all clergymen of the Church of England. And this was the amount of religious teaching that was deemed sufficient during school hours for his lordship and me. Saturday was a semi-half-holiday—that is to say, instead of two class hours, at 3 and 5 respectively, there was one at 2 for religious education. A class consisted of about sixty or seventy boys. On assembling, one boy was called up

to read a verse of the Greek Testament and to translate it. The English version of the Bible, of course, rendered this easy. As the boy read the Greek text, the worthy divine who acted as master would shudder with horror and make faces like a cat drinking vinegar. "What Greek!" he would say, and then he would tell us that although the writer was no doubt inspired, the inspiration did not extend to the language, and he would point out to us how a person of education at Athens would have expressed himself.

This went on during the half-hour. So far aa the school was concerned we learnt nothing remotely touching on the dogmas, the precepts, or the practice of Christianity. The view of the present Lord Salisbury that Christianity need not be taught in schools to boys whose parents can afford to pay heavily for their education, although this might be necessary in the case of poorer children, was thoroughly carried out. It was supposed, I presume, that it would be picked up at home. But as a rule, are the homes of the poor so very different in the matter of religion from those of the rich?

Before going to Eton I was at a private school at Hatfield. We were taken to church twice on Sundays. In the church were a number of pews, with the sides so high that nothing could be seen beyond them. The pew in which I was herded was a very long one. At the end sat an usher during prayers, when all others knelt. By his side he had a number of prayer-books with hard, sharp covers. If a boy was supposed to be whispering, or to be dozing, the usher hurled one of these missiles at his head. At this school we were taught the catechism and collect on Sunday mornings like parrots, and these, together with the two attendances at church, were deemed sufficient for our salvation. So far as I can remember, this was the sum total of our religious instruction at this school.

Whether Mr. William Hearst is an angel or a devil I do not know, nor am I sure that I have any particular interest in the question. A large number of American citizens, including the President of the Republic, incline to the devil theory; a very large number are on the side of the angel. A large number of Englishmen also seem to think it their duty to have a definite opinion on the question one way or the other, but they have almost unanimously adopted the anti-Hearst view. In America, even more than in other countries, a politician must be an angel or a devil; there is no room for any intermediate grade. But there is no reason why foreigners who are in no way tied to the local party view of politicians should close their eyes to the fact that angels may have their faults, and that the devil is not always as black as he is painted.

Mr. Hearst seems to be of a strenuous rather than an engaging personality. I should judge that he embodies in himself the combined forces of Mr. Stead, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Keir Hardie, Dr. Clifford, the *Daily Mail*, and all that there is of the most strenuous on our side of the Atlantic, though he differs from all the parties I have mentioned in being not unduly troubled by a nice sense of morality or propriety. Mr. Brisbane, his chief lieutenant and trumpet-blower, prefers to idolise him as a "force," which seems to imply that we ought to look at Hearst rather in the abstract than in the concrete. This I should think is the most rational attitude. The concrete Hearst has rather outraged the feelings and tastes of "respectable" America, which accordingly sees in the abstract Hearst a force capable of nothing but evil. But it seems to me that this force is derived solely from the masses of the people, to whose instincts and aspirations Hearst appeals through his newspapers; in other words, the force will only exist so long as the voice of Hearst is more or less the voice of the democracy. Whether the force is a power for good or evil seems, therefore, to depend on whether democracy is a power for good or evil. Probably it is a little of both. The American democracy is pretty shrewd, and I should think a pretty good judge of its own interests, and if Hearst is as mischievous and dangerous a person as his opponents represent, his power will not last very long.

While the "Yellow Press" of America is all for the masses, the nearest approach to it that we have in this country is all for the classes. We have a huge newspaper organisation with ramifications all over the kingdom which has much in common with the Hearst journals. Like them, it lives in an atmosphere of sensationalism, capital letters, and bumptious self-advertisement. Like them, it assumes to create or direct the movements of public opinion. Like them, it poses as a champion of the public, and makes a parade of putting down its money in furtherance of any cause that it takes up. Like them, it shines particularly by declaring war against trusts. But, unlike them, it is at heart the friend of all in possession of wealth and power, the champion of monopoly, privilege, and class interests, the enemy of all movements tending to deliver the public from the grasp of the monopolist, or labour from the domination of capital. It is thus perpetually involved in self-contradiction, its insincerity is transparent, and it exercises no more influence on the drift of opinion or the march of events than the fly on the movement of the wheel. Those whom it attacks do not mind it; those whom it serves have no faith in it. Both laugh at it.

In this happy and conservative land, therefore, a Yellow Press has no terrors, and inspires no rancour. The difference between our frame of mind and that of our American kinsfolk should lead us to thank God with renewed fervour that we still have a House of Lords. In America the boss of a newspaper combine, if actuated by personal ambition, can aspire to nothing but to increase his profits and to gain political power by prostituting the press to the purposes of the dema-

DIEUDONNÉ HOTEL AND RESTAURANT, Ryder Street, S.W. Excellent cuisine, prompt service, and comfort. Luncheons and Dinners Prix Fixe and à la carte. Mod. charges. Tel. No. 5265 Ger.

gogue. In England there is open to him the nobler, and perhaps easier, goal of a title and a seat in the Legislature for himself and his heirs for all time. All that is necessary for this is that he should cultivate the goodwill of the custodians of the fountain of honour, which may be done by writing on cheques almost as easily as by writing in newspapers. If only there had been a title or a seat in an American House of Lords to offer to Hearst, Mr. Roosevelt would never have had to issue a manifesto against him, or travel all the way to Oyster Bay to vote for his opponent. The President would long ago have put a bit in the mouth of the Yellow Press, and Hearst would be to-day a coroneted pillar of the American Constitution.

The foregoing reflections came to me after reading in one column of my *Daily Mail* a ferocious attack upon a Soap Trust, and in another an equally ferocious attack on the London County Council for taking steps to save London from an Electric Power Trust; in a third a sympathetic recognition of the merits of the Hearst programme; and in a fourth a panegyric of the wisdom and statesmanship of the House of Lords.

THE MISTAKEN CANARY.

A Hen-Canary, as I've heard,
Was once with high Ambition stirred
To emulate that tunful Tone,
Which Nature grants to Cocks alone.
  Assiduous then, her Powers of Pharynx
She mastered, eke her Powers of Larynx,
And perching, with her Head erect
And Chest puffed out for good Effect,
Did thus, by every Art, essay
To warble in the Cock-Bird's way.
  But Ah! Where Nature's Functions fail,
No Powers of Art can e'er avail,
Nor can mere Will, when lacks the Throat
Due force, produce one tuneful Note.
Hence did our too aspiring Sitter's
Efforts die out in feeble Twitters,
Quite failing (since too weak her Throat is)
To attract the very slightest Notice.
  But, eager still for Songster's Fame,
She soon essayed another Game,
Indulged in every sort of Antic,
As though she'd suddenly gone frantic,
Stood on her Head with Claws in Air,
Tumbled like Clown at Country Fair,
Tried every brand of Trick, in fact,
Her Fellow's Notice to attract.
  Her Mate, with Wonder deep imbued,
His Spouse's mad Gyrations viewed,
Then cried: "My dear, why, what the Cat"
(Canaries' "Devil"), "*are* you at?"
  "I do but seek, sweet Hub," said she,
"To make the Birds attend to me,
And thus around me all to bring
That they, when come, may hear me sing;
For, hearing once, perforce they'll own
I really *have* your Cock-Bird's Tone."
  Her Mate, he smiles (as birds are able
In the romantic Realms of Fable),
"Yes, if you *had* my Tone," he cries,
"Why then, no Doubt, your Scheme were wise.
But as you've *not*, 'tis Folly mere
Thus to attract an Audience here
And show them, not how you *can* chant,
But how—in point of fact—you CAN'T!"

Moral.

This Fable, as you'll fathom, gets
At certain Dames called SUFFRAGETTES.

SCRUTATOR.

THE BISHOP AND THE TRUST MONEY.

IN the course of the controversy over the administration of Catholic trusts, reference has once or twice been made to a case at Winchester. It has been alleged that a considerable sum collected by the late Father Collingridge for the purpose of building a church at that place had been handed over by him to the Bishop of Portsmouth or the diocesan authorities; that it was among the diocesan funds which were used as a "financial basis" for the speculations referred to in the letter of the Bishop which is now public property; and that it was lost with much more diocesan money when those speculations came to grief, as the result of the "Baring crash." The matter was last referred to in one of the letters published in TRUTH of October 17 in reply to Archbishop Bourne's manifesto on this question, the writer asking, among other questions, why the Winchester church had never been built. The day before the next issue of TRUTH was going to press I received a telegram from the Rev. Canon Gunning, who, I understand, is the Roman Catholic Rector of Winchester, asking if a communication from him could be published that week. I was unfortunately compelled to reply that it would be too late. Canon Gunning accordingly sent his letter to the *Tablet*, and wrote to me to explain that he had done so because he desired his explanation to appear as soon as possible. His letter will be found in the *Tablet* of November 3. Its effect was that Father Collingridge's money was handed over by him to "the trustees of the diocese of Portsmouth"; that it was agreed by him, the Bishop, and the present Rector, that about £15,000 was the sum needed; that the money was to be invested and accumulated with other donations until that amount was made up; that soon after he came to the parish eighteen years ago Canon Gunning found a curious reluctance on the part of people to subscribe, many promises—one of them for £3,000—being either withdrawn or not fulfilled; that he (the Canon) has very good reason for thinking that this was due to "the persistent circulation, which has been going on for many years, of the baseless rumours that Father Collingridge's money has been lost or squandered by the Bishop and Trustees"; and finally that the money, amounting now to £10,000, is still available for its purpose when the balance is raised, and that, "having seen a list of investments," Canon Gunning is "satisfied that it has not been managed otherwise than in accordance with the mind of the donor."

On the face of it this letter left much still to be explained. If the raising of money which had been so successful under Father Collingridge suddenly became impossible under his successor, and if this was clearly attributable to the persistent circulation during a period of nearly eighteen years of rumours that the money originally collected had been lost, it is very strange that no steps have ever been taken until November 3, 1906, to show that such rumours were unfounded. When one donor promised Canon Gunning £3,000 and subsequently withdrew the

promise and gave the money "to another good work," while many other promises of smaller donations ended in the same way, it might have been supposed that the Canon would have begun to inquire into the reason, and that he would have no difficulty in discovering it. He admits that he knows it now, and it is to be presumed that he knew it or could have known it any time during the past fifteen or sixteen years. He says that he knows that if "in the past" he had succeeded in raising the balance, the money already available would have been placed at his disposal by the bishop. Does he really know that this would have been true at any time since the year 1890, and if so, how does he know it? How can merely seeing the list of the present investments satisfy him that the money has never been managed "otherwise than in accordance with the mind of the donor"? What does this mean exactly? We are told that the money now amounts to £10,000, but we are not told what it was originally; the statement is merely that it was "a considerable sum." Canon Gunning must know the exact figure. If he had mentioned it, there would be some means of judging how much it ought to have grown to in the eighteen years since Father Collingridge's death. In short, what is there to show that the money was not lost, as has been so persistently alleged and never till to-day contradicted, and that during the sixteen years that have elapsed since the Baring crash it has not been wholly or partially replaced?

These were the questions which occurred to me on reading Canon Gunning's letter in the *Tablet*. Similar points are made by one or two correspondents who have written to me on the subject. It will be sufficient to give the following from the gentleman whose question in TRUTH of October 17 led to the Canon's letter:—

Canon Gunning, of Winchester, writes in the *Tablet* of November 3 on "The Winchester Church Building Fund," in reply to certain remarks made by me in the issue of October 17. His object is "to give an answer which may help to remove misunderstandings and to allay misgivings." I must confess that his letter has failed singularly in either of these purposes, for he ignores the one important point.

It appears from what he says that about sixteen years ago there was a "persistent circulation" of reports adverse to the financial administration of the Portsmouth diocese by Bishop Vertue and the present Bishop Cahill. What was going on at that period? The sixteen years ago takes us to 1890, a period when, so Bishop Cahill in his famous letter of November 1, 1900, tells us, his predecessor having "used the capital amount producing dividends for the endowed missions," "as a financial basis," was able, by August, 1890, not only to pay off the original debt of £5,300 due to Southwark diocese, but also to build the episcopal residence, buy more land, add classrooms to the schools, and build a portion of the transept of the Cathedral, all at a cost of £23,260, £15,000 of which had come from using "as a financial basis" the endowments of certain missions. No doubt this great expenditure at Portsmouth caused a "persistent circulation" of reports and conjectures; and, when it leaked out that the endowments of some missions were being speculated with, there were certainly ample grounds for fear that money contributed to the proposed church at Winchester would be used as "a financial basis" for further operations, especially as the Collingridge benefaction was at hand and available for investment. How well, on the whole, these reports and conjectures were founded is told by Bishop Cahill when he says that Bishop Vertue, "encouraged by this great financial success," determined to go on with his building, and borrowed more money. Owing to a slump, the financial operations proved a failure, and in November, 1900, there was owing a sum of £1,000.

Now, I ask, were the "rumours" altogether "baseless"? and were the benefactors wrong in refusing to provide "fresh funds for wasteful speculations"? The whole business of Portsmouth was a speculation, and one that proved disastrous. Canon Gunning says that the "baseless rumours" were to the effect that the Collingridge benefaction was "lost or squandered." Whatever these rumours may have been, and how far *primâ facie* they were baseless or justified, does not concern me. He misses altogether the point of my letter, which was to ask whether the Collingridge money, like the endowments of the missions, had been used "as a financial basis." I did not ask whether it was lost or whether it was squandered. It was the Archbishop who in his letter to the *Tablet* wrote: "That the said Bishop has lost the money left to build a church at Winchester." This was one of his misrepresentations. I even mentioned the possibility of the money "having been since replaced," because I knew that, some four or five years ago, Bishop Cahill made a great sum of money on the market.

Furthermore, the Canon assures us that he has seen the list of the investments of the money (I wonder whether they are such as are authorised by the Trustee Act of 1893), and is satisfied that "it has not been managed otherwise than in accordance with the mind of the donor." It is difficult to know what is the mind of the donor, except by the terms of the trust; and Canon Gunning refrains from saying that the fund has been managed in accordance with the terms of the trust. This is the whole point. Furthermore, it is impossible to accept the Canon's statement as adequate, for we know of the opinion existing in certain episcopal minds that they are the sole judges of what was in the minds of donors. I do not think that Canon Gunning's letter, written "quite independently and without my Bishop's knowledge," will be considered by Bishop Cahill as any very great assistance. At any rate, the Canon has told us, as far as he is concerned, why the church has not been built.

To add to our general information upon the whole subject, it may be interesting to know that when the Archbishop first went to Rome, in November, 1903, knowing the financial difficulties of his revered friend at Portsmouth, he proposed to the Holy See that there should be a new arrangement of the dioceses of Southwark and Portmouth. The Cathedral of the latter See was to be sold, and the episcopal chair moved to the stately church at Arundel. The sale of this property to the War Office would, of course, relieve Bishop Cahill of his financial troubles. It does not appear whether the Duke of Norfolk approved of this plan, or had even been consulted. But Rome, unfortunately for Bishop Cahill, rejected the proposition, telling the Archbishop, so I hear, that he might bring up the matter again in ten years' time if he was still of the same mind.

It is time for us to get to the larger aspect of the whole question. The exposure of the rotten state of the financial administration, both in the Portsmouth and Southwark diocese, has been the greatest scandal to religion that we have had to suffer since the Reformation. Canon Gunning bears witness to the lack of confidence existing among the laity. The matter, as you, Sir, have always said, primarily concerns the Holy See. The only way that Rome can restore this confidence, now that all the facts are known officially, is to give an example of stern justice and incorruptibility by removing the delinquents whose actions have brought about the scandal. For the sake of peace, putting aside mere policy, this is the only course to pursue; and it will be far better for the Holy See to act in this manner than for the Charity Commissioners to be obliged to wash in public a lot of dirty linen. It will do the reputation of Rome far more harm before the great British public than anything else if it is seen that no public notice is taken of the serious facts which have been brought before the immediate notice of the highest authorities.

So far as the question about the Winchester trust money is concerned, the passage which most impresses me in this letter is the statement that "some four or five years ago Bishop Cahill made a great sum of money on the market." If my correspondent is correctly informed as to this—and I have not found him misinformed in anything that he has said during this controversy—it strengthens the opinion which I have already expressed, that there is nothing in Canon Gunning's letter inconsistent with the money having been lost at the time of the other Portsmouth losses, and been since replaced, wholly or in part.

On the general question at issue, the following letter from a Catholic priest seems worth the attention of bishops and all who have the true welfare of their Church at heart:—

SIR,—I am very pleased as a Catholic that you have thrown such light on the material side of my Church. I see nothing unseemly in the discussion—apart from personalities—from a Catholic point of view. I desire to say nothing about persons in the remarks which I propose to make, and I beg you to grant me a little space for their insertion.

One result of the financial muddling to which you have so ably drawn attention, is the degrading work of begging that it has rendered imperative on the clergy. During the last 50 years much church accommodation had to be provided. In too many cases huge debts in poor districts have been (needlessly, I believe) allowed to be contracted. I say *needlessly*, because if Catholic money had been applied towards the liquidation of these debts, or the building of modest churches where they were needed, there would have been no reason for the crushing millstones that have been weighing on the unfortunate priests and congregations. Instead of this, we have erected many extravagant, and by no means urgently necessary, buildings, such as the late Seminary at Hammersmith, the Cathedral, the Memorial School, and others to which reference has been made in your columns. Some of these grand projects are now defunct, or are, I hear, in a state of decline. I am convinced as regards one diocese of which

I have a full knowledge, that there is no valid reason for a single large debt on a mission if Catholic money were wisely and unshowily expended. A priest is appointed to take charge of a mission. Perhaps he is a child as regards financial matters. He finds a big debt, the interest on which he has to pay, and then to maintain his mission. He learns or struggles to acquire the art of begging, bazaar organising, concerts, balls—the weary round of means of making money. His people are bored on the subject of his money difficulties, and the man's character is bound to deteriorate. How can you have a cultured, or learned, or well-read body of men when they are forced to give their time and thoughts to money-making, and battling with a hopeless debt? Personally, I should prefer to attend the simplest iron church in preference to a most glorious architectural pile, if the latter were saddled with a debt.

But I speak now for the priests, and I am sure that I have the sympathy of the most, if not all of them, when I say that it is nothing short of a shame that their energies should be applied to the sordid and harmful, and unnecessary work of begging, to the detriment of their priestly duties. Sir, under the late Archiepiscopal régime it would seem that the good priest was the successful beggar, and that promotion was for those who were either possessed of money, or adepts at making it. From the time of Judas, money has been the curse and the difficulty in the church. I look to the Catholic laity, and the creation of a healthy public opinion for the removal of an evil which I believe to be injurious to the best interests of the cause which I have deeply at heart.—I am, yours, etc.,

CATHOLICUS.

To what is said in this letter it may be added that the burden cast upon the priests is not to be measured alone by the immediate losses resulting from improvident or unbusinesslike finance. Account must also be taken of the effect which such bad stewardship has upon the benevolence of the laity. In the course of this discussion it has been often said that the worst result of such losses as have lately occurred is the closing of the purses of would-be benefactors; and the men who are ready to give most are the first to draw back when they see the probability that they will only give in vain. Of the truth of this there could not be a stronger proof than the account which Canon Gunning gives of his own experience at Winchester.

THE PRISON CURE FOR POVERTY.

There was last week released from Brixton Gaol a prisoner whose story offers a monumental example of the fatuous stupidity of our Poor Law and its administrators. We will call him A. B. In his younger days A. B. was a theatrical super and dancer. He is now an elderly man, close on sixty years of age, and, suffering from bad health as well as increasing years, he has for a long time past dropped out of his humble branch of the profession. He has in recent years earned a precarious living by assisting street merchants on Saturday nights, and doing other odd jobs by which struggling people in such a position occasionally earn a few shillings. Mrs. A. B. was formerly an experienced shirtmaker working for a West-end firm, but, like her husband, increasing years and failing eyesight have incapacitated her for her work. Her only regular employment is a permanent engagement as charwoman for one day per week. The couple occupy a single room in a humble street in Kennington at a rent of half-a-crown a week. Their united earnings never exceed 12s. a week, and are frequently much less. The two have, therefore, to feed and clothe themselves for less than 1s. 6d. a day, save for any occasional assistance that they may obtain from benevolent friends. But for years they have struggled on in this way, in sickness and in health, doing their best to keep themselves from the worse evil of the poor-house. This information I have from a gentleman who has known and interested himself in A. B. for many years.

Now A. B. has a mother living, who, judging from her son's age, cannot be much under eighty. About two years ago the mother's second husband died, and the old woman, being left destitute, had to apply for parish relief. She had another son besides A. B. In the usual course of things, the Poor Law authorities came down upon the two sons for a contribution towards their mother's support. The other son, who is a mechanic in regular employment, undertook to pay 2s. 6d. a week. A. B. was called upon to pay his share out of the humble resources described above. Under the pressure of the inexorable Poor Law, a reluctant promise to pay 1s. a week was squeezed out of him. Observe that in an exceptionally good week, when he and his wife picked up 12s. between them, this would leave two elderly people 8s. 6d. to live on after satisfying their landlord. It will surprise no one to hear that A. B.'s shilling a week fell into arrears, in spite of all that the law could do by official demands and warnings to extort the payment from him. The arrears mounted up to 35s., and then A. B. was summoned for this amount at Lambeth Police-court. He states that he endeavoured to represent to the magistrate his own condition of helpless poverty, but he was immediately silenced. He was ordered to pay the 35s. within a month; failing that, one month's imprisonment. If the amount had been thirty-five thousand shillings instead of thirty-five, he could not have been more helpless to comply with the order. All he could do was to go to the gentleman who tells the story, and beg him to pay his rent for him while he was in gaol. He then went to prison and served his month. He was due to be released one day last week.

All this, it will be observed, is done in the name of the "Poor Law." The functionaries who seek to bleed this wretched pauper on behalf of the ratepayers, and send him to gaol when the stone refuses to yield blood, bear the blessed title of "Guardians of the Poor." The whole machinery of Law, Guardians, Policemen, Magistrates, and Gaolers, is the apparatus designed by a wealthy civilised community for the purpose of discharging its obligations to those who cannot help themselves. The triumphant achievement of all this paraphernalia is the imprisonment of a broken-down, poverty-stricken old theatrical super for one month, at an expense to the community far exceeding the amount of the paltry sum that it is desired to extort from him. If the achievement has not included the breaking-up of his poor apology for a home, the consignment of his wife to the workhouse, and the migration of the husband to the same destination when the prison has done with him, it is not the fault of Law, Guardians, or Magistrate. They could not know, of course, that private benevolence would come, as it did, to the wife's assistance, and enable her to keep her head above water till her husband's release. They have done their best to put a stop to the efforts of these two people to keep themselves off the rates. They have succeeded, at least, in stamping the man as a gaol-bird at the age of sixty; they have given him this additional advantage for supporting himself, his wife, and his aged mother; they have still got their claim on him for the 35s., which is still growing at the rate of 1s. a week, and is certain to go on growing as long as he lives; they can send him back to Brixton Gaol whenever they

like; and if the private benefactor fails they may be more fortunate next time in bringing the old couple to the workhouse for the rest of their days.

I do not say that the Poor Law itself is the most to blame for this sickening exhibition of cruelty and stupidity. The principle that children should contribute to the support of their parents in old age is not wrong in itself. So far as I know, the law does not say or suggest that the obligation should be enforced against children who are themselves in dire need, themselves on the threshold of old age, and themselves at the door of the workhouse. The fault lies with the administrators of the law, the blessed Guardians of the Poor, and the learned Magistrate who holds the key of the prison. Those who made the law expected of these gentlemen some modest measure of common sense and common humanity; they assumed that some intelligent effort would always be made to ascertain that a son has the means of supporting his parent before he is ordered to do an impossibility, and sent to prison for not doing it. The wrong done to the Brixton prisoner arises from the failure to ascertain facts which are as accessible to the Guardians and the Magistrate as they are to me; and the chief defect in the legal machinery is the lack of security that Guardians and Magistrates will always do their duty. As we have now at the head of the Poor Law system a man who cares for these things and does not mind trouble, I would ask him whether he can do nothing to cure this defect. It is often said that poverty is no crime, and I suppose those who say it believe it. But the statement is untrue, though we are living in England in the twentieth century; and it will remain untrue as long as it is possible for an independent pauper to go to gaol because he cannot help to support another pauper in the workhouse.

'VARSITY TRADESMEN AND 'VARSITY DEBTS.

Oxford and Cambridge being just now full of freshmen, a correspondence of which I give samples below may perhaps be read with profit by them, and by their parents. The letters were written a year or two ago by a firm of tailors at Cambridge. The undergraduate to whom they were addressed seems to have got into a bit of a mess, but he had the sense to disclose his position to a friend, who gave him judicious advice, by which it is to be hoped he permanently benefited. The friend having seen the tailor's letters, thought them deserving of publicity, in which I agree. They were all written in the course of one term, and the first is dated May 1:—

Dear Sir,—We note that there is a balance of £4 owing on your account. We should be glad if you would let us have that sum by return—that is, if you have decided to close your account with us. Otherwise, may we have the pleasure of sending our Mr. ——— round in the morning with our latest patterns?—Obediently yours, etc.,

Of course, "our Mr. ——" came round in the morning with his patterns, and got an order for a flannel suit. This, however, did not satisfy the tailors for many weeks, and on June 5 the firm writes as follows:—

Dear Sir,—Will you kindly let us have by return the £8 10s. due to us? If you cannot let us have it, will you say when we may expect the same, as we note that it is a year and four months since you ordered a *cloth suit* from us, and we think it most unfair that you should owe us an account and be buying your clothes from other firms, and it certainly is not business.—Obediently yours, etc.,

The reader will note the subtle distinction between a "cloth suit" and the suit ordered a month previously. The undergraduate is clearly given to understand that if he wants further credit he must order something more expensive than flannel. The youthful debtor made an effort to save himself from this alternative, and to avoid encumbering himself with a superfluous cloth suit, by replying that he would pay the account in the following November. This produced the following letter:—

Dear Sir,—With regard to your proposal that we should wait till the end of November for your settlement, we beg to state that it does not pay us to keep your account on the books any longer. At the same time, if you were to give us a good order, say, for two suits, we should be pleased to help you in the matter, as we never press a *good* customer. Kindly say by return if we may send you patterns, as we have some very nice stuff just in, which we feel sure you would like. There is one check in particular, which we think would suit you very well, as it requires a tall gentleman to set it off to advantage.—Obediently yours, etc.,

On comparing the last two letters it will be seen that, in the first instance, the debtor is led to expect that by ordering one suit he may avoid further pressure for the present, but no particular time is mentioned. When he has definitely asked for the extension of his credit for five months he is practically told that he may have it at the price of two suits. The wretched youth accepted the terms—possibly also dazzled by the vision of the particularly killing check which he, as a tall gentleman, would set off to advantage. But the check and the financial accommodation attached to it both proved equally delusive. The gentleman who tells the story writes: "The 'one check in particular' proved a bad bargain, for though guaranteed of best Scotch tweed, it shrank shockingly in the first shower to which it was subjected. At the beginning of the following term—before the end of October—the importunate one again sent in his little bill, once more accompanied by a request either for further orders or immediate payment."

The reader whose intelligence has developed beyond the undergraduate stage will see at a glance the pernicious drift of these letters. Even the boy who walks into the trap can hardly fail to see it, but under pressure of a temporary difficulty he accepts any offer of immediate relief, regardless of future consequences, or trusting for his ultimate escape to the unknown possibilities of the future. If he can only put off his creditor till November, he says to himself, anything may turn up, so he listens to the tempter and doubles his indebtedness at one stroke. The *modus operandi* of the tradesman who solicits renewed orders with the intimation that "we never press a *good* customer" is precisely identical with that of the moneylender who is always ready to renew the bill for an increased amount on the usual terms of the trade, until it has reached the biggest sum that there is any prospect of extorting out of the borrower. This organised system of bloodsucking is bad enough when it is applied to grown men who may be supposed to know something of the world; but it becomes little short of criminal when it is applied to lads who have no experience to warn them, and who are tempted in this way to saddle themselves with debts which may possibly ruin their University career and their start in life and are pretty certain to be a curse to them for years.

It is well worth while to consider whether such pernicious practices cannot be stopped. The gentleman to whom I am indebted for the above example of it boldy suggests that all debts contracted by persons *in statu pupillari* should be made irrecoverable at law. There is a great deal to be said for such a measure, and I for one would certainly offer no objection to it. I have myself suggested before now that no debt below a certain fixed minimum should be recoverable at law, the object being to stop the practice of giving indiscriminate credit to people who have absolutely no security to offer, and from whom the law can only extort payment by the threat of imprisonment under a County Court commitment order. There are stronger reasons for applying the principle to all debts contracted by youths at the Universities, and possibly in other places too. The people who make a fetish of the sanctity of contracts will, of course, stand aghast at any such suggestion. But those whose worship of abstract principles is governed by common sense will recognise that many contracts have no sanctity about them whatever, but are essentially immoral and mischievous. The law itself recognises as much in the case of many kinds of contracts, including those of the moneylending fraternity, and it should recognise it wherever justice and public policy require. The law is only the expression of the collective will of the community, and courts and legal process are only the machinery provided at the common expense for giving effect to it. We have a perfect right to say that, while *primâ facie* debts contracted in the ordinary course of legitimate business must be paid, there are cases where the creditor has disentitled himself to the protection of the law and the public machinery by giving credit where there was no legitimate occasion for it. An undergraduate at Oxford or Cambridge is, in nine cases out of ten, dependent upon a parent or guardian who allows him so many hundred pounds a year to live on. He can therefore pay cash for everything he really needs. If he asks for credit, it can only be because he wants more than he has the means to pay for, and is seeking to anticipate his income. There can therefore be no valid reason why any one should give him credit; and there is no hardship to any tradesman in telling him that if he does, he does it at his own risk, and that he must not ask the law to protect him. My impression is that the vast majority of tradesmen in the University towns would rejoice to be told this in an Act of Parliament. There may be among them unscrupulous individuals, like the firm whose letters are given above, who deliberately tempt men into debt, and set themselves to drag their victims deeper and deeper into the mire by offering extensions of credit as long as new orders are forthcoming. But I prefer to believe that such individuals are only a small minority, and that the majority of Oxford and Cambridge tradesmen dislike the prevailing system of trade, and only follow a bad custom because it has become so deeply rooted in the place that individuals are powerless to escape from it. It is bad for everybody. It involves every tradesman in periodical losses. It compels him to overcharge or supply inferior goods. It forces perfectly honest and respectable men to bring their business down to the standard adopted by the most disreputable. It is bad for all the customers, and even those who are not tempted into serious trouble by it, acquire a bad habit when they might be acquiring a good one. It is a source of perennial anxiety to parents, and too often of sad trouble extending far beyond their pecuniary loss. Everybody knows this; no one will deny it. It is not too much, therefore, to expect of the University authorities that they should endeavour to find a remedy.

THE THEATRES.

"The Electric Man," at the Royalty.

"The Electric Man" has the merit of keeping us, enthralled or otherwise, at any rate, stationary, till the close of the third act, if we care to know what "the muddle of it" (as the second act is entitled) is all about. As the action takes place in one room and within the space of a few hours, it can also lay claim to that strict observance of the unities so dear to the hearts of some. But, given a plot of a hopeless absurdity, the fun must be very funny indeed to carry us through the evening. And somehow "The Electric Man" misses being very funny. Had Mr. Hannan contented himself with a trifle in one act, it might have been a very amusing music-hall "turn." Or again, had Mr. Hannan been a Frenchman, he might have enlivened his play with a touch of that drollery which is especially French. As it is, "The Electric Man" will, I fear, fail to electrify the town. There was not much opportunity for the exercise of histrionic talent, but Mr. Harry Nicholls did well in his dual rôle, and Mrs. Charles Calvert acted with spirit the part of a somewhat exaggerated type of London landlady.

The piece was preceded by a curtain-raiser by the hand of the same author, entitled "The Setting of the Sun." It ended with the words, "there is beauty in the setting of the sun," a sentiment which, though not exactly new, is so obviously true that one was surprised to find some of the audience receive it with marks of what sounded like dissent.

The Oxford.

Last week, on the evening of the wettest day for many a day, I betook myself with a friend desirous of light amusement to the Oxford, anticipating that, owing to the weather, the theatre would be half empty. But the contrary was the case, for I believe that our places might have been sold over and over again as crowds of visitors came surging up to the box-office. Not only were the seats filled all over the house, but serried rows of sightseers lined the passages by the stalls and filled the back of the auditorium. Depressing weather asks, I suppose, the music-hall as an antidote. And here it certainly took admirable effect. From the appearance of Mr. T. E. Dunville, now eloquent on the subject of the soap trust and very amusing, passing by Messrs. Kelly and Gillette, the fantastic dispensers of soda water, and Mr. Ernest Shand, to Miss Marie Lloyd—singing of Spain—and Mr. George Bastow, the audience was in a favourable mood to enjoy the patter of Mr. Arthur Roberts, disguised as a shop girl, in the "Tabloid Comedy." On

the broad shoulders of Hackenschmidt, "the world's undefeated champion wrestler," reposed the weight of the programme, which included fifteen other turns to suit all tastes. Of the Oxford it may with truth be said that one good turn deserves (and begets) another.

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The appearance of Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore at the New Theatre in a special matinée of "David Garrick" on Thursday, the 22nd, will probably be their only appearance this year in London. But I hope that 1907, which, after all, is not so far off, will be more generous to us in this matter. Mr. Hubert Davis must hasten to complete his comedy.

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To judge from the plaudits of a packed house on its hundredth anniversary last Friday, "Amasis" "steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth," if the shade of Shakespeare, himself a bad punster as well as other things, will pardon me a bad pun. In productions of this class, which do not pretend to belong to the highest order of art, popular success in itself proves that they are worthy of succeeding. Mr. Rutland Barrington was particularly vivacious on the occasion of his hundredth birthday as an Egyptian monarch.

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The Palace Theatre has hit upon a new mode of advertising the excellence of its entertainment. Mr. Alfred Butt, the managing director, writes to me that all readers of TRUTH who like to apply will receive "an artistic set of picture postcards showing Galatea (La Statue Humaine) impersonating some of the most famous statues of old and new masters," provided that they mention this paper and enclose a stamped addressed envelope of fair size, marked "Galatea."

I observe, also, that Miss Odell (Galatea) has been laying down a few simple rules, by following which ladies may acquire beautiful figures. I am inclined to agree with her that the Gibsonian figure is the last to be recommended, but I am not quite sure that a slight stoop has not sometimes something of a charm about it.

Miss Vesta Victoria, I see, presents here one or two new songs.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

MADAME CURIE LECTURES.

I THINK it was Nitzsche who spoke of the "Übermensch." Mme. Curie, it struck me, has many characteristics worthy of the "Überfrau," if I may coin the word. Her indifference to compliments or flattery is on a par with that of her late husband. Some busybodies wanted to present her with a "golden book" containing the signatures of *femmes de France*. She courteously but firmly refused the book. On her appearance in the lecture-room she was received with applause such as never greeted a male professor. She bowed, waited till the applause had stopped, and then, without any reference to her reception, began the lesson: "I propose, in the next few lessons, to deal with certain problems of electricity, and I will begin with some remarks upon ions. . . ." The subject was, of course, treated by the lecturer from an "advanced" point of view, and as the fashionable element was in the majority, I am afraid that Mme. Curie's remarks passed over the heads of her auditors. Electricity and chemistry are now very different from what they were ten years ago. It was then the fundamental axiom of natural philosophy that matter was indestructible. Radium and radio-activity have changed all this. Matter, according to the latest theories, would seem to be melting away, vanishing. Atoms are no longer held to be the smallest particles of matter. Each of these atoms, under various influences, such as sunlight, and electrical discharge, may break up into millions of electrons, ions, and I know not what, and in doing so it undergoes a sort of transmutation, and loses the properties of matter.

Dr. Gustave Le Bon continues his bold speculations on matter. The Academy of Sciences long looked upon M. Le Bon as a charlatan, his only fault being that he saw too far ahead and was a fool in his own generation. Six years ago he prophesied that radium would never be isolated in a metallic state. The so-called "radium" of Mme. Curie's laboratory is simply a salt, a chloride, or a bromide. I see that M. Le Bon has now Lord Kelvin and Sir William Ramsay on his side. I remember the amazement with which I heard the late M. Curie tell me that the bottles of his radium solutions would, one after another, "go pop" or even burst if they were too tightly corked. These accidents led him to ascertain that radium gave out helium. M. Le Bon believes with Lord Kelvin that radium is a compound of some metal, possibly lead, with helium, and that if the metal be reduced from its salts it will have lost all their properties. The wonderful properties of radium would, in fact, be accidental, and M. Le Bon prophesies that it will be possible some day to discover these properties everywhere in nature.

I have heard latterly misogynists accuse the ornamental sex of Narcissi-ism, with this difference from Narcissus, that he subsided into a lovely flower. Were an antidote to such vanity needed, it might be found in Mme. Curie. Her lecture-room affords places for about five hundred persons. There would have been an overflow in corridors and in the hall of about a thousand. The heads of all the learned bodies went to encourage her, and, in the absence of the Minister of Public Instruction, who had to go to the Palais Bourbon, the Vice-Rector of the University of Paris welcomed her, as she had begged, behind the scenes, and presented her to her colleagues. All the eyes of the masculine spectators swam as this ceremony took place. There was similarly-expressed emotion everywhere in the amphitheatre of her lecture-room. She must have felt more than relieved at the darkening of the room for the experimental part of her lecture. Her appearance, taken with her whole history, aroused further interest in her. Mme. Curie is of a faded complexion—the complexion

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of most women brought up in stove-heated houses. Her figure is spare rather than slight, and yet not lean. I should say she is well built. The rather fair hair is turned back from the forehead in a puff in the present fashion and tightly twisted in a small knob near the back of the head. She wore neither cap nor bonnet. The forehead is the one feature that commands attention. It is full, broad, high, and a forehead that is no gaol to the mind it contains. One cannot help looking at it as something very uncommon and beautiful in its peculiar way. The other features are insignificant, though the mouth has firm expression. Had not Mme. Curie met her late husband, and instead returned to subjection under the Czar, she might well have become an anarchist. The face is sad and resigned, but there is something in it also which betokens infinite courage and perseverance. Her skimp, black-stuff dress could not have been plainer. No attempt had been made to give it with crape an air of elegant conventional mourning. There was some crape, but too little to court attention.

We have had a full week—so full of parliamentary discourses admitted to the honour of being placarded like bills, that I do not see how they can be all posted up unless the doors of mayoralties be widened and dead walls extended. The Ministerial Declaration is to appear beside them. Briand covers a wide tract of space in attempting to show that Separation is at once an advantage for Church and State. He is suspected by the Extreme Left of aiming at an armchair in the Academy. The speeches he made on that subject would furnish a voluminous *bagage littéraire*, and are "liberal" enough to suit Cardinal Mathieu and those who voted for him.

Viviani, who opened the ball, wants the State to be anti-religious. Briand will be satisfied if it be merely ir-religious. The agnostic frame of mind best suits him. He defends *la liberté même d'aller à la messe*, and refuses, if it can at all be helped, to let the municipalities dispose of a capital now producing 14,000,000 fr. a year. The enormous capital furnishing this income comes from legacies and gifts for masses. It is as yet in the hands of vestries. They and the bishops manipulate it between them, but the bishops chiefly. The legacies and donations furnishing the 14,000,000 fr. yearly date entirely from 1803.

The Church never acts from gratitude, and Rome seldom from either gratitude or hatred. I fear that Briand's speech will not call out the former virtue. It will give rise to much profane comment as anti-clerical citizens assemble to read it on dead walls. The posting of the two speeches and the Ministerial Statement will cost about 100,000 fr.

The name of Viviani is Italian. Something of the forum clings to him. Far be it from me to say that the other day the Labour Minister set up to be a free-thought Pope, or that he meant to speak *urbi et orbi*. Yet the manner and the matter justified this impression. Many parts of his really eloquent discourse reminded one of the Gallic cock, the herald of a new dawn, hopeful and prepared for combat. Viviani's gospel, which will send a thrill into workshops everywhere, is borrowed from Louis Blanc. He owned that in the tribune, and quoted the saying of the little great man to the effect that liberty and property are convertible terms. Viviani is already, for he is young, one of the masters of the Paris Bar. He has a way of being audacious that at once smacks of the colonist of a wild country and of familiarity with the best models the world now affords. He seems to have the consciousness of speaking for millions everywhere, and does not hesitate to promise them a heaven upon earth, which is more than the Pope or Mahommed ever did. When it came to saying how this can be done he threw a delicious veil of poetry over what he had to say, and he became more suggestive than specific. "Yes; what the other side wanted was a perpetuity of class privilege and protection, and a quiet time in which to savour the delicate enjoyments of civilisation. What they feared was not the ideas the Labour Minister enunciated, but what they herald—namely, a time of general fever and upheaval." Did he want them to be as *la guillotine par persuasion?* The captivation of one of the finest voices to which the Palais Bourbon has ever listened and of a manner inherited probably from the forum of the Latin period prevented any one asking this question. Viviani speaks in tones that remind one of Faure in Gounod's "Redemption."

The daughters of American millionaires who marry European noblemen for the sake of their grand titles, are not always happy in their choice. Miss Levi Morton gladly renounced the ducal coronet of Valençay to be rid of the Duc who conferred it on her. The Gould-Castellane divorce suit is not yet over, but the issue is not open to much doubt. The last stage of the proceedings was purely technical and devoted to the claims of creditors for 2,000,000 frs. of the Gould fortune. Their claim depended on the reading of the marriage contract. This case has not been reported in the French papers, but very widely in the salons and the châteaux, where opinions are divided, not as to matters of fact, but as to the merits or demerits of the parties to the suit. Donnay and Descaves, and other dramatic authors, have been giving their opinions, and may see in Franco-American marriages in high life a mine to work. Descaves sees a just judgment in the facts stated by counsel (Maîtres Labori and Cruppi, the Deputy, for the plaintiff, and Bonnet for the defendant). Had not Jay Gould been what he was, Anna Gould would not have been caught by Comte Boni de Castellane.

This noble *viveur*, to whom she became a prey—I quote Maître Cruppi—at the age of nineteen, asserted his marital right to the management of her income almost immediately after their marriage. Fortunately, as she fell in love with him in her minority, her guardians and the trustees to her father's will insisted on tying up the best part of the capital. But as it produced at moderate and safe interest 3,500,000 frs. a year there was every reason for him to wish for a free hand. At the end of five years the trust fund was dipped into to the amount of many millions of francs. We remember how he and the Comtesse hastened to New York some years ago to soften the hearts of the trustees, and of other members of the Gould family, in

order to rid themselves of a load of debt. Her family proposed to place him under the tutelage of a *conseil judiciare*. She reflected that to attempt to do so must give occasion to scandal, and ruin his political prospects, then good, as the Nationalists seemed to have the ball at their feet. I can say, without reference to Maître Cruppi's speech, that had M. Doumer beaten M. Fallières in the race for the Presidency, Comte de Castellane would have obtained the post of Ambassador to the Court of St. James. He had industriously prepared, with the help of the late M. Syveton, his candidature for the post. Articles on diplomatic questions, said at the time to be from the pen of Syveton, appeared in one of the morning papers above the signature of Comte Boni de Castellane.

I now come back to Maître Cruppi. He declared that the *injures graves* of which the Comtesse complained, began soon after marriage, and that personal violence was offered to her in the presence of witnesses. In short, he pulled her ears. But did not Napoleon, somebody asked on hearing this charge, pull the ears of his favourite marshals? He also threatened—and it affected her, as she is ambitious—to resign his seat in the Chamber, if money difficulties were raised by her family. But he only went so far as to disappear from Paris without leaving his address. After an anxious search, for which she had to pay a heavy bill, he was found at Trouville (the scene of their first meeting and early courtship), and not alone. At length the Comtesse determined to sue for a divorce. The Comte, to quote Maître Cruppi again, *s'interessant à la question d'argent*, wrote those letters contained in his brief. Here is one that may serve as a sample:—"I never had any *amie*" (an untranslatable word as used here) "but you. I think of you only. Had you but chosen, you would have found in me the tenderest of husbands. Act, I beseech you, on your better feelings, and come and see me. If you only knew how horribly I have suffered you would relent. Think of all the broken-up *ménages* we have known, and of those—the Gallifets, the Radzivils, the Sagans—who have made up after separating. I implore your pardon. Pardon, pardon, pardon me."

The answer is rather for an analyst of present-day manners of the Balzac school than for an amiable trifler such as Capus:—"You had better leave off writing to me. You have always behaved badly towards me. You were all the time since our marriage grieving me. I have no longer any affection for you. My patience is exhausted, and, to be frank, *je vous trouve infect*. Try, for the sake of your children, to give them a good example. Do not imagine I am such a fool as Mme. ——. One does not receive the visits of one who is guilty of ingratitude. Je vous envoie l'expression de mon plus profond mépris."

M. Gautier, a Nationalist belonging to the electoral division for which the Comte sits in the Chamber, wrote to the Comtesse to felicitate her on her husband's election directly he learned of it some weeks ago. She wrote back: "Je suis contente que vous avez pour député un roué au lieu d'un honnête homme." He had lost his seat for heavy bribery, but had been re-elected.

There was much said about the Comte's amours. His counsel submitted that he had the ordinary morality of the aristocratic clubman—the morality which appears in most of the present-day plays. The Comtesse had been spoken of as the prey of an adventurer. She had all that she bargained for. Does any American heiress bargain for honest, quiet, connubial happiness? No. She wants a splendid stage on which to shine in costly belongings, a grand name and title, illustrious society on the footing of equality. Well, did not Comte de Castellane give all that to the late Jay Gould's daughter? She had the pick of European society at her entertainments. Millions were spent. But why? To provide her with the stage for which her ambition craved—a Grand Trianon in the Avenue des Bois, a chateau with celebrated gardens, park, and chase in the most nobly inhabited part of the Seine-et-Oise, to which the Sovereigns visiting Paris went down to shoot and as members of house parties, a yacht second to none in French waters, and which brought its noble owners into contact with the Courts and aristocracies of other countries. Women were talked of. Mon Dieu! Frenchmen *sont les galants*, and French wives easily forgive their infidelities. There was much exaggeration in what had been said against Comte Boni. He had endless enemies in the political world, and was greatly envied. Envy is a vice that overflows in anonymous letters and calumnious gossip, as he learned to his sorrow. M. Bonnet spoke of mutual misunderstanding due to difference of nationality, education, and race. He had good qualities, but the good qualities of a Frenchman born and bred in a *monde* where serious views of life and pure puritan virtues do not prevail. The Comtesse expected American virtues as well.

The French papers do not give reports of this typical trial, as they are forbidden. I have had the pleadings on both sides from another source. Judgment is reserved until the end of next week. It is said that the marriage of the Comtesse has cost her at least 40,000,000 fr. That may well be.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

"JOHN BULL, bachelor," dear Lady Betty, is a description that threatens to be attached to us in the not far-distant future, for the disinclination to marry is becoming more general amongst Englishmen every year. They themselves attribute this indisposition mostly to the frivolity, extravagance, and unfaithfulness of the modern English wife, but there is another side to the matter. That is clearly explained in the following letter:—

"SIR,—The two educations of a woman is a subject that occurs to the mind of almost every parent who has a grown-up daughter, but the difficulty has never yet been described in print.

"Our daughters are trained at home and at school to be scrupulously modest, but the moment they are grown up it is now impossible to protect them from the demoralising influences that surround them. The newspapers contain daily long accounts of scandalous cases which cause them to imagine that fashionable men and women are at liberty to misconduct themselves, and those pro-

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ceedings are discussed in ordinary conversation—which was not permitted formerly. The novels of the day generally deal with immoral situations, and on the stage infidelity is almost always now the pivot of the plot.

"The decorations at the hotels, restaurants, and theatres are generally of a suggestive character—of a style which our daughters were taught to disapprove when they were younger. The nude woman is painted on the ceilings, is carved in the wood, is cut in the stone, is cast in the metal; she is represented as supporting the beams, she holds the light, and she decorates the bill-of-fare. The semi-nude woman sits at the table, and in the stall.

"That is the second education. It is the men who mostly provide this, and they must not blame the women if it removes the effects of the first. We fathers and mothers have spared no pains and no money in endeavouring to train our daughters to be proper-minded women, and it is indescribably distressing to most of us to watch the results of this second education, which it is not in our power to prevent.

"There is no more charming woman in the world than the English girl of seventeen: if after that she is frivolous, extravagant, and unfaithful, there are other influences that have altered her, and for most of those the men of our day are themselves responsible."

* * * * *

The Americans are earning a bad name in Europe. The eccentricities of the men and women of the United States are rapidly developing into something that is very much more serious. The American man and woman here are unceasingly causing scandal; their commercial unscrupulousness is only equalled by their financial immorality; and, to complete the list of iniquities, there come to Europe from the United States now the most daring, resourceful, and intelligent criminals. It is to be hoped that the press across the Atlantic will direct public attention to the matter, for it is being generally discussed on this side of the ocean. It has taken many years for the Americans to attain the position which they now occupy in Europe, and it is much to be regretted that, having removed the unreasonable prejudices which were formerly entertained against them here, they should abandon all restraint and attach to their fellow-countrymen and women a new reputation more offensive than was the first. "The Criminal Continent" is a description which is not earned except through a multitude of transgressions.

* * * * *

The following letter has been addressed to the present writer by one of the best-known travellers and explorers of our time:—

"Sir,—I have just returned from Central Africa, and I find that much concern is entertained in England at the continually-increasing occurrence of cancer in the latter country. It may interest your readers to learn that I have seldom come across a case of this disease in savage parts, so climate cannot be regarded as an important cause of it. I wish to suggest that drugs may be, for I have observed that the frequency of cancer cases increases as I come into regions where they are employed. It would be a curious circumstance were this most terrible disease mainly caused by our own medicines."

* * * *

That letter suggests a subject which seems to have been overlooked. There are many who become instantly ill if they eat or drink anything in which egg is present, and others who are affected in the same way if there is lobster in their food. That cannot be caused by the imagination, because they are not aware of the presence of either at the time of eating or drinking. Strawberries cause a rash at once in some, and honey has distressing effects on others. There are men and women who can handle bees and wasps with impunity, and no doubt many other vagaries of the kind could be discovered were the matter attended to. Would it not be well to collect facts concerning this subject?—Believe me to be, very truly yours, MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

ONE of the evening papers printed last week an exceedingly foolish and absurd letter about the late Mr. George Herring, in which it was stated that his association with the Turf "was solely and wholly as a personal friend and commissioner of, among others, the late Duke of Marlborough, the late Earl of Westmorland, and the late Sir Joseph Hawley." What is the use of any one writing such abominable balderdash? George Herring had been on the Turf for many years before he was employed as commissioner either by Lord Westmorland or Sir Joseph Hawley, and when he first went racing the late Duke of Marlborough was a child in the nursery. Lord Westmorland was not concerned in any way with Turf affairs until several years after Herring had become well known as a commissioner. Herring was never a regular bookmaker. He sometimes backed horses and sometimes betted against them, and he was regularly employed by many of the leading owners to execute their commissions on big races. His transactions with the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Courtenay (afterwards Earl of Devon), and Lord Andover (afterwards Earl of Suffolk), were very much more extensive than those with Lord Westmorland, and for some time he was employed by the Danebury stable in its palmy days. He was a great winner over the two Chester Cups won by Dalby, and cleared a large stake by Asteroid's victory in that handicap. On the other hand, he had laid so heavily against Blue Gown for the Two Thousand of 1868, that if the horse had started the money could not have been got back, and it was generally believed at the time that Blue Gown was scratched by Sir Joseph Hawley for the Newmarket race in order to save his commissioner from losing a huge sum of money. There was also the object of hedging the large stake for which Rosicrucian and Green Sleeves had been backed for the Derby. It is well known that Sir Joseph himself never would believe in the excellence of Blue Gown, having a perfectly morbid prejudice against the horse, and nobody was so much astonished and disconcerted as his owner when the Derby winner of 1868 proved himself in a trial to be superior to Rosicrucian and Green Sleeves. Sir Joseph was perfectly infatuated about this pair, and the success of Blue Gown brought him neither pleasure nor large winnings. Herring lost heavily over the Derby of 1868, and he had a crashing race at Doncaster when Blue Gown was disqualified for the Champagne Stakes of 1867.

George Herring commenced his Turf career when he was quite a lad as a simple backer of horses, and as the keeper of a betting list at which a large amount of business was done until all such establishments were swept away by the operation of Sir Alexander Cockburn's Bill of 1853. He had won by degrees quite a comfortable sum of money before he commenced a regular attendance at race meetings. He practically gave up racing about thirty years ago simply because he had the wit to understand early that the Turf was becoming quite played out as a medium for speculation on a really large scale, so he transferred his operations to the City, and the move turned out to have been a very wise one. Herring himself would have been both amused and disgusted to read the trash about his racing career which some papers have published. The foundation of his large fortune was laid on the Turf during the fifties and sixties. He had better luck than some other successful racing men, whose gains on "the plains of Newmarket" were grievously reduced by Stock Exchange speculations and by disastrous business undertakings. He was wonderfully shrewd, and throughout life would pass by the most attractive bait if there was the taint of the trap about it. He would "go in" for a speculation which ninety-nine out of every hundred men would have refused to touch, and, on the other hand, would decline to join when everything appeared to promise well. In either case it invariably turned out that there was sound reason at the bottom of the apparent caprice. "A d—d good man to follow," was Mr. George Payne's

verdict, after backing an outsider largely in accordance with Herring's advice. But he was not an easy man to "follow," as it was never his custom to dispense good tips to others, unless such help was likely to prove "bread cast upon the waters," which was to be profitably "found" again before long.

It is also stated that George Herring was really "of good family." There never was any mystery about his origin. His mother kept a flourishing eating-house of the old school in Newgate-street, and he and his brother assisted her in the business, which was very greatly increased when her two sons started the betting list to which I have referred. They also had a list at the ruins in Farringdon-street, where an enormous amount of ready-money betting was carried on for some years.

It is certain that Lord Derby will head the list of winning owners, as he is over £13,000 ahead of Major Loder, who comes second. Mr. W. H. Hall Walker is third, just a few hundreds in front of Mr. S. Joel, and then comes Mr. Reid Walker, Duke of Westminster, Mr. L. Neumann, and Lord Rosebery, these being the only owners whose winnings in stakes run into five figures. Major Loder lost a good many thousands by the withdrawal of Pretty Polly and Spearmint from several valuable races.

There has been a deal of cackling about a match between Sagamore and Polar Star, but the idea of such an encounter was never seriously entertained by Mr. Hall Walker, who would have acted most injudiciously if he had started his colt for this or any other race after all the work he has done during the past season. Polar Star, moreover, was "thrown up" for the winter after he had won the Criterion Stakes on October 22.

The victory of Beeswax in the Berkshire Foal Stakes at Newbury afforded further proof that Traquair was an exceedingly unfortunate colt when he was beaten by Prince of Orange for the rich Prince of Wales' Post Sweepstakes at Goodwood. Beeswax is merely a good plater, and if Prince of Orange had any pretensions to really high-class form he would have defeated her without difficulty, although he had much the worst of the weights. As to Slim Lad and his trial before the Newmarket First October Meeting, he then finished far in front of Prince of Orange, but at Newbury he was considerably behind Lord Wolverton's colt, although he had 13 lb. the best of the weights. That unlucky trial must have turned out a costly tragedy for the Egerton House stable, and it would be interesting to learn how Slim Lad's ignominious exhibitions in public are accounted for. Is he a rogue that will only give his best running at home, but who refuses to try in races?

It has been stated in numerous newspapers that My Pet II. will be sent over to France early in the New Year, and that Mr. Raphael's colt is to be reserved for his French engagements. My Pet II. is a French bred colt, and he is entered for the Prix du Jockey Club and other rich stakes which are open only to animals foaled in France. I understand, however, that he will probably be trained at Newmarket for the Two Thousand, which is his only important engagement in England as a three-year-old. He is entered for the Newmarket Biennial. After the Newmarket First Spring Meeting My Pet II. will presumably be sent to France to fulfil his engagements in the Prix du Jockey Club and Grand Prix, for which races he is nominated by his breeder Mme. H. Say. Neither Slieve Gallion nor Polar Star is entered for the Grand Prix, but Major Loder has both Galvani and Weathercock engaged in this race.

Troutbeck is being indulged with a long rest, which he has well earned. The Duke of Westminster, who has been in South Africa for several months, is now on his way home, and when he arrives in England he will probably arrange to sell most of his horses in training, as they are a dreadfully bad lot. The late Duke of Westminster weeded his racing stud with unceasing vigilance. Troutbeck will no doubt be reserved for the Ascot Cup, as he is believed to be a really good stayer, and in most of the other weight-for-age races for which he might be entered he would have to carry a heavy penalty for his victory in the St. Leger. He is not entered for either the Princess of Wales' Stakes or the Jockey Club Stakes at Newmarket, or for the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot. Unluckily he was struck out of the Eclipse Stakes when the minor forfeit was declared in March, 1905, so he cannot have been much thought of during the early part of his two-year-old career. At the same time Pipistrello, the worthless own brother to Flying Fox, was left in for this and other heavy stakes. Troutbeck's only engagements as a four-year-old are the Ascot Triennial and the £2,000 race at Lingfield. He will have to give 5 lb. to Bridge of Canny in the Ascot race, the course being two miles.

There are 101 entries for next year's Woodcote Stakes of £1,000, and probably two-thirds of that sum will be subscribed by the owners. The value of this race (the principal two-year-old event at Epsom) ought to be raised to £2,000. His Majesty heads the list with six entries, including Simpatica, by St. Simon out of Laodamia, who is considered to be the best-looking of this season's Sandringham yearlings. Lord Rosebery, Lord Carnarvon, Mr. L. de Rothschild, and Mr. W. Hall Walker have three entries each.

There are seventy-seven entries for the Hyde Park Plate at the Spring Meeting. This race is a sweepstake of £10 each, £3 forfeit, with £200 added. It would be a more valuable stake, and therefore more likely to be a success, if the sweepstake was £10, £3 forfeit if declared by the first Tuesday in January. His Majesty is again the most liberal subscriber with four entries.

The Great Surrey Foal Stakes of £1,000 (to run at the Summer Meeting in 1908) has obtained 129 entries. This race has been largely supported by the public breeders, and Mr. H. Cholmondeley has entered eleven of the Sledmere foals, including colts by Gallinule out of La Flèche, by St. Frusquin out of Maid of the Mint (dam of Spearmint), and out of Mimi, and by Gallinule out of Little Eva, and fillies by St. Simonmimi out of Plaisanterie, and by Diamond Jubilee out of Wedlock. Mr. J. S. Harrison and Mr. R. Botterill have each seven entries, his Majesty and Mr. H. J. Bailey have six each, and Sir John Robinson, Mr. E. Kennedy, and Sir Daniel Cooper have five each. I wonder that this stake did not obtain a much larger entry, as the liability is only £1 if declared by the second Tuesday in October, 1907.

The Yorkshire Oaks at York (1908) has been fortunate in obtaining ninety-seven entries. There is an entrance of £3, which is the only liability for non-starters, so it may be assumed that at least £270 will thereby be recovered out of the £400 which is nominally added to this race. The entrance fee should be converted into a minor forfeit to be declared in the January before running, leaving a sweepstake of £10 each for acceptors. There are precisely the same pecuniary conditions for the Duke of York Stakes, which race has obtained seventy-eight entries.

Some surprise has been expressed that Sagamore should have been withdrawn from the Chesterfield Nursery at Derby, but it would have been most injudicious to have started this colt for such a race, with a very heavy weight, and in deep going. Sagamore will be entered in January for the Coronation Cup at Epsom, and for the Ascot Cup, and later on Mr. Raphael will no doubt engage him for the Ascot Vase. It is odd that Sagamore has not been entered for the Hardwicke Stakes of 1908, nor does the name of My Pet II. appear in the list.

The Newmarket Winter Sales are to commence on Monday, December 3, and will extend over five days. The catalogues are quite full. Numerous owners have decided to "weed" their studs very extensively.

Major Loder has decided to start his promising colt, Baltinglass, for the Rangemore Stakes at Derby this afternoon, and he ought to win this race without difficulty. I wonder that Major Loder allows Baltinglass to lose his maiden allowance for the sake of such a trumpery race as this, considering how heavily his colt is engaged next season.

Only twenty-three horses are now left in for the Derby Cup of £2,000 on Friday, and Great Scot or The White Knight ought to win this handicap.

Velocity ran a really good horse at Lincoln, where he was only just beaten for the Great Tom Stakes when trying to give Koorhan 33 lb. It is a pity that a horse of such good class should be knocked about in paltry handicaps, instead of being reserved for big races.

The Liverpool meeting opened very poorly, as on Wednesday there were only thirty-six starters for seven races, a truly miserable collapse, remembering the huge fields at Newbury, and there was no running of any interest. Keystone II. had nothing to beat in the Liverpool St. Leger, which was a mere exercise gallop for Lord Derby's mare. Meadow Rue won the Knowsley Nursery on Thursday with extreme ease, although she carried a 12lb. penalty, a result which did not reflect much credit on the handicapping. I cannot conceive the object of publishing the weights for such a race as this until after the Newmarket Houghton Meeting.

There were only eight starters for the Autumn Cup, and Killeagh, who was by far the best-looking animal in the field, became a very hot favourite, while there was also plenty of money for Bibiani. Glasconbury was a great tip at the last. Killeagh ran wretchedly. There was a desperate finish of the ding-dong kind between Bibiani and Banana, with palpable bumping, both being "all out," but both were to blame, so there was no objection. Glasconbury would probably have won if there had been another fifty yards to go.

Next week will be divided between Warwick and Manchester, and there ought to be large fields at both meetings. I will notice the November Handicap next week, but it is usually a very dangerous race to meddle with.

Mr. R. A. Sanders, who succeeded Lord Ebrington (now Lord Fortescue) as master of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds twelve years ago, has intimated his intention of resigning that position at the end of May, owing to private reasons. A meeting of the members and supporters of the Hunt has been held at Taunton, Lord Fortescue in the chair, at which Mr. E. A. V. Stanley was elected to the mastership. He is the son of Mr. Edward Stanley, of Quantock Lodge, the late M.P. for the Bridgwater division of Somersetshire. Mr. Stanley has for some years past hunted the Quantock district with a private pack of staghounds. The election of Mr. Stanley meets with general approval, as he is very popular in the district.

THE LAWN-TENNIS DISPUTE.

Mr. MacFee and his friends were so anxious to get a majority at the general meeting of the Lawn Tennis Association that they issued a circular which is not less unscrupulous than it is unsportsmanlike. I am literally astonished that any body of gentlemen could have launched such a document unless they are absolutely blinded by partisanship and temporarily deprived of any sense of accuracy or decency. A more inflammatory document, and one more calculated to create prejudice and bias, it is difficult to conceive. By the time these lines appear it will have done its work one way or another. Nevertheless, in the interests of the game itself, it is well that the public should know by what means these Reformers have either attempted to gain, or, in fact, gained their ends. They deny that any attempt was to be made to deprive the All England club of the championships. This is a grossly inaccurate and misleading statement. The Council of the Association proposed to the Wimbledon club a scheme by which the selection of all the officials for the championships and the choice of the ball would be vested in the Association, and under which the Association would also have a majority on the committee, inasmuch as equal numbers were to be elected by each party, but the nomination of the chairman was to be vested in the Association. In other words, the Wimbledon club was to hand itself over lock, stock, and barrel to the Association. Needless to say, Wimbledon declined the offer. Thereupon the Reformers, through Mr. MacFee, proposed amendments to the rules. The suggestions were that the Council should have power to regulate championships and the dates of all advertised open meetings, and that the term championship should not be applied to any event at such meetings without its consent. The obvious effect of these rules would be that unless Wimbledon came into line it might not get a date, and if it got a date it could not use the title champion for any of its competitions. How in the face of the proposals of the Council and of these amendments Mr. MacFee and his friends could have the effrontery to say that it was not the case that an attempt was to be made to deprive Wimbledon of the championship I cannot imagine. It is as gross a perversion of the actual facts of the case as I have ever come across even in the most strenuous strife of political controversy. The circular goes on to say that the A.E.L.T.C. created difficulties to prevent a meeting taking place between itself and representatives of the Council. This is another perversion of history. The difficulties were of their own creation. They had a bare mandate to negotiate. The Club said: "Put a proposal before us and we will consider it." They put one forward. The Club said: "Have you authority to make that proposal?" The answer was, in effect, that they had not. They then got authority and put forward the scheme I have indicated. The Club rejected it and offered to give the Association two representatives on their Tournament Committee. The Council then went its own way. I can only say that the Wimbledon Club was very prudent in having everything in writing.

Then comes the personal and malignant sting by which the Reformers strove to win. They suggest that the game should be free from trade influence. They carefully omit to say that they are formulating a scheme to make money for the Association out of lawn tennis balls at the expense of the public. They say that the manager of Messrs. Slazenger occupies the position of manager of the championships and secretary of the A.E.L.T.C. They know well that this firm's balls were used before Mr. Palmer became the manager. They know that he has nothing whatever to do with the selection. They are willing to bark and yet afraid to bite. They do not mind hitting below the belt. Whether or not in the abstract this position is desirable is beside the point. They have made a virulent personal attack on one whose conduct as a man of honour will certainly bear comparison with that of gentlemen who have signed this circular. How utterly unwarranted is this attack is shown by the fact that in the international contests for the Dwight Davis bowl in 1904, 1905, and 1906 the Council of the Association appointed Mr. Palmer to manage the competition on its behalf. During the whole period he has been associated with his present firm. If the Council can trust him to do this, why should not the Club trust him as well? No one on the Council raised a protest against the appointment. These Reformers were on the Council. Their circular proceeds to state that the selection at Wimbledon determines the choice of the ball at practically all open meetings. Let me mention at random some where this ball is not used, and those are, Bournemouth, Brighton, and Eastbourne, where Ayre's balls are used. Open meetings can use what ball they please. The Reformers proposed to take away this freedom, and to levy a rate on all balls used. A more discreditable circular it is not often one's lot to read. I can only hope that several of the signatories must have signed without a full knowledge or appreciation of the facts of the case. It is significant that the names of well-known and popular players are practically conspicuous by their absence. It is not pleasant to regard the future of a game being handed over to gentlemen who are not more careful about accuracy and candour in their correspondence.

My own view of the matter is that it would have been well if Mr. Palmer had not been persuaded to withdraw his resignation as an official of the Club when he undertook his present engagement. But the Club appreciated his services no less than did the public. He remained on. Everybody knows that he has not influenced the selection of the ball. With characteristic impudence these

Reformers made the attack a personal one upon Mr. Palmer, and upon the integrity and good faith of the committee of the Wimbledon Club. They have not a word to say against the ball that is, in fact, selected. All this got people's backs up. There was a lack of genuineness about the whole matter which was intensified when the Reformers came forward with a scheme to buy balls at a huge discount. The game will be on a wrong tack so long as open meetings get vast advantages from the trade. This should be forbidden. That is the proper line to take. I am perfectly sure that there is not an atom to choose between the balls of leading makers. It is all nonsense for the cracks to say they will only play with one ball. They are like unto the sons of Levi. They take too much upon themselves. They are the pets of the public, tournament committees play up to them, and they consequently boss round. I would certainly free the game from any obligation to the trade. My rules would be very simple:—No trade discounts other than trade discounts as between traders to be permitted. No goods of any firm to be employed that names any article of the game with any words or initials indicating any player of the game past or present.

The Amateur Defence Federation, formed to protect the interests of amateur Association football players, has received short shrift at the hands of the Football Association. It is officially described as an illegal association, and it must disband. This is precisely the treatment I should have anticipated from the officials of the Association. They exercise an authority as tyrannous as it is brutal. At last the amateurs have published their case to the world, thanks to the courtesy of the *Sportsman*, whose columns have been used to good purpose. The pity of it is that the case as presented to the F.A. was not published long before. It pretty clearly shows that extremely dubious methods were used to secure a majority vote in favour of professionalism at the meting of the London Football Association. And yet the amateurs are told this has nothing to do with the Football Association, to the support of whose policy in forcing professionalism on the L.F.A. this vote was directed. It is a matter for the L.F.A. The tyrants did not care by what methods their policy was carried out so long as their wishes were obeyed. In effect, they say, "Be as illegal as you like in carrying out our mandates and we will not interfere. But we will resist instantly any attempts any bodies may be so ill-advised to make as to protect their own interests." The Little Fathers of the Football Council love their amateur children so much that they will exile them if they do not cringe and obey. This is the sort of policy that one would expect from men like Mr. Clegg with his cheap sneers as to amateurs and gate-money. Under the rules of the Football Association there must be gate-money for the Amateur Cup ties. Out of these moneys the Association takes its whack, and from the funds of the F.A. Mr. Clegg and his friends draw money for hotel and travelling expenses. The case for these amateurs is very strong. The rule is that no rule of the L.F.A. can be altered unless supported by at least two-thirds of those present. Six hundred and seven voting papers were issued in the room; 376 voted for and 186 against the resolution. The two-thirds majority of those present was secured. Lord Kinnaird declared the resolution in favour of professionalism carried. He is said to have acceded to a demand for a scrutiny. The whole statement clearly calls for inquiry. It is a scandal to the game that none should be held. But the Football Association Council is tarred with the same brush as those gentlemen who originally started professional clubs under the guise of amateurs. They do not mind how they get their own way as long as they get it. To these men the better-class amateur is a troublesome nuisance. He must be suppressed at all costs. Both the amateur and professional player is under the most despotic sway of the F.A. The only question is how long will they endure this tyranny. The money for its sustenance comes from the gate-money earned by professional and amateur players.

MOTORS AND MOTORING.

THE fifth international motor show promoted by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, which opens at Olympia to-morrow, promises to be quite exceptionally interesting. Next week TRUTH will publish a special supplement dealing in detail with its leading features. Meanwhile a few preliminary jottings may not be out of place.

In one respect this year's exhibition differs notably from any previously held, inasmuch as the whole of the enormous space available is being devoted this time exclusively to the needs of pleasure cars. Formerly, it will be remembered, commercial vehicles and motor-boats were included also, and the bewildered amateur, searching in vain for that long desiderated small car combining all the finest points of Renaults, Daimlers, and Napiers at a £100 found himself lost instead in a world of Clarkson omnibuses and Maudslay lorries. This time no such difficulty will present itself. All the cars shown will be of the touring or town carriage variety, while the 'buses and boats, delivery vans, and steam tractors, will have a show of their own early in the new year. But even so it is understood that the authorities have had the utmost difficulty in meeting all the claims upon their space, while as to the quality of the show expectation runs high.

These are days of intelligent anticipation, and many have not waited for the formality of seeing the exhibition to sum up its leading features. What are these to be? On one point, at least, there seems to be pretty general agreement. The number of six-cylinder cars shown will certainly be remarkable. It is, indeed, astonishing to recall that less than a year ago the so-called battle of the cylinders was raging in the technical papers, and six cylinders were still regarded by many as in the nature of wild and fantastic freaks. That battle is not yet at an end, and those who hold that, taking one consideration with another, the balance of advantage still rests with the relatively simple four-cylinder engine can claim that the practice of nearly all the leading continental makers (many of whom know well what they are about) supports their view. At the same time, Messrs. S. F. Edge, Limited, who have been the pioneers in this matter, have certainly proved to demonstration that there is nothing of the freak about a six-cylinder car properly constructed, but that, on the contrary, it makes an ideal touring vehicle *de luxe*, and the success which has attended their departure is emphasized by the number of other makers, including, at least, two well-known foreign firms—Messrs. Darracq and Clément—who are this year following their lead. Further particulars on the subject may, however, be reserved for the present.

In another particular this year's Show seems likely to prove remarkable—namely, in respect of the considerable reduction of prices which it is destined to witness. That universal slump in prices which has been predicted for some time past may not have arrived yet, but save in the case of the most fashionable and expensive of makes, the purchasers of which would grow suspicious if they were not called upon to pay through the nose, the prices demanded for the cars of 1907 will certainly be less than those which have obtained heretofore. Curiously enough—whether by agreement among the makers, by rule of the Motor Manufacturers' Society, or for some other reason, I cannot say—the prices of the cars exhibited are never to be found in the exhibition catalogue, where such information would be naturally sought, but fortunately the *Autocar's* excellent table of prices current, just issued, is at hand to supply the necessary information, and this goes fully to justify the above-made assumption. In almost every class of car more or less substantial reductions in price are to be noted. And these reductions imply, as it is hardly necessary to say, no falling-off in quality, but merely mean that an ever-growing demand, combined with increased productive facilities, and also, no doubt,

the ever-increasing stress of competition, render them at once possible and necessary.

As regards constructional features, no very radical developments seem likely to reveal themselves. Save in matters of detail, the ordinary vertical engine and its appurtenances may be regarded as having reached something not far short of finality now, and the attention of leading makers seems to-day to be concentrated almost exclusively on matters of detail. Improvements in carburetters, more scientific lubrication, greater accessibility—it is in improvements and refinements of this nature that advances are nowadays to be chiefly looked for. As regards other points, a decline may be anticipated in the number of three-cylinder engines. In the matter of ignition arrangements, while accumulators continue to find favour in the case of most smaller cars, and not a few of the larger ones, the tendency to provide an alternative magneto ignition will be found to be increasing, while, as between low tension and high tension magnito, the latter seems to be steadily gaining in popularity for all cars except those of the highest power and biggest price. In the matter of speeds, three is still the usual number; while as regards clutches, if metal to metal varieties are becoming more and more common, the leather-faced cone type still holds its own in the vast majority of instances; and, be it added, when it is properly designed in the first instance and well cared for, it takes a good deal of beating. With respect to transmission, the advantages of the shaft drive as compared with side chains would seem to be getting more and more clearly recognised.

What is the best way to do the Olympia show? That is a question which few stay to consider before setting out for West Kensington. Rather they go to Olympia, they roam aimlessly about, they come away foot-sore and weary, and probably with a bad headache to boot, and very naturally they blame the show for these ill effects, which, in point of fact, are really due, at least in part, to lack of thought on their side. There is, in truth, something of an art in properly doing a show such as that of Olympia. Without going into the matter too laboriously, one way, at least, of setting to work should be emphatically condemned, and that is the way of loafing aimlessly about without purpose, method, or principle. That way weariness lies, and the aforesaid Olympia headache—a peculiarly virulent brand this, which can give that of the Academy points and a beating any day in the week. To avoid it, therefore, let the intending visitor learn as much as possible about the exhibition in advance and make a point of seeing first that which specially interests him. Then, if time and energy remain, he can address himself to other exhibits. Otherwise he is certain to make the exasperating discovery when he has come away and after it is all over that he has missed the very things which he would have most liked to see by squandering his time on those of less value.

This is not to suggest that the visitor should give his attention only to those exhibits of immediate personal concern to himself. By all means let the modest owner of an 8-h.p. De Dion examine with care the latest refinements of a six-cylinder Napier, admire the workmanship of a 45-h.p. Daimler, exhaust his superlatives over the finish of a 40-h.p. Renault, and so on; but whatever he looks at let him bear in mind always that he can only see at the best a very small proportion of the exhibits on view, and lay out his time accordingly. Such an exhibition as that of Olympia is primarily, of course, what the Americans call "a business proposition," but also it is a unique educational opportunity, and an enormous amount may be learnt from it by those who are wise enough to regard it in this light. Shortly after last year's show Mr. Filson Young, I remember, read an amusing paper before a gathering of motorists, in the course of which he put forward various ingenious suggestions for the better ordering of subsequent exhibitions, considering the matter from the standpoint of the average visitor. I forget the precise details of his proposals, but his main contention was, if I remember rightly, that the show should be organised and arranged, not in the interests of the manufacturers, each with his own particular axe to grind, but with a single eye to the needs of those who repair to the exhibition simply to be interested and instructed. It was an engaging suggestion, which, however, was not received with favour by the representatives of the trade, and in default of its adoption it rests with the individual visitor to see that he obtains by his own exertions that instruction and profit from the exhibition which, according to Mr. Young's suggestion, should be made the end of collective action.

While on this subject, by the way, is it not rather remarkable that the railway companies do not consider it worth while to run trains at special fares from the provinces in connection with the show? There must be thousands of motorists, professional or amateur, in all parts of the country who would take advantage of such facilities, and it is not a little strange that it should not have been deemed worth while to provide them. But it is hardly for Londoners to complain perhaps. There will be quite enough visitors at Olympia during the next ten days for the comfort of most.

MAMMON.

Markets Quiet—Monetary Conditions Adverse—Stocks at an Attractive Level—Hudson's Bays the Feature.

A NINETEEN-DAY account is seldom productive of profit, and the one which is being arranged as I write has been dull and for the most part unproductive. Monetary conditions have been adverse, and public support, save for the very choice things on offer, has remained poor. Personally, I do not see why stocks should be neglected just now, apart from the general disinclination to operate on a dull market. It ought to be apparent to speculators and investors that the most favourable moment for a purchase is when stocks are low-priced, and it cannot be pretended that, taking markets as a whole, they are anything but low and attractive to buy. The week has witnessed few features of interest, but South Africans, by way of a change, have shown some disposition to recover, and Hudson's Bays have had a big rise.

Money Dear—Outlook More Encouraging—Bank's Position.

A more hopeful sentiment would seem to be growing in relation to the monetary prospects, and, untoward developments of a serious nature excepted, the general impression is that the Bank will be able to tide over the remainder of the year without further increasing its minimum discount rate. The fact that France has sent some gold to Egypt is a promising indication, and it may be that if it is required more assistance will be rendered. Nor is it altogether outside the range of probability that that centre may relieve the strain of the Argentine demand, which might commence within the next few weeks. Should such an assumption prove correct, then the position would be considerably improved, but it must be confessed that there is still an element of uncertainty as to the future, and this explains why the 6 per cent. Bank rate is so effective. Indeed, there does not seem to be any disposition to take too much for granted. Incidentally it may be remarked that France is reluctant to discount American bills, and this attitude may quite conceivably result in the return of some gold from New York. Again, as regards the possible Argentine drain, it is argued here and there that this may not be material because of the heavy imports, which ought to reduce the margin considerably. Neither of these factors, however, is sufficiently developed to prevent

Persons who may be considering the advisability of making financial provision of a satisfactory character for themselves or for their dependents should not delay in obtaining the new prospectus of the Scottish Widows' Fund. The kind of information which is helpful in the selection of an assurance office is to be found in this publication. The whole profits belong to the assured. The Society was founded in 1815, and has accumulated a fund of £18,000,000.—London Offices: 28, Cornhill, E.C., and 5, Waterloo-place, S.W.

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any material modification of the outlook. The Bank's reserve improved during the past week by £918,724, but the total is not much above £19,000,000. However, with the return of cash from the country, and the foreign arrivals of gold, of which practically all is being secured, the position may be strengthened sufficiently to bear the customary strain during the closing month of the year. The floating supply of money in the open market is by no means abundant, and though the indebtedness to the Bank has been reduced, rates are well maintained, 5 to 6 per cent. being the range for day to day loans.

Consols Steadier—Stock Promising—Russians and New Loan Rumours.

The more hopeful feeling in regard to the monetary situation, though not reflected in any material alteration in values of gilt-edged stocks, is nevertheless serving to impart a somewhat better tone to the market. This is, of course, only natural. Until the turn of the year it is likely that gilt-edged stocks will be more than ever under the influence of money, but so long as the Bank can contrive to manage with a 6 per cent. rate, it does not seem probable that values will be established on an appreciably lower basis. There may, it is true, be periods of stringency owing to the customary pressure in December, but the effect will only be temporary, and, with values relatively low, and the return obtainable consequently good, the investor would be wise to consider the merits of these stocks. In point of security they are, of course, unequalled, and they possess possibilities of capital appreciation within the next few months, when the monetary pressure throughout the world is relaxed, that are promising. Transvaal Threes, Local Loans, Guaranteed Two-and-three-quarter per Cent. (Irish Land) all give about £3 3s. per cent., and amongst others that appear to be worthy of attention are Water Board and London County Council Threes, both of which have benefited from the result of the election. Here is a table showing the approximate yield given by Colonial stocks:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Canadian 3 p.c.	98½	£3 1 0
Cape 3 p.c.	84	3 11 0
Natal 3 p.c.	85	3 10 6
New South Wales 3½ p.c.	99½	3 10 0
Queensland 3½ p.c.	99	3 10 6
Rand Water	95	4 4 0

The recovery in Russian bonds, which I have regarded as being engineered, has ceased for the time being, at all events, owing to the growing belief in the probability of new loans in the New Year. It would hardly be a matter for surprise if the impression should prove accurate, because of the knowledge that the country's financial position is unsatisfactory; and I am not disposed to modify my opinion of Russian securities.

Home Rails Steady—Traffics and Trade Returns—Strong Demand for York Deferred—The Position Discussed—Hull and Barnsley Prospects—The "Heavies" and Scotch Stocks.

While the state of the Money Market still acts as a drag, the Home Railway department has lately displayed a fairly hard appearance, with evidence of an increased amount of activity in one or two instances. As the weeks go on the arguments in favour of a better market increase in force, and the longer the levelling-up process be delayed the more noteworthy will the advance be when it does begin. For the eighteen weeks of the half-year for which the traffic returns are available all the leading lines now have more or less substantial increases, and the reports from various trading centres suggest that there is every likelihood of a continuance of the spell of industrial and commercial activity. The Board of Trade Returns for October made another very fine show, imports having risen 12.5 per cent., exports 13.1 per cent., and in both the inward and outward trade the improvement continues to be broadly distributed, which is the best proof of its staying character. Even as regards money the situation last week underwent some change for the better, the gain of nearly a million in the Bank of England's reserve and the prospect of the central establishment continuing to secure open market arrivals of the yellow metal having caused less to be heard about a 7 per cent. official minimum. In regard to stocks that are most attractive, I would still place Great Northern Deferred in the front rank. The Grantham accident rather badly upset the market a few weeks ago, but it was plainly evident to those in touch with the position that the fall had been absurdly overdone, and speculators who bought a little while ago at 40 have now a nice little profit. The Great Northern's gross earnings have lately been expanding in surprising fashion. For eighteen weeks the gain amounts to £40,000, equal to £58,000 for the twenty-six weeks, making no allowance for under-publication. Without the addition of a penny to the current year's net revenue the Board could increase the dividend upon the Deferred to 2 per cent. for the year, thanks to the big addition to the carry-forward at June 30. Thus a yield of practically 5 per cent. to a present purchaser is now virtually assured—the only question at issue is whether the dividend will be more than 2 per cent. and the yield consequently more than 5. On this latter point it is a little early to attempt a prediction, but with the probability of a gross increase of £60,000 or more, the Board might be able to pay 2¼ per cent., seeing that ¼ per cent. for the year takes only £18,000. The most uncertain point is the cost of the accident. Some authorities have put the charge at £30,000. This, combined with possible increases in wages and materials, and in the ordinary advance in outgoings attendant upon heavier traffic, would, of course, make a big inroad into the extra gross revenue; but on the other hand the Board has lately been doing everything in its power to economise, and the savings likely to be effected in rates and taxes as a consequence of the Company's legal fight have to be borne in mind. Next to York Deferred—which is undoubtedly the most popular speculative stock in the market at the present time—I would place Hull and Barnsley Ordinary. This little line has been having quite a boom time lately, and the recent abolition of the coal duty should tend to further stimulate traffics. Like the Great Northern, the Hull increased its balance forward at June 30 by an amount sufficient to raise the dividend to 2 per cent. for the year, and therefore that rate may be regarded as the minimum. At the same time, the prospects for a higher payment than 2 per cent. are promising. For eighteen weeks gross earnings show an advance of £12,600, equal to £18,000 for the half-year. Now it only requires £16,000 to pay another ½ per cent. On such a basis Hulls would give a yield of no less than £5 11s. at current price. But perhaps after making allowance for increased expenditure a 2½ per cent. dividend is too much to look for. Let us, then, assume that there is sufficient left out of the revenue of the six months to provide another £8,000 for distribution among the Ordinary stockholders. This would make the dividend 2¼ per cent., and on this very reasonable estimate the yield would be 5 per cent. The cheapness of the Heavy stocks, such as North Easterns, North Westerns, Lancashire and Yorkshire, and Midland Deferred is self-apparent. Upon these stocks the yields on the basis of last year's dividends range from 4 to 4¼ per cent., while the prospects of some increase in the dividend due in February are distinctly promising. North Easterns, with the gross increase reported to date of £203,000, look especially tempting. In the Scotch group both Caledonian and North British Deferred met with good support from Glasgow last week, and at the moment of writing the market is looking for an early settlement of the Clyde trouble. There is something to be said for a purchase of British, which yields £4 6s. 9d., and offers promise of a moderate increase in the dividend next time. Caledonian Deferred, however, cannot be classed as cheap, for the yield is no more than £3 6s., and the prospects of a higher rate are not over bright. Investors might consider the advisability of buying Brighton Deferred stock in view of the fact that the price includes nearly a twelvemonth's dividends which ought to be at the same rate as for 1905. The whole

How to Operate in Stocks Successfully.—See Halford's Adviser (post free).—Palmerston House, London, E.C. Established 1869. Telegrams: "Monitor, London."

year's dividend will come off the price early in the New Year, and there has already been a fair increase in the price of the stock. My table is appended:—

Home Rails.	A Year Ago.	Make up, Oct. 24.	Closing Price, Nov. 3.	Closing Price, Nov. 10.	Movement.
Caledonian Pref.	18	74	73¾	73¾	—
Do. Def.	40⅝	30	30	31¼	+1¼
City and S. London	44½	43	43	42	—1
Central London	93½	84	84	84	—
Great Central 94 Pref.	75	—	72½	73½	+1
Do. "B"	39½	33	31½	35½	+ ½
Do. "A"	19	15⅝	16¼	16⅝	— ⅛
Great Eastern	88¾	80¼	80¼	80¾	+ ½
Great Northern Pref.	103½	99⅛	100	100	—
Do. Def.	44¾	41	42½	42½	—
Great Western	143¾	125	126	126	—
Hull and Barnsley	47	44¾	45½	45½	—
Lancashire and Yorkshire	110½	101½	102¾	101	—1⅝
London and Brighton "A"	126½	114¼	116	115½	— ½
London, Chatham, and Dover	17⅝	13⅞	13⅞	14	+ ⅛
Do. 4½ p.c. Pref.	102½	86½	88	88	—
Do. 2nd Pref.	68	49½	51	52	+1
London and North-Western	160½	149½	150¼	150	+ ¾
London and South-Western Def.	59	45½	46¾	46¾	—
Metropolitan Consolidated	91¼	60½	60¼	60	— ¼
Metropolitan District	38	20	21	20⅜	— ⅛
Midland Pref.	69½	64¾	66½	66¾	+ ¼
Do. Def.	72½	64½	64½	65	+ ½
North British 3 p.c. Pref.	78	73½	73¼	74	+ ¾
Do. Def.	46⅜	40	40	41½	+1¼
North-Eastern Consolidated	145	135⅞	137	137¼	+ ¼
South-Eastern "A"	58¾	45¾	46¼	46¼	+ ½

AMERICANS IRREGULAR — MONEY RATES HIGH — POLITICAL INFLUENCES—ILLINOIS CENTRAL CONTROL.

The English interest in American railways remains on a very restricted scale, and apart from the professionals I have not heard of many people who continue to gamble in the shares. As a fact, they realise that they can get a better run for their money in a score or more of other investments. The New York elections resulted satisfactorily, the estimable Mr. Hearst being defeated by a "plurality" which had the disadvantage of not being half large enough. Those who are interested in Americans as a speculation should understand that after the acquisition of control of the Illinois Central by the group headed by Mr. Harriman, there is not much more to go for, so far as this particular stock and its associates are concerned, and I should not recommend an early purchase unless it be for the purpose of putting the shares away for a further development of the country. For the third quarter of the current year the earnings of the United States Steel Corporation are highly satisfactory. The total net revenue amounted to $38,114,624. While these earnings do not equal the $40,125,033 which constituted the net for the June quarter of the current year, they nevertheless represent an increase of $6,874,042 over the figures for the September quarter of 1905, which were $31,240,582. Moreover, for the nine months of the present year the aggregate net of the Corporation amounts to $114,874,147, against $84,571,594 in the same portion of 1905, and are more than double the $51,709,889 which constituted the net for the first nine months of 1904. Here is my table:—

—	1905. Highest.	1905. Lowest.	Closing Price, Oct. 27, 1906.	Closing Price, Nov. 3, 1906.	Closing Price, Nov. 10, 1906.
Atchison	96	80¼	103¾	104½	103¾
Do. Five per Cent. Pref.	109	102	104	104⅝	104½
Baltimore and Ohio Com.	120⅛	104⅛	123	122⅝	121¼
Chesapeake and Ohio	61½	46¾	59	56½	55
Denver	40½	27¾	41½	41¼	40⅝
Do. Pref.	93¾	85¾	86½	87	86½
Erie	54¼	38⅝	44¾	45⅜	44¼
Do. First Pref.	87¼	77⅞	78	78	77⅞
Louisville	161¼	140¼	147	148	146¼
Milwaukee	193¼	173¼	175¾	177	175¾
Mo., Kan., and Texas	39¾	24⅛	34⅝	35½	34⅝
Norfolk Pref.	96½	94	93	93	93
Do. Common	90¾	77⅞	97	96½	95⅝
New York Central	160⅝	140¾	131½xr	132	131¾
Ontario	65½	41¾	46½	46⅝	46¼
Pennsylvania	76⅝	67½	72¾	74½	73½
Reading	73⅜	40⅝	72½	75	74¾
Do. First Pref.	49⅜	46	44½	44½	44½
Southern Common	39⅞	28⅝	34½	35½	33⅝
Do. Pref.	104½	97½	99	99½	98
Southern Pacific	74	59⅝	94⅝	94⅝	94½
Union Pacific	155¾	116⅞	187½	188½	187⅝
Do. Pref.	102¾	98½	96	96	96
Wabash Pref.	49⅜	37⅞	45⅞	46	43½
Do. "B" Debentures	86⅞	69½	83	86	82
U.S. Steel Corp. Com.	44½	26	48½	48⅝	47¾
Do. Do. Pref.	110⅜	93⅝	109⅝	109⅜	109¼

CANADAS WELL MAINTAINED, DESPITE DEAR MONEY—A RECORD TRAFFIC INCREASE—TRUNK ORDINARY IN DEMAND — ARGENTINE RAILWAY DIVIDENDS — "BAGS" EXTENSION SHARES—AN OPPORTUNITY FOR HOLDERS OF THE ORDINARY—PROFIT TAKING IN MEXICAN RAILS.

After sundry fluctuations Canadian Pacifics finished the week a trifle easier on balance. The fact that the loss was so small is evidence of the underlying strength of this market, for with the contango equal to nearly a point at each of the last two carry-overs, it would not have been surprising had there been a lot of liquidation; indeed, there unquestionably would were the account in anything but strong hands. Meanwhile, traffics are all that could be wished; the last ten days traffic returns showed an increase of $500,000, which is a record. As soon as the monetary situation becomes more normal I look for a quick upward movement in Canadas; the market talks them to 200 in the early future, and there is no reason on this occasion either to doubt the market's veracity or quarrel with its judgment. In the Grand Trunk Market there has again been a fair demand for the junior stocks, especially the Ordinary. It would seem that people fond of long views are buying this stock, on account not only of the rapid progress being made by the Trunk itself, but of the bright prospects for the new Pacific line. There is a long row to hoe as yet before Little Trunks come in sight of a dividend, but Canada is developing so fast that what would have been considered an impossible feat only a year or two ago is now regarded as within the realms of probability. Those who desire a speculative investment should be content with Trunk Third Preference, which is promising something more than 2 per cent. in respect of the current year, and ought to get the full 4 per cent. to which it is entitled before long. The speculator, however, who is content to forgo dividends now, but wants a stock offering plenty of scope for capital appreciation, might with advantage turn his attention to Trunk Ordinary. The continued progress of the line is too much a foregone conclusion for the stock to be merely a gamble. In the Argentine Railway group the feature lately has been the strength of Buenos Ayres Great Southern New Extension shares; in fact, considering the price of these shares in relation to the old Ordinary, the only wonder is that holders of old "Bags" are not exchanging into the new more freely. The dividend on these new £10 shares, which stand at 9-16 premium, is limited to 4 per cent. for four years, but at the end of that time the shares will be converted into Ordinary stock and will, in all respects, rank along with the existing Ordinary. As a correspondent has pointed out, "by making the exchange at present holders would ensure that, notwithstanding the large increase of capital and growth of expenses, the dividends receivable until 1910 would be maintained at 7 per cent. Further, they would receive payment in advance of the difference between 4 per cent. the rate accruing on the shares, and 7 per cent. the estimated rate on the Ordinary (a lump sum of £13 10s. per cent), and a bonus in hard cash of £5 10s. per cent. for their kindness in accepting their dividend so promptly. In other words, the new shares, which can be paid in full on November 14, cost 10 9-16, equal to £105 12s. 6d. per cent., are 19 per cent. cheaper than the Ordinary at £124 12s. 6d., while the difference of dividend in favour of the Ordinary is estimated at 13½ per cent." As the new shares are at the moment of writing in good demand, the "bonus in hard cash" may be a little less to those of my readers who elect to make the exchange now, but it might still be well worth while for holders of old "Bags" to act on this advice. So far as Argentine Railway dividends generally are concerned, there has, as expected, been scarcely a single advance, despite very satisfactory earnings. This only confirms the view that the dividends of the standard lines, such as the Great Southern, B.A. Western, Pacific and Great Western, have now reached their maximum, and that stocks accordingly must be regarded as upon an investment basis. The Rosario may perhaps increase its annual rate to 7 per cent. next April, and thus be on even terms with the first three out of the four Companies

named. Of the smaller systems, the Cordoba and Rosario has been able to increase the rate upon its First Preference to 4⅛ per cent. for the year 1905-6, as against 3½ per cent. a year ago, and this despite a falling off in gross earnings. The stock is entitled to 6 per cent. when earned, and as it only takes £6,000 net to pay 1 per cent., and gross traffics for the current year are expanding, the stock at its current price of 93 looks a likely speculative investment. The points against it are narrowness of market and the fact that the line is more liable to ups and downs than the larger Argentine systems. In the Mexican Railway department there has been a lightening of the "Bull" account in the stocks of the old Vera Cruz line. There was some grumbling over the meeting, because the Chairman, as usual, spoke in very guarded terms of the outlook. But the real reason for the set-back was selling by punters who had outstayed their market, and who were driven to get out because of high contangoes. Interoceanic Seven per Cent. Preferred has also been subjected to profit taking since the dividend, although the rate of 2 per cent. was quite satisfactory. The Board could have paid 3½ per cent. but for the fact that it had to wipe off an old-standing amount of £14,600 debited to the Preferred shareholders in suspense. Here is my table of movements on balance during the week:—

—	A Year Ago.	Make-up, Oct. 24.	Closing Price, Nov. 10.
Canadian Pacific	175⅜	179¾	179¼
Grand Trunks	23½	26¼	27 13/16
,, 4 per cent. Guaranteed	101¾	102	102¼
,, 1st Preference	111½	118	118
,, 2nd ,,	101½	111	110¾
,, 3rd ,,	57½	67½	68¼
Bengal and North-West	154½	146	147
Madras Railway 5 per cent.	126	121½	122½
Argentine Great Western Ordinary	124½	114	117½
Buenos Ayres and Pacific	133½	124½	126
,, ,, 1st Preference	113½	115	113
,, ,, 2nd ,,	108¼	107	106½
,, Great Southern	138½	130	124¼
,, Western	137½	125	126
Entre Rios Railway Preference	91	85½	86
Rosario Consolidated Ordinary	110	113	112⅜
Cent. Uruguay Ordinary	86½	90	89
Costa Rica Railway	2¾	27½	28
Mashonaland Railway Debentures, 2nd iss.	—	86	90
Mexican Railway	23	28	36
,, 1st Preference	116½	137	141½
,, 2nd ,,	44½	60½	76
Nitrate Rails	16	16¼	16⅛

Rhodesians Neglected—Banket's Fresh Capital—Tanganyikas Slipping Away.

The Rhodesian market remains in a somewhat lethargic condition, neglected by everybody, and uninteresting in the extreme. Times, of course, are unpropitious, and there is no inclination to do anything but look on passively. A development worth alluding to is the issue of fresh capital by the Banket Company to the extent of 25,000 shares, offered to existing holders at £2 each, which, seeing that the prevailing price of Bankets is just a fraction above that figure, involves no plum. A more favourable time could have been chosen to make the fresh issue than in the existing depression, but apart from that the object of the increase seems very peculiar. The proceeds will be utilised for the purpose of taking up £50,000 working capital shares in the new Company which is to acquire the Eldorado mine, with, it transpires, a capitalisation of £250,000. Another 25,000 working capital shares of the new venture will be offered at par to Banket shareholders. It seems strange, in view of the issues alluded to, that the Directors of the Banket Company should have the effrontery to assert that "the issue now made will provide for the successful flotation of the Eldorado property without cost to your Company; no advertising or underwriting expenses will be incurred." Such a statement seems to be nonsensical and absurd. As regards Tanganyikas, they do not seem to be deriving any benefit from the new issue of convertible debentures. On the contrary, they are slipping back persistently, and the fact that the new debentures are at a discount would seem to imply that they are not being absorbed with any avidity. This is not altogether surprising, because the terms of issue are not too favourable; but if the downward movement is to be continued, Tanganyikas ought soon to become a cheap-looking share. My usual table is appended:—

—	Capitals. Authorised.	Capitals. Shares Issued.	Denom. of Shares.	Amount Paid.	Highest 1905.	Closing Price, Nov. 3, 1906.	Closing Price, Nov. 10. 1906
	£		£				
Bechuanaland Ex.	400,000	400,000	1	f.p.	1 11/32	5/16	5/16
British S. Africa	6,000,000	4,999,038	1	f.p.	15/16	1 1/32	1 1/16
Chicago Gaika	250,000	201,000	1	f.p.	2⅜	4/6	4/-
Globe & Phœnix	200,000	250,000	1	f.p.	1 3/8	1	1
Lomagunda Dev	250,000	228,000	1	f.p.	2 1/16	1⅛	1⅛
Mashon. Agency	400,000	398,976	1	f.p.	1⅜	1/8	1/8
N rth'rn Copper(B.S.A.)	250,000	160,500	1	f.p.	3½	1 3/32	1 1/16
Rhodesia, Ltd.(New)	800,000	500,000	1	f.p.	1	3/16	¼
Rhodesia Expl.	225,000	227,777	1	f.p.	4¾	2¼	2 1/16
Rhodesia Glds.	1,000,000	500,677	1	f.p.	5/16	3/32	1/-
Rice Hamilton	175,000	50,000	1	f.p.	2⅜	1/16	⅛
Selukwe	350,000	321,000	1	f.p.	1 1/8	6/6	7/-
Tanganyika Conc.	264 600	234,000	1	f.p.	6⅜	6 1/4	5 9/16
United Rhodesia	750,000	660,900	1	f.p.	11/3	2/6	2/6
Willoughby Con.	1,000,000	930,000	1	f.p.	1/16	9/-	8/6
Zambesia Explor.	300,000	288,615	1	f.p.	2 1/16	1 1/16	1 1/8

Kaffirs Stronger—Goldfields and "Johnnies" Reports Passing of Dividends—Simmer and Jack—Record Gold Output.

In the beginning of last week Kaffirs exhibited signs of strength, and up to Thursday not a few gains, ranging from ¼ to 1-16, were recorded; but when it was officially reported that both the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa and the Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company had passed their dividends, as can be imagined they would do, prices eased off. In the case of the Gold Fields more particularly, keen disappointment was felt at the decision not to make any distribution, as it was generally expected that a dividend at least equal to that of the previous year would be declared, but the market soon got over it, and the firming-up tendency is once more in evidence. It is evident from the splendid gold output from the Transvaal for October, particulars of which are given below, that the mining industry is making real and substantial strides, and the large profits now being earned by a great number of the mines will admit of the payment of handsome dividends at the end of the year. For these reasons it is not unlikely that there may be some improvement in Kaffirs in the course of the next few weeks, and investors, by exercising a little discrimination, should be able to make some profitable purchases. After the announcement on Thursday that the Company was declaring no dividend for the year ended June 30 last, Consolidated Goldfields shares fell away to 3¾, but on Saturday they recovered a portion of their loss at 3⅞ buyers, although at the close there were sellers at that price. The Company's realised net profit on the year's operations, after deducting debenture interest and all outgoings, shows a balance to credit of £409,470, from which the dividend on the Preference shares, income tax, and French Government taxes has been provided, leaving £323,250, which, added to the sum of £984,688 brought forward, produces £1,307,929. From this the Directors have made provision for depreciation, amounting to £700,000, leaving £607,929 to be carried forward. Situated as the Company over which Lord Harris presides is, the wisdom of the Directors in deciding to husband its resources is not likely to be seriously called into question by the shareholders, welcome as a dividend would doubtless be to them. The market had been expecting a dividend of 3s. or 3s. 6d. per share, but there would probably have been less optimism had the circumstances been fully and carefully considered. The Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa derives its profits very largely from dividends received on investments, chiefly in Rand mining ventures, but owing to the unsatisfactory state of the unskilled labour supply,

Treatise on Options.—Mr. Arthur Crump, late City Editor of the *Times*, described "Options" as "The most scientific and prudent way of operating on the Stock Exchange." This system, although very popular on the Continent and in America, is not so well known amongst Investors here as its merits justify. We have just published a new Treatise ont his subject, which will be sent post free on application to The Secretary, London & Paris Exchange, Ltd., Bankers, Basildon House, Bank, London, E.C., or from any of its Branches.

many of the mines in which the Company is interested are not being worked to their full capacity, while others have not yet been brought to the producing stage. On the one hand the insufficient supply of labour has had the effect of keeping the company's profits far below what they would be under normal conditions, while on the other it has delayed, and in some cases wholly prevented, the development of many mines whose shares, of which the Consolidated Goldfields holds large blocks, have in consequence suffered a very material falling off in value, which has necessitated the writing off of an immense sum for depreciation in investments. The profits for the previous year were £372,243, or approximately £37,000 less than for the twelve months to the end of last June, but for the former period, 1904-1905, the accumulated profits of previous years, in which there was no distribution amongst the shareholders, brought the total available balance up to over £2,000,000, out of which a dividend of 3s. per share was declared, £1,000,000 was transferred to reserve account, and £984,688 was carried forward. As at June 30, 1905, the Company's investments exhibited a further unrealised profit on the prices at which they appeared on the books, it was unnecessary to make any provision for depreciation, whereas for the year ended June 30 last, in consequence of the heavy decline in the value of the shares held by the Company, the Directors have deemed it advisable to provide no less a sum than £700,000 for that purpose. Notwithstanding this, it would have been possible for the Directors out of the available balance to recommend the payment of a dividend, but taking into consideration the unsettled outlook on the Rand as regards unskilled labour, and in view of the Company's liability in respect of Debentures issued by some of its subsidiaries, they very properly decided, until the labour position is assured, to maintain the Corporation in a strong financial condition and to forego the luxury of a distribution. That is a sound attitude to take up in the circumstances, and very little fault is likely to be found with the cautious policy of the directors. As a mining investment the shares of the Simmer and Jack Proprietary—a Company controlled by the Consolidated Gold Fields—appears to be deserving of attention, as at the present price of about 1¼ the yield works out at 8 per cent. This Company is making profits of over £40,000 per month—the amount for October was £41,980—and as it owns the three busy townships of Germiston, East Germiston, and West Germiston, situated in the immediate neighbourhood of its very extensive mining area, and has considerable share holdings in some promising deep-level mines in its vicinity and other interests as well, the future appears to be well assured. Over a million tons of 8-dwt. ore are developed in the Simmer mine. Another controlling Company which has passed its dividend for the year ended June 30 last is the Johannesburg Consolidated Investment, whose balance of profit amounting to £38,780 the directors recommend should be carried forward. This Company absorbed the Barnato Consolidated Mines a year ago when its capital was increased from £2,750,000 to £3,950,000. Here, too, the report shows a severe shrinkage in market values of certain investments, and £379,610 has been written off for depreciation, but it is only fair to add that the value of other of the Company's holdings is largely in excess of the book figures, but no appreciation on this head has been taken into account. This appreciation amounted on June 30 to £480,435. It is quite conceivable that, owing to the acute commercial depression throughout South Africa, financial Companies like the Consolidated Gold Fields and the Johannesburg Consolidated Investment have had fewer opportunities for earning profits. Several mining Companies under the control of the Johannesburg Consolidated, including the New Primrose, Glencairn, New Rietfontein, Ginsberg, Consolidated Langlaagte, and New Unified, show an improvement in their returns for the month of October, and in the case of the first three the increase is considerable. New Primrose and New Rietfonteins pay good dividends, and although both have advanced lately they yield on current market values 11 and 9 per cent. respectively. In Diamonds De Beers have kept steady at 20⅝, and there has been some demand for Frank Smiths, which have risen to 1¼. Premiers at 12¾ are a fraction down. There have been further fluctuations in New Vaal Rivers, which since the account have been as high as 10⅝, and finished at 9¾, after being ½ lower. The gold output of the Transvaal for October was the largest on record, the total being 540,609 oz. of the value of £2,296,371. This is an increase of 35,498 oz. in weight and £150,796 in value, as compared with the September figures, and although the returns include 14,968 oz. of gold reserves of the value of £63,580 declared by A. Goerz and Co., Limited, and the General Mining and Finance Corporation, who have decided not to maintain such reserves in future for the adjustment of the monthly output of the various mining Companies controlled by them, the advance on the previous monthly record is a very substantial one. For October, 1905, the output was 415,527 oz. of the value of £1,765,047, so that the mining industry of the Rand, in spite of many drawbacks, has made great progress in twelve months. Here is my usual table:—

—	High. in 1895.	1905. Highest.	1905. Lowest.	Make-up, Nov. 9, 1906.	Closing Price, Oct. 13, 1906.	Closing Price, Nov. 10, 1906.
Angelo	7⅜	7 1/16	4⅜	2 9/16	2⅞	2 9/16
Anglo-French	7⅜	4⅝	2 9/16	1 1/16	1 7/8	1⅞
Aurora West	3¾	1⅝	9/16	4/6	¼	¼
Buffelsdoorn	—	1	¼	3/-	¼	¼
Bantjes	7⅜	1⅜	1 5/16	5/6	⅜	⅜
City & Suburban (£4)	8	6¼	4¼	3 15/16	3¾	3¾
Cons. Goldfields Def.	19⅝	8½	5 1/16	3¼	3 1/16	3¼
Cons. Main Reef	—	2 1/16	1	13/16	13/16	¾
Crown Reef	12⅞	16	11	8½	9¼	8¾
De Beers Pref.	—	18½	17 11/16	17⅜	17⅝	17⅜
Do. Def.	—	18 1/16	16 1/16	20¼	19⅝	20 7/16
Driefontein	4⅜	5¼	3 5/16	1⅞	1¾	1¾
Durban-Roodepoort	8 15/16	5	3¾	2 15/16	3¼	3
East Rand Ext.	—	3	1¼	¼	⅝	½
East Rands	12	9 11/32	6 9/16	3 3/4	4 1/2	4 5/32
Ferreira	22	25	17½	18¾	19½	19¼
Frank Smith Diamond	—	2¼	1 7/16	1¼	1⅜	1¼
Geduld	—	7¼	4 11/16	2⅜	2⅜	2½
Ginsberg (New)	2½	2⅞	1⅝	3 1/16	1	15/16
Goch (New)	3¾	3¾	1¾	1 1/16	1⅛	1¼
Geldenhuis Estate	7½	5 13/16	3 13/16	3 9/16	3⅞	3 9/16
Glencairn	4⅞	1⅝	⅛	13/16	⅛	⅛
Goerz, A., & Co., Ltd.	—	3⅜	2 3/16	13/16	1 5/16	1 5/16
Henderson	5¾	1 7/8	⅝	9/-	9/6	9/-
Heriot	12½	4¼	3⅜	3	3½	3
Jagersfontein (New)	12	8½	7½	9 7/8	9⅛	9½
Joh. Con. Invest.	6⅞	3 3/32	1 11/16	1⅝	1⅝	1 5/16
Johannesburg Est.	—	1 7/8	1½	1½	1½	1 5/16
,, Goldfields	—	1 7/8	⅝	½	½	3/4
Jubilee	12½	4½	2½	2½	2½	2½
Jumpers	8⅞	2½	1⅝	1⅝	1 1/16	1 1/16
Kaffir Cons.	—	—	—	1 1/16	20/6	20/6
Kleinfontein (New)	6¾	2⅜	1⅝	1⅝	1 15/16	1⅝
Knight's	11½	6 1/8	3¾	3 5/16	3	3¼
Langlaagte, Block "B"	3 3/16	1 1/16	¼	7/16	1/2	7/16
Langlaagte Estate	7½	4 1/16	2¾	2 5/16	2½	2⅜
Langlaagte Exp. & Building	—	2¾	1½	⅝	1	¾
Luipaard's Vlei (New)	2½	2¼	1 3/16	⅛	1	1
May Consolidated	4⅛	4 5/16	2 1/16	2 5/16	2 1/16	2 1/16
Meyer and Charlton	6½	5⅝	4¼	4	4½	4
Modderfontein (£4)	17⅞	11½	6¾	4 11/16	5 3/16	4 7/8
Mozambique	3 1/16	1⅝	1	⅞	⅞	⅞
Nigel	8 1/16	2 5/16	2¼	2 1/16	2 1/16	2 1/16
New African	—	4 5/16	1 5/16	17/6	1/2	7/16
New Comet	4¾	3 5/16	2 3/16	1 5/16	1 1/16	1 5/16
New Rietfontein	6¾	3	1 5/8	2 5/16	2 1/16	2 1/16
Oceana Cons.	1⅝	1 15/16	1 1/16	2 1/16	18/3	19/6
Primrose (New)	8 1/16	3 1/16	2 7/16	3 1/16	2 7/16	3 1/16
Princess Estate	4½	1 1/16	¾	7/16	½	7/16
Rand Mines (5/-)	11⅝	11 1/32	7 1/32	6	6 3/32	6 1/32
Randfontein	4⅝	3¾	2	1 5/16	1 1/16	1 5/16
Randfontein Porges	3½	1¾	1 5/16	1 3/16	1⅝	1⅝
,, Robinson	2 1/16	1⅝	1	1 1/16	1 1/16	1 1/16
,, North	—	2⅛	1⅝	1½	1½	1½
Randfontein Block "A"	—	1 3/16	⅝	¾	¾	13/16
Robinson (£5)	11½	10⅜	8½	7½	7⅝	7½
Roodepoort United	8½	4	2 3/4	1 5/8	1 5/8	1 5/8
S. A. Gold Mines	—	9⅜	5½	2½	2½	2½
S. A. Gold Trust	12 1/2	7 7/16	3 5/8	2 1/16	2 1/16	2 1/8
Simmer and Jack	*8½	2 3/4	1 7/8	1 9/16	1½	1½
South-West Africa	—	16/9	9/6	15/9	14/9	17/-
Transvaal Con. Lands	4⅝	4⅝	2 3/16	2½	2 1/16	2⅛
Transvaal Development	2½	1⅝	1 1/16	12/9	12/3	14/-
Transvaal Exping.	—	10/6	4/6	2/3	2/3	2/6
Transvaal Goldfield	8½	2 3/4	1 5/32	1½	1½	1 5/8
Treasury	5	4½	2 15/16	1½	1½	1½
Van Ryn	11	4⅝	2 15/16	3	3	3 1/16
Village Main Reef	9½	7¼	4	3¾	3 1/16	3 15/16
Violet	—	3 1/16	1½	1	1½	1
Vogelstruis	6⅝	1½	⅝	⅝	⅝	⅝
Welgedacht	—	8½	5	3½	3½	3½
W. Rand Central	—	⅞	⅝	⅝	⅝	⅝
,, (New)	—	2 1/16	1 1/16	⅝	¾	¾
Wolhuter	12	3 3/32	2⅝	2⅝	2 11/16	2⅝

"FINANCE."—A concise weekly record of markets and prices, published by the CENTRAL STOCK EXCHANGE, LTD., 66, Cannon-street, London, E.C. Post free for six months to applicants mentioning this paper.

And here is a record of the monthly output:—

—	1902.	1903.	1904.	1905.	1906.
	Fine. oz.	Fine. oz.	Fine. oz.	Fine. oz.	Fine. oz.
January	70,340	199,279	288,824	369,258	428,638
February	81,405	196,513	289,502	363,811	497,668
March	104,127	217,465	308,242	399,823	443,723
April	119,588	227,871	305,946	399 166	439,243
May	138 602	234,125	314,480	416,395	461,202
June	142,780	238,320	308,219	412,317	475,975
July	149,179	251,643	307,840	419,505	491,793
August	162,750	271,918	312,277	428,581	509,115
September	170,802	276,197	312,286	416,487	505,111
October	181,439	284,544	325,625	415,527	510,609
November	187,375	279,813	336,167	424,757	—
December	196,023	286,061	362,264	431,594	—
Total	1,704,410	2,963,749	3,776,621*	4,897,221	4,703,077

* Includes 7,949 oz. or £33,766 not declared in year.

This statement shows the value of the gold obtained:—

—	1902.	1903.	1904.	1905.	1906.
	£	£	£	£	£
January	298,786	816,489	1,226,846	1,568,508	1,820,739
February	345,782	834,739	1,229,726	1,545,371	1,731 664
March	442,303	923,739	1,309,329	1,698,340	1,884,815
April	507,980	967,936	1,299,576	1,695,550	1,865,785
May	588,746	994 505	1,335,826	1,768,734	1,959,062
June	606,493	1,012,322	1,309,231	1,751,412	2,021,813
July	663,674	1,068,917	1,307,621	1,781,944	2,089,004
August	691,322	1,155,039	1,326,468	1,820,496	2,162,583
September	725,522	1,173,211	1,326,506	1,769.124	2,145,575
October	770,706	1,208,669	1,383,167	1,765,047	2,296,371
November	795 922	1,188,571	1,427 947	1,804 253	—
December	832,652	1,215,110	1,538,800	1,833,295	—
Totals	7,269,888	12,589,247	16,054,909	20,802,074	19,977,411

The following are the contributions of the individual Companies:—

—	April.	May.	June	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.
	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.
Angelo (110; 105)	9,980	11,708	10,823	11,524	12,307	12,212	11,865
Bonanza (55; 55)	4,256	3,977	3,867	3,426	3,022	2,454	2,608
City and Sub'n (160; 160)	9,339	9,565	9,537	9,864	10,219	9,883	—
Cons. Main Rf. (120;110)	6,122	6,398	6,174	6,397	6,681	6,272	6,510
Crown Deep (200; 185)	11,342	11,382	10,785	10,684	11,435	11,139	11 745
Crown Reef (120; 120)	10,728	10,976	10 553	10,596	10,668	10,527	10.424
Driefontein (220; 160)	5,993	6,444	6,211	6,452	6,144	6,486	6,964
Durban-R'dep'rt (80; 80)	4,199	4,298	4,362	4,393	4,495	4,666	4,637
Do. Deep (60; 60)	3,709	3,885	3,741	3,811	3,859	3,733	3,880
Ferreira (150; 120)	12,715	13,033	12 894	12,932	13,113	12,931	13,256
Ferreira Deep (100; 120)	12,279	12 462	12,386	12,413	12,743	12,736	13,257
French Rand (120; 115)	5,820	6,191	6,410	6,257	6,752	6,353	6,124
G'ld'nhuis Dp. (200; 200)	9,393	9,708	9,224	9,679	10,009	10,230	10.049
Geldenhuis E. (120; 115)	6,996	7,185	7,102	7,223	7,281	7,193	7,873
Ginsberg (60; 60)	2,949	2,402	2,196	2,302	2,464	2,339	2,396
Glencairn (160; 100)	3,836	3,928	4,095	4,265	4,539	4,624	5,272
Glen Deep (100; 100)	6,136	6,801	6,830	7,092	7,172	6,766	6,953
Heriot (80; 70)	3.756	3,816	3,845	3,889	4,335	4,281	4,624
Jumpers (100; 80)	4,393	4,720	4,967	5,050	4,996	5,142	5,360
Jumpers Deep (100; 100)	5 331	6,141	6,147	6,510	6,856	6,491	6,912
Knight's Deep (300; 100)	7,620	7,988	8 933	9,838	9,890	10,609	11,247
Lancaster (100; 90)	4,230	4,758	4,160	4,621	4,641	4,478	4,555
Lancaster West (40; 40)	2,111	2,042	2,034	2,116	2,185	2,108	2,170
Langlaagte Dp (120; 120)	6,694	7,782	7,443	7,673	7,975	7,680	8,981
Langl'gte Est. (200; 180)	9,250	9,500	9,221	9,255	9,300	9,323	9,798
May Consldtd. (100; 100)	5,906	5,908	5,895	5,839	5,944	5,866	5,825
Meyer & Ch'lton (80; 65)	4 853	5 266	5,226	5,612	5,895	5,965	—
New Comet (115)	6,596	7,297	6,836	7,422	7,498	7,747	8,129
New Goch (60; 60)	5,900	6,896	7,148	7,385	7,198	6,951	—
New M dd'rf'nt'n (60; 60)	4,157	4,276	4,092	5,513	6,094	6,290	6,618
New Primrose (160; 120)	6,738	7 378	7,256	7,354	7,544	7,232	7,768
New Unified M.R. (60; 60)	3,405	2,436	2,255	2,623	2,787	2,566	2,717
Nigel (50; 50)	3,679	3,624	4,123	3,834	3,816	3,799	3,798
Nourse Mines (180; —)	11,324	11,945	11,866	11,814	11,904	11,688	12,279
Robinson (200; 210)	19,711	19,544	20,312	20,563	21,414	21,043	21,472
Robinson Cent. Deep (150; 90)	10,710	11,025	10,914	11,148	11,034	10,848	11,093
Robinson Deep (200; 200)	15,251	15,623	15,586	15,677	16,473	16,768	17,574
Robinson Randfontein (100; 100)	5,750	5,827	5,70	5,785	6,012	5,921	5,904
Roodepoort Cent. Deep (50; 50)	5,697	3,113	3,147	3,219	3,169	3,155	3,245
Roodepoort United Mn. Reef (110; 65)	4,356	4,649	4,483	4,642	4,507	4,078	—
Rose Deep (200)	8.353	8,821	9,504	9,580	9.551	9,696	10,154
Simmer & Jack (320)	19,814	20,104	20,013	21,109	23,110	22,853	23,579
Sth. R'ndf'nt'n (100; 90)	6,000	5,937	5,923	5,879	5,895	5,696	5,737
Transvaal Gold Mining Estates (80; 70)	3,887	4,075	3,883	4,120	4,495	4,381	4,452
Treasury (60; 55)	2,242	2,696	2,830	2,746	2,783	2,761	2,841
Van Ryn (160; 160)	8,520	9,163	9,392	10,413	10,135	9,640	—
Village Mn.Rf. (160)	13,444	14,184	14,172	14,342	14,959	14.571	15,460
Wolhuter (100; 100)	5,728	5,868	6,260	6,401	6,063	6,200	6,666

Westralians Quiet—Kalgurlis Prominent—Associated Development Unsatisfactory—South Kalgurlis—Deep Leads.

While it is scarcely possible to chronicle any material expansion of business in Westralians, the market, though quiet, is rather interesting as a whole. The upward movement in Kalgurlis, for instance, is still in progress, a gentle stimulus being given by further satisfactory advices from the property. At the 1,150 feet level it appears that the reef has given an assay value of 26 dwts. for a distance of 21 feet, which seems very promising, especially when regarded in conjunction with the fact that the mine generally is developing in a distinctly satisfactory manner. The monthly returns, I may repeat, seem to indicate that the profits are at the rate of over £240,000 per annum, on a capitalisation of £120,000 in £1 shares, so that there is some justification for the hopes of a quarterly dividend of 10s. per share in the near future. The last two distributions were at the rate of 7s. 6d. per share, and upon any temporary reaction I would consider them a fairly attractive purchase. As regards Associated, these shares are gradually settling down to a more normal level owing to the continued disappointing results given by the Iron Duke lode. It will be remembered that the price was rather unduly inflated by the fantastic estimates of the potentialities of this rather illusory ore body, which so far have proved desperately wide of the mark. Indeed, the results are frankly disappointing, and there are no indications of any improvement in the latest development report. In these circumstances it is only natural perhaps that the shares which were run up to almost 3½ last year should now be hovering a little above 1. On the basis of the last distribution the shares are not too cheap, even at this lower figure, but some allowance must, of course, be made for the possibilities of the Iron Duke lode opening up better, and in view of this I would consider Associated as a tolerably interesting gamble. In connection with the decision to reduce the monthly output of the South Kalgurli from £14,000 to about £12,500 monthly, the Board has made a statement vindicating the policy. All the development work, it appears, has been confined to the upper levels, but the main shaft will reach 1,500 feet at any time now, and development work there towards the lode at that depth and also in the intermediate levels will be pushed forward vigorously. The explanation seems satisfactory enough, and the directors point out that the falling off in the ore reserves need not cause any anxiety. Even on the reduced output the profits are just under £39,000 per annum. Satisfactory news has been received concerning the operations of the Loddon Valley, but deep lead shares are not very prominent. Should the results obtained by this venture prove satisfactory it is safe to say that the shares, which are a gamble, will respond. My table follows:—

—	1900 High.	1905.		Make-up, Oct. 23, 1906.	Closing Price, Nov. 3, 1906.	Closing Price, Nov. 10, 1906.
		High.	Lowest.			
Associated G.M.	7⅛	8¾	1⅝	1½	1½	1⅛
Assoc. Nth. Blocks	3⅜	1 7/16	1 5/16	1½	1⅜	1½
Brownhill Ext.	3¼	15/16	7/6	7/-	6/3	6/3
Cosmopolitan	30/3	¼	4/3	4/-	5/3	5/-
Golden Horseshoe	15	8 3/16	5⅛	5⅝	5 13/16	5⅝
Great Boulder Prop.	37/6	25/6	27/6	26/6	26/3	26/3
Do. Perseverance	13½	16/6	10/3	9/-	8/3	8/3
Gt. Fingall Cons.	6⅛	8⅝	3½	3 3/16	2⅞	2 15/16
Hainault	1⅞	1 1/16	1 1/16	1 1/16	1 1/16	1⅛
Ivanhoe (£5)	15½	8 1/16	6 5/16	6⅛	6⅛	6⅛
Ivanhoe South Extnd.	4⅜	¾	⅜	⅜	⅜	⅜
Kalgurli	9⅛	9¾	11 1/16	11⅛	11 13/16	11¾
Lake View Consols	5⅜	1⅞	¾	29/32	¾	1
L. & W. A. Exploration	1 1/16	15/6	9/-	11/-	—	—
Oroya Brownhill	—	3 23/32	2⅜	2 11/16	2 13/16	2 13/16
Sons of Gwalia	6⅛	2 5/16	1 1/16	1 1/16	1 1/16	1 1/16
South Kalgurli	6½	2	1 1/16	1⅛	1 3/16	1⅛

West Africans Stagnant—Coppers Still in Favour—Broken Hills Strong.

The West African market is still in a heavy comatose condition, reflected by even the insiders and utterly devoid of a semblance of interest anywhere. The affliction that has gripped the Jungle for so long would seem to be becoming chronic, and it is hardly calculated to inspire those who profess to believe that the market has a future. As regards Copper shares, they are still responding to the strong position of the metal. Though the price is rather lower than at the time of the recent spasm, it is still high, and, in view of the fact that production is scarcely adequate for the current consumptive capacity of the world, and that the majority of the leading mines have sold their output for months to come, a maintenance of prices is almost assured. With

the margin of profit very large, the profit-earning capacity of the mines must be consequently very much greater, which is an important consideration in relation to dividend possibilities. With regard to Arizona, the Preferred Ordinary shares of which I have recently drawn attention to, the output for October is 1,174 tons, against 1,036 tons for September. The mine, it may be remembered, is still suffering from a shortage of labour, but this difficulty is being gradually surmounted, and before long the production ought to show a material expansion. Even as it is, the profits earned are very considerable, the fact that the copper is sold as it is produced giving the mine the full benefit of the high prices prevailing. Broken Hill shares continue the centre of considerable interest, more especially on the part of the Colony, the advancing prices of the metals being a stimulating influence. Silver more than maintains its advance, and lead and spelter are both high, so that the mines ought to be earning increased profits. The Broken Hill South has reported promising developments, which have brought about a considerable rise, and South Blocks, its neighbour, has also benefited from this. It may be remembered that the Lake View has an important interest in the South Blocks, amounting to 58,500 shares and an option of over 10,000 more, irrespective of the 31,500 shares sold, and it is expected that the property will reach the productive stage within another three months. The Lake Copper Proprietary Company, whose shares have been active of late, has a promising outlook, and its shares might be bought. The capital is £300,000 in £1 shares entitled to a Preferential dividend of 10 per cent. in each year, and 75 per cent. of the surplus profits, and 40,000 Deferred shares of 1s. each, entitled to 25 per cent. of the surplus profits after payment of a dividend of 10 per cent. in each year on the Ordinary shares. Issued: 220,000 Ordinary shares and 40,000 Deferred shares. The Company has acquired the share capital of the Swedish Company owning eighty-three mining leases, about 800 acres, and very extensive freehold lands and timber properties at Stora Strand and at Vingnäs in the south-western part of Sweden, about ninety miles north of Gothenburg. The mines are very easily accessible by rail and water. Freights are very low. Labour is plentiful and cheap. Timber is abundant on the properties. Ample supply of electric power is available at very cheap rates. Taking a conservative estimate, the cost of the production will not exceed about £42 per ton of copper, and, relying only on an extraction of 2½ per cent. of copper per ton of ore, a daily output of 600 tons of ore would, at the price of copper of £85 per ton, yield a yearly profit of more than £200,000.

—	Denomination of Shares.	Closing Price, Oct. 26.	Closing Price, Nov. 10.
	£		
Ashanti Goldfields	4/-	12/6	12/6
Akrokerri	1	1/16	7/8
Bibiani Goldfields	1	3/4	11/16
British Gold Coast	1	5/8	5/8
Gold Coast Amalgamated Mines	1	1 11/16	1 13/16
Taquah and Abosso	1	1¼	1 15/16
Wassau (Gold Coast)	1	¾	⅞
Egyptian Mines and Exploration	1	3/6	3/6
Nile Valley	1	5/-	5/-
Anaconda Copper	$25	13 13/16	13 3/4
Balaghat Gold	1	27/6	26/6
Broken Hill Proprietary	8/-	4⅝	5 3/16
Cape Copper	1	6⅞	7⅛
Champion Reef	2/6	12/6	12/-
Le Roi	5	1⅝	1⅝
Mysore Gold	10/-	6 1/16	6
Nundydroog	10/-	25/6	25/6
Ooregum	10/-	14/-	13/6
Rio Tinto	5	75¼	74½
Tharsis Sulphur and Copper	2	7⅜	7⅞
Waihi Gold	1	8 9/16	8½

"A Fool and His Money."

There is an individual in Moorgate-street, E.C., who calls himself "Charles and Co." I have received a number of complaints against him during the last few months, but the unfortunate thing about these is that they might easily and quickly have been avoided had the people concerned only read their Truth regularly. It must be more than two years since I drew attention to "Charles," who later added "and Co., Limited," to his name, and I have a very nice little sheaf of letters dealing with his treatment of various unhappy victims. I have not much patience with the people who, in face of all the warnings they receive from this journal and from others, throw their money away; but so long as the police will not take action, the best that I can do in the interests of my readers is to go on warning them of the inadvisability of dealing with these loud-mouthed gentry. Concerning "Charles and Co.," a correspondent writes to me:—

> I presume the humbug is the usual one. First, a quantity of circulars and tips, which I carefully threw away; at last, a very tempting one, and I fell. I took the precaution of writing and asking how long the shares would remain open, and received the answer by telegram and letter that "there was no limit to the time the shares might remain open, and that my liability was limited to the amount originally sent." I then forwarded them £25 to "secure" 250 Oroya-Brownhills at 3. I did not gather that the remarks quoted above could mean that Charles and Co. would compulsorily close the account, if the shares depreciated ever so little, but thought I could hold them without extra payment till the shares recovered, or, at any rate, till the dividend about which Charles talked so much was paid. Of course, the inevitable happened: the shares went down a trifle, more than 2s. per share of cover money, and then came lengthy telegrams from Charles urging me to send them £25 more so as to keep the account open. I managed without sending them any more money to keep the shares open till the 26th inst., when at last they did close the account, and, as was only natural, from the nature of the transaction, I lost my £25, and am wiser!

For my part, I do not see what else my correspondent could have hoped to expect.

Another misleading circular sent out by Charles and Co. has been passed on to me by the recipient, who is a lady—the customary object of the bucket-shop keeper's attention. It deals with Rio Tintos, and it says, among other things:—

> The substantial dividend of fifty shillings per share will shortly be distributed on Rio Tinto, and by making an early purchase you will procure same. There is not the slightest doubt on this point, because the dividend has been declared, and will be paid. You can secure 25 shares with an investment of £18 15s., which amount is returnable to you with a gain when you sell out. The dividend on the 25 shares will amount to £62 10s., and consequently you need only sell out at the same price as that at which you purchase, in order to assure a return of £81 5s. Your liability will be limited to the £18 15s., and you will not be called upon to pay any further amount. You can close the transaction at any time you please, and receive full settlement in course of post.

The deception in a transaction of this sort ought to be obvious, but unfortunately it is not always so. The fact is that you get the dividend; then the market sees "nothing more to go for at the moment," and the price recedes. It is more than absurd—it is a criminal offence—to suggest that in the circumstances the buyer of the shares comes out with the dividend as a sort of perquisite for himself.

Books for Investors.

Many changes have occurred in South African mining operations since the Third Edition of the *Statist's* "Mines of the Transvaal" was issued in April, 1904. Numerous consolidations of properties have been effected, issues of capital have been made both for old Companies and for fresh undertakings, new areas have been exploited and more or less developed, and policy has been modified in respect of milling operations as a consequence of increase in the size of the mills and resort to accessory plant, including tube mills, increase in the duty of stamps, etc. These have been salient features that make the Fourth Edition an up-to-date volume, valuable for reference as to what the Companies have been doing in the recent past and how they stand now. In the new edition very considerable modifications have had to be made in the estimates of lives of gold mines, for the change in the mill policy has, in respect of a great number of Companies, completely altered the outlook as to the number of years the mine will take to exhaust its ore contents. Additional detail has, in many cases, been provided in regard to the ore reserves brought into sight, in especial as to what proportion of those reserves are of good-grade and what of low-grade ore of various reefs. Another additional feature of interest in the new edition is the more complete information afforded than in prior editions as to the quantity of ore that is sorted. Results up to August 1906 inclusive, with prior results over a series of years, are given, and there are shown the number of stamps

working, the tons crushed, percentage of sorting, value of gross yield, expenses and profit as to amount and per ton crushed.

Two very excellent brochures have been prepared by Mr. D. O. Croal, F.S.S., and they are published by Effingham Wilson, 54, Threadneedle-street, E.C. One deals with the Canadian Pacific Railway, about which Mr. Croal says, among other things:—

> The best previous year in respect of growth of net earnings was 1897, when the profit increased over $2,000,000. But excluding the increase in June, the figures of which are not yet to hand, in the eleven months ending May 31, 1906, the net earnings increased over $7,000,000. That is to say, assuming that as much as $1,000,000 is required for new charges and Preference dividend, which is an excessive allowance, the Company is now earning 11 per cent. on its increased Ordinary share capital. The knowledge that the shareholders will obtain the benefit of this prosperity in the form either of an increased dividend, or a bonus similar to that they received in March last, or both, may well be held to justify the most sanguine views respecting the future market prospects of Canadian Pacific Common Stock.

I may perhaps be permitted to remind my readers that Canadian Pacifics were recommended as a purchase in these columns when they stood at 112-120, and that they have been regarded by me ever since as a highly desirable investment. They ought to be good for an advance of $20 or $30 during the next few months, and in the long run it seems to me that they will rise at least 100 per cent., even on the present basis.

On the subject of American railways Mr. Croal is quite optimistic. He says that

> Each annual report, each monthly working statement, each weekly traffic return that appears bears testimony to the continued growth of earnings. As regards the market, buying movements appear to revive on every decline and on every improvement in the monetary situation. That each outburst of strength is artificially brought about to enable the holders of big accumulations of stocks to realise is an article of faith in many quarters, and this view may be correct.
>
> If that be the programme of the market leaders it must at least be admitted, in the light of the figures already adduced, that they are not seeking to foist on the public gambling counters whose prices capitalise prospects alone, but stocks which have been built up into remunerative securities. Like the best of stocks they must be subject to constant fluctuation with the variation of market and monetary conditions, but the handsome dividends now paid and the substantial reserves of undistributed profits still retained, give to American railroad stocks a power of resistance to transitory influences which they were not wont to possess.

Messrs. Wise, Speke and Company, of Newcastle, have kindly sent me a copy of their manual on "Canada and Canadian Securities," which has been compiled for the benefit of clients, and I am indebted to them for the courtesy. The world is only just awakening to the stupendous resources and possibilities of this Empire of the North. "Within the next forty years will be built up a nation that will rival the United States, and a nation that will be able to furnish the entire world with bread." The Dominion covers 3,614,000 square miles, or in area one-twelfth of the whole land surface of the earth. At least one-fourth is possible of cultivation, another one-fourth is rich in timber and mineral resources, while the remainder is still the great game and fur storehouse of the world. It is stated on the authority of the Minister of the Interior of Canada that the increase of capital in the West, as the direct result of the rise in land values during the last few years alone, is approximately $400,000,000 (£80,000,000).

Insurance Notes—Policy Conditions—Guaranteed Surrender Values—Endowment Assurance Bonuses—Terms for Annuities.

Very frequently insurance Companies request policy-holders to read their policies; sometimes these are sensibly worded and commendably brief, but more frequently they contain numerous conditions, principally in very small type, which few people read, and still fewer understand. There is at least one Company which adopts, or at least, formerly adopted, the reprehensible practice of writing a special policy for each policy-holder. If a man knew anything about the subject he could obtain a policy with fairly liberal conditions, but if he gave the officials the idea that he was ignorant of the subject, the character of his policy was such as to render it void in the event of all sorts of probable contingencies. Such a state of things as this is quite exceptional, but there is much room for improvement in the forms and conditions of policies. This remark applies to all forms of insurance, but for the moment I must limit my comments to some of the conditions of life policies which are of most importance to policy-holders. I have from time to time called attention to the inadequate surrender values given by many offices, accompanying my adverse criticisms by the statement that some Companies give liberal values and deal with the matter in a way which leaves nothing to be desired. Quite apart from the question as to whether the amounts of surrender values are large or small, it is most important to a policy-holder that they should be specifically stated and guaranteed in the policy. The most modern practice, which has a great deal to recommend it, is to include in the policy a schedule of guarantees for each year of policy duration; this makes perfectly clear how much the policy can be sold for in cash; how much can be borrowed upon it, and the rate of interest to be paid; what amount of paid-up insurance can be substituted for the full sum assured under the original policy if the payment of premiums is discontinued, and, in many cases, the length of time for which the assurance remains in force for the full amount without further payment of premiums. When we consider the very large number of people who are forced to surrender their policies or to borrow upon them, or who, for a variety of reasons, do not wish to continue paying premiums, it is most important that such conditions of a financial contract should be clearly stated. Especially when life policies are used as collateral security, definite guarantees are of great value. Of course, when the policy participates in profits no guarantee can be given as to the amount of the bonuses. But it should be clearly stated what the cash values are for, say each £10 of bonus additions to the sum assured. I strongly advise my readers, when taking out a policy, to insist upon full particulars of this kind being given, and being made part of the contract. Some Companies would refuse to do this, while others with whom it is not the usual practice would comply with the request rather than lose the business. It is more than probable that any office which refused so reasonable a demand, would not be so advantageous for the policy-holder in other respects as the Companies which give such guarantees.

This question of improved policy conditions and practice on the part of the insurance offices is not merely of importance to individual policy-holders, but it is a matter which has a distinct bearing upon the improvement of life assurance as a whole. Many Companies will not make changes which have been introduced by the progressive competitors unless compelled to do so by their customers. This is true of many other features besides surrender values and the actual wording of the policy. Endowment assurances long offered a field for illiberal conditions. If a man of forty took a policy maturing at age sixty, or at previous death, some Companies would only ask him to pay twenty premiums, while others demanded twenty-one premiums. When attention was called to this in the press, and the Companies adopting the latter practice were starred in certain books of reference, the custom of charging twenty-one premiums quickly disappeared; an agent only had to point out that his Company only asked for twenty premiums, while the rival office wanted twenty-one, in order to get the business in the majority of cases. There are two other points in connection with endowment assurances exhibiting differences of practice and requiring alteration on the part of some of the Companies. These policies frequently mature at some selected age, such as fifty-five or sixty; some offices pay the sum assured to the survivor on reaching a specified birthday, while others pay it on the anniversary of the date of issue. Thus a man of forty born on June 30, and effecting his assurance on the 1st of the preceding January, would, under the former system, receive the sum assured six months later than he would under the latter plan. A small financial gain results to the Company by delaying the payment, and to the individual policy-holder it is frequently a disappointment to find that he has to wait six months longer than he

expected for his money. Another variety of practice which it is worth while for a policy-holder to give heed to concerns the bonuses on an endowment policy which matures by survivance between one valuation and the next. In such circumstances some Companies give an annual bonus at the full rate declared at the previous valuation—let us say £2 per cent. per annum—while other Companies only give an interim bonus at a lower rate—let us say 30s. per cent. per annum. In such cases, if a policy for £1,000 matured in the fourth year of a quinquennial valuation period the bonus for the four years since the previous valuation would be £80 in the one case and £60 in the other. Other things being equal, the policy-holder who ignores this point in effecting his assurance, throws away £20 on a policy for £1,000.

Somewhat kindred variations are met with in connection with life annuities. For the most part the rates of annuity given for each £100 of purchase-money imply the total amount paid in one year by half-yearly instalments. In some cases the annual payments are quoted, which are invariably larger than the two half-yearly payments made by the same Company. On the other hand, the sum of four quarterly payments is sometimes given, and this is of necessity less than the sum of two half-yearly payments. Since in the choice of a Company from which to buy an annuity there is nothing to be considered beyond the security of the Company and the amount of the annuity, it is well for annuitants in their own interests to see that they are comparing the terms of the different offices on the same basis. There is a further distinction to which attention should be paid. Let us suppose that the annuity is payable half-yearly on January 1 and July 1. If a man dies on June 30, some offices will pay his estate the annuity for the six months which have elapsed since the last payment; in technical language, they pay a "proportional part" of the annuity to the time of his death. Other Companies pay nothing after the last date on which the regular payment fell due; especially at the older ages, when the amount of the annuity is large in comparison with the purchase price, it is important to consider whether or not this proportional part up to the time of death is, or is not, payable.

There are many other points in life assurance practice to which from time to time I propose to call attention. I am far from saying that even the most illiberal and old-fashioned conditions are devoid of justification, but since my point of view is entirely that of the welfare of the policy-holder, I feel bound to point out the advisability of taking these variations in account in order that the assured or the annuitant may make the best possible bargain. It is much to be desired that the insurance Companies, through the Life Office Committee or in other ways, should agree to uniformity of practice in regard to such points as I have mentioned, but failing some understanding of this kind, the public would best consult their own interests by choosing Companies in which—other things being equal—the policy conditions are the most liberal. Let me add that, as a general rule, the Companies which give the best terms in regard to rates and bonuses are those which give the most generous conditions. These concessions cost money, and can be most easily granted by those Companies whose profits are the largest, and whose security is greatest.

New Issue.

The following prospectus has been issued:—

The Landaulette Motor Cab, Limited.—Capital, £75,000, in £1 shares. Present issue, 70,000 shares, the whole of which, with the exception of the amounts payable for preliminary expenses, will be available for working expenses. The Company, according to the prospectus, has been formed to take over the benefit of a contract with the Farman Automobile Company, Limited, whereby the latter undertake to supply, at the rate of twelve a month, at the price of £300 each, up to 150 of their "Mascot" cars of a design specially suitable for cabs for public and private hire, and also to take over the benefit of an option to take a lease of premises at Caroline Place, Fulham Cross. It seems to me that we already have more than a sufficiency of motor concerns in London, and that until definite returns from all the companies are received, new shares had better be avoided.

"Truth" Letter Box.

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" reply by post.

Name and address, which must accompany all inquiries, should be written on the communication; cards are apt to be lost or misplaced, causing unnecessary trouble.

Anonymous letters will not in any case be attended to.

I cannot reply to inquiries by letter or telegram.

A nom-de-plume or initials (the former preferably) should be given if it is desired that the real name shall not appear in the paper.

Inquiries should be put as briefly as possible, plainly written, and numbered.

Communications received after Friday may not be replied to in the following issue. Delay may also occur where an exceptionally long list of securities is submitted.

I do not recommend brokers.

Railways.

Meldon.—Your best plan would be to hold on, because the bonds are pretty safe for an appreciation. *Spero.*—It is not usual to charge a higher rate than the price quoted in the Official List, and if your broker has done this you have got an easy remedy against him. *Milan.*—The price charged by the broker was fair. *Hong Kong.*—1. You could scarcely improve, in the circumstances, upon Grand Trunk Third Preference, Brighton Deferred, and B.A. Pacifics. If you have enough Grand Trunk Thirds, put a little into the Ordinary stock. 2. Denvers are a good purchase provided you can take them up and put them away for a time. 3. I should prefer Chinese Fives or one of the Japanese issues. *Malwa.*—Canadian Pacifics are the better of the two. *Cairo.*—Dominion Atlantic Debentures are a good investment. *Marietta.*—1. The three stocks you name make good investments. There is not likely to be much fluctuation in price. 2. If you will look on the front page of Truth you will find where communications will reach me. *Martin.*—Put the money into North-Westerns.

Mines.

Magister.—Neither concern is known in this country. *J. H. R.*—The game may be to reduce the price of the shares in order to get present holders out, but of that I can say nothing definitely. In the circumstances the best thing would be to sell out. There are no philanthropists in that particular crowd. The South African might be avoided with advantage. *Enkle.*—You will find Lake Coppers a very hopeful speculation. *L. G. P.*—Kaffirs are well worth holding, provided you can hold on until conditions mend in the market. *Roldas.*—The shares will give you a profit if you can hold on to them until conditions in the market improve. *Moo, Nantwich.*—I have not a high opinion of the prospects of the property. *Medico.*—I think you might hold Hendersons, Langlaagte Block B, Wolhuter, and Shansis for a better market. *H. J.*—I cannot undertake to say to what price the shares will rise, and it is unreasonable on your part to ask the question. You might convert into Hainaults or Loddon Valleys. *S. C., Plymouth.*—Keep the shares for the present. *Contract.*—1. The life of the mine is a short one, but there are considerable possibilities in connection with the deep level ground. 2. I do not think highly of the concern. *Morel.*—1. The remarks apply to all the shares of the East Rand Proprietary group. 2. I cannot give you the assurance that all the Companies in the group will pay dividends for the forthcoming half-year. 3. Angelos and Casons are good to buy. 4. The mine has a life of about nine years. 5. The mine will be worked out in about eight years, but it has to be remembered that the Company has other and considerable interests. *Beta, Grimsby.*—1. The shares are worth holding as a gamble. 2-3,—Both are good purchases. *Boscome.*—1. Let it go. 2. Simply a gamble. 3. Boulder Deep Leads are a very fair purchase, but not, of course, devoid of speculation. *Ibi.*—Randfonteins are the better of the two. *Solus.*—The shares are not worth buying because the mine is practically played out.

Mixed Securities.

Ignorant, Colchester.—1. The shares might be bought, if you can afford to pay for them outright and put them away for better conditions in the Kaffir market. 2. The record of the office is a good one. 3. Associated Newspapers Preference shares are a reasonably safe purchase. *Suez.*—The only one of those suggested which I can recommend is Zinc Corporations. *St. Issells.*—1. So far as I can ascertain, the company has not much of a future. 2. I do not hear that the syndicate is doing anything. 3. A very fair holding. *Irex.*—The investments are good. *Nervous.*—Nos. 1, 2, and 3 are good, the others are speculative. *Kobe.*—1. Both the bonds are good for a recovery, and should not be sold now. There is no question about receiving your dividends. The shares are not worth holding. The Company is in liquidation. *Bayswater.*—1. The South Africans will give you a profit if you can afford to hold on. 2. Deccans are hopeful. 3. Colombia Railway Ordinary shares are a reasonably attractive gamble, but they cannot be regarded as anything else. *E. R., Waterford.*—1. Rand Mines and Randfonteins are to be preferred. 2. Try Coats. 3. Both are reliable, I believe. *Derwent.*—1. I am not particularly partial to the bonds of defauting South American States. The bonds are quoted at 48. It is quite improbable that the arrangements will be carried out. 2. All three are good. *Youthful.*—1. The South African will give you a profit if you care and can afford to wait for a

recovery. 2. Fine Spinners Ordinary are a decent speculation. 3. I think you might hold for 7s. 6d. 4. Grand Trunk Ordinary. *Nigeria.*—All six securities are worth keeping. *Middleton.*—1. There is not much to choose between the two. 2. I should not sell the Japanese at present. 3. Grand Trunk Third Preference stock makes a very good purchase. 4. Hold on.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Catskin, Wiltshire.—I cannot recommend them. *Marietta.*—They would make a promising investment. *Furnessia.*—Hold No. 1 and 2, and also Eastern Telegraphs, and the other might improve with Kaffirs. *Coles.*—They ought to be held. Ignore the advice in question. 2. They may pay a dividend within a few years. Hold on. *Primus.*—1. I would recommend you to leave them alone. 2. A promising speculative purchase, and cheap at the present price. 3. They would be attractive at a much lower figure as a gamble. *Scat.*—Paid 35 per cent. as against 40 per cent. for 1903-4. Dividend due any time now. Yield at current price about 7 per cent. 3. The Motor shares are tolerably attractive. The Brewerys might be held for a possible change of sentiment. *Hukeem.*—Study some recognised work on insurance. *Herrera, Lahore.*—Leave Cunliffe, Russell and Co., of Paris, and the other concern, severely alone. They charge exorbitantly for the bonds. *C. W. Plowman.*—You should have examined the policy before accepting it. Better fight the matter out at once. *Luso.*—A fairly good selection of industrials. Leave the Bank alone. *Toros.*—They make a fair holding. *K. Moss.*—See rules above governing Letter-Box. Leave the concern alone. *Baylor.*—You would be well advised not to entrust the so-called bank with your money. The high interest offered is not compatible with security. *Jessop.*—The best thing to do is to see how the new scheme works. It may possibly rejuvenate the concern to a trifling extent. *Nosnibor.*—Would favour the home office. *Beacon, Penrith.*—Your cover evidently ran out, in which case you cannot claim anything. *A. H. B.*—Your inference is not altogether correct. *Point de Galle.*—You might do best by holding on to all for better market conditions. *Collett.*—It is a Government lottery. No London agents that I am aware of. Try N. Keizer and Co., 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C. See rules to Letter-Box. *Motor.*—You might hold, but at the same time, the industry being in its infancy, the outlook is uncertain. *Central India.*—I regret my inability to advise you. The concern is not known in this country. *Felixmas.*—Brewery stocks are depressed because of the fear of further adverse legislation, and you had better wait for more propitious times before realising. *W. R., Liverpool.*—The concern is one which could be profitably avoided. If you cannot get any return face the loss. *Anxious Widow.*—I would strongly advise you not to have anything to do with the Society. *Plenior.*—Hold on for a recovery in the near future. *Automobilist.*—Your conclusions seem probable. Why not communicate with such a paper? *Nicois.*—Unreliable, and ought to be left alone. *Dubious.*—Would strongly recommend you to leave the so-called Bank alone. With such high interest you cannot expect security. *'Varsity.*—It is not a concern I would recommend. *A. E. Abbott.*—If there is a surrender value take it. Cut your loss. *Frome.*—Many thanks for lottery circular. *St. Martha.*—Not safe. Last page of cover. *Humpy.*—It would be best to hold for a recovery in the early future. *F. R., Worcester.*—Apollinaris Ordinary giving about 7¼ per cent. are fairly attractive of this class, but even at the low price prevailing, British Tea Tables do not appear too cheap. *Simon.*—1. In the circumstances you had better cut the loss. 2. Would advise you to leave Martin Bull alone. *E. G. A.*—Please send me the documents, and I can judge.

INDUSTRIALS QUIET — ANGLO "A" AGAIN PROMINENT—TELEGRAPHS — NITRATE RESULTS GOOD—CYCLE BOOM SUBSIDING—ARGYLLS — TRUST STOCKS—DORMAN LONG'S RECOVERY.

In relation to the Industrial market the Board of Trade returns are of the greatest significance. The latest figures indicate a further expansion in the trade prosperity of the country, but they are without any palpable effect. There is no growth of public interest in the market in spite of this and the fact that values are at a relatively low level. It is true, of course, that the Labour question is not so clear as it might be, but the general impression is that the outlook in this respect is not by any means gloomy. In point of interest the revival of the gamble in Anglo "A." is worthy of reference at the outset. There is little doubt that the Company is enjoying a greater degree of prosperity, and that the chances are in favour of an enhanced distribution on the Deferred stock. This may be conceded, but it must be allowed even if the 1½ per cent. payment which the enthusiasts profess to expect is forthcoming the stock would not be cheap at the existing price. It is, however, very doubtful whether these sanguine expectations will be realised. In respect of 1905 the dividend was 10s. per cent. It has to be kept in mind, too, that the rumours concerning the possibilities of a renewal of the cables may not be altogether devoid of truth, because these cables are rather old, and in such a contingency the position of the Deferred stock would be materially weakened in spite of the million reserve fund. Anglo-American Telegraph Deferred stock is at best a gambling counter, and to me does not seem attractive at anything like the existing quotation. As an investment the Preferred stock giving over 5½ per cent. is, however, worthy of consideration. Owing chiefly to the conclusion of the war the Eastern Extension Telegraph receipts fell away considerably, and nothing is appropriated to reserve as against £100,000 a year ago. The dividend, however, is unchanged, and the surplus is materially larger than that brought into the accounts. Telegraph stocks, everything considered, make good investments of the industrial type, and the following table indicates the approximate yield they give:—

	Price	Yield per Cent.
Anglo-American Pfd.	100	£5 9 0
Direct Spanish Pfd.	9	5 6 6
Eastern Extension	13½	5 1 0
Eastern	140	4 18 6
Great Northern	37	6 11 0
Western	14½	4 16 6

The recent boom in Nitrate shares would seem to be justified by the achievement of the various undertakings revealed in the annual reports now being published. As I have frequently remarked, the industry has been enjoying considerable prosperity, and to show the extent of this it is interesting to refer to the reports. The Colorado Company earned a net profit of £125,324, as against £17,134, which is reflected in a jump from 10 per cent. to 40 per cent. in the dividend. It may be noted, however, that the new works were in operation, and a large additional quota was granted, which accounts for the substantial expansion in profit. The Liverpool Nitrate dividend is 45s. per £2 share, or the equivalent of 112½ per cent. Twelve months ago this concern returned £3 per share to the holders, making them £2, and the total dividend on the larger capital was 35 per cent. The London Nitrate dividend is the equivalent of 30 per cent., which implies a further expansion in earnings. The Pan de Azucar profits were higher, but the dividend remains on the 12 per cent. basis. The cycle boom would seem to be fizzling out, not because of any indication of waning prosperity of the industry, but because there is nothing much left to go for, to use a market expression. The Argyll Motor are not so spectacularly striking as those of some of the other concerns, but they have no cause for dissatisfaction. The gross profits, inclusive of £8,900 from land, amounted to £74,900, as against £33,500, and there is a large allocation to reserve, but the dividend is without alteration at 10 per cent. These shares stand at about par, and, seeing that the price includes the dividend declared, they appear rather cheap. As regards Dunlops, which are coming in for more attention, it is whispered that the concern is doing well, but the chief reason for the existing firmness of the shares is the statement that the opposition to the capital reorganisation scheme has been withdrawn. It is said that the Ordinary shares will be cut down from £1 to 7s. 6d., and the Deferred from £1 to 5s. Of course, it is beyond question that the capital is unduly inflated, and if any return is to be made it will have to be drastically cut down. Hudson's Bays are still maintained about 110, but I may repeat that in spite of the bright prospects the shares can hardly be regarded as a cheap purchase. Pekin Syndicate, which have been depressed recently by the water difficulties, are now less dejected on the statement that position is improving. Here is a table showing the approximate return given by Trust stocks:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Anglo American Deb. Corp. Pfd.	93	£4 5 0
Consolidated Second Pfd.	97	5 1 0
Foreign American and General Dfd.	102	5 7 0
General and Commercial Dfd.	104	5 4 0
Government and General Dfd.	110	5 9 0
London Scottish American Dfd.	110	5 16 0
London Trust Pfd.	68	5 15 0

Iron and Steel shares continue to be dominated by the labour threat, but a greater degree of confidence is now noticeable as a result of the continued trade activity.

"AMERICAN RAILWAY EARNINGS AND DIVIDENDS," by D. O. CROAL, F.S.S. "A carefully written *résumé* of the position and prospects of the leading lines in the United Sta[illegible]" *Financial News.*—EFFINGHAM WILSON. Price 6d. net.

It is gratifying to note a resumption of dividend payments by Dorman, Long, and Co. This is at the rate of 5 per cent., and is the first payment since 1902-3. It may be pointed out a debit balance was brought forward, and that there had been no allowance for depreciation for the preceding two years, so that the inference is that the profits must have expanded materially. British Electric Traction issues are now a rather firmer market, one reason being the result of the recent elections, which is interpreted favourably. But it seems to me that there is scope for a still further recovery in values. VIGILANT.

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QUEER STORY.

A VICTIM OF BRIDGE.

IT was in late autumn, not many years ago, that I went down for a few days covert shooting with a wealthy ex-Australian acquaintance, named Henry Torkington, at Ashbury Towers, near Buckingham—which house, together with the sporting rights over the estate, Torkington had recently taken for the shooting and hunting season.

He was an agreeable fellow enough, and during our brief acquaintanceship had always been most civil to me. But somehow I didn't like the man, in spite of his pleasant manners and his evident desire to be friendly with me, and I certainly should not have accepted his invitation if it hadn't been that I happened to discover that Muriel Evrington was to be of the party.

Muriel Evrington, I must tell you, was a particularly pretty and charming girl, whom I had first met at a dance about six weeks previously, and with whom I had fallen head over ears in love. In that I was not singular. Muriel had any number of admirers, and no wonder, for not only was she a truly beautiful young creature, but she was also one of the nicest and sweetest dispositioned girls I have ever seen. Her face bore the hall-mark of frank, withal modest, maidenly simplicity. Through her eyes—"the windows of the soul," as some Johnny has described those features—shone as true and pure a nature as was ever, I think, bestowed upon a daughter of Eve.

In short, she was a girl in a thousand; one of those girls whom any man might be proud to win. And I, with some twenty others, was bent upon winning her. She was friendly and pleasant, in her frank, girlish way, with all of us; but nothing more. And at first I discovered no grounds to hope that she would ever come to regard me with any special favour. But just lately I had noticed a slight change in her manner towards me—a new air of shyness and embarrassment in my presence, never observed before—a flushing of her cheeks and (as I fancied) a brighter light in her eyes when I approached, and other more subtle signs of interest in me—visible to the lover's eye, but indescribable by the lover's pen—which set my pulses throbbing and my whole frame tingling with the wild elation of a great hope. You who have ever been in love, and have noticed such signs in the girl upon whom your heart is set, will understand what I mean.

Henry Torkington's sister, Miss Letitia Torkington, a middle-aged spinster and a thorough woman of the world, lived with her brother and kept house for him. She had lately taken up Muriel a good deal, and it was by her invitation that my *innamorata* went to Ashbury Manor on that memorable occasion. Five or six other women, not particularly noteworthy, were of the party, and—to balance them—the same number of men. One of these was a friend of mine named George Pelham, who was also, like myself, very evidently in love with Muriel, and fancied his chances considerably, although—poor beggar—I was by this time sufficiently sure of my own ground to know that he had not an earthly with her. The other five men I had never met before, though I knew one or two of them by name. It is sufficient to say that they were all decent, gentlemanly fellows. So much for the members of the house-party.

On the first evening of our arrival, I managed to get Muriel alone into the conservatory after dinner, and having skilfully piloted matters into the proper channel—without any discouragement from her—was just about to put the momentous question, when our host swooped down on us, and, to my great annoyance—and I fancied to Muriel's also—commandeered us for bridge.

Henry Torkington didn't look best pleased to see us together, under such circumstances, in that secluded alcove of the conservatory. Indeed, I noticed that his brow furrowed into a rather forbidding frown, and that his eyes glinted angrily. Then the sudden thought struck me—could he also be interested in Muriel, and was he jealous of me? Well, I didn't mind if he was, for I was now quite certain that Muriel cared for me. Also, if outward appearances went for anything, I was equally certain that she did *not* care for Torkington; my lover's eyes not having missed the look of aversion that passed over her face as she saw Torkington approaching. It was evident that she disliked the man, and it seemed to me, somehow, that she also feared him. At least, I thought she shivered, though almost imperceptibly, as she rose to follow him into the card-rom.

I didn't have the chance to speak to her again that evening, Torkington taking care not to place us at the same table, but setting her down at the opposite end of the room with his sister and two other men.

We played till midnight. Then the ladies went to bed. Muriel shook hands with me, and wished me good-night as she passed. But I observed that her face was very pale, and that there was a troubled, almost a frightened look in her beautiful eyes. A possible explanation of this was supplied, subsequently, in the smoking-room, when her partner began to growl about his sinful luck and heavy losses that evening.

"Never had such an infernal run," he said; "five Yarboroughs in one evening, and hardly ever anything higher than a knave in a red suit. Don't so much mind for myself, by Jove! But it was d——d rough luck on my partner. Awful facer for her, poor girl! She seemed quite terrified when she found she'd lost nearly three hundred. Don't know what her means are. But three hundred's a devil of a lot for any girl to lose in one evening. I'd like to pay up for both of us. But, of course, I can't do that. A man can't find money for a woman unless he's married to her, or, at least, engaged to her. And, by Jove!" he added, with sudden enthusiasm, and with the confidential abandon born of a third whisky and soda, "I shouldn't half mind if I was; for she's a most awfully nice girl."

The fellow's remarks had already set me thinking. If her losses at the bridge table were the real explanation of the distressed and frightened look I had seen on Muriel's face when she bade me good-night, then I would seek the earliest possible opportunity next day to claim the right to help her. Yes! In any case I would ask her to give me that right, whether she needed me to exercise it, or not.

Fully resolved on this course, I went to bed, but not to sleep. I lay awake all night thinking of Muriel. Beastly bad for shooting, of course. But what matters shooting to a man in love? I didn't care twopence if I missed every blessed pheasant I shot at. Pheasants! Who bothers his head about pheasants when there is a Muriel in the case? Remember, please, that I was still a very young man; also, that Muriel was such a girl as you only come across once in a life-time.

Next morning I was up betimes and went out for a stroll in the gardens before breakfast. In the course of my stroll—to my great and unlooked for joy—I came across Muriel. She was standing by the old stew-pond in a remote corner of the ground, with her hands clasped in front of her, and her beautiful head drooping slightly forward, a very picture, thought I, of pensive melancholy.

Her back being turned to me, she was not aware of my presence until I spoke.

"Good morning, Miss Evrington."

With a start she turned towards me. I was quite shocked by her appearance—by the dark circles round

her beautiful eyes, by the troubled, nay, the agonised, expression of her beloved face.

Impetuously I went straight to the point.

"Something is the matter?" I cried. "What is it? Can I help you?"

"No-o-o," she faltered. "No-thing is—is—the matter—at—least—at least——"

And then, covering her face with both her hands, she burst suddenly into a tempest of wild sobbing.

I went up to her and laid my hand upon her arm.

"Miss Evrington—Muriel," I said, "something *is* the matter. Do confide in me, and let me help you. You know I would give my life for you," I added, passionately.

"No, no," she protested, faintly, between her sobs. "It is nothing in which you can help me. It—it——"

"Well, let me hear what it is, first, and then we will see," I interposed, encouragingly. "Come! There is a charming little summer-house over there. Let us go and sit there together, and talk this matter over."

She suffered me to lead her thither, still faintly protesting. I noticed that her beautiful bosom was rising and falling under the stress of her emotions. I know that my own heart was beating like a sledge-hammer.

We sat down in the summer-house side by side. I took her hand. At first she made a little effort to withdraw it, but, in the end, allowed it to lie passive in my own. "Now tell me all about it—Muriel," said I.

"I—I—can't," she sobbed. "Oh, I cannot—I dare not—tell *you*."

"But why not *me*?" I persisted. "Surely you must know that you can trust me, Muriel—that I would stand by you to the death."

"I know," she sobbed. "And that is why. You are so noble, so honourable, so true. I—I—value your good opinion so much. And my trouble is so—so—shameful, so sordid, that—that——"

I placed my arm around her, and drew her gently towards me, scarcely resisting.

"Tell me, dear," I said, "and give me the right to share this trouble, and all your troubles, now and for ever more."

There followed several minutes to me, at least, of Heaven. And then she told me.

"It all began," she said, nestling against me, so that her soft hair touched my cheek, "two months ago, when I first made the acquaintance of Letitia Torkington. That woman has been my curse. She inveigled me into playing bridge with her for high stakes, and I lost more money to her than I could afford to pay; and then, having got me under her thumb, she *made* me go on playing and losing more and more money to her, until I have fallen hopelessly, irretrievably into her debt. The climax was reached last night, when I lost £320 to her, and brought my debt up to the—the—enormous, the—the—terrible sum of £1,950! But that is not all. This has been done, and I have been cheated—yes, I am sure now that I have been *cheated*—into her debt for a set purpose. She did not do it to get money from me. She knows I have practically none. She did it, under her brother's instruction, in order to give him a hold upon me.

"You must know" (she shivered and shuddered as she spoke) "that for some time now he has been forcing his attentions on me—attentions that I loathe and detest—in the most offensive way. And last night things came to a crisis. You may have noticed that he did not join you gentlemen in the smoking-room immediately. That was because he was waylaying me as I went up to bed.

"What he said to me" (again she shuddered and began to sob) "I—I cannot repeat. My cheeks tingle still when I even think of his words. It is enough to tell you that—that he threatened, unless I—I would yield to his—his vile proposals, he should publicly expose me as a defaulter, as a girl who didn't pay my debts of honour. And then he tried—yes, he actually tried—to—to kiss me. But I tore myself from him and locked myself in my room—and oh! what shall I——what shall I do? For the brute, now having got me in his power——"

"Do not be afraid, my darling," I said. "Remember you are mine now. You may feel quite safe from any further molestation on the part of that blackguard. I shall lose no time in discharging your obligations to Miss Letitia—as you have given me the right to do—and in having a few words of frank explanation with her scoundrel of a brother——"

"But, oh, you will not assault him? You will not do anything violent," she pleaded, in nervous tones; "you will not expose me to—to shame by making a public scandal of it——"

"Trust me, my own," I replied. "What I shall have to say to the fellow shall be purely between him and me. But I think I can promise you that it will result in your being made safe, for good and all, against his blackguardly persecution."

Here followed a long hiatus, in which words played a very secondary, not to say a tertiary, part, and even those that were uttered were too incoherent and disjointed to have any sense in repetition.

Immediately after breakfast I sought an interview with Torkington, gave him a cheque for the amount of Muriel's losings to hand to his sister, and made it clear to him that Miss Evrington, being now engaged to me, was under my protection, and that if he attempted to annoy her any further, he would have to reckon with me.

"And though," I concluded, "in order to preclude undesirable comment—which you must be at least as anxious to avoid as Miss Evrington is—we shall remain here until the conclusion of our visit in two days' time, and shall behave towards you and Miss Torkington, in the presence of your guests, as though nothing had happened, you must take it that in future the less we see of each other the better."

Henry Torkington, finding himself thus squarely tackled, and not being in the position to offer any excuse or defence of his conduct, had the sense to accept the situation.

About a week or ten days after leaving Ashbury, I ran up, one afternoon, against my friend, George Pelham, at the club. Pelham was looking rather perturbed and worried, and I asked him what was up.

"Fact is, dear boy," he said, "I've had rather a nasty jar. Just discovered that I've been made the most infernal silly fool of—by a woman."

"Well, you're not the first, Pelham. You may take consolation from that. Who is she, old man?"

"The girl who calls herself Miss Muriel Evrington," said Pelham.

"I say, be careful what you're saying, please, Pelham. I had better, perhaps, tell you, at once, in confidence, that—ahem—I am engaged to marry the lady of whom you speak," I observed, stiffly.

Pelham shrugged his shoulders. "Et tu, Brute!" he ejaculated.

"What the devil do you mean, Pelham?" I demanded, irritated by the mingled look of pity and amusement with which he was regarding me.

"Well, you see, I thought she was engaged to *me*," explained Pelham. "At least, she gave me to understand she was, when she allowed me to pay up £1,950 for her bridge debts——"

"Eh?" I cried, "pay up £1,950 for her bridge debts? That cannot be. I myself discharged those——"

"No doubt," nodded Pelham, gloomily, "and I daresay several other unfortunate mugs as well. Oh! yes! You bet, you and I are not the only ones who've been had, dear boy. There's some comfort in that. And such an angel as she looked, too! I understand she's lately started across the Herring Pond, with her husband, to try it on with the Yankees. At any rate, she's cleared out——"

"With her *husband?*" I gasped. "You mean to tell me she is—is—MARRIED?"

"Yes," nodded Pelham, sadly, "been married some years, I understand, to that plausible adventurer, Henry Torkington."

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ART NOTES.

THERE are quite a number of important picture-shows open at present, but there is only one picture among them that is absolutely soul-satisfying. It is at the Society of Portrait Painters' Exhibition at the New Gallery. It is by Mr. Hugh G. Rivière; it is a portrait of Mr. G. K. Chesterton. It is not a very good painting—personally I think it rather a bad one—but it is great. There are much better pictures at the Artists' Benevolent annual exhibition at Agnew's, especially two splendid Franz Hals, of a worthy Dutchman and his worthy wife. They are admirable paintings of solid worth, though not nearly so solid as the Chesterton portrait. There are several child-portraits of the first importance: Van Dyck's "Balbi Children," delightfully conscious of their fine clothes, Reynolds' Brummell children, one of them the future Beau, with a delightfully mischievous Reynoldsian face that writes him down a handful even at the age of five; Gainsborough's Tomkinson boys—rather weedy lads arrived at the self-conscious age; but there is not one of all these old masterpieces half so childishily innocent, so fascinatingly lovable, so amiably self-conscious, as that Chesterton portrait.

Of course, it is not the only portrait at the New Gallery. There are, indeed, quite a number of others, many of them large. There is the King of Spain, looking rather small on his very big brown horse, lost, as it were, in the immensity of the canvas. In superficial area it is larger than Mr. Rivière's memorable work, but whereas the Spanish monarch shrinks within his frame, the English master-mind positively seems to overflow into the room, so that its neighbours are scarcely visible by contrast. Even Mancini's "Marquis del Grillo," a foreign nobleman of artistic instincts, seems to hide himself among the barbaric embroideries which surround him. All the acres of nice young ladies in pretty dresses seem to be shrugging their shapely shoulders with pretty pique, all the military gentlemen in smart uniforms look preoccupied, all the simpering rows of notable mediocrities simper with less unconscious self-consciousness; there is even a mayor, wearing his chain, who looks as miserable as any man could look, and it is all, I honestly believe, out of pure envy and jealousy at that magnificent, Johnsonian, Rabelaisian, Brobdignagian portrait of Mr. Chesterton.

I suppose it is because there are so many "schools" and "isms" in present-day art that no two artists could be correctly included under the same label—that so many societies are now springing up with nothing but a numeral to signify their corporate aims. Consider, for instance, the Society of Twenty-Five, now exhibiting their works at Dowdeswell's, in New Bond-street. There are only twenty-three members, as a matter of actual fact, but they produce some uncommonly clever paintings among them. There are two, very tiny, by Mr. Dudley Hardy, which irresistibly recall, by contrast, the Chestertonian portrait. It represents, as I believe I have forgotten to mention, the creator of Notting Hill's Napoleon seated on a bank of turf. His face is turned upwards. I think he is singing. In one hand he waves a solid walking-stick. His wide-awake hat lies on the ground before him. Probably he is composing an epic, or an article for the *Daily News*. I think it very likely indeed that a covey of skylarks are answering his song from above, and I am sorry that the painter has not carried his canvas eight or nine feet higher that they might be included. But, of course, it is the spirit of vastness which the portrait exhales which is its most stupendous characteristic; it makes one proud to be an Englishman and a journalist. It is immense.

To come back to the Society of Twenty-Five. It includes a very striking painting by Mr. E. A. Hornel, which is called "April." It is in his familiar mosaicy manner—it contains children, rocks, lambs, and spring blossom. (What a pity, by the way, that Mr. Rivière did not see his way to introduce some lambs into the great portrait—as symbolising peace and innocence.) Perhaps the greatest charm of the picture—Mr. Hornel's, of course—is that you must study it very carefully before you can be sure which is lamb and which is rock, and which spring blossom. But it is all very nice and brightly-coloured.

Another society of numerals is that of The Twelve, which is exhibiting in Obach's Galleries. The Twelve are all very clever—and acutely conscious of it. You can tell that they realise their own value—it is one of the charms of Mr. Rivière's fine portrait, by the way, that the sitter is shown as so absolutely free from any self-consciousness—he might be one of the larks carolling over his head (if there are any) instead of the poet of "The Wild Knight," for any sign he shows to the contrary—you can tell how highly The Twelve realise their own value, I repeat, by the importance of the works they exhibit. Take Mr. Charles Ricketts, for instance; he shows four pen and ink studies of legs. An unobservant looker-on might see nothing very significant in this. But consider. If even the slightest efforts of Mr. Ricketts' genius are thus worthy of public exhibition, how incredibly valuable must be the finished paintings for which these epoch-making studies are but the preliminary steps. As in the case of Mr. Chesterton's portrait, it is not these legs themselves, but rather the suggestion they carry with them which calls for our speechless admiration. Of course, Mr. Ricketts is not the only one of The Twelve who thus symbolises his own brilliancy. There is Mr. Charles Conder. Even if you were to find some of his drawings, or again, some of those of Mr. A. E. John, which are every bit as nobly regardless of mere beauty—even, I say, if you were to find them drawn on the inside covers of a child's exercise book, you would know that they were clever, though I do not suppose that it would occur to you to exhibit them. Of course, some of The Twelve do not realise their own claims quite so jealously. One or two of them are actually content to send drawings and etchings that even a mere outsider can recognise as being beautiful. Mr. Muirhead Bone and Mr. George Clausen and Mr. D. W. Cameron all pander to the public vanity in this way. Which reminds me to mention that Mr. Hugh G. Rivière, in his noble portrait of Mr. Chesterton, gives us just as much beauty as we require, neither more nor less, and that, although it is obviously the grandeur rather than the beauty of his subject which has appealed to him.

The late Mr. Archibald Stuart Wortley, a number of whose works are being shown at the Grafton Galleries, was not perhaps a very great painter, but he was an uncommonly successful portrait painter. As you will see when you look at his many portraits of pretty ladies, with fascinating smiles and in agreeable attitudes, he realised that the features of the lovely sitter were everything, and those of the painting nothing at all, with the happy result that his pretty ladies manage to look pretty, even when their pictures are not at all beautiful, and that although most of them wear the trying costume of the 'eighties. When Mr. Wortley had to paint a man he was not afraid to prove that he knew how to paint, as you can see if you look at the portraits of Mr. Justice Grantham and of the late Earl of Devon. He understood how partridges should be driven, too, and could reproduce the process agreeably on canvas.

Some day I am going to work out the precise number and acreage of the paintings annually exhibited in London. As an excellent introduction to the subject, let me recommend a visit to an exhibition now being held at the Modern Gallery, in New Bond-street. It includes three hundred little pictures, contributed by some seventy painters. There is a modest, violet-like air about most of them. I quite admit that my ignorance is to blame, but I never heard of most of the painters before, and it is improbable, I fear, that all of them will obtain even comparative eminence, or even make a decent living out of painting. Yet they are only a tiny fraction of the vast multitudes who are ceaselessly painting little pictures and as ceaselessly seeking for purchasers. Is there no way of checking the artistic progress of this unhappy country?

MUSIC.

THE WOES OF CONCERT AGENTS.

THE sins of concert agents have often been referred to here and elsewhere—so much so, indeed, that it may surprise some to hear it suggested that they themselves can have their grievances and also be the victims of sharp practice. Certainly the general notion would be that, as a rule, they are well able to protect their own interests. Yet there are various ways in which even the most cautious are liable to be victimised. There is, for instance, the difficulty of securing that when they have brought artist and principal together the two do not subsequently deal directly with one another and ignore the agent's rightful claims. Certainly this is what happens again and again. Through the aid of a concert agent a performer secures an engagement to play, perhaps, at a private house. After a time the agent notices that his client is no longer troubling him, and on inquiry he learns that he or she is dealing directly with the musician introduced by himself, to the exclusion of his (the agent's) legitimate claims. This is manifestly hard on the agent. He has sunk time and trouble in getting together his connection, and it is obviously unfair that he should be robbed of the fruits of his labour in this fashion. An artist obtaining an introduction through an agent should remember that but for the latter he would never have heard of the work and recognise his obligation to conduct subsequent dealings with the same employer through him.

The obvious course of the agent, it might be thought, would be to bind the artist by means of a suitable agreement. In practice, however, this precaution, even if adopted, goes for little. The "artistic temperament" makes light of written bonds, and if, in the event of breach of contract, the agent were injudicious enough to take his case to court, eloquent counsel would hold him up to the execration of the profession at large for his harshness, and he would almost infallibly lose the day. He finds it better policy, therefore, to let the matter slide; but the reality of the grievance is undeniable. An indirect outcome of the situation is, moreover, to increase the agent's temptation to charge a higher commission in the first instance than would otherwise content him, since he realises that once the introduction has been effected the artist will probably snap his fingers at him, and so the inducement is strong to make the most of the one transaction. But this applies, of course, only to practitioners of the inferior order. The others have uniform terms to which they adhere.

Agents often have the greatest difficulty also in getting in money due to them from performers—in respect of commission on engagements or of expenses of concerts. Here again they are more or less dependent on the honour of the artist, and this, unfortunately, is found in practice to be a somewhat uncertain quantity. The agent secures the engagement for an artist, conducts all the negotiations on his behalf with the concert-giver, the performer is duly paid his fee on the day of the concert, and then, as often as not, the agent has to whistle for his money, or, at any rate, to wait weeks, and even months, till, after repeated applications, the artist is induced to pay up. If the agent has control of the receipts this particular difficulty does not arise, of course, since he naturally deducts his ten per cent. from the amount remitted. Many concert societies make a point, however, of settling with the artist direct, and in this case the agent has to rely on the latter fulfilling his obligations. In many instances, of course, he can do this with perfect confidence. But, unfortunately, this is not always so.

Very much more serious, however, is the risk run by the agent when it is not a mere commission, but the outlay in connection with a whole concert, which is in question. It is said that at the present time one well-known firm of agents have as many as forty concerts on their books which have still to be paid for. The concerts have been given and the expenses thereof have been met by the agents, but they have not yet been reimbursed by the concert-givers—for it is hardly needful to say that concerts of the sort in question—namely, those promoted by individual performers—involve in nearly every instance a more or less serious balance on the wrong side. Expenses amounting to anything from £20 to £100—for hire of hall, advertising, engagement of other artists, lighting, printing, attendants, and so on—have been incurred and met by the agent, and against this amount is realised, perhaps, a £10 note, or even less, by the sale of tickets. Here again, it would seem only prudent on the part of the agent to secure himself in advance by obtaining a deposit; but, for obvious reasons, this is a course which it is not very agreeable to adopt, and in the result the artist gets his concert provided at the expense of his agent, who then may or may not succeed in recovering the money—especially if the performer be one of the constantly travelling variety who is here to-day and the other side of the world to-morrow.

If, therefore, there are concert agents (as there certainly are) whose proceedings can hardly be described as being beyond reproach, those of the more reputable order, who happily constitute a large proportion of the fraternity, often experience in their turn unfair treatment of which the profession, as a whole, knows little.

At Covent Garden lately the most interesting event has been perhaps the dinner given by the management on Friday last to meet Mme. Melba and the leading members of the San Carlo Company. Over one hundred guests assembled, dinner being served in the foyer, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. After dinner a wonderful Italian conjurer performed marvellous feats of legerdemain; Zenatello, Sammarco, De Cisneros, and others sang; while a lady palmist was fairly besieged by trusting tenors and believing baritones from the Sunny South, anxious to learn at her hands what the future held in store for them. It was worthy of note, by the way, how youthful are many of the artists who have already made such considerable names for themselves.

As regards recent performances, repetitions have been the rule. Mme. Nordica was to have re-appeared in "Aïda" early in the week, but was prevented from doing so by a cold, and her *rentrée* was accordingly fixed for last (Tuesday) evening in "La Gioconda." It is some sixteen years ago since Ponchielli's work was last heard at Covent Garden, and naturally it now sounds a trifle old-fashioned. Its melodiousness and grace remain, however, while with such a distinguished artist as Mme. Nordica in the title part it would be welcome in any case. On Saturday, when "Fedora" was repeated, a contretemps in the third act, due to the instability of a too, too easy chair, of which Zenatello was the victim, caused much amusement.

Among many interesting concerts which have been given lately one which had the merit at least of breaking fresh ground was given by Mr. Archy Rosenthal, who devoted his programme exclusively to works by living fellow pianists, such as a sonata by Carlo Albanesi, Paderewski's "Thème Varie," a movement from MacDowell's "Tragic" sonata, and so on, all of which he played with sympathy and good execution. Another attractive piano recital was that of Mr. Harold Bauer, one of the first of living pianists, who was heard in a programme which ranged in delightful diversity from Bach to Debussy. At last week's Broadwood concert concertos for three and four pianos by Bach and Mozart were resuscitated, and proved, if truth must be told, rather tiresome—especially the Mozart example. In the way of vocal concerts, that given by Signor Denza on Friday, when he had the assistance of such operatic celebrities as Giachetti, Zenatello, and Sammarco, was naturally crowded, while the same happy state of affairs attended the Chappell ballad concert at Queen's Hall on Saturday. A rather cryptic appeal bearing on the

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encore nuisance figured in the programme of this concert, by the way, to wit:—

> It is earnestly requested that, owing to the length of the programme, the public do not insist upon encores after the artist has been recalled three times.

It is hardly necessary to add that it produced not the slightest effect.

Advocates of municipal concerts are making much of the success which has been achieved in this direction at Margate, where, it seems, during the past year a clear profit of some £2,000 odd, or the equivalent of 3d. in the £ off the rates, has been realised by the Corporation; and it is urged that we in London should profit by this example, and reduce our municipal burdens in a similar manner. It is necessary to point out to those who take this line that circumstances alter cases, and that the conditions of Margate and London in this matter are markedly different. In the case of a pleasure resort such as Margate, it is generally recognised as part of the legitimate functions of its local rulers to provide for the entertainment of its visitors, for whom it exists, and there is no more obvious or proper way of doing this than by the maintenance of a good band. If such a band did not pay its way and make a profit, it would be surprising indeed. In London the case obviously stands quite differently, and even in the event of municipal concerts being started and run at a profit, it is obvious that this could only be done at the expense of those ratepayers who, being musicians and concert-givers themselves, were called upon in the former capacity to subsidise this form of rate-aided competition. This is an aspect of the question which it is important to bear in mind, though it is frequently overlooked.

The dinner to Mr. Joseph Bennett last week was a great success. Every one who is any one in the London musical world seemed to be there, and the whole affair formed a worthy rounding off of a very notable and distinguished career. Mr. Bennett has always stood for the older school of musical criticism, and an admirable representative of that school he has been. His judgments, whether right or wrong, have always been based on sound musical knowledge and critical insight of a kind which has compelled the attention of the musician, while they have been made acceptable to the lay reader by the lightness of touch, sense of humour, and literary grace with which they have invariably been informed. The ultra impressionist and egotistical style of criticism has never appealed to Mr. Bennett; at the same time he has contrived, always within the limits of good taste, to convey the impression of an individual and personal judgment, and to avoid at once the dulness and the assumption of the ultra-pontifical style.

One admirer has written of Mr. Bennett that he could even write a whole notice of a work or a performance in terms of praise, and yet convey to the discerning reader that, personally, he found the work or the performance distasteful. This, it may be admitted, is a feat not so difficult of accomplishment as it sounds. A harder achievement which I have heard ascribed—if not to Mr. Bennett, at all events to one of his colleagues on the great journal with which he has been so long and honourably connected—was of a somewhat different order. This was the writing of a long article dealing with the first appearance of a new singer, which yet did not contain the actual name of the artist from beginning to end. A graceful periphrasis, such as "the Milanese songstress," "the Italian cantatrice," "the diva who made her début last night," was employed on each occasion, and in the result the artist herself was left unnamed.

Mme. Patti concluded last week a provincial concert tour which even in her long experience has hardly had its equal in respect of the success and enthusiasm by which it has been attended. Mme. Patti's announcement of her intention to retire next year has naturally increased the desire to hear her, and as a consequence audiences even bigger than usual have been the rule wherever she has been.

Very favourable reports are current in quarters usually well informed, concerning a new singer who is shortly to make her début in London. It is never kind to predict too much of an unknown artist, and I give, with all reserve, therefore, the statement that by her friends the young lady in question is spoken of as one destined to take the place which Miss Muriel Foster's retirement has left vacant. Nay, even Mme. Clara Butt, it is averred, must look for a rival when she appears. However much of truth there may be in such estimates time will tell. Meanwhile, it may be stated that the young lady in question is a Miss Marie Stuart—a name, which it may be agreed, is pleasantly distinctive—and that she began her musical career as a student of the pianoforte at the Royal College of Music—a fact in itself which would seem to indicate that she is by nature a musician as well as a singer. Afterwards she had a serious illness, on recovering from which she realised that she was the possessor of a remarkably promising voice, and since then she has been studying under the friendly observation of Sir Edward Elgar and Mr. Granville Bantock at the Midland School of Music in Birmingham. Miss Stuart is expected to make her first appearance in London in the course of the winter.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—In reading Mr. Lewis Melville's "The First Gentleman of Europe" (1) I recalled a little tale which was intended to form the morals of my childhood. An atrocious murderer begged as his last request from the gallows that he might be allowed to bid his mother good-bye; but when his mother was hustled up to the scaffold to receive his parting caress, he bit her ear off and spat it out with the words: "It is you that by your indulgence have brought me to this!" George IV. owed much of his unspeakable baseness to his father, his mother, his friends, and his toadies. "Farmer George" and "the good Queen Charlotte" did what they could to turn him out the perfect profligate he became, the father by his jealous restrictions, the mother by her injudicious indulgences, while his friends and flatterers fostered every vice, even the vice of ingratitude, in their idol. For, after all, if you lie down in the mud and assure your prince that the greatest kindness he can do you is to use you as a stepping-stone, you can hardly blame him if he takes you at your word. Even the great ladies made themselves his stepping-stones in the foulest mud to the foulest goals. The Hon. Mrs. Hobart, afterwards Countess of Berkshire, offered the Prince, on the part of Lady Archer, the latter's daughter upon the terms of five hundred a year for life to the mother, and a settlement upon the girl of a thousand a year. When this offer was indignantly refused by the Prince, the Honourable Mrs. Hobart brought up from Yorkshire her cousin, the exquisite Lucy Howard, "a perfect novice in the world," as a propitiatory sacrifice, which the first gentleman of Europe graciously accepted. Again, the "good Queen Charlotte" revenged herself for her son's preference for the King's niece, Caroline of Brunswick, to her own niece, Louise of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, as his wife (on the insulting ground, by the way, that "one of that family was quite enough!"), by forcing upon the unfortunate bride the Prince's mistress, Lady Jersey, as her maid-of-honour! Indeed, the insults which the "good Queen Charlotte" took every opportunity to heap upon the wretched Caroline were not vixenish merely, but devilish; while this pious old lady not only favoured, but fostered, the Prince's *liaison* with Lady Jersey! The nation, also, through its representatives, did its part in finishing the training of this

(1) "The First Gentleman of Europe." By Lewis Melville. With Forty-one Illustrations, including Two Photogravure Frontispieces. Two vols. (London: Hutchinson & Co. 24s. net.)

(2) "Chippinge." By Stanley J. Weyman. (London: Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.)

(3) "Running Horse Inn." By Alfred Tresidder Sheppard. (London: Macmillan & Co. 6s.)

(4) "The Miracle Worker." By Gerald Maxwell. Frontispiece by Frank Haviland. (London: E. Grant Richards. 6s.)

(5) "The Trampling of the Lilies." By Rafael Sabatini. (London: Hutchinson & Co. 6s.)

exemplary first gentleman of Europe by paying off his monstrous debts again and again—one specimen item being a farrier's bill, for horses, medicine, and shoeing, of forty thousand pounds! Indeed, the representatives of the nation helped the first gentleman of Europe to cheat his foreign creditors! In 1788 the Prince and his brother, the Duke of York, issued bonds below par at six per cent. interest, secured upon the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall and the Bishopric of Osnaburg, which were taken up chiefly abroad. But, though the bonds were transferable, the princes repudiated payment of them on the breaking out of the French Revolution. Since, they contended, the bonâ-fide holders of the bonds probably perished during the troubles in France and Holland, the issuers thereof were not legally bound to admit the claims of those into whose hands they might have since fallen! Still, many of the original bondholders remained, and those of them whom the Revolution sent to England, after many and vain personal applications to the Prince and his brother, took action in the Court of Chancery to compel them to discharge their legal obligations. Thereupon the Prime Minister was persuaded to apply the Aliens Act to cases in which it was never meant to be operative, and twenty-six bond-holders were expelled the country! All these things together helped to make the first gentleman of Europe what he unquestionably was—baseness and badness themselves in every relationship of life, as a son, as a father, as a husband, as a lover, as a friend, as a prince, and as a king. It does not surprise you as much as it delights you that he was twice thoroughly thrashed, once by the father and the second time by the husband of a woman he had grossly insulted; but it does surprise and disgust you that in some of his most infamous acts he had the co-operation of his pious mother, of the mothers of his victims, of his statesmen friends, and of the Ministry of the country. It is curious to find in these volumes Lord Byron's well-known tribute to Sheridan: "Whatever Sheridan has done or chosen to do has been par excellence always the best of its kind," etc., etc. attributed to Lord Holland. In Sir Evelyn Wood's recently published autobiography the Field-Marshal gives his grandfather, Sir Matthew Wood, the credit of lending the Duke of Kent the £10,000 which enabled his grace to bring over the Duchess to England in time for the birth here of her daughter, the future Queen Victoria; and, indeed, in a note Mr. Melville admits that the necessary funds were furnished by the alderman; yet earlier in the same volume a chemical manufacturer, William Allen, is said to have sent to Frankfort the draft which paid the Duke's passage to England. But Lord Holland in "Further Memoirs of the Whig Party" asserts positively that Lord Fitzwilliam lent the money, which was not repaid to him till Queen Victoria's accession. Perhaps the Duke, like his Royal brother, laid all the friends he could under contribution. There is no doubt that Queen Victoria upon her accession bestowed, for some service or other, a baronetcy on Matthew Wood, the first title conferred by her. As "The First Gentleman of Europe" is a book made up of the plums taken from half a hundred memoirs, it is, as you may imagine, of extraordinary interest.

You can always be sure of a chivalrous hero, a charming heroine, a thrilling fight, a hair-breadth escape, a gallant rescue, and triumphant close in a novel by Mr. Stanley Weyman, and you have them all in perfection in "Chippinge" (2). It has to do with England in the tumultuous Reform Bill days generally, and especially with the riots in Bristol, in which the heroic part attributed to the hero was really played by Lord Hill's Aide-de-Camp, Major Mackworth. I am not sure whether you will think that Vaughan's heroism entitled him to sit on the very high horse which only the sweetest of heroines could induce him to dismount; but, after all, as this gave the heroine the opportunity of showing herself in a new and yet more fascinating aspect, you forgive Vaughan his stiff-necked pride. Anyway, "Chippinge" is one of the most delightful novels I have read this season. Is it fair, by the way, either to Lord Brougham or to the public to say, as Mr. Weyman does, that the name of the great Chancellor is forgotten to-day except as the name of a carriage? My dislike of ill endings to a novel, which grows with the years, makes me perhaps a little unjust to Mr. Sheppard's "Running Horse Inn" (3). I cannot see any worthier motive than that of ending with the shock of a startling sensation, for the sudden death by an accident of the heroine just as the self-immolation of the hero's brother has made everything right. However that may be, "Running Horse Inn" is a tale of thrilling interest from the first page to the last. The heroine's flippant but unintentional encouragement to her brother-in-law, on which the plot is made to hinge, seems a little out of character, but for the rest, she, the two brothers, and the squire are admirably drawn. Mr. Gerald Maxwell has shown so much patient pains and quiet power in his first novel, "The Miracle Worker" (4), as promises him certain success when he works upon more commonplace material. The material of "The Miracle Worker" is the reverse of commonplace, is, indeed, mystic, mysterious, and well-nigh as miraculous as the title suggests; but you come to believe in the Afghan prince and doctor, and to be absorbed in his mysterious powers, acts, and motives. In "The Trampling of the Lilies" (5) Mr. Rafael Sabatini gives you a singularly vivid picture at once of the French Revolution and of the tyrannies and atrocities which led up to it. Robespierre himself is introduced effectively, while its hero is rescued at the foot of the guillotine by its heroine at the sacrifice of the man to whom she was engaged but whom she scorned. A thrilling story certainly.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, very sincerely yours,

DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

In the introduction to his book, "Adrift in New Zealand" (John Murray, 10s. 6d. net), Mr. E. Way Elkington remarks that "Little Englanders will fly from it like rats from a wire-haired terrier." This, however, is only his fun. In one sentence he expresses his whole-hearted admiration of Mr. Chamberlain and the late Mr. Seddon, and in another he gives utterance to a simple-minded belief that everybody flourishes in New Zealand owing to Protection. With the harmless exception of such incidental observations, Mr. Elkington makes no references to politics or politicians. He has used his pen to much better purpose in giving a lively and interesting account of his varied experiences in New Zealand. The book is illustrated with some capital photographs, and Little or Big Englanders will find it extremely entertaining.

During the past year or two we have had quite a number of books on Tibet and the Tibetans, chiefly the outcome of the military expedition (described by official euphemists as a "mission") to Lhasa in 1904. There was still room, however, for Sir Thomas Holdich's volume entitled "Tibet the Mysterious" (Alston Rivers, 7s. 6d. net), which has just been added to the Story of Exploration series. As will be gathered from its inclusion in this well-known series, the volume is not a mere record of the last expedition to Tibet. There were explorers of Tibet before Littledale and Younghusband, and Sir Thomas Holdich tells the story of the many attempts that have been made from the earliest times down to the present day to lift the veil that hung over that strange land. It is a story full of notable and romantic episodes, and it is brilliantly narrated by Sir Thomas Holdich, who gives, moreover, graphic descriptions of the country itself and its people. No more fascinating book on Tibet has appeared.

By the way, Captain W. F. O'Connor's "Folk Tales from Tibet" (Hurst and Blackett, 6s. net) will be to many readers an unexpected revelation of Tibetan wit and humour. Captain O'Connor, who was secretary and interpreter to the Lhasa Mission of 1904, lived among the Tibetans for two years, and from all sorts of people—village headmen, monks, servants, local officials, peasants, traders, and others—he collected the stories which are here translated. It is not merely to the student of folk-lore that they will appeal. Viewed simply as stories, without any regard to their origin or

scientific interest, they are well worth reading, and, as a rule, very amusing. A unique feature of the book is a series of a dozen coloured illustrations by a Tibetan artist residing at Gyantse, whose work—the first of this kind that he has done—is undeniably effective, notwithstanding some crudeness.

"From Carpathian to Pindus" is the title of a book on Roumanian country life which Mr. Unwin is publishing. The author, Mlle. Terezo Stratilesco, deals with the life of her countrymen under various aspects, and the ideas and customs of the peasantry are illustrated by specimens of their folk-songs, which have singular interest and charm.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—How do you like the liquid weather? What a difference the murky gloom of it and the aspect of gleaming yellowish thickness in the muddy streets make in one's outlook on life! The first thing in the morning one looks for the beloved sun, and if he is there the spirits gaily spring to meet the day. If he is hiding behind the clouds a kind of dull resignation is what one feels, as one summons a supply of fortitude wherewith in dogged patience to get through the dreary hours.

Have you ever thought when there is any such drain on one's endurance, or a very much greater drain, as in illness of one's own or of others, that the more we draw upon it the more there is left in reserve? It is like the widow's cruse. "Patience needs as much practising as music," said Ruskin, and I suppose that it is in the using of it that we make our supply both deep and full.

Apropos of fogs, I saw that some one had written to a newspaper asking if it is a good thing to sleep with one's bedroom windows open when there is a thick fog outside. I was so pleased to see the question answered next day, in the sense that in even the thickest fog it is less unhealthy to admit some of it than to sleep with windows shut, knowing as I do the enormous value of a supply of air. Those who habitually sleep with windows closed can form no idea of the refreshing sleep and invigorating influence of which they deliberately deprive themselves.

Curious how invariably the novel writer makes his or her heroine, at least once in the course of the story, get out of bed and fling up the window. The naughty girl ought, of course, to have had it open, but I still await the heroine of fiction who sleeps with her windows open, and who refrains from pulling a flower to pieces. I shall love her dearly when I find her, for she will be unique and I have sought her long.

Have you observed how completely the latter-day heroine has given up blushing? The modern manner is to turn pale under emotion of any kind. One envies the girl who has got rid of the world-old trick of blushing. Poets used to praise it, but girls hate doing it. Mabel always says she would have got on far better in the world than she has done if she need never have committed the gaucherie of turning red. The fear of doing so and of being misunderstood in consequence has often prevented her saying the right thing in the right place. Poor Mabel! She is still poor and has to work for her living in other people's houses, seldom a happy way, and all owing to the selfishness of her father, who lived up to a very good income while he could enjoy it, and left her penniless when he died.

We were at the opera on Monday evening. Such a brilliant night, Amy dear! Everybody was there, and Melba sang delightfully. I really do not know which I enjoyed more, the music or the intervals. Do not think me a hopeless Goth for this confession. I am like Walt Whitman when he wrote:—

I love my Manhattanese faces.

I equally love my Londonese faces, and enjoy the opportunity afforded by the opera of having a good look at them, from the genial Mr. A. in the stage box on one side of the house, all round to an occasional peep at Lady de Grey or her handsome daughter, Lady Juliet Duff, on the other.

There were wonderful jewels. The opera is very much smarter this autumn than it was last. I noticed the Duchesse d'Orléans and her splendid necklace of large and exquisitely cut single diamonds. Her gown was a mass of jet from shoulders to feet. Lady Alington was very handsome in black, with splendid jewels.

It is interesting to watch the excitement when a new and pretty face appears. "Who is she?" is the whispered question that ripples round the stalls and boxes. "Is she English?" and so on, in the usual series of speculative interrogatory. The opera is the world of London society epitomised.

The show of warm and comfortable garments for the poor made by the members of the London Needlework Guild was as interesting as ever at the Imperial Institute. The Princess of Wales took her usual deep and practical interest in the exhibition, and spent several hours on each of the three preceding days arranging and labelling the various packages, a large apron tied on over her gown. It was in this Guild that her mother, the late Duchess of Teck, was so warmly interested, and for which her Royal Highness constantly worked. How pleased she would have been with the contributions of her grandchildren—warm mufflers and knitted cuffs done by their own small fingers. The King and Prince of Wales are both members, the only masculine ones, I believe. His Majesty sent boots, always badly needed and received with gratitude, suits of clothes, warm vests, and cosy quilts. The Prince also sent clothes, a number of hats and boots for men.

The portrait of Lady Marjorie Manners at the New Gallery was the cause of a very distinguished assemblage on private-view day The Duchess of Rutland, in her mourning, stood looking at it for a long time, and was joined by the Duchess of Portland, who looked distinguished in black velvet and sables The furs present must have been worth a small fortune. The crowd was very thick about four o'clock, and there were many pretty faces. It is the Exhibition of the Society of Portrait Painters, and I know you would enjoy it, as we are affinities in our love for portraits and miniatures, are we not?

Of course you remember Miss Havisham in "Great Expectations," and how she sat in her candle-lit room, dressed in her wedding finery, for years and years? Not long ago a Superior Person, who was trying to argue me out of a love of Dickens, said: "And what woman ever sat for years in her wedding dress? Suppose she had grown fat? Pure, inartistic sentimentality." And now that superior person is hunting big game with no address, and I cannot send him the paragraph from an Australian paper describing the original Miss Havisham. She lived near Sydney, and, disappointed just as she was dressed for the ceremony, she never left her room nor wore any other dress till her death. It is quoted in that most enjoyable magazine, *The Dickensian*, and reminds me of a story I heard only the other day, of an old house in Chelsea that has been shut up for forty years. The owner was taking his bride home, and she fell dead on the threshold. The wedding breakfast was all ready in the dining-room, and he would not have a thing disturbed, but shut the house up, and went to live just opposite. Not until his death will any one enter that ghostly dining-room, which must be eaten away by rats and mice. I thought this rather romantic, and told it to Richard, who only remarked: "If they had the sense to lay the bottles on their sides, there ought to be some rather decent wine there."

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Ernest is in a difficulty, which he explained to us at dinner the other night. He likes to be guided by the Golden Rule, but occasionally cannot decide between two courses, diametrically opposed to each other, yet both apparently enjoined by the "Do as you would be done by." He has had a tenant who owes a lot of money, and who has just left one of Ernest's houses. The creditors keep calling with their accounts, and asking Ernest for the debtor's address. If he acted on the Golden Rule with respect to them, he would give the address; but then, how about the same rule as regards the debtor? Can you see a way out for him?

You remember the nice Shetland shawl and gloves you bought on my recommendation a year ago, and with which you were so pleased? Do not forget that if you want some this winter, the same widow who makes her living by them will be glad of the order. All letters will be forwarded by Mrs. Carl Armbruster, 10, Grove Mansions, Hammersmith.

I have just come across the prettiest thing in afternoon teacloths that I have seen for a long time. They are made of fine linen and strong flaxen lace, with a very pretty silken gloss on it. The novelty about these dainty cloths is their strength combined with a delicately pretty appearance. The edges are arranged in the lace in a series of pointed leaf designs which form a varied outline. The cutaway part is filled in with small wheels sewn in linen thread. I asked Mrs. Fourstars where she got them, and she told us that she bought them of Copland and Lye, Caledonian House, Glasgow, the best-known and largest establishment of its kind there. The variety, she remarked, of teacloths was so great that she would have liked to buy scores of them instead of only a dozen.

Copland and Lye are specialists in Scottish textile fabrics, and home industries such as tweeds, winceys, skirtings, linens, hosiery, tartans, rugs, plaids, blankets, and so on, besides many other branches. We sent off for patterns, and are rewarded by a series of the handsomest and most refined tartan designs we have ever seen, of a texture that is soft, rich, and pleasant to the touch. You would love a brown and black that is among them, and Bee is much tempted by a grey and green most melodiously mingled, and also by a deep red modified by vague black lines. The tweeds are smart, and here again the mixtures of colour are most effective. There is a delightful one, all shaggy and soft, in dull green and brown, and ideally warm and light. There are various prices, and all are double width.

The clan tartans are always interesting. The Hunting Stewart is a delightful one, dark green and black. In the Hurricane Serges, well named, one might defy any weather. I should think they would wear a lifetime. The Caledonian wincey is marvellous value for the money, and is very soft and supple. It is in all colours, dark and light, and there are several different qualities of white. It would be capital for tennis gowns.

Have you begun to think of Christmas presents yet? I have seen a number of very novel and pretty ones at Vickery's tempting shops in Regent-street. Earrings, as you know, are now very much worn, and we saw a number of pretty shapes, among them the square ones just the size of dice, and with the dots marked in rubies and diamonds or sapphires and diamonds, or emeralds. They are very quaint and novel. Other earrings are long, slight chains of threaded opal and pink diamonds, tourmaline and pearls, or other combination of jewels, the effect of the gently oscillating chains being extremely graceful and becoming. Other articles appropriate for gifts are sets of rings, in threes, intended to be worn together, one with a pearl in the centre and rubies on either side, another with pearl and sapphires, and the third with pearl and emeralds —just the kind of ring that girls love to wear. Others of similar design are bands of enamel with the jewels. All three rings look like a very beautiful one when together. A useful as well as a very pretty present is a set of cabochon buttons, six in the set, with amethyst, cornelian, or jade in gold rims or in rims of white enamel, very refined and charming. Another of Vickery's specialties is a necklet of aquamarine and pearls, with festoons of light and graceful platinum chains crossing each other and dropping on the throat. Very wide bangles, too, in gold or jade, are for keeping up the long gloves on the arms; others are in finely wrought Milanese gold.

Menu holders, in sets of four and six, surmounted by various game birds modelled in silver, would please the many hostesses who are ever in search of something new and dainty for the dinner table. And who would not appreciate the gift of a neat and handsome gold set for the writing desk, consisting of pen, pencil, and knife, and a seal with a skilfully modelled little animal on the top?—a pert-looking squirrel was the one shown me. Very handy, too, on a motor, would be a map measure and magnifying glass together in a case, so that even with an indifferent light one could find one's bearings on the map by the aid of glass and measure. Very nice, too, was a silver book-mark and paper cutter combined, with detachable knife and pencil. You would have admired the sweet little lockets for holding tiny miniatures, ornamented with an enamelled butterfly and small pearl drops. I also noticed a very convenient flat case for hanging up inside a motor, with a clock fixed in the cover, and inside it a mirror, comb, clothes brush, scissors, and note book. Another form of present is a bridge box in crushed morocco, either green or heliotrope. Some of these are for single packs, others are double. One of the latter opens in the centre with a double flap, just like a work-basket.

The Vice-Presidents and Associates of the Royal School of Art Needlework began their Thursday at-homes last week, when Lady Hope, Mrs. Goldsmith, and Mrs. Ker Seymer were hostesses. These teas are continued weekly to December 20. On the 12th the Duchess of Somerset and Mrs. Percy Wyndham will preside. It is such a good chance to buy pretty Christmas gifts, with a variety of choice such as one finds nowhere else. From massive furniture to the tiniest little booklet with embroidered cover, one has but to look round and select what suits one's taste and purse.

Clare sends me the following from Dublin:—

DEAREST MADGE,—Winter burst in upon us last week in the most unmistakable way, on the wings of the north and north-east winds. Roughly and rudely the long lingering leaves were stripped from the trees, belated harvest; just for all the world as if Nature had determined to have no more nonsense, no holding back, no loitering of seasons out of place. Winter had been long enough delayed on the way, it was full time for his turn. Not that the calendars mark it so. But is it not hard to accept their, no doubt, scientific postponement of the commencement of winter to the 21st of December? Does any month show a more varied stock of exceptionally and distinctively wintry weather than November deals out to us, as it goes on its turbulent and inclement way? If it is not winter, it has all winter's ways, and what is the good of classing it as anything else? Nothing but make believe, just a fairy tale of science. The object lessons which November, December, and January give on their own account leave nothing out in convincing us that they are the three real winter months of the year, no matter what the calendar may say.

Whatever doubt there may seem to be with regard to the season in which November should be classed, who could question that it is the most unattractive of all the months of the year in our clime and the most difficult to spend. Whether we take it standing up or lying down is all one as regards its disagreeability, for its ways are not ways of pleasantness. Outdoor pursuits in their increased hardship make a severe demand on enthusiasm to help in carrying them through. With our sex the buffeting winds and lashing rain exact from hunting women, golf, and hockey girls the holocaust of their complexions. Indoor pursuits, though following the paths of peace, are interfered with and baffled by mentally depressing gloom and short daylight, and the

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fact that the eye which "cannot choose but see" does not choose generally to see as well by artificial as by natural light. Bridge, however, is not interfered with. Cousin Jane, against all sensational denunciation, stoutly maintains it to be a special gift of Providence to help the bad days of this season in particular. Like Sarah Battle, "next to her devotions," she loves a good game. "Everything good to use," she pronounces, "can also be abused. Divorce is no argument against marriage. If children and fools burn their fingers, it is no reason for depriving us of fires." She plays a good and discreet game, but her gambling is of the mildest form; nevertheless, she would on no account do the game the injustice of playing it "for nothing." She is with Sarah Battle on that point, too.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen were at the Viceregal Lodge all through last week, and, of course, busy in many ways. The weather was very wild in the Phœnix Park, over which the north winds sweep with great force. Lady Aberdeen is very active in promoting Irish work of many kinds, to be shown in the National Department of the International Exhibition, to be held next year in Dublin. She presides at committee meetings and lends a very real helping hand. What strides the benevolent and philanthropical members of our sex have made in the way of being practical and businesslike, since the days when Mrs. Jellaby, of "Bleak House," was a sufficiently reasonable caricature of so many of the philanthropic ladies of her time. Not that Mrs. Jellaby is absolutely extinct, but she is far on the way to being so, and is now the exception, not the rule. Mrs. Bryce gave a second "At Home" last week, and had, notwithstanding the bad weather, a crowded assemblage at the Chief Secretary's Lodge, which overlooks the wide stretching "fifteen acres," so inadequately styled "fifteen." Sir Antony MacDonnell has been in England for some time; Lady MacDonnell is living at the Under-Secretary's Lodge. To the regret of her many friends, she has not been in good health lately, but is growing stronger now. Does not this present season add great difficulties to convalescence? It seems to be real uphill work, when Nature is going in the other direction, everything dying out around us and the sun's light growing fainter and fainter each day. No wonder that many, both well and ill, feel the call of the Sunny South just now.

The Duchess of St. Albans, who spent a short time at her Irish home during the autumn, has been lately staying in Dublin. The hotels were rather crowded last week, the waters of the Irish sea being in such an unpleasant mood that many delayed in crossing them. Lord and Lady Ardilaun, who had been at St. Anne's, Clontarf, have left Ireland; they usually spend the winter at their Galway residence, on the shores of Lough Corrib, where the climate is milder than in the neighbourhood of Dublin. One of Lord Ardilaun's many houses in Ireland, Kylemere Lodge, where there is good fishing, was let this season to Lord and Lady Normanby. The Lord Chief Justice, Lord O'Brien, with Lady O'Brien and his family, will again take up his residence this year at Ainfield, Donnybrook, just outside Dublin. Sir Horace Plunkett has now fully set up his household gods in his newly-built house at Foxrock, some five miles further out than Donnybrook. Whether or not "The Department" has had any share in causing it, a region of villadom has grown up, as if by the stroke of a magic wand, at Foxrock.—Yours ever,

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TO OUR READERS.

We receive hundreds of letters every week from "Readers of 'Truth.'" A large majority of the writers expect replies direct. Of the work, trouble, and expense involved in doing this we say nothing. But as experience has shown that a large number of our "Constant" and "Regular" readers who inquire about individuals with whom we have dealt in our columns over and over again are not actual subscribers to the paper, but merely occasional readers of it at clubs, libraries, or at friends' houses, we consider we must protect ourselves in the matter.

We have therefore decided that henceforth every reader who writes making an inquiry that necessitates a direct reply must enclose a stamped envelope and also a Coupon which will always be found at the foot of the 3rd page of the coloured cover. Without these no notice will be taken of the communication.

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a Coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" send replies by post.

No Coupon will be available that is over a fortnight out of date, except from correspondents residing abroad.

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ENTRE NOUS.

WILL every reader of Truth kindly oblige me by giving careful attention to the following statements? The Truth Toy Fund was in debt at the end of last year to the amount of £166 1s. 3½d. In spite of several appeals that I have made for the purpose of extinguishing this debt, I have only received up to the present time £126 15s. 10d. There remains, therefore, a debt on the fund of over £39, and I have that much less than nothing in hand to pay for this year's distribution of toys and dolls. For that purpose over £1,000 is required. We are now only a month from Christmas, and only three weeks from the Toy Show. Unless, therefore, the Truth Toy Fund is to wind up this year with a debt which will seriously handicap it for several years to come, at least £1,000 must be subscribed during the next three or four weeks.

I trust that these facts will speak for themselves to every reader. I dislike begging, and I am not a good hand at it. For nearly thirty years past the readers of Truth have placed at my disposal the amount necessary to present a doll or toy at Christmas to every child in the London Hospitals and Poor Law institutions. They have done this with very little pressure from me. The object in view has appealed for itself, and the response has never failed. I know of no reason why it should fail now. The demands upon the Fund have greatly grown during the past twenty years owing to the increased number of children which has every year to be provided for. But hitherto the contributions have grown with the demand. In the ordinary course of things they ought to do so, for the number of readers of Truth is always upon the increase. If, therefore, the amount of money required is no longer forthcoming, it can only be because the readers of Truth to-day care less about the poor and suffering children of London than those of a few years ago. This I am reluctant to believe; and I trust that during the next two or three weeks I shall be relieved of all doubt upon the point. I may remark that if everybody who reads these remarks would at once send *something*, the amount required would be covered over and over again.

There is one other little point, which concerns my lady readers specially. Hitherto I have had little difficulty in finding ladies to dress the large dolls provided by the Fund as special gifts to the wards of hospitals. This year, however, I am left with seventeen of these dolls on my hands within three weeks of the Show. What am I to do with them? I cannot send them naked to the hospitals, trusting to some overworked hospital nurse to supply them with a few makeshift

garments. I cannot allow them to haunt this office for the next twelve months in their present disreputable condition. Are there not among all the readers of TRUTH seventeen ladies who will take pity—I do not say upon me, or the dolls—but on the numberless inmates of hospitals to whom, with a little dressing up, these seventeen dolls would afford ecstatic delight at Christmas time?

The following amounts have reached me towards the Toy Fund:—H., 5s.; O. S. H., £2 2s.; E. R. W., 5s.; A. E., £1; R. E., £5; A. M. G., £2; M. K., £5; C. S. Wills, £5; Williams, 4s. 2d.; Lieut. H. B. Worsley, R.N., £1 1s.; Lady Campbell Clarke, £3 3s.

The King left Windsor on Monday on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. William James at West Dean Park, and the Queen and Princess Victoria have come to Buckingham Palace for a few days, accompanied by the King and Queen of Norway. Their Majesties are expected to return to Sandringham at the end of this week, and they will not go back to Windsor Castle until the middle of January, and will then spend about a fortnight there.

His Majesty's next shooting party at Sandringham will devote one day to partridge driving at Flitcham, two days to battues in the Sandringham woods and covers, which are swarming with pheasants, and one day to the wild fowl in Wolferton Marshes. The third and last shooting party at Sandringham will probably assemble on Monday, December 31.

The King is to pay a visit next month—shortly before Christmas—to Lord Burnham at Hall Barn Park, near Beaconsfield, where the extensive preserves in and around the demesne usually afford heavy bags of pheasants.

Their Majesties' dinner parties at Windsor Castle last week were strictly family gatherings, except on the nights of the State banquets. These dinners took place in the Oak Room, where Queen Victoria invariably dined unless there were more than eighteen persons at table. The Oak Room is entered from the corridor, where the Royal family assembled before dinner, and it looks out on the quadrangle and the Round Tower. One side of this room is covered with Gobelins tapestry, which was presented to Queen Victoria by Louis Philippe as a memorial of his visit to Windsor Castle in 1844. The pictures on the other sides are portraits of Queen Victoria (by Angeli) and of her late Majesty's four daughters in law.

There had not been a Chapter of the Garter for nearly fifty-one years, and the King is now the only Knight who was present at Windsor Castle when King Victor Emmanuel I. was invested with the Blue Ribbon by Queen Victoria in December, 1855. It had therefore been necessary to look up precedents and ceremonials in order that everything might be arranged precisely the same as in former times, when Chapters were more frequently held. All the Knights who are in England (both the Princes and the ordinary Companions of the Order) were formally summoned to attend the Chapter in the Throne Room, and each summons was accompanied by an invitation to the subsequent state banquet in St. George's Hall. The clergy of the Order—the Bishop of Winchester (Prelate), the Bishop of Oxford (Chancellor), and the Dean of Windsor (Registrar)—all attended the Chapter officially, and they were also present at the banquet.

There has been a consultation between the King and the Prince and Princess of Wales as to the arrangements for the education of the Princes Edward and Albert. It has been decided that the two Princes are to go at Easter to the Royal Naval School, Osborne, and when their course of instruction at that establishment is concluded they will be transferred to the Naval College at Dartmouth. It is probable that Prince Edward will ultimately go into the Army for a few years, while Prince Albert is to join the Navy. The Sovereign has always absolute control over the educational arrangements of all members of the Royal family, and, indeed, their mode and place of living are entirely in his (or her) hands. It is well known that during the latter part of the reign of George IV. the King had contemplated removing the then Princess Victoria from the custody of her mother, the Duchess of Kent, who would have been powerless to resist any such order from the Sovereign. The Duke of Wellington, who was Prime Minister, induced Lady Conyngham (whose influence was unbounded) to interfere, the result being that the King abandoned his project. Queen Victoria was always very grateful to Lady Conyngham for her action on that occasion, and was able to show her many marks of favour, as she survived until 1860, when she died at the age of ninety.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, who are now on a visit to Lord and Lady Cadogan at Culford Hall, will return to town on Saturday, and they are to leave Euston next Monday afternoon for Huyton, where they are to be received at the station by Lord Derby and Lord Stanley. The Prince and Princess of Wales will stay at Knowsley until Friday morning, when they are to drive into Liverpool, and after the opening of the Cotton Exchange they will leave on their way to Sandringham. The Prince is to have three days' pheasant and wild-fowl shooting during his stay at Knowsley, and the Princess will visit Croxteth, Childwall, Lathom, and other places in the neighbourhood, and it is expected that on one day H.R.H. will drive to Eaton Hall, near Chester, to lunch with the Duke and Duchess of Westminster. It is very probable that on one day next week the Prince of Wales will shoot with Lord Sefton at Croxteth, which is quite near to Knowsley, and the preserves there are the best in Lancashire.

There are some very fine pictures at Knowsley, and a most interesting collection of family portraits. The

For SPECIAL FOR LADIES, see page 1268.
For the TRUTH HOTEL LIST, see page 1267.
For Selected FOREIGN HOTELS, see pages 1266, 1267.
For ESTATES, AUCTIONS, see page 1270.
For AMUSEMENTS, see page 1269.
For OUR PUZZLES, see pages 1277, 1278.
For APPEALS, see page 1279.

library contains a large number of books and manuscripts of extreme rarity, and in this room is the chair in which the seventh earl was seated when he was beheaded at Bolton in 1651. A good judge of country seats described Knowsley as "vast and hideous," while Sydney Smith was struck "by the size of the house and the ugliness of the surrounding country." The most attractive feature of the place is the deer park of 2,500 acres, which is most beautifully wooded and ornamented by several lakes.

A morning paper announced last week that after the King and Queen of Norway have concluded their official visit to the Court, "they will take up their residence on the estate they have purchased at Appleton, near Sandringham." They have purchased no estate, and Appleton, which belongs to the King, being a part of the original Sandringham property, was an old manor house of the Pastons, which was converted into a farmhouse about the middle of the eighteenth century. Appleton House and the farm appertaining to it were let until about ten years ago, when the house was altered and enlarged, in order that it might become the country residence of Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, who have since been improved into King and Queen of Norway.

Princess Christian is to visit Salisbury on Tuesday next, when she will open a grand bazaar in the County Hall in aid of the Young Men and Soldiers' Christian Association. The bazaar will be opened on the second day by the Duchess of Somerset, and on Thursday, the 29th, by Lady Tennant.

Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha has arrived at Kensington Palace from Germany, on a visit to Princess Henry of Battenberg. Princess Beatrice has been staying during the autumn at Tegernsee, in Bavaria, with her mother, the Grand Duchess Marie, who has a villa there, where she now spends several months during the year. The Grand Duchess Marie will probably go to Bucharest shortly on a visit to the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Roumania, and about the middle of January she is to arrive at the Château de Fabron, her property near Nice, for a stay of about three months.

The King of the Hellenes, who has been staying at Vienna during the last week, is to arrive at Rome on Friday on a visit to the King and Queen of Italy, and next Wednesday he is to leave on his return to Athens. King George visited the Emperor Francis Joseph at Schönbrunn on Thursday, and received a return visit from the Emperor at his hotel on Friday. King George has been living at Vienna with the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, who came thither from their country seat in Upper Austria to meet him. At Rome King George will find his nephew, Prince George of Hanover, who has been staying there during the last week.

The daily papers were last week printing a cock and bull romance about the immense sacrifice made by the Hereditary Prince of Bentheim, who was stated to have renounced the succession to estates "which bring in an annual income of a quarter of a million sterling," in order to contract a morganatic marriage. The Bentheim family estates really bring in an annual income of about £10,000. The writer of this new "Royal Romance" was probably confusing marks with sovereigns, and even then he exaggerated. The Bentheims are mediatised princes, and at the Congress of Vienna their tiny principality was incorporated with the kingdom of Hanover. The Princess of Bentheim is the eldest sister of the Duchess of Albany. After the late King of the Netherlands had been refused by Princess Thyra of Denmark (now Duchess of Cumberland) he went to Arolsen and proposed to the eldest daughter of the Prince and Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont. She refused him, being privately engaged to the Prince of Bentheim, whom she afterwards married. King William then applied to the next sister, who accepted him, and she is the present Queen Dowager of the Netherlands.

The Landgrave of Hesse will not be seen this winter either in Paris or in London, as he has just left Germany on a tour through India, and will be away until May. The Landgrave is a nephew of both the late Queen of Denmark and the late Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, so he is a first cousin of both the Queen and the Duke of Connaught. He owns large and valuable estates in various parts of North Germany.

The Empress Eugénie has returned to Farnborough Hill, her place in Hampshire, from Paris, where she had been staying for three weeks at the Hôtel Continental. The Empress intends going to the Riviera about the middle of next month for a lengthened residence at the Villa Cyrnos, where she will receive a long visit from Princess Henry of Battenberg and her sons the Princes Leopold and Maurice.

Lord Congleton, who died last week, took no part in political life; but his military career, which was highly distinguished, extended over forty years. He joined the 3rd Regiment on leaving the Royal Military College, and served in the Crimea and in the Zululand Campaign, and he held several important staff appointments. He was last employed as Commander of the Infantry Brigade at Malta. The first Lord Congleton was long a member of the House of Commons, and he held office as Sir Henry Parnell under Lord Grey and Lord Melbourne, and was raised to the peerage when the Whigs went out of office in 1841.

Mr. J. D. Ellis, who died at Worksop last week, had been for half a century one of the leading manufacturers of Sheffield, and he was one of the principal makers of that town as it now is. His great work was the production and perfecting of armour plates. Mr. Ellis was long Chairman of John Brown and Co., Ltd., and he had been for many years the life and soul of that great business. He had been actively engaged in the steel trade since 1854, when he left Birmingham to settle at Sheffield, and his success was immediate, and was never interrupted. Mr. Ellis and

his two partners commenced business with small works, a capital of £15,000, and 250 employees. Now the Brown-Ellis firm has a capital of two and a half millions, and regularly employs about 2,600 men. They have extensive works on the Clyde, besides the Brightside establishment at Sheffield. Mr. Ellis was a liberal and considerate employer, and his relations with his workpeople have always been excellent. The concerns in England and Scotland with which he was associated employ altogether about 16,000 men. He was very popular among his employees, as he was always genial and approachable. As Chairman of the Yorkshire Coalowners' Association he was actively concerned in several difficult disputes between capital and labour, and he always displayed rare tact in dealing with such matters.

Down in Wiltshire they seem to make the mistake of treating too seriously the fantastic inventions of the Yellow Press. Recently a skeleton was discovered in an ancient barrow at Manton, and removed to a house in the neighbourhood. On the slender foundation of these two facts the *Daily Express* built up what is described as a "true story," in which the skeleton was identified as that of "a venerable British lady who reigned as high priestess of the Temple of Avebury, famous for its Druidical remains, some 4,000 years ago," and all sorts of "strange occurrences" were attributed to her displeasure at the disturbance of her skeleton. There were weird noises in the house to which the skeleton was taken, bloodstains appeared on the walls, the table silver turned the colour of blood, a lady's bracelet and a gentleman's bicycle disappeared mysteriously, and the "town clock at Devizes stopped and the chimes ceased to play, until it was decided that the body should be re-interred in its old resting-place"! Quite superfluously, the *Wiltshire Advertiser* refutes this farrago of nonsense, and protests against the publication of such "ridiculous fabrications." Good gracious! Blame the Yellow Press for telling cock-and-bull stories! One might just as well rebuke a donkey for braying.

I would respectfully caution my Conservative and Unionist readers against canvassers who have been for many months past at work obtaining orders for some book containing portraits and biographies of Conservative and Liberal Unionist statesmen. In connection with the sale of this book a representation is made that the publishers are giving a contribution to the party funds out of the proceeds. About a year ago the canvasser-in-chief was Colonel Graves, who was, I believe, formerly Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the Queen of Madagascar, and more recently has filled the same office in the service of his Majesty Jaques Ier, Empéreur du Sahara, otherwise "le Petit Sucrier." He appears to have been succeeded in the book-canvassing business by a Captain Fraser. This gentleman, in calling on a certain Unionist peer a week or two ago, represented that he was the Conservative agent for the Mayfair branch. The Conservative Central Office, however, does not know him in that capacity, and states that the pretence that the book is being sold for the benefit of the party funds is all moonshine. From what I hear, I fear that a good many people have been taken in by this novel development of the book-canvassing business.

Mr. J. R. McLean has presented his rare and splendid collection of Greek coins (over 5,000 in number) to the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. This collection has been formed by judicious purchases at the principal sales of the last twenty-three years. The donor's father, the late Mr. F. McLean, of Trinity College, was a great benefactor to the University.

A copy of the third edition of Shakespeare's sonnets (1612), which belonged to Mr. Loveday, has been sold by Messrs. Sotheby to an American collector for £2,000. Only one other copy is known of this edition, which is in the Bodleian. The second edition has entirely disappeared, and there are only two copies of the first edition, one of which was discovered by a mere accident in a garret at Lamport Hall, Sir Charles Isham's place in Northamptonshire.

A correspondent writes:—

The *Westminster Gazette*, in a reference to Anthony Trollope, states that his connection with the *Cornhill Magazine* introduced him to many men who afterwards became his intimate associates—G. H. Lewes, Albert Smith, "Jacob Omnium," Dallas, of the *Times*, George Augustus Sala, and Fitzjames Stephen.

As a matter of fact, Trollope had but a very slight acquaintance with Albert Smith, "Jacob Omnium," Dallas, and Sala, and they were never among his "associates." Smith died less than eighteen months after the starting of the *Cornhill*. Trollope had a quarrel with Dallas over a literary matter of business in which he was altogether in the right. He had previously taken every opportunity of expressing his strong disapproval of the transactions between Dickens and Dallas in connection with "Our Mutual Friend." This story was reviewed in the *Times* in very laudatory terms by Dallas, who informed Dickens that he was the writer of the article. The grateful author caused the MS. of the story to be splendidly bound in morocco, and then presented it to Dallas, who afterwards sold it to an American collector for £250.

I have just been reading "The Treasure of Heaven" (Constable), and I do not find it difficult to understand why Miss Marie Corelli is the most popular novelist of the day. The story is about one David Helmsley, a lonely millionaire who discovers that the treasures of earth which he has gathered together do not satisfy his soul hunger. At the age of seventy he finds himself with only one object upon which to lavish his affection, a girl of twenty-one, of whom he has made a pet since her childhood. When he learns that she is only too anxious to sacrifice her young womanhood by marrying himself and his millions, he revolts against the domination of his wealth, and as a penniless tramp in the West Country he sets out in search of the treasure of Heaven. Obviously, the theme is one which peculiarly lends itself to plain speaking, and Miss Corelli trounces in most vigorous fashion the follies and hypocrisies of the age. Here is one element of Miss Corelli's popularity, for human nature all over the world is always ready to compound the sin it is inclined to by damning those it has no mind to.

SAN REMO.—GRAND HOTEL ROYAL. The height of modern luxury. Standing in picturesque grounds overlooking sea. Auto. Garage. Officially certified sanitation.—M. BERTOLINI, Prop.

But this is only one of the attributes of Miss Corelli's work which make for her success. David Helmsley has no difficulty in finding a rich store of human kindness amongst the humble and lowly with whom he casts in his lot, and the description of his adventures is invested with the true Corellian charm. Add to this plenty of incident and a keen sense of plot, and it will be easily seen that the book has all the qualities which will enable it to take its place worthily amongst the author's previous successes.

The "Contributors' Agency," of 143, Fleet-street, is one of those benevolent concerns which undertake, on more or less moderate terms, to advise budding authors on the merits of their works and make arrangements for their reproduction. Except that its department for dramatic literature is prepared to deal, not only in tragedy, comedy, and operatic libretti, but also in such humble trifles as "sketches, single turns, songs, etc.," its general programme does not seem to differ materially from those of other agencies of the same type; but the following special feature is a decided novelty:—

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT.

The Agency is prepared, in approved cases, to purchase letters of acceptance from newspapers, magazines, managers, etc., where payment is deferred until after publication. That is to say, if the author can produce a letter accepting an article or other work for publication, the Agency is prepared to purchase and pay for same at once.

Or, to put it another way, if the author possesses a certainty of future payment, the Agency is prepared to discount it for him. I am curious to know at what rate per cent. per annum business is done on the financial side of this literary agency.

A performance of "The Profligate" is to be given at Terry's Theatre next Wednesday afternoon by a number of well-known amateurs in aid of the Benefit Cottage Nursing Association. This is a very excellent charity, which looks after the nursing of poor women in their own homes, chiefly in country districts. Tickets for the performance, at the usual theatre prices, can be obtained from the Countess of Ancaster, 12, Belgrave-square, or Mrs. Francis Skrine, 22, Courtfield-gardens.

I am told that I have done an injustice to the City of London International Commercial Association, and the last annual report of that body has been sent to me by way of reply to the observations in last week's TRUTH on the recent expedition to France. From this I gather that Mr. D. G. Collins was wrongly described in the report I followed as "President" of the Association. Lord Strathcona is the President, and Mr. Collins is the Acting President and Chairman of the Board of Management. Mr. S. Thirkell was correctly described as "Vice-President," but his is only the last name added to a long list, which includes Lord Brassey, Lord Maitland, Sir Joseph Dimsdale, Sir Samuel Scott, Sir Albert Rollit, and a great many other men of light and leading in the City. I admit that I did not do justice to the representative character of the Association, and I do not question that its general objects are laudable and useful. But what has been said in TRUTH and elsewhere as to the recent excursion to France is true in every particular; and if this Association seriously desires to draw closer together the commercial men of this country and the Continent, it might make itself really useful by discovering some other method than that of expensive international picnics, which are becoming nothing better than a nuisance, and will speedily begin to breed international ill-will instead of friendship.

L'ENTENTE—ESTOMACHIQUE.

Would wife her husband's love retain,
The best and surest way to do 't,
Is (as some cynic 's put it plain)
To "feed the brute."

Now if the cynic's saw is right,
If love a thing of *menus* is,
It throws a strange, prosaic light
On married bliss,

And proveth that the poet race,
Who love locate in lovers' breasts,
Should rather seek it in that place
Where food digests.

Nor is it so with love's sweet flame
Alone,—the love of man for maid—
But eke in other spheres the same
Odd truth 's displayed.

For when 'twixt nations we 'd promote
A warm "entente" of hands and hearts,
We claim th' assistance, as you 'll note,
Of cookery's arts.

Yes, when swell foreigners we 'd greet
In way that best true friendship suits,
We treat as wives their husbands treat,
And—"feed the brutes."

From such "entente"—since this is so—
Its word companion let us rive,
And use instead some gastrono-
Mic adjective.

Nor henceforth, as has been our wont
Misplaced, of "l'entente *cordiale*" speak,
But call it, more correct, "l'entente—
ESTOMACHIQUE"!

In reference to last week's article "'Varsity Tradesmen and 'Varsity Debts," I am informed that there exists at Cambridge a Master Tailors' Association, one of the objects of which is "to maintain a high standard in the character and carrying on of business." My informant, who is a member of the Association, states that it seeks to co-operate with the University authorities in everything that relates to the attainment of this object, and he disclaims, on behalf of the trade generally, any sympathy with such methods of obtaining business as the article disclosed. The article was also mentioned at a public dinner in the town, when a member of the same honourable trade protested that, in spite of the article, there were in the town "a great many honest and honourable men trying to do their duty to God and their neighbours by providing honest employment at an honourable wage." He might have added, I trust, decent clothing at a reasonable price.

The article in question did not suggest anything to the contrary of all this; indeed, it assumed that a great majority of the tradesmen in Oxford and Cambridge

would condemn as strongly as anybody else the deliberate inveigling of undergraduates into giving superfluous orders as the price of getting an extension of credit. The article was concerned solely with the black sheep of the tailoring and other trades in the University towns; but that in no way affects its truth or discounts the moral. One of my correspondents observes that "the difficulties which the undergraduates may be got into by Cambridge tradesmen are trifling by comparison with the evils—moneylending as well as ordinary indebtedness—fostered by the representatives of certain London firms, who come here to exploit the undergraduates, untrammelled by any University restrictions." There may be an element of truth in this; but I should think the percentage of men at either Oxford or Cambridge who contract debts in London is very small.

The Chair of Botany at Cambridge, vacant by the much lamented death of Professor Marshall Ward, has been admirably filled up by the appointment of Mr. A. C. Seward, Fellow and Tutor of Emmanuel, and formerly Fellow of St. John's. Mr. Seward is a sound and learned man of science, and is particularly distinguished as an organiser.

The Bishop of Peterborough has presented Archdeacon Moore to the important living of Uppingham, which was held for many years by Dr. Lightfoot, who was also his predecessor in the Archdeaconry of Oakham. Archdeacon Moore has been rector of Benefield, near Oundle, over thirty years, and it was only at the very earnest request of Bishop Glyn that he consented to accept Uppingham. The Archdeacon has been for a long time the leader of the moderate High Church party in Northamptonshire. He is a wealthy man, and very generous in his charities and general almsgiving.

The Rev. A. S. Sturges vicar of Wheatley, has been presented by the Bishop of Oxford to the vicarage of Sonning, Berkshire, vacant by the preferment of Canon Holmes. This living, which is worth about £400 a year, with a beautiful old house and garden, was held for over forty-two years by the well-known Hugh Pearson, Canon of Windsor and Deputy Clerk of the Closet. Pearson was a most intimate friend of Dean Stanley, who described him as "the model parish priest" in one of his University sermons at Oxford. The Church at Sonning, on which Pearson spent a great deal of money, is perfect, as also is the vicarage, which has rooms panelled with black oak. Bishop Paget first offered Sonning to the Rev. J. H. Ellison, vicar of Windsor and Reader in the private chapel of Windsor Castle, who is a brother-in-law of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Bishop of Bangor has appointed the Rev. J. Lloyd-Jones, rector of Criccieth, to the Archdeaconry of Merioneth, with canonry in Bangor Cathedral annexed, which preferment is worth £350 a year. The office became vacant by the much lamented death of Archdeacon Williams, who had held a residentiary stall in Bangor Cathedral for twenty-four years.

The new Mayor of Middleton, near Manchester, is a Nonconformist. As such he decided to attend the service at his habitual place of worship on the first Sunday of his year of office, instead of following the custom of going to the parish church in state. At the same time—evidently for the purpose of showing that he was not actuated by any spirit of religious bigotry or of hostility to the Established Church, he caused it to be understood that he would attend the parish church in the evening if invited to do so. This conduct has inspired Canon Cleworth, the Rector of Middleton, to issue in his parish magazine one of those manifestoes which a certain type of ecclesiastic may be trusted to indite on such an occasion. His reverence points out that the annual assemblage of men of different religious persuasions with the Chief Magistrate in the Mother Church is a ceremony of deep significance, which, we are led to infer, cannot be adequately performed at a Daughter Church, or even at an evening service in the Mother Church. He would forgive the Mayor if he were an infidel who objected to attend any religious service, but such conduct as his is not to be countenanced in a fellow Christian. "He" (the Rector) "would not be true to his position and responsibility if he seemed to acquiesce in putting the Old Church in the second place." So he cannot invite the Mayor to an evening service, though if his worship likes to come "on his own," he will be welcome. There is something peculiarly edifying in this contest for official precedence between the representatives of rival religious sects. Heaven forbid that I should say which is right, or even that either of them is. But somehow, the Rector reminds me rather of the mother of Zebedee's children.

In the letter published on p. 1169 of last week's TRUTH in answer to Canon Gunning's statements about the Winchester trust funds, a misprint occurred at the end of the first paragraph which I am sorry I overlooked when the letter was going to press, as it greatly weakens the facts which the writer was referring to. After stating, on the authority of Bishop Cahill's famous letter, that up to August, 1890, Bishop Vertue had been able, as the result of prosperous financial operations with the mission funds of the diocese, to expend money to the amount of £23,000, the writer went on to say, following the same authority, that, encouraged by this success, the Bishop persevered with his speculations, and that "owing to a slump, the financial operations proved a failure, and in November, 1900, there was owing a sum of £1,000." The last figure should have been £11,000, and was so written by my correspondent. The Bishop, therefore, lost over the slump £10,000 more than would appear from the letter as printed.

The following letter confirms the observations which were made in my last article, as to the effect of the present insecurity of Roman Catholic trusts in closing the purses of the laity:—

Canon Gunning, in his letter to the *Tablet*, admits that nearly eighteen years ago he found a curious reluctance on the part of the people to subscribe to the Winchester church building fund. I think that it will be generally agreed by those who have to do with such things that the same state of reluctance still exists in the diocese of Portsmouth at the present day, and

possibly in other dioceses as well. It is not necessary to mention every case, but possibly a few may suffice to prove this statement. It was proposed to erect at Aldershot a National Memorial Church to the memory of Catholic soldiers killed in South Africa. The notice of this intention appeared in the "Catholic Directory" of 1903, and still appears in this year's issue. Appeals also appeared in the Catholic Press for some time, but, from all that can be heard, with little success, and the appeals in the papers have not appeared lately.

In the Rosary Sunday circular letter issued by the Bishop of Portsmouth (a letter which deals with the progress of the diocese as a rule), occurred the statement that last year the circular appealed for funds to build a church at East Cowes. The appeal was made specially to the parents of pupils at Osborne, whose sons would have attended this church when built. "Since that time," says the Bishop, "I have received only one subscription, and that not from a parent." (I give this quotation from memory, so the actual words may be slightly different, but the meaning is the same.) This looks like reluctance also. Only one church in the diocese of Portsmouth seems to be being built in the ordinary way, by asking for subscriptions—namely, that at Shanklin. Other churches building in the Channel Islands and in the Isle of Wight are being built by religious orders, and another at Reading by the private munificence of a retired Chaplain to the Forces.

All these cases, and doubtless others will occur to many readers, point conclusively to a want of confidence in those in authority. There is only one way to regain that confidence, and I trust that Rome may soon take steps to alter the present state of affairs, and then we shall see once more, as of old, that Catholics have merely to be told of a need to subscribe as liberally as ever.

Another correspondent mentions some further facts pointing in the same direction:—

Your remarks as to the probable effect that our financial scandals will have upon would-be benefactors are justified. I have heard, with details, that two persons who had left money by will to Westminster Cathedral have lately struck out the clauses. In one case the amount of the bequest was £1,000, and in the other £20,000. In each case the reason assigned was the same—viz., that they had no guarantee that their bequests would go to the object they intended. Thus the loss of £56,000 in the diocese of Southwark immediately leads to a loss of £21,000 in the diocese of Westminster, and who can say to how much more in other places, and in time to come?

Reference was made in TRUTH a few weeks ago to an action brought in the Lambeth County Court against the secretary and twelve members of the committee of the Howard-street Gospel Mission (Wandsworth) to recover £28, the price of building materials supplied to the mission. The only question at issue was the liability of the committee, who contended that as Mr. Soames, the general secretary, had given the order, he alone was responsible, although Soames had pleaded that he had not the means to pay. The Judge declined to listen to this contention, and gave judgment against the whole of the defendants. In consequence of my remarks on this case, I subsequently had a communication from a subscriber which does not show the management of this mission in a more favourable light.

The gentleman in question, after subscribing to the mission for two years, applied to Mr. Soames for a copy of the accounts. This was in November, 1905, and although the financial year ends on April 30, the accounts for the year ending in April, 1905, were only then, according to Mr. Soames's statement, in the hands of the printers. The accounts for the previous year, however, were sent, and a few weeks later those for the second year followed. The subscriber then found that, although his name was duly entered for the second year, a subscription of £1 which he had sent in the first year did not appear in the list. In calling the attention of Mr. Soames to this fact, he mentioned that his cheque had been paid through the London and South-Western Bank, and endorsed by Mr. Soames. Mr. Soames replied that, having gone into the matter with the auditor, he could find no trace of the payment, and mentioned that on two occasions during the last year or so he had lost letters containing postal orders, and had reported the matter to the police and the postal authorities. The cheque, however, which I have seen, bears unmistakably Mr. Soames's endorsement and has undoubtedly been passed through the banking account of the mission.

In view of these facts I made some further inquiries, and learned, among other things, that the auditor states that he has merely checked the casting of the figures sent to him, but sees no books or vouchers. In other words, his signature signifies nothing as to the correctness of the accounts except as a matter of arithmetic. An audit of this nature is no audit at all; and I do not think that any accountant is justified in putting his name as auditor to an account in such circumstances. After this, it is easy to understand how it comes about that although a subscription of £1 has never been entered in the books, the receipts, expenditure, and balance are made to tally accurately. Obviously this can only be done by some process of manipulating the figures, and the question naturally arises whether this has been done in respect of other and larger amounts than the particular subscription of £1 which was missing in the above case. In case Mr. Soames is as late this year as he was last in getting out his accounts, I recommend him to have the whole of his books properly audited before they are published.

When last referring to the Howard-street Gospel Mission, I mentioned the fact that it was said to be under the patronage of her Majesty the Queen. This statement appears on nearly all the stationery and literature distributed by Mr. Soames. He does not, however, expressly put her Majesty's name down as a "patron," but uses the formula "Patronised by H.M. Queen Alexandra, H.R.H. the late Princess Mary (Duchess of Teck), her Grace the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, and many others." It would be interesting to know what this phrase "patronised by" means. The mission is a small and obscure charity, with an income of only £200 or £300 a year; and I can hardly believe that Mr. Soames has any right to make use of her Majesty's name in the way he does. This gentleman describes himself as "honorary" general secretary, which implies that he is a person of independent means giving his services to this work without remuneration in any shape. But at the same time I see in one of his accounts an item which implies that he draws an "honorarium." Before he appeals for any more cash he would do well to explain this, as well as the other matters above mentioned.

A Mr. James R. Low, giving his address as 16, Bargates, Whitchurch, Salop, has lately been engaged in some very mysterious begging operations. He forwards, with a request for subscriptions, a two-page collecting card headed "St. Mary's, Middlewich, Cheshire. To reduce the Debt of £1,239 on the above Poor Mission." The card is got up in the approved

style. It has on one page a large cross ruled in squares in which each donor may prick a hole by way of recording his contribution. Scriptural texts garnish the page, and at the foot of it is an appeal beginning "My dear Friend," and signed "James Arkwright, Rector." On the other page is the portrait of the Rev. James Arkwright, and a photograph purporting to represent "St. Mary's, Middlewich, Cheshire." The mystery attaching to this card arises from the fact that there is no such person in the Clergy List as the Rev. James Arkwright, nor does "Crockford" record any church known as St. Mary's, Middlewich. The Vicar of Middlewich is the Rev. H. France-Hayhurst. There appears to be a district church of St. John the Evangelist in the same parish, of which the vicar is the Rev. T. W. Kidd. At Whitchurch, Salop, where Mr. Low resides, there are two churches, but no St. Mary's, and no Rev. James Arkwright, so far as the clerical directories know. Moreover, if there were in any parish a mission church of this name it is obvious that the incumbent would not be a rector, and that only the incumbent of the mother parish could be so described.

A few weeks ago Mr. Low sent this collecting card to Mr. George Alexander, with a request for a contribution of "a few pence," stating that "the Rector sent me the enclosed collecting card," and that "Beerbohm Tree, Esq., has remembered me." Mr. Alexander, through his manager, Mr. Helmsley, wisely made inquiries of the Rector before contributing even a few pence. He received in reply the following letter:—

St. Mary's, Middlewich,
November 3, 1906.

My Dear Mr. Helmsley,—I received your kind letter on Thursday morning, and I write in answer to say that Mr. James Low, of Whitchurch, has my full sanction for asking subscriptions.

Mr. Tree (His Majesty's) has already assisted me, through Mr. Low's application, and the readiness which he has shown to help me, and the evident willingness of Mr. Alexander to do likewise, has suggested to me a plan by which I may wipe off some of the heavy load of debt which encumbers me. Do you mind, therefore, postponing for the present sending any subscription, and I will consult with you again. I will write to Mr. Low explaining the matter to him.

I know you will be extra busy now till Christmas; so, if you will send me a line on postcard as to when a letter will find you a little at leisure, I should be greatly pleased.—With kind regards, from yours sincerely, James Arkwright.

Failing to trace the Rev. James Arkwright in the Clergy List, Mr. Helmsley then communicated with me. I learn from the Charity Organisation Society that a year ago Mr. Low was appealing more or less in the same character for contributions towards an "Altar Crib," whatever that may be. The C.O.S. then found that Mr. Low keeps a barber's shop in Whitchurch, and that he takes part in a mission service carried on in the schoolroom at Broughall, an adjoining village. Not having got a satisfactory reply from Mr. Helmsley, he has twice subsequently written requesting the return of his collecting card. On comparing his handwriting with that of the above epistle from the Rev. James Arkwright, I am bound to say that there is a very marked resemblance between the two, though I do not profess to be an expert in handwriting. Possibly Mr. Low can explain all these mysterious circumstances. Failing him, they seem to call for the attention of the Vicar of Middlewich and the Rector of Whitchurch.

In answering a question in Parliament last week Mr. Haldane defended the appointment of a military attaché at St. Petersburg who has no knowledge of the Russian language. He went so far as to argue that a knowledge of the local language is by no means essential to a military attaché, and that many other qualities are far more important. There is a suspicious air of special pleading about this. It is possible that in France or Germany, where most of the military people with whom he is brought in contact can speak English, a military attaché might do his work satisfactorily without knowing the language of the country, provided that he was a thoroughly able and competent man in every other respect. But I question whether the same thing can be said in the case of Russia, for I am told by an officer who knows the country thoroughly, and has attended manœuvres there, that it is rare to find a Russian officer who speaks English, and a good many do not even speak French.

It is generally understood in the Service that the question addressed to Mr. Haldane was prompted by the contemplated appointment of the commanding officer of a cavalry regiment to the post of military attaché at St. Petersburg. There are those who say that one reason for the appointment is that the officer in question has not been a success in his previous appointment. If this were true it would imply that he is deficient for the new appointment in other respects than his ignorance of the Russian language. But whether it is true or not, the selection of an officer who does not know Russian is unfair to every man in the Army who has taken the trouble to qualify in that language, and a discouragement to all who may contemplate in future devoting their time and energies to that purpose. Mr. Haldane's argument entirely overlooks the fact that the principal inducement to officers to acquire foreign languages is removed if the most desirable appointments are made independently of linguistic acquirements.

In spite of all the disclosures that have been made during the past two or three years, the story of the South African war scandals is not yet finished. Another very instructive chapter is added to it in last week's report of the Committee of Public Accounts. The case of Mr. J. Noreen, for example, would be regarded as almost incredible if we had not already heard of so many of the same kind. Mr. Noreen served as guide and intelligence officer to Colonel Hickman's column in the Transvaal from August to December, 1900. In July, 1902, he applied to Colonel Hickman for a bonus in respect of cattle that he had assisted in capturing, and stated that whilst serving with the column he lost his health, and that he had "spent over £800 in regaining it." In September, 1902, Mr. Noreen sent in a detailed bill for £1,721, being £1 a head for 1,721 cattle captured between August and October, 1900. This claim to £1 a head for cattle was disallowed by the G.O.C. in South Africa, but he sanctioned the payment of a bonus of £800 to Mr. Noreen, and this payment was made at Pretoria.

Nice.—Cimiez.—Winter Palace—One of the finest and most comfortable hotels in Europe.—J. Agid, Director.

Meanwhile, in August, 1902, Mr. Noreen forwarded direct to the War Office "a detailed claim for £4,819—viz., £810 for expenses to which he had been put owing to illness contracted while serving in the field, £4,009 for 4,009 cattle brought in." Receipts for cattle brought in were at first demanded by the War Office. None were produced, but Colonel Hickman, who was then in England, stated that the number was approximately correct, and eventually in September, 1903, the War Office paid Mr. Noreen £4,000 in settlement of his claim. It had never been thought necessary to refer the matter to the authorities at Pretoria, and it was not till May, 1904, that the War Office heard for the first time that a payment of £800 had previously been made to Mr. Noreen, and that the G.O.C. in South Africa had disallowed the claim of £1 a head for the cattle captured. According to the Committee, no explanation has been given of the discrepancy between the claim for only 1,721 head of cattle in South Africa and 4,009 in London, but even if the latter number be correct it is still obvious that it included 1,721, in respect of which Mr. Noreen received the £800 bonus, so that to that extent he has been paid twice over. He was asked to refund the £800 but he refused, and the Army Council considered that it was "not expedient" to take legal proceedings.

It is recommended by the Committee that some further effort should be made to compel Mr. Noreen to refund the amount paid to him in error. This may be advisable. It seems to me, however, to be far more important that an example should be made of the official or officials at the War Office who decided that the £4,000 should be paid. Their conduct in the matter was absolutely indefensible, and they ought to be cashiered.

A great deal of correspondence has reached me during the last two or three weeks on the subject of examinations in the R.A.M.C., and it is evident that the dissatisfaction on this subject extends far beyond the majors' examination, in connection with which the question was first raised. The Advisory Board, which, I suppose, is responsible for all these new arrangements, is no doubt actuated by a sincere desire to raise the standard of professional efficiency in the medical service, but it seems open to doubt whether its measures are not distinguished rather by scientific pedantry than by practical regard for the principal business of the department, which, after all, is to doctor sick and wounded soldiers in time of war.

I have already given some of the views of senior officers. Here are those of a captain, whose record at the entrance examination shows that he is far from being one of the "duffers" whom it is presumably the object of the new system to eliminate:—

> We captains have our grievances against the new examination arrangements as well as the majors. A six months' course—a very severe "grind"—has now to be gone through, and at the end of it a competitive examination, which is far stiffer and more comprehensive than the "finals" of ordinary medical men. Not a few medical officers who did well in their competitive entrance exam., and entered the Service with good prospects, have suffered in consequence, and are now marked men. If a medical officer fails in the exam. he is put on half-pay, and has to go up again in six months at his own expense. Several have had to do this. If he again fails, he is kicked out. Every officer must take up some subject to specialise in. If he fails he can never during the whole of his service try again to specialise in that or any other subject.
>
> The system is also intrinsically unfair, because the work of the corps is far from being evenly divided. As a rule, medical officers abroad have far more time on hand for study than those serving at home, and even at home work varies greatly in different stations. Much will always depend on whether the senior medical officer is a "Tartar" or otherwise. The consequence is that many men enter upon their course and examination with great advantages over others not inferior to them in ability or industry.
>
> What is the object of all this hustling? It is obviously impossible to find work for all the "specialists" that are now being turned out, as long as the Army is composed of picked men in the prime of life, as it always ought to be. The R.A.M.C. is now surfeited with two classes—on the one hand, a crowd of "specialists" in ophthalmia, bacteriology, surgery, etc., etc., who are gnashing their teeth because they cannot practise in the branch in which they have been tempted to acquire special proficiency; on the other hand, a large number are gnashing their teeth because they have not been able to qualify as "specialists" after all the grind of a severe course and a stiff examination, and now find themselves passed over, although perfectly qualified for the ordinary practice of their profession.
>
> Of course, specialists are necessary in the Service. But I doubt if more than 30 per cent. of officers can ever be employed in "pick billets," including administrative appointments. Every effort should be made to get the best men for these billets, but the 70 per cent. who can never possibly occupy them ought not to be worried to death with severe, unfair, and useless examinations. If examinations are necessary for them, they ought to be confined to Corps subjects, to practical hygiene, and to specified parts of surgery and medicine as distinct from surgery and medicine at large. A great deal that is included under this last name is of use only from the examination-room point of view.
>
> From the taxpayer's point of view, the system involves the maintenance of a large and expensive staff of professors and examiners, constantly employed, besides whom there are about 25 captains always going through the course at the Staff College. They are drawing their full pay and allowances, but are for the time non-effective, and the efficiency that they are acquiring consists for the most part of an elaborate technique and minute knowledge of what I may call "examination diseases," and even that will not last long when once the examination is over.

Other complaints against the present administration of the R.A.M.C. are made by some of my correspondents. One of them relates to the right to interview the Director-General. For this purpose an officer must first satisfy the G.O.C. under whom he is serving of the necessity for such an interview. In itself this may not be open to objection; but it is alleged that the regulation is not carried out impartially and invariably, and that a certain number of medical officers who happen to have personal influence at headquarters are frequently being received by the Director-General without any such permit. This is on the face of it favouritism, and it is to be expected that the personal influence which operates in this way will be equally efficacious in gaining further favours. Formerly the Director-General was accessible on two days a week to any officer who desired to see him, without any previous formality. I read the other day that some new arrangements had been made to secure to combatant officers a similar right of audience at the War Office, and there is no reason why it should not be extended to the medical department.

Possibly as a result of what has been said in the previous paragraph, there are complaints about the way the roster for foreign service is kept—that is to say, a certain number of officers are able to pull the strings at headquarters with a view to escaping foreign service. A long list which I have before me of officers who have

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SOME interesting remarks on the subject of modern life and nerve strain by Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., are found on page 1276.

SEEGER'S HAIR DYE.—Dyes the hair by merely combing through. 2s. the Case, or Trial Bottle, mailed free from observation, 7d.—HINDE'S Ltd., 1A, Finsbury, London.

served various lengthy periods exclusively in home billets indicates that there must be some foundation for this complaint. A great deal has been done during the last few years, at considerable expense to the taxpayer, to remove the long-standing grievances of the R.A.M.C., and create a better spirit all round in that important branch of the Service. It is a great pity that this should be frustrated, and the old feeling of grievance brought to light again by unwise or unjust administrative arrangements.

An army schoolmaster sends me the following queries, which seem to concern the Education Department as much as the War Office:—

(*a*) Seeing that army schoolmasters are thoroughly trained at the public expense by the War Office, why does the Board of Education refuse to recognise them as Certificated Teachers?

(*b*) Why does the Board of Education grant a parchment certificate to a certificated civilian teacher who does eighteen months' "good service" in an army school, while it refuses the hall mark of Certificated Teacher to the army teacher under whom this same civilian qualifies for his parchment certificate?

(*c*) Why is the army teacher asphyxiated by the War Office at the age of fifty-five, while the Board of Education allows the elementary school teacher, whose classes are at least three times as large, to continue teaching until he is sixty-five?

(*d*) How many army schoolmasters under fifty-five have been discharged during the past three years, to rust in idleness at the expense of the taxpayer, who is saddled with their pensions from ten to fifteen years before the fixed age for retirement?

(*e*) Why are not retired army schoolmasters appointed head teachers in the smaller garrison schools at home, especially as the average attendance of elder children in these schools does not exceed twenty per school?

The last three questions should be noted by Mr. Haldane, for they all bear on the important question of £ s. d. I certainly do not see any reason why an army teacher should not be retained in his post to the same age as a civilian. The ordinary reasons for retiring army men at an age when their physical strength may be expected to fail do not apply in the same degree to schoolmasters. There can certainly be no reason for retiring them on pensions until they have reached the full limit of useful service. The first two questions are for Mr. Birrell to answer, but I do not see what answer he can give, except that it is desired to protect the civilian teachers against competition from the Army, and this I hold to be wrong in principle. There would be less opening for such competition, however, if the Army retained its schoolmasters in the manner above suggested.

In a recent issue of TRUTH reference was made to the fact that the Royal Artillery Band at Aldershot had been engaged for a week's operatic performances at the local theatre by an amateur civilian company, and it was pointed out that the displacement of the regular theatre orchestra by a military band is contrary to recent instructions from headquarters. It would seem that the manager of the theatre was in some way concerned in this arrangement, and, having jumped to the conclusion that some of his band had been writing to TRUTH to air a grievance against him, he prepared to wreak his vengeance upon them. One of the band accordingly wrote to me asking for a letter which would exonerate him, and, if possible, his fellow-bandsmen, whose names he gave. I at once wrote to him stating, as the fact was, that neither he nor any member of the band had written to TRUTH on the subject. I now hear, however, that notwithstanding this letter from myself, the manager proceeded to dismiss the whole or the greater part of the band, including the man above-mentioned, who had been employed in the orchestra for sixteen years.

Why this autocratic individual should have assumed that his employees had anything to do with the paragraph in TRUTH I do not know; for he can hardly suppose that I am dependent upon them for information as to current matters affecting military administration at Aldershot. But it is idle, of course, to argue with a man who is ready to avenge an imaginary injury, or gratify his natural bad temper, by a stupid and vindictive proceeding of this kind. I would merely point out to the military authorities the additional injury that has now overtaken the regular orchestra of the theatre by the employment of the Royal Artillery Band at this operatic performance. I understand that, in addition to recent instructions given by the Army Council in regard to the engagement of military bands for civilian work, there is a standing order at Aldershot, issued by the G.O.C. in 1901, which absolutely forbids any such engagement as has just taken place. I should hope, therefore, that the bandmaster will be called to account for his share in this proceeding.

As there is a good deal of anxiety just now about the recruiting of the Militia, the following incident seems deserving of a little publicity. A week or two back six men of the Lancashire Artillery were detailed to parade with a cart, an N.C.O. being in charge of the party, and to convey the baggage of a married sergeant from Seaforth Barracks to Lime-street Station, Liverpool. The distance is over six miles. The Seaforth railway station is within a quarter of a mile of the barracks. One would like to know on what principle a party of militiamen were told off to perform this duty, and to march through the streets with a pile of luggage on a mule-cart, and whether the public exhibition of them, performing a fatigue duty of this kind, is supposed to be conducive to popularising Militia service in the district.

In reference to one of the complaints of defective telephone service mentioned last week I made the remark that the facts clearly proved that either staff or plant were deficient. That I was right in this is pretty clearly shown by correspondence that has passed between the aggrieved subscriber and the G.P.O. It seems to be a case in which the Post Office is only responsible for the trunk line to London. That being so, they have no difficulty in pronouncing that the trunk lines are all perfect, and in tracing the mischief to the National Telephone Company's apparatus. The P.M.G.

FOR MOSQUITO BITES, WASP or BEE STINGS, nothing allays the irritation so quickly as SCRUBB'S CLOUDY FLUID AMMONIA. Price 1s per bottle. Beware of imitations.

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has drawn the attention of the N.T.C. to the matter, but without result. Possibly the N.T.C. may be ready to retort in its turn upon the P.M.G. It is little matter to the subscriber which of the pair is at fault. He knows, at any rate in this case, that the existence of radical defects in the plant cannot be denied; he knows that he is the sufferer; and he knows that whichever party is to blame there is no redress for him as things are at present.

In correspondence on this subject I come across once again the argument that the perfect working of the telephone system over so huge an area as the London district is more than human power can accomplish. It is supplemented this time by some additional information about the incessant improvements in telephonic apparatus, in England no less than on the Continent, and allusions to the inevitable length of time required for equipping so vast an area with any new mechanical improvement. But these arguments seem to lose sight of the points (1) that a certain service is offered to the public at a certain price; (2) that after the price has been paid the service expected is not invariably forthcoming; and (3) that when it is not forthcoming no abatement of charge can be obtained. Neither a private company nor a public department has any right to take money under a contract, and then plead that the efficient performance of the contract is occasionally impossible—unless, of course, the plea is accompanied by the return of the money.

An important question as to the mayoral garb has arisen at Banbury. The new Mayor of the borough is a Primitive Methodist. He invited the Council to accompany him to his chapel, and all were willing to do so until an inquisitive alderman elicited the damning admission that his worship did not intend to wear the official robes and chain. The Mayor said the mace would be taken and the aldermen could don their robes, or not, as they pleased, but he should go himself "in his own way." Alderman after alderman protested against this dangerous innovation, this sartorial outrage on the dignity of the ancient borough. Why, the wearing of the robes and chain of office, said Alderman Hankinson, was "an incentive to their young men to aspire to being Mayor of Banbury, and when they saw men like himself and the Mayor—men who had come up from the bottom—they had something to lift up their minds to say that they would strive also some day to become Mayor of Banbury." But not even in order to uplift the minds of the youth of Banbury to these dazzling heights would the Mayor consent to adorn himself with a robe and chain; and the consequence was that a number of the members of the Council refused to go to the chapel, and the civic procession was shorn of much of its customary pomp. This was sad, but I fear that sadder still in the estimation of some of the members was the omission to hold the usual dinner on "Mayor's Day."

CANNES.—HOTEL DES ANGLAIS. First-class. Numerous Self-contained Suites, with Private Bath-Rooms, etc. Central Heating. Renowned Cuisine and Cellars. Large Park.

One of my readers who has been much touched by the story of the poverty-stricken out-of-work theatrical super who was imprisoned for a month for failure to pay to the Guardians the amount due for the maintenance of his aged mother in the workhouse, writes as follows:—

> On the facts you state, the case is obviously one which merits the attention of Mr. Herbert Gladstone. I have looked up the Poor Relief Act, 1819, and one or two passages in it, together with certain decided cases, should be brought to the notice of the magistrate somehow. A person cannot be committed to prison until an order has been made upon a summons. Then to enforce the order another summons on complaint has to be issued for disobedience of the order. The procedure upon this is the same as for a civil debt. Commitment can only take place on proof of means (see Summary Jurisdiction Act, 1879). It would be interesting to know who swore the evidence of means on which "A. B." was committed at Lambeth Police Court.

I gain from this that the procedure to enforce an order for contribution to the maintenance of a pauper is very much the same thing as the procedure on a judgment summons in a county court. I would suggest to the gentleman who brought A. B.'s case under my notice that he should look a little further into the matter, with legal advice, with a view to ascertaining whether the old man has no civil remedy against any one concerned in his imprisonment.

I may add that, just as I am going to press, I have received from another sympathetic reader a gift of a guinea for "A. B.," and am taking steps to convey it to him.

In a formal judgment, delivered with unusual promptitude so that the appellant might be at once relieved from the stigma cast upon him, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council last week allowed the appeal of Mr. B. Cowasjee, a barrister, of Rangoon, against an order of the Chief Court of Lower Burma dismissing him from his office as an advocate of that court. The formal judgment, for which their lordships will give their reasons at an early date, sets aside the order of the Chief Court, and restores Mr. Cowasjee to his office as an advocate as from March 21 last. In informing me of the result of the appeal, Mr. Cowasjee's solicitors in London, Messrs. Bramall and White, state that their client "reserves his rights as mentioned in their former letter"—namely, "his rights" against the proprietor of TRUTH in respect of a paragraph which I published on May 16.

The paragraph in question referred to the original proceedings and judgment against Mr. Cowasjee in the Chief Court at Rangoon, and, as I have previously explained, at the time it was written I was not aware that he had obtained (nor do I know even now that he had at that time obtained) leave to appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The idea that the possibility of such an appeal being made should preclude public comment upon a matter of public interest is, I believe, quite unfounded—indeed, if this were so, it would become virtually impossible to comment upon the proceedings of any court in any part of the British Empire. This matter was undoubtedly one of public interest, and I do not consider that my paragraph exceeded the limits of fair comment on the finding of the Chief Court—in fact, the only specific comment to which Mr. Cowasjee's

solicitors took exception in their former letter was simply a reproduction of words used in the judgment of the court itself. Needless to say, I had not, nor have I now, the slightest personal feeling whatever against Mr. Cowasjee. As soon as I heard that he was appealing I willingly gave publicity to the fact, and I am glad to learn that his character and position have now been completely vindicated by the judgment of the Judicial Committee. In these circumstances, I am not at all disturbed by this second intimation that he "reserves his rights."

The amazing sentences of five years' penal servitude which the Recorder of Bedford passed on two men named Hutchinson and Wood for smashing a shop window have now been reduced by the Home Secretary to six months' imprisonment in the case of Hutchinson, and three months in the case of Wood. It is some satisfaction to hear that "on reflection" the Recorder himself acknowledged that his sentences were too severe. But a judge ought to consider his judgment before he pronounces it, and Mr. W. Russell Griffiths evidently failed to do this. His sentences on these men were hastily inflicted in a moment of very unjudicial anger at their apparent impenitence. Let us hope that he will take to heart the lesson he has received, for any further exhibition of the kind would arouse an irresistible demand for his resignation of the Recordership.

Although J. G. Graves, Limited, of Sheffield is such a liberal patron of the local County Court, taking out there thousands of summonses a year, the firm, nevertheless, manages to provide a good deal of work for registrars and judges elsewhere. At Aldershot, for instance, it had the other day over a score of judgment summonses against parties who had purchased goods on the instalment system. One defendant produced a form which he had received from Graves, worded as follows, and having at the back, ready for posting, the address, "To the Registrar of the Aldershot County Court":—

Plaint No. 425K.—I admit that the sum of £2 2s. is due from me to the plaintiff, John George Graves, and I agree to pay by instalments of ..... shillings per calendar month. Signed,.....

In writing to the Registrar no notice can be taken of any letter unless the plaint number is given. This form must not be posted in an envelope.

The sending out of these forms, which many of the recipients would take for official documents, is a characteristic piece of impudence. J. G. Graves, Limited, like its predecessor J. G. Graves, unlimited, seems to think that it can do whatever it pleases in the employment of the County Courts for the furtherance of its pernicious system of trading. I am pleased to see, however, that at Aldershot Judge Arthur Russell condemned the issue of these forms, and, what is more, instructed the registrar to take no notice of them.

Here is another interesting document from the same eminent firm: "The person mentioned on the enclosed form" is apparently somebody to whom Graves, Limited, has supplied goods on credit, or contemplates doing so. The information required about this person is his occupation, the name and address of his employers, whether he is a householder, whether he has been long at his address, whether he has reached twenty-one years of age, whether his occupation is permanent, and so on, and so on:—

[*Strictly Private and Confidential.*]

Dear Sir,—In view of our pleasant association with you, we venture to ask if you will kindly oblige us in a matter which is too confidential to be entrusted to a stranger.

We are anxious for particulars respecting the person mentioned on the enclosed form, and as at present we have not a representative near at hand, we should be extremely obliged if you could obtain the information required, returning it to us on form herewith.

We trust that we may so far trespass on your good nature and on the friendly relations which have hitherto existed between yourself and our firm. Enclosed please find stamped envelope for your reply, which will be regarded as strictly private and confidential.—Thanking you in anticipation, yours faithfully.

Although it asks for such an unusual favour, this document is not signed, and there is only the heading of the stationery to show whom it comes from. Obviously, therefore, it is a form kept in stock to be sent out to anybody as occasion arises. What motive anybody could have for voluntarily undertaking the duties of a private inquiry agent on behalf of J. G. Graves, Ltd., I do not understand; but as it would seem that people are to be found who are willing to do so, I would point out that they are lending themselves to a most mischievous business, which is built up mainly by encouraging people to get into debt who have, *primâ facie*, no security to offer for the credit that is given them.

A country J.P., writing in reference to my comments on a previous letter, states that it is impossible to prevent Petty Sessions clashing with other public engagements, owing to the number of committee meetings in connection with the different local government bodies. He says that on his own Bench eleven out of the twenty-seven magistrates are also members of such bodies. Of course, the clashing of engagements may occasionally be an excuse for the non-attendance at Petty Sessions of some of the eleven, but all of them are not likely to be summoned elsewhere on the same day, and there still remain sixteen who could not plead any such excuse. As a matter of fact, the Bench to which this gentleman belongs was not one of those censured in my original paragraph on account of their failure to form a court at Petty Sessions. In a general way, moreover, I am quite sure that breakdowns of this kind are not due to the zealous activity of the magistrates in other public business, though if it were so that would only be an additional argument in favour of the appointment of stipendiaries.

A singular course was adopted by the Wigan Bench on Saturday in a case in which a boy of eleven named Conway was charged with stealing some money. It was alleged that he had spent the stolen money in purchasing a watch and chain, which were found in his possession. The boy, however, asserted that the watch

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and chain were given to him, and on being questioned by the magistrates he adhered to this statement. Their worships thereupon ordered him to be kept in the cells for a week, after which he would perhaps tell the truth." I wonder that these J.P.s did not apply the thumbscrew to this poor child, for they are evidently the sort of persons who would regard it as a most useful instrument in the administration of justice. They had, of course, no right whatever to interrogate the prisoner, let alone to seek to extort an admission of his guilt by locking him in the cells for a week—a cruel punishment for a lad of his age.

At the close of some cases before the Isle of Wight County Bench at Ryde last week one of the magistrates, Colonel Gore Browne, said he entirely disagreed with the decisions that had been given, as he considered the fines most excessive. This was an unusual course for a magistrate to take, but the circumstances fully justified it. Half a dozen young men were summoned for disorderly behaviour in the parish of St. Helens on the night of November 5. There was a bonfire, and defendants were alleged to have been the ringleaders of a considerable crowd, which undoubtedly made a good deal of noise. There was, however, no drunkenness or bad language or assault, nor, indeed, any pretence that the defendants were guilty of anything worse than bawling and shouting. None of them had been previously convicted. Yet on this charge of disorderly behaviour the Bench mulcted the six defendants in fines and costs amounting altogether to no less than £24 14s. It is believed that some other magistrates besides Colonel Gore Browne disapproved of the imposition of these monstrously heavy penalties for what was really a trivial offence, and it is a pity that they did not follow his example and disclaim any responsibility for the injustice which the majority of the Bench insisted upon perpetrating.

There is current in the neighbourhood an explanation which puts a sinister complexion on the action of the Isle of Wight Bench in these cases. In the course of the evidence it was stated that one of the defendants was "dressed up as a rabbit hawker" and carrying a rabbit skin, and that many people were calling out "rabbits." This was, it appears, a demonstration of popular feeling in regard to what was generally considered the extremely harsh sentence which certain local magistrates passed upon a man some time ago for poaching a rabbit. The local public believe that it was their annoyance at the introduction of this affair into the Guy Fawkes celebration which really caused the magistrates to come down so severely upon these defendants. If that be so—and it is difficult to account in any other way for the extraordinary severity of the sentences—the fact in itself shows that their worships are utterly unfitted to be entrusted with the administration of the law.

Recently it came out at King's Heath that a summons against a son of a magistrate was disposed of at the Police Court one morning shortly before 10.30, the time at which the sitting of the Bench ordinarily commences. The Bench have been much pained by the astonishing suggestion that this was done in order to hush up the case. Their clerk explains that a J.P. who was in attendance nine minutes before the usual time for beginning business "heard that a defendant was anxious to get away to catch a train." His worship (who was, of course, quite unaware that this gentleman was a fellow-magistrate's son) thereupon tried the case at once, a fine was inflicted—and the defendant caught his train. The clerk adds that under similar circumstances the magistrates would be equally courteous to other defendants. It will not be surprising if, after this, it becomes a common practice for defendants to find that they have a train to catch when they are eager to escape a public hearing of their cases. But unless they happen to be the sons of magistrates I expect they will be told that the circumstances are not similar, after all.

Captain Kemp, J.P., talks with more frankness than discretion when presiding at the Littlehampton County Petty Sessions. Last week a defendant asked for permission to leave the court to get 15s., the amount he had been ordered to pay for leaving a horse and cart unattended on the highway. Captain Kemp told him to go, and added:—

> I wish you men would bring money in your pockets when you come up here. *You may always feel pretty sure you are going to be fined*, and it is just as well to have the money in your pocket.

Another defendant, summoned for discharging fireworks in the street, sent a letter asking that he might be let off as November 5 was "a recognised night for fun." In imposing a penalty of 10s., Captain Kemp observed that "the magistrates never let any one off there." I do not suppose that these remarks were meant quite seriously. But many a true word is spoken in jest, and this worthy gentleman's artless utterances are a good indication of the frame of mind in which the Great Unpaid often approach the hearing of cases—more especially cases in which the prosecutor is a policeman or a gamekeeper.

Apropos of my paragraph last week concerning the *Turf News* swindle, a dupe relates his experience of "the famous one-horse wires" for which, together with the so-called betting system, he paid £1. He received seven telegrams, and out of all the horses mentioned only one was placed. As to the "system" of "backing the last horse named in the betting returns," the fact that it cannot possibly be worked is not, perhaps, in itself a demerit, inasmuch as this may save some greenhorns from throwing away more money. But that does not, of course, in any way palliate the fraud that is practised in selling it, or excuse the conduct of the numerous daily and weekly newspapers which aid and abet the fraud by publishing the *Turf News* advertisements. I find, by the way, that not only is the precisely similar business of *Jockey's Opinion* run by the same individual as *Turf News*, but that both swindles are conducted from the same office.

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In my Legal Pillory this week, two cases from Carnarvon and Chester respectively afford a contrast which is particularly interesting in view of the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the "legal emancipation" of the motor-car. It will be seen that the motorist who merely exceeds the speed limit on a country road without endangering or inconveniencing anybody is still regarded as a very much worse offender than the driver of a horse-drawn vehicle whose drunkenness and recklessness make him a terror to the neighbourhood. The motorist at Chester was a first offender, but he was fined £5. The drunken driver at Carnarvon had been convicted several times, and the police said that "he would certainly some day kill somebody," but, nevertheless, he was only fined £2, instead of being sent to prison as a motorist in such circumstances would have been. Turning to the rest of the cases in the following list, I would particularly call attention to the examples of misplaced leniency in dealing with violent and cowardly assaults, even when there is a record of previous convictions against the accused. The other sentences include one upon a boy of twelve at Paisley which deserves the notice of the Secretary for Scotland. The fact that the youngster is an epileptic makes his committal to gaol all the more monstrous:—

Partick Police Court. Before Bailie Hubbard. Wm. Dickson, charged with being disorderly and with assaulting the police. He caused a disturbance in the street by shouting and brandishing a knife, and afterwards assaulted four constables. Fined 21s.

Carnarvon Police Court. Griffith Williams pleaded guilty to being drunk while having charge of a horse and cart. There were several previous convictions against him. The police superintendent said defendant was getting perfectly dangerous on the road with his reckless driving, and he would certainly some day kill somebody. Fined 40s. and costs.

Colchester Police Court. Before the Mayor and Mr. E. J. Sanders. Robert Nice, charged with assaulting Adolphus Ridgewell. It was a brutal and unprovoked assault. Defendant had been previously convicted. Fined 20s. and costs.

Alloa Sheriff Court. Before Sheriff Dean Leslie. John Drummond, charged with assaulting Allen Watt, a publican. He entered the public-house in a drunken condition and attacked the landlord because the latter refused to serve him. There were two previous convictions. Fined 45s.

Old Hill Police Court. Before Messrs. J. H. Smith, J. Green, and other magistrates. John Wm. Carter, charged with assaulting his wife. He went home the worse for drink, and after upsetting a lamp gave his wife some violent blows, knocking her down and her baby. Fined 10s. and costs.

Partick Police Court. Before Bailie Hubbard. Margaret Gallacher, aged 17, charged with larceny by pawning an umbrella which had been lent to her. It was stated that she had been previously convicted. Ten days.

Chester County Police Court. Before Messrs. J. Thompson, C. T. Parker, R. T. Richardson, J. McFie, B. C. Roberts, T. Butler, and Colonel Evans-Lloyd. A. James Woodward, charged with driving a motor car at a speed exceeding twenty miles an hour on the road between Hoole and Mickle Trafford. This was the first time he had been summoned. Fined £5 and costs.

Kettering Divisional Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. J. A. Gotch, J T. Stockburn, D. F. Gotch, and T. Bird. Ephraim Humphreys, charged with an offence under the Poaching Prevention Act. Fined £2 1s.; in default, one month.

Perth Police Court. Before Bailie Young. Arthur Louden, charged with stealing two pheasants. Twenty days.

Andover County Police Court. Before Mr. F. C. Ellen. Wm. Beardwell, charged with begging. Fourteen days.

Much Hadham Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. H. Bacon, T. M. Mott, and H. Pasteur. Herbert Warman, charged with trespassing in search of game. Fined £2 7s. 6d.; in default, one month.

Greenock Sheriff Court. Daniel M'Callum, charged with trespassing in pursuit of game. Fined £2 8s.; in default, 30 days.

Pollokshaws Police Court. Before Provost Macdougall. John Lennon, charged with assaulting two men, whom he attacked without the least provocation. He had been drinking. There were 25 previous convictions. Fined £3.

Woodbridge Police Court. Before Messrs. H. F. Harwood, J. Loder, W. W. Hunt, and Captain J. H. L. White. Arthur Cook, charged with assaulting George Cattermole, an innkeeper.. Because complainant would not supply him with drink after closing time, defendant struck him a violent blow in the mouth, cutting his lips. Fined 10s. and costs.

Tipton Police Court. Thomas Handley, charged with being drunk and disorderly, and with assaulting two police officers. He struck, bit, and kicked the constable who arrested him, and afterwards kicked another officer. Fined 45s.

Grantham Police Court. Before the Mayor, Messrs. S. L. Wilkinson, J. Hawkins, D. Roberts, T. Rowle, H. Shaw, J. H. Parker, W. Scoffield, and Dr. Wilson. John Martin, charged with stealing a pair of trousers from outside a shop. Six weeks.

Grays Petty Sessions. Before Mr. C. B. Russell and other justices. Thomas Lock, charged with stealing a pig's head. One month.

Rotherham West Riding Police Court. Before Messrs. P. Dyson, A. J. Thompson, and E. Rose. George Spencer, charged with trespassing in pursuit of game. Fined £2 5s. 6d.

Lydney Petty Sessions. Before Mr. J. Lander. John Brooks, George Lewis, and Thomas Meaning, charged with stealing apples, value twopence. Seven days each.

Worksop Police Court. John Smith, charged with stealing a pair of trousers from outside a shop. One month.

Paisley Sheriff Court. Before Sheriff Darling Lyell. John M'Toggart, aged twelve years, charged with breaking into a football club pavilion and stealing a football. It was stated that he had recently been before the Court for theft, and that as he suffered from epilepsy he could not be admitted to any of the ordinary juvenile criminal institutions, this forming a difficulty in his case. Twenty-one days' imprisonment.

Here is a curiosity in the way of a moneylender's advertisement from the *Manchester Daily Despatch*:—

Christmas comes but once a year, and it's every one's delight to keep it up. What's that? Got no money? Then apply to the British Finance Co. . . .

This exhortation to keep up Christmas emanates from a Jew named Samuel Cohen. He is a rapacious and unprincipled rascal, and any one borrowing money from him to spend a merry Christmas will have anything but a happy New Year.

Judging from the continued circulation of the "snowball" coupons of a Paris concern called the Maison Rosset, quite a large number of women must be found ready to clothe themselves at the expense of their friends. The firm promise "a 32s. silk underskirt for 2s." Before she can procure this bargain, however, a woman must first invest 2s. in a coupon, she must next pay 8s. for a "check voucher" containing four similar coupons, and then she must not only sell these four coupons at 2s. each, but she must also prevail upon each purchaser to remit 8s. for a "check voucher" in the same way, so that before parting with the "32s." underskirt the Maison Rosset bags 40s. It is amazing that even the keenest female bargain-hunters should take up a scheme which compels them to canvass their friends for assistance in paying for an under-garment.

Another method of gulling female bargain-hunters is being employed by the City Cash Company, 59½, Causeway-lane, Leicester, which advertises an 8s. 11d. skirt for 2s. 11d. They seemingly consider that this may not in itself be a sufficient attraction, and so the advertisement proceeds to state that every purchaser of a skirt "will be presented with a handsome blouse free, *as per offer we send.*" The words I have italicised indicate the nature of the trick, the purchaser learning after she has parted with her money that she must obtain

ROYAL SOCIETY FOR PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS. Nearly 8,000 convictions last year. Complaints marked "Private," absolutely confidential.—SECRETARY, 105, Jermyn-st., London.

orders for two more skirts before she can claim the free blouse. Still, it is difficult to sympathise with women who are disappointed at not getting a blouse thrown in with an "8s. 11d." skirt for 2s. 11d.

The Christian Brothers are now pestering Army officers with invitations to buy tickets for the Knockagow Bazaar "prize drawing," which is, it seems, to take place at Clonmel in the presence of the mayor, the Corporation, and six magistrates. I am glad to see that the Christian Brothers are no longer circulating the misleading quotation from TRUTH, against which I protested some time ago; but this does not, of course, make the promotion of the lottery—"prize drawing" is, of course, a mere euphemism—any the less objectionable. Instead of giving their countenance to the affair, the Mayor of Clonmel and the six magistrates would be much more properly employed in preventing an offence against the law, which is none the less an offence because it happens to be committed in the interests of a religious and charitable undertaking.

A Blue-book which has been sent to me from South Africa throws some interesting light upon quacks and their medicine. Apparently it is possible in Cape Colony for a person, not qualified by law, to petition the Legislature for authority to practise medicine. At any rate, Mrs. Van Niekerk of Stellenbosch petitioned the House of Assembly that she might be authorised to treat cases of cancer and other sores. The report of a select committee appointed to consider the petition, supplemented by the evidence which they took, is contained in the above-mentioned Blue-book. It shows that Mrs. Van Niekerk is the proprietor of a patented preparation called the "Aesiab Cancer Cure," a "healing ointment," and a "blood purifying mixture"; that she has in the past been treating people with these remedies; that she adduces, after the manner of her kind, imposing testimonials from people who allege that they have been thereby cured of cancer and other diseases; and that she has been prosecuted and fined—apparently for unlawfully practising medicine.

As the result of the evidence they have taken, the committee find that the "Aesiab Cancer Cure" is a caustic ointment consisting of about 45 per cent. tartar emetic, 5 per cent. chalk, and 50 per cent lard. The healing ointment consists chiefly of common resin ointment; and the acting principle of the blood purifying mixture is iodide of potassium. The price of a pot of "Aesiab Cancer Cure" was £1 1s. 6d.; the local trade price of a similar pot of stuff is from 6d. to 1s. Although Mrs. Van N. asserted that in the course of twelve years' use the cancer cure had never failed to effect a permanent cure in any case where it had been applied, only three cases of cure were offered in evidence before the committee. In one of them there was no satisfactory evidence that the patient had ever suffered from cancer; and in the second the committee were satisfied that the patient had never suffered from anything but chronic indigestion. The third case was even more unconvincing. In the second of these cases Mrs. Van Niekerk not only alleged that the patient had been afflicted with cancer of the liver, but that the application of the ointment had drawn out the cancer (bodily) through the skin; in proof of which a scar on his stomach was appealed to.

On the other hand, evidence was given of two cases in which death had occurred in spite of the Aesiab treatment, and in both of them the committee found that "Mrs. Van Niekerk's treatment had caused needless pain and suffering, and appeared not only to have hastened death, but to have made it horrible." The conclusion, therefore, was that the cancer cure was worse than useless, inasmuch as it would deter sufferers from taking proper medical advice; that the philanthropic motives, which Mrs. Van Niekerk professed were humbug; and that her petition ought to be dismissed. The case is interesting because it rarely happens that the pretensions of the proprietors of such remedies are submitted in this way to close scrutiny. It shows how they stand such a test, and there are probably very few which would stand it better than the Aesiab Cancer Cure.

What would be said if the King were to write a "private" letter for publication urging the mayor of a town at which there was an election forthcoming to attend the meeting of one candidate, because he—although a member of one of the parties fighting for victory—was a man of independent views? Yet this is precisely what Lord Selborne, H.M. High Commissioner in South Africa, did. Sir Percy Fitzpatrick is, I believe, a partner in one of the Eckstein firms. He is a mining magnate who took a conspicuous part in bringing about the war. Since the war he has been a leading man of the Chamber of Mines. Not only, we may presume, are his opinions those of Lord Milner, but his bread is profusely buttered on the side of the mine owners.

Lord Selborne was pitchforked into the Salisbury Cabinet because he was Lord Salisbury's son-in-law. He shared entirely the views of the Cabinet in regard to their action in South Africa. When the Cabinet was on its deathbed he retired from it, and was given the post of High Commissioner in South Africa. We may take it that he has not changed his views, but whenever his orders are not such as would have found favour with the Salisbury Cabinet, he obeys them because he cannot do otherwise. But he remains a partisan, acting against his own opinions in order to retain his salary. This obedience is rather to the letter than to the spirit, as his last escapade proves.

Lord Selborne would have been better advised had he resigned when the Liberals came into office. When he did not do so, the Liberal Cabinet would have been better advised had it conveyed a hint to him to take that step. It is now full time that he should have that hint conveyed to him, and that he should be at once replaced if he does not take it. Supposing that the Liberals were defeated to-morrow, and that, knowing that this might happen, Mr. Lloyd-George had managed

to get himself made High Commissioner with a salary of £10,000 per annum, does any one suppose that he would not have resigned, or that if he had not done so, he would have been politely bowed out of his place? It is indecent on the part of Lord Selborne to remain, it is weak of the Government not to recall him, and it is harmful to the Transvaal that he should not be recalled.

THE INGENUOUS BRICKLAYER.

Some Builder's Labourers once waxed hot
About the Hardships of their Lot,
And with Abuse did thickly plaster
Their grinding and despotic Master.
'Twas Jones, a layer he of Bricks,
Most fierce denounced that Tyrant's Tricks,
And cursed the Wretch who'd have them lay
Eight hundred Bricks (Oh! Shame!) per Day.
"Say, let's agree to lay no more
Henceforth, my Mates, than Hundreds four."
Now Jones, who this Suggestion made,
Was still a Novice at the Trade,
And *then* four hundred Bricks a Day
Was just as much as he *could* lay.
But as the Months progressing ran,
Jones, who's a quick and handy Man,
Outstripped his Mates and soon could lay
Four hundred Bricks in *Half*-a-Day.
'Twas now the Wish our Friend did take
Double his present Wage to make;
So he the Limit would rescind
Which stringent thus his Efforts pinned.
But lo! His Mates, who—sad, but true!—
Were still a lazy, unskilled Crew,
With Insolence and loud Derision
Declined to hear of such Rescission:
"What next? The Compact—Truth to tell—
Us Duffers suits amazing well,
Nor do we mean such Fools to be
As now to cancel it for thee,
Just 'cos thee's gotten extra Skill
And wants thy private Purse to fill.
Naw! Thee *shan't* rise above our Level.
And if thee tries, we'll raise the Devil!"
Then Jones, with rueful Face, did see
The Vice of forced Equality:
"I know—alas! too late—such Rules
Protect but Lazybones and Fools,
And, levelling up the unskilled Clown,
His Mate more skilful level down!"

Moral.

'Twixt Right and Wrong, 'twixt False and True,
How much depends on Point of View!

SCRUTATOR.

ARE THEIR LORDSHIPS SERIOUS?

THE Lords Spiritual and Temporal have now practically completed their task of reconstructing the Education Bill, and Mr. Birrell has definitely announced that the Government has no use for their handiwork. It is the only possible answer to their lordships, and the only matter for surprise is that even a Bishop of the Established Church could ever have expected a different answer. Clause by clause the Bill has been mercilessly mutilated and redrafted, until, by omissions, additions, and alterations, it has been made to express little or nothing that the Government and the House of Commons intended, and to defeat their intentions in most of its essential provisions. Possibly it has afforded the Archbishop of Canterbury and his assistants a few weeks' personal gratification to give this public demonstration of their talents as law-makers; but they can hardly have been under the delusion that a Government recently placed in power by one of the largest popular votes on record would consent to abandon at their dictation an important legislative proposal in exchange for something radically different.

Within my recollection the House of Lords has never taken any such course as it has followed in this case. On occasion it has thrown out a Government Bill (Liberal Government, *bien entendu*), when it has felt itself safe in doing so. More often, when confronted with a measure which it would have liked to reject but dared not, it has insisted on material alteration here and there just to take a little of the sting out of the Bill. There are few important Liberal measures that have not been thus mutilated in vital points, and robbed thereby of much of their effect. But I can recall no case in which the Lords have gone the length of virtually redrafting a bill clause by clause, and inviting the Commons to adopt at their hands a measure in almost every essential different from that which the Lower House has sent up to them. This proceeding is so opposed to all Parliamentary usage, and it is so manifestly impossible for a strong Government to submit to it, that it is difficult to take their lordships seriously. By agreeing to the second reading they have expressly accepted the essential principles of the Bill. It was an unwilling acceptance, doubtless, but all the more for that it implied that they did not feel themselves in a position to reject the Bill outright. Each assenting Bishop, and perhaps one or two of the lay Opposition, no doubt had in his mind some little amendment on one point or another which would mitigate his personal objections to the obnoxious measure, without touching its general principle. In that spirit each individual has gone to work in Committee; and as the work has gone on, the pleasant excitement of it, and the absence of all effective opposition on the Government side, and all intelligent leadership and control on the other, has made each individual bolder. Appetite has come with eating. Amendments have multiplied; have grown more and more hostile to the original principles of the Bill; and have been adopted off-hand with less and less regard to what had been accepted by the second reading. So the House has gone on, often confessedly ignorant of what it was doing, always hopelessly blind to the general effect of its work, until a result has been arrived at which, if it were to be accepted as embodying the collective and considered judgment of the majority, implies that the House never intended to pass the Government Bill or anything resembling it, and should, therefore, have rejected it on the second reading.

It will now be the painful duty of the Government and the Commons to bring their lordships back to the second reading point. There are certain concessions which the Government has made in the course of the House of Lords debate; there may be a few others, touching questions of administrative detail, which it

THE CARLTON RESTAURANT, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.—*The* Restaurant of London. Telephone 1600 Gerrard. Telegrams, "Carlton Hotel, London." C. RITZ, General Manager.

may still make for the sake of getting rid of a thankless and distasteful task. But there are others, and they include the majority of the Lords' amendments which no Liberal Government—least of all the present, which has just fought a general election on the education question—can possibly make, and live. It is impossible to agree that denominational instruction shall go on in all public schools taken over from ecclesiastical owners on precisely the same lines as heretofore. This is the collective result of a whole series of the Lords' amendments—indeed, their effect is to perpetuate the existing system of Church teaching at an increased charge to the ratepayers, for while no change is to be made in the Church schools beyond the form of making the religious teaching a charge on the owners of the schools, the local authority is to pay rent for the use of the school-houses, which it has not done hitherto. This rent must far exceed anything that the Churches will pay for religious instruction, so that it is proposed to secure to them an increased payment from the rates in exchange for nothing. Again, it is impossible to accept any of the amendments which materially restrict the control of the local authorities over the schools which they are to provide at the public expense, such as the amendment making religious teaching compulsory in all schools—a thing never attempted in any one of the Education Acts of the last thirty-six years—or the restriction of the right of the local authority to take over a Church school whether wanted or not, whether suitable or unsuitable; or the extension of the special privileges conceded to the Churches by Clause 4 to any case in which a bare majority of parents asks for a particular form of denominational teaching. It is equally impossible to leave the teachers free to give denominational instruction at will. All such matters as these go to the root of the Bill. In its treatment of them the House of Lords has struck directly at the cardinal principles of full control by the local authority over the expenditure of the money it provides, no payment out of the rates for the support of denominational teaching, and no religious tests for teachers in the public service. By disagreeing with all amendments having such an effect, the House of Commons will force the Lords to declare, this time not formally but practically, whether they accept the Bill in principle or not. By insisting on the retention of such amendments the Lords will reject the Bill as unreservedly as if they had thrown it out on the second reading. Will they do so? Having already passed it on the second reading, they cannot do so logically; and when they fully appreciate the position into which they have drifted, and the result to which it must lead, I doubt whether prudence will not prevail with them as much as logic. Anyhow, let there be no mistake about this—that if the two Houses come to a deadlock, and the Bill has to be abandoned in consequence, it will not be due to any trumpery disagreement between the Houses on mere questions of mechanical arrangements or administrative detail, but because the Lords have refused to assent to the fundamental principles of the measure. They will have negatived expressly what the parliamentary majority of last January was sent to Westminster to do. Their passing of the Bill on the second reading will become a mere tactical trick designed to hoodwink the electors.

When we arrive at that result it will be time enough to consider what is to be done next. In the *Daily Chronicle* a few days ago, Sir Robert Edgcumbe propounded what may look, at first sight, like an easy method of bringing the clerical party to reason. It was simply that the Commons should refuse to vote further money for denominational schools until the House of Lords assents to the arrangements which the Commons have proposed for their future management. I rather doubt the expediency of a step which puts the Government and the Liberal Party in the position of stopping a great part of the educational machinery of the country, regardless of the consequences to the children. But even if the end were held to justify the means, the question remains whether the end can be gained by the means here proposed. By the Act of 1902 the duty of maintaining the schools, provided or non-provided, is thrown on the local authority, and must be paid for out of the rates. The grants voted by Parliament are merely subsidies in aid of the rates. The withdrawal of the grants from non-provided schools would not therefore cut off the supply of public money to such schools; it would merely throw the whole burden of maintaining them on the ratepayers. Perhaps Sir Robert Edgcumbe has foreseen this objection, and has some answer to it, but, as far as I can see at present, his plan would simply involve the Government in incalculable odium without hurting the clericals in the least. I have little faith in any such "turning movement." The House of Lords will have to be taken by a frontal attack. In common with many a Liberal, and most of the more advanced section of politicians, I have little love for the Education Bill. I take no side in the eternal feud of Church *v.* Chapel, and I hold that the only satisfactory and permanent settlement of the question it deals with lies in the renunciation by the State of all part in the teaching of religion. But until the majority of the country and the House of Commons is converted to that view, some such solution of the religious difficulty as that proposed by Mr. Birrell is the only one practicable for Liberals. Whatever I or any other humble individual may think, the Bill commands the general approval of all those who returned the present majority to power, while no Act has ever been more unequivocably condemned by the voice of those immediately concerned in it than the Act of 1902, which the present Bill displaces. By rejecting this Bill, and thereby conferring a new lease of life on its predecessor, the House of Lords will fly more directly than it has ever done before in the face of the popular will expressed at the polls and in the House of Commons. It will demonstrate to the most timid and time-serving of Liberals that genuine Liberal legislation is impossible so long as it is exposed to the veto of a permanent Tory caucus. Good will therefore come out of evil, for we shall be a long step nearer the day for a general assault on the fortress which blocks the road against all democratic progress.

B

THOMAS GOODE & CO.—China, glass, pottery, fireproof ware. Sole agents in the United Kingdom for the famous "Bi-Métal" (copper lined with pure sheet silver) Cooking Utensils. Illustrated catalogues free.—South Audley-street, London.

BUNKUM, BRAG, AND THE *TIMES*.

The authors of that amusing work, "Signs of the Times," represent the *Times* opening a new "side show" every month of the year. This is scarcely a caricature of the spirit of hustling activity which now pervades the management of that once humdrum journal. Fresh manifestations of it have been forthcoming of late, not once a month, but once a week; and each seems to carry with it a more alarming sacrifice than the last of the most cherished traditions of Printing House Square. I have just been privileged to peruse a little tract or pamphlet now being distributed in the interest of the advertisement department of the *Times*, in which the application of bunkum and brag to commercial purposes is probably carried to a higher degree of perfection than has previously been attempted on this side of the Atlantic. The tract is entitled "The Englishman's Opportunity," with the explanatory sub-title, "Insurance Against Loss of Trade and Depreciation of Profits." It is addressed in the opening sentences to "Manufacturers, merchants, importers, and shippers," and it is evidently inspired by the belief that the Englishmen comprising these classes are of an order of intelligence which marks them as the natural prey of the smart advertisement writer. In get-up no less than in literary style, the pamphlet is a typical specimen of all the works of the same class that have recently flowed from the same prolific source—every telling point emphasised by red ink, lavish underlining, and eye-arresting side-headings; each paragraph introduced by a rubricated capital letter, as though to make the volume look like a manual of devotion, or anything but what it really is—a newspaper office advertisement.

The contents of this egregious work may be conveniently divided, though the author has not thought it necessary to do so, into two parts, the first devoted to Bunkum and the second to Brag. In Part I. (Bunkum) the gifted author sets himself to instruct manufacturers, merchants, importers, and shippers in the A.B.C. of trade, and to present to them, in the guise of startling new scientific discoveries, commercial truisms with which they should have become familiar within a few weeks of leaving school. To this end he begins, after the manner of the American school which he adorns, as far away as possible from the point to which he desires to lead his dupes. Every reader of the quack medicine advertisements which appear in the daily papers disguised as items of news, essays on social questions, or what not, will know the sort of thing:—

> It is agreed upon all sides that Competition, domestic as well as foreign, has increased, is increasing, and is not likely to be diminished. Almost every contingency or accident of business can be Insured against by one form of Policy or another, and several new dangers have lately been added to the list of Insurable Risks. Insurance against Loss of Trade through the general conditions of business (Side-heading: "Loss-of-Trade Insurance") is a suggestion which could not fail to command the most interested attention.

Having thus commanded attention, the teacher opens his course of instruction. He begins with the startling proposition that many who have felt the stress of competition "*wish to sell more goods than they are selling now*," and fixes this on the mind of the student by means of red ink. After diving for a moment into economic technicalities, and discoursing learnedly on the causes of a downward tendency in prices, the effect of increased output, and the uselessness of an increased output unless it can be disposed of, he comes to the surface again with the discovery that "a manufacturer does not trade directly with the consumer," but through the medium of a shopkeeper, followed by another no less valuable—that in preferring to sell one article rather than another the shopkeeper's motive is *the profit he can make out of them* (red ink again). Following this line of thought, we next learn that "if you (the manufacturer) have a monopoly competition cannot touch you"; but that it is otherwise if "a new article is placed on the market and drives you out"; or, if I might presume to translate the language of scientific research into my own humble words, if you have a monopoly you have no competition, but if you have competition you cannot have a monopoly. So we go on, page after page, until we arrive at a point that if you can persuade the public to insist upon having your goods and nobody else's, you have reached the desired consummation of an "Insurance of Trade" (in red ink). The reader will easily guess the next step of the argument, though it takes the great man two more pages of luminous reasoning to climb it in his own scientific way. In order to make the public insist upon having your goods and nobody else's you must advertise, advertise, advertise. A newspaper advertisement is the policy which insures you against all loss of business; the little charge for it is "An Insurance Premium with Profits'" (side heading).

So much for Part I. (Bunkum). In Part II. (Brag) we start—as before, insidiously and at a convenient distance from the end in view—with the admission that even advertising has its risks (Side-heading: "The Risks of Advertising Minimised.") Some of these risks are imaginary or insignificant, but one of them is real. It is "the risk of spending the money unprofitably—of Advertising without knowing how to advertise." "This hazard is considerable if Advertising is undertaken without some guidance *based upon ascertained results*" (more red ink). Now we are coming to the point at last:—

> The *Times* itself has been one of the largest advertisers of recent years. Sums aggregating as much as £100,000 in a single year have been spent by the *Times* in its own advertising throughout this country. But those large sums have not been spent on any system of "general effect" or indefinite "extension of trade." They have been spent on a definite plan, conceived and carried out by experts still on the *Times* Staff. [Small need to tell us that.—ED. TRUTH.] The sales resulting from this advertising have been very large indeed: and [red ink, underlined] *in the case of over ninety per cent. of the total moneys received we were able to ascertain definitely, not merely the newspaper, but the individual advertisement in that newspaper which made the sale.* . . . . The whole of this experience is carefully and systematically tabulated by the *Times*, and can be referred to in the minutest detail

The reader will now see for himself clearly enough the nature of "The Englishman's Opportunity," the precise mode by which he is to effect "Insurance against Loss of Trade and Depreciation of Profits." To advertise is the general principle of the thing, but to advertise through the *Times*, or under the advice of the *Times*, is the only way of giving effect to that principle without risk. Have you a large and flourishing business, and would you insure yourself against seeing it diminished by any of the chances of trade? Apply in strict confidence to Printing House-

square. Is your business going downhill, and don't you know how to stop it? Apply to Printing House-square. Is your business small and sickly, and do you want to make it big and strong? Apply to Printing House-square. We have tested "every method of advertising known." "We are in a position to advise upon advertising of any sort and of every kind, small as well as large." "We offer you the results of our own experience and the services of our own Staff of Experts—the largest and most highly paid Advertising Staff in the world." In short, we are the only advertising medium; none other is genuine.

Although for convenience in analysing its contents I have divided this remarkable book into two parts, the reader will appreciate that bunkum and brag are not mutually exclusive terms; and, in point of fact, there is as much bunkum in Part II. as in Part I., if not more. Who is this that undertakes to teach every manufacturer and merchant how to secure a trade monopoly against competition in any shape? The *Times* newspaper—itself the most conspicuous example extant of a trade monopoly hopelessly destroyed by the competition of rival enterprise. "Physician, heal thyself," is the retort which must surely rise to the lips of every business man when an "expert" from Printing House-square offers to instruct him in the means of ensuring to his firm eternal prosperity. Again, the ultimate purpose of this precious course of instruction is to persuade manufacturers, merchants, importers, and shippers to advertise in the *Times*. Now the circulation of the *Times* is notoriously the lowest of any daily paper; it is absolutely insignificant beside that of the many papers which have a daily sale of hundreds of thousands. As an advertising medium, therefore, the *Times* is quite the worst of its class that could be selected by advertisers who desire to reach a big public. It is quite true that the *Times*, by reason of the fact that it is read by a special though limited class, has a value of its own as an advertising medium; so have most papers. But to say that it is of any use to a manufacturer or importer who desires to gain or retain a big popular demand for any article of general consumption, and in this way to "insure his trade" against competition, or against the interested manipulation of other goods by retailers, is absolute nonsense; and if it were uttered by an advertisement agent of the *Times* it would be no better than fraudulent, for it would be an attempt to deceive the advertiser and to obtain his money for the *Times* by false pretences.

From whatever point of view it is looked at, this offer of confidential advice on advertising, and of the unrivalled talents and experience of "own own Staff of Experts" is disingenuous and misleading. What right can the proprietors of any advertising medium have to hold themselves out as competent advisers on the question where and how to advertise? A publisher might as well offer to take fees for advising people on the choice of books, or a solicitor for advising them on the choice of lawyers. The object of this laborious appeal to the blind side of "manufacturers, merchants, importers, and shippers" is to bring them to Printing House-square, and when they have come there, it is not likely that they will be sent anywhere else. The *Times* "experts" would be pretty advisers to instruct tradesmen how to "insure" their business in the face of competition, if they conducted their own business on the principle of recommending a prospective customer to apply to a rival firm who are in a position to serve him better. There is, indeed, a pretence in this pamphlet that advice as to advertising elsewhere than in the *Times* will be given if required. If it is to be taken seriously, this suggestion is delusive as regards the advertiser and an impertinence as regards the rest of the press. Setting aside the fact that the *Times* is not in a position to give disinterested advice as between itself and other daily papers, what qualifications have its "experts" for giving advice at all as to advertising outside its own columns? This question brings us to the most insidious fallacy in the whole of the pamphlet. I ask the reader to refer again to the passage quoted above, which relates the unrivalled experience of the *Times* itself as an advertiser, and its marvellous system of checking and tabulating the results of its expenditure. The allusion to the £100,000 spent in a single year evidently has reference to the notorious advertisements of the Encyclopædia Britannica. Since that date, the only great advertising boom that the *Times* has spent any big sums upon has been in connection with the Book Club. Thus, the whole of the above imposing recital of the qualifications of the *Times* for advising upon trade advertisements in general resolves itself into the fact that the *Times* has had a brief, though big, experience of advertising a book (as to the intrinsic value of which the less said the better) and a circulating library.

In the face of this, what is the value of all the experience and all the "carefully and systematically tabulated" tests of which such an imposing parade is now made for the mystification of other advertisers? Nothing. Indeed, a good deal less than nothing, for the tabulated results can only lead people astray when it is a question of advertising anything different from a book or a book club. It will be observed that the *Times* claims to have traced ninety per cent. of the orders received from its advertisements of the Encyclopædia and Book Club in individual newspapers; and there is nothing wonderful in this, because the method by which it is done is in constant use, and is in no way the private secret of the *Times*. It is now seeking to sell these results to "manufacturers, merchants, importers, and shippers," under the pretence of teaching them how to "insure" their trade. There comes for advice to the *Times* expert a manufacturer of, let us say, soap. By means of his tabulated results the expert shows that an Encyclopædia Britannica advertisement in the *Athenæum* brought in more orders than a corresponding advertisement in the *Daily Mail;* such a thing might conceivably occur. The deluded soap-boiler is to infer from this that it will pay him better to advertise his soap in the *Athenæum* than in the *Daily Mail*. The soap-boiler is followed by an importer of Egyptian cigarettes, who is led by the same process of "expert" reasoning to suppose that because a Book Club advertisement in the *Guardian* caught more subscribers than one in the *Daily Telegraph*, it will be wiser for him to advertise his cigarettes in the former paper than the latter. To any one

with the slightest knowledge of trade and of the conditions of newspaper advertising, every pretension put forward in this pamphlet on behalf of the *Times* is transparent humbug, an insult equally to the intelligence of those to whom it is offered and to every other journal with which the *Times* puts itself into competition, and on whose value as an advertising medium it assumes to pronounce its "expert" opinion. If it were possible to suppose that the writer and publisher of the pamphlet believe in their own humbug, it would follow that they are ignorant of the first principles of their business, and unfit to advise anybody on the subject of advertising. If they do not believe it, they are deliberately seeking to impose on the ignorance and credulity of those whom they address.

In an "appreciation" of Mr. Hooper which appeared a week or two ago in the *Daily Mail* we were warned that the failure of the British public to do him justice might imperil the good relations of this country with the United States, and TRUTH was specially singled out for reprobation, the writer observing that Mr. Hooper's endeavour to increase the circulation of the *Times* "is surely no matter for such bitter criticism as that of TRUTH." Having no desire to precipitate international complications, I desire to disclaim at once any bitterness towards Mr. Hooper. I entertain towards him sentiments only slightly differing from admiration, and I did so even before I read in the *Daily Mail* of his "extremely good New England birth," his "modest demeanour," and his "keen but kindly eye." The "modest demeanour" I had not previously had an opportunity of noticing, but naturally one does not look for it in the writing of advertisements, and Mr. Hooper would be quite right in taking it off, with his overcoat, on entering his office. It was a disappointment to me—and I feel sure to others—to learn that "Mr. Hooper himself rarely contributes to the *Times* editorials." Let us hope that this is not the fault of Mr. Buckle, of whom we hear strangely little in connection with the affairs of the *Times*. Personally, I cannot fully agree that Mr. Hooper "is worthy as a stylist to rank among the great names of the past," and a reader of the *Daily Mail* "appreciation" may doubt the qualifications of the writer to judge this matter; but I fully recognise that the advertisements of the Encyclopædia Britannica and the Book Club reveal imagination of no common order, and literary gifts which are not to be met with every day in commercial establishments. In saying so much, I hope I have done something to put matters right between this country and America. But what we are concerned with on this side of the Atlantic is the *Times*, not Mr. Hooper, and for the management of the *Times* he is not as yet responsible. If in adopting him and his policy the responsible managers of the *Times* have made a mistake, anybody is entitled to say so, without regard to Mr. Hooper's feelings or those of his admiring countrymen. At present I am not aware that his laudable efforts to increase the circulation of the *Times* have achieved any signal success. I see no probability that they ever will achieve it, and every probability to the contrary. The Encyclopædia Britannica trick brought discredit to the *Times* out of all proportion to the yield in cash. The Book Club could never have been expected to restore the lost circulation of the paper, for it appeals to a limited and very small section of the community; its object is to keep the *Times* alive by establishing a more profitable business under the same proprietary. This is a confession to all the world that the *Times* as a newspaper can no longer pay its way. The discredit of such a confession has been aggravated by the quarrel with the book trade, in which the *Times* can hope for no sympathy from the public beyond its own handful of subscribers. Losing at each step in character and reputation, it is necessarily hard pressed to maintain its advertising business—the financial backbone of every newspaper. Accordingly, the "experts" who were to work such wonders for the circulation of the paper have been let loose in the advertisement department, with such results as we all know. Business firms were invited to pay big sums for descriptive articles written by "a member of the *Times* advertisement staff"—the old trick of the paper which has no sale and lives on the proceeds of advertisements disguised as literary matter. A servants' registry office was started, and we had the monumental appeal to the servants' hall to patronise the only newspaper which could offer to domestics easy places, considerate employers, provision for sickness and old age, and the prospect of being remembered in master's will. Side by side with this we had the actor invoked with the sublime suggestion that by advertising in the *Times* he would show that he appealed only to the most intellectual and critical audience, and thereby raise himself to the highest sphere of his profession at a cost of a few shillings. On top of it all comes this delusive and dishonest appeal to manufacturers, merchants, and importers, with its pseudo-scientific pose, its claptrap about insurance against loss of trade, its blarney about the unique experience of the *Times*, and the superhuman faculty of its unique body of specialists for looking after other people's business. Has the advertisement business of the *Times* profited by all these smart notions any more than the circulation of the paper by the Encyclopædia and the Book Club? I shall believe it when I see the results "tabulated" and vouched by an auditor's certificate. Every move that is made is calculated to defeat its own end; for each one is a confession that the advertisement business of the paper is in the same precarious condition as its circulation. The *Times* is like a sick man who dismisses his doctors and calls in quacks to galvanise life and health into him. They may make him kick about a little, but if they remain in possession they are more likely to hasten the end than postpone it.

THE THEATRES.

I observe that I was right in my anticipations that "The Virgin Goddess" at the Adelphi would not have a long run, as its withdrawal has already been announced. The fact about the play was that it was not more than an able academic exercise, and I do not think that the public is to be held incapable of appreciating the higher forms of drama because it does not happen to be interested in "The Virgin Goddess."

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"The Beauty of Bath" came out in some new frocks and new songs, and various diversions at the Aldwych

last week. "The Beauty of Bath" is one of those immortal things which do not die because they have not a vertebrate existence, but can be added to or subtracted from at pleasure. As usual, Mr. Seymour Hicks supplies the chief driving-power for the entertainment, panting and puffing and making such heroic efforts to make one laugh that eventually the laugh does come, as much at the pertinacity as at the achievement of the artist.

I liked the new impersonations of the second act, and the comic songs sung to serious ballad airs by attractive Miss Barbara Deane. Mr. Hicks particularly excelled as Mr. Chamberlain and in the duet at the card-table, with bridge for his theme and Miss Ellaline Terriss, winsomely pink and white as ever, for his partner. The latter has also a good new topical song, and her "Au revoir," with the waving flowery wreaths of her maidens on the stage, and the melodious refrain from the sweet-voiced lad placed in the upper circle, linger pleasantly in the memory. The fair maidens habited after pictures, and posing momentarily as such, are also an agreeable interlude, and one could put up with a longer view of Miss Topsy Sinden's twinkling toes. This performance, as that of the Vaudeville, is of a special class, and makes its appeal as much by the personalities of certain players, the beauty of many on the stage, as by any especial charm of music or story.

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It will be interesting to see what success is achieved by the Gilbert and Sullivan revivals at the Savoy Theatre, and I observe also that at the Prince of Wales's "The Vicar of Wakefield" is being rehearsed, apparently with songs and dances. Shakespeare has been made into comic opera, so I suppose that Oliver Goldsmith has no right to complain. Doubtless the production will be perfectly upholstered.

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At the Empire Theatre there are two new items of interest. The Biograph proffers a series of incidents illustrative of fox-hunting. I have rarely seen a clearer series than this, and the ingenuity shown by those who arranged with the fox to break covert in full view of the audience is past praise.

"The Débutante" made a very well-practised début. For a débutante, she has quite a good idea of dancing, and one was not surprised to find her first attempt on the stage of the Paris Opera House of 1835 so successful. No wonder the "principal dancer" went off in a huff, for it was really bad luck to be cut out by a beginner, and, indeed, it amounted to positive misfortune when that beginner was called Adeline Genée. We have the Paris Opera House, the rehearsal room, and the stage behind the scenes for the first two tableaux of this very graceful ballet. How pleasantly the old-fashioned white ballet skirts remind one of what was a tradition forty years ago, and the personages of this divertissement, Mr. Fred Farren as the ballet-master, Mr. Paul Sundberg as the rich patron of the débutante, contributed, with many others, though more than the rest, to the illusion of the 'thirties. For the third tableau, Mr. C. Wilhelm, the author, has reserved his chief splendours. This is the ballet, in which the glorious débutante who has previously been but rehearsing takes triumphant part. It represents the seraglio scene at Constantinople, and the débutante is now the odalisque, moving before the ravished eyes of the Sultan in the splendours of her youth and beauty. One of a group of slave girls introduced to the seraglio by that nimble-footed slave-dealer, Mr. Sundberg, Mlle. Genée finds fitting opportunity for the exercise of her art, as she delicately hints at her despair at being separated from her lover, and eventually, after dancing through the intervening emotions, secures his pardon at the hands of the Sultan by a dance of fascination, for which he accords her his diamond ring, carrying with it the release of the prisoner. But where eye and ear are chiefly occupied with feasting on colour and sound, the brain does not care to work upon the more intellectual side of things. And yet the exquisite mimetic of Mlle. Genée is as well worthy of attention as her fleet-foot dance. What an actress she would make, and why do the gods give all their gifts to one? Mme. Katti Lanner, who arranged the dances and the action of the débutante, would probably reply: "because she needs all the gifts to be the perfect dancer that she is." And Mme. Lanner would probably be in the right.

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The Playgoers' Club held its annual concert at His Majesty's Theatre in aid of the Pantomime Fund for Poor Children on Sunday last. The theatre was kindly lent by Mr. Tree, and the pecuniary success of the entertainment was already in great part assured by the middle of the week, all the stalls and dress-circle seats having been sold. The fact that last year twenty thousand children enjoyed an afternoon's amusement, which they would otherwise have been without, is in itself a sufficient plea on behalf of the Club's effort, and the charitably-disposed can learn more of its details by applying at the Playgoers' Club, Clement's Inn, to Mr. C. E. B. Kibblewhite.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

"LA VIERGE D'AVILA."

M. CATULLE MENDÈS has written a masterpiece in "La Vierge d'Avila." Mme. Sarah Bernhardt deserves the author's gratitude and everybody's admiration for her impersonation of the heroïne, Santa Teresa. The Virgin of Avila is one of the most fascinating and impenetrable figures in the history of the Catholic Church. The wedding-ring which every nun wears to show that she becomes a spouse of Christ was not a symbol to Santa Teresa. Did she even wear a ring? Did she need such a reminder? She professed that she *saw* the Saviour, conversed with Him, touched Him, was lost in Him. And this is no legend, but is taught by the Catholic Church even to this day. I am aware that modern French doctors, who have made a specialty of nervous diseases, claim to have found in Teresa de Ahumada many recognised symptoms of hysteria. But even if this opinion, which I am afraid is heretical, be adopted, the character of the saint does not lose its interest. For the rapturous spouse of Christ was a shrewd business woman, and a genius at organisation. I am not surprised that such a woman, who was in many respects a great woman, should have got into

trouble with the Inquisition, and had it not been for the protection of the Jesuits, the Holy Office might, to use a trite but appropriate phrase, have "made it *hot* for her."

M. Catulle Mendès's play is a poem—indeed, a rhapsody—in which he shows the ascent of Santa Teresa to holiness. Like Victor Hugo, like Swinburne, M. Mendès is a master of his native tongue. Like Wagner, he feels that there is something more subtle—albeit less precise—than language, and that is music. His verses sound extraordinary strains of melody; familiar commonplace words acquire freshness and nobility owing to his way of setting them. According to telegrams from Spain, the clerical press of that country waxes indignant over his drama, which it considers blasphemous. Why? Because Mendès is not a believer. A pity, then, that no believer has yet raised such a fairy-like monument to the glory of the Virgin of Avila. One of the grievances of the orthodox Spaniards against M. Catulle Mendès is that he has mixed up personages and got his dates wrong, that Santa Teresa was over fifty years of age when he introduces her as a person scarcely yet out of her teens, that Philip II. is made to live five years after his death, and so forth. In short, criticisms of Philistines. The object of the author was never to write a historical drama, but to give us characters, emotions, and an atmosphere of beauty. His personages are symbolical. Santa Teresa is Divine love; Ximeira, the fallen nun and gipsy queen, is human love; Philip II. is (I suppose) the image of despair, and so on. During her novitiate Teresa became dangerously ill, and was allowed to leave the convent to find rest and fresh air in the country. She went accompanied by her father, her sister, and her friend Juana Suarez. She had to choose a confessor, and this priest, overcome by a sense of his own unworthiness, confessed to her that for seven years he had lived under the spell of a guilty attachment. Teresa tore from the neck of the guilty priest an amulet, the gift of the woman, and the spell was broken. Teresa then laid upon him as a penance the duty of going first to Rome and getting absolution from the Pope, and then to Jerusalem. Such is the subject which M. Mendès has amplified. The woman Ximeira, like Ortrud in "Lohengrin," is an impersonation of Evil, or rather of that which is evil in human nature.

A fine scene is a dialogue between Santa Teresa and the Grand Inquisitor. Teresa, moved by the spirit of self-sacrifice, connives at the escape of a Jewess condemned to be burnt alive, and takes her place in the cells. The fraud is discovered, and the Grand Inquisitor has half a mind to punish her by burning her. Her love of mankind is again manifested when Philip II. asks her to bless the Armada. She refuses. Here are a few snatches of dialogue between the saint and the fanatical king. But it is a pity to give it in English, and you should read it in French:—

Philip: When the leprosy of schism eats into the vitals of a nation, God needs the whole of their blood to cleanse them.
Teresa: That is not His way of healing lepers.
Philip: You pity, then, the brood of blasphemers?
Teresa: I pity those who withhold their pity from all mankind.
Philip: Moses put to the sword the people of Canaan.
Teresa: He was not permitted to enter the Promised Land.
Philip: David raised his sword as a prayer to Heaven.
Teresa: David was the night, but Jesus was the dawn.
Philip: Jesus said, "I come with a sword."
Teresa: He did not say it to me.

The death of Teresa with the words, "Jesus . . . . love" on her lips was an apotheosis for the author and for Mme. Sarah Bernhardt.

The Comtesse Boni de Castellane is again simply Miss Anna Gould, unless the ex-husband authorises her to bear his title. As every one expected, she has come out of the divorce court with all honour. The 150,000 fr. a year he claimed as alimony for the loss of the best years of his life is refused in the judgment. He asked that the three children should receive a French education in France, and be brought up Catholics. The judgment is silent as to the subject of religion, but decides for the Comte on the point of education in France, and grants him a consulting voice as to the manner in which they are to be educated. Nor are they to be taken abroad without his consent. He is to see them twice a week at the house of his mother, the Marquise de Castellane. The tribunal, with a minuteness that will prevent litigation, appoints the hours they are to spend there on Thursdays and Sundays — namely, from half-past eleven to half-past six. This will give them time—but the judge did not say so—to attend mass at Sainte Clotilde's with the Marquise or the Comte, and vespers in the afternoon. There will be opportunities for them on Thursdays to receive catechetical instruction at the same church, which is close to the residence of the grandmamma.

The tribunal thought it useless to order supplemental investigation into the charges made against the Comte. His letters and the blamable relations he kept up with ladies and others of "morals the opposite of severe" were enough to establish the case against him. Perhaps if counsel for the Comtesse had joined in the demand it would have been granted, with the consequence of securing every possible advantage to her.

The art furniture and *objets d'art* which cost so many millions of francs when the urban Grand Trianon had to be furnished, will doubtless be sold by auction and the proceeds equally divided. The same fate awaits the furniture of the seat in the Seine-et-Oise, where Grand Dukes and sovereigns proved themselves crack shots, with the furs, laces, and jewellery that were not inventoried in the marriage contract. When Patti obtained her divorce from the Marquis de Caux, all her jewels and every wardrobe article belonging to her that could not be set down as among the necessaries was put up to auction and the price it fetched halved with the discarded husband. He thus pocketed 500,000 francs. She had confided her most valuable jewels to an American lady for safe keeping, and some priceless furs.

The Castellanes are not of the highest nobility, but within the last century became connected with the Valençay de Talleyrands, and through them with the

Radzivils of the senior stem, the Potockys and Branickys. Nobody ever heard of them outside their small locality in the South of France before that gasconading Gascon, the old Marshal, pushed to the front. He had a talent for holding on to posts and sinecures under governments and dynasties the most diverse and discrepant. He courted successfully Napoleon, Louis, the restored Bourbons, and Louis Napoleon when Prince, President, and Emperor. By marrying the daughter of a cent. per center of Dutch origin he became well rooted in the then unbuilt quarter of the Madeleine. The Rue de Castellane keeps alive the memory of this matrimonial success. A Demoiselle de Castellane, who came of this marriage, replaced, as second wife of the Duc de Valençay and Talleyrand, who generally lived in Berlin and at Sagan, Alix de Montmorency, his first wife. The Comtesse Jean de Castellane, formerly Princess de Fürstenberg, and sister-in-law of Comte Boni, is her daughter. That part of Rachel Greffuhle's great dowry that flowed into the pocket of her son, the Marquis de Castellane, took wings and flew away. He died early, and his widow retrieved the compromised position of the family by her economy, prudence, wisdom, and matchmaking talents. The present Marquis led in the Versailles Assembly that group of extreme Royalists known as "the Light Horse," and with the dash and spirit of a cavalry officer inclined to stop at nothing. On account of his round fair face, and fresh complexion, M. Pelletan nicknamed him Bébé Castellane.

His son, the divorced Count Boni, has his fresh fair face—or had at the time he captivated Miss Anna Gould—but with a figure naturally a little heavy, though lightened and developed by athletic sports into flexible muscularity. He sometimes put on aristocratic reserve, but allowed his *bon-garçonism* to temper it. If he had few ideas of his own, he had *la poignée de main facile et aimable*. This made him popular. When he had the spending of those millions of dollars that his wife brought him he had friends on all sides of the Chamber of Deputies, in spite of his close partnership with the touchy and irritable M. Syveton. Now and then his rashness in attack made him an enemy. He had hoped to get at M. Loubet by purchasing the Château de Grignan, where Mme. de Sevigné, as the guest of her daughter, the Comtesse de Grignan, wrote some of her most telling letters. Grignan is in the Department of the Drome. Its Mayor is M. Loubet's brother. With Loubet on his side and Syveton as his "coach" in history and foreign affairs, he hoped to climb into a first-class Embassy. The restoration of the Château de Grignan, which was one of his dreams, must have dipped into what remained to his wife of the Gould fortune. Still, one sympathises with him in his architectural dream—or "folly."

I witnessed the début of the Comtesse Boni de Castellane and her handsome young husband—as every one called him—in Parisian society. It took place at a grand dinner to about forty persons, followed by a reception. The papers spoke of both as "*très select*," and of the invitations as being submitted to the Marquis and Marquise de Castellane before being launched. I thought the bridegroom must have been in regard to form the imitator of the Duc d'Orléans rather than of his cousin De Sagan. Mr. George Gould and his sparkling wife, Ada Kingdon, the ex-star of Daly's Theatre, were in the company. She wore a pastel blue *gauze de soie* dress and a suite of diamonds, tiara, necklace, shoulder-knot, brooch, and a bracelet—the exact copy of a suite belonging to the then Princess of Wales. Mrs. George Gould, on the occasion, might have vied with a fire-fly in sparkle and vivacity. Though not fine-looking or of remarkable beauty, she filled the room with her presence; she had a winsome something in her manner, an obligingness that made her engaging. I did not remember to have ever seen diamonds that were in themselves a regalia worn with a more charming grace. One had to look for the bride to see her, so completely did the sister-in-law efface her. And yet she had taken up a position with Comte Boni to be *en évidence*. She could not have been dressed in more faultless taste, in a gown in the palest pink without much fla-fla garniture, and fitting her like a Jouvin glove. Pearls and diamonds had not been lavished on head and neck. But every pearl and every diamond was in itself a large fortune, and the most perfect in orient or water of its kind. The Comtesse's coronet had been left at home. But a *fleur-de-lis* in brilliants shone somewhere on the corsage.

The modest dignity of her manner won good will. She appeared very composed, unobtrusive, and still struck one as being somebody. I had heard her spoken of as plain, but hardly found her so. She had a well-turned and *mignonne* figure, a nice neck, good arms, a load of dark and judiciously arranged hair. There was more fine judgment than grace in her get-up, which, however, did not lack elegance. It occurred to me that she had in abeyance plenty of firm character. The strongly marked eyebrows and the peculiarly high bridge of the nose gave this assurance. It was the feminine reduction of the nose of Wellington, William of Orange, or of that masterful Pharaoh who lies in the shape of an amazingly well-preserved mummy, in the museum of Ghezeh. The curator some years ago showed it to me as the mummy of a Rameses, but whether the first, second, third, or what, I really forget.

The Castellane family mustered in full force at the dinner and reception I speak of. I do not remember to have seen Miss Helen Gould, who was said to have noble ideals, and to conform to them. The Castellanes, it was noticed, seemed determined at the reception to hem round the young Comte and Comtesse, and not to let outsiders near them. They adopted the same course towards the George Goulds. An American who called my attention to the tactics said there were ghosts in the back parlour of the boarding-house where the Comte used to stay, and that the Marquis and Marquise perhaps feared they might come out. I last saw the Comte and Comtesse together as they took, on a fine May morning, a ride in the Bois, she on an impeccable white thoroughbred, and he on his not less faultless hack. They went at a slow pace, did not open their lips or seem at all to enter into the spirit of the bright morning or the exhilarating scene. As the Comtesse had a double veil of black and white tulle

drawn well down on her face and round her neck, I could not clearly see her face. But her attitude gave the impression of a dispirited and bored person. As to the Comte, he struck me as the image of disappointment and conjugal aversion. All I wonder at is that the *ménage* held so long together. He had thought himself and his title, connections, and social status worth all she paid for them, and acted accordingly.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

THE Young Lions of Divorce, dear Lady Betty—the youthful Peers—are much disturbed by a proposal which a Conservative Bishop is about to submit to the House of Lords, and is to have the support of the Prelates on both sides.

There are in every club in England two rules more or less to the following effect:—

"Expulsion.

"1.—Should any member seek to obtain discharge from his debts, whether by acts of Insolvency, of Bankruptcy, of Outlawry, or should he execute any deed or instrument for the purpose of compounding or compromising with his creditors, he shall immediately cease to be a member of the Club. . . . .

"2.—Should the conduct of any member, either in or out of the Club house, be injurious to the character of the Club, he shall be written to and recommended to withdraw from the Club—should this recommendation not be attended to, and should he not offer a satisfactory explanation of his conduct, he shall be expelled from the Club."

The Bishops maintain, and the leading men on both sides admit the justness of the contention, that the character of the House of Lords is far more important than is that of a club. It is proposed, therefore, to introduce at once a measure which will place the members of the House of Lords in the same position in those respects in relation to the House as they occupy at their clubs. The Bishops have been much gratified by the strenuous support they have received from most of the Peers in the matter of the Education Bill, but they maintain that if so important a measure has been remodelled by Peers whose conduct is notoriously disreputable, the country will be entitled to look upon the proceedings with suspicion.

Moreover, they declare that as the wealth now possessed by the general public is far in excess of that owned by the comparative handful of Peers, the latter must justify their continuance as a controlling force by being the representatives of principle, of right conduct, and of unselfish regard for the interests of the country. It would be manifestly inconsistent, and even a scandal, then, were Peers who were leading a debauched life, had figured as respondents or co-respondents in divorce cases, or had defrauded their creditors, to come to the House and set themselves up as arbiters in matters of principle. Besides, the Bishops insist that, however good the cause may be, they are compelled by the dictates of their consciences to decline the support of men whose conduct they so greatly disapprove of.

The matter is the more important as it is impossible to object to the proposal, which is one that is obviously reasonable, will be admitted to be so by even the most prejudiced amongst the public, and must inevitably be insisted upon by conscientious men and women, not only throughout the country but throughout the Empire. It is an Imperial case of conscience.

On the other hand, it is the first step in the direction of remodelling the House of Lords. The exercise of the punitive measures proposed will undoubtedly weaken the respect entertained by the ignorant amongst the public for the members of the Peerage, but the Bishops rightly insist that their plain duty is to satisfy their own consciences irrespective of the possible ulterior consequences to a purely temporal institution.

* * * * *

Suffragette soufflé might be an appetising dish, but that would not be altogether sufficient excuse for adopting the proposal contained in the following letter that has been addressed to the present writer by an "Anti-Progressive Peer":—

"Sir,—Cannibalism is the simplest cure for overcrowding. There is an announcement in every railway carriage to this effect: 'To seat five people.' The system in England was contrived to seat about a hundred thousand; they had palaces, parks, estates, pleasant houses, and other advantages. Since the introduction of the railway, the improvement in mechanical appliances, the adoption of Free Trade, and the general increase of prosperity, the population has grown enormously, and the system which was contrived to seat a hundred thousand is absolutely disorganised by the inrush of this mob. We must either alter the system—which would be ridiculous—or remove the surplus population. The lower classes formerly produced our food; why not now make the slight change alluded to in my opening sentence? Suffragette soufflé would find a useful outlet for those ladies who are so troublesome at the moment; Progressives *en casserole* would delight many who are now deploring the rise of the labouring element; and grilled Nonconformist might be agreeable to young Peers whose unimpaired digestion permits them to indulge in suppers. What we cannot emigrate we must eat."

Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

THE annual dinner of the York Gimcrack Club is fixed for Friday, the 30th, and it is very satisfactory to hear that Lord Stanley is to be the principal speaker. He thoroughly understands racing affairs, and he has plenty of practical common sense, with the immense advantage of a position in life which enables him to express his opinions as frankly as can be desired. During the past autumn Lord Stanley and his colleagues have done well to move in two important matters. The Stewards of the Jockey Club made it clear at Newmarket that the highly laudable rule which prohibits "doping" is to be strictly enforced. I am particularly pleased to find the Stewards on the alert, as it was in Truth that the authorities were first urged (in June, 1900) to pass this new rule, in order that the pernicious practice of "doping" might be entirely stopped. A clever and timely "dope" vastly improved a horse's form for the time being, but the animal was usually well nigh worthless after a course of such treatment. The tactics of owners who regularly "doped" their horses as occasion required were as grossly dishonest as is the use of marked cards or of loaded dice, and there was certainly no affinity to "sport" about such doings. Doping was one of the first-fruits of that American invasion which many infatuated mooncalves declared would bring about a renaissance of the English Turf, but which it speedily appeared was more likely to utterly destroy racing in this country. The Stewards also did well in addressing a severe admonition to jockeys as to "the correction and reformation of their manner and excesses," for wild riding had become scandalously common, and it was high time for the authorities to interfere. There still remains the starting difficulty, which is a matter of great and urgent importance, and it may be hoped that it will receive the careful attention of the Stewards of the Jockey Club during the winter. Every week there are flagrantly bad starts, which, of course, excite owners and trainers to fury, as it is most vexatious and exasperating to see a highly tried and well backed animal left many lengths behind.

I noticed the other day in one of the papers a list of the best two-year-olds which are engaged in the Derby, and it included Silver Heeled and Hexagon. It so

happens that both of these colts were struck out of the Derby on March 27, when the minor forfeit for that stake was declared.

Lord Derby's Bridge of Canny has been one of the most successful horses of the season. In the spring he was generally considered to be exceedingly moderate, but I believe that the stable always held a good opinion of him. Bridge of Canny commenced his three-year-old career (after having been seven times beaten at two years old) by running second to Beppo for the Union Jack Stakes at Liverpool, and a week later he defeated Prince William for a more valuable race at Newbury. It is now clear that Bridge of Canny ought not to have been beaten by Buckminster for the Northern Derby at Newcastle. He has done a lot of work during the last two seasons, but he looks like training on, and he ought to make a very useful four-year-old, as he can stay well. He was probably stale when he was defeated by Killeagh at Newmarket last month, but he had very much the worst of the weights.

Mr. L. de Rothschild's Radium has been one of the failures of the year, as a brilliant career had been confidently predicted for this colt, but he has done nothing. Radium was never at his best until the autumn, and then he went amiss. If all goes well with this animal during the winter he is quite likely to win one of the spring handicaps.

There are wonderfully large entries for the principal stakes at Newmarket, which have just closed. One hundred and ten yearlings have been engaged in the Two Thousand of 1908, as against one hundred and eight for next year, and seventy-six for the present year. The Two Thousand is a sweepstake of £100 each, half forfeit, not a penny being even nominally added, so that the liability on each entry is £50, which is a heavy amount, considering that the owners have only their own money to run for. Lord Derby is the largest subscriber with five entries, one being Bridge of Sighs, half-sister, by Isinglass, to Bridge of Canny. Lord Howard de Walden, the Duke of Portland, Lord Wolverton, Mr. Arthur James, and Mr. W. Hall Walker have four entries each, these lots including an own brother to Colonia, a colt by Gallinule out of Merry Gal, and a colt by William the Third out of Elizabeth Hardwicke. His Majesty, Lord Rosebery, Baron Maurice de Rothschild, Major Loder, and Mr. J. B. Joel have three entries each, including a half-brother, by Sir Visto, to Cicero; an own sister to Pretty Polly, a colt by Ayrshire out of Golden Lassie, and a colt by Persimmon out of Amphora. One of Sir D. Cooper's pair is a half-brother, by Gallinule, to Flotsam. Lord Falmouth's only entry is an own brother to Quintessence and the dark St. Martin, and the Duke of Westminster has an own brother to Flying Fox. There are one hundred and eight entries for the One Thousand of 1908, as against eighty-two for this year and eighty-five for next year, His Majesty is the largest subscriber to the fillies' race with five entries, including Simpatica, own sister to Slim Lad, and Lady Maynard, by Ladas out of Vane (own sister to Flying Fox). Sir E. Vincent and Mr. J. B. Joel have four entries each, and Lord Derby, the Duke of Westminster, Mr. L. de Rothschild, Mr. W. Hall Walker, Mr. L. Neumann, and Mr. Arthur James have three each. One of Lord Rosebery's pair is Popinjay, half-sister, by St. Frusquin, to Traquair. Sir D. Cooper has engaged an own sister to Flair, and one of Mr. James's lot is a half-sister, by Isinglass, to Gorgos. Lord Derby's lot includes Bridge of Sighs and Pilgrim's Way, by St. Frusquin out of Canterbury Pilgrim.

Next year's Middle Park Plate has obtained one hundred and twelve entries, which is another wonderful success, considering the unattractive pecuniary conditions. This race is a sweepstakes of £30 each, £20 forfeit, with £500 added. Inasmuch, however, as there is an entrance of £5, it follows that the fund contributes nothing towards the endowment of what is supposed to be the greatest two-year-old race of the autumn, as the owners will themselves make up £560! Surely the Jockey Club could very well afford really to give £500 to this race, a result which would be achieved by nominally endowing it with £1,000. The largest subscribers are his Majesty and Sir Daniel Cooper, each with five entries; next come Lord Derby, Major Loder, Lord Rosebery, and Lord Wolverton, with four each; and then Baron Edouard de Rothschild, Sir R. B. Jardine, Lord Howard de Walden, Mr. A. James, and Mr. James Hennessy, each with three. M. E. Blanc has not patronised any of these stakes, but one might have expected to find him entering some yearlings for the Middle Park Plate, inasmuch as he has twice won that race.

The Dewhurst Plate of £300, with a sweepstakes of £25 each, £10 forfeit, has obtained eighty-two entries, the owners' entrances amounting to £246, leaving the fund to contribute only £54.

After Doncaster it was asserted that the St. Leger had been a false-run race, and there were four horses of which it was maintained by their respective friends that each ought to have won but for interference in the race. It has become apparent during the last two months that the only starter for the St. Leger that really suffered seriously from interference was Keystone II., and it is now clear that Lord Derby's mare ought to have won at Doncaster, and that Troutbeck was a very lucky horse indeed. I suppose we shall see both Keystone II. and Troutbeck entered for the Coronation Cup at Epsom and for the Ascot Cup. The Epsom race would be still more interesting if Rocketter was included in the field, as his fine speed would serve him well over this course, and he may stay better than most people suppose.

Roseate Dawn, who won a race the other day, has been generally described as a very unlucky horse, but the real truth is that he has usually been very harshly treated by the handicappers for some reason or other, and has repeatedly been made to give weight to animals which really ought to have been placed above him. For example, some weeks ago he was estimated to be 11 lb. superior to Polymelus, a calculation which did not indicate much acuteness or discrimination in the framers of the weights. It is intolerably unfair to handicap one horse always on his very best form, while others are estimated according to their worst running.

Considering that Sagamore has no engagements one would have expected to find him entered for the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot for 1908. I hear that Mr. Raphael's colt will be entered for the principal weight-for-age races which closed January 1, and if he turns out a good stayer he will have an excellent chance of winning the Ascot Cup.

Baltinglass did not run at Derby last week, so he will commence next season with the advantage of a maiden allowance in several of his engagements, the first of them being the Hastings Plate at the Newmarket First Spring Meeting, and after the Two Thousand and Derby, he is entered for two of the best three-year-old stakes at Ascot.

Vedas will not be seen again on a racecourse. The term for which Lord Derby leased last year's Two Thousand Guineas winner has expired, and Lady Meux has sold this horse to a French breeder. Vedas, who was bred at Theobalds in 1902, is by Florizel II. out of Agnostic, by Rosicrucian.

It has been stated that Major Loder intends to send Pretty Polly to Laveno, the sire of his smart two-year-old Galvani, winner of the Middle Park Plate. Laveno, who is by Bend Or out of Napoli, by Macaroni, was bred in 1892 by Mr. Houldsworth. This horse has been in Ireland for some years, and his fee last season was forty-five guineas.

There were large fields for many of the events at Leicester, but the meeting was a mere orgy of plating, the sport being of no general interest whatever. Owners and trainers certainly do move in mysterious ways, for it is astonishing to find huge entries for trumpery plates of £100 or £200, while only forty-eight horses were engaged in the Derby Cup of £2,000, and only thirty-nine in the Manchester November Handicap of £1,500.

Derby is now decidedly the most important of the

back-end meetings, and the racing was very much better all round than at Liverpool, where the November fixture would probably be benefited by being reduced to three days.

Bellatrix found no difficulty in defeating Tui for the Rangemore Stakes, and her victory had been confidently expected, judging from the lavish fashion in which she was backed. The race of the day was the Chesterfield Nursery, for which there were nineteen starters, and Hillsprite was so heavily backed that he started favourite, but many of the clever people went for Corriemore. The success of the Duke of Devonshire's popular colours gave general satisfaction. Hillsprite was very leniently handicapped, as when previously beaten he had always been running in good company. It will be remembered that at Ascot Hillsprite ran second to My Pet II., having some winners behind him, and on that form he represented Auber at something like 7 st. 4 lb. The class of the field for the Markeaton Plate was excellent, and that very useful filly Gold Riach won easily, having (i.a.) Andover, Succory, Catty Crag, and Romer behind her. Gold Riach ought to win plenty of races next year if she trains on all right. Backers came to dire grief over the last two races on the card, particularly in the Doveridge Plate, as there was some desperate plunging on Chewink, and many unfortunates thought to save themselves by also backing '45, who finished second to the unfancied Persister. Chewink's friends, however, ought to have got back their losses on Thursday, when she won the Hardwicke Plate, and there was some heavy gambling between Major Loder's filly and Yellow Peril.

There were twenty-one starters for the Osmaston Nursery, but the class was not so good as in Hillsprite's race. Young Lochinvar was a general tip, and the favourite looked like winning until 300 yards from home, when he collapsed hopelessly, and he finished quite in the ruck of the field. The Wafer II. colt, who had been well backed, won very easily at the finish from Royal Fox. A heavy plunge on '45 in the Foston Plate resulted in a tragical crash, for the favourite got beaten by a head by Dunree, and an unreasonable objection to the winner was promptly overruled. Dunree's value had risen from 60 gs. two or three weeks previously to 380 gs., at which price he was bought in. Mr. Bass hoped to follow up his success in the Osmaston Nursery by winning the Friary Nursery on Friday, and his filly by St. Serf out of Phantassie was made a strong favourite in a field of seventeen. Mildew II. won in a canter, and it was a good performance, as she was carrying 8 st. 11 lb. on heavy ground, and was giving the favourite 25 lb. Mildew II. was bought by Mr. Gilpin out of a selling race for 810 gs. at the Newmarket First Spring Meeting, and she has since won two important nurseries.

There were twelve starters for the Cup, but The White Knight was not included in the field. Manaton was favourite, and a great deal of money went on him, so that he was very firm at the finish, although five at least of the other starters were also well backed. Gourd, who was not, I believe, supported for one penny, went off in front, made all the running, and won by many lengths, without ever having been even approached by any of the other starters. Seldom has such a race been won "all the way" with more consummate ease. Gourd has repeatedly disappointed her stable, but here she was favoured by her light weight and the very deep going, and her opponents were an exceedingly common lot. Gourd has repeatedly done well in home gallops. Of course, people are always much pleased to see Lord Derby's colours to the fore.

There is no doubt that the sphere of most considerable interest just now is the lawn tennis ball. The meeting of the Lawn Tennis Association did absolutely nothing to solve the matter so far as the consumer is concerned. I am told that if in addition to weight, material, and size the Association would specify the requisite rebound, then a testing machine could be supplied for half a guinea. Surely some possible step could be taken in this direction to standardise the ball. This would be a genuine measure of reform. The consumer would soon ascertain which ball lasted best. Of course, rubber is not only a material that decays, but there is rubber and rubber. So that the ball with the best life would be sure to be the most popular. In this line there is some scope for reform. The public will scarcely appreciate anything that tends to increase the cost by making money for the Association.

The meeting of the Lawn Tennis Association lasted for many hours. Owing to the two-thirds majority that is necessary for an alteration in the rules practically no changes were made. It was highly interesting to listen to the protestations of the Reformers that they desired not a penny of the money that is made by the Wimbledon meeting. It was a good change at the last moment, in fact, a very prudent one. It was a pity that in the press some of the signatories to the circular had pointed out the desirability of the Association getting the funds, or a portion of the funds, derived from the championship meeting. The meeting got very inquisitive about the desire of the Reformers to regulate the meeting. Mr. Roper Barrett pointed out that the policeman who regulated traffic was an autocrat. That homely illustration killed the scheme. Then the meeting was told that the power to restrict the use of the word Championship was sought not to be used against Wimbledon, but in case any meeting attempted to use it for any improper or immoral purpose. It was a reformation in respect of an evil that did not exist. It would have been a very useful weapon to use against the Wimbledon Club, all the same. Then came the avowed attack on Mr. Palmer and trade influence. A leading Reformer, a member of the Council, said he had been told in the North that Riseley had not been chosen to play in the singles against the Americans because he did not play with a certain maker's racquet. This was given as an instance of the evil effect of trade influence. It is just the sort of twaddle that goes down the gullible throats of lawn tennis players. Inasmuch as the L.T.A. itself selected the team, and also invited Mr. Palmer to manage the meeting, the rank absurdity of the charge was patent to any unbiassed person. But the Reformers were in a majority. It was a case of the Provinces against the Metropolis. If there was a really genuine grievance I would sympathise with them, but they will only lay their fingers on *maladies imaginaires*. They talk very bravely of trade influence, but they take very good care not to put their fingers on the real spot. They know that for tournaments balls are bought at a price which is less by a half than that which the public pays. They know that nets, posts, and other outfits, such as umpires' ladders, are lent for nothing, carriage paid. They know that men and marking machines are provided on the same terms. The tournaments run by these very Reformers are sold to the trade for the sake of advertisement. There is the real scandal. The ordinary consumer pays for all this. The tournaments make handsome profits out of their gate-money, and the public are bled for their support. If Mr. MacFie, Mr. Monckton, and Dr. Hodgson will turn their wit and intelligence to this evil, then I shall be pleased to support them. If they have to admit that many tournaments would fail unless these concessions were made by the manufacturers—if they say that these mercenary advantages and these secret commissions are essential for the popularity of the game, I do not accept the statement for a moment. But if that is their position, then I say it is quite time that they stopped all their talk about trade influence. It is hypocrisy pure and simple. As things stand at present, the game is under the thumb of the trade. It matters not which is the King of Brentford for the time being. It will continue in that position until these Reformers really mean to reform. Meanwhile, I earnestly hope that Wimbledon will show the way by paying a fair price for all its goods. Then, perhaps, it may meet with the approbation of such eminent players as Mr. Riseley, and such high-principled reformers as Mr. MacFie.

The Colquhoun sculls at Cambridge resulted in a good race between Stuart (Trinity Hall) and Powell (Third Trinity). The wind and stream were against

the men, and although Stuart won by forty yards, he was quite rowed out at the finish. There is some very useful material in the Trial eights. Bertram, of the Hall, is making a reputation. At Oxford, I hear that there are some very promising oarsmen amongst the middle weights. A good lively crew averaging about 12 st. 9 lb. could be formed. At both Universities there is rather a craze for heavy weights. A well-known Blue who has in his time won pairs and fours at the University and at Henley says that he would like to see some of these very heavy weights tried in a pair. Then one could tell what they are worth. If I remember rightly, some fifteen years ago Atkinson, of St. John's, invented a machine for indicating the amount of work an oarsman did. Theory and practice agreed, for he who had the reputation of doing the best work in the Oxford crew was likewise best when tested by the machine. I wonder if it is ever used now? Oarsmen are more mechanical than they were. They did not own motors in those days.

A very veteran foursome has been arranged at Westward Ho! The oldest of the players is eighty-five, and the youngest is eighty. This is a record in the game, and I congratulate these old gentlemen on showing the golf scoffer that in age the golfer is not crabbed, and that the game is one which old and young can play.

Last year the New Zealanders were rather favoured by fortune in beating Scotland at Edinburgh. The South African team had no luck at Glasgow. The ground and weather were alike against them. It was a day unsuitable for three-quarters play. The forwards were the controlling factors of the game. And there the Scotchmen were stronger. They won by six points to nothing. The visitors had their lines crossed twice. The Scotch team played with great dash, and kept the game going from start to finish. The weather generally last Saturday was too bad for anything. There was heavy rain and wind. The Harlequins' ground at Wandsworth was in a shocking state. It was covered with water. Devonport were successful by six points to nothing. It is a great pity that the game could not have been played on a fine day. At Leyton the London Welsh were just beaten by Gloucester, and Bristol overcame Blackheath by a goal. On form Cambridge seem scarcely equal to Oxford, who ran up a very big score against Richmond.

It is very difficult to see on what grounds the Football Association has condemned the Amateur Defence Federation as being illegal. The rule quoted as giving this power scarcely seems to apply. The Association will insist on creating a number of semi-professional football legislators. They are estimable persons, who, in addition to drawing their expenses for their services, devote themselves to journalism and refereeing. They approach the amateur question with anything but an open mind. Their pleasure is to show their power over the better class amateur teams. The Association would be well advised if it tried to encourage these teams by inviting them to form a co-operative association in which amateurism would be strictly enforced. This organisation would have cast upon it the duty of maintaining a genuine standard of amateurism among its players. On some such lines I believe a really useful body could be formed which would hold amongst amateur clubs a similar position to the Corinthians as a playing body. For instance, the leading Old Boys clubs and such clubs as Ealing would form the nucleus. They would co-opt clubs on whose integrity they could rely. The doubtful ones and those of a different social class would be excluded. I feel certain that there is really a need for an organisation on these lines, and if those who are associated as the Amateur Defence Association can evolve a working scheme, then perhaps the Football Association magnates would view the matter in a different light.

Having given Tottenham Hotspur a great drubbing, the Corinthians scored a win over Third Lanark. The standard of amateur play is certainly not deteriorating. The struggle for top place in the first division of the League is very close. Woolwich Arsenal are getting over a bad patch. In the second division the race is very keen. At present two old first division clubs are leading. They are West Bromwich and Notts Forest. Five points only separate the first eleven teams.

I am asked to remind Hospital men that the annual Middlesex Hospital Smoking Concert will take place at the Queen's Hall on November 27. The proceeds are given to the Cancer Hospital. There is an excellent programme promised, and Lord Cheylesmore will be in the chair.

MAMMON.

Markets Quiet but Inactive—Monetary Condition—The Investor's Chance.

CONDITIONS in the stock markets during the past week have been reasonably firm, although business has been anything but active. While monetary conditions at the moment are anything but satisfactory, the prospects are very bright for investors who can take up and pay outright for what they buy, and those investors who can hold what they want for a few months, will, in the normal circumstances, find themselves on the right side.

Monetary Position Distinctly Better—Help From Paris—Banks Gathering Strength.

Quite a hopeful feeling now prevails in regard to the monetary outlook, and the apprehension existing only a week or two ago would seem to have been completely dissipated. There can be no escaping the fact that the position is improving in a distinctly encouraging manner. Over and above the Foreign gold in the open market the Bank is securing a rather considerable quantity of United States gold coin from Paris as a result of the recent spurt in the Exchange, and the general impression is that still more help will be forthcoming from that quarter. Should this prove accurate, then the situation ought to be materially improved, and with the Bank continuing to secure practically the whole of the gold arriving in the open market, there now seems to be hardly any cause for anxiety, because, before the customary end of the year pressure begins to be felt, the Bank ought to be able to be in a position to meet the strain. The reserve is already over £20,000,000, the improvement on the week being £947,000, while as a result of the large arrivals of U.S. coin and bar gold, the movement this week ought to be still greater. The Foreign Exchanges remain favourable, and no doubt the Bank will continue to keep its 6 per cent. rate fully effective. Altogether the prospects are encouraging, and in these circumstances it is only natural that there should be an inclination to permit discount quotations to fall away slightly, especially with the floating supplies of money being gradually augmented. With recent experience in mind it seems probable that the market will not, however, sail too close to the wind, being deterred by the penalty that the Bank would be able to inflict if it fears its own position is in any way jeopardised.

Consols More Cheerful — Money Influences — Stocks Attractive—Foreigners Higher—Russian Recovery—Japanese.

The growth of a more confident feeling in regard to the monetary situation is reflected in an appreciation in the values of gilt-edged stocks. It is not very marked, perhaps, but it is nevertheless promising, and clearly illustrates that the market has not lost any of its recuperative powers, as some of the pessimists

Persons who may be considering the advisability of making financial provision of a satisfactory character for themselves or for their dependents should not delay in obtaining the new prospectus of the SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND. The kind of information which is helpful in the selection of an assurance office is to be found in this publication. The whole profits belong to the assured. The Society was founded in 1815, and has accumulated a fund of £18,000,000.—London Offices: 28, Cornhill, E.C., and 5, Waterloo-place, S.W.

would have had us believe only a short time ago when values were unduly depressed by the unsettled state of the monetary position. That quotations have been at an unwarrantably low level I have emphasised more than once, and to my mind they still appear to be cheap. This side of the New Year, when the monetary pressure is likely to be great, they will no doubt hang fire more or less, but with the turn of 1907 and the relaxation of the international monetary situation, stocks ought naturally to respond. In the meantime there does not appear to be scope for any material depreciation, so that the investor who satisfies his requirements now stands to gain not only by securing a relatively high return upon his money, but by possibilities of capital appreciation. Gilt-edged stocks as a group appear to be very attractive. In the Foreign market, too, a healthier tone is observable, and values are higher all round, thanks to the support given by the Continental bourses, more particularly Paris. After a temporary halt, the recovery in Russian securities is being resumed, though it may be noted that less is now being heard on the subject of the further loan said to be contemplated early in the New Year. For my own part, I am convinced that the recovery is being engineered for some ulterior object, but whether this be the fresh issue in question or not is problematical. Such an issue would obviously not be a "Bull" point for the older stocks. Here is a table showing the approximate yield obtainable upon Foreign Government stocks:—

	Price.		Yield per Cent.
Argentine 4 p.c. Rescission	92½		£4 6 0
,, 4 p.c. 1900	87½		4 12 0
Chinese 5 p.c. Gold	101½		4 19 0
,, 4½ p.c. ,,	96½		4 14 0
Japan 4 p.c. 1905	87⅞		4 11 0
,, 4 p.c. old	89½		4 10 0

In connection with the rumours recently circulated respecting a new Japanese loan, it is stated that no such issue is proposed other than that for the conversion of the Six per Cent. Customs bonds. These Six per Cent. bonds, by the way, are redeemable in 1907, and there seems to be no reason, now that the war is a thing of the past and Japan's financial position is improving, why the country should continue to pay such exceptionally high interest longer than is absolutely necessary.

HOME RAILS BUOYANT—CONTINUANCE OF THE INVESTMENT DEMAND—HIGH GRADE STOCKS MOST WANTED—SPECULATIVE COUNTERS IGNORED—GENERAL CONDITIONS DISCUSSED—A BRIGHT OUTLOOK.

The strength of the Home Railway market has been well maintained. Several influences have been at work to foster the recovery. In the first place must be mentioned the very healthy state of the market itself. Owing to the recent high value of money, stale "Bulls" have been weeded out, and with no speculative account to be carried prices have been free to make a quick response to the investment inquiry that brokers have lately found to be springing up on the part of the general public. In some cases the demand found the jobbers out of stock, and the consequent rush on their part to cover themselves has, of course, quickened the upward movement. Proof that the inquiry was of the genuine investment character is afforded by the fact that the rise so far has been practically confined to the best stocks, the speculative counters, such as Dover A and Little Chathams having been quite neglected. If the recovery in Home Rails makes further progress—and there is every reason to expect that it will—the "lower grade" propositions will have their turn, but meanwhile with securities of the first order, such as North-Westerns and Berwicks, standing at such tempting prices, there is no need for the speculative investor to bother himself about stocks whose worth is based largely upon sentiment. The labour and political news must also be mentioned as contributory factors towards a brighter market. Since I last wrote we have had the welcome news that the strike amongst the Clyde boiler-makers has been settled, the men's delegates having decided, in view of the threat of the masters to order a general lock-out, to recommend a return to work on the old terms. After the over-dose of labour scare to which the market has been treated, this news of a victory for the employers comes very opportunely, and taken in conjunction with the recent utterances of Cabinet Ministers against Socialism, and the defeat of the advocates of municipal trading at the recent Borough elections, should do much to reassure the timid investor. The Railway Companies are still adopting a militant attitude against the local rating authorities, the latest fight being conducted by the Midland, which followed up its victory over Hampstead by another over Poplar. The Borough of Poplar, at a recent quinquennial assessment, sought to fix the Midland Railway Company's goods and coal depot, situated near the Old Ford-road, Bow, at £6,159 gross and £4,106 rateable value. The Company objected, and the Assessment Committee made a reduction to £4,500 gross and £3,250 rateable value. But this did not satisfy the Company, who accordingly appealed to the County of London Sessions. At the hearing at this court, Mr. W. C. Ryde, on behalf of the Company, stated that the respondents had offered to agree to an assessment of £3,450 gross and £2,200 rateable value, each party to pay its own costs. This the Company agreed to without prejudice, in order to save the time of the court, and the heavy costs that would be incurred, although it considered them to be too high. The rates in Poplar are 12s. in the pound, and the reduction made in the assessment means a saving to the Company under that head of £720 per annum, or £3,600 for the five years. In the case of the Borough of Hampstead the reduction meant a saving to the Company of £3,000 per annum, or nearly £15,000 for the five years. In view of the success with which the Railway Companies are fighting against the burden of the rates, the wonder is that they did not raise their voices before, but now that the campaign has fairly commenced, we may be sure that the initial successes will encourage Railway Companies generally to vigorously resist every case of imposition. Coming back to the question of railway earnings, the traffic returns published last week made a somewhat irregular showing. If allowance, however, be made for bad weather and heavy takes in the corresponding week of 1905, the results are satisfactory, while in the aggregate the increases reported by the principal lines are getting quite grandiose. The figures are tabulated below:—

Company.	Last Week. Inc. or Dec.	A Year Ago.	Aggregate (19 weeks).
	£	£	£
Central London	— 240	+ 100	— 5,300
City and South London	+ 150	+ 220	+ 2,300
Great Central	— 1,000	+ 9,300	+ 52,700
Great Eastern	— 600	+ 2,300	+ 16,800
Great Northern	— 1,400	+ 6,400	+ 36,600
Great Western	+ 1,600	+ 5,400	+102,100
Hull and Barnsley	+ 950	+ 350	+ 13,600
Lancashire and Yorkshire	+ 3,900	+ 4,200	+ 75,000
London, Brighton, and South Coast	— 1,000	— 120	+ 13,100
London and North-Western	+ 1,000	+ 21,000	+116,000
London and South-Western	— 3,300	+ 1,400	+ 15,400
Metropolitan	— 1,500	+ 300	— 45,400
,, District	+ 600	+ 700	+ 11,800
Midland	+ 1,600	+ 10,700	+ 48,200
North-Eastern	+ 3,800	+ 5,300	—206,800
North Stafford	+ 1,200	+ 1,700	— 12,800
South-Eastern and Chatham	— 310	+ 300	+ 13,300
Caledonian	— 1,200	+ 4,900	+ 11,000*
Glasgow and South Western	+ 180	+ 1,600	+ 9,700*
North British	— 480	+ 4,500	+ 21,200*

* 15 weeks.

It is not surprising, after a perusal of these traffics, that the Heavy lines have lately met with chief consideration from investors. The yields on the basis of the dividends for the past two half-years range from 4 to 4½ per cent. at the present level of prices, and further increases in the dividends on account of the current half-year are more than a probability. With another seven weeks of the half-year to run, it is rather early to forecast results, but it may be interesting to glance at the following table, which shows first an estimate of gross earnings for the half-year (based upon the average gain to date), and, second, the amount required to pay

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another ¼ per cent. actual (or at the rate of ½ per cent. per annum for the six months):—

Company.	Traffics 26 wks. (estimated)	½ p.c. on Ord.
	£	£
Great Western	138,000	84 000
Lancashire and Yorkshire	101,000	46,000
North Western	158,000	107,000
Midland	65,000	98,000
North Eastern	280,000	78,000

It may be urged that traffics during the remaining seven weeks will be below the average for the previous nineteen weeks, owing to the heavy gains recorded in the closing weeks of 1905, but, on the other hand, no allowance has been made in the foregoing estimate for under publication. My readers should not fail to observe the very strong position of the North-Eastern, and, seeing that no more attempt has yet been made to discount dividend prospects here than with any other railway stock, "Berwicks" look distinctly the pick of the bunch amongst the "Heavies." Leeds and Brums are also very likely purchases, while Great Westerns might be bought to lock away after the severe fall this stock has had during the past year. Among the lower-priced stocks I would still place Great Northern Deferred and Hull and Barnsley Ordinary in the front rank, for the reasons set forth in previous articles. Both these stocks should see 50 before we are much older. Here is my usual table of movements during the week:—

Home Rails.	A Year Ago.	Make up, Nov 12.	Closing Price, Nov. 10.	Closing Price, Nov. 17.	Movement.
Caledonian Pref.	18¼	73¾	73¾	74¼	+ ½
Do. Def.	41	31¼	31¼	32⅛	+1⅛
City and S. London	45	42	42	42	—
Central London	93	83½	84	84	—
Great Central 94 Pref.	76	—	73¼	74	+ ¾
Do. "B"	38¾	35½	35½	35¾	+ ¼
Do. "A"	18¾	16¼	16¼	16½	+ ¼
Great Eastern	89½	80⅝	80⅝	82¼	+1⅝
Great Northern Pref.	103½	100	100	100½	+ ½
Do. Def.	45	42½	42½	44½	+2
Great Western	143¾	126½	126	129	+3
Hull and Barnsley	46¾	45½	45½	46½	+1
Lancashire and Yorkshire	110	101	101	103	+2
London and Brighton "A"	128	115½	115½	118½	+3
London, Chatham, and Dover	17⅛	14	14	14½	+ ½
Do. 4½ p.c. Pref.	102	88	88	90	+2
Do. 2nd Pref.	68	52	52	53	+1
London and North-Western	160¾	150½	150	153½	+3½
London and South-Western Def.	59	47	46¾	50¾	+4
Metropolitan Consolidated	90¾	60	60	62½	+2½
Metropolitan District	38	20½	20¾	21½	+ ¾
Midland Pref.	69½	67	66¾	68	+1½
Do. Def.	72¾	65	65	67	+2
North British 3 p.c. Pref.	77¾	74	74	74½	+ ½
Do. Def.	47½	41½	41½	42	+ ½
North-Eastern Consolidated	145¾	137½	137½	140½	+3
South-Eastern "A"	58¼	46	46½	47½	+1½

Americans Neglected—Railroad Conditions—The Monetary Position—The Outlook.

Americans remain in much the same position as before, the public interest being on a very restricted scale. For my part, I do not see why the English people should deal with Americans. They receive no fair return for their money, and are generally abused for their riskiness. During the past week features have been lacking, apart from Milwaukees and the usual favourites, including Union Pacifics, and Southern Pacifics. Conditions in the United States remain very satisfactory and railroad earnings are large, but the objection is that prices are already high, and that much future prosperity has been discounted. Attention is drawn by the New York *Financial Chronicle* to the increase of 10 per cent. granted by the Pennsylvania Railroad in the wages paid to its employees. This is regarded as one of the most significant events of the times. For when the Pennsylvania leads in a step of that kind it is difficult to see how other railroads can avoid following. It will be remembered that the Pennsylvania managers took similar action in September, 1902, and that their move at that time was the signal for a pretty general advance in the wages of railroad employees throughout the country. The increase is to take effect on December 1, and is to apply to all lines of the Pennsylvania system, both those east of Pittsburgh and Erie and those west. The advance will be of the same proportion as that made in 1902, and will extend to the wages of all permanent employees of the Company now receiving less than $200 a month. The amounts involved in this increase are of enormous proportions. On the lines east of Pittsburgh 125,440 men will get the increase, and the additional expense to the railroad will be $702,950 a month, or $8,435,424 a year. In addition there are about 60,000 more employees on the lines west of Pittsburgh who will also get the advance as soon as the boards of directors of the operating lines can take action to that effect, and this increase will involve an additional expense of $3,500,000 to $4,000,000 a year. As it happens, this increase of pay comes at a time when railroad expenses are already being heavily increased by reason of the higher prices of materials, supplies, and everything that enters into the operating accounts of a railway. For the month of September the increase in expenses has been particularly marked. The returns for that month have been coming in during the last ten days, and in the case of the larger Companies there are numerous instances where through augmented outlays extensive gains in gross receipts have been wiped out wholly or in part. The Pennsylvania itself for that month recorded $1,387,100 gain in gross, with only $175,700 addition to the net. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, with $731,678 increase in gross for the month, has only $187,340 increase in net. The Chesapeake and Ohio out of $144,191 gain in gross saved but $6,140 in net. The Louisville and Nashville added $311,846 to gross, but only $5,615 to the net. The Atlantic Coast Line, with $65,590 gain in gross, actually has $182,435 loss in net, and the Southern Railway, with $115,405 improvement in gross, suffered a reduction of $276,701 in net. My table follows:—

—	1905. Highest.	1905. Lowest.	Closing Price, Nov. 3, 1906.	Closing Price, Nov. 10, 1906.	Closing Price, Nov. 17, 1906.
Atchison	96	80½	104½	103⅞	103½
Do. Five per Cent. Pref.	109	102	104⅝	104½	105⅛
Baltimore and Ohio Com.	120⅛	104⅛	122⅝	121¼	123⅛
Chesapeake and Ohio	61½	46⅜	56½	55	56⅛
Denver	40 1/16	27⅜	41½	40⅝	42
Do. Pref.	93⅜	85⅜	87	86½	86⅜
Erie	54½	38 5/16	45⅝	44½	45½
Do First Pref.	87½	77⅜	78	77⅜	78½
Louisville	161½	140½	148	146¾	149
Milwaukee	193⅜	173⅜	177	175⅜	188½
Mo., Kan., and Texas	39¼	24 1/16	35⅛	34⅝	38⅜
Norfolk Pref.	96½	94	93	93	93
Do. Common	90⅜	77⅜	96½	95¾	97½
New York Central	169⅜	140½	132	131½	133
Ontario	65½	41⅞	46⅝	46½	47⅜
Pennsylvania	76⅝	67½	74⅜	73½	71⅞
Reading	73⅜	40⅝	75	74½	77
Do. First Pref.	49⅜	46	44½	44½	44½
Southern Common	39⅞	28⅜	35⅝	33⅞	35¼
Do. Pref.	104½	97½	99½	98	99½
Southern Pacific	74	59⅝	94⅜	94½	98⅜
Union Pacific	155⅜	116 7/16	188½	187⅜	192⅜
Do. Pref.	102½	98½	96	96	96
Wabash Pref.	49⅜	37⅜	46	43½	44
Do. "B" Debentures	86⅜	69½	86	82	82
U.S. Steel Corp. Com.	44½	26	48⅜	47⅞	49⅝
Do. Do. Pref.	110⅛	93⅜	109¾	109¼	108⅜

Revival in Colonial and Foreign Rails—Large Absorptions by Investors—Canadas and Trunks Strong—All-Round Advance in Argentines—The Pacific and Great Western—Not Amalgamation but a Closer Working Arrangement.

The past week has witnessed an all-round improvement in the Colonial and Foreign Railway department. While speculators are deterred for the present by high continuating rates, the demand for the real investor has shown undoubted signs of broadening, and in several directions, notably Mexican Rails, a very considerable amount of stock was lifted from the market at the last settlement. Canadian Pacifics have been strong, in sympathy with the remarkable boom in Hudson's Bays, and there is little doubt that the onerous contangoes—which are inducing the professionals to sell short for the sole purpose of securing the rate—are the one factor which checks these shares from attaining to the 200 level that has been predicted for them. Grand Trunks have displayed an outburst of strength, in consequence very largely of buying on foreign account. The chief demand has been for the Ordinary stock, which is being

locked away by people fond of taking long views. The reversionary rights possessed by the Grand Trunk to the surplus profits of the new Pacific road of course invest Little Trunks with very big speculative possibilities. The Third Preference is being bought on the dividend prospects—the market looking for at least 3 per cent. on account of the current year, and there is reason to expect more activity in this stock as the dividend season draws nearer. Meanwhile, gross earnings upon both the leading Canadian railways are everything that could be desired. The Trunk continues to maintain a high ratio of working expenditure, for upon the combined system an expansion of no less than £200,000 in gross earnings during the September quarter has yielded only £28,700 in additional net revenue. It takes £72,000 to give Thirds the extra 1 per cent. required to bring the dividend up to 3 per cent., but while therefore a substantial addition has still to be made in the net receipts during the current quarter in order to permit of such a payment, there is good reason to expect that the necessary amount will be forthcoming in view of the recent hint given by the Chairman about a bigger dividend on Thirds next time. But for the very heavy expenditure incurred by the Board lately out of revenue upon betterments the Third Preference holders would have been in possession of their full 4 per cent. before now. The policy pursued by the Company, however, is undoubtedly the best for the stockholders in the long run, and gives to even the Third Preference a stability which would be lacking were the interests of the road itself made subservient to the payment of dividends. Even under the present conservative policy the payment of the full dividend on the Third Preference can hardly be a matter of much more waiting, and consequently the stock at about 70 must be regarded as well worthy the attention of the speculative investor. In the South American Railway group the stocks of all the leading Argentine railways have met with good support; indeed, these securities are growing in favour with investors on the look out for a yield of 5 to 5½ per cent. with fair security. Very satisfactory statements were made at the meetings of both the Buenos Ayres and Pacific and the Argentine Great Western regarding the progress of both undertakings. Mr. J. W. Philipps, the Chairman of the two concerns, made reference to the market rumours regarding a fusion of these lines. An amalgamation, he said, was not contemplated, but at the same time conferences had been going on between the two companies with a view to an arrangement for their closer working. Nothing definite had yet been arrived at, but he hoped to shortly call the proprietors together to consider a proposal. He added an expression of opinion that there was nothing in the suggested arrangement which should affect the price of stocks. This news modifies the bullish talk that has recently been current in market circles, but at the same time, as has been pertinently said, a closer working arrangement must bring benefit to both lines (and therefore add to the attractiveness of the stocks concerned), otherwise why is such a step being taken? Mr. Philipps' remark must be read as a timely hint that nothing was contemplated which gave one stock an advantage over the other. My table of movements will be found below:—

—	A Year Ago.	Make-up, Nov. 12.	Closing Price, Nov. 17.
Canadian Pacific	176¼	178½	183
Grand Trunks	22½	27⅞	29⅛
,, 4 per cent. Guaranteed	101¾	102½	102½
,, 1st Preference	112	117⅜	118½
,, 2nd ,,	102½	110⅜	111½
,, 3rd ,,	56½	68¼	69½
Bengal and North-West	154½	146	147
Madras Railway 5 per cent.	126	122	122½
Argentine Great Western Ordinary	125½	117	114
Buenos Ayres and Pacific	129¾	125½	124½
,, ,, 1st Preference	113¼	113½	113
,, ,, 2nd ,,	105¼	106½	106½
,, Great Southern	136½	124½	127
,, Western	137	126	127½
Entre Rios Railway Preference	90	85½	88
Rosario Consolidated Ordinary	109	112¾	113½
Cent. Uruguay Ordinary	86½	89½	91½
Costa Rica Railway	—	27½	27½
Mashonaland Railway Debentures, 2nd iss.	—	90	90
Mexican Railway	22¾	36½	38
,, 1st Preference	113½	141½	138⅜
,, 2nd ,,	44	76½	76⅜
Nitrate Rails	16⅛	16	16½

KAFFIR OUTLOOK—SHARES FOR INVESTMENT—ACTIVITY IN DIAMONDS—VAAL RIVERS ACTIVE.

The Kaffir market keeps steady, but the amount of business transacted is extremely limited. There has been but little change in prices this week, a fact which is not without significance after the Chinese labour debate in the House of Commons. All the market indications point to prices having touched bottom, and a general but gradual advance may be confidently expected to begin at any time. At any rate, that is my reading of the Kaffir conditions, which appear to have entered that phase when "Bears" deem it advisable not to attempt liberties with the leading shares. There may not be any marked activity this side of Christmas, but with the turn of the year and the Transvaal elections out of the way, it is highly probable that the aspect of the mining industry will be entirely changed for the better. The oft-repeated croakings of dyspeptic pessimists to the effect that there is no hope for the Rand and its industry, find no confirmation in the undercurrent of strength which manifests itself whenever the slightest demand for South African shares arises, and one has not to seek very diligently for evidence to prove that the market has not yet, after years of difficulties and disappointments, reached that stage when we are told hope deferred maketh the heart sick. The period of depression has been protracted, and at times it has appeared that the future had little that was good in store for it, but to-day the industry is established on a firm and sound basis, and really the outlook is brighter than has been the case for years past. Therefore, I say that the time for the buying of the better class Kaffir shares has come, and that those who buy promptly will find before a year has passed that they have made a very profitable investment. In Gold shares there has been very little doing, but numerous buying orders have come from Paris, where good dividend Kaffirs are being picked up in anticipation of an increased demand in the near future. Transvaal Consolidated Land is a great favourite across the Channel, and at 2⅜ the shares of this Company seem to be a tempting purchase. Cable intelligence from Johannesburg states that the scheme of amalgamation of the South Geldenhuis Deep, South Rose Deep, Rand Victoria Mines, and Rand Victoria East into the Simmer Deep has been approved by the shareholders in those Companies. Robinson Deep shares are a good investment at under 5, and the same may be said of Van Ryn at 3. Amongst Diamonds, there is very little change in De Beers at 21½, but Premier Deferred at 13⅛ is ⅜ higher. The chief feature to note in this department is connected with the sale of five Founders' shares in the Vaal River Diamond Exploration Company, at the Mart on Thursday. It was generally thought that these shares would realise very high prices, £3,000 each being talked of in the market before the day of the sale, and the results more than confirmed the highest expectation. The first share offered was sold for £3,250, the next fetched £3,100, number three realised £4,100, lot four was secured for £5,000, and the final share was knocked down amid a scene of considerable excitement for £6,500. Afterwards the first share sold for £3,250 was again offered by the auctioneer, and there was some brisk bidding, the share eventually being resold for £6,250 — a profit of £3,000 for Mr. Neal, who had purchased it earlier in the afternoon. The sale was highly successful, and appeared to be satisfactory in every way, but, contrary to expectation, it did not have a very stimulating effect on the market for Vaal Rivers. Before the sale the shares stood at 8¼, and afterwards they rose to 9¼, only to recede at the close to the former figure. The next morning, however, they opened stronger at 8⅝, but

TREATISE ON OPTIONS.—Mr. Arthur Crump, late City Editor of the *Times*, described "Options" as "The most scientific and prudent way of operating on the Stock Exchange." This system, although very popular on the Continent and in America, is not so well known amongst Investors here as its merits justify. We have just published a new Treatise ont his subject, which will be sent post free on application to THE SECRETARY, LONDON & PARIS EXCHANGE, LTD., Bankers, Basildon House, Bank, London, E.C., or from any of its Branches.

subsequently weakened to 7⅝, again rising on Saturday to 8⅜. The introduction of the shares of diamond mining Companies to the London market at a heavy premium is becoming too frequent, and it may not be out of place to reiterate the remarks I made some weeks ago when writing on the subject, and advise caution on the part of investors and speculators. There is nothing to justify the heavy premiums that are put on the shares of Companies which have nothing better in the shape of assets than improved properties, and however much the shares are pushed and advanced by market manipulation the public will do well to leave them alone. Those who buy shares at several pounds above their par value in Companies that have nothing more promising than potentialities to go upon, need not be surprised if they are left one day with little or nothing except the scrip to show for their money. The £1 shares of the Diamond Mining Investment Company, which has a capital of £49,000, have just been introduced to the London market at 2, and are now higher than that. This is a Company which was registered in the Transvaal in August last, since when strenuous endeavours have been made to raise capital in London. Mr. William Bleloch, formerly one of the joint managers of the United South Africa Association, is chairman and managing director, and the Association mentioned is understood to be interested in the Company to the extent of one-quarter of its share capital. The initial capital of the Company was £21,000, divided into 2,000 Deferred shares and 19,000 subscribers' shares of £1 each, but lately the capital has been increased by the issue of a further 28,000 subscribers' shares. The 2,000 Deferred shares, which carry certain privileges, have all been allotted to Mr. W. Bleloch and his assistant, Mr. J. A. Thorburn. Now it is proposed to make a market for the shares here, and as an inducement to investors it is pointed out that the Company, besides other properties in the Paardeberg district of the Orange River Colony, has one adjoining the New Vaal River Mining and Exploration Company's estate. Prominence is also given to the fact that the United South Africa Asociation is largely interested in the Company, but in face of the Association's disastrous experience with properties possessed of nothing more substantial than potentialities, to which its last report bears eloquent testimony, it must by no means be taken for granted that the connection will be an advantageous one. If the Company makes any profits they will be applied towards paying a dividend up to 7½ per cent. on the subscribers' shares, and any profits remaining after 7½ per cent. has been paid on the subscribers' shares in any one year will be distributed as follows: (1) 50 per cent. additional dividends on the subscribers' shares; (2) 25 per cent. towards the creation and annual increase of a reserve fund; (3) 5 per cent. to the directors; and (4) 20 per cent. to the holders of the Deferred shares. There is nothing very attractive about this for those who may give a considerable premium for the privilege of obtaining shares in the Company, and the principle of issuing Deferred shares with a 20 per cent. lien on the profits remaining after the subscribers' shares have received 7½ per cent., is strongly to be deprecated. The prospects of the Company may be of the brightest, but they certainly are not such as to warrant the payment of a large premium on the shares, and, therefore, any one who shuts his eyes to the highly speculative character of the enterprise and buys the shares at a high price need not be astonished should he lose his money. The Diamond Mining Investment Company's shares have been dealt in rather freely. The Company was registered towards the end of August, with limited liability, for the purpose of engaging in Mining business (chiefly diamonds) in Johannesburg and elsewhere. The Company has acquired a one-twelfth interest in the Paardeburg Diamond Mines, Limited, a Company registered in the Transvaal, with a capital of £10,000, and which has the right to purchase and work an area of 4,000 morgen, to be selected by the Company, or any portion of the farm, Paardeburg East, situated about 30 miles S.W. of Kimberley, and about 12 miles from the Vaal River.

Rhodesians Neglected—Tanganyikas Still Depressed—Further Statement—Poor Output.

There is still no material change in the complexion of affairs in the Rhodesian market, which remains more or less dejected and out of favour. There appears to be no initiative anywhere, and, what is more to the point, nothing to go for, to use a House phrase. The weakness of Tanganyikas is most conspicuous perhaps, and in this connection it is worth while referring to the cold reception accorded to the new issue of debentures. The general impression is that the underwriters have been saddled with as much as 80 per cent. of the total offered, and their position is, therefore, not an enviable one. A good deal of adverse criticism, it may be remarked, has been directed towards the validity of the option given to convert the debentures into shares, which has now prompted a vindication from the board. It is to the effect that the option is valid and binding on the Company, and as the directors do not attach any great importance to the right to redeem the debentures before the end of 1911, "but desire to put the debenture-holders' rights beyond all question, they have resolved to waive the right to redeem the issue before that date, and the option to convert the debentures into shares at £8 will remain open until the end of 1911." The modification is not calculated to make much, if any, impression, but it may be noted that the discount on the debentures, which was down to as much as 1¾, is now rather smaller. The Rhodesian gold production figures for last month are particularly interesting because they indicate a somewhat material retrogressive movement, which, after the progressive records of the past year, seems somewhat inexplicable. The output totalled 45,644 oz., or a shrinkage of 2,746 oz. as compared with September, though October had the advantage of an additional day. It would be safe to hazard the suggestion that some temporary disability has militated against the industry, but all the same, the falling off is disappointing. Here is a table showing the output since the beginning of 1902:—

——	1902.	1903.	1904.	1905.	1906.
	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.
January	15,955	16,245	19,359	32,531	42,950
February	13,204	17,090	18,673	30,131	38,037
March	16,891	19,626	17,756	34,927	44.574
April	17,559	20,727	17,862	33,268	42,423
May	19,698	22,137	19,424	31,332	46,729
June	15,812	22,166	20,402	35,256	47,664
July	15,226	23,571	24,339	34,693	48,485
August	15,747	19,187	24,669	35,765	50,127
September	15,164	18,741	26,029	35,785	48,410
October	16,849	17,918	24,919	33,383	45,644
November	15,923	15,714	26,183	32,861	—
December	16,210	18,750	28,100	37,116	
Total	194,268	231,872	267,715	407,048	455,063

Save for Tanganyikas, with which I have already dealt, the market is somewhat uninteresting; Bankets remain in the background and it would not be surprising if the new issue should prove a disappointment. The existing price and that at which the new shares are offered is virtually the same, so that there is no plum to be obtained by taking up the shares at the moment, though there are the possibilities of a revival of speculative interest in Bankets in the early future. My table follows:—

—	Capitals.		Denom. of Shares.	Amount Paid.	Highest 1905.	Closing Price, Nov. 10, 1906	Closing Price, Nov. 17, 1906.
	Authorised.	Shares Issued.					
	£		£				
Bechuanaland Ex.	400,000	400,000	1	f.p.	1 11/16	9/16	17/32
British S. Africa	6,000,000	4,999,038	1	f.p.	1 5/16	1 9/16	1 17/32
Chicago Gaika	250,000	201,000	1	f.p.	2 3/8	4/-	4/-
Globe & Phœnix	200,000	250,000	1	f.p.	1 13/32	1	1
Lomagunda Dev	250,000	228,000	1	f.p.	2 1/16	1 1/16	1 1/32
Mashon. Agency	400,000	398,976	1	f.p.	1 3/8	7/16	13/32
N rth'rn Copper (B.S.A.)	250,000	160,500	1	f.p.	3½	1 5/16	1 13/32
Rhodesia, Ltd. (New)	600,000	500,000	1	f.p.	1	½	½
Rhodesia Expl.	225,000	227,777	1	f.p.	4¼	2 5/16	2 3/8
Rhodesia Glds.	1,000,000	500,677	1	f.p.	5/16	1/-	-/6
Rice Hamilton	175,000	50,000	1	f.p.	2 3/8	½	½
Selukwe	350,000	321,000	1	f.p.	1 1/16	7/-	6/6
Tanganyika Conc.	264,600	234,000	1	f.p.	6⅞	5 5/16	5 5/16
United Rhodesia	750,000	660,900	1	f.p.	11/3	2/6	2/6
Willoughby Con.	1,000,000	930,000	1	f.p.	15/16	8/6	8/-
Zambesia Explor.	500,000	288,615	1	f.p.	2 1/16	1 1/16	1 1/32

West Africans Stagnant—Broken Hills Booming—Coppers Strong.

Devoid of business and lacking a feature of the slightest interest, the West African Mining market would seem to justify its appellation by courtesy only. The Jungle, as a matter of fact, is still moribund, and it almost seems superfluous to remark that there are still no indications of any change of sentiment in regard to it. The boom in Broken Hill descriptions continues, with the Colony very much in evidence in the game. The metal markets remain favourable, and the profit-earning capacity of the various mines must necessarily be considerably greater, and altogether the opinion I frequently expressed a month or so ago regarding the attractiveness of these shares as a group has been more than confirmed. It is interesting to note that both the Broken Hill Block 10 and Block 14 Companies earned larger profits during the half-year to September 30. The cabled summary shows that the profit of the former was £53,000, as against £48,000, and that of the Block 14 £23,000, as compared with £17,800 for the preceding six months. In regard to dividends, the Block 14 repeated its previous distribution of 1s. per share, but the Block 10, because of the serious "creep" in the workings, and also because of the fact that the large sum received from the Zinc Corporation in respect of tailings sold is not yet available, disbursed only 6s. per share, as against 12s. (including 4s. bonus) for the preceding six months. In connection with the Block 10, it may be noted that the advices received indicate a strong financial position. Copper shares, too, continue to be sustained by the strength of the metal, and in regard to Arizonas, to which I have frequently drawn attention, it is reported that the shortage of labour, which has recently retarded production, is being surmounted gradually, and it is expected that the output of copper during the current month will be larger and that a still further improvement will be made within the next few months. This is encouraging, especially as the Company, by reason of the fact that the metal is sold as it is produced, is likely to reap the full benefit of the market conditions. My table is appended:—

—	Denomination of Shares.	Closing Price, Nov. 10.	Closing Price, Nov. 17.
Ashanti Goldfields	£	12/6	12/6
Akrokerri	4/-	⅞	⅞
Bibiani Goldfields	1	1⅛	1⅛
British Gold Coast	1	⅝	⅝
Gold Coast Amalgamated Mines	1	1⅛	1⅛
Taquah and Abosso	1	1⅝	2⅛
Wassau (Gold Coast)	1	⅝	⅝
Egyptian Mines and Exploration	1	3/6	4/3
Nile Valley	1	5/-	5/-
Anaconda Copper	$25	13¾	14¼
Balaghat Gold	1	26/6	25/6
Broken Hill Proprietary	8/-	5⅞	5⅞
Cape Copper	2	7¼	7¼
Champion Reef	2/6	12/-	10/6
Le Roi	5	1⅝	1⅝
Mysore Gold	10/-	6	4/9
Nundydroog	10/-	25/6	26/-
Ooregum	10/-	13/6	13/6
Rio Tinto	5	74½	76½
Tharsis Sulphur and Copper	2	7⅞	8
Waihi Gold	1	8½	9⅛

There has been some activity in the shares of the Tasmanian Exploration Company, which are a fair gamble at 3s., due to the fact that the Company has recently concluded the purchase of an important tin mine in West Australia. The Company owns three mines, situated on the Mathinna Field, County of Cornwall, Tasmania, which was favourably reported on by Professor Twelvetrees, the Government geologist of that colony, a few months ago; but although these mines are considered to be very valuable, the attention of the Directors is for the time being centred on the Providence Mine. This is a tin mine located in the parish of Uny Lelant, near St. Ives, Cornwall, and it is very highly spoken of by practical mining men living in the district, who describe it as being one of the richest properties in the Duchy.

Romano's Restaurant, Strand.—*Truth* says:—"On the way down the Strand I dropped in to dine at Romano's—I was glad to see how well the place maintains its old reputation. A better-cooked and better-served dinner no one need desire, and this opinion is evidently shared by many, for the restaurant was packed, as it deserves to be."

Westralians Interesting—Kalgurlis—Ivanhoes Favoured—Lancefield—Deep Leads.

While it must be confessed that there is still no material expansion of business in Westralians, and that the public attitude remains more or less indifferent, the market as a whole is not uninteresting. Values are more than holding their own, and there is no abatement of the interest evinced in Kalgurlis, which have absorbed the bulk of attention for some time past. This is not remarkable, because of the promising manner in which the mine is developing, more especially in depth, where the value of the ore, according to latest advices, is good. In these circumstances, it is quite natural that the shares should be maintained at a high figure. Ivanhoes are coming in for more attention, and here, again, hopeful developments are reported. It appears that at the lowest level (1,519 ft.) the east lode gives the very good value of 70s. per ton over a width of 6 ft. This augurs well, and though the shares have responded to the influence, they are still relatively low at about 7 per £5 share. It is true that the recent statement of ore reserves showed a falling-off in grade, but this was completely offset by the reduction in working costs. On the basis of the last dividend the yield would be very handsome, and a point worth noting in connection with the shares is that the Company has a very substantial reserve fund. Altogether, Ivanhoes seem rather attractive. It is interesting to refer to the satisfactory results given by the experimental runs of the Lancefields' new plant. Within a few weeks the plant will be completed, and running to its full capacity, when the results will probably be further improved by more systematic work. It is impossible to give an estimate of the capacity of the new plant, or the cost of treatment, until further experience is gained. Incidentally it may be remarked that at the South Kalgurli mine, with more expensive development than will be necessary on the Lancefield, the total working costs have averaged about 21s. 6d. per ton for the past four months. At the prevailing price of about par the shares do not appear to be devoid of possibilities. As regards Deep Leads, nothing further has transpired respecting the operations at the Loddon Valley, but something ought to be forthcoming within the next week or so, and should the results prove satisfactory it is safe to assume that the shares will respond. Here is my usual table:—

—	1900 High.	1905. High.	1905. Lowest.	Make-up, Nov. 9, 1906.	Closing Price, Nov. 10, 1906.	Closing Price, Nov 17, 1906.
Associated G.M.	7¼	3⅜	1⅛	1	1	1
Assoc. Nth. Blocks	3⅜	1⅞	1	1	1	1
Brownhill Ext.	3⅞	⅝	7/6	6/6	6/6	6/6
Cosmopolitan	30/3	¼	4/3	5/-	5/-	5/-
Golden Horseshoe	15	8⅜	5	5	5	5
Great Boulder Prop.	37/6	25/6	27/6	26/3	26/3	26/3
Do. Perseverance	18¼	16/6	10/3	8/3	8/3	8/3
Gt. Fingall Cons.	6	8⅛	3	2	2	2
Hainault	1⅜	1¼	1	1	1	1
Ivanhoe (£5)	15½	8⅞	6⅛	6⅛	6⅛	7
Ivanhoe South Extnd.	4	¾	⅝	⅝	⅝	⅞
Kalgurli	9	9⅞	11	11	11	12
Lake View Consols	5	1¼	¾	1	1	1
L. & W. A. Exploration	1	15/6	9/-	16/-	—	⅞
Oroya Brownhill	—	3	2	2	2	2
Sons of Gwalia	6	2⅝	1⅝	1	1	1
South Kalgurli	6½	⅝	1	⅞	⅞	⅞

Quite Concerned.

A firm of Glasgow solicitors named Syminton and Blair are greatly concerned for the holders of Guayaquil and Quito Railway debentures. They confess that they "have not yet had time to go carefully through all the voluminous documents," but it would appear that the entire control is now in the hands of the parties in New York. The circular continues:—

It, therefore, seems desirable that a committee of Bond-holders should be formed for the protection of investors on this side, and to give them some voice in the administration of the company. While there seems no doubt of the past mismanagement, judging from the papers in our hands, as well as from information

(*Continued on page* 1249.)

· TRUTH ·

SPECIAL MOTOR SUPPLEMENT.

No. 1,560. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1906. GRATIS.

THE SHOW AT OLYMPIA.

BY a happy piece of chance the opening of the wonderful Motor Show now in progress at Olympia coincided almost to a day with the anniversary of the emancipation of the self-propelled vehicle in this country, and that famous first organised run in celebration thereof ten years ago of which such vivid memories are still retained by many. Marvellous, indeed, are the changes and developments which have been witnessed in the interim. And yet while this is so it is perfectly true that, as has been said, these same changes and improvements have yet been only modifications of detail after all. In other words, the petrol car of to-day—for it is the petrol car one thinks of naturally when employing the generic term of motor-car—is, when closely looked at, nothing but the petrol car of ten years since adapted, modified, and improved. It is not a different machine, but the same better adapted to its purpose. There is hardly a detail—certainly there is not any essential particular—of the most complex Napier or Mercédès of to-day of which the counterpart or germ was not to be perceived in the quivering, panting, evil-smelling, bone-shaking Daimlers and Panhards, and the rest, of ten years since which participated in the historic run from Whitehall-place to Brighton.

The Evolution of the Motor-Car.

This is only another way of saying, of course, that the motor-car of to-day has reached its present happy state of perfection by steady evolution, rather than as the result of any single startling discovery implying a violent break with the past. It might have been otherwise, of course. Some unexpected mechanical discovery might conceivably have been made which would have pointed the way in another direction entirely, and in that case the petrol-driven motor, as we know it in the case of motor-cars, would in all probability have never come into existence. Inventors would, in that case, have abandoned, probably, further attempts at the perfecting of a kind of engine whose defects and drawbacks were at that time so manifest, and some of the most marvellous possibilities of mechanical science would have remained unknown. It is, indeed, matter for astonishment that the pioneers of automobilism should have been persuaded to persevere in the face of such dispiriting results as those which attended their earliest efforts—even going back no farther than the date which saw the legal emancipation of the car in this country, which was, as it is hardly necessary to say, later by a century or so than that which saw the first crude attempts at self-propelled road vehicles of one sort or another.

It was, however—reverting to the early experimenters with the internal combustion engine, with whose efforts the history of automobilism proper may be said to have begun—to a large extent a case with them of Hobson's choice. If anything better or more promising had offered at that time inventors would almost certainly have turned their attention thereto in preference to continuing to wrestle with the seemingly insuperable problems which presented themselves one after the other in connection with the type of engine which performs its functions with such marvellous efficiency to-day. To investigate the mechanism of a modern motor-car is to be struck at every turn by the amazing ingenuity with which difficulty after difficulty has been provided against and circumvented. One cannot even say that it all seems so simple now that it has been accomplished. On the contrary, the more closely the matter is studied, and the more clearly the multiplicity of moving parts and minute adjustments involved in the working of the simplest and smallest modern car is realised, the greater becomes the wonder that such amazing efficiency in the result should have been attained. To examine the "innards" of a motor-car of to-day, and to realise all that is implied therein, is to marvel, not that such machinery ever experiences derangement, but that it can ever be induced to keep going with any regularity at all. Patience and persistence must have been needed, indeed, on the part of those who developed such astonishing results from such slender beginnings. At every turn this and that seemingly insuperable difficulty confronted the early inventor.

Consider one or two. Having succeeded in defiance of the warnings of the orthodox engineer in getting his engine to work on the internal combustion principle without knocking itself to pieces in ten minutes, the

fond inventor found that none the less one great difficulty immediately presented itself in the shape of the intense heat generated. Problem—how to obviate this. Then—happy thought! Let the cylinder be enclosed in a jacket of water which in turn is kept cool by a system of radiation, and your difficulty is surmounted. Ignition, again!—what thought and trial and experiments that must have involved from first to last. Here again the problem to be solved was obvious enough—namely, to find some means of igniting the explosive mixture when it had been got into the combustion chamber. But how to do this? A tube through the wall of the cylinder made red hot from without, and thus firing the charge within by its heat, was the method of ten years since, though, as it happens, electricity had been suggested for the purpose many years earlier. Subsequently the latter was tried again, this time with better success, and the ignition apparatus of to-day—in itself a marvel of ingenuity, delicacy, and efficiency—is the result. Then, when means had been found of firing the mixture and of keeping the engine going without getting too hot, how to transmit its power to the road wheels? Here was yet another tough nut for the inventor to crack. At first he had recourse to belts and pulleys of various sizes—which were successful only within limits. Then, once again in defiance of all orthodox teaching, the principle of sliding spur wheels meshing with one another while in motion was substituted therefor, and has given us, in conjunction with clutch and differential, the amazingly efficient transmission system of to-day. And so, taking every detail of the modern car in turn, one might run on. Absolute finality may not yet have been reached, but it is hard to see that much further improvement can be effected on existing lines.

Progress of the British Trade.

And side by side with the mechanical evolution of the motor-car has gone its commercial development. As to the precise amount of British capital invested to-day in the motor-car and auxiliary industries, expert opinions differ considerably. Lord Montagu recently put the figure at £8,000,000. Others, however, have suggested twice that amount as being probably nearer the mark. Captain Deasey, in a recent speech, hazarded £12,000,000. In any case, the amount is certainly enough to constitute the motor-car trade of to-day one of the leading industries of the country, and this after only ten years' existence. What it may amount to eventually it is impossible to predict. Some time ago a learned statistician estimated the total value of the existing horse traction of the country—meaning thereby that of the horses, the vehicles, and all their accessories—at the gigantic sum of £4,000,000,000, the bulk of which, he suggested, would be replaced in time by self-propelled vehicles; and though a superfluous cipher or two may have crept into that generous figure, there is no denying the extent of the task which lies ahead of the motoring industry. Gratifying evidence is also available as to the steady—in fact, the startling—progress of the British trade. Consider such figures as those recently supplied to the happy shareholders of two of the leading British firms—Messrs. Daimler and Messrs. Humber. Such records as those firms have recently been able to point to belong to the romance of industrialism.

In the case of the Daimler Company, the profits realised during the past twelve months, including £41,000 brought over from the previous year, amounted to no less than £125,000. More eloquent testimony to the reputation enjoyed by the Daimler cars of to-day, and the enormous demand which exists for these magnificent vehicles could hardly be desired. And in the case of Messrs. Humber the figures are scarcely less remarkable. Messrs. Humber, as every one knows, originally confined their attention exclusively to bicycles, and when, a few years since, profits in the cycle trade declined, they suffered acutely, in common with most of their rivals. Upon the advice, however, of their present chairman, Mr. Powell, a brave policy was decided on, and out of what looked ominously like disaster they snatched success. In other words, they decided to enter the motor business, and to make good in this way their losses over cycles. It was a bold course, but a wise one, and the result has abundantly justified its adoption. Whereas in 1903 the shareholders had had no dividend, even on the Preference shares, and again there were heavy losses in 1904, in 1905 a profit of £6,357 was realised, and now this year a balance to the good of over £100,000 has been declared. Such facts speak for themselves, and of other British firms an equally flattering tale could be told. It is hardly necessary to insist, however, that such results can only be attained in the case of a first-class article, and the notion is one emphatically to be deprecated that at the present time motor manufacture and big dividends are necessarily synonymous terms, for this is very far from being the case. The prosperity of the two firms above-named has been due simply to the uncommon excellence of their wares.

Since the earliest days of the industry Daimler cars have been to the fore—though the earliest examples were representative not of British, but of German workmanship—and to-day they stand second to none in respect of all that is implied by soundness of design and quality of workmanship. So, too, in the case of Humbers, which may, indeed, be said to have led the way as regards the most important of recent trade developments. If there is one thing more certain than another, it is that the car of the future, meaning thereby that which will be sold in the largest numbers, will be one of four cylinders possessed of sufficient, but not excessive, power for ordinary touring requirements, and sold at a strictly moderate price, and it may be asserted without hesitation that no car has hitherto come nearer the ideal under this head than the immensely popular 10-12h.p. carriages turned out by Messrs. Humber, and offered to the public at the present time at the astonishingly low price of £315. If, therefore, the success of the two firms in question has been remarkable, this is not to say that it is difficult to account for, or that it is likely to be imitated by those who enter the arena less well equipped for the fray.

Speaking generally, however, those interested in British motor companies of good repute certainly have occasion to congratulate themselves at the present time.

However it may be with trade in general, the prosperity of the automobile industry just now is undoubted, and such instances as those cited go to show what a liberal share of it is being enjoyed by native firms. Even more eloquent in this connection is the fact that, according to figures which have been published on good authority, in the first nine months of 1906 the import of foreign cars has decreased by over £50,000. For the first time since the industry has existed such a tendency has been recorded, and the fact is significant of much. There is no need to push the point too far. It would be absurd, from chauvinistic motives, to attempt to belittle the claims of leading Continental makers. Granted such cars as the Mercédès, De Diétrich, Panhard, and any number of others which might be named, are vehicles second to none—magnificent examples of motor engineering, and well worth all the money that is asked for them. It is only claimed for the British industry that their productions are at least as good. If recent experience, and the examples to be seen at the present show, teach one thing more than another, it is that the once assured supremacy of the foreign maker is at length a thing of the past.

The Question of Prices.

As to the all-important question of prices, there is room, perhaps, for a certain amount of disappointment here. True, many substantial reductions are to be noted—conspicuously in the case of Argylls, certain models of which are now offered at prices less by £100 than those which have previously prevailed. Generally, however, that all round drop in prices which has so long been expected has not yet arrived; and for a sufficiently good reason. While makers find their energies taxed to the utmost to supply all the cars required at the existing rates, no very widespread reductions are likely to be witnessed. Hence that eagerly anticipated 20-h.p. four-cylinder car with lamps, tools, hood, windscreen, and other luxuries, all complete for £50, has not yet made its appearance, and nearly all the better-known makers still find it most to their advantage to deal in high-powered cars of the more expensive kind, the demand for which is seemingly at present unlimited. Nay, the number of small cars adapted to the requirements of that much-talked-of individual, the motorist of moderate means, is positively smaller at the present time than has been the case in previous years.

The situation is, indeed, from the economic point of view, remarkable. Here you have an enormous market in existence which, none the less, it seems to be worth no one's while to cater for under existing conditions. Eventually there can be no doubt that the small cheap car, costing, say, £100, will be sold by the thousand. At present, however, hardly any of the more important firms have been tempted to supply it. So long as they can dispose of as many cars as they can produce of larger size at a higher price, this is obviously the more profitable policy; and hence several of the smaller cars which have hitherto enjoyed the best reputation have this year actually disappeared from the catalogue. In time, no doubt, matters will adjust themselves in this respect. With the increasing stress of competition makers will not be able to continue to neglect the requirements of the humbler folk. At present, however, the latter must possess their souls in patience. The motor for the multitude has not yet appeared.

The Six-Cylinder Controversy.

In the matter of general design no very striking departures are to be noted, nor were any expected. The time has gone by for that. But the increasing number of six-cylinder engines displayed has, of course, been generally remarked, though it remains yet to be determined whether this type will become permanently and generally adopted. A few years ago, it may be remembered, there was a similar boom for a time in three-cylinder engines, and leading makers tumbled over one another in putting cars of this type on the market. The fashion was short-lived however, and it may possibly be the same in the case of six-cylinders, though in the latter case there is, of course, no doubt that certain advantages result therefrom. It is, in fact, if the truth must be told, a rather barren controversy. "Six-cylinder engines better than four?" says one side; "not a bit of it. Look at your increased weight, unnecessarily long wheel base, extravagant petrol consumption, loss of wall heat, and other disadvantages." "Nonsense," retorts the other side; "six-cylinders mean a much lighter fly wheel, smaller and lighter cylinders, loss in wall heat is a mere detail, petrol consumption is less instead of more, owing to the possibility of travelling more often at top gear, while as to length of wheel base, many four-cylinder cars are larger than six-cylinder ones." When doctors differ how shall the public decide?

What is tolerably certain is that no one will be well advised to get a six-cylinder car without being satisfied in the fullest possible manner as to its quality. The astonishing statement has been made that over seventy such cars are on the market at the present time. There is provided, therefore, a sufficiently extensive field of choice, affording ample scope for the poet's "boundless better, boundless worse," and they will be best advised probably who do not purchase too hastily some of these newer concerns. It is well known in the engineering world that a six-cylinder car, apart from its additional complications, presents to the designer difficulties of its own of a kind which are not to be satisfactorily solved by the first firm which comes along and rushes out a hastily conceived model for the sake of being in the fashion. One six-cylinder car, in the present show, is actually sold at £275. Over half-a-dozen can be obtained between £500 and £700, while above that figure the range of choice is still larger. Of the many new six-cylinders to be seen at the present show the finest, as it is certainly the most original and interesting, is probably that shown by the Lanchester Motor Co.

Apropos of this six-cylinder controversy, by the way, Mr. Jarrott—who, as representative of the four-cylinder De Diétrich and Crossley cars, naturally entertains the poorest possible opinion of the six-cylinder variety—has recently made rather effective play with the report of the judges in the recent Town Carriage Competition, which, he contends, goes conclusively to show that the disadvantages of the extra two cylinders more than counterbalance any possible gains therefrom. Thus under almost every head, as he points out, the six-cylinder Napier either failed to score over its four-cylinder rivals, and was bracketed equal with them, or was actually accorded an inferior position. Only in one respect—absence of vibration—was it awarded actual first place. As regards smoothness of running, ease of starting, ease of stopping, and changing speed, four-cylinder cars were all pronounced its equal, while as regards absence of smell and smoke, absence of noise, ease of cleaning, accessibility, and ease of manœuvring, the latter were pronounced to be absolutely superior. Wherefore Mr. Jarrott points the finger of scorn at New Burlington-street. No doubt Mr. Edge, who is a champion controversialist, will come out in turn with an eloquent and convincing defence, and so the game goes merrily on. So far as the average motorist is concerned, the whole controversy is largely one of Tweedledum and Tweedledee. There is no doubt that a good six-cylinder car is a beautiful machine, which gives splendid results. It is equally certain that the same may be said of any number of four-cylinder ones. It is only the attempt to represent either one as markedly and obviously superior to the other which is absurd.

Single-Cylinder Cars.

And so, in turn, be it added, with two cylinders and single cylinders. The assertion is sometimes made that

the single cylinder has had its day, while those authorities are not a few who profess to regard the two-cylinder variety in the same light. One reads of the excessive vibration and noise necessarily involved in the case of both single- and two-cylinder engines, and the modest motorist is advised whatever he does not to commit the mistake of obtaining a car of this "exploded" type. This is very nonsensical. There are any number of admirable single-cylinder cars on the market which run as quietly and as smoothly as anyone could wish, while their greater simplicity and strength more than compensate for any minor disadvantages which they may possess, as compared with four-cylinder cars of the same horse power. Not a few of the many low-powered four-cylinder cars now being offered to the public are, indeed, little better than toys which may run well enough at first, but which certainly possess nothing like the wearing qualities implied by one large strong cylinder in place of four little ones, and the great simplification of parts which follow therefrom.

There is no question, however, as to the general tendency of the makers just at present to follow the fashion in this matter. Whereas last year twenty-nine single-cylinder cars were listed, the number of such this year, according to the *Autocar's* catalogue, is only seventeen. No doubt a certain number have fallen out because they were not a success as cars apart from the cylinder question, but others have been replaced by those of the two- and four-cylinder variety. In this connection, by the way, many will have noted with regret the disappearance of two of the best known small single-cylinder cars of the past, each of which has done splendid service in its time—viz., the 6-h.p. De Dion, and the 6-h.p. Wolseley. No cars, great or small, have enjoyed better repute, or given greater satisfaction to their users, than these splendid little vehicles, and their disappearance is decidedly to be regretted in the interests of those modest owners whose requirements are represented by a small car of the best possible quality. But the reason is doubtless that above suggested. The makers find that it pays them better at present to sell bigger cars at higher prices.

Some Constructional Improvements.

In constructional details no changes of radical importance are to be noted, though a variety of minor modifications are deserving of attention. In one respect it is satisfactory to notice a general improvement, and this is in the matter of accessibility of parts. Designers seem to be at length realising the supreme importance of this point, and to be appreciating the fact that to get at clutch, carburetter, gears, or what not, a day's work should not be requisite in pulling down and reassembling. Yet, though vast improvements have been effected under this head within recent years, makers have still been too much disposed to consider the question from the standpoint of the artificer in the engine-shop with all his tools and special appliances ready to hand rather than from that of the inexpert amateur not so favourably circumstanced. Wherefore the tendency to be detected in the present show towards still greater accessibility is one to be heartily encouraged. That is an excellent idea, for instance, which is incorporated in the 1907 Crossley car, the gear-box of which is made without any joint, and is so arranged as to be easily dismounted from the car without interfering with the carriage body in any way. In the De Dietrich 24-h.p. engine, again, there is a useful feature in the shape of a special gauge and tap fitted in the crank case by means of which the oil level can be seen without having to open up the inspection doors. In the case of the J. and B. Vertex six-cylinder car—one of the most interesting novelties of the show—still further provision of the same nature has been made, inasmuch as the whole of the bottom half of the crank case can be removed without disturbance of either crank shaft or cam shafts. So, too, in the case of Messrs. Seymour's Seymour-Turner chassis. In this case all the bearings can be examined and adjusted without the engine itself being disturbed, the cam shaft can be removed bodily by undoing four nuts, while the inlet and exhaust pipes can be cast adrift by loosening two clips. In the case of the new six-cylinder Star, again, the gear-box has been carefully devised for ease of inspection and detachment without disturbance of the adjoining parts, so that the top half of the box can be removed and one or other of the ball bearings completely dismantled without touching the gear shafts. In regard to these and all like considerate arrangements one can only say "other makers please copy."

With respect to carburetters, which have been the subject of such innumerable ingenious experiments, various novelties are worthy of attention. One is to be seen on the splendid 24-h.p. De Dietrich chassis shown, a feature of which is its hot-water jacket to secure economical and silent running. Another is that which has been adopted by the great Mercédès firm. In this case air is admitted and controlled automatically instead of mechanically. Generally, the tendency in favour of carburetters of the so-called automatic type increases, and doubtless there is much to be said for the automatic principle in theory, and when it works satisfactorily. Since, however, in too many cases it does nothing of the kind, it is by no means to be regarded as an unmixed blessing, and in such instances the user is apt to sigh for a system less ingenious but more trustworthy.

As regards control, a striving after increased simplicity is generally apparent—a result, however, which it is hardly needful to point out can only be attained as a general rule by greater complexity of the operating mechanism. At last year's show much attention was attracted by the ingenuity of the Brotherhood-Crocker arrangements under this head, and under its new name, the Sheffield-Simplex, the same characteristic is preserved. The manufacturers made much of the fact that as far as possible everything—the timing of the ignition, carburation, lubrication, etc.—is effected automatically, while, when running, the car is under absolute control by means of two pedals only, one of which is operated laterally in the curious manner peculiar to this car. A similar claim, embodied in the catchy phrase, "pedals to push—that's all," is advanced on behalf of the Adams-Hewitt car, and always with the reservation above made in respect of these and all like "automatic" refinements, such advances are in the right direction. Ingenious also is the control of the new four-cylinder 32-40-h.p. Maxwell car, only one pedal being employed here in conjunction with two levers on the steering wheel. One pedal serves also for the whole of the driving control in the case of the Chenard-Walcker cars.

Gear Changing and Transmission.

Closely related to the question of control stands that of gear changing, and here the increasing popularity of the "gate" system has been the matter of general remark. The Crossley and the Napier are only two of several well-known cars in the case of which this system has been adopted for the first time this year. Others there are, however, who claim to employ a method even superior. The change-speed lever of the Sheffield-Simplex is, for instance, of quite a different construction, but giving, at the same time, a positive thrust for each speed, as well as an automatic indication of the speed in use. More novel still is the system under this head adopted in the case of the 18-22 h.p. Leader car, by arrangement with the inventor, Mr. Ben H. Morgan. This system is a pneumatic one, dispensing with the usual change-speed and brake levers altogether, and rendering it impossible, as it is declared, to damage the gears. The cylinder gases during explosion are compressed in a small storage tank, whence they are led to two cylinders in which are fitted pistons and rods, connecting to the gear-change shaft and the brakes respectively. Compressed gas is admitted and exhausted through valves, which are controlled by small levers fitted to the steering wheel. One of these levers travels over a dial on which the speeds and reverse are marked. All that is required to change speed is to move this lever to the number of the speed wanted Further, it is claimed that the system provides an excellent method of applying the brakes, since the power can be admitted to the brake cylinder as slowly

or as quickly as may be needed. The apparatus, it may be added, is so designed that it can be fitted to almost any car having a change-speed gear of the sliding type.

In regard to the gears themselves, direct drive on top gear is still the usual practice, though Messrs. Rolls-Royce adhere to their plan of fitting this on the third, instead of the fourth, speed—the Winton Company adopting the same arrangement. The disadvantage of the "direct drive on top" is, it is held—and not without force—in the case of high-powered cars, that unless the top speed is geared unduly low it can seldom be employed on ordinary roads. Hence the advantage of a "direct" third speed, which can be constantly used, and an indirect top, for what Messrs. Rolls describe as "Continental travel"—a pleasant euphemism for non-legal speeding. An alternative arrangement to be noticed is the provision of direct drive on both third and fourth speeds, as in the case of the 40-h.p. Berliet car.

With respect to transmission, the shaft drive continues to grow in popularity as against side chains, the prejudice which at one time operated against the former having given way before the indubitable success which has attended its employment. Where chains are still adhered to there is an increasing tendency to follow the long-standing practice of the Sunbeam cars, and cover them in—as in the case of the Gladiator and some of the Clément cars. In more than one case the practice of setting the cylinders desaxé, or slightly to one side of the crank shaft, is adopted, as in the case of the new and very carefully designed 24-h.p. Métallurgique car. By this means it is contended that the leverage obtained is much greater with a corresponding increase in power. The novel rear axle employed in the case of the new Speedwell cars shown is worthy of notice. A separate solid axle dropped below the driving axle supports the whole weight of the body and wheels, so that the driving axle is required only to transmit the power.

Clutches.

As to clutches, those of the metal to metal type continue to grow in favour, though those of the leather-faced cone variety still hold their own in point of numbers. Like the carburetter, the clutch has been the subject of the fondest attention on the part of the inventor, and to name all the highly ingenious arrangements under this head which have been adopted at one time or another would occupy much space. In the present show the number of out of the way examples is perhaps less numerous than usual—perhaps because of the indifferent success which has attended so many of the freak variety in the past. One of some novelty is to be seen, however, on the Seymour-Turner chassis. This is described as an hydraulic oil clutch, and great merits are claimed for it. A small improvement under this head effected by Messrs. Daimler has been the introduction of a flexible joint on the driving shaft at the rear of the clutch sleeve, in addition to that in front of the gear case, for prevention of the tendency of the clutch to get out of alignment. The famous De Dion expanding clutch has gone the way of all mundane things at last. For some time past it had been abandoned in the case of the higher-powered cars turned out by Messrs. De Dion-Bouton, but now, it seems, it is to be given up entirely in favour of the very clever but rather complicated disc plate clutches, with which all the cars, ranging from 8-h.p. to 28-h.p, shown at Olympia are fitted. With the expanding clutches goes also, of course, the unique change-speed system by means of a lever on the steering wheel with which they have been associated, and in the case of all De Dion cars henceforward the Panhard or sliding pinion type of gears will be employed. The change is one which will be regretted, probably, by not a few De Dion users who have learned to appreciate the ease and simplicity of the older arrangement, the wonderful ingenuity and "fool-proof" qualities of which have been so often admired. At the same time, when they did give trouble, the old De Dion expanding clutches were often a great cause of worry, while to adjust them properly required something like a special education, so that the makers are probably wise in falling into line with the general practice in this regard.

Cooling and Lubrication.

Cooling arrangements have nothing much in the way of novelty to offer this season. Many will be glad to note, however, that the popularity of the honey-comb radiator, which may be such an intolerable nuisance, is on the wane. A new type of radiator, of neat design, composed of corrugated films, which have the appearance of the honey-comb variety, which is obviously much stronger, is shown on the 15-h.p. Enfield car.

Closely allied to the question of cooling, in fact forming part and parcel of it, is the question of lubrication, to which, it is satisfactory to notice, more and more attention is paid every year by designers. Admirable, for instance, are the arrangements of the 1907 Lanchesters under this head—the lubrication of the engine being absolutely automatic, and entirely dispensing with the lubricator usually fitted to the dashboard, which is, more often than not, a cause of trouble. While, indeed, the automatic system is obviously the ideal when it can be depended on, as it can be beyond doubt in the case of such cars as the Lanchester, there is much to be said so far as smaller cars are concerned for the simple hand pump arrangement, whereby a charge can be given at regular intervals and no further worry or anxiety is experienced. Certain it is that too many of the drip-feed systems are abominably unreliable and infinitely more bother than they are worth. Perhaps the most novel arrangement to be seen at the present show in this respect is that which has been adopted in the case of the new 28-h.p. four-cylinder Armstrong-Whitworth car. In this case all the engine bearings are supplied by a pump working at a pressure of some four pounds to the square inch, through sight feeds on the dashboard—where there is also a gauge for giving the pressure. If extra lubrication is required for a short period special valves can be opened on the dashboard for this purpose without interfering with the normal feeds. A new and ingenious lubricating system has also been adopted on some of the Spyker cars by means of which it is claimed that a saving of some eighty per cent. in oil is incidentally effected.

Some Other Developments.

With respect to ignition, the increasing employment of alternative systems is a good sign. Ignition derangements are still the most fertile source of trouble, and it is a great comfort when one system fails to have another to go to. Eventually, no doubt, magneto alone will be found to meet all the requirements of the case. As it is, that of the high tension variety seems to be more and more generally favoured, except in the case of the biggest and most powerful cars.

In the matter of brakes, no very remarkable developments are to be noted, unless it be a tendency to reverse the arrangement which has usually obtained hitherto and to actuate the wheel brakes by the foot pedal, and that on the gear-shaft by the hand lever. What advantage is supposed to be gained by this departure from long-established practice I do not know. It is a fad, also, with one or two firms to make the side brakes to pull towards the driver instead of being pushed away from him, and there is perhaps something to be said for this alteration, since under the usual arrangement one is often compelled to stretch uncomfortably far forward to get the brake full on. Under the "pull-on" method this is avoided.

A "felt want" in the opinion of many is still an efficient self-starting device. Last year, it will be remembered, in response to the offer of a substantial prize, many ingenious contrivances were brought out by French designers, none of which, however, has achieved popularity. This year the makers of the famous F.I.A.T. cars have introduced yet another contrivance with this end in view. This takes the shape of a small cylinder which is fixed to the half-time casing, by means of which, in conjunction with an eccentric movement, the desired result is attained. It is understood, moreover, that

many other well-known firms are working energetically at the same problem at the present time. Meanwhile, there is really not much fault to be found with the starting handle as we know it. Indeed, for many, one of the chiefest joys of motoring will have been destroyed when some more ingenious but less human device is permanently adopted in place thereof. What motorist worthy of the name does not love the sensation which attends its operation?

As to design in general, considerations of general comfort and convenience are more and more closely studied every year. In dozens of little ways alterations for the better are to be noted. The New Engine Co., for instance, make much of the general lines of their "N.E.C." cars, with the engine under the front seat and the body hung entirely within the axles. The new Deasy car has its steering pillar and pedals made adjustable to individual requirements. In other cases special pains have been taken to make provision for carrying luggage and accessories. One of the Mercédès cars, shown by Messrs. Du Cros., Ltd., has, for instance, exceptional accommodation of this kind, being fitted with no fewer that six large trunks, four under the steps, one under the front seat, and one in the boot at rear. Elaborate also are the arrangements in this respect of a 24-h.p. Albion car, shown by the Lacre Co., which is provided with a sliding grid at the back in addition to three large trunks on the roof. The exceptionally ample accommodation which has always been a feature of the Lanchester cars, not only for luggage, but also for carrying spare covers, inner tubes, tools, etc., may further be named in this connection. An ingenious arrangement for carrying spare tyre covers in a compartment specially constructed for this purpose between the rear panels and the upholstery is to be noted on the 25-h.p. Speedwell cars.

Disappearing auxiliary seats of a new kind, so arranged that when out of use they are completely hidden, but when required open into comfortable armchairs, are to be seen on the 22-h.p. Berliet, shown by Messrs. J. C. Hutton. And these are only a few of the many like ingenious dodges and devices which are to be observed. The comfort of the motorist has never been so studied before.

The Pneumatic Tyre.

As to tyres, the pneumatic tyre is still the weakest feature of the motor-car. You may be sure of your car in every other respect but in this. The pneumatic tyre is the uncertain quantity which upsets all calculations, abaseth proud reason, and brings down the mighty from their seats. It is an abomination—but absolutely indispensable; a perennial source of terror—but a *sine quâ non*. Some day, no doubt, a satisfactory substitute, proof against punctures, yet properly resilient, will be discovered. If one may believe their fond inventors, indeed, some scores, if not hundreds, of such have already been offered to an unappreciative public. And the cry is still they come. Unfortunately, not one has yet established its claims to the satisfaction of the general public. Meanwhile, in default of the advent of something better, one can only be thankful for the pneumatic tyre as we know it. Despite its inevitable weaknesses and drawbacks, the modern pneumatic tyre is a marvellous product. Messrs. Dunlop, who worthily uphold the reputation of British manufacture in this field, make a feature this year of a new steel-studded tyre, with the studs fixed direct into the rubber of the outer cover, which looks like a thoroughly serviceable article. Steel armoured non-skid covers of a special kind are also shown by the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company, the rivets being supported in this case by the "Continental" patent discs, whereby it is claimed the cover can be driven until the tread is completely worn out without the cover becoming loose or defective. Studs fixed directly into the tread of the tyre in this way have none of the heating effects produced by the ordinary leather-studded bands.

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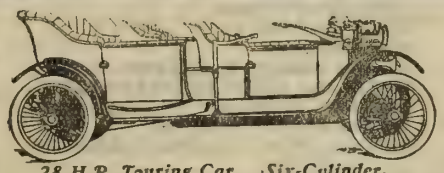

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THE MAHARAJAH OF MYSORE.
THE MAHARAJAH OF DURBHUNJA.
THE RAJAH NAUSHAL AH KHAN.

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His Grace the DUKE OF BUCCLEUGH, K.G.
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(*Continued from page* 1248.)

we have received direct from South America, our clients consider that the position and future prospects should be carefully investigated by some reliable expert sent out from this country. They are prepared to subscribe towards the expense of obtaining such a report, and we shall be glad to know whether we can count on your support. We may say that a large number of Bond-holders have communicated with us, and it may be considered advisable to hold a meeting, either here or in London.

The point for consideration is whether any good purpose can be served by such action as is proposed. Personally, I have serious doubts in the matter.

Attention is being given to the Trans-Continental Transportation and Mining Company, a Colorado enterprise in which a steady but unobtrusive business has been going on. The Company has for its main object the cutting of a tunnel 7,500 ft. long through the Rocky Mountains, which will shorten the Trans-Continental route of several of the great American railways viâ Denver some 250 miles. In making this tunnel numerous mineral veins will be intersected, many of which are extremely valuable. One of the several veins already cut—the "Flossie"—will, it is asserted, even if worked only on a small scale, pay nearly 10 per cent. on the whole of the capital.

Insurance Notes—Star Life Office—Fresh Proposals to Amalgamate on Better Terms—Illogical Opposition of Directors—Increased Difficulties of Separate Existence.

Five or six months ago it was announced that the Star Life Assurance Society was to be taken over by the United Kingdom Temperance Institution. I expressed the opinion at the time that this would be a good thing for the shareholders and policyholders of the Star, but that I was unable to see what benefit would result to the United Kingdom Temperance. About the end of July meetings were held of both societies, at which the chairmen made speeches, neither of which can be described as wholly judicious. Subsequently it was announced that a hitch had occurred in the negotiations, and that the preliminary agreement had been cancelled. Some shareholders and policyholders of the Star are not prepared to forgo the benefits which would result to them from the sale of the business, and it appears that the Norwich Union Life Office is prepared to take over the Star upon much more favourable terms than were offered by the United Kingdom Temperance. For various reasons the first amalgamation proposed met with almost universal condemnation, and the directors of the Star seem to have entirely changed their minds and to be opposed to any transfer of their business.

Some critics gave as a reason for objecting to the amalgamation, the improved prospects of the Star, and went as far as to suggest that it was really a very fine specimen of British life office. I am rather afraid that the people who expressed this opinion were influenced by the old proverb *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, and considered their eulogistic expressions appropriate for an obituary notice. The fact is that the outlook for Star policyholders, if the society continues its separate existence, is very far from being favourable, and the speech of the chairman at the meeting in July has increased the difficulties of the already difficult task of getting new business. . . . The chairman explained that the Star has a paid-up share capital of only £5,000, which was subscribed in 1843, since which time the shareholders have received 5 per cent. per annum, in addition to the sum of £263,000 as their share—one-tenth—of the surplus. The life assurance fund amounts to £6,000,000, and the chairman confessed that: "The existence of this small share capital, drawing a large sum from the profits earned with the policyholders' money, has constituted a serious stumbling-block to the prosperity of the society, and has been the chief subject of criticism in past years by our clients, competing offices, and the press . . . the strongest reason for the proposed amalgamation is that we get rid of the shares entirely as regards their adverse effect on future business." With the disappearance of the Star, its shareholders and policyholders would have had no interest of any sort of kind in the new business of the United Kingdom Temperance, while the existing Star policyholders would still have had to give one-tenth of the surplus to a new body of proprietors, namely, the United Kingdom Temperance Institution, and would only have received such a rate of bonus as might be earned upon the funds of the Star. Even although the old business of the Star was to be managed at a fixed rate of 10 per cent. of the premiums, which is rather high for renewal business, it seems to me a practical certainty that the Star policy-holders would have fared better than by the continued existence of the Society, since the lack of capable management which had been so conspicuous in the past would have been replaced by prudent control.

The Chairman went on to remark that £50 a share was a very liberal addition to the market value, and that a little while previously shares were bought at £30. Still bent on fouling his own nest, the Chairman explained that the shares had never been worth the high prices which they had sometimes realised. His next statement was, "It is impossible to believe that, all other things being equal, a life assurance Company with a share capital can succeed so well as a mutual office. . . . Whether the over-loaded, share-laden ship gets damaged or not, it is likely, at any rate, to be overtaken and passed by its freer competitors. The time has come for us, we think, to unload this cargo."

The Chairman had a second important reason. The Star could not start a temperance section because of its deed of settlement, but why it could not get this deed of settlement altered was not explained, and the Star could not do a satisfactory business without having a temperance section. What benefit the temperance section of the United Kingdom Temperance could possibly be to the shareholders and policy-holders of the Star I cannot imagine, but it seems extremely improbable that any total abstainer will assure in the Star after the Chairman's remarks.

It thus appears that on the terms offered by the United Kingdom Temperance the Directors of the Star thought the amalgamation extremely advantageous, and the difficulties in the way of a successful separate existence very great; moreover, the actuarial opinion of Mr. G. H. Ryan, which rightly carries much weight, was strongly in favour of the proposed scheme. Doubtless the Chairman was so confident of the amalgamation being carried through that he was a little more candid about the demerits of the Star's position than he might have been otherwise. But there is no doubt whatever that the difficulties of the Star as a separate organisation have been greatly increased by the Chairman's speech.

At the present time it is possible for the Star to be taken over by the Norwich Union Life Office, on terms which are vastly more favourable to both shareholders, policy-holders, and the staff, than those offered by the United Kingdom Temperance, which the Directors thought so good. The prospects of the Star are worse than they were when the amalgamation was first talked of; the new terms are better than those originally proposed, and it therefore seems to me a serious mistake on the part of the Star Directors to resist the influential movement among the shareholders and policy-holders which urges the acceptance of better terms in worse conditions.

New Issues.

The following new issues have been made:—

Port of Pará.—This Port has an authorised bond issue of £3,600,000 Five per Cent. First Mortgage Fifty-Year Gold bonds. There are now offered £1,250,000 of these bonds, of which £900,000 are reserved for subscription in Paris and Brussels. The Bank of Scotland now invite subscriptions on behalf of the owners for £350,000 Five per Cent. First Mortgage 50-Year Gold Bonds, at £92 10s. for each £100 bond.

Bahia Blanca and North-Western Railway.—This Company is making an issue of 125,000 Guaranteed Shares of £10 each at par, carrying dividend at the rate of 4½ per cent. per annum. The system is worked by the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway

"Finance."—A concise weekly record of markets and prices, published by the Central Stock Exchange, Ltd., 66, Cannon-street, London, E.C. Post free for six months to applicants mentioning this paper.

Company Limited, who have guaranteed the following dividends payable half-yearly upon its Guaranteed Stock already issued, viz. :—3 per cent. per annum for five years from July 1, 1904; 3½ per cent. per annum for the next four years; 4 per cent. per annum for the next four years, and 4½ per cent. per annum thereafter, the Pacific Company being entitled to the whole receipts of the undertaking.

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Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" reply by post.

Name and address, which must accompany all inquiries, should be written on the communication; cards are apt to be lost or misplaced, causing unnecessary trouble.

Anonymous letters will not in any case be attended to.

I cannot reply to inquiries by letter or telegram.

A nom-de-plume or initials (the former preferably) should be given if it is desired that the real name shall not appear in the paper.

Inquiries should be put as briefly as possible, plainly written, and numbered.

Communications received after Friday may not be replied to in the following issue. Delay may also occur where an exceptionally long list of securities is submitted.

I do not recommend brokers.

Railways.

Pole.—Transfer into North Westerns. *Brussels.* — Canadian Pacifics have not been "stagnant for several months past." You will be so good as to remember that the shareholders were allotted very material "rights," which make the price of the shares decidedly higher than you appear to have any conception of. *Youghal.*—There ought to be a complete refunding within very much less than eleven years. *Option.*—1. The deal ought to prove profitable. 2. I know nothing against either concern. *Esperance.*—I should prefer Canadian Pacifics. *Treetops.*—You can hardly improve upon Brighton A at the present price. *Ganges.*—You could hardly improve upon Grand Trunk Second Preference in the circumstances. The sum at your disposal is scarcely large enough to be split up into three or four investments. *Socrates.*—You might count upon a rise of about five points between now and the declaration of the dividend.

Mines.

Cuivre.—If the Spasskys give you a decent profit by all means take it. *Mines.*—The shares you name are a good speculative holding provided you can keep them for better conditions in the Kaffir market. *Magister.*—I have not sufficient information about the mines to advise you. *V., Swansea.*—Cut the loss. *F. N.*—I think you will find Zinc Corporations a profitable speculation. *Scot.*—1. The Randfontein group. 2. I should hold on to Loddon Valleys. *Lakin.*—As a high-grade proposition the Oroya Brownhill mine is nearly played out; but there is an abundance of low-grade ore which will insure the continuance of dividends for a number of years to come. *J. W., Burnley.*—I should not be disposed to buy Stratton's Independence shares. *Novice, Bournemouth.*—You ought to hold Henderson's Transvaal Estates shares for a recovery. *N. O'Brien.*—Lace Diamonds seem hopeful, but the others I do not care for. *Cuyre, Dublin.*—1. I should regard Utah Apex shares as a good purchase at the present price. As to a dividend early in the new year I am in a position to say nothing. 2. Keep the Cerro Murianos. 3. Zinc Corporations are worth purchasing at the present price. *Niclis.*—I do not see much prospect of the shares ever recovering. *Uneasy, Manchester.*—1. I think you might reduce your holding by a half. 2. Good to keep for the present. *Deolali.*—I see no reason why you should sell at present. *Appreciative Reader.*—All the shares you name are absolute gambles, and you must be prepared to look upon them in this light. The best is Central and West Boulders.

Mixed Securities.

Texas.—1. The stock is a good purchase at the present price. 2. I should not be inclined to buy. *Rusticus.*—1 and 2. I have not a high opinion of the prospects of the Companies. 3. Might be bought after the recent drop. *Warl.*—I suggest that you disperse your capital over Japanese Fours, Chinese Five per Cent. (Railway Loan), B. A. Rosarios, B. A. Great Southern, and Brighton Railway Deferred stock. *Novice.*—The two industrials are worth holding on to, but I think you might sell the mining shares. *Match.*—1. Irish Land stock is a very good purchase so long as you can keep it for better conditions in the gilt-edged market. 2. B. A. Western new Preference shares are quite desirable. 3. I should not advise a sale. *S. S. B., Baltic.*—I recommend Brunner Monds or Lyons. *Lex., Edinboro'.*—1. You would be well advised to hold on to the shares. 2. I think the shares may reasonably be expected to appreciate. 3. The Company has not been long established, but it is doing well, and I see no reason to advise a sale of the shares. *Dotty.*—1. Guayaquil and Quito Debentures might be held. 2. Waihis are a very fair mining speculation. 3. You had better sell. 4. Promising enough to hold on to. 5. It would be advisable to leave the people alone. *Ironica.*—1. The banking shares are good investment holdings, subject of course to the uncalled liability; but it is very improbable that this will be called up. 2. I should certainly keep Coats shares. 3. Hold on to Kaffirs. 4. No. *Helen.*—1. African Banking Corporation shares are good to hold. 2. St. Georges Coal shares are also good. 3. I have not a high opinion of the Company. 4. The prospects do not seem particularly hopeful. *Chagford.*—1. If you can afford to put the shares away you ought to come out all right, but if you cannot sell them and cut your loss. 2. Buy the Barclay Bank shares. *"B.," Brighton.*—1. Hold Utah Apex and let the others go. 2. Both the brewery shares may be held. *Beaked, Streatham.*—1. I recommend Johannesburg Fours, Japanese Fours, Chinese Fives, and Atchison Adjustment shares. 2. The price of Midland Preference stock ought to advance. *Corinciem.*—1. The concern is a bucket-shop which ought to be avoided, and against which I have many times advised readers of Truth. I am afraid you have no remedy, as the transaction was a pure gamble. 2. Hold Slaters Ordinary shares. 3. The other investments are promising, especially the last named. *Forward.*—1. Do not buy more of either, but wait for a recovery, which may reasonably be counted upon, and then get out. 2. Buy outright and wait for an improvement. 3. Cargo Fleets, Liptons, Slaters, and Spencer Santos are good industrials. 4. Salisbury Buildings might be bought for a moderate rise. 5. The Moorgate-street firm is good, I believe. *Ardsala.*—1. I do not know the people. 2. Not particularly desirable. 3-6. You might buy Salisbury Buildings and Willoughbys as well as Mount Lyell Blocks. *Horatius.*—1. All the South African mines are worth holding for better conditions. 2. The industrial is not a particularly desirable holding. *L. J.*—The City and South London stock, Arizona Coppers, and London United Tram shares are worth keeping.

Miscellaneous.

Baltic Rooms.—Buy a few Slaters. *Sam.*—I am obliged to you for your communication. *Dublin.*—The man ought to be avoided. *Daine.*—You can get good terms from the Scottish Widows, the Royal Exchange Company, the Royal Insurance, or the London Life Corporation. *J. W. F., Leeds.*—I am obliged for your communication. *D. D.*—I would not care to handle the shares at any price. *Industrials.*—1. The prospects do not look very enticing. 2, 3, and 4. I regret that I am not in a position to offer you advice. *Parrot.*—1. I should be inclined to sell the shares, as the outlook is not encouraging. 2. Please accept my thanks for the documents. *Inquirer, Indian Army.*—The concern is a swindle which ought to be avoided. *H. M.*—Have never heard of the bank, and would advise you to leave it alone. *Pause.*—1. The Company is a good one. 2. I do not regard these shares as promising, but they may recover in the early future, when you would be able to get out without a loss. 3. Depends on the dividend whether they will touch that figure again. Anyway, they make a good holding, and I would not advise a sale. 4. Upon any temporary reaction they would make a hopeful purchase, and possess possibilities of appreciation with the turn of the year. *Provisional.*—1. Hold for a possible recovery. 2. Bengal Mills Preference, which are cumulative, make a fair holding. 3. Not particularly promising on top of the recent rise. You will probably be able to get in cheaper by waiting for the boom to subside. 4. Brunner Monds ought to be kept. *Stock Union.*—Leave the London Scottish Stock Exchange severely alone. *Grumbler.*—Take the surrender value. *W. H., New Jersey.*—Pekin Syndicates are a speculative investment, but not unattractive at the ruling quotation. *Andoverian.*—It will, you must remember, be a long time before the recent scandals can be lived down. *Denham.*—I have a very poor opinion of Beyer Peacock shares. You might realise Liptons upon any temporary recovery. *R. Crooke.*—Leave John B. McKenzie severely alone. *Fairplay.*—Documents not received. *St. Martha.*—You must use your own discretion. By the way, surely it must have occurred to you that such a society's opinion was not a great recommendation. Had it been a chartered accountant's it would have been different. *Rex.*—In the circumstances your best plan would be to sell the shares and put the proceeds into something with better prospects. D. H. Evans shares are a fair holding of their class, and British Electric Traction might be held. *J. P., India.*—Have not a high opinion of the premium bonds. The better class are safe enough, but you could improve upon those mentioned. I have frequently uttered warnings against Cunliffe, Russell, and Co., of Paris, who charge exorbitantly for the bonds, which are procurable from any of the Crédit Lyonnais agencies or N. Keizer and Co., 29, Threadneedle-street, at current market prices. *Innocence, Doncaster.*—It is nothing better than a blind pool, designed to fleece simpletons of their money. Leave it alone. *Fidelia.*—You cannot expect such high interest and first class securities. The so-called bank might be left alone. I think Apollinaris are a fair holding of their class, and you might retain Bovrils. *Gracchus.*—You could obtain such a yield upon Home Railway Ordinary stocks, which stand a good chance of capital appreciation as well. *F. R., Bristol.*—I do not think there is any real reason for anxiety. Both the bank shares ought to be held. As regards Standard of South Africa, the shares will improve when conditions throughout the Colony are more satisfactory. *Aries.*—You might hold the iron and steel shares. The concern named is a bucket-shop with which you ought not to have any dealings. *L. L., Cardiff.*—It is a local concern, and I am unable to give you any advice. There is no reason why you should realise the insurance shares. I do not consider Spiers and Pond Preference shares in any way attractive, even at the "rubbishy" price ruling. *Bridgewater.*—Please accept my thanks for the cuttings which you have sent me. *Reader, Peterhead.*—1. I believe the concerns named are reliable. 2. You can deal in options through a member of the Stock Exchange. *Canton, Cardiff.*—Leave the first alone. The second, I believe, deals squarely by you. *Arrow.*—Scottish Widows or the Norwich Union. A "bond" concern which you ought to avoid, the system being fundamentally unsound. *King, Swindon.*—You and your friends would be well advised to have nothing to do with the Company. *Frank.*—The shares should be held for a recovery. *A. M. W.*—1. They are not of the best class, but at present price are not altogether unattractive. 2. Could be improved

upon. 3. A speculation. 4. One of the best of its kind. *Hack.*—Hardly worth holding. *C., Durham.* — Would strongly advise you to leave the concern alone. *Dubious.*—The so-called bank would be best avoided. The high rate of interest offered is utterly incompatible with the security of your principal. *Friswell.*—Leave the Corporation alone. *Caius.*—Thanks for your information. Martin Bull should be avoided. *Harris.*—I regard Weldons Ordinary shares as a very fair industrial holding. *Omar.*—The Company is not well known in this country, and I regret that I am unable to give you information about it and its operations. *Charrua.*—I believe the concern is reliable. *Dubbio.*—Messrs. N. Keizer and Co., 29, Threadneedle-street, will give you all the information you require. *Johannesburg.*—There are practically no dealings in the shares of the company, and a sale must be a matter of negotiation. *Pagus.*—All three shares make promising industrial holdings. *J. P. F., Cirencester.*—I am obliged to you for the circular with which you have favoured me. *Neptune, Capeltown.*—You are not at a disadvantage, as you can quickly communicate with your broker. *Robertus.*—I am unable to trace the company. *Damascus.*—I am unable to give you information about either concern. *A. H. H.*—I should not recommend you to deposit money with the concern. *J. H., Rothesay.*—The concern smashed up over a year ago, and went into the hands of a court. You had better communicate again with the Official Receiver.

INDUSTRIALS IN BETTER FAVOUR—BAYS STILL SOARING—IRON AND STEEL SHARES—ANGLO "A" GAMBLE—CYCLES—DUNLOPS—TEXTILES STRONG—HIGH YIELDS—BREWERIES DEPRESSED.

There is a promising change in the complexion of affairs in the Industrial market. It would seem as though a gradual expansion of interest was in progress, and though as yet it is not very material, it is a distinctly hopeful sign. The satisfactory conclusion of the Clyde strike would seem to have engendered a greater degree of confidence in relation to the labour question, and then, again, there is the significance of the Board of Trade returns, which point to a continuance of the industrial revival throughout the country. In point of interest the maintained upward movement in Hudson's Bays is most conspicuous. They are now above 120, a somewhat remarkable figure for a share of the nominal value of £10, and yet they are "talked" still higher. Readers of these columns need no reminder that I was the first to emphasise the merits of Bays, and I frequently had occasion to deal with the position and outlook at considerable length. But then the quotation was at first something like 50, which makes a lot of difference. The clique that have the shares in hand are determined to establish a higher price than that prevailing. These efforts may prove successful, but it must be obvious to everybody that even when a generous allowance is made for prospects, the existing quotation is inflated, and the operator who touches the shares must shoulder a considerable risk. The conclusion of the Clyde strike has not been without some beneficial effect upon the sentiment in regard to Iron and Steel shares, though the response is not reflected to any material extent in values. It is worth while alluding to the profits earned by Dorman, Long, and Co., in view of the resumption of dividend payments. The profit aggregated £176,231, and, deducting the debit balance brought forward, there remains £158,068. The allowance for depreciation is £30,000. The performance is satisfactory enough, and the prospects for the current year are said to be good. The following table shows the approximate yield obtainable on Iron and Steel shares:—

	Price.		Yield per Cent.
Armstrong, Whitworth	58/-		£5 2 6
Babcock & Wilcox	4		5 0 0
Bolckow, Vaughan	22/-		5 10 0
Brown, John & Co.	1¾		5 10 0
Cammell, Laird & Co.	9		5 14 0
Congo Fleet	19/-		5 0 0
Dorman, Long & Co.	18/-		5 3 0
Vickers Maxim	51/-		5 19 0

The gamble in Anglo-American Telegraph Deferred stock continues, but I am not disposed to modify the opinion frequently expressed on the subject. Even when a liberal allowance is made for expanding earnings and a hopeful view is taken of the position, the existing quotation appears to be unduly inflated. The cycle boom would seem to be gradually subsiding, probably because there is not much left to "go for." That the industry has experienced a material degree of prosperity is clear, and the outlook, too, is considered promising. The achievement of the Rover Company is not so striking perhaps as some of the others published recently, but it leaves little to be desired. The net profit is practically unchanged, but owing to the fact that a year ago a debit balance had to be liquidated, the disposable total is rather larger. It may be noted that many preliminary and experimental charges connected with the beginning of motor-car manufacture have been borne out of revenue. It is considered advisable, because of the money absorbed by the building and equipment of the motor-car works, to increase the capital by £25,000. Dunlop shares are receiving more attention on the withdrawal of the opposition to the reorganisation scheme, by which the Ordinary shares will be cut down from £1 to 7s. 6d., and the Deferred from £1 to 5s. Owing to the unduly inflated capitalisation, some such drastic measure is imperative if the Company is to give any return to its shareholders, but whether any great benefit will accrue to the holders of the Deferred shares is quite problematical. I do not, therefore, consider these shares as being a particularly hopeful purchase. I have frequently had occasion to refer to the continued prosperity of the textile industry, and it is opportune to allude at this juncture to the enhanced interim dividend proposed by the Fine Spinners Company. This is at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum for the half year, as against 4 per cent. twelve months ago, and the inference seems to be that the profit-earning capacity of the undertaking has shown a further expansion. It is rumoured in connection with J. and P. Coats shares that a reserve capitalisation scheme is contemplated. This would involve a "plum" to the existing holders, who would receive one share for every three held. This would raise the Ordinary capital from £4,500,000 to £6,000,000, and a portion of the Ordinary reserve fund, which now stands at three millions, would be absorbed. It may be mentioned, incidentally, that the rumour lacks confirmation. The British Cotton and Wool Dyers has evidently not participated in the improved condition of the textile industry. The earnings, after allowing for depreciation, etc., amount to £35,974, as against £47,732, leaving the net profit at £1,008, as against £13,275, and the available surplus is £34,476, as against £81,989. Here is a table showing the approximate return given by high-yielding Industrials.

	Price.		Yield per Cent
Apollinaris	6½		£7 8 0
Bovril	21/-		6 5 0
Carlton Hotel	1 5/16		8 0 0
Chadburns (Ship) Telegraph	1 5/16		8 0 0
D. H. Evans & Co.	3½		6 0 0
Greenwich Linoleum	1 1/16		6 12 6
Hovis Bread	1½		6 8 0
Paquin	2¼		6 15 0

There is no change in the sentiment regarding Brewery securities, which remain dejected and depressed all round. Nevertheless, it is interesting to refer briefly to some of the annual reports now making their appearance. Among provincial undertakings Ashby's Staines Brewery shows a net profit of £32,130, which compares with £31,148, and the dividend is maintained at the 7 per cent. rate of 1904-5. On this basis the Ordinary shares would give a return of as much as 7⅝ per cent. Kenward and Canst show a slightly reduced profit, but the dividend is maintained at the 6 per cent. rate. Hall's Oxford Brewery shows larger profits, and the distribution is 10 per cent. This has been paid continuously since 1897-8, and the Cumulative Preference shares give 5¼ per cent. Altogether, the trade would not seem to have had such a bad time as the pessimists believed. The motoring world is much interested in the forthcoming transfer of the Charron Automobile industry of Puteaux, near Paris, to a British limited Company having registered offices in London, under the auspices of an Anglo-French group of capitalists. English and American motorists are familiar with the claims of the Charron cars, several hundreds having been purchased here and in the States during the last two years.

VIGILANT.

"AMERICAN RAILWAY EARNINGS AND DIVIDENDS," by D. O. CROAL, F.S.S. "A carefully written *résumé* of the position and prospects of the leading lines in the United States."—*Financial News.*—EFFINGHAM WILSON. Price 6d. net.

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QUEER STORY.

THE ICE FLOWER.

Evil is wrought
By want of thought,
As well as by want of heart.

THE evil that Derrick Trelawney wrought was wrought by want of thought only. He had too much heart, if anything, but he was passionate and erratic, and apt to go off at a tangent. A difficult combination, that, and made doubly difficult by the fact that these qualities were duplicated in his wife.

Eve Trelawney also had too much heart. She was also passionate and erratic, and apt to go off at a tangent. And that's where it all came in.

So long as they did not clash, so long as they took it in turns to go off at a tangent, it did not matter; but, unhappily, the day arrived when they both went off at a tangent at the same time. And that's where the story begins. Why Eve Trelawney went off at a tangent I don't pretend to say. The ways of women are beyond me. Why Trelawney went off at a tangent was that his wife had suddenly grown cold to him.

Cold! She who had been all fire, all ardour. She whose beautiful and attractive personality had combined tenderness and passion to a really marvellous degree. She had grown cold!

I could hardly believe Trelawney when he told me, but he soon convinced me.

"It's as true as life, Colonel," he said when he had told his story. "Eve's cold to me now—cold as ice. She's been all sorts of things at different times, but she's never been cold before, and I didn't think it was in her. I don't know what it means with her, I don't pretend to know; but with me—well, with me it means—another woman."

And I was silent because I was too bewildered to speak.

Trelawney and his wife were the most devoted husband and wife of my acquaintance, and their friends spoke of them as "married lovers." If I had been asked to point out suitable candidates for the Dunmow Flitch, I should unhesitatingly have pointed to them. And now——

"Another woman," Trelawney said again. "Another woman, Colonel. Think of it! And I've always said that Eve was the only woman in all my life. Another woman!"

I didn't argue with him. What is the use of arguing with people who are passionate and erratic and apt to go off at a tangent? I wished, though, that when he chose "another woman" his choice had not fallen on Amber Lorraine.

You see, I knew Amber Lorraine so well, and I had known her father and mother in their lifetime. I had always taken a great interest in her, and since she had been left alone in the world my interest had deepened. It's a hard thing for a woman to be left alone in the world, and she was making a brave fight with adverse Fate. She wrote stories for the smaller papers, and, in spite of the overstocked literary market, she was beginning to do well. She was a very clever woman in her way, and a very beautiful and fascinating one, too, also in her way. Such a strange way.

The Ice Flower was the name by which she was commonly known in London. It was a name that had been bestowed upon her by a famous artist when she had sat for his famous painting, "Edelweiss," and no name could have expressed her better. Her delicate, flower-like face, that looked out from a silken wonder of yellow hair, was white and cold as if it had been cut in ice. Her great sleepy eyes of vivid cornflower blue—such eyes!—were cold, too. Yes, she was an Ice Flower.

I was in the habit of going to see her sometimes, and one day as I drove to her tiny flat I met Trelawney coming away. I was sorry to meet him, and I said so to Amber.

She did not resent my saying it. She never resented anything I said, because I had known her father and mother.

"You're very kind, Colonel Maitland," she said. "I dare say you're right, too; but don't think me ungrateful if I go my own way. I'm not ungrateful, really, but——" She broke off short.

"If," I said, "going your own way means letting Derrick Trelawney come and see you whenever he feels inclined, I shall be sorry, Amber; and I'm afraid you may be sorry, too, some day."

She shook her head, and as she raised her eyes to mine, I caught my breath sharply. Surely they had never looked so vividly beautifully blue as they looked at that moment.

"Mr. Trelawney," she said, slowly, "is unhappy. He likes to come here."

"I dare say he does," I returned; "but he ought to think of you, not of himself. He isn't free. He has a wife. Remember that." Amber bent her head.

"I remember it—always," she said.

"Don't let Trelawney teach you to forget it," I answered. Then we talked of other things.

That evening I met the Trelawneys at a dance, and Amber was there, too. I noticed that Trelawney danced too often with her, and I spoke to him about it.

"I wish," I said, "you wouldn't dance so often with Amber Lorraine, Trelawney. You're making her awfully conspicuous. I should think your wife will have something to say to you about it soon."

Trelawney looked at me with a queer expression on his dark, passionate face, and laughed shortly.

"I wish she would," he said. "Anything would be better than nothing, Colonel."

I glanced at the upper end of the ballroom, where Eve Trelawney was standing, surrounded by a crowd of men.

"Then," I began, "is she—is she still——"

"Cold," he interrupted, recklessly. "Cold as ice. Cold as the Ice Flower herself. I wish—I wish—— Oh, by Jove, Colonel, look there!"

I followed the direction of his eyes, and for a moment what I saw held me spellbound.

Amber Lorraine, the Ice Flower, had come into the room, and was standing just inside the door. As she stood there, with the dazzling radiance of the electric light falling full on her slender figure in its clinging draperies of white and silver, and on the silken wonder of her yellow hair, and the cold whiteness of her flower-like face, and the vivid beauty of her great sleepy eyes, she made such a picture as I had never seen—never even dreamed of.

"The Ice Flower," Trelawney muttered under his breath. "The Ice Flower! I think I would give many things for the power to change the Ice Flower into a passion flower."

Then he went away abruptly, and a moment later I saw him dancing with Amber again. After that night he went often to Amber's flat, and I looked on in dismay. I tried talking to him again, but his wife's coldness and the strange fascination of Amber's white beauty combined together had sent him fairly mad. I might as well have talked to the wind. Then I talked to Amber again, but I could make nothing of her, so I had to leave it.

I shall never forget the weeks that followed. The weeks when Trelawney rushed headlong to his doom, fast bound in the throes of such a reckless passion as I had never seen; the weeks when Amber dallied with temptation, and played with fire, as only a woman can; the weeks that were full of a tense strain. At last Trelawney came to me one day, with a new look on his face, a look that boded strange things. "I've come to tell you something, Colonel," he said. He sat down heavily in the nearest chair, and frowned darkly. His eyes, as they met mine, seemed filled with some torturing memory, some unspeakable thought. I passed him the whisky and cigarettes in silence, and presently he spoke again.

"Last night," he went on, slowly, "I took Amber and a friend to the theatre, and afterwards I went to Amber's flat. It was a bit later than I generally go there, and I stayed a bit longer than usual, and Amber had on one of those wonderful white and silver gowns

of hers that are like nobody else's, and—and we had been to the theatre, you see, and—and—and——"

He paused, but I said nothing. The look in his eyes held me speechless.

"I've done," he went on presently, "many things, and I've been many things; but until last night I had always run straight where a woman was concerned. Until last night I could have looked the whole world in the face and said that, whatever my madness and folly, I had never—wronged—a—woman. But last night I wronged a woman, Colonel; wronged her bitterly."

Once more he paused, and still I was silent.

So it had come to that then, I thought. The inevitable end. The old story of sun and snow—flame and icicle—fire and tinder—what you will. The story that began in the garden of Eden, and that will last as long as the world lasts. Trelawney read my thoughts in my eyes.

"Not that, Colonel," he said quickly, "thank Heaven, not that. It's mad and bad enough, Heaven knows, but still—not that." And I felt a great throb of relief.

"What then?" I asked.

He looked at me thoughtfully.

"I told you once," he said, "that I would give many things for the power to change the Ice Flower into a passion flower. I meant it then, and because I meant it I tried with all my strength to achieve what I desired. I thought I should never succeed—I thought the Ice Flower was beyond the reach of passion's sway—and I think, even in my maddest moments, I *hoped* I should never succeed. But no man or woman can stand against fate, and I did succeed. That is the awful thing that has come to pass, Colonel. The awful unspeakable thing. I've had many mad moments in my life, but last night was the maddest of all. Eve was colder than ever, and I—and I—well, I just went to Amber, and I talked—I talked—Oh, how I talked! It makes me sick with shame to think of it. I clung to my reckless passion for her as a drowning man will cling to a straw. I pleaded with her for love and life, and all the things that seem to have grown impossible with—Eve. And she—and she—well, it was a hard fight, Colonel. It has been a hard fight all through. But in the end—in the end——"

He broke off and helped himself to a whisky and soda—a big whisky and a small soda.

"I've promised," he went on, after a pause, "to take Amber away to-night. I've promised to take her away to a new country and a new life. She will expect me to-night. She will be waiting for me. She will be looking for me. And—I can't go."

"You can't go?" I echoed.

Trelawney's eyes were full of passionate fire. He began to walk up and down the room with restless uneven strides.

"Until," he said, "it came to the point, I didn't quite realise all that it meant, and all that I should feel. But now—well, now I know that I can't go. I simply can't. Eve is the only woman in the world for me. There will never be another."

"It's a pity," I remarked, "you didn't find that out before."

"I did," he said, "I have always known it, but lately I have been mad. Eve has driven me mad."

"Well, what do you think of doing?" I asked. "What is your idea?"

"This," Trelawney answered, "never to see Eve again. Never to see Amber again. To go right away from everybody who knows me to a new life in a new country. That is my idea, and I want you to help me, Colonel."

"But I can't help you," I returned blankly, "Why, how can I?"

"I want you," Trelawney went on, "to go to Eve, and tell her all the truth, and tell her that I shall never see her again. And then I want you to go to Amber, and tell her all the truth, and tell her that I shall never see her again. You will do it for me, won't you, Colonel? There's nobody else I can ask."

And, of course, I had to say in the end that I would do it. I didn't like it at all, but there are so many things in the world that one doesn't like that one gets hardened in a way. I would have given a good deal not to do what I had to do, but I carried it through as I always carry through whatever I undertake. I found Eve Trelawney reading a French novel in the drawing-room, and she greeted me with an enigmatical smile. I like a woman with an enigmatical smile.

"It's a long time since you came to see me, Colonel Maitland," she said, "I hope you have something interesting to tell me."

She looked at me questioningly with her brilliant passionate eyes—the eyes that were so strangely like Trelawney's own—and I began to feel desperately uneasy.

"Yes," I answered, "I think I have something fairly interesting."

Then I plunged wildly into the subject that I had gone to talk about. I didn't beat about the bush, and I didn't waste words. I just said what I had to say, and trusted to luck to help me out. And she heard me in silence.

When I had finished I almost held my breath. The odds were so great—the chances so small—either way. And one can never count on a woman. I dared not look at her, for fear of what I might read in her face. I listened nervously for what she might say. The silence seemed to last for ages, but it was broken at last.

"Poor old Derrick," Eve Trelawney said, very softly, "Poor, dear old boy."

Her words were so unexpected that I only stared at her blankly. I could not think of anything to say.

"Poor, dear old Derrick," she said again, in the same soft tone; and I saw that her eyes were full of tears. "Poor, dear old boy. Tell me about it again, Colonel Maitland. I should never tire of hearing. Tell me again how Derrick felt when he had promised to go away with another woman. Tell me again how he realised that I was the only woman in the world for him, and that there could never be another. I like to think of that. The only woman in the world for him—just as he is the only man in the world for me. The only woman—the only man. That's sweet to think of, isn't it? The only woman. The only man. And we belong to one another."

I stared more blankly still. Her mood was such a very surprising one, that I hardly knew how to cope with it. Besides, I was not quite sure that she and Trelawney did belong to one another now. I was not quite sure that Trelawney ought not to belong to Amber Lorraine. Or if not that, perhaps—— Well, any way, it was the most intricate muddle I had ever taken a hand in; and my head was in such a whirl that if I had found he belonged to nobody at all I shouldn't have been surprised. Oh, these women! These women!

"Where is Derrick?" Eve Trelawney asked suddenly. "Why isn't he here? Why did he send you to me instead of coming himself?"

I smiled to myself. How like a woman, I thought. Not a word of gratitude to me. Not a word of thanks for all the trouble I had taken, and the *mauvais quart d'heure* I had gone through. How like a woman!

"Well," I explained, "Trelawney thought you might be rather—er—rather upset when you heard the truth, and he didn't feel like facing you. That's why he sent me. Besides, as I told you, he meant never to see you again. He meant to go away to a new country and a new life. He has a little sense of shame and honour and decency left, you see." Then I asked her a question that I had been burning to ask her all the time. "Why did you drive Trelawney to this?" I said. "You did drive him to it, you know. He told me all about it. Why?"

She looked at me and smiled, and her smile was no longer enigmatical, but flooded with a rare and passionate tenderness.

"Because I loved him," she answered. "Oh, Colonel Maitland, I'm afraid you know very little of women after all. If Derrick told you all about it, surely you might understand. What other reason could possibly lead me to act as I did?"

I tried to accept her explanation as a matter of course.

"Oh, yes," I said, "because you loved him. Exactly so. I quite see."

And then, as soon as I could, I took my leave.

That was over, and I heaved a sigh of relief. That was well over. Trelawney would go back to his wife, and they would be happy again.

But the hardest part of my task yet lay before me. I sighed again as I went in search of Amber Lorraine. She was in her writing-room, her maidservant told me, and she kept me waiting a little time. That was one of her habits. She always kept people waiting. At last she came, and, as she came I started. Was it she? Was it she indeed? Was this the woman we called the Ice Flower?

She had on one of the wonderful white and silver gowns that were, as Trelawney said, "like nobody else's," and she had fastened a great cluster of blood-red velvety roses on the bodice. The glow of colour in her gown was so startling and unusual, that for a moment it blinded me to the glow of colour in her face. Then I saw, and understood.

Her face was white and cold no longer, but flushed and warm, instinct with pulsating life. Her eyes were sleepy no longer, but bright with a vivid light that matched their vivid blue. Some new strange force pervaded her whole fascinating personality.

At first I looked at her in doubt and bewilderment. Then the true meaning of it all flashed upon me. Derrick Trelawney had his wish. He had changed the Ice Flower into a passion flower.

Amber greeted me with the selfsame words that Eve Trelawney had spoken.

"It's a long time since you came to see me, Colonel Maitland," she said. "I hope you have something interesting to tell me."

I shivered as I heard her. It seemed so strange that she should say that. Just that. "The Ice Flower has changed into a passion flower," I thought to myself. "Will what I'm going to say change the passion flower into the Ice Flower again?" Then I plunged wildly into my subject, as I had done with Eve Trelawney. Amber heard me in silence, too, but silence with a difference. I felt the difference. When I had finished she was still silent. She did not move or speak, and after a time I looked at her. She was looking, not at me, but beyond me, as if she saw something that I could not see. And her eyes held mine. Her eyes! I have never forgotten them.

"I understand," she said at last, "I understand."

I felt glad that she could say she understood. It was more than I could say myself, but I did not tell her so. Then she rose suddenly and stood facing me with such a look on the flushed warm beauty of her face as I have never seen on any woman's face. With one hand she touched the blood-red roses at her breast.

"Are all men," she asked, "like Derrick Trelawney? Are all men like that? Do all men make fools—and worse—of women who—who love them, because things go wrong just for a week or two? Do all men leave a woman just when they ought to stand by her? Are there no such things as faith and honour and constancy in the world—man's world?" She paused, still looking beyond me with that strange air of seeing something that I could not see; and I tried to say a word in season.

"My dear Amber," I remonstrated. "My dear girl, you must remember that Trelawney is a married man. You must remember that he has a wife."

"I have never forgotten it," she answered. "If anybody has ever forgotten it, it is he—not I." Then she tore the great cluster of blood-red velvety roses from her breast, and held them aloft, and they glowed like fire in her white hand.

"Once," she said, "my emblem was the edelweiss, the cold white flower that lives among the eternal snows; and because of that men called me the Ice Flower. But now my emblem is the blood-red rose, the flower of love and life and passion. Derrick Trelawney used to say that he would give many things for the power to change the Ice Flower into a passion flower. Well, he had the power—though he did not know it at first. He had the power—and he used it. He taught me things that I can never forget. He awoke my soul from its long sleep, and made me a woman. I shall never be the Ice Flower again. He has changed me into a passion flower. My emblem is the blood-red rose. The flower of love and life and passion."

She stood for a moment still and motionless, holding the roses aloft; while her delicate flower-like face, in its silken wonder of yellow hair, flushed warmly, and her great corn-flower blue eyes shone with a light that was as vivid as their colouring. Then she threw the roses from her, and moved towards the door.

"He has gone away from me—back to that other woman—and I loved him. Oh, how I loved him! He has taught me strange things. He has taught me love and life and passion—and now he has gone away from me."

Her voice thrilled passionately through the silence of the room, awaking strange echoes. It haunted my ears for many a long day. Then she turned and fled like a hunted thing.

"Amber!" I cried, "Amber!"

I started after her, but she was gone. Gone, and I never saw her again. And of her end I dare not think.

MUSIC.

THE PIANO-TEACHER'S COMMISSION.

APROPOS of the question of discounts in the piano trade, which I recently referred to, a kindred question is that involved in the practice of allowing additional discounts or commissions to pianoforte teachers for the introduction of buyers. On this aspect of the subject a Dublin correspondent sends me a vigorous letter, in the course of which he writes:—

> Unwary purchasers of a pianoforte invariably seek the aid (or have the same thrust upon them) of the wily music teacher. The intending purchaser frequently pays for such services, never dreaming that, in addition, the said teacher will blackmail the music dealer for a handsome commission on the sale of the piano. The dealer, therefore, has not only in many instances to allow the purchaser the largest obtainable discount off the list price of the piano, but, in addition, has to pay the teacher 10 per cent., and even more, on the sale of the instrument. While admitting the teacher has a right to expect some pecuniary recompense for his or her professional advice, and time, in the matter, why should such recompense be made a secret one? The keen buyer naturally wants to obtain the best terms possible for his outlay. How, therefore, can the dealer give this, when he knows he has, in addition, to pay a heavy secret commission on the transaction? The natural consequence is that the buyer and the seller both have to suffer by the intervention of the third party. In nine cases out of ten the music professor is only a judge of a pianoforte's tone and touch, but of its structural soundness and internal mechanism he or she knows absolutely nothing. It is a remarkable fact that the public are loth to rely entirely upon the dealers. No, the over-rated, money-grasping "professor" of music is called in to give an opinion which is too often influenced, not by the merits or demerits of the instrument to be purchased, but by the largest amount of secret commission he or she can make out of the sale.

My correspondent's letter relates, of course, to only one phase of a very large question—namely, the question of secret commissions—which is receiving the attention of Parliament at the present time. So far as the practice prevails under the circumstances outlined in the case of pianos, the evil done is not, perhaps, very great. No doubt the practice is, in certain respects, undesirable, but, within proper limits, I should hesitate to say that it is one to be taken too seriously. But no doubt it is liable to abuse in more ways than one.

It is hardly necessary to say that the system is one of very old standing. One exceedingly prominent and distinguished musician of an earlier day was well known to make quite a handsome annual income from the opportunities which his position yielded under this head. In those days the discounts which could be obtained by those in the know off the manufacturer's catalogue prices were very much greater than the twenty per cent. which is the rule to-day, so that by charging his pupils and their confiding parents the full

price and getting himself the most favoured terms from the maker, the exceedingly businesslike musician in question managed to do uncommonly well. To-day, of course, matters stand very differently. The utmost that is usually allowed in the way of commission by the leading firms is ten per cent., and in some cases it is less, so that there is not much scope here for vast ill-gotten gains. Moreover, it is only fair to bear in mind that the professional musician who places his time and trouble and technical knowledge at the disposal of a pupil or a pupil's parents in the manner suggested is worthy of a reward for his labour, and apart from the secret aspect of the matter, which is obviously objectionable, though equally obviously very natural, there would be no harm whatever in his being allowed a percentage on the price of the instrument. People are often very mean in such matters, and quite ready to take advantage of the good nature of a busy professional man without thought of recompensing him for his services, and it is in part owing to this fact, no doubt, that in the case of pianos, as in so many others, the custom of seeking commission from the vendor rather than from the buyer has arisen.

Then the door is straighway opened to sharp practice, and abuses result. A teacher learns, for instance, from a pupil or a friend, that a new piano is to be bought, and immediately determines, by hook or by crook, to make the most of the opportunity. He visits, therefore, various firms, explains that he has a possible customer in the background, and asks what commission he will be allowed. He is told, perhaps, ten per cent., whereupon he replies, "That's not good enough for me—I can get better terms elsewhere," and in the event of the makers standing firm, they see no more of either him or his client. This sort of thing amounts, obviously, to little less than blackmail, and cannot possibly be reconciled with a desire on the part of the teacher to do the best for his pupil. Others will go to work more diplomatically by calling on three or four leading firms with the information that a piano is shortly to be purchased, and stipulating for the usual commission in due course. Then, whatever instrument is ultimately chosen, the happy professor is secure. Others, again, are more scrupulous and fastidious. They will not take any commission themselves, but they insist that their client shall be given the benefit thereof. Or sometimes, again, they will divide it with the latter.

As to the value of the teacher's advice and judgment, that is another question which is touched on by my correspondent above quoted. As he points out, in the majority of instances the teacher is only a judge of an instrument's tone and touch, knowing little or nothing of its other qualities, and in dealing with the best firms it is certain that the buyer would often be better advised to rely on the expert advice of the maker than on the casual opinion of an outsider based on a few minutes' trial. The maker often knows one instrument to be better than another, though sold at the same price, and the choice of the so-called "expert" introduced from without is not infrequently a source of considerable surprise and amusement to those behind the scenes—for it is quite a mistake to suppose that all the instruments sold at one price are necessarily of equal value. But this is not to say, of course, that skilled professional advice is not, in a general way, of service, and, like everything else, it is only right and proper that it should be paid for. The only question is—how?

The complimentary dinner to Mr. T. P. O'Connor at the Hotel Cecil on Sunday last, in recognition of his services in connection with the passing of the Musical Copyright Act, was a worthy tribute to one without whose exertions, it is safe to say, the gutter-thief would to-day be plying his trade as merrily as ever. The Duke of Argyll showed his interest once again in a good cause by presiding, while the speeches were excellent. "T. P." himself was at his best, and greatly amused his hearers by his racy recital of the difficulties which he had encountered in piloting his legislative bark, fraught with such weighty interests for the musical profession, through the rocks and shoals which beset the course of the mariner at St. Stephen's. Now and again, however, he struck a deeper note, as when he dwelt on the gravity of the issue involved to the creative musician, and again when he questioned the wisdom of those procedure rules which enable a mere handful of cranks, or even one, to defy the collective judgment of the whole House of Commons; but generally he handled his theme with characteristic geniality and lightness of touch.

Among the other speeches, that of Sir Charles Stanford, who responded for "Music," was perhaps the most notable—taking the shape, as this did, of an earnest appeal on behalf of the native composer of serious music who could not get his works published. The grievance is an old one, of course, and, though it may be doubted if it operates quite so seriously as Sir Charles suggested, its existence is not to be denied. "If Schubert were a young composer living in London to-day," said Sir Charles, "and sent 'The Erl King' to a British publisher, he would probably get it back by the next post with a polite intimation that the difficulty of its accompaniment was such as to prevent its acceptance." There were loud cries of "No! no!" at this, and unfortunately it is not possible to bring the matter to a test—for the painfully conclusive reason that no "Erl Kings" are being written by British composers to-day.

Poor Mme. Nordica! She and her audiences are seemingly doomed to disappointment. On Saturday her admirers turned up in strength at Covent Garden once more in the hope of seeing her in "La Gioconda," only to be disappointed yet again. It was not Mme. Nordica's fault—for there, for those who wished to see it, was the medical certificate attesting her continued indisposition. Still less was it possible to blame the management, whose arrangements naturally suffer such serious dislocation by occurrences of this kind. Under such circumstances there is, indeed, nothing but to accept the inevitable with the best grace possible—and to be thankful if some work other than "Faust" is chosen to fill the gap. On Saturday it was "Rigoletto," of which, with Carpi, Sammarco, and Mme. Suzanne Adams in the principal parts, an excellent account was given.

Earlier in the week "Faust," whose popularity is seemingly inexhaustible, was given (in consequence of an unexpected change in the bill) on two successive evenings—on the second occasion with a new Marguerite, in the person of Mme. Wayda, who, it may be recalled, paid a brief visit to London a couple of years since. She has an attractive stage presence, and an agreeable voice, which carried her quite successfully through her task. The fine singing of Signor Zenatello (who has evidently suffered no ill-effects from his recent impromptu somersault in "Fedora") was another notable feature of this performance, which was conducted in excellent style by Mr. Percy Pitt. This week exceptional interest attaches to the revival of "Otello" on Thursday, with Mme. Melba in the title part.

Among many interesting concerts which have been lately given, that of the Queen's Hall Orchestra on Saturday was attractive as usual, the programme including, among other things, the excerpt from Ernst Boehe's cycle "Aus Odysseus Fahrten," which attracted such notice during the recent Promenade season, and which was now given under the direction of the composer. It is undoubtedly a striking work, containing some brilliant scoring, and the effect it produced was

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THE RITZ HOTEL, PICCADILLY, LONDON, is the latest addition to the famous Ritz Hotels. Built on the same lines as The Ritz Hotel, Paris, it is replete with all the latest appliances which add to the comfort of guests. The Hotel is entirely decorated and furnished in the Louis Seize style, and is the most artistic Hotel in Europe. The Direction and the Tariff of Prices the same as at the Carlton Hotel. Single Rooms from 7s. 6d. per day, Single Rooms with Private Bathroom from 15s. per day, Double-Bedded Rooms from 12s. 6d. per day, Double Rooms with private Bathroom from 21s. per day. Suites, comprising Sitting-room, Bedroom, and Bathrooms from 25s. per day. The RITZ RESTAURANT, overlooking Green Park, is open to non-residents. The Ritz à la carte luncheon at 6s. per head is served daily.

again considerable. The reappearance of Lady Hallé in Brahms's violin concerto was another delightful feature of this concert. On the same afternoon De Pachmann, the one and only, delighted a congested audience once again at the Bechstein Hall. Mr. Harold Bauer has also been playing again as finely as ever, and likewise Herr Bühlig, who gave Brahm's early sonata in F minor, among other things, with great taste and refinement—the same not-often-heard work having been given a few days previously by that clever young English pianist and devout Brahms-lover, Mr. Howard-Jones. At Mr. Albert Spalding's second concert a quite taking "Christmas Overture," by Cyril Scott, was heard. The work is genial in spirit and thoroughly enjoyable; but it was written as long as six years ago (a palæolithic period at the rate we live nowadays), and Mr. Scott has accordingly been generally admonished for venturing to exhume such an early example of his genius. Yet when he produces later ones he is equally severely taken to task for being so "advanced." What is a poor composer to do?

M. Gérardy has been playing again, and as brilliantly as ever, though not to the best of audiences. In the way of vocal recitals, that given by Miss Susan Strong was as enjoyable as any. The experiment of the three ladies —Mmes. Beatrice Langley, Mathilde Verne, and De Forest Anderson—who gave a chamber concert at the non-witching hour of noon, is not one to be encouraged. The annual concert of the Royal Society of Musicians on Friday was remarkable inasmuch as the programme was devoted entirely to works of native composers conducted by themselves. Comparisons would be odious, but it may be stated without offence that Elgar's concert overture, "In the South," was particularly well received. The first metropolitan performance of Sir Edward's latest work, "The Kingdom," it may be added, was given at the Alexandra Palace on Saturday under the direction of Mr. Allen Gill.

Among forthcoming concerts the most notable beyond doubt will be that which is to take place at the Albert Hall on Saturday week. It is not every day that a Patti passes into retirement, and it is safe to say that even the Albert Hall will hardly contain all those who will wish to be present on this historic occasion. This will be Patti's absolutely last appearance in public in London, though she will be singing for some little time longer in the provinces.

Meanwhile, another famous singer, and a contemporary of Mme. Patti, whose popularity has likewise known no limits, is approaching the close of a career whose termination will also be marked, as it may be safely assumed, in a quite exceptional manner. I allude, of course, to Mr. Santley, who will celebrate his artistic jubilee next year; and I am glad to see that a movement is already on foot, with Lord Kilmorey at its head, for celebrating the occasion in a suitable fashion. Lord Kilmorey writes that he has already secured the patronage of many members of the Royal family, together with the names of a large number of well-known folk who have gladly joined the general committee. It is suggested that a jubilee concert should be held in May next at the Albert Hall, and the idea is one which will certainly find general approval.

Brahms at the Ballads! Here was a new departure, indeed. And the experiment was apparently attended with complete success. What are we coming to? Can it be that we have been doing injustice after all to the despised Ballad audiences during these long years, and that while they have been plied with "O, dry those tears!" "Violets," and the rest, they have really been cherishing secret yearnings all the time for Brahms, Richard Strauss, and Hugo Wolf? Now it only remains for some bold singer to go one better and give them Max Reger. Meanwhile hearty congratulations are due to Mme. Clara Butt for making a start.

WEDDING PRESENTS.—A choice selection of beautiful Dinner and Dessert Services, Breakfast, Luncheon, and Tea Sets, exclusive designs. MORTLOCKS, LTD., the Old Pottery Galleries, Oxford-st., and Orchard-st., W. Inspection solicited.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—Miss Constance Hill's "The House in St. Martin's Street" (1) gives you glimpses of Fanny Burney at her best, *i.e.*, before her demoralisation through her service as a glorified lady's maid to the "good Queen Charlotte." That Fanny should have exchanged a court of her own, which reckoned amongst its courtiers Gibbon, Reynolds, Wyndham, Sheridan, Johnson, and Burke, for the abject and grinding slavery of attendance upon her "sweet Queen," is incomprehensible to us to-day. No literary woman to-day who had leaped into such immediate and immense fame as Fanny Burney did almost in her 'teens through the publication of "Evelina," would give up not only home and peace and pleasantness, the most brilliant intellectual society, the most intoxicating intellectual homage, and, above all, her art, the art to which she owed this homage and this society, and to which she owed also the chief happiness of her life—give it all up to dress and undress a selfish and sour Queen three times a day, mix her snuff, nurse her lap-dog, and stand and starve from early morning to late at night at her beck and call till health itself gave way and life itself was in danger. I have a deep grudge against this Court servitude of Fanny Burney, because I think it accounts for what Macaulay absurdly attributes to her French marriage and her long residence in France—her later style. Anything less French—that is, less neat and limpid, light and bright—than this later style cannot be conceived. It is a lady's maid style, self-conscious, affected, starched, and pretentious. Her intimacy with Johnson is, of course, responsible for her middle style, the style of "Cecilia," where the "little fish tries to talk like a great whale," but the monstrous style of her memoirs of her father is simply that of a glorified lady's maid, and was due to the demoralisation of her Court flunkeyism. But Miss Hill's fascinating volume has to do with Fanny and her delightful family and her genial friends when they were all at their best. Even Johnson roared as gently as a sucking dove in his "little Burney's" presence; though, to be sure, you have one characteristically caustic speech from him, for which no less characteristically he hastened to make remorseful amends. "Have you been introduced to Miss Burney?" he asked a bride at Streatham. "No, but I very much wish it," she replied. "Ah, child," said he, "I don't know that an introduction to Miss Burney would do you much good, for you look as if you took more pains with the outside of your head than the inside." Then, conscious of his rudeness, he added, soothingly, "And your time has not been thrown away, for it is a very pretty head, and very well dressed." Johnson's and Fanny's great friend, Mrs. Thrale, shows in an odd light on the occasion of her first meeting the man she was afterwards destined to make her second husband, Signor Piozzi. At Dr. Burney's house she had the incredible rudeness to mimic the Signor for the amusement of the company. "Mrs. Thrale suddenly but softly arose, and stealing on tip-toe behind Signor Piozzi, who was accompanying himself on the pianoforte in an animated *arria parlante*, with his back to the company, she began imitating him by squaring her elbows, elevating them with ecstatic shrugs, and casting up her eyes while languishingly reclining her head, as if she were not less enthusiastically struck with the transports of harmony than himself." "It is as well," says Sir Anthony Absolute, "to begin in marriage with a little aversion," but hardly with outrageous ridicule. This new view of Mrs. Thrale will not, however, so surprise you as Charlotte Burney's impression of Boswell: "Mr. Boswell is a sweet creature. I admire and like him beyond measure. He is a fine,

(1) "The House in St. Martin's Street." Being Chronicles of the Burney Family. By Constance Hill. With Illustrations by Ellen G. Hill and Reproductions of Portraits, &c., &c. (London: John Lane. 21s. net.)

(2) "Paul." By E. F. Benson. (London: William Heinemann. 6s.)

(3) "The Matrimonial Lottery." By Charlotte O'Connor Eccles. (London: Eveleigh Nash. 6s.)

(4) "A Lady of Rome." By F. Marion Crawford. (London: Macmillan & Co. 6s.)

(5) "The First Claim." By M. Hamilton. (London: Methuen & Co. 6s.)

lively, sensible, unaffected, honest, manly, good-humoured character. He seems between thirty and forty, a good-looking man enough." Not the least interesting chapter in this delightful book is that giving Susan Burney's vivid description of the Lord George Gordon "No Popery" riots. The cowardice of all ranks and classes at that crisis was abject and almost incredible. Indeed, the only brave man appeared to be the divine singer, Pacchierotti, who, in spite of his being a "Papist," marched through the town with a serene and smiling countenance. He interests Miss Hill and us chiefly through being a lover of Fanny, to whom he wrote a letter "to prove to her my bestiality." When Susan tried to persuade him to use a nearer equivalent for *bêtise*, he replied, "Oh, bestiality, it is a charming word!" Mr. Benson's "Paul" (2) is a sort of vampire who sucks vitality out of the healthy beings around him, and to this ghoulish appetite of the uncanny and unwholesome creature are sacrificed the hero and the heroine of the story. When you have got over your disgust with the heroine for marrying such an unloved, unlovable, and loveless, such an unwholesome and horrible creature, Mr. Benson has and keeps you at his mercy. You are fascinated by the reptile, and after his manslaughter (if I may so call a murder which wavered between an intentional and unintentional act) by the hero, you are absorbed by the latter's remorse, repentance, and final forgiveness of himself. The Quilp chapters of the novel have the relief you can always reckon upon in a book by Mr. Benson of light, bright, witty, and wise dialogue and of delightfully humorous scenes and characters. If, however, you want undiluted humour of the broadest, brightest kind, by all means read Miss Charlotte O'Connor Eccles's "The Matrimonial Lottery" (3). The "Comet," having for weeks lashed the public curiosity into frenzy by the promise of an approaching new departure in journalistic enterprise—wonderful, mysterious, colossal—at last amazed all London, England, and even America by an advertisement that brightened every dead wall in every great city with the announcement:—

To Unmarried Ladies Only. Spinsters and Widows, this is your chance. THE BIGGEST PRIZE ON EARTH—A HUSBAND, A FORTUNE, AND A TITLE.

How the lottery was worked up and worked out, how Count MacCarthy de Burgo was won by "Wood Violet," otherwise that formidable spinster, Arethusa E. Jenkins (Coupon 31,858), and how—— But I shall not spoil your interest in the most entertaining story I have read for a long time by disclosing the *dénouement*. There is, besides, the relief to the broad comedy of the main plot of a very pretty sentimental love affair, no less interesting in its own quiet way. Mr. Marion Crawford's "A Lady of Rome" (4) gives you perhaps a more distinct impression of Rome than of the lady. I at least cannot quite follow her conflicting moods and motives, while her long-suffering husband is almost too meek and maudlin. But the novel nevertheless takes a hold on you which, when its almost absolute lack of incident is considered, speaks wonders for the practised skill of Mr. Marion Crawford. Perhaps your interest in the fight over the *divorcée's* little girl in Miss Hamilton's 'The First Claim" (5) is soon somewhat damped by the odiousness of the little brat. Surely Miss Hamilton might have worked out her problem of "the first claim" quite logically and convincingly without estranging your sympathies from the child and through the child from its fond—in both the old and the modern sense of the word—mother? But at least the characters are all natural, from that of the child herself to those of her mother, stepmother, and father.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, ever yours very sincerely, DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

Very many friends and admirers of the late Mr. Martin Cobbett will be glad to hear that a selection from his writings is to be published in a volume entitled "Wayfaring Notions," which Messrs. Sands will have ready early in December. As "Geraint" of the *Referee* Mr. Cobbett was for many years one of the most popular personalities in the world of sport, and a wide circle of readers will recollect with especial pleasure his delightful papers on his country rambles. In the forthcoming volume Sussex and its Downs, which Martin Cobbett knew and appreciated better, perhaps, than any writer of his time, will be treated at greatest length, but the "open air" aspects of such places as Epsom, Newmarket, Doncaster, Chester, Ascot, Bath, Plymouth, and many other districts are also dealt with in his peculiarly charming way. The selection of the papers has been made by his daughter, Miss Alice Cobbett, who contributes to the book a memoir of her father. It will be published at 6s., and an edition de luxe, limited to 250 copies, will be issued at a guinea.

Mr. P. A. Thompson's "Lotus Land: Being an account of the country and people of Southern Siam" (T. Werner Laurie, 16s. net) is not an addition to the too numerous class of books wherein a globe-trotter gives his superficial impressions of a country through which he has hurriedly scampered. Mr. Thompson spent three years in Siam as an officer of the Royal Survey Department—work which gave him exceptional opportunities for seeing the country and observing the manners and customs of the peasantry. He writes well, and the result is a most delightful and illuminating book about Siam and the Siamese. It is lavishly illustrated from sketches and photographs by the author, and the frontispiece is a reproduction in colours of a painting by a Siamese artist.

Beyond a few unpublished letters of no particular importance, Mrs. Clement Parsons does not appear to have possessed any really new material for her book "Garrick and His Circle" (Methuen, 12s. 6d. net) Nevertheless, her skilful and discriminating use of material derived from a whole library of biographies and memoirs, mostly old and long forgotten, has enabled Mrs. Parsons to present a vivid and interesting study of the character and career of the great little actor and the brilliant circle of his friends and acquaintances. It is a thoroughly entertaining volume, rich in anecdotes and gossip, and embellished with some capital portraits of Garrick and his contemporaries.

More whitewash for that much-blackened sovereign, Richard III.! Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. announce a book, entitled "Richard III.: His Life and Character Reviewed in the Light of Recent Research," in which Sir Clements R. Markham seeks to unravel many fabrications and put an end to many legends concerning Richard.

Mrs. Emily Crawford is contributing some interesting recollections of "Paris in Far Back Days" to *The Reader*. The current issue of this admirable "penny weekly"—which has fully maintained the high standard it set in its first number—also contains an article by Dr. Nansen, "How to Reach the North Pole."

Mr. A. C. Fox-Davies has found a diversion from his more serious work as a writer on heraldic subjects by producing a novel "The Dangerville Inheritance" (John Lane, 6s.). It is a detective story with a distinctly original and ingenious plot, abounding in mysteries and surprises. At times, indeed, the complications arising from the death of Captain Nevile become almost too bewildering, but one's curiosity has been so well whetted that one is compelled to read on to the end, and there Mr. Fox-Davies provides a quite unexpected solution of the whole puzzle.

"Grey Mist" is the title of a new book by the anonymous author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress," which is being issued by Messrs. Harper and Brothers. It is confessedly a romance, but many of the incidents are said to be based on the author's experiences. The scene is laid in Brittany, the author's native land.

George Brandes' "Recollections of My Childhood and Youth" (Heinemann, 10s. net) is as unaffected and interesting a piece of autobiography as I have read for some time. Apart from the account of his own early life, study, and academic triumphs, the most interesting chapters are, perhaps, those describing his experiences of Paris during the war of 1870. It is heart-sickening

to think that such torrents of blood should have been spilt at the bidding of such a wreck, mentally and bodily, as Napoleon III. was at that time. Brandes was not, on the whole, favourably impressed with London. The sordidness, drunkenness, and spiritless wretchedness of the poorer quarters appalled and depressed him. He was amused when, upon being shown through the late Queen's model farm, the bailiff informed him with tears in his voice that the Queen herself had christened a certain aged bullock, "Prince Albert." English manners did not impress him favourably. "One day," he writes, "I was walking about the National Gallery with a young German lady whose acquaintance I had made. An Englishwoman stopped her in one of the rooms to ask: 'Was it you who gave up a check parasol downstairs?' and, receiving the answer in the affirmative, she burst out laughing in her face." His pleasantest association with London was his intimacy with John Stuart Mill, and it is refreshing in a day when Mill "has fallen into the portion of weeds and outworn faces" to find so competent a critic as Brandes speak of him so enthusiastically.

> In him I met for the first time in my life a figure who was the incarnation of my ideal of a great man. This ideal had two sides—talent and character, great capacities and inflexibility—for my watchword has always been: "As flexible as possible when it is a question of understanding; as inflexible as possible when it is a question of speaking."

Not the least amusing and interesting chapters in this delightful autobiography are those which describe Brandes' many love affairs, in most of which the lady seems to have taken the initiative.

Imagine—if you can—an anarchist organisation which, in half-a-dozen countries, is "successfully robbing electricity, by means of accumulators, and selling it below market price," thereby securing enormous funds for "the propagation of the anarchistic cause by emissary and document!" This stupendous scheme is the pivot upon which the plot of "The Electric Theft" (Greening, 6s.) turns. It is not, however, by any means the least likely of the stunning sensations of this weird story.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—It was delightful to have a glimpse of you, even for those few days, and among such charming people in that fine old country house. But I must admit that we were not sorry to get back to town. Wet weather in town is unpleasant, but wet weather in the country is a melancholy thing. There is something about the drip, drip, drip of rain on evergreens that makes one feel forlorn and dismal. There is only one thing in matters meteorological that is worse, and that is when the wind shrieks and cries and moans round the house, exhausting every minor note of misery and wistful wailing. I do hate that, do not you?

We lunched at the new hotel in De Vere-gardens, Kensington, one day last week, and had the opportunity of seeing what money and taste can do when united in the agreeable task of framing daily life in beautiful surroundings, and with everything that luxury and refinement can suggest. For Merrick's Hotel was the town house of the late Sir Daniel Cooper, the Australian millionaire, and on it he had lavished immense sums. With the exception of a lift, which has been introduced without difficulty, owing to the spacious planning of the wide stairway and its square formation, the house remains much as it was. The scheme of colour throughout is of great beauty, and its subdued character is in strong and agreeable contrast with the garishness of some of our hotels. The chimney-pieces, some of which cost £500 apiece, are in themselves a delightful study, and the doors of the great drawing-room, a superb room which is eventually to be the dining-room, were painted by artists brought from Italy specially by Sir Daniel. We did not know which to admire more, the doors or their architraves, so graceful were the designs of both and so harmonious their soft colouring. On a table in the window of this room is a marble statue of Medusa, a girlish figure with a gentle, beautiful face. So different was this from my conception of the lady that I ventured to protest, and was told that there was a time when Medusa was young and fair, but that something happened which turned her hair to snakes and her glance to a blighting thing. Poor Medusa! I wonder what it could have been.

The hotel is intended for residents who can appreciate quiet and refined surroundings, luxurious appointments, choice cooking, and freedom from the worries of a private establishment. The restaurant is open to non-residents, and the cuisine is to be entirely under the control of Mr. H. C. Merrick, who was for many years chef at Boodle's. Additional rooms to the number of a hundred and fifty are to be built out at the back, so that the hotel will be a very large one. It is only a few yards from the high road, close to the south end of the Broad Walk, Kensington Gardens.

Have you ever heard of Krutoid? What should you guess it to be? It is really a cloth so fine, so soft, of such admirable elasticity, that it looks like kid. I made its acquaintance at Mme. Sykes Josephine's the other day, the only place where it can be seen. Here it is made into corsets, woven to the very shape of the wearer, and fitting like a second skin. In fact, the word Krutoid means "skin-like." Mme. Sykes Josephine's corsets have held their own during half a century or longer, and are now even more perfect than before, owing to the unique qualities of this new material, Krutoid. Some are in mercerised cotton, a very attractive fabric; others in pure silk. The straight-fronted ones are things of the past, and the outline now follows that of the figure.

There are two kinds of Krutoid, suède and doeskin, and these names will give you some idea of the elastic fineness of it. It is used by Mme. Sykes Josephine for petticoat tops, the garment that is now rapidly superseding the old-fashioned petticoat. The top fits tightly to the figure, and is as often princess shape as not, forming a low bodice as well. At the edge, somewhere about the knees, there are two rows of fasteners, one for putting on the frill long enough to almost touch the ground, and the other for shortening it to convenient walking length. The frills themselves are of the most tempting character. One was in black silk with a very full over-frill of insertions of silk and black lace, all fluffy and embroidered. This is in white, too. All the work in these is done on the premises, and all the underwear is hand-made. Some of the princess petticoats are in Krutoid, and a particularly light and supple variety is the Milanese. A very new and convenient garment combines three in one, being of princess shape, carried rather high, one advantage of this being that all fastenings are hidden beneath the plain front. Sporting knickers, made of very fine Krutoid and remarkably well cut, are calculated to be very useful. So much for invisibilities. As to visibilities, I saw more pretty things than I can attempt to describe; a gown of white flowered net with bands of chené silk and a lovely belt of the same, a very novel and picturesque theatre bodice with black Chantilly lace over white chiffon in soft folds, and made with a long basque at the back and sides, none in front. It had a pretty black and white silk belt. The sleeves were puffs of chiffon with a little of the black lace drooping over them. Such a useful bodice for a dinner gown.

At Sykes Josephine's they make a specialty of gowns and other articles of dress to fit the largest figures. The blouses were particularly sweet, so daintily trimmed and with such very pretty sleeves. I wish I had space to describe several of them for you. Perhaps it is just as well, for if I did, you would want to buy them all!

We enjoyed an hour of the gay life at the Ritz Hotel, as to which I must tell you next week. Just as we were coming away a party arrived, having come on

REDFERN.—Exclusive and original Models in Day and Evening Gowns. Smart Paris Millinery, Blouses, Lingerie, Furs, &c. 26, Conduit-street and 27, Bond-street.

from a wedding reception. They wore lovely clothes and sweet hats and wedding favours. The conversation was all of the bride. She had erred, it appears, in the direction of being too self-possessed. And yet it is probable that had she stammered and coloured and been rather awkward in manner her critics would not have found that to their taste. We left them discussing her, and wondered if her ears burned.

Has it ever occurred to you to meditate on the amount of brains and clever inventions that go to our comfort in many ways? Apart from the great ones—the Edisons, the Marconis, and others—we owe endless gratitude to the crowd of unknowns, the product of whose brains we enjoy in our daily life. Take, for instance, the case of that invaluable material, viyella. It was unknown some dozen years ago, and now it is the favourite material for men's boating suits and shirts, girls' and women's tennis gowns and travelling suits, and underwear; and as for babies, one wonders how the tender little creatures got on at all before some clever person found out precisely the blend of fine wool with a certain mixture of cotton that gives us viyella, the unshrinkable, the delightfully soft and yet strong and durable material that has taken the foremost place in its own line of manufactures.

For night wear it is to be very specially recommended. It is so fine that it can be worn by those whose skins could not stand the contiguity of flannel, and yet so light that it can be worn in summer, particularly in the new make, which is intended for the tropics. The nightgowns are to be had ready-made in a variety of designs, all daintily trimmed, some with embroidered frills, others with torchon lace woven from viyella yarn. Some of these nightgowns have collars. Others are simply finished with lace at the throat.

When the cold weather comes you must invest in viyella gauntlet gloves, those that go on over gloves and up over the dress sleeves as far as the elbows, incomparable for motoring. They are seamless, and, of course, do not shrink in washing. The other gloves are very cosy indeed for cold weather. So are the socks and stockings. I believe the only article of clothing not made in viyella is boots. The reason men like it so much is that instead of getting hard in the wash, it actually gets softer each time.

You will wonder why I have so much to say on the subject. Only, dear, because we have been laying in a supply of warm things for winter, and the beauty and finish of the viyella ready-made garments have been a revelation to your usually well-informed cousin.

Almost all the clan tartans are made in it, and among the prettiest of the blouses are white ones, with a band of tartan down the front; collar, cuffs, and bow to match. For motor veils and "Shetland" shawls it is admirable, and for golfing suits its non-shrinking qualities make it just the thing. Viyella sheets and pillow-cases, too, are as soft and comfortable as they are warm and light.

Clare sends me the following from Dublin:—

Dearest Madge,—We have only one week more of breathing time, it may be said, before the month of Christmas will be with us—and how very much it always is with us from the beginning. The great festival at once takes possession of our foreground on the stage of life and never leaves it throughout the entire month of December. Christmas becomes accountable for most of the things we do or leave undone; it influences our social engagements and arrangements, and even meddles with our peace of mind, giving a special tone and colouring to our thoughts, of which we may not always be sensible. Those of our sex are, however, very sensible of the increase of toil and labour and of general worry which Christmas means for them; we, to whom the administration is—in a way—apportioned, of the graces, benevolences, and domesticities of life, whose sphere, as men love to say, is home. By the way, one wonders how long this "sphere" will last. Does not the trend of modern life threaten the existence of the home more and more seriously each year, that is, the home of the family, of parents and children? Women of fashion, so long as they can get about, are always in other people's homes, except when other people are with them in theirs; outdoor women of every class, huntresses, golfers, hockey girls, etc., are rarely to be found at home. Even the sick in increasing numbers abandon, when they are struck down, their own homes and betake themselves to "Homes." The sphere-of-home woman, poor thing, will soon find herself amongst the great army of the unemployed. Meanwhile, however, whilst her sphere still remains with her, there is no doubt about the active employment with which it provides her at Christmas time, when the feast of the family and of the home is specially celebrated. Are the three or four weeks of the month even long enough for our Christmas shopping? Which of us, no matter how strenuously she works, does not find herself hurried and worried, and busy up to the last possible hour on Christmas Eve? Oh! these frenzied last hours of the shops! How firmly we determine each year that they shall never happen again, and yet is it not always with them, as with the clown of the old-fashioned pantomime, when Christmas next comes round, a case of "Here we are again."

The rain poured and the wind blew last week, which was quite in accordance with what we are to expect from the most dismal month of the year. Does anyone dispute November's claim to stand first on the dismal list, do you think? December has the stir and glow of Christmas to mitigate its possible horrors, and January is helped by lengthening days and the thought of better things soon to come. The Channel has been in a most Separatist mood, and strictly impartial in making it equally trying and disagreeable for you to come to us, or for us to go to you. No wonder if we occasionally lose sympathy with each other when we go through prolonged periods of being tossed to and from each other's shores. How we long at these times for the tunnel of the future and envy what will be posterity's immunity from suffering. How aggravating in especial sea sickness is to islanders like us, when it is the necessary—unless to those gifted with special physical strength—prelude to a voyage. One sets out on a journey in the best of health and spirits, and is turned into a sore and sorry invalid, a simple wreck in an hour or so. And the effects of what the Irishman called "paying thribute to Neptune" do not pass away always as quickly as the passage.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen were visited last week at the Viceregal Lodge by the Dowager Lady Dufferin, who stayed for some days. Lady Dufferin and Lady Aberdeen have both had long and important Viceregal experiences, and both take a great interest in promoting the welfare of others—a very active one, too. Lady Dufferin is a zealous promoter of many philanthropic works. Her daughter, Lady Hermione Blackwood, is now in South Africa, with Lord Basil Blackwood, who is suffering from enteric fever, which causes his family much anxiety. Lady Dufferin's youngest daughter, Lady Plunket, whose husband succeeded Lord Ranfurly as Governor of New Zealand, is expected in England at the beginning of next year; her first visit to home since Lord Plunket entered on the duties of his office. New Zealand is a very new country, very much the Antipodes as regards old England, and perhaps still older Ireland. The old order has greatly changed out there, and the country has many surprises for its governors when their "reigns" first begin. Lord and Lady Aberdeen visit the North of Ireland again this week, when they keep some public engagements, as well as pay a visit to Lord and Lady O'Neill at Shane's Castle. Lord O'Neill has an old historic name, but as the Duke of Northumberland is a Smithson and not a Percy, so is Lord O'Neill a Chichester, not an O'Neill, nor is Shane's Castle an ancient residence. It stands on the margin of Lough Neagh, beneath the waves of which, as the legend runs, "the round towers of other days" can be seen at "the clear soft eve's declining." There is space for much buried glory in the Lough, which is fifteen miles long and twelve broad. It is the largest lake in the kingdom, quite an inland sea, in fact. Mrs. Bryce left the Phœnix Park last week to join the Chief Secretary and attend with him the State banquet at Windsor Castle. What would illustrated newspapers do, by the way, without kings and queens and State

"La Samothrace."—Every corset of the London Corset Co., 28, New Bond-street, W., is made in Paris. The very latest models. Not connected with any other establishment.

Important to Ladies. — You can get the real genuine Horrockses' Longcloths and Flannelettes if you insist on seeing this stamp on the selvedge: 'Horrockses.' Obtainable from the principal Drapers. Over a century's reputation.

ceremonials? They would be all football at this season, with its monotony—to the unprofessional eye at least—of teams and situations.—Yours ever, CLARE.

Here are two recipes I promised you. Sturgeon sauce:—

Reduce the liquor the sturgeon has been cooked in to one-third, then add half a bottle of port, a tablespoonful of Escoffier's "espagnol" sauce, and some essence of mushrooms. Let the sauce simmer slowly to clear it, then pass it through a tammy, into a bain-marie. When the sauce is required stir in some nutmeg, essence of anchovy, lemon juice, and cayenne.

Gâteau à la Suisse:—

Cut a round sponge cake into slices, take the middle out of each slice, excepting the top and bottom, spread the cake with apricot jam, and build them again into shape. Crush half a pound of raspberries with 2 oz. of castor sugar in a basin, and rub them through a hair sieve, mix the purée with 4 sheets of dissolved gelatine, a few drops of carmine, and a gill of whipped cream. Fill the cavity in the cake with the cream when on the point of setting, and replace the top piece. Cover the cake entirely with whipped cream and decorate it with whole ripe raspberries and chopped pistachios.

Ever your loving cousin, MADGE.

P.S.—We had a glimpse of Prince Olaf and his Royal father and mother at Paddington on Monday, when our Court came up from Windsor to Buckingham Palace. He is far prettier than any of his portraits, with an immense amount of intelligence as well as sweetness in his dear little face. Just as the Royal carriage passed us he made some remark which set Queen Alexandra, Queen Maud, and Princess Victoria laughing heartily. The boy's father, King Haakon, is also much belied by photography. He is a very handsome man with a remarkably fine brow and large, candid, blue-grey eyes. His expression has grown very serious since he became a king. A burden it must always be, don't you think? A man can seldom if ever belong wholly to himself if he is a king. Queen Maud looked bright, pretty, happy, and animated. M.

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· TRUTH ·

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NOTICE.

THE

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TO OUR READERS.

We receive hundreds of letters every week from "Readers of 'Truth.'" A large majority of the writers expect replies direct. Of the work, trouble, and expense involved in doing this we say nothing. But as experience has shown that a large number of our "Constant" and "Regular" readers who inquire about individuals with whom we have dealt in our columns over and over again are not actual subscribers to the paper, but merely occasional readers of it at clubs, libraries, or at friends' houses, we consider we must protect ourselves in the matter.

We have therefore decided that henceforth every reader who writes making an inquiry that necessitates a direct reply must enclose a stamped envelope and also a Coupon which will always be found at the foot of the 3rd page of the coloured cover. Without these no notice will be taken of the communication.

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a Coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" send replies by post.

No Coupon will be available that is over a fortnight out of date, except from correspondents residing abroad.

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ENTRE NOUS.

I HAVE to thank a great many of my readers for their prompt response to the appeal I made last week on behalf of the Truth Toy Fund. Equal thanks are due to the ladies who, within twenty-four hours of the publication of Truth, relieved me of the seventeen naked dolls, whose condition embarrassed me so deeply. From the list of contributions acknowledged below it will be seen that the debt on the Toy Fund has been wiped out, and a credit balance established towards the expenses of this year's distribution of dolls and toys. But I must reluctantly repeat that the sum needed for this purpose is over £1,000, and that at the moment of writing I cannot make up one tenth of that amount. I appealed last week to every reader of Truth to give some help. The number who have responded is still very small. There are now only three weeks left to raise the money. I hope still that I shall hear from everybody before that time expires.

The following amounts have reached me towards the Toy Show:—

S. W. M., £1 1s.; Mrs. R. J. Neild, £1 1s.; Mrs. Stephen Ralli, £2 2s.; M., £1; The N.S.A., per A. Bull, £1 1s.; Mrs. Hodgson, 2s. 6d.; H. St. Maur-Wynch, £3 3s.; Mrs. D. Watson, 1s.; Malcolm V. Hay, £5; One of the Many Women Who Want a Vote, £3 3s.; C. Morrison Bell, £1 1s.; Myfanwy and Vera, 10s.; Something and Sympathy, £1 1s.; Lieut. A. S. Susmann, £1 1s.; E. J. Thompson, £5; Australian, £1; C. S. Jerram, £2 2s.; X. Y. Z., £1 1s.; J. M. B., £10 10s.; F. H. C., 10s.; C. I. D., £2; H. E. N., £2 2s.; A. M. N., 10s.; Mrs. Liddell Simpson, £1 1s.; A. W. B., £2; W. F. H., 5s.; F. A. H., 10s. 6d.; G. D. B., £15; C. and J. Irwin, 5s.; Captain and Mrs Trotter, 7s. 6d.; v. L., £1 1s.; W. A. G., 2s. 6d.; R. B., £1 1s.; Korah, 1s.; J. C. Graham, £1; E. H., 5s.; Lewin Karmel, £1 1s.; A. S. W., 5s.; Z. Q., 9s.; S. B. R., £1 1s.; S. K. B., 10s.

The King returned to Buckingham Palace on Saturday afternoon from West Dean Park, and on Monday morning his Majesty left town on his annual visit to Lord and Lady Farquhar at The Hall, Castle Rising, where he will stay until Friday, and then goes back to Sandringham. The King will have several days' shooting over the extensive and well-stocked preserves on the Castle Rising and Westacre estates, which are rented by Lord Farquhar. The Castle Rising shootings were at one time rented by the Duke (then Earl) of Fife, and Lord James of Hereford (then Sir Henry James), but for many years past Lord Farquhar has been the sole tenant of this place.

The Castle Rising estate belongs to Mr. Howard, the son of Lady Audrey Buller by her first marriage with the late Mr. Greville Theophilus Howard. The Hall is situated just below the extensive and picturesque ruins of the ancient Norman stronghold of Castle Rising, which was built by the first Earl of Arundel (William d'Albini) in 1176. The estate afterwards passed by sale to the Crown, and Henry VIII. exchanged it for a property in Suffolk with Thomas Howard, Duke of

Norfolk. The Hall is a large and comfortable house, with nice, old-fashioned gardens and grounds, and is quite near to the interesting Norman church. There are remarkably fine trees at and around Castle Rising, which is a pleasant drive of about three miles from Sandringham, the road passing over heaths and through woods.

After the King returns to Sandringham on Friday he will stay there until Monday, December 10, and is then coming back to town for twenty-four hours, after which he is going on a visit to Lord Iveagh at Elveden Hall, where he will stay until Thursday, the 13th, and is then coming back to Buckingham Palace.

The weather was not particularly favourable during a part of the King's visit to Mr. and Mrs. William James at West Dean Park, so that the programme for the week was considerably altered. On Tuesday his Majesty had an excellent day's pheasant shooting in the Chilgrove and Monckton woods, and lunch was served in the keeper's store house, which had been converted into a comfortable room. On Wednesday there was to have been a battue in the Arboretum preserves, but this was given up owing to the wet weather, and the King did not go out shooting. A party shot through Highdown woods, and his Majesty joined the sportsmen at luncheon, which was served in the motor house. In the afternoon the King drove to the new Sanatorium on the hills to the north of Midhurst. On Thursday the Arboretum shoot took place, and over nine hundred pheasants were killed, besides other game. On Friday there was another shooting party, but the King did not join it. His Majesty drove in the morning to Chichester, returning to West Dean for luncheon, and in the afternoon he paid a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk at Arundel Castle.

Mrs. William James has kindly arranged three entertainments for the benefit of Chichester Infirmary, which are to take place in the Corn Exchange on the evenings of Friday, December 14, and Saturday, the 15th, and on the afternoon of the Saturday. The comic opera, "The Isle of Pharawai," will be given by an amateur company, and Mr. James has undertaken to pay all the expenses. Prince and Princess Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein (who will then be on a visit to West Dean Park) are to be present at the performance on Friday evening.

The Queen's Birthday is to be celebrated at Sandringham on Saturday next by a review of the Norfolk Yeomanry, which will take place in the park, and the regiment will afterwards be entertained at the Hall. The King is honorary colonel of the Norfolk Yeomanry, and the King of Norway is colonel in chief of the regiment. There will be a large dinner party at the Hall in the evening, followed by a theatrical performance in the ball-room.

The King and Queen of Norway are now settled at Appleton, their residence near Sandringham, until December 10 or 11, when they will come back to town for a short residence at Buckingham Palace before leaving England. Their Majesties are to embark (according to present arrangements) on board the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* at Port Victoria, on Friday, December 14, and they will be conveyed in her to Flushing, whence they are to proceed direct to Berlin on a visit to the Imperial Court, being due to arrive there on Saturday, the 15th. The King and Queen of Norway will leave Berlin on Tuesday, December 18, for Copenhagen, where they are to spend two days with the King and Queen of Denmark before returning to Christiania.

Lord and Lady Cadogan's shooting party, to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales, at Culford Hall, was very successful, about three thousand pheasants having been killed during the first three days, while on the fourth day there were several partridge drives, and over 500 were killed, besides other game. The Princess of Wales drove to Newmarket on Friday morning, while in the afternoon H.R.H. and the Prince went to Cambridge, where they lunched at Trinity Lodge with Dr. and Mrs. Butler.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia have been on a visit to Sir John and Lady Dickson-Poynder at Hartham Park, Wiltshire. The Duke had two days' shooting during his stay at Hartham, the first in the home covers, and the second in the Colerne preserves. Hartham, which is between Chippenham and Bath, and close to Corsham Court, the well-known seat of Lord Methuen, is a very handsome house, which was built by Wyatt in 1890. There are fine gardens, and the park is well wooded and much varied. The estate, which is a very large one, came to Sir John Dickson-Poynder from his maternal uncle, whose name he assumed. He is himself the son of the late Rear-Admiral Dickson, of Sydenham, Roxburghshire, through whom he inherited his baronetcy, which was created in 1802.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia are leaving Clarence House this afternoon on a visit to Lord and Lady Savile at Rufford Abbey, where they will stay until Saturday.

Princess Henry of Battenberg, who is residing at Kensington Palace, is to be the guest next week of Mr. and Mrs. William James. There is to be a theatrical performance at West Dean on one night during Princess Beatrice's visit, and one day she will drive to Goodwood, the neighbouring seat of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, while part of another day will be spent at Petworth House, Lord Leconfield's place, where there is one of the largest and finest private collections of pictures in Europe.

For SPECIAL FOR LADIES, see page 1342.
For the TRUTH HOTEL LIST, see page 1335.
For Selected FOREIGN HOTELS, see pages 1334, 1335.
For ESTATES, AUCTIONS, see page 1333.
For AMUSEMENTS, see page 1333.
For CHRISTMAS APPEALS, see page 1329.
For OUR PUZZLES, see pages 1341, 1342.

Princess Henry of Battenberg goes down to the Potteries to-day, for the purpose of opening a church bazaar in the Town Hall at Fenton, near Stoke-upon-Trent, where a large assembly of Staffordshire notables is expected.

The Dublin season, which more or less begins with the New Year, is expected to be unusually brilliant. The Irish capital has of late years grown in popularity as a winter resort for society and the world which wants, as its principal need, to amuse itself. Dublin is an excellent hunting and golf centre, and also one of much traditional hospitality. The Castle season is a season within a season; Viceregal entertaining is done on a lavish scale for six weeks at least, during February and part of March.

Next year, the International Exhibition, to be opened in the spring, is expected to draw crowds to Dublin. The rumour grows strongly that a Royal visit will give the enterprise a send off, to secure its certain success. The Exhibition buildings, now rapidly approaching completion, are in the immediate neighbourhood of the Horse Show premises at Ball's Bridge. They also stand on Lord Pembroke's property. The neighbourhood has a tradition of success in public undertakings. Donnybrook Fair, of old historic renown, used to be held in the vicinity. In its own way "racy of the soil," but according to methods now long passed away, it was an undoubted success, and held a high place in popular favour.

Are there people who imagine that, in view of the disturbances in Morocco, it may not be quite safe to winter in Algiers? Such ignorance seems almost incredible, but an English resident in Algiers says that the inquiries that are received show that it is not at all uncommon. "People," he writes, "read their papers and they argue to themselves that Algiers is in Algeria—possibly, even, that Algiers *is* Algeria—and that Algeria and Morocco are in juxtaposition—*ergo*, there is nothing to prevent the Moroccan insurgents disturbing the peace at Algiers." I am asked to point out the foolishness of this idea, but, really, I think that my readers, at any rate, can see it for themselves.

Lord Hampden, who died on Thursday, sat in the House of Commons as a Liberal from 1868 until 1874 (when he lost his seat for Hertfordshire), and from 1880 until 1886, when he joined the Unionists. He held a minor office from 1883 until 1885 under Mr. Gladstone. Lord Hampden succeeded to the peerage in 1892, and three years later he became Governor of New South Wales, a post which he filled for four years with entire efficiency and conspicuous tact. Since his return to England he had not taken any active part in public affairs. He was a clever man, with literary and artistic tastes, and an excellent landlord. Lord Hampden's father was for many years the Liberal Whip in the House of Commons, and he succeeded Mr. Denison (Lord Ossington) as Speaker in 1872, and occupied the Chair until 1884. Lord Hampden's first wife, who was killed by a carriage accident at Windsor, was a daughter of M. Van de Weyer, for many years Belgian Minister in London, who was a *persona gratissima* at Court. His second wife was the younger daughter of Lord George Cavendish, and a first cousin of the present Duke of Devonshire.

Mr. Thomas Dundas, who died suddenly on Friday, when on a visit to his mother, Mrs. John Charles Dundas, at Middleton Lodge, near Richmond, was the youngest brother of Lord Zetland. His father was brother of the late Lord Zetland, and he sat in several Parliaments for the now extinguished borough of Richmond. Mr. Dundas, who resided at Ainderby Hall, near Northallerton, was very popular in the North Riding, and his early death is regretted by all classes. He was a familiar figure in the hunting field, and a smart rider to hounds. He will be much missed in the county. Mr. Dundas, who leaves three children, was married to the younger sister of Mr. Fitzwilliam, of Milton Abbey, Northamptonshire, a cousin of Lord Fitzwilliam..

Mr. Lees, of Woodhill, who died on Thursday, from the effects of an accident in the hunting field caused by wire fencing, was one of the most popular squires in Shropshire, and a very keen sportsman. His death is deeply lamented by all classes in the county, for he was a generous landlord and took an active and useful part in county affairs. He was for many years Master of the Tanat Side Harriers, one of the oldest packs in the country. He was the author of "Hare Hunting," a book which is justly regarded as the standard work on this subject. He was also an enthusiastic naturalist, and at Woodhill he had formed a fine museum of natural history.

There was no better known, more popular, or more highly esteemed country squire in the north of England than the late Mr. Askew-Robertson, of Pallinsburn, Northumberland. He inherited large family estates in that county, and had for half a century taken a very prominent and most useful part in its public and social life. He filled several important public offices with conspicuous ability and success. Mr. Askew-Robertson was a model landlord, and lived on his estates during the greater part of every year. He married the elder daughter of the first and last Lord Marjoribanks, who was for many years the Liberal member for Berwickshire, and died in 1873 only a few days after he had been raised to the Peerage by Mr. Gladstone. He assumed the name of Robertson in 1889, when (on the death of her mother, Lady Marjoribanks) his wife succeeded to the extensive Ladykirk estates in Berwickshire. Mr. Askew-Robertson was a Tory of the old school, and a zealous politician, but he was held in the highest regard by men of all parties. His popularity was proved in 1892, when he contested the Berwick Division against Sir Edward Grey and succeeded in reducing the Liberal majority to 442.

With reference to the statement in some of the papers that Mr. Harcourt is engaged on the biography of his father, Sir William Harcourt, I understand that the book is not likely to be ready for publication before the spring of 1908. Sir William Harcourt was in the heart of literary and political society for more than half a century, and as he left ample materials for his biography

in the form of journals and correspondence, Mr. Harcourt's book will doubtless prove extremely interesting.

The *Daily Mail's* offer of a prize of £10,000 to the first person who flies from London to Manchester in the next twelve months is a smart piece of advertising, and likely, I should think, to prove as cheap as it is original. I doubt if it will cost the proprietors 10,000 farthings. But if gas is to be superseded as a motive power, it is wise of the *Daily Mail* to take a prominent part in discovering a substitute. Assuming that the proprietors of the paper really wish to invest money for that purpose, I would suggest that they should place their £10,000 in the hands of trustees, on the terms that the interest should be paid each year to the man who makes the longest flight, in the specified direction, until the aerial journey to Manchester is successfully accomplished, when the capital should be handed over to the hero.

I shall be delighted if the day comes when I can obtain an airship at a reasonable figure whenever I wish to go from London to Paris or to Manchester. But are not those who are already counting on doing this a little "previous"? It is some time since Icarus fancied that he had solved the problem, and perished when he attempted to substitute practice for theory. Since then we have had to content ourselves with balloons. But they depended upon being lighter than the atmosphere in which they floated. The machine of the future is not to be supported by rarefied air or by a light gas. On one such machine it would seem that M. Santos-Dumont did "fly" for a few yards, and two American brothers assert that they have taken secretly a still longer flight. But between this and "flying," with or against the wind, from London to Manchester, or even to Richmond, there is a very wide difference. I do not say that in these days of mechanical invention men may not in course of time fly about like birds, but I do not expect to see them doing it next year or the year after.

Already our Jingoes are urging that we should at once provide ourselves with flying machines, in order to be ready to meet an enemy in the air. It may perhaps be well to wait until such machines can be made, although I fear that a suggestion such as this will subject me to the charge of want of patriotism. I trust, however, that the advent of aerial warships is not far distant. When a declaration of war between two nations is followed by the discharge from the air of showers of bombs on the armies and cities of the belligerents, nations will think twice before they incur such an uncomfortable risk. As it is, those who are ever ready to stir up strife very seldom fight themselves. Their valour is usually vicarious. The only argument of any force for conscription is that every one has to risk his skin in the event of a war. We are the only great civilised nation that does not form its fighting force on this method, and of late years we have been the most blustering and aggressive. Conscription may be said to make for peace in every country where the Government is really representative. A rainfall of bombs in towns from an enemy's "aeroplanes" would have the same effect.

We are hearing a lot about Theatrical Trusts just now. In Norway they are going a step further, and are discussing Theatrical Protection. It began last year, when a Danish touring company visited Christiania and met with a huge success. The local managers, finding its competition over-severe, applied to the Government for help. A Bill "for the protection of national dramatic art," was accordingly prepared, by which all foreign theatrical companies were to pay a tax of 10 per cent. on their receipts for the first month of their stay in the capital, and 40 per cent. for any further period. As the tax was to go into the coffers of the Christiania municipality it was hoped that that body would support the proposal. Much to the disappointment of the local managers, the City Fathers set their face against it, and for the time it was dropped. Now, however, several engagements of foreign companies having been announced for the coming season, it has been revived, and a vigorous press campaign is being carried on in support of Theatrical Protection. As a matter of fact, the Christiania theatres are in a bad way. Even Mr. Björson Björnson, the director of the National Theatre, has recently declared, in an appeal to the public, that he is working at a loss, and that unless a very substantial increase in his receipts takes place in the near future he will be compelled to reduce his company. I seem to have heard very similar accounts of other branches of industry, in this country, not so very long ago.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

(To Sir Charles Wyndham, the Evergreen, on his 1,000th performance of David Garrick).

Sir Charles, 'tis twenty years ago,
Since first, in David Garrick's part,
You played sweet Ada's high-souled beau,
And took by storm all London's heart.

Entranced, in you we saw combined,
Grown manhood's honour, strength, and truth,
Its pathos tender, wit refined,
With all the supple grace of youth.

And even then, we cried aloud:
"What? Middle-aged? It cannot be!"
For such a sprightly air we vowed,
Could only go with twenty-three.

Yet twice ten years since then have flown,
And now, once more, upon the stage,
You play the part you 've made your own,
With all the old poetic rage,

With verve and fire the very same—
The same old sprightly air of youth!
Have years no power your force to tame?
Feels Time for you some special ruth?

Great David, as most all agree,
Has place among th' immortal few.
His counterfeit, say, can it be,
Sir Charles, that you 're immortal too?

THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION.—DR. ALABONE'S TREATMENT.—E. Wilmot (Kingsland), also writes: "I write to testify as to the remarkable success of Dr. Alabone's treatment in restoring my little boy to health. A few months back he was fast wasting away, caused by Consumption of the bowels, and no doubt long before this would have succumbed to it but for Dr. Alabone. I may add that he is now as strong a child as ever."—"The Cure of Consumption, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh," price 2s. 6d., by E. W. Alabone, Lynton House, Highbury quadrant, N.

The ceremony of doing homage to the Sovereign always precedes a new Bishop's enthronement in his Cathedral. The King, however, has graciously granted permission to the Bishop of Truro for his enthronement to take place before he does homage, as it is desirable that he should be able to get to work in the diocese as soon as possible. The enthronement (as was announced in TRUTH several weeks ago) is fixed for Thursday, December 6, and it is expected that the Bishop will do homage to his Majesty for the temporalities of the See at Buckingham Palace on December 18. This ceremony, which is very brief and purely formal, is conducted by the Clerk of the Closet (the Bishop of Ripon), and the Home Secretary is always in attendance. The Bishop will be enthroned in Truro Cathedral by the Bishop of Dover, acting in his official capacity as Archdeacon of Canterbury.

Bishop Chase has collated Dr. Swete, the Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, to an unendowed prebendal stall in Ely Cathedral, a compliment which has given much satisfaction in the University. The stall in question became vacant by the promotion of Dr. Kirkpatrick, Master of Selwyn College, to the deanery of Ely, in succession to the Bishop of Truro.

The Archbishop of York, who is in residence at Bishopthorpe Palace, attended at York Minster on Thursday and personally inducted Archdeacon Hutchings into the residentiary stall which became vacant a few months ago by the death of Chancellor Temple, rector of Oswaldkirk. The new canon has been Archdeacon of Cleveland since 1897, and rector of Kirkby Misperton since 1884, when he was presented to that valuable living (net income £700 a year, with house) by Lord Feversham. The Chapter of York has suffered severely from agricultural depression, and the stipend of the residentiary canon, which was formerly £720 a year, is now reduced to £350.

Chancellor Newbolt is to be the Canon-in-residence and Sunday afternoon preacher at St. Paul's Cathedral during December, replacing Archdeacon Sinclair. The Dean, who is also in residence, is appointed to preach in the Cathedral at the morning service next Sunday, and also on Christmas Day, but it is understood that Dr. Gregory is too infirm to occupy the pulpit, so his place will be taken by one of the Cathedral clergy.

The Bishop of Ripon has just inducted Archdeacon Kilner, late vicar of Bingley, near Leeds, into the rectory of Gargrave-in-Craven, on the presentation of Sir Matthew Wilson, of Eshton Hall. Archdeacon Kilner, who was appointed to the Archdeaconry of Craven by the Bishop of Ripon in 1896, goes to Gargrave (which is one of the best country benefices in the diocese) in succession to the Rev. John A. V. Magee, who has replaced Subdean Duckworth in the important Crown living of St. Mark's, Hamilton-terrace.

Archdeacon Kilner is succeeded at Bingley by the Rev. L. S. Robinson, rector of Richmond, Yorkshire, on the presentation of the Bishop of Ripon, who has appointed Canon Egerton Leigh, vicar of Kirkstall, to Richmond. Canon Leigh has been working at and near Leeds for twenty-eight years, and he is one of the most popular clergymen in the West Riding.

A meeting presided over by the Bishop of Southwark is to be held at the Bermondsey Town Hall on Friday afternoon in support of the Children's League of Kindness for South London. For many years this Society, acting in co-operation with the local branches of the C.O.S. and other agencies, has carried on an admirable work for the benefit of poor and sick children, but hitherto almost the whole of the funds have been obtained outside the district so served. At present the income of the League (which, by the way, is entirely conducted by honorary workers, nothing being spent in salaries or rent) is unequal to the demands that are made upon it, and the object of the meeting on Friday is to awaken greater interest in its operations in South London itself, where it has so strong a claim upon the assistance of the charitable public. Further information respecting the League can be obtained from Mr. Cecil Chapman (stipendiary magistrate at the Tower Bridge Court), 24, Buckingham-gate, S.W.

A number of communications received during the past few days serve to clear up—I think satisfactorily—the mystery surrounding the efforts of Mr. James R. Low, of Whitchurch, Salop, to collect money for the Rev. James Arkwright and the mission church of St. Mary, Middlewich. It seems that Mr. Arkwright is a Roman Catholic priest, that the church referred to is his church, and that Mr. Low undertook to collect money for him out of sympathy with his good work and his needs. This explains how it is that neither the name of the church nor the "Rector" is to be found in the Clergy Lists. Such an explanation naturally did not suggest itself to me, because my information was that Mr. Low was identified with the work of the Church of England in his parish, and had previously been collecting money for a purpose connected with that church. I hear both from himself and his employer that Mr. Low has been sadly upset by the paragraph in last week's TRUTH, and I trust that this explanation will sufficiently correct the mistake, all the more so since three of the clergy of his parish have sent me a letter explaining the circumstances, and expressing their high opinion of him. I am sorry for the mistake; but I must point out that the person who has really led to it is Mr. Low himself, and that unpleasant mistakes are very likely to arise when collecting cards on behalf of a Roman Catholic church are sent about indiscriminately, bearing the name of the "Rector," but without anything to indicate the denomination to which the Rector and the church belong.

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Apropos of what was said in TRUTH the other day as to the effect of the new system of proficiency pay upon a thoroughly efficient infantry soldier, an officer of the Royal Garrison Artillery sends the following remarks on the working of the new system in his branch of the Army:—

Under the old régime every R.G.A. company had to train and maintain a certain percentage of D.R.F. and signalling specialists. These men received 3d. per diem specialist pay, and naturally were on first-class service pay at 6d. or 7d. per diem. They must all have third-class certificates of education and be of good character in order to draw their specialist pay. Under the new rules, however, specialist pay is abolished. They therefore lose 3d. a day under this head.

Further, under the new warrant, a gunner, or rank and file N.C.O. in R.G.A. companies, in order to draw first-class proficiency pay, must qualify either as a gun-layer, or a P.F. specialist (the latter must be a man of good education and scientific knowledge); and any man not qualifying for first-class proficiency pay by October 1, 1906, must revert from first to second-class service pay. Here is a further loss of 3d. per diem.

Is this fair to highly trained specialists, who have often been from three to eight years or more on their jobs?

I should say that it is both unfair and unreasonable; and that when the new warrant was drawn up its effect in a case like this was not properly taken into consideration.

Here is another example of the troubles that are arising out of proficiency pay. Hitherto, drivers in the Royal Engineers and Army Service Corps, like most other men in the departmental corps, have earned better money than their comrades in the combatant branches. But under the new warrant this is reversed. The R.H.A. driver now comes to the top of the tree with regimental pay 1s. 3d., proficiency pay 6d., total 1s. 9d.; the A.S.C. driver comes next with regimental pay 1s. 2d., corps pay 6d., total 1s. 8d.; and the R.E. driver a bad third with regimental pay 1s. 1½d., corps pay 4d., total 1s. 5½d. But this is not the end of the matter, as the two last only draw corps pay for six days a week, while the R.H.A. man will get his full 1s. 9d. for seven days. Here again I doubt whether the result was foreseen when the new system was introduced. The Jehu who draws my attention to these facts states that "the A.S.C. driver has proved himself to be the man who does the most work in the British Army." That fact being established, I hope that he will receive at Headquarters the consideration to which his unique position entitles him.

A generous Government allows to an officer in Burma a local allowance of Rs.100 per mensem as compensation for the cost of living in that country, and by all accounts it is not too much for the purpose. The allowance, however, ceases when the officer's pay rises to Rs.1,000. Observe how this works out. A's pay is Rs.900 per mensem, B's Rs.1,000; but A draws altogether as much as B. Suppose that A's pay increases by annual increments of Rs.50 per mensem; when he rises to Rs.950 he will actually draw Rs.50 per month more than B. When he rises to Rs.1,000, however, he will at once lose Rs.50. On rising to Rs.1,050, he is still no better off than when he was at Rs.950; and not until he reaches Rs.1,100 does he get beyond the point which he reached three years previously. This is an absurd state of things, and cannot possibly be defended. If extra pay is granted to meet exceptional expenses in any particular country, it ought to be granted to all ranks alike, otherwise the upper ranks must necessarily lose the benefit of increased pay. This is recognised in the Civil Service, the I.C.S. in Burma receiving a higher rate of pay through all grades.

The point just noticed crops up again at the other end of the scale in a communication from South Africa with reference to the Customs rebate, which was dealt with in TRUTH a few weeks ago. The colonial allowance is only granted in that country to officers and warrant officers, but has been partially extended to the married men of the lower ranks, who are entitled to 6d. for a wife, and 3d. for each child. Now, it is quite true that increased cost of living must always press more hardly on the married than on the single men; but why should a married warrant officer draw colonial allowance for himself as well as his wife while the married non-commissioned officer draws it in respect of the wife only? There can really be no object in these distinctions, except that of saving money, and apparently this is done on the principle that "to him that hath shall be given."

A recent application to the War Office for information as to the date of a forthcoming examination elicited the information that the examination "commences on the Tuesday in April which first follows after the date on which Easter Sunday shall fall." This is sent out over the signature of the Director of Staff Duties. Apparently giving a plain answer to a plain question is not yet recognised among such duties. I take it that the Director has on his staff some accomplished official who is accustomed to reckon future dates by the rules laid down in the Book of Common Prayer for finding Easter; and I wonder that he did not refer the inquirer to the Golden Number or Dominical Letter for the year 1907, or tell him to add to the year of our Lord its fourth part and also the number 6, divide the sum by 7, and "proceed as in the last rule."

The following extract from London District Orders of November 19 is interesting reading:—

1. BOARD—DAMAGE TO GAS PENDANT, &c.

(*a*) A Board of Officers, composed as under, will assemble at Chelsea Barracks, on Tuesday next, the 20th instant, at 11 a.m., for the purpose of investigating and reporting upon damages recently caused to the gas pendant over the billiard table, in the Sergeants' Mess of the detachment wing, thereby injuring the cloth to billiard table.

Members:

A Field Officer, to be detailed by the Brigade Major, Brigade of Guards.

An Officer, to be detailed by the Chief Engineer, London District.

The Officer in charge of Barracks, London District.

(*b*) Plain clothes may be worn.

(*c*) The proceedings (in duplicate), on Army Form A. 2, to be forwarded to the Chief Engineer, 41, Charing Cross, S.W.

(*d*) The Senior Officer present to act as President.

As long as this process of cracking nuts with steam-hammers goes on, it seems to me that military administration must remain very much what it has always been, in spite of all the parade there has been of reforming it. I should like to know what there is in the breaking of a gas bracket in a mess-room which a commanding officer is not competent to investigate thoroughly and report upon to higher powers if necessary.

. A little trick which I heard of the other day may be of interest to anybody at headquarters who is interested in stopping frauds on the taxpayer. A staff-sergeant at one of the infantry depots, having been on the lodging list, is ordered into married quarters in barracks. When this happens a man who has been renting his house as a quarterly tenant is allowed, as I understand it, to draw his lodging allowance up to the end of the quarter. The man in the above instance was only a weekly tenant of his house; but directly he heard of the order, he went to his landlord, and arranged to become a quarterly tenant. By this means he will defraud the Government and the taxpayer of twelve weeks' lodging allowance. If the rulers of the Army do not see how to guard themselves against this trick, I think I could help them.

The ancient grievance of the Garrison Artillery with respect to the apportionment of foreign service seems to remain as acute as ever. Four bombardiers were recently dispatched from Sheerness to Hong Kong, one of whom had only been home eight months, two others less than twelve, and the fourth only a few weeks longer; and each of these men had done upwards of seven years abroad out of nine years' service. If this were the universal lot it might be accepted as inevitable. But at the same station there are three N.C.O.s with seven or eight years' service, and another with over eighteen years', who have never served abroad in all that time, and three other men employed as officers' servants who have never been abroad in the course of service extending from sixteen to nineteen years. I have never been able to understand why there is not some definite rule laid down to make a certain period of foreign service obligatory for everybody.

I cannot say that I have followed the debates on the Merchant Shipping Bill, nor that I am familiar with the whole text of the measure. But if I am correctly informed on two points in the Bill, its provisions in these respects appear very difficult to justify. I understand that, as the Bill stands, a seaman who is rendered incapable of performing his work by a filthy disease contracted by his own folly, is nevertheless entitled to draw full pay all the time he is so incapacitated. I do not see that the State is entitled to force an employer to pay his regular wages to a man who is unable to work through his own fault. Nor, apparently, does the State consider that such an obligation rests upon itself. It was mentioned only a week or two back in these columns that by a recent order of the Commander-in-Chief, soldiers in India forfeit their service pay in the circumstances referred to above, besides incurring other penalties. As a taxpayer I hold that the principle of this is sound, and that what is sauce for the soldier should be sauce for the sailor.

Again, in the closing debate on the Merchant Shipping Bill, Mr. Kearley, speaking for the Board of Trade, observed that the new food scale in the mercantile marine "represented something far more liberal than that in the British Navy." This does not necessarily imply that it is unduly liberal; it may be that the blue-jacket gets too little rather than that the merchant seaman gets too much. But I do not see that a Government can legitimately force private owners to treat their men better than it treats its own. If the Admiralty is not prepared to level up the Board of Trade ought to level down. The Bill, which Mr. Lloyd-George has piloted through the House of Commons very skilfully is now consigned to the tender mercies of the Lords. In a general way I would not encourage their lordships to exercise their powers on a Government measure; but in the foregoing instances there seems to be an opportunity for them to do something sensible for once.

A curious statement was made in a letter in the *Daily Telegraph* last week concerning the rescue of the crew of a Norwegian vessel which had been wrecked on the Goodwins. The rescue was effected by the crew of the Walmer boat *Warwickshire*. These men form part of the Walmer lifeboat crew, "and properly the lifeboat should have been used on the occasion in question, but unfortunately owing to a grievance they prefer to use their own boats to render assistance in cases of emergency." The writer of the letter expressed the belief that the grievance is a perfectly legitimate one, and appealed for some recognition of the gallant services performed by the men of the *Warwickshire*. Their services may deserve recognition, but more light ought to be thrown on the cause of the extraordinary state of things thus revealed. Why is the lifeboat left unlaunched and the dangerous work for which it was designed carried out by the crew in their own boat—presumably at an increased risk to themselves and those whom they rescue? The matter certainly demands the immediate attention of the authorities of the National Lifeboat Institution.

An appeal is being made for a Parliamentary inquiry into the administration of the Customs Department, more especially with reference to the grievances of the "outdoor" branch in the matters of pay and promotion. The "outdoor" staff numbers 1,700 men, and the "indoor," or clerical staff, 500. Sixteen years since it was directed by the Treasury, as the result of the Goschen inquiry, that outdoor officers should, when the public interest allowed, be promoted to collectorships; but out of seventy-four such appointments which have since been made no fewer than sixty-three have been given to clerks, the larger branch of the department getting only the remaining eleven berths. No doubt it will be said that this was due to the required attention being given to the public interest. But the clerical branch controls the administration of the department, and in view of this very unequal division of the higher appointments it is not surprising that the outdoor men are strongly of opinion that their claims do not receive the fair and disinterested consideration to which they are entitled.

The votaries of red tape in all the rest of the Government Departments must be filled with envy when they

contemplate the proud achievements of H.M. Office of Works. Last week one of the principal architects of the Office of Works was examined before the Committee on Postal Grievances in regard to the dilatoriness of his department in carrying out works and alterations at post-offices. Here is a summary of some of his interesting admissions:—

Two years and two months were occupied in dealing with a flue at Broadstairs Post Office. When the flue had been erected inside the building, against the advice of the post office, it caused a fire; and, finally, it had to be placed outside.

At another office it took eleven months to get plans for some hydrants, and a further nine months before the hydrants were supplied. In the meantime, a fire occurred.

Three years and nine months were taken in making an arrangement with a railway company in regard to putting in a window in the Lombard Street Post Office.

A requisition was made for a filter and two glasses for an office. Ten months expired before these articles were supplied.

Even the War Office in its palmiest days, before the advent of Mr. Haldane, could hardly have excelled this record. The Office of Works architect seems to have rather glorified in it—at any rate, he expressed the opinion that his department had done "all that was necessary." Perhaps it did in the long run. I imagine, however, that the present First Commissioner, Mr. Harcourt, will insist that in future the department shall not only do what is necessary, but do it without any such inexcusable delays.

In the year 1891 the acting trustee of a certain marriage settlement finally wound up his trust, having paid all duties demanded by Somerset House. In the present year 1906, the Inland Revenue authorities suddenly make a demand for fresh investigation of the accounts rendered in 1891, on the ground that there were "presumptive claims in their books of outstanding duty." The trustee's solicitors duly furnished accounts over again, and the re-investigation proved that everything had been correctly settled up in 1891. The only result of this outrageous proceeding is that the trustee, an unfortunate country parson, is saddled with a solicitor's bill for the pleasure of proving to Somerset House that it has made a fool of itself. Surely there ought to be some protection to the public, and especially the unfortunate people who discharge the thankless duty of trustees, against such vexatious and costly blundering on the part of a Government Office.

Even if there had proved to be any unpaid duty in this case, in what sort of fashion is the business of this particular office conducted that a public claim of this character could be lost sight of for *fifteen years?* What has happened to suddenly wake up the staff in 1906 to the possibility of there being arrears due from this particular estate? Has the Department been having a sort of audit of its books for the early 'nineties? I suggest to the Board of Inland Revenue that this incident calls for the attention of the heads of the Department.

On the question of the telephone service I have had another letter from a gentleman who states that he has been a subscriber to telephone systems on the Continent and in the United States as well as in this country, and that he has never experienced elsewhere anything comparable to the constant annoyance caused in this country by the mistakes of the operators, *e.g.*, in giving wrong numbers, cutting off a subscriber in the middle of a conversation, and so on. He states that he is thoroughly familiar with the different appliances and machinery in use in this country and abroad, and that the General Post Office is, in his judgment, as well equipped as any foreign telephone service in the matter of apparatus. From this he concludes that the chief cause of inefficiency in this country lies with the staff. This seems to be the general opinion of those who understand the question. It may be that the English staffs are not properly trained or properly looked after; but my own suspicion is that they are over-worked.

In dealing a fortnight ago with the case of Thomas Holliman, whose whole family were stricken down with scarlet fever owing to the premature discharge of the son, who first contracted the disease, from one of the Metropolitan Asylums Board hospitals, I was under the impression that one of the children had been, on a second occasion, re-admitted to the hospital after discharge. This I am glad to find was not the case. What really happened was that two of Mr. Holliman's boys had been removed from one of the Asylums Board's convalescent homes to another in consequence of their father's representations, and that on their final discharge the father, being still dissatisfied with their condition, called in the medical officer of health, who recommended that they should be placed under further medical treatment for a persistent ear trouble, which is by no means an uncommon after-effect of scarlet fever. I am pleased to make the correction, though it in no way affects my comments upon the results which followed upon the discharge of the child in the first instance, while still in an infectious condition, from another hospital altogether.

Meanwhile, a correspondent who has recently experienced the hospitality of the Metropolitan Asylums Board gives me an account of the obstacles placed in the way of patients being discharged from Gore Farm Hospital. First they have to pass the minute examination of the discharging doctor in the wards, and when passed by him, after taking a disinfectant bath and receiving fresh clothing, they are transferred to the "isolation blocks," situated in another part of the grounds. Here they remain two days under close medical supervision, and here they again undergo a strict medical examination. Finally the discharging doctor descends on them while the conveyance is waiting to take them back into the world. I do not know whether the same routine is in force at the other establishments controlled by the Metropolitan Asylums Board as at Gore Farm—it was not from Gore Farm Hospital that Mr. Holliman's child was discharged to infect the rest of the family—but if it is in force it seems hardly possible to blame the system.

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The first place in my Legal Pillory this week has been well earned by Sheriff Campion, of Dumfries, whose contrasted decisions indicate that to his sagacious mind an actual violent assault is a less serious matter than an offence which might possibly have led to an assault, though it did not, in fact, do so. The latter case was one of poaching. The prisoner had submitted quietly to his captors, but, nevertheless, the Sheriff, remarking that poaching often brought about affrays, gave him three months' hard labour in addition to the nineteen days' imprisonment that he had undergone while awaiting trial. In the other case it was not a question of what might have happened. The accused, two farmers, had deliberately committed a brutal assault, stigmatised by the Sheriff himself as cowardly and treacherous. Like the poacher, they were trespassers, but they only trespassed in search of their victim, not in search of game, and so they were let off with pecuniary penalties. Drunkenness frequently results in wife-beating, and with just as much affinity to reason as he showed in these cases, this Dumfries Solon might come down more heavily upon the drunkard who does not beat his wife than upon the husband who actually does so. Further examples of misguided leniency in dealing with offences against the person are given in the following list from Glasgow, Wellington, Dunfermline and elsewhere, together with numerous illustrations of magisterial severity towards prisoners charged with such crimes as petty larceny, sleeping out, and poaching:—

Dumfries Sheriff Court. Before Sheriff Campion. John Kirk, and James M. Kirk, farmers, charged with assaulting a neighbour named John Hamilton. There had been a previous quarrel between Hamilton and one of the accused, and on a Sunday afternoon both of them attacked him in a field on his farm. They struck him on the head and about the body with their sticks and he was left in the field in a prostrate condition. The Sheriff described the assault as "cowardly and treacherous," and fined each of the accused £5.

Dumfries Sheriff Court. Before Sheriff Campion. James Bell, fisherman, charged with poaching. He offered no resistance, but surrendered quietly when discovered. It was stated that his wife and children were starving, and though there were two previous convictions against him, the last was eleven years ago. He had already been in custody on the present charge for nineteen days. In sentencing him to three months' hard labour, the Sheriff said that poaching was a serious offence, as it was often the origin of affrays.

Worthing Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. H. Hargood, F. C. Linfield, A. Pullen-Barry, and other magistrates. Frank Mepham, charged with assaulting Ellen Mundy. He had quarrelled with the woman's husband, and on seeing her he shouted, "If I can't get one I'll get the other," and gave her a violent blow in the eye, which knocked her down and stunned her. Fined 10s.

Swainsthorpe Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. J. H. Gurney, E. Knight, R. H. Denny, and other magistrates. Horace Hipperson, charged with trespassing in search of game. Fined £2 11s. 6d.

Chesterfield Police Court. Before the Mayor and other magistrates. James Kelly, charged with stealing a coat from outside a shop. Two months.

Glasgow Police Court. Before Bailie Hunter. Robert Thompson, a burly, big fellow, charged with assaulting two women. One of them, who appeared in court with both her eyes blackened and her head enveloped in bandages, said that, besides striking her, Thompson bit her on the wrist. The other woman said that he struck her on the breast. Fined 21s.

Birkenhead Police Court. Harry Hall, charged with assaulting his wife. He struck her on the face with a pan. Fined 40s.

East Dereham Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. W. D. E. Bulwer and A. G. Copeman. Arthur Parker and Luke Frost, charged with trespassing in search of game, and John Nelson, charged under the Poaching Prevention Act with being found on the highway with game in his possession. Parker was also summoned for killing game without a licence. He was fined £5 10s. or two months; Nelson was fined £5 or one month; and Frost £1 10s. or three weeks' imprisonment.

ROYAL SOCIETY FOR PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS. Nearly 8,000 convictions last year. Complaints marked "Private" absolutely confidential.—SECRETARY, 105, Jermyn-st., London.

Wellington Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. W. Dugdale, S. Wixon, H. Sheppard, and Dr. Hollies. Joseph Vynne, charged with being drunk and disorderly and with assaulting Walter Parker. The latter was walking along the street when the defendant, to whom he was a complete stranger, gave him a violent blow in the mouth, cutting his lip and loosening several of his teeth. Defendant was got into his house, but he afterwards came out with a poker in his hand and threatened to knock out a constable's brains. Fined 20s. and costs.

Mansfield Borough Police Court. Before the Mayor and Messrs. S. W. Skelton and H. Smith. Frederick Miller, charged with cruelty to a horse. The animal, which was aged and in a very poor condition, was left lying in a field, unable to get up, and without food or water. Defendant eventually killed the horse by striking it on the head with a hammer. Fined 20s.

Wakefield Police Court. Robert Hughes, charged with unlawfully wounding Thomas Knowles. The latter was endeavouring to separate two men who were fighting, when Hughes stabbed him in the face with a knife. The charge was reduced to one of common assault and defendant was fined £3 16s. 6d., including costs.

Dunfermline Sheriff Court. Before Sheriff Shennan. Wm. Wotherspoon pleaded guilty to assaulting his two daughters. He struck one girl about the body and hit the other on the head with a poker, rendering her unconscious. The Sheriff said he was making his home miserable through drinking. Fined 10s. and bound over.

Bingham Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. T. B. T. Hildyard, H. Smith, R. M. Knowles, Colonel V. Wright, and Captain M. H. Hall. Wm. Parks, charged under the Poaching Prevention Act with being found in possession of a rabbit net and bag. Fined £5 and costs.

Worksop Police Court. Before Major Willey and Mr. R. L. Towne. John Hemstock, charged with stealing a jacket. One month.

Buckingham Police Court. Before Messrs. F. Adcock, J. W. Thorpe, and F. Duke. Charles Fenables, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. Fourteen days.

Kettering Police Court. Before Mr. J. T. Stockburn and other magistrates. George Turner and George Elmore, charged with trespassing in search of game. Fined £2 3s. each, or one month.

Reading Police Court. Before Mr. J. W. Martin and other magistrates. John G. Taylor, charged with stealing a coat. Three months.

Wellingborough Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. N. P. Sharman, J. Crew, C. J. K. Woolston, and other magistrates. Joseph Rich, charged with sleeping out. Seven days.

Chorley Petty Sessions. Before Mr. R. J. Crosse and other justices. James Snape and John Read, charged under the Poaching Prevention Act, with being found in possession of a rabbit and a net. Fined £2 each and costs.

Leicester Borough Police Court. Before the Mayor and Messrs. A. Ross, J. Storey, and G. J. B. Woolley. Elizabeth Agar, aged 45, a woman of no fixed abode, charged with behaving in a riotous manner. On a cold and wet morning she was sitting by a fire used by some municipal workman on a road which was "up." A policeman ordered her away, but she refused to go, and, it was alleged, became abusive and violent. One month.

The Metropolitan Magistrates are sadly unsympathetic towards Mr. T. Bowden Green and his designs for the "betterment of London." Last week T. B. G. appeared at Marlborough-street as the principal witness against two organ-grinders who had been disturbing the aristocratic repose of Berkeley-square. T. B. G. himself does not live in Berkeley-square yet, but he explained that, as the presiding genius of the Betterment of London Association, he had been called to the aid of one of his subscribers in the square, a lady who had been annoyed by the defendants. As the lady did not think it worth while to come from Berkeley-square to Marlborough-street to testify her annoyance, Mr. Kennedy dismissed the summons. He was even so unkind as to tell T. B. G. in the course of the proceedings that he was "too interfering."

Not the least interesting feature in the case was Bowden Green's denial in cross-examination that he makes anything out of the Betterment of London Association. He goes to Berkeley-square from South Kensington, has an altercation with two ferocious Italians, takes out a summons, and attends at the hearing, in the capacity of

"simply an honorary officer." The world, and the subscribers, are to understand that he is ready to do all this on occasion from pure love of London and hatred of organ grinding. What a philanthropist! As a matter of fact, the manner in which the "honorary officer" makes his profit out of the "Association" is public property, and was long ago fully explained in these columns.

At the Sussex Assizes on Monday William Henry Hawkins, the quack trading at Brighton under a number of aliases in which he usually figured as a clergyman, was sentenced to three months' hard labour for obtaining money by false pretences. It is a light sentence, but Mr. Justice Lawrence appears to have given special consideration to the fact that the prisoner had more or less openly carried on his business for many years without being called to account. There certainly has been an inexcusable delay in bringing this old rascal to justice. His business was notoriously fraudulent, besides being extremely mischievous in other ways, and the case involves several points of public interest—particularly in regard to the part the press played in the swindle—upon which I propose to say something more next week.

There was a reversal at the Middlesex Sessions on Saturday of the decision of the local magistrates in one of the recent prosecutions for rabbit coursing at Hounslow. The defendants were charged under the Lord's Day Observance Act of 1781 with maintaining a disorderly place and taking part in a common nuisance. The magistrates reluctantly came to the conclusion that the rabbit coursing did not constitute an offence within the meaning of the statute; but the R.S.P.C.A. took the case to the Sessions, and there the defendants, on the advice of their counsel, pleaded guilty to the common nuisance count of the indictment. One of them remarked that this was "taking away the liberty of working men." I am sure, however, that it is a libel on all but an extremely insignificant minority of working men to suppose that they have any sympathy whatever with the brutal and degrading so-called "sport" of rabbit coursing. Sir Ralph Littler bound the defendants over to come up for judgment if called upon, but any future offenders could not, of course, expect to be dealt with so leniently, and, in view of the severity of the penalties to which they would be liable, it may be hoped that the last has now been heard of this cruel and disgraceful form of Sunday entertainment.

One of the most remarkable swindles that has ever been dealt with in the columns of TRUTH is that carried on in the name of "Dorey, Lester, and Co.," at 25, Winchester-avenue, Kilburn. I have just heard of this firm again from the West Indies. The victim, who, like all the rest, had been caught by one of Dorey, Lester, and Co.'s circulars, forwarded early in last January 13s. 6d. in payment for one of their "celebrated chronograph stop watches," and has never to this day been able to obtain either the watch or any answer to his complaints, or is he ever likely to. Inquiry of the Post Office shows that the postal order remitted was cashed a few weeks after it was despatched.

This game has been, to my knowledge, carried on systematically for something like ten years past, if not longer. The man who calls himself "Dorey, Lester, and Co." obtains from one source or another the names and addresses of people in India and the Colonies, sends out his circulars, receives a constant stream of money from all parts of the world, and never attempts to execute the orders. He does not even take the trouble of offering an excuse or answering complaints. But as the sums are small it is not worth the while of anybody to go to the expense of prosecuting him; and, as a matter of fact, no single victim would have any chance of securing a conviction, even if he came to London from Jamaica or Australia for that purpose, for, of course, in order to prove the fraud it would be necessary to obtain the evidence of a large number of victims.

It is very strange that there should be no public machinery available to stop an organised system like this of robbing people in distant parts of the Empire; and I suggest to people who hanker after Imperial Federation and such like vanities, that there is here a good opportunity of doing something really useful. All that seems to be required is a little federation of the police systems and the criminal courts of the Mother Country and the colonies. Until that comes about, I suppose that this scoundrel in Kilburn will continue to draw a handsome annual income from our colonial kinsfolk. It might, however, do something to cut down his profits if Indian and colonial papers would copy this paragraph and republish it from time to time. Extracts from TRUTH are profusely reproduced in the newspapers of all English-speaking countries; but I cannot say that the passages which my contemporaries honour me by reprinting are always those likely to be most useful to their readers. I am sorry to say that I suspect lack of moral courage has something to do with this.

On Wednesday last justice overtook another of the interminable procession of swindlers who come up for notice in these columns—Mr. Duke William Bullard, late of 217, Piccadilly. This rascal, having withdrawn his plea of "not guilty," was sentenced by Mr. Loveland-Loveland to twenty-one months' hard labour, and the sentence was none too heavy, for it turns out that the prisoner had been convicted in 1903 of a similar fraud. The story of Bullard's swindle was fully told in a series of articles which appeared in TRUTH in July last, and will doubtless be in the recollection of many of my readers.

Bullard had taken over a scholastic agency originally started in Sackville-street by Messrs. Schofield and Jessop; and he set to work last spring to obtain fees in all directions from the proprietors of private schools by dangling before their eyes mythical youths, sons of equally mythical parents, who had commissioned him to find schools for them, and were said to be ready to pay like millionaires for suitable accommodation. A pair of Afrikander boys baited the hook in a number of cases; in others he used two Chilian youths, and in others a couple of French Canadians.

Four cases were actually proved by the prosecution in which fees ranging from £3 17s. 6d. to £5 11s. had been obtained by this simple process; but several other men had paid their money, and the trick had been tried on a great many more, probably on nearly every schoolmaster in the kingdom who struck Bullard as a likely man for his purpose.

I am glad to have been instrumental in bringing this rascal to justice, not only for the sake of the scholastic profession, who are—temporarily, at any rate—delivered from his attentions, but also for the sake of the two gentlemen whose names he had been making free with. He seems to be a peculiarly plausible impostor, and not the least impudent feature in his proceedings was his assumption of the personality of Mr. Jessop, and his claim to be closely related to a distinguished cricketer. But the gratitude of the profession is due to the police and to one or two gentlemen who originally moved in the matter, quite as much as to me. I cannot say that all the victims have shown a very enthusiastic zeal to assist the course of justice; indeed, had it not been for the vigorous action of the police, who boldly arrested Bullard and then insisted on the witnesses coming forward, the man would never have been punished at all. Although schoolmasters were very ready to denounce him to me, when it was a question of raising a little money to prosecute him they all began with one accord to make excuse. I should think it would be a good thing if some professional association were formed, not merely to act in a case of this kind, but to look after the interests of the profession generally.

Several letters have been addressed to me in reference to my comments last week on the action of the Isle of Wight County Bench at Ryde in the case of some youths charged with disorderly behaviour in the village of St. Helens on the night of November 5. I am assured that there is no foundation for the idea that the severity of the magistrates was in any way due to their resentment at the introduction into the Guy Fawkes' celebration of various references to a sentence that had been passed upon a man for poaching a rabbit. It is suggested, indeed, that in this connection the rabbit has played the part of a red herring across the trail, the personal feeling of some of the magistrates in the case being attributable to other circumstances. However that may be, there is nothing whatever in the correspondence I have received to modify my opinion that the fines of £4 each and costs which were imposed on these youths were monstrously excessive.

One member of the Bench, Colonel Gore-Browne, publicly expressed his disagreement with the decision. I am now told that he knew nothing about the case, because, forsooth, he did not retire with his fellow magistrates to consider the decision! But he had heard the evidence, and I am afraid that some of the magistrates who adjudicated in this affair do not appreciate the fact that it is upon the evidence alone, not upon any extraneous knowledge or prejudice, that their judgment should be based. It is an open secret in the neighbourhood that, in addition to Colonel Gore-Browne, the Chairman of the Bench, Mr. W. A. Glynn, and at least one other magistrate were strongly opposed to the infliction of such outrageously heavy penalties for a comparatively trivial offence. I believe that it was mainly owing to the insistence of certain ex officio J.P.s that those penalties were inflicted, and their conduct in the matter undoubtedly bears an ugly appearance of vindictiveness.

During the past week or so I have been favoured with sundry copies of a disreputable publication called the *National Sportsman*, containing what is described as "A Crushing Exposure of the Turf's Harpies." Clearly there is no honour among thieves of this class. For shameless mendacity and impudent swindling, none of the touting tipsters and other rogues denounced in this article can hold a candle to the proprietor of the *National Sportsman*. His name is Beston. He is especially down on those of his fellow-tricksters who use half a dozen or so different names; yet in this very paper—one of several of the same kind that he issues—he advertises and puffs himself as a tipster under more than twenty aliases with accommodation addresses in Birmingham and the neighbourhood. The fraudulent operations of this rascal alone, to say nothing of the rest of the fraternity, would be sufficient justification for that complete suppression of tipsters' advertisements and circulars which was recommended to Parliament by the Select Committee on Betting.

The racing tipster who gives away a tip generally gives away himself as well. J. Moore, 34, Leigh-road, Westcliff-on-Sea, did so last week in a circular recommending a plunge on Isabelita at Warwick. "Put all you can afford on," said Moore, "she is a certainty." For this advice he would be content with "a present out of your winnings," but for the name of "a good long-priced winner" at Manchester he required a payment in advance. The "certainty" at Warwick failed to come off, and at first sight it is difficult to perceive how a turf oracle can afford to discredit himself in this gratuitous manner. It is, of course, a gamble. In any event he can probably count upon getting remittances from some impetuous simpletons who will not wait to see the result of the free tip, and if that tip happens to prove correct—the least reliable prophet sometimes chances upon a winner—he will reap a reward sufficient to compensate him for many failures. Besides, he can, if he likes, ring the changes on the names of all the horses in a race, and by predicting the success of each in turn to different sets of clients make sure that he will get a certain proportion of "presents."

Some one calling himself Ralph Vivian, Esq., 80, Wigmore-street, Cavendish-square, W., has a new and original moneylending advertisement in the *Morning Post*. "Mr. Vivian," says the advertisement, "being an Eton and Oxford man, treats borrowers like gentlemen. No fees. Beware of usurers using misleading names; see them and be enlightened, *et nasis et conditionibus*." Mr. Vivian is evidently a wag. I suspect, however, that the would-be borrower who applies to him will find that he will have to pay through the nose, notwithstanding the fact that he is not dealing (in the first instance) with

a Hebrew. Only once before have I come across a moneylender, or, rather, a moneylender's tout, who professed to be an Eton and Oxford man. He turned out to be one of the most rapacious harpies in the West End, and I shall not be surprised if the same discovery is made in the case of Ralph Vivian, Esq. Anyhow, I commend him to the attention of the police, inasmuch as he is liable to prosecution and conviction for trading as a moneylender without being registered in accordance with the Moneylenders Act.

"Ernest Gaskell, Author," late Manning Press, has adopted the "follow-up letter" system of advertising. In a recent communication from his retreat at Graylands, Langley, Bucks, he writes:—

> I am very disappointed at not yet having been favoured with your kind response to my last, and I am naturally very anxious to have the new high-class County Illustrated Work on "Lancashire Leaders: Social and Political," as complete as possible, and I do strongly feel that so prominent and respected a county gentleman as yourself ought to be included in it.
>
> As I previously mentioned, the Lord-Lieutenant of the County, the Right Hon. the Earl of Derby, K.G., is supporting this work, etc., etc.

The gentleman to whom this is written, being a modest medical practitioner, does not appreciate the importance of being included among the "Lancashire Leaders," especially when it involves the necessity of ordering numerous copies of the work at the compiler's extortionate price. But no doubt there are many Lancashire flats sufficiently impressed with their own position as prominent and respected county gentlemen to pay their money for the distinction which Manning Press offers them. It would be interesting to know whether Lord Derby really is supporting this venerable humbug in his raid upon Lancashire people, and whether he approves of the use that is being made of his name as a bait for other victims.

A correspondent at Weston-super-Mare describes an interview that he had the other day with a man who apparently travels regularly in that part of the country for the purpose of victimising those who are short of sight or hard of hearing. The man, who gives the name of Hamilton, "baits his pitch" in advance by a distribution of circulars from house to house, and then follows with a personal visit. His object seems to be to sell expensive spectacles or artificial ear drums. In my correspondent's case, having ascertained that he was dealing with a deaf gentleman, the visitor tried ear drums. He wanted two guineas for a pair of these articles, but, after negotiation, went so far as to offer them at 10s. 6d. down, and 10s. 6d. when cured. When the deaf gentleman declined to part with any money until he had tested the value of the things, the visitor became cheeky and departed. Doubtless, they were the same articles which can be bought any day for three or four shillings, and this man, who appears to do a considerable business in different parts of the country, is evidently of the same class as the various vendors of similar articles who do their trade by means of newspaper advertisements.

Among the many home-employment concerns about which I have recently had inquiries is the Hamilton Stencil Company, of 43, Dunkeld-street, Poplar. As may be easily judged from the name, this firm offers employment at the old business of cutting out stencils, and, as usual, it asks for a preliminary payment of 1s. 5d. to cover cost of advertising, postage, etc., although "we do not ask you to pay for materials." The advertisements for people who will take up this work and pay the preliminary 1s. 5d. have been appearing in various parts of the country, although if the offer were genuine one would suppose that there was an unlimited supply of workers available close to the company's own doors at Poplar. Advertisements of similar work have been common for many years past, but I never heard of anybody who got any satisfactory employment out of it, nor do I suppose that the unemployed will fare better at the hands of the Hamilton Stencil Company than their predecessors in the same line. Probably this is only one of the old advertisers under a new name.

It constantly happens that people employed as collectors for obscure or more or less fraudulent charities leave their employer to start in business for themselves. There is nothing surprising in this, for the temptation to do so must often be irresistible, and I only wonder that anybody can be found to collect for somebody else when it is so easy to collect for yourself. Many instances of this tendency in the world of charity—I believe "fissiparous" is the correct term for it in the world of science—have been mentioned in TRUTH. I have just come across another. Some of my readers may remember two females named Allen and Eagles, who for many years subsisted on a home for children which they kept going in Kennington. It was mentioned in these columns a few months ago that these two ministering angels had dissolved partnership, and that Eagles was making an attempt to carry on the business, having come into possession of one or two children when the assets of the firm were divided. It seems that this event threw out of work another lady named King, who had been employed as a collector for Allen and Eagles; and thereupon the idea of starting "on her own" occurred to Mrs. King. Consequently she now figures in the roll of charitable agencies as "The Samaritan Benevolent Fund: A. King, Superindendent," of Prince's-road, Kennington.

Having learned this last fact, and being always interested in new forms of charitable effort, I sent one of my staff to visit the Samaritan Benevolent Fund. He found it located in a cats'-meat shop. Mr. King is by trade a vendor of cats'-meat. While he cheers the lives of the cats of Kennington, his better half aspires to do the same thing for the children. She informed my representative that she rents a cottage at Ramsgate, and that during last summer she took sundry children down there for a week or two's outing. She produced a photograph of the house with children in the foreground—ocular evidence of the bona fides of her efforts She also stated that, like every one else in the same line of business, she distributes free meals. Free meals from a cats'-meat shop might not appeal to every taste—except among Mr. King's regular customers—but inquiry would probably show that this branch of Mrs. K.'s activity is conducted on vegetarian principles. The lady, of course, makes no pretence of having any committee, or keeping any

books. She collects what money she can get, and it may be taken for granted that the business is profitable. I do not know whether the cats'-meat business was in a bad way when the Samaritan Benevolent Fund was tacked on to it, but it looks to me as if Mr. and Mrs. King had been inspired by the example of the *Times* Book Club. The principle, at any rate, is very similar.

SOAPY-SHINDY.

(With apologies to T. Campbell).

To Moonshine, when the lights were low,
Did certain soap-producers go,
And cheery was the facial glow
Of L—v—r, smiling placidly.

But Moonshine saw another sight,
When sudden was illumed the night,
And floods of inconvenient light
Were turned on unexpectedly;

When all the little plans they'd made
To corner and to smash the trade
Were to the public eye displayed,
Exceeding inconsiderately;

And ruthless was the curtain riven
Which hid the ends for which they'd striven,
So that, in self-defence, they're driven
To—hem—romance most desp'rately.

They vowed, they did, this soapy co.,
That they had never meant, you know,
To form a wicked trust; or so
Said L—v—r, tongue-in-cheek-ily

But people aren't so easy "done,"
Or not the groc'ry Trade for one,
Which begged its customers to shun
Port Sunshine's produce, ruthlessly.

Exclaiming: "On, ye public brave!
Fight shy of every Soap Trust knave;
Else means it competition's grave,
And soap at prices faminy."

So did they Trust with Boycott meet,
Till L—v—r had to own defeat,
And execute a prompt retreat
From Combination's citadel.

Mr. Arnold Lupton, M.P., has sent me for publication another letter with reference to the German gipsies, but I think that I have already given sufficient space to his exposition of his peculiar views on this subject, and a continuance of the discussion seems to be quite unnecessary. I hold that such undesirable aliens as these gipsies ought to be excluded from the country. Mr. Lupton, on the other hand, would not exclude them or any other strangers—in fact, he considers that the German gipsies should be hospitably received. He reiterates his opinion in the present letter, I stick to mine—and really nothing more need be said.

It seems to be generally admitted now that vice exists in the Transvaal Chinese compounds such as would not be tolerated in any civilised community, either in Europe or in America. When the mine-owners induced the Government to aid them in bringing over Chinese labourers to South Africa, the Liberal Party protested, and pointed out what would be the consequence. The reply was to deny that things would be as they have turned out, and to explain that the country needed cheap labour, and this could only be obtained from China. In vain the Liberals protested, and in vain our great colonies—most of which had had an experience of these Orientals—protested. Then came the General Election. By an overwhelming majority the verdict went in favour of the Liberals and against the Unionists and their Milnerian allies.

Official inquiry has now confirmed all that was suspected. So shocking is Mr. Bucknill's report that it cannot be published. The importation of Chinese coolies had already been stopped, but not only was it laid down that those already in the Transvaal must remain until their term of contract had expired, but there was a further large importation under licences which the late Government had granted when it had already determined to resign, and the mining millionaires are doing their utmost to perpetuate the system, in which they seem to be supported by the Unionist Rump that has found shelter in St. Stephen's.

Apart from all political or commercial considerations, the Chinese compounds must at once be broken up. On this the country is determined, whatever may be the opinion of Lord Elgin or any other member of the Government or of the House of Commons. Of this I am perfectly certain: if the removal of the Chinese can only be effected by spending public money, the taxpayers are prepared to meet that expenditure. So soon as the ships can be provided, and the necessary arrangements made, these unsavoury chattels must be sent back to their own Flowery Land. Neither must we continue a system fraught with such unutterable iniquity one day longer than is absolutely needful, or hand over such a damning system to the Transvaal when it becomes a self-governing colony. All other considerations must yield to the paramount obligation to tolerate no such doings under the British flag, and under an officially recognised system.

There were once certain cities situated in the Valley of the Jordan. According to what we are told is a divinely inspired record, those cities were destroyed by the act of the Almighty, and of their population only the patriarch Lot and his family were allowed to escape. If the question had been left to the decision of the wealthy citizens, I have no doubt that many arguments would have been put forward in regard to the sanctity of property, the loss to the Exchequer, etc., involved in so drastic a remedy. But I hardly think that other neighbouring cities would have pleaded for the preservation of Sodom and Gomorrah on the ground that labour could be obtained there cheap, or would have entered into arrangements to import the natives into their midst under the security of confinement in compounds. Yet this was the course adopted by the late Government and by the Transvaal mine-owners. According to English law, no immoral contract can be enforced. But in this case the immoral contract was entered into with the aid and approval of

"TRUTH" will be sent weekly to any address in the United Kingdom for 7s. for 3 months; 14s. for 6 months; or 28s. for 12 months. The subscription for all countries included in the Postal Union is, 3 months, 7s. 8d.; 6 months, 15s. 4d.; 12 months, £1 10s. 8d. All subscriptions are payable in advance, and cheques and P.O.O.s should be made payable to the MANAGER, "Truth" Building, Carteret-street, S.W.

our Government, and we must pay the price of having had such a Government.

Not that I believe that in the long run the Transvaal will suffer by the Chinese chattels being at once shipped off. Experience has shown that, far from the chattels leading to increased work for white men, it has had the contrary result. At present it would seem that the large majority of whites, whether Boers or Britons, are opposed, not only on moral, but on economic, grounds, to Chinese contract labour. Its supporters seem to be limited to the mine-owners and their dependants. But these persons constitute an oligarchical plutocracy, and our former experience of them has shown that they will stick at nothing when their monetary interests are concerned. Of late questions have been asked in the House of Commons as to the fall in the value of property in the Transvaal since the present Government came into office. If this be an argument, it seems to be forgotten by the inquirers that there was a still heavier fall during and after the war. The mines had been over-capitalised. Some were intrinsically good, others utterly bad. By the usual machinery of the Stock Exchange, the price of these shares had been forced up to an absurd figure. One of the great difficulties in the way of working them profitably was the labour question, and this was only possible if labour could be obtained at a servile price.

On the war ending, the mine-owners announced that the pittance paid to Kaffirs would be reduced. There is little doubt that this was deliberately done to pave the way for Chinese labour. If slavery were established, the mines would very possibly pay handsomely until outraged public opinion swept away slaves and slave-owners. To ask, therefore, whether there has been a fall in the price of Transvaal mining shares since a Liberal Government came into office is as absurd as to ask whether coal-mines would not pay larger dividends were Chinese chattel labour to replace that of Englishmen, who secure good tr eatment by their trade unions, and whether many new seams too poor to work might not be worked profitably.

What surprises me is that, having already seen the results of their misguided policy and of their subordination of morality and political economy to a gang of cosmopolitan money-grabbers, the Unionists do not admit that they have been in fault, and that instead of doing this they should render themselves still more unpopular by endeavouring to maintain their unholy alliance with these persons.

THE MAN WHO WANTED IT BOTH WAYS.

A Bankrupt, so I once heard say,
Had put some Money safe away,
(As Bankrupts, if Reports be true,
Have now and then been known to do),
Which, that he might secure the same,
From any creditorial Claim,
Our wily Debtor solemn vows
Is strictly settled on his Spouse.
  Now, whether such, in Fact, 's the Case,
Or not, have I no Means to trace;
I only know that in this Way
He kept his Creditors at bay.
And whensoe'er they fumed or fussed,
He swore the Funds were held in Trust,
And o'er them—yea, upon his Soul!—
He'd not the very least Control;
In short, a Puppet mere was he,
Subservient to his Wife's Trustee.
  But when his Wife's Trustee would thrust
His Fingers in this so-called "Trust,"
Then did our Debtor change his Ground,
And shift the Case entirely round.
  "Hands off! That Money, Sir, I own.
'Tis not my Wife's. 'Tis mine, alone!"
  To whom replied the said Trustee:
"Nay, Friend, both Ways it cannot be.
It is beyond Dispute, I wot,
That these are Trust-Funds, or they're not;
And if they are, why, then 'tis clear
They lie in my controlling Sphere.
But if they're not in my Control,
Your Creditors can claim the Whole.
  "Who pleads the Privilege of Trust
Submit to its Restrictions must.
While he who claims a Fund to be
His own, from such Restrictions free,
Must with the Good, in Freedom's Scales,
Take eke the Bad that countervails.
But have he can't—upon my troth!—
The Good, yet 'scape the Bad, of Both."

Moral.

When Men cry out, in Language strong O,
Against Oppression in the Congo,
A certain Monarch, 'cute and "slim,"
Protests it's naught to do with *him*,
And says our Wrath should all be spent
Upon the Belgian Government.
  But when that Government makes Claim
The Congo's Laws anew to frame,
He asks them how the Deuce they dare
To meddle in what's *his* Affair.

SCRUTATOR.

POLITICIANS AND PENSIONS.

I UNDERSTAND the feeling of the Labour man who scoffs at sympathetic speeches by Prime Ministers and Chancellors of the Exchequer on the old-age pensions question—Mr. Keir Hardie, for instance, who says that the declarations made by those functionaries last week are worth just as much as those made by Mr. Chamberlain in 1895, no more and no less. This question, as we know, is a "hobby" of Mr. Chamberlain's. A hobby generally means something at which a man works with some visible result. There is not as much visible result of Mr. Chamberlain's devotion to this hobby as of his cultivation of orchids. Mr. Balfour put old-age pensions into his election-card programme in the year 1900, and there he has left it all the years that have followed. Mr. Asquith now tells the Labour men that "nothing is nearer his heart" than the solution of the same problem. The Prime Minister is not only sympathetic, but he explained to last week's deputation the exact lines on which he would deal with the problem. When? Well, "time and money" make it impossible to name the day just at present.

Platonic sympathy of this kind, without any evident intention of translating it into action, does as little good to the sympathiser as to the objects of his sympathy.

Less, indeed, for it exposes him to ridicule and distrust. It is the habit of trifling with questions on which the working classes are intensely in earnest that has discredited the leaders of both the old political parties with the working classes, and brought the Labour Party into existence. A large and growing section of the electorate is sick of the "sympathy" of Liberals and Conservatives, and determined to rely on itself alone for the attainment of the objects that it is really concerned about. I do not say that the Prime Minister and Mr. Asquith intend to follow the example of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour in the matter of old-age pensions. But unless they mean to tackle the question while they are in power, they would have done better to say frankly that they consider it beyond them. If they intend to tackle it, they would have done better to pledge themselves definitely without any reservations on the score of time or money. The financial difficulty about old-age pensions is, of course, formidable, but what makes it useless as an argument to working men is that there is no difficulty about getting any amount of money for any purpose that is admitted to be necessary. We raised 250 millions to rescue the mining magnates from the domination of Mr. Kruger, and it only cost us a temporary pinch. We spend over sixty millions annually on the Army and the Navy, and it does not seem to hurt us very seriously. Less than half this last amount would settle the old-age pensions question. Such facts as these naturally impress the people to whom old-age pensions are a matter of pressing personal necessity. When, therefore, the leading lights of both political parties recognise the justice of the demand and profess a burning desire to grant it, but go on to plead that they do not know where the money is to come from, those whom they address conclude that they are insincere and that their sympathy is all humbug. I do not see how any other conclusion is possible. If the thing can be done, and the men who have the power to do it declare that it ought to be done at once, that it is, as Mr. Asquith said last week, a matter of immediate urgency, they must expect to be blamed if it is not done.

I suppose that the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer have read the article by Mr. Masterman, M.P., on "Liberalism and Labour" in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*. But the passage in it which refers to the financial difficulties in the way of the social reforms demanded by the Labour Party is worth quoting in this connection. Mr. Masterman thus describes the position in which the working-man finds himself:—

> He is being told to-day that the things which he desires require money, and that it is impossible for the money to be obtained. Frankly, he does not believe it. He sees all round him evidence of an almost incredible accumulation—opulence, comfort, and luxury, such as the world has never before known. Every day he can learn of legacies of hundreds of thousands left by the successful to their descendants. Every week a millionaire dies Twenty or thirty of these legacies would provide old age pensions for all. Statistics are endorsed by his leaders showing what unequal percentage of the national income goes into the hands of the few; or, for example, how during all the time of the war, while he suffered from unemployment, the accumulation of the income-tax payer steadily advanced to its present astonishing dimensions. At the same time he is being assured by the politician that there is no means of getting at this wealth for the common good. He is told that any extravagant hope of an income from taxation of land is inevitably doomed to failure; that a graduated income-tax would be scarcely worth the trouble of collection; that the country is already staggering under a burden of taxation greater than it can bear.

When a Chancellor of the Exchequer declares that nothing is nearer his heart than to present to the House of Commons a scheme of taxation by which old-age pensions will be provided, the foregoing passage seems to indicate the only direction in which he can go to work with any prospect of success. It is true that there is another, which was pointed out by Mr. Chamberlain three years ago—namely, the provision of the money out of protective duties on imported goods. I see that the *Outlook* this week sheds a tear over the abandonment of this seductive notion, which was dropped by its inventor, like a hot potato, almost as soon as he got hold of it. The principal objection to such a scheme from the purely working-class point of view is that under it the pensioners would be the chief contributors to their own pensions. Working men are, therefore, not likely to swallow this bait to the tariff reform hook until they have been persuaded that the foreigner will pay all import duties—including duties on maize and bacon. They want a scheme under which the charge for pensions will be levied upon the accumulated profits of industry, referred to in the above passage by Mr. Masterman. There is justice in their view as well as expediency or self-interest. The scheme, therefore, which is nearest Mr. Asquith's heart must be a scheme for taxing large accumulations of wealth in private hands. There is only one difficulty in the way of producing such a scheme at once, as far as I can see, and that is lack of courage. Without the necessary courage the thing will never be done, for thirty millions per annum will never fall down from heaven into the lap of any Chancellor of the Exchequer. But just as politicians lack the courage to tackle the problem effectually, so they lack the courage to declare outright that they will not tackle it. The question is thus kept perpetually open; and working-men are perpetually bidden to live on hope. Who can wonder or blame them if they declare war on both parties impartially and resolve to have a party of their own which they can trust and which is not afraid of anybody?

IS THE KAISER A SYNDICATE?

[Although I am not in a position to answer personally for the accuracy of the information contained in the following article, I may say that it is contributed by a gentleman in whom I have perfect confidence. His position in relation to the Court and Diplomatic circles of the principal capitals of Europe gives him a knowledge of State secrets second to that of no journalist employed to instruct the public in such matters.—Ed. Truth.]

Ever since the publication of the Hohenlohe Memoirs it has been felt in Germany that the Kaiser cannot be quite himself. The incomprehensible mildness with which he accepted their appearance, the fact that nobody concerned was shot, or even imprisoned, for *Majestätsbeleidigung*, these strange variations from his usual behaviour when anything displeases him, have made the bewildered

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais. First-class. Numerous Self-contained Suites, with Private Bath-Rooms, etc. Central Heating. Renowned Cuisine and Cellars. Large Park.

German ubiquitously murmur, when there was no policeman within hearing: "Surely this cannot be our own Kaiser?" And, from information which has just reached me from a high source, I am able to say that it is not. The Kaiser, as a matter of fact, is not quite himself; what is more, he has not been for a number of years past. The secret has been well kept, and it is only now beginning to leak out, and the conditions under which I have been put in possession of the real facts compel me to give them under all reserve. The Kaiser, then, is not a man, he is a combination—or, as the Germans have it, a *Cartel*—and his apparently inexplicable behaviour in the matter of the Hohenlohe Memoirs is due to the recent demise of one of his directors—so to put it—and the appointment of a successor not yet quite familiar with his new duties.

To understand the exact position of affairs we must first realise the extremely practical nature of the German people, and especially of the late Prince Bismarck—the typical arch-Prussian, or German *Übermensch*. We must also remember the social and political conditions prevalent in the United States, for it was thence that the prescient genius of Bismarck originally got his idea of a joint-stock Emperor. He realised then, as the rest of us are only now beginning to realise, that the future of America was as a despotic Empire, ruled by a many-headed potentate made up of such various personalities as Rockefeller, Vanderbilt, Boss Murphy, and so on—a union of Trust magnates, in fact. The Iron Chancellor had no sooner mastered the idea than he began to improve upon it. Germany did not want an oligarchy, but an Emperor. He realised, again, that no single man is capable of satisfactorily performing all the duties of an up-to-date representative monarch of the first class, of being at once and the same time tinker (of constitutions), tailor, soldier, sailor, scientist (which includes artist), agriculturist, and, if necessary for the good of the country, thief. With his usual Machiavellian cunning, Bismarck set at once to work towards the desired end. Remembering that Louis XI. of France called his barber to be his adviser on affairs of State, Bismarck at once took council with the Imperial hairdresser. He needed some one present fact which should symbolise the Imperial power, some golden thread of identity which, running through all the various human items which he proposed should be welded into one Imperial whole, should make them one and all recognisable to the common people. With the aid of the hairdresser he evolved the Kaiser moustache, a symbol at once appropriate and unique, typical in form of the upward soaring pretensions of the German Empire, easily recognisable even by the least intelligent as being the one salient feature of the Imperial face—without which none were genuine. This agreed upon, the hairdresser began to train up the moustaches of the youthful Wilhelm in the way they should go, the Chancellor to prepare all things for his *coup*. He set about rumours of his own approaching downfall; he pulled all the appropriate wires as none but he knew how to pull them, and when the moment came he struck—struck home. Thus at the very moment when England—deceived by a cartoon in *Punch*, the insertion of which Bismarck had obtained by who shall say what devious by-path of diplomacy—was lamenting over the dropping of the blood-and-iron pilot, that astute statesman had his nominal master under close arrest, and had set up the heavily-moustached syndicate in his place. The genuine Kaiser he imprisoned at the fortress of Spandau, near Berlin, where he has since remained, and, to prevent any inconvenient inquiries, Bismarck gave out that the German war treasure was to be kept there, and must, of course, be guarded with the most meticulous care.

Ever since that date Germany has been governed by the Imperial syndicate—and, on the whole, governed well. For Bismarck had done his work admirably, and when he passed to his fathers it survived him. He had based his complex Emperor upon broadly democratic lines. All classes of the German people are included in the directorate. Thus one member is a Prussian "junker" who, when called upon, provides, to admiration, all necessary Imperial arrogance, and what, in humbler men, would be called bad manners. Another member was formerly a master tailor, of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, in a large way of business. He attends to the uniform department, frequently appearing in public in no less than twenty-four different costumes in the course of as many hours, doing it always with propriety and grace. Yet another member, who attends to the Imperial telegrams—as, for instance, that to President Kruger—was formerly a highly-placed Post Office official, who was also, in his leisure hours, a well-known minor poet. Still another, who spends his whole time travelling, and has gained for the syndicate the affectionate nick-name of "*Der Reise Kaiser*," was formerly courier to a well-known British dowager, recently deceased. Only one foreigner forms part of Wilhelm II.—an American—whose chief duties are to entertain American millionaires on the Imperial yacht at Kiel, and fraternise with them with that republican freedom which to a native-born German would be difficult, if not impossible.

Up to the present, the result of this far-sighted, statesmanlike measure of the Iron Chancellor has been, as I have said, in every way satisfactory. Occasionally, it is true, there have been rather violent inconsistencies in one or other of the various branches of the Imperial policy, and behaviour—due, in reality, to the death of some member of the syndicate, and reversal of his policy by his newly elected successor. But this, on the whole, has only served to give the proper suggestion of humanity to the complex Imperial figure, and to prove to the Germans that their beloved ruler is a man like themselves, and therefore capable of human weaknesses. Meanwhile, the great work of government goes on, and may be expected, *pace* the Social Democrats, to go on for ever, for the German Kaiser, as now constituted, has one great advantage over all other monarchs who have preceded him—he is immortal. Parts of him may—must, indeed, in the rational course of events—pass into the world of shadows, but their places will be filled up without the outer world being conscious of the change, and the great whole will continue as long as does the German Empire—a great, imperishable monument to the wisdom of the Great Chancellor.

Meanwhile, the genuine Simon Pure remains in his life-long imprisonment at Spandau, to which, I am glad to know, he has long since become reconciled, being, as my informant tells me, a person totally lacking in imagination, and caring only for the creature comforts, with which he is liberally provided by his custodians. Once, indeed, some years since, he did succeed in, for a time, eluding their vigilance, but as the far-seeing Bismarck had long since given orders that he was to be kept entirely clean-shaven, none of those to whom he declared his identity believed him anything more than a harmless lunatic, and after a little while he was recaptured and taken back to Spandau, where he has ever since remained.

THE INDIAN FAMILY PENSION FUND.

From time to time one hears growls from Service men over their contributions to the Indian Family Pension Fund, and the growls are re-echoed in the columns of TRUTH; but a letter which appeared a few weeks ago in the *Pioneer* brings out this grievance in a way which is very startling, and seems to me to convert the thing into a public scandal of the first magnitude. The writer gives the following account of the receipts and expenditure of the Fund for the five years ending March, 1898, extracted from an official publication. There is apparently an error of 2d. in the pence column of the first table, but this is presumably a printer's error:—

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.
Balance on March 31, 1893	639,617	6	3
Interest, April, 1893, to March, 1898	179,111	8	8
Total subscriptions, April, 1893, to March, 1898	314,596	14	10
Total receipts	1,133,325	9	11

PAYMENTS.

	£	s.	d.
Pensions and management, 1893 to 1898	126,017	14	7
Balance on March 31, 1898	1,007,307	15	4
Total	1,133,325	9	11

These figures almost take one's breath away. It will be seen that the interest on the investments of the Fund is more than £50,000 in excess of the whole expenditure on pensions and managerial expenses during these five years, which gives an average surplus from this source alone of £10,000 a year. The subscriptions, therefore, are not wanted at all for any purpose; yet during these five years the fund took from officers £314,596, or nearly another £63,000 a year for which it has no use. It is simply piling up capital at the rate of over £73,000 a year, and during these five years it actually accumulated over £367,000. Apparently, financial statements are published for periods of five years, but the writer of the letter states that he cannot find that the account due in 1903 has yet been issued. We can therefore only imagine what the position of the Fund is at the present moment.

It would seem that there have been complaints as to the meagreness of the benefits, particularly in regard to widows' pensions, as well as the burden of the subscriptions, and that these complaints have been officially considered by the Government, for the writer of the letter in the *Pioneer* goes on to say that "in the face of these figures the Secretary of State decided not to increase the pensions or to reduce the subscriptions, but to increase the subscriptions and leave the pensions the same. . . . The Secretary of State based his decision on the ground that it was necessary to place the Fund on a sound financial basis." I do not know who the Secretary of State may have been, or at what date this decision was given, but if it occurred any time since the year 1893 the decision would seem to have been based upon financial puritanism gone mad. At that date, as shown by the above account, the Fund actually had in hand a balance of £639,617, the interest on which was sufficient in itself to pay the whole of the annual outgoings. If that is not enough to place the Fund on a sound financial basis there is no such basis for any institution on the face of the earth at the present moment, from the Bank of England downwards. I suggest to Mr. Morley that he should at once place this Fund on a basis of common sense, and leave sound finance to take care of itself. It appears to be at present an engine for extorting from officers a heavy tax for no other purpose than to hoard it up uselessly; and the longer the process is continued the less is the probability that the money ever will be used. One has seen this sort of thing before now in the management of wealthy charities, where, instead of applying the gifts of the benevolent to the purposes for which they are given, "sound financiers" invest them and apply the interest only to those purposes. Their idea is to render the institution to some extent independent of the fluctuations of income to which it is liable if it depends only on current contributions to meet current expenses; but the principle is unsound from every other point of view but that of the financial pedant, because the donors' intentions are frustrated and the benefits that might be dispensed to-day are curtailed, in order to relieve the next generation of the task of meeting the wants that may arise in its own time. But an institution like the Indian Family Pensions Fund has not even the excuse for adopting this method which may be pleaded by a cautious financier managing a private charity, because its income is assured for all time, being drawn from forced contributions which the State levies upon its employees, and which it can increase at will should the financial necessity arise in time to come. There is not a shadow of excuse in such a case for accumulating an endowment in the shape of a reserve fund, or for levying upon the contributories a penny more than the sum required to make reasonable provision for current liabilities. The managers of the Indian Fund, however, have not merely acted on this principle, they have carried it to unexampled lengths. Year after year, for a generation past, they must have systematically exacted payments from the contributories out of all proportion to the calls upon the Fund, and in this way they had, so far back as 1893, accumulated an endowment which sufficed itself to meet all the charges upon the Fund, and put an end to all need for exacting further contributions. They have, nevertheless, continued to exact these contributions, and according to the letter above quoted, they have, in recent years, actually increased them, until they have

arrived at the point when they are accumulating every year a sum not very far short of what they spend. Whether one looks at the matter from the point of view of the beneficiaries or the contributories, this policy is equally unjust and indefensible. It is monstrous that with this vast annual income available, and no discoverable use for it, except useless hoarding, provision should not be made for all the widows and orphans on such a scale as would relieve them of all hardship. It is not less monstrous that men, the large majority of whom are of limited means and paying their way with difficulty, should be loaded with a heavy annual tax, nominally for the benefit of their prospective widows and orphans, when it is certain that not a penny taken from them will be applied to that purpose. It is difficult to speak with patience of the folly and iniquity of such a proceeding, for you are taking from the man money which he might himself apply for the benefit of his family in the event of his death, and thereby rendering his family worse off when he dies, while you withhold it from his family when the time of need arises, and add his money to your already useless accumulations. Indian officers should bestir themselves at once to stop this robbing of the living and dead in the name of "sound finance." They should insist that the whole of the income from the accumulated funds shall be applied year by year for the benefit of those who already have claims upon it; and they are quite entitled to ask that, as long as there is a sufficient assured income available to make a handsome provision for all the beneficiaries, further contributions to the fund should be suspended, or at least reduced to a merely nominal amount.

TIT-BITS FROM THE *TIMES* OFFICE.

It is difficult to keep pace with the activities of the *Times* advertisement department. I dealt last week with a wondrous manifesto which the advertising staff of an average newspaper office would have considered a sufficient effort for one year, at any rate. But the hustlers in Printing House Square never rest; as far as I can make out, they never take a day off. And each day's labour results in the production of some new scheme for putting salt on the tail of that coy bird, the British advertiser. Several fresh proofs of the unflagging zeal with which the chase is pursued have reached me during the week. One seductive circular is devoted to the matchless advantages of the *Times Engineering Supplement* as an advertising medium. All the principal firms in the engineering trade and the allied industries throughout the world are said to be regular subscribers to this publication. The statement is not limited to British firms, but applies equally to "the chief countries abroad." We are to conclude, therefore, that there are no engineering firms worth mentioning in France, Germany, Italy, America, Russia, and Japan who are not now regular subscribers to the *Times*. The circulation of the supplement, we are told, is greater than that of the *Times* itself, the supplement being also included in the weekly edition of the *Times*. It is, of course, easy to see that if the circulation of the *Times* be x and that of the weekly edition y, the circulation of the *Engineering Supplement* will be $x + y$, but in the absence of information as to the value of x, and also of y, it is not clear that the advertiser learns anything under this head which is of the slightest use to him. The advertiser is also told that not only has experience proved that advertising in the *Supplement* pays, but that he "obtains through it, as it is believed, a greater return for his money than by any other form of publicity." The important question here arises, who believes it? I do not; nor should I advise anyone else to. Appended to the circular is a sheet of testimonials from delighted advertisers. They are chiefly interesting as showing, though not for the first time, that the *Times*, in its desperate struggles for business, no longer disdains the artifices of the humblest advertiser of a "cure all" or a patent food. One misses the portraits of the writers of the testimonials, but no doubt they will come in time, together with the familiar style of heading:—"This Engineer says," or "This Firm of Cement Manufacturers swear," etc., etc. An interesting point is that one copy of this circular reaches me from a firm who are not engineers, and not even to be included by any stretch of the imagination among "the allied trades." The circular is apparently sent indiscriminately to anyone who has advertised in the *Times* just to remind him what a miraculous medium for advertising the *Times* is, and what a remarkably wide-awake party of "experts" are now looking after that branch of the business.

Then there is another printed circular for use in the case of ladies who are so misguided as to advertise in other papers for servants. It is dated from 376, Oxford-street, and begins:—

> Madam,—I observe that you are advertising for a servant.
>
> If you have not engaged a suitable candidate, I think you may be interested in the enclosed explanation of our new system of investigating servants' characters and selecting suitable candidates for vacant situations. . . . . [Here follows explanation of the *Times* registry office system.]
>
> When a servant is engaged, and not till then, a fee is charged, which includes the price of the advertisement in the *Times*, for which no payment is demanded until a servant is found.
>
> This system saves so much trouble to employers wanting servants that I think you will see the advantage of it to you; and in that case I shall be much obliged if you will fill up and return the enclosed form to me, enclosing no payment. . . . .

There is, of course, nothing new in this method of getting the names of customers on your books; it has been employed from time immemorial by servants' registry offices, and every lady who has advertised for a servant knows how they watch the newspaper columns for their prey. Nor is there anything new in the reiterated information that you need send no money till suited. It combines ordinary registry office practice with the seductiveness of the "send-no-money" trick, which used to be so effectual in inducing flats to order worthless goods from shady tradesmen. The novelty in the thing is that the *Times* should have sunk to the registry-office business; that it should condescend to scour the columns of its contemporaries in search of possible advertisers in the *Times*; that it should not scruple to coax away customers from other papers by offering to advertise for them on the principle of payment by results. I suppose there is no other paper in England, however desperate its straits, which would offer to publish advertisements on the terms that you only pay if you get a satisfactory reply. The *Times*, of course, only does it to get the

names of customers on the books of its registry office; just as it appeals, in the egregious circular published in TRUTH a few weeks ago, to servants who advertise in other papers to transfer their business to the *Times* office. But what a comment is this cadging for advertisements of the humblest description, and this use of the lowest trade tricks to take away advertisers from other papers, on the grandiloquent parade of the unrivalled advantages of the *Times* as an advertising medium, which appears in that curious pamphlet, "The Englishman's Opportunity," or in the circular puffing its Engineering Supplement! These things only bear out what I said last week, that every fresh effort of the *Times* advertisement department is directly calculated to defeat its own end. All alike show that the advertising business of the *Times* must be in a very bad way, as it necessarily must be while the circulation and influence of the paper are in the same condition. So far, therefore, from bringing advertisers to Printing House-square, they should, if rightly understood, act as danger signals to warn them from that treacherous neighbourhood. No newspaper which is worth advertising in has any occasion to advertise for advertisers.

As it is with the advertising department so it is with all branches of business in which the *Times* is at present engaged. The other day my attention was called by a dissatisfied customer to the sale of an edition of Dickens through the Book Club. After communicating with the publishers of the work, Messrs. Chapman and Hall, I find the facts to be these: Some time ago Mr. Jackson, of the firm of Hooper and Jackson, intimated to Messrs. Chapman and Hall that the *Times* Book Club wanted a cheap edition of Dickens's works. Messrs. Chapman and Hall agreed to produce a new edition at £2 2s. founded on a previous edition called the "Authentic Edition," issued at £5 5s. The new edition was to be printed from the same plates, so that it would be textually the same as the old, but on inferior and smaller paper, and was to contain only a limited number of the illustrations in the "Authentic Edition." It was to be sold at £2 2s., and the *Times* Book Club was to take 2,500 copies, unbound. All this was verbally agreed between Mr. Jackson and Messrs. Chapman and Hall. The latter never agreed that the Book Club was to have the whole edition, and accordingly they supplied a certain number of copies to the trade generally, calling it, I believe, the "Fellowship Edition." As soon as Mr. Hooper discovered that other firms were selling the book he objected, contending that the Book Club was to have it exclusively. Messrs. Chapman and Hall denied that there had been any such agreement. Thereupon Mr. Hooper informed them that he should undersell the trade, and proceeded to do so. On October 19, the *Times* advertised as "An Object Lesson in the Art of selling Books at a Small Price," the Complete Works of Dickens "at only 24s.," or in superior bindings at prices ranging up to 87s. 6d. From the price at which the books were sold by the publishers, the 24s. can be little if anything above cost price; at any rate, there is nothing like a margin of working trade profit on the sale. The edition is being sold at this price not as an ordinary commercial transaction, but either on the principle of "giving away" as an advertisement, or as a means of annoying and damaging the publishers and the bookselling trade—a tactical operation in the "war" which Mr. Hooper is conducting. To represent it as "an object lesson in the art of selling books at a small price" is, therefore, obviously mendacious clap-trap, and in order to carry out its tactical operation the Book Club has directly broken faith with the publishers. The purchaser who brought this matter under my notice considered that he had been "done," because he inferred from the *Times* advertisement that he was purchasing for 24s. an edition identical with the Authentic Edition at £5 5s. in everything except the reduced number of illustrations. In this he was at fault, because the advertisement was most carefully worded so as not to say as much as that. But that this was the impression conveyed to many people as well as my correspondent, I do not doubt, any more than I doubt that it was the impression which the writer of the advertisement sought to convey. I have no doubt on that point, because the same edition has been exhibited in the window of the Book Club with a notice that it was offered at less than one-fourth of the published price. The customer above mentioned, seeing this, stepped inside and inquired whether this was the edition published at £5 5s., and was told that it was—first by a young lady behind the counter, and then by a shop-walker. He then mentioned that he had a letter at home from the Book Club stating that the edition was published at £2 2s. The shop-walker insisted that it must be a mistake of the typist, and stuck to his five guineas. The customer went home and requested to be supplied with the five-guinea edition. Further correspondence followed, and the customer insisted upon an answer to the question whether the edition sent to him (which the Book Club has now re-christened the "Authorised Edition") was the Authentic Edition or not. Finally he got the answer that it was. Thus in the end the Book Club resorts to a deliberate falsehood in order to bear out the suggestion insidiously conveyed in the original advertisement. The whole transaction may be left to speak for itself. In relation to the publishers, the conduct of the *Times'* agents is of that nature which is sometimes called "smart," but will never be called "straight." In relation to the customer it degenerates, under pressure, into downright dishonesty. This is what the *Times* has come to in the hands of the hustlers.

One sees the same sort of thing everywhere and almost every day. One day last week Sir A. Conan Doyle wrote an indignant letter to the *Standard*, protesting against a letter from the *Times* Book Club which suggested that as his publishers, Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., would not supply them with his book, "Sir Nigel," he should exercise his right to purchase copies from his publishers at trade price, and let the Book Club have 1950 copies on the usual trade terms. Sir Conan Doyle is not, of course, the only author who has been approached with a similar proposal. Mr. Lane made public the case of Sir Frank Swettenham's book some time ago. I have before me a similar application to a well-known lady writer; and as the terms of the Book Club letter are identical in each case, it may be fairly assumed to be a circular which has been sent to all authors whose works the Book

Club cannot get, because it will not accept the publishers' terms in regard to underselling within six months of publication. "When you consider," says Sir Conan Doyle, "that this provision in the contract is a traditional courtesy for the convenience of the author in supplying his friends with copies, it seems hard to find a word which would express the meanness involved in using it as a weapon—or suggesting it as a weapon—against the publisher himself." It is. But the word "smart" will cover it again, and the present managers of the *Times*' enterprises aim at nothing higher.

Another proceeding on which opinions quite as strong as Sir Conan Doyle's are being expressed is the queer movement in aid of the Book Club which Mr. Henniker Heaton is engineering. This began with a meeting in the House of Commons called by that gentleman, at which a public or national "memorial" was framed. A number of literary M.P.s at once wrote to repudiate this meeting and its "memorial." Mr. Henniker Heaton has since been circulating the "memorial" from the Carlton Club, with a printed covering letter, bearing the address of that august institution. A member of the Club, writing to me on the subject, protests against the use of the Carlton Club for the purpose of furthering a trade dispute, and asks whether Mr. Henniker Heaton is a member of the *Times* Book Club; whether he has paid for the printing and postage of this circular, and for the stamped envelopes that are sent with it for the return of the "memorial"; or whether the *Times* Book Club has paid for them; and if so, whether the Carlton Club can be properly used as an address for the circulars of a business firm issued in furtherance of its trade interests, or, in the alternative, by a subscriber to a circulating library desirous of furthering the interests of himself and his fellow subscribers? These questions are for the Carlton Club, not me, to decide; but I agree with the inquirer, and others, that the use of any club in this way is a questionable proceeding. The use of the House of Commons in connection with the same business is a matter for the public to decide upon, and they can have no difficulty in doing so. The pretence which is set up in the "memorial," as in Mr. Henniker Heaton's covering letter, that the dispute between the Book Club and the publishers is a matter of great importance to the public, in which "it is our duty to support the *Times*," is transparent nonsense. The dispute concerns almost exclusively the subscribers to the Book Club and the booksellers. The interest of the public in it can only be indirect, and it is difficult to see how it can be on the side of the Book Club. Certainly the public sympathy is not on that side. Throughout the lengthy controversy on this question, I cannot remember that any single individual entitled to speak for the public has taken the side of the *Times*. Those who have done so have been in every case worth notice members of the Book Club, and naturally these individuals, having paid their money to get their books cheap, are indignant at the conduct of the publishers which threatens to prevent their getting the bargains they anticipated, though even among them a few have been found with sufficient sense and independence of judgment to recognise that their disappointment may be the fault of the Book Club managers rather than the publishers. It will be interesting to see how many non-subscribers to the Book Club sign Mr. Henniker Heaton's absurd memorial. Unless their names or numbers are given, this document will be nothing more than a repetition of the opinions of X.99, Y.999, and Z.9,999, whose effusions have filled the columns of the *Times* for several weeks past, and who are simply persons interested in a trade quarrel giving their opinions on the merits of the issue. Such a public "memorial," engineered by a disappointed subscriber to the Book Club, and inflated into fictitious importance by the pretence that it emanates from the House of Commons and the Carlton Club is a piece of elaborate bluff, in keeping with everything that comes from the *Times* Office in these days. The public is utterly sick of these attempts to impose upon it, and the *Times*, if it lives at all, will live to regret the day when it fell into the hands of the people who are making it so contemptible.

"TRUTH" AND "SACCO."

It has already been mentioned in TRUTH that Mr. C. H. Stevens, who achieved celebrity at Cape Town some time ago as the inventor of a consumption cure called "Sacco," having got into difficulties at that place, had betaken himself to Johannesburg, and had been prosecuted there for unlawfully practising medicine under the name of "The South African Institute of Medicine"—a name which in itself would be some evidence against him on such a charge. He was sentenced to a fine of £10 or one week's imprisonment. He appealed against this conviction, and I see from the last Cape papers to hand that the Supreme Court of the Transvaal has dismissed the appeal and upheld the conviction. The evidence stated by the magistrate makes it perfectly clear that Stevens had offered to treat patients, had on one occasion visited a patient's house for that purpose, and had on many occasions advised them at his office. He could therefore have had no expectation of succeeding in his appeal except on some legal quibble. The medical advice was given for the purpose of selling some stuff which he called "Lungsava"—probably "Sacco" under another and more seductive name.

I call attention to this case again, because the Sacco business is still being actively pushed by the people in London who have got this remedy from Stevens, and they are using in their advertisements extracts from one of the articles on Sacco which appeared in TRUTH in September, 1905. The circumstances under which that article was written were these: When the Sacco advertisements first appeared I commented unfavourably upon them, and also reprinted an unqualified denunciation of them which had been published in the *Lancet*. Stevens's London representatives then informed me that numbers of medical men in different parts of the country had been induced to experiment on their patients with Sacco, and that some of them were reporting favourably upon it. This having been proved to my satisfaction, I had no alternative but to give the vendors of the stuff the benefit of these medical opinions; but I took care to point out at the same time that the medical opinions

were very far from bearing out the extravagant claims made on behalf of Sacco, and I expressly said that there was nothing to show that the stuff was anything more than a good cough mixture, while it was certain that to hold it up as "an absolute cure" for consumption was utterly unjustifiable.

Now, when an article written under these circumstances, and with these qualifications and limitations, is reprinted for the purpose of advertising the article referred to in it, it ought to be reprinted in full. The Sacco people have reprinted only such passages as suit their purpose. They preface the extracts they give with the statement that—

> Mr. Labouchere investigated, with the aid of ten well-known medical men, the merits of Sacco and the character of our business, and in a lengthy article in TRUTH, September 14, 1905, he gives the net result of his investigations. The following is an extract:—

In every particular these words are false and misleading. Mr. Labouchere had nothing to do with it. No investigation of the merits of Sacco and the character of the business was undertaken by him or any one else connected with TRUTH, and, therefore, no medical men, well known or otherwise, aided in that investigation. All that happened was that ten medical men, who had treated their patients with Sacco, wrote confidential letters to me reporting the results. They were in no sense well-known medical men, but unknown country practitioners, with the exception of one, who professed to be a London consultant. In no case had the treatment been carried on for more than a month or two, so that the reports of these medical men were worth little or nothing, even if they had contained any definite evidence of the value of the drug as a cure for consumption, which they did not. In using the language quoted above, therefore, and following it by extracts from TRUTH—from which the most material passages are omitted, the proprietors of this remedy show that they are bent on deceiving the readers of their advertisements. This in itself is sufficient proof of the character of their business. If further proof were needed that the whole thing is the mere every-day humbug of the quack medicine trade, it would be sufficiently supplied by what has since transpired in South Africa as to the character of the man Stevens, and by his conviction at Johannesburg as a common quack.

THE THEATRES.

"THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA," AT THE COURT.

Mr. Bernard Shaw is always a good entertainer. This compliment is really a high one, since it implies that one is interested in whatever he puts before one on the stage. Therefore I was not immoderately alarmed when I saw his sextett of physicians grouped together before me, and heard the merits of the "opsonic" method, as opposed to the other known modes of treatment of consumption, fully discussed. Partly I was entertained by Mr. Shaw's happy impromptu of phrase, by his art of adorning a commonplace, of hanging garlands of paradox round boxes of surgical instruments, and of making tubes for the cultivation of beneficent microbes the ducts of irrepressible laughter. But there was much more than this to interest one in the long first act. The six doctors are wonderfully well characterised and very well rendered by the players. Mr. Ben Webster, the possessor of what Mr. Shaw evidently believes to be the true secret of treatment for tuberculosis, namely, opsonin, is the central figure, and in the rest of the play his humanity becomes more and more apparent as one becomes more and more free of the technical details of medicine which Mr. Shaw has thought fit to introduce into his first act. To Mr. Eric Lewis, the fashionable physician with a fine "bedside manner," Mr. Shaw gives some of his best absurdities of unconscious humour, and Mr. Lewis carries the whole on his broad shoulders with an ease that makes one marvel at the urbane incompetence of Sir Bloomfield Bonington, at the exquisite art of the actor. Mr. William Farren, as the Anthony Absolute of doctors, Mr. James Hearn as the inventor of appendicitis, Mr. Edmund Gurney as the hard-working worldly failure among physicians, Mr. Michael Sherbrooke as the German Jew, all these practitioners are deserving of individual mention, for all, save the last named, combined in the first act to give us an admirable epitome of the profession of healing. Not until the second is well on its way do we quite clearly see that the "opsonic" doctor is in love with the wife of the consumptive artist, whose cure he has undertaken after so much entreaty. Indeed, we know nothing of Louis Dubedat, nor of his wife, until quite the end of the first act, when she accepts his invitation to preside over the doctor's dinner at "The Star and Garter," Richmond.

By the end of the second act we see clearly how the land lies, and realise how sharply pointed are the horns of the "Dilemma" on which Mr. Shaw impales his "Doctor." The lover has a struggle with the healer in Mr. Ben Webster's opsonic mind. Not much of it appears on the surface, but the result is made very clear when we know that he of the opsonin has handed over the cure of the artist to him of the bland bedside manner, of whose far-reaching incompetence he is evidently well aware. But the best of reasons for this is afforded by the fact that the struggling physician announces at the end of the dinner that he is consumptive, has one lung affected. There is only space for one more patient in the opsonic hospital. Shall it be the highly moral doctor or the quite amoral artist? Mr. Ben Webster opts for the former. Herein he is fully justified in the eyes of the world, since he cannot possibly cure both. The artist duly dies under the care of the bland one. But the artist's wife, whom the doctor loves, has divined the thoughts of the specialist in whom she had from the beginning implicit faith as a healer. She refuses to shake his hand as she bids farewell to the others after her husband's death, and in the epilogue refuses with contumely and contempt the heart and hand of one who has allowed his love for her to cause him to break his word to her. For it must be remembered that in the second act it is understood that she has the specialist's promise to cure her husband.

Mr. Shaw has here a fine plot, and on this occasion he has given more attention than usual to the machinery of the play. He does not fail to make the best use of his material, and surely his portraits of the medical specialist, of the physician of the old school, of the

incompetent fashionable doctor—to name but three—rank with the best of our dramatic literature.

Where the play is less convincing, and, strange to say, more "unpleasant"—to use a label of Mr. Shaw's for part of his own work—is not in the medical details, but in the moral "diathesis" of Louis Dubedat, artist. As I implied by the use of the word "amoral" Louis Dubedat is without a sense of morality, and can therefore hardly be called immoral. In order to show this, Mr. Shaw, to my mind, rather overdoes his artist's fatal habit of borrowing money from all and sundry that come his way—even eighteenpence from the poor doctor—and, to crown his amoral turpitude, makes him into the husband of the housemaid at the "Star and Garter"—a bigamist—for we are given to understand that he has also been married to the woman who tends him so devotedly. Here we verge on the domain of farce, in which Mr. Shaw is a master, but he resists the strong temptation.

What Mr. Shaw has tried to give in the person of Louis Dubedat is a perfectly amoral genius, so seductive that all must follow his lead and pardon while they deplore his lack of moral eyesight. Where he fails and why an uncomfortable feeling of shame ran down one's back during the confession of artistic faith (art as religion) with which the artist leaves the world, is because Mr. Shaw has not made one believe in the true greatness of this man's genius. When he invokes the name of Michael Angelo one feels that Michael Angelo represents a dynamic force in which this dainty artist has no share. I see that Mr. Shaw is indignant with the critics for not approving of this credo of the artist. He admits to having taken it from Richard Wagner's well-known story, translated under the title of "An End in Paris." Here the artist is a musician and declares: "I believe in God, Mozart, and Beethoven." I do not see that it matters in the least whether Mr. Shaw invented or borrowed his artist's credo. What does matter is its effect upon the onlookers at his tragedy. The effect was moral discomfort, because, while pitying the dying man, one felt that he could not claim kindred with the greatness of the names he invokes, and that they were free of his deplorable limitations.

* * * * *

At the Gaiety Theatre, "The New Aladdin" has exchanged many old songs, as well as lamps, for new since last Saturday evening. Frankly speaking, I do not look upon this production as a pronounced success, although it seems to have all the necessary elements. Certainly in Mr. Edmund Payne the play has an asset whose loss would be like removing the numeral from before a number of zeros. For most of the business, and most of the new songs, whether sung by Miss Gertie Millar, who now plays the part of Lally, or by others, seemed to me to somehow lack that indescribable element of vivacity, the sort of sign manual which makes them part of a successful whole. The first act, with its two scenes and numerous happenings had passed away leaving me with a sense of void, when Mr. Edmund Payne and Mr. Alfred Lester, the latter as the lost constable, suddenly pulled the action out of the rut by an admirable ten minutes or so of dialogue. I must not, however, end these lines on a pessimistic note, so I will say that Mr. Edmund Payne's and Miss Gertie Millar's coster duet, "Down where the Vegetables Grow," appeared to me to be the best of the evening's innovations.

* * * * *

"In the drama lies the spirtual seed and kernel of all poetical and ethical culture." So said Wagner the illustrious, and a group of enthusiasts among whom I note the name of my enthusiastic colleague, Mr. J. T. Grein, propose to apply this maxim to our dull England. With the help of "the Dance, the Song, the Pageant, and the Drama," they will (among other things) encourage amateur dramatic performances in villages among villagers themselves. I cannot forbear a secret sense of gratification that my critical duties are limited to the metropolis; yet I am sure, I wish them all success, and I am sure that if Mr. W. T. Stead who, I observe, is also of the committee, will give a series of plastic poses between, say, La Belle Otero and La Milo, "the sluggish mind of our youth" will be instantly stimulated. But this society, this "Merrie England" of Mr. Grein and his friends, Mr. F. R. Benson and Mr. Stead, is a serious undertaking worthy of support. The Dramatic Revival Society is its full name. Its temporary offices are at Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, Strand.

* * * * *

Mr. Tree's brief revival of "Richard II.," at His Majesty's, presents several personalities of interest in characters in which I had not previously had occasion to observe them. But the performance as a whole is the main thing, and certainly, if one admit what might be politely called the decorative view of Shakespearian production, nothing could be better done. One follows, holding by the golden thread of the text, the doings of this hapless and foolish monarch, from the lists at Coventry to the terrible end of his earthly pilgrimage at Pomfret, and to his rival's coronation in Westminster Abbey. Always golden is the thread, and pleasantly and skilfully do the players weave their woof, from the royal degenerate, as whom Mr. Tree has many subtle moments, and presents a logically carried-out conception, to the gardener of Mr. Anson, and back again by way of the ladies and the queen of Miss Viola Tree, looking, correctly, very unhappy, yet with a girlish winsomeness, to the fine presence and performance of Mr. Lyn Harding as Henry of Hereford and of Mr. Fisher White as John of Gaunt.

* * * * *

What shall be said of the Talking Horse at the Palace? Passing by a set of cleverly executed circus tricks, we came suddenly to some remarkable exhibitions of what, on the face of it, looked very like genuine mental power, especially as to the discrimination of colour. Certainly there was no verbal suggestion, or very little, as the animal selected pieces of cloth of the colour of stray ladies' hats named at random by members of the audience, and their position verbally pointed out to the mare by Mr. W. H. Barnes, her trainer. "Trixy's" feats in arithmetic appeared to me less convincing, yet it must be admitted that the numbers were selected among a good many, and fairly correctly selected, by the animal, though the trainer's interposition was here more evident. In fairness to him,

however, it should be admitted that none of the audience acted upon his invitation, and went on the stage to mix up the numbers, as he requested. I remember hearing that the zoologists of Berlin took the view that the performances of their cunning and calculating horse, Hans, though remarkable, were more largely due to elaborate training than to the active original celebration of the quadruped. But, in any case, "Trixy" is worth a visit from lovers of horses. I can see, as I write, her uncanny eyes carefully noting (with some surprise) the colour of my violet tie. She is worth a visit, also, from readers of Mr. Anstey's delightful story, "The Talking Horse," which comes very true in the case of "Trixy." Her neighings and whinnyings are quite uncanny, and she has a way of spread-eagling all over the stage when she rears up with a bit of the "Stars and Stripes" bunting between her teeth, which convinces me that she knows all about the Munroe doctrine.

So the witty and ingenious author of "The Geisha" and "The Girl from Kay's," and ever so many more musical comedies, has converted himself into a limited liability company. It is rather a good notion. The critics are always complaining—I have complained myself—that too many cooks spoil the broth of the average musical play. It is a hotchpot in which the flavour of the author's humour (if he has any) is lost. Owen Hall is, I gather, in revolt against this practice of dishing up a medley of varieties as a musical comedy. He wants to present his own plays in his own way, not as things of shreds and patches devised by other people. Hence Owen Hall, Limited, whose principal business is to be the production of musical comedies written by Owen Hall. The capital is put at £12,000, and the company is given the exclusive privilege of exploiting all the musical comedies that may be written by Owen Hall for the next ten years. The prospectus refers with pride to the stupendous sums that the public have paid to witness his works. The takings for "The Geisha" have been half a million sterling, and for "Florodora" and "The Girl from Kay's" about a quarter of a million. These figures ought to impress investors—indeed, musical comedy seems to be a good deal more profitable than a gold mine. Let us hope that the first production of Owen Hall, Limited, will prove financially a second "Geisha."

NOTES FROM PARIS.

COUNT VON HATZFELD'S LETTERS.

COUNT PAUL VON HATZFELD'S letters to his wife, written from Versailles when he acted there in 1870-1 as Bismarck's secretary for French communications, are not very informing. Nature denies the Count the graphic stroke of the pen which opens a wide vista to the reader who has an imagination. He does not show in this intimate correspondence any of those qualities which best reveal themselves in intimacy. He may have thought it unsafe even in writing to the Countess to display any keen perception or insight. Bismarck's agents often looked into the contents of mail-bags, and the Countess often read her husband's correspondence to the Empress Augusta, who would have talked of it to the Crown Princess—an extremely frank personage. Besides, the Count had already been some time in diplomacy, and contracted the habit of reticence in fluent speech. He knew that at Courts minds as well as bodies must be in Court dress, tongues deal in formal platitudes, and eyes see as little as they can help. Had his somewhat bulky correspondence been chatty and graphically descriptive he would not have probably filled, later on, two great ambassadorial posts. One can form no idea from what he says of any of the great personages he speaks of on either the German or the French side. Thiers is distinctive, but one does not recognise Rémusat, Jules Favre, or any of the Commissioners sent with them to Versailles by the Bordeaux Assembly to negotiate the treaty. Much affection and endearing admiration is expressed for the Countess, who is "Ma chérie," "Ma bien aimée petite souris," etc. She was brought up from earliest infancy to the day of her marriage in the Rue de Courcel in Paris, and at le Petit Val in the Seine-et-Marne. Her marriage, a highly fashionable affair, took place in the Church of St. Philippe du Roule in the mid-Empire period, when she figured as a beautiful blond rosebud. Her parents, Swiss-Americans, were very much on the French side in 1870-1. At any rate, old Mrs. Moulton lifted up her voice in letters to her daughter against the barbarities of those bombardments on which Moltke insisted, and, as it now appears, against Bismarck.

These letters are in French. The French is always correct to faultlessness, and yet hardly French. It wants the grace of liberty and of flexibility. Such as it is, the writer owed to it his appointment under Bismarck. His reflections borrow little from the storm in which he lived, moved, worked terribly hard, and yet contrived to have a fairly good time. At the end of October, 1870, Count von Hatzfeld speaks derisively of that proclamation in which Gambetta held up Bazaine as a traitor—a denunciation which, according to the Hohenlohe "Memoirs," Moltke himself all but admitted. As a prudent diplomat, Count Hatzfeld would have to take care not to strip Prince Frederick Charles of any of the glory he reaped through the fall of Metz. To have doubted of the grand part the Red Prince had been credited with playing, and most of all by Archibald Forbes, would have been counted by all Germans or Germanophiles the vilest heresy. The Count speaks of the francs-tireurs as the vilest *canaille*. But he may have done so to frighten the Countess from his wife, and the Countess Perponcher from coming to Versailles. The latter was the Mme. Etiquette of the Crown Princess and a lady of severely prim respectability. As a matter of fact, the francs-tireurs were rather respectable *bourgeois* than *canaille*. M. Félix Faure belonged to them. They enrolled themselves doubtless from patriotism, but, with an eye to the red ribbon, postured often as heroes, and exaggerated their feats in their reports to the Government at Tours. Their greatest successes

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were in intercepting the *feld-jäger*, or letter carriers, and seizing the letter bags they carried.

As to Gambetta and his speeches, "they rival in mendacity the Imperialist press at the outbreak of the war." This opinion is followed by the reflection, "Ces gens-là sont incorrigibles, et ils sont vraiment besoin d'une bonne leçon."

Some gleams of light are cast on the Court *in partibus* of William I. Bismarck must have been more the bear there than the courtier. Thus, at one of the King of Prussia's evening teas at Ferrières, Count Hatzfeld, who sat opposite to his Majesty, received a summons to go at once to Bismarck's room. This message embarrassed him sorely, as it conflicted with the tea-table etiquette; and to have offended the irascible Chancellor must have completely dashed brilliant prospects. Von Puckler, noticing the Count's embarrassment, whispered to him to stand up and in this way call the king's attention to himself. He stood up. "What's the matter?" asked William I. When his Majesty learned of the summons he at once released the Count, who found that his chief had not anything of the slightest consequence to say to him. The Count suspected that he simply wanted to demonstrate in a striking way that he was not only above thunder but superior to the most unbending etiquette. Does not all this now appear like a quarrel between kites and crows?

Prince Hohenlohe was unflinching and merciless in his indiscretions, but without more power to paint or portray than Count Hatzfeld. Ill-natured people will therefore find more satisfaction in his "Memoirs" than in the letters of the Count, who, one can see, is only unkind from courtierly prudence, and not to let off gall. He always conforms to the opinion which is held by those above him to be that of the "right-thinking" persons at Court.

One of the reasons why Sarah Bernhardt received Catulle Mendès' play with delight was that it liberated her from all necessity to throw away a fortune on clothes. When she makes a tour in the provinces or abroad to appear as Saint Theresa, her costumes will almost fit into a valise. For a similar reason she gladly accepted "L'Aiglon" and "Werther." She had grown very sick of paying bloated bills to couturiers and couturières, and took refuge from them in third sex impersonations. If Saint Theresa is *très femme*, she dresses in the conventual garb of Carmel. Sarah's last pronouncement on the subject of dressy dresses is "Je ne veux plus être mal fagotée et mal ficelée pour remplir les caisses de messieurs les couturiers et de mesdames les couturières. Une femme belle, jolie, ou de talent, n'a pas besoin de leurs couteuses et absurdes inventions. Je n'ai plus besoin de porter des robes-réclames." Yes, Sarah Bernhardt has now taste purified by experience, is independent of the tricks of the dressmaking trades, and has come back to the sweet and holy simplicity of the classical age. A tour in Greece, and visits to its museums, opened her eyes well to the folly of feminine fashions as laid down in *les journaux des modes*, and exemplified at the Auteuil grand stand, and those minor theatres which Grand Dukes so often patronise.

At her place in Belle Isle, off the coast of Brittany, Sarah Bernhardt follows the aboriginal women in wearing clothes adapted to the wet climate and rough, rocky coast. The experience of ages has taught her poorer neighbours what to wear. She has not a dozen bourgeois near her. As the great actress has not a Breton face or figure, and need not sell fish, or gather seaweed for manure, she has modified the costume of the Belle Isleoise to suit herself. The daughter of the *avoué* of the only port in the island provides her with patterns for embroidered borders and other garnitures, which are sent to Paris to be done in colours. Sarah Bernhardt does not spend two hundred francs on clothes in the whole of a Belle Isle season. If she went to a fashionable watering-place, and there either sought to lead or to follow the fashions, she would return to Paris many thousand francs the poorer. Her young friend at Belle Isle has provided her with a costume flowered and otherwise adorned with real sea weeds. They are first dried flat as if for an album, and then arranged in decorative patterns. The leading part of the drama in which this costume will be worn is borrowed from some Brittany legend.

Parisiennes never forget that copies of stage finery will not be worn in front of footlights and with electric lustres overhead. Foreign ladies nearly always do. The very wealthy Parisiennes, if they be not cocottes publicly or covertly, spend comparatively little on their clothes.

The Murats, under the Empire, were certainly not economical. Yet the Princess Murat had a regular dressmaking establishment in her house, so as to present an appearance at the Tuileries befitting her rank and that of her daughter, the Princess Anna. The latter became Duchesse de Mouchy early in the sixties. The Duc de Mouchy had a huge yearly income. The Duchess has continued to follow her mother's example. The late Princesse de Sagan, Duchesse de Valencay, also had a dressmaking *femme de chambre*, who provided her with a Parisian costume copied from a portrait of Mme. de Pompadour, for about £80. She could not have obtained it for less than three times that price at any great dressmaker's. It was made to be worn at a *bal-costumé* given in compliment to the King of the Hellenes. The late Princess Hohenlohe might have provided herself with about five evening dresses in the fourteen years in which she represented here the Imperial Majesty of Germany. She did very well with them, except in combinations of two of these dresses furbished up to appear new. One of them was of white faille silk, the other of black satin. White by itself is unobtrusive, so is black; but mix them, and you will have something that violently hits the eye. The dress of unmixed black and that of pure white came from Worth's, and, I dare say, cost a small fortune. A dressmaker *en chambre* would have combined them. Uncombined, they had a stately effect. Then their wearer had too tall a figure to appear to advantage in highly ornate toilettes, and she knew it. I dare say she

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must have been half-way between fifty and sixty when she arrived here to replace the Countess Harry von Arnim, but could have easily passed for less than fifty without any making-up. It is justice to her memory to say that she never sought to beautify herself with pigments and washes. I thought she resembled in all points Mlle. Krauss, the singer, and she had, like Mlle. Krauss, a strong feeling for what is tragical in human life. I must also speak of her finely impressive appearance, and say that her manners, if not exactly amiable, were rather agreeable.

Well, she replaced the white and black combination robes with a crimson and a grey brocaded with black. They, and the toilettes I have already mentioned, brought her possibly through nine or ten years, at the end of which she had a combination of crimson and black, and then a canary satin. Her passion for tragedy led her frequently to the Assize Court of the Seine to hear sensational trials. The tipstaff used, in holidays, to show tourists visiting the Palais de Justice le banc de l'Ambassadrice d'Allemagne. She was also a passionate admirer of Wagner, and as such attended most of the late Comtesse de Chambrun's musical festivals in some of the dresses spoken of above.

A rich Parisienne may for a short time launch out into sumptuary extravagance. But she ends by reflecting how much more satisfaction she might have in swelling her credit at her bankers and in drawing interest for money instead of paying heavy bills to Rue de la Paix tradesmen.

Goldsmith said the French had nine ways of cooking a nettle-top—a vegetable used as greens before the Revolution. A Parisienne had many more ways of turning a ribbon, a bit of coloured silk, or lace, or frilling to account in throwing an air of *chic* into a plain dress, or smartness into a hat. Americans dress well, and it seems to me the least wealthy in the best taste. Their great defect is a love almost amounting to a passion for what is pretty, dainty, cunning, and amusingly fanciful. The latter, I admit, is first cousin to *chic*. But prettiness is the negation of higher beauty, and this most Frenchwomen are artistic enough to see. I dare say that masculine indifference to pretty details that always cost a lot is at the bottom of the couturier's vogue which has now lasted nearly forty years. Spanish-American ladies and Brazilians are also infatuated with the passion for what is pretty, and do not lose it in Europe, which the North American often does. They get bitten with it in the chapels of convent schools under Jesuit direction. Nuns love insipid prettiness. The pretty Christmas card originated in Belgian convents. If you want grand style in lace do not go to Belgium but to Venice, and if you want admirable simplicity in feminine dress look for it in the portraits of the great Italian masters. It will put you out of conceit with the modern creations of the Rue de la Paix. I never saw the late Sybil Sanderson in a prodigally costly stage or drawing-room dress. She knew she had a neck, shoulders, and arms that spoke for their own matchless beauty. To dress them up and deck them out would have been profanation. It was the same with the bust and figure generally of Mme. Garthereau, who for many seasons passed for being *la plus belle femme de Paris*, though I thought her inferior to Mlle. Sanderson. Mme. Garthereau dressed, if richly, simply, and always wore gowns that gave value to her sculptural outlines. Mlle. Sanderson had a form so faultlessly harmonious as to need no setting-off. A light cambric under-garment, a Florence silk under-skirt, and a nun's-veil frock, sleeveless and with a gathered corsage, were all she needed. She had no taste for jewellery or for any sumptuosities except when out driving or sledging in snowy weather. Her faith in the beauty unadorned maxim was absolute.

The present trailing skirts are to hide large and not too well-shaped feet. American ladies who have generally rather small feet with high insteps often object to the awkwardly long dresses in which *couturiers* and *couturières* find their advantage and *femmes de chambre* too often lung and throat diseases. The best way to cover over the eyesore of too large feet is to go to the best shoemakers. They should be directed to furnish the finest leather, to make the shoe or boot an easy fit, and to employ German workmen. The French make the best gloves, the Germans the best shoes. Stockings ought to have thick soles and fine uppers. The boot or shoe should never squeeze the foot. A tightly-imprisoned foot checks and often kills amiable gaiety, reddens the nose, and is productive of a constrained manner and carriage. Conversation does not flow in bright rills when tight shoes are worn. Raw M.P.s expecting to deliver maiden speeches and ladies engaged to give lectures ought to prefer easy shoes that have already taken the shape of the wearer's feet to new ones.

The French have as dressmakers two capital advantages, the *chic* instinct or genius and the capacity, given a false principle, to carry it out logically in all its details. Most of the *couturiers* are now German or Vienna Jews. But all the forewomen they employ and the other underlings are French; their inventive faculties are not allowed to remain idle.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

WE are all ladies and gentlemen now, dear Lady Betty—except the ladies and gentlemen themselves. Those whose predecessors were described as such, have retained few of the qualities which entitled the former to be so distinguished, and most of their social inferiors now have the surface characteristics which gentlemen and gentlewomen of the past possessed.

In the circumstances, money is the determining element. Those who have that are described as gentlemen or ladies, according to their respective sex; those that are without it, are not!

. . . . .

There is an inner ring, however, that is in possession of the heights of the situation; it is called "society." The members of that combination have inherited the multitude of enclosures which successive generations of their predecessors established for their own glorification or convenience. Being in greatly reduced circumtances, the members of the ring are employed in selling admission into these enclosures. This brings us to the subject which is dealt with in the following letter:—

"Blackmailing Belgravia."

"Sir,—A castaway on an uninhabited island who has with him a million of money saved from the wreck, is in a little less deplorable condition than are the rich in England who are ignored by 'society.' The members

of that combination are aware of this, and earn money through the circumstance.

"The millionaire wishes to be elected to a club; he has to pay to gratify the desire. One member asks for a loan, another for a directorship, a third for a favour connected with business, and the wife of a fourth expects the candidate to pay her account at the dressmaker's. To refuse to comply with any of those requests might entail rejection.

"A Duchess writes:—'Dear Mr. Dives—I hope you will excuse the liberty I am taking on so short and slight an acquaintance, but I have contracted a debt at cards that is altogether beyond my means of discharging. At a moment of desperation it has occurred to me to apply to you to advance me the amount, which is eight hundred pounds. I shall never be able to sufficiently repay your kindness if you will assist me on this occasion—my only claim to your consideration in the matter is that my husband is Lord Lieutenant of the county in which, I am happy to say, you have decided to settle, etc., etc., etc.'

"The cheque has to be sent, otherwise residence in the county would be rendered intolerable!

"Lord and Lady —— had established themselves as art dealers under an assumed name; his Lordship addressed to me the following letter:—

"'Dear Mr. Dives, my cousin, Mr. ——, who is Patronage Secretary, and is personally known to you, informs me that you are about to redecorate and refurnish your house in town. I have some interest in the firm of "Adam Chippendale, Sheraton, and Co.," and would be much pleased to personally conduct you over that establishment. I feel sure you would find there many things exactly suited to your requirements, etc., etc., etc.'

"To have ignored the invitation, and refused to buy from him at treble the prices charged to an ordinary customer by an ordinary tradesman, would have seriously affected my prospects of obtaining the baronetcy I was endeavouring to secure!

"I am induced to play with my host and hostess and their guests; the stakes are unusually high on this occasion. I lose, I pay. I win, and all who are indebted to me write to implore me to absolve them of the debt! Were I to insist upon being paid, I should arouse a host of enemies, each one of whom would have the support of his particular group of powerful friends!

"There are more serious methods of blackmailing that need not be dealt with in this letter; almost every newly-made rich man in the West End of London has had experience of some of them. Were I a prominent member of 'society,' I would found an Anti-Belgravian Blackmail League for the purpose of punishing those of my class who discredit themselves and theirs by such abominable conduct. There are few millionaires here who could not hand over to the League many letters that all right-minded men and women would admit were sufficient to render the writers of them liable to social isolation.

"Personally, I possess a Begging-Letter Book, in which I paste every application addressed to me by titled and well-connected persons that is unmistakably of a blackmailing character; it is destined to be one of the curiosities of my collection of autographs.

"A Mere Millionaire."

* * * * *

There are few exhibitions in London that attract so many who are interested in art at its best as do those held annually by the Messrs Agnew at their Galleries in Old Bond-street on behalf of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution. The three gems of the collection this year are (10) and (12) the portraits of De Heer Bodolphe and Me. Vrow Bodolphe by Hals, and (11) those of Edward and William Tomkinson, by Gainsborough. All three pictures are the property of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, and are on the way to the United States having been promised as a loan to the Metropolitan Museum. (14), "Miss Montagu," by Gainsborough, has never been exhibited before. (17), "Showing the Way," also by Gainsborough, is said to have this history. The boy and girl who are the subjects of the picture are believed to have been the children of the artist's doctor. Not knowing them, Gainsborough happened to inquire of them the way to their father's house, and he afterwards painted the children as they were when answering his question.—Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

Pure Water in ample quantity by installing Merryweather's Economic System of Water Supply.—Ask for "Water Supply to Mansions," 63, Long Acre, London, W.C. Est. over 200 yrs.

SPORTING NOTES.

A GREAT deal of nonsense has been written about George Herring since his death, much of which would have both amused and disgusted him. The last fiction is the story in a weekly paper that "he was the person who found John Porter for Sir Joseph Hawley when his first trainer died." The writer of such nonsense can know nothing whatever either of racing affairs or of Sir Joseph Hawley. Who ever heard of the owner of a large stud engaging a trainer on the recommendation of his stable commissioner? Manning, who was Sir Joseph's first trainer, was dying, or, as his employer defined it, was "settled." Sir Joseph was then recommended to engage Porter by Mr. George Hodgman. Porter had been for some time employed in William Goater's stable at Findon. Mr. Hodgman states, and very truly, in his entertaining book, "Sixty Years on the Turf," that Sir Joseph Hawley "had a consuming hatred of advice, and would tolerate anything rather than interference." His trainer was concerned only in the preparation of the horses for their engagements. "The man I want" (as he himself said) "mustn't advise or suggest, or do anything but train. I decide placing, accepting, running, or scratching." It said a great deal for Porter's tact, calm temper, and common sense that his connection with Sir Joseph worked so well to the last. The writer to whom I have referred is also ridiculously wrong in discoursing upon the "friendship between Sir Joseph Hawley and George Herring," which term is idiotic. Sir Joseph was the very last man to make a friend of his Turf commissioner, and there were only strictly business relations between the pair; but Herring soon became thoroughly trusted by his arbitrary and suspicious employer, who recognised that he was entirely reliable, and nobody in these days can apprehend the magnitude of the betting operations of that period, which went on months in advance of the race being run, or of the vigilance and diplomacy which were required in the execution of big commissions.

It is, of course, very satisfactory that Gourd should have won so valuable a stake as the Derby Gold Cup, but in any case this mare is so grandly bred (by Persimmon out of Canterbury Pilgrim) that she would be worth a very large sum as a brood mare even if she had never won a race. Gourd will form a most valuable addition to Lord Derby's breeding stud. It is curious that the sire of this mare should have been the Derby winner of 1896, while her dam won the Oaks in that year. Gourd started only once as a two-year-old, while last year she won two small handicaps (value £500), and was beaten six times. I should fancy that she will be kept in training for another year, as she might win another good race on heavy ground, and she is perfectly sound.

Lord Derby has a couple of very promising two-year-olds in Glacis (by Carbine out of Glasalt), and Olympian (by Orme out of Victorine). They bid fair to develop into three-year-olds of really good class. Glacis has two engagements at the Newmarket Craven Meeting, and he is entered for the Two Thousand, Newmarket Stakes, and Derby, and for the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot. Olympian, who is also heavily engaged, will probably turn out to be his owner's best three-year-old. Twelve months ago any one would have been startled at the idea of Keystone II. and Bridge of Canny developing into two of the best three-year-olds of 1906, and it is quite possible that Glacis and Olympian will in due time "come on" in much the same manner.

There was great scope for improvement in both of these colts.

The Newmarket Winter Sales are now the great sporting event of December, for the cross-country racing at this period of the year excites no general interest whatever, and is usually miserably poor in all respects. The catalogue fills twenty-seven columns of the *Racing Calendar*, and vendors must quake unless their stock is of really high class, and representing fashionable and successful strains of blood. It may be hoped that with such an apoplectic plethora in the lots (the inevitable result being a paralytic tenuity in the biddings), owners will be sufficiently sensible as to place only moderate reserves on the stock.

On Monday, Mr. Ellam sends up a large and miscellaneous collection of stock, which is to be sold without reserve, Mr. Stedall offers a great number of mares and foals, also without reserve, and Lord Westbury's four mares and nine horses in training will also be allowed to go for whatever they will fetch. A sale is much more likely to be successful if there are no reserves, presuming that the primary object of the owner is to get rid of his stock. A two-year-old filly by Persimmon out of Modern Agnes, by Orme, might make a valuable brood mare. The only other lot worth notice is a mare from France—Morning Light (1902), by Perth out of Morning, by Kendal, in foal to Arizona, by Omnium II.

On Tuesday, there are mares and foals from the Wisdom Stud, mares belonging to Mr. J. Osborne, Mr. J. Houlton, Captain Northey Hopkins, Lord Feversham, Mr. J. C. Sullivan, Mr. M. Fitzgerald, and a great number of miscellaneous lots, including about twenty horses in training the property of Mr. W. E. Elsey. Among the mares are Lady Toddington (1902), by Melton out of Minerva, by Galopin, covered by Flying Lemur; and Winkfield's Prize (1898), own sister to Winkfield's Pride, covered by Berrill. There are five yearlings bred by Mr. Musker, including a colt by Chevening out of Minera, and a filly by Melton out of Baroness La Flèche.

On Wednesday Lord Londonderry sends up four mares, including Saintfield (1892), by St. Simon out of Daisy Chain, by Springfield, in foal to Gallinule; and Field Force (1902), by Orme out of Saintfield, in foal to Eager. Nine mares and four foals from the stud of the late Sir James Miller are to be sold without reserve, including Aida (1898), by Galopin out of Queen Adelaide, by Hermit; Sagacity (1900), by St. Serf out of La Sagesse, by Wisdom; Rondeau (1900), by Bay Ronald out of Doremi, by Bend Or; and Ischia, by Isinglass out of Santhea, by St. Simon; all covered by Rock Sand. Lord Carnarvon sends up ten horses in training, and three brood mares. There are mares from the studs of Mr. Taylor Sharpe, Mr. C. J. Gibson, Mr. Donald Fraser, Mr. J. B. Wood, and Mr. Homan, beside a number of miscellaneous lots. Among the mares are Ambleside (1899), by Petrarch out of Stray Shot, by Toxopholite, in foal to Diamond Jubilee; Flying Foam (1902), by Orme out of Won by Waiting, by Galopin, in foal to John o' Gaunt; Fiancée (1901), by St. Frusquin out of Wise Virgin, by Wisdom, covered by Wolf's Crag; Refusal (1898), by Bend Or out of Can't, by Dutch Skater, covered by Persimmon; and Silver Sea (1888), by Hermit out of Stray Shot (dam of Shotover), covered by Orme. The last mare is the dam of Lord Bobs and of His Majesty.

On Thursday there are eight mares from the Knowsley and Sefton Studs, mares and foals from the Theakston Hall Stud, from the Altgarvan Stud, and several from the studs of the Duke of Portland, Lord Harewood, Mr. Brice, Colonel Baird, Mr. Luscombe, Sir H. Randall, and Rear-Admiral Lambton. Mr. C. Hibbert sends up thirteen horses in training, and four of Sir Edgar Vincent's racers (including Auber and Cythera) will be offered. The Duke of Portland's lot of six consists of quite young mares, and they are all grandly bred. Gallant and Gay (1903), by Gallinule out of Gay Duchess, by Rosicrucian, is in foal to Carbine. Ragusa (1903), by Cyllene out of Elizabeth Hardwick, by Orme out of Mowerina (dam of Donovan), is a maiden mare, and so also are Social (1904), by St. Simon out of Gay Duchess; Luscinia, by St. Simon out of Philomath by Philammon; and Culzean (1903), by Ayrshire out of Miss Gunning II., by Carbine out of Memoir.

On Friday there are a great number of miscellaneous lots, including the mares and foals of Sir Maurice Fitzgerald, and eight mares the property of J. Cannon, one of which is Emily Melton (1897), by Melton out of Sundew by Bend Or, covered by Cyllene, and another is Yvonne (1896)' by Sheen out of Phospherene, by Foxhall out of Illuminata (dam of Ladas), covered by Marco.

The sale catalogue is of prodigious extent, but there are remarkably few notable lots, and prices may be expected to run low.

There are several owners who would have done well to get rid of nearly all their horses in training. Nothing is more foolish and absurd than to keep on paying training and racing expenses for a lot of hopelessly bad animals, which no practical man would retain for a week. Whenever a racer was proved to be a failure by the late Duke of Westminster or the late Lord Falmouth, the animal was either sold for what it would fetch or it was sent to the stud. They would not own racehorses which were below a tolerably high standard of form, and their policy was a sound one; but now one finds owners doddering on, month after month, with a lot of crocks which bring in only training bills and forfeits and travelling accounts.

It was announced in TRUTH many weeks ago that the King's three-year-old Nulli Secundus, who was once expected to turn out a Derby horse, had left Egerton House in order that he might be trained for hurdle racing. He is considered to have greatly improved in appearance since he was placed in the hands of Captain Dewhurst at Bedford Lodge, and as he jumps well it is quite likely that he may develop into a most useful hurdle racer. Nulli Secundus obviously wanted time, and he might train on into a very fine four-year-old. He was a mere baby of a horse last spring, and his failure at that time might very likely have been really due to his being weak and backward. A course of hurdle jumping has often proved a complete cure for horses which were apparently spoilt for flat racing through cowardice. It may be quite worth while for the King to give orders that Nulli Secundus is to accept for next year's Princess of Wales's Stakes of £6,000 at the Newmarket First July Meeting, as there is now practically only one horse left in for that race—Polymelus—as Cicero has gone to the stud, and neither Spearmint nor Llangibby is likely to stand another preparation. Nulli Secundus would be in receipt of 19 lb. from Polymelus over and above the weight-for-age. It would be good policy to leave His Majesty's horse in this race, even on the chance of securing the second money, which is £800. Black Arrow is in the race with a 9 lb. breeding allowance, which more than extinguishes his penalty for winning the St. James's Palace Stakes at Ascot, but I do not fancy that Mr. Hall Walker's horse would be of much use over the severe Suffolk Stakes course. Nulli Secundus is also engaged next year in the Jockey Club Stakes of £10,000, in the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot, and in the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park.

Mr. Vanderbilt heads the list of winning owners in France with the handsome total of £49,000, for nearly the whole of which he is indebted to the three-year-olds Prestige and Maintenon. Prestige, who was unquestionably the best three-year-old in Europe, won all the races for which he started during his brief Turf career, sixteen in number. It was very unfortunate that he should have broken down when quite at his best. Maintenon's successes included the Prix du Jockey Club and several of the most valuable stakes of the season, his most notable failure being in the Grand Prix de Paris, when he finished nowhere. During the spring Maintenon was estimated to be 21 lb. inferior to Prestige, but he improved considerably as the season advanced. M. Lieux comes second with £23,000, and M. Caillault is third with £21,000. Considering his enormous stud, M. E. Blanc has done badly during the

past season, for his horses have won only about £20,000, as compared with nearly £59,000 last year, and with £65,000 in 1904. The only other owners whose winnings exceed £10,000 are the Duc de Gramont, M. Veil Picard, and Major Loder, who gained a trifle over £10,000 by Spearmint's victory in the Grand Prix de Paris, which is considerably the richest stake in Europe. The Rothschild stables have done very badly this year.

A most elaborate noise was raised early in the autumn about the supposed merits of the New Zealand horse Noctuiform, and he was backed for the Cesarewitch down to an absurdly short price, and was declared to be an absolute certainty for that handicap. Noctuiform disgraced himself ten days before the Cesarewitch by being beaten badly at Windsor in poor company. It may be that this horse was not properly acclimatised, and it is evident that he is expected by Mr. Buchanan to retrieve his reputation next year, as he has been entered for the Dullingham Plate of £1,000 at the Newmarket Second July Meeting. Among the other well-known horses engaged in this race are Challacombe (winner of last year's St. Leger), Radium, Picton (of whom nothing has been seen for several months), Plum Tree, Gold Riach, and Bishopscourt. Keystone II. has not been entered for this race, nor does the name of Troutbeck figure in the list, for the excellent reason that each of these animals has incurred a penalty of 16 lb. Challacombe has no extra weight, as the penalties are only for races won "after the season 1905."

There were large fields at Warwick and at Manchester, and at both meetings the backers must have done very badly, but only the most infatuated of simpletons would bet at all under such conditions. It is at once ludicrous and instructive, towards the close of the season, to notice the frantic anxiety of owners to win even the most trumpery of plates. There is certainly no necessity for the managers of any meeting to offer valuable prizes at the end of the season, as plates of £200 will perfectly well suffice to attract huge entries, and people bet over such events like Bedlamites.

Lord Ellesmere won the November Handicap at Warwick with Kroonstad, who had repeatedly disappointed his stable, but now he was running among horses of inferior class, and he was most favourably weighted. Kroonstad was highly tried before his début on the Turf six years ago, but he was beaten in his first race. As a three-year-old he was for some time regarded as a colt of high class, but he soon lost the little prestige which he gained during that season by winning the Ascot Derby from William Rufus. The Midland Counties Handicap was won by Schnapps (Isabelita being favourite), and he had run well previously over this course.

Except for the immense fields, there was nothing notable about the sport at Manchester on Thursday, the principal event being the Lancashire Nursery, which was won by Lord Rosebery's filly Donna Caterina, the Irish filly Lady Hasty having started favourite. On Friday Roseate Dawn was heavily backed for the Irwell Handicap, although he had 9 st. 9 lb. to carry, but the weight was too much for him, and Kaffir Chief (who got the best of the start) won cleverly.

The Manchester November Handicap brought out a field of seventeen, and the betting at the post was very heavy. Great Scot started favourite, presumably on the strength of his running at Derby, but there was certainly not much merit in his performance at that meeting, and it is quite likely that he was not really second best to Gourd, who won all the way with such extreme ease that many horses were no doubt eased when it was found that they had no chance of winning. Succour was the great Newmarket fancy, and he carried a lot of money, as also did Golden Measure, who was a strong tip. Spate, who was fancied by his stable, won very easily after having made all the running, and his victory was a satisfactory termination of the season, as he carried a respectable weight, and he has been fairly run out during the autumn. Spate ran tolerably well in the Cesarewitch, but made no show in the Cambridgeshire, which was a runaway affair for Polymelus, and he has probably improved during the last month. Spate was certainly not favoured by the handicapper, as he appeared to be fully weighted up to, and even above his best form.

GATE MONEY AT GOLF MATCHES.

The popularity of golf brings in its train divers disadvantages. The three thousand spectators at Walton Heath seriously incommoded the players in the foursome when Braid and Vardon met Mayo and Duncan. At the seventeenth hole Mayo's drive would have carried the bunker, but on the bunker some persons with little knowledge of the game were standing. The ball hit someone's coat and dropped back into the bunker. The hole was lost. Now the presence of such a crowd raises the question as to whether or not gate money should be charged. For the second half of the match to which I have referred gate money was charged. Those who went to the course at Timperley had to pay half-a-crown. I am told that only on five or six occasions has gate money been charged at a golf match. The reason for this is, I apprehend, until years quite recent, in so far as the ancient game is concerned, the play was always over public links. The private club course is a growth of the last five and twenty years. To say that commercialism is introduced if an entrance fee is charged to those who wish to follow a match is to my mind a consideration not worth weighing for a moment. The players ought to play under some degree of comfort. The club over whose course the match is played is entitled to be recompensed for the trouble and expense to which it is put. A horde of two or three thousand people walking round a course must do a lot of harm. They are an undisciplined and unruly crowd. Through the game they talk and chatter. They clamber on bunkers, and they stride over putting greens. A small army of officials is needed to keep them in check. If they have to pay for the privilege of coming on to a course, they will be more careful how they behave. People never appreciate what they get for nothing. If they pay, and if notices are posted that any persons not obeying the directions of the players, or so conducting themselves as to incommode the players, will be at once removed with no more violence than is necessary, then something will have been done to enable the players to perform under some degree of fairness. Moreover, under such circumstances a claque present in the interest of some punter would receive very short shift. That such a device has been employed, not by professionals, in order to win money is a matter of common knowledge, and it is a moot point whether the club over whose course any meeting, whether it be championship or not, is held, should not reserve to itself power to declare a match off if the followers of the game so misbehave themselves. I certainly think that gate money ought to be charged. Golf clubs are not philanthropic institutions, and I congratulate the Timperley Club on not hesitating to make a charge for the greatness that has been thrust upon their course owing to the brilliant golf of their young professional. In this instance, I should add, the club is not retaining the gate money, but handing it over to local charities at Manchester.

With regard to the play in the foursome, the younger men were by no means disgraced. On the first day, at Walton Heath, Vardon was a bit off his game. At the end of the first two rounds the younger men were only two down with two to play. Then came the lost hole at the bunker owing to the spectators' folly, and Mayo and Duncan were four down in the south before they went north to Manchester. There they found Vardon in great form. At the end of the first round they were only another hole down. But in the afternoon they could not hold their own, and were beaten nine up and eight to play. Mayo had played a splendid game. He showed considerable improvement on his form in the final of the *News of the World* competition. Duncan was not as good as had been expected. Braid was Braid. No man can recover a bad shot better than he can.

The veterans' match at Westward Ho! attracted a good many people. It was arranged on international lines.

Dr. Reid (87) and Captain Gordon (80), representing Scotland, beat the Englishmen—Mr. James (85) and Captain Molesworth, R.N. (82)—by three up and one to play. The figures are the players' ages, and not their handicaps. These gentlemen have made for themselves an honourable niche in the history of golf.

Judging by the reports, the international match between Ireland and the South Africans at Belfast was worth going a long way to see. The ground was fast, and the Irish pack was going to win. But it was not so. The South Africans led by twelve points to three at half-time. They had run the Irishmen off their feet. They got the ball after the first twenty minutes, and played better than they had ever done before on tour. In the second half they were still top dogs, but they could not score. Then came a splendid run by Maclear right from end to end of the ground. Another try followed, Ireland was level, and five minutes to go. In that time the visitors scored the winning try. It was a great rally worthy of a great match—a stirring quarter of an hour's football. Joubert, the little full-back, justified all that had been said of him. But a torpedo boat cannot destroy a battleship straight off, and the huge Maclear was too strong for him, plucky as he was. The South Africans passed well, and their forwards showed great improvement.

When will Rugby footballers in London learn the elements of management? Richmond and Blackheath used to be the match of the season in a district where county football is sacrificed to club matches. In order to fully justify this policy—and I can conceive no other reason—this club match was played at Richmond on the same day that North and South was being played at Blackheath. The South simply over-ran the North. This simplified the work of the Selection Committee. The next trial game will be England against The Rest at Coventry, and I rather think that those who imagine England is rotten at Rugby football will find their mistake before the season is out. After all, England beat Scotland last year.

In the Association football world the trouble about the amateurs will no doubt be smoothed over this year. It is significant that there is some sympathy shown for them by the football press. In the First Division of the League Woolwich Arsenal is bracketed top with Sheffield Wednesday and Everton, thanks to a win at Blackburn and the success of Sunderland over Everton. Bristol City is holding its own well. In the Second Division of the League the struggle for top place is as keen as ever. If the Chelsea team can stand the strain they may get into the First Division. The team with the best reserves will win.

The lawn tennis reformers must be proud men. Contrasted with the effects of MacFie's great work the efforts of Luther, Knox, Wesley, and General Booth pale into insignificance. Those men laboured for years in Europe. A year ago Mr. MacFie was unknown. His proposals at the annual general meeting of the Lawn Tennis Association have reached the confines of the world. Within a few hours of the meeting the United States was in a ferment. Mr. Colins, the President of the L.T.A., anxiously waited to learn what Mr. Roosevelt, the President of the U.S.A., would do. That the Monroe Doctrine was being infringed was evident to the merest tyro of diplomatic history. A European-raised wave of filibustering reform was sweeping over the shores of North America. Such of the American fleet as was not at Panama escorting the President was powerless to contend with the danger. A meeting of the Lawn-Tennis Association of the United States was hastily summoned to consider the amateur status of Mr. Beals C. Wright. The crisis was brought about by the refusal of the L.T.A. at the Cannon-street Hotel to accept the nomination of Beals Wright to the Council. Consols fell. Regardless of the real truth, the press attributed this to scarcity of bullion. Mr. MacFie knew the real cause. The facts were that Mr. Beals C. Wright was proposed as one of the six representatives for the Council to be selected from foreign and colonial associations. Thereupon a reforming busybody smelt trade influence. Was not Mr. Wright connected with the trade? He was told that Mr. Wright's father was believed to be a manufacturer of lawn tennis implements in the States, but Mr. Wright was not in the business. Rather than put up with any more nonsense, the proposer withdrew Mr. Wright's name. Our American friends really need not be alarmed. They must learn that these reformers are not distinguished either by courtesy or consistency. There is absolutely no doubt cast upon Mr. Wright's amateur status. He will probably be very pleased not to be associated with reformers who are so sensitive about trade influence as to desire to charge the manufacturers ninepence a dozen on all balls used in the Dwight-Davis Bowl and other competitions. The crisis was happily ended without bloodshed.

The London Athletic Club took down a winning team to meet Oxford. They won by six events to four. Tremeer just got home in the sprint, and Cornish did a nice jump of over 22 ft. It is a pity he is not oftener seen on the path. Chevasse, for Oxford, ran a splendid quarter, and a Rhodes scholar from Yale heaved the hammer over 140 ft. Sheepshanks (O.A.C.) won the half after a well-judged finish.

In these days when golf courses are laid out anywhere and everywhere—often on most unpromising sites—those concerned in making and maintaining them do not always sufficiently appreciate the fact that the nature of the soil, the character of the climate, and other circumstances, must be carefully considered if satisfactory greens are to be obtained. Advice on this subject is given in a volume edited by Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson, and entitled "Golf Greens and Green-Keeping," published (price 10s. 6d. net) by "Country Life" and Newnes, Limited. A number of well-known authorities contribute chapters on the laying-out and management of courses on the different types of soil, seaside and inland, on which golf is played, and the book will be invaluable to green committees.

MAMMON.

MARKETS INACTIVE—RATHER MORE CHEERFUL—FAIR INVESTMENT BUSINESS—SOME BARGAINS TO BE OBTAINED.

THE markets have not been over brisk during the past week, but, taking them as whole, they have been moderately cheerful, and a fair amount of investment business has been carried through. Of speculative transactions we have had little, there being a very poor disposition at present to launch out. But the man with resources, who can afford to sit for a time upon his stocks, has a great opportunity of making profits in all directions. The gilt-edged group will repay him. Home Railways are attractive, and Canadian issues will go higher; while among mines, there are Kaffirs and Coppers, which will certainly turn out trumps if you can only wait.

MONEY SITUATION IMPROVING—MORE GOLD FROM PARIS—BANKS' RESERVE GROWING.

The monetary situation continues to improve in a very promising manner, and this is naturally engendering a degree of confidence in regard to the Bank being enabled to withstand successfully the strain incidental to the last month of the year without having occasion to resort to stringent measures. In connection with the withdrawals of gold to Brazil, it may be noted that this is completely counteracted by the larger arrivals from Paris. This is very promising, especially after the re-

Persons who may be considering the advisability of making financial provision of a satisfactory character for themselves or for their dependents should not delay in obtaining the new prospectus of the SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND. The kind of information which is helpful in the selection of an assurance office is to be found in this publication. The whole profits belong to the assured. The Society was founded in 1815, and has accumulated a fund of £18,000,000.—London Offices: 28, Cornhill, E.C., and 5, Waterloo-place, S.W.

luctance shown by that centre up to a week or so ago to part with any of its huge stock of the metal despite the inducement of a 6 per cent. Bank rate. The fact of the matter is, of course, that should not some assistance be forthcoming to neutralise the effect of the inopportune Brazilian withdrawals, it is generally recognised that the Bank would have had to establish a still higher discount rate in order to safeguard its own position, and this would have adversely affected the international money market, not London alone. The willingness of Paris to release not only United States coin, but sovereigns as well, is therefore all the more gratifying, and the effect is reflected to a material extent in the improvement in the Bank's reserve to £21,364,000, the gain on the week being £1,340,318, due almost entirely to the increase in the stock of coin and bullion, of which £932,000 came from abroad, and the balance internal circulation. Gold, too, is still coming from Paris, and though Brazil may take a further quantity, the outlook is not unsatisfactory, especially as there is a possibility of the metal shortly returning from Egypt. The floating supplies of money are ample for current requirements, but there is no inclination to permit rates nor discount quotations to slip away unduly, and so long as the Bank takes the precaution to denude the market of any superabundance that may become apparent, and thus keep its rate effective, the outlook seems satisfactory enough.

Consols Steady—Little Public Interest—Stocks Attractive—Their Merits—Japanese Recover—Russians.

While not exhibiting any exceptional brilliancy, the market in gilt-edged stocks contrives to preserve a tolerably good tone. This in itself is satisfactory enough, but at the same time it is undeniable that values are more or less unresponsive to the improvement in the monetary situation, owing primarily to the scarcity of business. There seems to be, in fact, an utter lack of initiative. To a certain extent this is to be ascribed, of course, to the higher return obtainable upon money on deposit, which seems to be sufficient inducement to those in funds to entrust it to the safe keeping of their banker. The immediate advantage to be derived from such a policy is clear, yet the investor who buys gilt-edged stocks at the low values now ruling is not only assured of a relatively high return in interest, but also stands a chance of deriving considerable additional profit from the appreciation in capital within the early part of next year, when the monetary pressure ought to be materially relaxed. Then, of course, deposit rates will be reduced in the natural order of things. Another point which ought not to be overlooked in connection with a purchase of gilt-edged stocks at the moment is that existing quotations contain practically two months accrued interest; in the case of Guaranteed 2¾ per cent. (Irish) stock it is actually five months. Between now and the end of the year temporary stringency in the money market may, it is true enough, affect prices, but there does not seem to be scope for any material depreciation. Altogether, gilt-edged descriptions appear attractive. The Foreign market is not surfeited with features of any particular interest, except perhaps in the case of Japanese, which, after a period of sensitiveness, now display a hardening tendency. This is most marked in the case of the 4 per cent. issues. These would answer the requirements of the investor better than the "war" loans, which bear a high rate of interest but have the disadvantage of a very brief currency. The Sixes, for instance, are redeemable next year, which explains why they stand only a fraction above par. The Fours of 1905, on the other hand, have a long life, and seeing that they could be bought to bring in a clear 4½ per cent., are attractive enough. The two 4½ per cent. issues, it may be noted, stand much below par, and would give about 4¾ per cent., while redemption at par is to commence in 1910. The rumours concerning another Russian loan early next year have been denied, and, what is more to the point, is the statement that the financial position of the country is considerably improved.

"Finance."—A concise weekly record of markets and prices, published by the Central Stock Exchange, Ltd., 66, Cannon-street, London, E.C. Post free for six months to applicants mentioning this paper.

Home Rails Irregular—A Profit Taking Pause—Hull and Barnsley—Rumours of a Closer Working Arrangement with Another Company—South Eastern and Chatham Issues and the Channel Tunnel and Ferry Schemes — Dover "B" — A Cheap Investment Purchase.

The effect of continued investment-buying in the Home Railway Market has in some cases been more than off-set by profit-taking during the past week, and accordingly price movements have developed a little irregularly. Allowing, however, for the nervousness re-aroused at one time in regard to money, in consequence of the big gold withdrawal from the Bank of England to Brazil and for the approach of the fortnightly settlement, the tendency has been by no means unfavourable. It is, after all, a point full of significance that the market has thrown off its long-standing attitude of neglect, with its attendant wholesale depression; and now that the public is slowly being educated up to the fact that there are bargains among Home Rails as well as other departments of the Stock Exchange, the recovery in values is bound to continue, and occasional profit-taking pauses will do no harm. The stable character of the recent revival in this market is proved—as I mentioned a week ago—by the fact that the advance has so far been almost entirely confined to the best stocks. Heavy securities like Brums and Berwicks are not usually the most favoured in a mere speculative movement, and as it is stocks of this character which have scored the principal gains, there is unmistakable evidence that it is the real investor rather than the mere seeker after "differences" who has been responsible for the rise. In view of the excellence of the traffic returns, of the lowness of prices, of the near approach of the dividend season in respect, moreover, of what is the railways' "fat" half-year, and, finally, of the prospects of a distinct change for the better in the Money Market by the early spring, there can still be no doubt that those who buy Home Rails and put them away for a few months will reap their reward. Traffics, it is true, are not making quite so imposing a show in the last as in the first three-quarters of the year, nor could they be expected to do so, seeing that current "takes" are running against a succession of very heavy increases in the corresponding period of 1905. The mere fact that increases are still being recorded at all is sufficient evidence of the vitality of the general trade of the country. And, after all, the strong point is that while moderate advances in dividends will almost certainly be paid by most of the Companies in respect of the current half-year, the yields, at present prices, even assuming no increases be forthcoming, are high enough to render stocks attractive. Upon the Heavy stocks, such as North-Westerns, North-Easterns, Great Westerns, Lancashire and Yorkshire and Midland Deferred, the existing yields work out at from 4 to 4¼ per cent. Upon Great Northern Deferred and Hull and Barnsley Ordinary the returns based upon last year's dividends look poor, but, as I have pointed out frequently of late, the dividend prospects for these two stocks are quite bright, and the distributions to be made in the new year should be large enough to give yields of 5 per cent. to present purchasers. An additional attraction possessed by the Hull is the prospect of the line being absorbed by one of its larger neighbours. The Hull would be a valuable acquisition to several of the trunk lines, and at different times during recent years it has been alternately rumoured that the North Eastern, the Midland, and the Great Central have cast longing eyes upon it. During the last few days rumours of absorption by "a closer working agreement" with another company have been revived, and the name of the Great Central was mentioned. Turning to the Southern passenger group, a feature of interest lately has been the inquiry for South Eastern and Chatham stocks in connection with the revival of interest being taken in the Channel tunnel and

How to Operate in Stocks Successfully.—See Halford's Adviser (post free).—Palmerston House, London, E.C. Established 1869. Telegrams: "Monitor, London."

ferry schemes. Chatham First and Second Preferences have shown especial strength. The demand for the first-named is justified on merits actually realised, for the stock on the basis of last year's dividend of £3 13s. 6d. yields £4 3s. 9d. at present price, and it is entitled to interest of 4½ per cent. when earned. South Eastern 6 per cent Preferred is another desirable investment which appears to have been rather neglected. The dividend for the last two half-years works out at 3½ per cent., and the yield at the current quotation is £4 8s. In view of the development of Dover as a port, and the possibilities connected with the tunnel and ferry schemes, South Eastern "B." strikes me as a particularly cheap stock. Among the few companies to announce fresh capital issues during the half-year is the London, Tilbury and Southend, which is raising money to pay for the new works in progress, namely, the widening of the line between East Ham and Barking, including the substitution of bridges for vehicular traffic in place of level crossings, and other alterations at Barking, the rebuilding of Tilbury Station and the enlargement of the station yard, the completion of the equipment of the line as far as Barking for electrical traction, and additional rolling stock. The issue is taking the form of an allotment of about £225,000 of the Company's 4 per cent. Debenture stock to the holders of Ordinary stock registered on the 8th inst. at the price of £110 for each £100 stock, and will work out to 12 per cent. on the holdings. The allotment for which letters have been posted is payable in full on December 12, and interest on the Debenture stock will accrue from January 1, 1907. The existing Debentures stand at about 116, so that the issue entails a small bonus to the stockholders. My table follows:—

Home Rails.	A Year Ago.	Make up. Nov. 12.	Closing Price. Nov. 17.	Closing Price. Nov. 24.	Movement.
Caledonian Pref.	78½	73⅞	74½	74⅞	+ ⅜
Do. Def.	40⅝	31½	32½	32½	− ⅝
City and S. London	45½	42	42	42	—
Central London	93½	83½	84	84	—
Great Central 94 Pref.	76	—	74	74½	+ ½
Do. "B"	38	35½	35½	35⅝	− ⅛
Do. "A"	18⅝	16⅛	16¼	16½	+ ¼
Great Eastern	89¼	80⅝	82½	82	− ½
Great Northern Pref.	103½	100	100¼	100	− ¼
Do. Def.	44	42½	41½	43½	− ½
Great Western	143	126½	129	128½	− ½
Hull and Barnsley	46½	45½	46½	47⅞	+1⅜
Lancashire and Yorkshire	109	101	103	102	−1
London and Brighton "A"	127½	115½	118½	118½	− ¼
London, Chatham, and Dover	17	14	14½	14½	—
Do. 4½ p.c. Pref.	101½	88	90	91	+1
Do. 2nd Pref.	68¼	52	53	55	+2
London and North-Western	159⅜	150½	153½	151⅜	−1¼
London and South-Western Def.	57⅜	47	50⅜	49½	−1½
Metropolitan Consolidated	90⅜	60	62½	63¼	+ ⅜
Metropolitan District	38	20⅛	21½	20⅝	− ⅜
Midland Pref.	69¼	67	68	67¾	− ¼
Do. Def.	72½	65	67	66	−1
North British 3 p.c. Pref.	77⅜	74	74½	74½	—
Do. Def.	46⅜	41½	42	41⅜	− ⅛
North-Eastern Consolidated	145½	137½	140½	140⅜	+ ⅜
South-Eastern "A"	57½	46	47½	47⅝	+ ⅛

Americans Neglected by the Public—Good Traffics—Interesting Prospects—Last Year's Earnings.

The British public continues to leave Americans alone, and interest is almost completely centred among the professionals. Professionals pay attention to the market because it affords excellent gambling facilities, but the outsider has been educated to realise that he receives a very poor chance when he takes a hand in Yankees, for the reason that the strings are pulled by influential gentlemen three thousand miles away, and that in the circumstances he is only indulging in a simple gamble. The uncertainty of the monetary position is an obstacle to speculation in New York, despite the promising crop outlook and the satisfactory condition of trade. But prices are already high, and I should not advise a purchase of shares unless one is in the position to take them up and hold them for at least a year. Among the few features of the week have been the drop in Great Northern Deferred and in Northern Pacifics on profit taking, and the strength of Union Pacifics on the ore deal. My table is appended:—

—	1905. Highest.	1905. Lowest.	Closing Price, Nov. 10, 1906.	Closing Price, Nov. 17, 1906.	Closing Price, Nov. 24, 1906.
Atchison	96	80⅛	103⅜	103	104½
Do. Five per Cent. Pref.	109	102	104⅝	105	105½
Baltimore and Ohio Com.	120½	101⅛	121⅛	123	123⅛
Chesapeake and Ohio	61½	46⅜	55	56	57
Denver	40 1/16	27½	40⅝	42	41⅜
Do. Pref.	93⅜	85⅜	86½	86	88
Erie	54½	38 5/16	44½	45⅛	45⅜
Do. First Pref.	87½	77⅜	77⅞	78⅝	78½
Louisville	161⅛	140½	146	149	151½
Milwaukee	193½	173½	175⅜	188½	190
Mo., Kan., and Texas	39⅞	24⅛	34⅜	38⅝	42½
Norfolk Pref.	96½	94	93	93	93
Do. Common	90½	77⅜	95⅜	97½	97½
New York Central	169⅜	140½	131⅝	133	135½
Ontario	65½	41⅞	46½	47⅜	48½
Pennsylvania	76⅜	67½	73½	71⅞	71⅞
Reading	73⅜	40⅜	74½	77	76½
Do. First Pref.	49⅜	46	44½	44½	46
Southern Common	39 7/8	28⅜	33⅜	35½	36½
Do. Pref.	104½	97½	98	99½	98
Southern Pacific	74	59⅝	94½	98⅜	97½
Union Pacific	155⅜	110 9/16	187⅝	192⅜	193⅜
Do. Pref.	102½	98½	96	96	96
Wabash Pref.	49⅜	37⅞	43½	44	45
Do. "B" Debentures	86⅞	69½	82	82	82
U.S. Steel Corp. Com.	44½	26	47⅜	49⅝	49½
Do. Do. Pref.	110⅛	93⅜	109¼	108⅜	108

I have received advance copies of the introduction to "Poor's Manual of Railroads of the United States" for 1906. The following extract is interesting:—

The details of revenue and operation for the fiscal years ending in or up to the close of 1905, representing a total of 215,506 miles of lines, although some roads only report their gross earnings to the publishers of the manual, and the comparative figures, in which the results for the year under consideration and previous years are contrasted, are based upon a mileage of 212,624 miles. In the aggregate the roads represented showed during 1905 total gross earnings amounting to $2,112,197,770, against $1,977,638,713 in 1904, a gain of 6.8 per cent., the latter being the result reported by roads 211,074 miles of main track. The net, inclusive of miscellaneous receipts, which latter item was $80,927,659 in 1905, against $81,357,891 the year before was $766,392,147 in 1905, against $720,597,801 in 1904, an increase of $45,794,346, or 6.4 per cent. Total payments are given as $644,516,133, compared with $627,977,878, or were, in other words, $16,538,000 greater than in 1904, the items, however, including $193,753,869 and $188,386,033 respectively, making the increases in the dividends paid by the railroads of the company upon their capital stocks last year some $5,367,836. The surplus revenues after all payments, therefore, amounted to $121,876,014 last year, compared with $92,620,020 in the previous year, or 31 per cent. Considering that the improvement in business throughout the country and the consequent expansion of railroad traffic were not fairly under way until after the middle of the calendar year 1905, these results are to be considered as very favourable, and it is practically certain that revenues, both gross and net, as well as the amount paid in dividends upon the stocks of the companies during 1906 will display a much greater expansion than in the preceding year.

Rise in Canadian Pacifics—The Wonderful Prospects for the Shares—Trunks Quiet—Rosarios and the Government—The Amalgamation at Last to be Sanctioned—Mexican Rails all in Good Demand—Colombian Northerns.

There has been a strong revival of interest in Canadian Pacifics during the last few days, and the price has risen several dollars. Attention has again been drawn to the wonderful earning power of the Company, one writer in a daily contemporary figuring out the worth of Canadas as 265. To those familiar with the position of the road there is nothing unreasonable about this valuation—indeed, as my readers are well aware, I have for months past repeatedly stated my firm conviction that Canadas are ultimately bound for 250, and perhaps more. On account of the railway alone, the Company last year earned a net profit equal to 14 per cent. upon the Common stock, while the actual cash proceeds of land sales received (including interest on deferred payments) was equal to another 6 per cent. It is true that only 6 per cent. was actually distributed on account of railway earnings, and 1 per cent. is to be paid out of profits on the land department, but

Treatise on Options.—Mr. Arthur Crump, late City Editor of the *Times*, described "Options" as "The most scientific and prudent way of operating on the Stock Exchange." This system, although very popular on the Continent and in America, is not so well known amongst Investors here as its merits justify. We have just published a new Treatise on this subject, which will be sent post free on application to The Secretary, London & Paris Exchange, Ltd., Bankers, Basildon House, Bank, London, E.C., or from any of its Branches.

increased dividends will come with a little patience. As far as the railway is concerned, it would not be surprising if the dividend were raised before long to a 7 per cent. basis, while as regards the proceeds from land sales, the 1 per cent. recommended to be paid next April is no guide at all to what will follow. This 1 per cent. merely represents the interest realised as cash proceeds. The principal sum realised by land sales is to be invested in something safe "until such time as a definite plan can be evolved for its utilisation." What form this plan will take cannot, of course, be predicted with certainty, but it is not unlikely that before very long the land assets will be turned over to a separate holding Company, the shares of which would, of course, be distributed to Canadian Pacific proprietors as a bonus. A separation of the land assets from the railway property is to be desired from the stockholders' point of view, for while the two departments are worked under the one title, dividends are likely to be to some extent restricted, as any material advance in the distribution might provoke an agitation among the users of the railway for a revision of rates. Turning to Grand Trunks, there is little that need be added to what I said a week ago. The worth of Trunks cannot be demonstrated in the same way as that of Canadian Pacifics, but the line continues to do well enough, and those who buy the Third Preference stock at the present price should not have to wait much longer before they are in receipt of their full 4 per cent. interest. When this anticipation is fulfilled, and probably some time before, Thirds should stand considerably higher than they do now. The Ordinary, although still a long way off the dividend stage, are bound to continue moving upwards with the senior issues, and when the Pacific road begins to get into working order, the stock should come in for increased attention from speculators seeing that the whole of the Common Stock of the new line is the property of the Grand Trunk. Amongst Argentine Railways there has recently been an active demand for Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary and Deferred, based upon a report, for which there appears to be good foundation, that the Government is at last going to give its sanction to the union between the Rosario and the old Central Argentine. As the two lines have, for practical purposes, been amalgamated some years, the consent of the Government might, perhaps, be regarded by people as a mere formality. Yet the official recognition of the merger is by no means a merely nominal matter, for, at present, the Government compels the Company to run certain competitive trains, to maintain dual staffs on the other side, and to incur other wholly unnecessary expenditure. Accordingly, the legalising of the amalgamation will mean a useful saving in expenses. The inquiry for the stocks of the various Mexican Railways has again been active. Mexican Central and National issues were bought on Berlin account, the support being connected with revived rumours of consolidation, involving subsequent purchase by the Mexican Government. As far as National issues are concerned, the report covering the first six months of the present year was also a stimulating influence, particularly upon the First Preferred. This stock is at present receiving only 1 per cent., but it appears to be earning the full 4 per cent. to which it is entitled, and, therefore, at the present price of under 60 ought to be well worth picking up. To the investor, the Company's 4 per cent. First Consolidated Mortgage bonds might be recommended. These bonds stand at about 88, are redeemable in 1951, and give a yield of £4 13s. 6d. A little disappointment was caused to holders of Interoceanic Preference over the absence of any reference in the report to the funding of interest arrears. The report, however, was in all other respects highly satisfactory, and, after all, in view of the way the line is progressing some scheme for dealing with the dead weight of accumulated debt is bound to be adopted before very long. Among lesser known foreign Rails a feature during the week was the strength of Colombian Northern issues. This was due in the main to the optimistic remarks made by the chairman at the annual meeting, but the rise was also helped by the granting of an official quotation for the Company's stocks. My table is appended:—

—	A Year Ago.	Make-up, Nov. 12.	Closing Price, Nov. 24.
Canadian Pacific	176¾	178¼	187¾
Grand Trunks	22⅝	27⅝	28⅝
" 4 per cent. Guaranteed	101¾	102¼	102½
" 1st Preference	112¼	117⅜	118⅜
" 2nd "	102½	110⅜	111¼
" 3rd "	56⅜	68¼	68⅜
Bengal and North-West	154½	146	146½
Madras Railway 5 per cent.	126½	122	122½
Argentine Great Western Ordinary	126	117	113
Buenos Ayres and Pacific	130	125½	123
" " 1st Preference	114½	113½	113
" " 2nd "	104½	103½	106½
" Great Southern	137½	12	125½
" Western	132½	121	127½
Entre Rios Railway Preference	91	85½	88
Rosario Consolidated Ordinary	111½	112½	114½
Cent. Uruguay Ordinary	86	89½	91
Costa Rica Railway	2⅛	27½	28
Mashonaland Railway Debentures, 2nd iss.	—	90	89½
Mexican Railway	22¾	36½	38
" 1st Preference	113½	141½	137½
" 2nd "	44	76½	78
Nitrate Rails	16	16	16¼

KAFFIRS DULL—GENERAL MINING NEW ISSUE—RAND LABOUR QUESTION—IS A SOLUTION NEAR?

It is difficult to find anything new to say about the Kaffir market, as the amount of business passing there is very small, and the changes in prices are few, and, generally speaking, unimportant. No doubt the prevailing uncertainty with regard to the Chinese labour question on the Rand is acting as a deterrent to investors, and the fear that some of the controlling houses may have to raise additional capital in order to have funds at their disposal to enable them to meet the financial requirements of their Companies, is also an adverse factor. Already the General Mining and Finance Corporation has announced its intention of increasing its capital from £1,250,000 to £1,875,000 by the creation of 625,000 new shares to enable it to meet the requirements of its subsidiaries, and the market does not view the issue with enthusiasm. The 625,000 new shares are to be offered to shareholders for subscription at 30s. each, but in order to provide against the possible contingency of shareholders not taking kindly to the issue, it has been under-written by a strong group of German bankers, who have guaranteed to take all shares unapplied for at 25s. each. In some quarters exception has been taken to the terms of the guarantee under which the guarantors of the new issue are to have such shares as are not applied for at 25s., while the shareholders have to pay 30s. At a first glance it does seem somewhat anomalous, perhaps, but if the matter is given a little thoughtful consideration it will appear in a totally different light. Were the directors of the General Mining and Finance Corporation sure that the shareholders would take up the new issue a guarantee would be unnecessary; but it is the uncertainty regarding the response that the shareholders are likely to make when asked to subscribe for their pro rata shares that renders it essential that steps should be taken to ensure the whole of the issue being placed in strong hands. As bankers or other financiers do not guarantee to take up very large blocks of shares unless they receive some concession in return, an inducement has to be held out to them, and in the instance under consideration the inducement amounts to 5s. per share. Should it turn out that none of the 625,000 new shares are taken by the shareholders, the issue is bound to go through because of the guarantee, whereas without such a guarantee failure on the part of the shareholders to subscribe might seriously prejudice the credit of the Corporation and lead to unpleasant—not to say serious—results. The Consolidated Gold Fields meeting passed off satisfactorily, and from what Lord Harris told the assembled shareholders, it is evident that, apart from the question of unskilled labour, great progress is being made in the economy of the Rand mining industry. One most significant remark which he made was that "imported labour is essential for South African mining until we can find a rock-drill, which will largely reduce the amount of manual labour at present necessary." Considerable importance is attached to that

remark, because it is an open secret that a rock-drill, which, it is claimed, will bring about a very substantial reduction in working costs, is being experimented with on the Rand, and, provided the reports to hand with regard to the achievements of the drill may be relied upon—and they are well authenticated—then the solution of the greatest difficulty which the mining industry has had to cope with is much nearer than is generally supposed. Diamond shares are easier, and although some new and little known issues are being introduced, there is every appearance that the demand for these speculative descriptions is subsiding. Throgmorton-street has had too much of some of them already.

Rhodesians Spasmodic—Chartered Rumours—The Forthcoming Report—Banket Whispers.

A little more interest has been imparted to the Rhodesian market by somewhat optimistic utterances concerning the position of the Chartered Company, prompted by the knowledge that the annual report customarily makes its appearance this month. The document relating to the year to March last will not, however, be forthcoming until about January next for certain reasons, and in these circumstances it is not surprising that the enthusiasm should have simmered down somewhat. While admitting that the position revealed ought to be an improved one, I am doubtful whether the sanguine expectation prevalent here and there will be realised. Conditions throughout Rhodesia have been more favourable, and there has been a considerable enlargement of the gold production, while the estimated deficit for the preceding twelve months was somewhat smaller than in preceding years, but nevertheless the professed belief in the passing away of the era of deficit in the accounts of the Southern Administration is unduly optimistic. In any case, surplus or deficit, the effect upon Chartered shares is not calculated to be by any means material. In the matter of Bankets, which continue rather out in the cold and neglected, the idea prevails in certain quarters that they will shortly be given another run on the strength of impending developments of a satisfactory character. It is certainly about time that further news was received from the property, and if it is true that the "shop" is actually accumulating shares, the inference is clear that something is in the wind. Bankets, as I have remarked time and again, are a gamble pure and simple, but, regarded strictly as such, they do not seem unattractive at the low figure prevailing. My usual table is appended:—

—	Capitals.		Denom. of Shares.	Amount Paid.	Highest 1905.	Closing Price, Nov. 17, 1906.	Closing Price, Nov. 24, 1906
	Authorised.	Shares Issued.					
	£		£				
Bechuanaland Ex.	400,000	400,000	1	f.p.	1½	1⅞	1⅞
British S. Africa	6,000,000	4,999,638	1	f.p.	⅝	1 3/16	1⅛
Chicago Gaika	250,000	201,000	1	f.p.	2⅜	4/-	3/6
Globe & Phœnix	200,000	250,000	1	f.p.	1 13/16	1	1
Lomagunda Dev	250,000	228,000	1	f.p.	2 1/16	1 1/16	1 1/16
Mashon. Agency	400,000	398,976	1	f.p.	1⅜	⅜	⅜
N'rth'n Copper(U.S.A.)	250,000	100,500	1	f.p.	3½	1 1/16	1⅛
Rhodesia, Ltd.(New)..	600,000	500,000	1	f.p.	1	¼	¼
Rhodesia Expl.	225,000	227,777	1	f.p.	4⅜	2¼	2¼
Rhodesia Glds.	1,000,000	500,677	1	f.p.	5/16	-/6	-/6
Rice Hamilton.....	175,000	50,000	1	f.p.	2⅜	¼	¼
Selukwe	350 000	321,000	1	f.p.	1 1/16	6/6	5/6
Tanganyika Conc.	264 600	234,000	1	f.p.	6⅜	5 5/16	5
United Rhodesia.....	750 000	660,900	1	f.p	11/3	2/6	2 3
Willoughby Con.....	1,000,000	930,000	1	f.p.	1/16	8/-	8/3
Zambesia Explor.	300,000	288,615	1	f.p.	2 5/16	1 5/32	1 1/8

West Africans Stagnant—Broken Hills Booming—Metal Influences—Le Roi—Esperanza Anomaly.

There is no change of any importance in the complexion of affairs in the Jungle. Neglected even by the insiders the market continues to wallow in the slough of depression, and business is virtually non-existent. Indeed, it is as uninteresting as is well-nigh possible. The boomlet in Broken Hill descriptions shows no sign of abatement, Souths and South Blocks being conspicuous because of the encouraging developments reported on the former not far from the boundary of the South Blocks. According to an official cable, the South mine continues to look well at the lowest level (975 feet), but the good developments alluded to are in the 800 feet level. That the profit-earning capacity of the Broken Hill group must have been considerably enlarged by reason of the high prices prevailing for the metals is beyond question. Silver, for instance, before the present drop, has been higher than for more than half a dozen years, and the average price for the whole year will without doubt prove considerably larger. Then again, zinc is materially dearer, and the fact that the price for forward delivery is higher than for prompt is a good sign. An additional source of profit, too, is the sale of tailings. In these circumstances it is not surprising that the existing prices of the shares should be at a rather high level Considerable interest attaches to the Le Roi report, because of the fight for control about a year ago, the result of which was a victory for the policy of Mr. McMillan. The change of management involved some dislocation of business, but despite this a resumption of dividend payments is possible, the total distribution being the equivalent of 3½ per cent. per £5 share. Dealing with the property, the managing director states that "the mine looks better than at any time since I have been connected with the Company," and he looks forward to more prosperity, which is a hopeful sign. Esperanzas, after being neglected for some time, momentarily responded to the satisfactory profits earned in October. These approximated £97,027 net, in comparison with £86,177 for September, but a revival of the rumours that the mine will come to the end of its rich ore supplies within a few months served to check the enthusiasm. How much truth there is in these adverse whispers it is, of course, difficult to ascertain, but one would imagine that the Board ought to publish some exhaustive statement on the matter in the interests of the shareholders. Here is my table:—

—	Denomination of Shares.	Closing Price, Nov. 17.	Closing Price, Nov. 24.
	£		
Ashanti Goldfields	4/-	12 6	12/6
Akrokerri.....	1	¾	¾
Bibiani Goldfields	1	15/16	15/16
British Gold Coast.....	1	⅝	⅝
Gold Coast Amalgamated Mines	1	1⅜	1⅜
Taquah and Abosso	1	2 1/16	2 1/16
Wassau (Gold Coast).....	1	⅛	⅛
Egyptian Mines and Exploration.....	1	4/6	4/6
Nile Valley.....	1	5/-	4/-
Anaconda Copper	$25	14½	14⅝
Balaghat Gold	1	25/6	24/6xd
Broken Hill Proprietary	8/-	5 3/4	5⅜
Cape Copper.....	2	7¾	8
Champion Reef	2/6	10/6	11/6
Le Roi	5	1⅜	1⅜
Mysore Gold	10/-	4/9	5⅛
Nundydroog	10/-	26/-	25/6
Ooregum	10/-	1 -/6	13 6
Rio Tinto	5	76½	76½
Tharsis Sulphur and Copper.....	2	8	8⅛
Waihi Gold	1	9 1/16	8⅝

Business in the Copper section continues to broaden, and there has been a fair amount of activity in the shares of the Union Consolidated Copper Mines, which have just been introduced, at 1¼, 1⅜. This Company has a capital of £150,000, and it has been formed to work a group of copper mines in South Australia, seventy miles from Lyndhurst, on the main Northern Railway. Situated in one of the richest districts in Autralasia, the property has been very favourably reported on by several mining engineers and geologists of repute, who state that five distinct lodes, or ore bodies, exist on it, ranging up to widths of over 200 feet, and with values up to 60 per cent. of copper and 8 dwt. of gold per ton. The erection of smelters is nearing completion, and all mining work on the property is progressing splendidly. The engineer, Mr. Charles Hill, reports that thousands and thousands of tons of ore can be got simply by quarrying, and he strongly recommends the property as a sound mining proposition of unusual magnitude and promise. The change of policy inaugurated by Mr. W. M. Cairncross when he took over the duties of mine manager of the Manica Copper Development Company is bearing excellent results, and is responsible for the demand which has sprung up for the shares and sent them to about 11s. The Company has a number of claims in the East African territory of Manica, situated about midway between the towns of Macequece and Umtali,

and since last April development has been vigorously proceeded with under Mr. Cairncross's direction, and several bodies of rich copper ore have been located. The main copper lode is really an immense body of ore, and, as it presents no metallurgical difficulties, large profits should result when a suitable reduction plant, which could be erected at a moderate expense, has been provided. The financial position of the Company is a strong one, and the property has every prospect of reaching the producing stage at an early date. The Wheal Commerce Tin Mine, Limited, has been brought out with a strong directorate and a capital of £50,000. The issue was applied for several times over, and the shares are now quoted 10s. premium. The Commerce Mine which the Company has been formed to acquire is a Cornish producing concern, situated near St. Austell, and its tin fetches a high price, the parcel sold on October 12 last realising the record figure of £125 per ton. When the mine is properly equipped it is estimated that there will be an output of fifty tons of tin per day, which, allowing only £100 per ton, should yield a profit of at least 20 per cent. upon the share capital of the Company. A considerable business is being done in Siberian mining shares, Siberian Props being now 14½, Orsks are buyers at 2 7-16, Siberian Mines 2¼, Troitzk 1½, H. A. Syndicate 18 premium, and Nerchinsk 7s. 6d. Orsks have received a great deal of attention on the circular reporting on the Nouvgorodof Reef 21 dwt. of gold per ton over a width of three feet. The manager states that this information "is the most definite and encouraging I have yet been able to give in reference to the indications for the permanence of the reef in depth." It is intended to put up 100 stamps on this property, but, reckoning on the basis of sixty stamps crushing 300 tons per day, the profit, with 15s. per ton expenses, would amount to £300,000 a year. In the circumtances, it is easy to understand the strength of Orsk and Siberian Props (the parent Company) shares. The first subsidiary of the Nerchinsk Gold Mining Company—viz., the Kluchi Gold Mines, Limited, has met with a good reception, the extensive property which it is to exploit being reputed to be very rich. The capital of the new Company is £280,000, and the property which it has acquired is known as the Mount Kluchi block, about 7½ square miles, or 4,800 acres, in extent, situated in the eastern part of the Nerchinsk mining district of Siberia, and forming part of the area comprised in a concession held by the Nerchinsk Company. Considerable development work has been done on the property, and over 5,000 tons of ore treated showed an average of 17 dwt. 16 gr. per ton, while the assays from surface discoveries ahead of the workings give values up to 1 oz. 6 dwt. per ton. When operations are conducted on an adequate scale very large profits should be made by the Kluchi Gold Mines. After visiting the Utah Bingham Mining Company's property, Mr. W. W. Bellows, the manager, writing to his directors on the 8th inst., stated that he could not sufficiently express the satisfaction he felt when he saw the splendid condition things were in, and also the prospects of opening up large ore bodies. Mr. Bellows gave some interesting details about the property, and concluded by stating that the Company could mine and treat its ore much cheaper than most of the mines in the Bingham Camp.

Westralians Quiet — Kalgurlis — Ivanhoes—Oroyas and Black Range—Deep Leads.

Momentarily, at all events, the speculative interest in the Westralian market has experienced a slight check by the death of a rather considerable holder of many of the leading shares, including Perseverance, Lake Views, Golden Horseshoes, Ivanhoes, Fingalls, and Oroyas. This event was considered sufficient excuse for marking down values to a slight extent, but it was not by any means material, and now it is being recognised that even if these holdings have to be disposed of, some time must necessarily elapse before any action will be taken. It does not seem altogether certain that the shares will come on the market, because there is just the chance that they may be disposed of privately. The factor, in any case, cannot be regarded as a "Bear" point for the time being. At the present moment interest is still centred in Kalgurlis. Although no further development reports are to hand, it is generally recognised that this property has a bright future, and that it is opening up in a promising fashion, hence it is not surprising that the shares should be maintained at about 12, especially in view of the expectation of an increase in the next distribution. Ivanhoes, too, are still favoured as a result of the satisfactory development in depth reported, and to my mind they seem to be deserving of consideration. Unlike Kalgurli shares, which are nominally £1, they are of a denomination of £5 each, and stand at a trifle over 7, and on the basis of last year's dividend would give a very high return. They certainly appear to be relatively low. It is interesting to refer to the interim dividend of 4s. per share, the same as a year ago, declared by the Oroya Brownhill. These shares are now at a very low level, which is explained by the fact that as a high-grade proposition the mine has not more than a couple more years. It is not possible to determine its value as a low-grade mine, but it must be recognised that the Company has acquired a group of mines in the East Murchison Goldfield of Westralia, known as the Oroya Black Range, which may become a valuable asset in the future. The Horseshoe dividend of 6s. per share is the same as twelve months ago. As regards deep leads, further encouraging news has served to lift up the price of Loddon Valleys. It appears that the wash has been actually entered, and the manager considers the prospects decidedly encouraging. It is not possible to estimate values, but it may be mentioned that, working on a large scale, costs would be covered by 2 dwts. per ton. Upon any temporary reaction, Loddon Valleys would still appear a fairly attractive gamble. My usual table follows:—

—	1900 High.	1905. High.	1905. Lowest.	Make-up, Nov. 9, 1906.	Closing Price, Nov. 17, 1906.	Closing Price, Nov. 24, 1906.
Associated G.M.	7⅜	3⅝	1⅜	1 15/16	1 13/16	1 13/16
Assoc. Nth. Blocks	3⅜	1 7/16	1 1/16	1¼	1¼	1 1/16
Brownhill Ext.	3 7/16	15/16	7/6	6/6	6/6	6/6
Cosmopolitan	30/3	⅛	4/3	5/-	5/-	5/-
Golden Horseshoe	15	8 7/16	5 1/16	5⅞	5 15/16	5 13/16
Great Boulder Prop.	37/6	25/6	27/6	26/3	26/3	26/3
Do. Perseverance	18½	16/6	10/3	8/3	8/3	7/9
Gt. Fingall Cons.	6 15/16	8⅝	3½	2 15/16	2 15/16	2¾
Hainault	1⅞	1 1/16	1 3/32	1 1/16	1 1/16	1⅛
Ivanhoe (£5)	15½	8 7/16	6 1/16	6 1/16	7¼	7 1/16
Ivanhoe South Extnd.	4⅛	⅜	⅛	⅛	7/16	7/16
Kalgurli	9⅜	9¾	11 1/16	11 1/16	12	12
Lake View Consols	5⅜	1⅞	⅞	⅞	1	15/16
L. & W. A. Exploration	1 15/16	15/6	9/-	16/-	1/16	1 1/16
Oroya Brownhill	—	3 3/32	2⅜	2 15/16	2⅜	2 1/16
Sons of Gwalia	6 1/16	2 1/16	1 5/16	1⅝	1⅝	1 9/16
South Kalgurli	6½	2	1 1/16	27/32	15/16	15/16

Insurance Notes — Star Life Office — Opposition to Directors — Reasons for Amalgamation—Terms for the Board—Sentiment v. Pocket—Foreign Business —Co-operation Among Policyholders.

I am at a loss to understand the reasons which have led the Directors of the Star to oppose the amalgamation with the Norwich Union Life Office which is being urged upon them by many of the shareholders and policyholders. Since I wrote about this last week the representatives of the Star's policyholders' committee have had an interview with the Board of the Star, but the Directors refuse to alter their view, and the committee has decided to proceed at once with the necessary preliminaries for summoning a special general meeting. Briefly, the reasons for accepting the Norwich Union terms are: (1) The Directors of the Star rightly considered £50 a share a good offer from the United Kingdom Temperance. The Norwich Union is prepared to give £65 a share, without, however, allowing any participation in profits since 1903, which the former offer provided for. These profits would probably have amounted to from £5 to £10 per share; therefore the Norwich offer is better for the shareholders. (2) The United Kingdom Temperance proposal was that the Star fund should be kept as a separate trust, managed at a fixed expenditure of 10 per cent. of the premiums,

and nine-tenths of the profits from the trust were to be taken by the participating policyholders of the Star. Ten per cent. of the renewal premiums meant no improvement in economy, and the proprietary element which took 10 per cent. of the profits was to continue. The last bonus of the Star was a compound reversionary addition to the sum assured of 10s. per cent. per annum; the previous bonus was 15s. It might have been expected that under the capable management of the United Kingdom Temperance the bonus from the Star trust would have improved, but there was no reasonable ground for hoping that it would have amounted to so much as the simple reversionary bonus of 30s. per cent. per annum which the Norwich Union is prepared to guarantee. Consequently the new offer is better than the old for the policyholders. (3) The maladroit speech of the Chairman of the Star has greatly intensified the difficulty of his Company in doing business as a separate organisation. Hence the arguments in favour of amalgamation on moderate terms, which were convincing before, become overwhelmingly strong in favour of the better terms now. I am reluctant to think that there are others to be considered besides the policyholders and the shareholders; but past experience in the matter of amalgamation shows that the terms offered to Directors and managers are only too frequently the deciding factor, and that the interests of policyholders and shareholders take second place. Since the new terms are better than the old terms which the Board of the Star recommended—at least, from the point of view of proprietors and policyholders—and since the prospects of success for the Star as a separate organisation are much worse than they were before the Chairman's speech, it is natural to seek for some explanation of the action of the Star Directors, and to ask the question whether it is to be found in the terms offered to themselves. I scarcely think that this can be the reason. It may be that my wish is father to my thought, since I should be sorry to suppose that the Directors of the Star were influenced by any such consideration. Moreover, so far as I can learn, the new terms offered to the Board are at least as good as the old terms, while I understand that as regards the staff both at the head office and the branches a guarantee is given to continue the services of every member instead of merely the services of those who had been in the employ of the Star for some considerable length of time.

It is perhaps more likely that for some reason or other the Directors of the Star like the United Kingdom Temperance better than they like the Norwich Union. If such a predilection exists, it may be due to the fact that both the Star and the United Kingdom have strong connections among Wesleyans, and perhaps among total abstainers as well. I readily admit that sentiments of this kind sometimes play a considerable part in business matters, and I fully recognise that sentiment of this kind may have a commercial value and facilitate the obtaining of business. But if the advantages of sentiment do not counterbalance the disadvantages of inefficient management, the shareholders and policyholders had better put aside their sentiments for the sake of their pockets. At the very least it seems to me that the Directors ought to be glad to give the shareholders and the policyholders the opportunity of expressing their opinion upon the new terms. The Directors have not been elected to the Board to oppose the wishes of those whom they represent, but to carry out their wishes. If after a fair statement of the case the proprietors and the assured decide against amalgamation, the present opinion of the Directors will be justified; but, frankly, I cannot conceive the possibility of the Chairman of the Star being able to convince a general meeting that the arguments in favour of amalgamation which he used in July were entirely wrong, and that, his own speech having made amalgamation more necessary than ever, and the new terms being a great improvement on the old, they should refuse to adopt a course which is so manifestly advantageous.

It is fairly well known that the foreign business of the Star has been in many ways unsatisfactory, and the condition of its business in foreign countries was one of the arguments used in favour of transfer. From this point of view the Norwich Union would seem to be a particularly suitable Company to take over the Star; while other offices have found foreign business unprofitable the Norwich Union has found it satisfactory. This difference is mainly due to the fact that while the Star and some other Companies have conducted their foreign business more or less on English rates and English terms, the Norwich Union have given careful consideration to the mortality and the expenses prevailing in other countries, and have followed a proper study of the conditions by a suitable adjustment of rates. Handled in this way, the foreign business of the Norwich has been a success. It is already in a position to look after the foreign policyholders of the Star, whose foreign connections would be of value to the Norwich Union, since they could be used to work on profitable lines instead of, as heretofore, in unprofitable ways.

It is impossible that any objection can be raised to the status of the Norwich Union: financially it is on the same strong footing as the United Kingdom Temperance, since both value their liabilities on the stringent basis of interest at 2½ per cent., and, when the rate of expenditure of the two Companies is judged by appropriate methods, the Norwich Union is the more economically managed of the two. It thus appears that the only conceivable objections to the acceptance of the new terms are the conditions offered to the Directors and the question of sentiment. I should be very reluctant to believe that the conditions for Directors, even if they are less good—which I doubt—had any weight. If sentiment weighs with the Board it seems to me that they should at least give the shareholders and policyholders the opportunity of saying whether they, too, prefer sentiment to financial gain. Moreover, I think the Chairman should explain whether this sentiment has always appealed to him, and whether or not it is the case that overtures with another office not connected with the Wesleyan body were made or considered. Whatever may be the ultimate view as to the wisdom or otherwise of transferring the business of the Star to the Norwich Union, the case for consideration is overwhelming, and I strongly advise the shareholders and policyholders of the Star to communicate with the Star policyholders' committee at 5, Moorgate-Street Buildings, London, E.C.

John I. Thornycroft and Co.

John I. Thornycroft and Co., Ltd., have notified their Preference shareholders that "In view of the large amount of uncompleted work in hand (about £500,000), most of which is for the British Admiralty, the Directors have decided to defer payment of the interim dividend on the Preference shares for the current year, pending the completion of the accounts for the whole year." It does not appear to me that work in hand to the amount of £500,000 is a large amount, considering the extent of the share and debenture capital of the Company. The British Admiralty pays for work as it is being done, and if, as the circular states, most of the work is for the Admiralty, the reason given for postponing the dividend seems inadequate. Moreover, if most of the work in hand is for the Admiralty, what benefit is the Company gaining out of the motor business for which it paid a very large sum? In this connection the rumour reaches me that the motor works at Basingstoke, as well as at Chiswick, purchased from the motor Company, are to be given up, and the whole of the motor manufacture done at the original shipbuilding works at Chiswick, the boatbuilding being done at Southampton. However the circular is looked at, it appears very unsatisfactory, and it is not surprising that its issue was immediately followed by a sharp fall in the price of shares.

More About the Philanthropists.

Messrs. Morgan Corcoran, of 14, Great Winchester-street, E.C., have a desire to make the fortune of all and sundry. They recommend a purchase of Canadian Pacifics, with this intention:—

> Can you afford to ignore profitable investment such as this? There is still an easy and quick 10-point profit awaiting you—be wise and take full advantage of the opportunity presented. The golden rule is to buy when stocks are low; far-seeing and shrewd

operators are buying Canadas now—take our advice and do likewise. We have proved to you that our information is reliable. We want your stock-dealing business. If you open a deal with us you will become a permanent client. This is the class of business we desire. *Our Special Offer.*—For £200 we will open 400 Canadas. Larger or smaller amounts will margin a proportionate number of shares. *No contango or commission* will be charged you, but on the profits of this deal we will deduct 5 per cent. for our services.

I believe in Canadian Pacifics, but I should rather buy them through a more reputable channel.

William Tyler and Co., of Pinners' Hall, Old Broad-street, E.C., who describe themselves as "dealers in Stock Exchange securities," are at the moment making a feature of the shares of the United States Steel Corporation, and they recommend a purchase on the ground that the concern has acquired three-fifths of the known iron deposits in the United States, and "thereby becomes the controlling power in the Steel trades of the world." For a long purchase I can advise Steel Trust, but as a speculation for a quick profit I should certainly not deal in them through a bucket-shop.

Owing to their constantly increasing business in Europe, Messrs. E. D. Shepard and Co., of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, find that it has become necessary to establish permanent quarters in London:—

It being our desire to increase our clientèle in this country, we take this opportunity of giving you some information regarding our standing and business. This firm was established in New York City in 1869, and has been dealing successfully in High Grade Investment Bonds in the United States of America since that time. We believe that there is a general demand at this time for a security combining absolute safety with a fair rate of interest, and we offer, as a leader, the Five per Cent. Mortgage Bonds of the Santa Fé, Liberal and Englewood Railroad Company, at a price to net approximately 5 per cent. This road is an important feeder of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railway system, and we can recommend these bonds for conservative investment. Do you care to have us send you complete information?

The idea of the First Mortgage Bonds of the Santa Fé Liberal and Eagleward Railroad Company being a good security is a little too ludicrous for words.

The individual who calls himself John B. McKenzie, whose address is at 23, Rood-lane, E.C., is on the war-path again, and he wishes to bring to your notice "a stock which is worth your serious consideration." He has hesitated (very considerately) to bring it before you earlier.

New Issues.

The following prospectuses have been issued:—

Kluchi Gold Mines.—The public are invited to subscribe at par for 115,000 shares of £1 each in the Kluchi Gold Mines, Ltd. The company has an authorised capital of £280,000, and is the first subsidiary company of the Nerchinsk Gold Company, Ltd. Shareholders of the H.A. Syndicate, Ltd., the Siberian Mines, Ltd., and the Nerchinsk Gold Company, Ltd., will receive (rateably according to their applications) preferential allotment, as to one-half to shareholders of the Nerchinsk Gold Company, Ltd., and, of the balance, 40,000 shares equally divided between shareholders of the H.A. Syndicate, Limited, and the Siberian Mines, Ltd. The company has been formed, the prospectus states, to acquire the gold mining rights in respect of the Mount Kluchi Block, situate in the eastern part of the Nerchinsk mining district of Siberia. The company will, as regards the Mount Kluchi Block, occupy in substance the position of sub-concessionaires under the Nerchinsk Gold Company, Ltd.

Wheal Commerce Tin Mine Limited.—This company has a capital of £50,000, divided into 50,000 shares of £1 each, and is now making an issue at par of 50,000 shares; 44,000 shares are offered for subscription at par, of which 25,000 are for working capital. The mine is situated in the parish of St. Ewe, Cornwall, 3½ miles from the town of St. Austell, and is connected with the railway there by means of good roads. The property has an area of 600 acres, held for a term of 21 years at a rent of £50 per annum, merging into a royalty of 1-20th of the amount realised from the sale of ore.

The Carthagena and Herrerias Steam Tramways Company, Limited, have authorised Parrs' Bank, Limited, as Bankers of the Company, to receive applications for £100,000 Five per cent. Registered Debentures. The Company, which has been in existence since the year 1872, owns mineral railways in Spain running from the Sierra of Carthagena to the Port of that name. The Concessions for the major portion of the Company's lines are in perpetuity, and those for the remainder expire in 1962 and onwards. In addition to its own lines the Company leases a short line from a Belgian Company, and works others leading to the shipping wharves and owned by the wharfingers. The principal revenue of the Company is derived from the carriage of minerals, of which in 1905 it carried no less than 469,497 tons. For the first ten months of the current year the traffic receipts have shown remarkable expansion.

"Truth" will be sent weekly to any address in the United Kingdom for 7s. for 3 months; 14s. for 6 months; or 28s. for 12 months. The subscription for all Countries included in the Postal Union is, 3 months, 7s. 8d.; 6 months, 15s. 4d.; 12 months, £1 10s. 8d. All subscriptions are payable in advance, and cheques and P.O.O.'s should be made payable to the Manager, "Truth" Building, Carteret-street, S.W.

"Truth" Letter Box.

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" reply by post.

Name and address, which must accompany all inquiries, should be written on the communication; cards are apt to be lost or misplaced, causing unnecessary trouble.

Anonymous letters will not in any case be attended to.

I cannot reply to inquiries by letter or telegram.

A nom-de-plume or initials (the former preferably) should be given if it is desired that the real name shall not appear in the paper.

Inquiries should be put as briefly as possible, plainly written, and numbered.

Communications received after Friday may not be replied to in the following issue. Delay may also occur where an exceptionally long list of securities is submitted.

I do not recommend brokers.

Mines.

Clas, Edinboro'.—Both shares are worth holding on to, but you may have to wait for some time for a good appreciation in the South African. *Sphynx.*—Both shares are desirable speculations, and you should have no difficulty in obtaining them through an inside broker. *W. C. L. L.*—1. I should not join the reconstruction. 2. I know nothing about the company. *White Hussar.*—Do not support the directors. *York.*—African Consolidated Land and Rossland Kootenay mining companies are both in existence; the other has disappeared. *Junius.*—You had better accept the offer. *Shareholder.*—I have not heard of the concern for a considerable time past, but it is highly improbable that the shares will be quoted on the Stock Exchange. *Ignis Fatuus.*—I do not know any paper which quotes the shares. *Elmbank.*—1. Broken Hill Block 14 might be held for a higher price. 2. Hold the Sulphide Corporations. *Medico.*—If you are in no hurry to realise, hold on to your Kaffirs, which are of the best class. *Hove.*—Arizona Coppers are all right to hold.

Mixed Securities

Hulme.—1. You had better sell. 2. Do not buy. 3. Seems a fair purchase at present price. *Beta.*—1. Victorian Deep Leads are a promising speculation. 2. Buy Grand Trunk Thirds and Brighton Deferred. 3. I should prefer Lyons. 4. Union Steamship of New Zealand shares are a very fair purchase. *W. F.*—1. I do not recommend the shares. 2. Canadian Pacifics are a good investment. 3. Not Central American "rubbish." 4. Grand Trunk Ordinary is worth putting away for a year or so. *Rees.*—1. I do not see how you can make much of a mistake in buying Consols, which will give you a good profit early in the New Year. 2. Buy North-Western stock. 3. Home Corporation stocks are not inviting just now. *Orlando.*—1. The future of the mine is very uncertain. Cut your loss and buy shares in one of the promising Copper properties. 2. There is not much chance of a dividend at present. *S. P. U.*—Hold both investments.

Miscellaneous.

Robo.—1. The amount is so small that you would probably not be able to obtain the full market price. 2. Through a broker. *Caudle.*—For obvious reasons contango rates have been, and are, likely to continue heavy, but at the last carry-over the charge opened at 8½ to 9 per cent., and went off to 8 per cent., so you have some cause for complaint. *O. J. O.*—Your assumption is quite correct; leave the concern alone. *Mary Yorke, Clapham.*—Members of the Stock Exchange deal in options. Pursue your inquiries still further. You must obviously give satisfactory references, your attitude in this respect not being calculated to inspire confidence. Cover depends entirely upon the stock. *B. H. G. L.*—Tolerably fair. *Stockvisser.*—2 is all right, but you ought to leave the others alone. *Fawcett, India.*—You would be well advised not to entrust the so-called bank with your money. The high rate of interest offered is not compatible with the security of your principal. See above rules governing "Letter Box" correspondence. *Primus.*—1. Have not a good opinion of them. 2. When they are nearer 4 they would be a fairly attractive speculation for a long shot. *Spes.*—Would strongly warn you against the concern. *Australian, Dublin.*—Better avoid it. *Christleton.*—Better consult the police, who ought to be able to deal with such a swindler. Cannot recommend any solicitor, it being against rules. *Colonel.*—Thanks for the Cunliffe, Russell and Co., of Paris, literature. This concern ought to be avoided, because they charge exorbitantly for the bonds, many of which are undesirable. *Annuity.*—Try the Norwich Union or the Scottish Widows. *Lynden Bell.*—The self-styled bankers are merely lottery touts, whom I would not recommend you to trust. *Waller.*—I do not, as you may observe in the above rules, reply by post. Would prefer the Post Office or the Birkbeck to the

other. *Philosophical.*—A home office would be best, but the one named has a good standing. *C. H. Crosbie.*—Absolute exaggeration. See reply to "Colonel." *J. B. B. Robertson.*—Under no circumstances ought you to have anything to do with either concern. *Hove.*—If Martin Bull's effusive literature annoys you so much you ought to re-direct the envelopes and let him pay the return postage. *Boz.*—The existing price is a trifle high for a share that receives no dividend. *Ablik.*—Do not favour A, and as regards B, see foregoing reply to "Fawcett, India." *E. S. T.*—Both notorious swindlers of the bucket shop type. *Schofield.*—Good. *Old Hand.*—No. 1 is a fair holding. 2. Rather speculative, but, of course, the company ought to participate in the prosperity of Mexico. *Nepaul.*—Panamas I do not fancy, but the others are fair. *M. D.*—A trifle speculative, but if a resumption of dividends is possible this year they are certainly not over valued. *McCarthy, Blackburn.*—Undesirable channel for investment. *Cudos.*—The list is fairly good of its sort. Better hold the share in question for a possible recovery. Secretary of the Stock Exchange will send a list of members on application. Follow my remarks week by week and then make a selection. *Caledonia.*—1. The society is one which you could profitably avoid. 2. They might be held. *Auld Reekie.*—See first part of foregoing reply to "Caledonia," and leave it alone. *Christowell.*—I believe they deal fairly by their clients. *Paterfamilias.*—They would make a good purchase. *Florence.*—You would do best to hold on for a possible recovery. *Cestrian.*—Of this class Apollinaris Ordinary make a fairly respectable holding. *Dubio.*—The general idea is that they will be cut down to 7s. 6d., as I remarked. *Augur.*—I believe that the concern is reliable. *J. C. J., Bristol.*—The people should be avoided.

Industrials in Favour—Cycles Booming—Humbers and Daimler—Bays — Pekin Less Dejected — Drapery Shares — Iron and Steel Prosperity — Telegraphs—Electric Lighting Shares—Breweries.

Still a considerable degree of interest is being evinced in the Industrial market. Whatever may be the cause, the fact remains that business continues to expand, and that confidence is greater in almost every direction. In point of interest the recrudescence of the boomlet in cycle and motor shares, for which the Exhibition at Olympia is held responsible, is most conspicuous. From all accounts the industry is still enjoying considerable prosperity. In regard to Humbers, which still absorb the bulk of attention, it seems to be worth while to hark back to the recent report. The achievement was a somewhat striking one, the profits aggregating £106,560 net, of which the three arrears of interest on the Preference capital absorbed £45,000, reserve fund appropriation £40,000, while the 5 per cent. dividend on the Ordinary accounted for the mere trifle of £12,500. If the results for the current year are anything like so good the position of the Ordinary in relation to dividend possibilities would be exceedingly promising, and, indeed, would justify the current high quotation. There would be only the year's interest on the Preference to meet, so that the Ordinary would benefit materially even if there be a liberal allocation to reserve. The same remarks apply with equal force to the Daimler Company, in which case the dividends on both the Ordinary and Preference shares absorbed just over £39,100, whereas the appropriation to reserve amounted to £120,000. Another concern to make an enhanced distribution is the Swift, which returns 20 per cent., as against 10 per cent. Concerning a purchase of shares of this class it is, I should imagine, quite superfluous for me to remark that the chances are that they would be obtainable upon more favourable terms by waiting for the present boomlet to subside, as it inevitably will in the early future. As regards Hudsons Bays, there is nothing much to add to my remarks of a week ago. The shares have been as high as 130, an inflated price it must be confessed, yet they are still talked higher. To the average individual I do not think they are any longer worth considering, being, in fact, purely and simply a rich man's gamble. It may be noted that a better sentiment prevails in regard to Chinese descriptions, especially Pekin Syndicates, as a result of cable advices to the effect that No. 1 shaft is down to a depth of 610 feet, and that coal was expected to be reached within a few days. I still regard Pekins as a fairly attractive gamble. Here is a table showing the approximate yield given by drapery and store shares:—

	Price		Yield per Cent.
John Barker & Co.	6¼	.....	£5 14 0
D. H. Evans & Co.	3¾	.....	6 0 0
Harrods	4¼	.....	5 2 6
Jays	1¾	.....	5 13 0
Jones & Higgins	2¾	.....	4 12 6
Paquin	2¾	.....	6 15 0
Swan & Edgar	2¼	.....	5 0 0

The conclusion of the Clyde strike and the knowledge that the industry continues to enjoy a great degree of prosperity is reflected in the firmness of Iron and Steel shares, and as I have had occasion to draw attention to South Durhams more than once, it seems opportune to refer to the achievement of the past year. The profits amount to £181,100 net, as against the £101,400 shown in the previous report, which covered a period of nine months. This indicates a considerable expansion, and the Ordinary shares receive 12½ per cent., as against 10 per cent. in 1905, when the arrears of Preference interest were wiped out. It may be noted, too, that £50,000 is placed to reserve, as against no corresponding appropriation twelve months ago. In view of this, considerable interest attaches to the forthcoming report of the Cargo Fleet Iron Company, an affiliated concern. There is not much business passing in Telegraph stocks apart from Anglo "A," in which the speculative interest continues large, though no material advance has occurred in the quotations. As I have remarked time and again, Anglo "A" is a gamble pure and simple, and to me appears to be wholly unattractive at anything like the inflated price now ruling. To the investor on the lookout for a purchase of the Industrial type affording a fair degree of security and at the same time giving a decent return, the Telegraphs are worthy of consideration. Anglo-American Preferred, for instance, would give a return of not far short of 5½ per cent., while Easterns Extension yield about 5 per cent, Easterns about 4⅞ per cent., Direct Spanish about 5¼ per cent., and Western about 4⅞ per cent. Though still the centre of interest, there is less activity amongst Textile shares, and it may be noted that the rumoured capitalisation scheme of J. and P. Coats has not yet been confirmed. Nitrates, too, are less conspicuous, though from all accounts the industry continues in a flourishing state. Assuming that this is correct, the shares would seem to be becoming a more attractive purchase than during the recent upward movement, but by waiting a little longer and seizing the opportunity, I am inclined to the opinion that the individual who fancies such things could get in on still better terms. Incidentally, it may be remarked that the Santa Catalina dividend in respect of the past year is the equivalent of 25 per cent., as compared with 10 per cent. Circumstances would seem to have combined to have an adverse effect upon Electric Lighting shares. The trust proposals are not now regarded so serious, and the result of the recent borough elections, too, is considered hopeful. Values are now low, and the following table shows the approximate yield obtainable:—

	Price.		Yield per Cent.
Brompton and Kensington	8½	.....	£5 14 0
Charing Cross, West End, &c.	4	.....	5 17 6
Do. Pfce	4¾	.....	4 10 0
Chelsea	5½	.....	5 9 0
City of London	10	.....	5 14 0
County of London	8¼	.....	5 14 0
London Electric Supply Pfce.	5½	.....	5 10 0
Metropolitan	8	.....	5 6 0

On the whole, the reports of Brewery undertakings now being issued would seem to give the impression that the corner has been turned in the matter of dwindling profits. The stumbling block to any growth of confidence or any recovery in values is, however, the uncertainty as to the attitude of the Government in relation to taxation. In this respect the industry is already burdened heavily, and the effect has been all the more marked because of the unsatisfactory state of trade that has existed.

VIGILANT.

"American Railway Earnings and Dividends," by D. O. Croal, F.S.S. "A carefully written *résumé* of the position and prospects of the leading lines in the United States."—*Financial News.*—Effingham Wilson. Price 6d. net.

Thomas Goode & Co.—China, glass, pottery, fireproof ware, Sole agents in the United Kingdom for the famous "Bi Métal" (copper lined with pure sheet silver) Cooking Utensils. Illustrated catalogues free.—South Audley-street, London.

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QUEER STORY.

A GIRL OF SPIRIT.

GREAT preparations were being made in the little village of Derrickfergus, Co. Tyrone, for the forthcoming marriage of Kathleen, only child of Phemius Derrick, Squire of the place, with Captain Carruthers, of the Rifle Brigade, and of Carruthers Castle, Westmoreland—an eminently eligible young man, with a rent-roll of £12,000 a year.

Kathleen's mother, who did not enjoy the best of health, and fancied herself, perhaps, even more of an invalid than she was, had for some years now been too much afraid of the fatigue of travelling to venture beyond the limits of her own neighbourhood. And as she didn't like the Squire out of her sight, and ruled that burly individual—weak woman though she was—with a rod of iron; he, too, was practically confined to his Irish home. But Kathleen, now and again, was allowed to visit friends in London; and it was in the course of one of these visits that she met, and became engaged to, Captain Carruthers.

Her mother—woman like—was much pleased by the engagement; for she had long been horribly afraid of Kathleen's compromising herself with some detrimental. So it was a great satisfaction to feel that she was safely engaged to a man with £12,000 a year.

The Squire, being a man and differently constituted, was less impressed by the thought of Carruthers Castle and the big rent-roll. All he cared about—for he idolised Kathleen—was that the girl should marry the man she loved and be happy with him. . . . Of course, that the man should be rich was all on the right side. But if he had been poor, and Kathleen had loved him, the Squire would have consented to the match just as readily. That is to say, he would have consented if his wife had allowed him. But the "if" in this case was rather a big mouthful.

Fortunately, however, there was no conflict between love and money—both being happily combined in the person of Captain Carruthers; so the question of the "if" did not arise. For this Squire Derrick was truly thankful. He hated refusing Kathleen anything on which her heart was set. He also hated—and to say truth, rather feared—a rumpus with his better half.

Well, as I have said, the village of Derrickfergus was seething with excitement over the preparations for the great forthcoming event. Kathleen's mother, having almost forgotten herself and her ailments awhile in this new and exciting interest, roused herself to an exhibition of energy really quite surprising in so confirmed an invalid. I suppose all mothers like to fuss and bustle, and make themselves important in getting ready for a daughter's wedding. And Mrs. Derrick was no exception. She revelled, for many weeks, in a bracing atmosphere of orange blossoms and satin gowns and bridal veils, and going-away frocks, and lace-trimmed underlinen. All these things were selected with the most portentous deliberation and laid out in the spare bedroom for exhibition to the bride's lady friends, who were specially bidden to tea for that purpose.

It had been arranged that Kathleen's wedding should be celebrated with great festivities and high jinks at Derrick Hall. There was to be a big dinner party the night before the wedding and a ball on the evening of the auspicious day itself. Further, the tenantry were to be entertained to an early high tea, in a marquee in the park, to be followed by athletic sports, dancing, ale-swigging, fireworks, and a bonfire. In fact, everything was to be done in the most approved style to mark the great occasion. No wonder, then, that such expectant excitement had been aroused throughout the neighbourhood.

There was only one fly in the ointment of Mrs. Derrick's satisfaction, and this was the fact that Captain Carruthers, who was detained in England till the last moment by his military duties, when asked to send a list of his relatives and friends whom he wished to have invited, had only sent the names of five—his mother, his two sisters, and an uncle and aunt; and that of these, only one—his elder sister—had accepted the invitation, the others all excusing themselves on the plea of distance. This annoyed Mrs. Derrick. She regarded it as a slight—an intentional slight, perhaps—designed to show their disapproval of the match; and she made some caustic comments on the subject to the Squire.

"His mother at least ought to come to the wedding," she said. "It is her bounden duty to stretch a point—to stretch any number of points—to be present at the marriage of her eldest son. I am sure she is staying away on purpose, because she does not think Kathleen good enough for Captain Carruthers. If I had known that the Captain's family were going to adopt this absurdly high and mighty attitude, I would never have consented to the match. Indeed, if it were not that all the preparations are made, and all the guests invited, I think I should still insist on Kathleen's breaking it off—as a proper protest against such a slight. But it is too late to do that now. It would make us look so foolish in the eyes of the neighbourhood."

"I should think so, my dear," replied the Squire, "after the way in which the wedding has been advertised and such wide-spread interest aroused over it, we could not possibly allow it to fall through. We should have the whole neighbourhood laughing at us."

"They would have no reason to laugh at us, if it were Kathleen who broke it off," replied Mrs. Derrick. "They ought rather to applaud her proper spirit for thus resenting the slight put upon her by the Captain's family."

"What they ought to do is one thing," rejoined the Squire, sententiously, "and what they would do is quite another. You see, the chances are they wouldn't believe it was Kathleen who had broken it off. They would be sure to say that the Captain had jilted her. People—one's friends especially—always are so jolly ill-natured about these things. Besides, his sister will be here and his brother also is coming to do best man. So the family will be represented after all."

"If I had his mother here, I'd give her a piece of my mind," declared Mrs. Derrick, viciously.

She would have said a good deal more on the subject, only at that moment a most important personage was announced, in the shape of Mrs. Derrick's dressmaker. And, as you know, when a lady's dressmaker calls and frocks have to be tried on, all other subjects are instantly forgotten in that paramount and absorbing occupation.

The Squire breathed a sigh of relief. He knew that now he should have peace for at least three hours.

Two days before the wedding the bridegroom's advance guard arrived—*id est*, his sister, Miss Carruthers, and his brother, Captain Charles Carruthers (for both brothers were in the Army and held the same rank), his best man. The latter was a good-looking young fellow, strikingly like his elder brother, though not, perhaps, quite so handsome, and very gentlemanly and well-mannered. He and his sister put up at the Hotel in the adjacent town, where the bridegroom, who was to arrive next day, would also sleep on the night before his wedding.

On the morning of that day, a very strange and startling thing happened. Captain Charles Carruthers received a letter from his brother—a letter which caused him to order a car and jarvey at once, in great perturbation, and to proceed post-haste to Derrick Hall, looking very nervous and upset. No wonder, poor man! For the job his brother had set him was about as distressing and distasteful, not to say humiliating, as any man of honour could be called upon to undertake.

As to this, you will doubtless agree when you have read the letter, which ran as follows:—

My dear Charles,—I hardly know how to write to you; but there are imperative reasons why I cannot—*absolutely cannot*—marry Miss Derrick.

I ought to have broken off the engagement before. But—Heaven forgive me—I lacked the courage. I have been nearly distracted for weeks past about it. But now a time has come when I must speak out. I love another woman, who is part of my life. I cannot—dare not—tear myself away from her.

It has been a hideous mistake. But I should be doing Miss

Derrick an even greater wrong by marrying her than by thus breaking it off at the last moment.

See her, for me, Charles, I implore you, and tell her the truth. Beg her forgiveness, and ask her to think as kindly of me as she can.—Your unhappy and distracted brother,

GEORGE CARRUTHERS.

Poor Charles! No wonder he looked nervous and distressed, as, with this letter in his pocket, he drove over to Derrick Hall.

He asked to see the Squire alone; and when he had been closeted with him in his study for a quarter of an hour, the Squire rang the bell and sent a message to his wife, desiring her immediate presence.

She came, and a terrible scene ensued. Her rage knew no bounds. She inveighed against the renegade bridegroom and all his family, including the unhappy Charles—who was, however, too much ashamed of his brother and too much a gentleman himself to utter a word of protest—with an *abandon* worthy rather of a Whitechapel virago than of a refined and well-bred lady.

It was instructive to notice, too, that she thought much less of her daughter's feelings in the matter, set much less store by the girl's wrecked happiness, than she did by the public humiliation and slight put upon herself in the eyes of her neighbours.

"I shall never be able to look any of my friends in the face again," she kept saying. "It is making a public laughing stock of me. Such men ought to be thrashed—thrashed within an inch of their lives. All the guests invited! All the preparations made! I never heard of anything so infamous."

And so on, in one continual torrent of excited fury.

"My dear," said the Squire, when she had talked herself, at length, momentarily out of breath. "My dear. Had we not better send for Kathleen and tell her? She has the first right to know. And it is much worse for her than for anyone else, after all."

"Nothing of the sort, Phemius—nothing of the sort," snapped out the enraged matron. "It is I who have issued all the invitations. It is I who have made all the arrangements. And it is I who shall have to cancel them at the last moment. The worst of the humiliation will fall on *me*, I say. However, send for Kathleen by all means. She must be told, of course; and the sooner, the better."

So Kathleen was sent for; and, the terrible news having been broken to her by the Squire as gently as he could, she was given her faithless lover's letter to read.

She turned as pale as death; but her high spirit and strong girlish pride, coming to her rescue, enabled her to bear the shock bravely. If there was pain in her eyes, there was also anger; scornful anger, and proud resentment. She held her head very erect and bore herself with the resolute carriage of one who would rather die than break down, or indulge in lamentations over the man who had thus flouted her.

All she said was, in a voice that scarcely trembled, so bravely did she control it:

"He might have let me know sooner. But it is better late than never. Yes! Anything is better than that I should have married such a man as his conduct proves him to be. I regard it as a fortunate escape."

"Oh, yes! It is all very well for you, Kathleen," broke out Mrs. Derrick, whose rage and mortification were growing more uncontrollable every moment, "you seem only to think of yourself, you selfish girl. You appear to have no thoughts whatever for the public humiliation inflicted on *me*—and on your father——"

"Really, my dear, really," remonstrated the Squire.

"Hold your tongue, Phemius," cried the infuriated lady. "I say I am surprised at Kathleen's selfishness in taking it so calmly and thinking only of herself—when it is *I* who have issued all the invitations, and it is *I* who shall be made a public laughing-stock of by having to cancel them. . . . You might have some regard for this aspect of the matter, miss, I *do* think."

"I am sorry for you and father, mother—very, very sorry. But what am I to do?" said Kathleen, her face white to the lips.

"Do! Do! You ought to—to—*make* the wretch marry you!" cried out Mrs. Derrick, absolutely beside herself with unrestrained passion.

"Oh, come! I say," protested Charles Carruthers, goaded into remonstrance by his pity for Kathleen and the gross and unfeeling injustice of her mother's taunts.

"What business is it of yours, Sir?" retorted Mrs. Derrick, now turning the full force of her fury upon him. "If you were half a man, you'd do something, *do* something, I say, instead of standing there and saying 'Oh, come!' like a poll parrot. Oh! I wish I were dead! I'd rather be in—anywhere than where I am, with all I have to face and no one lifting a finger to help me," she cried in an unreasoning transport of wild fury and mortification.

"Anything that I can do, I will do, believe me," said Charles Carruthers earnestly. "I am deeply sensible of the wrong my brother has done you, and if you think that any action on my part can mitigate it, you have only to command me. I cannot say more."

It was now that Kathleen spoke. The girl's face was, if possible, paler than before, and her carriage, if possible, more proud and erect.

"You mean that, Captain Carruthers?" she demanded, looking him steadily, unflinchingly in the eyes.

"I do," he replied.

"Then," she said quietly, "*will you take your brother's place and marry me to-morrow?*"

It was a dramatic moment. Charles Carruthers was, for the instant, utterly taken aback. He could find no words in which to answer her.

"Will you?" she repeated, in the same quiet, emotionless voice, as of one who was past all caring.

He drew himself up—a fine figure of a straight, honourable man.

"I will," he answered.

For some seconds, dead silence reigned. This sudden, startling denouement had taken everybody, perhaps even Kathleen herself, by surprise; as people are often surprised at the audacity of what they have done on the impulse of a critical moment.

The Squire was the first to find his tongue.

"Tut-tut! God bless my soul! But this is madness. I cannot allow it. You two—almost strangers—not loving one another—you must be out of your senses to think of such a thing."

"There is no question of love, Dad," answered Kathleen, "Love within me is dead for ever—that letter has killed it. But I will marry Captain Carruthers, if he will have me, to spare mother and you public humiliation, and also to let his brother see" (she laughed a hard unnatural laugh) "how little I care."

"My dear," said the Squire, turning to his wife, "my dear, we cannot—we must not allow this insane thing."

But Mrs. Derrick, who had already caught, in Kathleen's impulsive proposal, new hopes of saving the situation and escaping the unspeakable humiliation of cancelling all the wedding arrangements, was by no means disposed to endorse her husband's protest. Her mind, always quick to grasp possibilities, discerned in an instant all the advantages of the suggestion. Captain George Carruthers was unknown by sight to any of the wedding guests (except his sister, who could doubtless be persuaded to keep her own counsel); and no one need know that the Captain Charles Carruthers, who had stepped into the breach, was not the original bridegroom.

Of course, this would have to come out sooner or later. But, in the meanwhile, all the wedding festivities could go on as arranged, and the public humiliation of a cancelled marriage (the very thought of which maddened Mrs. Derrick) would be wholly obviated. The more she considered it—from her own selfish point of view, which alone had weighed with her—the more was she inclined to adopt this way out. Indeed, the only difficulty that presented itself to her was the technical difficulty of the licence. If that could be got over, all would be plain sailing.

So she said:

"I don't agree with you at all, Phemius. I consider that Kathleen is behaving like a girl of spirit, and Captain Carruthers like a man of honour. By all means, let him take his brother's place to-morrow, I say. It is the best reparation he can possibly make.

The only question is about the licence; but I dare say a special licence can be procured in time, if we set about it at once. I don't know whether such things can be procured in Dublin; or whether it is necessary to go to London. But there is time for Captain Carruthers to go to London and return by mid-day to-morrow, if he starts at once. And I should think that that is the best course. What do you say, Sir?"

"I am in your hands. I will start for London by the next train," replied the Captain, quietly.

Once more the Squire tried to raise his voice in protest; but his wife silenced him.

Then she rang the bell and ordered the carriage to be round in five minutes.

* * * * *

Charles Carruthers managed to procure the special licence in time, and next day he led Kathleen Derrick to the altar.

As they drove away together, *en route* for Killarney, where they were to spend their honeymoon, Charles, with his arm round Kathleen, laughed merrily into her roguish eyes.

"Well, darling, we've put the job through all right," he said. "But I was in a blue funk, all the while, lest some hitch should arise, I can tell you."

"It was the only way, though," answered Kathleen. "The mater would never have consented to my marrying you, a younger son, in the first instance. It was only as a desperate *pis aller* that there was any chance of her swallowing you. It was most awfully good of your brother to play up to our ruse, as he did. And the pater—I say! Didn't the pater carry through his part splendidly? Dear old dad! I'm glad we took him into our confidence. I wouldn't have deceived him for anything. But the mater—well, you have seen what the mater is, Charlie, and will understand that I don't feel much compunction about having hoodwinked *her*. She really never thinks of anybody except herself."

"And a good thing she does not," smiled Charles. "For it was precisely upon that little failing of hers that the success of our plot depended."

Kathleen nodded.

"But I say," she said, "supposing you hadn't been able to get that special licence in time—what then, Charlie?"

Charles Carruthers laughed.

"Oh! There was no fear on that score," he replied. "I wasn't going to leave anything to chance. So I had taken care to procure the precious document before I first came over in my character of best man, and—in point of fact—I had it with me in my pocket all the time."

ART NOTES.

I THINK it is Mr. Jerome K. Jerome who, in one of his books, describes a man with a passion for originality, which to him meant doing exactly what other people do not do—wearing your hat upside down, your gloves inside out, and so forth. I take it that such must have been the mental attitude of the founders of the New English Art Club in the days, long ago, when it first sprang to fame. Other painters, they said, have attempted from time immemorial to make their pictures beautiful, let us be original and make ours supremely hideous. They did their best, and they have gone on doing their best ever since; and, let it be said, some of the less middle-aged among them to-day reach heights of hideosity before which their predecessors' best efforts must pale their ineffectual fires. But the weak point of their position has always been that picture-buyers do not really love hideous pictures. Of course, they ought to. We have been told, times out of number, by some of the youngest and most up-to-date of art critics, that the Deification of the Hideous is the one path to artistic salvation. But they have only convinced a very small proportion of the obstinate moneyed class, the capacity of whose walls is limited. After all, when a man has bought, say, eighteen soul-scaring studies of the nakedly nude, a dozen or so leering portraits with elementary features and corrugated-iron skins, and a couple of dozen landscapes shrouded in purple or green fog according to taste, he has got as much as the average house will hold; and if there are only a few of him, it means that the Masters of the Horrible must either sell their pictures to each other or not sell them at all. And that, I suppose, is why the present exhibition of the New English Art Club, now being held at the Club Galleries in Dering Yard, shows such obvious signs of faltering on the part of the weaker vessels. It gives me the impression that some of them have only been restrained from painting pictures that are beautiful by the fact that in the course of long years they have, most of them, forgotten how to do so. Of course, some of the more stalwart keep as steadfastly to the narrow path as ever. There is Mr. A. E. John, for instance, whose drawing of "The Crab" is up to his highest level in the way of the fearful. And there is Mr. Philip Connard, whose painting of two stout females in a boat and nothing else would have fully merited the honour of being hung in the chambers of the Spanish Inquisition, had it only been painted some centuries earlier. And there is M. J. E. Blanche, whose "Mother and Child" nobly upholds the best traditions of the school. And there are others. But the real pathos of the situation is that most of them—both Mr. Connard and M. Blanche, for instance—are not members of the Club at all; and when a holy cause has to call in outsiders to galvanise the fainting spirits of backsliding apostles, that holy cause is in a bad way. Take now the sad case of Mr. William Orpen. For some time past I have had a regretful eye upon him. More often than not of recent years he has painted quite beautiful pictures. In the present show he has three, not one of which can honestly be called hideous, though it is true that in one of them, called "A Woman," which shows a nude figure lying face downward on a bed, he has chosen a praiseworthily unattractive subject. But if it were not for fear of hurting Mr. Orpen's feelings and calling down upon him the contempt of his colleagues, I should frankly say that all three were beautiful—as beauty is ordinarily understood. Even more alarming is the case of Mr. Francis Bate. He exhibits a picture called "A Magdalen," which shows us a young lady in a badly-fitting nightgown and a wreath of roses, examining a stone cross let into a wall, or a large bunch of lilies, I am not quite sure which. Now it is a solemn fact, which I am ready if necessary to affirm on oath, that if this picture were only a little better painted it might easily pass for the work of a master of the "pretty-pretty" school at its pretty-prettiest.

I should like to make a suggestion to the members of the New English Art Club, which would, I am sure, greatly increase the public interest in their middle-aged mission. It is that they should elect Mr. Herman Salomon—having first obtained his permission—a member of their club. Mr. Salomon was the painter of a picture called "Christus," of which the distinguishing feature was that the eyes appeared to open and shut while you looked at them. This picture obtained, I believe, a great success among the more unsophisticated, especially among ministers of religion and their flocks. Now Mr. Salomon has painted another picture, which is called "Mater Christi," with the same *raison d'être*. He is exhibiting it at the Modern Gallery in New Bond-street, and, having seen it there, I can vouch for the fact that it is every bit as well adapted as was its predecessor for driving religious—and other—people into hysterics. If Mr. Salomon can make the eyes of his painted figures open and shut so realistically, I have no doubt he could do as much with their mouths. Why, then, should not the New English Art Club—or, indeed, any other artistic society that feels its sales, to say nothing of its "gate" (if that is the proper word for it), in need of a fillip—ask Mr. Salomon to paint and exhibit a double portrait of Dr. Clifford and the Archbishop of Canterbury, standing on either side of a table? He should paint their eyes and lips so that they shut and open alternately, and, with the aid of two gramophones concealed behind the canvas, they could thus be made to alternately deliver their views on the Education Bill for the edification of visitors. I especially call the

attention of the New English artists to this suggestion, because I can trace a great sympathy of artistic ideals between their work and that of Mr. Salomon, while there is no manner of doubt as to which is the more popular.

I think the New Englanders would also be well advised if they sent a deputation to the Leicester Galleries to examine and report upon Mr. Arthur Rackham's fascinating series of water-colours illustrating "Peter Pan." Mr. Rackham understands, if any one does, the proper relations of the grotesque and the beautiful in art; his goblins are more delightfully hideous than even the noblest efforts of the New Englanders; his fairies are some of the most airily fascinating little creatures that never were. I have myself fallen in love with at least a hundred of them, and I should not be at all surprised if Kensington Gardens, which is where they live, were crowded for the next six months, with love-lorn young men in hopes of seeing them. But, unfortunately, I expect that you cannot hope to see so much as one of them unless you have Mr. Rackham's eyes. Certainly not to draw their portraits unless you have his brain and fingers, and his knowledge of what a line can do and cannot.

In another room at the same galleries are a number of water-colours by five well-known painters; Messrs. W. Lee Hankey, P. A. Hay, Hugh Norris, Graham Petrie, and Terrick Williams, but I am unable to say anything about them, because, just as I entered the room I saw a number of views of Brittany among them, and fled. I know they were very good because they were by Mr. Terrick Williams, but I really cannot submit to looking at any more pictures of Concarneau. I have never been there—but I am sick of the place—and of a lot of others in Brittany, and of Etaples and a lot of other places in the Pas-de-Calais, and of Cornwall, and certain parts of Scotland and Italy. You cannot enter a picture-gallery—you have not been able to do so for years past—without having half-a-dozen views of one or the other of them flung at your head. The artist is, I suppose, a more than usually gregarious animal. Why he should always elect to paint exactly the same place that hundreds of his comrades have painted *ad nauseam* already is best known to himself. Perhaps it pays him, though I should doubt it. I am beginning to get rather sick of Tangiers, too, since some one—I think it was the late Arthur Melville—first gave it a vogue—which has increased alarmingly during the last two seasons. I can still steel myself to face Morocco; but the line must be drawn somewhere; and I draw it at Concarneau, to say nothing of Pont Arven.

MUSIC.

LONDON AND THE OPERA PROBLEM.

SLOWLY but surely grand opera seems to be making its way as an established institution in London. Without the building of a national opera house, or the grant of any subvention from State or municipality, private enterprise is gradually bringing about a condition of things which abstract agitation proceeding on other lines could never hope to accomplish. And this is as it should be. If the good is sometimes the enemy of the better, the ideal in its turn may occasionally be a hindrance to the possible. And so it would have been in this instance if opera-lovers in London had agreed to wait for the consummation of a full-blown national scheme in preference to taking what they could get in this way from other sources. The project of a so-called national bounty-fed opera house may or may not in this instance represent the ideal. Certainly there are not a few who hold emphatically that it does nothing of the kind. But what, at any rate, is indisputable is that for good or ill, it is a project never destined to be realised, and therefore those who believe in it and those who do not may unite in rejoicing that such steady progress is being effected in the desired direction on other lines.

The advance made during recent years has really been remarkable. Time was when any opera season at all in London was in the nature of a wild and hazardous speculation. It might be a big success or a huge failure—more probably the latter; but the most far-sighted impresario could never tell which. Even in Augustus Harris's time the speculative character of every season which he gave was notorious. To-day matters stand very differently. So far as the regular fashionable season is concerned, little or no anxiety is now experienced. Under the successful management of the Royal Opera Syndicate, grand opera in London has been removed once and for all from the region of speculation and securely established upon a satisfactory financial footing. Vast profits may not be realised, but there is no question whatever as to the stability and permanence of the arrangements which have been established, and in the result we are sure of at least three months of grand opera every year of a quality hardly to be bettered in any part of the world. This much accomplished, the rest would seem to be following.

The successful season of Italian opera which comes to an end at Covent Garden this week is the third of a kind which has now been given by way of supplement to those of the summer, and though it would perhaps be premature to regard these autumn seasons as quite a permanent institution at present, they have at least been sufficiently successful to warrant the hope that such may prove to be the case. Whatever the precise financial results may have been in the case of that now ending, it has certainly served to demonstrate once again that the summer is not the only season of the year when Londoners can be induced to patronise grand opera, while the high standard of the performances has once more afforded ground for satisfaction. Then, in the near future—that is, with the beginning of the New Year—Covent Garden will open its doors yet again—this time in connection with Herr Van Dyck's winter season of German opera; while in the same connection comes the further announcement that Mr. Charles Manners has now completed arrangements with Mr. Tom B. Davis to give a second season of opera in English at the Lyric Theatre in July. Grand opera of every kind and in all languages thus gets a hearing in London nowadays with each revolving year—and in no inconsiderable quantity either, seeing that the combined periods of the several seasons referred to amount in the aggregate to over eight months. This, it must be agreed, is not a bad showing for a land which is usually reckoned so far behind the more favoured nations of the Continent in this particular respect.

Meanwhile, from Colonel Mapleson comes another communication, emblazoned with the Royal Arms, to convey the gratifying intelligence that he has at last succeeded in maturing the project which he has in hand, and that "there is now every prospect of London possessing a true National Opera House, of which England should ultimately be proud." To a National Opera House on the lines projected by Colonel Mapleson, which do not contemplate anything in the nature of State subsidy or support, there could, of course, be no objection, and every one will hope that the gallant and optimistic impresario may succeed in realising his aims. The particulars furnished are substantially those which have been previously published in connection with the scheme. Among other things, Colonel Mapleson proposes to present oratorios in costume, with scenery and accessories, while another feature of the scheme will be an Opera Club, the lucky members of which will have at their disposal any seats which may have remained unsold. Promenade concerts will be given on a large scale during the autumn, and Costume Balls will also be organised. In short, no detail of the project has been overlooked, so that there now remains the merely formal business of carrying the whole scheme into execution.

The most notable of recent events at Covent Garden has been beyond question the appearance of a new Carmen of the first order in the person of Mlle. Maria Gay. Now that, according to report, Mme. Calvé's retirement is once again imminent, the Covent Garden management are, indeed, to be particularly congratu-

lated upon having discovered so worthy a successor. For Mlle. Gay is in some respects an even finer exponent of the part than the great French artist, inasmuch as she takes less liberties with the music and gains her effects without doing violence to the composer. It may be taken for granted that Mlle. Gay, who will be remembered as having sung at a Philharmonic concert some few years since, will be heard again at Covent Garden in the grand season.

Talking of the new Carmen, by the way, some particulars of her career have been published in a contemporary, from which it appears that her first training was to be a sculptor, but one day M. Engel, the French tenor, heard her singing to herself in her studio, and on his insistent advice she left the studio to take up singing. This is very interesting, but was it quite fair to head the article, "How Mlle. Gay was discovered in a sculptor's studio"? Such a heading was certainly open to misconception, to say the least.

Mlle. Gay's successful début may be regarded as a substantial set-off to the various disappointments in other directions, which the management, in common with their supporters, have lately experienced. Of these the latest—though not by any means the least—was that associated with the abandonment of "Otello" with Melba as Desdemona. In this case it was not the prima donna, but the tenor (Signor Francheschini), who was responsible. We are promised the opera, however, in the summer, when it will certainly be welcome.

The series of Joachim concerts now in progress devoted entirely to chamber works of Brahms, is striking testimony to the extent of the following which Brahms possesses in this country; as also to the extent of his contributions to this branch of the art. Many certainly will have realised with surprise, as the result of the present series of concerts, said to have been the first of its kind ever arranged, how prodigious was his output under this head. And the amount of it certainly must be reckoned not less wonderful when its uniformly high quality is also borne in mind. No doubt there are dull moments here and there. Brahms was too sincere a composer, and reflected his personality too conscientiously in his music for it to be otherwise. Not a little of his music is frankly the expression of moods the reverse of happy, and is as a consequence sombre and gloomy—even harsh and repellent. Brahms in this vein is not for all, nor even in the case of his warm admirers for every day. But whatever his mood, one never loses the sense of his greatness or fails to recognise the lofty nature of his utterance, while at his best, and when he has allowed his art to take a more genial form, how little of modern music can compare with his in respect of its depth, nobility, power, tenderness, and beauty? Music lovers in general, and Brahms lovers in particular, owe warm thanks to Dr. Joachim and his colleagues for providing so rich a feast.

A large number of concerts have lately been given. At the third of the "Broadwoods" the violin and piano sonatas of Brahms in A, and of César Franck in the same key, were admirably played by Mr. Max Mossel and Mr. Percy Grainger, while Mme. Agnes Nicholls sang some delightful songs, including a new one by her husband, Mr. Hamilton Harty, "Lane o' the Thrushes," which was well worth hearing. Miss Grainger Kerr and Miss Helen Blain are other capable vocalists who have lately been heard. Orchestral concerts have not been very numerous, but Mr. Henry Beecham had an appreciative audience again at the second of his interesting series devoted to older music. In the way of recitals two of the finest living pianists have been heard in Mr. Harold Bauer and Mr. Edouard Risler (who is working through all of the Beethoven sonatas), while the former was worthily mated on Friday with that brilliant 'cellist, M. Jean Gerardy, in a joint recital of quite exceptional attractiveness. On Saturday the Chappell Ballad Concert attracted, as usual, a very large and enthusiastic audience; on Monday Mr. Charles Clark gave an enjoyable vocal recital at Æolian Hall; whilst among various other important concerts fixed for this week the most notable, of course, is that which will draw thousands to the Albert Hall next Saturday, on the occasion of Mme. Patti's last appearance in London.

Who says that organists are underpaid? Away up at Salford, it seems, they are in need of such an official, whose duties are set forth in the following terms:—

> The Borough Organist will take complete charge of the Organ, at the Royal Technical Institute, Peel Park, Salford.
>
> The Borough Organist will be called upon to give about 15 Recitals during the year, probably on Wednesday evenings or Saturday afternoons, by arrangement.
>
> The Borough Organist will be required to take charge of and conduct a Municipal Choral Society, which the Committee hope to form.
>
> He will also be required to train the Choral Society, to give Oratorios, such as "The Messiah," "Elijah," "Creation," etc., at the Saturday evening popular concerts. About three or four Oratorio performances are given during each season.

Now mark the lavish rate of pay offered:—

> The gentleman appointed will be required to voluntarily give his services, but the Entertainments Committee have decided to give him an honorarium of 25 guineas, which will be paid at the expiration of the 12 months.

There's liberality for you! "Art for art's sake" is clearly not the motto of the worthy rulers of Salford. But is it quite fair of them to spoil the market in this fashion? How can other boroughs less opulent and less generous, but also needing the services of organists, hope to stand against ruinous competition of this kind?

Herr Nikisch's recent protest against ladies looking at him through their opera glasses while he is conducting will have caused surprise to a good many people who had supposed that the modern virtuoso conductor was never so happy as when he was managing to concentrate attention wholly upon himself. The incident recalls a characteristic story which used to be told of Tennyson. He was declaiming in sonorous accents on one occasion in the privacy of the family circle against the vulgar curiosity of the mob, which caused him such annoyance, when a small boy present convulsed his hearers and disconcerted the poet by the innocent inquiry, "If you don't want to be noticed, why do you wear such funny clothes?" I do not know that Herr Nikisch does more to attract attention to himself than any of his rivals, but certainly it will be news to many of his admirers that he is possessed of such a shrinking temperament as the incident narrated would seem to suggest.

Some of Herr Nikisch's critics have been unkind enough to suggest, I notice, that his action was to some extent pose, inspired by a desire to emulate certain of the similar exploits of the late Hans von Bülow. A more simple explanation would, perhaps, be that he is just a little lacking in his sense of humour. Talking of Von Bülow, an amusing and characteristic story of that eminent but eccentric musician is told by Mr. J. F. Barnett in his recently published "Reminiscences." This narrates how, when he was once giving a Beethoven recital at St. James's Hall, two ladies came in late, arriving just as he was beginning the second movement of the Sonata Pathétique. The ordinary pianist in these circumstances contents himself with waiting in solemn silence until the offenders have reached their seats. Von Bülow, however, knew a more excellent way. He began to play immediately, but maliciously contrived that his tempo should coincide derisively with the steps of the ladies as they proceeded to their places. As, covered with confusion, they hastened their speed, von Bülow quickened up also, until eventually he was taking the movement, which had begun like a funeral march, at its proper quick speed. The effect must have been exceedingly funny.

Mr. James Glover, Bexhill's musical mayor, has not been long in turning his opportunities in that position to account for the benefit of his art. The notion of a musical festival in connection with an ordinary seaside town is somewhat unusual, at all events in the

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South of England, but Mr. Glover is clearly of opinion that there is no reason why this should be the case, and so Bexhill, Hastings, and Eastbourne are to join forces, for the purpose of a triennial South Coast Musical Festival, whose development will be watched with no little interest.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—Lady Betty Balfour's "Personal and Literary Letters of Robert, First Earl of Lytton" (1) leave upon you the impression of a very amiable and sagacious personality, whose sagacity was, perhaps, occasionally blinded by his amiability. Before Disraeli had become his friend and flatterer, his patron, and the bestower of that unlucky piece of patronage, the Indian Viceroyalty, Lord Lytton could thus describe a speech of his in the House in support of Lord Derby's Reform Bill:—

Disraeli delivered himself of his Bill with as much appearance of humiliation and embarrassment as a housemaid, who knows she will lose her place for it, might deliver herself of a baby she had no business to have. The speech was tedious, flat, stale, and unprofitable, hesitating, and unhappy. . . . . He pumped up a sort of forced vivacity for his reply upon it to Gladstone, and by loudness of utterance and exaggerated gesticulation extracted some warmth from his own people. But it was all "sham-shivers." When he first spoke he was a windbag with no wind in it; and when he last spoke, a windbag with nothing but wind in it."

Contrast, too, his enthusiastic admiration of Lord Salisbury after the latter had become his chief and patron with this frank early judgment upon him:—

I doubt if Lord Cranbourne—obviously very clever—will ever be a great man. He wants heart, and seems never to rise above the level of the *Saturday Review*.

Contrast, once more, his early views of the question of the present hour with his later apostacies:—

I hope that I may live to see a thorough elementary system of *compulsory* secular education established in England. But I know that this will *never* precede a considerable extension of the suffrage. The result of such a system must be the dissolution of Church and State. I shall fervently rejoice to see that, but the present ruling class would certainly not rejoice to see it, and therefore it will never be the result of their handiwork.

Lord Lytton's political principles, whether those of his early or of his later years, did not interfere with his friendships—fortunately for us—since only a man with a perfect genius for friendship could have written these admirable letters. They are weighty with wisdom, lightened by wit, while the sagacity of a diplomatist always on the watch for the signs of the times is continually in evidence. Here, for instance, is a sagacious forecast of the policy of the Kaiser:—

The character, the capacity, and the intentions of the young Emperor are all unknown. One thing only we may take for granted—he wants to do, and probably will do, *something*. But what thing? That is the question. My own impression is that, unless driven to great straits, or under the influence of a sudden *coup de tête*, he will not go in for gunpowder and glory. In that direction he cannot beat his grandfather's achievements, and I think he aims at some achievement special to himself.

And he proceeds to forecast this achievement as the extinction of the separatist sentiment, the supersession of the federal element in the empire, the firm establishment of one strong central Hohenzollern Government, humanitarian in its tendencies, but autocratic in its methods, a sort of paternal despotism with a more or less socialist home policy. Lord Lytton is not, perhaps, always as penetrating in his literary as he is in his diplomatic judgment. Of Hawthorne he says truly that he is the greatest literary genius yet produced by America, but he disparages Emerson and scorns Walt Whitman "as an impudent, blatant impostor, who deserves no serious consideration from the guardians of literature." On the other hand, he is only just in his enthusiastic appreciation of Balzac and in his contrast between his breadth and the parochial narrowness of Thackeray. "How poor, thin, limited, and local Thackeray looks by the side of Balzac!" There are many good stories and happy *mots* in these delightful volumes, but I have space only to quote for you two characteristic specimens:—

"I have just heard," he writes to his father, "a good *mot*—it is not more than a *mot*—of Bancroft, the American historian, who is now U.S. Minister at Berlin. Loftus (our Ambassador there) thought, I suppose, that the Yankee was a fair and would be an easy butt for the shafts of his peculiarly refined wit; so he attacks him before a hundred listeners on some public occasion with 'In God's name, Mr. Bancroft, why don't you Yankees send your representatives to Court like Christians, in a proper uniform, instead of turning them out all dressed in black, like so many undertakers?' 'Where to?' Bancroft replies. 'Really, Lord Augustus, I am surprised that you, as Ambassador of the Queen of England, and with all those keen powers of penetration for which you are distinguished, should have failed to perceive that we could not be more appropriately dressed than as undertakers at European Courts, where we represent the Burial of Monarchy.'"

At a dinner party given by Lord Lytton, when Ambassador at Paris, the talk happened to turn upon the mythical submerged island mentioned by Plato, *Atlantis*, and on all the legends and traditions thereabouts, when a puzzled guest asked the poet Coppée, "I have heard of the book, but have not yet read it. Is it amusing?" To which Coppée solemnly replied: "The original idea was not a bad one, but it has been watered away so."

"Alonso of Aragon," says Bacon, "was wont to say in commendation of age that it appears to be best in four things—old wood best to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, old authors to read," and you have in a sense all four together in Miss Braddon's "The White House" (2). The old flame burns still in this veteran novelist's latest novel, the old wine still cheers, the old friend still charms, while "The White House" both to the present generation of readers and to those who can recall the sensation excited by "Lady Audley's Secret," is recognisably by an old, old favourite. No doubt, it has something of the Quaker quietude of age about it, since there is here none of the exciting incidents or tantalising mysteries of her earlier stories; but the story-telling power which can interest you in the most uneventful narrative is still in evidence. An heiress marries a saintly missionary secretly, with a secrecy which he not unnaturally thinks disingenuous and even dishonest, and they part—he to go as a missionary to Africa and nearly die there of fever, she to remain at home and nearly die of a bruised conscience and a broken heart. All, however, comes right in the end, and the saintly missionary "seems to the jaundiced and green-eyed to have solved the insoluble problem—to serve together God and mammon; his labours in Bermondsey or Whitechapel are lightened by all the amenities of modern civilisation—an exquisite wife, lovely children, troops of friends, a large income, one of the finest houses in London, and an ever-widening popularity as a pulpit orator." I can recommend to you two Irish novels, "Iota's" "Smoke in the Flame" (3), and Miss Katharine Tynan's "The Story of Bawn" (4). The Irish parts of "Iota's" novel are admirable; and, though you may feel but a languid interest in the characters, or even in the contest of the two rivals for the heroine's hand, and though, to say the whole truth, you cannot believe at all in the poet's magnanimous resignation of her, yet Alison herself is well drawn and is real to you; while many of the incidental characters are alive. Both the characters and incidents in "The Story of Bawn" strike you as old and dear friends, and, indeed, they have done duty again and again in Miss Tynan's pleasant Irish stories, but there is "a grouse in the gun-room" charm about them that secure them an untiring welcome. Miss Tynan infects all her characters with her own geniality, while her good nature ensures you happy incidents and endings. Nearly all the characters in "Meriel of the Moors" (5), and Meriel herself most of all, seem irresponsible and inscrutable, while the incidents are melodramatically improbable; but the book is vigorously written, and you feel that if only its scenes had been laid in the dim past you might have believed in its wild personages and its startling

(1) "Personal and Literary Letters of Robert, First Earl of Lytton." Edited by Lady Betty Balfour. Two Vols. (London: Longmans, Green & Co. 21s. net).
(2) "The White House." By M. E. Braddon. (London: Hurst & Blackett, Ltd. 6s.)
(3) "Smoke in the Flame." By "Iota." (London: Hutchinson & Co. 6s.)
(4) "The Story of Bawn." By Katharine Tynan. (London; Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.)
(5) "Meriel of the Moors." A Romance. By R. E. Verneda. (London: Alston Rivers, Ltd. 6s.)

NICE.—CIMIEZ.—WINTER PALACE—One of the finest and most comfortable hotels in Europe.—J. AGID, Director.

incidents, which, as belonging to our day and country, are as incredible as ghosts in daylight.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, ever yours very sincerely,

DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

In his "Chats on Old Prints" (Fisher Unwin, 5s. net), Mr. Arthur Hayden does for the collector of old prints what he has previously done in similar handbooks for collectors of old china and old furniture. It is more especially for those whom he calls the twenty shilling public that he writes—the numerous class of collectors and would-be collectors whose spending capacity is strictly limited, not the fortunate few whose pursuit of their hobby is unhampered by financial considerations. Happily, print-collecting is a hobby out of which a man of moderate means with art instincts may get as full a measure of enjoyment as his opulent rivals. Mr. Hayden's lucid exposition of the various methods of engraving on wood and steel and the distinctive characteristics of the plates so produced, together with his instructive notes on the work of the masters of the different processes will be useful to every amateur, and in particular those who are just beginning to make a collection will find the book invaluable. It is lavishly illustrated with reproductions of old prints.

Mr. Malcolm C. Salaman's "Old Engravers of England" (Cassell, 5s. net) is a work of a different character, being written, as he says, with "no thought for that print collector with whom considerations of 'state' and margin are more urgent than the appeal of pictorial beauty or human interest." Tracing the art of copper-plate engraving in England from its introduction in the middle of the sixteenth century to its climax at the end of the eighteenth, Mr. Salaman sketches the life-stories of the principal engravers and their relation to the art and society of their time. Not only about the engravers themselves, but about the subjects of their work, their friends and contemporaries, he has an abundance of gossip which will delight the lover of old times as well as the collector of old prints. There are forty-eight illustrations from famous seventeenth and eighteenth century engravings in line, mezzotint, and stipple.

"The Comedy of Charles Dickens" (Chapman and Hall, 6s. net) is a volume of extracts from his novels selected by his daughter, Mrs. Perugini. The selection has been well made, though probably every Dickensian will think of some favourite passage that he would have liked to include. But, of course, no quotation of chapters or parts of chapters can give any true idea of the comedy of Charles Dickens, and the only excuse for the appearance of such a book is that, as Mrs. Perugini suggests, it may awaken the interest of some readers unacquainted with his work, and induce them to turn to the novels themselves.

Apropos of the deputation to Sir Edward Grey last week, a powerful and convincing statement of the case against King Leopold and the Congo State is given in a book just published under the striking title of "Red Rubber" (Fisher Unwin, 2s.). The author is Mr. E. D. Morel, who has taken the leading part in the movement in favour of international interference to put an end to the atrocities and misrule prevailing in the Congo. Sir Harry H. Johnston contributes an introduction to the volume.

Next week Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. will have ready "The Romance of an Eastern Capital," by Mr. F. B. Bradley-Birt, I.C.S., whose previous books, "Chota Nagpore" and "The Story of an Indian Upland" have been widely read. In his new volume he describes the vast tract of land where the rivers Ganges and Brahmahputra meet, with the ancient city of Dacca in its midst. Once the Mussulman capital of all Bengal, Dacca, after many vicissitudes, has lately become the capital of the newly-formed province of Eastern Bengal and Assam.

Mr. Edgar Saltus, author of "Imperial Purple," has written a book entitled "Historia Amoris," which will be published shortly by Messrs. Sisley. It is described as "a scholarly history of love from the earliest days to the present time."

Berkshire is the subject and Mr. J. E. Vincent the author of the latest volume of the "Highways and Byways" series (Macmillan, 6s. net). Although Berkshire is, as the author observes, a county of no extraordinary repute, it nevertheless possesses much charm and variety of scenery and a wealth of historical and literary associations. Its lion's share of the noble heritage of the Thames is no doubt rightly put forward as the chief glory of the county. But Berkshire also has its Downs, full of fascination and rich in memories of great events long ago; the classic Vale of the White Horse (according to Mr. Vincent, that famous animal badly needs another "scouring"); ancient towns such as Wantage, the birthplace of Alfred the Great, and many other places and objects that excite an antiquarian interest or sentimental curiosity. Mr. Vincent shows himself to be an admirable guide to the county, but let it not be supposed from this that it is anything in the nature of a mere conventional guide book that he has produced. Such a supposition would be an injustice to his brightly-written and entertaining volume, which will not only delight readers who know Berkshire, but fill those who are strangers with a desire to visit many of the scenes that he describes. The book has a number of delightful illustrations by Mr. Frederick L. Griggs.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—We have had a very lively week and have enjoyed ourselves very much. On Monday we went to the second Gordon Ball at the Empress Rooms, Royal Palace Hotel, and appreciated the perfect floor, the capital music (such a good selection, too) and the clever way in which everything was managed. Too often there are men wishing to dance, girls wanting partners, and no one to do the introducing, but at this ball Mr. Buckley, secretary of the Hospital, was indefatigable, to the great contentment of all concerned. This kind of thing makes a wonderful difference, and the dance was consequently most successful. We are certainly going again on the 3rd of December.

The second set of lancers on the programme was turned into a two-step. I fancy that before long a set of lancers will be as rare as one of those abominations, a valse cotillon, and the day may come—it is not impossible—when the whole programme will consist of waltzes. There were some fresh and pretty frocks. One was in lemon-coloured satin with dainty little touches of palest blue on the bodice. The sleeves were composed entirely of cream lace ruchings so airily put together that it might have been a fairy's handiwork. With this gown a pretty lemon-coloured petticoat was worn, also shoes and stockings to match. The wearer was a very pretty brunette. Another gown was emerald glacé with an extensive frou-frou of black frills, most striking in effect. A tall, fair girl looked well in a grey Empire gown with gold lace. Every one stayed till the last moment because the dance was so enjoyable.

On Tuesday we went to the New Gallery and were much interested in the portraits, especially the very remarkable works of the latest and newest man in that branch of art. He certainly does not flatter his sitters; or, if he does, they must be extraordinary objects.

Standing in front of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's portrait we heard a delicious feminine brogue say: "Ah! Who's this? He's great!" So he is. His smile illumines the landscape. I would not have missed the look of eternal joyous youth in his face for anything. Nor would I have liked to miss that most delightful brogue.

There was a great crush at the private view on Saturday at the Leicester Galleries, the attraction being Arthur Rackham's illustrations for Barrie's "Peter

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Pan," which is to be published this year in similar form to "Rip Van Winkle" of last year. It was difficult to get near the pictures, and fortunately the people were very interesting too. We had a glimpse of Mrs. J. M. Barrie in a Paris gown and hat, and of Miss Pauline Chase, whose fairy-like dancing as the First Twin in "Peter Pan" delighted us all so much. The square outside was crowded with motors and carriages waiting to convey away the private viewers. Jim took us to his rooms and gave us tea, toasting the muffins on the deftest little contrivance with two prongs reaching out to the fire. I enthused over this, whereupon he explained that it cooks chops and toasts bacon with equal success. He promised to give me one, and I mean to keep him up to it.

There are two very important charity functions this week. The first is a great bazaar at the Hyde Park Hotel, the object being to raise funds for the re-organisation and extension of the Ladies' International Club. All the Ambassadors are patrons, and Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein heads the list of distinguished lady patronesses. Each stall represents a different country. The Club is residential, and is started for the benefit of working ladies of all nationalities where they can live at moderate prices.

The second entertainment consists of the long-anticipated costume tableaux vivants at the Ritz Hotel. They are to be given in the beautiful ball-room there, and will illustrate the History of Costume from those early times when mankind began to wear clothes. Many other attractions are promised, including songs, dances, recitations by well-known actresses and musicians and singers, and also a Wonder Child, aged five. I hope to tell you all about it next week.

The Ritz Hotel has just begun the afternoon tea that was so successful in the summer season. As I have told you, we went last week and enjoyed the luxurious surroundings, the orchestral band, and the delicious cakes—to say nothing of the perfect coffee that they serve. The waiters bring round some fresh dainty every few moments—hot cakes, muffins, sandwiches of various sorts, and a variety of tea-cakes—so that nothing can get cold while one is eating something else, as it certainly would if all were placed on the table at once in the ordinary way. The large white and gold room off the long ground-floor corridor was filled with smart folk; a pretty, dark-eyed girl, with a lovely complexion, was in dark blue with a green velvet collar, and a blue hat with very becoming drooping feathers. Both she and her handsome mother were objects of fervent admiration on the part of a particularly good-looking young Austrian, whose broken English was distinctly interesting. A group in front of the wonderful gilt fountain (with the thirsty gold lady climbing for a drink) consisted of a girl in red, a girl in black, and mother in brown, and a cavalier each of the most irreproachable description. They all spoke French—delicious language—and, so far as I could without eavesdropping, I caught up its accents. When speaking French one's thoughts expand and become richer, simply because the language gives them so much fuller scope for expression.

The shop windows begin to look very Christmassy. A beautiful thing about them is that one can spend one's money over and over again in imagination before actually parting with it. You cannot imagine how many gifts I have bestowed upon you in this painless and inexpensive way. I see something I should like to give you in every third or fourth window. Liberty's are too fascinating. Such temptations ought not to be allowed. I am sending you their two catalogues, one of "Yuletide Gifts," the other "Jewelry and Silver for Yuletide Gifts." As you will see, the price is marked under each illustration. The Dolls of many Nations are dears, and the unbreakable ones for babies are useful. A small child is anything but a tender mother to her doll at times. The toys are fascinating. Do not forget to look at the dachshund (page 5), which moves its head, ears, and tail and runs about on rollers. Cheap squeaking dolls for Christmas trees are garbed in coloured cotton. In suède, either brown or grey, are needlebooks, purses, card-cases, cigarette cases, belts, and blotters. Picture easels in Cairo carving always look nice in a pretty room for some favourite canvas. Japanese metal work is represented in scores of quaint articles, among which the sugar bowls are particularly tempting—and so cheap! You would admire, as I did, the curious shapes of Barum ware, in English pottery. On the opposite page there is a porcelain bulldog, with a pessimistic expression, who is very like one of our statesmen. Other suitable gifts are dinner and tea sets in a new porcelain with highly glazed surface. You will like the dainty opera bags, work bags, and the blotters covered with Tyrian silk, and the lamp and candle shades will capture your attention, especially those that are hand-stencilled. The motor-rug that looks like a silver fox skin and can be transformed in a moment into a burnous cloak will attract you. So will the blouses, fichus, furs, and fans. The antique Persian and Turkey rugs seem very cheap, and you will be pleased to see, on page 71, an easy chair and low table for a child. I have often pitied children for the hard little chairs they have to sit on, and for the want of a table to suit their dimensions. The Liberty English pewter is very nice, too, the shapes so uncommon. The cake trays and butter dishes are particularly pleasing.

The jewellery in the second catalogue will surprise you by its beauty and low price. I see that silver ornaments are among these designs. The buttons will interest you, many of them inlaid with enamel. One of the eight-day clocks has the words *Festina lente* instead of the usual figures on the dial; another has *tempus fugit*, with a cipher to make the twelfth letter. Silver tea, coffee, and caddy spoons in curious shapes, with strangely twisted handles, await some fortunate recipient. A dear little set of coffee spoons set with turquoise, for instance, would make a nice wedding present. Other appropriate articles in silver work are scent-bottles inlaid with enamel or turquoise or both, cigarette-boxes, ash-trays, tobacco-boxes, and uncommon designs in belt clasps inlaid with pearl or enamel.

When I read "Vivien" the description of the dangers and discomforts of a shop girl's life out of business hours haunted me for weeks, and recalled to me the cry of Pinero's shop girl, Letty: "One never feels safe for a single instant." Therefore, Lady Maud Barrett's Home for Shop Girls appeals to us, and we are going to a dramatic entertainment in its aid at the Victoria Hall, Archer-street, on the 6th. A most attractive programme has been arranged. A new one-act drama will be produced, the incidental music of which will be sung by the Lyceum Club Choral Society; there will be "a roaring farce" called "Aunt Rebecca," the title of which recalls my own aunt, who is far from farcical; and a short romantic opera, whose music is by D. Eliot, one of the most original of our women composers, will be performed. Miss Esther Palliser will bear the chief part in this. It is an uncommon and an interesting programme, and will be repeated on December 7 and 8. Miss Alice Williams, at the Lyceum Club, undertakes the distribution of tickets.

Have you heard of the new Wedgwood jewellery? I came across it at Waters', 22, South Molton-street, the other day, and admire it immensely. The soft, refined tones of colour and the unusual and beautiful shapes are admirable and very becoming. The designs are exactly suited to the Empire style of dress now so much worn, and the fact that no two sets are ever alike recommends it to those who like to wear something unique. The ornaments consist of tiny blue, green, or pink jasper plaques, designed by Flaxman, and executed by old Josiah Wedgwood. These are set in gold and are united by gold or silver chains so arranged that the festoons intersect each other, and are finished with opal drops or set with a bit of green jade to give emphasis to the jasper, or lapis lazuli to give depth to the Wedg-

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wood blue. The way in which these tints are combined in a harmonious chord is very striking.

"For once the Board of Works seem to have done the right thing. But that was a long time ago." Could any sentence be more pithy and full of quiet sarcasm? It is Mr. Stephen Gwynn's comment on the great improvement in Clare River, and is taken from his wholly delightful book, "The Fair Hills of Ireland" (Macmillan). The Board of Works serves its purpose for such neat sentences, but history and legend are much more to the front. The book is at once romantic and practical, and full of the glamour of all "old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago." Indeed, Nora, after dipping into it, and looking at Hugh Thomson's beautiful illustrations, got so homesick that she went home that very night, curtailing her visit by a week, and carrying with her "The Shanachie," a new magazine printed and published in Ireland, and full of stories and poems and pictures by well-known Irish people. We have written to Maunsel and Co. in Dublin for another copy, and I will lend it to you when it comes. Norah's comment on it was characteristic, when we had ventured on whole-hearted approval: "Of course, it is excellent; nobody but Saxons would be surprised at a downright good thing coming out of Ireland. I come from there myself, and I'm perfectly charming, but you seem as astounded as if Dublin was Samaria and Nazareth too!"

If you want a sensational book that will make the hair bristle on your head, get Gerald Maxwell's "The Miracle Worker" (E. Grant Richards). It grips you and you whirl through the story to get to the heart of the puzzle. I never "peep," do you? I do not think it is quite honourable in the case of a carefully constructed plot like Mr. Maxwell's. It would be like calling for the fourth act of a play before the third had been seen. You will admire the deft ingenuity of this book—the way the pieces, however small, all fit into the puzzle. I stayed awake half the night to finish the weird story. Bee wants the address of the German dressmaker who can make black velvet gowns to fit figures without trying them on, as related in all good faith by the author. It is not, however, the dressmaker who is the Miracle Worker!

Don't you like the people who give you jewellery for Christmas presents? There are some sweet things prepared for this year's rapidly approaching Christmas. Sapphires are the most fashionable stone at the moment, but emeralds still enjoy high favour. We heard all this at J. W. Benson's delightful shop in Old Bond-street, a thoroughfare that owes a debt of gratitude to those softly lighted windows with their beautifully arranged contents. Here we had our previous impressions confirmed as to the increasing popularity of earrings. Such sweetly pretty ones are there, all ready for Christmas. Some consist of a single pearl set round with diamonds. Others are of the becoming long shape, the jewels in which oscillate with every movement of the wearer. A pair of these has a slender chain of diamonds at either side holding three pearls at the base. Even prettier is a kind of looped chain of diamonds, each end of which is a fine pearl. Some are very long, a pair consisting of three oval pendant rings of diamonds arranged within each other, with a large oblong pearl in the centre, every portion being separately flexible. Together with the graceful true lovers' knot, from which they swing, these earrings are quite two inches long.

The Aukh jewellery is most appropriate to the season of good wishes, that symbol being a very ancient form of what is called good luck. It was the ancient Egyptian magic amulet, and when the world was a few thousand years younger, its inhabitants gave each other this emblem of long life and happiness. Benson's have brought it out in lovely jewels—radiant rubies, sea-blue sapphires, moonlight pearls, and all intermingled with the diamonds, which give them light and emphasis. The shape is ingeniously adapted to bracelets, pins, pendants, brooches, and rings. In gold is one of the symbolic forms, the "Key of Life," a charm for the watch chain. A lucky charm for bridge is in plain gold, or enamel, or diamonds, at corresponding prices.

Dog-collars are again the very height of fashion. The two queens, mother and daughter, appeared at the opera last Thursday, each wearing a pearl dog-collar with wide and handsome diamond slides. This, as you may imagine, has in no way injured the popularity of this form of necklace, and the demand for them is great. I saw some lovely ones at Benson's. One in particular was exquisite. There were eleven rows of finely matched pearls. In the centre was a diamond ornament between three and four inches wide, with an immense square emerald in the centre. A slide at either side was in a similar design, and so was the diamond clasp at the back. I heard, too, of a diamond necklace, also forming a tiara, composed of clusters of large diamonds, each cluster with one huge, finely cut brilliant in the centre. Should the wearer wish for variety, there are five splendid emeralds of similar size, which are interchangeable with the brilliants. Should you know any one wishing to secure this, you can tell that person that the price is £20,000.

But there are quite inexpensive gifts, pendants with fine platinum chains, diamond pendants from £15 upwards, brooches from £10, and pearls—for which there is an immense and ever-increasing demand—in single, double, or triple rows. All these beautiful things can be paid for on the *Times* system, also jewelled watches, rings (the new designs very striking and handsome), bracelets, etc.

Frances tells me that the exhibition of the Sussex Branch of the Royal Amateur Art Society, which Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein will open on Friday afternoon, is expected to be exceptionally interesting and successful. It is to be held at 1, Grand Avenue, Hove, Sir William Chance having again kindly lent his house for the purpose. In addition to the show of paintings, black and white drawings, embroideries, metal and leather work, etc., there will be a loan annexe containing among its features early views of Brighton, relics of Mrs. Fitzherbert, embroidered dresses of the period, and Sheffield plate. The proceeds of the exhibition, which will remain open to December 5, will be given to the Barclay Home for the Blind and the Sussex County Hospital, so that for the sake of those two excellent charities it is to be hoped that there will be a record attendance. Tickets can be obtained from the hon. secretary, Miss Campion, Danny, Hassocks, and visitors from town securing such tickets beforehand will be able to travel to Brighton at reduced railway fares.

I have received the following from Mona:—

My Dear Madge,—Your complaint that your garden looks so dull in autumn is not an uncommon one. When one thinks of the manner in which the majority of gardens have come into existence, it is astonishing, not that they look so dull, but that they look so well. An American horticultural authority says: "While the housebuilder gladly puts $3,000 or $20,000 into his house, he regards $50 or $100 as ample outlay for the ornamentation of the surrounding grounds. And while he is sure to employ an architect and pay him $100 or $500 for planning the house, he does not think of consulting a landscape gardener to design the surfacings and plantings, but leaves such things to the cheap day labourer, who mows the lawn or takes care of the stable." In this country the method, or want of method, is very much the same. But the Englishman, having more leisure, takes charge of the work himself, and does so with sublime self-confidence, in spite of the fact that he is absolutely ignorant of the elementary principles of landscape gardening, and has probably never even seen any examples of it, unless the wildernesses round his neighbours' houses or the appalling carpet beds in the public parks can be so called. I am speaking here of those with moderate or small incomes; but the very rich are no better off. For when they build houses an architect is installed as commander-in-chief, and everything has to give way to him. So he erects a huge building in the midst of a wide expanse of gravel, his main idea being that his handiwork shall be seen in all its details. What chance has the landscape gardener

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here? He regards, so different is his view, brickwork as something to be hidden—as useful for nailing climbers against. If he had his way, his first proceeding would be to cover the house with creepers, to break its hard lines with trees and shrubs (of course, keeping the foreground open), and to plant flowers around it to provide colour. The principal views would be treated first. Each would be considered independently, and also as part of the whole. So the work would proceed—always in accordance with a definite plan. That few gardens have been developed on these lines can easily be seen. They are mostly jumbles of trees, shrubs, and other plants, brought together haphazard, and planted without method. Time sometimes succeeds in introducing some harmony among them, but not always. If they are bright at some seasons, they are dull at many others.

Yet, with proper management, it is not difficult to obtain plenty of colour in autumn. There are many late-flowering perennials for the borders—the Michaelmas daisies are a host in themselves—but for the moment I can pass them by. What can be more beautiful than a house ablaze with Virginia creeper, not too trim, but hanging down here and there in crimson festoons, or with the closer-clinging variety, Ampelopsis Veitchii? Then there are many roses which bloom until quite late in the year, notably the well-known Gloire de Dijon. The gold and silver ivies, though of slower growth than some of the green varieties, are extremely effective, and may be trained up walls which the sun's rays do not reach. Among berry-bearing plants suitable for growing against a house, Cratægus pyracantha is certainly the best, for not only does it sometimes attain a height of thirty feet, but also it retains its dense clusters of scarlet berries throughout the winter. Celastrus scandens, though less common, is not less effective, especially when grown over an arbour or an old tree. Its leaves turn crimson before they fall if the summer has been warm, and the orange berries hang for a long time afterwards. Besides these, there are many other beautiful berry-bearing plants for the shrubbery or the lawn—hollies, euonymuses, mountain ash, and snowberry tree, to name but a few. By the way, the last is usually allowed to grow wild, and becomes merely a dense tangle of suckers. If you would see what it is capable of becoming, train it up a tree, allowing it to have only a single stem. You will be surprised what a fine shrub it makes. Or, where there is a plantation of it, cut it all down close to the ground early in the year. It will then form a thick green carpet, which will be covered in June with pink flowers, and in autumn with white berries. This is a most charming groundwork for other shrubs.

It is to foliage rather than to flowers that we must look for our chief colour effects in autumn; and when the grounds are planted, that should be borne in mind. Among trees the most brilliant are the scarlet maple, the red and the yellow oaks, and the liquidambar, the last a magnificent sight when well grown and well coloured. To be seen at their best, they need a dark green background, and this can be supplied by a plantation of conifers. Of fine autumn shrubs there are many, foremost among them being the sumachs, Rhus glabra, and R. copallina, but especially R. Osbeckii. Of the last Parsons says: "I know of no richer red than that which suffuses its large leaf. It is crimson, changing almost to scarlet in certain spots." Some of the berberises, such as Thunbergii, are very beautiful late in the year, and so are several of the spiræas, such as prunifolia. In order to deepen some of the reds, grey green foliage is often useful, and for this purpose Elæagnus hortensis is one of the best shrubs to plant. Many of the willows will supply grey green foliage in spring, while some of them, especially Salix vitellina, have golden stems which are remarkably effective after the leaves have fallen in autumn. If you will use such plants as these, you will never again have to complain of the dulness of your garden at this season. But, as I said before, they must be arranged according to a definite and natural plan, and to be able to do so—to realise how they will all look in the years to come—demands higher artistic qualities than the painting of any picture.—Your affectionate cousin, MONA.

Clare sends me the following:—

DEAREST MADGE,—If the mystery of the North Pole is, which is very probable, as unpleasant and terrible as are the surroundings that conceal it and hedge it round, the wonder is that anyone wants to find it out. Surely there are enough of disagreeable things already rampant, obvious and on show, in the world, without our trying to get hold of another to add to their number—one, moreover, which so mercifully keeps itself to itself, well shut out from our reach? There are so many things better than the North Pole still to be discovered; it is a pity not to have the untiring energy and effort devoted to it expended instead on them. For instance, what a blessing it would be if some one were to discover a way for lighting winter, for baffling the sun's high and mighty exclusiveness, at the season when he withdraws himself from our society, behind the sheltering clouds. Electricity has already proved itself capable of doing so much in the lighting line that we know it can do a great deal more. Only think what it would be if we were made independent of the sun, and had the dark days turned into lightsome ones and the long nights curtailed. One cannot but suppose that such a thing might be done if the same amount of money and of persevering and untiring labour were devoted to it as are being unceasingly used in attempts to find out the closely guarded secret of the North Pole. But, as Gibbon says, in explaining the reason of "the thirst of military glory," that mankind bestows "more liberal applause on their destroyers than on their benefactors," so no doubt the discovery of useless and out of the way things is more prized than that of comfortable, everyday useful ones. How glorious it would be if between now and Christmas we could turn on long days, what worry and fatigue we might be saved! It is so tiresome to have the days stop so abruptly early in the afternoon, and still more tiresome to know that they will be going from bad to worse up to Christmas itself.

Last week the sun seemed, however, to be in a mood as if he would not allow any mere human invention to do his job. He beamed on us for some days, and I hope on you also, with an almost summer beam. The softness of the sun-warmed air made winter clothes an impossibility, we had to resume our lighter laid-aside ones. It was, however, as it were, a case of "The labour we delight in physics pain." The shabbiness of our garments were nothing compared to the glories of the sunshine.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen spent last week in the North of Ireland, where they stayed with Lord and Lady O'Neill, a house party being assembled to meet them, which included Lord Dundonald, Lord and Lady Ranfurly, Lady Clifden, and others. Their Excellencies fulfilled many public engagements, and were, of course, well received everywhere. They have many friends and some relatives in the North; Lady Aberdeen's mother is the daughter of Sir J. Hogg, created Lord Magheramorne, of Larne, in Antrim. On their way from Shane's Castle to Dublin the Vice-regal party spent a day at Armagh. They lunched at the Palace with the venerable Archbishop Alexander, the Protestant Primate; they afterwards visited the chief Presbyterian church of the town, and, finally, took tea with Cardinal Logue, the Catholic Primate, and with him paid a visit to the new cathedral, St. Patrick's, which is of imposing size, and stands on high ground. Armagh has much historic interest, especially in connection with St. Patrick. Lord and Lady Aberdeen are very zealous, and, with a kindly insistance, in trying to blend all the various religious and political tints in Ireland into the poet's "one arch of peace." Even the kindliest of ruling powers cannot command success; to deserve it, however, is a decided help to, perhaps, gaining it some day.

Lady MacDonnell, who is still in delicate health, was prevented leaving the Under Secretary's Lodge for some days last week on account of the rough seas in the Channel. She goes to London and then abroad for a short time, but hopes to be back for the Castle season. No announcement has been officially made regarding the season as yet. It is generally postponed to February, for some occult reason known only to the Viceregal department of Dublin Castle. With society and trade in Dublin, its beginning in January would be popular. In old days the Chief Secretary used to hold the society stage for some weeks before the Castle season began; balls and festivities of many kinds in his official residence in the Phœnix Park made a kind of prelude to the Castle season. For many years this prelude has been in abeyance and is hardly likely to be revived by Mr. and Mrs. Bryce, who are of those who take wisdom to live with them and tread the ways of pleasantness and paths of peace, rather than the "primrose path." Lord and Lady Grenfell are not yet in residence at the Royal Hospital. They are staying with their children at Rockingham, near Boyle, where they have been entertaining

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visitors and shooting parties. Sir Herbert and Lady Plumer are moving from the Curragh to Dublin for the winter, where they have taken a house in St. Stephen's Green. Lord Dudley's illness has caused much regret over here, where he has many friends, who remember his impulsive good nature and kind-hearted ways of wishing, as Fred puts it, "every one to have a good time." And working in that direction, too, with Lady Dudley's able co-operation.—Yours ever, CLARE.

The next time sturgeon is in the market, try this sturgeon à la Cardinale:—

Remove the skin from two prime cuts of sturgeon, fill the inside with forcemeat of whiting, mixed with chopped and simmered herbs. Wrap the fish in thin rashers of fat bacon, and secure them with tape, put the sturgeon to braise in wine mirepoix. When done drain it, and set to cool; after removing the bacon cover it well over with a coating of cardinal sauce, and when this is cooled upon the fish, dip it in bread crumbs, then screen with clarified liquid butter. Put the fish upon a drainer in a deep baking dish, and set it to cook until of a light golden colour. Dish with a little sturgeon sauce, and garnish with quenelles of whiting, mixed chopped blanched parsley and slices of lobsters, and pickled champignons. Stick two silver skewers into each fillet, with the meat of a half claw upon each.

Iced banana cream is lovely:—

Mash half a dozen bananas with a gill of stewed, dried apricots, the juice of an orange, and a wine glass of sherry, add about 2 oz. of castor sugar and rub them through a hair sieve. Mix the purée with half a pint of good custard and a gill of whipped cream. Freeze the cream, mould it, and imbed it in ice and salt. Serve the ice with a compôte of alternate groups or oranges and bananas round.

And artichokes à la Morny are very good:—

Drain a bottle of artichoke bottoms, fill them with either turbot, brill, or soles finely minced and mixed with white sauce, pour a little cheese cream on each one, and brown them in the oven. Serve on a hot dish with creamy white sauce, mixed with grated cheese, poured round them.

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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NOTICE.

THE

THIRTIETH CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF TRUTH

. . WILL BE . .

AN ENTIRELY NEW EDITION OF THE

ODYSSEY

REVISED, AMENDED (TO ANY EXTENT), AND DONE INTO (UP-TO DATE) ENGLISH BY THOSE DISTINGUISHED CLASSICAL SCHOLARS

Messrs. BOTCHER & SLANG,

WITH

Illustrations by SLAXMAN.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

READY ON FRIDAY NEXT, DECEMBER 7.

TO OUR READERS.

We receive hundreds of letters every week from "Readers of 'Truth.'" A large majority of the writers expect replies direct. Of the work, trouble, and expense involved in doing this we say nothing. But as experience has shown that a large number of our "Constant" and "Regular" readers who inquire about individuals with whom we have dealt in our columns over and over again are not actual subscribers to the paper, but merely occasional readers of it at clubs, libraries, or at friends' houses, we consider we must protect ourselves in the matter.

We have therefore decided that henceforth every reader who writes making an inquiry that necessitates a direct reply must enclose a stamped envelope and also a Coupon which will always be found at the foot of the 3rd page of the coloured cover. Without these no notice will be taken of the communication.

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a Coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" send replies by post.

No Coupon will be available that is over a fortnight out of date, except from correspondents residing abroad.

The terms of Subscription to Truth, *which are payable in advance, are as follows:—To any address in the United Kingdom, for 3 months, 7s.; 6 months, 14s.; and for 12 months, 28s. The Thin Paper Edition is forwarded to countries within the Postal Union for 3 months for 7s. 8d.; 6 months, 15s. 4d.; and 12 months, 30s. 8d. Cheques and Post Office Orders should be made Payable to the Manager,* Truth, *"Truth Buildings," Carteret-street, S.W.*

ENTRE NOUS.

LITTLE WORKHOUSE MAY.

OH! suffering pain, and wretchedness
Are aye a sad, sad sight;
But saddest when they lay their stress
On some small helpless mite;
For health and joy and happiness
Seem somehow childhood's right.

Within a Workhouse Ward there lay
A girlie white and wan;
And lain had she for many a day
Her pallet-bed upon.
They called the tiny sufferer May,
And name besides she'd none.

The old, old tale! A nameless child,
Whom no one cared to claim,
Whose birth had sent her mother wild
With misery and shame,
As her last dying breath reviled
The curst betrayer's name.

And so, the care of father kind,
Of mother fond, denied,
In vain for love this baby pined,
In vain she wistful sighed;
Since not a soul there was to mind
Whether she lived or died.

But came at length a glorious end
To all her sad despair,
She'd got, she learned with glee, a friend—
A friend who thought of her;
A friend whose love had made him send
A token of his care.

And what a token! Oh, the joy!
Such bliss she'd never known:
A brand-new sixpence and a toy—
Nor these delights alone,
But eke a doll, a sailor-boy,
All for her very own.

'Twas heaven for little May—no less;
Beamed wide the baby eyes;
With speechless, rapturous happiness
She hugged her waxen prize,
And knew, herself the motherless,
A mother's ecstasies.

Don't smile, you little girls and boys,
In nurseries rich who play,
To whom expensive dolls and toys
Are things of every day;
Don't scoff, nor speak in scornful voice
Of lonely Workhouse May.

If you, like her, no father had,
Your griefs no mother shared,
If lonely, desolate, and sad,
Your aching heart despaired,
I think that you had been as glad
To find that someone cared.

She asked his name, and "Truth" they said.
Thenceforth—O touching proof
Of gratitude—from one small bed,
Beneath that Workhouse roof,
To God a child's prayer nightly sped:
"Our Father, please bless 'Troof.'"

But as the rolling months went by,
And summer graced the land,
A cruel, wasting malady
Laid on the child its hand,
So prone in bed she needs must lie,
Too feeble now to stand.

Yet still as sank each day to 'ts end,
The little lips did move,
A baby's blessing up to send
To Him Who dwells above
On "Troof"—the only earthly friend
She'd ever had to love.

The year sped on. Drew nigh the day
Of The Redeemer's birth,
Long consecrate in special way
To children's happy mirth.
But wan and still our girlie lay;
'Twould be her last on Earth.

Not death she feared; but feared alone
Lest death might come before
The only friend she'd ever known
On this terrestrial shore
Should send her, for her very own,
His Christmas pledge once more.

"For, oh! My only friend is he,
And love him so do I;
So please, Our Father, let me be
Till Kismas Day's gone by,
And I may know he finks of me
Again afore I die."

So prayed the child each morn, each night,
In language still the same;
So watched, with eager, wistful sight,
But still no token came.
And every hour disease's blight
Lay heavier on her frame.

'Twas Christmas Day. Our girlie lies
Desponding in her cot.
And see! With tears those wistful eyes
The wasted cheeks do blot.
For dreadful thoughts within her rise:
Had "Troof," her friend, *forgot?*

As on and on the wintry light
To evening slowly wears,
"I feels I'll die afore to-night,"
The sobbing voice declares.
"I'd die content, if first I might
Just know as 'Troof' still cares."

But ah! What's that? There's some one—hark!
Yes, some one at the door.
'Twas nurse; and she a Noah's ark
And baby dolly bore.
And oh! that you'd been there to mark
The look May's wan face wore!

She stretched her little arms all wide,
Clasped dolly to her breast.
Her strength, fast ebbing, words denied;
She just the love-pledge pressed.
"*Troof*" *cared.* . . . . One happy sigh she sighed,
And then she sank to rest.

Poor lonely, loving little mite,
Who long of love despaired,
I'm glad that, ere through death's dark night
Your baby spirit fared,
It made your latest moments bright
To find that "Troof" still cared.

For Approved Charities, see pages 1402, 1403.
For Special for Ladies, see page 1408.
For the Truth Hotel List, see page 1402.
For Selected Foreign Hotels, see pages 1400, 1401.
For Estates, Auctions, see page 1404.
For Amusements, see page 1399.
For Our Puzzles, see pages 1413 141[illegible].

And you, kind friend, whose fingers dressed
The doll that little May
Clasped, loving, to her small, cold breast
As still, in death, she lay,—
Aren't *you*, too, glad to know you blessed
The mite's last "Kismas" Day?

* * * * *

But what if now the day that's near,
The children's day of days,
The day when Truth tried hard to cheer
The hearts of workhouse Mays—
Shall bring to them no gifts this year,
For lack of means and ways?

What if these tiny, lonely things
Shall look with bright surmise
For that which "Kismas" always brings
To glad their baby eyes
And lull awhile their misery's stings
With present paradise,

Shall look, *but look in vain?* . . . . But no!
I can't believe it true.
Say—say—you will not have it so,
Ye rich and well-to-do!
Out to these babes your heart would go,
If only ye but knew,

But knew of each small wistful tot,
Whose aching heart despairs,
But saw the blankness of their lot,
But heard their plaintive prayers. . . .
Oh! Show them that they're not forgot!
Show them that *some one* cares!

May I remind the ladies who have undertaken the dressing of dolls for the Truth Toy Show that it is necessary that the dolls should be delivered at this office (carriage paid) not later than Monday, December 10? Gifts of home-made toys, etc., should also be received here by the same date. The Show is fixed to take place at the Royal Albert Hall on Wednesday and Thursday, December 19 and 20, and, as may readily be imagined, the preliminary work of unpacking, sorting, and arranging the exhibits occupies a considerable time.

I have the pleasure of announcing that I have again received the anonymous present of 11,000 new sixpences for distribution at Christmas, which has been entrusted to me for so many years. The following letter arrived with the sixpences:—

London,
November 26, 1906.

Dear Sir,—Once more I have the pleasure of requesting you to undertake the distribution of the accompanying 11,000 New Sixpences amongst the Poor Children of the London Workhouses, their Schools and Hospitals, as part of this year's "Truth Toy Fund," in the same way that you have so kindly done for many years.

I enclose £5 towards the necessary expenses.

Thanking you again for your willing co-operation in this good work, allow me to sign myself A Friend.

The Editor of Truth.

It is needless for me to say that it is the greatest pleasure to me to execute this trust, and I feel that I am almost as much indebted to the donor as are the children. The gift has arrived rather earlier than usual this year, and for this also I am grateful, because it should prompt all who read the letter to emulate the generosity of this gentleman while there is yet time. Besides the children in the Workhouses and Workhouse Schools, there are all those in the London

Hospitals to be provided for out of the TRUTH Fund. In the present position of the Toy Fund I can undertake to spend to good effect all the money that is likely to reach me before the end of this month, and I hope that every reader of TRUTH will join with the anonymous donor of the 11,000 sixpences in doing something to brighten Christmas for those London children who have to spend that season in hospitals or workhouses.

Another unfailing friend of the poor children of London is Mr. Tom Smith. I have heard from him that he proposes renewing this year his gift of 25,000 Tom Smith's Christmas crackers for distribution among the hospitals and workhouses in connection with the TRUTH toys and dolls. I have to thank him on behalf of the children, who will have the crackers in time for Christmas, and I hope that this example also will have a stimulating effect upon my readers generally.

The following amounts have reached me towards the Toy Fund:—

E. E. H., 2s. 6d.; Sir Charles Cust, £10; Major W., £1 1s.; High Grove, £1 1s.; Anon. (Nottingham), 2s.; W. Wavell, £1 1s.; H. A. Freeman, £1; J. M., £2 2s.; P. L. A., £4 4s.; Major H. C. French, R.A.M.C., 10s.; Two L. L. £1 12s. 6d.; Anon. (Bayswater), 5s.; H. H. D. (Paignton), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Eleanor C. Smyth, 10s.; Anthony H. Hawkins, £3 3s.; Lord Durham, £5; Mrs. Swinburne, 10s.; the Hon. Mrs. A. Y. Bingham, £3 3s.; Miss May Streatfeild, £2 2s.; Friends at Cromer, 5s.; Q. C. F., 5s.; S. S., £10; W. L., 10s.; F. A. Ferguson, £2 7s. 6d.; E. B., £1; Eileen, Bowes, Denise, and Lilah, £25; H. Waldo Sibthorp, £1 1s.; Mrs. L. Billigheimer, £1 1s.; Sir Walter Gilbey, £2 2s.; J. G. R., £1; T. E. M., £2 2s.; Hyacinth, 10s.; R. E. W., £1; M. T. H., 10s.; W. L. W., £1.

I have also received a case of dressed dolls from Mrs. A. Hall.

The King is to arrive in town from Sandringham early on Monday afternoon, when his Majesty will at once pay a visit to the Smithfield Cattle Show. The Queen also comes up to Buckingham Palace on Monday, accompanied by the King and Queen of Norway and Princess Victoria. There is to be a large family dinner-party at the Palace on Thursday, the 13th, to bid farewell to the King and Queen of Norway, who are to leave England for Germany on Friday, the 14th. The Queen and Princess Victoria, who return to Sandringham about Wednesday, the 19th, are to be joined there by the King on Saturday, the 22nd. There will be a third series of guests at Sandringham Hall from Friday, the 28th, until Monday, January 7th.

The King and Queen have received an intimation from Vienna that the Duke of Cumberland is laid up with a serious and painful illness at his villa at Pinzing. The Duchess is with her husband. Prince George of Hanover has gone to Upper Egypt for the winter, after spending a fortnight at Rome and Naples.

His Majesty is to hold a Council at Buckingham Palace about Tuesday, the 18th inst., at which the proposed Speech from the Throne at the Prorogation of Parliament will be submitted to the King and formally approved. According to present arrangements Parliament is to be prorogued by commission during the week before Christmas, but his Majesty will open the next Session early in February in person, with a full State ceremony.

The King had excellent sport during his visit to Lord and Lady Farquhar at Castle Rising last week, and the King of Norway drove from Appleton, and joined the shooting party each day. On Tuesday the battues were at Riffley Wood, and heavy bags of pheasants were obtained both before and after luncheon, at which meal the sportsmen were joined by the Queen and the Queen of Norway, who drove over from Sandringham. On Wednesday the shoot was at Fowlers Woods, which are quite near to the old Norman Castle, and again there were heavy bags, the party being joined at one o'clock by the Queen, the Queen of Norway, and Princess Victoria, and luncheon was served in a marquee pitched at the side of the Hillington-road. On Friday there were several partridge drives over the Batsey and Warren preserves, and the bag was quite as heavy as had been expected, as these birds are scarce this year in most parts of East Anglia, and at Holkham, Lord Leicester's place, where huge bags are usually obtained, the usual drives have been given up for this season.

On Thursday morning the King visited the Castle Rising ruins, and inspected the interesting Norman church and the Howard almshouse, which was founded during the reign of James I. by Henry, Earl of Northampton. In the afternoon his Majesty drove to Walpole St. Peter's, which is about nine miles beyond Lynn, on the road to Wisbech, in the Norfolk marshland. Walpole St. Peter's is a very pretty village, with a beautiful grove of trees, and it is famous for one of the finest Perpendicular churches in England. The interior is highly ornate, with superb oak carvings, and the south porch and doorway are remarkably fine. The octagonal font, dated 1532, is inscribed with the legend, "Thynk and Thank."

The rectory of Walpole St. Peter's, which is in the gift of the Crown, was formerly the richest living in Norfolk, and the net income is still over £700 a year, with an excellent house. The present rector is the Rev. Henry C. Staveley, who had been for four years curate of Sandringham when he was presented a few months ago to this benefice by the Prime Minister at the request of the King. His predecessor was the Rev. Charles MacMichael, an excellent and very popular clergyman, whose early death was deeply and widely regretted. He was married to a sister of Lord Curzon of Kedleston.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, who are to arrive at Marlborough House on Monday from Sandringham, will return to York Cottage a few days before Christmas. The Prince is to be the guest of Lord Iveagh next week for two or three days at Elveden Hall. The King was also to have stayed at Elveden for two days next week, but it is now possible that his Majesty's engagements may prevent him from leaving town.

For CHRISTMAS APPEALS, see page 1404.

The Prince and Princess of Wales were last week the guests of Lord and Lady Derby at Knowsley Park, from Monday until Friday. The Prince had three days' excellent shooting in Lord Derby's preserves, which are situated in and all round his vast deer park of 2,500 acres. About 3,600 pheasants were killed, besides a heavy bag of other game. The Princess spent one day in going over the house, visiting the gardens, and driving about the park, and on the two other days of her stay at Knowsley she went to Liverpool and visited several of the public institutions of the city. The Prince and Princess drove into Liverpool on Friday morning, and opened the new Cotton Exchange, after which they left the Lime-street Station by special train for Rugby, on their way back to Sandringham, viâ Peterborough. The Cotton Exchange, which is a very handsome building, with a most ornate interior, has cost upwards of £300,000, including the price of the site.

Some of the Continental papers are announcing that the Prince and Princess of Wales are to visit South Africa early next year, and that on their way back to England they will spend a few weeks in Egypt as guests of the Khedive. There is no foundation whatever for this statement, which is an absolute invention. The Prince and Princess of Wales have no idea at present of again quitting Europe.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are to leave England for the East on Thursday, January 10, accompanied by Princess Patricia. The Royal party will travel direct from London to Marseilles, where they are to embark for Hong Kong on Friday, the 11th, in the P. and O. steamer *Marmora*. The Duke and Duchess and their daughter will return to England early in May.

Princess Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein have arrived at Schomberg House, and will not return to Cumberland Lodge until Saturday, the 15th. Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein is coming to England from Germany to spend the Christmas holidays with his parents, and is expected to arrive at Windsor from Berlin on Saturday, the 22nd.

The Princess Royal and the Duke of Fife, who have been staying at their house in Portman-square since they came up from Scotland, will probably spend the Christmas holidays at Sandringham with their Majesties if H.R.H. continues to progress favourably towards recovery. It is very likely that the King will lend Appleton House (where the King and Queen of Norway are now staying) to the Princess Royal and the Duke of Fife, who have now no country residence in England. There was some talk last year of the Duke renting Ditton Park, Lord Montagu's beautiful old seat near Windsor, but this place has now been let for a term of years.

Duff House, the Duke of Fife's family place which he has presented to the towns of Banff and Macduff, was built between 1740 and 1745 from designs by Adam, and at a cost of £70,000, by the first Earl of Fife, after he had purchased a large estate in Banffshire. The house was intended to be a facsimile of the Villa Borghese, but Lord Fife became short of money, and it remained unfinished. It is a stately mansion, with towers at the four corners, and the double flight of steps which forms the principal entrance is a copy of the entrance to Drumlanrig Castle, the Duke of Buccleuch's splendid old seat in Dumfriesshire, which is famous for its beautiful terraced gardens. When Duff House was built, Drumlanrig belonged to the Duke of Queensberry, and it was considered the finest country seat in Scotland. The gardens are well laid out, and the grounds, which are finely wooded, are intersected by the Deveron. The Gothic mausoleum in the park was the burial-place of the Fife family for over a century. There is a beautiful walk of two miles to Alvah Bridge, where the rocks rise high above the river.

Princess Henry of Battenberg's visit to North Staffordshire last Wednesday went off very well. Her Royal Highness (attended by Colonel Colborne and Miss Bulteel) travelled by the morning express from Euston to Stafford, and thence by special train to Stoke-upon-Trent, where she was met by the Rev. Leonard Tyrwhitt, vicar of Fenton. The Princess drove to Fenton in a carriage sent from Trentham by the Duke of Sutherland, and she lunched at the vicarage with Mr. Tyrwhitt and his sister, Lady Knollys, and then opened an Indian bazaar, which was held in the Town Hall, in aid of church work in the parish. The platform was beautifully decorated with plants, palms, and flowers from the Trentham gardens. Princess Henry took tea at the vicarage before leaving for Stoke on her way back to London.

There is no truth whatever in the statement which went round the papers last week, that the Emperor William is to pay a visit to England "in the spring," which is the very last period of the year during which his Majesty is ever likely to come to this country. Another fiction was the announcement in a daily paper that the King "has abandoned his intended visit to Madrid for this year." His Majesty has never at any time contemplated going to Spain during the present year. There was a half understanding at the time of King Alfonso's marriage that the King, all being well, would pay a State visit to Madrid early in April (directly after Easter), but it is now quite possible that this visit to the Spanish Court may be postponed until the spring of 1908.

In Ireland—that is, amongst the "mere Irish" themselves—the opinion largely prevails that nothing is ever learned through Royal Commissions of Inquiry which has not been thoroughly well known before. Nevertheless, Commissions go on accumulating in the country, whilst men decay. Of late some novel and unique features were introduced into them. An illustration was given, last week, of this subject in connection with the Commission for inquiring into the Congested Districts Board. Sir Antony MacDonnell held a meeting

of the Congested Districts Board, of which he is a member, on his return from sitting in London on the Commission to inquire into the Board. Sir Horace Plunkett, who had just returned from giving evidence before the Commission of which Sir Antony MacDonnell was a member, also attended the Dublin meeting as a member of the Board. No wonder that Sir Horace Plunkett plaintively complained when before the Commission in London that he felt rather "mixed" in giving his evidence. The "Department" under his presidency, which professes that whatever it does not teach in Ireland "is not knowledge," might usefully add to its course instruction in the methods of Gilbertian comic opera, which might help in "mixed" situations.

The Lord-Lieutenancy of Cambridgeshire has become vacant by the resignation of Mr. Alexander Peckover, of Wisbech, who is a staunch Liberal, and also a Quaker. He is the only member of the Society of Friends that has held such an office. Mr. Peckover is the only surviving son of the late Mr. Algernon Peckover, who left a fortune of nearly £1,200,000. The Peckovers, who were bankers at Wisbech for nearly one hundred and fifty years, descend from Edmund Peckover, of Charlton, Northamptonshire, who was a trooper in Cromwell's army, and served under Fleetwood. He settled at Fakenham, in Norfolk, where he purchased a small estate, but the family ultimately migrated to Wisbech, although they still own their ancestor's property in Norfolk. Mr. Alexander Peckover has been a collector of rare books, and he possesses a splendid library.

Lord Clifden, who has been appointed to the Lord-Lieutenancy of Cambridgeshire, became a landowner in that county as the mortgagee of the Earldom of Hardwicke estates, and Wimpole Hall, the former seat of the Yorkes, near Royston, now belongs to him. He is well known both as a staunch Liberal and as an excellent landlord. Lord Clifden's principal residence is Lanhydrock, the stately and picturesque seat of the Robartes family in East Cornwall, where there is one of the finest private libraries in England. Wimpole Hall is a brick house, with a centre built in 1632, and wings which were erected about a century later. The Wimpole collection of pictures and the splendid library were sold many years ago, and Lord Chancellor Hardwicke's State papers and correspondence, which were kept here, are now in the British Museum. The park of 300 acres contains the finest timber in the county, and the house is approached by an avenue nearly three miles in length.

Sir Edward Reed, who died on Friday, was a man of distinguished ability, and he became one of the greatest experts in naval architecture in Europe. Sir Edward rendered valuable services to the country during the period (1863-70) that he held the office of Chief Constructor of the Navy. He was no pedant, but quickly grasped the conditions of the entirely new era in the science of naval construction which was brought about by the American Civil War. There was practically a complete revolution. He gained world-wide fame as a designer of ships of war, and was largely employed by several important foreign Governments after his connection with the Admiralty had terminated. Sir Edward sat in Parliament as a Liberal for twenty-six years, but he became infatuated on the subject of Mr. Chamberlain's tariff reform chimeras, and had joined the Tory Party not long before the dissolution of the last Parliament, when he retired from public life.

Miss Bateson, who died on Friday, was a historian of wide and well-deserved fame, and an admirable writer. She combined great learning with a most agreeable style, and many of her books are valuable standard works. Miss Bateson, who was a daughter of the late Dr. Bateson, Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, took high honours at Newnham, and she practically passed her whole life at Cambridge, where she will be greatly missed in many circles of society, and her death is a really serious loss to the University, and, indeed, to historical literature generally. She was in her forty-second year.

Nothing is more gratifying to me, as a journalist, than the extent and variety of the knowledge which the public at large attributes to people of my humble profession. During the last week or two I have been asked to recommend a matrimonial agency and a cure for kidney disease, to name the winner of next year's Derby, to settle a dispute at bridge, and to say whether two partners who have not a trump between them can both count chicane. I have also had to answer about fifty inquiries respecting advertisements in the daily papers; to explain what relation the German Emperor is to the King of Norway; to inform somebody what salary the Duke of Manchester (*sic*) receives as Master of the Horse, and on what dates he gets his cheques; to advise a lady who having ordered a bootmaker to make up a pair of slippers which she had worked for her husband, found that they were too tight when sent home, and did not know what to do; and to calculate whether when a pack of cards is dealt into four hands it is odds on or odds against one hand containing only one card or no card of a single suit. These are, of course, nothing to the questions sometimes propounded; I mention them as examples of the variety rather than the profundity of the knowledge expected of editors. Sometimes I wonder whether the interrogators do it for a lark, and have bets privately as to whether they will bowl the editor out. Sometimes I wonder how anybody would know anything if it were not for journalists.

Pictures of the so-called Victorian period have declined enormously in value. Leighton's large work, "Helen on the Walls of Troy," which realised 1,500 gs. in 1865, has just been sold at Christie's for 300 gs. Calderon's "Home after Victory," purchased at the Mendel sale in 1875 for 900 gs., now realised only eighty-five guineas. A work by Yeames, for which

460 gs. had been paid only a few years ago, fetched £105. Four panels by David Cox, which had realised 900 gs. in these same sale rooms in 1888, now sold for only twenty-eight pounds!

The sale of the Duke of Sutherland's library from Trentham Hall has proved a great success. The collection had been valued by experts at about £5,500, but the sale realised £8,777. The best of the books fetched remarkably high prices, and the splendid bindings of many of them caused exceptional competition. Oddly enough, the Shakespeare third folio, which was regarded as the gem of the library, realised a very much lower price than had been expected.

Several firms who spend a good deal of money on advertising have lately addressed inquiries to me respecting the Rev. J. M. Dryerre, LL.B., F.R.G.S., of Burnham, Somerset. Some little time back this gentleman issued an announcement that he had "just edited for a committee of ladies a book of cookery, household management, etc., to be called 'The Housewife's Friend,'" and that he had a few pages open for advertisements at specified rates. After explaining that a great many domestic subjects besides cookery would be dealt with in the book, he dropped this delicate hint:—

> Its one hope is to make life easier for the ordinary housewife. Advertisers having goods that tend towards this object will get sympathetic treatment in its pages if they SEND ON SAMPLES OF THEIR GOODS at once for consideration.

This does not seem to have brought Mr. Dryerre advertisements and samples of goods in all cases, so it has more recently been followed up by a slightly more explicit proposition:—

> Dear Sir,—I had the pleasure, some days ago, of sending you a letter *re* advertising in *The Housewife's Friend*.
>
> I am glad to say that the response from the leading advertisers has been so generous, that I am full up.
>
> The "copy," the printer tells me, will have to be cut down if I am to keep to the number of pages agreed to.
>
> I find that in the letterpress there is a reference to your goods. Naturally, non-advertisers will suffer first when the cutting down commences. In your case this will be a great pity, as your goods are just those that we are anxious to bring before the public.
>
> May I ask, therefore, if it is not in your power (and to your interest) to place your advertisement into our hands so that we may be able to enlarge the book and retain the laudatory comments we have made in the letterpress, under "Reliable Pick-Me-Ups."
>
> When I say that firms like "Grape Nuts," "Fry and Son," "Neaves' Food," "Hugh Mapleton," "Lemco," have given me advertisements, you will see the support we have received.—Yours respectfully, J. M. Dryerre.
>
> P.S.—The page is 25s.

A plausible tale this, is it not? The printers have already got more matter than will fill the book; yet the author is still doing all he knows—which is a good deal—to get more advertisements, and every advertisement he receives will prevent him cutting some "laudatory comment" out of the letterpress. If it is really the fact that the firms mentioned in the last paragraph have sent Mr. Dryerre samples of their goods and orders for advertisements, they must be more easily gammoned than I had previously supposed.

That other firms, at any rate, have refused to hear the voice of this charmer may be gathered from the fact that several of them have sent Mr. Dryerre's communications to me with inquiries about the gentleman. They will be interested to hear that Mr. Dryerre, who seems to be a Congregational minister, has been known for several years by begging operations which he has conducted in connection with his books. A few years ago he published a work called "Sprigs of White Heather," which, according to the sage criticism which he quotes from one provincial paper, "has something quite distinct from the works of J. M. Barrie, and Ian Maclaren." He endeavoured to sell this book by asking people to buy it in order to enable him to pay off a debt of £150, which he had incurred through becoming a security for his brother-in-law. He subsequently produced a work entitled "How to Fish," which he offered to Christian workers. Presumably he had in his mind the art of fishing for men, in which I should say he is fully qualified to give instruction. Subsequently to this he wrote letters begging for money to enable him to distribute pamphlets in favour of the Bill to prevent children being sent to fetch beer from public-houses. I suppose it was owing to his efforts in these directions that he was recently removed from the register of the Congregational Union. Evidently, however, this has not stopped his fishing.

The publication of the signatures to the Henniker Heaton "memorial," and the gaseous article in Monday's *Times* on this serio-comic document, must surely mark the culmination of the game of bluff that is being played in Printing House Square over the Book Club squabble. In the absence of information to the contrary, it may be fairly assumed that the signatories whose names are published are subscribers to the *Times*, and, therefore, to the Book Club. As such, they are naturally inconvenienced by the fact that, owing to the refusal of the *Times* to buy books on the trade terms, they are unable to get what they have paid for. They choose to lay the blame for this on the trade, though, obviously, their only genuine grievance is against the *Times*, and they sign a foolish document absurdly misrepresenting the facts, and recording their conviction that their precious "Club" stands for the maintenance of public rights of momentous importance. The thing is then published by the *Times* as a disinterested vindication of its conduct, and a document of quite historical interest. The public in the meantime has never seen the document, takes no shadow of interest in it, and goes on reading and buying its books, new and second-hand, precisely as it did before the Book Club came into existence. The whole operation is a piece of gigantic make-believe, ridiculous in its absolute futility. If the *Times* had got its subscribers together to pass a resolution that they ought to be able to buy books from the publishers at what prices and on what terms they please, the demonstration would have meant just as much and just as little.

Some interesting remarks on the subject of HOW TO PRESERVE HEALTH AND PROLONG LIFE by Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., are found on page 1412.

I see that Mr. Henniker Heaton repudiates the suggestion of some anonymous critic that he has used the House of Commons and Carlton Club stationery in the promotion of this memorial. I do not know who the anonymous critic may have been, but I took the liberty myself of suggesting that the addresses of those august institutions ought not to have been used in this way, and that opinion is widely shared. A correspondence was submitted to me last week which had passed between a subscriber to the Book Club and Mr. Heaton. In this Mr. Heaton writes on Carlton Club stationery, but runs his pen through the Carlton Club stamp and substitutes the address "Bexhill-on-Sea." If he takes the Club stationery to the seaside with him to answer letters on, it is not surprising that misapprehensions should be created in the minds of anonymous critics. The *Times* explains, answering thereby a question raised in last week's Truth, that Mr. Heaton defrayed the whole cost of the undertaking, and also declares that it was promoted quite independently of the *Times*. But I suppose it will not be denied that the *Times* supplied the names and addresses of the Book Club subscribers, without which the 10,000 signatures would certainly never have been obtained.

The most significant fact to my mind is that only 10,000 signatures should have been obtained. Presumably the great majority of Book Club subscribers would sign if they were asked. When it is designed to get up an imposing public demonstration, numbers are essential. I suppose there are more than 10,000 subscribers to the *Times* and the Book Club, but this memorial makes one wonder how many more. Mr. Henniker Heaton—who seems to be a very simple-minded gentleman—lately referred, in a letter to the *Times*, to the "81,000 subscribers." We know those 81,000. It is the magnificent total arrived at by the Manager of the Book Club at the outset of the controversy, by adding to the subscribers to the Club every purchaser of a *Times* publication (including, of course, the Encyclopædia Britannica), and apparently everybody known to the Book Club as a purchaser of books. I remarked at the time on the insidious attempt to convey the impression that the *Times* has a circulation of 81,000. Mr. Henniker Heaton is not the only person who has since supplied evidence that the desired impression was successfully conveyed. It would be interesting to know to what extent he and others were deceived. The 10,000 signatures to the memorial seem to indicate that the lowest estimates of the Book Club subscription list hitherto current are not very much below the mark.

Another surprising example of the disinterested efforts of outsiders to assist the *Times* in its present difficulties is contained in the following document — an autograph letter, with the address stamped upon it, and, in addition, a coat of arms, with the inscription "Ripon College":—

North Lodge, Ripon, November 22, 1906.

Dear Sir,—May I be allowed to bring to your notice that your Publisher is preventing the *Times* Book Club from supplying your Book ——— to its members by refusing to sell it at wholesale prices. May I at the same time suggest that, as *Author*, you should provide the *Times* Club with any copies it requires at the trade rate.—I am yours faithfully,

(Rev.) J. Battersby Harford, Principal.

Do not trouble to answer me.

The postscript perhaps indicates a consciousness on the reverend gentleman's part that the answer might not be agreeable reading. As the *Times* Book Club has been appealing to authors in all directions to let it have their books, there seems no reason why it should inspire individual subscribers to assist its efforts. But if the above letter was written spontaneously, it is a curious example of impertinence. This worthy gentleman is presumably a *Times* subscriber who wants to buy the author's book below the published price, or to borrow it from the Book Club; so he writes to enlighten the author about his publisher's doings and to suggest a method of circumventing him. That one gentleman should thus intrude himself into another's business in order to secure something for himself is as surprising as that he should fail to understand that the publisher is ready to supply the Book Club on the same terms as the rest of the trade, and that the book he wants can be obtained from any bookseller or any of the leading circulating libraries.

In Truth of November 14, there was a comment on a press interview with Lady Victoria Murray, in which that lady was represented as having seen and spoken to Mrs. Eddy in her home last December, whereas in a letter published some months previously Mrs. Eddy had expressed to Lord Dunmore her regret at not having seen Lady Victoria when she was in America. My attention has been called to a letter in the *Northern Echo*, in which Lady Victoria explains that she never made the statement attributed to her by the reporter, what she said being that she called at Mrs. Eddy's house in December and did not see her, but saw her driving in the street during a subsequent visit to America in June. The mystery, therefore, was only a "false claim," as I suggested, and Christian Science has made short work of it.

The great topic at Oxford (apart from the epidemic of gastric influenza which is now raging there) is the election for the important office of Registrar of the University which takes place to-morrow. The candidates are the Rev. Andrew Clark, formerly Scholar and Fellow of Lincoln College, the editor of the admirable volumes of the Oxford Historical Society, and author of a most excellent guide to the Bodleian, and Mr. Charles Leudesdorf, Fellow of Pembroke, and mathematical lecturer there. He has for several years filled most efficiently the office of Secretary to the Boards of Faculties.

The Bishop of Bangor has presented the Rev. J. P. Lewis, vicar of Conway, to the living of Llanystumdwy, Merionethshire, vacant by the sad death of Archdeacon Williams. Mr. Lewis is a very popular clergyman, and an excellent preacher both in Welsh and in English. He has taken an active part in the political affairs of the district in which he lives, and is a zealous opponent of Mr. Lloyd-George.

The Rev. James Arkwright, Roman Catholic priest of Middlewich, writes to me at some length to complain of the reference to himself in Truth of the 21st ult. in connection with the appeal circulated by Mr. James Low, of Whitchurch, on behalf of Father Arkwright's church. Father Arkwright is of opinion that he is entitled to an apology, but he adds that "deeds speak better than words," and that the best apology I can make will be to send him "a substantial subscription towards the reduction of the debt on the mission of £1,239."

I thought that I had already sufficiently explained my opinion about this matter. An appeal on behalf of Father Arkwright's mission was made to strangers in London by a gentleman who on inquiry proved to be connected with the Church of England at Whitchurch. The appeal gave no indication that it was made on behalf of a Roman Catholic mission, and, when inquiry showed that a gentleman known locally as a supporter of the Church of England was appealing on behalf of a clergyman and church whose names were not be found in the "Clergy List," the inference was naturally drawn that there was something mysterious and suspicious about the appeal. It seems to me that when an appeal issued by a "Rector" on behalf of his church is addressed to people who are not known to be of the "Rector's" religious persuasion, and may fairly be presumed to be members of the Church of England, without any indication that neither the Rector nor the church belongs to that communion, there is an obvious probability that people will be misled in one way or another; and if unfavourable suspicions are created in consequence, it is the fault of those who circulate the appeal without giving the information which they ought to give. While, therefore, I am quite willing to explain the facts for the benefit of all concerned, I consider that I am only repairing the consequences of their own error, and I cannot agree that Father Arkwright is entitled to expect any apology from me, still less to request from me a substantial contribution to his church funds.

Since writing the above I have received, at the moment of going to press, a letter from Mr. Myott, solicitor, of Hanley. This gentleman writes on behalf of Mr. Low, of Whitchurch, the gentleman referred to above as circulating the appeal on behalf of Father Arkwright, and he tells me that, unless I offer to Mr. Low "a satisfactory apology and reasonable amends," he will have no alternative but to at once issue a writ for libel. What I have said above in respect to Father Arkwright applies equally to this request on behalf of Mr. Low. While I regret that Mr. Low may have suffered, I consider that it is his own fault. I cannot, therefore, say anything which would imply that it is mine, and still less can I give Mr. Low pecuniary compensation.

In connection with the scheme for the creation and endowment of a Bishopric of Sheffield, a number of prominent citizens have been favoured with a circular stating that their names have been placed on the committee formed for the purpose, and that if they do not reply their consent to act will be taken for granted. Even in the case of Churchmen this is a pretty cool proceeding, for not a few look with disfavour on any increase of the episcopate. The circular in question, however, has not been confined to Churchmen, but has actually been sent to Nonconformists, who, if they do not take the trouble to reject the invitation, will find themselves advertised as supporters of a scheme with which they have not the slightest sympathy. The promoters of the bishopric are certainly not lacking in assurance.

Much satisfaction has been expressed in the diocese of Durham at the preferment of the Rev. Stephen Parkinson to the rectory of West Rainton, on the presentation of the Bishop of Durham. Mr. Parkinson has been for twenty years curate of the large parish of Haughton-le-Skerne, and he has well earned preferment by the earnest and successful work to which he has entirely devoted himself. He has made himself very popular among all classes, and is a great favourite with the Nonconformists. Mr. Parkinson has always paid close attention to all parochial needs, and has been frequent and regular in visitation, a branch of duty which is now much neglected by many of the clergy, both incumbents and curates.

The Financial Secretary to the Treasury was asked last week whether pensions could not be granted to the few surviving members of the old class of Civil Service writers whose hard case I recently noticed. The answer was in the negative. Mr. McKenna said that the terms of their engagement "gave no ground for the claims advanced," and the considerations put forward on their behalf "applied with equal force to a very large number of persons now in the employment of the State." With all respect to Mr. McKenna, this statement is misleading. Technically, no doubt, these aged writers are still only "temporary" employees of the State, though their "temporary" employment has extended over a period of between thirty and forty years. They really stand, however, in an exceptional position. Some twenty years ago the rest of the writers of this class were transferred to the "established" staff (thereby becoming entitled to pensions), and though these veterans were barred from the same promotion by reason of their age they were allowed to continue in the service. About a dozen of them have worked on till they are well over seventy years of age, and now it is proposed that they shall be discharged with a gratuity of £100 each. What will happen to them when this money is exhausted seems to be a matter of indifference to the hidebound authorities of the Treasury. Outside the Treasury it will, I think, be generally held that such a method of dealing with aged servants is extremely shabby and discreditable to the State as an employer; and it is to be hoped that sufficient Parliamentary influence and pressure will yet be exerted to secure them more liberal treatment.

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Mr. Arnold-Forster has written, and Mr. John Murray has published, a bulky volume entitled "The Army in 1906," but better described in its sub-title, "A Policy and a Vindication." The policy, needless to say, is the policy of Mr. Arnold-Forster, and the vindication is the vindication of Mr. Arnold-Forster. In other words, the primary object is to demonstrate that Mr. Arnold-Forster is the only man who knows what sort of an army this country wants, and how that army is to be obtained, organised, and administered. A final but quite superfluous chapter demonstrates that Mr. Haldane is all wrong, which is, of course, only a corollary from the proposition (or axiom) that Mr. Arnold-Forster is all right. It will be seen from this that the work is eminently characteristic of its author. But I hope that no one interested in military affairs will refrain from reading it on that account. It contains a vast amount of really useful information, many just criticisms of our chaotic military system, many sensible proposals for amending it, many declarations of policy with which no one need quarrel. The author has also invented an admirable system of summarising each chapter in a few short paragraphs at the end, which often saves the trouble of reading, and might in many instances have saved the trouble of writing.

It would be interesting to know how Mr. H. C. Lea came to be inspired to ask the series of questions which he addressed last week to the Secretary of State for War respecting the recent action taken by the G.O.C. in the Northern Command in regard to the Canteen and Mess Co-operative Society. Some time ago I had my attention called to this matter, as though some serious scandal lay behind it, but a very little inquiry sufficed to show me that there was no ground for any of the suggestions that had been made by interested parties. The General in question seems to possess somewhat pedantic financial notions, and he fell foul of the Canteen and Mess Co-operative Society for charging against their profits in one year losses which had been incurred in previous years. He also objected to the profits being charged with any cost of handling beer supplied by brewers. I am speaking from memory, but I think that was the substance of his objections, and not accepting the explanations which were given him by the Society, he ordered that no units in his command were to deal with it. This order, as Mr. Haldane explains, was *ultra vires*, because the regulations give to each commanding officer a discretion as to the management of his canteen, with which the General's order in this case was an interference. The War Office accordingly revoked the order.

The action of the War Office was the ostensible reason for the question addressed to Mr. Haldane. But Mr. Lea added to it other questions suggesting that the Canteen and Mess Co-operative Society is not a genuine co-operative society, that it was formed by army officers on full pay, Sir Edward Ward among them, and is still run by them, and that it would be to the advantage of the soldier and taxpayer to prevent officers on full pay "from using their influence in competing in business with ordinary mercantile firms for the supply of military canteens." This is a hash up of all the disingenuous and misleading criticisms which have been directed against the Canteen and Mess Society since it was first started. They are disingenuous and misleading because the society is essentially a co-operative society, being bound to distribute all its profits among its customers after payment of fixed interest on its capital. The officers who started it had no motive in view except to confer upon soldiers the benefits of a purely co-operative organisation for the supply of canteens, and all of them devoted without any remuneration a great deal of time and work to that purpose. To this day the officers who are "running" the society receive no directors' fees.

In what way does Mr. Lea suppose that the interest either of the soldier or the taxpayer would be served by relieving "ordinary mercantile firms" from the competition of this society. Anybody who knows anything of this question knows that the competition of the Canteen and Mess Co-operative Society with "ordinary mercantile firms" would have been of the greatest value to the soldier, even if the society had never divided a pennyworth of profit money among its customers. The "ordinary mercantile firms" referred to are a very limited number of contractors who hold among them a monopoly of the canteen trade, and who might develop at any moment into an irresistible ring if it were not for the competition which Mr. Lea thinks so undesirable. It is worthy of remark that in one at least of these firms officers on full pay are substantial shareholders. There is nothing in the regulations to prevent them being so, but Mr. Lea can easily see for himself that it is as possible under these circumstances for officers to "use their influence" on behalf of these "ordinary mercantile firms" as on behalf of the Canteen and Mess Co-operative Society, and to use it with far more advantage to themselves. It would not be difficult to find instances in which there is good reason to believe that such influence has been used. I have little doubt that it was the same influence—that is to say, the influence of the contractors—which prompted Mr. Lea's question in the House of Commons, and it is a pity that he did not make a little more inquiry into the subject before allowing himself to be used for this purpose.

It is wonderful to see what progress is now being made with the arrears of decorations and rewards in connection with the early Victorian wars. The papers announced last week that a silver medal and an annuity of £10 have just been granted to Colour-Sergeant James Gardyne, late of the Scots Guards, for gallantry at the battle of the Alma. *Bis dat qui cito dat.*

According to a statement which appeared in the *Evening News* on Saturday, an officer of the 3rd Grenadier Guards, having noticed a sapper of the Royal

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Engineers engaged under the Post Office in laying underground telegraph wires at Windsor, subsequently sent a couple of Grenadiers to arrest the man and bring him to the guard-room, where he was charged with having his hands dirty and his tunic unbuttoned. Having learned from the sapper, a man of over sixteen years' service with three good-conduct stripes, that underground telegraph work necessarily dirties the hands, and that in the course of it a man sometimes has not only to unbutton his tunic but even to take it off, the officer released the culprit, after directing his name and address to be taken. The *Evening News* is responsible for this story, not I, but, if it is true, I should hope that the name and address of the Guards officer will be taken by somebody in authority, and an inquiry held as to his fitness to walk about the streets unattended.

I am sorry to have given a great deal of unnecessary trouble to correspondents in South Africa by the erroneous statement about the division of the South African Garrison Institute profits which appeared in Truth of October 10. The numerous army men who have written on the subject have doubtless seen long ere this that the error was corrected the following week. Among the communications which I have received is a semi-official one which gives a detailed account of the principles on which the profits are divided, and it may be worth while to explain this for the benefit of the many soldiers in South Africa who are no doubt as completely in the dark on this subject as the men who first made the complaint about the officers' rebate.

The chief point to be understood is that no portion of the profits is distributed among officers. They get a discount of 5 per cent. off their bills, but the reason for this is that as they get no share of the profits the S.A.G.I. is not entitled to make any profit out of them. The average gross profit on dry and soft goods is estimated at about 11 per cent.; the cost of working expenses at about 6 per cent. This leaves an average net profit of about 5 per cent., and on this basis the discount to officers is calculated. As regards the rest of the Army, 2s. per month is paid over for every private and N.C.O. up to the rank of corporal, out of the profits on beer, the higher non-commissioned ranks being excluded under this head, because their messes are supplied with beer at cost price and they make their own profit on it. Every half-year 9s. per man is paid by the S.A.G.I. for every warrant officer, non-commissioned officer, and man. The rest of the profits are distributed in grants to libraries, hospitals, sports, rifle meetings, etc. The total amount of profit distributed under all these heads among soldiers in South Africa is over £40,000 per annum—a very satisfactory result, and a very substantial proof of the advantages of a co-operative system properly worked.

The *Globe* has been turning its attention to the military honours paid to the Bishop of Malta, without apparently noticing the discussion on this question that has been going on for a couple of months past in Truth, and owing to not having gone to the fountain head, the Editor only learned on Friday last from a correspondent that there is "some sort of a legend that the Archbishop Bishop of Malta holds the rank of a major-general or brigadier-general." After all I have heard on the subject I do not think there can be any doubt that this "sort of legend" is essentially true. The only difficulty is to discover the origin of the Bishop's military rank. I had a somewhat abusive letter from Malta last week, written I suppose by a native, in which it was stated that the military rank has been held *ex officio* by the Bishops of Malta since the annexation of the island. Like most gentlemen who write in a similar strain, my correspondent did not favour me with his name, but, if he is correct, this combination of military and ecclesiastical rank cannot be got rid of without giving the Maltese grounds for contending that their treaty rights are being interfered with. But, as the *Globe* points out, it is in these days a monstrous anomaly that military honours should be paid to an ecclesiastic to which the Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Squadron is not entitled, not to mention all the other military and naval dignitaries at Malta; and I should think it might be possible to come to some amicable arrangement with the Church of Rome under which this anomalous right would be surrendered.

An army schoolmistress, serving at Malta, asks me if she cannot have an allowance in lieu of fuel and light, on the ground that she uses an oil stove for cooking purposes, and consequently requires oil, not coals. This is clearly reasonable, and it ought not to be necessary to refer to Truth Office on such a question. Might I ask some one in authority, either at Malta or Pall Mall, to let the lady have some oil for her cooking-stove, or the wherewithal to buy it?

Some Member of Parliament might with advantage ask a question as to the employment of Yeomen of the Guard on park-keepers' jobs under the Office of Works. According to my information, there are at least three men holding both these positions. A Yeoman of the Guard draws £50 a year in addition to his army pension. One of the men above referred to gets 35s. a week and a house in one of the parks, and with his army pension he must be making £180 a year besides house rent. Another gets 28s. per week, and must be drawing under all heads over £165 a year, besides getting his house. A third gets 20s. a week, but no house, and his income must be about £150. Considering the difficulty there is in providing for old soldiers, it is quite indefensible to allow army pensioners to draw double pay to this extent.

Mr. Robertson was well advised in promptly assuring the House of Commons that the sentences on the Ports-

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mouth stokers will be carefully revised by the Admiralty. They will need a good deal of revision—especially the five years' penal servitude awarded to the man Moody. It was said at the time of the mutiny that naval discipline is still based on the ideas of the eighteenth century, and this sentence is enough in itself to justify the observation. The man no doubt committed a serious offence, for which he must be punished, and as his character seems to have been the reverse of good, he has no claim to mercy; but to treat a mere offence against discipline as equivalent to the worst crimes known in civil life, shows that the Navy still maintains the traditions of the period when Admiral Byng was shot—*pour encourager les autres*. In the present day such excesses are more prejudicial to discipline than the offences that they are designed to check. As to the other sentences, it is better to see what happens to Lieutenant Collard before expressing any definite opinion about them. I have been interested to notice, however, that the statement made by a correspondent of Truth a fortnight ago, as to the order "On the knee" having been given by an officer addressing a single man, has been fully proved in the course of the evidence before the court-martial.

An article in a Tory evening paper last week suggested that the disturbances at Portsmouth were due to the fact that stokers are recruited from a class permeated with Socialism. Stokers, of course, come from precisely the same class as the vast majority of the rest of the recruits for the Navy and Army, and if there were any substance in the suggestion made by the writer of this article, the conclusion would be that the working-classes are all Socialists nowadays. It was also stated that stokers are recruited under a different system to other ratings in the Navy. In correcting this mistake, an old recruiting-sergeant gives some interesting information. Boys entering the Navy belong to the seaman rating, and those who join the service when over eighteen years of age and under 5 ft. 5½ in. in height must (unless they are mechanics) become stokers, but if over that height they are eligible for the Royal Marines. Formerly the bounty paid to the recruiter was only 5s. for a naval rating recruit, as against £1 for a Marine; and the consequence was that not a few young fellows who at first intended to join the Navy as stokers were persuaded to enlist as Marines. However, some one at the Admiralty at last woke up to the fact that this scale of bounties was directly calculated to aggravate the difficulty in recruiting stokers, and it has now been altered.

A week or two back, in consequence of a direct conflict of evidence between two naval correspondents as to the normal amount of an assistant-paymaster's ward-room mess bill, I suggested that somebody should give direct evidence bearing on the question. One or two correspondents have responded, and I think the best evidence comes from an assistant-paymaster who sends extracts from mess bills of his own for several months. The items come under the seven heads of "messing," "extras," "wine," "mess fund," "piano," "papers," and "tobacco," but do not include servant's wages. With the last item, the average total would be just about £6 10s. per month; without tobacco it would be about 6s. less. The writer states, however, that he is "practically a teetotaller," and that his wine bill includes about 6s. per month as his share of guests. He adds that these accounts do not refer to a battleship, in which the total would be higher, the subscription being at higher rates, the band subscription alone amounting to 10s. a month, and in some cases to 15s. or £1. My correspondent thinks that the estimate originally given by a brother paymaster of £9 or £10 would, in most cases, be nearer the truth than the £5 a month at which a "Captain R.E." subsequently put it; and this is borne out by other correspondents, whose experience varies from about £7 10s. to £9 per month.

Colonial Civil Servants are awaiting with considerable curiosity Lord Elgin's appointment of a successor to Sir F. Lugard in Northern Nigeria. There is a rumour that his choice will fall upon a military man, but for more reasons than one it is to be hoped that this is incorrect. In the first place, it is unfair and discouraging to the civilians engaged in the work of colonial administration that they should be passed over—as they have been so frequently during recent years—in favour of an Army officer. Secondly, from the point of view of the public interest—and this is, of course, the most important consideration—the appointment of military men to such posts is an undesirable practice. They are inexperienced in civil administration; as a rule they are not sympathetic with either the commercial classes or the natives; and not unnaturally they are apt in a country like Northern Nigeria to display a professional partiality for the employment of "punitive expeditions." Northern Nigeria has had its full share of such expeditions, and there would be more likelihood of a peaceful development of the Protectorate under a civilian High Commissioner.

The systematic efforts that are now being made by the National Telephone Company to levy increased charges are further illustrated in a communication from Cambridge. It seems that the company is now proposing to increase the "local message rate." Originally this was 20s., paid in advance, to cover 240 calls, and if the whole 240 were not taken in the course of a year, the unexhausted balance was credited to the subscriber for the year following. After a short time the minimum was raised to 30s. for 360 calls, and the company kept the 30s. whether the 360 calls were taken or not. Subscribers are now being asked to sign a contract under which the charge is raised to 50s. for 600 calls. A local agent explained this demand as being due to the action of the Post Office, but on reference to higher authority this was admitted to be erroneous, and the explanation given was that the existing rate was not remunerative. There can be little doubt, I think, that this is mere

Fire.—Merryweathers inspect and report on safeguarding buildings against fire and on means of escape to comply with the new L.C.C. regulations.—Write, 63, Long Acre, London, W.C.

bunkum, and that the raising of the rate is merely part of a general effort of the National Telephone Company to enlarge its profits in view of the terms on which it is to be taken over by the Post Office in 1911. There ought to be some protection to the public against such tricks. As matters stand, the subscribers will first be bled to raise the profits, and then the public at large will be bled for the increased purchase price of the company's assets.

On November 14 last, under the heading, "A Prison Cure for Poverty," I related the history of an unfortunate man, who, himself being in weak health and straitened circumstances, had been prosecuted by the Lambeth Guardians and committed to gaol for a month by the Lambeth magistrate for failing to pay arrears of maintenance—a sum of 35s.—levied upon him by the guardians for the support of his aged mother. The story, as I anticipated, aroused a great deal of indignation, and one lady requested me to hand the unfortunate victim of Bumbledom a guinea as a practical mark of her sympathy. I immediately took steps to fulfil her request, and I am glad to be able to assure her that I have rarely known a guinea to have been better bestowed. The man and his wife were practically penniless, the rent of their one room was in arrears, and in default of the man earning a few coppers both he and his wife were face to face with starvation or the workhouse. These facts my representative learned from the wife who was deeply grateful for the gift.

A day or two later the man himself called at Truth office to express his thanks for the timely assistance. He also was deeply grateful, though he admitted, and I honour him for the admission, that it was very much against the grain for him to accept charity even in these exceptional circumstances. He insisted strongly that the guinea would be ample to tide him over his present difficulties, and was quite confident in his ability to earn subsistence for himself and his wife, and content with the prospect of those earnings averaging 10s. or 12s. a week. And it was a man of this sort, of the best type of the independent and self-respecting poor, that the Lambeth Guardians thought fit to brand as a gaol-bird, and have done their utmost to thrust down into the deepest abyss of pauperism. Once again I would ask the President of the Local Government Board whether he can do nothing to cure the defect of the law which makes such an anomaly as presented by this case possible in the future.

A great deal of interest is still being taken in the Isle of Wight in the recent case arising out of the Guy Fawkes celebration in the parish of St. Helens, and some more letters have reached me in reference to the decision of the County Bench at Ryde. One or two correspondents attempt to defend that decision, but in my opinion it is really indefensible. I have also been favoured with a report of the last meeting of the St. Helens District Council at which one of the members was accused of having caused the disturbance which occurred on November 5, by making "a spiteful, idiotic, and stupid, speech." I do not know whether this accusation is well-founded or not, but it is, at any rate, perfectly clear that in view of the local feeling which the affair aroused, no member of this Council ought to have taken part as a magistrate in the hearing of the case at Ryde.

I am interested to learn that a number of well-known solicitors have signed a memorial to the Council of the Incorporated Law Society asking that a special general meeting of the Society shall be called to consider the advisability of forming a committee to formulate rules and regulations for the more strict conduct of professional business. It is suggested that the proposed committee should be instructed to report as to what rules, if any, should be adopted by the Society in reference to (1) the methods in which a solicitor should keep the accounts of himself and his clients, and the audit thereof, (2) the keeping and audit of trust accounts, (3) the conduct of professional business, and (4) the formation of a guarantee fund. Reforms, more or less, on the lines indicated have been repeatedly advocated in Truth, and I do not think that a competent committee would have any difficulty in drawing up a practicable scheme. The Council of the Society, if it really has at heart the honour of the profession—so seriously tarnished by the scandals of the past few years—can scarcely refuse to comply with the request of the memorialists.

Violations of the Lottery Act for the benefit of foreign lottery agents will never be stopped if the offenders are to be treated with such absurd leniency as was exhibited in a case at Manchester last week. Recently a vast quantity of circulars relating to a German lottery were posted in that city, a sum of over £600 being paid for postage. One of the persons employed by the German lottery agent to carry out this breach of the law was a man named Daltry, and last week he pleaded guilty to the charge of having taken part in the publication of a scheme for the sale of lottery tickets. Daltry was perfectly well aware that he was acting illegally, because only a short time ago he was convicted of a similar offence. "Bearing in mind this previous conviction," the Stipendiary Magistrate said "he must impose a penalty of £25 and costs, or two months' imprisonment." The words imply that his worship considered this a rather heavy penalty. A moment's reflection, however, will show that it was ridiculously inadequate. By the posting of these circulars in England instead of on the Continent, several hundred pounds must have been saved, so that after payment of the fine there will still be left a huge profit on this breach of the law. In these circumstances respect for the law is not likely to be enforced by the infliction of mere pecuniary penalties, and on a second conviction, at any rate, an offender ought to be sentenced to a term of imprisonment.

Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Nearly 8,000 convictions last year. Complaints marked "Private," absolutely confidential.—Secretary, 105, Jermyn-st., London.

Cherry Whisky Fremy Fils (Chesky) The Original Brand.
Cherry Whisky Fremy Fils (Chesky). Beware of Imitations.
Cherry Whisky Fremy Fils (Chesky) Sold Everywhere.

Apropos of lotteries, it would be interesting to know on what principle the law is administered in Ceylon. Recently a Colombo newspaper published advertisements of "sweeps" promoted by three different clubs on the race for the Melbourne Cup. In a subsequent issue of the paper two of the clubs announced that their "sweeps" had been stopped by the police, while the other club's advertisement showed that it had not been interfered with, and that it was, in fact, already organising another similar gamble on the Viceroy's Cup. One of my readers in Colombo suggests that this is practically a case of one law for the rich and another for the poor. Certainly it looks like it. All three "sweeps" were equally illegal, and, regardless of the position of the promoters, all or none should have been prohibited.

I cannot help thinking that if the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland could see some of the letters that I get almost every week on the subject of the distribution of lottery tickets for ecclesiastical purposes in that country, they would take some steps to stop this scandal. In the absence of any such check, it seems to be becoming more and more the rule for all Irish institutions under Roman Catholic management to keep lotteries running regularly, and to send out books of tickets broadcast both in England and Ireland, with the offer of a presentation ticket to each person who succeeds in disposing of one book. The last of them that has come under my notice is promoted by Sisters who conduct a Magdalen Asylum at Galway, and who apparently think that they are entitled to dispose in this way of their own work, most of the prizes offered being evidently home-made, though they are supplemented by a few, such as a gentleman's scarf pin, a cigarette case, and a meerschaum pipe, which are evidently thrown in to appeal to the masculine taste. This is, of course, only a small venture of its kind, but it shows the influence of the bigger lotteries, with their large and valuable prizes, which are always being run for religious purposes in Ireland.

Another old friend of mine got eighteen months' hard labour last week. This is Mr. William George Smith, late of Brighton, who has come under notice in Truth in several capacities during the last three or four years. When I first made his acquaintance, Smith was connected with one of a group of tradesmen's legal aid societies, which were then flourishing in London. Practically this meant that he was collecting subscriptions and putting them into his pocket. He went down to Brighton and started the Brighton and South Coast Mercantile and Legal Aid Society, representing that he was the agent of one of the above-mentioned London concerns. As a matter of fact, this was untrue, but if it had been true, it would not have been to his credit. He furnished his office at the expense of a Brighton tradesman, who had to go elsewhere for "legal aid," with the result that Smith was convicted and sent to prison. But when he came out he made further attempts to get subscriptions from tradesmen in South Coast towns, apparently without much success; and last week at Lewes he was convicted of stealing a watch which a jeweller had supplied to him on approval. After the jury had convicted him, he observed that "it is of no use trying to live an honest life in England," and expressed his intention of migrating to Canada as soon as he was free. Canadians, therefore, had better look out for Smith in about eighteen months' time. It is satisfactory, at any rate, to know that his attempts to lead an honest life in this country have been stopped for the present.

Another individual who has long given up the attempt to lead an honest life is Mr. E. Phillips, of the *Railway Supplies Journal*. A firm in the north of England forwards one of the familiar letters in which this rascal, in his character of "Editor and Founder" of the *Railway Supplies Journal*, notifies that he is "giving an article on your splendid invention," and that he will supply thirty copies for the sum of 10s. down. People who receive such communications from Phillips would do well to hand them over to the police. The man was convicted and imprisoned for this trick some two years ago, but he continues to practise it in precisely the old form, using the same stationery, the same form of words, the same list of firms who are alleged to have patronised his journal, the same references to the late Mr. Bass, M.P., Messrs. Huntley and Palmer, and Lord Armstrong, the same parade of being a Freemason, and the same statement that he has had an account at the Bank of England for nearly twenty years. Evidently the man is an incorrigible rogue, and it is to be hoped that he will shortly get a term of imprisonment which will have more effect upon him than the last.

Two victims of Craig, Craig, and Co., of Dunlop-street, Glasgow, wrote to me by one post last week, and the experience of one of them may possibly be of assistance to the other. The first of them ordered a pair of boots through a newspaper advertisement, and sent 1s. deposit, expecting that he was to have the boots for this payment and to pay the balance by weekly instalments. On finding his mistake, he demanded his money back, refused to be put off by the printed circular in which the firm explains to its victims the nature of the trick practised on them, told Craig, Craig, and Co. that if they stuck to his money they were swindlers, and plainly indicated by his language that he did not intend to "take this sort of thing lying down." Thereupon he got his money, notwithstanding the firm's declaration that "we do not cancel orders." The second victim seems to have given up his deposit after receipt of this intimation. He had better try again, and a little more vigorously. Of course, these people really live on the "deposits" which they get from the people who abandon the transaction when they discover the trick of the advertisement—as most people are likely to do. There are any number of shady firms playing the same game, and the advertisements are a disgrace to any newspaper in which they appear.

In my Legal Pillory this week the grossest example of ill-judged leniency in dealing with an offence against the person is furnished by the Halesowen Bench. The victim was a poor little girl of eleven, the household drudge of the defendant, who beat and kicked her in a most brutal manner because she happened to break a knife. It is an utter travesty of justice that such a ruffian should be let off with a pecuniary penalty, instead of being awarded the term of imprisonment which he merited. There are several further illustrations of magisterial indulgence towards defendants convicted of violent and cowardly assaults at Barnsley, Walsall, and elsewhere; and in the opposite column of the list I give by way of contrast some specimens of the severity of the sentences that are passed for offences against the Game Laws, trumpery thefts, or vagrancy by sleeping out without visible means of subsistence:—

Downham Market Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. E. R. Pratt, M. Stocks, G. Read, A. E. Birch, H. Hoff, and H. Pope. Herbert Merrison, charged with assaulting Annie Merrison, wife of his brother, by striking her several severe blows on the face, knocking her down, and blackening her eye. Fined 10s. and costs.

Halesowen Police-court. Before Mr. W. Somers and others magistrates. James Payne, charged with ill-treating Emma Turner, aged eleven years, who was employed in his house as a servant. Because she broke a knife he thrashed her with a whip, and when she screamed he strapped her hands behind her back. He then struck her on the face, knocking her down, picked her up and struck her again, and afterwards kicked her in the side. A doctor examined the child nine days after the assault, when she was still suffering from severe bruises. The Bench said it was a serious offence. Fined £4.

Broxton Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. R. Howard, H. Bamston, G. H. Shackerley, T. M. L. Vernon, R. Barbour, and other magistrates. Henry Price, charged with assaulting Emily Groom, landlady of a public house. He held her by the neck and struck her in the face. A policeman said there had previously been complaints about defendant causing disturbances at the house. Fined 10s. and costs.

Mansfield Borough Police-court. Before the Mayor and other magistrates. William Bower and George H. Bower, charged with cruelty by working a mare whilst in an unfit condition. The animal was very old, very lame, and suffering from large sores on the shoulders and other wounds. Fined 21s. each.

Barnsley Police-court. Benjamin Fenn, convicted of an aggravated assault on his wife. He thrashed her in a brutal manner, blackening her eye and severely bruising her. His only excuse was that he was "in beer" at the time. Fined 40s. and costs.

Downham Market Petty Sessions. Before the same magistrates. Walter Bly and James Wilding, charged with taking rabbits by night. Fined £2 12s. 6d. each.

Andover County Police-court. Before Mr. F. C. Ellen. Frederick Pearson, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. Seven days.

Preston Sessions. Before Mr. R. B. Walmsley and other magistrates. John Charles Brown, charged with stealing a jacket. Six months.

John Rigby, charged with stealing a jacket. Six months.

Arthur Massey, charged with stealing a shirt. Four months.

Patrick Jones, charged with stealing a shovel. Four months.

Ipswich Police-court. Before the Mayor and Messrs. W. Alexander, R. D. Fraser, and other magistrates. George Williams, charged with lodging in the open air and having no visible means of subsistence. Seven days.

Hythe Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. R. Gerard Fox and A. C. Drummond. Frank May and James Cooper, charged with poaching. It was their first offence. Fined £2 each and costs.

Shrewsbury Borough Police-court. Before Messrs. J. Evans Jones, T. Pace, and W. Vickery. Isaiah Wynn, labourer, charged with stealing coal, value eightpence. Six weeks.

Stratford-on-Avon Police-court. Before Dr. Greene. John Lee, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. Seven days.

Clay Cross Petty Sessions. George Webster, aged sixteen, charged with stealing two bantam hens. Twenty-one days.

Albrighton Divisional Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. G. Butler Lloyd, R. P. Llewellin, and J. Barker. Thomas Joyce and George Hill, charged under the Poaching Prevention Act with being found in possession of game. Fined £5 each; in default one month.

Walsall Police-court. Wm. Beech, charged with assaulting John Bates by kicking him about the head. Complainant had his jaw fractured in two places, and was taken to the hospital. Fined 40s. and costs.

Peterborough Police-court. Before Colonel C. J. Strong and Messrs. J. Batten, O. Edmunds, W. E. Welby, T. C. Lamplugh, J. H. Beeby, G. H. Dean, and H. Little. John Vasey, charged with stealing two shirts. One month.

Worcester City Police-court. Before the Mayor and other magistrates. George Clifford, charged with assaulting Samuel Adams. The latter stated that defendant met him in the street and, after calling him "a Cadburyite" (an allusion to the fact that he gave evidence at the recent election petition), knocked him down. His head struck the kerb, causing injuries for which he was still under treatment at the infirmary. Defendant told the Bench that he was "a Conservative to the backbone," and that "such men as the complainant, who spoke against gentlemen who had been good to them, ought to be taken to the Severn Bridge and dropped into the river with a hundredweight on 'em." There were twenty-four previous convictions against the defendant. The Mayor said such cases must be stopped, no matter from which side they came. Nevertheless the defendant was let off with a fine of 20s.

Farmers and dairymen in the eastern counties have been considerably exercised over a recent prosecution before the Samford Bench at Ipswich. Mr. H. W. Packard, a local farmer, was charged by a police superintendent with selling milk adulterated with boric acid. The superintendent put the usual three samples of the milk into sealed bottles, retaining two and handing the other to the vendor. At the hearing of the summons a certificate from the public analyst for East Suffolk was produced, stating that he had analysed one of the samples taken by the police, and that it contained eight grains per pint of boric acid. On the other hand, Mr. Packard had submitted his sample to two analysts, who both certified that the milk contained no trace whatever of boric acid or any other preservative. Mr. Packard and his servants also gave evidence to the effect that no boric acid was ever kept or used in the dairy. The Bench thereupon directed that the third sealed sample, which had remained untouched in the hands of the police, should be sent to Somerset House for analysis. This was done, with the result that the analyst there also certified that the sample did not contain boric acid. In these circumstances the Bench were, of course, bound to dismiss the summons, but they did so in a very ungracious manner, remarking that "they did not want to hear any more about the case from anybody."

It is clear that some extraordinary mistake must have happened in connection with this prosecution—a mistake which might have had most serious consequences to any defendant not in a position to obtain expert evidence to refute the certificate of the public analyst. The East Suffolk County Council have very properly appointed a committee to inquire into the matter, and, though it is perhaps doubtful whether they will be able to discover the precise method in which this mistake was made, it is to be hoped that they will be able to devise some means of preventing any repetition of such an unfortunate occurrence. It is of the greatest importance that a stop should be put to the adulteration of milk, or any kind of food. It is, however, equally important that farmers and tradesmen generally should be protected against the possibility of a miscarriage of justice through any laxity or carelessness in handling, identifying, or analysing samples of milk, or other goods.

Sheriff Darling Lyell, of Paisley, recently figured in my Legal Pillory on account of a sentence of twenty-

The Luxury of a Bath is incomplete without the addition of Scrubb's Cloudy Fluid Ammonia, which refreshes and invigorates. Sold everywhere, price one shilling per bottle.

one days' imprisonment which he passed upon a boy of twelve for breaking into a football club pavilion and stealing a football. The boy had previously been charged with theft, and it was stated that as he suffered from epilepsy he could not be admitted to any of the ordinary institutions for juvenile criminals. Writing to me in reference to this case, a Scotch correspondent emphasises the difficulty in which Sheriff Lyell was placed by the fact that the lad is an epileptic. I am told that the Sheriff is a tender-hearted and painstaking judge, and my correspondent is certain that his object in sending this afflicted youngster to gaol was not to punish him, but to place him for a short period under the observation and care of the medical officer of the prison. In fairness to the Sheriff I give this explanation, though I cannot say that it has convinced me of the propriety of the sentence. It was, of course, a difficult case, but this poor boy can scarcely get much benefit from three weeks treatment in a prison infirmary, and I should have thought that some charitable agency could have been found to deal with him.

As to the general question of the treatment of juvenile offenders in Scotland, my correspondent says that when a Sheriff makes an order for a bad boy to be sent to an industrial school, it often happens that the boy is refused admission or turned out because no provision is made for his maintenance. As a rule, it is hopeless to try to recover the cost of his maintenance from the parent, and the Sheriff has, it seems, no power to saddle the local authority with this expense. Many local authorities, mostly in large cites and burghs, do make provision for these cases; but others refuse to accept any liability of the kind, and consequently lads who might be reformed in an industrial school are left at large to run wild and get into further mischief. In this respect the law should be amended by compelling all local authorities to pay for the support of such cases when it is found impossible to enforce orders against the parents.

At the beginning of last month a report came from the United States of the arrest of one of the "gold-brick" swindlers. I suggested at the time that this would probably not bring about any material diminution of the fraud, and various letters that have been passed on to me during the past week or two show that it is being carried on as actively as ever. In these cases, as in the case of the man arrested, the letters which form the opening move in the game are dated from an address at Albany, N.Y. No doubt the arrest of one swindler is a good thing, but, after all, what is one among so many? Thanks to the credulity—not to say the cupidity, of many Britishers, this version of the confidence trick is highly profitable—one victim of whom I have heard parted with no less than £5,000—and, as a natural consequence, whole gangs of criminals are engaged in working it. I am, indeed, inclined to think that this is an industry which is more likely to be killed by competition than anything else. Already it has occasionally happened that an intended dupe has been put on his guard by the receipt about the same time of two letters from different parties telling the same cock-and-bull story, and obviously, if the swindlers go on increasing in number—as they undoubtedly have done during the past year or so—this is a miscarriage of their scheme which will be of constant occurrence.

The racing tipsters will do well to note the case at Newmarket last week, in which a member of the fraternity named Henry Webb was fined £5 for sending circulars to a boy at Eton. It appeared that the defendant advertised an offer to wire some special information free of charge on receipt of a prepaid telegram. The boy availed himself of this offer, and in addition to the reply to the telegram, the defendant subsequently sent two circulars which attracted the attention of the boy's House master. The defence to the charge was that Webb had no knowledge, nor any reason to suspect, that the boy was a minor, the address he supplied being merely "Eton," without any indication that he was at the school. The magistrates, however, took the view that the defendant had not exercised reasonable care, and it is, of course, obvious that when a tipster gets into communication with a person at Eton he can hardly be blind to the possibility, to say the least, that he is addressing a school boy. It would, indeed, reduce the Act of Parliament to an absurdity if the plea of ignorance were to be accepted in such cases.

Residents in Bristol and Clifton are being pestered with parcels of goods from a local tradesman—or at least from a tradesman with a local address—whose name denotes that he is of the Eastern origin which he claims for his embroideries, laces, and rugs. The parcel is accompanied by a circular inviting the recipient's inspection of the goods, and soliciting "your esteemed orders." This objectionable kind of pushfulness in business is increasingly practised nowadays. The importunities of hawkers and canvassers are bad enough to endure, but it is an intolerable nuisance that people should have dumped down upon them in this manner samples of goods which they are expected to keep, if they do not buy, till the owner or his agent is pleased to call for them. If the goods are left at a house without any request or permission, the householder is not obliged to take care of them. I believe, indeed, that he is legally entitled to put them out in the street, and it is a pity that this course is not generally adopted in such cases.

The latest addition to the Truth list of begging-letter writers is the name of Mr. A. E. Hucks; present address 405, Albany-road, Camberwell. The following is a recent sample of his correspondence. The wife's wedding ring will be recognised by connoisseurs as a characteristic feature in this class of literary composition:—

Madam,—In reference to mine of a few days ago, may I implore your very kind assistance towards my wife, for her wedding-ring becomes due next week. I only need 3s. 6d. to pay the interest, or 17s. 6d. to recover it. Or should you be pleased to pay the interest only to save it from loss, 3s. 6d., and if you could pay for the outfit (materials), namely, 10s. 6d. (14s. in all), I could, on sending 10s. 6d., receive the order to commence work for the National Home Employment Association.

I do so crave your kindly help to start me in work, so that I can soon be in a position to be in a more independent position, for my poor wife and children need clothes, boots, and coals. [Not to mention wedding rings.—Ed. Truth.] . . . . A postal order for 14s. will be most gratefully acceptable to enable me to start work at once.—I am, Madam, most respectfully yours,

A. E. Hucks.

An interesting point in this letter is the reference to the "National Home Employment Association." This is a new swindle of its kind, to which I referred a few weeks

ago, engaged in the old business of obtaining cash from people in want of work on the pretence of putting them in the way of earning £5 a week or more, through the medium of "transferable pictures." There is something rather comic in the idea of a begging-letter writer using this concern as a means of opening the pockets of the benevolent. Hucks, as his letter clearly denotes, is an old hand at the begging-letter business. He has been at it, off and on, for ten years past, combining this calling with that of a musician.

Here is another curiosity of a similar class. The gentleman who sends it to me says that he had received some weeks previously a pamphlet entitled "Poems composed in Prison," which, being obviously worthless, he threw into the waste-paper basket. Such, no doubt, was the author's expectation, for he has the following printed communication ready for such a contingency, and he puts a reference number in the corner, which shows that he keeps a careful record of the parties he is operating upon:—

2, Hampton Parade, Ilford, Essex.
16.11.1906.

Dear Sir,—On the 22.10.06 I sent you a copy of my little book, entitled "Poems Composed in Prison," published at 1s. net.

As the little volume may have escaped your notice, or may have been mislaid and forgotten, please pardon me for sending you this inquiry.

I shall be glad if you will kindly remit P.O. for 1s. to me at your earliest convenience.—Believe me, dear Sir, faithfully yours, J. T. Wilson-Bonchord.

I suppose that the poet learned this method of disposing of his poems in the same prison which inspired them. It seems not impossible that he may yet have an opportunity of composing some more under the same circumstances.

Sir Hugh Shaw-Stewart, of Ardgowan, who is one of the great territorial magnates of the West of Scotland, and about the richest of them, sat for East Pembrokeshire as a Tory from 1886 until the last general election. He has just been requested to become the Tory candidate for the seat at the next election, but has declined, because he is a staunch Free Trader, and entirely disapproves the Protectionist leanings of the Opposition leaders. Sir Hugh's father, the late Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart, sat as a Tory for Renfrewshire in three Parliaments, and he is said to have twice refused a peerage. Sir Hugh, through his mother, is a nephew of the late Duke of Westminster, and he is married to a sister of Lord Bath.

The result of the Huddersfield election is decidedly comforting to the Government. No one expects to find the tide running as strong on the Liberal side to-day as it was in January last, and a three-cornered fight at this juncture, with a pretty fair certainty that the Labour candidate would poll over 5,000 votes might easily have resulted in the loss of a seat, especially when a new candidate replaced a popular Liberal who had sat for eleven years, and the election was held on an eleven months old register instead of a brand-new one, as at the last election. The removals are said to have been numbered by thousands, and this is quite sufficient to account for the reduction of the Liberal and Labour votes. That under all these circumstances the seat should have been held by a majority of 900, and that the Unionist candidate, notwithstanding his gain on last January's poll, should have been 2,000 short of the Unionist total in 1900, and 1,000 below that of 1895, is better than Liberals could reasonably have expected.

There is, therefore, no material evidence of anything in the shape of re-action at Huddersfield, at any rate, and not a shadow of justification for any suggestion that the House of Lords in resisting any Government proposal is voicing the sentiments of the people. Even had Mr. Williams been returned, it would not have been as a supporter of anything that the Unionist Opposition or the House of Lords stands for at the present moment, and the hands of the Government are strengthened by the demonstration that on the important issues of the day it still has an overwhelming majority of a typical democratic constituency at its back. What the election *does* show is that three-cornered fights must be reckoned with as normal incidents in certain constituencies, and that the electoral system must be altered to meet this state of things, and to ensure that no candidate shall be returned except by a majority of the votes polled.

The other day I read an article in one of the leading Unionist papers upon the *entente* with France, with suggestions that there is some sort of understanding between the two countries of the nature of a military convention in case one or the other is attacked. The existence of such a convention in black and white the newspaper doubted, but it went on to say that, were France to find herself at war with Germany, and invaded by a German army, she might count upon our armed aid. No one is more strongly in favour of the most friendly relations with France than I am, and I welcome all that tends to this end. But between this and leading France to suppose that she would have us fighting with her were she and Germany to fall out, there is a wide difference.

Were we to go to war with Germany, a good many Frenchmen would undoubtedly be inclined to seize the opportunity to endeavour to recover their lost provinces. But I doubt whether the majority would be inclined to incur the risks and misery incident to war for the chance of being successful. We certainly should not make an invasion of France by Germany a *casus belli* against the latter. Our sympathies would be entirely with France were the invasion unprovoked, but the question would not so directly concern us as to lead us to rush into war with Germany. This, I think, French statesmen fully recognise, and nothing can do greater harm to the cause of peace than these loose assertions of an irresponsible press, professing to speak for the nation.

Both the French Premier and the French Minister of Foreign Affairs have declared in recent speeches that they see no reason why the most friendly relations should not be maintained between France and Germany. The cession of Alsace and a portion of Lorraine to Germany took place nearly forty years ago. Of course, at the time when it took place, Frenchmen declared that they would live in eternal hostility with Germany until they regained their lost provinces. But militarism is no longer in the ascendant in France, and at present the cession is accepted as an accomplished fact. The acquisition of Alsace by France was due to a successful French war in the time of Louis XIV.; that of Lorraine to a treaty which was the outcome of a Continental

peace, and the fact that these provinces had become French exercised no disturbing influence on the peace of Europe for many a year.

I am all for fighting to the death rather than accepting dictation from any foreign nation, although I would have us exhaust all honorable methods short of war to secure justice. But I never would join in a struggle with any foreign nation to defend another from aggression, for the plain reason that this is not our business. Treaties of alliance, or understandings that we will intervene in the quarrels of any foreign nation, ought never to be entered into by us. During a great part of the eighteenth century we were perpetually making these alliances, now with one nation, now with another. One day we were fighting for Prussia, the next day for Austria. These wars cost us thousands of lives and millions of money, from the loss of which we derived absolutely no benefit. I do not see what injury it could do us were Germany to lose Alsace, or France to lose a further portion of Lorraine. The fact that both France and Germany would incur the risk of a territorial loss were they to engage in war is one of the reasons why they are likely to think twice before they incur the risk. It therefore serves no good purpose for our newspapers to assure France that we, under such a contingency, would do our best to render her risk less by fighting on her side.

I was talking the other day to an Alsatian gentleman, born a Frenchman, but now living in Alsace as a German, as to the real feeling in that country. He said that probably, if there was a plébiscite, there would be a majority for becoming French once more, but that he doubted whether, if the plébiscite were fairly taken, it would be a large one. As a portion of Germany Alsace is now doing well. All its commercial undertakings are dependent upon its being included in the German Empire. On the other hand, the connections that formerly existed with France have been broken off. Naturally, therefore, re-annexation to France would be no gain to Alsace for many years. To this must be added the fact that pretty well all Alsatians speak German rather than French.

SCRUTATOR.

BISHOP BRINDLE AND THE RECTOR.

THE *Nottingham Daily Express* related a week or two ago a story of the relations of Bishop Brindle of Nottingham with one of his clergy, which affords strong confirmation of what has been said in the course of the recent controversy in Truth over the management of Catholic funds as to the irresponsible position and high-handed methods of the Roman Catholic bishops. From inquiries which I have myself made into this particular case, I am able to add certain interesting particulars to the account of it which has been published at Nottingham. But I desire to state expressly that I have had no communication, directly or indirectly, with Father Hays, the priest who is concerned in the case. I have no reason to suppose that he desires his story to be aired in the press; though it is to the interest of the Roman Catholic section of the public that the facts should be known. It is necessary to say this for the protection of Father Hays himself, lest he should be prejudiced in the eyes of his ecclesiastical superiors by public reference to his case. The circumstances are not unknown among Roman Catholics in the Nottingham diocese, and as there has been an appeal to Rome over the matter, there is no difficulty in ascertaining exactly what has occurred independently of any parties concerned.

Father Hays, who had previously been known as a devoted priest at Leicester, and has a wide reputation as a Temperance advocate, was originally appointed as missionary rector of Market Rasen by Bishop Bagshawe, the late Bishop of Nottingham. He was deprived of his rectorship by Bishop Brindle, and was subsequently reinstated after appealing to Rome. The *Nottingham Express* tells the latter part of the story, but in order to understand its full significance, it is necessary to begin a little further back. The whole trouble has really arisen out of one of those financial disasters which have caused so much scandal in the Roman Catholic Church in England during the last few years. The mission at Market Rasen was originally endowed with an income of £100 a year, of which £40 came from trust funds, and £60 from rents of property in Market Rasen. Under Bishop Bagshawe the trust fund from which the £40 was derived was lost in the course of speculative financial operations, and the income from that source ceased. The Rector appealed to the Holy See—I do not know whether this was Father Hays or his predecessor—and the Bishop was ordered to pay the £40 a year out of other diocesan money. Bishop Bagshawe complied with this order, but when Bishop Brindle came to Nottingham he discontinued the payment of the £40. As regards the remaining income, the £60 derived from rents, it had been the custom of the Rector, as the person entitled for life, to receive the rent directly from the tenants. Bishop Brindle for some reason sought to change this and get the rent paid directly to himself or the diocesan trustees. Father Hays, already aggrieved by the loss of his £40 a year, resisted this attempt, and in this way he first came into conflict with the Bishop. The trustees, the Bishop being one, brought an action against him in the High Court, and after some litigation obtained a declaration that they were entitled to receive the rents. While this litigation was pending Father Hays broke down in health and was ordered to take a voyage to the Antipodes. He obtained formal leave of absence from the Bishop for seven months. While he was away his illness took a turn for the worse, and he had to undergo an operation. When five months of his leave had expired he applied to the Bishop for an extension of time, stating that his doctors advised the postponement of his return for a short time, but professing also his willingness to return if required. He sent doctors' certificates, but he got no reply from the Bishop. He wrote several

Southampton.—South-Western Hotel.—The new Dining-room, elegant Lounges, Smoke-room, with Restaurant and Grill-room on ground floor now open.—For tariff, apply to Manager.

times and still got no reply, and consequently he remained in New Zealand, until he received a curt intimation from the Bishop that he had been deprived of his faculties. The Bishop followed this up by causing Father Hays' name to be removed from the Catholic Directory as missionary rector of Market Rasen. Father Hays at once returned to England, and found another priest installed in his rectory. He informed the Bishop of his return, but still received no reply, and then he laid his case before the Holy See. Upon this the Bishop took a very extraordinary step. Although he had deprived Father Hays of his church, and virtually refused to hold any communication with him, he cited him to answer certain accusations, and prepared to try him and punish him in due form. Acting under advice, Father Hays replied that, having appealed to the Holy See, he could not admit the validity of any lower tribunal. To this argument the Bishop was forced to bow, and the contemplated proceedings collapsed. The appeal to Rome resulted in the Bishop being ordered to reinstate Father Hays. The latter accordingly returned to his rectory in triumph, but very naturally he did not care to remain there after what had happened, and he has since resigned it into the Bishop's hands.

I understand that it is quite clear that under the Canon Law a missionary rector cannot be removed from his church unless for an ecclesiastical crime and after a due judicial investigation by his bishop. In the Roman Catholic Church in England there are two classes of parochial clergy, besides curates and assistants, namely, missionary rectors and ordinary rectors. An ordinary rector can be removed from his living for a just cause at the discretion of the bishop, subject, of course, to an appeal to Rome; but for the removal of a missionary rector a proper legal trial on definite charges is necessary. The action of Bishop Brindle, therefore, in removing Father Hays from Market Rasen and installing another priest in his place, without preferring any formal charge or holding any judicial inquiry, was an autocratic violation of the law of the Church. It was obviously held to be so at Rome when the reinstatement of Father Hays was ordered. The circumstances under which the thing was done—the advantage taken of the rector's broken health and absence from England, and the neglect to answer his applications for extended leave until he was in the position of being absent from his parish without authority—aggravate the legal irregularity. Nor is the character of the transaction improved by the subsequent attempt to formally try the culprit after he had appealed to Rome. The Bishop seems to have contended that he had not formally suspended Father Hays. He was bound to set up this contention if he was going to try the priest on some definite charge, for even a bishop can hardly go through the form of trying an offender after he has already found him guilty and punished him. But that sentence had already been pronounced and punishment enforced, and that the proposed subsequent trial was a mere empty form designed to put the Bishop right with the ecclesiastical law can scarcely be seriously questioned. Father Hays actually ascertained that his successor had been instructed to call in the assistance of the police in case he (Father Hays) attempted to retake possession of the mission. In pretending after that he had not already condemned the priest and executed the sentence, the Bishop only discredits himself further.

An interesting by-point in this case is the fact of the Bishop and his co-trustees having resorted to the civil courts to prevent the Rector obtaining possession of the rents to which he was entitled. Although, as the result of the proceedings shows, Father Hays was not legally justified in claiming the right to collect the rents himself, he had expressly offered to submit the dispute over the rents to an ecclesiastical court. Nevertheless, civil proceedings were taken against him. Now, it may be remembered that not very long ago a Catholic lady in the diocese of Nottingham brought an action against a priest for slander, and gained a verdict and judgment against him. Subsequently to that action Bishop Brindle formally declared the lady excommunicated for resorting to a civil court against a priest. In this case also there was an appeal to Rome against the Bishop, who was ordered to inform the lady officially that she had never incurred excommunication, and also to make her a pecuniary compensation. In the case of Father Hays there was not a shadow of excuse for taking civil proceedings, inasmuch as he had offered to submit the dispute about his stipend to an ecclesiastical court. Yet the Bishop who himself takes these needless proceedings against a priest is ready to strain his own power by excommunicating one of his laity for resorting to a civil court for redress against a gross wrong done by a priest.

Proceedings such as these point to a spirit of arbitrary tyranny which acknowledges neither rule nor law. It is precisely the same spirit that has been revealed in all the stories that have come to light of the autocratic and irresponsible dealings of the Catholic bishops with the funds of their dioceses. It is not surprising, in such circumstances, that there should exist widespread dissatisfaction among English Catholics with the position of their community in this country as a missionary church. That all the bishops are equally despotic, equally indifferent to all considerations which conflict with their own arbitrary will, I do not say; but it is evident that that spirit is very prevalent among them. Nor can the state of the case be unknown at Rome, seeing the frequency of appeals against the bishops, almost invariably with the result that the bishop is pronounced to be in the wrong. It is for those within the Church, not those outside, to find and apply remedies for such scandals as have lately occurred; but if a mere onlooker may give an opinion on such a matter, I should say that unless means are found of keeping the English bishops in order, it will not be long before the abuses of episcopal power involve the Church in far worse trouble than has occurred hitherto.

SAVOY HOTEL, DRESDEN, has had ten years' reputation as the leading and favourite hotel of English visitors to Dresden. Pension terms.—F. MARGRAF.

The CARLTON HOTEL. RESTAURANT and GRILL ROOM.
The CARLTON HOTEL. The most fashionable in London.
The CARLTON HOTEL. Nat. Tel. 1598 Gerrard. Gen. Mgr. C. Ritz.

THE CONVICT HAWKINS.

The man William Henry Hawkins, who was convicted at Lewes Assizes last week, and sentenced to three months' hard labour, has had a most extraordinary career, and the evidence given at his trial was far from doing justice to him. My attention was first attracted to him about ten years ago, when his advertisements began to be conspicuous in the newspapers. He called himself at that date the Rev. David Jones, and gave his address as Ray Villa, Lewes. In the character of a clergyman he laid himself out specially to delude and rob young men. He pretended that in the exercise of his sacred calling in distant climes he had become acquainted with the virtues of certain herbs grown in the forests of South America, and unknown to medical science—the stock claptrap of the advertising quack. With this knowledge he offered himself as the friend and saviour of foolish young men suffering from unmentionable complaints. The fraudulent and mischievous nature of his business was repeatedly pointed out in Truth, and I gibbeted many papers which published his advertisements; but they continued to appear, and the business grew in the most extraordinary way. Hawkins removed to Brighton, which has ever since been his headquarters, established branch offices in other places, and used different names at each address; but his advertisements were always easy to identify, and his stock-in-trade of lying literature and sham medicine was always the same.

In February, 1902, I devoted an article to him under the title, "A Protean Quack," having obtained a great deal of information about his business. At that time he was living under his own name of Hawkins at 14, Chesham-road, Brighton, but advertising from that address as W. H. Brown. The house is at the corner of two roads, and he took advantage of this fact to describe it as Copford Lodge, Chichester-place, advertising from that address as Henry Davis. There were also stables attached to the house, and these became 7, Bristol-gardens. Advertisements from this address appeared in the name of "Surgeon," or other disguises. He also took, some six years ago, a place called "St. Cloud," at Worthing, and here he was the Rev. Joseph Hope. This last name and address he continued to use down to the time of his arrest. When I dealt with him in 1902 he was also the Rev. John Wilson, of 49, Murillo-road, Lee, S.E., and George Wright, of another address in the same district. Since that date he seems to have changed his London address from Lee to Wood Green. Here he has been practising up to the time of his prosecution as the Rev. William Grey and W. Grey, Esq. He has also had of late yet another address at Brighton, The Limes, Kemp Town, where he was the Rev. Thomas Stone, or Thomas Stone, Esq. At all these addresses he carried on a considerable business through the medium of his newspaper advertisements, and the profits must have been enormous. He lived in good style, keeping one or two horses, and was a familiar figure in the town, being in the habit of taking a ride on horseback every day. In spite of the publicity incidental to his business, and though the nature of it was known to the police and others, he had many friends in the town in decent positions to whom his exposure and prosecution seem to have come as a revelation. What his financial position was may be judged by the extracts from his books given in evidence at his trial. The police had taken possession of four ledgers kept at Brighton and Worthing, and these recorded the following amounts received, all in small sums, between January 1 of this year and September 20, when Hawkins was arrested:—

"Hope" Ledger	£1,795 9 7
"Stone" Ledger	1,001 15 10
"Brown" Ledger	407 9 5
"Hawkins" Ledger	39 9 9
	£3,244 4 7

This means an annual turnover of close on £4,500, and as there are no receipts in respect of the Wood Green branch it is probable that the total was considerably higher.

The whole of this business was built up on pure fraud, and fraud of the most profitable character. Hawkins dealt chiefly in two magical specifics, both powders, the one called "Gloxiensis" and the other the "Corassa Compound." The following analyses of these mixtures were given in evidence at the trial:—

Gloxiensis Powders.

Bicarbonate of Sodium	72.0
Bromide of Potassium	27.7
Dust and Impurities	.3
	100.0

Corassa Compound.

Bromide of Potassium	56.5
Bicarbonate of Sodium	38.5
Powdered Chinchona Bark	4.0
Dust and Impurities	1.0
	100.0

Such were the wonder-working drugs which the Rev. Joseph Hope, or the other reverend gentlemen, had discovered in the wilds of South America—or, as the legend seems to have run in a later version, in the interior of West Africa. The Gloxiensis powders were sold to customers at 17s. 8d. the packet; the Corassa Compound at 18s. 11d. The cost price in each case was estimated at 2d. These figures sufficiently give the measure of the fraud and the profits made from it. Hawkins prepared his powders in his house and stables in Chesham-road, with the assistance of his son, a young man who was charged with him, but acquitted with the consent of the prosecution. The working expenses of the business would therefore be practically included under the heads of printing, postage, and advertising. The two first would only average a few pence for each order received. If, therefore, he only received one order for every advertisement published, which would cost in a general way only two or three shillings, far more than half the turnover of the business would have been clear profit. In other words, Hawkins must have been making two or three thousand a year out of his swindles.

It may be observed that—at any rate for many years—Hawkins did his advertising on a very economical principle. Not satisfied with plundering his customers, he defrauded the newspapers through whose columns he caught them. For this purpose he adopted a further alias, that of "Hawkins and Co., advertising contractors, Kemp Town, Brighton." The object of this, of course, was to obtain credit. The advertisements are of a class which few newspapers would accept direct

from the advertiser unless for "cash with order." The mythical firm of Hawkins and Co., however, had no difficulty in getting their advertisements published in all parts of the United Kingdom and the colonies, until newspaper managers began to realise that the firm did not pay. It is a fact that even within the last two years I have seen cheques sent in payment of Hawkins's advertisements, though not in his own name, which have been dishonoured, although the rascal was making profits all this time at the rates described above. He also advertised at one time through a firm in London with which I believe he was connected, and which conducted its business on the same principles. One is entitled to laugh, with Hawkins, at the journalistic victims of this method of advertising, for they got no more than they deserved. The advertisements bear on their face the evidence that they belong to a class which no respectable newspaper has any business to publish. But for the press this scoundrel could never have gone on extracting his four or five thousand pounds a year out of the pockets of his foolish dupes, and every newspaper that ever took money for publishing his advertisements is as much to blame as he is. The pity is, not that a few were defrauded by him, but that all cannot be punished. If the recent conviction of the Editor of *Judy* is upheld on appeal, it seems an open question whether any newspaper which has been publishing the advertisements of the "Rev. Joseph Hope" and the rest of Hawkins's announcements could not be proceeded against as an accessory to his crimes. At any rate, I can only say again that I shall welcome the day when the law makes no distinction between the swindler whom it sends to gaol and the newspaper manager who has taken his money for catching his victims.

When the whole facts of his career are understood, it will be generally agreed that Hawkins got off very easily with a sentence of three months' hard labour. The learned Judge himself described it as a light sentence, and gave as his reasons for it that it was the first case of its kind that had been tried, that the prisoner had saved the public time and expense by pleading guilty, and that he had been allowed to continue his game so long that he might have come to the conclusion that he was not breaking the law. These considerations do not strike me as very weighty, more especially the last two; at any rate, if a man who has been following a systematic course of roguery is to escape a portion of his just punishment because he has not been prosecuted sooner, a fresh responsibility will rest upon the police if they stay their hands against any notorious rogue within their jurisdiction. The Brighton police have shown plenty of zeal and intelligence in the conduct of the case against Hawkins; but it is not evident why the proceedings which they commenced in September last were not instituted four or five years ago, if not earlier. There has been no secret about Hawkins's business. It was evident from the facts mentioned above that he must be amassing plunder at the rate of thousands a year; and it is impossible to suppose that no complaints against him ever reached the local police. It is quite true that the class of victims that Hawkins preyed upon are likely to be extremely reluctant in appearing in public to charge him with swindling them, to say nothing of the fact that few of them probably appreciate the nature and extent of the swindle. This, no doubt, the operator reckoned upon, and it may account in some measure for the inaction of the police. But it seems a somewhat dangerous argument that because for such reasons a man is enabled for many years to pursue a course of organised roguery with impunity, he is to be the less heavily punished when at last he is brought to justice. It is not only the amount of money of which people have been robbed that has to be taken into consideration. One of the worst features about swindling by means of medical quackery is that those who put themselves in the hands of advertising quacks are liable to suffer in health, possibly to a dangerous extent, through delay in taking proper medical advice. This observation undoubtedly applies to the class of diseases which this man Hawkins laid himself out to cure. In my humble judgment, the man who over a long period of years, by a system of fraud most skilfully organised and insidiously planned, plunders thousands of young men of their money and exposes them to grave danger in health, is a far blacker and more dangerous criminal than many a man who in a moment of temptation has robbed a wealthy bank by forging a cheque and expiated his offence by a long term of penal servitude. For these reasons I regret that Hawkins will be free in three months' time to enjoy the wealth he has probably amassed and to resume criminal operations of one kind or another against his fellow creatures; and I trust that after this case others of his type will be watched a little more effectually by the police and dealt with a little less tenderly by judges.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

DEMOCRACY AND ART.

I SUPPOSE Parliaments must in the nature of things be Philistine bodies. Those of Louis Philippe's reign were distinctly so, and the Corps Législatifs of the Second Empire out-Philistined the Philistines. The Chambers of Deputies of this Republic, or at any rate their overwhelming majorities, have not been any better. But they are accessible to non-Philistine influence, and it sometimes happens that a little leaven leavens the whole lump of heavy dough. Electors hardly ever send up to the Palais Bourbon an *homme de lettres pur et simple*. If he would get in he must be above all things a politician. Artistic Deputies or Deputies setting up to connoisseurship are still fewer. Those who are connoisseurs keep their tastes in the background. One never heard of the delicate connoisseurship of

The Ritz Hotel, Piccadilly, London, is the latest addition to the famous Ritz Hotels. Built on the same lines as The Ritz Hotel, Paris, it is replete with all the latest appliances which add to the comfort of guests. The Hotel is entirely decorated and furnished in the Louis Seize style, and is the most artistic Hotel in Europe. The Direction and the Tariff of Prices the same as at the Carlton Hotel. Single Rooms from 10s. 6d. per day, Single Rooms with Private Bathroom from 15s. per day, Double-Bedded Rooms from 12s. 6d. per day, Double Rooms with private Bathroom from 21s. per day. Suites, comprising Sitting-room, Bedroom, and Bathrooms from 25s. per day. The Ritz Restaurant, overlooking Green Park, is open to non-residents. The Ritz à la carte luncheon at 6s. per head is served daily.

M. de Freycinet so long as he was in political life, and one does not often hear of that of M. Bourgeois, or of his passionate love for art in all its manifold forms. Nobody thinks of MM. Aynard, Henri Cochin, Chautard, Lerolle, Georges Berger, Maurice Jaurès as amateurs of wide horizons and generous and highly cultivated taste and feeling—modern Athenians, in short, in all that touches art and letters. M. Clemenceau, had he not been a doctor, politician, and journalist, might now be famous as an artist; but the public does not know this. M. Couyba revealed himself (for the first time) last week as an artistic critic of the highest excellence in his report to the Chamber on the Fine Arts budget. As do M. Bourgeois and M. Beaumetz, he admits every school, and style, and genre; his selection is, indeed, all-embracing—a state that only comes of extensive ranges of observation. The more we see, the better we see, if fatigue do not blur our vision.

M. Couyba began his career as a songster. His songs often touched the heart and charmed the fancy. In hours of great public excitement he expressed what the tens of thousands felt, and, in this way, became popular in the populous districts of cities and industrial towns. He kept company with artists, industrial, pictorial, musical, and others, spent his leisure hours in museums, in old churches, at exhibitions, and in this way came to be the person he has shown himself in his report. While admitting every school, he sets his face against subserviency to any. To be anything in art and literature—the highest form, perhaps, of art—one must live in unfettered freedom and be guided by the inner light. "L'art libre dans l'état libre" is the ideal of M. Couyba. And yet he is for "l'art libre dans l'état protecteur," which, it seems to me, implies a state of tutelage, or, at any rate, of that servility which waits on patronage. Not that the "état protecteur" has not sometimes conferred salutary benefits on artists and their art. M. Couyba would ask it to discharge police duty to prevent oppression in the realm of art. He is very much for artists seeking industrial channels for their talents. There are too many who imagine artistic efforts should be confined within the limits of picture frames and salons. Like most of us, the artist should seek in the conditions of his time his fount of inspiration, and he ought not to recoil from looking for independence, and even fame, in the state of an artisan. M. Couyba thinks the Government can help innate capacity by means of schools and personal encouragement to students, and it can clear cities of ugly objects and eyesores. It can also set its face against trivial vulgarity. I suppose he meant this for the cafés concerts.

The discerning patronage the Medici gave to artists did more for art than, with all respect for M. Couyba's opinion, "l'état protecteur" could possibly effect. They were of their time, and their time secured to them in return lasting renown. In this they altogether differed from most of our millionaires. The rush of the latter after old masters is making the present day one of artistic anæmia. No Medici sought to secure, at no matter what price, Byzantine or Ravenna mosaics. The different amateurs of the family trusted to their taste, bought of contemporary painters and sculptors what pleased them, and possibly had often to weed their galleries. But they learned, while giving satisfaction to their likings, to be good judges, and they placed their critical judgment on a solid basis.

What would it matter to a Carnegie or a Pierpont Morgan to pay a high price for a new painting, even though he feared it might no longer please him after four or five years' possession, when his eye would be more discriminating? With his wealth he would not face any loss worth talking about if he sold it for whatever it might bring at an auction mart. To be great amateurs as were the Medici, vanity must be laid aside, names not thought of, and the pleasure experienced in gazing at a painting that has taken one's fancy the only criterion. Amateurship on a broad basis of vanity is demeaning and contemptible. There is real nobleness in the motto of La Rochefoucauld of the maxim, "Mon plaisir," especially if you want to know what to do with a bloated fortune. In the latter case one may advantageously add, "Hang the expense."

The Japs (what a pity M. Couyba did not think of them) owe their remarkable superiority in the arts to the Shoguns insisting on the Daimios spending every year a considerable part of their incomes on the works of their contemporary artists and artisans. Had the Japanese nobility kept on going for art furniture to China and Korea, where now would be the art of their country? Whenever I see a collection of old masters freshly brought together, I say to myself: "What a bore! The owner is eaten up with vanity, and expects me to go into raptures over his antiquities."

M. Chauchard, to do him justice, often risks buying the wrong picture, and sometimes makes amusing mistakes. But the pleasure he finds in each new purchase and the honouring attentions of the head of the State are rich and adequate compensations for any disappointments. You know, do you not, the M. Chauchard that I mean?—the Magasin du Louvre magnate, and the last purchaser of "L'Angelus" of Millais. He spends about £10,000 a year on his chrysanthemums, and every autumn asks the President and his family, and no others, to a chrysanthemum fête. Is not this acting like a magnifico of the Medici period?

If there are to be art schools the teaching should have no strong bias. "The State" too often means Jacks-in-office, or the rule of "wooden" heads, or of prigs and pedants. On the occasion of M. Couyba's report the wonders were mentioned of State action in the times of the Ptolemies, Pericles, Saint Louis, and Francis I. Can we, I ask, have any idea whether

Business and Billiards.—It is a well-known fact that a good home-billiard player is, as a rule, a good man of business. The qualities that ensure success in business are just the qualities that are brought into exercise and improved by a reasonable indulgence in this fascinating recreation. Billiard-playing promotes level-headedness, accuracy of judgment, deliberation when most needed, and firmness of action when action is necessary. Instal a RILEY BILLIARD TABLE in your Home, and you will find it one of the best investments it is possible to make. You can have one to fix on your Dining Table or a combined Billiard and Dining Table, and on easy terms of payment. Riley's are makers of Large Tables, holding most of the Records of the Great Players. Write for Illustrated Price List to the Manufacturers, E. J. Riley, Ltd., Corporation Billiard Mills, Accrington.

This is to inform the Patrons of the Grand Hotel, Cannes, that a large Restaurant has recently been erected, overlooking the gardens.—A. Menge, Proprietor.

Egypt owed, or not, Philæ to State action or to private munificence, as Rome owed her aqueducts? Pericles probably gave a loose rein to Athens, as I feel sure we should learn had Aspasia left posterity her memoirs. As to St. Louis, he built La Sainte Chapelle as Vicomte de Paris and not as King. It was as Vicomte de Paris that he delivered judgments under the oak at Vincennes. His great-grandfather, not as King, but Vicomte de Paris, built the Bastille and Notre Dame. The State was of little account when those grand cathedrals of the Duchies of France (Isle de France) and Normandy were reared in the early days of the Capets. Francis I. built those matchless châteaux on the Loire and elsewhere with money drawn from his private estate and entirely to please himself. With him, indeed, it was "Mon plaisir, and hang the expense."

The State as a corporate administration has only given France "buildings" and ugly churches. Haussmann's avenues, so far as the houses go, are mean and unsightly, and not to be mentioned with the modern avenues at Milan. Paris owes her attractiveness to her brightness, gay activity, well-dressed population, and the great number of trees along all the main thoroughfares.

Is there an uglier building on earth inside or outside than the Institute of France—a State creation—or than St. Sulpice and its seminary, or the long riverside gallery of the Louvre, or the churches of St. Vincent, or those built by Haussmann? The Palais Royal, on the Rue de Rivoli side, has beauty because the Cardinal who built it out of his own means just wanted to please himself and had fine taste. You find in Germany lovely and interesting architecture in the old free towns. Wherever the sovereign or the State laid down the law to architects, ugliness prevails. You have hideous ugliness in English cities because the economical despotism of landlords prevents architects having a free hand.

One cannot adopt too warmly what M. Couyba says of "democratic art and decentralisation," or of "the artistic education of children in the common schools." I trust my friend M. Léonce Levraud will take part in the debate on the Couyba report, which on these points is sure of his support. He for long years belonged to the artistic side of educational committees of the Town Council of Paris, and I hold his opinion on art subjects in higher esteem than that of Ruskin himself. So would the world, if his incurable modesty, or perhaps shyness, did not condemn him to silence. He has remained, as an interesting fact I may add, a bachelor, to devote himself to his mother, now almost a centenarian. He often finds æsthetic refreshment in looking at a Tanagra statuette which stands out on a bracket, from piles and piles of official papers, in his study. But to keep close to M. Couyba's report: It strongly recommends the broom to be applied "to all the insipid chromolithographs, with their silly sentimentalities, which hang on the walls of the infant schools." The child's eye should be accustomed from infancy to the best engravings of nobly simple pictures, luminous and decorative, and to chalcographs of the best models. M. Couyba is against limiting artistic scholarships, even for architecture, to the study of Greek, Roman, and Egyptian antiquity. Why not send them to the capitals where new conditions are most visible to note what is in harmony with the essentially modern life and its accompanying defects and deformities? Studies of the Erechtheum and the other gems of Athens should only serve as refreshment to the æsthetic sense, and are not good for imitation in an industrial and secularist age. The young architect who travels at the cost of the State cannot be too earnestly recommended to study the resources which modern science and industry place at his disposal. He has not, so far, thought enough how to make use of them in adapting them to present-day needs. The Flemings followed this principle in building their old town halls and market halls; the Dutch in their low, narrow, and slender brick houses which rest on piles. This is why Amsterdam is entitled to be called the Venice of the North. In short: Be of your time, and love and improve it, and you will reap a good reward, and, it may be, immortality.

Elysée Palace Hôtel, Paris.—The Fashionable English Rendezvous on the Champs-Elysées. Healthiest Winter Situation; la five o'clock Tea, Daily in the Grand Hall, is the afternoon function of Fashionable Paris.—Manager, M. Jules Cesari.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

THE New Working-class in England, dear Lady Betty, is—the upper class! Many years ago there was published in *Punch* a picture in which two West End men were represented as walking in Piccadilly, and one was supposed to be saying to the other: "Do not walk so fast; they will think we have something to do." That condition no longer exists. At the Club of the moment one member is eating his luncheon hurriedly—he has an appointment in the City in three quarters of an hour; another is writing letters with the utmost haste; in the hall, a third is eagerly endeavouring to persuade a fourth to buy some shares; a fifth rushes through the door, and jumps into a cab, nearly knocking over a sixth who is running up the steps! In the card-room they are playing at bridge—not for the pleasure of gambling but to make money! Meanwhile, the scavengers outside are smoking cigarettes and romping; the unemployed cabmen are slumbering on the rank; the telegraph boys are playing at football with the lid of a cardboard box; the passing carmen, reclining on their load, drive drowsily down the street, whilst half a hundred idlers in the park opposite are sleeping on the grass!

The picture is not in the slightest circumstance overdrawn; it is a combination of contrasts that is in the common experience of all who are observant.

The West End has always affected to despise work; why then are the members of the upper class toiling frantically as they do? Because they are in the rapids. Everything they have, eat, drink, wear, or do costs a hundred per cent. more than it did fifty years ago, and their fixed sources of income have diminished by at least a half. Thrown now on their own resources, they have no connection with ordinary work, and have had no training for it. Their only capital is the opportunities which their position affords, and their well-to-do friends; those they are selling, and generally to rascals. It is no exaggeration to say that six West End men of to-day of every ten are connected with clusters of scamps whom they temporarily call their friends and presently perceive to be scoundrels.

* * * * *

It is one of the main discoveries of the time in England that "society" is a fool, and there are thousands of male and female harpies who are thriving on the knowledge. Some affect the utmost enthusiasm for the Conservative cause; they are introduced to the

elect of the Party, are admitted into the best of the clubs, and are rewarded for their apparent devotion with appointments and titles. Others pretend to entertain the greatest possible respect for the mental attainments of this or that particular Peer; the latter increase visibly in importance under the treatment, but collapse altogether one day when the flatterers have stripped them of almost the last shilling. Others again adopt the philanthropic attitude; the Duchess and her companions cannot do too much for them until—as frequently occurs—the charitable enterprises they together favour are exposed as frauds, and most of the scandal attaches itself to the titled dupes. Literature, Art, love, and sport, each has its groups of knaves who are prospering on the recently-acquired knowledge that our "society" is little else than half-witted!

During the past quarter of a century "society" in England has lost over a hundred millions in the City, and has received sixpence in the pound as a commission on the transaction!

* * * * *

It is characteristic that many English men and women are unable to believe that Shakespeare, a mere commoner, should have written the memorable plays and poems which tradition attaches to his name, and maintain these were composed by Lord Bacon. The plays and poems would, naturally, be even more masterly in the eyes of most of us were it ascertained that the author was a peer, and the theatre-going public here would then flock to see them acted. The following letter, which has been addressed to me by a world-renowned Shakespearean scholar, gives an unexpected turn, however, to the controversy:—

"Sir,—Shakspar—of which Shakespeare is a corruption—was a Jew, and his original name was Shaksparchmit. At the time there seems to have been some prejudice entertained in your country against members of the Semitic race, and in deference to that objection Shaksparchmit dropped the characteristic final. In the naming of his plays and poems the author, however, preserved in cryptogrammic form the original spelling:

S haksparchmit,
H amlet,
A ll's Well that ends Well.
K ing Lear,
S onnets,
P ericles,
A s You Like it,
R omeo and Juliet,
C oriolanus,
H enry IV.,
M acbeth,
I ulius Cæsar,
T roilus and Cressida.

"A member of the roving race, Shaksparchmit had travelled much at a time when few Englishmen had the opportunity, taste, or means for moving, and this accounts for the author's exceptional knowledge of foreign countries. Besides, the members of the Semitic race in those days were far better educated than were the generality of other Europeans, except those of the latter in Holy Orders.

"In two clearly-expressed passages, Shaksparchmit discloses himself to be a Semite. In "The Merchant of Venice" occurs the sentence—Act iii., Sc. I.—"I am a Jew," and that is immediately followed by the most complete and ingeniously contrived vindication of his race, a vehement protest against the commonly-accepted belief that the Jew was scarcely human. In King Henry IV.—Act ii., Sc. II.—the great author again declares, "I am a Jew, an Ebrew Jew." Those arguments, I imagine, suffice to prove the contention to the hilt. Besides, no member of another race could have the intelligence necessary to write the plays and poems produced by Shaksparchmit.—Yours faithfully,

"Colnech Hatcheimer (Professor),
"Bedlamberg, North Germany."

* * * * *

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have published a book, "Mary Queen of Scots," which will appeal alike to all interested in the life of that unfortunate Princess, or in Art. The volume contains some thirty full-page illustrations, exquisitely printed in colours, from pictures painted by Mr. James Orrock, R.I., and Sir James Linton, R.I., artists whose names are sufficient to attract the attention of all who are fond of water-colour at its best. The story is told by Mr. Walter Wood, and the book has been edited by Mr. W. Shaw Sparrow.—Believe me to be, very truly yours, MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

THE Russian three-year-old colt Hammurabi, who is a son of Galtee More, is to be sent to England in order that he may be raced in this country next season. It is probable that he will be entered for the Ascot Cup, and that he will undergo a special preparation for that race. Hammurabi has won several of the principal stakes in his native country during the past season, including the Russian Derby. This colt belongs to the Russian Imperial stud, so that he is practically owned by the Czar.

The Newmarket stables have certainly not been fortunate in the handicaps of the past season. Of the spring events of this class the Kempton Park Jubilee Handicap was the only one which fell to a horse trained at Newmarket, the winner being Donnetta. A month later Bachelor's Button won the Manchester Summer Cup shortly before his triumph in the Ascot Cup. Chaucer took the Liverpool Summer Cup, and the Goodwood Plate was won by Winwick, and the Prince Edward Handicap at Manchester by Aurina, the exceedingly modest list of successes concluding with the victory of Polymelus in the Cambridgeshire, but Mr. Joel's horse only completed his preparation at Newmarket. However, the Two Thousand, One Thousand, Derby, and Oaks were all won by horses trained at Newmarket, and so also were the Middle Park Plate and the £5,000 stake at Sandown Park—the most valuable two-year-old race of the season—and the rich Prince of Wales's Post Sweepstakes at Goodwood.

I mentioned a fortnight ago that Vedas had been sold to go to France. The exportation of this horse is a very good thing indeed, for he has a vile temper. There are already far too many unsound or bad-tempered sires in England, and it is most satisfactory that Vedas is not to be added to the number. It was a fixed and unalterable rule of the late Lord Falmouth never to send one of the Mereworth mares to a bad-tempered horse, and this was always a fundamental principle in the management of his stud. At present the mating of the mares in several studs is arranged in a thoroughly skimble-skamble fashion, the owner, or the individual responsible for the management, being apparently directed by no fixed principles whatever. As to the much puffed "figure system," it is the merest moonshine, and any one guided by such flagrant foolery must be a mooncalf of the most infatuated description.

The papers have been publishing prolix dissertations on the "winning jockeys" of the year. These statistics are all nonsense and rubbish, for, of course, the most fashionable jockeys are the most successful, inasmuch as they nearly always get the best mounts and ride in every race. Madden is probably the best rider now on the Turf. I cannot understand why so fine and so judicious a jockey as M. Cannon has not been more employed during the past season.

There never was a period at which there was so large a number of exceedingly bad horses on the Turf, and it is impossible to understand why owners can be so idiotic as to keep such wretched crocks in training. At the "back-end" meetings there were huge fields for trumpery £100 races, and in several events horses won easily which had been beaten over and over again

Savoy Hotel & Restaurant, London.—The most beautiful garden and river view in Europe. The Restaurant of the world. Hotel rooms bright, fresh, and delightfully quiet.

during the season when running in very moderate company. At Lingfield, for example, there were twenty-nine starters for a plate of £100, and True Love, who won very easily, had been previously beaten no fewer than twelve or thirteen times. The "class" of the field may be imagined from the fact that the winner was said to be a stone inferior to an animal which was beaten for a selling plate at Derby when heavily backed.

One hundred and twenty yearlings have been entered for next year's Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, and there was the same number for this year's race. The minor forfeit of £5 ought to be declared by the first Tuesday in June (*i.e.*, before Ascot) instead of on the first Tuesday in July. It is quite scandalous, moreover, that this minor forfeit should continue to be grabbed for the fund, which thereby recovers a considerable part of the £1,000 which is nominally added to this stake. The Champagne Stakes is the great two-year-old race of the meeting, and by far the most important event of the week after the St. Leger, and surely an endowment of £1,000 could be afforded without any deduction. His Majesty is the largest subscriber, with six entries; and next comes Sir Daniel Cooper, with five. The Duke of Portland, Lord Rosebery, Lord Derby, and Major Loder have four entries each; and the Duke of Westminster, Sir R. Waldie-Griffith, Lord Howard de Walden, Mr. L. de Rothschild, Mr. W. Hall Walker, and Mr. J. W. Larnach have three each. The Tattersall Sale Stakes has obtained fifty-nine entries, as against sixty for this year. Seventy foals have been engaged in the Doncaster Stakes for 1909.

The events at Goodwood have also done well. There are fifty-three entries for next year's Lavant Stakes, and forty-six for the Molecomb Stakes, his Majesty being the largest subscriber to each race. There are thirteen subscribers to the Prince of Wales's Post Sweepstakes for 1908, so that race will be worth £2,600. One of his Majesty's pair is a filly by Cyllene out of Laodamia. Lord Cadogan has entered two fillies sired by Sidus. One of Mr. L. de Rothschild's is an own brother to St. Amant, and one of Lord Rosebery's is a filly by Ladas out of Montem. Lord Derby has a filly by Florizel II. out of Glasalt, and a colt by Isinglass out of Broad Corrie. One of the Duke of Devonshire's pair is a filly by Cyllene out of Elf. Sixty-four yearling fillies have been entered for the Nassau Stakes of 1908, the list of subscribers being headed by his Majesty.

The running of Velocity with Roseate Dawn in the Final Plate at Manchester clearly proves that the Irish horse would have won the Lincolnshire Handicap if he had then been properly fit. It is now obvious that Ob was a most lucky winner of that race. At Manchester Velocity easily defeated Roseate Dawn over a mile and a quarter, running at even weights. At Lincoln Roseate Dawn gave Velocity 7 lb., and pulled up far in front of him, finishing, indeed, only a length behind Ob. It was then pointed out in Truth that Velocity was preposterously backward, and he would have carried very little money indeed if his silly supporters had only seen him before they backed him.

The offer of 3,000 to 1,000 on the field for the Derby was not likely to be accepted, except by some unsophisticated noodle. This price will probably be forthcoming when the numbers go up. Polar Star would, of course, be favourite for the Derby if he happened to be engaged in that race. As matters stand very much will depend upon whether Slieve Gallion trains on, and if he turns out to be a stayer. It is very likely that next season both Weathercock and Baltinglass will be better than Galvani, although, of course, the Middle Park Plate winner would now stand at a very short price indeed if there were any betting. It is quite on the cards that Lord Falmouth's dark colt St. Martin (own brother to Quintessence) may be found capable of beating all the public lot. M. E. Blanc's Quadi-Halfa must not be forgotten, as he has shown excellent form during the autumn, and he is capable of vast improvement. Galvani has no engagement before the Derby, but Slieve Gallion is entered for the Two Thousand. I fancy that Captain Greer's handsome colt would show to more advantage over the Epsom course than over the mile. St. Martin is entered for the Two Thousand, but if Lord Falmouth's colt is then fit and well he will no doubt make his début during the Newmarket Craven Meeting, as he is entered for both the Biennial and the Craven Stakes, and in each race he has a maiden allowance of 7 lb. My Pet II. is engaged in the Biennial, but he would have to give a stone to St. Martin.

It has lately been stated in several newspapers that the sale of Polymelus was all "a mistake," and that it was not intended for him to change hands. I dare say this is the real explanation of a truly tragical transaction for the vendor, whose policy has appeared to be inexplicably foolish. Few persons, however, will be disposed to regret this "mistake," if it really occurred. There is scarcely anything more utterly absurd and fatuous and more thoroughly objectionable than the too common practice of sending horses into the sale-ring without any intention of parting with the animals. Either there is a preposterously high reserve, or (which is a great deal more reprehensible) somebody is secretly employed by the owner to buy in the animal. Time and trouble are wasted for absolutely no object whatever, while the auctioneer is placed in a thoroughly false position, and genuine bidders are gulled and misled. Many years ago a then prominent owner sent some horses up for sale at Newmarket, and at the same time secretly instructed Lord X, who was a very young man, utterly ignorant of Turf affairs, to buy most of them in at any price. Of course, the fact transpired next day that the animals which had been ostensibly sold to Lord X had not really changed hands. The father of Lord X was an old and influential member of the Jockey Club, and the same afternoon he informed the peccant owner, in the presence of Admiral Rous, that he would take good care that he should be blackballed whenever he came up for ballot at the Jockey Club, for which he was to have been a candidate at the next meeting. At one time there were some owners (including certain members of the Jockey Club who are now dead) who were possessed with an absolute mania for offering their racehorses for sale without any intention of parting with them. The late Duchess of Montrose had a bitter quarrel with the late Lord Calthorpe because he purchased a lot at one of her sales, giving the high price at which the animal was reserved. If he had picked her pocket there could not have been a more violent explosion of fire and fury, and yet it was surely no rational grievance to obtain 2,000 gs. (so far as I remember) for either a yearling or an untried two-year-old.

There has been the disposition to exaggerate the merit of the Cambridgeshire victory of Polymelus which is customary on such occasions. It was a creditable performance, but there have been very much better ones in the same handicap. Sterling, three years old, carried 8 st. 11 lb., and was beaten by a short head by Sabinus, a four-year-old of very high class, to which he was giving weight. Behind them was one of the best fields that ever started for this or any other handicap. Foxhall, Plaisanterie, and La Flèche, all three-year-olds, did greatly better than Mr. Joel's horse. Florence won with 9 st. 1 lb., and when Hackler's Pride was successful two years ago for the second time, she carried the same weight as Polymelus (8 st. 10 lb.). It is certainly premature to fall into paroxysms of enthusiasm about the hero of a performance which was really nothing of extraordinary merit.

It had been quite certain, since Gourd's victory at Derby, that Persimmon would head the list of winning sires for this year, and it would have been hard luck if the King's horse had been beaten by Ladas, as subsequent running has made it apparent that Keystone II. ought to have won the St. Leger by several lengths. Next season Persimmon will have to depend upon Lord Derby's mare (who has no engagement as a four-year-old) and upon Plum Tree, apart from his then two-year-olds. Ladas also has no good two-year-old, and Troutbeck, who will be the best of his older representatives,

has very few engagements. Gorgos was his sire's best horse this year after Troutbeck, but he is not likely greatly to distinguish himself in the future. Gallinule, who comes third, has a better prospect for 1907 than either Persimmon or Ladas, as he has a couple of two-year-olds of high class in Slieve Gallion and Weathercock. Carbine has been most unfortunate, in that Spearmint was not able to fulfil his autumn engagements, some of the richest of which were certainties for the Derby winner. Carbine, however, is really first on the list by several thousands, if the value of the Grand Prix is added to the English winnings of his stock.

The Gimcrack Club dinner at York on Friday night was a disappointment, as Lord Stanley, who had been expected to attend on the part of the Jockey Club, was not present, and his place was taken by Lord Downe, who had not much to say that was new, except a seasonable and emphatic caution to disorderly jockeys: "I give them fair warning that if they continue to crowd each other on the rails, some of our most distinguished jockeys will be suspended for a certainty." It is most satisfactory to find that the Stewards of the Jockey Club are positively in earnest in their resolution to put an end to the wild and really foul riding which has been so scandalously common of late. It may be hoped that Lord Downe's excellent remarks will receive the careful attention of both jockeys and their employers, who (as he truly pointed out) are often really responsible for the irregularities which occur, as the scrambling and cannoning are simply the inevitable result of their own unreasonable and reckless orders. Mr. Hall Walker croaked lugubriously about "the difficulties which beset owners owing to the cost of racing." The matter lies in a nutshell. If an owner cannot really afford to keep racehorses let him at once get rid of his stud. Racing is supposed to be a sport and an amusement, but, to hear these huckstering wailings about "the cost of the Turf," any one would suppose that keeping a stud is an occupation analogous to keeping a shop or a manufactory, a pecuniary profit being the paramount and absorbing object. Only rich men have any business on the Turf. A poor man who keeps racehorses is of no good to the Turf, but the reverse, and the Turf is pretty certain to settle him disastrously. Mr. Hall Walker's schemes for improving matters are all balderdash, and it is really inconceivable that any one with a grain of common sense can fancy that the Turf or any institution connected with it could be benefited "by establishing other new courses." There are far too many courses already, and the number of meetings ought to be largely reduced.

The Prime Minister announced in the House of Commons on Thursday night that the Government "intend to pass the Betting Bill" before Parliament is prorogued. It is a pity that this measure could not be made more comprehensive in order to squabash the innumerable establishments for starting price betting which are the great bane of the Turf at the present time. Lord Downe referred to the Betting Bill, but it would be paying his remarks an extravagant compliment to describe them as sophistical. However, everyone ought to be grateful to him for his well-timed observations on the jockey question, as he has made it perfectly clear that the Stewards really mean business, and that, as the Duke of Wellington put it, "there is no mistake, there can be no mistake, and there will be no mistake."

I referred last week to the King's horse, Nulli Secundus, and this animal has since made a successful début over hurdles at Aldershot. Nulli Secundus has improved prodigiously during the last few months, and he won in excellent style by several lengths, having jumped really well. The King's horse may yet win some of his valuable engagements on the flat next season, and (as I observed last week) it will certainly be worth while to leave him in for the Princess of Wales's Stakes of £6,000 at Newmarket.

The South African Rugby footballers are dormy one in their international engagements. They have fairly and squarely pulverised the critics. They have beaten Wales—Wales so confident of victory that the crowd of over 40,000 people at Swansea was overwhelmed with silence. For these of South Africa were not as the men of New Zealand. They were not so brilliant in their artifices and devices. Their forwards were not as great. Their outsides were not as clever. There was no additional fraction of an outside player to augment the attack. No, they only played good, clean, honest football, putting the ball fairly in the scrimmage, with no blind side. Their forwards were careful not to offend against the rule as to feet up in the scrimmage, and they beat Wales. The reason is not far to seek. The forwards have improved. They got the ball, and the halves were able to open out the game. The centre pair of three-quarters, as strong in defence as in attack, were too good for Gabe and Gwyn Nicholls, the Welshmen. They compelled the pivot of the Welsh attack to act on the defensive, and that, of course, is fatal to the Welsh game. Then little Joubert came over just in time. He is better at wing three-quarter than he is at back, where Marsburg was fielding the ball as fearlessly as ever. Perhaps his kicking was not as good as it has been. With regard to the Welshmen, they were held forward, and Owen was out-manœuvred at half-back. They met their conquerors, and the spectators gave the victors a grand reception, but their enthusiasm was dampened. They had come to see Wales win, and the Welshman feels keenly such a defeat.

There has been a tendency in some quarters to make fun of the Rugby Union because the team selected to represent England was beaten by the Rest. Perhaps it would have been better to call the teams "possibles" and "probables." The Union would have saved itself from a little cheap wit. But I think the actual names given to the teams provoked a very desirable spirit of emulation. The Rest played for all it was worth to beat the selected team, and therein it succeeded. To my mind there is nothing wonderful in what happened. The Rugby Union is materially handicapped by the large area of selection. East and West, North and South and the Midlands all claim to be represented. It speaks well for the discernment of the Selection Committee that it was able to pick a Rest team of such strength. That such a team could be selected I have never doubted. The forwards of the Rest were the determining factor in the game. Very prudently the Selection Committee practically kept the original outsides, and then made some changes amongst the forwards. It will not be a bad team by any means. Pace and power are the requisite of the modern forward. The lumbering strong man is not wanted. I anticipate a really good game at the Palace. Unless the weather continues to be fine the turf is likely to be very heavy going. This will not suit the visitors. The South Africans appear to be at the top of their form. They have improved forward. Their match with Ireland has shown them that their efforts must never be relaxed from start to finish. It should be a great game, worthy of a great occasion.

At Richmond the Old Merchant Taylors were beaten by Cambridge University. Be it admitted that neither club was up to full strength, but one rubbed one's eyes and wondered if this was really University football. Poor forwards and worse backs; such crude methods of passing. The last thing the modern public school boys learn is to take a pass on the run. One's memory went back to the old days of three three-quarters, when Leake played for Selwyn, the Scotts for Jesus, and Duncan and Jack Le Fleming for Clare, and these men played together for the University and went down the ground with long, clean passes such as the gods might envy. The ball was taken and returned on the run. But then nearly every day they had a bit of a practice on the Jesus ground. Oxford romped over a rather weak team from Blackheath. Neither University team is great, but Oxford should have no difficulty in winning their match when they meet Cambridge.

I suppose that the prophets in Association will never cease to prophesy. But they often go wrong. At Woolwich the Arsenal were unexpectedly beaten by Sunderland, and at Birmingham Bristol City ran Aston Villa

to a goal. So the south did not do well. Chelsea managed to draw with Chesterfield, so that they still have a chance of going up top and getting into the First Division. By the way, I was very much amused to see that a daily paper published a bookmaker's list of odds for leading football matches. This was regarded as a novelty. But it has been going on for very many years. In the North and Midlands there has been a regular system of bookmaking, and I have no doubt it has spread down South. I am not here concerned with the morality or immorality of betting. But I do object to the ridiculously virtuous attitude that some of those who run the Football Association take with regard to this matter. If there were no betting on or off the ground there would be no gates for professional teams.

Unless a Freshman comes from Eton or Radley he is pretty sure to be an absolute novice when he first gets on the river. Even as the private in the army of Napoleon carried a field-marshal's bâton in his knapsack, so the struggling oarsman has a possible Blue in the Goldie boathouse or the University barge. There is not another sport in which the undergraduate takes part where a man who comes up in absolute ignorance of anything about it can hope to get his Blue. He may oust those who come from Eton. He may work his way by absolute merit from his first day in a tub to the seat in the crew that rows from Putney to Mortlake. I often wonder that the Fresher who has no earthly chance at cricket or football, good as he may be for a college team, does not make up his mind to lay himself out for rowing. Now and then the oarsman becomes one by force of circumstances. He has crocked himself before he comes up, and so he cannot play football. I have known a prudent and far-seeing man literally lay himself out to get his Blue for rowing. He would not look at the college Rugby team. He toiled in the Fresher's eights, plugged in the Lents, and got his seat in the Mays. He was a rowing Blue in his third year. For the most part the rowing man is he who has failed to make any school mark in any sport. He is but the average fellow, the middle class of the athletic community. And from this middle class is drawn the rowing Blue, the aristocrat of the University sporting world. The way is long and weary. It is something to have got one's first boat colours with the addition, perhaps, of the decent decorations of the Leander Club. It is something to have been tried for the Trial Eights and be the envied one in the first boat dressing room. But it is still better to have rowed in the University Trials than never to have rowed in the race itself.

Three races were rowed last week at both Universities, or, to be accurate, the Cambridge men rowed at Ely. In the Cambridge crews there were only two Eton men rowing. This is a matter for regret, as a strong Eton backing is necessary for University rowing if it is to maintain a high standard. There was a fairly good race. Simpson, who stroked the Hall four, got rather best of the start, and after two minutes he was nearly two lengths ahead. At Day's Farm Lewis (Lady Margaret) came up with a fine spurt, but in the end Simpson's crew stayed off a final rush and won by a clear length. Lewis did remarkably well to keep an inferior crew going so well. He was grievously handicapped by his coxswain, who is, I am told, a fresh man. He steered a zigzag course, and seemed to mistake the clinker eight for a skidding motor 'bus in the Strand. At Oxford there was a finer race. Changes had to be made almost at the last minute owing to the prevalent influenza. For this reason Newhall, the Harvard oarsman, lost his seat. Culme Seymour's crew beat Chadwick Healy's crew by barely three feet. The authorities were very enthusiastic about the rowing. But I cannot help thinking that their judgment was a little prejudiced by the fine race they had seen. The average of the crews was eleven stone eleven pounds. There are some genuine workers in both crews, and of these Gillan (Magdalen) is one of the most promising, and he should have a good trial for the University crew next term.

Nice.—Cimiez.—Winter Palace—One of the finest and most comfortable hotels in Europe.—J. Agid, Director.

MOTORS AND MOTORING.

Is the next great advance in automobile mechanics to be associated with the name of Von Pittler? The question certainly suggests itself after reading the interesting account of the new Von Pittler transmission system published in the current issue of *Motoring Illustrated*. The leading feature of the system which, it is claimed, does away at once with clutch, gear box, differential, reverse, and breaks, is, it seems, a rotary pump, attached to the fly-wheel of the ordinary petrol motor, of such design that it is capable of pumping oil to a pressure of two and a half tons [!] to the square inch. This oil, under pressure, is led through a tube to the rear live axle, where there is a second rotary pump of the same design. This second pump acts as a turbine, and is driven by the oil. As the vanes of the turbine revolve they turn the axle and so transmit the power to the road wheels. The oil having driven the rear axle in this way returns to the power pump to be again forced back to the turbine. Variations in speed are effected in the simplest manner by means of a cock which opens or closes the oil duct. To reverse, provision is made for turning the turbine in the opposite direction, while, by another ingenious device a most powerful brake is also provided. It all sounds very wonderful, and further developments will be awaited with curiosity. And, seeing that the system is said to have been already patented, tested, and successfully run in Germany, we should not have to wait very long.

In any case, the hopes aroused by Herr von Pittler's invention serve to remind one of the revolutionary changes which are still to be looked for in automobilism. Congratulations have been general lately on the marvellous developments which ten years have witnessed, but nothing is more probable than that another ten years will see changes vastly greater than any which have taken place during the past decade. The petrol car of to-day can only be regarded as an extraordinarily ingenious embodiment of various mechanical devices, some of which are radically unsound. Such, for one, is beyond all question the existing system of transmission by steps, through the agency of sliding spur wheels of different sizes, and the Von Pittler system above referred to indicates, if not the thing itself, at any rate the kind of thing by which it will one day be surely superseded.

If the problem of flight is not solved before very long now it will assuredly not be for lack of encouragement offered to inventors. At the present time there are prizes of one sort and another amounting to not far short of £30,000 awaiting the inventor of the first really successful flying machine. And this is a mere fraction, of course, of the ordinary commercial rewards which might be expected to follow in due course. Wonderful reports continue to be published of what has already been accomplished in this way by the Brothers Wright in America, and hundreds of eye-witnesses are, it is said, prepared to affirm that they have already solved the problem. Such a vast amount of mystery is, however, maintained concerning their proceedings that one may be forgiven a certain amount of scepticism on the point until they themselves take the world into their confidence. They are, however, known as exceedingly clever aeronauts who have long been working at the problem, and if their efforts should indeed have been attended with the successful results which have been reported Englishmen will be the first to offer them the heartiest congratulations.

Meanwhile, the formation is proposed of a national society, which shall devote its funds to consistent experiment and research in this country. At the present time, it is argued, with the advance which has been achieved of late years in light motive powers, methods of construction, suitable materials, and general knowledge of the subject, a continuous series of experiments carried out under one control would be "not only likely but almost certain" to arrive at the desired end. Hence the proposed new society, which has been promoted by Mr. L. Cæsar Hawkins, a well-known member of the Aero-

nautical Society, in conjunction with the *Autocar*. The Society, it is explained, is to be in no way a commercial scheme, though it will be registered as a company for convenience of management, and subscriptions will take the form of £1 shares. It is pointed out, moreover, that in the case of its ultimate success the society would necessarily become, *nolens volens*, possessed of rights and interests conceivably of great commercial value, and as a consequence, those subscribing may possibly find themselves in the end to have gone in for a good thing. At present, however, the suggested aims of the society are purely scientific. Some of the leading folk interested in aeronautics in this country are understood to be supporting the project, but somehow I hardly think that the long-sought secret of aerial flight is likely to be wrested from nature by a joint stock company.

MAMMON.

STOCKS CHEERFUL—BRIGHTER MONETARY OUTLOOK—FLOURISHING TRADE—PROMISING MARKETS.

A RELATIVELY cheerful tone has marked the Stock markets, especially during the latter part of the week, the main influence for good being the excellent Bank return, which removes the fear of any further advance in the official rate of discount between now and the termination of the year, while early in 1907 we may say good-bye to the 6 per cent. figure. I have already enlarged upon the excellent prospects for both investment and speculation, but the advice will well bear repetition. For securities in most sections are at a temptingly low level, having regard to the circumstances, and good profits will be earned by those who care to buy now, and to wait a little while. The political atmosphere is clear, trade is active, and likely to improve further, and I see nothing in the situation to prevent a general advance in values. Perhaps the gilt-edged and Home Railway sections possess the greatest promise, but all Canadian Railways should be bought, and Argentines and Mexicans are likely to come to the fore again. Wtih the settlement of the Constitution in the Transvaal, there should be a decided spurt in South Africans.

MONEY POSITION STILL IMPROVING—BANK'S GOOD SHOWING—OUTLOOK PROMISING.

The steady influx of gold and the comparatively small dimensions of the withdrawals on Brazilian account, together with the excellent showing of the Bank's return, are between them engendering a great degree of confidence in the monetary situation. More gold is likely to come from Paris, and the Bank will continue to secure the bulk of the arrivals, as said above, so that it is becoming evident that a further advance in the Bank rate, which was something more than a mere threat only a few weeks ago, will not be necessary. Any change, however, this side of the New Year is extremely improbable, because of the customary pressure during December in the international situation, and it would not be at all surprising were the Bank to adopt prompt measures to immediately make its rate effective again, and arrest the material decline in discount quotations that has occurred. Some action seems probable, because the discount market has sailed too close to the wind. However, that the position has appreciably improved, and that the outlook is bright, is beyond question. The Bank's reserve expanded by as much as £2,250,000 on the week to the relatively large total of £23,614,000, the net influx in gold being £1,472,000, while more than £760,000 in cash returned from the country. This has naturally made a good impression. As regards the Brazilian withdrawals, considerable uncertainty exists on this matter, but the most general idea is that only a comparatively small sum will be taken before the end of the year, while in connection with the customary drain to Argentina the impression prevails that this will only be small, and will not commence until the beginning of January. But here again an element of uncertainty exists. For the time being, too, New York is ignored, because of the relatively easy conditions prevailing there now, but as December progresses it is well known that the pressure in that centre will gradually tighten. It seems premature, therefore, to discuss any change in the Bank rate before the turn of the New Year, when the general pressure is relaxed.

CONSOLS ADVANCING — FAVOURABLE MONEY POSITION—STOCKS ATTRACTIVE—RUSSIANS STILL RECOVERING—YIELDS ON FOREIGNERS—PERU DIVIDEND.

The principal influence in operation in the gilt-edged market is the continued improvement in the monetary situation, and this is making an appreciable impression upon values all round, because of the natural susceptibility of such securities to the course of affairs in Lombard-street. There are even hints of a reduction in the Bank rate before the turn of the New Year, which, to my mind, is not only too sanguine, but very improbable when all the circumstances are reckoned with. The fact of the matter is that while gold is still coming from Paris in large quantities the withdrawals to Brazil are so far only of moderate dimensions. This is the cause of the hopeful feeling prevalent. However, whether the market is over sanguine or not, I still contend that gilt-edged stocks, from Consols downwards, are a promising purchase. The range of values is still relatively low, and the yield obtainable consequently good, and, as I emphasised a week ago, though the high rates given for money on deposit with the banks are an inducement to ignore the market for the time being, because of the immediate advantage derivable, as the monetary pressure relaxes with the turn of the year, these deposit rates will be naturally lowered, while the same influence will be calculated to bring about a considerable appreciation in gilt-edged stocks. There is, therefore, an additional source of profits which cannot fail to attract the prospective purchaser of gilt-edged stocks, the current prices of which, it may be noted, contain two, in some cases five, months' accrued interest. The continued recovery in Russian securities is still the most conspicuous feature of the Foreign market. The discount on the new Fives is being steadily reduced, while the Fours are now materially above the lowest point of the current year. Not only have the rumours of a fresh loan in the early part of next year been denied, but the general situation, financial and political, is said to be improving. This may be true, but it does not induce me to alter my opinion of the uncertainty attaching to the bonds. Here is a table showing the yield obtainable upon Foreign stocks:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Argentine 4 p.c. Rescission	93	£4 6 0
,, 4 p.c. 1900	88	4 11 0
Brazil 4 p.c.	85	4 14 0
Chinese 4½ p.c. Gold	97½	4 13 0
,, 5 p.c. ,,	103	4 17 0
Japanese 4 p.c. 1905	88½	4 10 6
,, 4 p.c. Old	90	4 9 0

After the prominence attained by the stocks, especially the Preferred, it is interesting to refer to the report of the Peruvian Corporation, which shows a slight diminution in profits to £427,000, according to the preliminary figures. The Preferred again receives 1½ per cent. for the year, and the First Mortgage Debentures 6 per cent. for the fourth consecutive year. In relation to the position of the Preferred stock, the chief factor is the authorisation given by Congress for the Government to come to terms with the Corporation within a prescribed period for the settlement of the differences outstanding. Whether the negotiations will be productive of any good results is a matter for conjecture, but in this connection the

TREATISE ON OPTIONS.—Mr. Arthur Crump, late City Editor of the *Times*, described "Options" as "The most scientific and prudent way of operating on the Stock Exchange." This system, although very popular on the Continent and in America, is not so well known amongst Investors here as its merits justify. We have just published a new Treatise on this subject, which will be sent post free on application to THE SECRETARY, LONDON & PARIS EXCHANGE, LTD., Bankers, Basildon House, Bank, London, E.C., or from any of its Branches.

rumoured loan obtainable through a German bank is not a hopeful indication, seeing that such help would be calculated to prompt the Government to offer terms unacceptable to the Corporation.

HOME RAILS QUIET, BUT PRICES MAINTAINED—THE QUESTION OF CONTANGOES—REFORM BADLY NEEDED—LABOUR AGITATION SCARCELY AFFECTS VALUES—THE BRIGHT MONETARY OUTLOOK—STOCKS THAT ARE CHEAP.

After the substantial rise in values registered during the end of November account, Home Rails have been inclined to pause, though the market has since maintained a hard appearance, notwithstanding a certain amount of profit taking. The onerous contango rates exacted at the carry-over naturally had a deterrent effect upon speculators; the rate on North-Westerns, for example, worked out at $\frac{5}{8}$ per cent. for the account, and continuation charges as a rule ranged from 8 to 10 per cent. per annum. Why contangoes on high-class investment securities like English Rails should be stiffer than those upon South American Rails is a matter for which it is hard to find a reasonable explanation. I am aware of the objection there is to "taking in" registered stocks, and that is why I have made the comparison with Foreign Rails, which are also registered. Apparently it can only be assumed that the dealers in the South American division are more enterprising than their confrères in the Home Railway section. There is no questioning the fact that a more enlightened policy in this respect on the latter's part would mean a considerable increase of business to them, but while the old exclusive régime continues the Home Railway market is likely to be still shunned by those who cannot afford to pay outright for what they purchase. In recommending Railway stocks I have for a long time past purposely confined my remarks to the speculative investor willing to take up and hold awhile, and it is perhaps as well to repeat the statement now. As far as the outlook is concerned two influences which, during the last few days, have had a general bearing upon the market are the revival of the agitation among railway employees for higher pay and shorter hours, and the improvement in the monetary situation. In regard to the first matter it is interesting to observe that the demands put forward at the Conference of the Amalgamated Society, while they induced a few nervous holders to secure profits, failed to materially affect prices. This demonstrates what I mentioned a few weeks ago, that the market is coming to see that the depression resulting from labour agitations has been overdone. Since the admission recently made that barely 10 per cent. of the total railway employees of the country were enrolled in the ranks of the Amalgamated Society, the dealers in the market have refused to take alarm at the speeches of Mr. Richard Bell and his associates. Concerning the monetary influence, the increase of $2\frac{1}{4}$ millions shown by last Thursday's Bank return is a point of no little importance. This has practically guaranteed the market against a 7 per cent. Bank rate, which was the one doubt that caused many people to delay buying stocks. With investors thus assured that the next movement—probably the next two or three movements—in the official value of money will be downward, there is something substantial to be discounted in the prices of all high-class securities, and the matter is quite as important for the Home Railway market as the question of traffics and dividends. To come to a consideration of stocks that are most attractive, my readers are fairly well acquainted with my favourites, and for the present I see no reason to vary the selection recently given. Great Northern Deferred has continued to gain in public favour, and with a minimum dividend of 2 per cent. almost assured for the current year, the stock, which would on that basis give a return of $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. to a present purchaser, is undeniably cheap. Those who adopted my recommendation to buy when the price was under 40 obtained a bargain. Hull and Barnsley has remained quiet in the absence of further talk regarding the prospects of a closer working arrangement with one of its larger neighbours. The Hull, however, has been doing so well lately that the stock is a bargain quite apart from any plum in the way of a beneficial working agreement with or absorption by another Company. In respect of 1905 the Board paid a dividend of $1\frac{3}{8}$ per cent. upon the Ordinary stock. For the first half of 1906 there was as usual no interim dividend, but the carry-forward was increased by £22,000, equal to rather more than $\frac{5}{8}$ per cent. Thus, without any addition to net profits this half-year, 2 per cent. could be paid upon Hulls, which would mean a yield at current price of $4\frac{3}{8}$ per cent. As, however, the Company to date for twenty-one weeks has a gross increase of £16,100, equal to, say, £20,000 for the twenty-six weeks, and only another £8,000 net is required to pay $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., there is a reasonable prospect that the dividend for the year will be $2\frac{1}{4}$, which would give a present purchaser a return of $4\frac{7}{8}$ per cent. upon his money. Another low priced stock that has lately enjoyed a fair recovery is South-Western Deferred. I do not question the soundness of this security, but it does not seem as cheap as either of the two already mentioned. At the present price the yield is only 4 per cent., and as traffic returns to date show an increase of only £15,000, and there is the Salisbury accident to provide for, without making allowance for any growth in ordinary expenses, it becomes a question, not whether the dividend will be advanced, but whether it can be maintained. The bright prospects for North-Easterns, seeing that the Company already has a traffic increase of £225,000, speak for themselves. There is doubtless a fresh capital issue in the not distant future, seeing that the last balance-sheet showed a debit to capital account of some two millions, but having regard to the generosity of the management for some years in the matter of betterments, the current earnings, and the fact that the yield on the basis of the last two dividends is over $4\frac{1}{8}$ per cent., there is scope for a further improvement in this stock. North Staffordshire Ordinary, another security which I have advocated for some little time, still presents a strong case. Another $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the six months only requires £9,000, and this should be forthcoming, seeing that £5,000 more was carried forward in August, and the line shows a traffic increase to date of £12,600. The dividend would thereby be raised to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the year, and as the stock stands at par this would also represent the yield. Here follows my usual table:—

Home Rails.	A Year Ago.	Make up, Nov. 27.	Closing Price, Nov. 24.	Closing Price, Dec. 1.	Movement.
Caledonian Pref.	78½	74¾	74¾	74¾	—
Do. Def.	40½	32⅞	32⅞	32	- ⅞
City and S. London	48	42	42	42	—
Central London	93½	83½	84	84	—
Great Central 94 Pref.	75	—	74½	74½	—
Do. "B"	38⅜	35⅝	35⅝	35½	+ ⅛
Do. "A"	18⅜	16½	16½	16⅜	- ⅛
Great Eastern	88½	82	82	82½	+ ½
Great Northern Pref.	103	100	100	100½	+ ½
Do. Def.	45⅜	44½	44½	45⅛	- ⅛
Great Western	143½	128½	128½	130	+1½
Hull and Barnsley	43	47⅞	47⅞	48	+ ⅛
Lancashire and Yorkshire	110	102	102	102½	+ ½
London and Brighton "A"	127½	118½	118½	119½	+1½
London, Chatham, and Dover	16⅞	14⅜	14½	14⅜	- ⅛
Do. 4½ p.c. Pref.	102	90	91	91	—
Do. 2nd Pref.	68½	55	55	55	—
London and North-Western	160½	151½	151½	152½	+ ⅛
London and South-Western Def.	58	49	49½	50½	+1½
Metropolitan Consolidated	90	63½	63½	64	+ ½
Metropolitan District	38½	20	20½	20½	- ⅛
Midland Pref.	69½	67½	67½	68	+ ½
Do. Def.	73½	66	66	66⅜	+ ⅛
North British 3 p.c. Pref.	78	74½	74½	74½	—
Do. Def.	46⅜	41⅝	41⅝	41⅜	- ¼
North-Eastern Consolidated	145½	140½	140½	141½	- ½
South-Eastern "A"	50⅜	47	47⅛	47⅛	- ⅛

HOW TO OPERATE IN STOCKS SUCCESSFULLY.—See HALFORD'S ADVISER (post free).—PALMERSTON HOUSE, LONDON, E.C. ESTABLISHED 1869. TELEGRAMS: "MONITOR, LONDON."

SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND for Mutual Life Assurance. SPECIAL NOTICE.—Participating Policies by yearly Premiums issued before the end of the year will rank at the Division of Profits in 1908 for three years' Reversionary Bonus additions. These Policies now share unconditionally in Profits from the date of issue, and if the Assured die even a day after payment of the first year's Premium, a year's Bonus will be paid along with the sum Assured. Accumulated Funds exceed £18,000,000, the whole of which belongs to the Policy holders.—London: 28, Cornhill, E.C., and 5, Waterloo-place, S.W.

Americans Irregular But Firm—Allowing for Dear Money—Higher Values Anticipated a Little Later On—Atchison Diamond Prospects—A Cheap Stock—Missouri-Kansas Again Prominent—Union Pacific Report—A Word About Steels.

The American Railroad market during the past week has shown a certain amount of irregularity, and in the majority of cases stocks on balance have given way a dollar or two. There are, however, one or two notable exceptions, while concerning the market as a whole the resistance which is still being offered to adverse monetary conditions and one or two other "Bear" points is once again significant of the power of the forces controlling the "Bull" movement. Last Friday, for instance, when call money in Wall Street touched 27 per cent., and operators were anticipating that the Surplus Reserves of the Associated Banks would again be wiped out, stocks actually rose. The fact is illustrative of the confidence felt by the leaders of the market, and gives point to the belief, held pretty generally by the professionals on this side, that Wall Street is at present holding the market in readiness for a renewed upward movement as soon as the worst of the present monetary stringency has passed. A matter that may have an important bearing upon the monetary question a little way ahead is the latest scheme for the rehabilitation of the currency system of the United States. Bankers have tried for the last fifteen or sixteen years to evolve a plan for giving greater elasticity to the currency system of the country, but on each occasion without success, the views of one section of the community always appearing to conflict with those of another. Now, however, a scheme has been brought forward, following very much the lines of the Canadian system, which apparently meets with general approval, and with President Roosevelt anxious for the reform, and Mr. Shaw only remaining in the Cabinet to "see the thing through," the prospects of a practical solution of the difficulty are brighter than ever before. Regarding railroad earnings, the story is still highly satisfactory. The Reading, Erie, and one or two other lines have lately published some indifferent revenue statements, but as a whole the record is one of remarkable progress. Atchisons have, during the last few days, come into greater favour, the market being impressed by the splendid figures for October, which showed a gross increase of $1,433,000, of which $807,000 was retained as extra net revenue. In the same month this company earned a surplus over fixed charges of $3,479,000, or $791,000 more than in the corresponding month of 1905, while the surplus for the four months amounts to the remarkably handsome total of $11,112,000, an increase of $2,160,000. These figures afford good ground for the belief that the dividend on Atchisons will be raised to a 6 per cent. basis next spring, and accordingly the stock would appear to be considerably undervalued. Among low-priced stocks, Denver and Ontario and Missouri and Kansas have during the last few days been given a speculative run. Beyond the fact that they had lately been rather neglected, no particular reason transpired for the spurt in the first two, but the demand for Missouri-Kansas is credited to buying for control, the Hill interests, it is said, being desirous of connecting up the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy with Gulf Ports. For the present, Missouris are the principal gambling favourite with London operators, who are talking them considerably higher, and, of course, if there is anything in the story just mentioned, a further rise is quite on the cards. The "Heavy" stocks have been rather neglected since the disclosure of the plan for dealing with the rights of Great Northern proprietors arising out of the ore lands sale. New York Central at one time were firm upon a rumour that the dividend is to be increased, but in good quarters an early advance in the distribution is not looked for. The Union Pacific's annual report, so long awaited, appears to be as satisfactory as expected, though the full details have up to the time of writing not reached this side. According to the cabled summary, the income on the basis of the net railroad earnings and income amounted to 14 per cent. for the Common stock. This, however, is without taking account of $2,000,000 appropriated for betterment expenditure, or of the dividend paid upon the Union's large holding of Southern Pacific stock; the inclusion of these sums raises the total earning percentage on the Common to 17 per cent. The gross earnings of the railway for the year were $67,282,000, an increase of $7,956,000, while other income amounted to $10,330,000, an increase of $3,833,000. After paying charges and dividends and allowing for betterments and equipments the surplus was $8,032,000, an increase of $813,000. Altogether $4,200,000 was devoted to betterments and additions to equipment, and $2,207,000 was charged to operating expenses as a reserve fund for maintenance and renewals. United States Steel stocks have been comparatively neglected of late, though the Common is again beginning to attract attention upon the prospects of a record-earning statement for the current quarter. The Corporation is just now enjoying such a big wave of prosperity—it is understood to have orders sufficient to keep the mills running for more than a year ahead—that the Common stock is almost bound to grow in favour with speculators. For the investor on the look-out for a high yielding security for mixing purposes the Seven per Cent. Cumulative Preferred stock looks attractive; indeed, it would not be easy to discover another stock that offers a return of 6⅝ per cent. with equal security. Going higher up the investment scale, there are the Corporation's Five per Cent. Second Mortgage bonds, which can be bought at a fraction over par. These strike me as almost a gilt-edged investment, for with $360,000,000 of Preference behind them paying 7 per cent., and $508,000,000 of Common paying at the rate of 2 per cent., and showing considerably more, there should be no doubt about the interest on the bonds, whatever happens to the share capital. I give below my usual table of movements:—

—	1905. Highest.	1905. Lowest.	Closing Price, Nov. 17, 1906.	Closing Price, Nov. 24, 1906.	Closing Price, Dec. 1, 1906.
Atchison	96	80⅛	103	104½	107⅜
Do. Five per Cent. Pref.	109	102	105	105½	105½
Baltimore and Ohio Com.	120⅛	104⅛	123	123½	122½
Chesapeake and Ohio	61½	46⅜	56	57	57⅛
Denver	40½	27⅜	42	41⅜	43½
Do. Pref.	93⅞	85⅜	86	88	88¾
Erie	54½	38⅝	45½	45⅜	45⅝
Do First Pref.	57½	77⅜	78½	78½	78
Louisville	161⅛	140½	149	151½	150½
Milwaukee	193⅜	173½	188½	190	188½
Mo., Kan., and Texas	39⅞	24⅛	38⅜	42½	44
Norfolk Pref.	96½	94	93	93	93
Do. Common	90⅞	77⅜	97½	97½	97½
New York Central	169⅜	140½	133	135½	136
Ontario	65½	41⅜	47⅜	48⅜	49⅞
Pennsylvania	76⅜	67½	71⅞	71⅞	71⅝
Reading	73⅜	40⅞	77	76½	76
Do. First Pref.	49⅜	46	44½	46	44½
Southern Common	39⅞	28⅜	35½	35½	35⅝
Do. Pref.	104½	97½	99½	93	99½
Southern Pacific	74	59⅝	98⅜	97½	97½
Union Pacific	155⅞	116⅜	192⅜	193⅜	192⅞
Do. Pref.	102½	98½	96	96	96
Wabash Pref.	49½	37⅞	44	45	44½
Do. "B" Debentures	86⅞	60½	82	82	82½
U.S. Steel Corp. Com.	44½	26	49⅝	49½	49⅝
Do. Do. Pref.	110⅛	93⅜	108⅜	108	107⅛

Canadian Railway Statements—Grand Trunks Prospects—The Sensational Rise in Mexican Rails—A Successful Raid Upon the Bears—Mexican Firsts—For Investment—The Interoceanics—The Strong Case for the Preference—Manila Reconstruction Scheme.

Interest in Canadian Pacific Railway shares has been well maintained in the past week, and brokers report a growing demand amongst the British public as a result of the light that has lately been thrown by the press upon the wonderful earnings and prospects of the line. The Company's October statement was a very good one, an increase in gross earnings of $1,224,000 yielding $511,000 as extra net revenue. For the four months gross receipts have increased by $5,217,000, and working expenses by $2.640,000, so that the aggregate net gain is $2,577,000. It must be confessed that beside these figures those disclosed by the Grand Trunk October statement make rather poor reading.

Taking the combined system, an improvment of £66,400 in traffics has yielded no more than £12,100 as extra net revenue. The main line, with a gross increase of £57,900, managed to retain £20,100 in net, but the branches again acted as a drag, particularly the Canada Atlantic. This section, which had an increase in gross receipts of £2,300, incurred an advance in expenses of no less than £9,400, so that net profits were £7,100 lower. On the Detroit branch a gain of £2,500 in traffic receipts was converted into a shrinkage of £1,400 in net. The extent to which increased working expenditure is swallowing up the additions to gross receipts on the Trunk system is strikingly shown by the fact that out of a gain in gross earnings for the four months of £267,000, the increase in net earnings is no more than £40,800. Again the Canada Atlantic is the worst offender, showing a falling-off in net receipts of £20,300, despite an advance of £5,900 in gross revenue. These results, however, do not appear to deter speculators for the short run, while, of course, the fact that the management continues to expend money so freely out of revenue upon its property is all in favour of the various stocks, taking the long view. The Third Preference, as I have previously stated, stands a reasonable chance of getting 3 per cent. in regard of the current year, and with the full 4 per cent. only a matter of a little waiting, the stock possesses excellent scope for an advance. The Ordinary is being locked away by those who hold sanguine views about the new Pacific road, the surplus profits of which revert to the Trunk, while a "Bull" point raised lately has been the rumour that stock certificates to bearer are to be issued so as to facilitate dealings in New York. In the Foreign Railway group Mexican Rails have overshadowed everything else. The stocks of the old Vera Cruz line were left in very short supply after the end-November settlement, owing to a big take-up of stock, and this knowledge emboldened certain operators to inaugurate a grand campaign against the "Bears." Prices were run up by leaps and bounds, both the Ordinary and Second Preference rising 8 points within a few days. Various rumours were circulated to aid the movement, one being that an amalgamation with other roads was pending, and another that the First Preference was to be converted into a Five per Cent. security, holders getting Ordinary to compensate them for the loss of the remaining 3 per cent. to which they are entitled. Both these reports may crystallise into fact one day; at any rate, there is nothing inherently improbable about them, but for the present there is no evidence to show that they represent more than market theories. After the sharp rise in the junior stocks the market may elect to pause for breath, though I might remind my readers of the attractiveness as an investment of the First Preference stock, the more so as the advance in this security lately has not been anything like so great as in the case of Seconds and Ordinary. The First Preference is now earning at the full rate of 8 per cent., and at the current price of about 140 gives a yield of practically 5¾ per cent. As the margin behind the stock grows, and there is every indication that it will grow, so must the price improve. Before long, it should be valued upon a 5 per cent. yield basis, which would mean a quotation of 160, or some twenty points above the current valuation. Another very promising security in the Mexican Railway group is Interoceanic 7 per cent. Preference, the claims of which I have persistently advocated from the early part of the year, when the price was about 6, down to the present time when the quotation stands at 11½ In brief, the position is this: The shares, which are of the nominal value of £10, earned in respect of the year to the 30th June last 4 per cent. True, only 2 per cent. was paid, but a sum equivalent to another 2 per cent. was absorbed in wiping off a debit on capital account held in suspense against the Preference shareholders. To date from July 1, gross earnings have expanded by £25,000, equal to, say, £60,000 for the full twelvemonth, and it only requires an addition of £30,000 net to give the shares their full 7 per cent. There is thus more than a sporting chance of the full rate being forthcoming in respect of the current financial year, and the shares should accordingly be worth par upon current earnings alone. That would mean that only 1½ is left in the present market quotation of the shares to represent the interest arrears, which have accumulated since 1891 and amount to about 10⅛ per share. Sooner or later these areas will be funded, and probably the funding will take the form of a bonus issue of Second Preference, as was the plan adopted recently by the Cordoba and Rosario, and the Entre Rios to deal with accumulated debt. Now with the Interoceanic in so flourishing a state, would a quotation of 5 be unreasonable for a Second Preference share? Assuming this to be about the immediate value, and allowing 10 as the worth of the First Preference, ex rights to the bonus, the latter should be worth 15 as they stand, or some 3½ points more than the existing quotation. There has been a surprise in United of Havana Rails lately, but until the sales that are likely to emanate from Matanzas proprietors in connection with the exchange of stock are done with, I would not advise the public to touch this stock; in fact, the recent advance looked suspiciously like manipulation. The Manila Railway reconstruction scheme has just been issued, and will be considered at a meeting to be held next Friday. Space does not permit me to set out in full the complex details of the plan, which probably have been well digested already by those interested. I may mention, however, that the scheme appears an eminently practical one; that the market regards it with favour, and that the new securities and cash bonus to be offered in place of the existing 6 per cent. Debentures are estimated by the dealers to be worth at least 120. Here is my usual table:—

—	A Year Ago.	Make-up, Nov. 27.	Closing Price, Dec. 1.
Canadian Pacific	179½	187	188½
Grand Trunks	23⅝	28⅜	29
,, 4 per cent. Guaranteed	101¾	102½	103
,, 1st Preference	112½	118	118⅜
,, 2nd ,,	104	111	111⅜
,, 3rd ,,	57½	68¾	69½
Bengal and North-West	151	146	144xd
Madras Railway 5 per cent.	126½	123	122½
Argentine Great Western Ordinary	126½	112½	112
Buenos Ayres and Pacific	130½	122	106½
,, ,, 1st Preference	114½	—	125¼
,, ,, 2nd ,,	105	105½	126
,, Great Southern	138	125½	87½
,, Western	133	126	114¼
Entre Rios Railway Preference	90½	87	90½
Rosario Consolidated Ordinary	112½	114¾	27½
Cent. Uruguay Ordinary	86½	90½	90½
Costa Rica Railway	—	27½	27½
Mashonaland Railway Debentures, 2nd iss.	—	89½	90½
Mexican Railway	24 13/16	39⅜	40¼
,, 1st Preference	118½	138	140½
,, 2nd ,,	48	79½	85⅞
Nitrate Rails	15⅞	16¼	16⅜

Kaffirs Sagging—Van Dyk Strike—South West Africa—Rand Vereeniging Power Scheme—De Beers Report—New Vaal River Project.

Kaffirs have developed a rather easier tendency, except in the case of two or three Companies, in regard to whose properties favourable developments are reported, and there is very little indeed that is new or interesting to write about. The trend of business in the mining markets appears to be towards the newer fields, the shares of Siberian undertakings, in which a very considerable amount of South African capital is invested, receiving most attention. As the Siberian "boom" progresses the neglect of the older mining sections becomes each week more marked, and the greatest sufferer is the Kaffir market—at any rate, it seems to be—owing perhaps to its present flabby condition being in such striking contrast to the inflated activities of pre-war days. The desertion of Transvaal mines by investors, however, can only be temporary, as when the Colony has its new Constitution, and has solved for itself the vexed labour question, the Rand and other gold-fields will be found to have lost none of their old attractions. There is gold and other mineral wealth in abundance in the Transvaal, and once all contentious matters have been removed, there will be no lack of capital or enterprise to develop them. Van Dyks had an appreciable spurt this week, rising from 1⅛ to 1½ on highly favourable news as to the striking

of the Main Reef in shaft No. 1 at a depth of 1,550 feet. Thirteen samples were taken from the reef, and these were halved and assayed by two assayers independently, the average value being very satisfactory, working out at 273 dwt. per ton over four inches, or 36 dwt. per ton calculated over a milling width of thirty inches. This is exceedingly good news for the Company, and too much stress cannot be laid on the comparatively shallow depth at which the reef has been encountered, or upon the good average value shown by the two sets of independent assays. I notice that the old and very regular dividend-payer, the Transvaal Coal Trust, announces another distribution of 1s. per share, and another quarterly dividend of 2s. per share (10 per cent.) has been declared by the Durham Roodepoort Gold Mining Company. This Company has paid dividends for many years, having returned to the original shareholders their capital outlay several times over; and although the latest declaration is a 1s. per share less than for the preceding and previous quarterly periods, there is no reason to doubt that the mine will continue to yield handsome returns for years to come. A feature of the week has been the great revival in the shares of the South-West African Company, for which there is an active demand at a considerably advanced price. The capital of this Company is £2,000,000 in £1 shares, of which 1,250,000 have been issued, and it has an enormous area of mining rights, including 22,000 square miles. Varied and important as these interests are, however, what is regarded as one of the South-West Africa Company's principal assets is its holding in the Otavi Mines and Railway Company, by virtue of which it is entitled to 55 per cent. of the profits made by that company. The Otavi Mines and Railway Company, which was formed some time ago by several leading financial groups, has a subscribed working capital of £1,000,000, of which the South-West Africa Company contributed £400,000. A railway has been built for 350 miles from Swakopmund to the mines, and is about to be opened for traffic, and in a few months the production of high-grade copper and lead ores from valuable and extensive deposits which have been opened up at Tsumeb will be commenced. For a Company possessed of such assets and prospects it is not surprising that South-West Africa shares have risen to 22s. Such great progress is being made with the initial stages of the scheme for the transmission of electrical energy to the Rand from the Vaal River at Vereeniging that I hear an English group of financiers who have taken the matter in hand will shortly complete their arrangements for making an appeal to the public for subscriptions. The practicability and payability of the project, which originated with Messrs. Lewis and Marks, who have important interests at Vereeniging on the banks of Vaal, some thirty miles from the Rand, have been demonstrated by eminent engineers and scientists, and the fact that English financiers after full consideration have undertaken to guarantee the requisite capital proves that in their opinion a cheap and adequate supply of electrical power is necessary for the great mining industry which it is proposed to serve, and augurs well for the enterprise. For the year ended June 30, 1905, the Oceana Consolidated Company made a profit of £67,100 and paid a small dividend. This year, that is for the twelve months to June 30 last, the profit was £25,050, and there is no dividend. The Company has large interests in various parts of Africa—South, East, West, and in Egypt—and elsewhere, and is concerned in the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company, but the smallness of its profit last year is undoubtedly due to the unsatisfactory state of affairs in connection with the Transvaal mining industry. Financially the Company is in a good position, and with the return of better times in South Africa it will undoubtedly enjoy a large measure of prosperity. The chief feature in the diamond section has been an advance in De Beers from 21 to 21 7-16, the result no doubt of the satisfactory report issued during the week. The diamonds produced for the twelve months ended June 30 last realised the enormous sum of £5,607,718, as against £4,802,844 in the previous year, and the profit amounted to £2,103,536. It is stated that the five years' contract with the Diamond Syndicate—the London syndicate which purchases the Company's produce—expired on June 30, since when a fresh contract has been concluded for a similar period on even more advantageous terms to the De Beers Consolidated Mines. That the shareholders are highly satisfied with the great prosperity which their company enjoyed last year may be taken for granted, and as a higher price is now being obtained for the diamonds there need be no fear of any diminution in profits for a few years to come at least. Of the net profit of £2,103,536 there was distributed in dividends £1,800,000. At the end of June the reserve of blue ground on the floors totalled 7,096,700 loads, an increase of 2,622,441 loads compared with the previous year, which, of itself, represents a very valuable asset. Some time ago certain French newspapers, doubtless for market purposes, insinuated that the De Beers and Kimberley mines were nearly worked out, but how far such is from being the case may be gathered from the statement made at the De Beers annual meeting, held at Kimberley last Friday, by Colonel D. Harris, who presided, to the effect that the Company would be producing diamonds on a large scale at the end of the century. It must be remembered that besides the De Beers and Kimberley mines the Company has three others—Wesselton, Bultfontein, and Dutoitspan—which have only recently begun work on an extensive scale, and these three represent a claim area of more than quadruple the area of the first-mentioned two mines. Altogether, including both blue ground on the floors and in the mines, there is actually in sight ground to a total of over 64,000,000 loads, or sufficient to last, at the present rate of production, for eleven years, and representing an estimated output of £64,000,000 worth of diamonds. These facts must be somewhat disconcerting for "Bears" of De Beers shares, and the further fact that a substantial increase of dividend for the first six months of the Company's current financial year is promised for this month will afford them anything but relief. Premier Diamonds are lower at 12¼; Diamond Mining Investments, a large line of which has been taken up in Paris, where the shares are fairly active, are 2⅛, and New Vaal Rivers 7⅛. A cablegram from Kimberley states that the resolutions authorising the Debenture issue and increase of capital of the New Vaal River Diamond and Exploration Company were duly passed at the confirmatory meeting held there on November 27. With regard to the recent discovery of an important and extensive area of alluvial diamondiferous ground on this Company's farms it is the intention of the directors to throw open for the present four square miles of ground for the purpose of leasing it to large companies, syndicates, and individual diggers. Of these four square miles, one square mile is to be allotted to a syndicate which has been formed in London with £25,000 working capital, and which will pay a yearly rent and a royalty on all finds. Two square miles will be allotted among smaller syndicates, who are willing to lease 500 claims or thereabouts, paying rent and 20 per cent. royalty, and one square mile will be allotted to individual diggers, who will pay 20 per cent. royalty and the ordinary fees for claim licences. Several well-known practical mining men have applied for a very large number of claims, the total number so far applied for being 63,000, exclusive of another application for one square mile. As yet no decision has been arrived at by the directors as to the size of the area on the new discoveries which the Company will work itself, but no doubt it will undertake to operate on a considerable section of the ground, and if the results prove to be only one quarter as good as in prospecting, the profits accruing to the Company, apart from the very substantial income that will be derived from rent and royalty, must be enormous.

Rhodesians Quiet—Chartered—Banket Subsidiary—Tanganyikas.

Although the speculative interest in Rhodesians intermittently manifests itself, it must be confessed that on the whole the market is still more or less lethargic and featureless. As regards Chartered, they have lost the buoyancy imparted by the recent whisperings on the subject of the imminence and satisfactory character

of the annual report. This document, as I pointed out before, will not make its appearance until the early part of the New Year, so that it is recognised that there is nothing of immediate consequence "to go for" in the market vernacular. Still, when it does come, it would be keenly disappointing if the showing did not indicate a much improved position, though to expect an actual surplus would be rather too sanguine. Given fairly healthy market conditions, a satisfactory report would probably make a good impression upon the shares, but in the interval it is quite possible that they may attain a lower figure. A greater degree of interest is now being evinced in Bankets, as a result of the persistent hints that good news may be expected concerning the development. There is probably some foundation for such rumours, and, regarded strictly as a gamble, Bankets do not appear to be altogether unattractive, especially upon any temporary reaction. It may be noted, too, that the shares of the Eldorado subsidiary, which has a capital of £250,000, of which 25,000 shares of £1 each are offered to holders of Bankets at par, are coming in for some attention. They have been bid for at a slight premium, which affords a profit worth taking by those who took up the shares. As regards Tanganyikas, they continue to droop away, and are now hovering about 5, but in my opinion they are likely to go still lower, so that the prospective purchaser would probably be able to get in on better terms by taking a passive interest in the shares for the time being.

West Africans Idle—Broken Hills Booming—Metals High—Great Cobars—Siberian Gamble.

Stagnation is still the most distinguishing characteristic of the Jungle, and so indifferent is even the professional attitude towards its plausible charms, that business is virtually non-existent, which does not seem to augur well for the frequently promised rehabilitation of the market. The consummation of such an ideal, I may again point out, is scarcely possible until the industry shows some signs of progress. The boom in Broken Hill descriptions continues without abatement, despite the lower price ruling for silver, though it may be pointed out that the other metals produced remain at a high figure. The Colony is still taking a considerable interest in the speculative activity, which is a good sign, and may be ascribed to the greater prosperity of things generally "down under." No fresh developments of particular importance are to be chronicled, except that a fire scare has been denied; but it seems opportune to repeat that, with the metals still commanding high prices, the profit-earning capacities of the mines as a whole must be considerably enlarged, and this no doubt will be reflected in future dividends. There has been a little "Bear" squeezing going on in Great Cobars, with the result that the price of these £5 shares has been recently carried up above 9. When the issue was brought out a few months ago, it will be remembered that the reception accorded was a very poor one, the shares standing at a considerable discount, and that the present strength is somewhat artificial, in spite of the assertion that a still higher figure will be attained before long, is manifest when it is mentioned that the production for the four weeks to November 18 shows a material shrinkage owing to a breakdown in the plant. The production, in fact, amounted to 330 tons copper, 577 oz. gold, and 6,000 oz. silver, as against 409 tons, 1,020 oz., and 8,200 oz. respectively for the preceding month. The net return will show a still further reduction. The gamble in Siberian Mining shares would seem to be gaining momentum, and though values are now unmistakably inflated, a still higher range is looked for in the early future. This may prove correct, but the speculator who desires to participate in this gamble ought to be prepared to "stand from under" before the limit is reached. A new introduction to the Siberian market is the Atbasar Copper Fields, Ltd., which has been brought out with a capital of £250,000 in £1 shares, of which none were offered for subscription, to acquire from the Siberian Syndicate, Ltd., a working option over certain copper and other mineral properties in the neighbourhood of Atbasar, in the Kirghiz Steppes of Siberia. The property has been carefully examined and reported upon, and the assays leave no doubt as to the value of the several and extensive ore bodies that have been located. The results that are likely to be obtained when the property is developed should yield a splendid return to the Siberian Syndicate and the shareholders in the Atbasar Copper Fields.

Westralians Quiet—Kalgurlis Dividend—Fingalls—A Little Kangaroo.

Although there is no marked change in the complexion of affairs in the Westralian market where business remains on quite moderate proportions, values as a rule continue to hold their ground well, and the general tone is good. There is some gratification to be derived from this knowledge, but it is nevertheless to be regretted that the average speculator should continue to ignore Westralians, which, as a group, undoubtedly possess merits of no mean kind. The leading mines pay steady dividends regularly, the industry is flourishing, and, what is more to the point, the general level of values is moderate. They certainly appear to be deserving of more consideration. In point of interest, Kalgurlis remain most conspicuous as a result of the expectation of a very good showing by the forthcoming report. That this will reveal a materially improved position may be taken for granted. The final dividend declaration is 7s. 6d. per share, but an additional 5s. per share is also recommended, thus bringing the total distribution up to 25s., in comparison with 12s. 6d. On this higher basis, the return on the shares is the equivalent of about 10 per cent., but there is, of course, the possibility of still bigger dividends in the future, with profits expanding. As regards Ivanhoes, no further news is to hand respecting development in depth to supplement the recent satisfactory advices, but I still consider that at the low figure now ruling the shares are a rather cheap purchase. Very little attention is now being centred in Great Fingalls, which continue somewhat depressed, being, in fact, at the lowest level. There is, of course, the prospect of a further reduction in dividend following the lowering of the average grade of the mine, but this contingency is liberally discounted by the existing quotation, while it may be noted that development in the lower levels is showing a slight improvement. Among the "Little Kangaroos," it is interesting to refer to the Ivanhoe South Extended. The net result for the year is an increase of £1,003 to £16,908 in the debit balance, but as against this the Chairman remarked that the time is not far distant when the rewards will be reaped. The prospects are considered decidedly encouraging, and I would be inclined to regard the shares as possessing fair gambling possibilities for a long shot until the property approaches the productive stage. I deal elsewhere with the Deep Lead group.

Deep Leads.

In 1850, when the great gold rush took place to Australia, the gold secured by these pioneers was entirely from the beds of streams. This gold is what is called by miners "alluvial" gold, and had been placed in the beds of the streams by the constant wearing away of gold veins by the action of the streams and the concentration of the gold along their beds. Gold to the amount of £70,000,000 or £80,000,000 sterling was secured in the course of a few years from these streams. One of the great centres where these rich deposits were worked was at Ballarat, in the State of Victoria. After the miners had secured the bulk of the gold from the stream beds, it became apparent to them from the geological formation of the country that there was another river system buried deep in the earth in this region. In former geological times great outbursts and flows of lava had taken place, and had filled the river valleys and the streams existing at that time, and had

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"American Railway Earnings and Dividends," by D. O. Croal, F.S.S. "A carefully written *résumé* of the position and prospects of the leading lines in the United States."—*Financial News*.—Effingham Wilson. Price 6d. net.

buried them deep under the earth. The miners gave the name of Deep Leads to these older buried streams, and started to work vigorously to open them up. So long as these buried streams were close to the surface, *i.e.*, while the lava covering them was not too thick, they had no great difficulty, but it was found that in many places they were covered to a great depth, and that vast quantities of water had accumulated under the lava. Gradually these old streams were worked further down their courses by increasing the pumping appliances and securing larger capital, until many successful enterprises were founded. The most prominent of these was the old Madam Berry, which paid out slightly under one million sterling in profits, from a length of about one mile on this buried river. Other enterprises yielded large profits, and the Berry Lead, which was the name given to the ancient river upon which the Berry Mine was situated, became known as the richest and most likely of all these buried streams. Large portions of this river, however, are buried 400 to 500 ft. deep under the lava, and very large amounts of capital were required to work them out, these amounts being too great for the local capitalists. The Government, however, by drill-holes, went on defining the location of the buried streams for many years. English capitalists attacked this problem about 1898, under the ægis of Mr. Whitaker Wright and the London and Globe. Large portions of the ancient river were secured from the Government, and Companies of huge capital were created, consisting largely of paper. The business came to practically nothing so far as results were concerned, and with the collapse of the London and Globe the properties were taken up by a new group, and the capitals reduced to about one-fifth, large sums of money were subscribed, and work was undertaken vigorously.

The principal points of attack have been on the properties known as the Loddon Valley, the Moorlort Goldfields, the Victorian Deep Leads, and the Berry United, where large pumping plants have been erected and a large amount of underground work undertaken. Within the last month, the water has been overcome in the Loddon Valley, and an entrance has been made into the bed of an ancient river. As shown by the cables published by the Company, they give evidence of values of over £8 per fathom. As this form of mining is new to the public, it is of interest to have explained the terms which are applied to it. The original rocks on which the old river rested and formed its floor, before it was buried by the lava, is known as the bedrock. The gold in the ancient river, by the processes of nature, is concentrated into three or four feet of gravel lying immediately on the bedrock, and this auriferous gravel is called the wash. The bed of the ancient stream is also referred to as the "channel." As the gold is largely concentrated near the bedrock, the value of the gravel is more a factor of the area of the bedrock than it is of the quantity of gravel, because only a sufficient amount of gravel is taken out to enable the bedrock to be cleaned up. Consequently, it is customary to state values in square fathoms of bedrock, or, in other words, in square fathoms of the floor or bed of the ancient river. A yield of £2 a fathom is sufficient to cover expenses. The yield of the Companies which worked around the shallower portions of the ancient Madam Berry River show an average of about £8 per square fathom, and the samples obtained from the wash in the Loddon Valley indicate values equally high, so that should these values continue, there is an ample margin of profit. The method of working these ancient rivers is to sink a shaft in the bedrock at the sides of the ancient valley, to a depth sufficient to get clear under the ancient river. A long tunnel is then put out from the bottom of this shaft in the bedrock, entirely under the old river. From this tunnel boreholes are put up into the ancient river, and the water allowed to drain out through these bores. These bores are called waterbores. The water is then pumped from the shaft. The pumping appliances on these mines are very large, the Loddon Valley having a capacity of over ten million gallons per diem. From these waterbores a certain amount of the auriferous wash is obtained, and this is sampled. The samples from these bores have been very rich, and further corroborate the assumption of high values in the wash.

Few people understand what are the very great possibilities of these enterprises. From the last mine worked on the Great Madam Berry Lead, which is the Spring Hill and Central, to the northern end of the Victorian Deep Leads property, is a distance along the ancient Madam Berry River or lead of about thirty-five miles. This ancient river bed is from 800 to 1,800 feet wide, and as about three miles of the stream are all that can be satisfactorily worked with one equipment, it means that there will be eleven or twelve independent mines operated there, all producing large quantities of gold, if present indications are realised. The Companies which are at present interested in this lead are largely controlled by the Australian Commonwealth Trust and the Consolidated Deep Leads, they being the Companies which have financed the Loddon Valley, the Moorlort, the Victorian Deep Leads, the Berry United, and sundry others. Appended are some further details:—

On the Moorlort property, a shaft has been sunk to a depth of 410 ft., and a drive has been put out through the bedrock about 1,000 ft., to a point under the lead. From this drive "water bores" have been put up to the lead, and through them the water is being drained off. The present capacity of the pumps is about 800,000 gallons per day. Their capacity is being increased, so as to lift, together with bailing arrangements, about 5,000,000 gallons daily. It is impossible to estimate the value of ore buried 200 to 430 ft. below the surface, which has not at any point been actually entered. The probabilities of value must rest on three bases—*i.e.*, the results of bores; previous experience elsewhere on this lead; and the geological probabilities. The bores put down from the surface, mostly by the Government, have been of small dimensions, and designed for tracing the actual location of the lead, rather than sampling. Gold has been found in most of these bores situated within the wash. In the mining operations upon the Moorlort and Loddon, the water bores which have been put up vertically from the workings, to let down the water, indicate very high values indeed, but from the scouring action of water under great pressure the amount of gold is probably beyond due proportion. These bores indicate values of from 1 to 20 ozs. of gold per square fathom of wash (16s. to £16 per ton) but, as said, they must be accepted with caution. The upper reaches of the lead have, on working, uniformly yielded very large quantities of gold, and very large profits—the Madam Berry Lead over £5,000,000 from something over seven miles, and the Majorca Lead over £2 000,000. From these yields, dividends of upwards of £2,500,000 have been earned. In no case on the main lead have the mines failed to be profitable. The geological probabilities are based upon the fact that all rivers transport gold long distances along their courses, and, aside from the richness of this ancient river, wherever worked above, they drained an area containing large numbers of gold-bearing veins.

An Urgent Appeal to my Readers.

I desire to draw the special attention of the readers of "Mammon" to the unsatisfactory position of the Truth Toy Fund. Only once a year, and only for this good cause, is anything in the nature of a charitable appeal put forward in these columns. On the present occasion I am particularly anxious that there should be a liberal response, for the Toy Fund is, I am sorry to report, in an exceptionally backward state. To provide the customary Christmas gift of a toy or doll for every child in the London hospitals and poor law institutions a further sum of several hundred pounds will have to be forthcoming within a week or two. There are very, very few rays of sunshine in the lives of these poor and suffering children, and this is one upon which they are eagerly counting. It is not pleasant to think of the bitter disappointment which would mar their Christmastide if they failed to receive the expected toys and dolls. To prevent any such disappointment to the little ones in the hospitals and poor law institutions I now ask my readers to give the Fund the support which it so urgently needs. There are, I am glad to know, a large number of people who have benefited by the information and advice given from week to week in this article and in my "Letter Box," and if all would send a contribution to the Truth Toy Fund the required amount would soon be raised. Contributions addressed to "Vigilant" will, of course, be acknowledged in these columns.

[*Through great pressure on my space, Insurance Notes are unavoidably postponed.*]

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Inquiries should be put as briefly as possible, plainly written, and numbered.

Communications received after Friday may not be replied to in the following issue. Delay may also occur where an exceptionally long list of securities is submitted.

I do not recommend brokers.

Railways.

Godiva.—I suggest that you spread the amount in equal parts over Grand Trunk First Preference and Canadian Pacific Ordinary. *Beth.*—The interest is guaranteed by the Chartered Company, and I look upon the Debentures as reasonably safe. *Funnel.*—Both the Americans might be bought, provided you can take them up and put them away for a year or more. *Bristol.*—I think you might hold on to Atchison for the time being. *Mac.*—The shares are a very good purchase for investment, but do not take fright if you see a slight reaction before long. *Inexperience.*—Buy Canadian Pacifics or London and North-Western Ordinary. *Planetrees.*—Of the two, Home Railways have the better prospects; but see foregoing reply. *H. H. D.*—The mark should have been a plus one. *Inexperienced, Manningham.*—Put the money into Great Western or London and North-Western stocks, which are among the best in the market, and even on the basis of the past year's dividends (which may be improved upon this year) they return 4⅛ per cent. *Marietta.*—It would be good policy to keep the Nizams State Railway Three and a Half per Cent. Debentures.

Mines.

Diver.—1. Accurate information as to the life of the mine is not obtainable, and I should feel dubious about buying owing to the inside selling of the last two or three months. 2. The mine has not yet paid dividends. 3—4. Neither of the Indian mines is particularly desirable. *Ignoramus, Bridlington.*—I do not think highly of the Company, but you, as a shareholder, are liable for the calls. *Carter.*—Buy Robinson Deeps, Rose Deeps, and Langlaagtes. *Tortoise.*—I think you would be well advised to hold on to your South Africans for better conditions in the market. *Nith.*—It would probably be profitable to average. *X. Y., Fermoy.*—Both shares are worth buying, if you can afford to hold on to them for better conditions in the Kaffir market. *Hopeful Prop.*—Your figures are correct. *Scandinavia.*—The holding is simply a gamble, but a fairly promising one at that. *Tyrol.*—1. The shares might be sold for what they will fetch. 2. In the event of Chinese labour being permitted to continue in the Transvaal, the shares you name should have a good recovery. 3. I know nothing about the property. 4. Make the transfer into Mount Yanghongs or Loddon Deep Leads, the latter for preference. 5. The concern is not reliable. *Grocer, Burnley.*—I should not advise you to buy any more of Strattons Independence shares. *Egyptian.*—1. Transactions in the Companies you name are a matter of negotiation, there being very little public interest in them. 2. I do not know any publication which quotes them. 3. The prospects are indifferent. 4. You will find Mr. C. Duguid's "Stock Exchange" of service to you. It is published by Messrs. Methuen and Co., and will cost you 2s. 6d. net. *Black Cat.*—The Company appears to be kept alive only for the purpose of paying fees to the directors, and if you can sell the shares it would be advisable. *E. H. C.*—The concern is a gamble pure and simple. *Albert.*—1. Both shares are sheer gambles, but of the two I should prefer the Westralian. 2. I have nothing to say against either concern. *Anglesey.*—The Company has been transferred to the United States, and there is practically no market in its shares on this side. They might be left alone in favour of one or other of the good Westralian Gold Mines or one of the Copper groups to which I have drawn attention recently. *Snip-it.*—The Company is an American one, which endeavoured to float the dubious shares you mention in this country last year. *H. I.*—The King Solomon Gold Mines has been sold by the Receiver for the benefit of the Debenture holders. *E. M. E.*—1. On a reconstruction the shareholders would almost certainly be called upon to make a sacrifice. 2. There is not much possibility of monetary troubles. *Jacko.*—Simmer East shares will give you a profit on a revival in the Kaffir market, but you may have to wait a little bit for that. *Green Horn.*—I look for an improvement when matters improve in the Transvaal, but the only good share of the three is Langlaagte Estates.

Mixed Securities

Minor.—1. Great Central Five per Cent. Preference (1894) makes a suitable investment to hold for a year or two at least. 2. Grand Trunk Thirds are likely to have a considerable appreciation before long. 3. Try B.A. Rosario. I do not believe in putting all one's eggs into one basket. *S. A. G.*—1. Both the mines appear to be petering out, and that is the explanation of the fall in values. There is not much chance of a recovery. 2. If you wish to make a change try Grand Trunk Second Preference or B.A. Rosario Ordinary. *Souka, Canterbury.*—1. I should hold Brisois Tin for dividends. 2. The Debentures are undesirable. 3. I should select Loddon Deep Leads. *Fac.*—1. It is probable that the recapitalisation scheme will go through ultimately. Personally, I have not a high view of the outlook. 2. As insiders are selling I think it would be advisable to keep away. *Infelix.*—Your holdings are good, and I see no reason why you should part with any one of them at present. *Dolly.*—The shares are a poor lot and should be sold. *Cantab.*—1. The adverse rumours are concerned with the ore reserves. The dividends are paid quarterly. 2. The stocks are worth keeping. *Horton.*—1. As an investment the stock is tolerably attractive. 2. Not for a quick profit. *Barton.*—1. Hold on to General Mining and Finance shares as you have taken them up. 2. Yes. 3. Randfonteins, Robinsons, and Goldfields Ordinary. 4. A sound investment. 5. Armstong-Whitworths, Vickers, Lyons, and Whitbread Brewery Preferred, as well as Fine Cotton Spinners, if you care for textiles. 6. There is no reason why you should sell Mashonaland Railway Debentures. 7. I cannot say. *W. T.*—The mine is, of course, a speculation, as you will realise. The Tokyo Loan seems to be to be reasonably well secured. *St. Enoc.*—1. I have not any particular information about the concern. 2. Canadian Pacifics are very well worth buying at the present price. 3. Buy Japanese Four and a Half per Cents. *Cosmo.*—1. The holding is not a desirable one. 2. Sell out as soon as possible. 3. Hold on for a recovery. 4. The shares are on the upgrade again. 5. The office is reliable. *Fitzroy.*—1. I think you could hardly improve in the circumstances upon B.A. Great Southern Ordinary stock. 2. Japanese Fours are to be preferred. 3. Brighton Railway Deferred, after the stocks of "heavy" companies. *E. H. T.*—Your questions were answered last week. *Phœnix, Glasgow.*—1. Spread the present amount over Brighton "A" and Grand Trunk Second Preference stocks. 2. The other sum might go into Lyons, Bradford Dyers, and Maples, in about equal proportions. 3. It might turn out more cheaply, but you compare the two. 4. Not advisable unless you possess knowledge of market conditions, and are in a position to make comparisons. 5. The theory has a good deal to be said for it, but much less than is contended. *Harp.*—1. Retain the dividend payers, but it would be advisable to sell the rest, as no particular appreciation is to be looked for for years, and you could get the proceeds of the sale back, with much more in addition, in other directions. 2. The Rescission bonds are quite good. 3. Also all right. 4. All three classes of shares are those of a prosperous Company with bright prospects. *Oxford.*—1. The Debentures are not desirable. 2. The earnings have certainly improved, but the dividend has fallen about ½ per cent. I should not hold. 3. You might hold, but the outlook for the "Heavy" stock is best—in fact, unless the sum were a very large one, I should be inclined to make a transfer of the other three. *Brannist.*—1. The Ordinary stock of the North British Railway is worth holding. 2. The Preferred stock of the Steel Corporation is likely to continue to receive its full dividend, even when the next wave of depression falls upon the United States, but you have a respectable return in the meantime, and would be able, with discrimination, to get out before that time. Esperanzas are a doubtful holding. *Clochlowma.*—You could hardly improve, in the circumstances, on one of the Canadian railways—say Grand Trunk Thirds, or one of the Canadian Land Companies—say the Hudson's Bay. *York.*—1. The yield on the shares is higher, certainly, but the security is indifferent, and I should sell and buy Midland Deferred. 2. Furness Withy Preference are good to hold. 3. For a yield of between 4½ and 5 per cent., all the bonds are excellent; but you cannot look for gilt-edged security in the circumstances, a fact which you, no doubt, realise. *Como.*—1. It looks as though Briseis Tin shares might be held for 20s. 2. Bank of Liverpool shares are a good investment, subject, of course, to the very considerable liability upon them. 3. I should say Rand Mines, Goldfields Ordinary, Robinsons, and East Rands. 4. I anticipate a further rise in Lake Coppers. *Unificar.*—I am of opinion that it would be best to buy Royal Mail stock than to sell it. 2. Too much competition. *Lidgett.*—1. Raphael Tuck shares would meet your requirements well. 2. The Zinc Corporations should not be sold under another 5s. 3. I do not fancy the share as a speculation. *E. H. F.*—1. Debenture Corporation Preference stock is worth keeping for an ultimate recovery. 2. I should hold on to the Preference. 3. I regret that I cannot give you any information. 4. The whole thing is a matter of negotiation. 5. The chances are very remote, I am afraid. *H. R. C.*—The stocks recommended by your broker are good, and you could hardly, in the circumstances, improve upon them.

Miscellaneous.

R. F., Zanzibar.—The office is a very good one and quite reliable. *Cranky Knoll.*—I should very decidedly not recommend an investment in the Company. *Harry, Weston-super-Mare.*—1. The profits of the Artisans, Labourers, and General Dwellings have increased, but so has the capital, and the rate per cent. of earnings has fallen by about ½ per cent. 2. Robert Stephenson First Debentures are well secured. *T. M. W.*—The man has been exposed in Truth on frequent occasions as a bucket-shop-keeper, who masqueraded some little time ago under another name in the same quarter. *Chubbler.*—Both are admirable holdings, though, as you say, not exactly gilt-edged. *F. Stone.*—The question is one upon which it would be best to consult a solicitor. *Diastace.*—The Company has not been making progress recently, and you could do better with one of the other leading offices. *C. S. S., Boscombe.*—The concern is fraudulent. *J. F. T.*—Exchange into an "A" Debenture stock. *J. M. S.*—1. The concern ought to benefit further from the improvement in Australian conditions. 2. They are tolerably attractive as trust stocks go. *W. H. Drury.*—I would strongly advise you to leave that concern alone. There are various reasons why you should do so.

Lex.—No. 13 is one that I do not fancy, but the others are all right of their kind. Do not purchase anything through Parisian touts, or any other of the fraternity who charge exorbitantly. *Beta.*—They are a tolerably good selection of industrials. *C. F. W.*—Bucket-shop, which might be avoided. *Southport.*—Ignore Cunliffe, Russell, and Co., of Paris. They charge exorbitantly for the bonds, many of which are undesirable. *Granite.*—There was, if I remember rightly, a meeting some time ago which revealed a very unsatisfactory state of affairs. *Spes.*—I would not care to vouch for the respectability of such self-styled bankers, who are lottery touts pure and simple. *Willis.*—Put them in the fire. *Done.*—No, John B. McKenzie is not a philanthropist, but a bucket-shop keeper. *Alex. S. Johnston.*—The first is all right. *Moortown, Southsea.*—See foregoing reply to "Southport" and act accordingly. *Plater.*—The concern has not paid a dividend on its Ordinary capital. What its prospects are I am unable to advise you. *W. G. S.*—Not a good investment. Leave it alone. *Marler.*—You would be wise not to be taken in by such swindlers. *Hero.*—Greenwich Linoleum Preference seems the better of the two, though the others are reasonably safe. *John.*—My opinion is that both schemes would be safest if completely ignored. *Lockerbie.*—You see a very handsome profit, and as you cannot hurt yourself by taking it, why not leave something for the next man? I think you might hold on to Perkins. Apollinaris Ordinary make a fairly decent holding of their kind. You are entitled to the dividend, and ought, therefore, to claim it through your broker. *Fife.*—A recovery has already taken place, and you might, I think, hold on for a further improvement, following the change of sentiment in regard to brewery stocks. *Dix.*—I consider that your Electric Lighting shares ought to be held. South Durhams and Cargo Fleets are attractive. Vickers are to be preferred to Armstrongs at the existing price. *Gaddun.*—A very energetic bucket-shop keeper, to whom I have more than once devoted a few lines. *G. F., Watford.*—You might hold for a further recovery. It is illogical to expect gilt-edged security and a yield of anything like 6 per cent. Carlton Hotel Ordinary, as such shares go, are not altogether unattractive. D. H. Evans, Hovis Bread, and Harrods are good industrial holdings. *Yankee.*—The contango is heavy for various reasons. Why not take the profit and then you may be able to get in again lower down. Gramophones are not the pick of the market in my opinion. *Nemo.*—Henley Telegraph Ordinary yield about 5¾ per cent at the existing price, and are worth consideration. *E. J., Cardiff.*—I regret my inability to advise you in the matter. The rubber shares are a trifle speculative. *Gunner.*—The high rate of interest offered is not compatible with the security of your principal, and you ought, therefore, to leave the concern severely alone.

Industrials Fairly Active—Cycles Prominent—Breweries Favoured—Yield Obtainable—Bays and Pekins—Telegraphs—Docks Weak—Nitrates Drooping—Textiles.

The broadening out of business in the Industrial market, to which I have recently drawn attention, may be a somewhat slow process. It is still in evidence and must be regarded as a hopeful augury in relation to the future, especially as the continued trade prosperity throughout the country is calculated to engender a further degree of confidence. Generally speaking, Industrials may be considered attractive in view of the outlook and the moderate level of values ruling. In point of interest the boom in Cycle and Motor shares is still the most conspicuous feature. From all accounts the industry is enjoying a continuance of the prosperity which made such a good impression upon earnings during the past financial year. Should this be correct the outlook must be considered bright, but I think it opportune to repeat the remarks of a week ago, to the effect that the individual with a predilection towards such holdings would be wise to wait for the present boom to subside, when values are likely to be established on a more moderate level. Such a contingency is more than probable sooner or later. Incidentally, it may be pointed out the achievement of A. Darracq and Company reflects the prosperity enjoyed by the trade, the dividend being at the rate of 2s. per share with a bonus of 1s., or the equivalent of 25 per cent., while £50,000 is placed to reserve, and £40,000 is carried forward. The Raleigh Cycle Company, too, has done well, the trading profit being £20,500 as against £12,700, establishing a record. But the Ordinary dividend is without change at 5 per cent. and the Deferred again receive nothing. The prospects of anything being paid upon these latter for many years to come is remote. It is gratifying to note a change of sentiment in regard to Brewery securities, which for such a long time past have been wallowing in the slough of depression, and, as a result of the apprehension as to the Government's attitude towards the trade, have been allowed to dwindle to an extremely low level. This in spite of the significance of the bulk of the reports of the leading provincial undertakings, which seem to imply that trade has been by no means unsatisfactory. In these circumstances, I think it opportune to give the following table showing the approximate yields obtainable upon the stock of such concerns, which make a better holding than those of the large brewery Companies with inflated capitalisations:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Ashley's, Staines	7 xd.	£7 18 0
,, Cum. Pfce.	8	5 18 0
Bristol, Georges & Co.	23	6 1 0
Handcock Pfce.	9½	6 0 0
Lascelles, Tickner, Cum. Pfce.	4¼	6 0 0
Nalder & Collyer	28	7 0 0
Newcastle	9½	6 0 0
Parker's, Buralem	10½	7 12 0

Hudson's Bays are gradually drooping away after their recent spurt, and it is believed they will go still lower before the upward movement, which is confidently expected, is resumed. This may be so, but I may repeat what I have recently said on the subject of Bays, to the effect that with such big fluctuations that occur, they are only a rich man's gamble at the inflated price ruling. Pekin Syndicates and kindred Chinese securities are still showing to better advantage, Pekins because of the expectation that coal will be reached within a short time, and upon any temporary reaction I would still regard the shares as a fairly attractive gambling purchase. There is little interest evinced in the Telegraph group, and even the speculative activity in Anglo "A" seems to be waning. The clique who have had this stock in hand are evidently resting, preparatory to another outburst. I am still of the opinion that Anglo "A" at anything like the present quotation is a trifle too hot for the average speculator to touch. It is, as a matter of fact, a gamble which is best left alone. From the purely investment standpoint, the other stocks of this class are deserving of more consideration on the part of the individual who requires a fairly high return upon his money coupled with decent security. No appreciable recovery is noticeable in Dock stocks, to which the postponement of the Port of London Bill administered such a severe blow. As to London and India Deferred, however, it still seems to be a trifle higher than circumstances justify. On the basis of the last distribution of 1¾ per cent., it would give under 3 per cent. at the existing price, while it must be remembered in relation to the dividend possibilities of the current year that the surplus from the first six months was £10,000 smaller than in 1905, which is not, of course, a hopeful sign. Unless the concern has experienced greater prosperity, it is not altogether improbable that a repetition of even last year's distribution would be too much to expect, and, therefore, I would not be inclined to recommend a purchase as being attractive. As regards Iron and Steel shares, they continue somewhat out of favour, save, perhaps, for armament descriptions, more especially Armstrong Whitworths. These, together with Vickers Maxims, seem to be rather interesting. The former would give a clear 5 per cent. even on top of the rise, while Vickers would yield practically 6 per cent. As testifying to the improved conditions of the industry, the report of Fraser and Chalmers is worthy of reference. The trading profits expanded to £68,800 from £50,000, and the net is £45,900, in comparison with £28,900, which admits of a 10 per cent. dividend on both the Ordinary and Preference shares, as against 7 per cent. and 7½ per cent. respectively for 1904-5. In relation to the possibilities of the current year, it is encouraging to note that so far business has been very active. After their recent upward movement, Nitrate shares are gradually drooping down to a generally lower level. At the moment there is nothing much for operators to go for, hence the depreciation, and this seems to open up a good opportunity for the average man who, while recognising the somewhat risky nature of the holding, believes that this is more than compensated for by the high yield obtainable. The following table indicates the approximate returns:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Anglo-Chilian Nit. and Rly. Cum. Pfc.	13½	£7 2 0
Colorado	16½ xd.	5 1 0
Lagunas Nitrate	4⅞	5 3 0
Lautaro	13½	5 19 0
Rosario	6⅜	5 12 0
Salardel Carmen	14¾	11 0 0
San Lorenzo	9½	7 1 0
Santa Rita	13¼	5 5 0

In connection with Textiles, it may be worth while noting that the rumoured reserve capitalisation scheme of J. and P. Coats has been officially denied. Such a measure, it was asserted, would serve no useful purpose, which, to my mind, seems logical enough. Woolcombers shares are now receiving considerable attention, and it is whispered that current trade is very good, and that profits are likely to be materially larger than last year. It may be recalled that by the drastic reorganisation scheme carried out a year or so ago, the capital, including debentures, was cut down from £1,965,820 to £625,000, and the amount of Ordinary shares in the new concern is no more than £50,000. Fixed charges involve only £30,000, and if the profits are expanding the position of the Ordinary shares would be very promising. Letters of allotment for the issue of £100,000 Five per Cent. Registered Debentures of the Carthagena and Herrerias Steam Tramways' Company, Limited, have been posted. VIGILANT.

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QUEER STORY.

A TANGLED WEB.

JAMES FRESHWATER kept a fishmonger's shop in the small country town of Stratfield-in-the-Swamp. He was a widower, about fifty years of age, when he came to Stratfield, but he had not been there very long before his fancy was caught by Mrs. Hooton, a buxom widow, who had a nice little greengrocery business within a few paces of his fishmongery.

He wooed her; he proposed; he was accepted; and, in due course, the pair were married. The union proved a happy one, since Freshwater was genuinely in love with his buxom bride—so far as a staid and respectable tradesman may be said to be capable of that sentiment. While the lady, on her part, quite doted on Freshwater. But when they had been husband and wife for about two years, a terrible cloud arose, threatening to darken for ever the sunshine of their wedded happiness.

In order to explain what this cloud was, I must inform you of something of which James Freshwater (very unjustifiably) had *not* informed his bride—viz., that he had only presumed his first wife's death, and had never had any positive evidence of it.

He and his first wife had not hit it off from the outset. Within a year of their marriage they had separated by mutual consent, Freshwater, who was then manager of a fishmonger's at Paddington, undertaking to make her an allowance of 15s. a week. This he had remitted to her regularly every Monday for four years. Even after she went out to Australia, in the domestic retinue of a newly appointed Governor of Queensland, he had religiously kept up the payments, for which he, from time to time, received letters of acknowledgment from his wife. But after awhile these acknowledgments ceased. Presently, his letters and remittances came back to him through the returned letter office, marked, "Gone away, no address."

He caused a few inquiries to be made, but he could hear nothing of her. In the end, he began to think that she must be dead. And when he saw Mrs. Hooton and fell in love with her, his desire to believe in his first wife's death received such a stimulus, that he persuaded himself into regarding it as an established fact.

Of course, when he asked Mrs. Hooton to marry him, he ought to have explained the whole position to her, so that, if she chose to marry him subject to the risk of his first wife being still alive, she should do so with her eyes open. To conceal this risk from her was to do her a grave injury. However, upon that aspect of the case I need not dwell. We are concerned only with what the enamoured fishmonger did, not with what he ought to have done, or might have done. And, as a matter of history, he did suppress this material fact when he proposed to Mrs. Hooton—thus sowing the seeds of the terrible retribution which now menaced him.

It was certainly rather a cruel coincidence that things should have fallen out as they did, and that William Charlewood, on his return from Queensland, after a ten years' absence, should have come and taken a farm near Stratfield-in-the-Swamp, of all places in the world. But so the Fates had ordained; and so it befel. William Charlewood had, moreover, brought with him (from Queensland)—a wife.

Eh? You have already guessed? Yes, you are quite right. Mrs. Charlewood had no proper right to that designation. Her true legal style (though Charlewood had no idea of this, for the lady had been married to him in her maiden name) was Mrs. James Freshwater.

James Freshwater came face to face with her one afternoon in the market place of Stratfield. Although they had not seen each other for twelve years, the recognition was instant and mutual. James turned deadly pale, and a dizzy faintness seized him. The lady was no less agitated. She came within an ace of swooning away. Fortunately, however, they were alone, and no one else was by to see or hear what passed.

"Eliza! And I believed you were—were—dead!" gasped Freshwater, with trembling lips.

"James! And I believed the—the—same of you!" she murmured, in appalled tones.

"I—I—have married again, Eliza," he groaned.

"So have I, James," she sobbed.

"Eliza, you know we were never happy together. For God's sake, don't give me away!" he pleaded, with desperate entreaty.

"Not I, James. I'll swear that—if you'll promise to do the same by me. It would break poor Charlewood's heart if he knew that I had a husband living," she moaned.

"And I'm sure it would drive my poor Bessie out of her mind, if she knew that I had a wife living," cried the distracted Freshwater.

"We'll each keep the dreadful secret, then, James?" she pleaded, anxiously.

"Yes, Eliza," he assured her.

"Hist! Try and look more calmer-like, James. Here comes Charlewood," said the lady, in a terrified whisper. "I shall say as you're an old friend. Do try and smile, as if you'd been pleased to meet me now!"

At this moment Charlewood came up. He was a bluff, hearty, good-tempered fellow, burly, broad-shouldered, and weather-beaten.

"This is an old friend as I've had the good fortune to run against, Bill," remarked Mrs. Freshwater-Charlewood, with laboured composure. "Let me interdooce you. Mr. Freshwater—Mr. Charlewood."

"Pleased to meet any old friend of the missis's," grinned the unsuspecting farmer, holding out his large hand in hearty welcome. "How's yourself, mate?"

James Freshwater took the proffered hand, with a sickly smile, and replied that he was "so-so, thank 'ee, Mr. Charlewood."

"You ain't looking much of it, though," answered the farmer, remarking the pallor of the other's face.

"Well, I have a little bit of a head on me to-day, I won't deny. I think it's the liver," murmured poor James Freshwater.

The genial Mr. Charlewood grew sympathetic, and recommended a certain patent pill, which he had always found do him a world of good in such emergencies.

James Freshwater thanked him, and said he did not know but what he'd buy a box. Then, excusing himself on the plea of pressing business, he made his escape. A pill, forsooth! How he wished (unhappy man!) that his ailment were of the sort that patent pills can cure!

From that day forward, poor Freshwater's existence was darkened by the shadow of a terrifying apprehension, which brooded over him like one perpetual nightmare. It was true that Eliza had sworn not to give him away. It was true that she was equally as much interested as himself in keeping the fatal secret. Still, there the secret was! And there always remained the risk of its leaking out by some unforeseen accident.

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And if it should leak out—— The wretched Freshwater groaned and shuddered as he thought of that eventuality. What would his Bessie say—she who, now serene and happy in the honourable estate of well-matched wedlock, as she supposed, was really not in that honourable estate at all, but was (all through his fault) something which people in respectable society do not talk about. Would she ever survive the shame of it? James Freshwater cursed his luck; he cursed the fates; he cursed Providence; above all, he cursed the cruel chance which had brought William Charlewood and his wife (who was not his wife) to come and settle at Stratfield-in-the-Swamp.

His miseries were further aggravated by a breakdown in health that, about this time, overtook Bessie. She developed an ominous, hacking cough. She lost her appetite, could not sleep at nights, and generally became languid, listless, and out of spirits. Her plump form lost its plumpness, and the colour and contour departed from her rounded cheeks. James Freshwater became seriously alarmed, and insisted on her seeing a doctor. He remembered that his own mother, who had succumbed to consumption, had begun to go off in precisely the same way.

The doctor came. He made a careful examination. He pronounced that there was no tubercular mischief at present, but that she was just in that run-down state in which such mischief, if she had any tendency to it, might develop, and would find her an easy prey. He prescribed a tonic—change of air and scene, cheerful surroundings, and a generous diet.

"Get her away to the sea at once," he told James Freshwater. "Some lively, bracing place. You can't do better than Margate."

Freshwater acted upon this advice. He sent Bessie to Margate. Unfortunately, he could not accompany her himself, as he had to remain and look after the fishmongery business.

However, they wrote to each other every day. Freshwater was at pains to make his letters as cheerful as possible. But Bessie's, although affectionate and tender, were tinged with a gloom and sadness that much distressed him. Presently the causes of her melancholy became more definite. She hinted at distracting doubts as to whether she could ever return to her beloved Jim, and insinuated that even if the Almighty did not take her (which she almost prayed He might) she must make up her mind to face a separation worse than the separation of death.

Then, at length, Freshwater saw how it was. He realised, with a terrible pang, that Bessie had somehow learned the fatal truth. She knew that she was not his lawful wife. She felt that, under the circumstances, her proper course, as an honourable woman, was to leave him for ever. But she loved him devotedly, and was cruelly torn between the claims of love and duty.

At that moment, the wretched man hated and despised himself for his conduct beyond expression; and the fact that his Bessie had been too noble, too generous to utter one word of reproach against him, added, if that were possible, to the bitter pangs of his self-condemnation and remorse.

"I've killed her by what I've done," he exclaimed, frantically. "My darling is dying by inches, all through my act. But she loves me so, that she won't wound my feelings by laying it all to me, as I deserve. . . . Well, if she dies, I, her Jim, will die, too; and married, or no married, we'll be laid side by side in a common grave," cried the distracted fishmonger, in a frenzy of morbid despair.

He couldn't attend to business that morning. How was it to be expected? . . . After sitting for an hour in his back parlour, with his head between his hands, he took a sudden resolve. He rushed upstairs; packed his hand-bag; gave a few hurried instructions to his assistant; scurried to the railway station; and caught the next train for Margate.

At the station, whom should he encounter but Mr. William Charlewood! Mr. Charlewood had come to see to the despatch of some milk-cans to London, and was giving a porter the necessary directions. He looked glum and gloomy, and the tone in which he returned James Freshwater's "How do you do?" was decidedly morose.

The demeanour of the man, so unlike his usually genial, good-humoured self, aroused new apprehensions in Freshwater's bosom. Was it possible that Charlewood, also, had discovered the awful secret?

He shuddered at the thought, and slunk guiltily away to the farther end of the platform.

His journey to Margate was by no means a pleasant one. The uneasiness awakened in him by Charlewood's tone and manner, coupled with the prospect of the painful interview with his Bessie that was awaiting him, weighed upon him all the way like a heavy load. Indeed, the sense of impending catastrophe that oppressed him was so overpowering, that several times he was fain to cover his face with his hands and groan aloud—to the wonder and alarm of the passenger seated next him, who edged away, regarding him askance as though he might have been a dangerous lunatic. This, however, was lost on Freshwater, who was too much prepossessed with his troubles to notice it.

Arrived at Margate, he took a cab and drove up to Fort-crescent, where Bessie was lodging. He entered her apartments, pale and tremulous. Tea was spread. There she sat at the table, with her hands in her lap, staring moodily before her. Her cup remained untasted. The plate of shrimps that stood on the table near remained untouched. That sight was more eloquent to Freshwater of his Bessie's misery than any words. He knew how she doted on shrimps. He remembered how, in happier times, she could never rest with a dish of them before her until she had polished them off to the last one. But now, even the seductive shrimp could not awaken her interest nor arouse her from her lethargy. For the first time James Freshwater realised to the full, with a mortal pang, how crushing indeed was the blow he had inflicted on his beloved Bessie.

He addressed her by name, in a broken voice.

"Bessie! M-my—my Bessie!"

She started up.

"Jim! You here?"

She took a step towards him—in the impulse of yearning love. Then, recollecting, she drew back, and, covering her face with her hands, cried in heart-broken accents:

"Go! Go! Leave me, Jim. You didn't ought to have come. It's—it's wicked for me to be in the same room with you. Go! Leave me, I implore. But d—do not think too hardly of me. I—I——"

"Think hardly of you, Bessie?" cried the distracted fishmonger. "Why should I think hardly of *you?* It's me who've done the wrong. But I didn't mean it. I swear to you I thought she was dead!"

Bessie uncovered her face and stared at him, in bewildered amazement.

"Thought who was dead?" she gasped out.

"Why, Eliza, my first wife," he faltered.

"What?" she cried, "your first wife is alive, then?"

"Yes," he groaned; "she has lately took up her residence near Stratfield. She passes as Mrs. William Charlewood."

The effect of this announcement upon Bessie was unexpected and astonishing in the last degree. Her tears ceased. Her sobs subsided. Her doleful expression was instantly superseded by a joyous smile. She ran forward and threw herself into James Freshwater's arms. Then, resting her head upon his ample bosom, with her hands clasped behind his bull neck, she ejaculated:

"Jim, my own Jim, I'm so—so—glad!"

"Eh? Glad?" murmured the amazed, yet delighted, Freshwater.

"Yes," said she, "for now we're in the same boat, and I don't mind."

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"In the same boat? What do you mean?" cried the bewildered fishmonger.

"I mean as *my* former husband has turned up alive, too. And oh! Jim, he's—he's—William Charlewood!"

* * * * *

Soon afterwards the four persons involved in this domestic entanglement held a conference at William Charlewood's farm to discuss the position. The upshot of the conference was that they all agreed to preserve their common secret and to abide by the result of the matrimonial shuffle.

That sounds like a very immoral arrangement? Yes, it does. But before long further discoveries were made which stamped it with the hall mark of legality and propriety.

Mrs. James Freshwater—I mean Eliza, the real Mrs. F.— had been married and deserted by her husband, of whose death she had been subsequently, but incorrectly, apprised, *before* she espoused James Freshwater. About this time she ascertained on reliable authority that his death had not occurred until *after* she married Freshwater. Thus, she had never legally been Mrs. F. at all.

It further transpired that Mrs. Charlewood (Bessie) had also (contrary to her belief) a first husband living when she espoused Charlewood, who had, however, really demised (of D. T.) before she was spliced to Freshwater.

Net result: Mrs. Eliza Charlewood was, after all, the real Mrs. Charlewood, and Mrs. Bessie Freshwater was the real Mrs. Freshwater. Thus morality shook hands with personal preference, and the two couples lived happily for ever afterwards in the respectable odour of lawful wedlock.

ART NOTES.

GREEDY FOREIGNERS AND BRITISH MASTERPIECES.

ONE of the most obvious ways of making anybody want something is to hint to them that somebody else wants it too. For some psychological reason which I cannot attempt to explain, this fact seems to come home with exceptional force to those who busy themselves in collecting subscriptions to buy pictures for the nation. The trick has been done so often of late years as to have become suspect, and it accordingly grieves me to see that it is being dragged into service once more in connection with the proposal to purchase Mr. Holman Hunt's "Lady of Shalott," at the price of 7,000 gs., for presentation to the National collection. I am not concerned with the purpose of the subscription—though it seems to me that 7,000 gs. is a sufficiently high price to pay for a painting by a living artist, more especially as I am told by those who should know that it is by no means a representative example of his work. What, however, annoys me, as I expect it will annoy other people, even, it may be, to the extent of closing their purse-strings, is to be told in an "official circular" of "the necessity of speedy action being taken so as to prevent the scandal of such a masterpiece leaving its native country." Now, what I should like to know is, where exactly would the "scandal" come in, if some wealthy American—for it is always an American in these cases—took it into his head to pay Mr. Holman Hunt 7,000 gs. for one of his pictures? I see that Sir William Richmond is vice-chairman of the executive committee, and therefore, I suppose, cognisant of the contents of the circular. I should like to ask that distinguished artist whether he would be scandalised did Mr. Pierpont Morgan, for instance, make him an offer of 7,000 gs. for one of *his* paintings. And if so, on what grounds? I should perhaps mention that the sapient suggestion is quoted from a letter written by Mr. Forbes Robertson, though it has evidently been seized upon with the greatest avidity by the executive committee. Mr. Forbes Robertson is a very distinguished actor indeed, but I never heard that he considers it scandalous to be asked to display his art in America, and, I suppose, to be offered adequate remuneration for so doing. He is, in fact, on tour in the United States at this moment—not, I take it, purely as a matter of international philanthropy.

Of course, if Mr. Holman Hunt had only painted one picture in his life—or all his other works had been destroyed, or been snapped up by the cunning foreigner as fast as he painted them—there might be some excuse for raising the cry of "scandal." But such is not the case. He has painted a number of pictures—some of which are already in public collections in this country—two of his finest and most characteristic works being in the City Galleries of Manchester and Liverpool, respectively, for instance. And there are many others, in private collections; so that even if the worst came to the worst, and "The Lady of Shalott" was to cross the Atlantic, we should still possess examples of his genius, and, in time to come, possibly be able to acquire one for the National collection at an even lower price than 7,000 guineas.

If it were possible to take seriously what is only too obviously a piece of clap-trap, what a nation of dogs-in-the-manger we should confess ourselves. For centuries, certainly since the time of Charles I., we have been laying our hands on as many of the masterpieces of foreign painters as were available. We have them still in our public and private collections, by the thousand, and I do not remember to have ever heard it suggested that we ought to return them to their countries of origin. We go on buying them to this day, for that matter. Yet we grudge—or are told that we ought to grudge—that one solitary British masterpiece should go abroad—even for the satisfactory equivalent of 7,000 guineas. If of pictures, why is this not equally true of other works of art—and industry? A railway locomotive is almost, if not quite, as marvellous a result of human effort as is a painting—but we do not hold up our hands in horror at the idea of selling one to a foreign purchaser. A human being is as valuable, in his way, as a statue, but we are not scandalised when a batch of emigrants crosses the Atlantic—even if there happen to be half a dozen artists among them.

Then there is the lot of the artist himself—not too happy a one at the best of times—in this country. Must he sell his pictures to none but guaranteed true-born British customers? If so, he may as well dispose of his palette and brushes for what they will fetch, and get a job as house-to-house distributor of Tariff Reform pamphlets. The picture dealers and manufacturers of spurious Old Masters and up-to-date antique furniture, to say nothing of the tailors, and hotel-keepers, and milliners, if they follow the patriotic suggestion of the executive committee, as voiced by Mr. Forbes Robertson, to its logical conclusion, and refuse to sell the product of their genius to American purchasers, may all put up their shutters together, swelling with patriotic independence the while. Then it will only remain to return all the foreign paintings in the National Gallery to the countries they originally came from, and, while we feast our eyes on the Chantrey Bequest masterpieces in the Tate Gallery, pat ourselves heartily upon the backs for our adherence to the noble adage of "English Art for the English. No foreigners need apply."

Personally, I do not believe that it will ever come to that, any more than I believe that there are hordes of greedy foreigners tumbling over each other in their efforts to acquire "The Lady of Shalott," at the price of 7,000 guineas. I only wish, indeed, that I could believe in them, for if by any untoward chance, which no one would regret more than myself, the executive committee should not succeed in raising its 7,000 guineas' worth of subscriptions, it might be just as well, from the artist's point of view, if there were a few foreign second strings available, "scandal" though it might be to pay an American cheque into a British banking account.

Charing Cross Hospital, W.C., Convalescent Home, Limpsfield, dependent on £15,000 a year from voluntary sources. Contributions urgently solicited.

MUSIC.

THE INDISCRETIONS OF M. D'INDY.

M. VINCENT D'INDY evidently does not believe that silence is golden. A few weeks ago, during his visit to America, he was laying down the law to American musicians as to the means they should adopt in order to rescue themselves from the musical slough of despond (or words to that effect) in which he found them wallowing. Now he has set all musical Germany by the ears by chattily remarking upon the congenital incapacity of the average Teutonic musician to distinguish good music from bad.

"The German," he declares, "is almost totally lacking in taste. A musician by nature and education, he is inebriated by sonorities, is charmed by all kinds of music, and does not know how to distinguish the good from the bad. He will listen with the same enthusiasm to a beautiful masterpiece like 'Frieschütz' or 'Parsifal,' and to a perfect platitude like Auber's 'Fra Diavolo,' or Nicolai's 'Merry Wives.' Nor should it be forgotten that the ridiculous 'Cavalleria' of Mascagni was received in Germany as a work of genius, whereas France and her sister State of Belgium immediately judged and reduced to its just level this unhealthy production of trans-Alpine speculation."

M. d'Indy is, of course, entitled to his opinions, and also to express them; but he might perhaps have remembered with advantage the wise saying of St. Paul that while all things are lawful they are not invariably expedient. Also, when he claimed that France possesses in a pre-eminent degree the capacity of distinguishing good from bad in matters musical, it was inevitable that he should be reminded on all sides of various instances—such as that of Wagner and that of Bizet—which might fairly be regarded as pointing to an exactly opposite conclusion.

The truth is, of course, that no particular nation can claim a monopoly of taste and judgment in matters of this kind, and when M. d'Indy defines good taste as "that subtle faculty which enables the mind to discern with certitude in a production what is bad and what is fine; that feeling which forces one almost instinctively to accept certain works as favourable to the development of the art, and to repel others as useless or even hurtful to this development," he is committing that essentially Teutonic fault of putting forth an utter platitude in the guise of a profundity. Put in simpler language, all it comes to is that good taste is—good taste. The statement is strictly accurate but not exactly helpful. As to France's alleged pre-eminence in this particular matter, it is astonishing that anyone acquainted with the history of music could be so foolish as to advance such a nonsensical claim. The long delay in the general acceptance of Wagner by the French musical public—unless I am greatly mistaken the whole of the "Ring" has even yet to be heard in Paris—should alone suffice to refute the suggestion that France has been quicker than any other nation in a general way to recognise greatness in music when it has presented itself in a new and unfamiliar form. M. d'Indy might reply, perhaps, that, in his judgment, the music of Wagner is not to be classed among that which is "favourable to the development of the art"—in which case the barren and unprofitable nature of the whole controversy stands revealed. If, on the other hand, M. d'Indy agrees with most cultivated musicians in reckoning Wagner among the mightiest musical forces of his own or any other age, and one whose work was eminently "favourable to the development of the art," how does he reconcile the persistent opposition which his work encountered in France until quite recent years with the claim which he advances on behalf of his countrymen?

At the same time, without endorsing M. d'Indy's wholesale condemnation of the German musician, it is worthy of remark how few of the executive musicians of the first rank before the public to-day are of German birth. Many are German speaking, and are currently classed as Germans, but in most instances they prove on enquiry to have sprung from some other race. Dr. Joachim was once referred to in a public speech by Mr. Balfour as a great German musician, but, of course, he is nothing of the kind, since he is a Hungarian. In the case of Dr. Richter, again, a similar mistake is often made; as it is, too, in the case of those other eminent conductors who ply their art in Germany—Herr Nikisch, who is a Hungarian, and Herr Weingartner, who is a Dalmatian. Among leading "German" pianists Herr Sauer is of Slavonic origin, Herr d'Albert's father was a Frenchman, Herr Rosenthal is an Austrian Jew, Herr Dohnanyi a Hungarian, and so on. So it was, too, in the case of some of the greatest executants of the past—Liszt was a Hungarian, Thalberg an Austrian, Tausig a Pole. In fact, it is really quite difficult to think of any considerable number of instrumental performers of the very first order who have been produced either in the past or more recently by what is generally admitted to be the most musical nation in Europe. Turn from instrumentalists to singers, and it is just the same, but to an even more noticeable degree, so that even in the case of such an eminently German institution as Bayreuth nearly all the principal vocalists have of recent years been of non-German birth. Ternina, Gulbranson, Marie Brema, Van Dyck, Van Rooy—these are only a few of many who might be cited in illustration of the fact. But to point this out is by no means to subscribe to M. d'Indy's dictum that the German musician is "almost always lacking in good taste and respect for art."

The most notable of recent concerts was, of course, that which had Mme. Patti for its central figure at the Albert Hall on Saturday. So much has, however, been written concerning it, that it is hardly necessary to say anything further. Enough that it was a very memorable affair, which, whether or not it prove actually the final appearance of Mme. Patti in London, will never be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to be present. Mme. Patti's sound artistic instinct has served her well to the last. In other words, she has not left it till too late to retire. *O si sic omnia!* The programme of this memorable concert included, by the way, a new march, entitled "Newquay," by Mr. H. C. Tonking, the well-known organist, which made a most favourable impression. Another attractive concert on the same afternoon was that given under the direction of Mr. Wood at the Queen's Hall, where the delightful M. Raoul Pugno was the special hero of the hour. Is there any pianist living who plays Mozart more delicately than this big, burly, bearded man, who seems to have been designed by nature rather for a blacksmith than a pianist? If so, that fortunate individual has not yet deigned to make his appearance in public. M. Pugno's playing in a Mozart concerto and in César Franck's curious work, "Les Djinns," was in every sense worthy of his reputation. Mr. Hugo Heinz, always a thoughtful and artistic singer, chose Saturday also for one of his not very frequent recitals.

Earlier in the week Mr. Spalding's third concert served to introduce a really delightful "Overture to a Comedy," by Mr. Balfour Gardiner, who is rapidly making a name for himself as one of the most promising of our younger native composers, and whose music is none the less acceptable because it does not invariably seem to suggest that he finds this world a vale of tears. Other young British composers please copy. On Friday, Mr. Plunket Greene gave an attractive vocal recital, in the course of which he introduced a number of new songs, of which one or two by Parry, in particular that entitled "The Laird o' Cockpen," are certain to be heard again. On Monday, Mischa Elman set all his hearers marvelling once more in the afternoon at Queen's Hall, while in the evening Liszt's "Dante" symphony was revived at the London Symphony Orchestra's concert under Richter, and the fifth of the Joachim Quartet concerts drew an audience adoring as ever to the Bechstein Hall.

Further particulars are now available concerning the forthcoming season of German opera at Covent Garden, which will open on January 14 with "Tristan," with Herr van Dyck, Mlle. Litvinne, Miss Marie Brema, and Herr Bertram in the leading parts, and Herr Nikisch in the conductor's chair. The presence of the

latter should alone suffice to invest the performance, and the others which he is to direct, with altogether exceptional interest, while the fact that he will have at his disposal the London Symphony Orchestra should be a further guarantee of the excellence of the performances. Among the other works to be given will be "Fidelio," "Der Freischütz," and "Die Verkaufte Braut," none of which has been heard in London for some time, while the singers will include, besides those already named, Mme. Burckhardt, Mlle. Ackté, Frl. Nast, Mme. Agnes Nicholls, Herr Herold, Herr Ernst Kraus, Herr Franjo Naval, and several more of high repute. As to the autumn opera season, which ended on Saturday last, its success has been such as to entitle all concerned to the heartiest congratulations.

An interesting event of this week will be the first of the Gilbert and Sullivan revivals at the Savoy Theatre on Saturday evening, when the new series will be initiated with a performance of "The Yeomen of the Guard."

A paragraph which appeared in these notes a few months since (issue of August 1), bearing on the subject of M. Messager's reported candidature for the directorship of the Paris Grand Opera, has, it seems, given rise to a certain amount of misunderstanding. In the paragraph in question I quoted some remarks on the subject of the working of subsidised opera in Paris which had been ascribed to M. Messager in an interview; and these were apparently subsequently reproduced in Paris papers as having appeared in the shape of an "interview in TRUTH." In this form they came under the notice of M. Messager, who thereupon sent a disclaimer in the following terms to the *Figaro*:—

"Ai posé officiellement ma candidature à l'opéra et n'ai jamais songé a là retirer. L'entrevue avec journal Anglais TRUTH est de pure invention. Je compte sur votre obligeance pour remettre les choses au point. Amitiés.—MESSAGER.

M. Messager was, of course, quite correct in denying that he had been interviewed in TRUTH, but it is a little surprising, perhaps, that he did not recognise that the words ascribed to him had, in fact, been uttered by himself, and realise that it was in the form of a quotation that they had appeared in TRUTH. Under the circumstances, therefore, I may perhaps refresh his memory by reminding him that the interview in question was one which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of May 25, 1904, under the title "Musical Comedy and 'Veronique.'—A Talk with M. André Messager." It was quite a long interview, dealing with operatic conditions in Paris and London in interesting fashion. The passage which I ventured to reproduce comes near the end, and runs as follows:—

"Then would you, on the other hand, suggest the State subventioned theatre as a remedy?"

"Ah, ça non, par exemple," says M. Messager, vehemently, "I should know something of the State-subventioned theatres. At our Opéra Comique, in Paris, we receive 300,000 fr. a year from the Government. Do you know what it costs us? Not less than 247,000 francs-worth of free seats, which we have to give away every year to the gens du Gouvernement; et je vous garantie ce sont les meilleurs places."

The matter is one of no great importance, but in the interests of accuracy it is just as well to show that when M. Messager wrote "L'entrevue avec journal Anglais TRUTH est de pure invention," the disclaimer was one rather likely to mislead.

Was there ever an operatic composer, from Wagner downwards, who did not consider that his work had been ruined by the "cuts" of a brutal management? Miss E. M. Smyth has been the latest victim, and as a consequence, it seems, she has now withdrawn her opera "Strandrecht," from Leipsic. Her work, as performed was, she says, on account of the omissions, "a hopeless caricature," and a mere "travesty" of the original, so that she considers that it has not yet been really heard at all. Miss Smyth will have general sympathy, of course, but do these excisions which so greatly vex the soul of the composer really have such a baleful influence on the fate of a work as it is the custom to assert? I greatly doubt it. As to the fate of a long opera, lasting three or four hours, being seriously affected by the omission of one or two numbers, this is one of those parrot cries of criticism which will not bear a moment's serious consideration. If three hours' music do not make a favourable impression, matters are not likely to be improved by adding more.

Talking of native opera, by the way, it is interesting to learn that arrangements are in hand for the production of Stanford's "Shamus O'Brien" at Breslau next year. Everyone will hope that it may prove a great success.

Mention of one famous pianist brings to mind a report which has been in circulation to the effect that another not less renowned, namely, M. Vladimir de Pachmann, contemplates retirement. The hope will be general, however, that the rumour may prove unfounded, for M. de Pachmann is an institution whom one would not willingly let go.

A novel and pretty idea has been hit upon by Miss Gascoyne Old in connection with her excellent and well-known Ladies' Orchestra, the members of which will, in future, all be costumed after various Shakespearian characters. The costumes, it is added further, are no cheap tawdry affairs, put together anyhow, but carefully designed and beautiful examples of the costumier's art, the total cost of which, it is said, has exceeded £200, so that they should prove a decided addition to the attractiveness of an organisation which, on its purely musical side, enjoys an excellent name. Miss Old has, by the way, recently been appointed to the conductorship of the Choral and Orchestral Society which has been formed in connection with the Lyceum Club.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—In reading Mr. Frederick Maitland's "Life and Letters of Leslie Stephen" (1) I have had recalled to me many old memories of a man "who, under a somewhat brusque exterior, concealed one of the sweetest and kindest hearts ever given to the sons of men." When I came up to London years ago, without a penny and without a friend in the literary world, which yet I hoped to enter, Leslie Stephen took me by the hand, and at the cost of endless trouble to himself, secured me an entrance. That, no doubt, would not justify my quoting to you here the last letter received from him after sentence of death had been passed upon him by the doctors; but, as there are few letters, even of those in Mr. Maitland's biography, more characteristic of the kindliness, courage, and modesty of Leslie Stephen, I venture to give it at length. It was an acknowledgment of a volume of Mr. Yeats' "Countess Kathleen and Other Poems" which I had sent him.

Netherhampton, Salisbury,
14:8:03.

MY DEAR ———,—I have a complaint or two to make of you. Why do you call me "Sir Leslie"? Surely we are old enough friends to drop titles—especially one which always annoys me——I don't quite know why—perhaps because I was not so called in the happy days. Secondly, do not speak of my growing better and fit for work. I shall never be really better. I have quite made up my mind to that very plain fact, and I must make up my mind to the consequences. I hope that I am not such a coward as to be unable to face it; and when kind friends, like you and others, talk in that way it makes me feel as if they doubted my fortitude. I do not worry about the future, but if I once began to think about improvement of health, it would be the way of worry. I can still, I am glad to say, do a little bit of work daily, but I shall never be able to do much. I have had a very happy life, and have still many sources of happiness. But I must be content mainly to look back.

Now, as to Mr. Yeats' book—I think that I have enjoyed it as much as can be expected from an Anglo-Saxon of seventy. At seventy one does not take to new poetry—I am satisfied with my Tennyson and one or two more—so I rather perceive than feel that Mr. Yeats is a genuine poet, and has a very delicate style and sweet sentiment. I might once have "enthused," now I can only see that I ought to "enthuse." Then his world is not familiar to me. I do not care for the Fenians and the Red Branch (whatever that may be) to begin with, and therefore have to make an effort to get into the right state of mind. I did, in spite of that, enjoy both "The Land of Heart's Desire" and

(1) "The Life and Letters of Leslie Stephen." By Frederick William Maitland. (London: Duckworth & Co. 18s. net.)
(2) "Rezánov." By Gertrude Atherton. (London: John Murray. 6s.)
(3) "The Ring of Day." By Mary Butler. (London: Hutchinson & Co. 6s.)
(4) "Old Fireproof." Being the Chaplain's Story. (London: Duckworth & Co. 6s.)
(5) "Kinsmen." By David Heron. (London; Skeffington & Son. 6s.)

"Oisin." Perhaps because I prefer Paganism to Christianity, or perhaps because I am given to irrelevant bits of prosaic argument, I did not care so much for "Countless Kathleen." It struck me that there is always a connection between saintliness and lying. The poor devil gives 500,000 crowns for a soul. Then he is cheated of the soul and never gets his money back! Is that decently fair?

I am twaddling, but I have nothing to do this morning, or rather am inclined to neglect my duty and do something else. Also, I am glad to talk to you for a bit. I shall bring back the book with me, so that you may call for it.—Yours, ever,

L. Stephen.

Mr. Maitland seems to be infected with the extravagant modesty of his subject, and the modesty of Leslie Stephen was nothing less than extravagant. In a letter to the author of the "Age of Johnson" Stephen says:—

I always feel that a critic is a kind of parasitical growth, and that the best critic should come below a second-rate original writer. Feeling this, and being also predisposed by my age and circumstances to distrust things in general, I have learnt to apply to my words a dictum of Mark Pattison's. "To know what others think of you, take your lowest estimate of yourself in your most depressed moments and divide by three."

But Leslie Stephen's highest estimate of himself multiplied by three was that of all the friends I have ever heard speak of him. He was the most unaffectedly modest man, with the exception, perhaps, of Darwin, that I have ever met, and this modesty was one of the attractions which gained him such a host of worshipping friends. "We forgive that man everything who forgives himself nothing," says a Buddhist text, and the less a man thinks of himself the more he will be thought of by his intimates. Writing to Croom Robertson, the dearest of his friends, Stephen thus explains his shyness:—

That shyness of which I spoke and to which you refer may be easily explained. Certainly in one and the chief sense there is no one with whom I should be so little shy as you. But I always suffer from a latent conviction that I am an impostor, and that somebody will find me out.

The truth is, Stephen tried himself by his own ideal of literary excellence, which was too high for any man to attain to. Mr. Maitland, as I have said, seems infected with his subject's modesty, since again and again he apologises for the clumsiness and inadequacy of the monument he has here raised to his friend and kinsman's memory, which yet seems, at least to me who had some personal knowledge of his hero, almost perfect in its portraiture, as well as in its style, tone, taste, and interest. I will give the outside public the impression which Stephen left upon all his friends—an impression like that which Darwin left upon Stephen himself:—

"Darwin," he writes to Mr. Norton, "was in town for a few days and most kindly called on me. You may believe that I was proud to welcome him, for of all the eminent men I have ever seen he is, beyond comparison, the most attractive to me. There is something almost pathetic in his simplicity and friendliness. I heard a story the other day about a young German admirer whom Lubbock took to see him. He could not summon up courage to speak to the great man; but, when they came away, burst into tears. That is not my way; but I can sympathise to some extent with the enthusiastic Dutchman."

It is a mistake, I think, to make the hero of a novel historical, since his fate is foreseen and fixed. If Miss Gertrude Atherton, in her "Rezánov" (2), had used history only incidentally and as a background for fiction, she could have given freer play to her vivid imagination and a more satisfactory ending to her story. Her imagination, however, has done her yeoman's service in her portrait of her historical hero, an emissary sent by the Tzar to secure California for Russia before it had passed from the possession of Spain. Rezánov is a very real personage to you, and if the heroine, Concha, is a little too melodramatic, at least she serves the novelist's purpose of inspiring the hero with a rival passion to that of ambition. "Rezánov," in one word, is a very stirring story dramatically told. The hero of a pretty Irish nationalist story, Miss Mary Butler's "The Ring of Day" (3) also dies, leaving the heroine desolate—for a time; but the hero's successor as a nationalist leader succeeds also to her heart, and all ends happily. Miss Butler seems to me to get sometimes out of her depth in attempting to pourtray such cynics as Eyre, but where her own sympathies are engaged she enlists thoroughly the sympathies of her readers. Death also is the portion of the gallant hero of "Old Fireproof" (4), as dashing a story of the Boer War as you could wish to read or as ever you are likely to read. I do not know when I read a story that goes with such a rhetorical swing from the first page to the last; for, though from first to last there are near upon 400 closely-printed pages, the author's infectious enthusiasm never flags for a moment. Curiously enough, the hero also of the last novel on my list, Mr. David Heron's "Kinsmen" (5), dies like the rest, at the close of the book. But, indeed, at the close of the book there is such wholesale slaughter as the pre-Shakespearian dramatists delighted to ring the curtain down upon. You will probably be prejudiced against a story of the Covenanters—Montrose, etc.—which has for its frontispiece a genealogical tree, giving the relationships of the principal characters; but the novel is by no means as dry-as-dust as this would suggest. On the contrary, it abounds with stirring scenes and incidents spiritedly told.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, ever yours very sincerely,

DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

In a characteristic preface to Mrs. Elsie M. Lang's book "Literary London" (T. Werner Laurie, 6s. net), Mr. G. K. Chesterton remarks that the town would immediately strike us as far more poetical than the country "if we happened to know anything at all about the town." Not even the knowledge of the literary associations of the Metropolis which this book imparts will enable every one to feel with Mr. Chesterton that the street is often "far more romantic than a glade." Personally, indeed, I cannot say that I regard Smith-street, Westminster, with any more interest, since I learned from Mrs. Lang that Steele once lived there and Thomas Southerne died there; nor have I been impelled to make a pilgrimage to Peckham because in 1757 Goldsmith was usher in a school in that suburb. Still, many people find a fascination in identifying the houses or neighbourhoods in which famous authors have lived and worked, and by means of the alphabetical arrangement of streets and districts the reader of Mrs. Lang's volume can do this with the least possible trouble.

Not a few books on child-life have been written during the past few years, but Mr. Dudley Kidd breaks new ground in "Savage Childhood" (A. and C. Black, 7s. 6d. net). It is practically the first attempt that has been made to deal at once systematically and sympathetically with the childhood of the native races in South Africa. As the outcome of many years' close observation, Mr. Kidd gives a most instructive study of the life of the Kaffir child from birth to the dawn of puberty, when "the savage is at his best, intellectually, emotionally, and morally." He describes in detail the child's physical and mental development, its ideas and habits, the treatment and training it receives, the games it plays, and the nursery tales with which it is amused. The volume has a number of illustrations from photographs.

The English and American rights in "La Vie intime d'une Reine de France au dix-septième Siècle," a volume which has already obtained a reprint in France, have been acquired by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. The author of this study of Marie de Médicis and her times is M. Louis Batiffol, whose previous work on Louis XIII. was "crowned" by the Academy.

Mr. John Long is adding a dozen new volumes to his series of Carlton Classics—a series which in itself affords one good answer to the twaddle of the *Times* about books being too dear. These little volumes, well printed and nicely bound in cloth at 6d., or in leather at 1s., are really marvels of cheapness. The "Letters of Junius," Thackeray's "English Humorists," a selection of Leigh Hunt's Essays, and "His Book," by Artemus Ward, are among the new volumes.

"Dissertations by Mr. Dooley" is a volume announced for immediate publication by Messrs. Harper and Brothers. "Short Marriage Contracts," "The Simple Life," and many other topics are discussed by the author, Mr. Dunne, in his characteristic humorous vein.

Mr. Birrell has written an introduction to Dr. Spence Watson's book on "The National Liberal Federation,"

which is being published this week by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

Canon Beeching, whose "Pages from a Private Diary" delighted so many readers, has a new volume entitled "Provincial Letters and Other Papers," appearing this week with Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Mr. Philip Gibbs does not profess to have discovered any absolutely new material for the text of "Men and Women of the French Revolution"—indeed, he modestly suggests that the illustrations furnish "the excuse and the value" of this handsome volume, which is published by Messrs. Kegan, Paul, and Co., price 25s. The twenty-eight plates, beautiful reproductions of rare contemporary prints, make a very attractive feature of the book. At the same time, Mr. Gibbs's own work needs no excuse, for he gives a series of exceedingly vivid character sketches of the leading actors in the great drama of the Revolution.

"Shakespeare and the Modern Stage" (Murray, 9s. net) is a collection of eleven essays by Mr. Sidney Lee, reprinted from various periodicals. Though treating of varied aspects of the Shakespearean drama, its influences and traditions, the essays have, as the author claims, sufficent unity of intention to warrant their combination in a single volume. Those who have read Mr. Sidney's Lee's masterly life of Shakespeare will not need to be told what sound scholarship and well-balanced judgment he brings to bear on the discussion of the plays and the most fitting methods of producing and interpreting them. He makes a forcible protest against that excessive scenic display which has marked—and, as he thinks, marred—so many modern performances.

Towards a first essay in poetry the reviewer usually displays a lenient judgment. There is no need, however, for any show of leniency towards "The Gates of Sleep and other Poems," by J. G. Fairfax (Elkin Matthews). Obviously a first work, this unpretentious little volume contains evidence of marked poetic ability. Perhaps the worst that can be said of Mr. Fairfax's poetry is that it has no strong individuality. That may come later. At present, the first stanza of the "Nocturne" aptly describes his work:—

> Tenderly, wearily,
> Ponders the melody,
> Falters and fails;
> Waxes anon to wane,
> Rises to fall again,
> As the light pales.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—I had no idea that earrings could be so very becoming as they are. They give a kind of balance to the face, making up for the absence of curling hair where Nature meant it to be worn, just below the ears. What do you think of the latest thing in earrings? A double ornament, part behind the ear, the rest in front. This is a novelty indeed; I saw it at the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths', whose beautiful display illuminates the prospect at 112, Regent-street. One pair was particularly pretty, consisting of a little chain of diamonds ending in a lovely pearl, one chain at the back, the other in front. I have often noticed, when at the opera or theatre, the unfinished look presented by the wire of an earring as seen from behind. The new ones are as decorative from a back view as from a front.

Knowing how useful it has proved to you in previous years, I send you one of their catalogues of inexpensive presents for Christmas and New Year. These are sent post free to any person who writes for one, and a selection of jewellery is sent on approval to customers in the country, the prices marked in plain figures. The best of buying from a first-class firm like the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' is that the jewellery is sure to be good as well as up-to-date. The catalogue shows the price under each article illustrated. The amethyst and gem jewels are very fascinating. You will notice how graceful in shape the earrings are, consisting of loops of five pearls each hung from a finely cut amethyst. Very sweet is a dainty brooch in pearls and amethysts with a shamrock in olivines. A surprisingly cheap suite, just the thing for a present, is an amethyst set, consisting of necklet, earrings, and brooch complete in a case. The designs are extremely pretty, the earrings showing each a large square amethyst with a pearl at either corner, the whole suspended from a chain of pearls with little wings. Even prettier is the pendant, a very fine amethyst in the centre, with three pearl tassels hanging from it. The fine platinum chain has pearl decorations matching those of the earrings. There are also amethyst and pearl bracelets set in gold and of the fashionable flexible shape. Among other jewelled necklets, pendants, brooches, bracelets, and pins specially designed for Christmas presents or wedding gifts are gold bangles with an initial letter in fine diamonds. These initials are also to be had on pearl-headed scarf pins and on lace pins. A diamond wreath and bow brooch has a pearl drop in the centre. Very moderate in price is a gold, pearl, and coral flexible bracelet; the same may be said of a flower brooch in rubies, diamonds, and pearls.

Collar supports in gold with jewelled tops are a highly useful, as well as ornamental, form of Christmas-box. They are in various designs, and while some are in plain gold others are ornamented with pearls or turquoises, or both. A sweet little brooch has a red enamel ladybird at either end and a butterfly in the centre, with a double chain hanging from two pearls. On another gold safety pin is a dragon-fly in sapphire, ruby, and pearl. A useful set comprises a gold tie-clip, safety-pins, holders and pins with pearl ends in a neat velvet-lined morocco case. On the next page to these is shown a perfectly lovely amethyst, diamond, and pearl necklet. There are bracelets, too, with diamond and ruby horseshoes on a fancy bar in pearls, diamonds, and amethysts. The designs in twin brooches are very pretty this year. One has a diamond and ruby bee at either end. Pearls in ropes or necklaces or dog-collars are here in every variety, as well as tiaras in lovely designs. A liberal giver can easily spend thousands on pearls alone. And could he possibly do better?

Articles in solid silver, including an office inkstand, shaving mirror, and the usual smoking paraphernalia, and writing apparatus, suggest useful presents for men. I noticed a trinket-box of very novel design, with three compartments standing on dachshund legs, very quaint and pretty. Almond dishes, menu holders, clocks, and neat little hotplates in "Regent" plate for the table, are all adapted to save much troubled thought in the complicated business of thinking out presents for all one's friends.

We saw endless stores of happiness the other day—happiness of every sort, piled up waiting for Christmas. It is quite like going with Andersen's Old Luke Oie on one of his wonderful journeys, to walk through the five acres of Gamage's, in Holborn. Here is the wide Atlantic prisoned in a tank, and covered with every sort of electric craft, darting and whizzing. Men-o'-war and yachts go side by side (the yachts occasionally larger than the battleships!), little gunboats shoot out, discharge a shot, and return to harbour, all by themselves; battleships break up at the onslaught, but not irrevocably; fish of many sorts go about their business, and whales spout at frequent intervals. Every purchaser of a nautical toy can try it on the spot in this tank. Further on, the whole British Army marches out of a fort and down an intricate mountain-side to the strains of a martial air; a little way off an electric train tears about, up and down a hill, and as it passes over the top, a cavern in the depths suddenly glows redly, and there are beautiful white ladies mysteriously circling in its heart. From a department near by issues a noise which irresistibly draws every child; squeaks, grunts, squeals, roars, whistles, bangs, groans, screams—what a heavenly medley for the ears

Redfern.—Exclusive and original Models in Day and Evening Gowns. Smart Paris Millinery, Blouses, Lingerie, Furs, &c. 26, Conduit-street and 27, Bond-street.

of the young! These are the penny toys, bright and glistening, and ready for Christmas trees, and as gay as they are vocal. And now there comes a division in the joy of the delighted children; boys go one way, the girls are irresistibly drawn another. Carpenters' tools! *Real* steam-engines! Perfect working models of everything used by an engineer, electric machines that emit changing colours like living kaleidoscopes, collections of rivets and metal strips that will make a hundred things, even a splendid Big Wheel—these and a hundred other objects draw the boys. Meanwhile, little housewives are entranced with tiny cooking-stoves, sets of brooms and pails, dolls' houses furnished even to the bath-taps, washing-machines, really useful for handerchiefs or lace, cooking utensils, tea and dinner services, and all other things essential in a house, practicable in size, and beautifully made.

Dolls, too! Penny persons to hang on trees, countesses with curling hair and Parisian outfits, and every sort and condition of doll in between; to say nothing of every accessory, in sets or single, needed for a doll of good taste—even a new head of hair for her if necessary! There is the Humpty-Dumpty circus, too; animals or clowns sit or stand in whatever position they are put; indeed, we left a hippopotamus airily resting on one hind leg, and a clown upside down on a fence, to which he held by one hand. These are also to be bought singly or in sets.

The elders of a house to whose heir a drum has been presented should be thankful if it be one of the new ones, which are beaten by turning a handle, producing a sound like that made by an expert drummer. This is an improvement upon the thump, thump, thump! of the beginner. It is impossible to enumerate the toys, from "the blow toy" and the new top which a baby could spin, to the swing that can be fixed to a nursery door, the motor fire engines, and the endless sorts of trains, stations, rails, signal-boxes, and all other things to do with railways. The collection of "rolling stock" is perfect, and indeed, this section alone takes up twenty-seven pages of the wonderful catalogue. That catalogue ranges over everything, from the hiring of fancy dresses to the latest things in cameras and umbrellas, and the most fascinating sets for poker work. An expert operator demonstrates this pretty form of decoration all day at Gamage's. Last year such a large portion of the youth of London, accompanied by selections of relatives, spent its entire Christmas holidays there that business was seriously impeded. Therefore a charge of sixpence will be made this year, but the sum will be returned with the very first purchase. This is very reasonable, for if anyone wants to stay for hours there is an excellent restaurant attached, so one admission money suffices. A new department is that devoted to tame birds of every sort. The little green Australian parakeets are so tame that they can be carried in the muff. They are intelligent, affectionate, and pretty, and not delicate, and they cling to the finger in a most endearing way.

When visiting the Motor Exhibition at Olympia we noticed at the great stall of the Argyll Motor Company a splendid Linola floor covering about 34 ft. by 18 ft. It showed up the exhibits incomparably well, and justified most satisfactorily our choice of that excellent fabric when furnishing, a choice on which we have had occasion to plume ourselves. We got it at Catesby's, in Tottenham Court-road. One makes so many mistakes in this world that it is very comforting to find that one has exercised sound judgment now and then.

You know, of course, that Lemco is a word made up from "Liebig's Extract (of) Meat Co.," one of the most valuable preparations known to the world. The company has made an arrangement that will greatly please notable housewives all over the kingdom. They are giving away that prodigy of household and cookery lore, "Mrs. Beeton's 7s. 6d. Household Management," with its store of valuable recipes, in exchange for coupons. Every person who sends in coupons representing 5 lbs. weight of Lemco before March 31, 1907, will receive a copy of this standard work.

Have you a "Swan" fountain pen? If not, you certainly must get one among your Christmas presents, after which you will be certain to give them to others in future years, so invaluable are they. The nice thing about giving a pen of this kind to a friend is that he or she must always think of you when writing, and it is good to be remembered in a forgetful world. And the "Swan" pen is so durable that it keeps the giver's memory green, unlike many of the perishable articles that are given at Christmas and New Year. So take my kind and nice advice. You can have a plain pen, suitable for governesses, secretaries, shorthand writers; an ornamental pen in rolled gold, from two to three guineas, with jewelled top, amethyst, topaz, carbuncle, etc. A study of the catalogue of Messrs. Mabie, Todd, and Bard, the makers, will result in perfect acquaintance with all the varieties and suitable choice.

Last week in writing you about the luck-bringing "Ankh" jewellery, obtainable at Messrs. J. W. Benson's, 25, Old Bond-street, I wrote the N in that word indistinctly, so that it looked like U. But the word is Ankh, a magic amulet, not Aukh, which has no such lucky associations.

Some misanthropes appear to think—the thought being perhaps born of the wish—that Christmas and New Year cards, with their kindly messages of friendship and goodwill, are going out of fashion. It would help to disabuse their minds of this error if they looked through the wonderful collection of cards that has been prepared for the present season by Raphael Tuck and Son. Two thousand different sets, four thousand distinct designs! The figures suggest that this famous firm at least does not anticipate any falling off in the demand. More important, however, than the quantity of the output is its quality, and in this respect the house of Tuck fully maintains the high reputation of its greeting cards for beauty of design and excellence of production. There are many charming novelties, and such a variety of designs and such a range of prices, that all tastes and all purses can be suited. In addition to Christmas cards, the firm issue many artistic calendars, and also a number of illustrated and toy books, including "Father Tuck's Annual," which will delight the children.

In view of the approaching season of children's parties, several novel games for the entertainment of the youngsters have been brought out by Messrs. C. W. Faulkner and Co. That firm likewise publishes a good assortment of Christmas cards and some particularly attractive calendars. Those of the "turnover" kind include a Shakespeare calendar, each sheet illustrating a scene from one of the plays, and a Tennyson calendar, with four pictures illustrating quotations from "The Brook."

The Cookery Exhibition was interesting, as usual. It was the seventeenth of the series and was opened on Tuesday by the Duchess of Albany. There were speeches, but we could not hear them, so we gave up trying and absorbed our faculties in examination of the food. The aim of some of the chefs appeared to be to present certain forms of food in the guise of other forms. Peaches were not peaches, but marzipan. A pine was not a pine, but méringue, and so on. Still, everything looked so nice and tempting that we congratulated ourselves on having lunched before we went. Who is it who says that love, once grown cold, can never be re-kindled? It cannot be true, for I fell in love, for about the fifth time, with the delightful bi-metal (copper and pure steel) cooking utensils exhibited by Thos. Goode and Company, South Audley-street. The great advantage of these is that, being highly ornamental, they can be put on the table after having had the food cooked in them. The firm also showed cooking utensils made of pure sheet nickel. We called in at their South Audley Galleries on our way home, remembering what a capital place it is for getting presents for Christmas and New Year, and at every price, from sixpence upwards. Finely modelled little Chinese monkeys are available for that small coin.

"La Samothrace."—Every corset of the London Corset Co., 28, New Bond-street, W., is made in Paris. The very latest models. Not connected with any other establishment.

Very inexpensive, too, are rosebowls with pierced covers to take the stems, some in a dull, deep green that shows off flowers to perfection, others in ware with flowers painted on a white ground. Preserve jars and biscuit boxes are also in these floral designs and lovely little early breakfast sets on wicker trays with strong handles. You would like these wicker trays, they are so light. A delicious little breakfast set is hand-painted in a design of violets; another is in roses. The tray is either wicker or dark green wood, or anything the purchaser likes.

The imitation silver lustre is nice, and being much stronger than ordinary cups, saucers, jugs, and teapots, is just the thing for tea baskets. I admired some pretty pot-pourri jars, also a new variety of the Princess of Wales' pail-shaped jardinières. These were painted in graceful designs of flowers and stood on flat rims, which gave them great finish.

An old Spode dessert set painted with birds in lovely tints was such a bargain—only 28s.—that I got myself away from its vicinity with all speed. For what would one small family do with two dessert sets? People imagine that Goode's is a frightfully expensive place, but it is a mistake. Why, they sell a waterbottle and tumbler at threepence!

China bowls containing china flowers or trees, with even the mould imitated in china, are very quaint and pretty. A little old Japanese tree was among these imitations. Small jars have china hyacinths. It is a fascinating collection. The new pottery, Amphora, is very pretty. A glass case filled with precious bits of old Chelsea was tempting to linger over. Bits in Rockingham are now as much in demand as the former. I noticed a fine old ironstone set and Mason ironstone bowls. A novelty (to me) was a set of hand-painted china custard cups with lids the handles of which were fruit, a cherry or a strawberry. The set is sold with china tray to match. Little tea-knives with fancy handles are in cases ready for presentation. Enamel labels, after the old Battersea, are useful things to give, for particularising the contents of decanters.

Which reminds me of the lovely cut glass that fills one of the largest rooms. It is good to hear that England now equals America, long pre-eminent, in the manufacture of cut glass—and also at much cheaper prices. What a beautiful thing it is! We did not know which to admire most, the tall vases, or the round bowls glowing with prismatic tints. One lovely flower vase was just like a mob cap laid crown downwards on the table, the wide brim offering a leaning place for the heads of the flowers. This huge vase was only 8s. 3d. I mention the price to give you some idea of what pretty, dainty things can be had here at a trifling outlay.

We were members of a dinner party at the Eustace Miles restaurant in Chandos-street one evening last week. We had not been there before, and looked round with interest at the green and white walls, and the look of perfect cleanliness which prevailed. Everything partook of this, the plates, dishes (unchippable), the spoons, glass, etc., all in uncommon and dainty designs. The specialty of this restaurant is the selection of various nutritious and sustaining forms of food which render meat, poultry, fish, and game unnecessary to build up the body. These are so dealt with as to render them easily digestible as well as very tempting to the palate. It was with an open mind and considerable curiosity that we began our dinner, as you may imagine. The hors d'œuvre all looked nice, and my choice was a very good potato mayonnaise. Next came one of the most delicious soups I have ever tasted, celery cream, flavoured so perfectly that the suggestion of adding salt or pepper would have been an insult to the cook and an injury to one's palate. And as to the cookery of vegetables there, it is simply ideal. I asked how it came that they were so delicious, and was told that hardly any water is used in cooking them, the ordinary method being condemned as entirely wasting the phosphates contained in the vegetables, and thus depriving the consumers of the salts so much needed for a healthy frame. I have never tasted such green peas. Afterwards we saw the double saucepan—the Eustace Miles Cooker—in which they had been cooked, and immediately decided to invest in one. Most medical men declare that the absence of these vegetable salts—usually poured down the sink in the over-abundant water—causes much of the gouty and rheumatic disorders to which so many thousands are victims. Vegetables in this Cooker are done very slowly and (as I have said) with scarcely any water, in some cases with none. It is claimed for the Proteid Food that it is twice as nourishing as meat. We are going to try some of the recipes, and will tell you the result.

You ask me what the League of Mercy is, of which you hear so much. It was founded by Royal Charter to promote the welfare of hospitals by obtaining small subscriptions for the support of King Edward's Hospital Fund. Vice-presidents subscribe a guinea yearly, and enlist members. Members endeavour to collect £1, and associates subscribe 1s. Honorary members subscribe a guinea. The headquarters are 29, Southampton-street, Strand. The King is Sovereign of the Order. The Prince and Princess of Wales are grand presidents. The series of entertainments given in the ballroom of the Ritz Hotel last week was in aid of the funds of the League, and were highly successful, both ballroom and foyer being crowded each day. Indeed, it was very difficult to see the tableaux vivants illustrating the History of Costume, except for those in the front row, such was the forest of smart hats of every size and shape that intervened between the stage and those behind. Mr. Thorold announced and described the tableaux, which were very cleverly got up. Cleopatra was one of the best, and very good indeed were the Louis XV. and Empire costumes. Perhaps the most effective of them all was the one called "At the Court of their Majesties," so beautiful was the gown of pale grey chiffon with quantities of frou-frou frills beneath the hem, and the Court train of vieux rose velvet.

On the Friday afternoon Princess Christian and her daughter were present, her Royal Highness wearing grey cloth and a black hat trimmed with black lace and three large feathers at the back. Her miniver stole and muff were large. She and her daughter stayed till almost the end of the concert, which took the place of the tableaux that day. Miss Evie Greene sang "The Ninepenny Fiddle," an old Irish song, charmingly. "The Ladies' Penny Paper" was extremely funny, and you can imagine how amusing Mr. Fred Wright could be in an address to young brides. Mr. Louis Wain made lightning sketches of cats, which were sold afterwards to help the League. The whole thing was well managed, and half smart London seemed to be present.

Princess Christian has promised to open a sale of work at Lady St. Helier's house, 79, Harley-street, on Thursday afternoon, December 13. The sale comprises articles of useful clothing for men, women, and children which will be admirably suited for Christmas presents to poor people and servants. All the work has been done by poor women—widows with children, or wives whose husbands are out of employment—from some of the most poverty-stricken parts of London. The sale will extend over two days, and any further information regarding it can be obtained from Lady St. Helier.

I have received the following from Mona:—

My Dear Madge,—I am sorry to hear that your chrysanthemums have been attacked by mildew, but I think that the friend who advised you to syringe them with a solution of sulphide of potassium is wrong. The solution—half an ounce of the sulphide in a gallon of water—is excellent for plants in the open air, but there are at least two objections to its use under glass. One is that it blackens the paint, and as the discoloration goes deep, it cannot easily be removed, if at all. The other is that at this season moisture on the foliage is injurious. A far safer

Important to Ladies. — You can get the real genuine Horrockses' Longcloths and Flannelettes if you insist on seeing this stamp on the selvedge: 'Horrockses.' Obtainable from the principal Drapers. Over a century's reputation.

remedy is flowers of sulphur, tied up in a square of fine muslin and lightly dusted over the leaves.

But remedies by themselves are useless. The disease is bound to recur unless the cause is sought out and removed. And the cause of mildew is any condition which checks growth and weakens the plants—for example, over-crowding, which prevents the free passage of air around them, defective ventilation, draughts, over or under watering, an excessively high or low temperature, and so forth. Overcrowding is one of the commonest faults in amateurs' greenhouses. They usually fill them with a miscellaneous collection of plants and grow a large number of chrysanthemums outside during the summer, and when the latter have to be brought under cover the whole place is so tightly packed that an attack of mildew is inevitable. The evil is aggravated by want of ventilation. They seem to be afraid of fresh air; yet if you will visit any nurseryman's even in the depth of winter you will find, unless forcing is going on, the ventilators, and often the doors, of nearly every house open during the greater part of the day, except, of course, during fog, or severe frost, or keen winds, and the plants of all kinds flourishing in consequence.

Damp in winter is far more injurious than frost. While the former will by itself cause the decay of the vegetable tissues, the latter is powerless unless moisture is present, and its action is always limited by the amount of the moisture. For this reason wallflowers are much more likely to pass safely through the winter if they have been several times transplanted, the operation preventing the formation of long thick roots, and thus reducing the supply of watery sap and the production of soft wood. In the same way geraniums and fuchsias, if not watered at all, can often be kept alive in an unheated house or even in a cellar. They will lose their leaves, of course, and probably some of their shoots, but when warmer weather comes in spring most of them will start into growth again. There is really no object in giving plants water at this season, except just enough to prevent their shrivelling, for the majority are resting, and therefore do not need it. If they are kept growing in an unnaturally high temperature the matter is different, but that, also, is bad for them, for they require rest, just as much as human beings do, and if they are compelled to make winter growth it is invariably weak. David does the watering, which is rather heavy work, as well as the stoking, and one of our greatest difficulties is to impress upon him the importance of keeping down fire-heat—of giving no more water than is absolutely necessary, and of splashing none about. Brada usually superintends the operation.

But even when every care is taken—when the moisture is reduced to a minimum, and on dull days the fire is lighted, for its drying effects rather than for warmth—damp must accumulate in the atmosphere unless fresh air is admitted to drive it out. It should be admitted, not grudgingly, but freely, through the top ventilators, and on sunny days through the doorway also, if this can be done without creating a draught. For a draught is deadly to plants. A strong current of air impinging upon them causes excessively rapid evaporation from the foliage, the result being an extreme degree of cold, which produces much the same effect as it does on the human body. All that is necessary is to keep the air of the house moving gently—if possible, by ventilation; if not, by fire-heat. It is in a stagnant atmosphere that fungoid and insects thrive and multiply.

Of course, many of your chrysanthemums are over. These should be cut down at once, almost to the level of the soil, if you have not done so already. The shoots which will soon start up from the base can then be used as cuttings. The old plants are generally thrown away, but if you have room in the borders or in sunny corners of the shrubbery you may put them there—frost won't kill them—and in a favourable season they will supply quantities of flowers in autumn, provided that they are not very late varieties. The best cuttings are the tops, about two inches in length, of the strong shoots from the base. For exhibition they should be taken, if possible, in December, but for ordinary purposes January is early enough; though, naturally, the longer the period of growth the stronger the plants are likely to be, and the finer the flowers. If they are inserted rather thickly and firmly in boxes of light soil, placed in a house in which the temperature is kept at about 45 degrees, and shaded from sunlight, most of them will root in a few weeks. Cuttings, unlike plants, do not require a current of air perpetually playing around them; indeed, it is actually prejudicial to them, for it carries away the moisture from the leaves, and, as there are no roots to keep up the supply, is very apt to cause a collapse. Hence they should be very lightly sprayed occasionally—early in the morning, never in the afternoon—but if the soil is moist to start with, no watering should be necessary until roots are formed. You will know when this stage is reached by seeing the cuttings begin to grow. If they are covered with glass—they are often placed in a box deep enough to allow of this being done, in order to exclude air—the glass should then be slightly raised for a few days, and finally removed altogether. How to treat the young plants, cuttings no longer, I will tell you later.—Your affectionate cousin, MONA.

Clare sends me the following:—

DEAREST MADGE,—The most important event connected with last week was that it brought in the month of Christmas, with the gay festival itself little more than three weeks distant. What are three weeks in the matter of a festival of such big surroundings, so much to go before, so much to come after! Though Christmas comes with unvarying monotony every year, like the seasons, which do the same, it is full of variety. Its serious aspects are unchanging, but what may be called the "fioretti," the lighter social things connected with it, go with the times as we ourselves do. Its customs and manners change, its garments are always undergoing alterations. Modern grates have long made the Yule log impossible, modern manners have abolished the privileges of the mistletoe; modern consideration for the organs of digestion and an increased knowledge of the science of diet have modified, or, indeed, revolutionised the traditional Christmas dinner—the awful gorge with which past generations thought fit to associate Christmas. How could they have done it, we now wonder! Perhaps they went more on the python's system of meals—important dinners now and then with long fasts between. Stored up hunger may have an electric force, which helped the situation, a force of which modernity, with its accumulated and accumulating meals knows nothing. Christmas as a festival for overeating is practically gone, and now as one of the home and family, is it not seriously threatened? The old "home" idea is fast disappearing before the sweeping wave of progress, which has brought into fashion flats, restaurants, servant difficulties—not to say frequently impossibilities—professional, outdoor, and club life for women as well as men. The deserted home must soon cease to exist. Should the scattered family all on "their own," want to assemble together at Christmas they will have to hire a home for the occasion. And then it would not be home with any "homely" meanings. Our associations with the Christmas home and family ideas will certainly have to undergo some modifications. No doubt, the change is already at work in the gradual way in which such changes come. We shall not "feel ourselves getting there," as we say over here, before we find that we are there.

If Christmas sheds or modifies some ideas, there is no doubt that it, on the other hand, develops others. Its commercial aspect, for instance, is worthy of our modern devotion to commerce. What a shop festival it has grown to be, and a shopping one, too. For the next few weeks, whether as sellers or buyers, we shall all be talking and thinking "shop." Does not the giving of Christmas boxes grow more and more in fashion each year. They are not a speciality for children any longer, the "grown-ups" are very much in the matter now, and how much more serious they make it.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen were at the Viceregal Lodge all last week. They always have a busy time, one way or another, attending meetings of many kinds and giving quiet entertainments. Captain and Lady Celia Coates (Lord Crewe's daughter) have been given one of the small official residences in the Castle, and are already staying in Dublin. Lord Hawkesbury came over last week, so possibly, as he is the Chamberlain at the Viceregal Court, some arrangements are being made with regard to the Castle season, though they have not yet been made public. Lord Hawkesbury's father, Lord Liverpool, has been in delicate health lately. Lady Hawkesbury is an Irishwoman, the daughter of Lord and Lady Monck, who are well known in Dublin, from where they live not many miles distant in their picturesque residence near Bray. Lord Monck is part owner, with Lord Powerscourt, of the well-known Dargle Glen. Sir Antony MacDonnell returned from London last week to the Under-Secretary's Lodge, where Lady MacDonnell had been weather-bound for so long, the exceptionally rough seas in the Irish Channel preventing her attempting the passage across them. Royal Commissions have of late been searching us so thoroughly within, one wonders that a Commission has not been appointed to turn its attention without, and inquire into the truculent and

CORSET KRUTOID.—The latest *nouveauté Parisien* in tricot forms an elegant and smart up-to-date contour and lengthens the waist line.—Write or call at MESDAMES SYKES, JOSEPHINE, & Co., The Royal Anatomical Corsetières, 280, Regent-street, London.

unruly conduct of the Irish Sea. Then, perhaps, the much desired tunnel would be given or recommended.

The Dowager Lady Dufferin, on leaving the Viceregal Lodge, paid a visit to her mother, Mrs. Rowan Hamilton, at Shanganagh Castle, near Bray. Mrs. Hamilton, who has reached an advanced age, may well, with her vigour and great intellectual power, be called a "grand old lady." Amongst many claims to distinction she has one which is unique. She is the mother of an ex-British Ambassadress at St. Petersburg, Lady Dufferin, and of the present British Ambassadress there, Lady Nicolson. It is an interesting incident of family history that two sisters should hold the same high place, with an interval of more than twenty years between. Few women have had such experience of high place as Lady Dufferin, Vicequeen of India and Canada, as well as Ambassadress at St. Petersburg, Rome, Paris, and Constantinople. What a varied and interesting life! One hopes that she may share some of her experiences with the world, which likes to hear much of its leading women, as well as of those of the superior sex.—Yours ever, CLARE.

Try these scallops of rabbits and truffles:—

Choose a couple of English rabbits, ready for roasting, cut off the legs and shoulders and heads and lay them aside. Cut the whole of the loins and cut them into scallops, neatly cutting through each joint. Put the scallops into a sauté pan with some clarified butter, have ready the truffles, peeled and cut into slices same size as the scallops. Mix them with the rabbits, and season them with pepper, salt, and lemon juice. Sauté the whole. Some little time before dishing, drain the butter from the sauce or gravy they have cooked in, to give them a goodly flavour of the truffles. Dish all very hot. Take the legs and shoulders and blanch them, and lay them in a pan that has been lined with fat bacon, sprinkle them with salt and pepper, add a ladle of consommé, and let them simmer until nearly cooked, take them up and put them into a well-buttered dish, set them in a good hot oven, and as soon as they are firm glaze them. Serve them round the scallops of rabbits.

"Escallopes de salsify au gratin" are a nice dish:—

Scrape and boil the salsify roots in water acidulated with lemon juice or in a good braise for two hours. Drain and cut them into scallops a quarter of an inch thick. Parboil and strain half a dozen oysters, remove the beards, reduce the liquor of the oysters and mix it with a gill of white sauce; add two tablespoonfuls of cream, a squeeze of lemon juice, the yolk of an egg, and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Heat the salsify and the oysters in the sauce, divide it between half a dozen china scallop shells, mix 1 oz. of grated Parmesan cheese with a little thick cream, put a portion on each, and bake them a few moments in a sharp oven to acquire a nice brown colour.

—Ever your loving cousin, MADGE.

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NOTICE.

THE

THIRTIETH CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF TRUTH

IS

AN ENTIRELY NEW EDITION OF THE

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TO OUR READERS.

We receive hundreds of letters every week from "Readers of 'Truth.'" A large majority of the writers expect replies direct. Of the work, trouble, and expense involved in doing this we say nothing. But as experience has shown that a large number of our "Constant" and "Regular" readers who inquire about individuals with whom we have dealt in our columns over and over again are not actual subscribers to the paper, but merely occasional readers of it at clubs, libraries, or at friends' houses, we consider we must protect ourselves in the matter.

We have therefore decided that henceforth every reader who writes making an inquiry that necessitates a direct reply must enclose a stamped envelope and also a Coupon which will always be found at the foot of the 3rd page of the coloured cover. Without these no notice will be taken of the communication.

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a Coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" send replies by post.

No Coupon will be available that is over a fortnight out of date, except from correspondents residing abroad.

The terms of Subscription to Truth, *which are payable in advance, are as follows:—To any address in the United Kingdom, for 3 months, 7s.; 6 months, 14s.; and for 12 months, 28s. The Thin Paper Edition is forwarded to countries within the Postal Union for 3 months for 7s. 8d.; 6 months, 15s. 4d.; and 12 months, 30s. 8d. Cheques and Post Office Orders should be made Payable to the Manager,* Truth, *"Truth Buildings," Carteret-street, S.W.*

ENTRE NOUS.

I HOPE that all my readers in London will make a note of the fact that the Twenty-Seventh Truth Doll and Toy Show is to be held at the Royal Albert Hall on Wednesday and Thursday next, December 19 and 20. The arrangements will be practically the same as in previous years. On each day the Show will be open from 10.30 a.m. till 9 p.m. With the kindness that he has displayed on many former occasions, Mr. H. C. Tonking has promised to give organ recitals at 11, 3, and 7 o'clock on Wednesday and 11 and 3 o'clock on Thursday. On Thursday evening at seven o'clock a performance will be given by Mr. Jenkins' Mandoline Band. In connection with the musical programmes, I may mention here that I am indebted to Messrs. Chappell and Co. for the loan of a concert grand pianoforte. The charges for admission to the Show will be one shilling up till 5.30 p.m. on both days; after 5.30 on Wednesday the charge will be sixpence; and on Thursday evening admission will be free. These charges are made for the benefit of the Toy Fund, which, as explained below, is at present in a very unsatisfactory condition. I trust, therefore, that all my readers in London will pay a visit to the Albert Hall next Wednesday or Thursday, taking their children with them, and also persuade their friends to follow their example. The Show will not fail to afford pleasure to old and young, and those who go will have the additional gratification of knowing that they are helping the Fund.

There is another notice in connection with the Toy Show to which I must beg the attention of my readers. Although many of them have generously come to the assistance of the Toy Fund, I have not yet in hand half the amount necessary to supply toys and dolls to the 28,000 children who have claims on the Fund. I am going to work as usual in confidence that all my readers intend to subscribe. But when over £500 is still required, and there is only about a fortnight in which to obtain it, my faith is tried very high. May I therefore beg every reader to let me have his or her contribution within the next week? The distribution of the toys and dolls must commence on December 21. Is it necessary to say more?

Meantime, I have received the following contributions:—

Robert Kaye-Gray, £10; H., 5s.; Rev. George S. Henning, 2s. 6d.; Leo, £3 3s.; William Asch, £5 5s.; A. S., £1 1s.; J. Sidney Snelgrove, £2 2s.; D. B., £1 1s.; J. H. L., £5; G. F., £2 2s.; J. C. B., £1 11s. 6d.; E. Burrows, £1; Robert Crawshay, £5; T. D. B., £2; M. J. P. J., £5; A Friend, 2s.; Noel, Evelyn, and Bobbie, £1 1s.; H. B., £2; The Officers of H.M.S. *Revenge*, £1 1s. 6d.; Sir Squire Bancroft, £2 2s.; A. C. L. M., £5; Billie and Val, 10s.; T. P., £2; Delta, £1; B., 10s.; Mrs. Townshend, 5s.; F. B., 2s. 6d.; J. H. O., 2s. 6d.; Audry, £1 1s.; George S, Snelgrove, £10; Peter, 10s.; C. T. M., £5; H. D. P., 5s.; E.D., 5s.; F. M. F., £1 1s.; Firenze, 200 lire; Charles Brook, £2 10s.;

William Fletcher, £1; Bechmann and Ullmann, £5; In Memoriam, Little Workhouse May, 2s. 6d.; D. W., £1; Ascott Avenue, £1 1s.; C. H. F., £1 0s. 1d.; Maycot, 5s.; H. O., £1; F. W. Field and Sons, £2 2s.; W. B. Jones, £1; A. A. S., £5; W. H. L., 10s.; F. G. I. V., £1 1s.; A. L. H., £5; W. Denton, £2 2s.; Anon, Glasgow, £2; Brad, 2s. 6d.; A Grateful Catholic, £1; The Clerks in a Bucket Shop, 10s.; H. E. H., £5; Major A. T. Willer, £1; Jeremiah Colman, £5; Miss Ehrlick, £2 2s.; L. E. R., £5; A Sympathiser, £5; B. H., £2 2s.; John Bradshaw, £1; W. R. J., £1; E. S., £3 3s.; T. H., 2s. 6d.; Stanley Coxon, £1; A. B. W., £2 2s.; Col. Richard Owen, £1; F. M., 2s. 6d.; M. F. A. Fraser, 7s. 6d.; G. W., 10s.; Jim, 1 dollar; Meldon, £1 1s.; Jacobus, 5s.; Gerald, 10s.; R. B. B., 5s.; Baby Jack, £1 1s.; C. A. Body, £1 1s.; Vera and Ena, £1; L. M. N., £5 5s.; R. C. B., £1; M. W. C., 13s.; Mrs. Champion, £1; W. N., £1; Nordnach-on-Dee, 5s.; E. P. S., £1; H. Halford and Co., £1 1s. For further acknowledgments see "Mammon" and "Puzzle" pages.

I have also received the following contributions "in kind":—

One box woollen balls from Mrs. L. Benham; 600 scrap sheets, Miss Milne; parcel of scrap books, Miss M. J. Thomas; 4 woollen balls, J. M. T.; 1 dressed doll, Mrs. Lanham and daughters; 1 box dressed dolls, the Misses Woods.

The King and Queen will give a farewell dinner for the King and Queen of Norway to-morrow evening at Buckingham Palace. The arrangements for the return of the King and Queen of Norway to the Continent have been altered. They will not cross from Port Victoria to Flushing on the Royal Yacht as was originally intended. They are to leave Victoria Station on Friday for Dover, whence they will cross to Calais in a specially chartered steamer. Their Majesties are to be conveyed from Calais to Berlin in a special Royal train, passing through Brussels and Cologne. They will occupy King Edward's double saloon, which is his Majesty's own private property, and is most comfortably arranged for both day and night travelling. The King and Queen of Norway will stay at Berlin from Saturday until Tuesday, when they are to proceed to Copenhagen on a short private visit to the King and Queen of Denmark, and they will return to Christiania on Saturday, the 22nd.

The King goes down to Windsor on Monday next for a day's pheasant shooting in the Great Park, when he will be accompanied by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught and Prince Arthur, and Prince Christian.

The King and Queen are to return to Sandringham shortly before Christmas, and they will receive another shooting party at the Hall during the first week in January. It is expected that their Majesties will leave Sandringham for the season on Monday, January 7, when they will probably go to Chatsworth on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire. Their Majesties will reside at Windsor Castle during the latter part of January, and it is expected that the Court will remove to Buckingham Palace for the early part of the season about Monday, January 28. The King is to pay a visit to Lord Burnham at Hall Barn Park, next Wednesday, when his Majesty will have a day's pheasant shooting in the excellent preserves on that estate.

The King drove on Monday, the 3rd, from Sandringham to Houghton, for a day's shooting over the preserves on Lord Cholmondeley's estate, which are rented by Colonel Vivian. Houghton Hall is a splendid and stately stone house, with a magnificent hall, where Sir Robert Walpole and his friends used to carouse during the shooting season, and the rings in the ceiling which supported the scales for weighing deer are still to be seen. The Houghton gallery of Old Masters was sold in 1779 by the third Earl of Orford to the Empress Catherine for £40,550, and they are now in the Hermitage Palace at St. Petersburg. The house now contains many interesting and valuable portraits, and there are some fine carvings by Gibbons in the dining-room. The old-fashioned gardens are pleasant, and the park is well wooded. The preserves at Houghton have been celebrated for the excellent sport they afforded for more than two centuries. The estate, which is a very large one, was offered for sale in 1885, but it did not change hands.

The King's second big shoot for this season took place last week at Sandringham. On Tuesday the battues were in the West Newton woods, which were swarming with pheasants. On Wednesday there were partridge drives in the Anmer and Flitcham preserves. These drives were to have taken place in November during the first shoot, but they were then stopped by the weather. The bag was comparatively small. On Thursday there were battues in the woods between Sandringham and Babingley, and about 2,000 pheasants were killed. On Friday there was a shoot in the Anmer preserves, but the bag was not nearly as heavy as on the previous day. There will be one more shooting party at Sandringham after Christmas, when there are to be battues on four days, and the sport will be limited to pheasant and wild fowl shooting.

The Prince of Wales has been suffering at Sandringham from a severe cold, which he was supposed to have caught in Lancashire, but he is now well again after a few days' treatment and care.

The Princes Edward and Albert of Wales and their sister, Princess Mary, hunted last Wednesday with the West Norfolk Foxhounds, which met at Great Massingham Station. The Royal children ride exceedingly well. It is probable that there will be a lawn meet of the West Norfolk pack at Sandringham during the Christmas holidays.

There has never been any idea of the King of Denmark visiting England during the present year. According to present arrangements King Frederick and Queen Louise are to spend a week in London early in May, when they will be the guests of their Majesties at Buckingham Palace, and probably a State banquet and a State ball will be given in their honour, and they will presumably be entertained by the Corporation of London at the Guildhall. When the King and Queen of Denmark visit England they will be accompanied by their only unmarried daughter, the Princess Thyra.

Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, youngest daughter of the Grand Duchess Marie and the late Duke Alfred, has left London to join her mother at Coburg, and early in January they are going to the Riviera for a stay of four months at the Château de Fabron. Princess Beatrice has been on a visit to Princess Henry of Battenberg at Kensington Palace.

Ireland has of late been so much on the make—or rather remake—that the spirit of reconstruction has developed even within the walls of Dublin Castle. The Castle tradition, so long sacred from change, has at last been set aside, in the matter of the Viceregal Court ceremonials, improvements in which have been introduced for the coming "season." "All true life develops from within," and, such being the case, it is pleasantly anticipated in Ireland that the reformation commenced in what may be called the "innermost" of Dublin Castle will spread through the many and varied branches of the entire establishment.

There was no great muster of Unionists, and a complete absence of enthusiasm on the occasion of the Unionist meeting last week in Dublin. The speeches were uneventful, Mr. Austen Chamberlain's lacking the brilliancy which appeals to an Irish audience. One stubborn fact stands completely in the way of Conservative and anti-Home Rule eloquence—a very stubborn one, too—Sir Antony MacDonnell. He, the first professed Home Ruler—making open profession of his faith, too—who was ever given a high office in Dublin Castle, holds it on the appointment of the late Conservative Government. Facts are not only stubborn, but, on occasion, very awkward things.

Colonel Charles Francis Buller, who died the other day at Lyme Regis, was the son of Sir Arthur Buller, and the most popular Harrovian of his time. He was a famous cricketer in his day, and was captain of the Harrow eleven in 1864, and played afterwards for the Gentlemen of Middlesex. He was a most brilliant batsman. He was also first-rate at football, a splendid jumper, and very clever with the gloves. Buller had remarkable abilities, but he was very idle. As a boy at Harrow, his prestige and influence were like those of Pendennis during his good time at Oxbridge. He was also a great favourite with the masters. Buller went into the 2nd Life Guards, and his popularity continued unabated. His brother officers twice subscribed privately to pay his debts in order to prevent his retirement from the regiment. Ultimately, however, he was obliged to leave the Army through financial difficulties, and other troubles came upon him. Very little had been heard of him for many years before his death. He was a wonderfully handsome and distinguished-looking man, having inherited the good looks of his father, who was the younger brother of Charles Buller, and a pupil of Thomas Carlyle.

Mr. Edward Kerrison Harvey, who died last week at the age of eighty, had been a familiar figure for over half a century at Norwich, a city with which his family has been associated for centuries. He was a son of the late General Sir Robert Harvey, who distinguished himself during the Peninsular War. Mr. Harvey was a man of remarkable dignity, with the fine manners and genial courtesy of the old school. He twice filled the office of Mayor of Norwich, and was an energetic supporter of every movement which tended to benefit that city, and his charities were most munificent. He had been a member of the Athenæum Club for over fifty-five years.

Mr. Harvey was at one time widely known as the successful litigant in a case concerning the disputed succession to a large property, which was fought with unexampled pertinacity, having been brought twice before the House of Lords. The costs of both parties, which were paid by the plaintiffs (who lost the case), amounted to nearly £30,000.

Three of Shelley's notebooks, filled with his writings, most of the matter being unpublished, were sold at Sotheby's on Thursday for £3,000, when they were purchased by Mr. Stevens for an American collector. These books were given by Shelley's widow to Sir Percy Shelley, who presented them to the late Dr. Garnett, of the British Museum, and they were sold as part of his library.

A letter has just come into my possession which was written some three weeks back to a firm at Newcastle-on-Tyne by Mr. Jesse Fletcher, who has earned notoriety in connection with publications called *Gentlefolk* and the *Great North Magazine*. It announces that Fletcher is publishing in his grand Christmas number an illustrated article on Newcastle, with particulars of its principal business enterprises. It would give him pleasure to include the firm he addresses, and he asks for an appointment, that his representative may take notes. By way of postscript he adds that he does not expect an advertisement.

I am sorry that I did not see this interesting document in time to warn those whom it might concern against Fletcher's little game; and I fear it is only too likely that he has by this time bagged a satisfactory number of victims even in "canny Newcassel." The little game is to tempt the tradesman into having the article illustrated, and promising to pay for the blocks. Having succeeded in that, Fletcher puts in a claim for blocks more than sufficient to cover the whole cost of the article, and far more than any man of business in his senses would pay for an advertisement in a magazine which has no sale apart from the copies that the publisher's dupes buy for private circulation.

In spite of the repeated warnings that I have given in Truth against Fletcher's proceedings, I am sorry

For Christmas Appeals, see page 1463.
For Special for Ladies, see page 1469.
For the Truth Hotel List, see page 1465.
For Selected Foreign Hotels, see pages 1464, 1465.
For Amusements, see page 1461.
For Our Puzzles, see pages 1473 1474.

to learn that he still makes this game pay. He would probably have had to give it up by this time, but for the fact that one or two pedantic County Court Judges have failed to grasp the trickery of his business, and have given judgment against firms which have refused to pay his monstrous price for "blocks." But my impression is that this has been largely due to the cases not having been properly presented to the courts; and if any of the Newcastle people who have been caught will make a stand against this dodge for plundering business houses, there is good ground to hope that Fletcher may yet be bowled out.

A firm calling itself the Imperial Publishing Company, address Oxford House, Oxford-street, W., advertises a book called "The Piano in Twelve Lessons," described as a system which will revolutionise teaching, to which is appended the announcement: "Money willingly refunded if not as described." In point of fact, the book in question, which is sold for 2s., differs in no way from any popular instruction book for the piano, and is probably compiled from one or other of them. On discovering this, a customer applied for the return of his money in accordance with the advertisement. The answer is: "The offer contained in our advertisement only applies to any case where it can be proved after a proper trial, extending over several weeks, that the method is not equal to what we claim for it." This answer, read with the description of the book, and the captivating announcement, "Piano in Twelve Lessons," will sufficiently indicate the character of this particular advertisement, and, I trust, save other would-be musicians from falling victims to it.

TELEGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHY.

[The following verses on the subject—which I print without comment—have been sent to me by Mr. William Sikes.]

Lor lumme, Sir! Well, I *do* think—
And doubtless you'll agree, Sir—
This 'ere surpasses everythink;
It didn't oughter be, Sir.

Them wires for lodgers on the flit
Was bad enuff afore, Sir,
And mide it 'ard ter dodge a split,
They did; but *now*, oh, lor! Sir.

For 'stead o' wiring on in front
A mere descriptive note O,
'Enceforth, when us pore blokes they 'unt,
They'll wire our litest photo.

And when to furrin parts we flee,
We'll find it, as we lands, Sir,
A-witin' for us on the quay
In some blank tec.'s blank 'ands, Sir.

Which, Sir, at 'ide and seek ter ply
With splits I don't objeck, Sir,
While to the gime they keeps, says I,
And shows the rools respeck, Sir.

But, Sir, I tells, and tells yer flat
This photo dodge eyn't cricket;
And lorst I ham in wunder that
Our leggislaters stick it.

Which hif they don't soon sumthink do
To that inwentive yooth, Sir,
'Oo found it out, I looks ter you
To show it hup in Trooth, Sir.

It is expected at Oxford that the Prime Minister will soon be called upon to appoint a new Regius Professor of Divinity, as Dr. Ince has been unable to lecture during the last two terms, and it is thought probable that he will resign the Chair, to which he was appointed in 1878 by Lord Beaconsfield, in the place of Dr. J. B. Mozley. A canonry of Christ Church is annexed to the Regius Chair of Divinity, and the emoluments amount to about £1,500 a year, with residence.

Press paragraphists have been announcing and commenting on the retirement of Sir Alfred Porter from the Secretaryship of the Ecclesiastical Commission. As a matter of fact, he has not retired, and has no immediate intention of giving up his post, which is worth £1,700 a year.

After a delay of many months, occasioned by the now customary disputes between the clerical and lay electors of every diocese, a new Bishop has been appointed to the long vacant See of Argyll and the Isles, in the Scottish Episcopal Church, in succession to the late Dr. Chinnery Haldane. As the electors could not agree upon a candidate, the patronage lapsed to the College of Bishops, who have appointed Provost Mackenzie, of St. Paul's Cathedral, Dundee, where he has been working for eleven years. He was previously curate of the historic church of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, under the present Bishop (Cornish) of Grahamstown. The new Bishop is a son of the late Lord Mackenzie, who was an able and highly esteemed Judge in the Court of Session. The stipend is £630 a year, Argyll and the Isles being the poorest see in Scotland, but the work is certainly not heavy, there being only sixteen clergy in the diocese. Brechin, with thirty-four clergy, is now the most valuable of these bishoprics, the stipend being over £1,100 a year. This see is filled by Dr. Robberds, formerly vicar of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol.

I have received several letters from Roman Catholic readers in condemnation of the action of Bishop Brindle in the case of Father Hays, described in last week's Truth. The following is specially noteworthy on account of the additional information it gives respecting another incident in the diocese of Nottingham, which was referred to in the article:—

As a Roman Catholic layman of the Diocese of Nottingham permit me to thank you for your article "Bishop Brindle and the Rector." The time has surely come when Rome should protect her clergy from the despotic treatment which so many in England have to suffer at the hands of their Bishops.

In your article you refer to a priest who was convicted of slandering a Catholic lady of this diocese. It may (or may not) surprise you to be told that quite recently Bishop Brindle has conferred on this same priest the dignity of a canonry, and at the same time has transferred him to one of the largest and best missions of the diocese. Is it not monstrous that Father Hays, a most devoted and exemplary priest, a model of Christian charity and self-sacrifice, should be practically turned out of the diocese by his Bishop, who can find no worthier recipient of his favours and honours than a priest convicted of slander? Can abuse of episcopal power further go?

The Cure of Consumption.—L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., writes:—"I think it only right to state that for some years I have prescribed Dr. Alabone's remedies for chest diseases, having been converted to do so by the marvellous recovery of a patient *whom I had given up to die*. Since then I have attended other cases of advanced tubercular disease, and have watched them gradually restored to health."—"The Cure of Consumption, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh," price 2s. 6d., by E. W. Alabone, Lynton House, Highbury-quadrant, London, N.

My attention has also been called to a letter on this case from "a Roman Catholic Layman of the Diocese of Nottingham," which appeared in the *Nottingham Daily Express* after the publication of the story of Father Hays. The writer gives a statement of the Canon Law as to the position and rights of a missionary rector similar to that which was given in Truth last week, and draws from it the conclusion that the Bishop's action was "in absolute defiance of the law of the Church." He mentions that a bishop is bound to provide for the support of a priest suspended or condemned, and can be compelled to do so—a point worthy of notice, as supplying a possible check on abuses of the episcopal power over priests. He speaks strongly of the inadequate stipends of English priests, and pleads for a "living wage" for curates. Finally, he proposes this remedy for the evils under which the Roman Church in England is suffering:—

Reference has been made to a few only of the many abuses of episcopal administration, but there is little hope that even these will be remedied until such time as a Papal Delegate with plenary power is appointed to the Province of Westminster. The Roman Catholic Bishops of England naturally oppose such an appointment. We are too far away from Rome for practical supervision, and appeals to the Holy See are tedious and generally unsatisfactory. In same cases they are heard, in other cases they are entirely ignored. The success of the appellant often depends upon the influence he can command or the amount of largesse he is prepared to distribute among the many ecclesiastical harpies who infest the Roman Suria.

The writer yields to none in devotion and loyalty to the Roman Catholic Church. Were she not a divine institution her lawless Bishops would long ago have destroyed her.

Pending any restriction of episcopal power such as the above letter asks for, it is satisfactory to see tangible evidence that the recent criticism of ecclesiastical finance has not been without effect. The *Tablet* and other Roman Catholic papers have just published an official statement respecting the position of the Cardinal Vaughan Memorial School, signed by the Archbishop of Westminster, the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Ripon, the Bishop of Southwark, and others. It explains in detail why the erection of the proposed school at Westminster was postponed, and the temporary school closed. It states that the funds in hand have been invested in Consols, and that the amount (£21,054 9s. 6d.) stands in the names of the Archbishop, the Duke of Norfolk, the Bishop of Southwark, and Lord Edmund Talbot; also that the accounts have been audited by a firm whose name is mentioned, and can be seen by subscribers at their office. This is as it should be, but as it never hitherto has been, and I think it will scarcely be considered presumptuous on my part to attribute the unusual step that has been taken to the influence of the Truth articles. I hope that the trustees will have their reward in a speedy inflow of subscriptions to the fund.

I give below extracts from a letter addressed not long since to one of our bishops by a lady who had been working for some little time in a Diocesan Home for Women—one of those voluntary "penitentiaries" which are now carried on by Sisters in all parts of the country, and are largely supported by laundry work done in them. I do not give the name of the Home, because I have no doubt that, like most others of its class, it is in the main a useful institution, doing good work for the inmates; but I consider that the statements deserve publicity, because the Bishop to whom this letter was written some two months ago has not considered it even deserving of an acknowledgment. The lady's motive for writing the letter is sufficiently indicated in the opening sentences:—

In many respects the Sisters were very kind to the penitents, but there were certain points in the discipline of which I think you cannot be aware or would approve. I do not for a moment suggest any deliberate cruelty on the part of the Sisters, whom I believe to be most anxious to do their best for the young women in their charge—only errors of judgment or faults in the system.

The penitents in the laundry attached to the home worked on an average sixty-six hours a week, hours which seem to me unduly long, especially as several of the girls were under seventeen.

The laundry matron was in the habit of striking and beating the girls under her. I was not an actual eye-witness of this, but when I brought it to the notice of the Sister-in-Charge she at once admitted it, saying "it was all done in love."

When a penitent was recalcitrant, the Sisters would lock her up in a cubicle called "——." This cubicle was partitioned off from a smaller room in which one or two other girls slept, and which was also locked when —— [the punishment cubicle] contained a prisoner. [The cubicle] itself is 7ft. 10in. by 4ft. 8in., and the partition is carried up to within 5in. of the ceiling. When first I saw it, the cubicle included a small strip of window that did not open, and the only ventilation was over the top of the partition. Lately, however, it has had a casement inserted, giving an opening of 12in. by 6in. direct to the outer air. Even with this, the atmosphere becomes very foul when a girl is shut up there night and day. I have known a girl to be there for a week.

When a penitent wishes to leave before the Sisters think fit, she must, it seems, give a week's notice, and during that week is locked up in "——" [the punishment cubicle], or her own cubicle, and is deprived of the meal that next follows her giving notice. It has always seemed to me scarcely fair that a girl should be thus punished for doing what she has, I presume, a perfect legal right to do.

I understand that as Bishop the home is under your Lordship's patronage, and I would earnestly beg of you to use your influence to procure a less harsh treatment of the penitents in the respects I have mentioned. . . .

It cannot be suggested that these allegations are frivolous. I do not doubt that the ladies who manage institutions of this class frequently have to deal with a very rough and troublesome class of women; and if such establishments are to exist at all, discipline must be maintained somehow. But, conceding all that, it is not right that a laundry matron, a paid servant, should be entrusted with authority to beat the penitents at discretion, even "in love." It is not right that the inmates, whether young girls or grown women, should work on an average eleven hours a day. It is not right that any inmate should be imprisoned for periods extending up to a week in a cell such as that described above. It is utterly indefensible—and, I should say, utterly illegal—to imprison a girl for a week when she gives notice to leave. If discipline cannot be preserved in a voluntary institution of this class without recourse to such measures such institutions must cease to exit.

In any case those who establish institutions of this class should be subject to some measure of official inspection and control. This is a point on which I do not think that there can be any serious difference of opinion. It is altogether contrary to the spirit of English law that ladies and gentlemen, however benevolent their motives, should assume to exercise over their fellow-subjects the powers which are necessary for the maintenance of discipline in such an institution without some kind of legal sanction and some safeguard against the abuse of such powers. I would call attention specially to the fact that the above letter, addressed to

the Bishop who is responsible for the existence of the home in question, was not even considered deserving of the courtesy of a reply. The letter is very temperately written, prompted by a perfectly legitimate motive, and founded upon six months' personal experience in the Home. The Bishop clearly owed it to himself and to the inmates of the Home to inquire into the allegations. If, after doing so, he thought that they were unfounded, he owed it to the managers of the Home to inform his correspondent of his conclusion. His silence implies that he simply did not consider the letter worth his notice. If so, in one diocese at least, the responsibility of the Bishop for such a "diocesan" institution is no safeguard against abuses in the management.

It may be remembered that this question was touched upon in Parliament a few years ago when the official inspection of laundries was under consideration; but Church influence proved too strong, as Parliament was then constituted, for effective reform to be carried out. It is to be hoped that the present House of Commons may have an opportunity of considering the question and dealing with it practically.

The time has arrived to renew several warnings given annually in Truth against Christmas appeals. The first calling for notice is that of Mr. G. H. Linnecar, of the so-called Mansion House Mission, Camberwell. This old gentleman has slightly varied his form of appeal this year, and though still in want of half-crowns, he no longer has the audacity to describe the need as "urgent." He also sends with his appeal his annual report, with his "balance-sheet for the year ending October 23, 1906;" and I am bound to say that there is a frankness about this proceeding which almost disarms criticism, for how anybody can respond to his request for 2s. 6d. or any other sum with the balance-sheet before him I am at a loss to understand. However, it appears that, in spite of repeated warnings, the number of subscribers and the amount collected by Linnecar continue to grow. Under the pretence of ministering to the urgent needs of the poor, Linnecar collected last year by his own showing £530 18s. 5d. Out of that sum he disbursed under the head of "charity, free teas, and gifts to the needy," £104 7s. 6d.; £87 19s. 4d. went to pay for "stationery, printing, postage, and circulars" (in other words, the cost of collecting the money); and every penny beyond that to the support of Linnecar himself and the upkeep of a little chapel with a scanty congregation, probably largely composed of children or people who attend in the hope of getting something in the shape of charity.

I do not think that there exists in London at the present time a more flagrant example of charity-mongering humbug than this "Mansion House Mission," and every year the humbug of it grows more conspicuous. According to his own figures, Linnecar has at his little meeting-house a congregation which contributed during the year in "collections at services" £148 8s. 1d. There was a further income, chiefly from "proceeds of tea meetings, and sales of various kinds," which brought the total income up to £201 2s. 11d. There is not the slightest reason why such a "mission" should not be self-supporting—that is to say, if the congregation want Linnecar and the chapel, there is enough money to pay for them. But in point of fact, the upkeep of the chapel and pastor cost during the year £489 8s. 2d. Linnecar himself takes £300 in salary, and £20 4s. 6d. under the head of "travelling expenses, preaching engagements, etc." There is a necessary expenditure of £42 9s. 9d. under the heads of "ground rent, taxes, water, gas, and insurance." There is a monstrous expenditure of £125 10s. 10d. under the heads of "cleaning, fuel, communion wine, pulpit supplies, organist and sundries, furniture, office work, and new platform." Nevertheless, having thrown away his money in this liberal style during the year, Linnecar still has in hand on October 23 a "reserve" of £100, and a cash balance of £32 10s.

By a marvellous financial coincidence he carried forward precisely the same figure of £132 10s. when he closed his books at the end of the previous year. This coincidence is sufficient in itself to expose the whole account to suspicion; but I am quite content to take the figures as they stand as proof of the true object of Linnecar's missionary efforts. Notwithstanding his £132 in hand at the end of October, he is now again appealing to the public—for what purpose? He can only specify a "good Christmas dinner," which he gives to every needy family attending the mission, and make a general reference to "bread, coal, and grocery," which he dispenses in the winter. Now, suppose that he is going to spend in charity under these heads in the whole of the year up to October 23 the same amount that he spent last year, and for many years previously, he has in hand by his own showing enough to pay for the whole of it and still leave a balance of £28 to supplement the income of his benefice. In other words, he is begging for himself and himself alone, and the vague talk about the "good Christmas dinner" and the "bread, coal, and groceries," which he proposes to supply to the poor can only be designed to conceal that fact. It is simply amazing that a man should be able to extract over £500 a year from the public by such self-evident humbug.

Another Christmas appeal against which I would warn every one who receives it is that of the "Poor Children's Society," which has its headquarters in Trinity-street, Borough, and is associated with the name of Mr. George H. Breton. During the last week or two I have received inquiries about this appeal from all parts of the United Kingdom and the Empire, and it has evidently been circulated regardless of expense. It seems to have been particularly addressed to sergeants' messes in the Army both at home and abroad. As I suppose Truth is to be found in nearly every mess, the members ought to be pretty well aware that the Poor Children's

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Society is a charity of very questionable character. Its management has been exhaustively discussed in Truth on several occasions.

In consequence of such criticism a pretence of reforming it has been gone through more than once, but with no visible result; and twice within my knowledge gentlemen who have associated themselves with the committee for the purpose of reforming the management have retired from their task in disgust and despair. The society is one of those which do a certain amount of charitable work of more or less value; but the work is done at a monstrous cost, and this cost chiefly represents the amount drawn under one head or another by Mr. and Mrs. Breton and their family and friends quartered upon the charity. That was the substance of the state of things which has been exposed in Truth in time past, and there is no evidence of its ever having been altered. The so-called committee is neither representative nor responsible, and so long as that is the case there is not the slightest probability that any serious reform of the concern will be effected.

A few months ago mention was made in Truth of the conviction at Yeovil of a man named Albert Barnes for defrauding an innkeeper. Having served his time, Barnes has apparently betaken himself to the begging-letter line of business. He writes to a Somersetshire M.P. stating that "through unforeseen circumstances over which he had no control, he is here in London absolutely friendless, and waiting for temporary assistance." He writes this on paper stamped with an address at West Crewkerne, but he strikes out the address and substitutes "General Post Office, London." Presumably the unforeseen circumstances over which he had no control, and which left him absolutely friendless, are his recent conviction and imprisonment, though these circumstances would not have taken him to London. Barnes has been known for years past in the West of England as a thoroughgoing rogue, who disguises his dishonesty with a sickening veneer of religious cant. His conviction at Yeovil was not his first; and I trust that no one will be so ill-advised as to give him money, on whatever pretence he asks for it.

Lord Monkswell, the Chairman, and Miss Octavia Hill, the Treasurer of the Kyrle Society, ask me to give publicity to an appeal for funds for that society. In connection with the acquisition of open spaces, the distribution of books to poor libraries (other than rate-aided), the promotion of concerts in poor neighbourhoods, and the decoration and improvement of parochial halls, club rooms, and similar institutions, the society has for many years carried on a useful work, and it is well deserving of support. Subscriptions and donations should be sent to the Treasurer at the office 2, Manchester-street, W.

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I have heard so much lately from various correspondents about the military rank of the Bishop of Malta that I am getting a little tired of the subject, and possibly my readers are too. But a letter that I have just had from Malta gives a new account of the matter, which may be of interest from the historical point of view. According to the writer, when the Maltese rose against the French garrison placed by Napoleon in the island, they were led by Father Caruana, parish priest of Civita Vecchia, the British ships which were blockading the island landing some naval guns to help them. When reduced to extremities, the French commander, whose pride forbade him to surrender to the Maltese, communicated with the British, and surrendered to the senior naval officer. Father Caruana was shortly afterwards appointed Bishop of Malta, and, in recognition of his services in procuring the surrender of the island, the Government conferred on him and his successors the honorary rank of Brigadier-General within his diocese. My informant adds that military honours were after this paid to the bishops at all times when they appeared in public, until the incident already mentioned, when a Protestant officer (said to have been a Presbyterian) refused to salute a military procession, and was cashiered in consequence, since when the bishop has only received the military salute "when not taking part in a religious procession." I hope this clears up the history of the Bishop's military rank satisfactorily. The title of Archbishop of Rhodes annexed to the bishopric of Malta is said—I suppose correctly—to date from the time of the Knights of St. John.

With reference to the promotion examination of majors R.A.M.C. in the laws and customs of war, the Geneva Convention, and so forth, a Service correspondent argues that it is absolutely necessary that responsible medical officers should know "what hospitals may or may not do, and may or may not carry, without forfeiting their character as neutrals under the Geneva Convention," and that any one who does not is unfit to command a field hospital. This is, no doubt, sound; but as I understand it, the present examination goes far beyond mere knowledge of the Geneva Convention. The complaint is that the examination involves the laborious mastery of a novel and technical subject, and as far as I can see the complaint is well founded. I would undertake myself to learn in a couple of days all that an officer commanding a field hospital needs to know about the Geneva Convention.

A lieutenant-colonel R.A.M.C., who writes to endorse the letter of a captain published a week or two back on the subject of the examination of medical officers and the present craze for specialism, points out that the Indian Medical Service has not adopted any of the ideas which at present find favour at home, and he contends that it is at present getting the pick of the Army Medical candidates. It is worth noting that at the last entrance examination the number of candidates for the Indian Service was far higher in proportion to the vacancies than for the R.A.M.C. This, of course,

does not necessarily prove anything more than that the Indian Service, as the less exacting in the matter of examinations, is the more attractive to candidates. But if it were true that India gets the better class of men, then the stiffening of the R.A.M.C. course only defeats its own intention. Another point mentioned by my correspondent is that the R.A.M.C. has of late attracted an unduly large proportion of Irish candidates, the suggested inference being that English and Scotch students are being "choked off."

The new system of proficiency pay seems to be causing dissatisfaction in many directions. The latest growl comes from the Army Veterinary Corps. The restriction of the order to men who transfer to the corps, extend their service in it, or re-engage in it after October 1 has the result that a sergeant, for instance, who has become thoroughly qualified and efficient in his corps duties, but does not take one or other of these steps, will make in future 5d. a day less than a sergeant transferred to the corps after October 1, who comes in with all the special work of the corps to learn. The latter will get 1s. a day corps pay instead of the 7d. service pay to which the former is restricted. I suppose that the same result may arise in other corps, but it does not seem at all reasonable.

Another grievance under the same head has been created in the artillery clerks' section. These men, as I understand the position, are not eligible for proficiency pay, yet their duties are certainly of a special character, and demand a high standard of education. They are now liable to be worse paid than men in the ranks. Certain N.C.O.s serving abroad have also been very hard hit by the fact that the Army Order, which was dated September 17, was not received in the Colonies until the latter part of October. Many men who could have re-engaged under the terms of the order, and so have preserved their service pay, were thereby precluded from doing so. If this matter is looked into at headquarters it will be found, I believe, that there are men who, in consequence of this, stand to lose 7d. a day for the rest of their service, through nothing but official carelessness. The corresponding men at home, of course, had ample time to re-engage before the order came into operation on October 1.

A married sergeant wants to know why, if there are no quarters available in barracks containing the two bedrooms to which he is entitled by regulations, he should not at any rate be allowed the amount of bedding which he would have if there were two bedrooms available for him. There seems to be some point in this question. This particular sergeant is blessed with three children, aged from two and a-half to seven years, and the Government apparently expects that the three, as well as the sergeant and his wife, are to sleep in the same bed. "Surely, sir," he observes, "this is not the spirit of the regulation." If it is, I can only say that it is an unclean spirit. If a man cannot have his two bedrooms, he might at least have his two beds. What interests me most in this complaint, however, is the disclosure of the fact that, in spite of all that has been done of late years to improve barrack accommodation, families of five persons are still to be found occupying one bedroom in married quarters. The best remedy for this, as I observed some time ago, is to bring barracks under the jurisdiction of the sanitary authorities. Why should the Government be allowed to set at defiance Government-made laws for the protection of public health?

The treatment of Crimean veterans, so often a cause of scandal here, is now the theme of two letters that I have received from colonial correspondents. One letter relates to the recent death at Stanger, in Natal, of an old fellow who went all through the Crimean campaign, and altogther spent forty years in the British Army. Unlike so many of his comrades at home, he was not allowed to starve to death, a friend at Stanger giving him a home. He seems to have been greatly respected by the villagers, and there was a general desire that he should be buried with military honours. The local militia were prepared to furnish a firing party, but the Natal Government refused to permit this, though the villagers offered to defray any expense that might be incurred. I suppose that, strictly speaking, this veteran was not entitled to a military funeral, but the case was one in which a point might have been stretched, and the decision of the Natal Government seems to have evoked a good deal of indignant criticism.

The second letter comes from Canada, and draws attention to a report in a Toronto newspaper of a case heard by Colonel Denison, police magistrate at Toronto. The report, headed "An Empire's Gratitude," is worth quoting in full:—

> The common jail till April 8 next was the lodging given by Colonel Denison, police magistrate, yesterday morning, to Michael Hannon, 77 years of age, a veteran of the Crimea.
>
> Hannon applied at No. 1 Police Station for lodgings.
>
> "Go up to the Court and let yourself into the dock. The Colonel will attend to you," was the sympathetic advice of Inspector Davis.
>
> "How long do you want?" asked the magistrate, when the case was explained to him.
>
> "Till January, your Worship. I get my pension then," replied Hannon.
>
> "Too cold then," said the magistrate, "better make it March or April. I'll make it April, and you will be able to draw your January and April money when you come out."
>
> "Thank you, sir!" said Hannon, as he saluted and retired.

It is not explained on what charge this obliging magistrate gave Hannon five months' imprisonment, but presumably it was for being homeless and without visible means of subsistence. The pension awarded to the old man by his grateful country is insufficient for his maintenance, and as the only alternative to his death from cold and starvation a prosperous and patriotic colony offers him winter quarters in the common gaol!

By the way, I am glad to hear that in Manchester a society has been formed to help destitute Crimean and Indian Mutiny veterans. Most of the men are over

seventy years of age, and the society has discovered some pathetic cases in which they endeavour to live upon a pension of 1s. a day or less.

It was mentioned in Truth a few months ago that a notorious medical quack at Bombay was issuing his circulars by post addressed to "Any Mess Sergeant, Any Regiment," at a certain station, and that the Post Office delivered communications so addressed. An officer at Attock, in the Punjab, sends me a similar circular from the same individual addressed to "Any Private, Any Regiment." One of them having been shot by the Post Office into the officers' mess, it is to be presumed that others have been unloaded in the same way in other quarters. I do not suppose that the Post Office in any other country would deliver envelopes so addressed, and there is no reason why it should be done in India. No person carrying on a legitimate trade sends out business communications in this way.

With reference to my paragraph last week on the recruiting of stokers for the Navy, "Engineer Captain, R.N.," writes:—

The recruiting of stokers appears to be very largely in the hands of marine officers. The Navy list shows no less than twelve marine officers, from Colonels downwards, employed in recruiting duties; also four promoted naval warrant officers. I have no doubt that at one time, when there were many more marines than stokers, this was a very good arrangement. But now that there are about 25,000 stokers, against about 18,000 marines, I think it would be a good thing if a few senior engineer officers were allowed to look after the recruiting of their men. We certainly appear to be getting unsatisfactory stokers by the present arrangement, while we get plenty of good men for the marines. The Stoker Moody, who was given five years' penal servitude, had no business in the Navy. During two years' service he was for six months continuously away from his work—deserting, in prison, in cells, etc., and there are in the Navy far too many like him, who contaminate other men.

PLATONIC KISSING.

A learned judge, the other day,
  Discussed the love yclept "platonic"—
That flame whose non-combustive ray
  Illumes, yet burns not, souls harmonic.

He said such feeling might exist—
  At least, he'd not assert it couldn't—
E'en when platonic lovers kissed
  Who by received conventions shouldn't.

Aye, though, with cynicism rife,
  The world regards such conduct queerly,
A man *might* kiss his neighbour's wife,
  And do it *à la* Plato merely.

He *might*, indeed; but if he did,
  'Twere odds that, both in man and woman,
Ere long such love platonic slid
  Into a love more frankly human.

The difficulty was, he saw,
  And, sure, on this it all depended,
The line between the two to draw
  Where one began and t'other ended.

Now, sir, a wife I haven't got,
  Which may, or may not be a blessing—
But if I had, and 'twere my lot
  To live the matrimonial stress in,

And if some platonist I saw
  Soft kisses from the lady stealing,
I wouldn't stop to split a straw,
  Nor closely analyse his feeling,

But, all unmoved by vulgar heat,
  Or anger turbid and unruly,
So that the fellow I might treat
  Dispassionately, calmly, coolly—

Serene as Plato's self, I wis,
  Their pastime would I meddle quick in,
And match the calm, platonic kiss
  With an as calm platonic —kicking.

The long-standing dispute between the Corporation of Westminster and the Rector and Churchwardens of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, as to the ownership of St. Martin's Vestry Hall, has been decided by Mr. Justice Joyce, who held that the premises are vested in the rector of the parish.

One of the Barnsley Guardians proposed last week that at Christmas an extra allowance of two shillings should be granted to each pauper in receipt of out-door relief. The proposal was accepted, but in order that the poor old people may not squander the two shillings all at once in a brief debauch of riotous living it was decided that the money should be doled out at the rate of sixpence a week for four weeks. They are evidently very thoughtful as well as very generous men, these Barnsley Bumbles.

A firm in the North of England forward a printed circular sent out from the Town Hall, Maidstone, soliciting a subscription to "The Maidstone Local Board Employees' Supper." This kind of cadging from business people is always objectionable, and becomes additionally so when conducted from a Town Hall, presumably with the sanction of the municipal authorities. The firm who sent me the letter state that they have only done two or three pounds' worth of business with the corporation at Maidstone in the last three years, and they wonder whether this application is a hint as to the manner in which they may obtain more business. From a list of subscribers forwarded at the same time, it would appear that large numbers of firms in all parts of the country are helping to feed the corporation employees, but why they should do so except in the hope of getting something in return is not evident.

The discussion on the Prevention of Corruption Act is rather diverting. The writer of an amusing article in the *Magazine of Commerce* jocularly observes that the safe plan will be "not to give anybody anything," and this advice has been repeated, not in jest but in all seriousness, in a number of newspapers. One journal published what purported to be the opinion of a lawyer

to the effect that it would be illegal for a merchant or tradesman to make a present of a case of whisky, or a box of cigars, to a customer (not merely to a customer's agent or servant), and that even the giving of a Christmas box to a postman would render the giver liable to a fine of £500 or two years' imprisonment, or both fine and imprisonment! Very likely some people are not at all sorry to hear this—people who will eagerly clutch at the Act as a good excuse for the withholding of customary gifts. But most of these suggestions as to the effect of the new law are palpably absurd. To come within its provisions a gift must be "corruptly" given to, or accepted by, an agent for doing, or forbearing to do, something "in relation to his principal's affairs or business." The system of commercial corruption at which the Act is aimed is perfectly well known; and as the consent of the Attorney General is necessary before proceedings can be instituted, there need be no fear of merely frivolous and vexatious prosecutions.

The Lord Chief Justice of Ireland employed the Moneylenders' Act to good purpose last week in paring the claws of that notorious harpy, "B. S. Thomas," alias Charles Samuel, of 4, Adelaide-street, Charing Cross, London. Samuel sued Walter S. Tighe and Ralph Emerson Burnham to recover the balance due on a joint promissory note for £3,800 in respect of a loan of £3,000 (the £800 being for interest), which appeared to have been raised under somewhat curious circumstances. Only Tighe defended the action, and according to his account he received none of the money, but simply signed the note as security for Burnham, who, he said, was introduced to him by Lord Fingall. It was also alleged that the loan was actually negotiated by one Harold Geoghegan, who had since left the country, and that the money was required partly in connection with a scheme for floating a hotel company in Dublin and partly to enable Burnham "to play up to a lady of fortune who was going to marry him." Tighe's counsel stigmatised Geoghegan as a swindler and a rogue, while Samuel's counsel described Burnham as an adventurer.

The promissory note provided for the payment of the £3,800 to Samuel in four equal quarterly payments and contained the usual default clause making the whole amount of principal and interest outstanding become due immediately default occurred in the payment of any single instalment. In this case two instalments were paid and under the default clause Samuel claimed the balance, the interest he demanded working out at the rate of 106 per cent. per annum. Tighe denied that he was aware of the meaning or existence of the default clause, and on the ground that it ought to have been explained Lord O'Brien revised the terms of the transaction, reducing by half Samuel's charge for interest on the original loan. This decision follows the precedents which have been set in the English Courts. The default clause is an ingenious trap for unwary borrowers which, as Mr. Justice Channell has observed, was for many years the mainstay of the moneylending fraternity. Now, however, they find it a more or less broken reed, for under the Moneylenders Act the judges generally refuse to enforce the default clause if they are satisfied that the borrower was not made aware of its nature and effect.

If it is not true that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor, it is at least clear, from Mr. Justice Neville's judgment in an action in the Chancery Division on Friday, that in a certain class of cases between employers and employed the law considers only the interests of the employers. The action was brought by a company, carrying on business as corn factors and millers, to restrain one of their late travellers from committing an alleged breach of an agreement, which provided that he should not enter the service of any other corn factors and millers in the United Kingdom for five years after leaving the plaintiffs' service. It is, of course, not at all unusual for a firm to require an employee to agree not to set up in business for himself or enter the service of any competing firm in the same town or district. This is, however, the first time that I have heard of such a stipulation being extended to the whole of the United Kingdom. In the present case it was held that that proceeding was legally justified by the fact that the trading operations of the plaintiffs and various subsidiary or allied companies (which were also made parties to the agreement with the defendant) are carried on throughout the United Kingdom.

Mr. Justice Neville came to the conclusion that the plaintiffs were entitled to an injunction, but in granting it his lordship severely criticised the law on the subject. "In old times," said the Judge, "the general idea was that contracts in restraint of trade were to be looked upon at all events with suspicion by the courts, but a modern doctrine has, unhappily, I think, prevailed that in questions between employers and employed the interests of the employer alone are to be considered, and that no agreement is invalid, however oppressive and however fatal it may be to the possibility of the employee earning his own living in his own country." Within reasonable limits such covenants in service agreements may be legitimate enough, but they ought not to be allowed to become so grossly oppressive as to be, as the judge puts it, practically fatal to the possibility of a man earning his own living in his own country. It is no sufficient answer to the objection to this state of things to say that a man need not sign such an agreement unless he chooses to do so. There are various kinds of contracts which the law refuses to enforce as being contrary to public policy, and such a contract as that revealed in this case ought to be placed in the same category.

Claridge's Hotel, Brook-street, Grosvenor-square.—Over 300 rooms; nearly 100 bathrooms. Royal suite, private entrance. Situation ensures perfect quiet.

My Legal Pillory this week contains two flagrant examples of the misguided leniency of the Great Unpaid in dealing with defendants convicted of gross cruelty to animals. Such offences are not likely to be suppressed so long as animal-torturers are permitted to escape with the trumpery fines which were imposed in the cases at Hythe and at Chichester. The same remark applies to the series of cases in which defendants accused of brutal assaults have also been let off with pecuniary penalties instead of being awarded a term of imprisonment. At Terrington the maximum fine of £5 was inflicted, but considering the cowardly and savage character of the assault and the seriousness of the injuries the victim received, two or three months' hard labour would not have been too heavy a punishment. As will be seen from the opposite column of the list, sentences of imprisonment are freely passed for such crimes as poaching, sleeping out, and petty larceny; and I would particularly call attention to the severity of the Towcester Bench in the case of a man who might very well have been bound over under the First Offenders' Act, or at any rate been given the option of a fine:—

Perth Police-court. Before Bailie Isaac. Margaret Robertson, charged with assaulting Catherine Dowie by throwing a pan of boiling water over her. The complainant was severely scalded about the neck and breast, and had to be removed to the infirmary. Fined 40s.

Hythe Police-court. Before Messrs. J. Du Boulay, F. E. Burke, H. Rigden, A. S. Jones, W. H. Jacobs, Colonel Malet, and Captain Baldwin. George Keeler, charged with cruelty to a horse by failing to provide it with sufficient food. The horse, which was very old and very emaciated, was left on a small piece of ground where there was little grass. Eventually the animal, which was almost unable to stand, had to be shot. Fined 21s., including costs.

Terrington Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. F. M. Bland, S. Gregory, W. Failes, J. N. Wright. W. Looker, and the Rev. Mr. Newman. Frederick Long, butcher, charged with assaulting Harry Crispin, an old man. He beat the old man with a stick in the most brutal manner, a constable stating that he afterwards found "pools of blood" in the road. Crispin was so badly injured about the head and face that he had to remain in the hospital at Lynn for ten days. It was an unprovoked assault. Fined £5.

Retford Borough Police-court. Before the Mayor, Aldermen Bescoby and Tomlinson, and Messrs. G. Cutts and J. A. H. Hirst. James Brett, charged with assaulting Frank Bacon, a youth, by striking him in the face, knocking him down, and kicking him. He struck complainant again as he got up. Fined 10s.

Perth Sheriff Court. Before Sheriff Sym. Peter Robertson, charged with poaching. Two months.

Hayward's Heath Petty Sessions. Before Major J. J. Lister and other magistrates. Percy Edward Brown, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence Twenty-one days.

Towcester Divisional Petty Sessions. Before the Duke of Grafton, Sir Alfred Dryden, Messrs. E. Grant, J. Chettle, C. F. Macdonald, W. G. Stops, and J. Jepson. William Sanders, charged with stealing a chrysanthemum and flower pot and some firewood, of the total value of three shillings, the property of his employer. Two months' imprisonment.

Bangor Police-court. Before Mr. T. Lewis and other magistrates. William Davies, charged with poaching. One month.

Peterborough Police-court. Before Colonel C. J. Strong, the Dean of Peterborough, the Rev. W. Hopkinson, Messrs. Lamplugh, Welby, Beeby, Adnitt, Dean, G. Edmonds, and H. Little. Thomas Miller, charged with stealing a loaf of bread from a window-sill. Two months.

Cheshunt Police-court. Before Messrs. R. Barclay, G. Paul, S. R. Noble, T. H. Harrison, and J. A. Hunt. Walter Avis and Claude Pond, charged with stealing a pair of corduroy trousers from outside a shop. One month each.

Alloa Sheriff Court. Before Sheriff-Substitute Dean Leslie. Five men named Whitelaw, Morgan, Crawford, Ford, and Gilchrist, charged with poaching. Fined £2 7s. 8d. each.

Stratford Police-court. Wm. Day and Edward Nest, charged with stealing coal, value 2s. One month each.

Falkirk Sheriff Court. Before Sheriff Moffat. David Russell, charged with assaulting his father, a man seventy-five years of age, by seizing hold of him by the throat, compressing it, and pulling him to the ground. Fined 20s.

Chichester County Police-court. Before Messrs. F. Baring du Pré, H. Lovell, H. W. Symes, Colonel de Courcy Daniell, and the Rev. Chancellor Davey. Albert Richards, carter, charged with cruelty by beating a horse with a piece of iron piping, and also with a chain. He was further charged with having worked the same animal whilst it was in an unfit state. The horse was lame in both hind legs. A veterinary surgeon said that one of its hoofs was separated from its foot, and half the foot was nearly off. Fined 10s., including costs, for the two offences.

Methil Police-court. Before Bailie Rose. Philip Brady, charged with being drunk and disorderly and with assaulting a constable by kicking him and by biting his arm. Fined 30s.

Reading Borough Police-court. Before the Mayor and Messrs. A. Hill and W. Ferguson. Alfred Shillingford, Wm. Buckner, and Charles Lambden, charged with stealing two pairs of boots from outside a shop. One month each.

Southampton County Police-court. Before Captain G. J. Spencer Smith, Major W. H. Chapman, Major Thornton Down, and Messrs. E. B. Bernard, G. H. Pember, and W. S. Wells. George Henry Harris, charged under the Poaching Prevention Act with being found in possession of rabbits and a net when searched on the highway. Fined £4 and costs; in default two months.

Somerton Petty Sessions. Before Colonel Pinney and Messrs. E. W. Valentine and A. Dickinson. James Merlin, charged with trespassing in search of game. Fined £2 and costs.

Warwick Police-court. Edward Green and Wm. Simpson, charged with poaching. One month each.

Tiverton Police-court. George Thomas and John Rich, charged with stealing two pairs of boots from a shop. Two months each.

Judge Philbrick seems to follow Charles Lamb's practice of making up for a late beginning of his day's work by leaving off early. There were a number of actions down for hearing at Dorchester County Court last Friday, and a jury had been summoned, but the judge did not put in an appearance till after noon. He adjourned for an hour for lunch, and the sitting of the court ended at four o'clock, though all the cases had not been disposed of. This curtailment of the judicial working day causes much expense and inconvenience to everybody concerned in the cases that are postponed, and I am told that such incidents are not at all uncommon on Judge Philbrick's circuit. It seems to be a matter on which his Honour needs a hint from the Lord Chancellor.

At the rate at which he is going on, the ubiquitous Tanquerey will soon be sighing for new worlds to exploit with his free portrait swindle. There are now very few regions of the earth which he has not brought within the sphere of his operations, and he is rapidly reducing the number. Just at present he is working the virgin soil of the Straits Settlements, and a Singapore correspondent suggests that it may be useful if I warn the public in those parts against the familiar circular from Paris and the accompanying forged testimonial from TRUTH. But those of the public who are readers of mine cannot really stand in need of any further warning, and as to those who are not—well, if they are victimised by Tanquerey, they merely pay the penalty of their neglect.

An Anglo-Indian official draws attention to the appearance in the *Pioneer* of the "Sanden," "Liquozone," and other quack advertisements. He remarks that such advertisements, while disgraceful and mischievous enough in any journal, are doubly disgraceful

ROYAL SOCIETY FOR PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS. Nearly 8,000 convictions last year. Complaints marked "Private," absolutely confidential.—SECRETARY, 105, Jermyn-st., London.

and mischievous in the columns of a journal of the standing of the *Pioneer*, inasmuch as many of its readers, European and native, naturally imagine that it would not countenance anything in the nature of a fraud. Yet the Sanden "electric Herculex" and the Liquozone "germicide" are essentially frauds of a cruel and pernicious kind, as every newspaper manager in India must by this time be well aware. Apparently, however, the majority of the Anglo-Indian papers—there are one or two honourable exceptions—are ready to aid and abet any swindling quack who cares to pay for the use of their columns, the cash so obtained outweighing all regard for their own reputation for respectability or for the honour of journalism.

Thanks to the assistance of the daily and weekly press, and still more the more popular magazines, the veteran swindler, Pointing, continues to do a roaring trade under various aliases from his premises in Regent-street and Pugh-place. He is constantly putting some new medical "fake" on the market and with each one he himself assumes a new name. Here are a few samples of one of his follow-up letters issued from 10, Pugh-place, W., in the name of "The M.A. Temple Association, Sole Suppliers of the Temple Nerve and Flesh Food (A Vitalising Agent and Flesh Builder)":—

Esteemed Friend,—It is a matter of sincere regret to us that our previous appeals to you have been in vain. [Probably the only true statement in the letter.—Ed. Truth] You are a sufferer from one of Nature's most troublesome afflictions, and our treatment will cure you. . . .

Of course, in writing to you, there has been mentioned a fee, but we want to definitely assure you that a triumph of scientific skill is of far more value to us than your money. Thus you will readily understand how it came about that we felt compelled to make an effort, and therefore offered to reduce our charges by one-half, in order that money should not debar you from benefiting by the Temple Nerve and Flesh Food. . . .

Ever since we first wrote to you it has been a matter of astonishment to us that anyone could throw away such a chance as was (and is now) offered to you. Therefore we have given your case special attention, and when we saw that our efforts seemed thrown away it was decided to call together a conference of the Associates in order to consider the advisability of making a further attempt to bring the truth more forcibly home to you. . . . .

The Association, met thus in conclave, were unanimously agreed upon the most important point, namely, the urgency of the matter and the necessity to cure you regardless of all considerations of pecuniary gain.

It was suggested in this argument that the cost of the treatment constituted the barrier, and as we all know many causes may contribute to such an effect. . . . However, this point having been raised, we agreed that it would be better to lose money than to leave you inconvenienced by lack of flesh, and forthwith, after a short argument, we arranged the matter, etc., etc.

All this, and a page or two more in the same strain, to persuade the victim that as an act of benevolence he is to be supplied with a guinea case of Pointing's stuff for 10s. 6d., without any other conditions!

Some of my readers will doubtless remember the sublime picture of Pointing's "Associates" (presumably the lady typist and the office cat) "met thus in conclave" to consider which form of follow-up letter out of the voluminous stock shall next be fired off at a possible victim. A letter practically identical with the above was given in Truth a few months ago, but in that case the object was to remove flesh instead of creating it—a difference only involving the alteration of a word here and there. It is difficult to take a very serious view of this rascal; the humbug of his advertisements is so palpable and ridiculous, and the people who swallow it can only be fools unfit to be trusted with the spending of their own money. But it is really scandalous that whatever new trick he starts, whatever new name he adopts, whatever mendacious statements he may make, newspapers and magazines almost without exception should be ready to assist him.

There are two or three monthly magazines—not to mention certain penny weeklies—which seem to be almost kept going by Pointing. If any one considers that to be an exaggeration, I invite him to take up the first cheap monthly magazine that comes to hand, and count up the advertisements of Antidipso drink cure, Mrs. Fell's anti-fat tablets, bust improvers, physical culture, superfluous hair destroyers, cures for blushing, or for deafness, or rheumatism, or what not, that are to be found under the various changes rung on the name "Temple," or under such names as the Fell Formula Association, the Ward Chemical Company, the Espanola Medicine Company, or the Grecian School of Physical Culture, with various addresses at Century House, Regent-street, or in Pugh-place, round the corner. Pointing must take thousands a year out of the pockets of flats of one class or another, and a very large percentage of his returns goes to the proprietors of the various publications that catch the flats for him.

In a recent issue of the *General Practitioner* a doctor protests, very justly, against the testimonials from dignitaries of the Church which are used to puff quack medical remedies—referring specially to a testimonial from Archdeacon Wilberforce used by the proprietors of an "anti-rheumatic ring." He suggests that the medical profession should retaliate by giving testimonials to "outside" religious practitioners. This is a promising suggestion. We may expect to hear shortly that a well-known distinguished physician has been converted at a Salvation Army meeting after attending his parish church in vain for years; or that another light of medical science has derived more benefit from an evening at a Torrey-Alexander mission than from a whole course of Lent services at St. Paul's.

But the doctors, as I have mentioned on previous occasions, spoil their case by hitting so wildly at the quack medicine advertisements. In the letter above mentioned the writer can find nothing better to found his remarks upon than an advertisement of pills as "worth a guinea a box." As long as a tradesman only asks a shilling from his customer, what is the objection to his telling the customer that the article is worth a guinea? Obviously he does not mean that it is worth a guinea in the market, or he would not sell it for a

Dieudonné Hotel and Restaurant, Ryder Street, S.W. Excellent cuisine, prompt service, and comfort. Luncheons and Dinners Prix Fixe and à la carte. Mod. charges. Tel. No., 5265, Ger. Open on Sundays.

shilling to anybody who wants it. He can only mean, I presume that if he could get a guinea for the article he would take it, believing in his own mind that it is worth all that. He is quite entitled to believe this, and to express his belief in this platonic fashion.

I believe Truth to be worth at least five shillings a copy. I have said so before now, and I say it again. I am entitled to advertise my opinion on every hoarding in the kingdom if I like. If I sell the paper for sixpence it is not because I have not the courage of my convictions, or because I am a philanthropist, but because, in view of the suicidal competition in the newspaper trade, I despair of persuading any considerable number of the public to pay me five shillings a copy. If a wise and far-sighted Legislature were to pass an Act suppressing all sixpenny newspapers which have been in existence for less than, say, twenty-nine years, I should at once raise the price of Truth to something like its true value. In the meantime my opinion that it is worth five shillings, if not half-a-sovereign, remains unshaken, though circumstances prevent my giving effect to it. I fully sympathise, therefore, with Mr. Beecham, who declares his pills to be worth a guinea a box, but at the same time finds himself compelled by circumstances over which he has no control to offer them at a shilling, plus three-halfpence for patent medicine duty.

The same doctor thinks that good might be done from the professional point of view by the systematic publication of analyses of prominent proprietary remedies. In some cases, possibly; but only in the cases where the remedies are essentially fraudulent. In the case of ordinary aperients, tonics, cough mixtures, and all preparations founded on well-known formulæ perfectly good for certain specific purposes, the proposed cautionary advertisements would not pay the profession a farthing in the pound on the cost of advertising. And what about the converse side of this proposed campaign? What if somebody were to advertise in plain English all the doctors' prescriptions, the writing of which brings in guineas per week? Doctors who tackle this question should remember that they live to a large extent in glass houses. There is humbug in regular medical practice as well as in quackery—humbug which secures to many a general practitioner a comfortable yearly income from people who have nothing the matter with them, or nothing more than could be cured by a change of diet or a few pennyworth of drugs from the nearest chemist.

There are two grounds on which the profession can attack the quack safely, and have the public with them. One of them is the treatment of specific diseases by unqualified men; the other is the sale of drugs by false pretences, as in the case of the man who was convicted the other day for selling for 17s. or 18s. powders which can be bought anywhere for 2d., by falsely representing that they were a sure cure for certain diseases, compounded of unknown drugs discovered by him in South America or South Africa. This sort of thing "can and ought to be prevented." So can and ought the practice of medicine by unqualified men. But doctors who cry for more than that are simply crying for the moon.

The Sacco Company, of 22, Basinghall-street, have sent me a letter in reference to the recent article "Truth and 'Sacco,'" in which they say:—

> We wish to inform you that Mr. Stevens is no longer connected with "Sacco," or has he any interest in it whatsoever, we having bought the world's rights of this acknowledged valuable curative.
>
> As you say in your last notice, "Sacco" is being actively pushed in London, we think it right to inform you that we are meeting with continued success in cases of consumption, asthma, bronchitis, influenza, etc., and the unsolicited testimonials we receive from the public after using our preparation can leave no doubt to the most sceptical as to the merits of "Sacco."
>
> After the most exhaustive and complimentary article on the efficacy of "Sacco" in your issue of September 14, 1905, we feel that it is not the preparation you are attacking, but Mr. Stevens's methods, and it is for this reason that we let you know that he is no longer associated with us.

I am sorry to say that the last paragraph does not represent the state of the case. Inasmuch as "Sacco" was put on the market as a compound of drugs which Stevens had discovered to be in use among the Kaffirs or Zulus, and of which he alone among white men possessed the knowledge, and as Stevens is now shown to be a person deserving of no credit, it is quite impossible to dissociate the merits of "Sacco" from the character and methods of Stevens. I demur also to the description of my article of September 14, 1905, as "exhaustive and complimentary." It did not pretend to be exhaustive. It contained no compliment beyond an expression of my opinion that "Sacco" appeared to be "a good cough mixture." And it condemned the sale of "Sacco" as an absolute remedy for consumption. My present objection to the "Sacco" business has reference primarily to the circulation of this article in defiance of my protests in a mutilated form, which would mislead the reader into supposing that it was wholly complimentary. This is the "method" of the Sacco Company, and that is what I was attacking on November 28. It bears, to my mind, a close family resemblance to "Stevens's methods."

One of my readers asks whether the advertisements of pawn tickets for sale which he finds in his *Daily Telegraph* are honest. If they are, I can only say that they are very different from the majority of such advertisements. To offer pawn tickets in this way with a representation that the articles have been pledged for only a small fraction of their value is a very ancient trick. I have over and over again warned my readers against it, but as these warnings appear to have been overlooked or forgotten, I hereby repeat them.

I might supplement this with further warnings against a whole batch of advertisements which I find side by

"Truth" will be sent weekly to any address in the United Kingdom for 7s. for 3 months; 14s. for 6 months; or 28s. for 12 months. The subscription for all countries included in the Postal Union is, 3 months, 7s. 8d.; 6 months, 15s. 4d.; 12 months, £1 10s. 8d. All subscriptions are payable in advance, and cheques and P.O.O.s should be made payable to the Manager, "Truth" Building, Carteret-street, S.W.

side with those referred to by my correspondent. Among them are the wonderful bargains in furs offered by "Maud," of 68, Stockwell-road, S.W., and the "real sealskin jackets" and other goods of the same class offered by "Emmanuel," of 31, Clapham-road, under the representation that they are "in bankruptcy," whatever that may mean. Both these addresses have been repeatedly referred to in Truth in connection with the sale of shoddy goods under one misleading pretence or another. Another standing advertisement is headed "Wedding Gift," and offers bargains in the shape of plated goods, such as an £18 service of table plate for 50s. This comes from "Lily," 55, Hanworth-street, S.W., and there is another of the same character emanating from Mrs. Bradshaw, 2, Claylands-road, S.W. These are, of course, only the familiar advertisements of shoddy goods, against which I have repeatedly warned my readers, and "Lily," "Maud," and all the rest of them are merely the aliases adopted by dealers for the purpose of suggesting that the goods are being offered second-hand by private persons.

THE IMPATIENT FROG.

One wintry Season of the Year,
When frozen lay each Pond and Mere,
A youthful Frog conceived the Whim
That much he should enjoy a Swim;
And at the Ice did fume and fret
Which baulked the Aim whereon he's set.
"'Tis hard, just when I want to lave
My Body in the liquid Wave
That all the Ponds, by Ice fast pent,
Should my Ablutions thus prevent.
What *shall* I do?"
In answer spoke
An elder Frog, with sapient Croak:
"'Do,' you young Fool? Why, patient pause,
And wait till frozen Nature thaws."
"But wait I can't; I want my Swim,'
Th' impatient Youngster answered him.
"So to the Horse my Way I'll take,
And get him now the Ice to break."
Replied the elder Frog; "My Tad"
(Which good Bactrachian is for "Lad"),
"If Nature thus, by Force, you flout,
You'll find the Dame will pay you out.
You doubt me, eh? young cocksure Elf?
Then go and prove it for yourself."
"I will, old File, and prove you *wrong*,"
Said he, in youth's Omniscience strong.
Then to the Horse he hopped along.
At once complied the friendly Horse,
And lent his Hoof's resistless Force,
So Froggie might indulge his Whim
And revel in the wished-for Swim.
Then see the confident young Fool
Disport exultant in the Pool,
The while he laughed aloud with Glee,
And croaked "Ho, ho," and croaked "He, he.
So much for that old Mug's Advice,
Who urged me not to break the Ice,
But ignominiously to pause
And wait, in Patience, till it thaws!"
Now, when some time he'd swum beneath
The Surface, up he came to breathe,
But lo! he found his Exit barred—
The broken Ice had frozen hard!
And so, in glacial Prison bound,
Our young Amphibian was drowned.

Moral.

Those who in Life would win Advance
Must learn to wait Occasion's Chance;
Since undue Haste for Fame or Pelf
By Nature's Laws, defeats itself.

SCRUTATOR.

LORDS *v.* COMMONS.

MANY politicians with advanced views look with impatience upon all proposals for democratising the Legislature, and profess to regard it as a mere device of treacherous Liberals for wasting precious time which might be devoted to practical legislation for the benefit of the people. This has always seemed to me a very short-sighted view. Men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles; nor will they obtain genuine democratic legislation from a Legislature in which, democratic forms notwithstanding, wealth, birth, and privilege are the predominant partners. That is still the condition of our Legislature, although the electoral reforms effected between 1831 and 1884 added greatly to the power of the people. Those who resent any immediate attempt to alter this state of things, and wax sarcastic against proposals for "tinkering at the machine," are bound to find out sooner or later that the quality of the machine determines the quality of the work it turns out. I rejoice, therefore, that the old House of Lords is taking up an attitude towards the new House of Commons which must bring this fact home to the many Parliamentary novices returned to Westminster last January who imagine that in regard to democratic legislation where there is a will there is a way; that if you can get a majority of the House of Commons of the right way of thinking, a crop of far-reaching social reforms can be sowed every spring and reaped every autumn.

The House of Lords is not the only obstacle to agriculture of that kind, but it is the biggest and most formidable. It has already re-drafted and contemptuously returned in an entirely new shape a Bill passed by overwhelming majorities of the representatives sent to Westminster last January for that special purpose, and embodying the results of weeks of weary work and protracted debate. It has now capped this performance by throwing out point-blank the Plural Voting Bill. And on what ground? Not frankly on its merits, but on the plea that it is only one of a series of reforms of the House of Commons which ought to be effected *en bloc*, and not carried out piecemeal. By adopting this course, the Lords declare not only that they have a right to say how members of the House of Commons shall be elected, but to dictate to that House and to the Government the course of business which shall be followed in amending the constitution of the popular chamber. In his speech moving the rejection of this Bill, Lord St. Aldwyn denied that the Government has any mandate for such legislation. The doctrine of "mandate" is being made ridiculous by their lordships. It has been already used over the Education Bill, though the education question was in the forefront of every Liberal candidate's address at the General Election, and was an incessant subject of agitation against the late Government from 1902 to that date. As the term is now used in the House of Lords, no Government can have a mandate for legislation unless it has submitted to the electors the full draft of the Bill it proposes to bring in—an unheard of and impossible proceeding. The case of the Plural

Voting Bill is, if possible, stronger than that of the Education Bill. "One man one vote" was first introduced into the official Liberal programme in the days of Mr. Gladstone, and has been a watchword of Liberal policy for over twenty years. I doubt if a Liberal candidate has been returned to Parliament during that period who was not pledged to this principle; and there is no Parliamentary reform which the mass of the electors understand more clearly or have set their hearts on more strongly. By whatever pretexts it may be disguised, the action of the House of Lords upon these two Bills is merely the re-assertion of the political principles which have just been rejected at the polls, and the House is fulfilling no constitutional function except to give effect to the views of the party in opposition and to obstruct the party in office.

In one of the boldest figures of speech I have heard, Mr. Wyndham last week described the function of the House of Lords as that of an "umpire." Between whom the umpire is umpiring, and what the match is, it is difficult to see. In cricket there are usually two umpires, one nominated by each side. In the match which Mr. Wyndham seems to have in his eye only one side has an umpire. When his own side is batting this umpire refuses to give a man out on an appeal to him all through the innings. As soon as the other side comes in, he makes a catch himself and gives the batsman out, or takes the ball and bowls him with a no-ball. I do not know what kind of game Mr. Wyndham supposes this to be, but it certainly is not cricket. There is room in any democratic constitution for an independent and impartial assembly which may, with the approval of the people, exercise some sort of moderating influence on the elective chamber. That might, in a sense, be called umpiring. But the strongest of all objections to the House of Lords is that it is a purely partisan assembly, far more so than the House of Commons, that it exercises no functions at all when its own side is in power, and that when the other side comes in it only serves to restore the legislative preponderance of the party which the country has thrown out of office. As long as such an Upper House exists, the country may return the Liberals to office, but it can never return them to power. And the more progressive the party in office, the more democratic the House of Commons itself, the more powerless must they be to give effect to their own policy. There can be no true political progress in the country while this state of things lasts.

While keeping this view constantly in mind, I would not advise any precipitate action against the House of Lords. The recent General Election cost above one million pounds. A repetition of that expenditure and all the incidental inconvenience and interruption of business is not to be lightly undertaken. Nor should the issue with the House of Lords be limited to any one measure. Mr. Birrell and the Government have taken the right line over the Education Bill in rejecting the Lords' amendments *en bloc*. If the Lords refused to give way, the Bill should be dropped. It should be followed by other Bills dealing with pressing questions in an uncompromising spirit. If these are got through the House of Lords, so much the better for the Government when the time is ripe for dissolution; if they share the fate of the Education Bill, there will be so many more nails in the coffin of the House of Lords. When the time comes for dissolution, the issue whether Commons or Lords are to legislate for the country in future should be submitted fairly and squarely to the electorate. On that issue I do not entertain the slightest doubt what will be the result. The Government should stiffen its back and put additional democratic seasoning into its policy at each rebuff it receives from the Upper House. In this way it will keep the country at its back, and prepare all for the great issue which lies in front.

SHOULD CHILDREN VOTE?

In these days, when no abuse but can find its abusers, it is surprising that so little should have been heard of one of the most iniquitous shortcomings of our present Parliamentary system. I refer, of course, to the withholding of the right to vote from that great section of the population which has not yet attained the age of twenty-one years. Probably the reason that so little has been heard of their undoubted grievance—that no powerful voice has been upraised in their favour—is that they are, as a class, too orderly and law-abiding; that they would think it vulgar, even childish, to assault policemen; that they have too keen a sense of the ridiculous to aspire to cheap martyrdom; too blind a faith in human nature to realise the deliberate malignity of those who would deny them their enfranchisement.

Of course, the whole case of the opponents to this act of justice is based upon prejudice, upon the mediæval conception of the superiority of adults, well enough suited to an epoch when might was the only right, but in this age of reason a detestable anachronism. Failing the doctrine of brute force, it is impossible to find any valid argument against the extension of the Suffrage to children. Not a measure is put upon the Statute Book but they are actively and personally affected. Take, for instance, the Education Bill. Adults wrangle and dispute about it; the religious opinions of parents are tenderly considered; their votes settle, nominally at any rate, what shall or shall not be taught, and where and when and how. But who ever thinks of respecting the children's views on these matters, of adequately protecting *their* religious beliefs, of leaving *them* to decide what subjects they desire to study, and under what conditions and for how many hours a day? This is but one of many instances which I might quote as showing the hardships inflicted upon children by those who yet profess to have their best interests at heart, and which would be immediately extinguished had they any say in the matter. In the direction of economy alone, I have no doubt that a children's plébiscite upon the amount necessary to be spent in the provision and upkeep of school-buildings and the salaries of teachers would result in the saving of many millions annually to the British householder.

It is certainly not upon the score of lack of intelligence, or illiteracy, that we deny our children votes. Let any middle-aged man or woman endeavour to answer the questions asked in the average public-school examination paper offhand, and see if he or she can do so one-quarter so correctly as can the average boy or girl of fourteen years. Is it right that we should deny

to an age or condition that has given us such names as, for example, the Infant Roscius, the vote which we do not deny to the adult super, or are about to bestow upon the ballet-girl? Shall we refuse a vote to a Florizel von Reuter or a Vivien Chartres when we allow it to the drunken reprobate playing upon a piccolo outside a public-house, and are about to confer it on the noisy women who assault policemen? The very greatest names upon which humanity prides itself have all, at one time or another, been children. Such a man as Shakespeare was not too proud to be a child, and therefore deprived of a vote, for more than twenty years.

We are told again that there should be no taxation without representation. Are there no children who are property-owners? Is not a whole great section of our legal machinery practically given over to conducting the affairs of (so-called) wards in Chancery—affairs which they would be quite as capable of managing very much better for themselves, were it not for the self-seeking jealousy of their elders? Then, too, in the matter of observing their duty towards the State, who can deny that children are in advance of the great majority of adults? They are by far the soberest section of the community. We hear, alas! of unnumbered thousands of men and women drunkards; among children drunkenness is, to all intents and purposes, unknown. The divorce courts are choked with cases in which men and women testify to their own and their fellows' moral frailty; the child co-respondent is an unheard-of phenomenon. Murder, theft, forgery—every kind of crime—all are virtually monopolised by adults, by those, that is to say, who are not ashamed to deny the suffrage to the soberest, the most law-abiding, the most moral, and the most intelligent section of the commonwealth. I could bring forward more arguments—many of them weighty—but it is enough if I add that of all that has been said and written of late in favour of Woman's Suffrage there is not one word which does not apply with equal force to that of children.

How, then, is the nation to be converted to this great act of justice? The answer is, I think, obvious. Let the child follow in the woman's footsteps. The methods of propaganda recently adopted by the Suffragettes should appeal strongly to the childish mind—none but children can, indeed, carry them on with real enthusiasm and understanding. Being well brought up, they would not, I hope, spit or put out their tongues at the police, but pea-shooters should prove even more effective; and pellets of chewed paper, as employed in schools, would do great execution. Then, again, I would back a regiment of infants of, say, eighteen months of age, to yell as piercingly, as shrilly, and as enthusiastically as so many Suffragettes, and to keep going a great deal longer. In the matter of invective, again, the school-child of either sex should prove every bit as voluble and picturesque as the most hysterical of matrons, however bent on modest martyrdom. In point of size, the advantage would be altogether on the side of the children. Consider, for instance, what havoc thirty infants acting in concert could make of the House of Commons. If they concealed themselves—as their small stature would render possible—under the Speaker's chair, in dark corners of the galleries, even, some of the youngest, in the top-hats of large-brained Members, and, at a given signal, when some unsympathising Minister was on his feet, burst all together into a wail of "Votes for Infants!"—would not the very Serjeant-at-Arms—especially if he be a family man—tremble and grow pale, and Sir Frederick Banbury himself, to say nothing of Mr. Winston Churchill, have not a word to say? I have personally no doubt that the desired measure would be passed that very evening, *nemine contradicente*. But, if the battle were not so easily won; if, to the appeals of pure reason, the persecutors replied with the slipper, the cane, even the hard-hearted birch itself; if from lack of other arguments they basely descended to that "*a posteriori*," are not the children of England ready to brave any martyrdom, to sacrifice themselves and their skins in the defence of justice and the pursuit of freedom? Thenceforward, when the votes of infants complement those of women in governing this happy country, and not till then, shall we be able to feel confident that the millennium is arrived, and that the lioness and the lamb have lain down together upon the neatly-dressed skin of the dead lion.

MORE *TIMES* TIT-BITS.

The action of Sibley v. Walter, which came on in the Chancery Division last week, will be recognised as the one to which reference was made in the recent Truth article, "The *Times*, Past and Present." The plaintiffs were persons entitled to a certain number of the innumerable shares into which the proprietary of the *Times* has been gradually divided and sub-divided. The action was their expression of their profound dissatisfaction with the management of the paper under Mr. A. F. Walter. They complained of the disappearance of their profits, the origination by Mr. Walter of various subsidiary enterprises in the publishing and book-selling line in the name of the *Times*, of their own helpless position, and so forth, and they prayed the Court for relief in various ways, one of them being the formation of the proprietary into a company registered under the Companies Acts. It would seem from what transpired in Court last Wednesday that Mr. Walter and his advisers did not see their way to offer any effectual resistance to the case set up by the plaintiffs. It was accordingly agreed before the case came to trial that the plaintiffs' request should be conceded so far as related to the conversion of the proprietary into a limited company, and an order of the Court for that purpose was taken by consent.

Although it relates in the main to the private relation of Mr. Walter with his co-partners, the action has a legitimate interest for the public as furnishing the key to the erratic proceedings on the part of the *Times* management, which have lately set the world wondering. The whole situation is now unfolded to the public eye precisely as it has been stated in the columns of Truth. The value of the *Times* as a newspaper property has dwindled to a point at which the proprietors rise in revolt against the head of the firm. The attempts that have been made to supplement the dwindling profits by subsidiary enterprises have only aggravated the discontent. The aggrieved partners demand that the business shall

CITY LIBRARY, Handle Carefully. LOWELL MASS.

be put on a footing which will give them some control over the management. Their claim is conceded, at any rate up to a point. Mr. Walter, it is true, remains managing director; and, beyond this, the terms of the articles of association have not been finally settled; but in the main the partners become shareholders in a public company, and must have such control over their property as the Companies Acts require. In the face of all this, no one can any longer question the fact that the *Times* Book Club, like the other side ventures which have preceded and followed it, has no other purpose than to keep alive a newspaper which cannot stand on its own legs. This is the central fact of the situation, which disposes of all the gaseous humbug which has served as ammunition for the *Times* in the "sort of war" which it has been carrying on for the last two or three months. It is this which reduces to absurdity all the inflated talk about the interests of literature and the service of the book-reading public that we have heard during the progress of hostilities. Here is the *Times*, as I write, filling one of its valuable pages with twelve columns of names of Book Club subscribers who have signed the Henniker Heaton "memorial." To prove what? That there are still some few thousand people left who will subscribe to the *Times* if they can thereby get books on terms on which authors and publishers do not see their way to supply them—a fact to be concealed rather than advertised. By such fatuous make-believe as this it is sought to repair lost circulation and diminished influence. Is it surprising that the proprietors of what was once the greatest newspaper in the world should revolt against such disastrous handling of their property?

I have received from Mr. Henniker Heaton a letter in explanation of a matter referred to in last week's TRUTH—a very small matter—the use of the Carlton Club stationery in a letter to a *Times* subscriber who took exception to the terms of the aforesaid "memorial." Mr. Heaton explains that he replied at the Club to a letter which reached him at the Club, but struck out the address to meet the views of captious people. It would puzzle Mr. Heaton, I think, to give an equally satisfactory explanation of the terms of the "memorial" itself to anyone who has followed the ins and outs of the Book Club controversy. The first clause of it, which charges publishers with selling books in the Colonies at about "half the price charged to people in the United Kingdom," is a very misleading statement of fact as it stands, and even if true would be in accordance with the principles of Colonial Preference, which, no doubt, the majority of the protesting signatories approve of. The second clause, protesting against a "rule which prevents the public from buying good books at low prices second-hand," is a self-evident misrepresentation; no such rule exists, and the public can buy good books at low prices second-hand almost *ad lib.* The third, which protests against "any interference with the right of a man to dispose of property which he has bought and paid for on what terms he pleases" is a protest against the views of the memorialists themselves, who apparently wish to prevent the publishers disposing of their property on what terms they please. When 10,000 people have been found to sign a document so absurdly worded and having so little relation to the facts, the presumption is that they would have signed anything. Mr. Heaton, in his letter to me, expresses indignation at the insinuations levelled against him; but, really, by rushing to the rescue of the *Times* with so little discretion as he has done, and with so little effect as regards anyone who is not an interested party in the dispute, it was inevitable that he should create some suspicion as to his precise position in the matter.

Whatever the Book Club may or may not have done for the circulation of the *Times*, the hustlers of the advertisement department are certainly keeping things on the hum, though the tune is not a particularly agreeable one. I am literally unable to deal with the correspondence on this subject that pours in upon me day by day. The most I can do here is to give a few typical communications received during the week.

1. A country solicitor writes:—

> I am positively worried to death by certain persons who appear to have no names, or to have reasons for concealing them, who generally sign themselves "Manager," and write on paper headed "The *Times*, Printing House-square." I hear from them about once a week. They want me to buy useless books, to subscribe to libraries, to answer questions, to fill up forms, to sign memorials addressed to nobody in particular, and now finally (see enclosed letter), to send them advertisements. I ask you to publish my protest against this public nuisance, which seems to be increasing, and to do anything you can to protect us against it.

The enclosed letter is a circular from Printing House-square. It calls attention to "our weekly article on the Estate Market, written by a leading authority, and our daily Auction Summary." It states that the *Times*, owing to its "rapidly increasing circulation among business men," is "more than ever recognised as the most eligible medium for the advertising of commercial properties and of sound investments in the Estate Market." It proceeds:—

> The *Times*, as you are aware, is read by the Country Gentry and by the well-to-do and wealthy classes of investors generally, and it is to these classes that vendors of good-class property appeal by using the *Times* for their advertisements and announcements. In view of the above considerations, I feel sure you will see the importance to any of your clients, who have properties for disposal, of having them advertised in the *Times*.

It is a pity that the plaintiffs in Sibley *v.* Walter did not know about the increase in the circulation of the *Times* and its ever growing repute as an advertising medium, before they started their action. What a lot of trouble it might have saved them and Mr. Walter! This circular has evidently gone out broadcast, and dozens of people have sent me copies of it, always with disparaging remarks.

2. From other quarters come copious specimens of a circular addressed to ladies in want of domestic servants who have advertised in other papers. The Manager of the *Times* begs that he may have the pleasure of inserting the advertisement in his own august columns. He describes the *Times* as "a particularly good medium for the reasons given overleaf," namely:—

> The *Times* is taken by substantial, well-to-do people. . . . And wherever the *Times* is taken, it passes down to the servants' hall, or the servants have some other opportunity of reading it. The *Times* is too good to be, and consequently seldom is, thrown away at once.
>
> It follows that servants who are already in good houses where the *Times* is taken, but may be about to leave, are likely to consult the advertisement columns of the paper which they see is much esteemed. Further, it may be safely assumed that the

servants who are able to refer to the *Times* are competent and trustworthy, because they are actually employed in good houses, and consequently are not likely to belong to the recurrently disengaged class. . . .

The best comment on this laborious claptrap is that in at least two cases it is sent to people advertising for general servants at £12 a year!

3. A correspondent draws attention to an article in the *Electrical Review* of December 7, which he thinks deserves more notice than it may obtain in the columns of a technical journal; and as I quite agree with him here is the substance of the article. (The *Times* articles referred to in it deal with the Victoria Falls Power Scheme so heavily boomed during the last two or three weeks):—

> The Engineering Supplement of the *Times* for November 28 contains a double-column article which bears a conspicuous resemblance to those fascinating and well-written columns which appear almost daily in the *Times* itself under the note that they are from the pen of a member of the *Times* advertising staff after close personal investigation of the brandy, or of the cure for brandy, or of whatever other article the advertisers are desirous to bring before the public.
>
> This "Supplement" article bears no such label, and the effect on the wary reader is to make him read the whole thing by paragraphs, beginning from the end, in order that he may prevent Mother Seigel or some equally wily old lady scoring off him once again, for in such cases he feels that there is no hit if the stroke has been anticipated.
>
> The only way actually to prove that this *Times* article is an advertisement is by referring to the "Contents." It is omitted from the index of Editorial contents, but is included under the Advertisers' list. Would one reader out of a hundred notice this, and noting it appreciate what it really meant? But even this disclosure has apparently caused displeasure, for in the Supplement for December 5 there is another write-up of the scheme, booming its claimed advantages, but this article is indexed neither under Editorial nor under Advertisement Contents!

Here, then, we have the interesting revelation that the *Times* has at last sunk to the depth of publishing advertisements as editorial matter. The interest of the revelation is heightened when one looks back to the recent puff of the Engineering Supplement (see TRUTH of November 28) as a publication commanding the attention of the engineering world throughout the British Empire and in "the chief countries abroad."

4. We get a step lower with the next communication, which comes from a subscriber to the Weekly Edition of the *Times*, disgusted beyond measure at finding in that paper an advertisement of E. F. Hanson's "Guide to Full Pockets." This is a typical Yankee flat-catching advertisement which has been running through the lower ranks of the press for a year or two past, and has several times been denounced in TRUTH. It bears its character on the face of it, with its heading "A Golden Chance"; the portrait of the advertiser, "the Hon. E. F. Hanson, ex-Mayor of Belfast, Maine, U.S.A."; the recital how, in connection with a former scheme of Hanson's, "EVERY 4s. EARNED £44 17s."; how you may repeat this by sending for Hanson's book, "A Guide to Full Pockets"; and so on. The fact behind all this is that Hanson is the proprietor of a patent medicine. His game is to induce flats to invest their money in his business, and then sell his stuff themselves in the hope of earning dividends on their own money. That an advertisement of this disreputable class should appear in the columns of the *Times* is, to my mind, the most conclusive evidence that has yet transpired of the hopeless demoralisation that has overtaken the paper.

When, then, we read that the proprietary of the *Times* is to be incorporated under the Companies Acts, we may well wonder whether the shareholders will acquire the power to restore the management of the paper to its former standard. That a continuation of the present régime can only carry the business steadily down hill until it lands at the bottom, seems to me beyond all question. The view of the gentlemen who have got control of the *Times* seems to be that as a newspaper it is done for, but that so long as the semblance of life can be kept in it, its historical name remains a valuable commercial asset, which may be turned into hard cash in more ways than one. Doubtless money can be, and has been, made in this way. But as every penny so made is made at a sacrifice of the character on which the position of the *Times* as a newspaper depends, the effect is that the paper is living on its capital. At the present rate of consumption, the available stock of such sustenance hardly seems likely to last long. It seems, therefore, that the first thing that the proprietors will have to consider when they are legally incorporated is whether the *Times* can be made once more to stand on its own legs as a newspaper, or whether it should be reduced permanently to a mere advertisement sheet, given away to the customers of a lending library and general shop.

A LIFEBOAT SCANDAL AT WALMER.

A week or two ago I commented upon a statement in the *Daily Telegraph* that, "owing to a grievance," the crew of the Walmer lifeboat prefer to use boats of their own rather than the boat provided by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution when their assistance is needed in cases of emergency. It appeared that this course was adopted by a number of the men on a recent occasion, when they went out in the *Warwickshire*, a privately owned boat, and effected a gallant rescue of the crew of a Norwegian vessel which had been wrecked on the Goodwins. I expressed a desire for more light on the grievance which thus resulted in the lifeboat being left unlaunched whilst the dangerous work for which she is expressly maintained was carried out by the crew in another boat at an increased risk to themselves and those whom they rescued. Full information on the subject has now reached me from two or three different sources, and it reveals a state of things which in my opinion is extremely discreditable to the authorities of the National Lifeboat Institution.

The main facts of the dispute between the crew of the lifeboat and the management of the Institution are as follows:—On April 3 last, soon after midnight, all the four lightships on the Goodwin Sands were firing distress signals to the lifeboats on shore that their services were urgently required. It was a dark and misty night, and the signals suggested that a grave disaster had occurred. There are three lifeboats stationed within a couple of miles or so of one another at Deal, Walmer, and Kingsdown, and on this occasion all three were launched, the Walmer boat being the first to get off. It turned out that the services of the boats were not needed, but when a launch takes place "on service" the crew are entitled to service pay, and in this case the local committee recommended that such pay should be granted to all three crews. The recommendation came before the committee of management of the Institution in London, and in due course

the Deal and the Kingsdown men were paid. The Walmer crew, however, were refused the usual reward on the ground that theirs was an unnecessary launch, and unauthorised by the local regulations. One of these regulations states that in really bad weather the action of the several lifeboats will not be scrutinised too closely, but that as a general rule the windward boat is to be launched; the lee boats are not to be launched unless the coxswains consider it absolutely necessary. Another proviso is that "in fine weather the windward boat of the group is the only one to be launched." Now, I am assured by gentlemen who know this part of the coast that under no possible conditions could the Walmer boat be launched without a breach of one or other of the various regulations. It will be sufficient now, however, to consider the application of the rules to the launch on April 3. All three lifeboat stations are on a line of coast facing due east. According to the Walmer crew—and I believe their comrades at Deal and Kingsdown corroborate them—the wind on the night in question was easterly, blowing dead on shore. Proof of this is, moreover, afforded by the courses the Walmer and Kingsdown boats made respectively on port and starboard tacks. Assuming, then, that the wind was easterly, which was the windward or—as the men call it—weather boat? Clearly all three were in the same position in that respect, though Walmer had the advantage, inasmuch as, being in the middle station, she could more easily reach either end of the Goodwins. So far, therefore, it is difficult to perceive on what ground this particular launch out of the three that occurred could be treated as unnecessary and unauthorised. It is understood, however, that the local hon. secretary of the National Lifeboat Institution contends that on the night of April 3 the wind was not east, but south-east, and that consequently Walmer was the lee boat as compared with Kingsdown. There seems to be ample evidence that the wind really was not S.E., but even if it were, surely in that event Deal, which is some distance to the north of Walmer, must have been still further to leeward, and as a consequence the Deal launch must have been still more irregular than the Walmer launch. The three launches, declared necessary by the different coxswains, were all made in response to the same signals.

When the crew of the Walmer lifeboat were refused the pay which was awarded to the Deal and Kingsdown men, they felt very strongly that they were being treated unjustly. Though good men in a gale of wind, they are not exactly adepts in the use of pen and ink, and very naturally they sought assistance in putting the matter before the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. Mr. John R. Dixon, of Deal, who is the employer of some members of the lifeboat crew, was requested to write on their behalf to the head office. No notice was taken of his letter, and it was not until he had written three or four times that he received the following reply:—

Royal National Lifeboat Institution,
20, Charing Cross-road, London, W.C.
August 30, 1906.

Sir,—In reply to your letter of yesterday's date, I beg to inform you that your letter of the 16th instant was sent to the Hon. Sec. of the Institution's Goodwin Sands and Downs Branch.

The same treatment has been followed with all your communications to this institution with reference to the Deal, Walmer, and Kingsdown lifeboats. From this you will see that you are giving yourself and the Institution unnecessary trouble in communicating with headquarters. Should any of the *men* wish to make complaints they should do so direct to the Institution's local representative—namely, the Rev. T. S. Treanor, The Laurels, Upper Deal.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

William Spicer, Assistant Secretary.

From this insolent jack-in-office, whose employers will doubtless be interested in this specimen of the style in which he conducts the correspondence of the Institution, Mr. Dixon turned to the Rev. T. S. Treanor. That gentleman had so far ignored the letters which had been sent on to him, and Mr. Dixon wrote repeating the complaint of the Walmer crew, and suggesting that an answer should be sent either to himself or one of the men. Mr. Treanor's reply, dated September 29, was as follows:—

Dear Sir,—With every respect to yourself, I am unable to enter into correspondence with you respecting lifeboat matters, and am, yours very truly, T. S. Treanor.

Besides Mr. Dixon, other friends of the boatmen, including Lord George Hamilton, have appealed to the Institution, but without any satisfactory result. Mr. Treanor, in a letter published last week, says that "the real crux of the matter is the limitation which these rules put upon unnecessary and simultaneous launches of lifeboats." No doubt some rules of the kind are required, but the question is whether they have been fairly applied in the present case. On the face of the facts, whether the wind was in the east or the south-east, the decision to refuse pay to the Walmer men whilst granting it to the Deal and Kingsdown crews seems to be utterly indefensible. The decision was arrived at by a committee sitting in London, contrary to the advice of the committee on the spot, who were in a much better position to know and understand the facts. It is said that this is the first time the local committee has been over-ruled in this way. It is not, however, the first time the Walmer men have been—as they contend—unfairly treated, and, rightly or wrongly, they have an idea that some personal feeling is at the bottom of the matter. From what I hear Mr. Treanor is a somewhat arbitrary gentleman, and notwithstanding the existence of the committee, the management of this branch of the Lifeboat Institution is practically in his hands. Anything in the nature of a one-man management of such an organisation is pretty sure to lead to trouble; and in this case the trouble is aggravated by the extraordinary attitude of the authorities at headquarters. The Lifeboat Institution is a public institution supported by public subscriptions. But both the assistant secretary in London and the local hon. secretary appear to put on the airs of autocrats of the most arrogant type, curtly declining even to listen to the representations that are made on behalf of the boatmen. I am quite sure that this procedure will be severely condemned by the public, and if the Council of the Lifeboat Institution have any regard for its reputation and welfare, they will at once have an impartial investigation made into the circumstances of this unfortunate dispute.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais. First-class. Numerous Self-contained Suites, with Private Bath-Rooms, etc. Central Heating. Renowned Cuisine and Cellars. Large Park.

THE THEATRES.

"The Yeomen of the Guard," at the Savoy.

There can be no doubt that Mrs. D'Oyly Carte has done well and wisely in reviving "The Yeomen of the Guard." I have witnessed most plays, and most of the comic operas on their first nights of performance or revival for a good many years, and my memory has to travel back and come full circle, if one except such occasions as the Ellen Terry matinée, without recalling any such unanimity of applause as greeted Arthur Sullivan's and W. S. Gilbert's opera on Saturday night. It was not that the performance was so perfect, for I heard crusty members of the audience lament privately over the flatness of Elsie Maynard in some of her songs, over the unattractiveness of the tenor and his lack of power to impersonate Colonel Fairfax. But I observed these same individuals heartily applauding each and every member of the cast as he and she came before the curtain at its fall.

Time and change have indeed been busy as regards the cast of "The Yeomen" since May 5, 1897, when it was last produced. Personally, I did not witness that revival or the original performance of 1888. On excellent authority, however, I am assured that one of the leading characters was not as well played, either by Mr. George Grossmith in the 'eighties or by Mr. Walter Passmore in 1897, as it is now. I refer to the strolling clown of Mr. C. H. Workman. Perfect mastery of the personality of Point, in whom Mr. Gilbert has distilled his wit and humour, his laughter and his tragedy, this must be accorded to Mr. Workman. One of the most luminous points of the evening was that of the celebrated duet between Elsie and Point; "I have a song to sing, O," with its refrain that keeps ringing in the ears:—

Heighdy! Heighdy!
Misery me, lackadaydee!

The house rocked to the melody, and called the singers over and over again. But Mr. Workman was really perfect at all points, and as my memory runs through the performance, I see him in that enchanting trio where slaps and kisses alternate, and he stands like an amiable Mephisto behind the black pearl (Elsie) and the white (Phœbe), peering with his alert face, now this side and now that. I see him in all the humours of his solo, "Oh, a private buffoon is a light-hearted loon," and with a leap my memory is at the tragedy of the ending. For Mr. Workman has a way of stamping on the memory his doings, be they even trivial ones and of less import than others going on at the same time and place. He would give a superb performance as any of Shakespeare's clowns. By the way, how steeped Mr. Gilbert is in the Shakespearean tradition, as regards his clown; how greatly he has there profited, and what a pleasure it is to hear the good English spoken by his characters.

There is another player and singer, Miss Jessie Rose, who also scored a very considerable success as Sergeant Meryll's daughter, Phœbe. In this long and elaborate part she never faltered from the first moments when one sees her at work with her spinning wheel to those last when she gives "her hand but not her heart" to the graceless jailer on whom she has played so prettily so pretty a trick. Her cajolery of the prison keys from her lovelorn swain and its attendant song and the woven steps of those who trod so softly behind was also a luminous space of Saturday evening. Mr. John Clulow gave us an admirable performance as Wilfred Shadbolt, the jailer, and the general readiness and lack of any sort of hitch in the performance—how well those difficult quick entrances of the chorus were stage-managed!—showed that the watchful eye of Mr. Gilbert had been upon every detail. And with the fall of the curtain amid tumultuous applause Mr. Gilbert himself put in his appearance, and was greeted with really deafening cheers. Mrs. D'Oyly Carte followed, and her reception was almost equally enthusiastic.

The performance of "The Yeomen of the Guard" is likely to last for many weeks to come, and I should not be surprised were it followed by "The Gondoliers" and by a succession of other Gilbert and Sullivan operas. "The Yeomen" proved that we have had nothing near so good of the same kind in the eighteen years or so which have passed since it was written.

Mr. Otho Stuart, after his latest venture at the Adelphi in academic classical drama, has relapsed into a bed of roses. I mean that, crowned with these flowers, Mr. Otho Stuart is again delighting audiences as the most humorous of the actors in the play of Pyramus and Thisbe, and that Miss Lily Brayton is again the Helena of the "Midsummer's Night's Dream."

* * * * *

The revival of "The Cricket on the Hearth" at Terry's had in it an element of resurrection, though Mr. Charles Groves gave a good performance as Caleb Plummer. The boisterous roughness and grotesque absurdity of the character of Tilly Slowboy was rendered with much ability by Miss Stamer, and served to prove once again how ideal a writer Dickens really is, his creations having once passed through the crucible of that brain, dancing about and behaving more madly than Bedlamites. Real life of the crudest gave Dickens his material, but it came out the other end transformed into something that never was on strand or sea. That is why, perhaps, one prefers the gauge of type between oneself and certain of the Dickens gallery. Nowadays we are more sophisticated as regards stage stories for Christmas, as witness the coming revival of "Peter Pan" and of "Alice in Wonderland," and I may add of "Eager Heart," a "Christmas Mystery Play," doubtless suggested by the success of "Everyman." This latter will be given at Lincoln's Inn Hall, by permission of the Treasurer and Masters, and there information as to dates can be obtained. I do not recommend those without a strong mystical bias to frequent this performance, for I observe that one of the characters is described as "The King of the Heart seeking the Perfectly Adorable." The entertainment is dedicated "To the Glory of God in the Service of Life."

* * * * *

At the Hotel Cecil I recently witnessed the performance of the chronophone. A combination of the cinematograph picture with the phonograph, this invention will certainly be a godsend to millions who would otherwise be deprived of hearing the best of every-

thing from the music-hall to the operatic stage. The afternoon I was present at the Hotel Cecil we heard two selections from light operas which seemed to me perfect in their kind. "This little girl and that" represents perfectly the rather audacious young man between the two rather flirtatious young women. The colours and changing expressions of their faces, the girls' draperies swayed by the draught and by their movement, are absolutely coincident with the singing of the song vocalised as clearly as though the singers were before one by aid of the megaphone, and the exact coincidence of sound with movement ensured by the chronophone. A duet from "Il Trovatore" concluded the exhibition, and this, too, was rendered with an admirable clarity of colour, form, and sound. Monsieur Gaumont's invention has already secured a great measure of success in the country, and it has penetrated to India, New Zealand, and Australia.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

"JULIUS CÉSAR," AT THE ODÉON.

CÆSAR has come, been seen, and conquered. He has been presented by M. Louis de Gramont, a critic who has not had a less long experience of the Paris theatres than the late M. Sarcey. The translator "hugs" the original text. He even follows it in giving the declamatory parts in blank verse with the rhymed tags, the echo of the general sense at the end. Both are good for stage purposes in tragedy or high-pitched drama. Heroes and heroines on the stage are all the nobler for the metrical dignity and amplitude of blank verse in those passages in which they should stand out well from the other personages and in passages in which emphasis is desirable.

Antoine, who undertook the scenic part, saw to all the stage management, and consumed himself in direction of the rehearsals, may be said to have steered "Julius César" and his fortunes into a safe port. He consulted M. Gaston Boissier, our great authority on ancient Rome, on the scenic side of the tragedy, and sent the decorator, Jusseaume, to Rome to obtain enlightenment from Professor Boni on the aspects of the Forum and the Senate House in the days of Cæsar. The bold and quite novel expedient of lowering the stage to the level of the prompter's feet answered excellently well in the great scene of the funeral orations. The audience only saw the caps of the worst rabble as they tossed them in the air and vociferated as might a "Mafficking" mob. The more respectable citizens are grouped on the house tops, on the steps of the Senate, and others hang on to the statue of the She Wolf that is supposed to have wet-nursed the twin brothers. Antoine took infinite pains to drill his crowd into the display of emotion at the right instant, and he taught them to put on the strong-jawed countenance of the Roman as a preparation to the kind of feeling the reading of Cæsar's will ought to call forth in a people of gluttonous appetites. His conscious efforts brought forth fruit abundantly. I never saw a more live crowd in any stage, or a more impressive. Mark Antony, a General Boulanger with brains, knows how to turn them inside out. To some degree, though a patrician, he is one of the street public, or at any rate to some extent at one with them. Rome in his time lived very much out of doors. Public questions were in every sense well ventilated. The man in the street felt he had a right to drop into the Forum and hoot or applaud the grand personages in the rostrum. That open-air political pulpit, or tribune, afforded as much room to the orator to move about as does a cage at the Zoo to the lions shut up therein.

"Julius Cæsar," whether in English or French, is a man's drama. It therefore gives but little room for the costumier.

March in Rome is like the end of April here. It is there a balmy month when light stuffs may be worn and the gardens bloom with flowers that, to us, belong to early summer. Antoine bore this in mind, and gives a sunny aspect to earth and sky in Ides of March weather, but with passing clouds to foreshadow coming events and to heighten the significance of the soothsayers' talk and Calphurnia's presentiments.

If Antony resembles Boulanger in some respects, he is unlike him in others. For instance, Antony is terribly "jesuitical," as freethinkers understand the word. His vices are more robust. He is at once *viveur*, *joussier*, *marcheur*, characteristics which Max throws into relief as well as the jesuitry. But that actor in his impersonation hardly accentuates enough Antony's gladiatorial physique, his good-fellow ways, and his close eye to main chances. However, Max meets nightly with tempests of applause from a public that thoroughly understands the "business" of the stage.

I cannot help thinking that Brutus, as rendered by Desjardins is not sufficiently the Auberon Herbert of a Pagan civilisation which kept up the fighting-cock courage of the Legions by the ferocious spectacles of the circus. Auberon Herbert had been educated under Christian influence, and had sat at the feet of Ruskin and J. S. Mill before he entered Parliament. His soul overflowed with humane feeling, not for his fellow creatures only, but, as I had opportunities to see when a guest of him and Lady Florence Herbert at Ashley Arnewood, for bird, beast, and fish—far off as the fish stands in zoological relationship to us. Transpose him to the Rome of Cæsar, and you may find in him the counterpart of Brutus, and as little apt as Brutus to meet the *canailleries* of Antony by adapting himself to them. Auberon Herbert had the ever-wakeful conscience of Brutus, the sensitive moral fibre, the passion for justice, the thin skin, the pointed wit—which, however, wanted the flush of animal spirits to lend it conviviality. But he had an even keener sense of what was base in words or character than Brutus. He could not have gone into a conjuration with Casca and Cassius, who is at bottom a base fellow. An Auberon Herbert would have *felt* what was low in the sophistries of the conspirators, and have stood aloof from them. Brutus did not. His nostrils were less keen in scenting rascality.

Desjardins, as Brutus, speaks as if on his oath,

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another point of resemblance with the late Auberon Herbert, whom I never knew to talk at random or to risk saying anything of which he was not sure. Desjardins, it seems to me, gives Brutus *une trop grande allure*. Brutus was rather a man of high distinction, and a son of a very ancient house that wanted new and strong blood. He represented an oligarchy the sun of which had nearly set, and would have been somewhat hippish and *fin de race*. I do not think Antoine up to these features, and the public that applauds the *grandes allures* certainly is not. Desjardins, I hear, somewhat inflated his impersonation so as not to let himself be thrown into the shade by Max as Antony and Duquesne as Cæsar, the latter an aristocratic, restless patrician, a man of brain, will, and ambition, the Napoleon, and more, of antiquity, and struggling against the adverse fate which closes him round. Desjardins rightly thinks that the play ought to be called Brutus. Brutus is its hero. But living and dead —yet more than living—Cæsar fills it. His power is more felt after his death than before. From the moment he draws his toga over his face to that in which his gashed head appears to Brutus at Philippi, Cæsar overrules all. That bleeding head is a fine piece of stage management and illusion.

And here an observation: I doubt whether Mr. Stead himself can be more strongly attracted by ghost stories and the spirit world than was "Glorious Will." Do we not see this in "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Richard III.," "Julius Cæsar," "The Tempest," and in those parts of Henry IV. into which Joan of Arc is brought?

One cannot too much admire the elocution of the actors who sustain the chief parts. Max renders admirably the soldier Antony, in the habit of stealing marches and laying ambushes from which he can spring with every advantage on his side. The sly cunning of Antony is as much that of the hardened military campaigner as of the politician playing for heavy stakes. He sometimes (as personated by Max) hurries through a phrase because a self-seeking opportunist who does not know his own mind often says what he does not mean, and, attaching no importance to it, but wanting to see how the cat may jump, gabbles on.

Bernard lightens the load of tragedy in his personation of Casca, a Roman of the full-blooded, heavy-eating type, and free from the nightmares and black presentiments which torment guzzlers. He has the fibre induced by witnessing often the games at the amphitheatre and the triumphs of the famous captains of his day. Lower down in life Casca might have been drawn to the shambles to earn a living. That "rent" to which Antony alludes is significant material evidence as to his character.

The ladies are so so. Could they be much more? Rome in their time knew nothing of Gallic wardrobe women, and her daughters had not yet had time to imitate the coquettish arts of Cleopatra. The Roman lady was proud to an inhuman degree, and harsh and narrow minded. Her proneness to dark superstition might well have originated in too copious meals. Her virtues generally ran into defects, not from excess of virtue, but from some inherent want in the character. The cestus of Venus could at no time have been worn by the Roman lady before the decline had advanced considerably. Mlle. Dux does her best with Portia, and sauces up for Boulevard St. Michel taste her pride with sensibility. Calphurnia wears a crèpe-de-chine robe and handsome antique jewellery. The toga of Antony is also in crèpe-de-chine. This tissue, it appears, was known to Alexandria in the time of Julius Cæsar, and might well have been imported thence to Rome, and worn by military swells in mufti.

Those love-letters of Gambetta astonish me and other old friends of the writer—real, or alleged only. They might have been dictated by a rapping table to a spirit medium. Not that any of us were in the closing years of his life in ignorance of the intimacy with Mlle. Léoni Léon into which he drifted after his aunt's death in the year '76 or thereabouts. We also knew that this liaison filled his family with consternation, as also such fast and faithful friends as Colonel Riu, Spuller, and Pephau, who saw in it the hand of Bismarck. Mlle. Léon was not young, was not good-looking, had always something in her toilette that detonated—if I may so speak—had a stormy past, and the escutcheon had on it a dark cloud. The nearly grown up lad whom Gambetta placed at a school near Dresden was not, it now appears, her son, but her sister's. They were daughters of a Colonel Léon, who commanded the artillery at Strasburg and Dunkirk. He committed suicide "to save his honour." In the reign of Louis Philippe he had acted as orderly officer, and later as a sort of artillery instructor, to the Duc de Montpensier. The two daughters received an ultra-Catholic education, and remained extremely Catholic and Royalist.

The father's friends crowded round Léonie when there seemed a probability of her becoming Mme. Gambetta. It is not true that she tried to hide herself. Quite the contrary. Gambetta did not like this, even so late as November 21, 1882, when he and she had more than a tiff because he objected to her coming to join him at the Français, at the revival of "Le Roi s'Amuse," a play that has a sinister reputation. I was in the *coulisse* of the Français. Gambetta had a permanent *loge grillée* on the ground floor, next to that of the Duc d'Aumale.

Gambetta had grown tired of a bachelor's life. The deaths of his aunt and mother made him miserably lonesome, and particularly of the mother, a *maîtresse femme* indeed. His health, never good, had almost broken down from the effect of a life which in every possible respect burned the candle at both ends. His oratorical talent was phenomenal. But what Goldsmith said of Burke applied equally to Gambetta. He never slaked the fire, once he began to speak to France, until a short time before his death. It would be impossible to figure to oneself a more lovable great man. Gambetta always appeared to me a child of nature gifted with genius. The letter from Bruses, which appeared some time ago in the papers, he certainly wrote. It is one of the most charming letters in the French language. The "Ninette" to whom he addressed it died young.

Signor Ferrero has concluded his course of lectures, and is now in Brussels. He is a Florentine settled at Turin, and follows the method which

Renan adopted in his "History of the Israelites," of illustrating the past by the present. It may be that there is a little too much journalism in what he has been telling us of ancient Rome and the family of Augustus. Signor Ferrero is more ingenious than philosophical, and, it seems to me, has too completely entered into the skin of his father-in-law, the eminent Cesare Lombroso. He has the merit of being picturesque, interesting, and "live." This new "lion" has tasted of the sweets of success and also of the bitter pills of hostile, and possibly jealous, criticism. I am sorry that so many ladies of the Comtesse de Greffuhle's set patronised his lecture and lavished their attentions on him and Mme. Ferrero. Their flattering notice has been to the historians here as the red *capa* to the *toro* in the Spanish circus. They wanted to patronise Mme. Curie in the same way, but she would not let them. Signor Ferrero has no idea on what slippery soil he treads in Paris. I think he made a mistake in not being satisfied with the brilliant reception he met with on his first visit. What is that Spanish proverb which warns us not to return to the house where we have been treated with a glow of warm-hearted hospitality? The sets-off that he gets against the bitter pills are a part of the Langlois prize (500 fr.) for "L'Histoire de la Grandeur et la Décadence de Rome," the red ribbon, and the personal thanks of M. Loubet and M. Briand—who both heard Signor Ferrero lecture—for the great treat he afforded them. Signor Ferrero is handsome, and of a tall, slender, and elegant figure. His features are regular, and he overcomes—for a public speaker or lecturer—the great disadvantage of wearing glasses. The very thin and long hands, the hands of a mediæval saint, are singularly expressive. Persons used to the sober delicacy of M. Boissier (our great authority on Ciceronian Rome) are not the best judges of the florid style of so many present-day Italian authors, and among them Signor Ferrero, a man of original gifts, improved by erudition and a full knowledge of Signor Boni's exhumations.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

THE mythology of Mayfair, dear Lady Betty, is a subject that has until now entirely escaped attention. That is the more curious as the "Upper Class System" is little else than a survival of the Greek and Roman mythology, of which Hesiod wrote over seven and twenty centuries ago:—

> "Some thirty thousand gods on earth we find
> Subjects of Zeus, and guardians of mankind."

* * * * *

The basis of the "Upper Class System" is the principle that there are some thirty thousand men and women of superior origin—to whom are added others who have been raised to god-like rank—who are entrusted with the control of humanity! These gods and goddesses disport themselves much as did those of ancient times. They are not subject to the ordinary code of morality; they frequently condescend to intrigue with the merely human; they occasionally make mésalliances; they have their ambitions, jealousies, disputes, and difficulties; and are only united in the determination to retain control of the world.

On the other hand, the multitude of the merely human regard the gods and goddesses of Mayfair with the utmost respect, conferring this immediately even on the meanest amongst themselves who happen to be raised to the upper rank. The merely human readily excuse the follies and failings of the gods and goddesses, and regard with horror the unbelievers who denounce the system as ridiculous and discreditable!

The parallel is so complete that it is obvious the condition is a survival of the mythologies of Greece and Rome; a discovery which should attract general attention, and may induce the thoughtful amongst us to reconsider the position they occupy in this direction. Were a modern Ovid to arise, and write "The Metamorphoses of Mayfair," the adventures recorded in his work would be as discreditable as are those which we know of from Publius Ovidius Naso!

* * * * *

"A Museum Woman" is an expression which the circumstances of our time have rendered it necessary to coin. The "Museum Woman" is one who possesses the feminine qualities which our mothers cultivated, and men even in this age admire. Gentle, amiable, patient, industrious, innocent, and staunch; such a woman when found now should be acquired for a museum, and kept there as a treasure of the utmost value and rarity.

The women of to-day in England play at matrimony according to the "Rugby Rules." It is a violent entertainment, and is frequently accompanied with accidents! —Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

IT is stated that My Pet II. will leave Newmarket next month for France, and that he will be trained with a view to his engagement on the Continent. I do not believe that any such arrangement has been made definitely, and quite expect that My Pet II. will remain in England until after the Two Thousand, as he would presumably be first favourite for that race if there were any betting on it, and Mr. Raphael has no second candidate to fall back upon if the Dewhurst Plate winner is withdrawn from his most important engagement in this country. It is curious that My Pet II. was not entered for the St. Leger, as that stake did not close until several weeks after this colt had been purchased by Mr. Raphael. Sagamore was said last season to be better at home than My Pet II., and his victory in the Free Handicap at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting was an excellent performance. Mr. Raphael was well advised when he purchased Sagamore for 1,680 guineas at the sale of Sir James Miller's racing stud. It is quite on the cards that Sagamore would have won next year's Derby if his breeder had lived, and it is probable that the colt will turn out to be a good stayer. Sagamore will no doubt be entered for the Coronation Cup at Epsom, and for the Gold Cup at Ascot, as he has no engagements. This colt was entered as a yearling for a large number of races, but the death of his nominator caused all his engagements to become void.

It was predicted in Truth several months ago that Bezonian would be Lord Rosebery's best three-year-old next season. Traquair was then all the rage, but this colt never appeared likely to last, and it became known early in the autumn that he was touched in the wind. Traquair is now a roarer, and he need not be thought of for a moment in connection with any of the great races of next season. This colt is not likely to win again over any distance beyond an easy six furlongs. Bezonian, who is half-brother, by Velasquez, to Cicero, was not seen out after Doncaster, when he finished third for the Champagne Stakes. The colt obviously wanted time, and he is said to have been greatly benefited in all ways by his long rest. He is engaged in both the Two Thousand and the Derby, and it is quite probable that he will run very prominently for both those races.

The King has a slashing two-year-old in his good-looking dark colt Perambulator, by Persimmon out of Spyglass, but, of course, nothing is likely to be known

as to his racing capacity for several months to come. Perambulator is entered for both the Two Thousand and the Newmarket Stakes, and he will be his Majesty's best three-year-old next season if he trains on all right, as Slim Lad is never likely to do much good on the Turf.

The racing season next year will begin a week earlier than usual, and the Lincolnshire Handicap is to be run on March 19. The Newmarket Craven Meeting is set for April 16 (a fortnight after Easter), and the Two Thousand will be run on May 1, and the Derby on June 5, so there will be an interval of five weeks between these two races. It is greatly to be regretted that there should have been a return to the unpopular and inconvenient arrangement by which there is only one week between Epsom and Ascot. The experiment of letting a fortnight intervene between these two meetings met with universal approval, and was a complete success, but now we go back to the objectionable old practice of the one week interval. Goodwood begins on July 30, and the St. Leger will be run on September 11, while the Newmarket First October Meeting, which came a fortnight after Doncaster this year, is postponed until October 1. The Newmarket Houghton Meeting terminates on November 1, the "back-end" fixtures being all crammed and jammed into three weeks, the season closing on November 23.

Twelve months ago Lally was regarded as the best two-year-old of the past season, and he was the winter favourite for the Derby. The merit of Lally's two-year-old performances was preposterously exaggerated, as was several times pointed out in Truth, and he turned out a direful disappointment to his owner, and also to the gullish herd who had backed him persistently for the Derby. Admirable Crichton was very highly estimated last winter, and he was a general tip for the Two Thousand, but Major Loder's colt's only victory as a three-year-old was in a trumpery handicap at Doncaster. It is at once ludicrous and instructive to reflect that while people were eulogising Admirable Crichton the Derby winner was at the time in the same stable. Spearmint was handicapped in October, 1905, more than a stone below Lally, and 8 lb. below Admirable Crichton. Other melancholy failures have been Malua, Sarcelle, Victor, Bill of the Play, Colonial, Radium, Ulalume, Ramrod, and Waterflower. All these animals were very highly estimated twelve months ago, whereas Troutbeck, Keystone II., Beppo, and Bridge of Canny were then regarded with profound contempt. Gorgos, who was officially estimated to be over a stone inferior to Lally, won the Two Thousand and the valuable Lewes Stakes. Troutbeck and Bridge of Canny both improved prodigiously between two-year-olds and three-year-olds, and The White Knight also came on wonderfully; Keystone II. was never properly fit until she ran for the Oaks, and Lord Derby's mare certainly ought not to have been beaten at Doncaster. Of the past season's three-year-olds one is justified in anticipating successes in the future for Keystone II., Troutbeck, The White Knight, Bridge of Canny, and Beppo. Radium, who was amiss during the greater part of the season, may be expected to distinguish himself as a four-year-old if all goes well with him during the next few months. It is unfortunate that these animals have very few engagements. Beppo (9 lb. allowed) and Troutbeck are both entered for the £2,000 stake at Lingfield in July, and Mr. de Rothschild's horse is in the Jockey Club Stakes at Newmarket, with a breeding allowance of 12 lb. It is a pity that the St. Leger winner should have been withdrawn from the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park. We are not likely to see Spearmint again on the Turf. Last spring there was a lot of trumpeting about the triumphs which were supposed to be in store for Cicero, but Lord Rosebery's horse only discovered himself to be a non-stayer, and then retired from the Turf. Pretty Polly's hollow defeat by Bachelor's Button at Ascot was a sore blow to her admirers, although it had long been the firm opinion of many good judges of form that a race for the Ascot Cup would prove a crash for Major Loder's mare. Several reputations were shattered last season, and certainly no flyer of the highest class was seen out. The two-year-olds were proclaimed during the summer to be an exceptionally good lot, but their later performances were not calculated to excite enthusiasm. Polar Star won all his races, but whenever he met anything of high class there was always a valid excuse for the defeat of the supposed flyer. If My Pet II. had been the smartest two-year-old ever seen on the Turf, he could not have been reasonably expected to win the Gimcrack Stakes at York after having been nearly knocked down at the start. When a two-year-old has won a number of races easily, people are apt to praise it to the skies, and to indulge in ecstasies of enthusiasm, whereas they would act more wisely if they noted the class of the fields which have been beaten. The Bard was an example of a second-rate colt earning a first-rate reputation by clever placing, but when he came to meet Ormonde in the Derby he was hopelessly beaten. It was very much the same thing with Lally last year; possibly it may turn out that there was, after all, nothing very wonderful about the performances of Polar Star. Of course, Mr. Hall Walker's colt defeated Galvani, winner of the Middle Park Plate, in the Criterion Stakes, but it was thought that Major Loder's colt had gone off during the ten days that had elapsed since his defeat of Slieve Gallion, and I believe he lost several lengths at the start. It may be hoped that Polar Star will be entered for the Coronation Cup at Epsom, as in that race (which is run over the Derby course) he would certainly meet some horses of good class. One would like to see Polar Star running against Keystone II. and Troutbeck at weight for age. One can quite understand a judicious owner's reluctance to train a three-year-old for the Ascot Cup, as that race has so often terminated the Turf career of good horses, and many which have been kept going for some time afterwards were never of any real use. There is no race in the Calendar which so takes it out of a horse as the Gold Cup. Now that Bachelor's Button has gone to the stud, it seems highly probable that Mr. Vanderbilt will win next year's Gold Cup with Maintenon, who can stay well, whereas we must take the stamina of the English lot upon trust. Animals which have easily achieved the St. Leger course have collapsed ignominiously nine months later when brought out for the Ascot Cup.

There are excellent entries for the two-year-old races at Ascot next June, which have lately closed. One hundred and twenty-three yearlings have been engaged in the Biennial of £10 each, with £500 added. The largest subscribers are his Majesty, Lord Derby, and Lord Falmouth, with four entries each; and next come the Duke of Portland, Duke of Westminster, Sir R. W. B. Jardine, Sir E. C. Cochrane, and Mr. A. Bailey, with three each. There are one hundred and thirty-eight entries for the New Stakes of £10 each, with £1,000 added. His Majesty again heads the list, having six entries, and next comes Sir Daniel Cooper with five, and then Lord Derby with four.

The entries for the three-year-old races at Ascot in 1908 are also satisfactory. Fifty-six yearlings have been engaged in the Prince of Wales's Stakes, his Majesty, Lord Wolverton, and Mr. Arthur James being the largest subscribers with three entries each. There are fifty-seven entries for the Ascot Derby, Lord Derby, Lord Wolverton, and Mr. Arthur James being the largest subscribers, with three each.

The Danger to Health of obesity is not sufficiently emphasised. Stout people should know that "fatty degeneration" of the heart and liver is a constant menace to them. The *Sketch* says:—"This pleasant, rational, and most efficacious remedy may be warmly recommended to stout persons, as much for health's sake as for the attainment of perfect elegance of figure." Price 2s 6d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle, of all chemists, or of The "Antipon" Company, 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.

A noodle drivelling in the *Sportsman* is delighted with Lord Downe's "hostility" to the Street Betting Bill, and regards his attitude towards that measure as a proof that the Jockey Club do not desire it to pass. What despicable twaddle! If there was any reality in Lord Downe's "hostility" to the Bill why on earth did

he not oppose it in the House of Lords? Has a single member of the Jockey Club uttered a single word in either House of Parliament in opposition to the measure? They have been as mute as mackerel from first to last. How can the members of the Jockey Club be supposed for a moment to favour street betting, which, as Lord Beaconsfield wrote in 1886, has converted the Turf into a vast engine of national demoralisation.

Lord Downe's active opposition to the Bill in the House of Lords would have been a practical proof of his "hostility" to this legislation, but it is utterly foolish and absurd to maintain an attitude of placid indifference in Parliament and then to indulge in irresponsible chatter after a public dinner at York. The fact is that nobody of real position, with a high reputation to maintain, would ever dream of getting up in Parliament and opposing such a Bill. Lord Downe's speech at York was simply a harmless fanfarronade, but it would have been somewhat awkward and ridiculous if any subsequent orator had been so infatuated as to take him seriously, and to ask how it came about, if he disapproved of the Bill, that he had not divided against the second reading in the House of Lords, or opposed the measure in Committee. Can any sane and sober person believe for a moment that such members of the Jockey Club are opposed to the Bill as the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Derby, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, the Duke of Portland, Lord Zetland, Lord Cadogan, Lord Rosebery, Lord Londonderry, Lord Falmouth, and Lord Durham?

At Newmarket last week about 750 lots were offered for sale, and 532 of them changed hands, but many of them went at miserably low prices. The total amount realised by the five days' sales was upwards of £131,000.

On Monday there were no transactions of much interest, and on Tuesday only three lots ran into four figures. Round Dance (three years) was remarkably well sold to Mr. Barclay Walker at 1,000 gs. Baroness Melton, yearling filly by Melton out of Baroness La Flèche, was purchased by Mr. Musker for 1,400 gs., whereas at her breeder's sale in July she had realised 1,550 gs. Simena (dam of Cheveney, Henry the First, and William Rufus) is in foal to Rock Sand, but she did not change hands, and it was said that her reserve was 2,000 gs. Mr. S. Joel was well advised when he gave 1,700 gs. for Bendy (1891), by Bend Or out of Gauntlet, by Galopin, in foal to Persimmon. This mare was bred by the late Duke of Westminster. On Wednesday business was very brisk, and there were nine high-priced lots. One of Lord Carnarvon's two-year-olds—Belledene, by Lesterlin—was run up to 1,050 gs., the purchaser being Mr. Waugh, who resold the colt to Mr. G. Dudley Smith. The best bargain from this lot was Futurity, by Americus out of Grand Prix, by St. Simon. He was cheaply bought for 660 gs. by Captain Paür. Mr. Wood's mare, Lady Greenfields (1899), by Bend Or, in foal by Persimmon, was sold for 1,550 gs. to go to France, and she is cheap at the price. Major Fife's Flying Form (1902), by Orme out of Won by Waiting, by Galopin (this mare is inbred on the same lines as Flying Fox), realised 990 gs., and goes to Austria. She was a decided bargain at this price. There was strong competition for the best of Sir James Miller's mares. Aida (1898), by Galopin out of Queen Adelaide, by Hermit, in foal to Rock Sand realised her full value when she was sold to Sir Tatton Sykes for 4,300 gs., and she goes to Sledmere. M. E. Blanc bought both Rondeau (1900) by Bay Ronald out of Doremi, by Bend Or, in foal to Rock Sand (4,000 gs.), and Ischia (1900), by Isinglass out of Santhea, by St. Simon, in foal to Rock Sand (1,800 gs.). Sir John Thursby was very anxious to secure Rondeau, and Mr. J. de Rothschild was the under bidder for Aida. Sagacity, by St. Serf out of La Sagesse (this mare is half sister to Sagamore), was perhaps the best bargain of the lot, Mr. H. Musker getting her for 1,650 gs. Sir John Thursby bought the best of the foals for 800 gs., the colt by Rock Sand out of Sagacity. All the lots from Sir James Miller's stud were sold without reserve, and they realised their extreme values. Lord Londonderry got a good price for Saintfield (1892), by St. Simon out of Daisy Chain by Springfield, when Baron E. de Rothschild gave 1,050 gs. for her, but she is probably in foal to Gallinule. One of the finest mares that came up during the week was Fiancée (1901), by St. Frusquin out of Wise Virgin, in foal to Wolf's Crag, and Mr. J. de Rothschild got her well within her value at 2,300 gs. Fiancée won several races for Mr. Falmouth as a two-year-old, and she was regarded as one of the smartest animals of her age, but she trained off, and did no good afterwards. Signorino was bought to go to Italy at 3,000 gs., or fully double his intrinsic value. On Thursday Auber was remarkably well sold at 2,000 gs., considering that he is a gelding. Lady Wishfort (1901), by St. Frusquin out of Maid Marian, in foal to Marco, was purchased cheaply for 1,000 gs. by Mr. J. de Rothschild. This mare is half sister to Polymelus. The Duke of Portland's mares did not excite so much competition as usual. The highest price of the Knowsley lot was Heather Fire (1899) by Ayrshire, in foal to Eager. Baron E. de Rothschild gave 700 gs. for her. Roseate Dawn certainly fetched his value when Captain Money gave 2,200 gs. for him. He is to be put to jumping, and will "go for" the Auteuil Hurdle Race next summer, all being well. Only one lot ran into four figures on Friday, and this was Mr. Cox's mare Croceum (1898), by Martagon out of Hag, in foal to St. Serf. She is the dam of Sarcelle, and was sold to Major Roberts for 1,600 gs. He also gave 810 gs. for her colt foal by St. Frusquin.

Polymelus was much admired by all who saw him at Newmarket last week. This horse bids fair to develop into a very fine five-year-old, and it is quite likely that he will turn out next season to be a much better stayer than most people suppose him to be. Polymelus will no doubt be entered on January 1 for the Coronation Cup at Epsom and for the Ascot Cup, as a preparation for one or both of those races will not at all interfere with his being trained for the Princess of Wales's Stakes at the Newmarket First July Meeting, which is at present his only engagement next year.

I believe that in one of the monthly magazines there is an article on the over-estimation of athletics. I have not read it. Suffice it to say that if it contains a warning as to the way in which some folk push forward sport in schools and let youngsters regard it as the be-all and the end-all of existence, I support that view. If the writer condemns those who for ever preach about the advantage of sport as doing away with international complications, and who go into hysterics every time there is a meeting between French, American, or English teams, I am equally in accord with him. Nor should I dissent if he administered a rap to those who bespatter their writings about players and games with a lot of talk about science and intelligence. To read some reports and criticisms one would imagine that the successful cricketer, footballer, or golfer, whether amateur or professional, was the most highly intelligent and scientific creature on the face of the earth, before whose record the works of a Bacon, or a Newton, or a Darwin, or a Kelvin pale into insignificance.

And yet, with all these prejudices against over-estimating athletics, I was profoundly struck by the speech of Mr. Roos, the South African captain, at the banquet in honour of the visiting team after the International match against England at the Crystal Palace. In the South African team were Boers and Britons—men who had fought against each other—and the speaker hoped that in politics as in football the men on both sides would work together for a noble purpose. It was a noble aspiration admirably spoken. I hoped it would reach the ears of some who in another place speak as though the blood feud were at its height. It is well to have played in an International match against a team so composed. It is better to have been a member of

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that team. Both sides may be proud that in the common pleasure of Rugby football common differences have been swept away. The visitors represented South Africa. They represented the race that must be predominant in South Africa. They were united for a common purpose—the credit of South Africa. Their success has been as popular in Pretoria as in Cape Town. They have typified a united South Africa to many whose political intelligence is not equal to their sporting sense. I was glad that Mr. Roos spoke as he did.

Now, the South Africans have ever been credited with good, honest, and clean football. I was therefore very glad to hear Mr. Roos point out that when a man dropped on the ball, with the forwards coming at him, his life was in danger. In South Africa they did not use the feet so dangerously. He suggested an alteration in the rules. I quite agree with him. It is quite a sufficient demand on a man's pluck to fall on the ball. That he should be liable to be hacked in such a way as to endanger life or limb is sheer brutality. The South Africans do not play this brutal game; why should a certain class of our men do so? It was not ever thus. But certain backs used to fall on the ball and lie there until their forwards came round. If the back at once gets up, he complies with the rules. He should be given this opportunity. If he does not, there is an infringement of the rules, and his side is penalised. This hacking at men must be stopped, and the player who is guilty of it, whether he acts purposely or in forgetfulness, should be warned off the field. It is useless for a referee to caution such a man.

The match was played in a vile drizzle on a vile ground. As I anticipated, Rugby football is not played out in England. One had wished for a fine day and a fast ground; but so long as our climate is what it is, the players must play in all weathers, barring frost. It was just about as bad a day as could be found. The match began in gloom and ended in darkness. The outsides had a greasy and impossible ball to handle. It was practically a forwards' game, with luck against the visitors, for it was not until they had lost a man that the home team scored an equalising try. The English forwards, after half-time, had the upper hand, and I quite expect them to turn out a very useful pack in the other international matches. Considering that they lost Morkel quite early in the second half, the South Africans played a splendid game. They were also unfortunate in not having Krige on the field. I am told that he is to be operated on for appendicitis.

The International match provided all the Rugby football in the metropolis. Blackheath went to Cardiff and put up quite a good game. The Scottish just beat Leicester and Swansea and Newport drew, neither side scoring. Under Association rules the chief incident was the overwhelming defeat of Woolwich Arsenal by Birmingham. In the Second Division Chelsea increased their chances of promotion by beating Wolverhampton Wanderers away from home. They are now only a point behind the leaders, Notts Forest and West Bromwich Albion, who tie for first place. But the Metropolitan team have a match in hand. The Corinthians went under badly to Tottenham Hotspur who quite had their revenge after the beating they received a few weeks back. The series of matches to decide what clubs should compete in the competition proper for the Association Cup resulted in much wandering, and, in some cases, in geographical discoveries. For instance, Watford had to go to Stockport, and Accrington to Herne Hill, while Shepherd's Bush wandered abroad and discovered Irthlingborough Town only to be beaten. That town is not in the "A.B.C.," and I have not found its telegraphic address.

I do not suppose that many who are interested in the recent controversy in Lawn Tennis circles will have the chance of reading the official report of the meeting in the journal of the Lawn Tennis Association. For the first time on reading that report I learned the real meaning of all the uproar during the last eighteen months. There is no objection to Mr. Palmer being secretary of the Club at Wimbledon. The only objection is to his being manager for the Championship meeting. Then why on earth did the Council of the L.T.A. put forward its absurd proposals which Wimbledon must obviously refuse? Mr. MacFie's statement is that, as is usual in arbitration, they stated a very full case. This is utter balderdash. Only an idiot who wants to be incontinently kicked out and have to pay the costs of an arbitration, puts forward a bogus claim in the hope that a genuine one may be conceded. As I do not regard Mr. MacFie as an idiot, I am afraid I cannot accept his explanation. The position he took up at the meeting was a complete change of front. I have never concealed the difficulty that has presented itself owing to Mr. Palmer's dual position. If that, and that alone, had been the point at issue there would never have been any trouble at all. But it was not likely that Wimbledon was going to move a finger when it was being threatened with extinction by the emissaries of the Council of the L.T.A. Talk of trade influence, a little honest straightforward business common sense on the Council, or rather on the part of the majority of the Council, would have saved all this bother. I prefer an honest tradesman to an outrageous bluffer. On his own admission Mr. MacFie was instructed to bluff. Wimbledon, being for the most part honest Lawn Tennis players, would not budge, and he had to put his hand on the table, and a miserable set of cards they were.

My attention has been called to a letter in last Saturday's *Field* from Messrs. MacFie and Griffiths with reference to what Mr. Palmer said at the general meeting. He pointed out that in 1905 he had tendered his resignation as vice-president, and it had been unanimously refused, and that in 1905 and 1906 he had been requested to manage the international meeting for the Dwight-Davis Bowl. These gentlemen say that the matter of his resignation was informally brought forward; it was not on the agenda, and all but two of the Council who were present were in favour of the A.E.L.T.C. Moreover, there was not unanimity. Mr. Prebble did not vote. Why, then, was the wretched trade influence allowed to continue in 1906? Why did not these purists point out that the resignation question ought to have come on at the next meeting? They further say that the International Committee in 1905 and 1906 contained members the majority of whom were in favour of the A.E.L.T.C. Thus only Mr. Prebble, who signed the anti-trade circular, was present at any of the meetings. "Further comment appears to us unnecessary." It may seem so to these highly righteous gentlemen. But as a simple-minded outsider I should like to know why the Council, containing so many and powerful anti-traders, did not make its voice felt in 1906 after the wicked tricks that had been played on it in 1905? The answer, to my mind, is pretty obvious. The anti-traders were really trying to capture the championships. That meeting, and not Mr. Palmer, was their real objective.

I have been asked to point out that the financial position of the Somerset County Cricket Club is most unsatisfactory. Unless the necessary help is forthcoming, both from subscribers and spectators, the club must go under, and Somerset must go under as a first-class county. Remembering the brilliant way in which the county fought its way into the circle of the elect, I am not without hope. It seems but yesterday—and in the absence of Wisden I cannot say whether it was fifteen years or more ago—that Somerset by sheer merit was adopted as a first-class county. It has always been a team of great surprises. The players have always done their best, and they have been welcomed when away from home as genuine cricketers not caring for a draw. Win or lose as sportsmen has been the team's motto. Surely the team is not without honour in its own county. I have every confidence that the purse-strings of folk of Somerset will be loosened for the benefit of the county team.

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MAMMON.

Markets Quiet — Generally Steady — Canadian Pacific the Outstanding Feature—A Chance for Bargains.

THE Stock markets during the past week have not been exactly overwhelmed with business, and features of interest have been few. But on the whole conditions have been tolerably good, having regard to the fact that we are approaching the end of the year, when monetary conditions will be adverse. The tendency of prices has been for the most part upwards, which is a satisfactory sign, and a favourable augury for the New Year, when money rates will be easier. The feature of the week has been furnished by Canadian Pacifics, which have been taken in hand once again by the New York-Montreal group that has interested itself so keenly in the shares during the last eighteen months or more, and which have fulfilled my prediction that they would touch 200 before the end of this year. As to the general outlook, it seems to me to be quite encouraging. We have active trade, and with the turn of the year we shall have lower money rates, which will facilitate investment and speculation. Prices as a whole are low, and the discerning man has an unusually favourable opportunity of picking up bargains.

Monetary Uncertainty—American Menace Renewed—Other Threats.

The monetary situation is now full of uncertainty, for which the market itself is to a great extent to blame for having sailed too close to the wind within the past week or so, by permitting discounts to fall away unduly, and thus inducing adverse movements in the Foreign Exchanges. Most important of all the factors are the return of the American menace of gold absorption, and the possibility of Egypt taking more metal. In addition, there is the stringency in India, which may result in a revival of the ear-marking of gold at the Bank as a currency reserve; and then again, Argentina and Brazil, as well as Russia, are credited with having designs upon the Bank's stock of bullion. Such an array of adverse developments after the bright prospects of a week ago are not calculated to inspire confidence, but, as I have said before, the market is much to blame for the changed aspect of affairs. The crucial point is, will New York become an aggressive buyer of gold? In such an event, there can be no doubt that there would be an immediate advance in the Bank rate to 7 per cent., a contingency which can scarcely be regarded with equanimity, even though it is calculated to react most severely upon New York. This is fully recognised at that centre, and in addition to the twelve million dollars representing interest on Government bonds up to May next, that the Secretary of the Treasury is to release in anticipation, it is now believed that New York will receive further and more material help from the same source to aid it to tide over the December stringency. The position, therefore, is not so lugubrious as at one juncture it seemed to be. As regards the Egyptian demand, too, there are indications that Paris may render some assistance, and it is not believed that Argentine will require any considerable quantity of gold, while there is a hope that Russia may defer the purchase of the metal until the year-end pressure throughout the world is over. As regards the Bank return, this reflects the beginning of the December drain of cash to the country, and though there was a net influx of gold from abroad to the amount of £344,000, the stock of bullion fell away by £361,000, accompanied by an expansion of £310,000 in the note circulation, leaving the reserve £671,700 lower at a total of £22,942,000. Unless the American menace become acute, it would seem that the Bank will be able to tide over the remainder of the year without any further advance in its rate, especially if the market, by maintaining discounts and money rates, renders some assistance.

Consols Sensitive to Money—Stocks Attractive—Colonials—Japanese—Perus Better.

The somewhat unfavourable change in the aspect of affairs in the monetary situation is reflected in a rather heavy tendency in the gilt-edged market. Naturally susceptible to money influences, these stocks are more than usually sensitive at the moment because of the temporary stringency which is likely to afflict Lombard Street as the end of the year approaches. It is probable, of course, that, dominated completely by money, and lacking the steadying influence of active business, values will droop for a week or two, especially during the inevitable spasms of stringency; but with the knowledge that the general monetary pressure ought to be relaxed as the New Year gets thoroughly under weigh, the investor in gilt-edged stock has nothing very serious to fear. Values generally are moderate, and yields consequently good, and altogether I consider gilt-edged stock worthy of consideration, in view of the possibilities of capital appreciation within the next month or two. The following table indicates the yield obtainable upon Colonial stocks:—

	Price	Yield per Cent.
Cape 3 p.c.	86	£3 10 0
Natal 3 p.c.	84½	3 11 0
New South Wales 3½ p.c.	100½	3 9 6
Queensland 3½ p.c.	98½xd.	3 11 0
South Australia 3 p.c.	88	3 8 0
Victoria 3½ p.c.	98½	3 11 0
West Australia 3 p.c.	97½	3 8 0

The Foreign market is by no means surfeited with features of any particular interest, though Japanese are not benefiting from the proposed increase in the Army and the utterances of President Roosevelt. The change in values, where it has occurred at all, is quite unimportant, and I am still inclined to the opinion that Japanese stocks are worthy of the consideration of the investor. I refer, of course, not to the high interest-bearing war loans with only a brief currency, such as the Six per Cent. stock which is redeemable next year, nor even to the Four and a Half per Cent. issues the redemption of which begins in 1910, but the Four per Cent. of 1905, which would yield a clear 4½ per cent. It would seem that the merits of Chinese stocks are receiving greater recognition from the general investor. As high-yielding investments the Gold Loans appear to be distinctly attractive. The market has reconciled itself to the achievement of the Peruvian Corporation, finding some consolation from the knowledge that the increase in expenditure was due to a more liberal outlay upon railway betterment, etc. But this does not induce me to modify the opinion frequently expressed upon the highly speculative nature of the Preferred stock.

Investors Still Buying Home Rails — The Traffic Position—Trade Lines Still Forging Ahead—Points for Purchasers.

The Home Railway market continues free from the excitement that accompanies a "Bull" movement entered into by speculators simply with the object of snatching differences, but there is still evidence that the absorption of stock by real investors is steadily going on. Buyers are naturally confining their attention almost exclusively to the best stocks, for, with prices of the soundest dividend-payers so low, there is no excuse for the investor to dabble in securities like Little Chathams and Dover "A," the quotations for which are almost entirely based upon sentiment. Generally speaking, traffic returns are keeping up in splendid fashion, as may be gathered from the bird's-eye view given by the *Railway News* in its weekly summary. According to my contemporary, the receipts for the week ended December 2 of fifty-three railways of the United Kingdom which make weekly returns, with a mileage of 21,131, amount to £1,988,872, being equal to

Treatise on Options.—Mr. Arthur Crump, late City Editor of the *Times*, described "Options" as "The most scientific and prudent way of operating on the Stock Exchange." This system, although very popular on the Continent and in America, is not so well known amongst Investors here as its merits justify. We have just published a new Treatise on this subject, which will be sent post free on application to The Secretary, London & Paris Exchange, Ltd., Bankers, Basildon House, Bank, London, E.C., or from any of its Branches.

£94 2s. per mile. For the corresponding week of 1905 the receipts were £1,928,390, and the number of miles open 20,883, or £92 7s. per mile. These figures show an increase of £60,482 in the receipts and an increase of 248 in the mileage. On thirty-eight of the railway companies whose returns distinguish the revenue derived from each class of traffic the receipts from passengers for the week were £738,363, or £24,848 increase, and from goods £1,182,957, or £27,110 increase. The aggregate receipts for the past twenty-two weeks of the current half-year amount to £47,942,200, or £1,016,152 increase. On the thirty-eight lines above mentioned the aggregate receipts for the same period for passengers were £22,456,851, or £550,312 increase, and for goods £24,126,031, or £379,359 increase. While this general survey, however, is highly satisfactory, it must be admitted that the traffic increases are very unevenly distributed. The trade lines serving the Midland and Northern counties are still enjoying wonderful prosperity in connection with the boom in the textile and metal trades, while the Southern lines, which rely in the main upon passenger business, continue to more or less mark time. This fact is easily seen from the following table, showing last week's traffic increases, side by side with those for the corresponding period of 1905, and also the gains for the twenty-two weeks of the current half-year:—

Company.	Last Week. Inc. or Dec.	A Year Ago.	Aggregate (22 weeks).
	£	£	£
Great Central	+ 2,500	+ 7,400	+ 59,700
Great Eastern	— 500	+ 2,100	+ 17,560
Great Northern	+ 2,100	+ 3,600	+ 44,350
Great Western	+ 14,700	+ 3,100	+180,400
Hull and Barnsley	+ 3,200	+ 530	+ 19,400
Lancashire and Yorkshire	+ 5,200	+ 6,600	+ 89,000
London, Brighton, and South Coast	+ 370	+ 720	+ 14,200
London and North-Western	+ 8,000	+ 14,060	+123 000
London and South-Western	+ 3,500	+ 2,000	+ 18,900
Midland	+ 3,200	+ 6,500	+ 58,800
North-Eastern	+ 12,400	+ 18,000	+237,500
North Stafford	+ 50	+ 1,600	+ 12,600
South-Eastern and Chatham	— 6,500	— 250	+ 7,700

Relatively to mileage the most noteworthy advances are those of the North-Eastern, Great Central, Lancashire and Yorkshire, Hull and Barnsley, and Great Northern. There has been a fair levelling up of Great Central prices in the last year or two, and, without suggesting that the rise is over, I think the stocks of the other Companies named offer more scope for improvement in the near future. In regard to the Hull a point worth noting is the progressive character of the Company's increases. Whereas from July to October inclusive the traffic gain was only £3,000 a month, in November it was fully £6,000. The explanation is probably to be found in the abolition of the export duty on coal as from November 1, and, bearing this in mind, there is every prospect of traffics continuing to make a fine showing. Thus everything is in favour of a good dividend upon Hulls in respect of the year drawing to a close, and, as I have shown in previous references to the Company, the stock will probably give to present buyers a yield larger than that upon any other Home Railway stock of any importance. With regard to Great Northern Deferred I need add little to what I have previously written upon this stock. York Deferred is taking the place formerly occupied by Dover "A" in the affections of speculators, and of the latter's wisdom there is no doubt. South-Eastern Deferred stands at about 47, although it has had no dividend since 1900, and is still a very long way off the dividend stage. Great Northern Deferred can be bought at about 45, and the stock is practically assured of 2 per cent. in respect of the current year as a minimum, while the prospects of the rate being improved upon next year are encouraging. Incidentally York Deferred looks cheap as compared with South-Western Deferred, for the latter stock, standing at over 50, cannot get more than 2 per cent. for the current year, and, possibly, the compensation charges connected with the Salisbury accident may cause a reduction in the rate of distribution. Perhaps the most attractive stock in the Southern group at the moment is South-Eastern Six per Cent. Preferred. Although the traffics of the Company do not promise great things in the way of dividends, there is a prospect of the Preferred getting 5¾ per cent. for the full year, as against 5½ per cent. for 1905. On the higher basis the yield would be 4⅝ per cent. at the present price of about 126, and, considering the possibilities connected with the development of Dover Harbour, without mentioning the more fanciful Channel tunnel and ferry schemes, such a return is distinctly alluring. Even on the basis of last year's dividend, the yield works out at 4⅜ per cent. Brighton Deferred gives a yield of 4½ per cent. on the basis of the 1905 dividend, but as over £20,000 more in the way of capital charges has to be met this half-year, and the increase to date in gross receipts is only £14,200, it is just a little doubtful, making allowance for a moderate increase in working expenditure, whether the dividend can be maintained. It must, however, be remembered that the full year's dividend will be deducted early in the the new year. My table shows the change on the week:—

Home Rails.	A Year Ago.	Make up, Nov. 27.	Closing Price, Dec. 1.	Closing Price, Dec. 8.	Movement.
Caledonian Pref.	78¾	74¾	74¾	74¾	—
Do. Def.	40⅛	32⅛	32	31¼	- ¼
City and S. London	46	42	42	42	—
Central London	93½	83½	84	84	—
Great Central 94 Pref.	74	—	74¼	74¼	—
Do. "B"	37½	35½	35½	35⅝	- ⅛
Do. "A"	18⅝	16⅝	16⅝	16⅝	—
Great Eastern	87½	82	82½	82¼	- ¼
Great Northern Pref.	102½	100	100½	100½	—
Do. Def.	46¼	44¼	45⅝	44⅝	- ⅛
Great Western	142¼	128½	130	130½	+ ½
Hull and Barnsley	47	47¾	48	48	—
Lancashire and Yorkshire	109½	102	102½	103	+ ½
London and Brighton "A"	120¼	118½	119½	120½	+1
London, Chatham, and Dover	16⅛	14⅜	14⅝	14¼	- ⅛
Do. 4½ p.c Pref.	93	90	91	89	- 2
Do. 2nd Pref.	64	55	55	55	—
London and North-Western	160	151½	152½	152½	- ½
London and South-Western Def.	57¼	49	50¾	50½	- ¼
Metropolitan Consolidated	89	63½	64	63½	- ½
Metropolitan District	37½	20	20½	20½	—
Midland Pref.	69	67¾	68	67¼	- ¼
Do. Def.	72¾	66	66¾	66½	- ¼
North British 3 p.c. Pref.	77¾	74¼	74½	74¼	- ¼
Do. Def.	46⅜	41⅝	41⅝	41⅝	—
North-Eastern Consolidated	145	140½	141½	141½	—
South-Eastern "A"	54½	47	47¼	46½	- ¼

Americans Dominated by Monetary Considerations—Great Northern Ore Deal—Large Earnings—New York Central's Increased Dividend.

The American market has again been completely dominated by the money question. Twelve per cent. has been a common rate, and at one time 36 per cent. was exacted. In these circumstances, free dealings in Wall Street were obviously out of the question, and although President Roosevelt's message was regarded as entirely satisfactory, its delivery exercised practically no effect. It may be that its general tenour was realised and discounted, but had it not been for the violent movements in call loans, it could have scarcely failed to exercise some beneficial effect. Mr. Secretary Shaw's annual report, showing that the Treasury gold holding was nearly $872,000,000 on October 15, created more interest, but even that fell almost flat. What the New York market appreciated more was the announcement that Mr. Shaw would anticipate the interest payment on bonds to the amount of $12,000,000, for that meant immediate relief. So far as this country is concerned, Americans are still left almost entirely in the hands of the professionals. English people recognise that they can secure a better run for their money in other markets without anything like the excitement which a flutter in Yankees entails, and so they go elsewhere. Small blame to them. As I have pointed out before on more than one occasion, it is not reasonable to expect that speculators here should be able to see any of the moves of a game worked by a select group of powerful men 3,000 miles away. In the way of investment there is something to be said on the other side—that is to say, if you can afford to take up shares and hold them in face of fluctuations for a year or two, you

How to Operate in Stocks Successfully.—See Halford's Adviser (post free).—Palmerston House, London, E.C. Established 1869. Telegrams: "Monitor, London."

will probably come out all right, for America is prosperous, all branches of industry are active, and railroad earnings are on a large scale; but even then it becomes a question whether it would not be possible to dispose of your money to better advantage nearer home, or in Canadian ventures. Still, if you love excitement, and are not subject to sudden awakenings and midnight frights over the prospect of losses, Americans will give you plenty of diversion. The account on the other side has been rendered a little more healthy, but apparently at the expense of the London market; for stock which was transferred from here when money rates rose suddenly is now being sent back to be contangoed because rates in New York have become prohibitive. There are not many features to note. Prices have been fairly well maintained, all things considered, and the gamblers have stuck to their favourite counters—Union Pacifics, Southern Pacifics, Atchisons—with Eries and Southern Common among the cheaper things. The New York Central announced an increase in its dividend to 6 per cent., but this had no good effect, it being asserted that much of the work in hand was unremunerative in character, and that heavy capital creations were looming. Milwaukees have been a strong market, largely in consequence of a scarcity of stock. My table below shows the measure of movements on the week:—

—	1905. Highest.	1905. Lowest.	Closing Price, Nov. 24, 1906.	Closing Price, Dec. 1, 1906.	Closing Price, Dec. 8, 1906.
Atchison	96	80⅛	104½	107⅜	107⅛
Do. Five per Cent. Pref.	109	102	105½	105½	105⅜
Baltimore and Ohio Com.	120⅛	104⅞	123½	122½	122½
Chesapeake and Ohio	61½	46⅜	57	57½	59⅛
Denver	40 11/16	27⅜	41⅞	43½	44⅜
Do. Pref.	93¾	85⅜	88	88⅜	89
Erie	54½	38 7/16	45¾	45⅝	46⅞
Do First Pref.	87½	77⅜	78½	78	78
Louisville	161⅛	140½	151½	150½	150½
Milwaukee	193½	173½	190	188½	189½
Mo., Kan., and Texas	39¾	24 11/16	42½	44	42⅛
Norfolk Pref.	96½	84	93	93	93
Do. Common	90⅜	77⅜	97¼	97⅛	97⅝
New York Central	169⅜	140½	135½	136	138½
Ontario	65½	41⅞	48⅛	49⅞	50½
Pennsylvania	76⅜	67½	71⅞	71⅛	71½
Reading	73⅜	40⅞	76¼	76	76½
Do. First Pref.	49⅜	40	46	44½	46
Southern Common	39 3/16	28⅜	35½	35⅝	35⅜
Do. Pref.	104½	97½	98	99½	97½
Southern Pacific	74	59⅝	97½	97½	97½
Union Pacific	155½	116 7/16	193⅜	192⅞	192⅜
Do. Pref.	102⅜	98½	96	96	96½
Wabash Pref.	49⅜	37⅜	45	44½	45
Do. "B" Debentures	86⅜	69½	82	82½	82
U.S. Steel Corp. Com.	44½	26	49½	49¼	51⅜
Do. Do. Pref.	110⅛	93⅜	108	107⅞	108½

The trend towards a larger disbursement to labour suggests to the New York *Journal of Commerce* that the era of dividend increases is rapidly coming to a close. The first ten months of 1906 will go down in Wall Street annals as a period when the shareholder came into his own, dividends being raised all along the line, both railroad and industrial. Seemingly the tendency from now on will be a greater consideration of the other factors—the employee and the public—for in no other way can the tide of agitation be stemmed. In many States the Legislatures will force reductions in freight and passenger rates where these have not already been made voluntarily by far-sighted corporations of the Pennsylvania stamp. It is estimated that a road like the Pennsylvania will need to show almost $40,000,000 larger gross earnings in order to provide for the $15,000,000 additional disbursements entailed in larger dividends and wages. Moreover, the constantly mounting prices of material tend to swell operating expenses, this factor being unfavourably reflected in the net earnings of many roads, notably the Pennsylvania. There are no signs of the approach of hard times, and yet investors do wisely to bear in mind that when the present phenomenal prosperity runs its course the railroads and industrial corporations, with largely decreased earnings, will find more difficulty in cutting down expenses. Fortunately, railroad properties have quite generally been put in good physical condition, millions having been spent on roadbed and equipment out of earnings, so that maintenance expenditures could be cut down materially. Wall Street discounts the future and doubtless the failure of the better-class railroad stocks to sell above a 5 per cent. level finds its explanation in the aforesaid increased expenses, but a prime feature in keeping down prices is the continued stringency of money, permitting profitable investment of surplus funds in other directions.

CANADIAN PACIFICS RECORD—THE COMPANY'S OUTLOOK—GRAND TRUNKS AND THE MARKET—MEXICAN RAILWAYS—INTEROCEANIC'S AMAZING TRAFFIC—ARGENTINE TRANSANDINE.

Canadian Pacifics, which were made up at the last settlement at 187, have fluctuated during the past week round about 192, the advance being due to the fact that the investment demand recently has been so large as to leave the market very short of stock. The position of the Company continues strong—grows stronger every day, and has an inconceivable future before it; so that an investment in its shares cannot fail—short of a cataclysm, of course—to prove advantageous. The point for consideration is that, with the certainty of a big appreciation in the next year or two, you will have regular dividends, and possibly an extra plum or two. The earnings are entirely satisfactory, the increase of $128,000 for the last nine days of September, bringing the gross improvement for five months up to $5,618,000. It is tolerably safe to say that the aggregate increase will be not far short of $10,000,000 by the end of June next, when the Company's financial year ends, and that in spite of the fact that comparisons will lie with big totals for the first six months of the year now drawing to a close. Moreover, the Canadian Pacific, as I have before shown, is having a substantial proportion of its earnings in net, and though it may not immediately make a further advance in its dividend, the shareholders have the satisfaction of knowing that the money is going to strengthen the system. Grand Trunk Junior stocks do not move much just now—in fact, the market is rather stagnant after the recent rise. But you will find the earlier issues make good investments. The First Preference gives, as usual, 4¼ per cent., and the Second Preference nearly 4½ per cent., while in front of the first-named ranks the Guaranteed, with a yield of 3⅞ per cent. It is unfortunate for the holders of the Junior stocks that much of the increase in gross receipts should be so persistently swallowed up in extra working expenses, but there should be compensation for this in the not distant future. Certainly, the gross earnings are handsome enough, there being a gain of £331,489 for the five months. The traffic for the last nine days of November showed an increase of £12,591, but this did not please the market, which was looking for £20,000 to £25,000, although it followed upon an increase of £13,069 for the corresponding period of 1905. But it requires a very exceptional "take" to satisfy the Trunk market nowadays, after their surfeit of good things. My table below gives the movements on the week among Colonial and Foreign Railways:—

—	A Year Ago.	Make-up, Nov. 27.	Closing Price, Dec. 8.
Canadian Pacific	178½	187	199½
Grand Trunks	23½	28⅞	29½
" 4 per cent. Guaranteed	101½	102½	102⅞
" 1st Preference	113	118	118⅜
" 2nd "	104½	111	111½
" 3rd "	58¼	68¾	69½
Bengal and North-West	150	146	144xd
Madras Railway 5 per cent.	126	123	122½
Argentine Great Western Ordinary	126	112½	112
Buenos Ayres and Pacific	129½	122	122½
" " 1st Preference	114½	—	—
" " 2nd "	105	105½	104½
" Great Southern	138	125½	125½
" Western	133	126	126
Entre Rios Railway Preference	90½	87	87
Rosario Consolidated Ordinary	112½	114¾	113½
Cent. Uruguay Ordinary	86	90½	91½
Costa Rica Railway	2⅞	27½	27½
Mashonaland Railway Debentures, 2nd iss.	—	89½	92
Mexican Railway	24	39⅜	45¾
" 1st Preference	117	138	138¾
" 2nd "	48½	79½	86
Nitrate Rails	15½	16½	16½

NICE.—CIMIEZ.—WINTER PALACE—One of the finest and most comfortable hotels in Europe.—J. AGID, Director.

The Mexican Railway continues to do very well in the matter of earnings, and the recent dividend surprise shows what the Company is capable of (largely with the aid of a fixed standard for silver and a progressive condition of the country) in the early future. For the time being, much of the "snap" is withdrawn, and Mexican Railways are consequently settling down, but there is plenty of scope for the speculator who cares to take up the Second Preference and Ordinary stocks, both of which were recommended for purchase by me more than a year ago, and have more than justified all that I prophesied on their account. As the country progresses, so will the railway, and a steady appreciation in the capital value of the stocks will compensate handsomely for any lack of dividends in the interim, so far as the Ordinary stock is concerned. The Interoceanic of Mexico's Preference shares have already been recommended by me—attention was drawn to them, in fact, last year, when they ranged round about 6. The latest traffic return shows an increase of $100,720, which is equivalent to about 30 per cent., and that a dividend on the Preference shares is regarded as nearly in sight is a fair inference from the fact that they stand at a premium. Argentine Railway stocks are not very interesting at the moment. Earnings are satisfactory, but investors are few, and the speculative possibilities are insignificant. For investment proper, however, there are not many departments in the Stock Exchange where you can secure stocks giving such a high return with anything like equal security. The annual report of the Argentine Transandine Railway Company shows that progress is being made with the construction of the big work in hand. It states that in March last a definitive contract was entered into with the Transandine Construction Company for the completion of the final section of the line up to the Chilian frontier. But, as previously explained, arrangements were made whereby the work was proceeded with pending the final settlement of the contract; and now it is announced that fair headway has been made, notwithstanding the difficulties arising from the quantity of snow and the consequent high river. So far as the working results of the year are concerned, the gross receipts of the railway amounted to £30,610, a decline of about 1.39 per cent. on those of 1904-5, but it must be borne in mind that the earlier period witnessed an advance of about 25 per cent. The proportion of the receipts payable to this Company under the working agreement with the Argentine Great Western Railway is £3,723, as compared with £6,156. The balance of revenue account has again been transferred to completion of works reserve account, which latter will be charged for five years with interest on the "B" Debenture stock, in so far as the Ordinary revenue may be insufficient to furnish the requisite funds.

Kaffir Options—Awaiting the Advance—African and European Investment—South-West Africa—Henderson's Estates—Kamfersdam Mines.

There have been few movements of any importance in South Africans this week, the mid-December settlement, which is now in process of being arranged, tending to check business. The making-up list will probably exhibit a number of unimportant declines, the tendency during the Account being towards a slightly lower level of prices, but at the close quotations are steadier, and it would not surprise me to see a better tone develop in Kaffirs at any time. The returns of gold won and profits earned in November indicate a good output for that month, and should the new Constitution for the Transvaal, the Letters Patent for which are now anxiously awaited, be favourably received, an upward movement in share values is by no means improbable. As a matter of fact, investors with an eye to good business are quietly looking up options on the chief market favourites, such as Rand Mines, East Rands, Gold Fields, Modders, Goerz, Geduld, General Mining, Van Ryn, Rand Collieries, African and European Investment, Oceana Consolidated, Simmer and Jack, Robinson Deep, and Robinson Central, with a view to certain eventualities, and any favourable developments with regard to the political and labour positions in the Transvaal will be the signal for an advance all along the line in Kaffirs. There is plenty of room for an increase in values, and the forward movement may begin when least expected. An agreement has been entered into under which the African and European Investment Company will acquire the whole of the assets of the Transvaal Proprietary, Limited, for the sum of £163,592, to be satisfied by the allotment of 163,592 fully-paid shares, and accordingly the capital of the former Company is to be increased to £1,750,000 by the creation of 250,000 new shares of £1 each. The Transvaal Proprietary owns ninety-one freehold farms of a total area of 545,184 acres, which are, in the opinion of the African and European Investment Company's Directors, of very considerable value to the Company, as a large portion of the area is in the same neighbourhood and in not a few cases actually adjoins the farms already held. When this purchase has been completed, the total area owned by the African and European Investment Company will be increased to about 1,238,000 acres, and will make it one of the largest landowners in the Transvaal. Besides the land interests referred to, the Company will acquire the investments and cash assets of the Transvaal Proprietary, which, at current quotations, represent a cash value of £55,000. With the ever-increasing prosperity of the Transvaal, the shares of the African and European Investment Company are bound to appreciate very considerably in value. I hear, on the highest authority, that the Goerz group have acquired a very important interest in the South-west Africa Company, including the control of the bulk of the shares in the hands of the principal holders. There has been great activity in these shares, and naturally enough profit-taking has been much in evidence on the part of those holders who got in at a low price. Quotations, however, have kept remarkably steady, from which it may be inferred that the shares are being purchased for investment purposes, and are passing into strong hands. These purchasers, no doubt, have in mind the probability of the Otavi Company's shares being introduced at an early date, owing to the splendid manner in which the valuable copper deposit at Tsumeb, where 300,000 tons of ore have been developed, is opening up. As I stated last week, the South-west Africa Company holds a 55 per cent. interest in the Otavi Mines and Railway Company, and therefore the supply of Otavi shares outside that Company's holding will be limited. The South-west Africa Company has immense possibilities, and, seeing the nature and extent of its interests, it is almost unnecessary to say that its shares should prove a remunerative investment at anywhere about the present price of 23s. 6d. The report of Henderson's Transvaal Estates for the year ended June 30 last contains one remark that is not new, viz., that the period under review has not been favourable for the realisation of the Company's holdings nor for the general development of the business. That, or a similar remark, has adorned Henderson's report, as well as the reports of other South African finance and estate Companies for years past, and those who follow the course of events in the Transvaal will understand the why and the wherefore of the failure of such Companies to carry on operations on a scale commensurate with the importance of their holdings and interests. But although business is restricted to comparatively small proportions, Henderson's Transvaal Estates managed to earn a profit of £24,720 in its last financial year, making, with the balance of £97,404 brought forward from last year, a total of £122,124, which it is proposed to carry forward. Interesting and encouraging particulars regarding various properties belonging to the Company or in which it has large holdings are given in the report,

(*Continued on page* 1447.)

Romano's Restaurant, Strand.—*Truth* says:—"On the way down the Strand I dropped in to dine at Romano's—I was glad to see how well the place maintains its old reputation. A better-cooked and better-served dinner no one need desire, and this opinion is evidently shared by many, for the restaurant was packed, as it deserves to be."

· TRUTH ·

SPECIAL LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

No. 1,563. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1906. GRATIS.

A FAMOUS SALONIERE.

"Madame Récamier." From the French of Edouard Herriot. By Alys Hallard. With Fifteen Portaits in Photogravure. Two vols. (William Heinemann. 20s. net.).

M. Edouard Herriot, in his "Madame Récamier," has done all that man could do to recall and convey to us the charm with which his subject fascinated men, and even women, of genius; yet the secret of this charm escapes him, as an ethereal essence escapes from the alembic where only the *caput mortuum* from which it has been distilled remains. "Women," writes Sainte-Beuve, "even when they have nothing particular to conceal, must inevitably lose something of their charm in the course of a continuous description." Madame Récamier had nothing to conceal, and it seems, at least to me, had nothing to reveal. Her secret, I think, was what the profane suppose to be the secret of Freemasonry—that there was no secret. "There can be no doubt," writes Jules Soury, "but that a religion did exist with sects, heresies, and crowds of adorers, whereof the great Goddess was Mme. Récamier"; but it is as impossible for M. Edouard Herriot, with all the immense industry he has devoted to his idol, to make us sympathise with this dead creed, as it would be for an antiquarian by recovering and recounting all the tributes and triumphs of great Diana of the Ephesians, to make us sympathise with that idolatry. Mme. Récamier was neither witty nor wise; but she was beautiful, charming, and, above all, sympathetic; and it was probably her sympathy, combined with an absolute absence of passion, which not only took, but held, captive all her adorers. She was like a flattering mirror of chill and polished steel, wherein each of these worshippers loved to see himself reflected, and as there is no love more lasting than self-love, Mme. Récamier's charm persisted. It persisted, too, because of her passionlessness, because she drew her adorers on and on towards a gaol which she never allowed them to reach. It is the secret of the persistence of life, according to Schopenhauer, who compares the illusions by which we are led on in life, and led on to live, to the bunch of hay an Italian donkey-driver ties on to the pole of his cart, which seems always just within the donkey's reach, but which is awlays just outside it.

> Impelled with steps unceasing to pursue
> Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view;
> That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
> Allures from far, yet as I follow, flies.

That seems to me to explain what a hundred writers have called the mystery of Mme. Récamier.

I shall be (writes the profoundest of all her worshippers, Ballanche, in his unpublished biography of his goddess) like the historian of a mystery, like those philosophers whose veiled doctrine was intended not for all men, but only for a few.

As, however, Mme. Récamier's charm, whatever it might have been, was real and overpowering, and, as it made her the comforter and confidant of a crowd of distinguished men, such a labour of love as M. Herriot's has not been thrown away.

Récamier, he admits, did nothing very important or remarkable herself. The letters she wrote are much less interesting than those written to her; but her story is the little thread which binds many other stories together. In order to speak of her in a fashion worthy of attention we must call in Mdme. de Staël, or Benjamin Constant, or Chateaubriand.

And these and others even more famous are called in, and make these two volumes a work of the most vivid and varied interest. For this reason the title of the original—"Madame Récamier *and Her Friends*"—would have been at once more apt and more seductive than that of this excellent translation, which suggests that it is a simple biography of the famous Salonière.

THE EGERIA OF NELSON.

"Nelson's Lady Hamilton." By E. Hallam Moorhouse. With Fifty-one Portraits. (Methuen and Co. 7s. 6d. net.).

The Lady Hamilton with whom we have to do in this fascinating volume is not Greville's, or Romney's, Emily Lyon, still less the mistress of Captain Willet-Payne, or of Sir Harry Fetherstonehaugh, but the Egeria of Nelson. The book is adorned with no less than fifty portraits of the famous model of Romney, though "adorned" is not certainly the word to apply to such appalling portraits as that by Sir Thomas Lawrence, facing page 92, and that by W. Bennet, facing page 180. These portraits contrasted with the others in the volume might well symbolise the different impressions left by Lady Hamilton upon different people, perhaps I ought rather to say upon different sexes. Here, for example, is Mrs. St. George, afterwards Mrs. Trench's, impression of her when Nelson's infatuation with her was at its height:—

> Lady Hamilton is bold, forward, coarse, assuming, and vain. Her figure is colossal, but, excepting her feet, which are hideous, well shaped. Her bones are large, and she is exceedingly *embonpoint*. . . . . Her ruling passions seem to me vanity, avarice, and love for the pleasures of the table. She shows a great avidity for presents, and has actually obtained some at Dresden by the common artifice of admiring and longing.

Her faults were counterbalanced by some notable and even noble qualities, by the height of her courage, the depth of her hero-worship, the breadth of her sympathy, and the exceeding goodness of her heart. Both her good and ill qualities disastrously affected Nelson, who, as Minto said, "was in many points a really great man, in others a baby." Lady Hamilton helped to make him, and took care to keep him, a baby.

> "Nelson," writes Lady Minto, "has the same shock head and the same honest, simple manners; but he is devoted to Emma, he thinks her quite an *angel*, and talks of her as such to her face and behind her back, and she leads him about like a keeper with a bear. She must sit by him at dinner to cut his meat, and he carries her pockethandkerchief."

That England should have ignored his dying bequest, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter, Horatia, as a legacy to my country," was, perhaps, as much due to Lady Hamilton herself, to the extravagance of her expenditure, and to the exaggeration of her claims, as to any national reluctance to countenance the immorality of her union with Nelson. As a matter of fact, Lady Hamilton was left very well-off both by Nelson and her lawful husband. Nelson had left to her Merton, an annuity of £500, and a gift of £2,000, while Sir William Hamilton had bequeathed her a legacy of £800, and an income of £800 a year. But such was her extravagance that she was always deep in debt, and she died in destitution. She drank, too, and, indeed, as her daughter wrote to Sir Harris Nicolas, killed herself with drinking. Altogether, it would have been a difficult thing for the nation to help to any good purpose a woman so incapable of helping herself. It is the barest justice to Miss Hallam Moorhouse to say that in this fascinating book she has made the most of a most romantic and pathetic life.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

"George Duke of Cambridge: A Memoir of his Private Life." Edited by Edgar Sheppard. With illustrations. Two vols. (Longmans, Green and Co. 24s. net.)

One cannot help thinking that it would have been an improvement if this account of the "private life" of the late Duke of Cambridge had been made somewhat shorter. The length of the "military life" of the Duke, issued in two volumes a year ago, was justified by the necessity of dealing with many important questions of army administration and policy in which he was actively concerned during his long term of office as Commander-in-Chief. No consideration of the kind arose in the preparation of the present work, and it is a pity that space has at times been given to more or less trivial details which may tend to obscure the genuine interest of the biography. For upwards of half a century the Duke of Cambridge occupied a conspicuous and exalted place in the public life of the country, and in spite of limitations and prejudices that sometimes provoked criticism, his devotion to duty, his integrity of purpose, goodness of heart, frankness, and geniality won him general respect and admiration. The fuller light that is thrown on his life by this memoir will confirm and intensify the popular impression of his sterling qualities. The Duke's correspondence with Queen Victoria forms one of the most attractive features of the book, which contains, indeed, many agreeable glimpses of his relations with the other members of the Royal family. To the story of the Duke's married life the memoir gives but scant attention, though it is one that redounds to his honour. When quite a young man, his Royal Highness "made it perfectly clear that in the choice of a wife no considerations of expediency would be allowed by him to weigh in the balance against the dictates of affection." He held that a union "by arrangement" was a thing to be feared and detested. Accordingly, when he met and fell in love with Miss Louisa Fairbrother, an actress of great beauty, he determined to make her his wife. The Royal consent was neither sought nor granted, and the marriage being morganatic, "it followed that there was of necessity a sharp line of demarcation between the Duke's public and private life." To Mrs. Fitzgeorge, as his wife became, the Duke devoted all the hours he could spare from his public engagements. Their wedded life was happy and affectionate, and perhaps the most touching lines in this memoir are those in which the bereaved husband recorded in his diary his wife's death in January, 1890. "My beloved wife," the Duke wrote, "breathed her last, calmly, peacefully, softly, at about four this morning. . . . May the Almighty have mercy on her dear Soul, and give us strength and me in particular to bear up against the overwhelming loss we have sustained. . . . She was so good, and kind, and affectionate, and true, and generous-hearted, and my little home of fifty years with my beloved Louisa is now come to an end." Of the Duke's infirmity of temper a characteristic story is related in a note by Mr. Sydney Holland. On the occasion of the Press bazaar in aid of the London Hospital, the Duke arrived at the wrong entrance. The policeman on duty, not recognising his Royal Highness, told him that Mr. Holland had given orders that no one else was to be admitted. "D—n Mr. Holland; I am the Duke of Cambridge," was the indignant reply. "Oh, I dare say," remarked the incredulous policeman, "we are all dukes to-day." The Duke's further observations to the constable are unreported, but one may imagine that they were forcible. Meanwhile, Mr. Holland was conducting Queen Victoria round the bazaar. Presently he heard "a noise as of an earthquake:—

"Up came the Duke," Mr. Holland continues; "he almost seized me by the collar, and, forgetful of the Queen being present, said, 'What does this mean? I—I—I as president of the hospital was refused entrance? I tried to explain. 'You're a d——d bad organiser—no excuse can be received—you ought to be shot'—and so on, only worse. The Queen was much amused and said, 'You seem to have annoyed the Duke.' . . . It took him three weeks to forgive me."

The illustrations in these volumes include some fine photogravure portraits.

BOOKS FOR BOYS.

"For the Admiral." By W. J. Marx. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)
"Roger the Bold." By Captain F. S. Brereton. (Blackie. 6s.)
"One of Clive's Heroes." By Herbert Strang. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)
"The Golden Astrolabe." By W. A. Bruce and H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Gardner, Darton, and Co. 6s.)
"The Wolf-Men." By Frank Powel. (Cassell. 3s. 6d.)
"Across the Spanish Main." By Harry Collingwood. (Blackie. 3s. 6d.)
"Among the Dark Mountains." By David Ker. (Blackie. 3s. 6d.)
"King by Combat." By Fred. Wishaw. (Cassel. 3s. 6d.)
"The Lost Treasure Cave." By Everett McNeil. (W. and R. Chambers. 5s.)
"Follow My Leader." By Talbot Baines Reed. (Cassell. 3s. 6d.)
"Monitors at Megson's." By Robert Leighton. (Cassell. 3s. 6d.)

As if there were not enough books for boys and girls produced, the *Bookman* must needs offer a prize of £100 for the best story for boys, for girls, and for children. "For the Admiral" is the winner of the boy section. The "Admiral" is Coligny, and it is in his service that the youthful Edmond Le Blanc unsheathes his sword; for the Admiral and the Huguenot faith against the Guises and the Papists. Mr. Marx tells his story well, and gives a picturesque and stirring description of the time, so perhaps it does not matter much that his theme is a well-worn one.

In truth, most of the themes which provide an historical background for a boy's book of adventure are not particularly novel. Take Captain Brereton's story, for example. How often has the conquest of Mexico proved the story-teller's stand-by when he needs a really romantic setting for a young English hero's brilliant feats of arms. "Roger the Bold" is not the first nor the last of his line. Many before him have fought the Spaniard, been worshipped as gods by the Aztecs, and returned home laden with treasure, and no doubt many will tread in his footsteps in the future. However, Roger well deserves the name of Bold, and many a boy will be glad to make acquaintance with Captain Brereton's hero.

A less hackneyed subject has been chosen by Mr. Strang for his historical background in "One of Clive's Heroes." A big book this of 406 solid pages, sufficient, one would think, to sate the hungriest boy's appetite for adventure. Yet the whole action of the story is comprised in the years from 1754 to 1757. As a picture of India in the time of John Company it is admirable. In its account of the great and minor battles in Clive's career between the capture of Gheria and the battle of Plassey it is accurate. Over and above all it is a free-flowing narrative of adventure which provides one more argument for those who urge that Mr. Strang is to-day the foremost of the writers who cater for boys.

That adventure may lie in wait for the boy at home, however, the authors of "The Golden Astrolabe" have deemed it their duty to prove. The astrolabe is picked up by Shon McTaggart on one of the uninhabited islands of the Barra group in the outer Hebrides. Once upon a time it had been the property of the Prince of Ascule, natural son of the King of Spain, who lost his life in the wreck of the galleon which had escaped capture in the defeat of the Spanish Armada. McTaggart acquaints the two heroes of the story with his discovery, and their natural desire to find more treasure-trove supplies a delightful volume of adventure. It is a bright, breezy, wholesome book.

The boy who wants to provide himself with a nightmare for the 365 nights in the year would find ample material in "The Wolf-Men." These fearsome creatures are inhabitants of an underworld in which the occupants of the submarine "Seal" find themselves after an endeavour to reach the Pole by diving beneath the great ice-barrier of the North. Mr. Powell lets his imagination run riot, and the wolf-men are but a sample of the horrors which await the bold adventurers. It is not a story for a timid boy. Indeed, it is a veritable blood-curdler.

Boys of all sorts will have a welcome for Mr. Colling-

wood's latest tale of the sea in the days of Queen Bess. There is plenty of the old-fashioned sort of fighting before the two friends who set sail for the Indies, and plenty of hair-breadth escapes before they return home laden with treasure.

Equally fascinating, too, should prove Mr. Ker's account of the adventures of his two young heroes in the wilds of Sumatra. Fights with the Malay pirates and with the savages of Acheen, winding up with a full-dress performance of the great Krakatoa eruption, supply enough thrills for the most exacting.

It seems to have become quite the fashion to double the part of hero in the boy's book of recent years, and Mr. Whishaw, in his "King by Combat," conforms to the rule. It is no demerit, for Frank and Fergus MacDermot are both of the stuff of which heroes are made, and in their adventures amongst South African savages behave exactly as every one of their readers would have them behave. Their adventures make capital holiday reading.

Another distinctive feature of the gift books of the season is the almost universal choice of a hidden treasure theme. It is the objective of Dick Orson and Harry Ashton in Mr. McNeil's Colorado story, which is a continuation of a previous story of the same two lads' adventures amongst Indians and cowboys, and, inasmuch as mention is made at the end of the volume of a mysterious inscription on a cartouche of gold, it is highly probable that their adventures have not yet come to an end. No boy will be anything but delighted to hear of this fact, for Mr. McNeil tells a good story with animation and ease.

Any summary of gift books would be incomplete without the inclusion of the story of schoolboy life. Two especially good ones are "Follow My Leader" and "Monitor at Megson's." Both Mr. Reed and Mr. Leighton thoroughly know boys. Young boys, old boys, good boys, bad boys, play their boyish parts in their pages. Mr. Leighton scores, perhaps, by making one of his boys a king, whose father has fallen a victim to revolutionists, but Mr. Reed may possibly feel that he has no need of adventitious interest of this sort in his picture of school life at Templeton.

BOOKS FOR GIRLS.

"In the Mist of the Mountains." By Ethel Turner. (Ward, Lock and Co. 3s. 6d.).
"Our Sister Maisie." By Rosa Mulholland. (Blackie. 6s.).
"Peg's Adventures in Paris." By May Baldwin. (Chambers. 5s.).
"The Story Book Girls." By Christina Gowans Whyte. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.).
"The Record Term." By Raymond Jacberns. (Chambers. 3s. 6d.).
"Turquoise and Ruby." By L. T. Meade. (Chambers. 5s.).

Primarily, perhaps, "In the Mist of the Mountains" was not intended for the youthful reader, but at the same time of the books for a girl it would be difficult to find a more pleasing example. A simple love story, some charmingly natural children, a vivid picture of Australian holiday life, are not exactly a bait to attract lovers of sensational fiction. But out of these slight materials Mrs. Curlewis (Ethel Turner) has woven an idyll which needs no cheap sensationalism to enchain the interest. The little ones and the grown-ups who play their several parts in the story are characterised with a deftness and freshness which one is accustomed to look for and to find in all Mrs. Curlewis's works. In addition, there is tenderness in the story and there is humour. Indeed, it is quite one of the best which has ever come from the author's pen. Another story for girls which deserves a warm welcome is "Our Sister Maisie." Lady Gilbert's Irish heroines have long since won for themselves a firm place in the affections of the occupants of the girl's schoolroom, and Maisie will prove no exception. At the age of seventeen she bravely turns her back upon the delights of a luxurious existence with a wealthy godmother to mother half a dozen step brothers and sisters. How they all face poverty together on the island of Ram Derg, and how they win their way out of the slough is the least important part of the story. Its chief charm lies in its freshness and its unconventionality. The scent of the salt sea and of the burning turf on the hearth is of the essence of a truly delightful story. Unconventional, too, is the heroine of Miss Baldwin's story, and the picture of life in a Parisian girls' school in which she finds herself is quaint, to say the least. Peg's adventures culminate in assisting a Russian girl who is suspected of being Nihilist and Anarchist, to escape from France to England. The plot is thin, and even a little ridiculous, but Miss Baldwin's girls are very real and human specimens of girlhood, and their doings provide plenty of honest amusement. Real, too, are the "Story Book Girls" in Miss Whyte's prize tale. This is the story which won the *Bookman* £100 for the best girl's story, and, in the opinion of the judge who made the choice, it "is better than anything of the kind done for years. It is interesting; it has style, deft characterisation and humour—a very rare quality in girls' stories." Without granting the superlative excellence which the above verdict would suggest, there can be no doubt that Miss Whyte has written a thoroughly interesting and wholesome story, even though the "style" is a little elusive, the characterisation a little fluffy, and the humour not always quite spontaneous. By the way, it would be interesting to know whether such a sentence as "She held a fork wildly dripping in her hand" is classed by the judge as "style" or "humour."

The school story with which Miss Jacberns this year favours her youthful audience is thoroughly characteristic and therefore certain to be popular. Becky, Enid, and Wyneth are the names of the three girls of widely differing characters whose first term at Lyndhurst has the happiest results both for themselves and for those who will read of their doings. Another story of school and holiday life is "Turquoise and Ruby." Miss Jacberns pictures a popular high school, but Mrs. Meade introduces her young readers to a very select establishment indeed, almost exclusively devoted to the education of those who have been born with golden spoons in their mouths. Still, there are some really nice girls to be found there. Honora Beverley is one of them, and the much misunderstood Penelope is another. Penelope's sister Brenda, who is outside the school circle is, on the contrary, not a nice character at all, and there is a spiteful French governess who can, without prejudice, be described as a cat. The plot is not quite up to Mrs. Meade's best form, but perhaps with so prolific a writer one imagines traces of haste to be visible. Still, taken all round the story is a good one, though not quite so good as Mrs. Meade can write when she likes.

TALES AND PICTURES OF FAIRYLAND.

"Fairies! Do I believe in them? Why, of course I do. Take the fairies out of many children's lives, and there would be such an overweight of lessons and facts, that little eyes would grow dull, and sweet mouths, meant to turn up at the corners in merry smiles, would be pulled down and permanently spoiled." Such is Mrs. Ballington Booth's apologia for her latest book for the little ones, though "Twilight Fairy Tales" (Putnam's, 6s.) is justification enough in itself, with its wealth of graceful fancies and pleasant pictures. Mrs. Booth remembers, too, what writers of fairy tales too often forget, that it is to the imagination of the child that she must appeal, and consequently her stories will be remembered and loved long after many more pretentious excursions into fairyland are forgotten. The apologia may have been due to the fact that Mrs. Booth's home is in America, for on this side of the Atlantic no one but the absolute philistine would think of cavilling at the fairy tale. Perhaps in the days when the earlier stories which are to be found in Mr. E. V. Lucas's collection of "Forgotten Tales of Long Ago" (Gardner, Darton, and Co., 6s.) were published, parents would have looked askance at the present fare provided for the youngsters. That was the day when a moral purpose was embodied in the story for youth, and the unfortunate child was regaled with "Dicky Random," from "The Satchel; or Amusing Tales for Correcting Rising Errors in Early Youth."

addressed to all who wish to grow in Grace and Favour." Mr. Lucas has collected an amusing variety of such stories in his volume, and no doubt many modern children will be able to laugh at, if not with, the prim little figures who served as exemplars or warnings to their grandfathers and grandmothers. But to return to the fairy story. Japan is doubly represented in the books of the season, first and foremost by the superbly illustrated "Gods and Heroes of Old Japan" (Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co., 12s. net). Miss Pasteur has made an admirable selection of stories from the sacred writings and ancient histories of Japan, and Miss Galton's illustrations have been inspired by both knowledge and feeling. The combined result is a gift book worthy of presentation to a king or queen—of the nursery. The other volume is a new edition of "The Japanese Fairy Book" (Constable, 3s. 6d.), by Yei Theodora Ozaki, with pictures by a Tokio artist. In the book, though the beautiful legends and fairy tales retain the Japanese colour, yet they have been written for the delectation of the children of the West, and not for the student of folk lore. The volume would make a charming gift book.

Another delightful gift book is "The Enchanted Land" (Jack, 7s. 6d. net), under which title Miss Louey Chisholm has gathered together a selection of some old favourites, such as the "Snow Queen and the Three Golden Hairs," together with some less widely known stories, such as "Star-eyed Deirdre" and Fiona McCleod's "The Laughter of Peterkin." Miss Louey Chisholm has previously proved her capacity for telling a story in the way children love, so that, with the added adornment of Miss Katherine Cameron's dainty pictures, the title of her new book is a particularly happy one.

Amongst the moderns who tell what Miss Louey Chisholm might very properly describe as "fib stories" as distinguished from the fairy tale proper, Mr. G. E. Farrow has attained popularity, and the zoological nightmare which is his contribution to the entertainment of the youngsters at this season is conceived on the same plane as the Wallypug and other natural history enormities. "The Escape of the Mullingong" (Blackie, 5s.) is a fantasy in which a little girl passes from dreamland into the Zoo, and there meets with all sorts of strange and amusing adventures. Mr. Gordon Browne's drawings happily illustrate Mr. Farrow's grotesque imaginings. Animals, or to be absolutely correct, an animal, is the theme of an American writer, who seeks an English public with "Yoppy: the Autobiography of a Monkey" (Gay and Bird, 5s.). There is humour in the description of Yoppy's pranks, and there is pathos in the account of his adventures when he falls on evil days when he is stolen by an Italian organ-grinder and made to perform his antics in public. The book is well written.

Amongst tales of other sorts specially written for children, H. E. Marshall's child's history of Scotland, under the name of "Scotland's Story" (Jack, 7s. 6d. net), should take a very high place. There is none of the dry-as-dust historian about Mr. Marshall, and to him the early legend is as much the history of a nation as its battles. Consequently there are no dull pages in this fascinating volume, and the pictures by J. E. Skelton, John Hassall, and J. Shaw Crompton are provocative of a desire to turn to the next. Of more than merely historical interest, too, is Miss Mary Macleod's "Book of Ballad Stories" (Gardner, Darton, and Co., 6s.). Here the child will find Patient Griselda and the Child of Elle and Robin Hood and fifty others told in simple prose. It was a dangerous task to attempt, but Miss Macleod has succeeded admirably in keeping much of the spirit of the originals in her prose versions of the best of the old ballads. To turn from the times of romance to the present day, Mrs. Everett-Green's story, "In the Land of Beasts" (Collins, 5s.), should give a great deal of pleasure to children. The Land of Beasts is a farm in the West Country where the children of the story are sent to recuperate after an attack of scarlet-fever, and where a variety of adventures befall them. The story is a very pleasing one, though perhaps so far as childish readers are concerned, a little too much is made of the sentimental ending, where the children's father returns to them after he has been presumably dead for years. Still, there is nothing in the story which a child could not fully understand. Hardly the same could be said of some of the children's books of the season. Thus Mr. W. Graham Robertson's "Gold Frankincense and Myrrh" (Lane, 7s. 6d. net) is declared in "the overture" to be written for "the woman" who figures in the frontispiece as a baby who has yet to celebrate her first birthday. If "the woman" in question understood these masques of Mr. Robertson's she must be the most precocious child that ever existed. They might have served her as lullabies, it is true, but it is more reasonable to suppose that Mr. Robertson's woman and poetry were both manufactured as a peg on which to hang his illustrations. Be that so or not, apart from a certain out-of-date preciosity which afflicts his style both as poet and painter, Mr. Robertson has produced a very charming volume of delicate verse, dainty phantasy, and graceful pictures, which young mothers will appreciate, though their babes prove unresponsive. Similarly, "The House of the Luck," by Mary J. H. Skrine (Smith, Elder, and Co., 6s. net), a story of the seen and the unseen, can hardly be described as a book for children, even though it is described as a book for "all children under ninety." It is in truth a volume which will puzzle many a sober-minded reader and render the few enthusiastic in its praise. "Gilly: Four Months out of a Life," by Emily Lawless (Smith, Elder, and Co., 6s. 6d. net), will similarly prove to have a stronger appeal to the grown-ups than to the little ones. Gilly is a delightful little creation, and there is no need to insist to-day upon the author's charm when she deals with the Ireland for which she has so warm an affection.

IMPRESSIONS OF INDIA.

"Under the Sun: Impressions of Indian Cities." By Perceval Landon. (Hurst and Blackett. 12s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Perceval Landon has not added another to the sufficiently long list of books based upon the Prince of Wales's tour in India, nor has he sought to produce one of those glorified guide-books of which there have also been more than enough during the past few years. The object of his work, written in the course of annual wanderings over India for the last five years, is to indicate "the widely different local colour that distinguishes one Indian city from another." The scenes that Mr. Landon describes have often been described before. He is, however, a brilliant artist in word-pictures, from which the reader gets an exceptionally fresh and vivid impression of the cities and holy places of India. The volume is adorned with between sixty and seventy beautiful illustrations, including several in colours. In a final chapter, which bears little or no relation to the rest of the book, Mr. Landon gives some new and interesting information concerning the later days of Nana Sahib, whose fate has been the subject of many strange stories ever since the days of the Mutiny. It is scarcely credible that the rebel can be alive to-day, as is still occasionally reported in India, but it is at any rate fairly clear that he did not die, as was believed at the time, soon after his escape in December, 1857.

A BATCH OF NEW NOVELS.

"Sir Nigel." By Arthur Conan Doyle. (Smith, Elder, and Co. 6s.).

"The Far Horizon." By Lucas Malet (Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison). (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.).

"The Trail Together." An Episode. By H. H. Bashford. (William Heinemann. 6s.).

"The Eight Guests." By Percy White. (Archibald Constable. 6s.).

"The Locum Tenens." By Victor L. Whitechurch. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.).

"Venus and the Woodman." By Vincent Brown. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.).

"Leone." By Mrs. Alfred Douglas-Hamilton. (John Long. 6s.)

"From the Hand of the Hunter." By L. T. Meade. (John Long. 6s.)
"To Defeat the Ends of Justice." By Herbert Compton. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

In reading Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's romance of the fourteenth century "Sir Nigel," I was reminded of Robert Hall's remark about Kippis: "Kippis might be a very clever man by nature for aught I know, but he laid so many books upon his head that his brains could not move." When I read in the introduction the long and varied and occasionally dry-as-dust books Sir Arthur Conan Doyle proudly parades there as the material from which he built up "Sir Nigel," I feared, and my fears were to some extent justified, that he would be too conscientious and didactic. But, on the other hand, no living novelist could give us such descriptions of disastrous chances, moving accidents by flood and field, hair-breadth escapes, and all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of feudal war. I have not read such a stirring historical novel since "The White Company."

Mrs. Harrison's "The Far Horizon" is clever, but unconvincing—unconvincing, at least, as far as her two principal personages are concerned. Dominic Iglesias is a mere mouthpiece, and rather a pedantic mouthpiece at that, for Mrs. Harrison's views of religion, etc., while Poppy St. John is conventional, and has done duty before in a hundred novels. On the other hand, the incidental characters are sketched with extraordinary cleverness, and sometimes with extraordinary bitterness; while the scenes of the novel are sharply and truly drawn.

"The Trail Together" is an extremely powerful and pathetic story of the rehabilitation through manifold troubles of its hero and heroine. Its hero robbed its heroine's miserly father, as he lay dead, of his hoard, confessed to her the theft, and offered her in compensation his hand, which she, as the harlot of this wild western Canadian settlement, was fain to accept. They determined, as the pariahs of the place, to achieve a commanding position—which would compel the respect of those that scorned them—through making, lending, and hoarding money. As, however, "increase of riches is the cause of avarice," according to Wycherley, they are fast becoming misers, when a series of softening and pathetic troubles saves them. It is a fine story, well told.

Mr. Percy White's "The Eight Guests" seems to be a satire on Mammon-worship, which, however, so overshoots its mark that one is disgusted with all the characters with the exception of the hero, Arthur Norbert. The heroine herself deserved the fate she had courted of marriage to the insufferably vulgar and odious millionaire, and her escape from it does not rejoice the unsympathetic reader. To say the truth, if the millionaire's yacht had gone down upon its outward voyage, bringing both the story and its personages to an untimely end, the reader would have been resigned to the disaster. What, by the way, is "an infected philosophy"? It was something that the millionaire "drew upon in an emergency," but why and how he derived fortitude from it I cannot imagine.

Mr. Victor L. Whitechurch's "The Locum Tenens" recalls Swift's sardonic satire upon the Irish Church dignitaries of his day. "Holy men," says the saturnine Dean, "have always been appointed by the Ministry of this country to the Irish Sees; but it unfortunately and invariably happened that as these exemplary dignitaries designate crossed Hounslow Heath on their way to Ireland, they were set upon by the highwaymen who infest that common, were robbed and murdered, and the wretches who despatched them, having appropriated their papers and patents, personate them now on our episcopal bench." In Mr. Whitechurch's novel a tramp and burglar appropriates a curate's papers and becomes *locum tenens* at Marpleton-on-sea, where he discovers the wife who had wronged him and the daughter who was to redeem him. It is an original, interesting, pathetic, and dramatic story, and if you do not believe in the reformation of the tramp *locum tenens*; at least you believe in and love the daughter—an unusually bright and charming heroine—while the bishop, the doctor, the personated ritualistic curate, and all the other characters of the novel are both probable and interesting.

Mr. Vincent Brown's "Venus and the Woodman" is disappointing as the work of the author of "A Magdalen's Husband" and of "Mrs. Grundy's Crucifix." Its principal personage is a morbid or even mad creature, who murdered his sweetheart to prevent her going further down "the primrose path of dalliance"; and you feel that he ought to have been in Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum. Indeed, his story would have been most appropriately told by one of the pathologists of that institution. As it is, we owe it to a sympathetic journalist, who, being on a holiday, and in the neighbourhood where the deed was committed, takes an interest, almost as morbid as the motive of the murder, in the crime and the criminal. A gloomy but unquestionably powerful story.

A voice from the past speaks unmistakably from the pages of the late Mrs. Douglas-Hamilton's novel "Leone," and Lady Dunbar of Mochrum, who has edited the book for publication, must be congratulated in not having eliminated the old time savour. Obviously conceived in the days of the old three-decker, "Leone" has the merits as well as the demerits of its class. A love story beginning in childhood under an Italian sky is the main theme, and slowly and steadily with a graceful style the story moves on to its happy denouement. But between the beginning and the end there is sandwiched a vast knowledge of life and not a little melodrama. Jesuits figure largely in the plot. Bandits and lords, soldiers and gipsies, politicians and paupers crowd the scene. It is a welcome survival from an earlier time, and compares more than favourably with many of the hurried productions of to-day.

Mrs. Meade's wonderful fertility of invention, her keen sense of plot, have never been more happily illustrated than in "From the Hand of the Hunter." Mrs. Warrington and her beautiful daughter Sylvia are the hunted, and the reason why they are hunted remains a mystery which even the most astute reader cannot solve until near the end of the book, and even when the mystery is made clear, Mrs. Meade has still a surprise for the reader. Whether people would have acted in real life as they do in Mrs. Meade's story is perhaps doubtful, but, if so, Mrs. Meade makes the reader feel that her people could not have acted otherwise. Which is high praise.

In the novel entitled "To Defeat the Ends of Justice," Mr. Herbert Compton most successfully mystifies his readers by a trick which is really hardly fair. Robert Fawcitt has apparently killed the partner who has ruined him, and the homicide bears all the appearance of murder. Robert has a brother named Richard, who loves Robert's betrothed. In the emergency Robert and his fiancée appeal to Richard, and the latter takes to flight in order to draw the detectives upon his trail. But Mr. Compton never explains that the fleeing Robert is really Richard, so that the latter hardly awakens the sympathy which is his due in the adventures which befall him, and especially in the love affair, which makes the *soi-disant* Robert appear fickle. And Mr. Compton need not have undertaken this mystification, for he has a very pretty little device up his sleeve for bringing his story to a happy conclusion, while the story is swift enough to hold the reader enchained.

UNDER THE SYRIAN SUN.

"Under the Syrian Sun: The Lebanon, Baalbek, Galilee, and Judea." By A. C. Inchbold. With illustrations by Stanley Inchbold. Two vols. (Hutchinson and Co. 24s. net.)

In these truly sumptuous volumes the illustrations, which include forty full-page coloured plates, claim first attention. Mr. Stanley Inchbold gives a series of remarkably beautiful pictures of Syrian scenes, some glowing with rich colours, others, not less effective, in more delicate tints. "Sunset in the Lebanon" and "Rain Effect over the Dead Sea and Jericho" are

two excellent examples of the artist's work; and all the pictures have been reproduced with a success rare even in these days of improved processes in colour-printing. It is indeed doubtful whether finer coloured plates have appeared in any book. Mrs. Inchbold's letterpress is not unworthy of the illustrations. Her descriptive writing is generally good, and at times extremely graphic, and she has much that is interesting to relate about the life and customs of the country. Mr. Inchbold, too, contributes a chatty and entertaining chapter on his own experiences during the year or so that he spent in Palestine.

The old controversy as to the authorship of "The Imitation of Christ" is discussed again by Mr. J. E. G. de Montmorency in "Thomas à Kempis: His Age and Book" (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net). A critical examination of the evidence leads him to reject the claims that have been put forward for Gerson and Hilton, and to form the definite opinion that "Thomas Haemmerlein of Kempen was the author of the treatise 'de Imitatione Christi.'" As the title of his volume implies, Mr. de Montmorency does not confine himself to a consideration of the question of the authorship of the "Imitation," but presents a study of the various forces, religious, philosophical and literary, that came to a focus in à Kempis and so brought to life his deathless work, and an exposition of the mystical doctrines with which that work abounds. In an appendix Mr. de Montmorency reprints Gerson's tract "de Meditatione Cordis," which in the Middle Ages was as popular as the "Imitatione" itself. The volume is illustrated with reproductions from fifteenth century manuscripts and printed books.

A couple of years ago the United States Government sent its first mission to the Emperor Menelik, the object being the negotiation of a commercial treaty. Mr. Robert P. Skinner was the Commissioner, and in "Abyssinia of To-day" (Arnold, 12s. 6d. net) he gives not only an interesting account of his reception at the court of the King of Kings, but a most instructive survey of the social and political condition of the country. The book is profusely illustrated from photographs.

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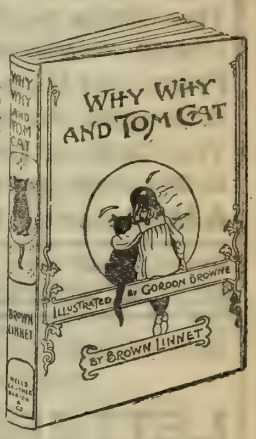

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(*Continued from page* 1446.)

and it is evident that under normal conditions Henderson's would render an excellent account of itself. The shares, at about 9s., look anything but dear. Diamond shares have lost some of their buoyancy, but at the close De Beers are steady at 21¼, and Jagersfonteins at 9⅜. Premiers have fallen below 12, and New Vaal Rivers are 6⅝. There have been numerous dealings in Kamfersdams, and the price of the shares has risen to about 13s. The market talks them considerably higher, in view of recent developments, and of the increased price in diamonds. The report for the Company's last financial year, which was issued a day or two ago, shows that the debit to profit and loss for all expenses, including £2,208 for hauling main reef and £7,404 for maintenance and depreciation, amounts to £11,818. This exhibits an appreciable reduction on the previous year's account. The Directors have also written off £3,000 from the mine development account, bringing the total debit to £14,818. The financial position shows cash in hand £2,146, balance of uncalled capital (4s. per share on 97,327 shares), amounting to £19,465, calls outstanding £5,209, total £26,821. Amongst Companies possessing properties with diamond possibilities is Mount Yagahong, whose low-priced shares are being quietly picked up. At 3s. per share, this Company is capitalised at £60,000 only, and one asset alone, its holding of 55,000 shares in the Middleburg Steam Coal and Coke Company, at to-day's quotation, is equal to the entire market capitalisation. In addition, however, to a number of gold claims in South Africa and Western Australia amongst its speculative assets, Mount Yagahong is largely interested in the Inhambane Oil Field, and it owns a half-interest in 840 diamond claims on the Vaal River, immediately adjoining the New Vaal River Diamond and Exploration Company's estates. Upon these claims a true diamondiferous pipe is reported to have been located, and this is now being actively developed. Should expectations be realised, there will be a big movement in Mount Yagahongs.

RHODESIANS UNINTERESTING—BANKETS PROMINENT—CHARTERED AND TANGANYIKAS.

The Rhodesian market remains more or less out of favour, and with business meagre and features few it is for the most part extremely uninteresting, like the rest of South Africans. This is not a very inspiring state of affairs, it must be confessed, but nevertheless the market is sufficiently hopeful to look for some improvement in the New Year. Whether such hopes will be gratified is problematical, of course, primarily because they are based upon nothing more substantial than sentimental reasons. However, be that as it may, it is beyond question that there is scope for considerable improvement in the general condition of affairs in the market. At the moment, perhaps, Bankets are absorbing most attention as a result of the Eldorado flotation and the statements made at the meeting. Respecting the ultimate value of the Eldorado, it is interesting to point out that at the lowest depth so far reached in the banket formation, 468 ft. below the surface, the reef not only shows the permanency of value, but, on the contrary, the ore is of higher grade, the average value of the first 45 ft. at one particular point being 1 oz. 1½ dwt. over a width of 3 ft. 10 in., while the last sample gave practically double the assay value across twice the width mentioned. With the railway now operating to the mine, and the supplies of labour abundant, there is no apparent reason why the development of the property should not be accelerated. In regard to Chartered, there is nothing fresh to chronicle, but it may be repeated that the general impression is still sanguine enough in regard to the showing the report, which is due in January, will make. That it ought to reveal an improved position I am convinced, and in these circumstances the shares would not be an unattractive speculative purchase upon any temporary relapse. Tanganyikas are still more or less neglected, and are hovering around 5. To my mind it seems possible that a still lower level will be attained before long, and the shares ought then to become somewhat more promising. My usual table is appended:—

—	Capitals. Authorised.	Capitals. Shares Issued.	Denom. of Shares.	Amount Paid.	Highest 1905.	Closing Price, Dec. 1, 1906.	Closing Price, Dec. 8, 1906
	£		£				
Bechuanaland Ex.	400,000	400,000	1	f.p.	1 3/16	15/16	15/16
British S. Africa	6,000,000	4,999,038	1	f.p.	1 5/16	1 3/16	1 1/8
Chicago Gaika	250,000	201,000	1	f.p.	2 3/8	3/6	4/6
Globe & Phœnix	200,000	250,000	1	f.p.	1 13/16	1 7/16	1 7/16
Lomagunda Dev	250,000	228,000	1	f.p.	2 1/16	1 3/16	1 1/32
Mashon. Agency	400,000	398,976	1	f.p.	1 5/8	1 1/32	1 3/32
N rth'rn Copper(B.S.A.)	250,000	160,500	1	f.p.	3 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2
Rhodesia, Ltd.(New)..	800,000	500,000	1	f.p.	1	1/4	1/4
Rhodesia Expl.	225,000	227,777	1	f.p.	4 3/4	2 1/2	2 1/4
Rhodesia Glds.	1,000,000	500,677	1	f.p.	1/16	1/32	-/6
Rice Hamilton.....	175,000	50,000	1	f.p.	2 3/8	1/4	1/2
Selukwe	350,000	321,000	1	f.p.	1 1/8	6/9	6/6
Tanganyika Conc.	264 600	234,000	1	f.p.	6 3/4	5 3/8	5 1/2
United Rhodesia.....	750.000	660,900	1	f.p.	11/3	2/3	2/-
Willoughby Con.....	1,000,000	930,000	1	f.p.	15/16	8/-	7/6
Zambesia Explor.	300,000	288,615	1	f.p.	2 7/8	1 1/8	1 1/4

WEST AFRICANS STAGNANT—ASHANTI GOLDFIELDS CHAMPION REEF—SIBERIAN GAMBLE STRONG.

In the Jungle, at all events, it does not follow that because one or two shares are marked higher that the sentiment in regard to this market is on the point of changing. As a matter of fact, prices here are more or less nominal, but nevertheless it is interesting to refer to the movement in Ashanti Goldfields, ascribable to hopes entertained as to the showing the report would make. This document may be less lugubrious than we have grown accustomed to, but it can hardly be called brilliant, and in any case the shareholders have nothing much to enthuse over, seeing that the profits earned are being absorbed by the development of the prospectus. As I have had occasion to deal with the position of the Champion Reef more than once, it seems opportune to refer to the report. The mere statement that the dividend was the equivalent of 90 per cent. as against 160 per cent. illustrates the changed condition of the property. And in this connection it may be pointed out that though the ore reserves show a slight expansion in quantity, the average value is lower, but in the light of certain developments and the knowledge of the occurrence irregularly of impoverished sections in the upper parts of the mine, and in other mines working on the same reef, followed by richer discoveries below, the directors have strong reasons for looking forward to the opening up again of ore of better quality. At the same time, they would seem to recognise that the value of the principal asset, the mine itself, is deteriorating, and subject to examination, the option over seven mining blocks, comprising 852 acres, in the Dharwar district has been obtained. The gamble in Siberian description continues quite merrily, and the trend of values is still on the up grade, though few of the movements call for any special comment. As regards Copper shares, it may be noted that the Arizona production for last month was restricted by the effects of a blizzard, which has also wrought considerable damage to the surface workings. My table is appended:—

—	Denomination of Shares.	Closing Price, Dec. 1.	Closing Price, Dec. 8.
	£		
Ashanti Goldfields	4/-	14/6	14/6
Akrokerri.....	1	1 1/8	1 1/8
Bibiani Goldfields	1	3/16	3/16
British Gold Coast.....	1	1/16	1/8
Gold Coast Amalgamated Mines	1	2 1/16	1 3/4
Taquah and Abosso	1	2 1/4	2 1/2
Wassau (Gold Coast).....	1	1/16	5/8
Egyptian Mines and Exploration.....	1	3/6	3/6
Nile Valley.....	1	4/-	3/6
Anaconda Copper	$25	1 1/16	1 1/8
Balaghat Gold.....	1	5 5/8	5 1/8 xd
Broken Hill Proprietary	8/-	8 15/16	9 1/2
Cape Copper.....	2	12/-	13/3
Champion Reef	2/6	1 3/4	1 3/4
Le Roi	5	5 13/16	5 15/16
Mysore Gold	10/-	24/-	23/6 xl
Nundydroog.....	10/-	1 5/6	13.6
Ooregum	10/-	7 7/8	7 9
Rio Tinto	5	8 3/4	8 15/16
Tharsis Sulphur and Copper.....	2	8 1/2	8 3/4
Waihi Gold	1	—	—

It is interesting to note that the copper mining industry of Ireland is being resuscitated, and in at least one direction with every prospect of success. Last week, at the invitation of the directors, of whom Sir James Power is chairman, a party of experts and journalists visited the property of the Bonmahon Copper Mines Development Syndicate, Ltd., to inspect the works and development which have taken place on the mines during the past year. The property, which comprises the Bonivy and Tankardstown copper mines, is situated in Co. Waterford, at the village of Bonmahon, and was worked up to 1879 by the General Mining Company of Ireland, when 194,126 tons of ore had been raised, producing in cash £2,320,330. The work of re-opening the mines was begun in January last under the direction of Mr. Herbert T. Marks, the general manager, and the condition and value of the ore bodies disclosed have now been ascertained. A large amount of work has been done on the property, and judging from the results there can be no doubt that the mining industry of the district has a bright future before it. The present issued capital of the Syndicate is £30,000, but it is proposed to reconstruct the concern with a capital of £200,000, of which £75,000 has been guaranteed by an influential group of London capitalists, for carrying out the mining work on an extensive scale. The ore bodies opened up in the mines are of great width and assay, at least 3 per cent. of copper to the ton. It is satisfactory to see capital being provided for the development of home industries instead of being sent abroad. The party travelled to the south of Ireland to inspect the mines by the new route via Fishguard and Rosslare which the Great Western Railway, who always look well after the comfort and convenience of their passengers, has done so much to popularise since it was opened at the end of last August.

Westralians Steady—Oroyas Weak—Kalgurli Report—Fingalls.

The Westralian market is by no means surfeited with features of exceptional interest, nor are there any indications of a broadening out of business, but, nevertheless, the general tone leaves little to be desired. That values should be able to hold their ground in spite of the dearth of dealings is not without significance, and I still think that as a group Kangaroos are worthy of more consideration. In point of interest, the depreciation in Oroya Brownhill is most conspicuous. This is to be ascribed to the general recognition of the fact that this property as a high grade proportion is practically at the end of its tether. This I have emphasised more than once, but it is a sudden recognition of the fact that the next statement of ore reserve may probably show a considerable shrinkage in value that is now depressing the price. It may be remarked, too, that in spite of the large tonnage being treated, the monthly profits are appreciably lower, so that it is manifest that the present dividends cannot be maintained much longer, especially as the supplies of high grade ore are scarcely equal to a year's requirements. Of course, it must be borne in mind that in order to compensate for the depreciation in the value of the Oroya mine itself the interest in the Oroya Black Range has been acquired. This property is opening up in a promising fashion, but some time must elapse before it reaches the productive stage. Altogether, it seems quite possible the Oroya Brownhill shares may be established on a still lower basis before long. A fair degree of buoyancy is still being imparted to Kalgurlis by the report. This shows a profit of £166,914 in comparison with £81,462, evidence of the marked change in the position of the property that requires no further comment. The ore reserves, too, show a substantial improvement, aggregating as at July 1 last, 650,000 tons of a recoverable value of 60s. per ton as against 548,000 tons averaging 61s. The lower grade is insignificant in view of the reduction of 1s. 5d. per ton in working costs and the considerable increase in quantity. This is equivalent to nearly five years' requirement at the present rate of treatment. It may be pointed out the existing price contains 12s. 6d. dividend and bonus actually declared, so that they appear fairly attractive at the moment, especially as there is a likelihood of this amount, when deducted, being speedily recovered in view of the satisfactory report. As regards Great Fingalls, the output for last month shows a further decline in the value of the gold won despite the fact that the tonnage treated was only slightly lower. Sooner or later a further deduction in the quarterly dividends from the 5s. basis is inevitable, but, of course, it must not be forgotten that the contingency is generously allowed for in the lower price ruling. It is possible, too, that the mine may open up more promisingly in depth, the latest report relating to the lowest level being not unsatisfactory. Less enthusiasm is noticeable in regard to the deep lead group in the absence of further news from the Loddon Valley. Should values fall away lower there would be opened up a good opportunity for the individual who fancies a gamble in these shares. My usual table is appended:—

—	1900. High.	1905. High.	1905. Lowest.	Make-up, Nov. 26, 1906.	Closing Price, Dec. 1, 1906.	Closing Price, Dec. 8, 1906.
Associated G.M.	7⅛	3⅜	1⅜	1 7/16	1½	1 7/16
Assoc. Nth. Blocks	3⅜	1 7/16	1 5/16	1 7/16	1½	1½
Brownhill Ext.	3⅞	15/16	7/6	6/3	5/–	7/6
Cosmopolitan	30/3	½	4/3	5/3	5/6	5/-
Golden Horseshoe	15	8 3/8	5 1/16	5 1/16	5¼	5⅜
Great Boulder Prop.	37/6	25/6	27/6	26/3	27/6	26/3
Do. Perseverance	13½	16/6	10/3	7/9	9/3	8/6
Gt. Fingall Cons.	6 5/16	8⅜	3½	2¾	2¾	2¾
Hainault	1⅞	1 1/16	1 3/32	1 1/32	1⅛	1⅛
Ivanhoe (£5)	15½	8 1/16	6 15/16	7 9/32	7 5/16	7 5/16
Ivanhoe South Extnd.	4⅛	⅜	⅛	⅛	⅛	⅛
Kalgurli	9⅛	9¾	11 1/32	12	12⅜	12½
Lake View Consols	5⅛	1⅜	⅜	18/–	⅜	⅜
L. & W. A. Exploration	1 1/16	15/6	9/–	1 3/32	1 3/32	1 5/32
Oroya Brownhill	—	3 3/32	2⅜	2⅜	2 5/16	2⅛
Sons of Gwalia	6⅛	2 5/16	1 5/16	1 13/32	1 13/32	1 5/16
South Kalgurli	6½	2	1⅛	1 1/16	1 1/16	1 1/16

Insurance Notes — Advantages of Limited Payment Life Policies—Differences in Policy Conditions—Single Premiums—Graduated Income.

There is so much that I want to say about insurance matters that it is sometimes difficult to know what aspect of the subject to deal with. When I see that it is greatly to the advantage of the policyholders of the Star to amalgamate with the Norwich Union I feel bound to tell them so. When policyholders in the American Companies are invited to incur a substantial loss by transferring to English or Scottish societies, it seems necessary to indicate the true state of the case. When dissatisfied shareholders and policyholders in different Companies come to me with their tale of woe, my sympathy with them is such that I want to help them if I can; and when I see a large number of policies issued of sorts which are less good than they ought to be, candour induces me to indicate the facts. While doing these things, and thus pointing out the unsatisfactory aspects of insurance, I have a feeling all the time that I would much sooner describe the advantages to be derived from various forms of policies, and the ways in which people may effect insurance to the best advantage.

There is, for instance, one method of paying for a life policy which presents many attractions, and with which people in general are less familiar than they ought to be. I refer to policies under which the sum assured is payable at death, but premiums have to be paid annually for a limited number of years only. A policy of this kind is intermediate between ordinary whole life assurance, which calls for premiums as long as a man lives, and endowment assurance, which provides for the sum assured to be paid to the policyholder, when he reaches a given age, or at death, if previous. In certain circumstances the limited payment whole life policy is better than either of the other two systems. It costs more than ordinary whole life assurance, and less than endowment assurance, and, when well selected, is a singularly satisfactory and profitable kind of contract.

The number of annual premiums required to be paid can be selected by the policyholder. They may amount

to as many as forty, or may be limited to a single payment, but a fairly usual policy of this kind calls for the payment of twenty premiums. If we take the average rates of premium for the assurance of £1,000 by a man whose age is thirty we find that if he takes a policy which participates in profits he would have to pay about £24 10s. a year for the whole of life, or £35 a year for twenty years only, or £55 a year for ten years only. There are great benefits about policies of this kind. In the first place a man knows the minimum he can be called upon to pay; if he lives to an advanced age and is paying premiums all the time, his life assurance investment is apt to turn out rather indifferent; but this is not the case under limited-payment policies. Then again a great many professional and business men wish to retire as age comes on, and as this commonly means a decreased income the cessation of premiums is distinctly welcome. Yet a further benefit is that compared with ordinary whole-life policies the total cash payments by the policyholder are less in the aggregate, and the contributions from accumulation at compound interest are larger. What may be called the "unearned increment" is a more important factor in limited payment than in ordinary whole-life assurance. Yet another benefit is that a policyholder can stop payment of premiums at any time with little or no loss as a result of doing so, which is not the case when premiums are payable for the whole of life. A man who takes a twenty-payment life policy for £1,000 can cease paying premiums after ten years, and have a paid-up policy for £500; in fact, each premium that he pays buys a paid-up policy for one-twentieth part of the original sum assured. In this connection it is important to notice the varying practice of different life offices. In some companies the paid-up policy continues to participate in the profits, as well as retaining all the bonuses previously declared. In other Companies, while previous bonuses are added to the sum assured under the paid-up policy, no further bonuses are received. Thus if a man assured at thirty for £1,000 under a twenty-payment policy and ceased the payment of premiums at age forty, he would obtain a policy for £500, and, say, £200 for bousues, making £700 in all. Now, suppose this man lives to be seventy; in some Companies the amount paid at his death would be only £700, while in other offices he would receive another £300 on account of the profits received during the thirty years from age forty until death at age seventy. It is really worth while to notice such points as these when effecting assurance; it only needs a little care in selection to obtain for the same cost £1,000 instead of only £700.

The advantages of limited payment policies reach their maximum when a man can afford to buy his assurance by a single payment. The cost of assuring £1,000 at death under the most favourable conditions is by a single payment of £350 at age thirty; of £423 at age forty; of £520 at age fifty; and of £634 at age sixty. There is no other practical means by which a man of forty can invest £423 so as to make certain of providing £1,000 when he dies. The £1,000 may have to be paid the day after he parts with the premium, but even if a man were to live for a great many years he would, as a matter of fact, find it extremely difficult to accumulate this sum of money to such good advantage. A single payment policy of this kind is the best method imaginable for utilising the proceeds of a successful speculation, or any other windfall, for the benefit of dependents. There is a combination of benefit and drawback attached to these policies; they can be surrendered at any time for 95 per cent. or more of the amount paid in premium, or a loan to this extent can be obtained at 4 per cent. interest on the security of the policy alone. In many circumstances this is an advantage, while in other conditions it is a drawback, since a man is apt to use for his own needs the policy that should be left for the benefit of his family. After such an assurance has been in force for some years, the amount that can be borrowed considerably exceeds the sum originally paid.

These policies lend themselves particularly happily to various forms of investment in connection with annuities, whereby a man can obtain an immediate income at a low rate of interest for, say, twenty years, and thereafter derive a much larger income for the rest of his life, and replace at death the entire capital which he has invested. For those who are earning an income, a small return upon the capital for a few years accompanied by a much larger return in later life, is more advantageous than a moderate uniform income throughout. It is possible, in this way, to obtain an income exactly suited to a man's circumstances, which is equivalent to a good return upon stocks or shares and which is accompanied by the absolute security afforded by well-selected life assurance.

High-class Investment Stocks.

I dealt recently with the outlook for high-grade investment stocks, with special reference to Consols and other British Government and Colonial securities. It was pointed out then that these particular stocks made a promising purchase, because of the generally low level of values, and of the certainty of a material recovery early in the new year, whereby a purchaser would be enabled to emerge with a profit which was not to be measured by the direct yield alone. It seems desirable to draw attention to the merits of Home Railway prior charge stocks, because these also possess considerable possibilities of appreciation within the next few months. Railway Debentures and the better class of Guaranteed and Preference stocks are well held; that is to say, the insurance and trust companies and safe investors with plenty of means have a decided partiality for them, and contemplate them with much the same sort of feeling as they do the Funds. For, to all intents and purposes, they are gilt-edged. The idea of any of our big railways defaulting on their Debenture or even their Preference stocks is too remote for the imagination to conceive; the margin of profit behind the Preference charges is too great, and one can hardly realise any conditions which should wipe out that margin and place interest payments in jeopardy. Railway prior charge stocks move with Consols and other Government stocks, for the reason that they are held by much the same class of investor. If you want 4 to 5 per cent. upon your money you must go elsewhere; if you are satisfied with 3¼ to 3½ per cent., with "sweet simplicity" and a complete sense of security, you had better stay here. Or, if you choose to average and mix up the good with the excellent, the Railway prior charge market will provide you with the latter element, and you may take up Ordinary stocks in the Home, or Canadian, or Argentine market for the leaven. In this way you will come out with 4 per cent. or more. But my purpose just now is to keep within the circle of the best in railway issues. Below will be found a table of Debenture stocks which are worthy of attention:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Caledonian 4 p.c.	118	£3 7 0
Great Central 4½ p.c.	129	3 9 0
Great Central 3½ p.c.	97	3 10 6
Great Eastern 4 p.c.	117	3 8 0
Great Western 4 p.c.	122	3 5 6
Lancashire and Yorkshire 3 p.c.	91	3 6 0
London and North Western 3 p.c.	93	3 3 6
London and South Western 3 p.c.	92	3 5 0
London, Brighton and South Coast 4½ p.c.	92	3 9 0
Midland	76	3 5 6
North Eastern 3 p.c.	92	3 5 0

It seems to me that Great Central Debentures are deserving of more attention than they are receiving. There may have been room for misgiving in the past in connection with the expenditure for the extension to London, but the Debenture interest was never in question, and this extension policy has been amply justified by the steady return of the Preference stocks to the dividend list, there being now eight Preference issues receiving dividends after the payment of all the Debenture interest; while the prospects are that a couple more will come into the list within another twelvemonth. There are a number of what one may call second-class Debenture stocks which are quite reason-

"Finance."—A concise weekly record of markets and prices, published by the Central Stock Exchange, Ltd., 66, Cannon-street, London, E.C. Post free for six months to applicants mentioning this paper.

ably safe and which will appeal to the many investors for the extra return which they give. On Central London 4 per cent. Debentures, for instance, you can obtain 3⅝ per cent., and I think no one will be prepared to doubt the excellence of the security behind them. Hull and Barnsley First Debentures return 3⅝ per cent.; Lancashire and Derbyshire First 4 per cent. Debentures 3 11-16 per cent.; Chatham and Dover 4½ per cent. Arbitration 3 11-16 per cent.; and South Eastern 4 per cent. Perpetual 3½ per cent. In the list of Guaranteed stocks there are quite a fair number which may be commended to the attention of investors and I give below a small selection, showing at the same time the yield obtainable:—

	Price	Yield per Cent.
Caledonian An.	118	£3 7 9
Forth Bridge	117	3 9 0
Furness	111	3 13 0
Glasgow & S.W.	116	3 9 0
Great Central 4½ p.c.	123	3 14 0
Great Central 3½ p.c.	88	3 14 0
Great Eastern Rent	116	3 9 9
Great Northern Per.	118	3 8 6
Great Western Rent	147	3 8 9
Lancashire & Yorkshire	170	3 10 9
London & North Western	120	3 7 3
London & South Western	118	3 8 6
London, Brighton & South Coast	144	3 9 6
London Chatham	89	3 19 0
Midland	74	3 7 9
North British Lien	88	3 8 3
North Eastern	118	3 8 6
North Stafford	29½	3 7 9
South Eastern Read. Ann.	29	3 10 3
South Yorkshire J.	90	3 17 9

After the Guaranteed come the Preference stocks, which afford one plenty of choice for a purchase. These, as the reader will recognise, are not exactly so excellent as Debentures and Guaranteed issues, but with a wealth of earnings behind them, ensuring good dividends on Ordinary stocks; they may be held without any misgiving on the part of the holder as to his interest now or in the years to come. It is necessary, of course, to discriminate, but you can hardly make a mistake in buying any of the stocks enumerated below:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Caledonian No. 1 4 p.c.	113	£3 10 6
Great Central 4 p.c.	106	3 14 6
Do. 1872	131	3 16 6
Great Eastern Cons.	114	3 10 0
Great Northern 3 p.c.	85	3 10 0
Great Western	144	3 9 0
Lancashire and Yorkshire	87	3 9 9
Lancashire, Derby	10½	4 15 3
London and North Western	118	3 8 6
London and South Western	116	3 9 9
London, Brghton, &c. Con.	142	3 10 9
London, Tilbury, and Southend	113	3 11 0
Midland	73	3 8 6
North British No. 2	114	3 10 6
Do. E. and Gl.	125	3 12 3
Do. 1865	128	3 12 6
Do. 1874	138	3 12 6

"Truth" Toy Fund.

I have to acknowledge the following contributions to the Truth Toy Fund:—

B. P., 10s.; R. Bill, 5s.; Novice, £1; Lopez, 2s. 6d.; J. G. R., 2s.; X., £50; N. M. Rothschild and Sons, £10 10s.; Norris Oakley Bros., £2 2s.; J. R. W., 2s.

"Truth" Letter Box.

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" reply by post.

Name and address, which must accompany all inquiries, should be written on the communication; cards are apt to be lost or misplaced, causing unnecessary trouble.

Anonymous letters will not in any case be attended to.

I cannot reply to inquiries by letter or telegram.

A nom-de-plume or initials (the former preferably) should be given if it is desired that the real name shall not appear in the paper.

Inquiries should be put as briefly as possible, plainly written, and numbered.

Communications received after Friday may not be replied to in the following issue. Delay may also occur where an exceptionally long list of securities is submitted.

I do not recommend brokers.

Government.

Liverpool.—Either would be suitable for your purpose, but there is an objection to the National War Loan that it is redeemable in 1910. If you do not mind that, you might give that stock the preference. *Omera.*—You can secure more than 3 per cent. on the best Government securities, which are decidedly better security than any ordinary bank; or any of the good Colonial stocks will yield you 3½ to 4 per cent. without any special risk. I suggest that you spread the money in equal parts over India Three and Rand Water stocks.

Railways.

Kismet.—Hold Brighton "A" stock until the declaration of the dividend, at all events. You must remember that the present price includes the whole year's dividend of 5 per cent. or more. I look for a considerably higher price of the stock next year. *Archer.*—It is tolerably certain that Canadian Pacifics will touch 200 within another few weeks. *Hew.*—I know no particular reason for the fall in St. Louis South-Western First Mortgage bonds, which strike me as a fairly good investment. *Canada.*—You have made a good exchange. *Jack, Exeter.*—The Debenture stock is all right, but the Preference is poor, and I think it would be your best plan to sell and place the proceeds into one of the more progressive Canadians. *Crescendo.*—1. Exchange into the "B" Debenture stock. 2. Good to hold as a permanent investment. 3. Fairly desirable security. 4. Good as a lock-up. *A. B. W., Liverpool.*—I certainly think that Alberta Five per Cent. Debentures ought to be kept.

Mines.

Royal Navy.—Nearly all the shareholders of the Nickel Corporation accepted the offer in 1902 of exchanging into stock of the International Nickel Company of America. Put your case before the secretary, Mr. H. A. Malcolm, 39, Lombard-street, E.C. *R. D. H.*—Hainaults are a very fair speculative holding. *Unconsol-ed, Beccles.*—You are not called upon to join the reconstruction, and you have the right to demand your share of the assets which may be available. *Withington.*—The only thing you can do with your South Africans is to hold them for better conditions, which will, one hopes, follow the granting of the Constitution. As to the Randfontein recruiting I have no special information. *Esperi.*—The Chilian Company is unknown to me. Keep the South Africans until conditions mend in the market and then get out. *Broomassie.*—1. The shares will have a good appreciation on a better Kaffir market, and it would, I think, be good policy to hold on to them. The present yield is certainly small, but the dividend should be increased with better labour and other facilities. 2. You might keep Glencairns and Luipaards Vlei. *Saracen.*—It would be inadvisable to join the reconstruction, but you are entitled to your shares of such assets as there may be. *Copper.*—The mine has fair prospects, but it would be absurd to say that its shares are first-rate of their class; the Company has yet to prove that it is really rich at depth, and if it is not its shares are not worth much. *W. P., Liscard.*—1. I should suggest Mysore West and New Australian Broken Hills. 2. All are very speculative. *F. W. B.*—1. The shares are no great catch. 2-3. Both the Deep Leads are worth keeping. 4. Hold the shares. *One in Doubt.*—Do not join the reconstruction. *Radium.*—Keep Sulphide Corporations and Lancefields. The other two are not promising. *T. H. R., Bradford.*—I cannot undertake the responsibility of advising you to go over to America to investigate the mine. For myself I should say "Don't."

Mixed Securities.

Western.—Apparently the Zinc Corporation has a good future. *Timid.*—1. Greek Four per Cent. Railway bonds are a good investment. 2. The shares are not quoted, and their price is a matter of negotiation. *Credo.*—1. Anglo-American Debenture Corporation Ordinary stock is a good speculative investment. 2. A moderately good purchase. 3. I should sell. *Winnipeg.*—1. I should regard the investment as a good one. 2. The holding is safe. 3. Canadian Northern Debentures are decidedly the better of the two. 4. The prospects are very good. *Epicurus.*—1. Paquin Ordinary shares are worth keeping, provided you do not mind taking a little risk. 2. A gold mine. 3. You cannot get 5 per cent. with reasonable safety on the particular class of stock you name. The best I can suggest are Grand Trunk Second Preference and Brighton Railway Deferred, both of which have prospects of capital appreciation. 4. For a South African try Robinson Deeps. *Vilvorde.*—1. The mine has not a long life, and is a doubtful "spec." 2. I understand that the Company is doing well, and its prospects certainly ought to be good. *X. O. O. X.*—1. There is no market for the shares on the Stock Exchange. I suggest that you advertise in one of the leading London papers. 2. Grand Trunk Third Preference would suit if you buy now. 3. Buy Simmer and Jack now if you intend to buy at all. *Timbuctoo.*—1. Canadian General Electric shares might be called satisfactory. 2. Slaters are not likely to depreciate much further in the immediate future. 3. Lyons Ordinary are a good Industrial holding, and should improve. 4. I look for a higher price for Irish Land stock during the next few months, in company with the rest of the gilt-edged market. 5. I do not think I should sell Russian Fives. 6. I have a poor opinion of the shares. *M. H. P.*—1. An exchange into Canadian Pacifics or Grand Trunk Third Preference for a lock-up should prove advantageous. 2. If you sell at all buy Brighton "A" with the proceeds. *Confidence.*—The stocks I suggest are the Chinese, Japanese, and the three Argentine Railways named, the two Argentine Government stocks, and Continental Union Gas. *Anxious, Errol.*—Both the Industrial and the South African will give you a profit if you can exercise patience. *Dubious, Huddersfield.*—You might hold on to Rio Janeiro Flour Mills, Kalgourlie Electric Lighting, Tanganyikas, Union Consolidated Copper, and Loddon Deeps. *Florrie.*—1. Hold the shares for the prices named. 2. Rosario Nitrates are a fair purchase. 3. Zinc Corporations are an exceedingly good spec. 4. Mount Lyell Blocks are a healthy gamble. 5. Western of Havana and Cuban Centrals. 6. Keep Cargo Fleets pending the dividend. *Glasgow.*—1. The two Mining shares are only to be looked upon in the light of gambles. 2. You could hardly improve upon B.A. Pacifics in the circumstances. *Cobweb.*—1. You might hold on to Humbers. 2. I have no knowledge of the concern. 3. Apply to Messrs. N. Keizer and Co., 23,

Threadneedle-street, E.C. 4. The Kaffirs will give you a profit of you can afford to hold on. *Blick.*—The investments are quite good of their class, not exactly gilt-edged, but still very well secured.

MISCELLANEOUS.

H. B.—1. I do not fancy the shares. 2. I cannot trace from the name you give. The others make fair investments. Humbers, Daimlers, or Darracqs. *James Burns, Gosforth.*—If there is no surrender value, then the only thing you can do is to sell your interest to somebody. Write a strong letter. *G. Phillips.*—Leave both alone. *Ladies' Agency.*—Would not recommend you to average, but hold what you have for a possible recovery. *Solicitor, Dublin.*—See rules governing Letter-Box above. You would be well advised to leave the concern severely alone. *Burleigh, Croydon.*—Leave the bucket-shop alone. *W. W.*—If you see a good profit within the next month or so take it. *G. L. M.*—Poor. *Freizer.*—I think you would be wise not to join any of those mentioned. Try the Scottish Temperance or the Century Insurance Company. *J. B.*—I would advise you not to deal with them. *Fategark.*—The concern ought to be avoided. The bonds are purchasable at current market price from either N. Keizer and Co., 29, Threadneedle-street, E.C., or any of the Crédit Lyonnais Agencies. *Playfair.*—Leave the bucket-shop and its blind pools alone. *Bobs.*—1. Hold for a recovery. 2. I know of no reason for expecting an advance. *Alice Rocheforte.*—I never heard of the concern. *Perplexed.*—Do not in any circumstances have anything to do with the Company named. Try the Scottish Temperance or the Century Insurance Company. *M. W. H.*—Good investment purchase. *Diastase.*—Royal, Royal Exchange, and Scottish Widows. *Gama.*—I believe they deal fairly. Nelsons may possibly touch that figure again before long. For February option Home Railways are the most attractive. *Northerner.*—Make a promising commercial investment. *Carter, Bradford.*—The Company is undesirable. *Carrick.*—1. The Deferred appear the most attractive as a speculation. 2. Bleachers might be held. *Anxious.*—Bank of Africa, Coats, and Telephone Preferred might be held, though you must remember that the latter will be redeemed upon the nationalisation of the undertaking in 1911. Bays are good for a further rise, and you ought then to take your profit, and leave something for the next man. *Alguada.*—Leave alone. *A. F. C.*—No special information. Realise. *Suez.*—Hold for a possible recovery. I know of no special reason why the yield should be so small. *Pencil.*—1. Worth holding. 2. The motor shares do not appear to be attractive. *Expectans, Bath.*—1. I would not recommend either concern. 2. They are fairly attractive. *C. P. C.*—They make a good industrial holding. *Kabraji, Paris.*—Send stamped addressed envelope. *The Buffs.*—The lottery may be genuine enough, but I would not care to vouch for the honesty of the tout who styles himself a banker. *Bickerton.*—It is not good Government stationery, but stuff printed to order. *Novice.*—I consider them altogether undesirable and best left alone. *Frances.*—1. About eight years. 2. Tolerably attractive. 3. Yes, in the course of time, but they go lower first. 4. Fairly attractive. 5. Yes. *G. B., Gravesend.*—The high rate of interest offered is not compatible with security, and therefore you ought to leave the concern alone. *Stoney.*—Unreliable. *C. Carr.*—Write to the Official Receiver, Carey Street. *S. G. D.*—1. The San Francisco calamity is to a great extent responsible. 2. Worthy of consideration as an investment purchase. *Perplexed, Derby.*—1. I regret my inability to express any opinion on the subject. 2. Hold. *Deb.*—Loddon Valleys are the only attraction on the list. *Dun.*—Might be held for a possible recovery. *Hukeen.*—They are guaranteed by the society in question. *Parris.*—A little speculative, but seem fairly attractive. *Wakkerstroom.*—Might be held. *Pharmacist, Bristol.*—1. They do not appear to be very attractive. 2. I would not recommend the shares for investment.

INDUSTRIALS CHEERFUL—BREWERIES STILL RECOVERING—HIGH YIELDS—CYCLES QUIETER—THE INVESTORS' CHANCE—PEKIN DISAPPOINTMENT—ARGENTINE LAND PROFITS—SPIERS AND POND—TELEGRAPHS.

Generally speaking, conditions in the Industrial market remain quite satisfactory, both as regards the volume of business and the tendency of values. As I have remarked before, the expansion of business is a somewhat slow process, but it is nevertheless in evidence, which in itself is quite a healthy augury, and there is nothing to complain of in regard to the general trend of values, which are still being very favourably influenced by the continued trade activity throughout the country, a factor of the utmost importance in relation to the earning capacity of Industrial undertakings. It is true, of course, that the prosperity has been discounted in many directions by the recent appreciation in the market values, but nevertheless there are still many shares to be picked up cheaply, and the market is still worthy of consideration. In point of interest the steady recovery in Brewery securities is still perhaps most conspicuous. That values have been permitted to dribble away to an unduly low level during the past year is, of course, beyond dispute. There was the knowledge that trade had been poor, and also that the Government contemplated more adverse legislation, to depress values, but it is now a clear inference from the general showing made by many annual reports now being published that the profit-earning capacity of the trade has improved as a consequence of greater industrial activity, and the fear of more legislation is now not so serious. A week ago I gave a table indicating the good yields obtainable upon even good-class Preference shares, and am still inclined to believe that Brewery descriptions are deserving of more attention from the hands of the general investor with a predilection for Industrials. Incidentally it may be pointed out that as a result of an expansion in earnings, Stretton's Derby Brewery Company not only maintain the Ordinary dividend, but place a larger sum to reserve. These shares give over 9 per cent., and the "B" Cumulative Preference almost 6½ per cent. The following table shows the return obtainable upon high-yielding Industrials which many people fancy, recognising, of course, that with a high return the security is not anything like gilt-edged:—

	Price	Yield per Cent.
Apollinaris	6¼	£7 7 6
Apollinaris Pfce.	8	6 0 0
Bovril	1¼	6 8 0
Carlton Hotel	1	9 8 0
Chadburns (Ship) Telegraph	1¼	8 0 0
Evans, D. H., & Co.	3½	6 0 0
Hovis Bread	1½	6 12 6
Savoy Hotel Pfce.	9½	7 0 0

There are still indications that the boom in Cycle and Motor shares is gradually fizzling out. It is beyond doubt that there is now less "steam" in this group, which is not surprising, in view of the prolonged activity. From all accounts, the industry is still flourishing, and the outlook may be considered encouraging; but the chances are that before long values will be established on a lower basis, and this would open up opportunities for the general investor to get in on favourable terms. Such things as Humbers, Daimlers, and Darracqs would be attractive in such circumstances. The speculative interest in Hudson's Bays is still rather subdued, in spite of the brilliant colour in which Earl Grey painted the prospects of Canada. He predicts a glorious future for the country, but even so, I am constrained to believe that the present price of Bays is inflated, and that they are now nothing better than a rich man's gamble. As regards Pekin Syndicates, it may be noted that the coal, so far, has proved very unsatisfactory, friable, and unsuitable for working, but the engineers strongly advise continuing to sink No. 1 shaft, so as to intersect the seam at a lower level. This would enable the quality of the coal to be proved over a large area, and a decisive opinion of its value arrived at. Like the Argentine Southern Land Company, the Santa Fé has participated in the prosperity of the country to a material extent, the revenues being £11,700 higher at £48,200, which is reflected in an advance to 6½ per cent. from 5 per cent. in the dividend. An interesting feature recently has been the renewed upward movement in Spiers and Pond shares, to the accompaniment of rumours that the Company is doing better business. This may approach the truth, but at the same time it is beyond question that it will take a great deal of prosperity to put this concern on its feet again. The Ordinary and Cumulative Preference shares, which are both of a denomination of £10 each, stand at somewhat rubbishy prices, but this is not in the least remarkable. The Preference only received a modest 1¼ per cent. last year, against the 5 per cent. to which they are entitled, while the

SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND for Mutual Life Assurance. SPECIAL NOTICE.—Participating Policies by yearly Premiums issued before the end of the year will rank at the Division of Profits in 1908 for three years' Reversionary Bonus additions. These Policies now share unconditionally in Profits from the date of issue, and if the Assured die even a day after payment of the first year's Premium, a year's Bonus will be paid along with the sum Assured. Accumulated Funds exceed £18,000,000, the whole of which belongs to the Policy holders.—London: 28, Cornhill, E.C., and 5, Waterloo-place, S.W.

"AMERICAN RAILWAY EARNINGS AND DIVIDENDS," by D. O. CROAL, F.S.S. "A carefully written *résumé* of the position and prospects of the leading lines in the United States."—*Financial News.*—EFFINGHAM WILSON. Price 6d. net.

Ordinary, which a few years ago received 8 per cent., have been without any dividend at all since 1904. They scarcely appear to be cheap even at the recent low prices. Iron and Steel descriptions continue rather in the background for some reason difficult to ascertain. In view of the prosperity still being enjoyed by the industry, they seem to be deserving of more consideration, values now being very moderate. Vickers Maxims and Armstrongs, South Durhams, and Cargo Fleets, amongst many others, may be regarded as promising purchases. A revival of the gamble in Associated Cement shares is now observable. There is something to be said in favour of the Preference shares, which are cumulative, because of the high yield of about 8 per cent. that they give, but the Ordinary, which receive no dividend, are scarcely better than a gambling counter, and in the light of the achievement for the last financial year do not appear to be too cheap at the existing quotation. There is nothing fresh to chronicle in regard to Telegraph descriptions as a whole, save that the gamble in Anglo "A" is becoming somewhat spasmodic, though the clique who have the stock in hand are evidently determined to keep the price high. At anything like 27, the quotation now ruling, it is unduly inflated, and even as a gamble strikes me as being wholly unattractive. As a group, Telegraphs make a promising holding, as I have pointed out on more than one occasion, and the following table indicates the yield they give:—

	Price	Yield per Cent.
Anglo-American Pfd.	110	£5 9 0
Anglo-American Ordy.	67½	4 16 0
Direct Spanish Pfd.	9	5 6 0
Direct U.S. Cable	16	5 10 0
Eastern Extension	13½	5 1 0
Great Northern	36½	6 6 0
Western	14½	4 17 0

Nitrates generally are still inclined to dribble away to a lower level, but indications seem to point to a further decline before long, so that the individual who fancies such shares might maintain a passive attitude, in the hope of being able to get in on more favourable terms ultimately. Welsbach issues are now receiving more attention, on the strength of the expectation connected with the forthcoming report. Last year the Ordinary received 5 per cent., and a repetition is anticipated, in which event the Ordinary would give practically 10 per cent., and the Six per Cent. Preference almost 7 per cent., at existing quotation. In view of the record of this concern, both are somewhat uncertain holdings.

VIGILANT.

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QUEER STORY.

TOMMY'S LETTER.

IT was the middle of December some five or six years ago, and in the surgical ward of one of our best-known children's hospitals great consternation reigned. Do you know why? Because the appalling intelligence had somehow got about among the children that there was more than an off-chance of their not getting the usual Christmas presents from Truth that year, owing to lack of the needful funds.

Some of the poor little cripples had been there last Christmas, and could remember the rapturous delights—the dolls, the toys, the crackers, and the sweeties—which their kind friend Truth had then provided for them. It had been a red-letter day in their afflicted little lives. They had been talking of it ever since, and had long been counting the days until next Christmas, which should bring them a repetition of that entrancing treat. And now, perhaps, they weren't going to have the treat, after all, because Truth had no money. Small wonder that consternation and dismay sat on those fifty pale, pinched little faces.

It happened to be visitors' day, and among those who had come to see the small patients in the ward were a ragged little boy and girl, the former of whom cannot have been more than seven, while the latter appeared to be about a year younger. They stood by the bedside of their elder brother—a lad afflicted with hip disease—whose drawn, shrunken, little face told its evident tale of constant pain and suffering.

But, at this moment, he was, for the time being, oblivious of physical pain, in the greater mental distress that vexed and exercised his poor, agitated little mind.

No presents from Truth this Christmas! No dollies, no toys, no sweeties! The disappointment was almost greater than he could bear, and though he tried to be a brave little man, he had to swallow a huge lump in his throat every time he referred to the subject.

His small brother and sister listened with long faces, and their shrill, Cockney voices prattled many a message of childish sympathy.

Tommy and Peggy loved their crippled brother Jim with the concentration of two warm little hearts that had never had any other object on which to lavish their affection. Their father, a drunken ruffian of the lowest type, had persistently beaten and ill-used them, until that (to them) joyful day when he had been sentenced to a long term of penal servitude for some brutal outrage, and so had passed out of their lives. Their mother—well, of her it is enough to say that she was no better than she should be; and though she did not actually ill-treat these two mites, she left them entirely neglected and uncared for, so that they ran wild, at their own sweet will, and spent most of their time in the streets.

Tommy had had about a year's schooling, on and off, and could just read and write a very little. Peggy had not even acquired these rudiments. Both knew a good deal of life, as it may be seen in the seedier London streets. But of education generally, and of moral or religious education in particular, they were practically devoid. All that they had picked up in this direction was that there was somebody called God—some one so great and powerful that he could do whatever He liked. Beyond that, they knew nothing. And having no conception of the spiritual—as how should they, poor little heathens?—they somehow vaguely identified their Almighty Father with one of the great ones of the earth.

When these two small people left the hospital at closing time, they adjourned to a quiet spot in the vicinity and held a solemn conference.

Something *must* be done, so that their beloved Jim should not be disappointed of his Christmas treat this year. That was quite certain. Money must be got for Truth to buy dollies and toys with—*somehow*. But how?

Long and painfully did this perplexing problem exercise those two tousled little heads. At length, a bright idea struck Master Tommy, and he clapped his hands in exultant glee:

"Peg!" he cried, "I've got it. I sy, let's write God a letter and arst 'im to send Troof lots and lots o' money, so 's Jim 'll be ible to 'ave 'is Chrismas treat."

Peggy's eyes beamed admiringly.

"'Ow clever y'are, Tommy," she cried, "I'd never 'ave fought o' that."

"Ah! well, yer only a gal," replied Tommy, patronisingly, "and gals can't be 'spected to 'ave the brines of men."

"No. I s'pose not," rejoined Peggy, meekly. "But will God send Troof the money, d'ye fink, Tommy?"

"I dunno as 'e *will*," answered Tommy. "But I does know as 'e *can*; 'cos God can do anyfink. And, anywys, there's no 'arm in arstin, is there?"

"Cer'nly not," said Peggy.

"Well then, fust thing we've got to do is to find a bit o' piper," observed Tommy, with a brisk, practical air. "I got a pencil. So if we can find the piper, we'll be orlright. And when we've wrote the letter, we'll post it in the nearest pillar-box—see?"

Peggy nodded a comprehending assent.

A hunt in the gutters of an adjoining side-street soon provided them with a scrap of blank paper. Tommy carefully smoothed out the crumpled fragment on the

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pavement, and, lying on his stomach, began laboriously to write with his blunt stump of pencil.

This is what he wrote:—

Dere God,—Plese send Troof eeps and eeps ov munny, so Jim kan ave is treet this heer.—From yer affeckshinit

Tomy an' Pegy.

Having slowly written the above, he folded up the paper and proceeded to write the address on the outside. He wrote "God." Then he paused and scratched his head, with a perplexed air.

"Dunno wevver I orter put Buck'nam Pallis or Sint Porl's," he said, meditatively.

"P'raps yer'd better put boaf, Tommy," suggested his sister.

Tommy considered the suggestion for some seconds, before replying.

"Tell yer wot, Peg," he said, at length, "I won't put neither. I'll just left it at 'God.'"

"But will it get to 'im wivout the address?" inquired Peggy, anxiously.

"Ho! Yuss! The postman 'll be sure to know where God lives," replied Tommy, with confidence.

"I s'pose 'e will," said Peggy.

"Of course 'e will," answered Tommy, in a tone that precluded further argument.

The next step was to adjourn to the nearest pillar-box. But here an unexpected difficulty arose. . . . Tommy was such an undersized little shrimp that, though he stood on tip-toe and stretched his skinny arm to its utmost extent, he could not get within a foot of the slit in the pillar-box.

What was to be done? . . . . But at that perplexing moment, help arrived. There came along a gentleman, a grand, tall gentleman, faultlessly arrayed in a frock coat and shiny top hat. He noticed Tommy's vain attempts to post the fateful letter, and, stooping, said good-naturedly:

"Hi! my little man. That job's a spot beyond you, eh? Let me post your letter for you." And he held out his hand.

"Hif yer wood, guv'nor," replied Tommy, gratefully, as he gave the gentleman the letter.

The gentleman took it. His eye fell upon the superscription. He gave a start of astonishment. And certainly it was rather a startling address to see upon a letter. Just "God"; nothing else.

"Hilloa!" he ejaculated. "I say. Umph! Ah! Did *you* write this letter?"

Tommy nodded, with conscious importance. He was not a little proud of his epistolary achievement.

"Excuse me," said the gentleman, looking down at the small ragamuffin with an odd expression, half grave, half amused, yet wholly kindly on his keen face, "But what have you been writing to God about, my little man?"

Then Tommy and Peggy between them, with all the artless confidence of childhood, told him, in circumstantial detail, the whole story.

By the time they had done, the last suspicion of amusement had disappeared from the gentleman's face, which was now quite grave and very, very kind. The children's story had touched the heart of a man of the world as it had not been touched for years.

"Look here, my little people," he said, "I doubt whether this letter will get to its destination if you post it in a pillar-box——"

"You means 'cos I've put no address on it?" interposed Tommy. "But the postman 'll know where God lives, won't he?"

"I don't think it is safe to trust to the postman's knowing," answered the gentleman, "But if you'll leave it to me, I'll do my best to see that it gets there."

And he thrust it into the breast pocket of his coat.

"I sy! Yer'll be sure and see as God gets it, though," inquired Tommy, anxiously.

"I'll do my best," answered the gentleman, very gravely.

Then he took half-a-crown from his waistcoat pocket and, pressing it into the urchin's hand, strode swiftly on his way.

The sight of that half-crown rendered Tommy and Peggy breathless and speechless. Of the precise value of the coin, they had no idea. A halfpenny was the biggest sum that either of them had ever possessed. And this large, shining piece of silver seemed to them absolutely boundless wealth. They looked at each other, and then at the half-crown in Tommy's open palm, with eyes that nearly started from their small heads. It was quite a minute before the lad, finding his tongue first, broke silence.

"I sy!" he gasped, "I sees 'ow it is. That 'ere cove—carn't yer guess 'oo 'e is, Peg?"

"No! 'oo is 'e?" cried Peggy, breathlessly.

"'E's a messenger from *God*—that's 'oo *'e* is," replied Tommy, with intense conviction. "And this 'ere 's God's harnser to my letter."

"O-h o-o-o-h!" cried Peggy, clasping her little hands tightly together.

Further language failed her. God had somehow already learned the contents of Tommy's letter and had sent a special messenger with the money they had asked for. It was too wonderful and splendid for words.

"I sy, Peg," said Tommy, now having sufficiently recovered from his astonishment, to consider the practical side of the case, "We've got ter tike this 'ere munny to Troof at once; cos God's sent it us on puppose."

Peggie nodded.

"Where does Troof live?" she inquired.

"Dunno," said Tommy, "But we kin easy find out. Dessay a copper will tell us if we arsts 'im."

It was somewhere about two hours later and the early dusk of the December day was already settling down on London, when two ragged little figures, surmounted by two very important and happy little faces, presented themselves at the door of Truth office in Carteret-street.

While they were screwing up their courage to the point of pushing their way through the swing door, a member of the staff happened to come out, whom Tommy at once accosted.

"Please, does Troof live here?" he inquired.

"Yes, this is Truth office," replied the other. "What is it, young 'un. What do you want?"

"Please, Peg and me wants to see Troof," answered Tommy with an obvious air of importance, that sat rather quaintly on his ragged little shrimp of a person.

"What about—eh?" inquired the other.

"We've got some munny for 'im. 'Eaps an' 'eaps of munny," rejoined Tommy, proudly; "so much munny as now 'e'll be ible to buy toys and dollies and sweeties for Jim and orl the rest on 'em."

And he opened his little hand, impressively, and showed the half-crown.

"Hallo! Where did you get that, young 'un?" inquired the other.

"God sent it to me," said Tommy.

"Yuss; God sent it us," added Peggy.

"I wrote God a letter, an' God's messenger come along at onst and give it me aht of 'is weskit pocket," the urchin went on to explain. "Didn't 'e, Peg?"

"Yuss," nodded Peggy.

"'E sent it us on puppose for Troof," continued Tommy, "and now we warnts to see Troof 'an 'and it hover. Please, is Troof at 'ome, guv'nor?"

The man addressed coughed behind his hand and cleared his throat several times. There was something pathetic about these two little gutter-snipes and their half-crown that touched him strangely.

"Look here," he said, "just you wait here a minute, and I'll go and find out if Truth can see you."

Then he ran back into the office. After a few minutes he returned.

"Come along in, young 'uns," he said; "Truth would like to see you. And you can give him that half-crown yourselves."

This is to inform the Patrons of the Grand Hotel, Cannes, that a large Restaurant has recently been erected, overlooking the gardens.—A. Menge, Proprietor.

Wedding Presents.—A choice selection of beautiful Dinner, and Dessert Services, Breakfast, Luncheon, and Tea Sets exclusive designs. Mortlocks, Ltd., the Old Pottery Galleries Oxford-st., and Orchard-st., W. Inspection solicited.

He led the way in, the two children following, then up the stairs and into the Editor's room.

The Editor sat at his table, contemplating the position of the Toy Fund, which was so unsatisfactory that he had just—though with great reluctance—made up his mind to reduce the scale of distribution this year to about two-thirds of its usual dimensions. He knew the keen disappointment that would thereby be entailed on several thousand children, who had had TRUTH's Christmas gifts last year, and would be eagerly expecting them again this. But what else was to be done? They were already within ten days of Christmas, and out of the £1,000 capital required hardly £300 had come in. He was willing to risk a reasonable sum, trusting to the generosity of readers to make it good; but a deficit of £700 was more than he felt justified in incurring.

He had only just arrived at this conclusion, when Tommy and Peggy were ushered in.

Tommy advanced slowly towards the table, leading Peggy by the hand, and regarding the Editor with a solemnly interested gaze.

"Please, are you TROOF?" he inquired.

The Editor smiled, and nodded.

Tommy went right up to the table, and, with an air of the most impressive importance, laid the half-crown on the Editorial blotting-pad.

"There," he exclaimed, triumphantly, "God's sent yer orl that munny to buy toys and dollies for the pore hospital children; so now yer'll be ible to give Jim and orl the rest on 'em their Chrismas treat this yeer, sime as yer done larst, won't yer, TROOF?"

The Editor loked at the two children, and he looked at the half-crown.

"Come, tell me just how you got it," he said, kindly.

Then Tommy—with frequent interpolations from Peggy—told the Editor the whole story, in his picturesque way, not omitting a single detail.

"And yer *will* give Jim and the rest on 'em their treat this heer, sime as yer done larst, *won't* yer, TROOF?" repeated Tommy, anxiously, at the close of his narration.

"Yes, my little man, I will," replied the Editor.

He meant it, too. There was something about that half-crown and the circumstances under which these two babies had brought it to him, that went straight to his heart, made him feel that he could not find it in his heart to disappoint Jim, or any other eagerly expectant little one, and, moreover, inspired him with a new confidence in the prospects of the fund.

The Editor was not a superstitious man. Nobody less so. But nevertheless he was conscious of a strong presentiment—a presentiment amounting to what racing men call a dead cert.—that Tommy's half-crown was going to bring some stroke of extraordinary good fortune to the Doll and Toy Fund.

And so it proved. Next day he received a substantial cheque. I needn't say that the sender of the cheque was the "God's messenger" of Tommy's and Peggy's childish delusion. Delusion? Well, perhaps they were not so entirely deluded after all. For I, at any rate, am old-fashioned enough to think that, unconsciously may be, but none the less really, he was in fact just what the children supposed him to be—God's messenger.

NOTICE,

"QUEER STORY" PUZZLE.

In response to numerous requests, I propose to revive next week a form of competition which proved highly popular with readers of TRUTH *a few years ago. The next "Queer Story" will accordingly contain an unsolved problem on which my readers may exercise their ingenuity during Christmas time.*

Prizes of Fifteen Guineas, Five Guineas, and Two Guineas will be awarded for the best solutions. The definition of "best solution" and other conditions of the competition will be published with the story.

ART NOTES.

ROYALTY AND ART.

IT is a nice question whether the art of this country is suffering more disastrous effects from "State-aid" or from Royal patronage. It is, of course, obvious to every one that since our Government began to realise that there exists such a thing as art, our progress towards universal artistic mediocrity has been continuous. Nor is the reason far to seek, as any one who has ever been to South Kensington or to any other school of art—municipal, institutional, or otherwise—can vouch. But, personally, I am not sure whether Royal patronage is not even more to blame in the matter. For it is the one thing which has really made art respectable—so that every painter carries a coronet in his paint-box, and the most haughty daughter of an aristocratic family does not blush to be seen talking to a member of the Royal Academy, or even, if the occasion be not too public, of the New English Art Club. On the face of it this must be bad for art, if only for the reason that it places it on a social equality with any other of the respectable professions. In the good old days, when you considered an artist only slightly superior to a groom—or, in the still better, older days, when an artist did not consider himself superior to any other skilled artizan—nobody ever thought of choosing the practice of art as a means of rising socially, any more than would he nowadays become a street scavenger with the same idea. Only those, in fact, became artists who had it in them to do so, so strongly that they could not resist the impulse. But in these days, when, thanks to Royal patronage, a painter is almost as eligible (socially) as is a Gibson girl, paterfamilias includes it among the various careers open to his sons as freely as he does medicine, or the law, or the Church, and with no more consideration whether the boy is likely to shine at it. This, be it remembered, came about when Royal patronage of artistic mediocrity only went to the length of buying mediocre work to hang upon Royal walls and commissioning mediocrities to paint Royal portraits. Now we have gone a step farther, and Royalty condescends to dally with the mahlstick and to seek public admiration for its own masterpieces. Naïve little drawings and etchings by the late Queen and Prince Consort have ere now been publicly exhibited and loyally admired; the King of Portugal has for some time been an exhibitor of oil paintings in Continental galleries. At the present moment we have two cousins of King Edward—the Countesses Feodora and Helena Gleichen exhibiting their sculpture and paintings in a Piccadilly gallery—the New Dudley Gallery, to wit, and not only exhibiting them, but offering them for sale. As a matter of fact, their work is not at all bad—some of the sculpture by the Countess Feodora, notably a group of three children dancing round a figure of Pan, having a good deal of life in it, though not very much originality.

But what chiefly interests me is to consider the probable effect of this and similarly august picture shows—in which the rank of the exhibitors is the most pregnant feature—upon our national artistic output. There are a lot of good people who will tell you that the result is bound to be excellent, that numbers of wealthy bourgeois and others, who, in the ordinary way would never think of buying a picture, will be moved by the idea of bringing the flavour of Royalty into their back dining-rooms, and thus be brought along the primrose path of loyalty, to being art patrons almost without their knowing it. This may be true enough in a sense, though I am doubtful whether, because purse-strings may fly open at the magic sound of Royal and noble titles, they will remain open when the works of plain Mr. Jones or Miss Rose Madder are in question; whether the man who buys pictures because they are near the rose of Royalty will go on buying others which are not. But even granting that the financial side of art may receive some indirect benefit, how will it be with its productive side, which is, after all, to everyone but the artist's bank-manager, the more important? Can one not imagine the worthy papas and mammas of Mayfair and of Mus-

well Hill opening their eyes when they read of such exalted artists, and arguing, "What is good enough for the King's cousins must be good enough for our son Tom and our daughter Euphrosyne," and writing off at once to the nearest school of art for the lowest terms at which a young gentleman or lady can be turned into a potential P.R.A.? I, for one, should not be surprised if the number of artists in the country more than doubles itself within the next few years. And such artists. You have only got to walk down Bond-street and observe the average artistic quality of the various shows there to be seen, more especially the little one-man and one-woman shows, and to realise what it will mean when their numbers have increased tenfold, and their artistic excellence diminished by, if possible, the same proportion, to understand what the art of England will be like in a few years—when the gracious influence of Royal example has permeated down to the lowest level of that great middle-class which is the backbone of our Empire. Therefore, although I take off my hat to the Countesses Feodora and Helena Gleichen, and frankly admit that their work is much above the average amateur level, I cannot help but regret that they do not exhibit the product of their industry and enthusiasm under pseudonyms. Otherwise, and if their example of exhibiting under their own names be followed, as I feel sure it will be, by other royal and noble ladies and gentlemen, and they in their turn imitated by yet other, non-royal and non-noble ladies and gentlemen, I can foresee that the only possible chance of saving the art of this country from the illimitable abyss of illimitable mediocrity, upon the brink of which it is already trembling, will be to pass an Act of Parliament declaring every painter a rogue and vagabond, and making it an offence, punishable by fine or imprisonment, to paint pictures, hew marble, or in any other direction, from "art" pottery to "art" poker-work, have anything whatever to do with art. Then, and I very much fear only then, shall we begin to have masterpieces painted by English artists once more; for it is only the true artist, just as it is only the true believer, who will endure persecution rather than renounce the professing of the artistic faith that is in him. And to be quite candid, I have very little expectation that any such Act of Parliament will be passed in my lifetime, or, indeed, at any time before the royal and noble patrons of British art can be brought to understand what an infinite amount of harm they are doing it by their precept and example.

MUSIC

WAS HANDEL A KLEPTOMANIAC?

"THE most tragic thing in the world," says one of the characters in "The Doctor's Dilemma," "is a man of genius who is not also a man of honour." The remark comes back to one after perusal of the extremely interesting volume entitled "The Indebtedness of Handel to Other Composers," by Mr. Sedley Taylor, which has recently been issued by the Cambridge University Press. The problem involved in the plagiarisms of Handel is one of the most curious and difficult of its kind in the whole history of art. As to the fact of those plagiarisms there is, of course, no sort of question. Though none of his contemporaries seems to have had the smallest suspicion of the matter, subsequent research has long since established the amazing truth on the subject; and Mr. Sedley Taylor's interesting volume merely sets forth in black and white, by actual quotations in parallel passages, a selection of some of the more noteworthy instances in which the creator of the "Messiah" deliberately incorporated as his own the work of other men.

These annexations took various forms. Sometimes a mere idea only would be appropriated and worked up in his own characteristic manner. In other cases whole movements would be lifted bodily and reproduced virtually unaltered. Some of the most famous passages in all his works—as some of the choruses in "Israel in Egypt"—were thus derived. Curiously enough, however, no instances have been detected in the case of the "Messiah," unless plagiarisms from his own earlier works can be included in the category. Of these there are several striking examples. The original of "And He shall purify," for instance, is to be found in some Italian duets to secular words which he had written earlier. The music of "His yoke is easy" came from the same source, as did that of such famous numbers as, "All we like sheep" and "For unto us." As to the fact that no outside sources were drawn upon by Handel in the case of this particular oratorio, the author observes: "One would fain hope that this immunity is inherent in that sublime work by the deliberate will of the composer, whose religious emotions are known from his own statement to have been deeply stirred while he was engaged on it." The suggestion, however, would really seem to make the case for Handel rather worse than better, in so far as it implies that he knew his practice in the other instances to be flagitious. Otherwise it is most difficult to determine whether he did or did not do this. The argument seems equally strong either way. As Dr. Johnson once observed concerning the existence of ghosts, "All reason is against it, but all belief is for it."

Reason is certainly against the belief that a man of Handel's colossal genius and known character for integrity would have condescended to appropriate without acknowledgment the works of others, if he had supposed himself to be acting dishonourably thereby. To put the matter on its lowest basis, the risk of detection alone would seem to negative any other conclusion. The theory which has been sometimes advanced that a different standard prevailed in this regard in those days, and that the offence of plagiarism was then unknown, will not hold water for a moment. As has often been pointed out before, and as Mr. Sedley Taylor recalls, Handel's great rival and contemporary, Buononcini, was actually driven from England for claiming the work of another as his own. It is almost inconceivable, therefore, that Handel could have adopted the same course if he took the same view of such transactions as that which resulted in Buononcini's downfall. At the same time, it may be urged that the chances of detection were small in those days. Works then existed only in manuscript. Those which Handel drew upon were, for the most part, quite unknown in this country. The likelihood of any travelled musician detecting an occasional resemblance was not very great, as is proved by the fact that in Handel's own lifetime not one seems to have been observed. But Handel's apologists do not adopt this view, of course. In their judgment, Handel's procedure involved no thought of wrongdoing.

Various ingenious theories have been advanced. Mr. R. A. Streatfeild has suggested, for instance ("Modern Music and Musicians"), that when, for purposes of contrast, a reposeful number was needed, Handel would fall back on the work of other men, because he could not write anything quite dull enough himself. This may pass as a joke, but it would hardly carry weight at the Old Bailey. Others such as Chrysander, the composer's biographer, have taken the view that Handel's borrowing amounted to no more than the appropriation of mere crude raw material, which he made his own by the magic of his genius; but this again will hardly hold in the light of what is known as to the extent of Handel's indebtedness in many instances. As Mr. Sedley Taylor dryly puts it: "In the case of practically note for note transference of entire movements, such as the two choruses by Graun and the canzona by Kerl, it appears to be impossible to claim that they have by this simple process 'become Handel's own.'" So, too, with the ingenious theory of that devout Handelian, Mr. A. J. Balfour, based on the obscurity of the com-

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posers whom Handel pillaged: "The fact is that Handel has not cheated them *out* of their due meed of fame, he has cheated them *into* it." To quote again from Mr. Taylor, "The point loses some of its force if we remember that these appropriations were invariably made without acknowledgment." One possible explanation remains. May it have been that Handel was a musical kleptomaniac?

Dr. Joachim and his colleagues completed last week their attractive series of Brahms concerts which drew good houses to the end. Nearly every concert was crowded, and if Dr. Joachim's playing is no longer all that could be wished, this fact seemed to diminish in no wise the enthusiasm of his hearers—a large proportion of whom, curiously enough, are to be seen at these particular concerts and no others. Is there not something wrong here? An interesting chamber concert of a different kind was that given at the Æolian Hall on Thursday at one of the Broadwood series, when Dr. Walford Davies conducted a programme of attractive vocal music, both ancient and modern, given with the aid of vocalists from the Temple choir. Vocal music of another order was heard at M. Maurel's recent recital, the programme of which included, among other things, the much-talked of "Chanson du Grain" from Mr. Isidore de Lara's latest opera "Sanga." However it may go in the Opera House it made comparatively little effect in the concert room though sung, of course, with all due emphasis from the dramatic point of view by M. Maurel. M. Maurel's voice is now of a rapidly diminishing quantity, but the art with which he employs it stands out by reason of that very fact more notably than ever, so that if only as a lesson in all the tricks of the trade his recitals are worth attending. On this particular occasion he introduced a pupil of decided merit in Signor Caffetto, the possessor of a really superb tenor voice, who ought to find his way to Covent Garden.

Another fine Continental singer who made her début last week was Mme. Cahier. In music of all schools and styles she was equally successful. She has a fine voice, uses it brilliantly and in addition possesses in a marked degree the sovereign gifts of temperament and personal magnetism. Miss Amy Rolda is another new singer possessed of a fine voice which she does not always use too discreetly, whose successful first appearance may be recorded. At the Chappell Ballad Concert on Saturday many favourite vocalists sang, and one new one appeared with marked success in Miss Julia Caroli. That fine violinist M. César Thomson was also heard, and Mr. Backhaus played, so that with artists such as Miss Agnes Nicholls and Mr. Ben Davies also appearing, both quantity and quality characterised the programme. What should have been a very interesting concert (which I was prevented, unfortunately, from attending) devoted entirely to British music, was given by the Concert-Goers' Club at the Langham Hotel on Friday evening, while on Monday the performance of "The Kingdom" by the London Choral Society was an event of note.

In connection with the forthcoming season of German opera at Covent Garden, the fact that no work new to England is to be produced, and that not one living composer is to be represented, has been made the subject of comment, and the question is asked whether it must be concluded that with the exception of "Hänsel und Gretel," and the works of Richard Strauss, Germany has produced nothing in the way of opera worthy of transportation to England since the death of Wagner. Certainly it is remarkable how little of really commanding importance—apart from the works of Strauss, which stand apart—has lately been done in Germany in the way of opera, though not a few composers could, of course, be named—Eugen D'Albert, for one, Max Schillings for another—who have written works which have been cordially admired. But still the fact remains that none has attained more than passing note, and the circumstance is not without significance.

Meanwhile, must we really wait half a century before the thought is entertained of producing one of Strauss's stage works in London? Why should not Covent Garden take its courage in both hands and give us "Salomé" next season? There would be various difficulties, of course—more particularly in the amount of preparation which the work would entail. But where Berlin, to say nothing of dozens of small German towns, has led the way, London should not find it impossible to follow. Moreover, there seems every reason for thinking that such a production would prove a huge financial success. It is stated, by the way, that the work is shortly to be produced even in Milan, with Signora Bellincioni in the title part, and in April next it will be done in Paris. And the librettist of this remarkable opera, which will soon have been heard thus everywhere but in this country, was actually an Irishman.

Signor Emilo Pizzi's "Vendetta," which has just been produced at Cologne, seems to have been a great success, the composer being called again and again in the course of the opening performance, while the press notices are very enthusiastic.

The critic of a contemporary, who, summing up the recent season at Covent Garden and speaking of Signora Giachetti, observes "she has a sweet and beautiful voice, and her stage manners are quite charming," commits thereby what might surely be defined as a nice derangement of epithets. Signora Giachetti has a powerful voice, which she uses to excellent purpose; but I should hesitate to describe it as "sweet." And in the same way it seems quite curiously wide of the mark to speak of one of the most powerful tragedy actresses on the operatic stage in the terms quoted. But the writer in question would seem to have quite a genius for topsy-turvy utterances of this kind, since in the same paragraph he singles out as the special characteristics of Mme. Melba's art "the rich quality of her voice, its magnificent range, and its dramatic significance." This rather reminds one of the famous definition of a crab as a red fish which walks backwards, which would be strictly accurate but for the fact that a crab is not a fish, is not red, and does not walk backwards.

Not a few professional musicians will learn with regret that Mr. Henry Iles's monthly journal, the *Orchestral Times*, has issued its last number. The little paper which has always been brightly written and has never failed to champion energetically the interests of the orchestral player, has been in existence a good many years, but without attracting, it would appear, sufficient support to warrant its continuance. Musical journalism is a sickly plant in this country, and the decease of the *Orchestral Times* affords but another instance of a fact only too well established already.

A yarn from the gossip columns of a daily contemporary:

> There was some years ago a controversy at the now demolished St. James's Hall caused by a rule that nobody should enter the hall during the performance of any piece. One afternoon, at a Saturday Popular Concert, I saw three ladies in black waiting close to the door leading into the stalls. While others around them grumbled they stood patiently until the end of a movement enabled them to reach their seats. Those ladies were Queen Alexandra and her daughters, and their acquiescence in the rule ought surely to have stilled opposition.

So very, very likely, is it not?

General regret will be caused in musical circles by the intimation that Mr. Milton Wellings, one of the most popular song writers and composers of an earlier generation, is in straitened circumstances, and the subscription which has been started for his relief will doubtless be liberally supported. Mr. Welling's loss of income, it is stated, has been brought about by no improvidence on his part, but has been in large measure due to the iniquitous operations of the music

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pirates. Perhaps on this ground, therefore, seeing that he has suffered so grievously from a defect in the law, the Treasury might be disposed to consider his claims to a Civil List pension. Meanwhile, donations to the fund which is being privately organised may be sent to Mr. J. Stuart Crook, Cramer's, Ltd.

A very gracefully written and complimentary appreciation of Mr. Granville Bantock's "Omar Khayyam" from the pen of that excellent critic, Mrs. Newmarch, appears in the current *Monthly Journal* of the International Musical Society. After dwelling enthusiastically on various individual pages, the writer observes:—

> Such numbers as these convince me of the vitality and staying-power of Bantock's work. . . . When we recall the many beautiful and fragrant pages of this score, it seems as though once more in answer to his own prediction, a Northern wind had scattered a fresh shower of rose leaves upon the grave of Omar Khayyam.

As to the less favourable criticisms which Mr. Bantock's music called forth, Mrs. Newmarch remarks that "fine creative work will flourish on paltry criticism as the plant benefits by the guano spread at its roots." The figure is forcible but not very flattering to the critics.

Herr Rosenthal, who is touring in America at present, has been giving his opinion on various musical topics to a representative of the *New York Herald*. Among other things, he was asked what operas, if he were confined to six, he would choose to hear, and in reply he named "Don Giovanni," "Der Freischütz," "Fidelio," "Siegfried," "Die Meistersinger," and "Aïda." Not a bad selection either—though most opera-goers, whether of the grave or gay persuasion, would probably think that place should be found in any such list for "Carmen." Herr Rosenthal's suggested order of merit of the great composers will be less generally approved—namely, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Wagner, Weber, Mozart, Bach. The orthodox musician would probably almost exactly invert Herr Rosenthal's order—though retaining Beethoven, of course, near the top.

Dr. Emil Reich is understood to be the fashionable philosopher of the moment, whose word is law at Claridge's and other haunts of culture in Mayfair; but his opinions on matters musical, as recently enunciated, illustrate the wisdom of the aphorism which enjoins that the cobbler should stick to his last. Thus it seems that, in his judgment, Beethoven is heavy and ponderous and an indifferent imitator of Mozart. He complains of his poverty of invention, and his bass parts in particular he finds lamentably weak. Schubert, he declares, is so sugary that he gives him diabetes, and as for Wagner, he has for him something very like contempt. There is, however, it would seem, one really great and genuine composer in Dr. Reich's judgment, and this is—Paderewski. In his earlier days Dr. Reich was, it is said, a serious student of music, and for some time a pupil of Liszt. It would be interesting, and perhaps amusing, if one could learn Liszt's opinion of his ex-pupil's views to-day.

Rumour reaches me of a highly interesting operatic project which the near future may see realised. This is nothing less than a performance of "The Barber of Seville," with Mme. Patti and M. Jean de Reszke in the leading parts. The notion was suggested to Mme. Patti (who is now back in London again in the best of health and spirits), during her recent visit to Paris, by M. Jean de Reszke, an old friend who has always been one of the warmest admirers of her incomparable art, and as it appealed to her immensely there is every reason to believe that the performance will take place in due course. But when and where? Alas! here is disappointment for many—one might almost say for millions. For this unique performance will not be a public one. A feature of M. Jean de Reszke's residence in Paris is, as many will be aware, a small private theatre, and it is here that the representation will most probably take place. Who will not wish to "assist" at such a remarkable performance? M. Edouard de Reszke, it may be added, will be the Basilio. Mme. Patti's Rosina has, of course, always been reckoned one of her greatest parts.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—The whole world of London is flavoured already with the atmosphere of Christmas presents. Pedestrians are one mass of parcels. Motors, broughams, and cabs are laden with them. Omnibuses are impossible for the "insides," and suburban trains are equally blocked by the brown-papered results of enthusiastic shopping. Carriers are calling all day long depositing hampers and cases, and everybody and everything is eagerly working up to the grand climax of Christmas.

The West-End shops are at last busy, so crowded, in fact, that the assistants have as much as they can do to supply everyone's requirements. The Royal School of Art Needlework is a pleasant place for buying presents in, especially on Thursday afternoons, when you pay a shilling admission, and are given delicious tea by a duchess or some other lady of the committee (the Duchess of Somerset and Mrs. Percy Wyndham this Thursday), and then you can walk round, examine the beautiful old furniture, silver, pewter, china, glass, pottery, embroidered books, boxes, cushions, footstools, blotters, bags, screens, portières, chairs, sofas, curtains, quilts, and a hundred other things, each one of them marked with its price in figures comprehended by the lay mind. Among the books there is a dear little 1907 diary bound in vellum, the cover ornamented with a garland of half-opened apple-blossom and green leaves, admirable for sending as a Christmas card. It carries £1,000 insurance with it.

The last Gordon ball was such a success that everybody was very sorry that it was the last. Mr. Buckley, the secretary of the Hospital which does such a good work in the Vauxhall district, tells me that the balls have again been lucrative this year. I reply, "Why not six instead of three?" I was so glad to see an even larger number of short dresses than there were at the first two dances. The long skirts are hardly ever held up gracefully—in fact, I may say never; whereas the short ones flow out prettily and show the dainty frillery of the petticoat beneath, besides allowing a good dancer a chance of proving that she is one. The best dress in the room (the Empress Room, Royal Palace Hotel) was a very pale pink velvet, beautifully made, and worn by a tall, handsome brunette. It seemed almost wrong that men's black coat-sleeves should go round the waist of this delicately pretty frock, threatening to soil it. I think men ought to have their dress coats cleaned very often, considering how the sleeves ruin light gowns.

Mr. Richard Kearton, whose delightful book, "Nature and a Camera," you admire so much, was commanded to Sandringham Cottage last week, to deliver his lime-light lecture on "Wild Nature's Ways," as a birthday treat to Prince Albert and Prince George of Wales. Mr. Kearton's gift-book this season has the pretty title—"Nature's Carol-Singers" (Cassell and Co.), and has nearly two hundred illustrations from photographs taken direct from nature by himself and his brother. The letterpress tells about the haunts and habits of British song-birds, their nests, eggs, songs and call-notes. That queer bird, the cuckoo, is a fascinating character to read about. Get the book for Ned. The price is 6s.

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The Salon held a very interesting meeting last week in the dome of His Majesty's Theatre, by the invitation of Mr. Tree. High above all the noise of London we gathered in the stone hall of an ancient castle, with barred windows, and huge oak doors studded with iron nails. Even the round iron chandeliers are in keeping. The roof goes up into the darkness of the dome, and is crossed and recrossed by heavy wooden beams. A smaller room opens out of it by a large archway, with a beamed ceiling, and here are planned the wonderful productions that one associates with His Majesty's. The walls are hung with life-sized paintings of scenes from Shakespeare. We were privileged to see some of the casts for the properties to be used in "Antony and Cleopatra," and Mr. Percy Macquoid's sketches for the costumes. They are going to be very wonderful dreams of mysterious colouring. Mr. Tree gave us a short causerie on the evolution of a Shakespeare production, citing some of the difficulties in this present revival by way of examples. He told us, among other things, that some of the properties used are made of paper, made to imitate marble, and very light and easily renewed. He raised a laugh with the remark that critics were not really fond of chicken and champagne; what they really enjoyed devouring was "actor-manager, washed down with, shall we say, sparkling vitriol."

The gathering itself was very interesting; we were specially glad to identify Mr. W. J. Locke, whose "Beloved Vagabond" is in every one's mind; and it was such a relief not to be disappointed in him. When a book is really a delight it is so much nicer never to crystallise one's idea of the author unless he is not going to dispel one's pet notion of his personality.

We never pass the Parisian Diamond Company windows in either Regent-street, Bond-street, or Burlington-gardens without seeing a crowd round the windows, admiring the lovely diamonds, pearls, and other jewels. And no wonder! The designs are quite exquisite, and the workmanship is as minute and as perfect as that of real diamonds and pearls. For my part, I should absolutely prefer the Parisian. It looks exactly the same as that worth thousands of pounds, is equally becoming and effective, and, if lost or stolen, can be replaced at a by no means ruinous outlay. We saw a rope of pearls at 143, Regent Street, that could not be told from real without a close examination by an expert. The price, with a beautiful diamond clasp, was under £30. Were the pearls real, their price would be at least £2,000. I am sufficiently bourgeoise to confess that I should prefer to wear the imitations, especially should the string break! We admired the new diamond combs very much, especially one with a series of small bows in the jewels raised in irregular outline above the back of the tortoiseshell. The Milanese bracelets, silver-gilt, for holding up the gloves, have a serpent's head in diamonds and rubies—a handsome ornament. Ear-rings in every pattern were shown us. A pair in rubies and diamonds and another pair with double chains in diamonds and emeralds both looked tempting. A third pair had double swinging circles, with an amethyst in the centre. All these are for pierced or unpierced ears.

Of pendants we saw many. A new one is a miniature frame set in diamonds suspended from a diamond bow. Another is a threefold knot, all diamonds; and a third has flexible drops, diamond, amethyst, or ruby. A lovely necklace was in olivines and diamonds, and another, even lovelier, was in diamonds and aquamarines, their green so delicate yet so vivid. If you send to 143, Regent-street, for their daintily got-up illustrated price list, you will see the portrait of the now famous pearl necklet which was substituted for the £2,000 pearl necklet at Christie's. The fraud would not have been found out only that the ticket attached was of a different colour from those used at Christie's. You will see, on the next page, a lovely diamond sun pendant, such a beauty, and opposite it a simply indescribable parure of pearls. These are more worn than ever. There is a tremendous demand for them, and what wonder? They are exquisite things, and most becoming. You will admire the new shapes in rings shown on page 29, and the quaint little lucky-pig brooches, hares, tortoises, orang-outangs. There is a sweetly pretty diamond hair-slide, too, and among very inexpensive presents are diamond hatpins, pearl and diamond, brooches (some copied from the antique) diamond coat-clasps, buckles, and velvet slides.

A case of 4,711 Eau de Cologne is a nice present, especially if accompanied by a few bottles of Mülhens' delicious Rhine Violets and, if possible, even more delicious Cordiale. This Eau-de-Cologne is not in the least like the common kinds with their essentially vulgar perfume. Made of the choicest aromatic blossoms of the vegetable kingdom, supplemented by a due admixture of alcohol, it has a wonderfully vivifying effect, purifying the air, softening the skin, embellishing the complexion, strengthening the gums and consequently fortifying the teeth. The 4,711 is really indispensable on any well regulated toilet table, being useful for such a variety of purposes.

The Rhine Violet is so fragrant of the dear little flowers that a mere drop or two on the handkerchief suggests it sufficiently, and a few drops among one's veils and laces make them smell very nice. The true 4,711, I forgot to say, is done up in blue and gold bottles with a view of Cologne, the top is tied with blue ribbon which also fastens in a neat little corkscrew.

How curiously it often happens that something, till then unknown, swims up into one's cognisance from two or three different sources within a few hours. I had not heard that gas as an illuminant could be switched on like electric light until the very day I had your letter telling me you are having it installed in this fashion, preferring it to electric light. We like incandescent gas far better than electric light. It is a better illuminant and is not so injurious to the sight, and now that it can be switched on and off so easily, I should think most people would prefer it. Incandescent gas is so inexpensive, too. There seems to have been quite a reaction in favour of gas, of late, and not only for lighting purposes, but for cooking. I can never understand how it is that any one who could have gas for cooking should go pottering on with that out-of-date and coal-devouring monster, the ordinary kitchen range. It is dirty, uncertain in its operations, troublesome with its sweeps and flue cleaning, and very extravagant in coal. Years ago I persuaded Evelyn to instal a gas-heated range and hot plate in her house and to get rid of the coal-fuelled kitchener. At the end of a few months she said: "I could not have believed what a difference it makes. I could really do with a servant less, especially since we have had gas stoves installed in all the bedrooms. But Madge, it is very expensive. My gas bill for the last half-year is £14."

"Have you deducted from it what you paid for coal in the corresponding six months of previous years?" I asked.

No! she had not. And when she had flown to her account-books and had done some sums, there was a very different story to tell. She is eloquent in praise of the gas-range—so clean, so exact, and the kitchen so free from the injurious coal dust. The little bedroom stoves are very pretty, some of them in coloured pottery, all of them low enough to warm the feet (so different from the silly bedroom grates one usually sees), and ready at any moment to turn on and make the room warm. So many colds are caught by dressing or undressing in a cold bedroom. With a gas fire one can always have a warm room, and, turning out the fire when done with, sleep in peace without the noise of dropping cinders or the obtrusive light of a little flame that sometimes springs up in a coal fire. In sickness they are invaluable, enabling the nurse to keep the

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temperature of the room at a certain degree. And oh, the comfort of them on these cold mornings when, jumping out of bed, one finds the floor of the room well warmed and cosy.

Be sure to get pink mantles for your incandescent burners. They give such a pretty light.

The pretty and tasteful boxes in which Erasmic soap is done up for the Christmas season deserve more eulogistic adjectives than I could find without going to the dictionary. That I dare not do, for though "the stories are rather short," as one critic observed, it is such an interesting book that if I open it for a minute I get buried in it for hours. It is the colours of the Erasmic soap-boxes that please me. There is nothing crude about them or the pictures. As to the soap itself, it also is beyond praise. It is not too highly perfumed, but is agreeably fragrant, makes a soft, fine lather, and has a pleasant influence upon the skin. The hands always look so nice after having been washed with Erasmic soap. We particularly like the Elite, with its refined perfume; and Richard swears by the Erasmic shaving stick. His chin prefers it to any other, he says; also, that it lasts longer than any other he has ever tried. A box of this soap, tied up with its delicately tinted ribbons, makes a present worth having. A hint, dear! Keep a box among your laces, and they will be delightfully perfumed—yet not obtrusively so.

Did I really say that the Bi-metal coffee-pots, teapots, and cooking utensils are made of copper and *steel?* Let me correct this at once, lest Messrs. Goode should prosecute me for libel on these too delightful things. They are really composed of copper and pure sheet silver. That is why they are initially expensive. But as they last for ever, they soon repay the initial cost.

Richard has had a letter from Louis singing the praises of Davos as a winter sport resort. He writes in the highest spirits. The doctor advised him to go there, you know, for the sake of his health, and the pure air has evidently had a wonderful effect; indeed, he has ceased to regard himself as an invalid, and enters with the greatest zest into the exhilarating sports which are to be enjoyed at Davos.

If you wish to choose some diaries for the coming year, either for yourself or for presents—and they make very serviceable and acceptable presents—do not omit to examine those published by John Walker and Co. Their diaries are in all sorts of shapes and sizes, ranging from dainty, slim little things that can be easily slipped into the smallest pocket, up to the large desk diaries. The pocket diaries especially are models of compactness and convenience of arrangement, and printed and bound in the most attractive style.

Tom Smith and Co. sport a Latin motto which means, I believe, that man is by nature fond of novelty. In this sense man, of course, includes women and children, and Tom Smith never fails to provide an abundance of novelties for both sexes and all ages in his famous Christmas crackers. I have been sampling a big box of those that he has prepared for this season. They seem to be more varied and amusing than ever, but if I once began to describe them in detail I should not know when to stop. One thing that I must mention is the "up-to-dateness" that is displayed by the inventors of the crackers—the cleverness with which the most prominent topics of the time are turned to account. No Yuletide can be completely enjoyed without some of the pretty, diverting, and ingenious products of Tom Smith and Co.

Clare sends me the following from Dublin:—

Dearest Madge,—Too much knowledge is proverbially a dangerous thing; there are instances of its being a very uncomfortable and depressing one as well. What cold comfort the science of meteorology gives us at this season, with its dismal statistics and its grim weather forecasts. As if the winter weather of our climes is not bad enough when it does come, without having had its coming heralded and the shadows of its horrors of storm, rain, and darkness cast over our short intervals of comparative serenity. The evil of the day is indeed sufficient for itself; when it happens to be a December day, why add to our burthen by information regarding the deep depression approaching our shores with increasing and dangerous energy? We are in December, and have to go through with it. Why sadden our souls with statistics regarding the mere twenty, or, at most, twenty-two hours of sunshine which can be expected from the whole month? How much more blissful ignorance would be in the case; we might still, if left in peaceable possession of it, deceive ourselves, as all humanity loves to do in all things, with vain expectations in contradiction to every teaching of experience. Last week was, for the greater part of it, fierce, wet, and gloomy. Just rude winter of the roughest variety. Not comfortable for Christmas shopping. Still, no doubt, it had its merits. It filled our hearts with compassion for those who had no warm firesides to sit by, no pleasant shelters from the grievous weather. To talk "shoppily," it inclined us more to do business in the "heavy" than in the "fancy." It was pleasant even to handle warm, soft, fleecy goods and to think of what the children call "snugging" old people into them. Christmas, fortunately for humanity, though losing so many of its old Christmas ideals, still remains the festival of charity. It fosters and affords opportunity to the gift of giving, encouraging it with some little thought of the blessing of taking as well. In fact, may not Christmas be looked on above all others as a season of give and take?

Lord and Lady Aberdeen have been busy with a scheme for remodelling the Viceregal Court ceremonials at Dublin Castle. The old traditional Drawing Room, held in the Throne Room, is to be abolished, with its privileges to the privileged, of the private *entrée* and the "pen." The last-named was an enclosure in the Throne Room, within whose precincts peers, peeresses, very high officials and their wives and daughters, were allowed to stand, whilst the mere others at the Drawing Room passed on to St. Patrick's Hall. It is now proposed to hold the Drawing Room more on the model of the King's Courts. They will be held in St. Patrick's Hall, from whence there will be no passing on, and everyone will be provided with a seat. The private *entrée* and "pen" people, as a "compensation for disturbance," will be invited to supper with the Viceregal party in a special supper room. The substantial compensation is a quaint idea, is it not? Many, no doubt, will think it a good exchange for the privilege of standing for a couple of hours looking on at Court presentations. The classes always like to have something that the masses have not got, and when it is the case of a special supper they possibly like it none the less. Not that the greater number will not be hospitably entertained also, but it will be in a different room. And what a difference that different room makes! Does not the smartness of the smart set consist in being shut in where others are shut out?

Lady Aberdeen, besides performing innumerable public duties in Dublin during the week, paid a flying visit to Belfast to preside at some benevolent Presbyterian meeting. Her untiring energy never ceases to surprise us, perhaps because we belong to a nation whose energies have been somewhat slumbrous, unless when applied to politics. Lord and Lady Haddo arrived at the Viceregal Lodge last week, their first visit since their marriage. Lord Haddo still keeps his place on his father's staff, and, with Lady Haddo, will be in Dublin for the Castle season. Lord and Lady Grenfell will be at the Royal Hospital again for the winter. Lord Grenfell's term of office in Ireland will not, it has been announced, come to an end for more than a year. Announcements with regard to the appointment of his successor are very premature, and no doubt a case, in some instances, of a friendly wish being father to the thought. Lord and Lady Grenfell were on a visit last week to Lord and Lady Barrymore, at Queenstown, where a shooting party was assembled. Shooting parties were entertained in many parts of the country—at Convamore, by Lord and Lady Listowel, and at Shelton by Lord and Lady Wicklow. Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam are at their fine place, Coollattin, in Wicklow, where Lord Fitzwilliam has been hunting. Mr. and Mrs. Austen Chamberlain spent some days in Dublin last week, when Mr. A. Chamberlain came over for the political meeting at the Rotunda. Mrs. Chamberlain has many friends over here, as she spent some years in Ireland, where her father (Colonel Dundas) had a military appointment.

Sir Antony MacDonnell returned to England last week, and

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Sir Horace Plunkett also left Ireland. Sir Horace has gone to pay his usual visit to America at this season, where he has "ranch" property. His holiday will last until the middle of January.—Yours ever, CLARE.

Here are my recipes. This is Vol-au-Vent à la Royale:—

Cook the fillets of a young chicken in a sauté pan, with butter, pepper, salt, lemon juice, and a glass of white wine. Blanch, lard, and braise 6 lambs' sweetbreads, and cook a dozen mushrooms with butter, salt, pepper, and lemon juice. Cut the fillets into scallops, put them with the mushrooms into a gill of creamy white sauce, add the yolks of two eggs, and at the last moment a small terrine of foie gras, cut into slices. Fill the vol-au-vent and dish it garnished with fried parsley. To make a vol-au-vent, put 1 lb. of Hungarian flour on a slab, roll into it a pound of butter, remove the leaf-like pieces, and mix the remainder of the flour into a stiff paste, with a pinch of salt, the yolk of an egg, and a little water. Roll the paste, lay the butter on half, fold the paste over, roll it again; roll the paste at intervals of about ten minutes, always keeping it folded in half. At the last roll in make the paste an inch thick, place a plain mould on the top, the size of the vol-au-vent is required. Cut through the paste with a sharp knife dipped in hot water, and make an incision through the paste with a cutter two sizes smaller. Bake it carefully. Remove the centre piece and the soft interior.

Pain de citron is a refreshing sweet:—

Rub the peel of two lemons upon 10 oz. of lump sugar, dissolve the sugar in half a pint of water, and boil it until it is reduced a third, pour it upon 2 beaten eggs and the strained juice of two lemons, return it to the fire, and whisk it until it is quite hot, add half an ounce of dissolved gelatine, and a wine glass of sherry, whisk it until it is on the point of setting, pour it into a fancy border mould, and, when turning out, put whipped cream in the centre.

Timbale de Merlan à l'Indienne:—

Paper and decorate a plain mould with cut truffles, line it with well-made quenelle of whiting. Fill the cavity with curried oysters, cover them with the quenelle, twist a buttered paper over, steam it three-quarters of an hour, and serve with curried sauce poured round it. To make the curried oysters, blanch, strain, and beard 24 sauce oysters; reserve the liquor. Cut a couple of large onions into fine dice, and cook them with an ounce of butter in a stewpan till they are brown, add two large apples, cut in quarters, and a ripe tomato, cover the stewpan and cook the mixture until the fruit is soft, mix in a dessertspoonful of chutney, a teaspoonful each of curry powder and curry paste, and a dessertspoonful of flour, add sufficient stock to make a nice thick sauce, and, having allowed it to simmer half an hour, rub it through a hair sieve. Then add the reduced oyster liquor, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, two spoonfuls of thick cream, the yolks of 2 eggs, salt to taste, and the bearded oysters.

Crême à la Strasbourgeoise:—

Pound 4 oz. of blanched almonds with 3 bitter ones, and 2 oz. of sugar, adding a teaspoonful of orange flower water. Steep the almonds in half a pint of milk on the stove, after which convert it into cream, with 2 eggs, stirring it until it thickens; add half an ounce of leaf gelatine and the juice of half a lemon; at the last moment, mix in a gill of stiffly whipped cream. On the other hand, beat the whites of 2 eggs to a snow, mix in 4 oz. of icing and castor sugar, mixed, and an ounce of chopped brown almonds. Press the méringue through a plain tube of paper upon an oiled paper, in pieces 3 inches long, dust them thickly with pounded sugar, and chopped and brown almonds, and dry them in a cool oven. Oil and paper a plain mould, line it with the biscuits, using a very little icing to make them adhere. Fill it up with the cream and put a little whipped cream, sprinkled with chopped almonds on the top, when turned out.

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· TRUTH ·

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NOTICE.

THE

THIRTIETH CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF TRUTH

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We have therefore decided that henceforth every reader who writes making an inquiry that necessitates a direct reply must enclose a stamped envelope and also a Coupon which will always be found at the foot of the 3rd page of the coloured cover. Without these no notice will be taken of the communication.

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a Coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" send replies by post.

No Coupon will be available that is over a fortnight out of date, except from correspondents residing abroad.

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ENTRE NOUS.

In order to meet Christmas week arrangements, next week's Truth will be published on Monday morning, instead of Wednesday. Will my correspondents as well as my readers, kindly make a note of this fact?

For the last time I must urge every reader of Truth to make a point of visiting the Doll and Toy Show, at the Royal Albert Hall, either to-day (Wednesday) or to-morrow (Thursday), and to go, if possible, before 5.30 p.m., and take as large a party as they can get together. Up to 5.30 the charge for admission will be 1s. On Wednesday, after that time it will be 6d., and on Thursday evening admission will be free. The Show will be open from 10.30 a.m. till 9 p.m.

I would also respectfully call the attention of visitors to the collecting-boxes for the benefit of the Toy Fund which will be found in the Hall within reach of everybody. These boxes used to add a handsome contribution to the Fund, but since a charge has been made for admission, the amount put into the collecting-boxes has sadly diminished. On the whole, I cannot complain of this, since under the new arrangement there has been a balance of gain to the Fund; but I am afraid a good many people who used to put sovereigns into the boxes now feel they have done all that can be expected of them if they pay a shilling or two at the doors. This is a mistaken view, and I hope that all who have not contributed directly to the Toy Fund will make liberal use of the collecting-boxes.

Owing to the very liberal response that has been made to my appeals during the last week or two, I have now arranged that 28,000 dolls and toys shall be distributed among the workhouses and hospitals before the end of this week. But I have done this, relying on the intention of a very large number of readers to send subscriptions during the few days that remain before the accounts are closed. I earnestly beg them not to disappoint me. At the moment of writing the amount of money still required is, as nearly as I can calculate, something over £300. If all those who have not yet sent any contribution will do so between now and Christmas, I have no doubt that the amount will be forthcoming. But it will only be done by a solid effort.

The following amounts have reached me towards the Toy Fund:—

Lady Nottage, £1 1s.; Mrs. von Mumm, £2 2s.; J. F. M., £1 1s.; L. J. T., £2 2s.; Mrs. E. F. Chilton, 10s.; Sylvia, £3 13s.; T. S. L., £1; Pte. T. Atkins, 2s.; M. J., 5s.; A. Leaver, £10; J. G. C., 10s.; Dankbarkeit, £1; O. W., £1 1s.; G. F. M., 2s. 6d.; T. E., 10s.; Edward Jones, £1 1s.; H. P., 5s.; Willie Molony, 5s.; White Violet, £1 1s.; F. S., £1 1s.; Col. Follett, £2 2s.; Henry G. Bullen, £1 1s.; Gerard van de Linde, £3 3s; Sir Frederick Wills, Bt, £5; Elm

Lodge Billiard Room, £4 5s. 8d.; Frank A. Brace, £5; George Tangye, £5; Alcalde, £5; C. B., £1 1s.; P. W., 7s. 6d.; W. B. P., 10s 6d.; C. F., £20; Rifleman, 10s.; Kitty Allen, £1 1s.; Rev. the Hon. E. V. R. Powys, £15; Implacable, £1 1s.; J. W. P., £2 2s.; J. M. (Brixton), 5s.; W. H. H., 10s.; Cara (Bridge of Allan), 2s. 6d.; J. Hewetson, £2 2s.; N. McNaughton, £2 2s.; My Baby, £2 2s.; Major Behrend, £2 2s.; Tommy, 5s.; H. J. Mills, £1; Peggy, W., 5s.; Mrs. H. J., £1; An Old Soldier, 2s.; G. C. F., 2s. 6d.; J. P. M., £2 2s.; R. F., £2 10s.; L. T. Banstead, £1; A. C. T., £1; C., £2; J. B., 2s. 6d.; Wilfred, £1; S. L. Lazarus, £2 2s.; Agin' the Government, 10s.; H. S., £1; Col. and Mrs. Allen, £1 1s.; G. N. M., £2 2s.; F. Carbutt, £2; Yannon, £3 3s.; A Waking Publican, 10s.; Middon, £1; J. H. B., £1; J. A. MacLean, £1 1s.; Miss Harkers, £1 1s.; T. R. Marshall, £1 1s.; W. L. C., £1 1s.; S. R. Carr, £2 2s.; W. and E. R., £2 2s.; Mrs. Raymond Reade, £1; N. M. L., £5; H. O. S., 10s.; Tuck Stick, 10s.; Miss C. Aubert, 5s.; H. A., Jnr., £1; R. and E. H. B., £2 2s.; A. E. W., £1; F. G. C. £1; P. E. W., £1; W. D. C. F., £1; E. A. S. W., £1; Frank H. Peile, £1 1s.; F. E., 10s.; H. D. G., 5s.; G. G. H., 5s.; Claude, Eileen, and Joyce Nicholson, £1 10s.; M. E. W., 5s.; Miss Elsie Robinson, 1s.; A Reader, £1 1s.

At my request, Messrs. Frank L. H. Collins and Sons, 81-83, Cheapside, effected an insurance of £1,275 against fire on the toys, dolls, etc., at the Albert Hall; and, as in former years, they have kindly given the amount of the premium as a contribution to the Toy Fund.

The £1 acknowledged from Stanley Coxon last week should have been from "Doreen in memory of the 12th."

I have also received:—

Six boxes of cigar bands, etc., from the U.O.P. Company, of Fulham; 1 box of fur monkeys, Anonymous; 2 scrap books, Master A. F. Sutherland Egerton; 1 dressed doll, from "Bertha"; 2 scrap books, Miss E. F. Chilton; parcel of scrap books, etc., Miss M. Scholefield; a punchinello, A Friend; 2 dressed dolls, Miss Gilbertson; 3 dressed dolls, Mrs. H. S. Carson; a parcel of wool balls, Miss V. Auerbach; 12 scrap books, Lucy, Albert, and Harold Auerbach; 2 scrap books, K. C. Wallace; 10 paper dolls and 12 scrap books, Miss Connell; 6 scrap books, V. van Lessen; 2 scrap books, "Marjorie"; 3 dolls and beds, Miss Louch.

The King and Queen are to spend next week quietly at Sandringham. A few guests will arrive at the Hall on Wednesday, the 26th, and this small party will break up on Monday, the 31st. Their Majesties are to leave Sandringham on the 31st, accompanied by Princess Victoria, on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Chatsworth House, Derbyshire, where they will stay until Saturday, January 5. The King and Queen will then return to Sandringham for about ten days before proceeding to Windsor Castle, where their Majesties are to reside for about a fortnight, and will afterwards come up to Buckingham Palace for the early part of the season.

During the visit of the King and Queen to Chatsworth two days will be devoted to shooting in the Park preserves and at Baslow and Ashford. On the other two days long drives are to be arranged to some of the many attractive and interesting places in the district. One day will probably be devoted to Hardwicke Hall, the Duke of Devonshire's Elizabethan manor house a few miles on the other side of Chesterfield, and the drive may possibly be extended to Newstead Abbey. The other day may be occupied with an excursion to Dovedale and Ashbourne.

The King had excellent sport in Windsor Great Park on Saturday, when five guns killed about 1,330 head of game in a few hours, the bag consisting principally of pheasants and rabbits. His Majesty was accompanied by the Prince of Wales and Prince Christian. Luncheon was served at Cranbourn Tower.

A contemporary states that when the King travels on the Continent he occupies a corridor carriage which is reserved for him. The King travels abroad in a large double-saloon which was specially built for him some years ago, and which is his own private property. This carriage is divided into compartments, and is comfortably fitted up for both day and night travelling. It is usually kept either at the Gare du Nord, Brussels, or at Calais. The King has lent this carriage to the King and Queen of Norway for their journeys from Calais to Potsdam and from Potsdam to Copenhagen.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are to leave Marlborough House on Saturday for Sandringham, and they will reside at York Cottage until the middle of January, and are then going to Windsor for a short stay at Frogmore Lodge, after which they will come up to Marlborough House for the season. The Prince and Princess will probably pay a visit early next month to Lord and Lady Mount Stephen at Brocket Hall, the late Lord Cowper's place near Hatfield, which now belongs to his brother-in-law, Lord Walter Kerr. The Prince of Wales is also engaged to pay a visit to Sir Savile and Lady Crossley at Somerleyton Hall.

The King and the Prince of Wales had two days of excellent shooting last week during their visit to Lord Iveagh at Elveden Hall, one day being devoted to partridge drives and the other to the pheasants. Among the guns were Count Albert Mensdorff, the Duke of Devonshire, M. de Soveral, and Lord Mar and Kellie.

The King and Queen of Norway are to pay a State visit to the Imperial Court of Russia in the spring, probably during the latter part of April, and it is expected that they will go to St. Petersburg at the same time as the King and Queen of Denmark, who are to spend about a week in Russia shortly after Easter. The King of Denmark and the King of Norway will afterwards pay State visits to the Emperor Francis Joseph at Vienna, proceeding thither from St. Petersburg, while the two Queens will go to Gmunden on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, where the Kings will rejoin them after their three days' stay at Vienna. It is expected that the King and Queen of Denmark and the King and Queen of Norway will afterwards visit the Dutch Court at The Hague.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who have been in town for some time, will spend the Christmas holidays at Bagshot Park. Princess Patricia has been down in Worcestershire on a visit to Lord and Lady Beauchamp at Madresfield Court. The Duke and Duchess are to leave London on Thursday, January 10, for Marseilles, on their way to Hong Kong.

For Christmas Appeals, see page 1528.
For Special for Ladies, see page 1529.
For the Truth Hotel List, see page 1531.
For Selected Foreign Hotels, see pages 1530, 1531.
For Amusements, see page 1529.
For Our Puzzles, see pages 1537, 1538.

Prince and Princess Christian will have a family party staying with them at Cumberland Lodge during the Christmas holidays. They have been staying for a fortnight at Schomberg House, Pall Mall. Princess Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein have been down in Sussex for a few days on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. William James at West Dean Park.

Princess Henry of Battenberg is to spend Christmas at Cumberland Lodge with Prince and Princess Christian, and she is afterwards going to the Isle of Wight for a short stay at Osborne Cottage. Princess Henry will be the guest of the King and Queen at Windsor Castle from January 19 till the 22nd, and is then going to the Riviera to visit the Empress Eugénie at the Villa Cyrnos, and the Grand Duchess Marie of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha at the Château de Fabron. H.R.H. will proceed to Madrid about the middle of March on a visit to the King and Queen of Spain.

Prince Leopold of Battenberg left Southampton on Saturday for Teneriffe, where he will reside for several months for the benefit of his health. After the Easter vacation, Prince Leopold will probably go to Oxford, in which case he is to enter the University as an undergraduate of Magdalen, of which college his cousin, the late Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, was a member.

The infant son of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Hesse was baptised last Tuesday in the chapel of the Grand Ducal Palace at Darmstadt. The sponsors were the King, the Czar, the Emperor William, and Prince Charles of Solms-Lich, brother of the Grand Duchess. The King was represented by the Duke of Teck (who came over from Wiesbaden for the day). The birth of an heir to the Grand Ducal throne has given much satisfaction at Darmstadt, as hitherto the next heir has been the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel. The latter is unmarried, and his younger brother is Prince Frederick Charles of Hesse, who is married to Princess Margaret of Prussia, youngest sister of the Emperor William.

The Emperor Francis Joseph has approved of the appointment of Prince Johann von Schonburg, who has been for some years Councillor of the Austro-Hungarian Ministry in London, to be Minister at Bucharest. The Prince and his wife were both very popular in diplomatic circles and in general society during their stay in England. The Princess frequently acted as hostess of the Embassy, as the Ambassador (Count Albert Mensdorff) is unmarried. Prince Johann was appointed Councillor on the promotion of Count Mensdorff after the death of Count Deym.

Lady Radcliffe, who died last week, was the daughter of Sir Edward Doughty Tichborne, and her mother was a daughter of the ninth Lord Arundell of Wardour. She was married by Cardinal Wiseman, in 1854, to Sir Percival Radcliffe, of Rudding Park, Yorkshire, who then became a Roman Catholic. She was not only a true *grande dame* of the old school, but always most kind and genial to her neighbours of all classes, sympathetic and generous to the poor, and munificent in her charitable works. She was untiring in good deeds of every description, and a devoted adherent of her church. A few days before her death she received a special blessing from the Pope, who had sent the ancient order of St. Gregory the Great to Sir Percival Radcliffe two years ago, when he celebrated his golden wedding. Lady Radcliffe will live long in the affectionate remembrance of a host of friends, and she will not soon be forgotten by the tenantry on her husband's estates in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire.

Sir John Leng was as able and successful a journalist as his brother, the late Sir William Leng, of Sheffield. He went to Dundee in 1851 (at the age of twenty-three) on being appointed editor and manager of the *Dundee Advertiser*, a journal then in a languishing condition. After a few years Sir John converted the *Advertiser* into a daily paper, and it soon became the most important and influential advocate of advanced Liberalism in Scotland. Since 1886 the *Advertiser* has been the leading exponent of Liberalism in Scotland, as Sir John Leng accepted Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy with enthusiasm, whereas the principal Liberal journals in Edinburgh and Glasgow went over bag and baggage to the Unionists. Sir John Leng's business enterprise was not limited to the *Dundee Advertiser*. In 1858 he started the *People's Journal*, a weekly publication which has proved an immense success, and in 1877 he tried the experiment of a halfpenny evening paper at Dundee, which has also done well. He also achieved a great success in the commercial printing business.

Sir John Leng sat for Dundee from 1889 until the last election, but he made no decided mark in the House of Commons, being content to concern himself in a quiet way with practically useful work. He was knighted in 1893 by Mr. Gladstone, who was aware of the immense debt of gratitude due to him by Scotch Liberals. Sir John, who was a native of Hull, had been in failing health for some time past, and he died in California, while on a tour from which he had hoped to derive benefit. He was very fond of travelling, and had visited America, India and Ceylon, and nearly every part of Europe. He was all his life a most stalwart Liberal, and zealously advocated Radical principles at a time when such advanced views were far from fashionable.

Mr. W. J. Craig, who died last week, was well known as the editor of the excellent "Oxford Shakespeare," and he had produced separate editions of several plays. Mr. Craig was a most accomplished scholar, and a profound student of Shakespeare, and he was learned in

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Elizabethan literature generally. He was for many years a very successful tutor in English literature and history at Trinity College, Dublin, but for a long time past he had devoted himself to his Shakespearean studies.

Mr. Hamilton Aïdé was a successful artist, novelist, and dramatist, and the author of many songs and ballads which obtained extensive and permanent popularity. He was a man of high culture and many accomplishments, a capital *raconteur*, an excellent linguist, and a great favourite in every society with which he mixed. He had lived frequently abroad, and had spent much time in Italy and Sicily. His novels were very clever and original, and his water-colour drawings were works of genuine merit. He will be missed and regretted by a host of friends both at home and abroad.

At Sotheby's, on Friday, the MS. of the greater part of Keats's "Cap and Bells" was sold for £297. It had also changed hands about four years ago, when the price was £345.

At the last meeting of the Oxford Convocation a curious and unpleasant incident occurred. The Taylorian Curators had induced the Council to propose a decree conferring the title of Professor upon Dr. Fiedler, Taylorian Lecturer in Old and Middle High-German. It appears that he is a professor of Birmingham University, but would give up his post there, and settle entirely at Oxford if his Lectureship could be converted into a Professorship. The proposal was a novel one, and encountered so much opposition that it was rejected by thirteen votes. The promoters of the decree ought, of course, to have previously explained the reasons for so unusual a proposal, and it would have been only common prudence to have let it be generally known that Dr. Fiedler is so excellent a teacher that he would be a valuable acquisition to Oxford. It is not easy to understand why Dr. Fiedler should care a groat whether he is known as Professor or Lecturer. Nothing can be more chaotic than the nomenclature of Oxford teachers.

Canon Barnett, having taken up his residence in his prebendal house in the Cloisters of Westminster Abbey, has resigned the office of Warden of Toynbee Hall, which he has held with admirable efficiency for many years. He is to be succeeded by Mr. Harvey, the Vice-warden, who has also worked well there, and his appointment is the best arrangement which could be made. Canon Barnett will still be closely and constantly in touch with Toynbee Hall, as he has accepted the office of President, and it may be hoped that this excellent organisation will continue to flourish.

There were few better known or more highly esteemed clergymen in Lincolnshire than the Rev. George Spencer Leigh Bennett, who died last week after a short illness. He was an ecclesiastic of the "squarson" type, and took an active part in local affairs, besides sitting regularly as a county magistrate. Mr. Leigh Bennett worked as a curate in Lincolnshire from 1870 until 1876, and was vicar of Sutton St. James's from 1876 until 1887, when he succeeded his father in the family living of Long Sutton, which is of the net value of over £600 a year, with residence. The Bishop of Lincoln had quite lately appointed him to be one of his rural deans. His early death is greatly regretted in the Holland division of the county, where he was best known, and he will be a real loss to the diocese.

The unexpected and early death of Prebendary Scott has excited profound sorrow in Devonshire, where he had passed his whole clerical life, and he will be much and long missed in the diocese of Exeter, to which he is a great loss. Prebendary Scott worked at Plymouth for twenty-one years with conspicuous energy and success, and in 1895 he was presented to the important living of Tiverton, succeeding Canon (now Archdeacon) Eyre, who had accepted the vicarage of Sheffield. He was a most eloquent, scholarly, and interesting preacher, admirable as a platform speaker, and altogether a man of brilliant abilities. Prebendary Scott was a very clever organiser and administrator, and he had a wide mind, which made him tolerant of opinions which he did not himself share. There are many and diverse religious bodies at Tiverton, and the place has often been the scene of bitter feuds. Excellent relations, however, have prevailed of late years, mainly owing to the tact and common sense of the late Rector, who desired that all denominations should as much as possible work together for good objects. He was very kind and charitable, and was actively connected with almost every philanthropic and educational institution in the town and neighbourhood. The rectory of Tiverton is of the net value of about £700 a year, with house, and in the gift of Lord Harrowby.

The following further letter with reference to the case of Father Hays may be of interest to my Roman Catholic readers. The writer signs himself "A Roman Catholic Layman of the Diocese of Nottingham," and, I presume, is the same gentleman whose letter to the *Nottingham Daily Express* was referred to in last week's Truth:—

I wonder if those who are so ready to condemn Father Hays for his alleged violation of the law which commands parish priests to reside in their parishes are aware that bishops are themselves bound by the same law.

I ask this because I think that some people are under the impression that bishops have no obligation other than that of seeing that parish priests discharge their duties in their respective parishes.

The Council of Trent is emphatic in enforcing the law of episcopal residence, as is evident from Section 6, Chapter 1, where the Metropolitan is bound, under pain of interdict, to denounce by messengers or letters to the Roman Pontiff any suffragan who violates the law which Father Hays is supposed to have violated.

"As to the absence of bishops who have failed in keeping

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residence to the extent of over three months, whether continual or at several times, contrary to the prescription of the Council of Trent, we decreed that it must be inquired into." (*Provincial Council of Westminster.*) Are all our bishops blameless in this respect? Is no "inquiry" necessary?

The following letter supplements the information given in last week's Truth as to the favour shown by Bishop Brindle to the priest against whom a lady in the diocese obtained damages for slander. The lady, it may be remembered, was excommunicated by the Bishop, but this sentence was reversed on appeal to Rome:—

It will no doubt further interest you to know that promotion to a canonry, and to the charge of one of the most important missions of the diocese of Nottingham, are not the only favours by which Bishop Brindle has manifested his extraordinary preference for the Rev. W. Hawkins, the defendant in the action for slander referred to in your journal.

There exists in the diocese of Nottingham a fund for disabled clergy, which has a capital of nearly £9,000. The administrator of this fund is elected triennially by the clergy. The rules prescribe that the three names receiving the highest number of votes shall be submitted to the Bishop, who will appoint one of them administrator, the other two becoming his assistants. At the election held last June Mgr. Croft, of Lincoln, who had been administrator for some years, received nineteen votes, Mgr. McKenna, of Derby, received six votes, the Rev. W. Hawkins received one vote. The three names were submitted to Bishop Brindle, who immediately appointed the Rev. W. Hawkins administrator, thus ignoring entirely the expressed wishes of the clergy and reducing the election to a farce. The Rev. W. Hawkins had the effrontery to accept the appointment. Mgr. Croft very properly declined to act as assistant. When these incidents are considered in connection with the uncanonical deprivation of an excellent priest like Father Hays, no further proof is required that, in the diocese of Nottingham at least, the high character of a priest is not the best passport to episcopal favour.

Another correspondent writes:—

Will you allow me, as a priest of the diocese of Southwark (R.C.), to take exception to a remark you make in your issue of the 12th inst., anent the publication of diocesan accounts? I allude to the words, "This is as it should be, *but as it never hitherto has been*"; and, again, the word *unusual*, two lines further on. For many years it has been the custom for our diocesan authorities to publish the amounts and disbursements of the various diocesan collections. Circulars containing this information have been sent regularly to the rectors of missions, together with posters containing the same information, with instructions to the rectors to place these posters in the church porches, so that they may be read by the congregation. Of late years these diocesan accounts have been audited by a firm of chartered accountants. From information I have gathered these methods of procedure are adopted by other Catholic dioceses in England.

I am very glad to publish this letter, but I think the writer must have something different in his mind from what I have. The account to which I referred was that of a special fund vested in trustees; and what prompted the remarks to which my correspondent takes exception was the publication of the amount of the fund, the securities in which it was invested, and the names of the trustees in which the securities stand. The Dawes Trust was a similar trust in Southwark Diocese; but I apprehend that my correspondent will hardly assert that such information was ever given to the faithful laity in this case, prior to the date of Mr. Bishop's bankruptcy.

At this time of year, when so many genuine appeals to charity are in circulation, I am specially glad to put my readers on their guard against impostors. One of this class, who may be very difficult to detect for the simple reason that he is always changing his name and address, is a man at present calling himself James R. Williams, and writing recently from 39, Southampton-street, Strand—of course an accommodation address. I hear of him from a gentleman to whom he has lately written twice in this name, and who was able to recognise him as a man whom he had assisted two years previously under the name of J. R. Jones. The man's story then was that he had known the father of the gentleman from whom he was begging some thirty or forty years previously, when in the service of a firm at Liverpool; that he had since been in business in America, and had there been ruined by a cloud-burst or some other accident beyond his own control. After making the man a loan, which was not repaid, the victim wrote to the Liverpool firm, and found that they knew nothing of J. R. Jones. I find that he was using the name of Jones in begging from other people so recently as August last. I give below a specimen of his appeal, recently written in the name of Williams, which may possibly help to identify him in other cases:—

Dear Sir,—Although many years have elapsed since we last met, I trust that my name may not be entirely obliterated from your memory. I was acquainted with your much respected father, and used to visit with my father in my younger days at ——— House, when we resided at Anfield, but you were very young when I had the pleasure of seeing you.

My father was a merchant in Liverpool, but at his death I disposed of my Liverpool and Everton property, have been abroad, and regret to say that the San Francisco disaster (a few months ago) brought me total ruin, and the death of my wife and only son, so returned to England with an appointment as English agent on advantageous terms, but do not enter upon my duties until January 1, and am now awaiting consignments and remittance. . . . .

It puts me to the blush when I have to intrude upon you, but necessity, which frequently compels us to such actions as are contrary to our inclinations, is the motive which induces me to be thus troublesome . . . .

I have been obliged to dispose of little articles that I have treasured to enable me to exist, and, sorry to say, am now in a state of temporary impecuniosity, so may I ask you if you would kindly advance me a couple of pounds (£2) until I receive my remittances, when the amount shall be honourably returned, etc., etc.

Another individual of the same class who seems to be an old hand at the business, though he has only just come under my notice for the first time, is one Mr. W. Atkinson, of Arkholme, Kirkby Lonsdale. He also tells a tale of having seen better days and known you when he was in business. I find that so far back as 1899 he was writing begging letters from Crouch Hill. In 1902 he was in Leeds, and wanted help to get back to work in London after illness. Since 1903 he has been at Arkholme, and telling much the same tale; but his specialty in his line of business seems to be his pathetic requests for cast-off clothes. The following extracts from a series of letters addressed by him to a gentleman who once assisted him will show his idiosyncrasy:—

July 15, 1903.—I regret to say I am still out of employment, and to make matters worse, since my former letter to you, I have been obliged to call in the doctor, and am now confined to my room with rheumatism in the nerves. . . . . Am badly off for clothes. If you have either coat, vest, or trousers, dark colour

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or black, they would be very acceptable, and would reach me here by Midland.

September 14, 1903.—If you are good enough to afford me assistance in the shape of black coat and vest, I shall feel grateful, for it will be of great service to me in my present painful circumstances . . . .

October 9, 1903.—If you could fit me up with a black coat and vest and dark trousers you would do me a real service, as my present appearance is against me for want of more suitable clothes in seeking employment, and I am anxious to get away from here as soon as possible . . . .

December 3, 1903.—Now that my own health is so much better, and I have a prospect of an appointment in my old business in London, I am wanting to return there as soon as possible. But I am greatly in need of suitable clothes. . . . . [Coat, vest, and trousers, as before.—Ed.].

January 8, 1904.—If a pair of trousers or Chesterfield coat, it would come in so useful now, and I am able to get about again. . . . . .

February 10, 1904.—I venture to ask your assistance in the shape of clothes, thinking you might have something in the shape of misfits that you could spare, especially Chesterfield and trousers. I would not have troubled you again only that a further sorrow has overtaken me in the sudden death of a member of my family. . . . . .

June 28, 1904.—Since I last addressed you I have been under the doctor's care, in addition to which I have suffered the loss of another member of my family. . . . . .

December 30, 1904.—Now that my health is much stronger I am about to make a fresh start in the coming month. But my appearance is against me for want of more suitable clothes. If you have a black overcoat or black coat and vest. . . . .

So he goes on all through 1905 and down to November, 1906. If he has been equally assiduous in other directions, he ought to have enough second-hand clothes in stock at present to set up in that line of business.

Postcards distributed in connection with the Raphael Tuck Postcard Competition for the benefit of hospitals, referred to in a recent issue of Truth, have continued to flow into this office during the last two or three weeks. As allegations have been made that the names of hospitals have been used in connection with this competition without their consent, I have made inquiries on the point, and I am assured by Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, Ltd., that in every case the hospital has been consulted and its consent obtained before its name was used. But this combination of business and philanthropy is very objectionable, and to many people positively offensive. An institution which consents to receive money on such terms forfeits its claim to be considered as a charity, and all charitable effort is brought into discredit by such proceedings. It seems to me, therefore, that every hospital which has consented to allow its name to be used for this particular purpose has been extremely ill-advised.

That these consents should have been given is the more astonishing, since no hospital has any security that it will get anything whatever in return for the use of its name. The competition in question is merely a competition in buying and distributing Tuck's postcards, with the names of certain hospitals upon them, and a certain amount is given in "prizes" to the institution in whose name the largest number of cards is sold. Only fifty prizes are to be so given, although there is no limit to the number of institutions on behalf of which postcards may be distributed, and a large number of the prizes are only of small amount. Enterprising tradesmen have before now endeavoured to sell their goods by offering to give a fixed proportion of the proceeds to some charitable institution. But in this case the proportion to be given to the charity is not fixed; and anybody can start a movement on behalf of any institution he fancies, without any prospect of the institution benefiting unless it comes in the first fifty on the list. It is really amazing that so many thousands of people should be found who are ready to spend their money in this way for the benefit of a business firm merely on the off-chance of thereby securing a certain proportion of the profit to a hospital. If people wish to spend their money in charity, why cannot they give it to the charity direct?

Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons suggested to the gentleman whom I sent to see them on this question that the reason I have received so many communications on the subject is that numbers of the cards have been erroneously directed to gentlemen. As probably most of my readers are aware, the cards in question contain a lithographed communication inviting the recipient to buy a packet of Tuck's postcards and distribute them for the benefit of a hospital, each communication being signed "Nellie," or "Ethel," or some such name. The suggestion is that these cards having been received by married gentlemen, domestic trouble has arisen, anxious wives being curious to know who "Ethel" or "Nellie" might be. Hence the indignation of the husband, who sends off the postcard to the Editor of Truth. Such a thing is, of course, possible, but it only raises an additional objection to the postcards. It seems, however, that Messrs. Tuck gave special instructions that the postcards were only to be addressed to ladies, and that it is only by the fault of the addressers that they have fallen into the hands of the male sex. But why were these instructions given? Not, I take it, out of any regard for the feelings of wives, but because not one man in a thousand would lend himself to such transparent humbug.

Among the many meritorious charities calling for help at this time of year, I hope that my readers will not overlook the Homes for the Aged Poor, which provide a home, with medical attendance and nursing, in time of need to old people over sixty years of age, including married couples. During the past year this institution has opened two new homes, accommodating twenty additional inmates, but, of course, involving a corresponding addition to the annual expenditure. Every care is taken that the people admitted—there are now nearly 200 of them—are in every sense "deserving," and, needless to say, there are far more applicants of that class than the homes will accommodate. Miss Harrison, 86, Penge-road, S.E., is the honorary secretary.

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Whether it is or is not desirable to keep cavalry regiments in Scotland, I do not presume to say. But I am quite sure that any question of this kind ought to be decided solely on military grounds, and without regard to "local patriotism," and for this reason I am sorry, though not surprised, that Mr. Haldane has had to climb down over the proposed removal of the Scots Greys from Scotland. Soldiers are not enlisted in the Regular Army for the purpose of serving in their own localities. They may be quartered there for administrative convenience; but they are required primarily for service abroad, and have no claim to be quartered in any place but where the exigencies of the Service make it most desirable to station them. For the same reasons the district in which a regiment is raised has no claim to have it quartered there. The kind of patriotism which has made such a noise in Scotland over the Scots Greys affair is essentially unpatriotic. It puts local interests before national.

Local patriotism of this kind is a constant source of embarrassment to the War Office. We have had a similar case at Norwich, where local public spirit was prepared to contribute towards the cost of barracks if a cavalry regiment was allowed to occupy them. This was really an attempt to bribe the War Office to keep a cavalry regiment in a place which was undesirable from the point of view of efficient military administration. The War Office ought to stiffen its back against all such influences. So far as the Regular Army is concerned, patriotism must be taught to recognise that soldiers are enlisted for service away from home. The only forces which can be "localised" on principle are the auxiliaries; and the kind of local patriotism which desires to see the local soldiers constantly before its eyes will best devote itself to maintaining and perfecting this class of troops. It is to be hoped that Mr. Haldane will soon be able to direct this sentiment into really useful channels.

Military accounts in South Africa have of late been very rigorously audited—not without good reason, as the public will probably agree—and among other things the use of Government transport for any but military purposes has been rigorously suppressed by the auditors. Such strict supervision is now exercised in this matter that it is said to be very difficult to obtain a Government vehicle even for legitimate military purposes. It has consequently attracted attention in the Transvaal that two of the auditors who have been so keen in the public interest, after enjoying the use of a Cape cart to take them to and from the scene of their labours, are accustomed to use the cart for the rest of the day to take them on shooting excursions. "Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?"

About this time of year I frequently get complaints of the difficulty which non-coms. in the R.A.M.C. find in obtaining furlough. The latest complaint comes from the Eastern Command. The complainant states that applications for furlough are invariably met with the reply that there is no one to relieve the applicant if he goes away, and the reply is repeated so often that men cease to apply. Orderlies in the R.A.M.C. are in a somewhat special position in regard to furlough, for everybody knows that an occasional relief from regular work in a hospital is necessary for a man's health. I am told that army nursing sisters are actually entitled to sixty-one days' furlough per annum. If that is so, the allowance seems to be somewhat excessive; but if it is recognised at all that female nurses require a regular holiday, it ought equally to be recognised in regard to the men.

I understand that labourers in the Army Ordnance Department have recently had a rise of wages from 16s. to 18s.—a concession which no one will consider excessive in these days. The effect of this is once more to raise the question of the pay of the barrack labourers, men of a precisely similar class, who only receive 16s. a week, and in Ireland only 15s. It cannot possibly be contended that this is a living wage, especially when subject to an altogether unreasonable deduction for rent of quarters. As it has been admitted that 18s. is a fair minimum wage in the Army Ordnance Department, the same rule ought to be applied to all unskilled workers under the War Office.

The Admiralty seem to have dealt faithfully with all parties concerned in the stokers' mutiny. I cannot say that I like the long term of penal servitude which the man Moody is still to get. It represents ideas in regard to what is necessary for the maintenance of discipline that belong altogether to a bygone era. But it cannot be said that such ideas are obsolete, and, seeing the prisoner's record, I suppose there are many judges on the bench who would have given him as much for any offence against constituted authority of equal gravity in civil life.

The chief matter for satisfaction, however, is that officers have not been spared any more than men. One may be sorry for individuals, but it is the naval tradition that any man in command who fails to do exactly the right thing in a moment of emergency must "stand the racket," and it is the sound principle from the point of view of efficiency—the principle that does more than anything else to make the Service what it is, or what we hope it is. I am particularly sorry for Commodore Stopford, who has been in many ways an able administrator at Portsmouth. He has been particularly solicitous for the welfare of his men, and they have not exactly repaid him well. The man who seems to have been most lucky in this unfortunate business is Lieutenant Collard. On the evidence at the courts-martial, his own evidence included, I should have been disposed to say that he was as much to blame for all that occurred as anybody else concerned.

The most important lesson of the affair is that naval discipline will have to accommodate itself, in spirit as well as in letter, to the new conditions created by the institution of big barracks on shore. These conditions

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are altogether different from those of life on board ship. Not only is a seditious spirit more easily developed when many hundreds of men of the same class are housed together and free to communicate with the outside world, but the restraining influence is absent which comes of the consciousness that officers and men are all "in the same boat," and may go to the bottom in a minute if they get at loggerheads. Things can be said and done with impunity in the latter case which in the former become pretty certain sources of trouble. It is a good thing that there is to be no more "on the knee" business for disciplinary purposes; and there are other and older customs that might with advantage disappear at the same time.

A confidential circular has, I hear, lately been issued in the Uganda Protectorate to the effect that in future private means are to be taken into account in making promotions in the Government service. I should regard such a thing as incredible if I had not had the information from a witness who claims personal knowledge of the fact. As it seems impossible that the circular can have originated in England, it would be well if the attention of the Colonial Office were called to it. If a man's promotion is to be made dependent in any way upon the amount of his private means, you might as well put up Government posts for auction at once. As far as administrative efficiency goes, the effect would not be worse, and the money obtained in this way might be applied in relief of the cost of administration.

With reference to my article last week on the lifeboat scandal at Walmer, a correspondent assures me that there is no foundation for the idea that the Rev. T. S. Treanor, the hon. secretary of the Goodwin Sands Branch of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, was in any way responsible for the refusal of the Institution to pay the crew at Walmer for the launch on April 3. My correspondent states that on the contrary Mr. Treanor advocated the payment, and when the recommendation of the local committee was rejected by the committee of management in London, he not only wrote to the Institution but made a personal visit to the head office in order to urge that this decision should be reconsidered. While it is only fair to Mr. Treanor that this fact should be made known, it seems to me that in the circumstances it is all the more regrettable that he should have helped to accentuate the erroneous impression that prevailed among the men by replying so curtly to the representations that were made on their behalf.

The action of the London committee of management appears to be generally condemned by people on the spot, including members of the local committee, and in the interests of the Institution it is to be hoped that the decision will yet be reversed. Having regard to the circumstances which I narrated last week, the withholding of the usual payment from the Walmer crew while it was awarded to the crews at Deal and Kingsdown for launches on the same occasion was an indefensible proceeding; and the rude and arbitrary manner in which the men's appeal was dealt with at the head office was utterly disgraceful. Such incidents are decidedly calculated to diminish the confidence of the public in the management of the Institution, and the committee will do well to bear in mind that it is, after all, on the public that they have to depend for the funds they administer.

There have been several references in the papers recently to the injury which is being inflicted on the Deal boatmen by an order of Trinity House relating to the employment of a steam pilot cutter off Dover. The cutter has been provided primarily for supplying pilots to vessels bound to Dover, and taking pilots out of vessels leaving that port; but it has also been directed that she shall be available for the landing of London pilots from outward-bound vessels. Now from time immemorial the London pilots have been landed by boats from Deal, Walmer, and Kingsdown, and it is upon the money they earn in this way—probably amounting in the aggregate to about £2,000 a year—that the boatmen are mainly dependent for their livelihood during several months each year. The stoppage or diminution of these earnings would involve much distress among the men and their families, and eventually it would, as the Deal Town Council has affirmed, "drive them off the beach for want of occupation."

The Trinity House authorities have suggested that as there is no compulsion on the London pilots to use the cutter the loss to the Deal boatmen may not be so large as is feared. There may be no absolute compulsion, but it is admitted that the London pilots "have been requested to avail themselves of the advantages and facilities offered by such steamer for the purpose of quitting vessels of which they have had charge," and such a request from the Elder Brethren to the pilots whom they license and control is almost equivalent to a command. It has been stated that the pilots prefer to use the new steam cutter, but I am told that this is not the case, and that if left to their own choice they would rather be put ashore by the boatmen. The establishment of the steamer may have been necessary for the efficiency of the pilot service for the port of Dover. It seems extremely hard, however, that a great corporation like Trinity House should seek to obtain revenue for the upkeep of the vessel by entering into competition with the Deal boatmen for the landing of the London pilots.

An account was given in Truth two or three weeks ago of the experience of a trustee, an unfortunate country parson, who had been called upon by Somerset House to furnish accounts in respect of alleged unpaid duties on an estate which had been closed eleven years ago. This story is confirmed by another trustee who has had similar experiences, and apparently has not seen the previous story, so that his evidence comes quite independently. This victim has received two applications of this kind during the last few months. In one case a claim was made for duty, and a requisition for various information relating to the estate of a gentleman described as deceased, the fact being that the gentleman was still living. In the other case similar demands were made in connection with a trust estate which was wound

up seventeen years ago, when all claims for duty were properly satisfied. The trustee states that he was asked for information about people long since dead and buried, whose names he had almost forgotten. It gave him hours of work to hunt up the necessary information, and, as he remarks, in most cases it would have led to the matter being referred to a solicitor and the consequent compilation of a bill of costs, for no earthly reason except the negligence, or sharp practice, whichever it may be, of certain officials at Somerset House.

When this matter was last referred to, I suggested that it called for the attention of the Board of Inland Revenue itself. I repeat that suggestion with emphasis. For one reason or another an organised attempt is evidently being made at Somerset House to discover ancient forgotten claims to legacy and succession duty. If it were the fact that duties which became payable from eleven to seventeen years ago have never been enforced to this day, that fact alone would be evidence of gross negligence on the part of Somerset House officials. It may be that it has been discovered that such negligence has occurred, and that the archives are being searched for other similar cases. But if that is the state of the case, the least that the authorities can do is to address themselves to the parties against whom they think they may have claims with proper apologies and explanations, and at the same time to offer to bear the cost of any investigation that they may desire should it turn out that they alone are at fault.

This is the point of view most favourable to Somerset House. There is another, which is taken by many people—namely, that clerks in the department are rewarded for the discovery of claims which have been overlooked, and that in the hope of obtaining such reward they formulate claims like the above on purely speculative grounds, or perhaps even on the chance that the victim may be unable to supply information as to transactions eleven or seventeen years old, and may consequently be at their mercy. As this would be a gross abuse of official authority, I should be sorry myself to suggest that such a thing has occurred. But such suspicions are entertained by people who have communicated with me, and it seems desirable that Somerset House should know the sort of impression to which its notions of business give rise. I can hardly believe that clerks are rewarded for discovering forgotten claims. If such a system exists, apart from the abuses to which it may easily lead, it is radically wrong, for it is a distinct encouragement to officials in the department to let claims slide with a view to earning a reward for discovering them a few years later.

Just after writing the foregoing paragraph I received this story from a gentleman whose family is well known, though he does not wish their name mentioned:—

An uncle of mine died in December, 1830, being one of five owners of a certain mansion. He died intestate, consequently his share of the property reverted to his father. The father (my grandfather) died in 1851, leaving another son as executor. Thirty years later—I believe more than that—this executor received from the Inland Revenue authorities a demand for death duty on the property of his brother who had died in 1830, and whose property had reverted to his father, who died in 1851. The executor's family, of whom I am one, feeling the gross injustice of the demand, paid the money amongst them.

This throws into the shade the claim made by Somerset House after a lapse of seventeen years. It also shows that the practice of making such claims is no new thing, though it seems to have been much in evidence lately. It is obviously improbable that after a lapse of seventeen, not to say fifty, years an executor will have any means of paying the demand, except out of his own pocket, and there ought to be a statute of limitations to protect executors against such outrageous proceedings.

The new tube railway from Finsbury to Hammersmith is a useful addition to the means of locomotion in London. But I have a personal grievance against the designers of "tubes." I want to know why the important city of Westminster is not considered deserving of a tube service—one, that is, which will connect it with the regions north and south of it, as well as those east and west. In addition to the headquarters of Truth, Westminster contains the Houses of Parliament, all the Government Offices, an Abbey of world-wide reputation, a Roman Catholic cathedral, vast numbers of important business offices, increasing in number almost every day, and Victoria Railway Station. But it has no direct railway communication with any other part of London, except on the line between the City and Kensington.

There is another grievance which, as a citizen of Westminster, I share with Members of Parliament, Government officials, and many other important people. It is that our communications by road with the opposite side of London are as defective as those underground. If, as I occasionally have to do, you take a cab from somewhere near Westminster Abbey to Euston, St. Pancras, or King's Cross Station, you drive through some of the narrowest and most congested thoroughfares in London. The principal features *en route* are Seven Dials, Drury-lane, and a labyrinth of back streets between Holborn and King's Cross, and everybody who knows the course will appreciate that all those wretched streets are crowded with cabs, 'buses, and railway vans proceeding between the big railway stations on the north side of London, and Charing Cross or the regions south-west of it. How is it that in all the new street improvements that have been carried out in the last twenty years this line of traffic has been entirely neglected? The only new thoroughfare which serves it in any degree is Shaftesbury-avenue. The magnificent new County Council thoroughfare between the Strand and Holborn is of little use as a connecting link with the northern railway stations. A diagonal line from Charing Cross to King's Cross would have been infinitely more useful.

Reference was made in Truth the other day to the conviction of a man named Milliken, who had been carrying on a system of gross fraud by means of bogus advertisements. Milliken described himself as "an advertisement agent." I am asked by the Council of the Incorporated Society of Advertising Agents to say that he was unknown to them in that

capacity, not being even on their list of outside agents, much less a member of the Society. The term "advertisement agent" is one of those convenient designations which people frequently assume when they have no legitimate means of subsistence, and possibly Milliken was also moved to adopt it to facilitate the unloading of his own advertisements on the press—like the convict Hawkins, of Brighton, who fell into the clutches of the law about the same time.

In view of the discredit that is brought upon the business of advertisement agents by rascals of the Milliken-Hawkins type and others, it is well that the trade should have the protection of a representative and reputable organisation. Those who have dealings with *soi-disant* agents and find any reason to doubt their professional status should remember the existence of the Incorporated Society of Advertising Agents and its address (4, Tudor-street, E.C.). In this connection Mr. Bliss, the secretary, writes:—

> One of the first objects of the Incorporated Society, for the protection of the press and bona-fide advertising agents, is the establishment of a definite status for advertising agents on the lines of the other professional societies. *Bona-fide* advertising agents are constantly suffering from the gross injustice of incompetent and improper persons styling themselves advertising agents and working swindles which bring not only agents but advertising itself into gross disrepute with the public; and this society has constantly and consistently set its face against the recognition of anybody setting up as an advertising agent who is not qualified by experience, character, and proper financial resources. Much good work has already been done by the Incorporated Society in this respect, and it is always ready to investigate the claims of anybody posing as an advertising agent, not only in the interests of the press and *bona-fide* advertising agents, but also of the public, who are unhappily being let in by such swindlers.

For the past few days I have been inundated with letters respecting three cases—one before the Chesterfield County Bench, another at Teignmouth, and the third at the West Riding Assizes—in which it is thought that the culprits were treated with an excess of mercy. At Chesterfield the R.S.P.C.A. prosecuted Enoch Cresswell, butcher, for cruelty to a mare. It was an exceedingly bad case, the evidence being to the effect that the animal was flogged to death by the defendant. Pools of blood were found in the road where the flogging occurred, and an examination of the carcass showed that two of the mare's ribs were broken, that she was bruised nearly all over the body, and that in places the flesh was "beaten into a pulp." Cresswell was fined £5 and £2 7s. 6d. costs. This was the maximum pecuniary penalty, but if the magistrates had done their duty, such atrocious brutality would have been punished by a sharp term of imprisonment without the option of a fine.

The case at Teignmouth was of an entirely different character. Reginald Frank Poole, a local tradesman, was summoned by the Urban Council for having prevented a gas-meter on his premises from registering the quantity of gas passing through it. He pleaded guilty. The prosecuting solicitor explained that by means of what he described as a very ingenious arrangement in connection with the meter, gas could be consumed without being registered; also that the piece of pipe, caps, etc., used for this purpose were found to have been purchased by the defendant in December, 1902. Defendant averred that his only object was to get "extra pressure" for certain burners, but the solicitor pointed out that, besides getting "extra pressure," he likewise got gas without paying for it. The Bench imposed the full fine of £5 and costs, and also ordered defendant to pay a penalty of £2 in respect of the use of the gas on the particular date specified in the summons. In view of the form of the prosecution, the magistrates could do no more than this. As the Clerk to the Council mentioned, however, the defendant might have been charged with a more serious offence, and I am not surprised to learn that the fact that he was not so charged has aroused much unfavourable comment in the town. If a similar ingenious arrangement had been discovered in the house of some humbler gas consumer he would probably have been proceeded against for larceny.

At the West Riding Assizes the prisoner was Nevillo Brinton, manager of a branch bank at Doncaster, who pleaded guilty to stealing £600 belonging to his employers. Prior to this theft he had broken the rules of the bank by overdrawing his own account to the extent of £198, but this irregularity was passed over with a warning. He took the £600 from the cash reserve, and immediately it was discovered that this money was missing he put through the bank books two cheques drawn by himself, one for £250 and the other for £350, with the object of covering the transaction with an appearance of legality. He told one of the officials that he had taken the £600 to repay money borrowed from a friend (the friend was a betting man) and from money-lenders. Prisoner's salary at Doncaster was £400 a year, with a house, and previously he had been manager at Batley at a salary of £225 a year. His counsel stated that he had got into difficulties through keeping up a position and entertaining "to some extent in order to get business," and that "he had had this further fact to rely on—that his uncle was one of the directors at the bank." Perhaps the prisoner's reliance on this fact was not entirely misplaced, for after he had pleaded guilty the prosecution intimated that they had no desire to have him sent to gaol.

Mr. Justice Bigham, who tried the case, said that, taking into consideration the punishment the prisoner had already suffered through the loss of his employment and character, he thought that he would be justified in letting him go at large on his own recognisance, to come up for judgment if called upon. There is no judge on the Bench for whose decisions I have a greater respect than for those of Mr. Justice Bigham. In such a case as this I would, too, much rather see a judge err, if he errs at all, on the side of leniency. Still, the course adopted in this case is undeniably startling when one bears in mind the magnitude and the circumstances of the crime. In every case of the kind the accused loses his character and employment, but that is not ordinarily regarded as being in itself a sufficient punishment. On the contrary, less compassionate judges and magistrates constantly refuse to give the benefit of the First Offenders Act even to first offenders charged with comparatively trifling robberies from their employers.

In my Legal Pillory this week I include a sentence upon a first offender at Yeovil which may be usefully considered in connection with my foregoing remarks upon the treatment of a first offender at the West Riding Assizes. The prisoner at Yeovil was a labourer who, while temporarily employed as a bailiff's officer, misappropriated £4 which was paid to him at a house where he was put "in possession" for rent. In committing him to gaol for a month, the Yeovil Bench remarked that they had "taken into consideration" the fact that he had never been charged before, so it would seem that these Shallows actually imagined that they were dealing mercifully with this first offender! The same column of the following list contains further illustrations of magisterial severity towards persons convicted of poaching, petty larceny, and sleeping out, while the contrasted cases show that there has been, on the other hand, no abatement of the misguided leniency with which offences of violence and cruelty are treated:—

Perth Police-court. Before Bailie Isaac. Michael Kirk charged with (1) assaulting his mother by throwing her to the ground; (2) assaulting his sister by seizing her by the throat, and (3) maliciously destroying a gold watch belonging to his sister. Fined £2.

St. Helens Police-court. James Orford, charged with assaulting his wife by knocking her down and striking her on the head. She received a serious wound. Fined 40s. and costs.

Mansfield Police-court. John Tomlinson, charged with ill-treating his daughter, aged thirteen years. His wife had left him, and the little girl looked after the house and four other children. It was shown that defendant had repeatedly thrashed and kicked her, and that on one occasion he stuck a table fork into her arm. Fined 21s.

Bakewell Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. C. E. B. Bowles, H. C. Heathcote, T. Gregory, W. Brierley, and W. Nixon. Michael O'Hara, charged with assaulting George Henry Wilson by striking him several times, knocking him down and kicking him. Fined 30s.

Airdrie Police-court. A man named D. Eyer, pleaded guilty to assaulting a woman by striking her on the arm with a poker, knocking her down and kicking her. The accused, who was drunk, entered the woman's house and committed the assault without the slightest provocation. He had never been in the house before, and he told the magistrate that he went there "by mistake." Fined 30s.

King's Heath Police-court. Before Messrs. Lane, Lyndon, and Gibbins. Richard Lees, charged with being drunk and disorderly, and with assaulting a railway porter. He created a disturbance in the booking office at the railway station, and in being asked to be quiet he assaulted the porter. Fined 10s. and costs for the two offences.

Perth Sheriff Court. Before Sheriff Sym. John White, Wm. Macdonald and John Reid, charged under the Poaching Prevention Act, with being found in possession of rabbits and nets when searched on the highway. Fined £2 each; in default, 30 days.

Chorley Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. R. L. Crosse, J. Kirkman, J. H. Gillett, W. Mayhew, H. Bourne, I. Anderton, and the Mayor. John Macdonald, charged with stealing a jacket, value 3s. 6d. Three months.

Yeovil Borough Police-court. Before Messrs. J. Vincent, H. Stiby, and W. W. Johnson. Adolphus Batty, described as a labourer, charged with the larcency as a bailee of £4. A certified bailiff had a distress warrant to execute for rent, and he put defendant "in possession" of the premises. The £4 due was paid to the defendant who, instead of handing it over to his employer, went off with the money to his home at Ilchester. The Bench, "taking into consideration that Batty had never been charged before," sent him to goal for one month.

Ayr Sheriff Court. Before Sheriff Sharp. James Percy, a grey-haired old man, charged with poaching. He said he had gone out to poach because he was hard up. Forty days.

Grantham Borough Police-court. Before Dr. Shipman and Mr. J. Handley Parker. Thomas Dunmore, charged with sleeping out, and having no visible means of subsistence. Fourteen days.

Worksop Police-court. Samuel Reed and Richard Hall, charged with poaching. Four game-keepers discovered and arrested the prisoners. Hall turned to escape, but he was overpowered, and so severely injured that he had to be taken to the hospital, where he remained for a fortnight. Reed, three months, Hall, six weeks.

Lexden and Winstree Petty Sessions. Before Mr. John Bateman and other magistrates. Charles Isaiah Powell, charged with assaulting his wife by striking her in the face and kicking her. Fined 40s.

Chard Police-court. Before Colonel Henley, and other magistrates. Henry Gawler, charged with cruelty to a horse by causing it to be worked whilst in an unfit condition. The animal was suffering from a number of sores on the back and on the shoulders, under the collar. Defendant had been previously convicted of cruelty. Fined 20s. and costs.

Wem Police-court. Before Lieutenant-Colonel Fell, and Mr. John Kynaston. John Bailey, charged with poaching. Three months.

Sharnbrook Petty Sessions. Before Lord St. John, and Mr. C. R. Wade-Gery. Robert Robinson, and Walter Robinson, charged with trespassing in search of game. Fined £2 5s. 10d. each.

Sparkhill Police-court. Before Messrs. J. Boston, J. Hughes, and other magistrates. Joseph Bradnock, charged with stealing a fowl. He said his wife and family were starving. One month.

The Moneylenders Act was employed to good purpose in the Westminster County Court the other day in checking the rapacity of "J. King," of 4, King-street, St. James's. The interest that he claimed worked out at the rate of 115 per cent. per annum, and the judgment that was given reduced it to 15 per cent. This should encourage other victims of "J. King" (the alias of three Hebrews named Baron Wolfe, Harry Wolfe, and Harris Blumkey) to seek the assistance of the law in escaping from his clutches.

In the world of usury old acquaintances are always turning up in new names. Henry Trowbridge Pockett has just accomplished another metamorphosis. Since the time when he came before a judge and jury for the preliminary fee frauds which he practised in the character of "Wilfrid Wilberforce," Pockett has sported several fresh aliases. "Gerald Chesney" has served him longer than any of them—five or six years, if I recollect rightly—but apparently it has at last become too notorious for further use. A few weeks ago the name of "Gerald Chesney" was quietly removed from the register of moneylenders and the office at 25, Regent-street closed, while simultaneously there sprang into existence the firm of "John Weston and Co.," of 30, Duke-street, St. James's, S.W. The fact that Pockett is now Weston should be noted by everybody who wishes to avoid one of the worst of the bloodsuckers.

I observed last week in the course of some remarks upon medical quackery that "humbug secures to many a general practitioner a comfortable yearly income from people who have nothing the matter with them." A country practitioner writes to protest against this observation on the following grounds:—

(1) It is not the case that many general practitioners make a comfortable income from their profession, either with or without humbug.

(2) The special business of general practitioners is the treatment of serious disease. The "malade imaginaire" consults a London physician. The sufferer from a dangerous illness is almost invariably treated by a general practitioner, and in the overwhelming majority of cases by him alone.

It would seem from this that I ought to have said "London specialist" and not "general practitioner," in the remark above mentioned. I should be sorry to deny that many specialists also make comfortable in-

Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Nearly 8,000 convictions last year. Complaints marked "Private," absolutely confidential.—Secretary, 105, Jermyn-st., London.

Some interesting remarks on the subject of The Surest Means of Obtaining Health, by Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., are to be found on page 1536.

comes out of people who have nothing the matter with them. But as regards general practitioners, I happen to know several people who must run up doctors' bills at the rate of from £20 to £100 a year, and, in my humble judgment, have "nothing the matter with them." By that I mean nothing which could not be equally well treated by the nearest chemist. I know one lady who whenever she catches cold invariably takes herself to her bedroom and sends for the doctor, and that doctor generally manages to keep her there for a week, and I should think that each cold is worth at least five guineas to him. In the remark which I made I had such cases as this in my mind; but in view of the above contradiction, I conclude that my experience is exceptional, and that the doctors that I know are the only men in the profession who make money out of patients of this class.

It is of course well known that the French aristocracy takes a lively—and rather one-sided—interest in the struggle between Church and State. They must look forward to enduring even more agitating crises—in the very intimacy of the family circle—should a proposal laid before the Chamber of Deputies by M. Aristide Boyer become law. M. Boyer is a Socialist, and has been moved to fury by the news that certain autocrats insist that their footmen shall choose between their places and their moustaches. Accordingly, M. Boyer proposes that any employer imposing this hateful condition shall be liable to penalties ranging from a fortnight to three months' imprisonment, to be doubled for each repetition of the offence. M. Boyer's indignation is well expressed in the phrasing of his proposals, one sentence of which I am moved to quote, even though it suffer in the translation: "... these *soi-disant* great houses, in which nobles and bourgeois think to increase their importance by forbidding their servants, whom they treat as slaves, to wear moustaches in their presence." Personally, I should have thought a compromise might be found by ordering the proud nobles and bourgeois to provide false moustaches, which their slaves might wear when not in their presence; but no doubt such half-measures would not appeal to M. Boyer.

It is somewhat curious that both in England and in France simultaneously the temporal power has come in conflict with Education. In France the separation of Church and State was carried by a large majority, and it became necessary to settle the relations between the two. The State agreed to recognise the church buildings as devoted to the use of the Church, and to pay its prelates and parish priests. Evidently it was necessary to define clearly what property did remain in the possession of the Church, and a law was passed insisting upon an inventory being taken. In the main the French priesthood did not object to this, or perhaps it would be more correct to say, they accepted the necessity. The Pope, however, strenuously protested, and in many places, acting under his directions, the civil authorities were driven out of the churches when they presented themselves to take the inventory.

Nice.—Cimiez.—Winter Palace—One of the finest and most comfortable hotels in Europe.—J. Agid, Director.

The Government on this insisted upon the observance of a law, passed in 1881, but which had not been up to now enforced, obliging the Church authorities in each locality to register their churches once a year as places where public meetings may be held. The object of this law seems to have been to bring places of worship under the common law of the land, and it was deemed necessary to enforce it in view of the riotous action in churches to which the congregations were incited by some bishops and priests. Again, the French clergy were disposed to obey; but an order was received from Rome ordering them to disobey the law. The French Government did its utmost to come to some agreement with Rome, and offered to give the Church every assurance that there was no ulterior object, beyond that of requiring that the clergy should render obedience to the law.

Had Leo XIII. been Pope, with Cardinal Rampolla as Secretary of State, wiser counsels would have prevailed at the Vatican. His successor—the present Pope—is a worthy man, who can hardly speak Italian, and uses a dialect which is only understood in Venice. He is a simple-minded Italian priest, ignorant of ecclesiastical affairs outside Italy, and particularly ignorant of the situation in France. In an evil hour for himself he selected for his Secretary of State Monsignor (now Cardinal) Merry del Val. This gentleman is a Spaniard, who before he was Secretary of State had been employed in the diplomatic service. Even his friends admit that he is not a very wise man, and he has shown this by his action in this dispute with France. No one but a Spanish priest would ever have sought to pit the Pope against the French nation, with even the majority of the French priesthood anxious to avoid a conflict.

The question is not one involving dogma. Nor is it a new one. Again and again have the French Catholics claimed a certain measure of independence of the Vatican on temporal issues, and sometimes even on religious ones. Admitting that Catholicism is no longer to be deemed the official religion of the country, it has been treated generously. No State in the present day would permit a foreigner, on the ground of being the head of a religious sect to which a considerable section of its citizens belong, to order these citizens to refuse to obey the law. We ourselves should be the first to refuse to do so, as we did in the reign of Henry VIII., when the vast majority of Englishmen were Catholics.

Considering the nature of the report presented only a week ago by the Worcester Election Commissioners, Sir A. Acland-Hood exhibited a good deal of courage, not to say effrontery, in moving the issue of a new writ for the city. It is true that the Commissioners found that the constituency as a whole is not corrupt. In these days, let us hope, no constituency of eight thousand electors could fairly be said to be corrupt as a whole. But Worcester, if not entirely rotten, has a very large class of voters, numbering at least 500, whose votes are habitually sold for drink or money, and these are the worthy citizens who for many years past have controlled the representation of the city in

Parliament. It is now quite clear that the Liberal candidate would have been returned by a substantial majority last January if it had not been for the wholesale bribery and treating which the other side—and that side only—practised.

The worst offenders are not the persons who are bribed, but those who bribe them, and some of the latter in the inquiry at Worcester showed that they care no more for the sanctity of the oath than for the purity of elections. There is indeed no moral doubt that if they had their deserts certain ornaments of the Conservative party in the city would now be serving terms of imprisonment for perjury. It may seem hard that the majority of the electors should be deprived of their representation in Parliament on account of the disgraceful delinquencies of a minority. But in such a case as this it is the only course by which the House of Commons can effectively discountenance such organised corruption as prevailed at Worcester, and the city will be let off lightly if it is permitted to elect another member at all during the present Parliament.

THE WEST RIDING JUDGMENT.

I'm glad to hear the Lords reversed
The judgment of the Court below;
Although I've hated from the first
The Act they wouldn't overthrow.

For while my sympathies are all
With those this Act upset who'd see,
I've no desire that it should fall
A victim to chicanery.

We know full well the Legal Mind,
When scrutinising Acts, is bent,
And rather likes, some sense to find
Which those who passed them never meant.

And though for lawyers this may be
A very fascinating sport,
The principle is bad *per se*,
And stern to be discouraged ought.

Yes, be an Act or bad or good
(For *that's* a question quite aside),
'Tis wrong its clear intention should
By legal quibbling be defied.

That's why, on principle, I'm glad
Our Court Supreme its duty saw,
And gave effect to what, though bad,
Was meant by those who made the law.

With the exception of Lord Milner, who seems to have lost the faculty of seeing straight since he went to South Africa, nobody seems to have any very serious fault to find with the new Transvaal Constitution. Those whose business it is to see the wrong side of everything done by the Government shake their heads and call it vaguely a dangerous experiment, but they do not say precisely where the danger is to be looked for. Presumably they are thinking of the danger to the South African mining market and the dividends of the shareholders; but this danger, if it exists, seems to be regarded with equanimity in that quarter, which has probably come to the conclusion that it is out of the power of any Government or political agency to make things worse than they are at present.

If anybody supposes that the new Constitution involves any danger to British supremacy in the Transvaal, I can only say that he is trembling before a bogey of his own imagining. The idea that British supremacy can be contested again during the lifetime of the present generation is a fantastic delusion. It may be taken as practically certain that every Boer who fought in the last war has had enough of fighting to last him for life. Of course, there may be a fanatical section of which this is not literally true, but the section is in an utterly insignificant minority. Even if it were true, however, that there is the slightest possibility of a Dutch insurrection while the memory of the last war lives, the prospect of success of any such insurrection under present conditions is infinitesimal. It is difficult at present to see how the Dutch can ever again hope to take up arms against the British flag with any approach to such prospect of success as they had in 1899. The last war was energetically prepared for during a period of nearly four years by two independent Governments, who were allowed to organise and to lay in all necessary stores of arms and ammunition without interference. On our side no preparation of any kind was made until within a month of the outbreak of hostilities. To this alone it was due that the Boers ever looked like getting the best of it; and it is impossible, as things now are, to imagine those conditions being repeated.

That being clear, is there anything in the new Constitution to create a danger of an attempt on the part of the Boers to recover their independence? Absolutely nothing. The whole machinery of government remains in the hands of a representative of the Crown, assisted by Ministers of his own choosing. A British garrison occupies the country, and can be increased at any moment without anybody having a right to object. All communications with outside countries are under the control of the local Government and our own. It would be madness under these circumstances for any section of the Boers to attempt to overturn the Government; and it would be madness on our part to treat such a thing as within the range of practical politics.

We are told that the passions and racial jealousies excited by the war are still too acute for the satisfactory working of party government. What does that mean? At the worst only that there will be free fights in the Legislative Assembly, possibly accompanied by black eyes and broken noses. That will not endanger British supremacy, nor need it even interrupt the business of government. Such ebullitions take place even in European Parliaments, but nobody outside suffers materially in consequence. Personally, however, I do not anticipate that parliamentary government in the Transvaal will be accompanied even by these trifling inconveniences. The Liberal view is that the best antidote for such party or racial antipathies as exist in South Africa is responsible popular government. The Liberal policy has justified itself throughout the Empire. The most conspicuous case of all is that of Canada, where the circumstances thirty years ago were far more difficult to deal with, and far more alarming from the Imperial point of view than anything that

exists in South Africa to-day. Under the wise guidance of Lord Durham, the Liberal policy was applied. The Liberal policy has made Canada what it is to-day, and there is no reason to doubt that it will do the same thing for South Africa.

If any fault is to be found with the new Constitution it is from the point of view of Liberalism rather than that of high Tory Imperialism. A very large measure of legislative power is reserved, for the next five years at least, to a nominated council; and it is important to note that a right of veto is permanently reserved to the Crown on any change in this arrangement. The Chinese Labour Ordinance remains in force for another year, much to the distaste of a large party in England; the power to legislate in future in regard to imported labour and the rights and privileges of non-European British subjects is withheld altogether from the Transvaal Legislature. Such provisions may be justified on the ground of expediency, but they are limitations of the Liberal spirit in the new Constitution. The Government has conceded no more than the minimum which a Liberal Government was bound to concede, and which is absolutely essential if a Liberal policy in South Africa is to have any chance of success.

There are one or two provisions in the Letters Patent which will make many of us look with envious eyes towards the Transvaal. There is payment of Members, for example, and the limitation to one year of the veto of the Legislative Council on Bills passed by the elective Assembly. As the last proviso has found favour in the eyes of Ministers, we may hope that it indicates the line of policy which they will adopt when the time comes for dealing with our own Upper Chamber.

There is another proviso the principle of which ought unquestionably to be embodied in our next Redistribution Bill. I mean the clause which provides for a permanent Commission to settle the redistribution of seats periodically as the necessity for it arises. Our method of redistributing Parliamentary seats by Acts passed every thirty or forty years is troublesome, clumsy, and ineffectual. Owing to the constant shifting of population and the growth and decay of towns, no sooner are electoral anomalies corrected by a Redistribution Act than they begin to grow again, and go on growing until the resulting anomalies have become an intolerable scandal. The evil is aggravated by the reluctance of Ministers and M.P.s to disfranchise old-established constituencies in which possibly they have their own interests. The redistribution of seats ought to proceed automatically with the growth and decay of constituencies. For this purpose Parliament should renounce all direct share in arranging the business, and hand it over to a permanent official authority to be dealt with in accordance with definite rules and principles.

THE LIME-TREE AND THE MISTLETOE.

Once on a Time, within a Wood,
A venerable Lime-tree stood,
Whereon full many a Bunch did grow
Of parasitic Mistletoe.
But he—the Lime—who was, you see,
A rather selfish Sort of Tree—
Grumbled and vowed it wasn't fair
This foreigner his Sap should share,
And, clinging round his Branches tight,
From them exclude both Air and Light.
"But, ah! how happy should I be
Were I from such Obstruction free!"
Now, so it happened on a Day
The Wood's Possessor passed that Way
And marked, with Notches on the Rind,
Those Trees which he to fell designed.
But when he came our Lime-tree to,
And saw what on its Branches grew,
"Umph! Mistletoe! well, I declare!
Certès," he cried, "this Tree I'll spare,
Whose viscous growth will bring me in,
Each year, a handsome Sum in Tin."
So passed he on and set no Mark
On the else doomed Lime-tree's Bark.
Then knew the Lime, with vast Surprise,
A Friend he'd nourished in Disguise,
Who, seeming but a Load and Tax,
Had saved him from the Woodman's Axe.

Moral.

How oft some Burden on us pressing
Is just, in Fact, a hidden Blessing.

SCRUTATOR.

PARLIAMENT AND PEOPLE.

THE fate of the Education Bill will not be decided until after these lines are in print. Like many others, I hope that it will pass, not out of the greatness of my love for it, but because the question blocks the way to measures of practical reform in which, quite rightly, the people are more keenly interested. If, however, it is only passed at the price of further concessions to the clerical party, it is by no means certain that the question will really be got out of the way, for already a section of militant Nonconformists, headed by the redoubtable Mr. Perks, openly express their dissatisfaction with it, and if it is further amended in opposition to their wishes, we may not have seen the end of the agitation that gave it the first place in the Government programme. On the other hand, if it were finally killed, which, at the moment of writing does not seem very likely, it will afford an object lesson of the first magnitude in the power of the House of Lords for mischief. Whatever may be said for or against the Bill, it was returned to the Lords in its original shape by an almost unparalleled majority of the Commons—a majority of close on four to one. It necessarily follows that whether they kill it or merely mutilate it, the Lords will be flatly over-ruling the votes of the representative element in Parliament, and registering in lieu thereof the opinions of the insignificant minority which survived the last general election. This achievement, added to the point-blank rejection of the Plural Voting Bill, will make it the duty of the Ministry to set about restricting the power of the Upper House at the first convenient opportunity.

For the reasons that I gave last week, I would not bring this issue to the front immediately. While I would make it the question of questions at the next general election, it is for the Government, not the House of Lords, to choose the time for dissolution. The country will rightly expect that every effort should be made to employ the huge majority it returned last

January to practical effect before a further mandate is asked for. The present Session has been by no means wasted, and the example of the Trade Disputes Bill, and let us hope the Workmen's Compensation Bill, shows that the Lords are ready to swallow Bills far more distasteful to many stalwarts among them than the Education Bill, if they are advised by the Party Whips that there is such strong popular feeling behind them as to make resistance dangerous from the electioneering point of view. Advantage should be taken of this to use the next two Sessions in uncompromising democratic legislation on those subjects which the people have most at heart, such as the land question and the housing question. If such measures are passed they will earn fresh confidence for the Government. If they are rejected or seriously mutilated, so much the stronger the ground for the coming campaign against the Lords.

I would urge also that, notwithstanding the fate of the Plural Voting Bill, further efforts at electoral reform should be made while the new House of Commons is young and energetic. I am not in favour of bringing in at present any large Bill dealing with this question. But notwithstanding Lord St. Aldwyn's objection, which the Lords have ratified, to dealing piecemeal with electoral reform, there are two measures which should be sent up to the Lords before dissolution, besides giving their Lordships an opportunity of further emphasising their affection for the plural voter. The first of them, which I doubt whether the Lords would seriously interfere with, is a law providing for a second ballot in the case where no candidate obtains a majority of the votes cast at an election. This is the law in almost every country that has a representative Government, and I am at a loss to understand why we have not already adopted it. The reason, I take it, is that the existing system is beneficial to the Conservatives, for they are a highly disciplined army. They very seldom disobey orders from headquarters. The individual merit or demerit of their candidate rarely affects their votes. Certain it is that when Mr. Chamberlain launched his fiscal "reform" the large majority of the Conservatives, both in Parliament and out of it, were Free Traders. But this astute gentleman thoroughly understood how to force his views on the party, and at the General Election only the candidates pledged to support Mr. Chamberlain's "reforms" were recognised as official candidates of the party. In the Liberal camp matters are not conducted in so drastic a fashion, with the result that there were Socialists, Radicals, Liberals, Moderates, and Labour candidates, all united in their determination to turn out the late Government, and to give a general support to the programme of the Liberal Party. In some constituencies it was agreed that the Liberal candidate should receive the support of the other sections of democracy; in others it was agreed that the more advanced electors should vote for some one not quite so advanced as themselves. In order to meet a crisis, this was a reasonable working arrangement, but it is clear that it would have been far better had it been possible in each constituency to let the man who had the greatest number of the electors with him fight for democracy.

The second Bill which I should suggest is one which would grant a salary to all Members of Parliament, and throw the official costs of an election on the community. As this would be essentially a money Bill, I do not see that the Lords could touch it at all. Payment of Members, like the second ballot, is the rule in almost all countries where there is a Parliament. Why should the Speaker of the House be paid; why should a Minister and a Deputy Minister be paid; why, indeed, should a clerk in a public office be paid, and not an M.P.? For this distinction there seems no valid ground. My main reason for being in favour of such payment is, that it enables a constituency to select its Member, or a section of a constituency to select its candidate, irrespective of whether he has or has not means to provide himself with bread and cheese. As it is, the difficulty is to a certain extent met by large associations, such as the trade unions, selecting their candidates, paying the cost of their elections, and providing them with the means to live if elected. In return for this, the Member becomes a delegate of the association, and is unable—if he would continue in Parliament—to exercise his own judgement as to the merits or demerits of some proposal made by it, in respect to its relation with the entire community. I deem it desirable that there should be in Parliament a greater number of Labour Members, because they understand better the legitimate wants and requirements of Labour than others, and working men are largely the majority of the electorate. But when in Parliament Members represent—or ought to represent—all classes, and this, I think, is difficult when they are paid delegates. In every Parliament, too, there are a considerable number of Members whose electoral expenses are paid by the party to which they belong, from funds to a great extent obtained by the sale of titles and such-like honorary distinctions. This places them under an obligation to the party, which they are expected to return by always voting with its leaders in critical divisions. They, too, are not independent, and instead of exercising any control over these leaders, and keeping them up to the mark of their pledges, they become their hodmen. There are 670 M.P.s. If each were given £200 per annum the sum required would be £134,000. If payment be to the public advantage, it is absurd to haggle over it on financial grounds. Personally, I should be in favour of obtaining the £134,000 by reducing the salaries of M.P.s who are paid as Ministers, Deputy Ministers, and such like. The number of official M.P.s has of late years been on the increase, and it ought to be reduced. So, too, ought their salaries, for in no country are the latter so high. It is all very well to say that men are not affected by the loss of a fat salary. Every one knows that this is mere clap-trap. When a Ministry is on its trial, there are too many gentlemen who, when a vote of confidence is before the House, naturally vote for confidence in themselves and continuance of their salaries. As for the balance of the money required, I would engage to obtain it by reductions in the Estimates. But even if it could not be obtained in this fashion

The Carlton Restaurant, Pall Mall, London, S.W.—*The* Restaurant of London. Telephone 1600 Gerrard. Telegrams, "Carlton Hotel, London." C. Ritz, General Manager.

I should be in favour of the Estimates being increased by such an amount. I put the salary at £200 per annum because a man can properly live on this. It is more pleasant to have more, but this concerns the individual only, and I am strongly opposed to anyone getting into Parliament for the money that he may acquire by doing so. If I remember rightly, M.P.s in Hungary are entitled to a free funeral if they die. I do not see that it matters to any one what becomes of a legislator's carcass when he has left this planet. But if our M.P.s were to wish for this funereal privilege, we might add it to the £200 per annum. During Mr. Gladstone's last administration, there was a meeting of Radicals to urge on him to bring in a Bill for payment of members. I forget how it happened, but I was delegated to suggest this to him. He replied that he could not bring in a Bill, but that he would put the payment on the annual Estimates, to be voted each year by the House, on condition that we would agree that only those who had an income below a certain amount should be paid. We declined the offer on account of this condition, because we thought it would create an invidious distinction between the paid and the unpaid. But if the Government has not time for the discussion of payment of members, it might act as Mr. Gladstone was prepared to do. In regard to payment of the returning officer's expenses from public funds, I once carried an amendment to this effect in a Bill, but when it went up to the Lords my amendment was cut out. As the Bill had other useful provisions it was allowed to pass without the amendment. It has always seemed to me as ridiculous that these necessary costs of an election should be thrown upon the candidates as that they should be called upon to pay for the returning officer's trousers, or that M.P.s should be called upon to pay for maintaining the furniture in the Palace of Westminster.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

We owe a great deal to Mr. Scrooge. We owe him, in a word, the Spirit of Christmas. When Dickens set to work to produce his Christmas books, I suppose he did not realise that he was actually inventing Christmas—that before him Christmas, as we now understand it, did not exist. I am quite sure that he had no idea, when he drew, in Mr. Scrooge, the most convincing figure of meanness and close-fistedness that he could conceive—that he was actually creating, in him, the *fons et origo* of the open-hearted open-handedness which has come to be inseparable from the Festive Season; that the grandchildren of those who reviled the unhappy miser should have cause to beatify him; and that the name of Saint Scrooge should deserve almost as honourable a place in our national calendar as that of Saint Lubbock himself. It is true that he only set the ball rolling—that since the time of his conversion the spirit of Christmastide has widened and broadened so that it would now be unrecognisable to him; but do we venerate the name of Stephenson any the less because the latest North-Western "flyer" is scarcely recognisable as a relative of the humble "Rocket"? Is Washington the less deserving of honour because he did not realise that, in founding the Republic of the Free, he was but preparing the way for the beneficent energies of a Rockefeller and a Senator Tilling?

We have been told that it is more blessed to give than to receive—and it is upon the blessedness of giving that the whole spirit of the modern Christmas is based. We give—all of us—in order that it may be given—to most of us. Upon the simple action of putting your hand into your waistcoat pocket, as initiated by Saint Scrooge immediately after his conversion, we have built up a noble, far-reaching tradition, to which the limitations of earthly time and space simply do not exist. By now, Christmas has come to be a never-ending, never-beginning festival. Consider, before the last drumstick of the Christmas turkey has been picked, legions of workers of all sorts, from China to Peru, are already labouring that all may be ready against the time when again the lucky threepenny bit shall be retrieved from the immortal pudding. The merry Greek peasant-girl singing among the currant-vines of sunny Patras; the phlegmatic Oriental meditating among the spices of Ceylon; the poetess, composing deathless rhymes for the new-season designs in Christmas cards; the light-hearted "devil" aiding to prepare the Christmas number; even the police-inspector cogitating plans for the confusion of the Christmas burglar; all of them are bound together in common preparation for the proper ordering of the next celebration, even before they have fully recovered from the last. And the energies of all of them, be it remembered, are called into fruitful being by that one simple action of putting your hand into your waistcoat pocket.

Consider, again, the almost incredible adaptability of the means to the one great end of giving that is evidenced in the spirit of Christmas. There is absolutely nothing that can be made the object of sale and purchase which is not apt to be given to some one as a Christmas token. Wandering along the gaily-lighted shops, all decorated in honour of the festival, I have not been able to find one which has not offered for sale, with modest confidence, "appropriate Yuletide gifts" in some shape or another. I have tried. I visited at least a dozen shops, of various kinds, determined to discover some article of merchandise, great or small, which was unsuitable as a Christmas present. I was unsuccessful in every case. Whether it was a draper, or a tobacconist, or an ironmonger, or a grocer; not one of them but possessed "the most complete stock in London of appropriate gifts for the Christmas season;" not one of them possessed, in all his stock, a single article, from a packet of hair-pins to a garden-roller, which he did not assure me, speaking as an expert, was an appropriate and acceptable Christmas present. There is a gunsmith's close to where I live, and in the window, at this very moment, you may see a very handsome revolver to which is attached a very neat card embossed with a sprig of holly and the words: "Suitable for Yuletide Gifts." Next door to him is a chemist. In his window is, on one side, a

Fire.—Merryweathers inspect and report on safeguarding buildings against fire and on means of escape to comply with the L.C.C. new regulations.—Write, 63, Long Acre, London, W.C.

display of ladies' hair-nets, and on the other a neat pile of yellow-paper coloured packets of digestive tablets. Midway between them, so that I am not quite clear to which it refers, is an exact replica of the card in the gunsmith's window. All of which goes to show how deeply the realisation that the Spirit of Christmas is born of the waistcoat pocket has entered into the imagination of even the least imaginative among us.

Perhaps the most delightful result of this donative tradition is the way in which, at the approach of Christmas, the hearts of all classes grow warmer towards each other. You may trace the beginnings of the kindlier spirit in the intercourse of mankind for weeks before the actual festival is reached. The postman, who during the summer months has ignored you in passing, even at your very threshold, begins to realise your common humanity as autumn fades into winter, greeting you with a friendly nod which grows more and more amiable, culminating almost in affection, as the great day that knots all hearts grows near. The baker's boy, who for long months has regarded you with contempt, intruding his most agonising whistle into your very face, now louts before you with a deferential smile that betokens the kindliest interest in your well-being. Your doctor, ordinarily too pressed for time to bestow more than a brief nod upon you as you meet, now stops to shake hands with you, and asks, in tones that are almost fatherly, whether you are having all your dear children around your festive board this Christmas. An undertaker has his shop at the corner of the street in which I live. I have no personal acquaintance with him, yet, as I passed him this morning, even he was moved to bow to me in the friendliest possible manner—as though expressing the hope that we might see more of each other in the future. There is, in a word, no other occasion throughout the changing year when the hearts of man approach so nearly to each other as at the merry Christmastide.

The influence of the story of St. Scrooge is shown, needless to say, in its most beautiful and touching form in the family circle. The lonely bachelor uncle, in his solitary "diggings," may count, almost with certainty, on receiving loving little letters from his nephews and nieces, as Christmas draws near—showing him that he is not forgotten, that they look forward to seeing him again, with the same disinterested cagerness as when he last shared their Christmas dinner. They may have seemed to forget his very existence during the rest of the year, unless, indeed, the approach of some other annual event—as, for instance, their birthday—has jogged their childish memories; but he may be sure that the blessed influence of Christmas has again warmed their heart towards him and made them eagerly anticipate his coming. Or if a man, himself in comfortable circumstances, have relations less favoured by fortune, may he not anticipate, with comfortable certainty, that he will hear news of their movements (past and probable) as Yule-tide looms in sight? Of course he may; and if he be a man that has the heart of a man, he will rejoice at their tender thought for him, and invite them to put their legs under his mahogany and help him put away the Christmas cheer.

It happened that I was consulting, only this morning, the Christmas catalogue of one of the great London "stores." Turning idly over the pages, I came upon an item which proves more conclusively, perhaps, than anything else could do how truly the real spirit of Christmas has entered into the great heart of England. It referred to a certain make of blankets, the price of which was approximately one-half of those nearest above it, and it ran: "Blankets suitable for charitable purposes." With the blessed act of giving thus made so easy for us, who could deny himself the opportunity of Christmas giving? Truly, in such a case as this, the vendor of these Christmas blankets has realised to the bottom of his heart that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

THE CHANCERY LANE INCORRIGIBLES.

A special meeting of the Incorporated Law Society has decided against appointing a committee to consider certain specific proposals for safeguarding the property of clients against dishonest solicitors. The motion was only defeated by a majority of seventeen in a very crowded gathering, and as the question is to be further submitted to a poll of the whole Society, the decision is not final. It is, however, far from encouraging to those who have hoped that the solicitors themselves would voluntarily set their own house in order. It has been strongly asserted by many eminent solicitors that the apathy of the Law Society in the presence of the professional scandals of recent years is attributable to the fact that the Council is not in touch with the general feeling of the profession. But the result of last Friday's meeting shows that there is a very large body of solicitors, if not a majority, who are perfectly indifferent to the disgrace brought on the profession at large by the endless convictions of fraudulent solicitors, and are not disposed to submit to any interference with their business that might have the effect of restoring public confidence.

And this is shown not for the first time. For seven years past, or more, the scandals arising out of the frequent heavy defalcations of solicitors have exercised the public and the more self-respecting section of the profession. In the year 1900, after much agitation and opposition, a Committee of the Incorporated Law Society was appointed at the instance of Mr. Heaton to consider these scandals and suggest means of dealing with them. It presented a very strong report. I have referred with interest and edification to the article upon this report which appeared at the time in Truth (June 28, 1900). After rejecting a proposal by Sir George Lewis that the Society itself should undertake the prosecution of all fraudulent solicitors, the Committee eventually went the length of recommending that this should be done, but only as one of three alternative courses, the other alternative being that the Society should move the Public Prosecutor, or give financial assistance to the victims of the defaulter, in order to ensure prosecution. In addition to this, the Society was recommended to obtain an amendment of the Larceny Act to get over the difficulty that a solicitor could not be convicted of misappropriation unless his client had given directions in writing as to the application of the money; and suggestions were

added as to the keeping of books and the banking of clients' moneys in separate accounts. In commenting upon this report, I ventured to anticipate that the Council would never take any action upon it. I am not sure at the moment whether there has not been in the interval some such amendment of the Larceny Act as the Heaton Committee suggested; but with this possible exception, the report may be said to have perished still-born. No attempt has ever been made from that day to this by the Council of the Society to give effect to any of the disciplinary suggestions of the Committee of 1900, and that notwithstanding the fact that immediately after the issue of the report the necessity for prompt action was emphasised by the most disgraceful scandal that has ever overtaken the profession—the failure of Benjamin Lake and his subsequent trial and conviction. Apparently, the governing body of the profession considered that when an ex-President of the Law Society, and Chairman for several years of its Discipline Committee, had gone to penal servitude, he bore on his head into the wilderness, like a scapegoat, all the sins of his brethren, relieved them of the necessity of doing anything to amend their ways, and left the Law Society purified and sanctified in the eyes of an admiring public.

The scandals have gone on since then without intermission, not, perhaps, on such a sensational scale, but with equal ruin to helpless clients; but the sacrifice of Lake seems to have quieted the professional conscience until the summer of this year, when several bad cases set a new reforming movement on foot. A number of well-known solicitors, thoroughly ashamed of the discredit which under present circumstances falls upon innocent and guilty alike, conferred together and agreed on certain measures which were to be submitted to a fresh committee of the Law Society. Not knowing that this was going on, I published two or three articles in Truth at the beginning of September, in which several proposals made to me by London solicitors were put forward and discussed, such as the compulsory keeping and audit of accounts of clients' money, the banking of such money in separate accounts, the inspection and audit of solicitors' accounts by the Board of Trade, and so on. Simultaneously the subject seems to have been discussed among provincial solicitors. In the first week in October the Incorporated Law Society had its annual meeting at Manchester. A motion was then proposed on behalf of the Leeds Law Society, recommending the council "to take the matter of the safety of clients' moneys into consideration, with a view to adopting some authoritative rule or regulation to which all members of the profession must conform to the satisfaction of the public." The mover of the resolution explained that the ideal which he had before him was that every solicitor should keep a cash-book and ledger, should keep his clients' money separately from his own, and should be subject to audit. This lofty standard of business evidently filled the assembled solicitors with dismay. The motion was rejected by an overwhelming majority, and, according to the newspaper reporters, the number of solicitors in this important professional gathering who thought that they ought to be required to keep cash-books and ledgers, and not to mix up clients' money with their own, was "about half a dozen." However, in spite of this edifying incident, the movement above referred to went on its course up to last Friday. An influential petition, signed by over a hundred prominent solicitors, called upon the Council to summon a special meeting of the Society. To this meeting was submitted a proposal for the appointment of a committee to consider the framing of rules with regard to keeping of books, the keeping of separate accounts for clients' moneys, and the formation of a guarantee fund to indemnify clients of defaulting solicitors. Once more the reformers have been decisively defeated.

It is idle to deny the significance of these historical facts. The proposal for a professional guarantee fund may be a legitimate ground for difference of opinion; though that is no reason why it should not even be referred to a committee for consideration. But as to the proposals that solicitors entrusted with other people's money should be required to keep proper accounts between themselves and their clients, and should be forbidden to mix up clients' money with their own, there is simply no room for difference of opinion at all. It is merely a demand that solicitors should conduct their business in the same way as is expected of every person who is responsible for money which is not his own. No man in a fiduciary position who discharges his duty honestly and on businesslike methods would object to be placed under a formal compulsion to conform to such practice, or to submit his accounts to an auditor in proof of the fact that he had done so. The only possible inference from the repeated refusals of the Incorporated Law Society to accept the obligation of keeping proper accounts and banking clients' money separately, is that the majority of solicitors do not at present employ these simple, every-day precautions for the protection equally of themselves and their clients. It must, therefore, now be taken that the majority of solicitors hold themselves entitled to put their clients' money into their own pockets at discretion and use it for their own or any other purposes, and that they recognise no obligation to keep any accounts which will show whether they have dealt in this way or in the honest and businesslike way with the money entrusted to their keeping. When Benjamin Lake was under examination in bankruptcy, he asserted—possibly with some degree of truth—that he never knew how his firm stood financially or what he was entitled to draw. He asked his partner for any cheque he wanted, and his partner drew it. He invested in a speculation in this way £25,000 at a time when the firm was hopelessly insolvent. He and his partner lost over this speculation £93,000, but it never troubled them. While in this state of insolvency, they made advances to one firm of £43,000, the £43,000 being, of course, the money of other clients, of which they kept no accounts. They had, in fact, been insolvent for at least twelve years before the failure, and apparently for nineteen years. During this time they disposed altogether of upwards of £173,000 of clients' money by these free and easy methods.

How many solicitors are pursuing a similar course

at the present moment? No man can say. Two things, however, are certain; first, that as long as solicitors are under no check or restriction in dealing with money entrusted to them, such robberies are certain to continue, human nature being what it is; secondly, that a large proportion, if not a majority, persistently and obstinately refuse to submit to any such check or restriction, which can only be because they think it would be inconvenient to themselves. Such an attitude is calculated to inspire in the public mind a far deeper and more general distrust than the occasional revelations in the bankruptcy and criminal courts, or before the judges who have the duty of striking dishonest solicitors off the rolls. One of the speakers at last week's meeting—no reporter being present, his name has unfortunately not transpired—is said to have proclaimed with pride that only fifty solicitors out of 1,800 had been proved to be thieves during the last ten years. This is a stock argument of the party which professes to believe that all is for the best in the best of professions. It was first used by the President for the time being immediately after the Lake failure, by way of persuading the public that for the Chairman of the Discipline Committee of the Law Society to be proved a scoundrel of the first magnitude was not a matter of any practical concern in a profession containing so large a percentage of honest men. As a matter of fact, I do not believe that only fifty solicitors have been proved to be thieves in the last ten years. That is five a year, and I should judge that more than five thieves on an average are struck off the rolls every sittings. But if the statement were true, it proves nothing, for the public may legitimately infer, things being as they are, that for every thief brought to justice there are many who escape. If two bank officials per thousand were convicted of embezzlement in the course of one year, no inference would be drawn from it as to the general dishonesty of bank officials, because everybody knows that bankers conduct their business in a way that makes it practically impossible for embezzlement to go undetected for any length of time. The whole point of the demand for the proper regulation of solicitors' business is that every individual and every firm is absolutely uncontrolled. The client must trust willy-nilly to his solicitor's honour, as though it were his son or his brother. That the vast majority are perfectly honourable men I do not doubt, nor does anybody. But that there is a substantial leaven of rogues, and a still larger proportion of weak men who may not be able to withstand the temptation to which their course of business continually exposes them, is perfectly certain. How is the client to know the honest man from the rogue, the man of unbending integrity from the weakling who makes free to-day with £100 or £1,000 that does not belong to him, fully intending to repay it to-morrow—the morrow that never comes? In such a state of things, the whole profession is suspect, as those solicitors most justly feel who have been for years struggling to give the public those safeguards which they are entitled to ask for. The more obstinately the demand for the due protection of the client is resisted by the profession, the more evident is the necessity; and if, as there seems too much reason to expect, the members of the Incorporated Law Society collectively endorse the decision of last week's meeting, the time will have arrived for Parliament to deal with this question without regard to the official views or wishes of that body.

THE THEATRES.

"Macbeth," at the Garrick.

This memorable matinée was given in aid of the Soldiers and Sailors' Help Society, and its charitable purpose by no means detracted from its artistic value. The five acts are a great undertaking, when one considers that they entail no fewer than fourteen scenes, and I may here take occasion to mention the superiority of the stage arrangements, which were under the direction of Mr. Whitby and of Mr. Alan Mackinnon, and the scenery by Mr. McClery on no occasion sounded a jarring note. Such a scene as Macbeth's castle at Inverness was particularly impressive, and one felt that the old King might well have trod those sombre, stony galleries. Yes, one of the pleasures of Tuesday afternoon was to witness so much of interest in the acting, in so harmonious a setting. Only here and there one felt inclined to query—as, for instance, when Macbeth writes a note with what looked like a pencil. But these are insignificant details, and the pity of it is that the play could not be given more often.

Mr. Bourchier, as Macbeth, looked very brutal, and a splendid ruffian. His costumes were almost too elaborate, perhaps, from the suggestion of what looked like the Duff tartan to the intricate robes and mantles which fell about his heavy person. Miss Violet Vanbrugh was also a trifle over-splendidly robed. I kept noticing some detail that had escaped me, every time I looked at her. But what a fine performance she gave! The early part of the play was shot through with her intense desire and determination to get the kingdom for her husband at any cost. I have always considered that Miss Violet Vanbrugh has real tragic power, and surely she has proved the truth of this with her Lady Macbeth. The most impressive moment of the play is, to my mind, that immediately preceding the murder of the King. Here both Mr. Bourchier and Miss Vanbrugh were superb, and Mr. Bourchier particularly impressive in that terrible soliloquy that follows, as the bloody dagger floats before him in the air and he vainly tries to grasp it.

The scenic accessories, I have said, were quite excellent; how ingenious was the management of the murder of Banquo! The lowness of the lights, by which one could not be absolutely sure of what was passing, enhanced this effect. The human accessories—and with these I must include the witches and the ghost of Duncan—were also admirable, and as one runs one's eye down the programme the distinguished names that meet it do not render that surprising. Mr. Sydney Valentine's Banquo, Mr. Matheson Lang's Macduff, stand out among many others.

But the play of "Macbeth" is really all in the psychology of the two great parts, though their human setting must be perfect, if we are to judge them correctly. Mr. Bourchier's conception of Macbeth makes him a very human creature with a poet's imagination,

whom, indeed, one can well figure to oneself as uttering those little asides and dropping occasionally into colloquialism. Mr. Bourchier has striven to give us a portrait of the bloody Thane in flesh and blood; he gives the impression of having thought out the part for himself rather than of having followed tradition, near or remote.

"The Vicar of Wakefield," at the Prince of Wales's.

The deed is done, and poor Oliver Goldsmith has donned the ballet skirts and does his "turn," with many of his inferiors and some few of his betters. Poor Oliver! He, like the old Parisian streets, has been "housmanised" into correct boulevards, where we can walk and listen under every other chestnut tree to the music of "Liza Lehmann." Mr. Bispham has also been at him and lopped off pieces of the old story here and there, patched them on in another place, and so constructed that thing, which is, I suppose, by definition, irrational: a romantic light opera. For one must not look upon this production so much as an adaptation of Oliver Goldsmith's story to stage purposes as a glorification of it by aid of the graceful and lingering music of "Liza Lehmann."

On the whole, the experiment seemed to me successful, and I may at once get rid of what it irks me, not to say out — namely, this: Three mortal (or immortal) hours (I am not a Wagnerian) is, I find, my time limit (to use an Americanism) as regards the best of operas. When that limit is exceeded, as it was—by a few minutes only, it is true—on the night when I was present, I am apt to devote the entire entertainment to the infernal gods. And I am sure that most of the audience agreed with me, for such a preparatory shuffling of feet, putting on of scarves, and general movement there never was, when the repentant Olivia returns home at last to the bosom of her family. That is all wrong, however, and you may remove your scarves and settle yourselves for another twenty minutes or so, for this is "romantic opera," and as thoroughly practical a proceeding as the dear old Italian opera, where every singer must have his say, and let the story go hang. So they sing when they sit down to luncheon, they carol when they quarrel, and of course when they love. When Olivia and the Squire are on the point of their secret flight from the old parson's house, she and her lover seize the opportune moment to bawl (most melodiously, it is true) a duet at about five-foot distance from the old parson, who, of course, is stone deaf for the occasion, but fails not to issue forth when at last the truants have got about twenty yards clear of the premises. True it is that Mr. Bispham, who plays Dr. Primrose in the grand old style, then calls for his pis-*tolls* and looks unutterable things, but the opportunity for a telling solo on the fragility of the sex, the hazards of life even in country parishes, etc., is too much for him, and he delays his pursuit until he has quite finished the more important business of his song. I forget whether his young hopeful with the charming treble voice (Master Travis) seizes the ensuing moment to inquire of his parent if he may favour him with a little trifle in the manner of grand opera which he has picked up recently by the wayside, but he frequently does so, notably when Olivia (ideally sung, personified, and played by Miss Jay) returns like a bird to its nest. Young hopeful certainly then sings a solo (after Miss Isabel Jay and Mr. Bispham have had their say, of course).

I think this will show the manner of composition of this romantic opera. I by no means wish to cavil against what is on the whole a distinct improvement on the dismal variety entertainments in guise of plays that one so often sees. With about one-third less vocal numbers, with a drastic compression of the end of the second act (I longed to push the runaways on to their coach), the charming music of "Liza Lehmann" would have a better chance of success. "Liza Lehmann" evidently has entered into the spirit of the story, as witness the brilliant quintet which concludes Act I., but her muse would be better inspired if the musical treatment of the theme of the return of the daughter could have been left to recitative. "The lamb has returned to the fold" movement made me feel as if I were listening to an anthem out of harmony with the rest.

"Lyrics by Laurence Housman" stands upon the programme, and I liked some of Miss Jay's pretty verses about a blackbird, and her duet with the Squire on the theme of "he loves me, he loves me not," and the choice of husbands. But the programme ought to have clearly stated upon it what songs from the old poets are introduced, as the general public cannot be expected to gauge form at a glance, like the professional critic.

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The Stage Society produced a translation of Hauptmann's drama, "The Weavers," at the Scala Theatre last week. It was an intensely dismal performance from beginning to end. The sordid surroundings of the weavers were equalled in their grim misery only by the equally sordid language which the author and the lady who translated him into a sort of English put into the mouths of the players. The playing was not at all convincing as a whole, though Mr. Athol Forde achieved a triumph of esteem as a Rag Dealer. This formless, ill-constructed play is certainly not attractive in its native dress, but when one has to witness it performed by English people before an English audience, one realises how far it is from us, in thoughts and feelings. The Court Theatre has, perhaps, somewhat usurped the functions of the Stage Society, which, one can never forget, has done us yeoman's service in the past by producing some of Mr. Bernard Shaw's work when no one would look at it elsewhere. To my mind, the Committee of the Stage Society should eschew plays that have in their favour only the fact that they are by well-known foreigners. They should rather seek out for native talent than give stale dishings up of Hauptmann's "Weavers," which one could have seen well played by the Germans themselves in Great Queen-street, or tiresome renderings of that able moralist, Brieux, who reads the French public such excellent lessons, but has little to interest us, being the reverse of an entertaining writer, and seeing that we have equally eloquent moralists here.

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The Pavilion, amid a large number of other turns—among which the Delevines, and Mr. Whit Cunliffe on

the Suffragettes, especially amused me in the frank absurdity of the former, the light touch of the other—gave us last week a new edition of plastic poses, called "The Seldoms." Theirs was a beautiful entertainment, and not the least of its merits was the rapidity with which the different poses followed one another. Sometimes it was the lady alone, posing as an antique goddess; sometimes, in more modern guise, she would be temptress of one of her three companions; sometimes these latter would appear as wrestlers, or as combatants, and always all seemed carved from the living white marble of Paros. But the greatest achievement was the last tableau, where the goddess stands with the mirror of Venus in her hand and the three athletic youths are placed at a little distance, for all the world like a piece of Greek statuary, with limbs in the act of motion, running a neck-and-neck race for beauty. I observe that in Germany the Seldoms have attained a great vogue, but that matters little to us, who have our own eyes and opinions. In this case the verdict of Germany and its Emperor will certainly be endorsed, for the posing is marvellously steady, the grouping artistic, and the four Seldoms models of the human form divine.

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The battle between Mr. Tree and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones continues to rage in the *Daily Telegraph*. Mr. Jones is in deadly earnest, and I must say that his letter printed in the issue of December 13 contained much of sound sense. To put the players before the play is, as Mr. Jones points out, to put the cart before the horse, and he adds, what is perfectly true, that when the play is good and not lopsidedly arranged for the "starring" of one or two of the players, the players as a body get the credit of their work. I consider the actor-manager system a grave evil, which, like most evils, has something to be said for it in single cases, but, for all that, is an evil.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

LA HAUTE COUTURE.

"ONE who always reads your Notes," writes to me—"You surely joked when you said that *la haute couture* is almost entirely in the hands of German, Austrian, and Swiss Jews, whose nationalities we do not certainly associate with womanly elegance. What has become of the Frenchwoman who so long and brilliantly dictated to the whole world the fashions?"

The Frenchwoman still exists, but in the region of *la haute couture* her hand is more hidden than it used to be. In the second-rate houses, which are first-rate in reality, she retains her supremacy. A house classed now as first-rate has a great staff, a great administration, and great capital behind it. My correspondent forgets that European nations often differ from what they were a generation before, at any rate on the surface. The France which rejoiced at the death of Louis XIV., and insulted his remains at his funeral, widely differed from that which hailed him as the Grand Monarque. To the ceremoniousness of his time, to the stiff brocaded robes, the high tiara-like lace head gear, succeeded the free and easy *déshabillé* style, the gown in jaconet, cheap cottons, or fanciful muslins, and the mob caps from beneath which locks of hair were allowed to stray.

The Duke of Berwick headed in Spain a French force in 1707 to defend the throne of Philip V. Thirteen years later, France applauding, he headed another French force sent to make war on that King. One can never say what a nation may or may not bring forth in the way of new ideas, furores, or phenomenal men or women in another generation. No doubt Germany or Switzerland is unassociated with ideas of feminine elegance. But who could have foreseen, when Queen Victoria visited Napoleon the Second, that in a few years' time the dictator of fashion in Paris would be an Englishman of no family, the plainest education, and born and bred among the fogs and fens of Lincolnshire? Can you recognise in the nation which went out of its mind with joy at the recovery of Louis XV. from a grave illness, the one that widely sympathised with the patriots of the Revolution? It is the same here in the realm of *la haute couture*. Foreigners work the prestige won by French women as *couturières*, *modistes*, and *lingères*. The intruders chiefly represent sweeping economic changes in the world, and new leverage wherewith to work long-existing forces. They use great capital to benefit by an ancient Vanity Fair, unique in its way. But they could not make their money fructify without the Frenchwoman. Naturally, to make it highly productive, they lay themselves out to delight ladies who were in obscurity almost to the close of the last century, and who now want to flaunt in the sunshine of fashion in the pleasure resorts of Europe, and in select circles and at Courts. Nothing would be gained if the Courts were not successfully invaded. These newcomers are to the grand *couturières* what the pig that pays the rent and a big trifle more is to the Irish cottager.

Worth must figure as an Alexander the Great in the history of the modes, and Worth Fils, Bechof David, Beer, Drescoll, Dœuillet, Cherciot, and Armand Martial as Alexander's successors. Bechof David used to pay for his ware-rooms in the Place Vendôme a rent of 80,000 fr. a year, and has now the whole house, which, I should say, at a very moderate valuation, is worth 2,000,000 fr. The patent impost on his premises must be enormous, not to speak of the ordinary taxes. He is a Basle Switzer. Basle is not without its fashionable tradition. Did it not, when the Council of Bishops sat there five hundred years ago, afford a stage for the triumphs of the Belle Imperia? Drescoll is under a rent of 80,000 fr., also in the Place Vendôme. He is from Vienna, a city which has its Hofburg, Hoftheater, Prater and showy aristocracy. The German Empress has those state robes the Emperor designs for her made up in Vienna. Beer is a Frankforter. Frankfort used to be a brilliant city in the days of Imperial coronations. One must

Savoy Hotel & Restaurant, London.—The most beautiful garden and river view in Europe. The Restaurant of the world. Hotel rooms bright, fresh, and delightfully quiet.

not look down on an artist of the scissors coming from Frankfort as though he were an outer barbarian. Beer's ware-rooms are in the Place de l'Opéra, and he must give for them not less than 100,000 fr. a year. Dœuillet, another Place Vendôme *couturier*, pays 60,000 fr. a year for his flat. He is one of the rare Frenchmen *pur sang* in the *haute couture*, learned his business as *chef du personnel* in the house of the Sisters Callot, and is remarkably fine looking and handsome, with manners of taking courtesy and blandness. A group of powerfully rich and influential ladies, very much in society, give him their countenance and patronage, just as the Comtesse de Pourtalès and her friends backed up Donchet, who is still one of the glories of the Rue de la Paix, and continues in his ground floor rooms his grand dress parades. Armand Martial is another of the dress-making magnates of the Place Vendôme. He has talent, resembles the late Ralph Bernal Osborne, and is said to be of the same race. One finds also in the Place Vendôme Cherciot, who succeeds there the firm of Raudwitz, famous for its ladies' jackets and mantles. Donchet has a high reputation, which the style of the Comtesse Pourtalès justifies. I have seen some of his very taking creations on the backs of Chicagoan ladies who had come here to see European life and spend money. One of them took me to a clothes parade. It saddened me; the girls who paraded in the lovely things seemed to me so jaded and oppressed. Evil for evil, I really thought Turkey less bad than Europe. It seems I judged too hastily, for the Turks everywhere outside of palaces turn their wives and odalisques to industrial account by making them work sewing machines for embroidery and other kinds of stitching.

It is a mistake to suppose that wealthy French ladies grudge to give high prices for dresses that please them. But they must please. Where French ladies economise is in never buying anything they do not want, however trifling the price asked for it. When a French lady has to order a new dress she bends her whole clear calculating mind to the task of thinking out what she should spend, what becomes her, and what suits her station. She never dreams of asking her *couturier* or *couturière* what is the fashion, but tells what she wants and wishes to know what can be offered. The wares presented are carefully examined. They are often discarded, after a superficial examination, when there are suspicions of a wish to palm off *rossignols*. Once a choice has been made, no capricious backing out from it is to be feared. The subject of dress is dismissed from the mind. The highest praise that can be given at the final trying on is: "Cela va." Foreign ladies are all the time allowing themselves to be bewildered into buying what the shopman wants to sell, and perhaps could not sell to French ladies. Those *occasions merveilleuses* spread out on tables and flauntingly displayed in shop windows are to catch the foreign lady who puts away "bargains" in presses in the hope of being able to use them hereafter to advantage. Our grandmothers and their great-grandmothers did this in days when travelling was ruinously dear. Their habits have become over-ruling instinct in many countries where thought is less sharply clear and feminine character less decided than in France. Nobody so well understands as the French lady that the best place for storing cheap goods is the shop or warehouse, and that bargains accumulated at home in presses soon become rubbish. I dare say in those numerous families one sees in Germany, Belgium, and the British Islands uses are soon found for bargains. I remember how the wife of a minor Church dignitary who had nine daughters, each following closely on the heels of one another, and the eldest with two brothers before her, blessed me when I sent her Bon Marché catalogues of the *magnifiques occasions*. In upper and middle class spheres there is no such thing as a large family outside of the Jewish world. To be told that a Grand Duchess, or even a Queen or Empress, had ordered such or such a toilette would not in the slightest degree affect the choice of a French lady, though the idea might not occur to her of the Grand Duchess or the other higher personages being *paquets* from originally small German courts. But the information could not fail to interest vastly the outlander, and to impel her to give the same order or a similar one. This is why the behests of Royal and Imperial ladies are so carefully attended to in the great dressmaking houses. However busy a director and his forewoman, he or she will find time to attend to what is known as *une cliente de grand marque*, or customer with a resonant title, in itself an advertisement and potent to "suggestionise" *nouvelles enrichés* from beyond all the seas and oceans. The newcomers are quite regardless of expense when they want—with safety from ridicule, and even with distinction, as they imagine—to present a fine appearance at pleasure resorts.

French ladies of the highest standing prefer an excellent *couturière* at the head of a house that is counted first-rate in the second-rate class. They can have there less hurried consultations than in the grander establishment where all must, under high pressure, move automatically. Those first among the second-rate houses can now associate with others abroad to copyright for a season particularly rich and elegant Lyons and other tissues, and thus avoid furnishing things likely to be common before the end of the season. Copyrighting stuffs was one of the devices of Worth for providing sumptuousities with the exclusive stamp or *cachet* of his house.

The *couturière* is more docile than the *couturier*, and has, when a Parisienne from birth or long residence, wonderful invention and a marvellously fine feeling for flimsy elegance and light garnitures. I used to see this so often in the ware rooms in the Rue Sainte Anne of a *couturière* utterly unknown to fame, though she made all the modern dresses for the Français ladies for some years, and always for Mlle. Fix, the *amie* of the Poet Musset, and, jointly with M. Jaluzot whom she married, the foundress of the Printemps. This dressmaker's name was Bouteux. Arsène Houssaye fished her out somewhere, when manager of the Français, for the dresses of *ingénues* and *jeunes prèmieres*. I recollect, and always shall, a lovely dress symbolical of snow-flake innocence which Madame

Elysée Palace Hôtel, Paris.—The most Beautiful and Fashionable Hotel and Restaurant in the World. Occupying the Finest Site in Europe.—Manager, M. Jules Cesari.

Bouteux turned out for 80 frs., Mlle. Fix, however, providing the white satin underskirt. Worth would have charged five or six hundred francs, and would have disdained to utilise the white satin underskirt. This woman was a genius, a wit, too, and a humorist. She was a cousin of Alphonsine, the comic actress, whom she resembled to the degree of appearing her twin sister. One could not now find a woman of her dressmaking ability in a dingy entresol. She would be discharging, at perhaps a salary of 18,000, 20,000, or even 25,000 frs. a year, the duties of forewoman or saleswoman in some grand Rue de la Paix or Place Vendôme house, or acting as first *femme de chambre* to the wife of some freshly-risen millionaire. I heard not long ago of a Parisian *femme de chambre*, who lost her life in the Valparaiso earthquake, and who was earning 30,000 frs. in the service of some mining king's wife out there. The *grands couturiers* give enviable wages to their employees in the different departments of their houses, and meals included. The increase of the vote for "judges of the tribunal" has vastly improved the situation of the work-women. There is even sometimes too much bias in favour of the latter to be always fair, and Government inspectors are exacting on the score of health rules. This places the heads of second-rate houses under very heavy rents, ranging from 10,000 frs. to 20,000 frs. or 25,000 frs., to which patent and other taxes are to be added.

One sees ladies of *la haute finance*, the *grandes dames* of the Faubourg St. Germain (now a mere name not answering to any reality, the "noble Faubourg" being scattered all over Paris west and south-west), in consultation with Mme. Leroux. I never knew a more satisfactory person to consult than a certain Mlle. Julie, who for many years was quite at the top of the second-rate houses—that of Mlle. Ogier, of the Avenue de l'Alma, which had a house all to itself and provided in it sleeping quarters for about twenty work-girls. The principal attended to the branch establishment in Rome, leaving the Paris one entirely to this forewoman, who had the patronage of the Sugar Queens Lebaudy, of those Thoms who owe their great fortunes to the Haussmannisation of Paris, of the daughters of Senator Chris, the millionaire distiller of scents at Grasse, and of Mme. Fourichon, wife of the First President of the Court of Appeal. Mlle. Julie, a red-haired, pale-faced and almost middle-aged Franche-Comtoise, always dressed in black alpaca, would have struck you as remarkable. She could read a stranger as easily as an invoice, saw at once what would suit a customer, calculated with unerring promptness and accuracy the cost to the house, fair profits, and the price the person coming to her ought to pay. Her clear blue, honest, and courageous eye, and yet an eye that had an obliging expression and could be very kind, commanded confidence. She had faultless taste, was an unerring judge of the quality of the silk, satin, woollen, and other stuffs that she displayed, always gave an honest opinion when asked, but abstained from giving unasked advice. The last time I saw her the eyes welled over constantly. She had lost her old father, whom she supported and took out every Sunday to walk in some of the forests round Paris. I heard since that she also suffered much from the death of a niece whom she had reared from infancy to succeed to the direction of the firm, and that she had retired to live among old friends and relatives in the Department of the Jura. Mme. Leroux replaces her in my esteem and high regard as an *artiste de la couture*.

The difference of price is, of course, great between the articles furnished by the *grand couturier* and a Mlle. Julie. It might easily be from 300 fr. or 400 fr. for a visiting dress, and from 700 fr. to 1,000 fr. for a soirée dress. Nitrate, coal manganese, or other mineral Queens from Chili, need not stop to consider such trifles. French women, however wealthy, do. The wealthiest widow now in France is no longer Mme. Lebaudy, but a Mme. Rousselle. She goes to *couturiers*. Mme. du Gast, who is almost a milliardière, and is now in Morocco trying to tame Rasuli and Bou Amena, saves money by adopting third sex costumes—or pretty nearly. She has her motor, her yachting, her sou'wester, her zouave, her shooting costumes, and wears at home when nothing ceremonious goes on there an elegant *déshabillé* provided by a *couturier* of standing.

Frenchwomen are above all things rational, but tolerate every eccentricity that can be indulged in regardless of expense. When the eccentric spendthrift has thrown away his fortune he has to work, and is frowned at if he gets into debt. It was foreign ladies who inaugurated the dr ss saturnalia of the Second Empire. The Empress was a Spaniard, the Princess Metternich an Austro-Polo-Hungarian, the Marquise de Gallifet semi-Scotch, the Countess Rimsky Korsakoff a Russian, the Marquise de Chasseloup-Laubat a New Orleans creole the second Mme. Emile de Girardin the morganatic daughter of a pretty German sovereign; and so on. As the mania sprang up Californian gold and Nevada silver began to pour into Paris. Worth's opportunity was thus created, and the evolution of the illustrated press was as fuel to the flame.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

TOO many interests spoil the brain, dear Lady Betty. That circumstance appears to be particularly affecting the English of to-day, the descendants of men and women who were confined on an island, generally concentrated their attention on one pursuit, and were never very adaptable to development. Those reflections have been suggested by the astonishing departure which is described in the following letter:—

"Sir,—The Mechanical Conversationalist is so admirable a contrivance that I feel not a moment should be lost in communicating its discovery to the British Public.

"I have to-night had the privilege of dining with Lord ——, a peer whose entertainments rightly enjoy the highest reputation, as his guests are the pick of those amongst us from whom no effort of the intelligence is ever required.

"On entering the dining-room, I perceived a row of gramophones occupying the place where formerly stood the sideboard, and I presently discovered that a number of levers in front of the host enabled his lordship to control each instrument. We had scarcely sat down before Lord —— lowered a lever, and a gramophone

Blackpool. Splendid Winter Climate. Hôtel Métropole. Delightfully situated. Comfortably heated. Moorish and Japanese lounges. Orchestra. Moderate Winter. "En pension" Terms.

at once began to repeat in a loud voice several excellent stories—some obviously composed for the occasion, and others so old that few but the moderately well-read could have known them before.

"His Lordship later explained to us one especial merit the new system possessed—namely, that it rendered it unnecessary to invite clever people to the house. He now merely pays those objectionable persons a fee to invent stories and repeat them to the record, which latter afterwards retells them through the instrument. Intelligence is a peculiarly offensive form of vulgarity.

"By the time we had finished the fish all the guests exhibited the first symptoms of talkativeness. Some had ventured to remark that the weather was bad; others had inquired of their neighbours if the latter had seen some particular play; an ex-Secretary of State had expressed the hope that the lady to his right had not yet had an attack of influenza this year, and had found the observation so successful that he had immediately expressed the same hope to the lady on his left. One of our most prominent millionaires, however, had scored the greatest success of the entertainment—so far as the latter had gone—by dropping two 'h's' in one sentence, a performance which proved his claim to that respect which only the uneducated rich are entitled to command.

"Our host promptly reversed the first lever and lowered the one by its side, and at once another gramophone repeated a series of waltzes which had been played into the instrument by the massed bands of the Guards. Had an eighty-one ton gun been fired in the hall not a single guest could have heard the report, so loud was the performance. This increased enormously the self-confidence of each one of us, so much so, indeed, that my neighbour acquired sufficient courage to ask me if I was going on to a reception after dinner, if I was fond of dancing, and if I knew the latest millionaire whose successful manipulations of other people's money have earned for him the admiration of every well-disposed person.

"We have all heard of a host managing the guests at his table; a performance which required especial talent, intelligence, and experience. These qualities are no longer necessary for the purpose; the object can be attained by manipulating levers that are connected with a combination of gramophones! The discovery is of inestimable value.

"I am, of course, fully conscious that the precise description I have given of the process, and the praise I have bestowed upon the discovery, will make many imagine I have a pecuniary interest in presenting the matter to the public. Moreover, that in these days, when truthfulness is so little attended to, any denial of this accusation will be received with indifference. Nevertheless, I am entirely unconnected with the concern. It is alone the remembrance of a brilliant evening spent in the company of some of those amongst us who are most renowned for their ability, versatility, and wit, in these very favourable conditions, which has prompted me to communicate to the public without delay the particulars I have recorded.

"There is but one circumstance more which it is necessary for me to mention. Dessert brought with it a final surprise. Touching a button on the board to which were attached the levers, the host caused a disc to spring up above every dish on the table, and these labels had printed upon them the price of each fruit, to show how regardlessly of cost the entertainment had been provided. One label, however, fell from its place on to the Duchess of ——, and having its face downwards, made it appear as if her Grace cost nothing! That accidental misrepresentation of the Duchess occasioned general interchange of thought in whispered form, and may be regarded as having been the most conversationally suggestive circumstance of the evening. —Faithfully yours, etc., etc."

* * * * *

The only intelligence that is worth having in these days in England is City Intelligence!—Believe me to be, very truly yours, MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

NEARLY forty years have passed since flat racing was prohibited during the winter, the close season extending over four months. It would be a very good thing indeed if racing could be absolutely prohibited during the months of December and January. There is not a particle of interest about the miserable racing which now goes on during the winter, the stakes offered being abjectly poor, while the class of the runners is utterly beneath contempt. The paltry betting is the aim, end, and final object of the whole affair, for there is no sort of "sport" in such wretched racing. There was a meeting at Folkestone last week, at which there was no prize of over £70, and most of the events were worth only £40. Some of the very worst animals now in training were seen out, and what interest (apart from the betting) can there possibly be in witnessing the direful performances of such grievous crocks? There were nine starters for the Maidstone Selling Handicap Steeplechase of £36! Three only passed the winning-post. Chinese Labour won by twenty lengths, but there was no bid for him, although his selling price was only £50. What was the value of the lot? The Selling Hurdle Race of £36 for three-year-olds brought out five starters, and Palladia won in a canter, but afterwards there was no bid higher than £84. Totaliser, who started second favourite, and finished third, was sold by auction after the race for 33 gs.! There are meetings at which sport (?) of this melancholy description will be seen every week throughout the winter, and it is high time for such a burlesque of racing to be stopped. The only method of abolishing winter meetings is by legislation, and the sooner there is an end of them the better for the breed of horses, the improvement of which is supposed to be the paramount object of racing.

A writer in an evening paper refers to the official arrangements for next year's meetings, and justly points out that the Newbury summer and autumn fixtures have been most inconveniently placed. The Newbury Meeting in July again clashes with Liverpool Summer, while the November Newbury has been most unjustifiably and ungraciously cut down to one day, and is crammed in between Warwick and Manchester. This is the result of the foolish and absurd attempt to limit the "backend" meetings to three weeks, and which has been caused by fixing the Newmarket October Meeting a week later than this year, an arrangement which only causes annoyance, inconvenience, and loss. The statement, however, that "the Liverpool people have been very unfairly treated" is all rubbish and nonsense. It is preposterous that the Liverpool July Meeting shall continue to be dragged over three days, especially as the fixture is allowed four days in March and four days in November. The summer fixture would be distinctly benefited by being cut down to two days, and if this course had been adopted there would have been no clashing with Newbury. As matters stand the managers of the Newbury Meeting had better postpone the race for the Cup (their principal handicap) until Saturday, as the Liverpool Summer Cup is run for on Friday. It cannot hurt Newbury to put off the Cup race until Saturday, as an excellent train service makes this fixture practically a suburban meeting. The writer to whom I have referred disapproves (as well he may) of the return to the old system of having only a fortnight's interval between Epsom and Ascot. I mentioned this matter last week, and have since been informed that Epsom Summer has been deferred until a week later than usual for special reasons which have no direct connection with racing affairs, but which will become apparent a few months hence.

An enormous entry has been obtained for the National Breeders' Produce Stakes of £5,000, to run at Sandown Park in July, 1909, the list of mares engaged filling nearly three columns of the *Racing Calendar*. His Majesty has entered nine of the Sandringham mares, including Medora (dam of Zinfandel), covered by Persimmon; Amphora, by Flying Fox, and Vane (sister to Flying Fox), by Ayrshire. Mr. W. Hall Walker is

the largest subscriber, as he has entered no fewer than twenty-two mares, including Black Cherry (dam of Black Arrow), covered by Count Schomberg; Sand Blast (dam of Colonia), by Gallinule; and Go On (dam of Polar Star,) by Gallinule. This last-named mare has since been sold. Lord Derby has an entry of nineteen, including Lock and Key (dam of Keystone II.), covered by Florizel II.; Santa Brigida (dam of Bridge of Canny), by Ayrshire; Jolly Jenny and Broad Corrie, by Cyllene; Alt Mark, by Zinfandel; Princess Melton, by Flying Lemur; and Canterbury Pilgrim, by John o' Gaunt. Lord Rosebery has an entry of fourteen, including Chelandry (dam of Traquair,) covered by Marco; Sea Breeze and Avilion (dam of Lavengro), by Sir Visto; Montem, by Cyllene; and Apennine, by Robert le Diable. Mr. Botterill has thirteen mares, six of which have been covered by Pride, and three by Flor di Cuba. Mr. A. James also has thirteen, including The Gorgon (dam of Gorgos), covered by Cyllene; Charm, by Sainfoin; Aboyne, by Rock Sand; and Dum Dum, by Diamond Jubilee. The Duke of Portland has eleven mares, including Memoir, covered by Ajax; Mneme, by Flying Fox; Mrs. Butterwick, by Cyllene; Semolina, by Gallinule; and four covered by William the Third. Mr. J. B. Joel has eleven, eight of which have been covered by Sundridge. Sir D. Cooper has ten, including Glare (dam of Flair), covered by Gallinule, and Myakka, by Persimmon. Major Loder has seven, including Admiration (dam of Pretty Polly), Sibola, and three others, all covered by Gallinule, and Gallinaria, by Flying Fox. Mr. Neumann's lot of seven includes Waterhen, covered by Rock Sand, and Sirenia and Firelight, both by Flying Fox. Mr. R. A. Brice has seven, five of which have been covered by Forfarshire, and one of the others is Lady Langden, who went to Flying Fox. Lord Clonmell's lot of seven includes Yesterling, covered by Gallinule; Fame, by Wildfowler; and Mary Seaton, by Ajax. The Duke of Westminster has the same number, including Vampire (dam of Flying Fox), covered by William the Third; Gantlet, by Sainfoin; Racing Cup, by Orme; and Wetaria, by Avington. This last-named mare is a four-year-old own sister to Flying Fox, that proved an ignominious failure on the Turf. She is to be sent next season to Bachelor's Button. Lord de Clifford has six mares, all covered by The Solicitor, and Mr. B. Cloete five, all sent to Cherry Tree. Mr. Cunliffe's lot of six includes Comedy, covered by Isinglass. The Duke of Devonshire has five entries, including Burgonet, covered by Gallinule; Grand Prix, by Cyllene; and Claque, by Count Schomberg. Captain Forester has five mares, all covered by Cupbearer. Captain Greer's lot of six includes Reclusion (dam of Slieve Gallion), covered by Gallinule. Sir R. Waldie Griffith has four mares, three of them covered by Veles. Sir John Thursby has five, all covered by John o' Gaunt. The lot of five entered by "Mr. Theobalds" includes La Reine (dam of Volodyovski), covered by Florizel II. Mr. Raphael has five, one of them being Cimiez, covered by Cyllene. None of the Sledmere mares have been engaged in this stake, and the only French owner who has patronised it is M. Ephrussi.

Mr. A. Bailey's colt All Black, by Gallinule out of Vortex, is one of the best-looking two-year-olds now in training at Newmarket, and he has greatly improved since he was last seen out, which was at Sandown Park in July, when he finished second to Traquair (beaten a head, with 9 lb. the best of the weights), for the National Breeders' Produce Stakes. All Black had been twice beaten before he ran at Sandown Park, but he was placed in both races, and was running in good company. He is engaged in the Two Thousand and Derby, and he is in several races in which he would have the benefit of a maiden allowance. If the colt goes on all right he ought to turn out a very useful three-year-old.

Baron de Forest has a very fine filly in Bellatrix, by Melton out of Minera, and it is expected that she will develop into a three-year-old of high class. It is most unfortunate that she should have been struck out of the Oaks when the minor forfeit was declared on March 27, and her breeder also withdrew her from the North Derby at Newcastle. It is quite on the cards that she would have won the Oaks, supposing that all goes well with her during the winter and spring, and her withdrawal from that race is the more to be regretted as it was her only important engagement. She is in the Ham Stakes at Goodwood and in the Park Hill Stakes at Doncaster, but she has no engagements at Ascot.

The *Sporting Times* refers to the popular indignation which was aroused when "Sir James Graham, Postmaster-General, was supposed to have opened the letters of some French conspirators." Sir James Graham was not Postmaster-General, but Home Secretary, and it was the correspondence of Italian conspirators (Mazzini in particular) which he tampered with. The fact is that Sir James Graham only acted in accordance with precedent, as was perfectly well known to those politicians who were behind the scenes. Lord John Russell, when Home Secretary under Lord Melbourne, had several times issued warrants for certain letters to be opened by the Post Office officials before they were delivered.

There are 112 entries for the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot, to run in 1908, and the race will be worth £3,120. Valuable hints may be gathered from the list of two-year-olds and upwards which have been engaged in this race, as it may be taken for granted that only those animals are entered for which a successful future is anticipated by those who know most about them. It is odd that Troutbeck should not have been entered, but Lord Derby has engaged Keystone II., so there is evidently no idea of withdrawing the Oaks winner from the Turf, and Bridge of Canny is also entered. Among the most notable of the older horses in this race (which closed on October 30) are Mr. S. Joel's Polymelus, Mr. J. B. Joel's Prince William, Mr. W. Hall Walker's Black Arrow, Mr. L. de Rothschild's Radium (this horse will very likely win one of the spring handicaps if he "winters" well), Mr. J. de Rothschild's Beppo, Mr. Dugdale's Picton, Sir E. Cassel's Killeagh, and Mr. Fairie's Plum Tree. The list of now two-year-olds includes Mr. W. Hall Walker's Polar Star, His Majesty's "dark" colt Perambulator, Mr. Beddington's Tui, Duke of Westminster's Dusty Miller, Major Loder's Baltinglass and Galvani, Lord Rosebery's Bezonian, Sir E. Vincent's Auber, Baron de Forest's Bellatrix, Duke of Devonshire's Hill Sprite, Captain Greer's Slieve Gallion, Colonel Fenwick's Rockbourne, and Lord Falmouth's St. Martin, own brother to Quintessence, a dark colt of high promise, that is quite likely to turn out a Derby horse. It is to be observed that Spearmint has not been entered for this race.

Mr. S. Joel has sold St. Denis to the Russian Government. This horse was a very moderate performer on the Turf, but he is splendidly bred, being by St. Simon out of Brooch by Blue Green out of Ornament, own sister to Ormonde. He is overflowing with the very best "running" blood. Brooch was bred by the late Duke of Westminster, and was a complete failure as a racer. St. Denis was bred by Mr. S. Joel in 1901. Saltpetre, by St. Simon out of Billow, has also been purchased by the Russian Government. This horse, who was a really good stayer, was bred by Mr. Brassey in 1900. He broke down this year when running for the Ascot Stakes, and would have won that handicap for Mr. D. Faber but for this disaster. Saltpetre was a very game, honest horse on the Turf, and he ought to make a good sire.

Radium is a horse which many people have made a note of as likely to win one of the spring handicaps. He was not up to the mark last March, when he ran at Liverpool, having 7 lb. the worst of the weights with Beppo and Bridge of Canny, and shortly afterwards he was beaten for the Newmarket Biennial, as well he might be, considering that he was attempting to give 12 lb. to Troutbeck. Radium was more or less amiss during the summer and autumn, but if he does well during the next few months he certainly ought to win a good handicap as a four-year-old.

Beppo will no doubt be entered for the Ascot Cup

and Alexandra Plate, as he stays so well, and he is not likely to be given a fair chance in any handicap. He ran prominently in the Cesarewitch with the very respectable weight of 8 st. 6 lb. on his back, when he was giving 27 lb. to Spate, who a few weeks later won the Manchester November Handicap. Beppo ran well in both the Derby and the St. Leger, but his principal performance was winning the Jockey Club Stakes. It is quite on the cards that he may repeat this victory next October, as he has the benefit of a breeding allowance of 12 lb., which extinguishes his penalty for winning this year's race. He will hold all the older horses safe enough.

It is the opinion of many good judges that The White Knight will turn out to be one of the very best of the four-year-olds of next season, and he also can stay well. He will presumably be entered for the Ascot Cup, as he has no engagements. The White Knight is certain to be overweighted in handicaps, while in most of the weight-for-age races he would have to carry a heavy penalty for winning the Ascot Vase.

Colonel Baird's filly, Geronima, was one of the failures of last season, as she greatly disappointed her stable on more than one occasion, and never ran in public within measurable distance of her private form. Geronima was amiss for some time, and after her illness she was never really all right. It may be hoped that next season she will prove that her home trials were right, while her public running was all wrong. She is said to be going on as well as could be desired. She is entered for both the One Thousand and the Oaks, but probably her engagement in one of the £1,000 races at Hurst Park on Whit Tuesday will suit her better, as she would have a 5 lb. maiden allowance, and the animals in the list have incurred penalties.

The final forfeit for next year's Princess of Wales's Stakes of £6,000 is to be declared on January 1, and there will probably be a very large withdrawal. There were 216 entries when this race closed in December, 1903, and sixty-six animals were left in when the last forfeit was declared in October, 1905. The only animals in the list with any pretensions to good form are Spearmint (entered by Sir Tatton Sykes), Black Arrow, Llangibby, and Polymelus. Cicero and Flair are left in, but both will, of course, be withdrawn on January 1. As to the four horses mentioned, neither Spearmint nor Llangibby is likely to stand another preparation, and the tales as to their being seen out again next season are all moonshine. No doubt an attempt will be made to prepare both horses for their future engagements, but I am informed on excellent authority that neither of them is likely to stand a thorough course of training. Black Arrow would be of no use over the Suffolk Stakes course, which can only be achieved with success by a really good stayer. This leaves the Princess of Wales's Stakes at the mercy of Polymelus, and the real race is merely a question of health for Mr. Joel's horse. There are several animals in the list which will no doubt accept just on the off chance of something happening to Polymelus, notably Nulli Secundus.

The best of the English lot in the Grand Prix de Paris are Galvani, Weathercock, Baltinglass, Galleot (a much-improved and highly promising colt), Linacre, Silver Heeled, Hexagon, and the colt by Orme out of St. Victorine. There are 487 entries for this stake, as against 432 for this year's race. M. E. Blanc has seventeen entries, eleven of his lot being sired by Flying Fox. M. Michael Ephrussi has twenty-one entries, and the Rothschild stables have twenty-two altogether.

A special meeting of the Beaufort Hunt Committee was held the other day, when the Duke of Beaufort announced that he intends to reduce the hunting days from six a week to four, unless the subscription of £3,000 a year is raised to £3,500. The Committee have decided that every person (other than landowners or covert-owners in the country) hunting with the Duke of Beaufort's pack will be expected to subscribe at the rate of at least £10 per annum for every day per week that they hunt, the minimum subscription being now raised to £15.

Last week I referred to a letter from the eminent lawn tennis reformers, Messrs. MacFie and Griffiths, in which they endeavoured to explain away certain glaring inconsistencies in their positions and at the same time to suggest that they had been tricked and out-manœuvred. Mr. Palmer has replied. As to what happened when he tendered his resignation, he states that on his return to the room he was told that the Council of the Lawn Tennis Association unanimously requested him to continue on their body. This was what the chairman said. Mr. Prebble, who was present, made no protest whatever. He is a brave man. He has the courage of his opinions, and for this reason I suppose he has been elected on the Committee whose duty it is to select the teams for the Dwight-Davis Cup. The fence squatter is always a useful man on a committee. With regard to the fact that he was appointed to manage the Dwight-Davis competition in 1905 and 1906, Mr. Palmer practically uses the same arguments that I did last week. He points out that the Council selected the committees, and that at the annual meeting in the autumn of 1905 one of the writers of the above-mentioned letter played a prominent part in the discussion as to his (Mr. Palmer's) eligibility for the Council. It may be as well to say that the speaker was Mr. MacFie, and that he did not say a word against the appointment as a manager in 1905, or suggest that someone else should do the work in 1906. If Mr. MacFie had been candid enough to say this in his original letter his excuses and suggestions would have fallen very flat. Candour is desirable even in an anti-trader.

By the way, now that Mr. MacFie and his friends have pledged themselves that the All England Lawn Tennis Club may retain both the Championships and Mr. Palmer as their secretary, I suggest to the club that to show their appreciation of this graceful concession they should henceforth adopt as a motto: "Palmer qui meruit ferat."

There was much moaning amongst a large number of people who went to see the South Africans play at the Crystal Palace because the railway company only got them there at half-time. Unpleasant as was the experience, I can only regard the spectators as being to blame. They ought to have anticipated disaster. The frailties of the lines that run to the Palace are matters of common knowledge. The complaints of those who paid for ring seats and were unable to see anything of the game are much more to the point. They call attention to the fact that there is not a decent Rugby football ground round London at which eight or ten thousand people can see the game in comfort. Surely the moneys of the Rugby Union might be expended in laying out such a ground. The money would bring as good a return as Consols. The costs of erecting stands at Blackheath or Richmond for an International match come to £300 a time at least. At present it is absolutely necessary to pay five shillings for the barest accommodation if one wishes to get a view of the game. The ordinary sixpenny or shilling spectator, unless he is in the first two rows, can hope to see nothing of the game. The wonder is that so many people put themselves to the inconvenience of watching Rugby football in the metropolis.

The Oxford and Cambridge Rugby football match was played at Queen's Club. It began in gloom and ended in darkness. During the first half the Oxford forwards kept the Cambridge men on the defensive. Scoular, at back, saved them repeatedly by long kicks into touch. Then Oxford scored three tries in less than ten minutes. The half-backs quite outplayed Cambridge, and the passing was often very good. Vassall quite upheld the family name at three-quarters. It was not until MacLeod went from the wing to centre that the Cambridge attack showed any likelihood of succeeding. Such a change in position in the course of a University match shows a curious conception of the capacity of a player, and goes some way to explain the lack of cohesion amongst the Cambridge University forwards. During the second half the Cambridge forwards played much better, and they came away with some fine rushes. Oxford well deserved to win by four tries to a goal

and a try. They were practically better in every department of the game except at full back, where I doubt if there was really very much to choose. Davies had not much to do, but he kicked well and made no mistake. The revival of the Cambridge team in the second half was very refreshing, but their three-quarters had lost them the match by going quite to pieces in their tackling during that fatal ten minutes in the first half.

The South Africans had not a very strong team out against Lancashire, whose forwards played a very strong game. There is no doubt that the visitors have had quite enough of football, and they find our midwinter mudheaps very troublesome. They beat Cumberland easily enough, but I shall be surprised if they manage to go through the rest of the season without defeat. Of course, it is perfectly true that for the most part they play scratch teams. I make no doubt that we could send forth a team of footballers who, after playing a game or two together, would make quite a good show if they were to tour the country with a match a week.

The language of the towpath—the University towpath—has never been employed so effectively in the House of Commons as it was by Mr. Birrell when he chaffed Mr. Healy. But, then, Mr. Birrell was a Trinity Hall man, and the Hall man who neither rowed nor read—reading was not essential—was urged by the senior tutor to seek the seclusion of a college that shall be nameless. In those days the Hall had no football or cricket ground. These be modern innovations. But the Hall has done very well on its rowing. Not long ago 10 per cent. of the King's Counsel were Hall men, and Mr. Birrell was of that number.

The cross country race between Oxford and Cambridge was run at Wimbledon and Cambridge just got home by one point. Edwards was first home for the Light Blues in record time. I remember that he ran well as a Freshman. He ought to do better over three miles on cinders than he has done. Mais, the Oxford Freshman, was second. He just beat Pearson, last year's Cambridge winner, by half-a-dozen yards. He has recently run a very good two miles in a stranger's race at Oxford, and I expect he will do as well over the three miles for Oxford as Horan once did for Cambridge.

Last Saturday at Dulwich College there was a regular football saturnalia. Ten Old Boys' fifteens turned out against the school teams. The Old Boys won every match, the school ninth fifteen being the only one to get anywhere near their opponents. There must be just a little spare enthusiasm amongst the Old Boys for teams to turn up in this way.

Really affairs in the Football Association are coming to a pretty pass when Mr. Bentley, in the *Daily Mail*, proceeds to jeer at an amateur member of the Council for not being in time at the meeting. The professional writer who utilises his knowledge of the Council to fill his column suggests that this gentleman ought to have wired or sent an office boy to move his resolution, which was, as a matter of fact, a question. This amateur points out that the alteration in the hour of meeting makes it impossible for him to be there at kick-off. He does not charge the Council, as he could, half a guinea for a twopenny fare. This little lecture to amateurs on how to do business is a very superior and very impertinent one. Those who make a living out of Association Football have only themselves to consider. Those who have to make their living out of something else cannot give up business. In the absence of the amateur and the gentlemen whom he had asked to "devil" his question, one of the others present might have brought the matter forward if they had had the interests of the game at heart. But then Mr. J. J. Bentley's lecture on deportment would have been spoiled. No brother councillor would spoil cheap copy.

It was a great joy to the Plumstead crowd to find the Arsenal in form again. They upset the leaders, Everton, and took third place. This change of form on the eve of Christmas is most gratifying. Chelsea have gone up to second place in the Second Division. Playing on their own ground they beat Clapton Orient by two goals to one. The forwards were weak in front of goal. In the Southern League Fulham went south and beat Southampton. The Corinthians simply romped over the Navy, although several of their best men were away helping the English amateurs to beat the Irish on a sea of mud at Dublin.

MAMMON.

Stocks Quiet—Nearing the Holidays—Tight Money only Temporary—Where Bargains may be Obtained.

THE approach of Christmas is interfering very materially with business on the Stock Exchange, and transactions are small in volume and features of interest few. It is to be hoped that we shall have more lively conditions before long, but it would be scarcely reasonable to look for activity until the turn of the year, when money rates will be more reasonable, and speculators and investors will be in a better humour to try their luck in the markets. The monetary stringency is quite a temporary affair, and, as I have pointed out before, other conditions are making for higher prices early in the New Year. Consequently, if you buy now—whether it be of gilt-edged, or Home Railway stocks, or Mining shares—you stand every chance of realising before long at a very respectable profit.

Money Becoming Dearer—December Pressure—The Outlook.

As the end of the year approaches, the monetary pressure becomes gradually more pronounced, but, so far, no really acute stringency has been experienced. Generally, the outlook has not undergone any material change, though it must be noted that the customary drain of gold to Argentina has commenced in earnest, and Brazil continues to withdraw the metal. In regard to the latter's requirements, an impression now prevails that they will prove greater than seemed probable only a short time ago, and that the drain will consequently be maintained well into the New Year. Should this prove to be the case, it seems likely that, in view of the possibility of Russia absorbing some of the metal early next year and some being also "ear-marked" against the Indian Currency Reserve, there will be no superabundance of funds in the market until January is out of the way. However, there is some uncertainty whether things will shape in such a manner, and, in any case, one thing which is certain is that as 1907 gets thoroughly under way the international situation will undoubtedly experience a gradual relaxation of the pressure incidental to the last months of the calendar year. As regards the Bank, it seems very improbable that any further advance in the rate will be necessary. With the assistance of the imports of gold, the institution will no doubt be able to pull through the remaining days of 1906 without resorting to extreme measures, now that Secretary Shaw has afforded some relief to the position in New York, which had the result of stopping inquiries for gold from that quarter. The reserve last week dwindled away by £194,000 to a total of £22,748,000, but from now until the New Year the movements are likely to be more substantial, owing to the efflux of cash to the country.

Consols Sensitive—Stocks Attractive—Foreigners Quiet—Russians—Uruguays.

It could only be expected that as the monetary pressure, inevitable during the final month of the year, becomes more pronounced, gilt-edged stocks, naturally susceptible to this influence, should be somewhat sensitive. So far as values are concerned, the movements are quite narrow and unimportant, and it seems prob-

Money Saved is Money Earned.—The Central Stock Exchange, Ltd. (Established 1893) make close net prices and middle contango rates in all departments.—66, Cannon St., London, E.C.

able that this will be the order of things until the New Year is thoroughly under weigh. It would be absurd, I may remark, to anticipate a complete relaxation of the pressure in the money situation immediately the New Year has set in; the process will be gradual, and the effect upon the values of gilt-edged stocks will be gradual also. This being so, I still may reiterate that gilt-edged stocks at the moderate level of values now prevailing appear to be worthy of the consideration of the investor, who stands to profit considerably from the appreciation in capital values within the next month or so. The fact that many stocks are quoted ex dividend makes them appear rather cheap, and the following table indicates the approximate yield they would give:—

	Price		Yield per Cent.
Consols	86¼	.....	£2 18 0
War Loan	97¼	.....	2 16 6
Transvaal 3 p c.	97¼	.....	3 1 6
Local Loans	97½	.....	3 1 6
Guaranteed 2¾ p.c. (Irish)	88	.....	3 3 0
India 3 p.c.	93	.....	3 5 0
London County 3 p.c.	88½	.....	3 8 0
Water Board	93	.....	3 5 0

The Foreign market is quiet with few features of special interest, though it may be mentioned that as a result of the religious struggle Paris is rather inclined to let its specialities dribble away slightly, but the decline is by no means appreciable anywhere. As regards Russians, the denial of the French Government that it was countenancing another loan has made no impression. In this connection the general idea seems to be that the country is badly in need of more money, and that an effort will be made to raise a fresh loan early next year. Japanese are not very prominent, the threatened trouble with the United States and the proposed increase in the Army now being ignored. I still consider that the new 4 per cent bonds which would bring in over 4½ per cent. at the existing quotation would make a rather promising investment. South American bonds are featureless, except perhaps Uruguays, which are being favourably influenced by the encouraging figures relating to the country's trade and finances for 1905 given in the Consular report.

Home Rails Firm—Undergrounds the Exception—The Fall in District Preference—Great Westerns—A Word of Caution—The Merits of Leeds and Berwicks—Hulls, York Deferred and "Potts"—Two Cheap Welsh Stocks.

The dearness of money and growing doubts about any early return to easier conditions after the year has turned, combine to practically prohibit purchases of Home Rails by speculators unable to pay outright for what they buy. At the same time evidence has again been afforded during the last few days of a moderate amount of support from real investors, and while this does not involve any firework display in the market, it is still telling quietly in the direction of higher values. The stocks of the London underground lines exceptionally have shown a weak tendency, but this is not surprising in view of the poor results achieved since the installation of electric traction, and the very dubious outlook. Metropolitan District Extension Five per Cent. Preference within a few days has fallen 6 points, and now stands at 43-47, or some points below the "Assenting" stock, which, it will be remembered, was given a guarantee rising gradually from 1 to 3½ per cent., in return for forfeiture of the right to 5 per cent. dividends. There is £962,000 of the non-assenting stock, as against £537,000 of the assenting, and the majority of holders who have been waiting since 1900 for a dividend, which is still out of sight, must begin to doubt their wisdom in refusing the bird in the hand for the chance of the two in the bush. To return to the leading railways of the country, the influences at work upon stocks, apart from dear money, continue of a pleasantly monotonous character. Our trade returns for November showed an expansion in exports of £3,367,000, or 11.4 per cent., and it is of interest to note as having a direct bearing upon the "coaler" lines, such as the Hull and Barnsley and the South Wales systems, that shipments of coal during the month rose by no fewer than 800,000 tons. In the matter of imports, the total increase was less grandiose, being £2,602,000, or 4.9 per cent., but the point of importance is that the improvement was mainly in raw materials, thus assuring us of a continuance of activity in the staple industries. Coming to traffic returns, the record published last week was well up to the average, and it is now certain that every railway of importance apart from the undergrounds will wind up the half-year with a more or less substantial increase. The recent improvement in Great Western earnings has caused Westerns to be singled out for attention. Within a week both the old and new Ordinary have risen 3 points, the latter, issued at 125, having mounted to 4 premium. As Great Westerns yield over 4 per cent. at present price, the stock is good enough as an investment, but personally I think there are more attractive bargains in the Home Railway list at the present time. It should be kept in mind when looking at Great Western traffics that the Company's mileage is ninety-three miles greater than a year ago, and with two millions of new stock ranking for dividend as from January 1 next, the chances of any early increase in the dividend are not great. To my mind the two most inviting stocks in the "Heavy" group are North-Easterns and Lancashire and Yorkshire Ordinary. The Berwick should have a gross traffic gain at the end of the half-year of £300,000, and should thus be able to increase its dividend by ¾ to 1 per cent. per annum for the six months, without departing in any way from its traditional conservatism. An increase of ¾ per cent. would make the annual dividend 6⅛ per cent., and the yield at present price, allowing for accrued dividend, 4⅜ per cent., while an advance of 1 per cent in the dividend would make the distribution for the year 6¼ per cent., and the yield about 4½ per cent. The Leeds to date has a traffic increase of £93,000, and an advance of £46,000 in net revenue would enable the dividend to be raised by ½ per cent. per annum for the half-year. Such an advance would make the annual dividend 4⅜ per cent., and the yield upon Leeds £4 7s. Hulls and Great Northern Deferred still stand out as by far and away the most attractive selections among the low-priced issues, and those wishing for securities that promise yields of 4¾ to 5 per cent. ought to pick up these stocks without delay. They have already had a rise of several points since I first drew attention to their merits, but the improvement should go a good deal further yet. I might also point out once again the solid worth of North Staffordshire Ordinary. The "Potts" is one of the steadiest dividend-paying railways we have, and as there is every reason to look for the dividend in respect of 1906 to be raised to 4½ per cent., the stock ought to enjoy a rise of at least ten points in the near future, seeing that it can now be picked up at par. If the investor likes to stray into the Welsh group, he can find one or two stocks that look distinctly underpriced at present. The Barry should have an increase of some £40,000 in gross receipts at the end of the half-year, and it only requires £18,500 more in net revenue to pay another 2 per cent. per annum for the six months. This would make the Barry dividend 10 per cent. for the year, and would bring the yield up to 5 per cent. The case for Taff Vales is even stronger. Already the stock yields 5 per cent. at present price, while as the Company should have an aggregate traffic increase of £22,000, a higher return may be looked for. Another ½ per cent. per annum for the six months requires £13,000, and assuming that increase be decided upon, the yield upon "Taffs" would be 5½ per cent. There has been a moderate inquiry for both these Welsh stocks during the past few days, but the demand should grow considerably as the financial position of the two Companies

"Finance."—A concise weekly record of markets and prices, published by the Central Stock Exchange, Ltd., 66, Cannon-street, London, E.C. Post free for six months to applicants mentioning this paper.

How to Operate in Stocks Successfully.—See Halford's Adviser (post free).—Palmerston House, London, E.C. Established 1869. Telegrams: "Monitor, London."

becomes more widely known. My usual table will be found below:—

Home Rails.	A Year Ago.	Make up, Dec. 11.	Closing Price, Dec. 8.	Closing Price, Dec. 15.	Movement.
Caledonian Pref.	78¾	74¾	74¾	74¾	—
Do. Def.	40⅜	31⅝	31½	31⅝	- ⅛
City and S. London	45	41½	42	42	—
Central London	93½	83½	84	84	—
Great Central 94 Pref.	74	—	74½	74½	—
Do. "B"	37½	35½	35⅝	35½	+ ⅛
Do. "A"	18½	16⅝	16⅝	16⅝	—
Great Eastern	87½	82	82½	82½	—
Great Northern Pref.	102½	100½	100½	100½	—
Do. Def.	44½	45	44⅝	45½	+ ⅝
Great Western	141½	130⅜	130½	132⅝	+2¼
Hull and Barnsley	48½	47½	48	48½	—
Lancashire and Yorkshire	108	102½	103	103½	+ ½
London and Brighton "A"	126½	120½	120½	122	+1½
London, Chatham, and Dover	15⅝	14¼	14¼	14½	—
Do. 4½ p.c. Pref.	97	89	89	90	+1
Do. 2nd Pref.	63	54	55	55	—
London and North-Western	158¾	152½	152½	152¾	+ ¼
London and South-Western Def.	56½	50¼	50¼	50½	+ ¼
Metropolitan Consolidated	87	63½	63½	61½	- 2
Metropolitan District	36	20¼	20½	20	- ½
Midland Pref.	68½	67½	67½	66¾	- ¾
Do. Def.	71¾	66½	66½	66¾	+ ¼
North British 3 p.c. Pref.	77¾	74⅛	74¼	74¼	—
Do. Def.	46½	41½	41⅝	41⅝	—
North-Eastern Consolidated	144	141½	141½	142¾	+1½
South-Eastern "A"	52¾	46½	46½	47	+ ½

AMERICANS IRREGULAR—MONETARY FEARS—ACTIVE TRADE—MILWAUKEES PROMINENT—UNION PACIFIC'S REPORT.

The American market continues to be left in very large measure to the professional gentry. Rightly or wrongly—and I think rightly—the public leaves the market very much alone, having opportunities of doing well in other departments without anything like the excitement entailed by Yankees. At present, too, there does not seem to be room for much appreciation in values. The country is undoubtedly in a most prosperous condition, which is reflected in large earnings. But much prosperity has been generally discounted in prevailing prices, and not even the American public is doing much to relieve the "bosses" of the large blocks of stock which they have been accumulating for the last eighteen months or more. The importance of the market in relation to this country is no longer what it used to be a few years ago, when values started rising rapidly, and, as I have said, most shares are used simply as gambling counters by professionals, who crave for excitement, and who can get out promptly when necessary—being in this respect unlike the outsider, who, oftener than not, is not well placed to snatch a quick profit or cut a loss. One of the features of the week was furnished by Milwaukees, which enjoyed a sharp spurt on rumours of competitive buying by the Hill and Harriman interests. It was reported that stock was scarce, for one thing, and for another, that the Company was about to issue $75,000,000 of new stock at par, and giving valuable rights. The best price touched has not been maintained. The Bank statement made a fairly satisfactory showing, but the dearness of money told against freedom of dealings. About the middle of the week there was general liquidation, following the calling in of loans by the banks, and the monetary outlook was reported as serious. One report to account for the temporary demoralisation was that a heavy "bull" operator had been caught in Hill stocks and had to throw a line overboard. Another explanation was that the Union Pacific Company is reducing its holdings of Hill stocks in advance pending the Interstate Commerce Commission's investigation. Wall Street sentiment was considerably chilled, also, by Washington advices regarding the slowness of Mr. Shaw's relief plans. The Northern Pacific Railroad Company has announced its plan to increase its capital by $95,000,000, of which $93,000,000 will be sold to stockholders at par. The proceeds will be used for the development of railroad facilities. My table is appended:—

—	1905. Highest.	1905. Lowest.	Closing Price, Dec. 1, 1906.	Closing Price, Dec. 8, 1906.	Closing Price, Dec. 15, 1906.
Atchison	96	80¼	107⅜	107⅜	108⅜
Do. Five per Cent. Pref.	109	102	105½	105⅜	106
Baltimore and Ohio Com.	120¼	104	122½	122½	122⅝
Chesapeake and Ohio	61½	46⅜	57⅜	59⅛	58⅜
Denver	40⅛	27⅜	43½	44⅜	44½
Do. Pref.	93⅞	85⅜	88⅜	89	89
Erie	54½	38⅝	45⅝	46⅞	46⅝
Do First Pref.	87½	77⅜	78	78	78
Louisville	161½	140¼	150½	150½	153½
Milwaukee	193⅛	173⅛	188¼	189½	203½
Mo., Kan., and Texas	39¼	24⅛	44	42⅛	43⅜
Norfolk Pref.	96½	94	93	93	93
Do. Common	90¾	77⅜	97¼	97⅜	94⅜
New York Central	169⅜	140¼	136	138½	138½
Ontario	65½	41⅞	49⅞	50½	49½
Pennsylvania	76⅜	67¼	71⅛	71½	71½
Reading	73⅜	40⅞	76	76½	76½
Do. First Pref.	49⅜	40	44½	46	44½
Southern Common	39⅞	28⅜	35⅜	35½	35⅜
Do. Pref.	104½	97½	99½	97½	99½
Southern Pacific	74	59⅝	97½	97½	98½
Union Pacific	155⅜	116⅞	192⅜	192⅜	192⅜
Do. Pref.	102½	98½	96	96½	96
Wabash Pref.	49⅜	37⅜	44½	45	44
Do. "B" Debentures	86⅞	69½	82½	82	82
U.S. Steel Corp. Com.	44½	26	49⅜	51⅜	50⅜
Do. Do. Pref.	110⅛	93⅜	107⅜	108¼	108⅜

The Union Pacific's report for the twelve months to June is interesting. When the management some time ago increased the semi-annual dividend from 3 to 5 per cent., actual, thus placing the Common stock upon a 10 per cent. basis, they were accused in many quarters of a lack of conservatism. To these comments the reply made by the friends and supporters of the Company was that while the actual earning power of the Union Pacific Company as a transportation concern might not justify the 10 per cent. rate, the earnings from its investments in other properties were such that the aggregate amount available for dividends would represent the equivalent of fully 20 per cent. on the Common stock. The showing made by the Union Pacific system for the past year, as compared with the results of the preceding twelve months, is as follows:—

Year ending June 30.	1906.	1905.	Changes.
	dols.	dols.	dols.
Gross Earnings	67,281.543	59,324,949	I. 7,956,594
Operating Expenses	35,261,171	30,370,702	I. 4,890,469
Net Earnings	32,020,372	28,954,247	I. 3,066,125
Charges and Taxes	10,535,514	12,665,499	D. 2,079,985
Available for Div's	21,434,858	16,288,748	I. 5,146,110
Preferred Divid'd (4 p.c.)	3,982 032	3,982,810	D. 778
Balance	17,452,826	12,305,938	I. 5,146,888
Common Divid'd (8 p.c.)	15,550,392	*7.104.250	I. 8,446,142
Surplus	1,902,434	5,201,688	D. 3,299,254
Income from Investments, &c.	10,329,816	6,496,759	I. 3,833,057
Total Surplus	12,232,250	11,698,759	I. 533,803
Betterments, Equipment, &c.	4,200 000	4,479,165	D. 279,165
Final Surplus	8,032,250	7,219,282	I. 812,968

* Four and one-half per Cent.

It is pointed out that the income, including $10,329,816 derived from investments—that is, dividends received by the Company from its holdings of the shares of other corporations, etc.—amounts to the equivalent of only 14.21 per cent. upon the $195,446,000 of Common stock, as compared with 9.61 per cent. on the outstanding Common of the preceding year. It is also observed that the item of other income includes the semi-annual dividend of 2½ per cent., payable October 1, 1906, upon the Common stock of the Southern Pacific Company, of which the Union Pacific holds upward of $90,000,000, although this dividend was not actually paid until after the close of the fiscal year for which the report is made. The report throws considerable light on these holdings of stocks of other Companies. It seems that on June 30, 1906, the Union Pacific or its affiliated Companies held among its unpledged securities, in par values, $15,436,400 of Great Northern and $13,352,800 of Northern Pacific. During the fiscal year, however, Northern Securities stock to the par value of $2,850,000, as well as $9,960,080 of Great Northern and $14,830,082 of Northern Pacific, were sold, while, as above indicated, the Union Pacific acquired $3,744,400 of Great

TREATISE ON OPTIONS.—Mr. Arthur Crump, late City Editor of the *Times*, described "Options" as "The most scientific and prudent way of operating on the Stock Exchange." This system, although very popular on the Continent and in America, is not so well known amongst Investors here as its merits justify. We have just published a new Treatise on this subject, which will be sent post free on application to THE SECRETARY, LONDON & PARIS EXCHANGE, LTD., Bankers, Basildon House, Bank, London, E.C., or from any of its Branches.

Northern stock at par in connection with rights to subscribe for the same given to the shareholders of that Company.

Canadian Railways — Position of "Canadas" — Grand Trunk Junior Stocks—A Selection of Canadians—Mexican Railways—Argentines—Beira Railways.

In the Canadian Railway market dealings have been on a rather restricted scale, but "Canadas" have enjoyed a sharp spurt, and have been strong throughout, rising to 202¼, which compares with a lowest this year of 161⅞ and a previous best of 189¼. The company's earnings are on a very large scale, and its shares make a most attractive holding to put away for a time. They give you a very fair return in the meantime. I have enlarged on so many occasions on the merits of Canadian Pacifics that I am under no necessity to say much now, but I may draw attention to the fact that the shares are attractive, and that they possess decided possibilities of appreciation. Grand Trunk senior stocks make good investments; the Third Preference and Ordinary issues might be bought for appreciation with the growth of the earnings. Below I give a table of Canadian Railway stocks, which will repay attention:

Present Amount.	Name.	Price.	Yield per Cent.
$1,231,692	Alberta Railway Prior Lien Deb.	97—9	£4 3 3
$3,250,000	Do. 5 p.c. Deb. Stock	91—6	5 6 6
£1,330,000	Atlantic and North-West 1937	119—21p.c.	3 18 3
£52,513	Buffalo and L. Huron (£10 share)	13—¼	3 19 3
£297,600	Do. 1st Mt. Perp. Bds.	136—8	4 1 3
£466,158	Do. 2nd do.	136—8	4 1 3
£1,121,700	Calgary and Edmonton Deb.	105—8	3 16 3
£1,104,000	Canada Atlantic Mt. Bonds 1955	101—3	3 19 6
£1,136,000	Canadian Northn. Deb. 1930	103—5	3 17 0
£2,240,000	Do. Perp. Cons. Deb.	101—3	4 0 0
£1,923,287	Do. 1st Mt. do. 1953	87—9	3 9 0
£2,020,500	Do. 1st Mt. Cons. Deb.	103—5	3 17 0
£1,014,000	Canadian Pacific ($100 shares)	188¾—½	3 3 9
£7,778,082	Do. Pref. (Non.-Cum.)	106—8	3 15 6
£7,191,500	Do. Ster. 1st Mt. 1915	107—9p.c.	3 14 9
£2,012,600	Do. Land Grant 1938	101—3p.c.	3 18 9
£1,081,100	Do. do. Inscd. 1838	101—3	3 9 6
£19,421,797	Do. Perp. Deb. Stock	111—12	3 15 0
£3,091,000	Grand Trunk Pacific Stg. 1955	101—3	3 19 0
£8,129,315	Grnd. Trunk of Canada Gd. 4 p.c. Sk.	102¾—¾	3 18 6
£3,420,000	Do. 1st Pref.	118¼—½	4 4 9
£2,530,000	Do. 2nd Pref.	111¼—½	4 10 0
£4,270,375	Do. Perp. Deb. Sk.	134—6	3 15 6
£15,135,981	Do. do.	109—11	3 13 6
£2,723,080	Do. G. West. Perp. Db.	130—2	3 17 6
£347,990	Do. N. of Can. Perp. Db.	106—8	3 15 9
$2,250,000	Great Northern Canada Bonds	97—8	4 2 6
$2,544,000	Manitoba S.W. 1st Mt. 1934	119—21	3 17 9
£131,400	Nakusp and Slocan Bonds 1918	100—3	4 0 0
£600,000	N. Brunswick 1st Mort. 1934	118—20	3 17 9
$2,000,000	Ontario and Quebec Cap. Stock	154—7	3 17 6
£4,007,381	Do. Perm. Deb. Stock	133—5	3 15 0
£442,400	Quebec and L. St. J. 1st Mt. 1924	102—4p.c.	4 18 0
£150,500	Quebec Centl. Prior Lien 1908	101—3	...
£329,337	Do. Debenture Stock	103—5	3 18 0
£336,250	Do. 2nd do. 1922	73—5	4 2 9
£336,250	Do. New Inc. Bds. 1/1/1922	116—18p.c.	4 14 0

Much of the steam is out of the Mexican Railway market for the time being, but I can recommend a purchase of the Second Preference and Ordinary stocks to any man who cares to put them away for a little while. In the Argentine group, also, there is little going on, probably because of the imminence of Christmas, but the various Companies are in a healthy condition, and they bring in quite a fair return upon one's money. I append a small table showing the yield obtainable:—

	Closing Prices.	Yield per Cent.
Argentine G. W.	114	£5 5 3
Do. Ordinary	—	—
Do. Preference	121	4 19 3
Do. 1st Debenture	104	3 17 9
Do. Irregular Debenture	99	4 1 9
Argentine N.E. Preference Loan	97	4 2 6
Do. Debenture	81½	3 6 6
Do. Bearer	82½	3 6 9
Argentine Transvaal A Debenture	96	4 5 3
Do. B Debenture	69	5 19 0
Buenos Ayres and Pacific	123	5 13 9
Do. 1st Preference	113	4 8 6
Do. 2nd Preference	107	4 13 6
Do. 1st Debenture	105	3 17 0
Do. 2nd Debenture	106	4 6 9
Do. 5% Debenture	105	4 16 3
Buenos Ayres and Rosario	115½	5 4 0
Do. Deferred	111	5 8 3
Do. Preference	16½	4 5 0
Do. Preference	160	4 8 0
Do. Debenture	105	3 17 0
Do. 6 per Cent	147	4 1 9
Do. 4 per Cent.	104	3 17 9
Do. 3½ per Cent.	92	3 16 3
Buenos Ayres G. S.	127	5 10 3
Do. Ex. 1910	11¼	—
Do. Preference	127	3 13 9
Do. Debenture	107	3 15 6
Buenos Ayres West	127	5 10 3
Do. Preference	12⅝	3 18 6
Do. Debenture	105	3 16 3

My table of movements among foreign and Colonial rails will be found below:—

—	A Year Ago.	Make-up, Dec. 11.	Closing Price, Dec. 15.
Canadian Pacific	179	201	202½
Grand Trunks	23½	29⅝	29⅝
,, 4 per cent. Guaranteed	102	102¾	102¾
,, 1st Preference	113¾	118¼	118¼
,, 2nd ,,	104½	111½	111½
,, 3rd ,,	57⅞	69	69½
Bengal and North-West	150	145	144xd
Madras Railway 5 per cent.	126½	124	123½
Argentine Great Western Ordinary	129½	111½	111½
Buenos Ayres and Pacific	131¼	122½	122
,, ,, 2nd ,,	106	103	103
,, Great Southern	138½	125½	125½
,, Western	134	125¾	135
Entre Rios Railway Preference	91½	87	87
Rosario Consolidated Ordinary	114¼	112¾	112¼
Cent. Uruguay Ordinary	87	91	92
Costa Rica Railway	—	27½	27½
Mashonaland Railway Debentures, 2nd iss.	—	92	92½
Mexican Railway	24⅞	48¾	49½
,, 1st Preference	117½	141	142½
,, 2nd ,,	48¼	89	92½
Nitrate Rails	15½	16⅜	16½

On the subject of the Beira Railway and its relations with the Chartered Company, the debenture-holders' committee has sent out a seventh interim report. They state that as a result of the verdict of the Court of Appeal, a sum of £60,000 or more, which has up to the present time been illegally deducted from the gross receipts of the railway, will have to be paid to the Beira by the Mashonaland Company. Part of this will go back to the Mashonaland Company in respect of the years in which their "income" rent charge of £42,500 a year has not been fully paid, but the substantial balance should enable the Beira Company to at once pay over-due coupons, whilst, for the future, about £17,000 a year will be added to the railway's net revenue. The report states: "It will be satisfactory to the debenture-holders to observe that both of the two points emphatically raised by your committee at the last shareholders' meeting, held on July 30 last year, have now been upheld; the first (as to the inaccuracy of Clause 4 of the directors' report) by the figures actually supplied by the Company's own auditors, and the second (as to the construction of the working agreement) by the unanimous decision of the Court of Appeal." Another important event which has taken place since the issue of the sixth interim report was the payment by the Company last October of one of the three over-due coupons, thus completely vindicating the attitude of the committee, at the abortive attempt by the Directors on January 30 last, to tie the hands of the debenture-holders for six years. Referring to the reconstruction of the Manila Railway Company, Ltd., I print elsewhere a notice addressed to all the security-holders of that Company (with the exception of the Six per Cent. Debenture-holders), stating that the offer of exchange into the new securities of the Manila Railway Company (1906), Ltd., contained in the circular recently sent to them, remains open until January 15 next, and that deposits should be made at the offices of Messrs. Speyer Brothers, 7, Lothbury, London, E.C., on or before that date. It is understood that as regards the Six per Cent. Debenture-holders the result of the resolutions passed at the recent meeting makes it unnecessary for them to deposit their bonds; but due notice will be given in the press when the securities of the new Company are ready for exchange.

Rhodesians Quiet—Tanganyikas—Good Output Figures—Diamonds.

As a rule any outburst of speculative activity in the Kaffir market quickly spreads to the Rhodesian owing to their close affinity, but it would not seem that this precedent is being followed on the present occasion. Rhodesians, in fact, are not only utterly stagnant and neglected, but devoid of any particular interest, even Bankets and the shares of the subsidiary being quite in the background, despite the continued vague hints of impending good developments, and as for Tanganyikas they are completely out of favour now that the new issue is a thing of the past and there is nothing to

"go for." The publication of the prospectus of the Victoria Falls Power Scheme, inviting subscriptions for 625,000 £1 5 per cent. Preference shares at par, the interest on which will be paid by the Chartered Company during the construction period ending December, 1908, is without any stimulating effect upon the latter shares. This is scarcely surprising, because there is nothing approximating a "Bull" point in the development. Ultimately, should the idea give the results anticipated it is calculated to benefit Rhodesia, and especially the mining industry, by cheapening working costs. As regards the output for November, this indicates a material improvement upon the figures of the preceding month, the gain being 2,859 ozs. at a total of 48,503 ozs., which is, of course, the more satisfactory because the number of days in November were smaller. A point worth noting is that for the eleven months of the year the aggregate production is 503,546 ozs. in comparison with 407,048 ozs. for the whole of 1905, which attests the progress made by the Rhodesian mining industry. The following table indicates the production of the past five years:—

——	1902.	1903.	1904.	1905.	1906.
	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.
January	15,955	16,245	19,359	32,531	42,950
February	13,204	17,090	18,673	30,131	38,037
March	16,391	19,626	17,756	34,927	44,574
April	17,559	20,727	17,862	33,268	42,423
May	19,698	22,137	19,424	31,332	46,729
June	15,842	22,166	20,402	35,256	47,664
July	16,226	23,571	24,339	34,693	48,485
August	15,747	19,187	24,669	35,765	50,127
September	15,164	18,741	26,029	35,785	48,410
October	16,849	17,918	24,919	33,383	45,644
November	15,923	15,714	26,183	32,861	48,503
December	16,210	18,750	28,100	37,116	
Total	194,268	231,872	267,715	407,048	503,546

The possibilities of the diamondiferous deposits of the country have been little heard of recently, and it is therefore interesting to note that, according to a cable received from the Somabula Diamond Fields, a supply of water has been struck estimated to produce 400,000 gallons daily, whereas the requirements of the plant already erected and at present contemplated are only 90,000 gallons per day. This is a good point, and no doubt the diamondiferous possibilities of Rhodesia, now being developed by the South African Option Syndicate, in which the Willoughby among other Companies is largely interested, will come in for greater attention in the course of time. Here is my usual table:—

—	Capitals.		Denom. of Shares.	Amount Paid.	Highest 1905	Closing Price, Dec. 8, 1906	Closing Price, Dec. 15, 1906.
	Autho-rised.	Shares Issued.					
	£		£				
Bechuanaland Ex.	400,000	400,000	1	f.p.	1 11/32	9/16	9/16
British S. Africa	6,000,000	4,999,038	1	f.p.	1/16	1 3/8	1 21/32
Chicago Gaika	250,000	201,000	1	f.p.	2 3/4	4/6	4/-
Globe & Phœnix	200,000	260,000	1	f.p.	1 13/16	1 5/8	1 5/8
Lomagunda Dev	250,000	228,000	1	f.p.	2 11/16	1 31/32	1 15/16
Mashon. Agency	400,000	398,976	1	f.p.	1 5/8	3/8	1/2
N'rth'rn Copper(B.S.A.)	250,000	160,500	1	f.p.	2 1/2	1 5/8	1 25/32
Rhodesia, Ltd.(New)	600,000	500,000	1	f.p.	1	1/4	1/2
Rhodesia Expl.	225,000	227,777	1	f.p.	4 3/4	2 3/8	2 3/8
Rhodesia Glds.	1,000,000	500,677	1	f.p.	1/16	/6	-/6
Rice Hamilton	175,000	50,000	1	f.p.	2 3/8	1/2	1/2
Selukwe	350,000	321,000	1	f.p.	1 1/8	6/6	7/-
Tanganyika Conc.	264,600	234,000	1	f.p.	6 3/4	5 1/4	5 1/4
United Rhodesia	750,000	660,900	1	f.p.	11/3	2/-	1/9
Willoughby Con.	1,000,000	930,000	1	f.p.	15/16	7/6	8/6
Zambesia Explor.	300,000	288,615	1	f.p.	2 5/16	1 1/4	1 1/8

WEST AFRICANS CHEERFUL — RAILWAY RATES REDUCED— BROKEN HILLS ACTIVE—SAN FRANCISCO DEL ORO— SIBERIAN PROPRIETARY — CAPITAL INCREASE — COPPERS BOOMING.

A semblance of what might pass for cheerfulness is observable in the Jungle. This is to be ascribed, not to any change of sentiment on the part of the public as a whole, but to the decision of the Gold Coast Government to reduce railway rates. Those who profess to believe in the gold mining industry of West Africa have always been emphasising the fact that progress has been seriously retarded by the excessive railway rates. For this reason, we have been assured, working costs have been unduly high, an important consideration, of course; but it will be interesting to observe, now that the disability has been removed, whether the industry will become progressive. Considerable interest continues to be absorbed by the Broken Hill group. Apart from silver, which is being manœuvred by aggressive "Bears," the metals produced still command relatively high prices, so that the profit-earning capacity of the mines must be large, and in this connection Broken Hill North are being picked up in anticipation of the impending dividend, which is expected to be accompanied by a bonus, while a large distribution is looked for from the Proprietary Company at the end of the month. San Francisco del Oro shares have come in for considerable attention on the strength of the report and encouraging developments. This mine's ore is similar to that of the Broken Hill group, and it is believed can be treated by the same process, particular emphasis being placed upon the solution of the zinc extraction problem. The report mentions that part of the unissued shares has been subscribed for recently, thus providing sufficient capital to meet all development and management expenses up to the end of next year, independent of any revenue from ore shipped. The encouraging news referred to is to the effect that late development shows very considerable improvement, assays being of a highly satisfactory character. The silver contents are 52⅓ oz., gold 5 grammes, lead 23 per cent., and zinc 25 per cent. The gamble in Siberians continues active, though the report of the Siberian Proprietary, and the decision to increase the capital from £100,000 to £135,000, and the immediate issue of £16,000 of the new shares thus created to shareholders at £12 10s., in the proportion of four new for twenty-five old, has prompted considerable profit-taking. Copper shares have lost none of their buoyancy, and this is not in the least remarkable, in view of the sustained strength of the metal and the generally bright outlook. Rio Tintos, in fact, are breaking records in the matter of high level quotations, and generally values are moving upwards. It is confidently predicted that the price of copper is to go appreciably higher and that speculation in copper-mining shares will be much brisker than has been the case up to the present. In the coming year it is estimated that the Amalgamated Copper Company of America will make a net profit of £6,000,000, and in this connection attention is being directed in the market to the shares of the Boston Consolidated, Utah Apex, and Utah Bingham. There has been considerable activity in Union Consolidated Copper, whose shares are now 2 3-16, on the last weekly cable showing an output of 1,000 tons, averaging about 8½ per cent. copper. It is also added that Lodes 4, 5, and 6 are developing immense bodies of highly payable ore. The excellent report issued by the Siberian Proprietary Mines, Ltd., has attracted a great deal of attention, and awakened fresh interest in the immense mineral wealth of Siberia. The Company in question is doing an important work in exploiting mining properties in the Russian Empire, and, although only formed some fifteen or sixteen months ago, it already has two valuable subsidiaries in the Orsk Goldfields, Ltd., and Troitzk Goldfields, Ltd., and other equally promising flotations may be looked for in the course of the next few months. There have been a fair amount of dealings in the shares of the Kaneika United Goldfields, which controls some promising properties in Siberia, these including the Golden Spoon, Meeroloheve, etc. The first-mentioned subsidiary is yielding satisfactory results, development is making rapid progress, and substantially improved returns at an early date are confidently predicted. Of course, with a property of such vast extent as that owned by the Orsk, and on which

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the known deposits are so numerous, it is impossible in a short time to fully demonstrate its value; but sufficient work has been done to prove that the property is very rich indeed, and the success of the Company may be regarded as assured. The Troitzk, too, has every prospect of a highly prosperous career, and in other directions the Siberian Proprietary Mines, Ltd., is doing useful work, gold, alluvial, copper, lead, and zinc properties being tested with a view to ultimately finding their way to market. In order that there may be no lack of funds available for the proper carrying on of its business, it is proposed to increase the capital of the Company from £100,000 to £135,000, whereof an issue of 16,000 shares at a premium of £11 10s. are to be offered to shareholders *pro ratâ* to their holdings. As the shares now stand at about £16, and are likely to go much higher, this appears to be particularly good business for the shareholders.

—	Denomination of Shares.	Closing Price, Dec. 8.	Closing Price, Dec. 15.
	£		
Ashanti Goldfields	4/-	14/6	5/-
Akrokerri	1	$\frac{7}{8}$	$\frac{7}{8}$
Bibiani Goldfields	1	$\frac{3}{4}$	$\frac{3}{4}$
British Gold Coast	1	$\frac{3}{4}$	$\frac{3}{4}$
Gold Coast Amalgamated Mines	1	$1\frac{1}{4}$	$1\frac{1}{16}$
Taquah and Abosso	1	$2\frac{1}{4}$	$2\frac{1}{4}$
Wassau (Gold Coast)	1	$\frac{5}{8}$	$\frac{5}{8}$
Egyptian Mines and Exploration	1	3/6	3/6
Nile Valley	1	3/6	4/6
Anaconda Copper	$25	$14\frac{3}{4}$	$15\frac{3}{16}$
Balaghat Gold	1	24/6	25/6
Broken Hill Proprietary	8/-	5¼xd	5¼
Cape Copper	2	$9\frac{1}{2}$	9½
Champion Reef	2/6	13/3	13/6
Le Roi	5	$1\frac{3}{4}$	$1\frac{3}{4}$
Mysore Gold	10/-	$5\frac{1}{8}$	$5\frac{3}{16}$
Nundydroog	10/-	23/6xd	24/-
Ooregum	10/-	13.6	13/6
Rio Tinto	5	79	$86\frac{3}{4}$
Tharsis Sulphur and Copper	2	$8\frac{15}{16}$	$8\frac{7}{8}$
Waihi Gold	1	$8\frac{3}{4}$	$8\frac{5}{8}$xd

KAFFIRS—IMPROVING TENDENCY—LABOUR-SAVING DEVICE—DIVIDENDS DECLARED—MINING PROGRESS—POWER FOR THE MINES—MODDER AND FRENCH RAND DECLARATIONS.

I ventured to intimate last week that things seemed to be so shaping themselves in the Kaffir market that an improvement might manifest itself at any moment, and since then the trend of events has been such that that view has been strengthened rather than diminished. On two or three days in the past week the tone of Kaffirs has been comparatively cheerful—much more so than for a very considerable time past—and it is evident that the market does not consider the obstacles to a revival of business to be so serious as they have hitherto been regarded in some quarters. Instead of the publication of the draft of the Transvaal Constitution tending to accentuate the prevailing depression in South African shares, it had the contrary effect, the view being taken that at any rate the worst was known as regards the intentions of the Government affecting the Rand industry, and the almost simultaneous announcements of the declaration of dividends by numerous mining companies—including two maiden efforts—encouraged the improvement. Another satisfactory feature had reference to the experiments which are being made on the Rand with a new drill, which promises to play an important part in solving the labour problem for the mines, and to which I called attention in TRUTH some time ago. The drill has been working a 30-inch stope in the Robinson mine for the last three months, and as a labour-saving device it is highly spoken of by experts. It is driven by an air-hammer, with water running through a steel striking point, thus preventing dust and ensuring a healthier atmosphere for the miner operating it. Statistics show that a white miner working with the drill earned last month a profit of £57, the mine paying £3 7s. 6d. per fathom (11s. 3d. per foot) stoped. In some quarters it is asserted that the success of the drill will result in the work which is at present being done by 50,000 hammer boys (native or Chinese labourers) being in the future performed by 14,000 hands, thus releasing 36,000 men for other work. There is no doubt that the drill is a remarkable invention, and should it come through the experimental ordeal with flying colours, as it appears to have done so far, and effect, as is claimed for it, a saving of 4s. per ton, its importance to the Rand mining industry cannot be over estimated. Broadly speaking the Kaffir market has taken kindly enough to the Transvaal Constitution, and following its publication on Wednesday there was a brisk recovery in prices, all the old favourites sharing in the advance. Some of the gains were fairly important, and for two or three days the market had a busy appearance, but on Saturday a dull tendency set in, and quotations fell, under the lead of East Rand Proprietaries, owing to unfavourable reports as to developments on the fourth level in that Company's Cason mine. The South African dividends announced this week will absorb approximately £1,500,000, and there are a number of other distributions to come before the close of the year. The Ferreira Gold Mining Company pays 150 per cent., or 30s. per share, against 137½ per cent. for the previous two years; the Rand Mines, Limited, an interim dividend of 60 per cent. (3s. per share) for the half-year ending 31st inst.—an interim dividend of 6s. per share was declared last June; New Kleinfontein 15 per cent.; Robinson Central Deep 40 per cent., or 8s. per share, against 25 per cent. a year ago; May Consolidated 22½ per cent.; Apex 22½ per cent., or 4s. 6d. per share; City and Suburban 6¼ per cent., or 5s. per £4 share; Robinson Gold 11 per cent., or 11s. per share, compared with 9s. last year; Geldenhuis Deep 20 per cent., or 4s. per share; Crown Deep 40 per cent., or 8s. per share; Rose Deep 10 per cent., or 2s. per share; Van Ryn 10 per cent., or 2s. per share; Nigel 15 per cent., or 3s. per share; New Modderfontein 5 per cent., or 4s. per £4 share; and French Rand 5 per cent., or 1s. per share. The last two Companies have never paid dividends before, and the declarations came as a pleasant surprise to the shareholders. The New Modderfontein Gold Mining Company was formed as far back as 1888, and reconstructed in 1895. The profits earned since the recommencement of crushing in 1903 have partially been devoted to wiping off a debit balance ,and the remainder is now available for distribution. The Company owns a very large property, and in future it is likely to do remarkably well for the shareholders. The Bonanza has declared a dividend of 12½ per cent., against 32½ per cent. a year ago; but then the mine is practically worked out, and the shareholders are doubtless glad to receive even the diminished sum rather than nothing at all. On the whole, the dividend declarations are very satisfactory, and this and other favourable factors are likely to have a beneficial effect on Kaffirs early in the New Year. Sight must not be lost of the fact that the Rand Mining industry is likely to derive considerable advantage—it is claimed not less than a 40 per cent. reduction in the cost of current from the Victoria Falls Power Company, Ltd., which has been formed with a capital of £3,000,000 to supply the existing and prospective industries of the Rand and Rhodesia with electrical power generated from the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi river. Arrangements have been made with Messrs. Lewis and Marks and the Vereeniging Estates Company under which the exclusive right has been secured for the new company to erect an auxiliary steam-driven station at Vereeniging, and of the scheme as a whole great things are expected, the Consolidated Gold Fields, H. Eckstein and Co., Rand Mines, Ltd., the Albu and Lewis and Marks groups having contracted to take the power, or give preferential rights to the Company to supply it to their mines. Anything to lessen the working expenses will be welcomed by the mining industry, and in this instance the estimated saving is very considerable. In this connection a circular has been sent out to the shareholders of the Rand Central Electric Works, Ltd., an old-established Company which has catered for the supply of power to the mines

"AMERICAN RAILWAY EARNINGS AND DIVIDENDS," by D. O. CROAL, F.S.S. "A carefully written *résumé* of the position and prospects of the leading lines in the United States."—*Financial News*.—EFFINGHAM WILSON. Price 6d. net.

on the Rand, embodying extracts from a report by Sir Alexander B. W. Kennedy, President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, criticising the Victoria Falls scheme and pointing out the advantages of the Rand Central Electric Works, which are already on the spot, and could, he contends, with a comparatively small expenditure for the extension of the station, be utilised to supply power anywhere on the Rand at a figure which could not be touched by a steam station, the erection and equipment of which would involve a far greater outlay. The first instalment of the extension of the Rand Central Electric Company's station is about to be proceeded with, and should it come to a question of competition between this and the Victoria Falls Company it should not be to the disadvantage of the mines on the Rand. The Transvaal output for November was a good one, being 533,373 oz., valued at £2,265,625. This was a decrease of 7,236 oz. as compared with the preceding month, the output for which constituted a record, but as November was a day shorter than October the latest return, measured by the daily average, was really the best in the history of the Rand mining industry. Compared with November, 1905, last month's output showed an increase of 108,616 oz. As showing the progress of the industry, the aggregate gold output for the expired eleven months of this year exceeds by nearly 340,000 oz. the production for the whole of 1905, which up to that time was the best year on record. I append the usual table of prices:—

—	High. in 1895.	1905. Highest.	1905. Lowest.	Make-up, Dec. 10, 1906.	Closing Price, Nov. 10, 1906.	Closing Price, Dec 15, 1906.
Angelo	7⅛	7 1/16	4⅜	2⅜	2 5/16	2 5/16
Anglo-French	7⅛	4⅝	2 5/16	1⅞	1⅝	1⅝
Aurora West	3½	1⅝	1/16	3/6	1/16	1/16
Buffelsdoorn	—	1	½	3/-	1/16	1/16
Bantjes	7⅛	1⅜	1/16	½	1/16	1/16
City & Suburban (£4)	8	6½	4½	3½	3⅜	3⅜
Cons. Goldfields Def.	19⅜	8½	5 12/16	3 11/16	3⅛	3 1/16
Cons. Main Reef	—	2 1/16	1	2	2	2
Crown Reef	12⅞	16	11	7⅞	8⅛	7⅞
De Beers Pref.	—	18½	17 15/16	17⅜	17⅞	17⅜
Do. Def.	—	18 1/16	16 1/16	21½	20 7/16	21½
Driefontein	4⅜	5½	3 5/16	⅛	1⅞	1⅞
Durban-Roodepoort	8 1/16	5	3⅛	2½	3	2½
East Rand Ext.	—	3	1⅜	⅜	½	⅜
East Rands	12	9 11/32	6 9/32	3½	4 5/32	3 9/32
Ferreira	22	25	17½	18½	18⅜	19⅛
Frank Smith Diamond	—	2½	1 5/16	1 1/16	1½	1
Geduld	—	7½	4 15/16	2 1/16	2½	2 3/16
Ginsberg (New)	2½	2⅞	1⅜	⅝	1⅝	1⅝
Goch (New)	3⅞	3½	1⅞	1⅜	1½	1⅜
Geldenhuis Estate	7⅛	5 13/16	3 13/16	3½	3 7/16	3 5/16
Glencairn	4⅞	1⅜	⅛	⅛	⅛	1/16
Goerz, A., & Co., Ltd.	—	3⅜	2 5/16	⅝	1 5/16	1/16
Henderson	5⅜	1 7/16	⅜	9/-	9/-	9/3
Heriot	12½	4⅜	3⅜	3	3	3 1/16
Jagersfontein (New)	12	8½	7⅛	9⅜	9½	9 1/16
Joh. Con. Invest.	6⅞	3 3/16	1 11/16	⅛	1 1/16	1 1/16
Johannesburg Est.	—	1 7/16	1½	1⅛	1 1/16	1½
,, Goldfields	—	1 7/16	⅜	⅜	1/16	1/16
Jubilee	12½	4½	2⅛	2½	2½	2½
Jumpers	8⅞	2½	1⅜	1⅝	1 5/16	1 1/16
Kaffir Cons.	—	—	—	20/6	20/6	20/-
Kleinfontein (New)	6⅜	2⅜	1⅝	1 5/16	1⅝	1 1/16
Knight's	11½	6 1/8	3½	2 3/16	3½	3½
Langlaagte, Block "B"	3⅞	1 7/16	¼	⅜	7/16	⅜
Langlaagte Estate	7½	4 1/16	2½	2 1/16	2⅜	2½
Langlaagte Exp. & Building	—	2½	1½	¼	⅜	¼
Luipaard's Vlei (New)	2½	2½	1 1/16	⅛	1	1
May Consolidated	4⅛	4 5/16	2 1/16	2½	2 1/16	2½
Meyer and Charlton	8½	5⅝	4½	4	4	4
Modderfontein (£4)	17⅜	11⅞	6¾	4½	4⅞	5
Mozambique	3 1/16	1½	1	⅜	⅜	⅜
Nigel	8 1/16	2 15/16	2½	2 1/16	2⅜	2 1/16
New African	—	4 1/16	1 15/16	20/-	1 1/16	1 1/16
New Comet	4½	3 1/16	2 1/16	1 1/16	1 1/16	1 1/16
New Rietfontein	6½	3	1⅝	2½	2 1/16	2 1/16
Oceana Cons.	1⅜	1 15/16	1 1/16	17/9	19/6	14/-
Primrose (New)	8⅛	3 1/16	2 7/16	3	3 1/16	3 1/16
Princess Estate	4½	1 15/16	⅜	⅛	7/16	7/16
Rand Mines (5/-)	11⅜	11 15/32	7 13/16	5 13/16	6 1/32	6
Randfontein	4⅜	3⅜	2	1½	1 15/16	1 15/16
Randfontein Porges	3½	1⅞	1 7/16	1⅜	1⅝	1⅝
,, Robinson	2 1/16	2	1	1	1 1/16	1 1/16
,, North	—	2½	1⅜	⅞	1½	1 1/16
Randfontein Block "A"	—	1 1/16	⅝	⅜	7/16	⅜
Robinson (£5)	11½	10⅜	8½	7½	7 1/16	7⅛
Roodepoort United	8½	4	2⅜	1 13/16	1 15/16	1 15/16
S. A. Gold Mines	—	9⅜	5½	1 13/16	2 1/16	1 15/16
S. A. Gold Trust	12⅛	7 1/32	3⅝	2 1/16	2 1/16	2 1/16
Simmer and Jack	*8½	2⅜	1 7/16	1 1/16	1½	1⅜
South-West Africa	—	16/9	9/6	23/6	17/-	23/6
Transvaal Con. Lands	4⅜	4⅜	2 1/16	2 1/16	2⅜	2½
Transvaal Development	2½	1½	⅛	12/6	14/-	14/-
Transvaal Explug.	—	10/6	4/6	2/-	2/6	2/3
Transvaal Goldfield	8½	2⅛	1 15/16	1 1/16	1 1/16	1⅛
Treasury	5	4½	2 15/16	⅝	1⅝	1
Van Ryn	11	4⅜	2 15/16	2½	3 1/16	2 15/16
Village Main Reef	9½	7½	4	3½	3 5/16	3 5/16
Violet	—	3 5/16	1½	⅞	1	1⅛
Vogelstruis	6⅜	1½	⅝	⅝	⅝	⅝
Welgedacht	—	8½	5	3½	3½	3⅜
W. Rand Central	—	⅞	⅜	¼	¼	¼
,, (New)	—	2 1/16	1⅜	¼	¼	¼
Wolhuter	12	3 3/16	2⅜	2½	2⅝	2⅝

The appended table shows the contributions of individual Companies:—

—	May.	June	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.
	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.
Angelo (110; 105)	11,708	10,823	11,524	12,307	12,212	11,865	11,889
Bonanza (55; 55)	3,977	3 867	3,426	3,022	2,454	2 608	2,443
City and Sub'n (160; 160)	9,565	9,587	9,864	10,219	9,883	10,110	9,621
Cons. Main Rf. (120;110)	6,398	6 174	6,597	6,681	6,272	6,510	6,518
Crown Deep (200; 185)	11,382	10,785	10,684	11,435	11,139	11 745	11,856
Crown Reef (120; 120)	10,976	10 553	10,596	10,668	10,527	10.424	10,648
Driefontein (220; 160)	6,444	6,211	6,452	6,144	6 456	6,964	7,168
Durban-R'dep'rt (80; 80)	4,298	4,362	4,393	4.495	4,666	4,637	4,474
Do. Deep (60; 60)	3,885	3,741	3,811	3,859	3,733	3,880	4,208
Ferreira (150; 120)	13,033	12 894	12,932	13,113	12,931	13,266	13,082
Ferreira Deep (100; 120)	12 462	12,386	12,413	12,743	12,736	13,257	13,160
French Rand (120; 115)	6,191	6,410	6,257	6,752	6,353	6,124	6,593
G'ld'nhuis Dp. (200; 200)	9,708	9,224	9,679	10,009	10,230	10,049	10,009
Geldenhuis E. (120; 115)	7,185	7,102	7,223	7,281	7,193	7,873	6,916
Ginsberg (60; 60)	2,402	2,196	2,302	2,464	2 339	2,396	2,490
Glencairn (160; 100)	3,928	4,095	4,265	4,539	4,624	5,272	5,058
Glen Deep (100; 100)	6,801	6,830	7,092	7,172	6,766	6,952	7,106
Heriot (80; 70)	3,816	3,845	3,889	4,335	4,281	4,624	4,363
Jumpers (100; 80)	4,720	4,967	5,050	4,996	5,142	5,360	5,314
Jumpers Deep (100; 100)	6,141	6,147	6,510	6,656	6,491	6,912	6,904
Knight's Deep (200; 100)	7,988	8 933	9,888	9,890	10,602	11,247	11,285
Lancaster (100; 90)	4,758	4,160	4,621	4,641	4,478	4,555	4,560
Lancaster West (40; 40)	2,042	2,034	2,116	2,185	2,108	2,170	2,253
Langlaagte Dp (120; 120)	7,782	7,444	7,673	7,975	7,680	8,981	9,465
Langl'gte Est. (200; 180)	9,500	9,221	9 255	9,300	9,323	9,798	9,769
May Consldtd. (100; 100)	5,903	5,898	5,839	5,944	5,866	5,825	5,921
Meyer & Ch'lton (80; 65)	5 266	5,226	5,612	5,895	5,965	6,192	5,444
New Comet (115)	7,297	6,886	7,422	7,498	7,747	8,129	8,000
New Goch (60; 60)	6,896	7,148	7,385	7,198	6 951	8,149	—
New M dd'rf'nt'n (60; 60)	4,276	4,092	5,513	6 094	6,290	6,618	6,437
New Primrose (160; 120)	7 378	7,256	7,354	7,544	7,232	7,768	7,596
New Unified M.R. (60; 60)	2,436	2,255	2,623	2,787	2,566	2,717	2,595
Nigel (50; 50)	3,624	4,123	3,834	3,816	3 790	3,798	4,151
Nourse Mines (130; —)	11,945	11,865	11,814	11,904	11,688	12,279	12,382
Robinson (200; 210)	19,544	20,312	20,563	21,414	21,043	21,472	21,327
Robinson Cent. Deep (150; 90)	11,025	10,914	11,143	11,034	10,848	11,093	10,825
Robinson Deep (200; 200)	15,623	15,586	15,677	16,473	16,768	17,574	—
Robinson Randfontein (100; 100)	5,827	5,703	5,785	6,012	5,921	5,904	5,844
Roodepoort Cent. Deep (50; 50)	3,113	3,147	3,219	3,160	3,155	3,245	2,994
Roodepoort United Mn. Reef (110; 65)	4,649	4,483	4,642	4,507	4,078	5,356	5,851
Rose Deep (200)	8,821	9,504	9,530	9.551	9,696	10,154	10,025
Simmer & Jack (320)	20,104	20,013	21,109	23,110	22,853	23,579	24,640
Sth. R'ndf'nt'n (100; 90)	5,937	5,923	5,879	5,895	5,696	5,737	5,341
Transvaal Gold Mining Estates (80; 70)	4,075	3,883	4,120	4,498	4,381	4,452	4,551
Treasury (60; 55)	2,696	2,830	2,746	2,783	2,761	2,841	2,372
Van Ryn (160; 160)	9,163	9,392	10,413	10,135	9,640	9,207	9,986
Village Mn. Rf. (160)	14,184	14,172	14,342	14,959	14,571	15,460	14,907
Wolhuter (100; 100)	5,868	6,260	6,401	6,063	6,200	6,666	6,361

The next table gives the gold production for November, with comparisons:—

—	1902.	1903.	1904.	1905.	1906.
	Fine. oz.	Fine. oz.	Fine. oz.	Fine. oz.	Fine. oz.
January	70,340	199,279	288,824	369,258	428,638
February	81,405	196,513	289,502	363,811	407,668
March	104,127	217,465	308,242	399,823	443,723
April	119,588	227,871	305,946	399,166	439,243
May	138 602	234,125	314,480	416,395	461,202
June	142,780	238,320	308,219	412,317	475,975
July	149,179	251,643	307,840	419,505	491,793
August	162,750	271,918	312,277	428,581	509,115
September	170,802	276,197	312,286	416,487	505.111
October	181,439	284,544	325,625	415,527	510.609
November	187,375	279,813	336,167	424,757	533,373
December	196,023	286,061	362,264	432,594	—
Total	1,704,410	2,963,749	3,776,621*	4,897,221	5,236,450

* Includes 7,949 oz. or £33,766 not declared in year.

Below will be found the value of the gold produced:—

—	1902.	1903.	1904.	1905.	1906.
	£	£	£	£	£
January	298,786	846,433	1,226,846	1,568,508	1,820,739
February	345.782	834,739	1,229,726	1,545,371	1,731 664
March	442,303	923,739	1,309,329	1,698,340	1,884,815
April	507,980	967,936	1,299,576	1 695,550	1,865,785
May	583,746	994 505	1,335,826	1,768,734	1,959,062
June	606,493	1,012,322	1,309,231	1,751,412	2,021,813
July	663,674	1,068,917	1,307,621	1,781,944	2,039,004
August	691,322	1,155,039	1,326,468	1,820,496	2,162,583
September	725,522	1,173,211	1,326,506	1,769,124	2,145,575
October	770,706	1,208,669	1,383,167	1,765,047	2,296,371
November	795 922	1,188,571	1,427,947	1,804 253	2,265,625
December	832,652	1,215,110	1,538,800	1,833,295	—
Totals	7,269,888	12,589,247	16,054,909	20,802,074	22,243,026

WESTRALIANS IDLE—OROYAS STILL DEPRESSED—KALGURLIS—FINGALLS—LANCEFIELD TRIALS—DEEP LEADS QUIETER.

Probably because of the imminence of the festive season, there is an air of quietude about the Westralian market, but, generally speaking, the tone remains quite satisfactory, and values hold their ground well. An

exception, perhaps, is Oroya Brownhill, which continue to be adversely affected by the recognition that as a high-grade proposition the mine is virtually at the end of its tether. It is confidently expected, too, that the next statement of ore reserves will indicate a considerable reduction in the value represented, evidence attesting such a conclusion being afforded by the monthly returns. It is improbable that the present dividends will be maintained much longer. On the other hand, the property ought to have a longer existence as a low-grade proposition. This will naturally result in a lowering of the dividend basis. It must be borne in mind, too, that the interests in the Oroya Black Range may ultimately compensate in some degree for the deterioration in the principal asset, but nevertheless the immediate outlook can hardly be considered anything but uncertain. As regards Kalgurlis, the shares continue to be favourably influenced by the satisfactory position revealed by the report, and the expectation that before long they will be established on a higher quarterly dividend basis. The existing price, it may be noted, contains 12s. 6d. dividend and bonus declared, and the shares ought to look cheap when this has been deducted. Fingalls remain more or less sensitive to the uncertain position with which I have frequently had occasion to deal. The latest development reports would seem to indicate that the property is opening up in depth with more promise than was the case only a short time ago, but this is not sufficiently important to warrant any material modification of the general opinion as to the position as a whole. Still, as I have said before, the low price ruling discounts any early reduction in the quarterly dividend of 5s. per share. A week or two ago I had occasion to refer to the results achieved with the new plant of the Lancefield mine during the preliminary run, and it is therefore interesting to note that, pending the completion of the ore drying appliances, further experiments were made during last month, the value of the metal won being £5,817. This has created a good impression, and the shares ought, if the plant when finished gives the results expected, to be established at a higher market valuation. Interest in the Deep Lead group is now more or less passive, in the absence of further important news from the Loddon Valley. From all accounts, conditions on the property are shaping satisfactorily, and regarded as a gamble these shares appear to be still interesting. My usual table is appended:—

—	1906 High.	1905. High.	1905. Lowest.	Make-up Dec. 10, 1906.	Closing Price, Dec. 8, 1906.	Closing Price, Dec 15, 1906.
Associated G.M.	7⅞	8⅜	1⅜	1 3/16	1 3/16	1 3/16
Assoc. Nth. Blocks	3⅜	1 7/16	1 3/16	1¼	1¼	1⅜
Brownhill Ext.	3⅜	13/16	7/6	7/-	7/6	6/9
Cosmopolitan	30/3	½	4/3	4/9	5/-	4/6
Golden Horseshoe	15	8 3/16	5 1/16	5¾	5¾	5¼
Great Boulder Prop.	37/6	25/6	27/6	26/3	26/3	26/3
Do. Perseverance	13½	16/6	10/3	8/6	8/6	8/6
Gt. Fingall Cons.	6 1/16	8⅜	3½	2 11/16	2¾	2¾
Hainault	1⅜	1 1/16	1 3/32	1 5/32	1⅜	1 1/16
Ivanhoe (£5)	16½	8 1/16	6 15/16	7 1/16	7 1/16	7 1/16
Ivanhoe South Extnd.	4⅜	⅜	⅜	⅜	⅜	⅜
Kalgurli	9⅛	9 7/16	11 3/16	12 1/16	12⅛	12 1/16
Lake View Consols	5⅜	1⅜	⅜	⅜	⅜	⅜
L. & W. A. Exploration	1⅜	15/6	9/-	19/6	25/-	31/3
Oroya Brownhill	—	3 3/32	2 6/32	2¼	2¼	2¼
Sons of Gwalia	6 3/16	2 5/16	1 5/16	1 11/32	1 5/16	1 3/16
South Kalgurli	6½	2	1 1/16	1 25/32	1 13/16	¾

A New Interest and Sinking Fund Rule.

A new slide rule called the "Wimpenny" has just come into my hands. It is very useful for working out yields on stocks, and it covers fractional dividends such as are declared on ordinary stocks and shares. On the other side of the rule there is a sinking fund table worked out in the same way, showing at a glance the amount to be added to or deducted from stock purchased under or above par according to the unexpired term. This rule should be on the table of every broker, actuary, solicitor, and big investor, and ought to be in all bank parlours, as it shows the yield and sinking fund of any stock or share invested in at a glance, the figures being most clear. The cost is one guinea, and it will last a lifetime. It does away with sets of interest and redemption calculating books, and is so simple that any office boy can use it. It is clean, untearable, and almost unbreakable. It can be obtained from Messrs. Effingham Wilson, Messrs. Sutherin and Co., and Messrs. Edwards and Smith.

I have to acknowledge with thanks a copy of the *Melbourne Argus* tables of the Australasian mails for 1907. It is in the form of a small book suitable for the pocket, consisting of thirty-six pages containing complete official British and foreign mail services to and from the Commonwealth of Australia and New Zealand, rates of passage, postage, and cable charges, with an excellent Orient-Royal Mail Line coloured track chart of the world showing distances from port to port, and differences in time, illustrated with pictures by W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., of the fine mail steamers *Orontes* and *Ophir*, view of cabin de luxe in a Royal Mail Steam Packet Company's steamer, calendar, etc. Copies may be obtained gratis at the London offices of the *Argus*, 80, Fleet-street, or by enclosing a penny stamp to cover postage.

The Advantages of Assuring when Young—Methods of Providing for Dependants.

A general maxim for people who wish to assure to the best advantage is that they should take their policy at the earliest possible age. There are some obvious reasons for this. One is that in the ordinary course of things they pay a larger number of annual premiums, and therefore each premium is much smaller than if the policy is not effected until a later age. A second reason is that the rate of mortality among young people is much lower than the rate of mortality among old people, and consequently for this reason also the annual premium which has to be paid is much smaller for the young than for the old. A further factor which makes it advisable to assure young is that there is a much longer time during which the premiums paid are accumulated at compound interest, and the effect of compound interest is very great after the first few years, and increases very rapidly. Thus, a policy taken out in early life is, on the average, paid for much more largely by interest accumulations than by actual cash out of pocket, than is the case with assurance effected later in life.

I am led to make these remarks as a preface to comments on an inquiry from a friend, who has a boy fourteen years of age, on whom he wishes to confer the benefits of insurance. At this age the boy can be assured for £1,000 without any medical examination for a premium of £16 10s. 10d. If the boy were to die without reaching the age of twenty-one, all the premiums paid would be returned, but on reaching the age of twenty-one the policy comes into force for £1,000, and would be paid at death whenever it occurred. At age twenty-one the policy begins to participate in profits. The particular policy I am referring to is issued by the Old Equitable Society, which is particularly advantageous for people who keep their policies in force for a long time, which those who assure young are likely to do. The reason why people who assure young in the Old Equitable are likely to do so specially well is to be found in the system employed by the Society for distributing the bonuses. It is sufficient to say here that the method adopted, while giving fairly good results to those whose policies have been in force for only a few years, yields surpassingly fine returns to those whose policies have been long in force. The Society is, therefore, particularly good for policies effected at young ages.

Under such a policy as I have just described, where for a boy of fourteen the premium is £16 10s. 10d. for assuring £1,000, a number of options are available on reaching the age of twenty-one. Instead of deciding to continue the payments of premiums throughout the whole of life and have the sum assured paid only at death at any time after age twenty-one, he can elect to have the sum assured paid on the attainment of a given age or at death if previous, the payment of premiums, of course, ceasing when the policy becomes a claim. Thus this same premium of £16 10s. 10d. would secure

a policy for £918 10s. payable at age sixty or at death, if previous; or for the same premium he could choose a policy for £724, payable at age fifty or previous death; while if the endowment age were fixed at forty the sum assured would be £503. In each of these cases the policy begins to participate in profits at age twenty-one.

Suppose, instead of the boy's assurance being started at age fourteen, he postponed assurance until age twenty-five, he would have to pay over £24 a year, an increase of 50 per cent. in the annual premiums. If he postponed the assurance until age thirty-nine, the premium would be exactly double, and the future additions by bonuses immensely less. The majority of people are foolish enough to postpone their assurance year after year, entirely failing to recognise the manifold advantages of assuring young. These advantages reach their maximum when a child is assured at birth. In this case the annual premium for assuring £1,000 is only £10 a year, the policy coming into full effect at age twenty-one, when the option can be exercised of converting it into endowment assurance of £946, £776, or £583 at ages sixty, fifty, or forty respectively. It is difficult to over-estimate the advantages to a young man of finding himself, when he comes of age, in the possession of a life assurance policy at an absurdly low rate of premium, and with the certainty of very large bonuses indeed if he lives to a normal age. He or his parents pay a mere song in premiums, while compound interest and the prosperity of the Old Equitable does the rest.

It is scarcely to be expected that even the precocious infant of the twentieth century can be acquainted with the advantages of a life assurance policy being taken for him when young, and many people find themselves, when well on in life, faced with the fact that they themselves, or those dependent upon them, have no provision for the future. In such cases an annuity is frequently the best contract to take. A man of seventy-one was telling me the other day that at his death his daughter, aged thirty, would be left destitute, and wanted to know the best way in which to make some provision for her. He was assured of a regular income during his own life, but it was not sufficient to accumulate a capital sum which would yield in dividends anything like a decent income for his daughter. In this case the state of affairs had, of course, been realised much too late; but it was still possible, by means of insurance, to make some provision which was at least a certainty. By a half-yearly payment of £55, he was able to secure an annuity of £50 a year to his daughter. The annuity begins at his death, and will continue so long as the daughter lives. If he were to die now, shortly after making the first payment, the daughter would have an income of sorts absolutely secured to her so long as she lived.

While upon this subject, I should like to mention the policy which, in my opinion, is for certain fairly numerous cases the best policy which has ever been introduced, but unfortunately it will not, in the form that I like best, be available after this year. It is a guaranteed contract issued by the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, and does not participate in profits. The Legislature of the State of New York, which meddles with many matters which it had better leave alone, has decreed that mutual life insurance Companies shall not, after the end of this year, issue without-profit policies. Consequently the Company will be prohibited by law from selling one of the best policies which was ever devised. There is still about a fortnight in which people can buy this policy, and presumably next year they will be able to buy a somewhat similar policy, with participation in profits, at a higher rate of premium. The policy is this: A man assures for £1,000 at an extremely low premium. The premium depends partly on the man's age, and partly on the age of the beneficiary. The policy provides that after the man's death £50 a year shall be paid for twenty years certain to somebody or other, so that in the long run the full £1,000 is certain to be paid. If, however, the beneficiary survives the man by more than twenty years, the income of £50 a year is continued to the beneficiary so long as he or she lives. There are various advantageous conditions as to surrender and so on, which add to the attractions of the policy.

I know it is quite unfashionable at the present time to praise the American life offices, but I have never pretended to follow current fashions, and I was criticising the American life offices adversely when other people were praising them. Now, however, they have instituted very effective reforms, they have got rid of all the features for which I blamed them, and the consequence is that they bid fair to do extremely well for their policy-holders. Anyway, their guaranteed contracts are perfectly certain to be fulfilled. At any rate, I am sure that this particular policy is an extremely good contract for a man who has any one individual specially dependent upon him, and for the circumstances it is especially designed to meet, nothing so advantageous can be obtained elsewhere. These being the facts, it may be of service to some of my readers to make them known.

New Issues.

The following prospectuses have been issued:—

Berry United Deep Leads.—This Company has a capital of £250,000 in £1 shares, and the Australian Commonwealth Trust, Ltd., invite subscriptions for 100,000 shares (for working capital, etc.) at par. The Company has been formed to acquire and consolidate the following deep lead properties in the State of Victoria, Australia: 1. The property and undertaking of the Berry United Company (incorporated in Australia). 2. A portion of the property of the Great Berry Consolidated Company (incorporated in Australia). 3. The property known as the Kingston Leads. These properties adjoin, and are located on the Main Madame Berry Lead about twenty miles from Ballarat, and have an area of about 7,500 acres. The Australian Commonwealth Trust, Ltd., of 20, Copthall-avenue, London, E.C., in 1903 interested itself in these properties, upon the recommendation of Mr. Waldemar Lindgren, of the United States Geological Survey, who was specially engaged by the Trust to make a study of the deep lead question in Victoria. A large amount of work has been done upon the Berry United property, and the Trust's general managers, Messrs. Bewick, Moreing and Co., have furnished them with a full report, a copy of which is appended to the full prospectus, together with the plan therein referred to, showing approximately the properties as consolidated.

Victoria Falls Power Company.—This Company's share capital is £3,000,000, divided into 1,000,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each and 2,000,000 Preference shares, also of £1. Subscriptions for an issue of £625,000 Debentures at 95 per cent. have been guaranteed conditionally on full allotment of the present issue. These Debentures will form part of an authorised issue of £3,000,000 Debentures, redeemable in thirty years at 10 per cent. premium. 625,000 Preference shares are now offered for subscription at par. The Company proposes to bring power to the Rand, and the mining industry ought to benefit greatly thereby.

State of San Paulo.—An issue is being made of £2,000,000 Five per Cent. Exchequer bonds to bearer, at £94 per cent. (in bonds of £1,000, £500, and £100). Principal and interest are payable in sterling in London, at the counting-house of Messrs. J. Henry Schröder and Co. This loan is part of £3,000,000, the remainder having been acquired by the National City Bank of New York, capital and interest of which are payable in American gold currency. The Loan is redeemable at par by four equal annual drawings, first repayment being due on December 1, 1908, or earlier by purchase in the market at any price below par. Payment of principal and interest are specially secured by the hypothecation of the gold surtax of 3 fcs. per bag of coffee exported from the State, provided for in Article 29 of the Law No. 984, dated December 29, 1905. This surtax is to be paid over weekly to Messrs. J. Henry Schröder and Co.'s agents at Santos until an amount sufficient for the service of the Loan has been provided.

"Truth" Toy Fund.

I have to acknowledge the following contributions to the Truth Toy Fund:—

Lewis and Marks, £2 2s.; G. Causton and Co., £1 1s.; H. H., 5s.; Ash, 2s.; F. H., £1; A Riviera Reader, 5s.; B.C.C., £21; Barnato Brothers, £25; Count Ward, £2 2s.

"Truth" Leiter Box.

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" reply by post.

Name and address, which must accompany all inquiries, should be written on the communication; cards are apt to be lost or misplaced, causing unnecessary trouble.

Anonymous letters will not in any case be attended to.

I cannot reply to inquiries by letter or telegram.

A nom-de-plume or initials (the former preferably) should be given if it is desired that the real name shall not appear in the paper.

Inquiries should be put as briefly as possible, plainly written, and numbered.

Communications received after Friday may not be replied to in the following issue. Delay may also occur where an exceptionally long list of securities is submitted.

I do not recommend brokers.

GOVERNMENT.

Mafalda.—You will find Japanese Four and a Half per Cent. bonds and Chinese Five per Cent. bonds good investments. *W. H. E., Southampton.*—I suggest that you buy Rand Water Board stock and Japanese Fours. The so-called bank I should not recommend. *Semper.*—Chinese Fives would suit you.

RAILWAYS.

Elsinore.—You have a very substantial profit, but you must realise that the shares are on the dollar basis and not on the pound sterling. *Argyll.*—You had better place the money in Great Western Debentures or Brighton Debentures. *Pacific.*—1. You have a very handsome profit on your Canadian Pacifics, and I suggest that you take it. 2. Hold Pennsylvanias for investment. *S. H. S., Hampton Hill.*—1. I should rather buy a little Brighton Deferred Stock. 2. Neither is of much account. *Harry.*—I think you might transfer into Brighton Preferred Ordinary or North-Western stock. *Mica.*—It would be advisable, I think, to hold the Brighton Deferred stock for the dividend. *Juvenis.*—I should be inclined to hold on to Canadian Pacifics. *F. A. L.*—The exchange ought to prove a profitable one. *Incenslander.*—I think an option until the end of January would be profitable.

MINES.

Salash.—Consolidated Deep Leads are a very good purchase at the present price as a speculation. The only question is concerned with the freeing of the mine from water. *Alpha.*—Hold Utah Apex shares. Of the other I have not a high opinion. *Canada.*—1. The Company has not paid dividends so far. 2. The fall in the price of the shares is explained on the ground that the ore reserves are not improving. 3. The broker was within his rights. *Benny, Leeds.*—1. Average Sons of Gwalia shares. 2. I have not a high opinion of the shares. 3. Tomboys are worth buying. *Cambria.*—The shares would not suit you at all; better place the money in B.A. Western stock. *F. O., Winchester.*—1. I know nothing to the detriment of the concern. 2. The yield works out on the basis of the present dividend at over 12 per cent. *Shamrock.*—Sell the shares, as they are not likely to have much of a rise at present, and place the proceeds in Arizona Coppers. *Spratts.*—It would be inadvisable to join the the reconstruction.

MIXED SECURITIES.

Kota Kota.—1. I have no particular knowledge of the Company. 2. Your friends may be right, but I am not in a position to advise you definitely. 3. There is no free market in the shares, which are, at present, at all events, a matter of negotiation. 4. As to Birmingham I can say nothing. *Carnation.*—1. Grand Trunk Ordinary stock is worth buying if you can afford to put it away for two or three years. 2. The average is 8 to 10 per cent. Personally, I should prefer Rand Mines. 3. The shares are held for special settlement, and are worth holding for that time. 4. The Company has not so far paid a dividend. *Waiting.*—Place the money in Johannesburg Fours and Grand Trunk First Preference stock. *Chubbler.*—1. I think you might hold both the electric light shares for higher prices. 2. Canadian Pacifics are a good holding, and is likely to see very much higher prices even than the present. 3. The three corporation stocks make good holdings. 4. I had not a very high opinion of the industrial named. *Winchester.*—1. Champion Reefs are a doubtful holding in view of recent developments. 2. Keep Shansis. 3. Hold on to Dolcoaths for the dividend. *Antique.*—1—5. Your stocks are fairly good. 6. Grand Trunk Ordinary stock would make a good lock-up.

MISCELLANEOUS.

O. K., Paris.—Hold on to the Pekin Syndicate shares for a recovery. *Spinster.*—Pekin Syndicates are good to buy now for a fair appreciation within the next few months. *Kappa.*—I have not a high opinion of the prospects of Beyer, Peacock and Co., and I should be inclined to get out and invest the proceeds in Armstrong Whitworths, or one of the other good shares. *Sickness.*—I am inquiring into the circumstances. *Anxious, Weston-super-Mare.*—I think your best policy would be to transfer into a good English office. *A. B. C.*—I am obliged to you for sending me a copy of the report. *J. E. S., Aberystwyth.*—Please accept my thanks for the copy of the London Scottish Stock Exchange latest circular. *Novice.*—1. Hold for a recovery, which is probable before long. 2. River Plate Electric Light Ordinary have not reached the dividend stage yet, but a credit balance of £3,625 was brought forward a year ago. Announcement due in April. *Colin Campbell.*—John B. McKenzie is a well known bucket-shop keeper, with whom I have dealt more than once. *J. P.*—Ignore the literature. *Paine, Hounslow.*—See rules governing "Letter Box" above. The concern is one which you could profitably avoid. *Arran.*—Make a fair investment. *M. M., Belfast.*—I have been repeatedly uttering warnings against Cunliffe, Russell, and Co., of Paris, who charge exorbitantly for the bonds, many of which are undesirable. They can be purchased from any of the Credit Lyonnais Agencies, or N. Keizer and Co., 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C., at current market quotations. Study rules governing "Letter Box" above. *Hore, Summerlea.*—I do not, in any circumstances recommend lotteries. *Stokoisser.*—The huge rate of interest offered is utterly incompatible with the security of your principal, and therefore you ought to leave the so-called bonds alone. *C. Burleigh.*—You will see from the above rules that I do not reply by letter. Leave the syndicate alone. I do not regard the bonds in question as being desirable. *Jno. C. Rees.*—The concern is safe enough. *Ben.*—Humber and Daimler might suit you. *S. Risdale.*—I do not reply by letter. In the circumstances you might inquire if there is any surrender value. If not, stop payment. *Ajax.*—You might hold on to the debenture stock for a while. I do not fancy the others, because the concern is on the down grade. *Freeze.*—All three are undesirable. Apply for particulars of the Scottish Temperance and the Century Insurance Companies. *Friend of* TRUTH, *Dorset.*—The concern ought to be avoided, because it charges exorbitantly for the bonds, many of which are undesirable. See foregoing reply to "M. M., Belfast." *Kabraji, Paris.*—Send stamped addressed envelope. *C. W. J. H.*—1. Hold for a recovery in the near future. 2. There is just a chance of the shares going higher a few months hence if trade conditions continue good. *Amateur Gardener.*—The method must be thoroughly understood before being indulged in. Study the matter yourself, especially the question of "cover." *T. F. Tod.*—See foregoing reply to "Friend of TRUTH." *Pratt, Strichin.*—Make the best terms you can and then get out. *North Trent.*—As tea shares go, they are not unattractive, but for a sound investment you could do better. Current price 9¼. *John Sparrow.*—A blind pool, which you ought to leave alone. *Surety.*—Would prefer Vickers Maxims, Bovril Ordinary, or D. H. Evans. *Moulton.*—The Scottish Widows is very desirable. *M. H. M., Newcastle.*—I believe they are honest, and deal squarely by you. *S. C. C.*—No information is available, and I therefore cannot advise you in the matter. Write to the secretary for a copy of the last report. *Felix.*—The yield is governed to a large extent by the security afforded. There are exceptions, of course. Of those named Apollinaris Ordinary, which give 7⅜ per cent., and Bovril Ordinary, giving 6⅜ per cent., are to be preferred. Better write to the company demanding a copy of the report. *Prospect.*—I would not have warned you against the company if I thought it was in any way sound or serviceable. *Caledonia.*—1. Scottish Widows. 2. Fairly good industrial. *Artillery.*—You would be well advised to leave the concern severely alone. *Grateful.*—Do not be beguiled by the offer of high interest. See foregoing reply to "Stokoisser." *Columino.*—You had better be careful in your dealings with the concern. *R. T. W. W.*—I am obliged to you for passing on the document to me.

INDUSTRIALS FAIRLY CHEERFUL — GOOD TRADE FIGURES—"BAYS" DIVIDEND—PEKINS—BREWERY YIELDS—CYCLES QUIETER—IRON AND STEEL SHARES—NITRATES—MOTOR BUS COMBINE—TEXTILES.

Everything considered, there is not much to complain of in regard to the general condition of affairs in the Industrial market. Despite the imminence of the festive season there is quite a fair amount of interest evinced in this department by the public, and the feeling remains hopeful, a good impression being made by the Board of Trade returns, which indicate that the trade activity throughout the country is gathering further strength rather than abating. These statistics, it may be mentioned, are of more immediate significance in relation to Industrials than to any other department, for reasons that are sufficiently obvious to everybody. Present indications seem to favour a still greater expansion in the country's trade, and in those circumstances there certainly appears to be something attractive about Industrials as a whole, especially with the general range of prices still moderate. In point of interest the interim dividend declaration of the Hudson's Bay Company is worthy of reference at the outset, in view of the sustained strength of the shares. This payment is at the rate of £1 per share, or just double the amount distributed a year ago, and from this it is a clear inference that the Company is participating to the full in the prosperity of the Dominion. It does not, of course, follow that the final dividend will be doubled. This was 70s. per share, but there seems to be a good chance of an enhanced payment. As I have said before, the shares, at the high price ruling, are too heavy for the average speculator, being purely and simply a rich man's gamble. Pekin Syndicates have naturally suffered acutely from the disappointing results alluded to by me a week ago. It may be pointed out that the general opinion is that the good coal will be located when the flaw has been passed, and, in addition, it must be borne in mind that the concern has valuable interests in other directions. The recovery in Brewery securities continues, and I think it opportune to repeat the following

table indicating the yield obtainable upon the stocks of the provincial group:—

	Price.		Yield Per Cent.
Ashby's Staines	7½	.....	£9 12 0
,, ,, Cum. Pfc.	8	.....	5 17 6
Brampton	13½	.....	9 2 0
Bristol Georges	23	.....	6 5 0
Dartford Cum. Pfc.	8¾	.....	6 17 6
Lascelles, Tickner & Co. Pfc.	4½	.....	6 6 0
Nalder & Collyer	28	.....	7 15 0
Newcastle Cum. Pfc.	9½	.....	6 3 0
North-Eastern	7¼	.....	8 0 0

As regards cycle and motor shares, though the process may be somewhat slow, it is nevertheless evident that the boomlet is fizzling out, and I may repeat that any investor with a predilection towards such things would probably be able to secure better terms by waiting a little until prices are at a lower level. The outlook for the industry seems to be promising enough, and I should regard Humbers, Daimlers, and Darracqs as being the pick of the basket, and worthy of consideration as industrial holdings, with speculative possibilities, on the condition just alluded to. Iron and Steel shares as a group continue rather neglected for some reason or other, in spite of the knowledge that the industry continues to enjoy a large degree of prosperity. Here and there, it is true, prices may appear to be a trifle higher, but the general range seems moderate enough, and there seem to be many promising shares waiting to be picked up. Vickers, Maxim, for instance, would give a return of a clear 5½ per cent. on the basis of the last distribution, and seem to be not a little attractive. Cammell Lairds, Fairfield Shipbuilding Preference, Pease and Partners, Ebbw Vales, and South Durhams, amongst many others, are worthy of attention. It may be noted that the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Company is making an issue of £250,000 5 per cent. "A" mortgage debenture stock at par, which, in point of yield as well as security, ought to appeal to those investors who fancy holdings of this kind. Telegraphs continue somewhat in the background, even the gamble in Anglo "A" being less pronounced, probably because of the approach of Christmas. When the New Year sets in and the dividend is nearer to hand, the gamble will be revived with increased strength. The distribution is due in February, and the speculators profess to believe that a very material improvement will be made upon the 10s. paid in respect of 1905. It would need to be very materially increased to justify the inflated price ruling for the stock, which, as I have frequently remarked, is nothing better than a gambling counter, and seems to me to be wholly unattractive at anything like 27. As an investment holding, other telegraph stocks, such as, for example, Anglo-American Preferred, Easterns, Eastern Extensions, Direct United States Cables, and Westerns, are promising. Nitrates have now quietened down after their boomlet of a short time ago, and for the benefit of those individuals who fancy such shares for the speculative qualities they possess, and the high yields they give, I have prepared the following table:—

	Price.		Yield Per Cent.
Anglo-Chilian Nit. and Rly Cum. Pfc.	13½	.....	£7 5 0
Colorado	16	.....	11 2 0
Lagunas	3¾	.....	5 12 0
Lautaro	12⅝	.....	5 19 0
New Paccha	2⅝	.....	10 2 0
Rosario	6¾	.....	5 15 0
Salar del Carmen	14½	.....	11 14 0
San Gorge	3	.....	9 12 0

A scheme involving the amalgamation of many of the newer Metropolitan motor-'bus companies has been formulated. The undertakings concerned are the London Motor-Omnibus Company, the London and District Motor-'Bus Company, the Motor-'Bus Company, and the London and Provincial Motor-'Bus and Traction Company. A great deal is expected if the idea is carried out, but whether it will improve the market value of the shares as a whole is problematical. At this juncture it may be recalled that there were whispers of a community of interests to be established between the older concerns, such as the General Omnibus and the Road Car Companies, and perhaps this new move by the competitors will lead to some serious reconsideration of the idea for their united protection. Textiles are by no means prominent, with the exception perhaps of Woolcombers, which are advancing on the strength of the belief that the concern is doing very well. In this connection the market is sanguine enough to expect that the profit will show 50 per cent. on the Ordinary shares, though a distribution of anything like this is not probable. The interim report of the Bleachers' Association indicates a decline in profits, which is rather disappointing, because a further expansion had been anticipated. However, this falling off is not appreciable in relation to the dividend possibilities of the Ordinary if the profits of the second half-year be maintained, and in any case the performance of this concern can scarcely be regarded as a criterion of the conditions experienced by the industry as a whole. Messrs. W. H. Newhouse, Sons, and Co., of Bradford, have sent me their motor share list. They state that:

> Investors in motor manufacturing concerns have just cause for self-congratulation on the results achieved by all the principal companies during the past financial year, and it must be the more gratifying to those who have followed the fortunes of these companies since their formation that their confidence, not only in the future of automobilism, but in the ability of British engineering skill and enterprise to successfully overcome all initial difficulties and compete with their foreign competitors, has been fully vindicated. . . . Although the demand for pleasure cars shows no sign of diminution, the enormous possibilities of the commercial motor vehicle must not be overlooked, and in the exploitation of this almost illimitable field there is an asset of vast potential value. The silly prejudice against the new form of locomotion that obtained everywhere for so many years is fast disappearing as the benefits accruing from the expansion and development of this new industry are fully realised, and we are of the opinion that investors will find in the motor industry safe and profitable employment for their spare capital.

VIGILANT.

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QUEER STORY PUZZLE.

[As already announced, this week's Queer Story takes the form of a problem, which readers of Truth are invited to solve, and prizes of Fifteen Guineas, Five Guineas, and Two Guineas will be awarded in order of merit to the solutions adjudged the best. The solution required must take the form of answers to the four questions stated at the conclusion of the story, where will also be found the rules governing the competition, and all other necessary information.]

THE KENWIG-STREET MURDER.

INSPECTOR MINSHULL, of the Criminal Investigation Department, New Scotland Yard, considered it a distinct feather in his cap when that sensational and mysterious affair, the Kenwig-street Murder, was placed in his hands to unravel. The honour was the more welcome because it was unexpected; since the Inspector, having failed to run to earth the criminal, or criminals, in a recent biggish forgery case with which he had been entrusted, was afraid he might thereby have lost the confidence of his superiors.

The case to which I refer (it may be mentioned in passing) was the one generally known as the "Bishops" forgeries, in allusion to the circumstance that three right reverend prelates were among those upon whose accounts forged cheques for large sums had been successfully passed. But the operation had been conducted with such skill that no trace or clue had been left behind for the police to work upon, and it was certainly no fault of Inspector Minshull's that he had failed to track the criminals down. Still, in the police force, as elsewhere, the authorities have a habit of stigmatising failure in a subordinate with a black mark, regardless of any exceptional difficulties that may have baffled him; and Inspector Minshull was relieved to find that his own recent failure in the "Bishops' Forgeries" had not, after all, raised any prejudice against him at headquarters. Otherwise, of course, he would not have been entrusted with that mysterious and complicated case, the Kenwig-street Murder.

But, as you may naturally suppose, he felt that a second failure, following so soon after the other, would certainly not be overlooked. And so he addressed himself to the unravelling of the mystery with all the skill and energy of which he was capable.

The unhappy victim of the crime was a young woman named Amy Beadle. By profession she was a milliner, in the employ of a well-known firm in Regent-street, where she was engaged from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. daily, earning high wages. It may be added that she was a very good-looking girl, and had numerous admirers. Only two of whom, however, did she show any disposition to encourage. One of these was Mr. Tunks, the cashier in the Regent-street shop, for flirting with whom she had more than once been reprimanded by her employer. The other, with whom the gossips of Kenwig-street had lately been coupling her name rather scandalously, was the Rev. Reginald Fillmore, curate of St. Michael's district church, where Miss Beadle sang in the choir. Still, until this painful tragedy occurred, it was never suggested that the goings on between the handsome young curate and the pretty milliner had exceeded the limits of mere injudicious flirtation.

Kenwig-street was a new, and then only half-completed, street between Brondesbury and Kilburn, and the house at which Amy Beadle lodged was No. 28—the last house at the Kilburn end, with a stretch of waste land beyond it. The window of the girl's bed-sitting-room, on the first floor, looked out over this waste expanse. Above it, with an attic window looking out the same way, was the little cupboard of a bedroom, occupied by Selina Prowse, the general servant.

The only other occupants of the house were Miss Beadle's landlord and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Jeffs, a young-middle-aged couple, quite superior people, very quiet and respectable, and with no family. George Jeffs, the husband, was manager to a firm of City accountants, by whom he was held in high esteem as a capable, steady, and eminently reliable servant. Out of business hours he was mostly taken up with philanthropic work, being hon. secretary and treasurer of a Young Men's Institute, for which he had done yeoman service, having rescued it from imminent bankruptcy and extinction by his energy and business capacity, and having induced a number of wealthy gentlemen, both in the neighbourhood and out of it, to become subscribers to its funds. Everybody held the highest opinion of him, and the Vicar of St. Michael's had his eye upon him as a future churchwarden.

Of his wife, Clara Jeffs, there is not much to say, except that she was a quiet, well-conducted woman, who kept herself very much to herself, never gossiped with her neighbours, and devoted herself assiduously to her household duties. In appearance she was still handsome, and in spite of time's ravages one had no difficulty in seeing that as a young woman she must have possessed great beauty. The deep olive hue of her complexion, and the blackness of her hair and eyes seemed to indicate that a strain of foreign blood—Spanish or Italian—ran in her veins. And though her temper always appeared to be of the calmest, yet there was that about her that suggested she might be very dangerous if she were once aroused.

To this circumstance unconscious testimony was borne by Selina Prowse, the "general," who, though inclined to be pert and impudent, and not ordinarily afraid of standing up to anybody, somehow never ventured to "sauce" Mrs. Jeffs, her mistress.

Selina, I should say, was rather a pretty girl in her own coarse, dairy-maidish style, and thought herself a good deal prettier than she really was. She was an insatiate devourer of penny novelettes, from which she had got all manner of silly nonsense into her giddy head—among other things the absurd notion that her charms of person and manner were such that she was eminently qualified to marry into the ranks of "the gentry" (as she styled them), and to take her position in Society as a "reel lidy."

On several occasions when the Rev. Reginald Fillmore had come to the house and she had opened the door to him, he had taken some notice of the girl and spoken to her kindly; and from this circumstance she had jumped to the ridiculously imaginative conclusion that he was in love with her. And so she became violently jealous of Miss Beadle, the lodger. But more of this anon.

Now Kenwig-street, although a cheap street, prided itself upon its strict respectability and irreproachable character. You may imagine, therefore, what a shock it was to the residents when, on the morning of that memorable Thursday, Jan. 2nd, 190—, they learned that a terrible crime had occurred in their very midst—that Miss Beadle, the lodger at No. 28, the most respectable house in the whole respectable street, had been found smothered in her bed. The cause of death and the attendant circumstances precluded all possibility of suicide. There was no doubt that a dastardly murder had been committed.

The discovery was made by Selina Prowse, when she went in at seven o'clock, as usual, to draw up the blind. What struck the girl, immediately upon entering the room, was that the blind, contrary to custom, was already drawn up, and the window wide open. She supposed, at the moment, that Miss Beadle had awoken early and done this herself, and she turned towards the bed to wish her good morning. But the ghastly spectacle that there met her eyes caused her to rush from the room terror-stricken and summon her master and mistress.

Such, in substance, was the girl's account of her discovery of the body, as given to Inspector Minshull.

Questioned by the Inspector as to whether she had heard any sound in Miss Beadle's room (which, as has been already pointed out, lay immediately beneath her own) in the course of the preceding night, the girl replied that she had not. She had slept soundly all night, and had not woken up till after six.

George Jeffs and his wife, questioned on the same point by the Inspector, also replied to the same effect. They had both slept through the night undisturbed by any sound whatsoever.

Mrs. Jeffs was next questioned by the Inspector as to the character and habits of the deceased girl. At this inquiry she appeared rather embarrassed.

"I don't know that I ought to say anything against the poor girl's character," she replied, after some hesitation. "In fact, if you'd asked me this question three days ago, I should have said she was as quiet and well-conducted a lodger as any one need wish to have. But the day before yesterday circumstances came to my knowledge in consequence of which I had made up my mind to give her notice next Saturday."

"What were the circumstances?" asked the Inspector.

"Well, there had been a good deal of talk about her goings on with a young man in the neighbourhood—a man of superior position to herself, and I was told that she'd been seen, more than once, conversing with him from her bedroom window at night. I don't suggest," she added, blushing, "that any actual harm occurred. But I considered that this sort of thing wouldn't do my house any good; and so I had decided to ask Miss Beadle to look out for other lodgings."

"You knew the young man's name?"

"Yes; he's a clergyman—the Rev. Mr. Fillmore, curate of St. Michael's Church. But in justice to him and to Miss Beadle I'm bound to say I don't suspect anything really wrong between them. And, of course, it would be absurd to suppose he had anything to do with the poor girl's terrible death."

The Inspector nodded.

Then, after a few more questions, he proceeded to make a careful investigation of the premises, inside and out. During this investigation he made several discoveries of obvious importance. The first was a small patch of dried blood on the neck of the murdered girl's nightdress, on which there was the distinct mark of a finger print. Inspector Minshull carefully cut out this patch with a pair of scissors, and placed it in his pocket-book for expert examination. The second discovery was the finding of a short ladder in a shed adjoining the house, which he ascertained to have been left there, with Mr. Jeffs' consent, by some builder's workmen who were employed on repairs to the next house. There were marks of recently dried mud on the rungs of this ladder. And, as the previous day had been dry and frosty, though the weather had changed and turned to rain about midnight, it appeared tolerably certain that the ladder had been used by some person for some purpose subse-

quently to that hour. This, taken in conjunction with the open window, would fit in very well with the inference that the murderer had entered Amy Beadle's room from outside. He also received a communication of some importance from the girl Prowse, who stopped him, as he passed alone through the kitchen and said, with an air of some importance on her pert face:

"Ho, if you please, sir, can I have just a word with yer?"

"Well, my good girl, what is it?"

"I overheard missis a-tellin' of yer jest now as she was a-going to have give Miss Beadle notice on account of her goings on with the curit. But that wasn't her real reason, sir. Ho, no. I knows better nor that."

"You think she had some other reason, then?"

"Yuss. Honly three days ago, sir, I hear master and missis having a reg'ler dust up in the parler, and though I couldn't exakly catch all they was a-saying, I could hear as Miss Beadle's name was a-mention pretty frequent, and as the missis was a-talking to the master very excited like, and the master he was a-tellin' of 'er not to be a dam fool."

"You are sure of this?" demanded the Inspector.

"Quite," replied Selina, nodding her towzled head emphatically. "Ho, yuss. If yer asks me, I should say as missis was a-goin' to give Miss Beadle notice 'acos she was jealous of her. That's why she was so set on gettin' rid of her."

"And had you noticed anything in your master's behaviour towards Miss Beadle to account for such jealousy?"

"Well, certingly he did use to get talking with her a good deal, specially when the missis was aht of the light—more than I should like to see my 'usband a-doin' with another young lidy if *I* was a-married. But I never see master kiss 'er, or nothink o' that. P'raps they was too cautious to be copped. Or perhaps there wasn't no love atween 'em arter all. Dunno, I'm sure. And I don't want to mike no mischief, neither. Only truth's truth, and I thought as I ought ter tell yer."

"Yes, yes, my good girl. You've done quite right."

And the Inspector nodded and passed on.

No new facts of any importance were elicited until the inquest (opened on the Saturday morning), when the medical evidence proved to be of a highly significant character. From this it appeared that Miss Beadle was "in trouble," as the lower orders use that particular expression, and that a time must soon have arrived when the trouble could have been no longer concealed.

At the conclusion of this evidence Inspector Minshull rose and asked that the inquest might be adjourned for a week, pending further investigations by the police, as a pursuance of the public inquiry just then would be highly inconvenient, and detrimental to the interests of justice. To this course the coroner assented, having first given the necessary certificate for the murdered girl's interment.

At this point the presumption certainly seemed to be that poor Amy Beadle had been cruelly murdered by the man who had got her into trouble, in order to save himself from exposure.

But now another fact came to light which imported a new complication into the case. This was supplied by a young woman, named Louisa Lamport, a fellow employee and intimate friend of the murdered girl, who came and made an important communication to Inspector Minshull early on Saturday afternoon. Miss Lamport was a tall, strongly-built, fine-looking girl, with unusually bright blue eyes and a wealth of golden hair. It may be added that she spoke with a pronounced lisp. The substance of her communication was this:—On the day preceding the murder, Amy Beadle had been complaining to her of the annoyance she had had to put up with through the insolent and outrageous behaviour of Selina Prowse, the servant at the lodgings. It appeared that on that very morning, before she came to business, Miss Beadle had been abused and threatened by Selina Prowse in the most violent terms. Indeed, she quite thought the girl was going to assault her, and believed she would have done so if she had not at that moment been called downstairs by her mistress.

The fact was, said Miss Lamport, that Selina Prowse had become so furiously jealous of the attentions paid Miss Beadle by Mr. Fillmore, the curate, that she had lost all control of herself. She seemed to have got it into her head that she had first claim upon the reverend gentleman's affections. What grounds, if any, there were for this extraordinary idea, she (Miss Lamport) didn't profess to know. But from all she had heard of Mr. Fillmore, she thought it quite possible that he might have been foolishly familiar in his manner towards the girl, and so have turned her head and made her think he was in love with her.

Such was the gist of Louisa Lamport's communication to Inspector Minshull.

Later in the same day he was put in possession of a further piece of important intelligence. This was volunteered by a gentleman named Henry Tuke, manager of the Z——street branch of the Capital and Counties Bank.

"I think," said the manager, "that, in the interests of justice, I ought to lay before you certain facts which may, possibly, have some bearing on the crime that resulted in poor Miss Beadle being done to death. I must tell you the poor girl kept a small account with us. It was opened about twelve months ago with a sum of £200, which (as she told me at the time) was the amount of a legacy she had just received from a relative. The money was placed on current account, and remained practically intact until last Wednesday—the day before her death—when she drew out £170 in cash."

"Umph," said the Inspector, "and—excuse me—but were there any other persons in the bank at the time, who may have seen her drawing out the money?"

"The bank was full of people. It was just on closing time. But in point of fact she didn't come herself to draw the money, she sent a messenger with the cheque enclosed in a letter, in which she asked us to send her by bearer twenty five-pound notes and the rest in gold. The cheque and letter both being quite in order, the money was sent as requested. It would appear, therefore, that (unless she paid the whole sum away in the course of the same evening, which seems improbable), the bulk of this money must have been in her possession on the night when she was murdered. And supposing no money to have been found in her room (and I have not seen any mention of such discovery in the papers), it would lend some colour to the supposition that robbery was the motive of the murder. However, it is no business of mine to draw inferences," added the manager. "That, of course, comes in your department. But I felt it my duty to acquaint you with the facts."

"Thanks. Much obliged for the information," replied the Inspector. "By the way, this messenger who received the cash, was it a man or a woman?"

"A man—so the cashier tells me. But he didn't pay any very close attention to him, since, as I have said, the bank was full of people at the time, and he was very busy. Besides, it was fast getting dusk. He does remember noticing, however, that he was clean-shaven and that he wore a long overcoat and a clerical-looking wideawake; and also, which I should imagine is a more important point still, that he had an anchor tattooed upon his right arm a few inches above the wrist. It would seem that, in putting out his hand to take the money, the man's shirt cuff caught the edge of the counter and was pushed back, so as to show the tattoo mark, which my cashier remembers noticing—though he attached no importance to it at the time—quite distinctly."

Inspector Minshull nodded.

"You have the paid cheque and letter of course—so that you can produce them if necessary?"

"Certainly we have."

"And can you tell me the numbers of the bank notes that were handed to Miss Beadle's messenger?"

"Yes; I have a memorandum of them here," answered Mr. Tuke, referring to his pocket-book. "The numbers run from 0009827 to 0009846 consecutively."

Inspector Minshull jotted the figures down in his note-book.

"I will make a few inquiries" he said, "and then I

may want a word with you again. In the meanwhile, let me impress upon you not to say a word to anybody about this information which you have given me."

"No fear. In our business, if we learn nothing else, we learn how to hold our tongues," replied Mr. Tuke, as he rose to take his departure.

On the Monday morning Inspector Minshull went round to the Bank of England to inquire whether any of the notes had yet been presented. He was informed that none of them had. But about mid-day on Tuesday he received a communication from the Bank officials to the effect that two of them, viz., 0009840—1, had come in that morning through the Kilburn Branch of the London and County Bank. And upon inquiry at that branch he ascertained that the notes had been paid in to the St. Michael's Parochial Charities account by the Rev. Reginald Fillmore on the previous day.

Further inquiries, in the course of the next twenty-four hours, apprised the Inspector of the fact that the reverend gentleman had for some time been in pecuniary difficulties, and that, more than once, there had been trouble in getting him to pay over parochial moneys for which he was accountable. In the light of this intelligence it was significant that these two five-pound notes, which, along with other moneys, Mr. Fillmore had paid into the Parochial Charities account, had been paid in on the last day before the annual audit.

Still, the Inspector held his hand and made no arrest, though he had already taken the precaution to have certain persons to whom suspicion attached closely shadowed, in case they might attempt to slip away.

His next step was to call upon the Rev. R. Fillmore and invite him to explain how he had come by these two notes.

The curate appeared to be genuinely surprised by the question. It was quite true, he admitted, that he had paid two five-pound notes into the parochial account last Monday morning, in satisfaction of certain moneys which he owed that account. But the notes were his own, and had come into his possession in a perfectly regular way. In fact, they had been handed to him by the Vicar, on the previous Sunday, along with the rest of the offertory money for that day, which had been in aid of the Curate's Stipend Fund. If he (the Inspector) cared to refer to the Vicar, the latter would bear him out in what he said.

Inspector Minshull did refer to the Vicar of St. Michael's.

"Yes," said the reverend gentleman, "it is perfectly true that last Sunday's offertories were handed over to Mr. Fillmore in part payment of his stipend, and I do recollect noticing that there were two five-pound notes in the bag—a rather unusual circumstance for so poor a church as ours. . . . No, I have no idea what the numbers of the notes were. It never occurred to me to examine them; so, of course, I can't say whether they were the same two that he paid into the bank. But considering that he paid them in on Monday morning it certainly seems a fair presumption to suppose they were."

Inspector Minshull nodded. "Perhaps so," he replied, laconically.

In the course of the same day another of the five-pound notes was presented at the Bank of England, and was traced to a firm of drapers and outfitters in the Edgware-road. Upon calling at the shop in question and making inquiries, Inspector Minshull was informed that the note must have been received from a customer in the ordinary course of business on the previous Friday evening or Saturday morning. It further transpired that one of the assistants in the outfitting department recollected selling a tweed costume late on Friday evening to a young person who paid her with a £5 note. The girl took notice of the circumstance, because the young person didn't look very well-to-do, and she was surprised at her having so much money. Could she describe the young person? Well, she didn't say she could do that, though she thought she should know her if she saw her again. Might have been a servant-girl, from her appearance, or something of that kind. Her age? Oh, anything from eighteen to four-and-twenty. This was as much as Inspector Minshull could get out of her. But it was enough to put him on the right track.

He ascertained before nightfall that Friday evenings were Selina Prowse's evenings out. He also ascertained that she was the possessor of a smart new tweed costume marked with the name of the firm in the Edgware-road mentioned above. It was therefore scarcely open to doubt that it was she who had passed the third of the missing notes.

Inspector Minshull scratched his head. With every fresh piece of information he obtained, the case appeared to grow more and more complicated. While he was still ruminating over this latest development, he was suddenly summoned by the chief of his department.

"We've just made an important discovery about that robbery in Regent-street, at Madame Chapote, the milliner's——"

"Robbery at Madame Chapote's, in Regent-street, Sir! I had heard nothing of any such robbery," exclaimed Inspector Minshull, in surprise.

"Ah! no. Of course you hadn't. I had forgotten for the moment," replied his chief. "You were out on Monday when the report came in, and have been so entirely taken up with this murder case ever since, that I have had no opportunity of mentioning it to you. The facts of the robbery are these: That man Tunks, Madame Chapote's cashier—a married man with a family—whom you have had brought under your notice in the Kenwig-street case as one of the murdered girl's admirers—well, he bolted on Saturday night with Louisa Lamport, the young woman who made that communication to you about Selina Prowse, and they took with them the entire contents of the safe—some £70 in notes and gold. They have been traced to Blanks and Co., the money changers at Charing Cross, where they changed some £40 in notes for Spanish money. And among those notes were three for £5 which form part of that lot of twenty about which you are inquiring in connection with the Kenwig-street affair. I want you now to go round to Madame Chapote's at once and see if she can give you any information as to how these notes can have come into her cashier's possession."

Inspector Minshull lost no time in complying with these instructions.

In the course of his interview with Madame Chapote, whose excited and indignant discursiveness made her rather hard to follow, he managed to elicit the following facts:—

(i.) That Tunks, before he bolted, had destroyed the register of the bank notes in hand at the time of the robbery; so that it was impossible for her to say what the numbers of the notes were, or whether the three that had been traced to Blanks and Co. formed part of the spoil taken from the safe or not; but

(ii.) She considered that they almost certainly were, as neither Tunks nor Lamport were likely to have had so much cash of their own.

(iii.) That all the notes in the safe, except four £5 ones, had been taken in the shop in the ordinary course of business.

(iv.) That the four excepted notes represented a private transaction of her own. She had received them from a man named Shuckpenny—an outside broker in Walbrook—into one of whose speculative pools she had put a little money, and this £20 was her first week's profits. She had called at Shuckpenny's office for the money on Saturday morning, and he had paid her with four £5 notes, and she had placed them, for security, in the shop safe. What the numbers of those notes were she had no idea, nor, of course, how they had come into Shuckpenny's hands. But, possibly, he might be able to inform the Inspector, if he were asked.

Fortunately, Shuckpenny was able to inform Inspector Minshull. But, important though his communication was, it by no means completed the chain of evidence which the Inspector had to forge before he was ready to make an arrest.

Next day, however, an important link was supplied. In the course of the morning, he received a visit from Mrs. Beadle, the murdered girl's mother. Mrs. Beadle,

who was naturally much distressed, was an uneducated countrywoman of the labouring class. It appeared that she had been staying with a married son in the West of Ireland, and had only heard of her daughter's tragic fate the day before last, when she had started at once for London. All this, of course, was quite immaterial as far as throwing light on the murder went. But she brought with her a very important piece of evidence, in the shape of a letter, which her daughter had written to her on the very night of her death.

The letter ran as follows:—

28, Kenwig-street, Brondesbury.
January 2, 1906.

Dear Mother,—I am very tired this evening, having only just returned from the shop, where I've had a long and trying day. So I can't write a long letter. But I've something to tell you which you'll be very shocked to hear. Mother, I'm in trouble, and expecting to be laid up some time in May. And he's behaved very bad to me—worse than you could believe. It's not only that he's a married man—I knew that (God forgive me) all along; but he's actually now giving me the cold shoulder and making up to another girl in the shop under my very nose. It's almost more than I can bear. I only found it out this morning, and we had words about it, which have upset me very much. It's Mr. Tunks, the cashier. You've heard me speak of him. Oh! why did I ever give my heart to such a false devil?

Lucky for me I've got some money by me. That £200 is still at the bank, and I shan't touch it, neither, until the time of my trouble comes.

I can't write more now. I'm too weary and sick at heart.—Your wretched daughter, Amy.

It was a pathetic letter. But Inspector Minshull had no particular eye for pathos; he regarded the letter from the purely professional standpoint. And its importance from that standpoint was twofold: In the first place, it identified the man Tunks as Amy Beadle's seducer; in the second place (which was of much greater importance than that, in the Inspector's eyes) it showed that Amy Beadle knew nothing of the cheque which had been passed on her account some hours before she wrote to her mother. Clearly, therefore, the cheque, and the accompanying letter to the Bank, were forgeries.

Inspector Minshull now felt himself justified in making an arrest, and was able, at the trial, to produce the necessary evidence to convict the murderer.

Readers of Truth are now invited to solve the problems arising out of the foregoing story, by submitting answers to each of the four following questions, subject to the rules and conditions given below:—

1. Who was Amy Beadle's murderer?
2. What was the murderer's motive?
3. What was the evidence by which he, or she, was convicted?
4. How are the various circumstances that involved innocent persons in suspicion to be explained away?

Rules and Conditions.

1. *The First Prize of Fifteen Guineas will be awarded to the Solution that comes nearest in all points to the Author's Solution, which is in the hands of the Editor. The Second Prize of Five Guineas will be awarded to the next nearest, and a Prize of Two Guineas to the Third.*

2. *No person in any way connected with the staff of* Truth *will be eligible to compete.*

3. *No Solution must exceed 600 words in length*

4. *In answering Question No. 3 the evidence offered must be such as would be admissible in a Court of Law, and must be either contained or implied in the Story as above related.*

5. *In answering Question 4 Competitors may advance any theories they please, provided they are consistent with the facts stated in the narrative.*

6. *Each Solution must be legibly written on one side of the paper only, and must be signed with a nom-de-plume. A Competitor sending his own name and address will be disqualified.*

7. *Solutions must be addressed to the Editor,* Truth *Office, Carteret Street, S.W., by post only, and marked on the envelope "Queer Story Competition," and must be received not later than Monday, January 21st.*

8. *Each Solution must be accompanied by a coupon from the current issue of* Truth, *which will be found on the third page of the cover.*

9. *No Competitor may send in more than one Solution.*

10. *The Winners will be announced in* Truth *in due course under their noms-de plume, and will then be required to write in their own names claiming their prizes; and any prize not claimed within three months will be forfeited. The names and addresses of the winners will be published in* Truth, *after which cheques will be forwarded to the claimants.*

11. *The Editor's decision as to the award of prizes, and on all questions arising out of the Competition, will be final and binding on all Competitors.*

MUSIC.

SOME MODERN COMPOSERS WHO COUNT.

"SOME Tendencies in Modern Music" is the title of a striking article in the current *Edinburgh Review*, the author of which few will have much difficulty in identifying. These brilliantly turned sentences, packed with apt allusions and neat antitheses, bewray unmistakably the style of one who has long since won a distinguished place as a writer on musical subjects—to wit, Mr. W. H. Hadow. Hence it is hardly an indiscretion to name him as the author. In any case, whoever the writer, the article is a most interesting and suggestive survey of what one may call the musical outlook at the present time. As the writer observes, the history of the art is one long record of continuous development, and we have long since come to realise that music can no longer be appraised by the text-book and judged from the professor's chair. The voice of the grammarian may still be heard in the land, but it is no longer regarded as constituting the final court of appeal. "We have come to see, in short, that the true critic is simply the most enlightened listener; not standing aloof with a manual of arrogant imperatives, but taking his place among us to stimulate our attention where it falters, and to supplement our knowledge where it is deficient." That is excellently put. At the same time the underlying principles of the art remain. "The need of some structural coherence and organisation is fundamental. . . . . A symphony of Brahms endeavours to meet it by a design drawn in terms of pure music; a symphonic poem of Strauss by the adventitious aid of a plot or story; each method has a right to be considered on its own merits, and in this matter the only relevant question is whether it fulfils its aim."

Applying this excellent doctrine, the writer proceeds therefore to discuss the work of various prominent contemporary practitioners, and if his conclusions will not invariably commend themselves to all, there is no gainsaying the cogency and point with which they are expressed. Of Debussy there is a very delicately phrased appreciation: "Of the same quality is the music, like floating clouds, which he has written on Mallarmé's 'Après-midi d'un Faune,' a counterchange of nameless outlines and nameless hues, but still more remarkable, because not dependent on direct poetic suggestion, is the string quartet which has blurred with iridescent rays the severe contours of chamber composition. The whole thing is sincere, sensitive, refined; it vibrates to a breath, it can be bruised with a touch, it is the direct outcome of a temperament almost too fragile for daily life." On Richard Strauss also the essayist is very happy. "Dr. Strauss is an amazing master of resource; his symphonic poems are as ostentatious as Trimalchio's banquet. The board groans under a weight of incongruous dainties; luxury follows luxury and surprise surprise; every corner of the Empire is ransacked for a new wine or a new flavour; we are sated before the feast is half over, and think ourselves fortunate if we escape with our digestion unimpaired." Unfortunately, the matter is not worthy of its treatment. "Of all important composers he is the poorest in thematic invention. He throws the whole of his

immense ability into the treatment of themes that cannot properly respond; he heaps up accessories, he covers the stage with furniture, he attempts to supersede plot and character with gorgeous pageantry and elaborate costume. . . . The one thing of which we take away no clear impression is the play itself." This will not commend itself to all as a complete account of the music of "Don Juan," "Ein Heldenleben," and the rest; but it expresses the matter neatly enough from one point of view.

Less racy is the handling of our native masters. Whether Mr. Hadow would have written quite so enthusiastically of the music of Parry and Stanford if the one had been a German and the other a Frenchman it is, perhaps, permissible to doubt. But the patriotic bias is at least more pardonable than the anti-patriotic variety, and the composers named may be congratulated, at all events, on having found so eloquent a panegyrist. The thing could not have been done more handsomely. Parry, we are told, touches the deeper note. "He is the spokesman of all that is best in our age and country, its dignity, its manhood, and its reverence; in his music the spirit of Milton and Wordsworth may find its counterpart." Stanford, on the other hand, is credited with lighter graces. "A master of technique, he makes his effects with unerring certainty; his orchestra is a delight to the ear; his songs are vocal, expressive, and often fascinating, but he does not penetrate to the centre; he does not drive to roots; he stirs us to the emotion of an April day with its counterchange of sun and shower, all charming, all exquisite, all transitory." If only we could induce them to endorse these eloquent estimates beyond the Channel! Then how much higher were our nation's musical reputation. As regards Elgar, on the other hand, the writer is more critical. The greatness of his powers is recognised, but with reservations. "His position," it is suggested, "is in some ways comparable with that of Berlioz at the beginning of last century; there is something of the same audacity, of the same wayward brilliance, of the same desire to push musical expression across the verge of articulate speech," but also, it is suggested, the same occasional weakness of idea, lack of large outlook, and want of mellowness. The writer agrees, however, with most others in regarding Elgar's orchestral music as his best work, and expresses further the belief that he has not yet completely found himself. The article as a whole is well worth reading.

Frau von Westhofen-Robinson, the principal soprano at Carlsruhe, is the latest artist of note whose name has been added to the list of those who are to be heard at Covent Garden early in the New Year. Yet another conductor in the person of Herr Leopold Reichwein, of the Grand Ducal Opera, Mannheim, has also been secured, so that with Herr Nikisch, Herr Schalk, and M. Ysaye also available there will be no lack of talent in this respect. Among the English speaking artists who have been already engaged may be named Mme. Agnes Nicholls (whose appearance as Sieglinde will be looked forward to with interest), Miss Enriqueta Crichton, Mr. Robert Cunningham, and Mr. Frederick Austin. According to latest arrangements the season will begin on January 14 with "Tristan and Isolde," with Herr van Dyck and Mme. Litvinne in the leading parts, to be followed on the second evening by "Die Meistersinger," with Herr Fritz Feinhals as Sachs and Herr Ernst Kraus as Walther. In one respect this arrangement is not quite ideal, since the two works appeal to essentially the same public, and many do not find it convenient to go to the Opera two nights running. As a whole, the season ought to prove quite uncommonly interesting.

Queen Alexandra was a member of the large audience attracted by the Queen's Hall Symphony Concert on Saturday when the pianist was Miss Johanne Stockmarr, a distinguished Danish artist who has had the honour, before now, of playing duets with her Majesty. On this occasion she appeared as soloist in Tchaikowsky's little known concerto in G major, which, though composed after the famous one in B flat minor has been strangely neglected by the general run of pianists hitherto. Perhaps now that Miss Stockmarr has led the way others may be disposed to follow. The B flat minor concerto, it may be recalled, was not at all popular at first. On the same afternoon at the Bechstein Hall, Busoni performed prodigies of virtuosity in the presence of an audience which half filled the vestibule as well as the hall. His programme consisted of the entire set of Chopin's twenty-four preludes, the Appassionata sonata, Brahms's variations on a theme by Handel, and Liszt's "Dion Giovanni" fantasia—a sufficiently stiff list. Another pianist who has been doing great things in the way of endurance just lately is M. Edouard Risler, who brought his Beethoven recitals to a close last week.

Mr. Albert Spalding had a good audience at the last of his four orchestral concerts which had for its novelty a dramatic scena by Mr. Landon Ronald, based on Shelley's "Adonaïs," which, as brilliantly sung by Mme. Ella Russell, found much favour. Mr. Spalding himself, in Mendelssohn's violin concerto, brought down the house. Mr. Dettmar Dressel was another accomplished fiddler heard last week. At the Broadwood concert on Thursday Stanford's taking serenade (No. 2) for wind and strings and the Beethoven septet were the instrumental items, and Miss Shakespeare played the piano. A word of praise is due to Herr Reinhold von Warlich for his really masterly singing in Schubert's "Winterreise" songs, which he gave in their entirety—with the aid of Herr Rudolf Zwintscher as an admirable accompanist. There will be no more concerts now of any note till the New Year.

The particulars announced of the forthcoming Philharmonic season — its ninety-fifth — give promise of nothing very sensational in the way of novelties. A new symphony by Sibelius, to be conducted by the composer, should, however, have interest, while another eminent northerner in Christian Sinding is to visit us and direct one of his own compositions. An unfamiliar symphony by Enesco, and a symphonic poem, "Cleopatra," by the distinguished American composer, Dr. Chadwick, are also promised, along with works more familiar from other pens. It would be pleasant to read that that long-awaited first symphony of Elgar was to be included in the scheme, but no hope of this is held out. As regards the soloists, an interesting reappearance, after a good many years' absence, will be that of Mme. Sophie Menter, who may be said to divide with Mme. Carreño the feminine laureateship of the piano. Dr. Cowen retains his position as conductor, though in the case of the first concert his place will be taken by M. Colonne. How long will it be, I wonder, before we see an Englishman similarly officiating under any like circumstances in Paris? Seriously, is it not a rather painful advertisement of the nakedness of the land when our leading native concert society is reduced to seek the services of a foreign conductor in this fashion?

Strange are some of the concert enterprises which invite support nowadays, but one of the oddest, surely, is that which has been started by the proprietor of an art shop in Silver-street, Notting Hill. This will consist, we are told, of a series of after-dinner chamber concerts lasting about an hour and a half, on Saturday evenings. The notion is, we are told, "to provide for such residents in outer London as may be detained over the week-end in the winter with a quiet hour and a half of choice melody combined with the comforts of a private concert in one's own drawing-room." Never let it be thought, therefore, that poor homeless Outer Londoners are any longer without a refuge. Unconventional, also, seems to be the scheme of a series of "afternoons of pleasant music" announced by Dr. Markham Lee to take place at the Broadwood Rooms in the New Year, beginning on January 24 with a lecture on folk tunes and dance measures. These, it seems, are to be known as "Four o'clocks," and the subscription includes afternoon tea. Concerts on similar lines are, it may be noticed, in contemplation in Berlin. These will take the form more of private musical at-homes than ordinary concerts. After the concert, the public will be requested to remain for an hour of social chat and interchange of ideas. The

same kind of thing has, of course, been attempted before now in London, but seldom with much success.

A good many people will not be particularly sorry that the London County Council has decided for the present not to persevere with its scheme for giving vocal music in the parks and for subsidising winter concerts in the town halls. So far as singing in the parks goes, there is not much reason to object, perhaps, though open-air vocal music is not usually very effective. With respect to indoor municipal concerts, on the other hand, there is no getting away from the unfairness involved in compelling ordinary professional musicians through the agency of the rates to subsidise competition against themselves in this way. People who think that the public should be provided with gratis concerts should manage the thing themselves without calling on their fellow citizens, who may not recognise any such necessity.

The Incorporated Society of Musicians, which had its last annual conference at Lowestoft, holds its next meeting at Buxton during the first week in January. The papers to be read do not promise to be unduly exciting. Professor Prout will take as his subject "Bach's Church Cantatas." Dr. W. H. Cummings will lecture on "Vocal Culture," and Dr. C. W. Pearce will read a paper entitled "The Parting of the Ways," which will deal with the teaching of harmony. There will also be "lecture recitals" on "English Vocal Music of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," and "The Tendency of Modern Music," which ought at any rate to afford material for debate.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR DESMOND O'BRIEN,—When one has read Sir Frank Swettenham's "British Malaya" (1) with a natural national pride in the extraordinary success of that sub-tropical colony, it is easy to understand the secret, or rather the secrets, of such progress and prosperity. First, free trade; secondly, the encouragement given by the English servants of the Government to the natives of all nationalities to settle in the States; thirdly and chiefly, the sympathy of the governors with the governed.

"We have learned by long experience," says Sir Frank Swettenham, "by our own blunders and by such success as has attended our venture in Malaya, that when you take the Malay—Sultan, Raja, chief, or simple village head-man—into your confidence, when you consult him on all questions affecting his country, you can carry him with you, secure his keen interest and co-operation, and he will travel quite as fast as is expedient along the path of progress."

It is most of all to such sympathetic governors that the progress and prosperity of the Malay States are due, and that these men should live harassed and shortened lives of exile in an unhealthy climate, and die unhonoured and unknown thousands of miles from kith and kin, home and country, seems to Sir Frank Swettenham not ungenerous only, but impolitic. Take, for example, the man to whom we owe the possession of Singapore, the Gate of the Far East, a naval base of the utmost importance, a great commercial centre, and the most prosperous of all the British Crown Colonies—Sir Stamford Raffles. He did what he did in the teeth of the obstruction or opposition of the Home Government, died a martyr to his work at the age of forty-five, and is buried no one knows or cares where. No one, *i.e.*, in England; but, as Sir Frank Swettenham says, "the East has not forgotten its hero, and Raffles' best epitaph is written in Malay; and had he been buried in the country he loved so well, we should know where to find his grave." "British Malaya" is a wonderful record, rather to the credit, so to say, of Englishmen, than of England, and the tone and temper and style of Sir Frank Swettenham's volume are a literary illustration of the very qualities he celebrates of its capable and sympathetic rulers.

Mme. Tereza Stratilesco's pictures of Roumanian country life, "From Carpathian to Pindus" (2) are singularly vivid and interesting. Judging by their songs and proverbs, the Roumanians seem either to hate or to scorn all other peoples—Tartars, Turks, Russians, Jews, Greeks, Germans, Gipsies, and, not least, nor with the least reason, Hungarians. According to Mme. Stratilesco, the Hungarians are set upon denationalising the Roumanians that they have changed the geographical names all over the country into Hungarian names, and are even Magyarising the names of the children at school! Unless the Roumanian can speak and write Hungarian no official position is open to him, and no magistrate will listen to him in court. "Why, peasants have been shot because, having been addressed in Hungarian by the gendarmes, they were unable to give an answer!" This book is a perfect treasure-house of proverbs, legends, and folk lore, many of them variants of those of almost every country, but some of them peculiar to, and therefore peculiarly characteristic of the Roumanian. It is curious, by the way, to find the famous saying of Maréchal Villars when taking leave of Louis XIV., "Defend me from my friends; I can defend myself from my enemies," a Roumanian proverb.

It was on a bicycle that Mr. Wigram made the tour, or rather the series of tours, that have resulted in the production of his book, "Northern Spain" (3). Not that he was always independent of the railway. Some of the roads were very bad indeed, and at one place Mr. Wigram was advised to cycle along the railway. He did so, and found the ballast and sleepers, if not exactly an ideal bicycle track, at any rate better riding than the highway. Coming to a wayside station he found a train drawn up at the platform with all the officials in evidence, and the passengers, as usual, profiting by the stoppage to indulge in a stroll and cigarettes. "I dismounted, perforce, at the points," says Mr. Wigram; "but through the station I rode unblushingly, and no one seemed to regard the circumstance as the least unusual or reprehensible." By cycling he was, of course, able to see many places that are unfamiliar even to those tourists whose journeys in Spain have not been confined to the well-beaten southern tracks. Mr. Wigram has no serious or exciting adventures to relate, but he makes an entertaining narrative of his experiences, and gives a very readable account of the country through which he passed, and the character and customs of the people. "Northern Spain" is illustrated as well as written by Mr. Wigram, and his sketches are so good, and so well reproduced in colours, that the volume will take a high place in Messrs. Black's series of "beautiful books."

By those who love a heart-stirring romance—and their name is the feminine of legion—Mr. Bloundelle-Burton will be heartily thanked for "Knighthood's Flower" (4). Désiré de Beaujoyeux is in truth *un preux chevalier*, and the fair Roberte de Poyanne is well worthy to mate with him. But hardly, perhaps, may de Beaujoyeaux claim to be the perfect flower of knighthood. Laurent, the humble soldier who loves the star to which he may never attain, his proud mistress Marguerite de Valbonne, more fitly claims the title. The story is worthy of Mr. Bloundelle-Burton, and what more need be said.

Messrs. Phillpotts and Bennett have collaborated to some purpose in "The Sinews of War" (5). Quietly the story begins with a description of the feelings of Philip Masters, who, having run through his patrimony of £6,000, is strolling up Kingsway at 12.45 p.m. with sixpence in his pocket. He takes the place of a watchman summoned away from his brazier by a message of his wife's illness. The watchman is in charge of an open trench. In that trench the next morning is dis-

(1) "British Malaya." By Sir Frank Swettenham. (John Lane. 16s. net.)
(2) "From Carpathian to Pindus." By Tereza Stratilesco. With Two Maps and Sixty-three Illustrations. (T. Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.)
(3) "Northern Spain." Painted and described. By Edgar T. A. Wigram. (A. and C. Black. 20s. net.)
(4) "Knighthood's Flower." By J. Bloundelle-Burton. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)
(5) "The Sinews of War." By Eden Phillpotts and Arnold Bennett. (Werner Laurie. 6s.)
(6) "Davray's Affairs." By Reginald Turner. (Greening. 6s.)

covered the body of Captain Pollexfen, and from the moment of the discovery the story holds the reader in a grip which is never once released. A better story of mystery has not been told for many a day.

The literary man rarely figures to much advantage in the novel of contemporary life, and Richard Davray, the central figure in "Davray's Affairs" (6), is no exception to the general rule. Richard Davray is a novelist, and is about to embark upon that masterpiece which every novelist is always upon the point of achieving when two women come into his life. One of them, Helen Panton, a quiet, charming *ingénue*, becomes his wife, and the other, Mrs. Malden, a widow with "a temperament," after collaborating with him in the writing of a play, becomes his mistress. Davray, under the stress of his affairs, ultimately ends as a model husband, who writes plays and novels for the gallery, an example of literary futility brought about through domesticity. But if Richard Davray is not a very sympathetic character, Mr. Turner manages to awaken plenty of interest in his women. They are skilfully analysed and carefully portrayed, and give life to the comedy of life which Mr. Turner so successfully delineates.—Believe me, my dear Desmond O'Brien, yours very sincerely, C. P. WYNDHAM.

Of late years a large library has been growing up dealing with the romance of reality. Two of the more recent additions to it are "The Romance of Early Exploration," by Archibald Williams (Seeley, 5s.), and "The Romance of Polar Exploration," by G. Frith Scott (Pearson, 5s.). Mr. Williams's volume is full of stories of the earliest known explorers, whose travels were anterior to 1600 A.D., and in addition to accounts of the travels of the hardy Portuguese and Spanish pioneers, there are some specially interesting chapters devoted to the exploits of the less known travellers Ibn Batuta, the Moor, and the famous Chinaman, Hwen Tsang. In "The Romance of Polar Exploration," Mr. Scott covers the whole known field, from the time when Pythias, the venturesome mariner of ancient Greece, discovered Ultima Thule, and the region where the sun never set and the sun never rose, down to the day of the return of the *Discovery* from the Antarctic regions in 1904.

Two volumes deal with the romance of natural history. "The Romance of Plant Life," by G. F. Scott Elliot (Seeley, 5s.) contains a collection of strange stories and curious facts about the denizens of the vegetable world. Mr. Elliot's book is very much alive, for it is packed with human anecdotes and interesting descriptions of nature in many moods. Equally attractive to young naturalists is the second volume, "The Romance of Animal Arts and Crafts," by H. Coupin, D.Sc., and John Lea (Seeley, 5s.), which contains descriptions of the spinning, weaving, paper-making, raft and road building, and similar industrious members of the animal kingdom. It is unfortunate perhaps in its rather cumbrous title.

Real adventure has also two volumes devoted to it. With Mr. Hyrst in his "Adventures in Great Deserts" (Seeley, 5s.), the boy may range the deserts of the whole world and learn of their terrors and their delights in the choicest company. Or with Mr. Stead and his big game hunters and explorers, who are the heroes of "Adventures on Great Rivers" (Seeley, 5s.), he may track the great rivers to their sources and share no end of thrilling escapes by the way. Each volume is a chronicle of pluck, endurance, and resourcefulness bound to appeal to the boy mind.

"Survivors' Tales of Great Events," by Walter Wood (Cassell, 3s. 6d.) is a book of rather a different type from the others mentioned above, but still it may fairly claim its place under the head of real romance. Mr. Wood has bethought himself of telling the stories of events which are household words, basing the stories on personal interviews with survivors of the events described. Thus he is enabled to bring vividly before the eyes the story of the saving of the *Calliope* and the loss of the *Victoria*, an account of Alma, a pen-picture of the Mutiny, the charge of the Light Brigade, and the defence of Rorke's Drift among others. It was a brilliant idea, and has been ably carried out.

A delightful book for the little ones is "Tales of Jack and Jane," by Charles Young (Lane, 3s. 6d.). It is frankly a book for children only, of tales about the children and tales told to them, just the sort of volume for the nursery bookshelf. But quite the most attractive child's book of the season is Mr. Barrie's "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens" (Hodder and Stoughton, 15s. net), with its beautiful pictures by Mr. Rackham. In this volume artist and author have collaborated with the happiest results. Full of delight for the child, too, are the majority of the animals which are issued in such profusion at this season of the year. The child of any age can be suited by Messrs. Cassell, who provide "Chums" (8s.), packed with fact and fiction, for boys, and "Little Folks" (3s. 6d.) and "Little Folks' Story-book" (3s. 6d.), each full of interesting matter and brilliant pictures, for the little ones. Or, again, every inhabitant of the nursery cannot fail to find amusement in "Blackie's Children's Annual" (3s. 6d.), which is hardly surprising, since nearly a score of well-known authors and artists have collaborated in its production. Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co.'s "Wonder Book" is yet another compendium of grave and gay prose, verse, and illustration, which contains a year's amusement within its covers. Chiefly appealing to girls, Miss Woolf's story, "Dear Sweet Anne" (Collins, 3s. 6d.), has considerable attractions. A blasé reviewer may find it so sugary as to be almost cloying, but the youthful palate will not object to the story for such a reason.

Amongst toy books there does not this year appear to be quite so strenuous a competition as has been the case in some recent years, and the books of nonsense rhymes appear to be nearly dead. It is true that Lord Alfred Douglas, who set the fashion in this latter amusement, has published a book of rhymes, "The Placid Pug" (Duckworth, 3s. 6d.), but these are on altogether different lines. This amusing book, by the way, is avowedly not for children. But, modelled on the old lines, there is only one example of the nonsense book, "The Old Man Book," the rhymes by R. P. Stone and illustrations by C. P. Holme (Lane, 3s. 6d.), and if the writing and illustrating of nonsense was the author's intention he has certainly achieved his aim. At the same time, any one who could perpetrate a Cockney rhyme like the following hardly deserves to have ink and paper expended in reproducing it:—

> There was an old man with a saw
> Who explained that he worked on the floor,
> Because he could see
> Who was coming to tea
> Before they got in at the door.

It would be difficult for adult or child to see the humour in this sort of thing. There are, however, one or two picture books published which will gladden some young hearts. "The Knight Errant of the Nursery" (Chambers, 3s. 6d.) is one of these, and "Baby's Own Ballads" (Sealey Clarke) another. A very welcome little contribution for the children's amusement is "A Nursery Medley" (Chapman and Hall), a little volume of thirty-four nursery songs set to music by Miss Violet Gardiner, and prettily illustrated by Alix Grein.

To the well-known "Cranford Series" Messrs. Macmillan have added an edition of George Eliot's "Scenes of Clerical Life" (6s. net), with sixteen full-page coloured illustrations and thirty-five black and white

Wedding Presents.—A choice selection of beautiful Dinner, and Dessert Services, Breakfast, Luncheon, and Tea Sets exclusive designs. Mortlocks, Ltd., the Old Pottery Galleries Oxford-st., and Orchard-st., W. Inspection solicited.

Thomas Goode & Co.—China, glass, pottery, fireproof ware. Sole agents in the United Kingdom for the famous "Bi-Métal" (copper lined with pure sheet silver) Cooking Utensils. Illustrated catalogues free.—South Audley-street, London.

sketches by Mr. Hugh Thomson. In these stories Mr. Thomson has found congenial subjects for his graceful and humorous art; and the volume, well printed and attractively bound, ought to be in favour for presentation purposes.

With the publication last week of the eighth volume, Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. have completed the new Knutsford Edition of Mrs. Gaskell's works. Each volume (price 4s. 6d. net) has a biographical and critical introduction by Dr. Ward, Master of Peterhouse; a frontispiece in photogravure, and other illustrations. The edition will be a delight to all who can find a delight in Mrs. Gaskell's stories—and that means all who can appreciate fascinating fiction and good literature. Those who have already read "Cranford" and "Mary Barton," and the other tales, will be glad to have this admirable edition of Mrs. Gaskell's writings, which includes some of her work that has hitherto been unpublished or unreprinted. Those to whom the reading of the tales is still a pleasure to come cannot do better than enjoy it through the medium of these handy volumes, well printed in good type and neatly bound.

Exceptional interest attaches to Messrs. Chapman and Hall's new edition of the famous Christmas Numbers of *Household Words*, which Charles Dickens brought out during his editorship of the paper from 1850 to 1858. As is well-known, Dickens devised the scheme of each number and wrote one or more chapters, the rest being by other authors. All the contributions appeared anonymously. Those by Dickens were afterwards reproduced in his collected works, but until the recent discovery of an old *Household Words* account book it was impossible to identify with certainty the authors of the other contributions. This has now been done, and the nine Christmas Numbers appear for the first time with the names of the authors. One story, "The Wreck of the Golden Mary," has usually been regarded as the joint work of Dickens and Wilkie Collins, but it now turns out that four other writers also had a hand in it. Besides Dickens and Wilkie Collins, Mrs. Gaskell was a contributor to these Christmas numbers, and other well-known names in the list are those of Harriet Martineau, Adelaide Procter, Mrs. Lynn Linton, George Augustus Sala, W. Hepworth Dixon, W. H. Wills, William Howitt, and W. Blanchard Jerrold. The nine numbers, each with a coloured frontispiece, are published in charming little pocket volumes, bound in cloth, price one shilling each, or the set complete in a case for ten shillings.

Mr. Heinemann writes:—

In the very kind notice you give, in your Special Literary Supplement of December 12, of the translation of Edouard Herriot's "Madame Récamier et ses Amis," your reviewer complains that the original title has been changed to "Madame Récamier," suggesting that the title "Madame Récamier and Her Friends" "would have been at once more apt and more seductive than that of this excellent translation, which suggests that it is a simple biography of the famous Salonière." The only reason for this change was that a book, under the title of "Madame Récamier and Her Friends," was quite recently published by another London firm, and although widely different from Mons. Herriot's volumes, the duplication of title might have led to confusion.

Alike from the pictorial and the literary point of view, "Pears' Christmas Annual" is a wonderfully good sixpenny-worth. Those popular writers, George R. Sims and Max Pemberton, contribute the two principal stories, and the accompanying illustrations are furnished by such well-known artists as Hugh Thomson and Frank Dadd. The coloured presentation plates, for which "Pears'" has always been renowned, are three in number, namely, reproductions of "The Snowball—Guilty or Not Guilty," by H. Piffard, "Il Dolce far Niente," by J. W. Godward, and "The Cause of Many Troubles," by E. G. Handel Lucas. The pictures are admirable examples of colour-printing, and even "Pears'" has never given better value for the modest price at which it is sold.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Though I spent some ten years of my life in the country, I have almost forgotten what it is to feel that pleasant sense of leisure that seems impossible in London. Even when nothing is happening, no postman knocking, no carrier leaving parcels, no tradesmen calling for orders or leaving things ordered, no servants ill or quarrelling, no dinner party to dress for, there is yet no security that one or more of these things may not occur. All is rush and bustle, noise and commotion. The very whirr and racket of the motors seems to intensify the speed at which we live. They infect even the calmest mind with the idea of haste. Repose is far out of reach. Leisure seems impossible of attainment. Yet what is life without these two?

Why should we all live in this fearful stress and strain? Why do we pre-date the events of life? Why do we begin Christmas at the end of October? Why are weekly papers published some days before the date they bear? (in one dated December 1 I read, "The wedding of Mr. —— and Miss —— will take place on November 29"). Why should we, in these days, set ourselves the task of overtaking ourselves?

I remember in my country days enjoying a "good read," sitting a couple of hours without moving, absorbed in a book. Where is the chance of such a pleasure as this in a world of restless fidgetiness, when a whirl of insignificant circumstances forms our atmosphere, mental and physical? No wonder that insanity is on the increase, when serenity is almost a forgotten joy. In how few persons is visible that quiet composure which is so immensely soothing to even the person witnessing it, to say nothing of its effect on him or her who feels it? There is a kind of vulgarity in this perpetual motion, in our loud and eager voices, every one talking, no one listening, men and women rushing around after every new thing, like the Athenians of old, with no time to be still.

The habit of being still is too easily lost. It is even refreshing to come across some indolent individual who is always to be found in the same place, almost in the same position. He or she is regarded by those in the whirlpool of life as a kind of anchorage. But wait! Can one anchor in a whirlpool? I fancy not. Similes are very dangerous articles.

I suppose the truth is that all you dear people in the country have more leisure and quiet than you care for, while we in town are longing for some. What a pity that we cannot have an exchange and barter, you putting your leisure up to auction, and we vending the overflowing of our busy days to you. It would be equally pleasant for both sides. You, for instance, would be busy with a few concerts, dances, dinners, picture shows, walks down Bond-street, and so on; while I should have a few of those quiet hours for which I long, in which I could think my thoughts whole, not snipped up in short lengths like macaroni prepared for cooking, and in which I could read books without an interruption every three or four minutes.

Why cannot such a charming plan be made feasible? Would it not be lovely?

That charming Mrs. Wilton, whom you will remember, entertained us at the Supper Club last Saturday night. It is a lovely floor for dancing and the music is good. We were amused to see how unanimously after each dance the girls put back a straying wisp of hair and with equal unanimity the men mopped their faces. I often wonder why they do not wear cooler clothes to dance in, silk or satin like the cavaliers of old, with silk stockings. They could dance much better in these and would look much nicer. The supper at the Grafton Galleries, being signed Benoist, is excellent. Our hostess looked very

Seeger's Hair Dye.—Dyes the hair by merely combing through. 2s. the Case, or Trial Bottle, mailed free from observation, 7d.—Hinde's Ltd., 1A, Finsbury, London.

Redfern.—Exclusive and original Models in Day and Evening Gowns. Smart Paris Millinery, Blouses, Lingerie, Furs, &c. 26, Conduit-street and 27, Bond-street.

handsome in pale green chiffon velvet, a gold bow in her dark hair, gold stockings, and dear little gold shoes. Another frock was in Louis XVI. style, black lace over white chiffon, and a third, worn by a tall fair girl, was pink Japanese silk much ruffled and ruched. A very neat pair of pale blue satin boots accompanied a brocade of the same colour worn by an excellent dancer.

We saw a dream of a hat in a window the other day, as we walked through Harewood-place. It was of pale brown straw, which does not matter, because it was quite hidden. Round the top of the crown was a fluffment of pale brown tulle—not a ruche, but just an orderly cloud, like puffs of brown smoke held invisibly into place. The brim was an exquisite curve, like a poke but not so pronounced, and much wider. It was edged with more puffs of pale brown, and lined with drawn tulle to match. And at one side two huge roses rested on it, one pale pink and one bright pink. Bee remained rooted to the ground before this vision, and has ever since babbled, not of green fields, but of brown hats.

Ella, as usual, is sending all her presents of one sort, which saves her a great deal of time and trouble. We went with her to Mortlock's to choose them the other day, and in less than hour the whole of her large acquaintance was disposed of, by the simple means of dropping one of her visiting-cards, with the name and address of the recipient written on the back, on or into the chosen object. Ella has now nothing to do but pay the bill and receive grateful letters, an occupation suited to her indolent nature. Her most charming presents are to her husband; you will be amused to hear that they are a dessert service of Bristol china, with delicate green festoons of leaves, and a complete service of engraved table-glass, in a Chippendale pattern. Her dinner-table is going to be a dream! Last year she gave Fred a new drawing-room carpet, and Fred was duly grateful, though he seldom enters the drawing-room. He said to us, very enthusiastically, that Ella was wonderfully practical, and chose such useful things to give him! On this occasion she also chose Fred's present to her—a basket of twenty-five pieces of old china, all good and pretty, and sold at about a tenth of their value. These collections of odds and ends are fascinating things; one never knows what one will find next as the bottom of the basket is neared; and if there is anything one does not like, it is sure to make an admirable present. So ran Ella's commentary. Like most rich people, she has a gift for economising.

She is sending the Pon-my-life children a whole set of nursery china painted with cocks and hens, and a doll's tea and dinner services as well. The latter are large enough to use, "for a treat," and are both pretty and very moderate in price. To Nora goes a flight of pigs—flight is hardly the right word—but I wish you could have seen about a dozen of these little green things, tearing towards the edge of a shelf, and headed by one in bright scarlet, that irresistibly suggested the motive power of the Gadarene herd. They have an appearance of great haste, and Nora will love them, and consider herself set up in good luck for the whole of next year, if not longer.

Several people will have pairs of decanters, in exquisite old Irish cut glass. The show of glass was really embarrassing—it was all so tempting, even the new designs. A convenient set of custard cups in cut glass has a flat lip at the top, instead of a handle, which is easily grasped by the thumb and finger, and the contents poured out. The crystal vases are also tempting, especially the long tall ones for lengthy stems, for which so few vases provide. Crystal and gold is a handsome combination, and there are all shapes in it, from tiny bowls to enormous ones that would hold an armful of roses, and from wee violet glasses to great trumpets for the longest chrysanthemums or branches of foliage—that beautiful decoration for which it is so difficult to find a home in most drawing-rooms.

"La Samothrace."—Every corset of the London Corset Co., 28, New Bond-street, W., is made in Paris. The very latest models. Not connected with any other establishment.

The shops are all very crowded and the process of present-buying is very slow and extremely tiring. We get very hot inside the various places and come out to meet a raw, cold air before going in somewhere else to be nearly asphyxiated. It is lovely to get home after it all, and we find the most refreshing thing and the most restoring is a warm bath with plenty of Scrubbs' Cloudy Ammonia in it. It energises us and makes us fit for enjoyment of the evening's amusement, whatever it may be. It is so lovely to feel bright and alert, whatever may befall, be it dinner party, dance, theatre, restaurant, or a nice book.

I find that there is no charge for admission to the Royal School of Art Needlework in Exhibition-road, either Thursdays or any other days. On Thursdays, in autumn and up to Christmas, tea is given gratis and one can comfortably choose any number of charming presents.

Linda, as is her custom, has long ago made out her list of Christmas presents. Not of those she wishes to give—not at all. The list enumerates those she wishes to receive. She entrusts some of her friends with the diplomatic task of seeing that the proper persons are gently and imperceptibly infused with the idea of purchasing and presenting the various articles. The only one I ever undertake is her husband, for the simple reason that he always asks my advice about what to give her. About six weeks since she handed me her list, and asked me which I would choose among them to represent as suitable to him. The list was as follows:—

1. Furs. Sable, if possible. If not, chinchilla. Tie and muff in either case.

2. Riding habit. Must be by Busvine.

3. Jewels. Pendant preferred. Diamonds and pearls.

4. So many dozen of long gloves at six guineas the dozen.

5. Cheque for new evening gown at Paquin's.

I always feel a kind of cowardice in executing this queer commission of Linda's. Tom is well off, it is true, but in these troubled and speculating times one never knows when a man may be hovering on the verge of ruin. Linda has before now accused me of selecting the least expensive thing on her list to suggest to Tom. So it was rather hesitatingly that I asked her: "How many dozen pairs of gloves do you mean by 'so many dozen?'"

"As many as you can work him up to. Say six dozen."

"Six sixes are thirty-six. Oh, Linda! It is a lot of money!"

"A set of sables would cost far more."

"But Tom gave you a set two years ago."

"They are out of fashion. I can't wear them."

This is the kind of conversation we have every year about Tom's present.

Then comes the talk with Tom. "Madge, you know my wife's tastes. Isn't she looking handsome this winter? Tell me of something she would like for a Christmas box."

"Well . . . what about furs?"

"Gave her a set only a while ago. Think again."

"Gloves are very dear now. They are worn so long, you see."

"I should like to give her something more important. Do you know if she has mentioned any particular bit of jewellery she would like?"

And in this way the good fellow makes my nasty task easy for me. It is nearly always the generous husband who owns the rather mean, calculating wife. Don't you find it so?

When writing the other day about diaries for the coming year I ought to have mentioned those issued by Messrs. Thomas de la Rue and Co. The firm is noted for the production of well-arranged, well-printed, well-

bound pocket diaries, and the list affords an ample choice in the matters of style, size, and price. The thin diaries in limp leather cases are remarkably serviceable and attractive, and the Traveller's Index Diary should be in favour with tourists.

I have received the following from Mona:—

My Dear Madge,—You ask me to tell you of some plants to succeed your chrysanthemums. Here the winter-flowering begonias are supreme. The flowers are a good deal smaller than those of the ordinary summer kinds, but they are very beautiful, and are produced in such profusion that the foliage is scarcely seen. The begonia family is an immense one. There are over three hundred and fifty species, and the varieties may be reckoned by the thousand. Some are tuberous and others fibrous-rooted, and some of the latter bear small flowers in winter and some of the former large flowers in summer; it was long the ambition of the hybridist to cross them, in order to obtain plants with finer flowers in winter, but until a few years ago every attempt failed. The commonest of the older winter begonias were the different varieties of B. semperflorens, originally introduced from Brazil in 1829, and B. weltoniensis, a hybrid of, I believe, unknown parentage. But not very long ago Messrs. Veitch and Sons, of Chelsea, succeeded in accomplishing what had been considered the impossible task of crossing the tuberous and fibrous-rooted sections, and this was the starting-point of a new race of beautiful winter-flowerers. So far the best of them is undoubtedly one raised by MM. Lemoine, of Nancy—Gloire de Lorraine—a hybrid between B. dregei, a Cape species, and B. socotrana, from the island of Socotra. It requires a minimum temperature of 50 degrees—if possible, rather higher—but when well grown is a charming plant. There is a white variety, a "sport," called Caledonia, but it is not quite so good. Begonias should be grown in light, rich, well-drained soil, and when water is given to them in winter, none should be allowed to remain on the leaves, as it causes them to decay. Plenty of fresh air goes a long way to keep them healthy.

Like many other hybrids, Gloire de Lorraine does not produce seeds. It can only be propagated, therefore, by means of cuttings. If inserted firmly in moist, sandy soil and placed in a temperature of 70 degrees, they will soon root, and can then be potted separately. The leaves, as well as the stems, of this begonia, and many others, may be used as cuttings. Either the petiole, or stalk, with the leaf attached, may be inserted in soil, when a young plant or bulb (as the case may be) will form at its base, or the leaf, with the veins cut through in several places, may be pegged down flat on the surface of the soil, when young plants or bulbs will be produced at the cuts. This may seem strange, but is explained by the fact that a leaf is really a flattened stem, or, if each vein be regarded as a separate stem, as a number of stems joined together by connective tissue. There is, therefore, no reason why they should not grow in the same way as ordinary cuttings, provided only that they can form roots before they have time to decay, which, from their soft condition, they are apt to do. To lessen this tendency, leaves used as cuttings should be ripe—not quite ripe enough to drop, but nearly so.

With reference to the storage of your tuberous begonias during the winter, I recommend you, if you have plenty of space, to leave them in their pots, and to stack the pots on their sides in the greenhouse or any other place which is kept at a temperature of about 40 deg. or 45 deg. They do not need to be warm, but just safe from frost. Of course, if you cannot afford the necessary space, you must follow the general practice of packing them in bags of sand, but I do not think it is a good one. It has been proved by experiments in different parts of the country that potatoes obtained from Scotland and Ireland produce finer crops than those from Lincolnshire, and those from Lincolnshire finer than those from the South of England, and by other experiments that partly ripened potatoes produce finer crops than wholly ripened, and the latter fact explains the former. The retardation of growth caused by the excessive drying and toughening of the skin in the wholly-ripened tubers may be the reason. The same thing may be observed in the case of begonias. If they are dried to an unnatural degree by being stored in dry sand, it is difficult to get them to start into growth, and there are often losses among them. On the other hand, if they are kept in soil which, though not moist—for that in a low temperature would cause decay—is not dust dry like sand, there is no shrivelling of the tissues and no extreme toughening of the skin, and when the temperature rises sufficiently they start readily into growth, and make much finer plants than the tubers stored in sand.

I will tell you of an observation of my own which bears upon the point. You know the little sheath which surrounds the base of every leaf of the geranium. It is called the stipule. When geraniums are wintered in a nearly cold greenhouse, it is necessary to keep them quite dry. In consequence, most of the leaves fall off. But the stipules remain, at first green, afterwards brown and withered. As they look untidy, I used at one time to remove them. Occasionally, however, some were left by accident, and I noticed that the buds enclosed by them always started much earlier than the buds from which the stipules had been removed. The reason was not easy to discover. The use of the stipule is supposed to be the protection of the bud, but obviously this was something more than that. At length I noticed that when moisture happened to gather on the stem it trickled down until it reached the stipule, where it was held as if by a bag, and, as it would naturally soften the skin over and around the bud, this would explain its quickness in starting. It is just the same with vines. When they are to be started into growth, they are syringed repeatedly, and the atmosphere is kept moist. So, you see, I have some reason for advising you not to store your tuberous begonias in dry sand.—Your affectionate cousin, Mona.

Clare sends me the following from Dublin:

Dearest Madge,—We who, to put it gracefully, have arrived at years of discretion, know that Father Christmas is a bit of a humbug. We also know him to be, in that respect, not unlike many a one of our most cherished and highly honoured institutions. However, that is neither here nor there; whatever we otherwise may or may not know, the important thing is that we ourselves have made our own Father Christmas, he is stamped with our own special trade mark, and long enthroned, a living tradition, on our festive throne. We have given him the emblems of holly, ivy, and mistletoe, supplied his fireside with the blazing Yule log, and piled his table with heavy fare and a flowing bowl. He is set up in high places, as an example of geniality and generosity, of hospitality, merriment, and general goodwill to all in idea and action. He is an old friend, true and tried for many generations; surely we ought to be jealous of any attempt to supersede him or to set up a rival in opposition; especially if he be made in Germany. I wonder if you are jealous for Father Christmas—if you resent the intrusion of Santa Claus, as that of an interloper at this season. He and his stocking have no call to come between Father Christmas and the observances sacred to him, and to him only, at his own Christmas time. The saint has his own festival in the beginning of December. Well and good if he keeps to it, without intruding into the dominion of Father Christmas. Is not his stocking with his gifts a poor plagiarism and an infringement, as it were, of the lawful potentate's patent, with respect to Christmas boxes? We may grumble and worry over Christmas—just as we do in the case of our nearest and dearest—only to find, when anything threatens or encroaches on its interests and privileges, what partisans we really are and how dear the cause is to us.

We have all been shopping hard, harder, and, of course, with the hardest yet to come, in the few days now intervening between us and Christmas. The Christmas face grows more and more apparent, with its deepening lines of anxiety, preoccupation, and uneasy doubt. Oh, these hopeless vacillations which nothing can mitigate! How the most timely purchases of Christmas boxes turn against us most of all. For is not the agony of doubt greatest regarding the things we have already bought and have time to think over. We have time, too, to see other things more suitable for the case, but which circumstances then oblige us to leave severely out of it, and so the conceit is taken out of our Christmas box giving; we give with the chastened spirit of knowing we could have done better, instead of with the delicious self-satisfaction of knowing that we have done our best. Fred, however, says, consolingly, that it is all nonsense to bother about suitability with regard to wedding or Christmas gifts. Everyone frankly looks the gift horse in the mouth and

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gets him thoroughly "vetted" at the start, and then comes swopping in kind or for cash. Every one that's any one does it and the rest as well. And no doubt there is a good deal in what he says.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen have been busy with new arrangements regarding the Castle season, although no announcement of the date at which it will begin has been made as yet. A leading entertainment of the season is to be an Irish lace ball, at which the lace trimmings of all frocks are to be Irish. Irish crochet will be allowed as well. Every one now knows the beautiful possibilities of our native lace and the variety of its kinds and styles. It makes the loveliest and daintiest of trimmings for ball dresses, but not the most economical. Good lace must be dear; it is an investment, however, and, viewed in the light of its long lasting, is perhaps the cheapest of all laces. It is, at all events, therefore economical for posterity, if not for us. Irish dances, jigs, reels, etc., are to have a leading part in the dancing programme, and, in fact, classes under Viceregal patronage are already being held at the Castle. Lord Aberdeen is given to dancing himself, and very much favours the polka, as well as the "two step." We have not had as dancing a Viceroy since Lord Spencer's time. Then there is to be an afternoon "tweed party"—Irish tweed, of course. One cannot say that tweed is as suitable as lace for a Court entertainment.

Christmas family parties are assembling in many Irish country houses. Lord and Lady Kenmare with their family have arrived at Killarney House, the most charming modern residence in Ireland, embosomed in noble hills and overlooking the famous lakes. The gardens, which owe so much to the Dowager Lady Kenmare, are lovely, the mildness of the south climate allowing plants to grow there that would not flourish in a less "soft" part of our island. Lord and Lady Kilmorey are at Mourne Park, and Lord and Lady Oxmantown have joined Lord and Lady Rosse at Birr Castle. The old Christmas order has not yet quite changed, with its family gathering and home parties; so, without being too reprehensively old-fashioned, we may send to one and all the sweet old greeting, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."—Yours ever, CLARE.

Here is just one recipe which I am sure you will approve of. Salsify à la Crême makes an excellent change of vegetable:—

Scrape the salsify, keeping it in plenty of water acidulated with vinegar to keep it white, cut it in pieces three inches long, braise them in white stock with a little rough celery, a carrot, an onion, an ounce of shred beef suet, and a little lemon juice. When it is done, strain it from the braise (which strain and reserve for future use). Heat the salsify in a gill of good white sauce, to which add the yolk of an egg, a squeeze of lemon juice, and half a gill of cream. Dish the vegetable in a border of crescent-shaped pieces of fried bread and sprinkle it with passed yolk of egg.

Ever your loving cousin, MADGE.

P.S.—Please tell your friend from Iver that I am getting something for him and hope to put it in my next letter to you. I share his anxiety to know what to do with tough old fowls.

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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NOTICE.

THE

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TO OUR READERS.

We receive hundreds of letters every week from "Readers of 'Truth.'" A large majority of the writers expect replies direct. Of the work, trouble, and expense involved in doing this we say nothing. But as experience has shown that a large number of our "Constant" and "Regular" readers who inquire about individuals with whom we have dealt in our columns over and over again are not actual subscribers to the paper, but merely occasional readers of it at clubs, libraries, or at friends' houses, we consider we must protect ourselves in the matter.

We have therefore decided that henceforth every reader who writes making an inquiry that necessitates a direct reply must enclose a stamped envelope and also a Coupon which will always be found at the foot of the 3rd page of the coloured cover. Without these no notice will be taken of the communication.

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a Coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" send replies by post.

No Coupon will be available that is over a fortnight out of date, except from correspondents residing abroad.

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ENTRE NOUS.

ON pages 1577-1582 of this issue I give a detailed description of the Twenty-Seventh Truth Toy and Doll Show, which was held at the Albert Hall on Wednesday and Thursday last. Here I beg to thank once more all who have helped to make the show a success, and so contributed to the happiness of the children in the hospitals, workhouses, and workhouse schools of London. By the end of last week the whole of the toys, dolls, and other presents, together with the 11,000 new sixpences, had been despatched to their destinations, so as to be in good time for the children's Christmas treats. I am sorry to have to add, however, that by no means all the toys and dolls that have been distributed have been paid for. There is still, in fact, a serious deficiency in the Toy Fund. I earnestly hope, therefore, that those readers who have not yet supported the Fund will send me donations in the course of the next few days in order that all expenses may be paid before the end of the year.

Meantime, I have to acknowledge the following contributions:—

Montague Waldo-Sibthorpe, £2; Barbecue, 10s.; Lavender, £1; L. C., £10; J. N. V., £2; Fiddle Bow, £1 1s.; Sibyl, £1; Barbara, £2 2s.; Lieut.-General Sir Henry Moore, £2; H. Edwards, £1; Carrie Delaney, 5s.; J. Walmesley, £10; C. P. R., £1 1s.; Zena (In memoriam), £1 1s.; Outis, £2 2s.; Kathleen Mitchell, £3 3s.; Anonymous, £5; W. Schooling, £3 3s.; H. C. M., £2; Captain P. Maud, R.E., £2; Doris and Harry, 2s.; Rose B. Sykes, £1; W. Y., £5; Rosie Gregory, 4s. 6d.; C. W. D., £1; The Knoll, 3s. 6d.; H. H. Shepherd, £1 1s.; F. L., £1 1s.; J. M. H., 5s.; Charles Mitchell, £3; Ward Room Officers H.M.S. Pathfinder, £1 2s.; Gun Room Officers H.M.S. Russell, £2 15s.; Mrs. B. L. Gunther, £1 1s.

I also received:—

Four dolls, Miss C. Aubert; four scrap-books, W. H. Larkerton; parcel of cigarette card albums, J. Elliott Brook; a group of dolls, Miss Nichols; one dozen clockwork trains, one dozen rails, E. L.; a parcel of books, Messrs. Greening and Co.; a parcel of books, Master J. H. T. Letts.

There is to be a gathering of all the members of the Royal family who are then in England at Windsor Castle on Monday, January 21, when the King and Queen and the Princes and Princesses will attend a memorial service for Queen Victoria and Prince Albert in the Frogmore Mausoleum. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Dean of Windsor will officiate, and the hymns and anthem are to be sung by the choir of St. George's Chapel.

His Majesty will probably have a day's shooting next week with Sir Edward Green at Ken Hill, his place in West Norfolk, which is within an easy drive of Sandringham. The Ken Hill preserves are now among the best in the district.

The Keyham Extension Works at Devonport, which have been constructed during the last five years, at a cost of over six millions, are to be opened

during the latter part of February or early in March by either the King or the Prince of Wales. If his Majesty is unable to visit Devonport, the Prince of Wales will be accompanied by the Princess, and they are to be the guests of Lord and Lady Mount Edgcumbe at Mount Edgcumbe. The King will stay at Mount Edgcumbe if he goes to Devonport. His Majesty's last public visit to Devonport took place in March, 1902, and later on in that year he twice spent a few days in Plymouth Sound on board the Royal yacht.

The King will probably pay a visit in the course of the next two months to Lord Burton at Rangemore Hall, Staffordshire. His Majesty was a guest at Rangemore some years ago for a few days, and he has since paid two visits to Lord Burton at Glenquoich Forest. Rangemore is a handsome modern house, with fine gardens, which were laid out by the late Mr. M. T. Bass, the father of Lord Burton. There is a small but well wooded park, and the place is situated in the picturesque Needwood Forest district.

A paragraph has been going round the papers which states that the Empress Marie, Queen Alexandra, and the Duchess of Cumberland are to meet at Copenhagen at Easter, "on the occasion of the anniversary of King Christian's birth, which falls on April 8." This is a pure fiction, no such arrangement having been made. As a matter of fact, there is no idea whatever of any of the daughters of King Christian visiting Copenhagen in the spring, and at Easter it is highly probable that both the Empress Marie and Queen Alexandra will be in the South of Europe.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will probably pay a visit to Dresden before long. The Princess is anxious to see her aunt, the Grand Duchess Augusta of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who is residing at her beautiful villa in the suburbs of Dresden. If the Prince and Princess should be able to go to Germany before the close of the shooting season, they will be the guests for a few days of the Queen-Dowager of Saxony at Sibyllenort, the magnificent domain in Silesia which was bequeathed to King Albert by the late Duke of Brunswick. There are extensive forests on this estate which swarm with game. When Queen Carola visited England last year she told the King that she would be delighted to receive a visit at Sibyllenort from his Majesty or any member of the Royal Family.

The Duchess of Buccleuch has been for some time anxious to resign the office of Mistress of the Robes, which she has held since August, 1895, and she filled the same post during Lord Salisbury's first and second Governments. I understand that the Duchess of Buccleuch will be succeeded by her sister, Lady Lansdowne. The offices in the Queen Consort's household are not political. The late Duchess of Buccleuch was Mistress of the Robes from 1841 until 1846 under Sir Robert Peel. When the Tories came into office in 1841, Queen Victoria was very anxious that the late Duchess (then Marchioness) of Abercorn should become Mistress of the Robes, but she had a nursery full of young children, and could not accept the post, which one of her daughters has filled for so many years past with equal dignity, courtesy, and efficiency. The Duchess of Buccleuch has inherited the *très grande dame* traditions for which her mother was always distinguished.

Princess Frederica of Hanover and Baron von Pawel Rammingen have left Wiesbaden, after a stay of three weeks in the Hôtel Nassau, for Biarritz, and on the evening before their departure they dined with the Duke and Duchess of Teck at the Rose Hotel. Princess Frederica's plans depend upon the health of her mother, Queen Marie, which is now very precarious, but she hopes to pay a visit next month to the King and Queen of Spain at Madrid.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen have introduced great changes in the Viceregal society department at Dublin Castle, and without the intervention of a Royal Commission of Inquiry. The usual Christmas festivities, including dances for children and "grown-ups," will not take place at the Viceregal Lodge. Lord and Lady Aberdeen left Dublin for London in the middle of last week on their way abroad, and will not return for some weeks. The first Levée of the season to take place at Dublin Castle has been fixed for January 29, and many new regulations regarding it and other Court ceremonials have been made public. Change is never popular at first, from the mere fact that it is change. Mismanagement of the social department has long been the Viceregal tradition of Dublin Castle, and reform in this respect carries with it the grievance for habitual grumblers of leaving "nothing at all to grumble at."

The late Mr. T. D. Bolton had been the Liberal Member for North-east Derbyshire since July, 1886. He seldom spoke in the House of Commons, and never except upon subjects which he thoroughly understood. He did good work on Committees, and early in his Parliamentary career he earned a reputation for practical usefulness. He was a solicitor, and a member of the firm of Bolton and Sons. Mr. Bolton's principal residence was in Herefordshire, and his death will be much regretted in the Ross district.

The following gem is published in the *Record of the Tower Hamlets Mission*, under the heading "Encouraging":—

Dear Sir,—As one who, like yourself, has received mercy of the Lord and had his sins forgiven through faith in Christ Jesus, I feel impelled to write a few words of apology and regret for having acted towards you in an unfair way a few years ago.

I think it was just before the passing of the Local Government Act, which brought into existence the new London County Council, of which you became a member. At that time I was chief reporter and afterwards sub-editor of the London news-

For Christmas Appeals, see page 1592.
For Special for Ladies, see page 1599.
For the Truth Hotel List, see page 1594.
For Selected Foreign Hotels, see pages 1593, 1594.
For Amusements, see page 1591.
For Our Puzzles, see pages 1597, 1598.

paper, the ———. In publishing (but very often ignoring) your public addresses I often did you great injustice. That was before my conversion. Thus you will readily see why I acted as I did, having then no fear of God before my eyes. Pray, therefore, accept my sincere expression of sorrow. The God of my Salvation has taught me to act in love and equity towards my neighbours.

After reading Mr. Leafe's account in the *Christian* of your work, the Lord, I think, led me to write this letter of explanation.

A converted newspaper reporter is a novelty among penitents—and, I fear, among journalists. Not the least remarkable feature in his case is that after eighteen years he should think it necessary to express contrition for such a curious fault as both publishing and ignoring a County Councillor's addresses. If that is among the worst sins of his unregenerate days, he can never have been so very far from grace. When Mr. Charrington labels this "Encouraging," I suppose he means it for the encouragement of other journalists.

CHRISTMAS—PAST AND PRESENT.

The Reflections of an Elderly Dyspeptic.

Oh! Christmas was a blithe, blithe time
(As often hath been sung),
The trees they sparkled bright with rime—
When all the world was young.

The snow lay white upon the ground,
The frozen roads they rung
Beneath our footsteps, churchward bound—
When all the world was young.

And greetings cheery, from the heart,
Were warm on every tongue,
Their cordial message to impart—
When all the world was young.

And envy, hatred, malice, pride,
And quarrels, that had sprung
'Twixt man and man, at Christmas died—
When all the world was young.

Aye! Nought but peace and joy and mirth
Then reigned mankind among;
Such magic had the Saviour's birth—
When all the world was young.

Forgot were worry, sadness, gloom,
Forgot the cares that stung;
For such could Christmas find no room—
When all the world was young.

They ate and drank with honest zest,
Nor viands ever hung
Too heavy, after, on the chest—
When all the world was young.

Nay, scarcely had they ceased to stuff
Ere they the changes rung
On Hide-and-Seek and Blindman's-Buff—
When all the world was young.

Then from their romps awhile desist,
While lips to warm lips clung;
For 'neath the mistletoe they kissed—
When all the world was young.

But now we sing another strain,
We don't get frost and cold,
Nor crystal snow, but sludge and rain—
Now all the world is old.

And lifeless salutations mere
Our formal lips unfold,
Alike to utter and to hear—
Now all the world is old.

Nor quarrels, enmities, and pride,
Nor hatreds uncontrolled,
At Christmastime are laid aside—
Now all the world is old.

Nor gentle peace nor heartfelt mirth
Doth sway unquestioned hold;
No magic's in the Saviour's birth—
Now all the world is old.

And men don't eat with honest zest,
Nor drink with courage bold,
They have to think what will digest—
Now all the world is old.

And Blindman's-Buff. No! no! my friend,
Not for unnumbered gold.
Our dignity can't thus unbend—
Now all the world is old.

And kissing 'neath the mistletoe!
Oh! *that* "bad form" we hold.
No one may natural feeling show—
Now all the world is old.

So jollity lies on the shelf,
And mirth it waxes cold.
'Tis vulgar to enjoy one's self—
Now all the world is old.

Yet to the old and better way
My heart hath always clung;
Give *me* that bygone Christmas day—
When all the world was young.

One frequently sees paragraphs in the papers calling attention to the meanness with which some owner of lost cash or jewellery has treated the finder. By way of a change I have now had a letter from Fifeshire complaining of the liberality of the reward which a small farmer was compelled to pay for the restoration of a bundle of five £1 Scotch bank notes which he had dropped in the street at Cupar. The finder took the notes to the police, and one of the burgh magistrates fixed the reward at 15s. It was an ample amount, though I should not myself consider it really excessive. What particularly interests me in the case, however, is the fact that the magistrate was empowered to deal with the matter by a Scotch Police Act. So far as I am aware, the law makes no similar provision for such cases in England except when articles are found in cabs or other public vehicles. Perhaps it is considered that the generosity of the owners can be counted upon more safely here than in Scotland. But I am inclined to think that this idea is hardly well-founded—at any rate, many cases come to light in which it would be useful if English magistrates could force the benevolence of stingy individuals. At the same time, the law ought not to leave to the magistrate—as it does in Scotland—an absolutely unlimited discretion in the assessment of the reward, but to fix some maximum percentage of the value of the cash or goods.

I wonder whether the Dutch Government is aware of the ingratitude with which it is being treated by the shady crew of betting sharps and "competition" mongers whose illegal operations among the British public are conducted from the safe distance of offices in Middelburg and other towns in Holland? Instead of posting their circulars in Holland, these gentry (following the example of the German and Hungarian

lottery touts) now get them posted over here, so saving three-halfpence on each circular when (as is usual) sealed envelopes are used. This plan was adopted the other day by the concern styling itself "The Nugget Sporting Agency, Limited," of Middelburg. Of course, the parties who posted the circulars in London ran the risk of a prosecution under the Lottery Act, but the detection of the offenders is necessarily difficult, and the risk is considered well worth running in view of the difference in the cost of stamps. On a thousand circulars the difference amounts to £6 5s., and frequently they are sent out in tens of thousands.

In the course of a year this practice must mean a very substantial loss to the postal revenue of the Dutch Government. It was once said that the fault of the Dutch is giving too little and asking too much. For my own part, I do not think that they are any more prone to this fault than other races, nor do I wish to suggest that they have sheltered these English law-breakers for mercenary reasons. Still, the fact that such harpies now cheat the Dutch Post Office—for the posting in this country of circulars purporting to come from Holland really is a species of postal fraud—may perhaps incline the authorities at the Hague and Middelburg to look with less indulgence on their methods of preying on the folly and credulity of the British public.

A correspondent writes:—

> Can you not protest in Truth against the wearing of ospreys in the stalls of theatres? I went a few days ago to a play. A lady sat before me wearing what I am told is called an osprey. It is a large bunch of feathers, and it is attached to the hair. I thought it about as ugly a head-dress as ever was invented by the bad taste of some vendor of female adornment. But even if its effect had been as pretty as it was the reverse, I should have objected to it, as it quite prevented me from anything but occasional glimpses of the stage. I saw several ladies wearing these ospreys, and everywhere the wretched male behind the wearers was dodging and twisting about to see what was going on. Sitting by the side of an osprey must have been as bad, for it would tickle the face of the persons seated by the side of the wearer. The theatre hat was a joke in comparison to this latest "creation."

There have been many protests in Truth against the wearing of ospreys, not merely in theatres but anywhere else. It is a detestable fashion, for the feathers are obtained by the slaughter of beautiful birds under peculiarly cruel and revolting conditions. Queen Alexandra for this reason refuses to wear ospreys. But even her Majesty's illustrious example has not been sufficient to stamp out the practice, and appeals to the compassion of the women who bedeck themselves in this way seem to be made in vain.

Lord Crawford has presented to the Natural History Department of the British Museum the fine collections made by him during his recent long cruise in his steam yacht *Valhalla*, including over 3,000 fishes, about 600 birds, and a large number of rare beetles and butterflies. The *Valhalla* visited South Trinidad, Tristan d'Acunha, Madagascar, the Comoro Islands, Assumption, and the Seychelles. Lord Crawford has just started on another cruise in Eastern waters, and he will be away for several months.

The President of Magdalen College (Mr. Warren), who has succeeded the Rector of Lincoln (Dr. Merry) as Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, has got through his first term with complete success. Mr. Warren is an able organiser and administrator, he takes an earnest interest in all public questions, and he is a zealous and wide-minded educationalist, and a judicious advocate of developments of scientific and literary research.

A lively controversy is going on at Cardiff over a proposal of the Education Authority to make the teaching of Welsh compulsory in the local public elementary and secondary schools. There is a large English population in Cardiff, and those who are parents quite naturally object to their little ones being obliged to waste a portion of their school life on the acquirement of a language which neither makes any patriotic appeal to them as a mother tongue, nor promises to be of any educational or practical use. The children are sure to object, and having regard to the difficulties which Welsh presents to the alien, I am inclined to think that this proposal, if carried out, would demand the attention of the N.S.P.C.C. Even in the case of Welsh children it seems to be a foolish and ill-advised proceeding to make the language a compulsory subject. By all means let children learn it whose parents wish them to do so. But it is quite another thing to say that the teaching shall be obligatory, whether people want it or not, and in the long run such a policy would retard rather than promote the movement for the revival of interest in the Welsh language and literature.

Convocation is a dawdling assembly, and its muddling proceedings in connection with the important question of ecclesiastical dilapidations reflect the utmost discredit upon all concerned. The recommendations of a Select Committee of the House of Commons, which sat in 1876, have just been embodied in a Bill which has been drawn up by a Committee of Convocation. There had been thirty years of clerical discussion on this matter, but during the recent session of Convocation it was discovered that the subject is not even yet ripe for practical action, so a Joint Committee of the two Houses was appointed to confer with a similar Committee of the York Convocation. This probably means at least another ten or a dozen years of delay before the intended Bill gets into Parliament. Such buffooneries fully justify Lord Chancellor Westbury's bitter ridicule of Convocation and its methods, which methods certainly display neither facilities nor felicities.

A country clergyman relates that he was recently asked to preach two sermons on behalf of one of the

The Cure of Consumption.—Sir E. Buck, LL.D., K.C.S.I., writes:—"I have recently witnessed the rescue *from the brink of the grave* to a sound and happy life of one who had been condemned by all, experts and friends, who knew the sufferer to an early death. It is eminently satisfactory to find that Dr. Alabone's treatment is becoming universally adopted, its value having been proved beyond all question of doubt."—"The Cure of Consumption, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh," price 2s. 6d., by E. W. Alabone, Lynton House, Highbury-quadrant, London, N.

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great religious societies, and on replying that he could only come in the morning, he was told that as the vicar wished to be away for the day it was necessary that the preacher should take both morning and evening services. The narrator remarks that it is a very common practice among the beneficed clergy to get a free holiday in this way—practically at the expense of the society—and I have obtained confirmation of this statement from other quarters. It may be said that as the society gets the benefit of the collection it has no cause to complain. In any case, however, the absence of the vicar whenever a sermon is preached for one of these objects is not likely to stimulate the enthusiasm and the generosity of the congregation. Some of them may even feel that as the S.P.G. sermon, or whatever it may be, is the occasion for the vicar to take a day off, they may do the same themselves.

In addition to this, it very often happens that the society which is supposed to be taking a benefit gets only a fraction of a very small collection. The clergyman referred to above states that at the last sermon which he preached under such circumstances the society only got about 10s., and would not have got that if he had not paid his own expenses, amounting to 17s. 6d. Practically, therefore, the collection was contributed by the preacher himself. The matter seems worth the attention of the societies which are supposed to be benefited in this way.

A country rector calls my attention to the following advertisement, which he says he has seen regularly in Church papers week after week for something like a year past. It appeared in the *Guardian* on December 12:—

COMMUNION SERVICE (Pocket). Solid silver. Cost 63s.; only 27s. 6d. Quite new, in case.—Hurcomb, Devonshire-st., Islington, London, N.

On the face of it this advertisement is obviously of the same order as all the offers of cheap plated goods that are to be found in the press with the suggestion, more or less ingeniously veiled, that they emanate from private persons disposing of goods second-hand. In point of fact, Mr. Hurcomb, the advertiser, is described in the directory as a jeweller, and the advertisement is obviously only a tradesman's trick for selling cheap goods by representing them to be worth very much more than the price asked. That a dealer would sell for 27s. 6d. any article which "cost 63s." is on the face of it absurd, and the absurdity is increased when he goes on advertising this bargain, at considerable cost, week after week for months. This last fact in itself shows the nature of this advertisement so plainly that it is difficult to understand how papers can allow it to be repeated regularly.

A number of vocalists who not long since were dismissed from the choir of Westminster Cathedral have a grievance against the authorities which may be worth the attention of other singers taking service under religious denominations to which they do not themselves belong. I understand that all the Westminster singers referred to are Protestants, and have been dismissed on that ground. They were, however, engaged with the knowledge that they were Protestants, and on the understanding that their engagements were permanent, subject, of course, to good behaviour and the retention of their vocal powers. One of them prior to his engagement at Westminster Cathedral was the tenor soloist at Southwark Cathedral. He was engaged under the late Cardinal Vaughan, with the understanding that the engagement was permanent. Eventually, however, three years' agreements were substituted, and on the expiration of the first three years he received notice to quit, with the rest, apparently because the present Archbishop does not approve of having non-Catholics in his choir. The gentleman referred to is now too old to obtain any other cathedral appointment, and naturally feels that he has been very badly treated.

It is, of course, quite legitimate for the authorities of any church to limit their choir to members of the same religion. I suppose most churches do so, and the Roman Church is rather more "Catholic" in this respect than others. Personally, if I were a vocalist, and took part professionally in the services of the Church, I think I should embrace that form of religion for better or worse; but, if a man is engaged without any "religious test," whatever the post may be, he acquires a vested interest in it, which ought to be respected.

In reference to the case of Father Hays I have received the following letter:—

Permit me, in justification of Bishop Brindle's action in the case of Father Hays, to say that the Bishop has never suspended Father Hays, nor refused to give him support or a mission. The Catholics of England know well that Father Hays is a most devoted and excellent priest, highly esteemed by all creeds, but this fact does not exempt him from the authority of his Bishop. in New Zealand the reverend father was dangerously ill with pneumonia, and the doctor certified that in his delicate health he could never live in the damp and cold of Market Rasen. Seeing that the return of Father Hays was impossible, Bishop Brindle (to avoid the inconvenience of waiting some months for the priest's resignation) took over at once the mission, and appointed a priest to fill the vacancy.

It is notorious that Father Hays has devoted most of his life to social and temperance work among Protestants, and in October his extreme liberal views led him to consent to deliver a temperance lecture in Mr. Aked's Baptist chapel in Liverpool! Such actions might be justifiable in Cardinal Manning, who formerly belonged to the Church of England, but in Father Hays it is certainly out of place for him as a Catholic priest to associate his work with Protestants, contrary to the orders of his Bishop.

Bishop Brindle's action in appointing as rector and canon a priest convicted of slandering a lady is no reflection on the worthiness of Father Hays, who has voluntarily chosen to work as a public philanthropist among the masses, rather than as a Churchman within his own Church, and hence he has set aside his claim to promotion.

The information that a doctor in New Zealand certified that Father Hays could never live again in Market Rasen is new, but I note that my correspondent does not contradict in any particular the account of the incident

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which has been given in Truth. The facts, as I understand them, are that Father Hays, being advised that he should not return to England *until the end of the winter*, applied for an extension of leave for that purpose, at the same time expressing his readiness to return at once if required; that the Bishop did not answer this letter nor many others; and that when Father Hays failed to return on the expiration of his term of leave, the Bishop, without communicating with him, filled up the vacancy, practically ejected him from his rectory, and only reinstated him as the result of his appeal to Rome. If this statement is correct, the story that the Bishop, "seeing the return of Father Hays was impossible," appointed a priest to fill the vacancy "to avoid the inconvenience of waiting some months for the priest's resignation," is simply an ingenious perversion of the facts, and can afford no justification whatever of the Bishop's action. The reference to the father's "extreme liberal views" seems to me the most significant point in the letter, and possibly gives the clue to the motive which actuated the Bishop in his high-handed and uncanonical action. But the fact that Father Hays delivered a lecture in a Baptist Chapel in October cannot possibly affect the merits of the Bishop's action many months previously.

They are taking the new law providing for *repos hebdomadaire* seriously enough in Paris, but not nearly so seriously as do the good folk of Cologne, where a similar provision for one day's rest in every week is also in force. In that sweet spot a leading business firm has just been summoned for contravening the law. Witnesses were brought to prove that the defendants were the proprietors of certain automatic machines placed in the chief railway station, and that the said machines had been in full operation on the preceding Sunday—in flat defiance of the law. Despite this damning evidence of guilt, the firm was acquitted, but only on a technical point—that by a special provision in the law of Sunday closing railway stations were exempt. Failing this, the firm would have been found guilty and fined. If that is a fair example of the way in which they enforce Sunday closing in the Happy Fatherland, I suppose we shall come in time to the point when Continental cities will condemn the riotous frivolity of the English Sabbath almost as severely as do our critics that of the Continental Sunday.

At the beginning of December an exhibition and sale of work made by the industrial branch of the Potteries Cripples' Guild was held at Stafford House, and a letter appeared in the press from the Duchess of Sutherland, President of the Guild, calling attention to the work of the charity, and inviting all who were on the look-out for Yuletide gifts to visit the exhibition. I may say at once that I do not suppose that the Duchess of Sutherland was personally responsible for the wording of this letter or for the statements which it contained. But among the statements was the following (I quote from the *Daily Telegraph* of December 1):—

> The exhibits will include artificial flowers and many kinds of beaten and repoussé metal work. Our object in flower-making is, at present, to cater as far as possible for the stage trade, and we were fortunate in obtaining an order for the flowers in use at the production of "Les Merveilleuses," at Daly's Theatre. We also make a specialty of original and striking decorative flowers at a low price, which in winter are usually much in request, and should a demand at fair prices be excited for millinery orders of a high class, our crippled girls would be only too glad to execute the orders.

It will probably surprise no one more than the Duchess of Sutherland to learn that the foregoing statement in regard to the artificial flowers used at Daly's Theatre, though literally accurate, is in substance most misleading. From inquiries which I have made it appears certain that the flowers used in the production of "Les Merveilleuses" were of German manufacture, and were purchased by the agent of the Guild, a Mr. Abrahams, from Mr. K. Wachsmann, of 38, Barbican, E.C., who is an agent for certain German firms. The somewhat guarded statement in the Duchess of Sutherland's letter that the Guild had "obtained an order" is, of course, quite consistent with the facts of the case; but the suggestion that the flowers supplied were the work of the Guild is very much the reverse. So far from manufacturing the flowers, the Guild obtained them by a course which must have loaded the price with two agents' commissions. This proceeding is the more open to objection, because I understand that the manufacture of artificial flowers for the stage is essentially a home industry, and foreign goods are not as a rule considered by theatrical managers good enough for their purpose.

In the midst of the many demands that are now being made upon the benevolence of the public, it is to be hoped that the appeal of the Royal Maternity Charity of London will not be overlooked. This old-established institution, of which Princess Christian is President, carries on a useful work in providing poor married women with midwives and medical attendance in their own homes, and assistance is required to relieve the Charity of the debt with which it is burdened. The Secretary is Major Killick, and the office is at 31, Finsbury-square, E.C.

Another appeal that I should like to call attention to is that of the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation. Every week this society is called upon to relieve some case of more or less acute distress, either among clergymen themselves or among widows and orphans of clergymen, and at this time of year it always has its hands specially full. It seems to me that all Church people ought to make it a rule to support this work. Those who agree with me in this will find Mr. Mandeville Phillips, the secretary, at 38, Tavistock-place, W.C.

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Officers in South Africa have for a long time past complained bitterly against the amount of rent charged for Government bungalows, which is a most serious addition to the cost of living in that country. I recently met an officer who has had some South African experience, and he has been good enough to obtain for me some exhaustive information on this subject. It is well worth public notice. Immediately after the close of the war the question of the housing of officers became a serious difficulty, and it was eventually met by ordering huts in England and sending them out. The process seems to have been most expensive. Very big prices were paid for the buildings, and there was, of course, a heavy charge for freight and rail, and after that for labour, the only thing that was cheap being the land. The bungalows are of three classes, and each one when finished cost in Class 1, £2,353 10s. 4d.; in Class 2, £1,706 2s. 5d.; and in Class 3, £1,591 9s. 1d. The buildings are mere shells of galvanised iron, on an inferior wooden framework, with badly-fitting doors and windows, and very cheap fire-places. There is no drainage whatever.

The rents of these buildings were originally assessed on the principle of obtaining 3 per cent. on the capital outlay, and repaying the capital in forty years. But it was afterwards decided that insurance must be charged, although no other military public buildings are insured at all. When insurance had been added the rents worked out as follows:—Class 1, £112 per annum; Class 2, £81 per annum; Class 3, £75 per annum. To these enormous rents was next added a charge for maintenance, as the bungalows are nominally kept in repair by Government. This brought the rents up finally to £135, £95, and £90 respectively. A bungalow at £95 a year contains three rooms, 17 ft. by 16 ft., and two rooms 12 ft. square. A small servants' room, kitchen and offices are connected with it by a verandah. It is the sort of place which one would expect to pay £40 a year for in a country district in England, but, of course, with proper drainage and other conveniences not obtainable in South Africa.

The stock official reply to complaints against these exorbitant rents is that men are under no compulsion to occupy the quarters thus magnanimously provided by Government. How far that excuse is valid depends, of course, entirely upon what other house accommodation a married officer can obtain within reach of his regiment. In many cases there is no other accommodation available within reasonable distance, and practically officers have no choice but to take the Government buildings. Now I am a taxpayer myself, and I appreciate the force of the argument that we are are not bound collectively to provide house accommodation for every officer in the Army who chooses to get married and raise a family. But this doctrine must not be pushed too far, or the result will be that a large number of officers will strike. When regiments are permanently quartered in out of the way parts of the world, where houses are only built as the scanty civil population requires them, it is only reasonable that the Government should give married officers some assistance in housing their families.

This seems to have been recognised in South Africa up to a point, but not far enough. If the assistance only goes the length of throwing the whole cost upon the officers, it is not worth much, and if this cost is inflated by the fact that the Government puts up houses at an extravagant expense, it is worth less. When the Government makes a bad bargain in the performance of its duties, it must be recognised, I suppose, that the taxpayer is the person to suffer, not the person for whose benefit, ostensibly, the duty has been performed. The rents of the bungalows above described ought to be assessed with reference solely to the market value of such house property in the neighbourhood, and if it were put a little lower than that, I do not think that any taxpayer would grudge this expenditure for the benefit of those who are serving their country in a most undesirable locality.

The following letter from a correspondent in India seems to me to contain a rather amusing fallacy. It has reference to recent observations in TRUTH on the retirement of senior officers of the R.A.M.C.:—

> With regard to your remarks on the retirement of officers after twenty years' service, I am inclined to think that you overrate the loss to the country when an officer goes on the non-effective list. If an officer remains in the Service after twenty years the country pays him £1 10s. a day pay, and about £200 a year allowances. If he is retired he receives £1 a day pension, and is replaced by a young officer at 14s. a day, and about £70 a year allowances. That is to say, the Government effects a saving of £420 a year on the difference between the two men's pay, less the pension of the officer retired, thus making a net gain of about £60 a year on every major retired.

At first sight this looks like a discovery which will rejoice the heart of the Secretary of State and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for you have only got to retire a sufficient number of majors or colonels and "replace them" by subalterns in order to effect huge reductions in the Army Estimates. If, however, my correspondent will look at the matter a little more closely I fear he will discover that the major who retires is replaced, not by a subaltern, but by another major, that a captain will have to be promoted to fill the vacancy among the majors, and a subaltern to fill the vacancy among the captains. In other words, the staff will remain as before, and the cost of it will be unchanged, but the country will have in addition to pay the pension of a man on the retired list. I am afraid from this letter that there are some things which officers of the R.A.M.C. do not learn, notwithstanding all that we hear about their over-education.

Another Indian correspondent in the R.A.M.C., besides defending the examination in the laws and customs of war, which was dealt with recently by a correspondent nearer home, writes as follows on the question of the promotion examinations of majors for lieutenant-colonel's rank:—

> Surely it is necessary for a senior officer R.A.M.C., who may have anything from ten to 100 men of his own corps under his command, to possess a knowledge of military law. Besides, he is partly responsible for the discipline of the patients in hospital. The word "advanced" may possibly mislead. The knowledge required is only that required of captains in the combatant branches before reaching major's rank. . . . . In any case, three-fourths of the examination may relate to purely professional subjects.

Of course, it is only a question of the degree of know-

ledge required, whether of military or of international law. If, as above asserted, the aggregate of necessary knowledge under both these heads does not represent more than 25 per cent. of the whole subjects for examination, I would not take on myself to say that it is excessive. Medical officers have moved heaven and earth to obtain "substantive rank" and full-blown military authority, and clearly they cannot complain if they are consequently expected to master certain subjects outside the ordinary business of a doctor.

With reference to recent remarks on the foreign service roster for offices of the R.A.M.C., an officer writes to draw attention to the fact that the officer at the top of the field officers' roster has at present been at home since 1895, and, in view of the appointment which he holds now, is apparently likely to continue at home for some time to come. It seems somewhat of a farce under these circumstances to indicate that he is the first on the list for foreign service. Another officer is shown near the top of the list, who was given a billet at Aldershot in February last, just about the time when he was due to proceed to India, having then been at home for six years. In a third case an officer who had just completed his term of service in a post at Dublin, was given another at Woolwich just shortly before he would have had to take his turn for service abroad, and there are several other cases of the same kind. The official contention will no doubt be that exceptional merit has been properly recognised in all these cases, but it is difficult to reconcile this argument with the raising of the standard of educational attainments in the R.A.M.C. and the elaborate measures that are being taken to turn out an unlimited supply of highly-trained specialists.

A non-com. in India writes to ask me whether his wife is liable to pay a tax for keeping a domestic servant. This is rather a surprising conundrum. It seems that the tax in question is a cantonment tax, levied in the cantonment of Murree under the provisions of an Act of 1889, and with the sanction of the Governor-General in Council, and so far as I can see there is nothing in the law to exempt Mrs. Atkins. In this instance Mrs. A. was sent with her family to the Hills, in accordance with medical orders, and she had to engage a native girl while there to help her with her family, though the girl did not reside on the premises. The amount is trifling—only a couple of rupees—but it seems rather absurd that a soldier's wife should be subjected to what is presumably intended as a tax on "luxuries," like the tax which we pay at home for the blessed privilege of keeping butlers and footmen.

The latest grievance arising out of the proficiency pay order comes from the Army schoolmaster. The particular complaint in this case is that after twenty-one years the schoolmaster will cease to draw service pay, and is not eligible for proficiency pay, so that he stands to lose 7d. a day. I confess I sympathise with him, for a schoolmaster is in no sense on the footing of a combatant soldier. He is allowed, and properly allowed, to serve to a comparatively advanced age—though, as was pointed out the other day, not as advanced as is allowed in civil life—and it seems altogether unreasonable that his pay should be actually reduced at a time when his efficiency has possibly not reached its maximum, and when the civilian schoolmaster can still look forward to considerable advances of salary.

By the way, there were two points mentioned in regard to proficiency pay in Truth of December 12 which I have since been informed had been put right previously, though evidently there were men in the Service quite unaware of the fact. The first had reference to the Army Veterinary Corps, a sergeant of which, however highly qualified and efficient, would lose, as the order originally stood, 5d. a day, unless he extended his service or re-engaged. This seems to have been put right by subsequent instructions from the War Office that such men could draw their corps pay on surrendering their claim to service pay. It is almost impossible for an outsider to appreciate exactly how all these fiddle-faddling instructions work out, but so far as I can judge this meets the grievance that was mentioned in Truth.

The other point had reference to the case of certain N.C.O.s serving abroad who were supposed to be precluded from complying with the terms of the Army Order by the fact that they were serving in the Colonies, where it was not received until after the date fixed for its coming into operation. In regard to this I understand that a War Office letter has been issued, explaining that it was never intended that soldiers whose applications to re-engage, or extend, were not approved until after October 1 should be exempted from the terms of the order. It strikes me that a good deal which ought to have been foreseen and provided for in advance was overlooked when this order was issued, and by all accounts it has had to be supplemented by a bewildering variety of explanations, additions, and amendments.

There is a class of people—I am glad to say that as far as my experience goes it is a very limited class—who occasionally write to editors of newspapers in other people's names, not, of course, sending these names for publication, but, in the journalistic phrase, "as evidence of good faith." A few weeks ago I received a letter, addressed from the Royal Infirmary, Dublin, and signed "R. Hughes, Staff-Sergeant, R.A.M.C." The letter made certain reflections upon the members of the sergeants' mess at the Infirmary, which I was not disposed to publish off-hand, and I replied to that effect. Thereupon I heard from Staff-Sergeant Hughes, who it seems is president of the sergeants' mess, disclaiming any knowledge of the original letter, and asking me to forward it, in order that he might ascertain if possible who had taken this liberty with his name. As I con-

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sider that a person who plays tricks of this kind has no claim to any protection from the editor whom he has endeavoured to impose upon, I forwarded the original letter as desired.

The handwriting was at once identified as that of a man named Carroll, an ex-quartermaster-sergeant of the R.A.M.C., who was an honorary member of the mess. The letter was considered at a mess meeting, and it was decided to remove Carroll's name from the mess. As I had not given any permission for any use to be made of the letter, this step was ostensibly taken on the strength of another incident in which Carroll's conduct had been open to objection; but in view of all the circumstances, I think it as well to give full publicity to the incident, for the benefit of people like Mr. Carroll, who make use of other people's names with a view to "getting at" editors. So far as Truth is concerned, parties given to this practice will do well to understand that it is extremely likely to recoil on their own heads, as in the foregoing instance, for I make it a rule not to notice statements involving personal reflections upon other people without making sure beforehand who my informant is and how far he is entitled to credit.

Observations have been made in Truth more than once upon the fatigues imposed upon soldiers at Gibraltar for the benefit of the various local places of worship; but I am sorry to learn that this system still goes on unchanged. It will surprise many people to know that an N.C.O. and four gunners are permanently at the disposal of the Presbyterian Church at Gibraltar, chiefly, as I understand it, for cleaning purposes; that another N.C.O. and eight gunners are similarly at the service of the Cathedral authorities; while there are also regular fatigue parties for work at the Wesleyan Church and the King's Chapel. So far as I know, there is no parallel to this arrangement in any other military station, for these various churches are not essentially military places of worship, but are chiefly attended by civilians, or are the fatigue parties even selected from the men attending the churches, or belonging to that particular denomination. This certainly seems a case for the enforcement of the recent order in regard to unnecessary fatigues. In a recent complaint that has reached me on this subject it is mentioned that it frequently happens that in the performance of their duties the soldiers are under the command of a Spanish lady—a "char-lady," I presume. Men have a right to protest against this, for it is certainly not the sort of job they enlist for.

The following story from Bodmin seems to me to call for notice at headquarters. A lance-corporal, whose service expires in March, applied a few weeks back for a furlough in order to go to Bristol to be medically examined for employment under the Midland Railway Company. The sergeant-major objected, and the C.O. refused the furlough. The only objection seems to have been that the man had had a furlough last summer, and as this was the first furlough he had had after upwards of six years' service in South Africa and India, the objection seems to have been quite frivolous, when the reason for which the fresh furlough was desired is considered, and when it is remembered that the result is likely to be that the man will fail to obtain a good berth on discharge. This information does not reach me at first hand, but my correspondent is in a position to know the facts, and the incident certainly calls for notice, for it is idle for War Office Committees to recommend that men should be encouraged to obtain civil employment before they are discharged, if any attempts they may make in that direction are to be obstructed in this way by commanding officers or sergeant-majors.

A draft of the Royal Irish Rifles arrived at Meerut at the end of October, and seven families belonging to it have been kept ever since in tents in the segregation camp to which they were sent on arrival. It is understood that they will have to remain there until the end of the winter, the reason being that there is no accommodation for them in barracks. Indian barrack accommodation seems to be woefully defective and out of date all round. In this particular case the reason why there is no accommodation available for these seven families seems to be that a number of married people's quarters in the barracks are used for other purposes, such as corporals' room, pay office, canteen office, and so on. It is further mentioned that two unmarried sergeants of the Supply and Transport Corps and a native functionary are in occupation of married quarters, and this, at any rate, seems unjustifiable when women and children have to be kept in tents during the winter season.

I hear a growl from that desolate spot, Spike Island, to the effect that the mess of the R.G.A. is going short of milk in order to make good a claim by the milkman for milk alleged to have been supplied during November, but never issued to the men. The statement is that during the time in question two quarts per diem were supplied to each mess, but at the end of the month the milkman put in a claim for four quarts per diem, explaining that he had sent this quantity to the cook-house by mistake. The mess consequently got into debt, and is getting out of it by going without milk. Obviously if a tradesman supplies goods which were not ordered, he has no claim to be paid for them; and even if there is any dispute on that point, the mess at large is not responsible for it, and ought not to be made to pay for milk which it has not consumed.

In reference to the recent notice in Truth about the big pay drawn by certain army pensioners who hold park-keepers' appointment under the Office of Works, a correspondent asks whether these men are paying income tax. As it will be seen from the facts already given in Truth that two, if not three, of the men referred to are above the limit of total exemption under Schedule D, this question seems worth the attention of the Income Tax authorities. I may add that I have had several other communications respecting the preference given to civilians at the expense of soldiers in

several of these appointments, particularly at Hampton Court. Ex-policemen, for instance, with pensions of £1 a week, are employed in some cases in preference to soldiers. There is also a complaint that when men are engaged they are given to understand that lodges will be given to them by seniority, but this rule is not really observed.

With regard to soldiers, a correspondent states that on a reservist applying for work at Hampton Court last spring he was told that orders had been given by the Board against employing ex-soldiers, "as they are not very fond of work." This is a sweeping statement, and often heard, but contradicted on very good authority in the evidence given before the late committee on the employment of ex-soldiers. It certainly ought not to be adopted as a rule, if it has been, by any Government department. If a man, after he has been engaged, proves to have a distaste for work, it is easy to get rid of him.

An old grievance of British subjects at Buenos Ayres is illustrated afresh by a report that has been sent to me of the hard case of Mr. J. D. Middleton, chief officer of the Glasgow steamship *St. Ninian*. It appears that a drunken fireman took a "beach-comber" or loafer on board this vessel, and the police were fetched to remove him. The police refused to do anything. The captain then directed Mr. Middleton to put the man ashore, and he was proceeding to do so when the fireman made a sudden and savage attack upon him. In self-defence he struck back, and thereupon the police arrested not only the fireman, but Mr. Middleton as well. Being acquainted with the peculiarities of Argentine justice, the captain of the ship at once placed these facts before the British Consul, but that official declared that he was powerless to act, as the authorities at Buenos Ayres resented any interference in such matters, and at the date of the report which I have received Mr. Middleton had already been kept in gaol for nineteen days without being brought before a magistrate. Meanwhile the fireman, having been set free, created another disturbance on board the ship, and was again locked up.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Middleton has been released ere this, but, if so, he has been more fortunate than other British sailors, who have been arrested at Buenos Ayres on trivial or unfounded charges. I have on several occasions called attention to cases of the kind in which the accused were imprisoned for months before they were tried—cases which ought to have been disposed of at a police court the morning after the arrests were made. There have been frequent complaints that the British Consul does not exert himself to the extent that he should do for the prevention of these scandals, and his refusal to interfere on behalf of Mr. Middleton certainly gives colour to that idea.

The London County Council would have no time left for its ordinary business if it sought to nail to the counter all the lies—I believe in calling a spade a spade—with which the public are now being regaled in the supposed interests of the Moderate party. I say the supposed interests, because I have little doubt that in the long run this campaign of mendacity will be found to have been more damaging to the party engaged in it than to the party against whom it is directed. Still it is just as well that the Council should take public and official notice of some samples of the misstatements with which it is assailed, and a useful piece of work in this way was done at the meeting last week. First of all, the bottom was knocked out of a horrible story of the brutal tyranny of the London County Council in requiring some children with defective eyesight to attend a special school. The journalistic henchmen of the Moderates, or Municipal Reformers as they now style themselves, boldly alleged that these youngsters were being "blinded" through the action of the wicked Progressives. But it was shown that in the first place this allegation was absolutely untrue, and in the second place that the case of the children in question was dealt with by a sub-committee having a Moderate chairman and a Moderate majority.

More important, however, than the refutation of this slander was the statement elicited from Lord Welby in regard to the Council tramways. It is a favourite fiction of the Moderate traducers of the Council that the working of the trams has proved unsatisfactory and unprofitable. A complete answer to this is afforded by the fact that the Commissioners of Inland Revenue have compelled the Council to pay income tax on the following profits from the working of the southern tramways:—1899, £89,249; 1900, £64,488; 1901, £69,197; 1902, £48,922; 1903, £77,773; 1904, £165,943; and 1905, £203,831. It should be borne in mind, too, that these profits have been earned during years when, owing to electrification of the system, traffic was nearly always suspended or impeded on one or more sections. Lord Welby vouched for the correctness of the above figures. All the same, I quite expect that certain Tory newspapers will continue to state that the tramways are worked at a loss, for the mere fact that a statement is untrue does not appear to be considered a sufficient reason for ceasing to use it if the object is to injure the London County Council.

The little essay printed below is the composition of a fifth-standard boy in one of the Jewish schools of London. Some of my readers may remember another schoolboy's essay on the art of getting on in life which was published in Truth a year or two back. This one comes from the same school, where the pupils evidently know a good deal—and probably a good deal more than they learn at school. It might be worth while to have up this youthful essayist before the Police Commission:—

A Policemen.

Sir Robert Peel introduced the Police. They are sometimes called coppers, bobies, or constables; they are much hated by boys for not letting them play football in the streets. Some go out by night and try the doors to see if they are bolted. When they are on duty, they musn't go into a shop, so they send someone is to hand them out a glass of beer, and then drink it when no one is looking. One constable caught a man selling fish in the streets, and as he was holding him he handed the policeman a half-crown, and so let him off. They are armed with truncheons, which is of solid wood.

THE COLD-WATER TEST.

(An Old-Young Spinster's Protest.)

The doctors admit
That the youthful and fit
Will their morning cold tub get no ill off;
Yet one and all preach
That, when thirty we reach,
We should all take our baths with the chill off.

Now, sir, as a spin.
Whose aim is to win
The love of a likely young fellow,
And who, as I'm alive,
Don't look twenty-five,
Though my true age is something more mellow,

I strongly protest
'Gainst this cold-water test
As the hall-mark of primary youth, sir,
And to ask you I dare
My grievance to air
In the widely-read columns of Truth, sir.

For from home, let us say,
I am stopping away
And the housemaid desires to be told, sir,
When she comes me to wake,
If my tub I will take,
Or heated, or tepid, or cold, sir;

Well, I *must* say the last,
For fear I'll be classed
With the damsels of thirty or more, sir;
And yet to be froze
From the neck to the toes
Is a thing that I simply abhor, sir.

Still, alas! I must lave
In the deadly cold wave,
Though the risk of bronchitis I run so;
Or, at least, playing tricks,
Must some soap in it mix—
To make the maid think that I've done so.

So I'm driven, you see,
Either frozen to be,
Or a trickster unwashen and dirty;
Lest, shirking the test
Of cold tub, I'm confessed,
By that fact, on the wrong side of thirty.

The question raised by the abominable case of poor law persecution which was narrated in my recent article, "The Prison Cure for Poverty," is, I find, the subject of an interesting chapter in Mr. J. Theodore Dodd's little book on "Administrative Reform and the Local Government Board," a second edition of which was lately published by Messrs. P. S. King and Son. In all cases of the kind the proceedings by the Poor Law Guardians are based on the statute 43 Eliz., cap. 2, which enacted that the children of every poor, old, blind, lame, and impotent person, "*being of sufficient ability,*" shall at their own charges relieve and maintain every such person as the justices may order. The same liability applies to the parents or the grandparents of every such poor person. The penalty prescribed for disobedience to the justices' order was a forfeiture of 20s. a month for every month of failure to comply with it. This penalty was probably equivalent to at least £5 at the present time, and as "Stone's Manual" has pointed out, "the condition of the labouring class was such in 1601 that it cannot be considered labourers were included" among the people on whom orders might be made. The form of penalty was altered by an Act of 1848, but this alteration does not affect the consideration that the law was not originally designed for the extortion of money for the maintenance of their relatives from people too poor to maintain themselves properly.

In the country newspapers one constantly reads of cases in which poor labourers, earning perhaps ten or twelve shillings a week, and having large families of their own to support, are called upon to contribute to the maintenance of their parents. Both the Poor Law Guardians and the J.P.s seem nowadays to act upon the assumption that any one who is not legally a pauper himself must have "sufficient ability" to pay such contributions; but the blame for this state of things belongs primarily to the Local Government Board. In 1871, and again in 1878, that Board issued circulars urging that the law with regard to the maintenance of paupers by relatives should be more generally and strictly enforced, and in many unions Bumble has since adopted that policy with a zeal untempered by any sort of discrimination. The result is seen in harsh and stupid prosecutions such as that which I described the other day. But much water has flowed under Westminster Bridge since those circulars were issued in the 'seventies, and the Local Government Board now has a President who, if he looks into the matter, will, I am sure, see the necessity of counselling Boards of Guardians to exhibit more humanity, not to say common sense, in the administration of this portion of the poor law.

Following on a recent complaint respecting the unpunctuality of a County Court Judge in the West of England, a correspondent relates the following story of another Judge in the same part of the country. Some weeks ago this Judge failed to put in an appearance at one of his courts where the parties in attendance included a defendant who, with his wife and another witness, had travelled over 200 miles for the hearing of the action in which they were concerned. On inquiry the defendant in question was informed that his Honour's absence was due to the fact that his horse was lame. The defendant strongly protested against the proposed postponement of his case for a month, and eventually a messenger was sent to the Judge, who lives a few miles away. The messenger brought back the reply that his Honour was willing to take the case at a court in another town next day, but the plaintiff refused to agree to this, and consequently the defendant and his wife were obliged to make this long journey over again a month later, when it was, however, impossible for the other witness to accompany them. I believe that the Judge draws, in addition to his salary, a substantial allowance for travelling expenses, so that he has not even the excuse that the cost of hiring a conveyance would have come out of his own pocket.

The Ceylon Government *Gazette* recently notified the appointment of Mr. Bertram Hill "to be, in addition to his own duties, Additional District Judge, Kandy, from November 26 until further orders." The follow-

ing is a report of one of the cases Mr. Hill tried on November 26:—

> Gangedare Punchirale was charged by Mr. A. Miles with stealing eight cocoanuts (value about 2d.) from his estate. The accused had several previous convictions. He was found guilty and sentenced to *four years' rigorous imprisonment and to receive ten lashes.*

Obviously the further orders should at once be issued reverting Mr. Bertram Hill to "his own duties," whatever they may be.

The conviction of the Editor of *Judy* has now been unanimously affirmed by the Court for the Consideration of Crown Cases Reserved—a strong Court, presided over by the Lord Chief Justice. This decision lends additional emphasis to what has already been said in Truth in regard to this case. Mr. De Marney published in his paper, in defiance of several warnings from the police, advertisements of Continental vendors of obscene goods, whose circulars and publications, if issued in this country, would have rendered the publishers liable to the criminal law. He was convicted for aiding and abetting this traffic, and this is the conviction that stands. The Lord Chief Justice said that after hearing the arguments he had no doubt whatever as to the correctness of the conviction, and the other Judges concurred. The case, therefore, seems to establish that if an advertisement is published in pursuance of an illegal object, and the publisher is found by a jury to have had knowledge of its nature, he can be convicted as an accessory to the proposed crime. As a journalist I rejoice in this decision, which seems to me altogether wholesome and useful from the point of view of the press; and I trust that it will be brought to bear before very long upon other classes of advertisements, far more mischievous than those published by De Marney, and published with quite as much knowledge as he had of their real nature.

The Court of Quarter Sessions for Dorset is notorious for the severity with which it deals with offences under the Vagrancy Act, and I am glad to see that attention has been directed to the matter by a question in the House of Commons. For the heinous crime of sleeping-out and having no visible means of subsistence, these Dorset Dracos regard a sentence of imprisonment with hard labour as insufficient, and on several occasions they have ordered a flogging as an additional punishment. Over a year ago, in consequence of the publicity that Truth had given to one of these magisterial outrages, the then Home Secretary, Mr. Akers Douglas, wrote to the Chairman of the Bench "expressing a strong opinion that birching is not an appropriate punishment for the offence of sleeping-out, however often the offence may have been repeated," and Mr. Gladstone has now stated his entire concurrence in that opinion. It is to be hoped that this official pronouncement will put an end to such ferocious sentences in the county of Dorset or anywhere else, though clearly the most satisfactory and effective method of accomplishing this purpose would be to amend the Vagrancy Acts by depriving Quarter Sessions of the power to inflict floggings for sleeping-out, begging, and such-like offences.

Once again, by way of marking the season of peace and goodwill, I have this week proclaimed an amnesty for the Great Unpaid in my usual Legal Pillory, being inspired by the hope that they, on their part, will exhibit a like tenderness in their decisions.

A London solicitor writes, evidently in great agitation, imploring me to correct the statement attributed to a member of the Incorporated Law Society in last week's Truth that "only fifty solicitors out of 1,800 had been proved to be thieves during the last ten years." What the gentleman said was 18,000. I cheerfully make the correction, but any one reading the article will easily have seen that the figure 1,800 was a misprint, since a few lines further on there was a reference to the proportion as per 1,000, not per cent.

From the increasing number of inquiries that are reaching me it is evident that the American gold brick swindlers are extraordinarily active just now, and this means, I fear, that they are reaping a rich harvest. No doubt the business is a kind of lottery in which they draw many blanks, but, human credulity and cupidity being what they are, they can always count upon getting some prizes, and the prizes are well worth winning. The victims, as a rule, are naturally disinclined to make known the amount of their losses, or even the fact that they have been swindled at all, but I have heard of a case in which a wealthy greenhorn, lured over to New York in the usual way, parted with no less than £5,000, and though this was an exceptionally big coup, the fraud must obviously be an amazingly profitable one. It is not therefore surprising to find that it is being practised on a more extended scale.

How systematically the game is now carried on is shown by the experience of one of my correspondents. During the present year three of his relatives have died, and in each instance the familiar letter has been received notifying the deceased of the discovery of the mines in which the grateful "Henry" or "Samuel," or whatever the name used may be, has made him an equal partner. In the last of these cases, which occurred only a few days ago, the letter fell into the hands of the widow, and it was only by the merest chance that she was saved from a journey to New York, where she would inevitably have been robbed. Sometimes it is found really difficult to persuade the intended dupes that they are being tricked. For instance, I recently heard from a solicitor who had been consulted on the subject by the executors of a deceased gentleman. Being a reader of Truth the solicitor was able to explain the *modus operandi* of the swindlers, but his clients clung to the delusion that it might after all be "a genuine affair," until he actually showed them an article of mine setting forth a precisely similar letter to that which had come into their possession. It is, of course, a very tempting bait that the gold

Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Nearly 8,000 convictions last year. Complaints marked "Private," absolutely confidential.—Secretary, 105, Jermyn-st., London.

brick gangs hold out, and until everybody reads Truth guileless persons will be found ready to fall into the trap.

Some circulars that have been sent on to me by an official in British East Africa show that the pernicious system of snowball trading is now being tried on the natives in that part of the world by an individual calling himself McCabe and Webber, Limited, of Bank Buildings, Margaret-street, and 11, Great Titchfield-street, London, W. One circular, impressively headed "An Open Letter from the Mother Country," offers to furnish "particulars how to obtain one of our Faithful Timekeeper £2 sterling silver watches *free*." It eventually appears, however, that before he can get this valuable watch "free," the would-be purchaser must (1) pay 9d. for a coupon; (2) remit 3s. more to McCabe and Webber for four similar coupons; and (3) not only sell these four coupons at 9d. apiece, but (4) induce each of the purchasers thus to remit 3s. to the firm. In other words, McCabe and Webber have to be paid altogether 15s. or 15s. 9d. before they part with a watch possibly worth a third of that sum. Objectionable as this method of business is at home, it is doubly objectionable when practised at the expense of poor, ignorant niggers whose untutored minds are quite incapable of grasping the true inwardness of the trick until they have lost their money. In their case it is indeed such a miserably mean and dirty trick that one is almost inclined to wish that the perpetrator could be handed over to the tender mercies of some of his African dupes.

The latest novelty in the shape of traps for people in search of home employment is headed:—"Three Hours Nightly. £5 Weekly. Be your own master, start a business of your own in your spare time which will rapidly make you prosperous." For this purpose you are to address the British-American Association, Ltd., 52, Leadenhall-street, E.C. If you do that you will get a circular informing you, with the superfluity of high-flown verbiage used for such purposes, that the way to make money at home, particularly if you are "a refined individual unfitted for canvassing," is to start a mail order business; that the mail order business is conducted with huge success by private individuals innumerable in America; that in that happy land there are numerous journals devoted to this class of trade, which help the mail order amateur to start and conduct his business in the right way; and that the British-American Association, Ltd., proposes to extend these advantages to the United Kingdom by publishing "the first mail order paper to be published in Great Britain," under the suggestive title of *Prosperity*. Then you come to the point, namely, that you can obtain "Prosperity" in every sense of the term, by at once sending your annual subscription of 3s. to the British-American Association. There does not seem, therefore, to be any material difference between the above-mentioned advertisement and the others of the same class which disfigure the daily press.

"The first mail order paper to be published in Great Britain" is an interesting production, and I am far from saying that any one who desires to spend rather than to make money would not get a penn'orth of amusement out of the journal in return for the cost of answering the advertisement. It contains a good deal of interesting advice on flat-catching. Apparently this is to be chiefly done by means of such articles as "Circassian Hair Balsam," "Hercules Plaster," "Cleopatra Face Cream," "The Bloom of Youth," "Depilatory," "Rose Lip Salve," "Quinine Tooth Powder," "Vulcan Steel Polish," "Black Harness Composition," "Concentrated Hop Bitters," and "Polish for Ballroom Floors." Good old formulas for the preparation of such articles are given, but I may point out that they can be obtained for a good deal less than 3s. Several energetic flat-catchers have been engaged for years past in selling whole bookfuls of them at 6d. each on the representation that they contain the raw material of a comfortable competency.

There are also some useful instructions for advertising. You are told that:—

> In dealing with ladies it would be a good plan to manufacture two articles—one for sale and the other for presentation. For example, suppose a new polishing paste is taken as the main article, and a face powder as the presentation line. With this combination an advertisement in the following form would have good pulling powers:—
>
> SUNRAYS is concentrated sunlight. You get it by rubbing it on your brass work. For 7d. we will send post free a tin, together with our presentation box of Helena Face Powder, free to the first 100 applicants only.

After reading several pages of this sort of thing, I have endeavoured to ascertain whether the British-American Association, Ltd., is a new branch of that enterprising firm, *The Times*, Printing House Square, but up to the present time I have not been successful.

The police would do well to cast an eye promptly upon an individual who has devised an ingenious scheme for enabling people to spend a Merry Christmas, which he is working from 130, Drummond-street, N.W., under the name "Frederick Parker, Secretary, the St. Noel's Distributing Syndicate." His plan is as simple as must be the people who are taken in by it. He writes letters notifying that the aforesaid syndicate, in accordance with its annual custom, is distributing £500 worth of goods as an advertisement at this festive season, and that your name, on the recommendation of the agent in your district, has been put on the list of fortunate ones who are to receive the firm's special Christmas gift, on which he congratulates you. The special gift, value three guineas, consists of a hamper containing a prize fat turkey "raised on Lord Montstephen's farm," six bottles of Dewar's whisky, ditto best port, 100 Havana cigars, and a large Christmas cake. All that you have to do in order to obtain these valuable goods is to send 5s. at once to Mr. Frederick Parker to cover cost of carriage. 130, Drummond-street is an accommodation address, and, as I learnt on inquiry there, that Parker has been calling for his letters and has received a good many, it is pretty evi-

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais. First-class. Numerous Self-contained Suites, with Private Bath-Rooms, etc. Central Heating. Renowned Cuisine and Cellars. Large Park.

San Remo.—Grand Hotel Royal. The height of modern luxury. Standing in picturesque grounds overlooking sea. Auto. Garage. Officially certified sanitation.—M. Bertolini, Prop.

dent that he must have obtained sufficient remittances to make the season a festive one for him, if not for the remitters. I hope that this game will be stopped at once, and should this meet the eye of any people who are expecting their Christmas hampers from the St. Noel's Distributing Syndicate, they had better communicate immediately with Scotland Yard.

Jabez Thomas Bennett, a small but, in his way, nefarious member of the usury tribe, has recently broken out at a new address, though he still uses his own name, minus the Jabez. He hails from St. Albans, and when I exposed his methods of extortion some months ago, he was sending out his circulars from that town. The address that he now uses is 20, Hand-court, Holborn, W.C., but the circulars are otherwise unchanged, and, as before, they are mostly directed to small shopkeepers. "Would a £5 note or more be of service to you in your business, for more stock or otherwise?" Bennett asks. "If so," he proceeds, "write at once for particulars. Repay me in six easy instalments. No other charge or expense for interest." Last July I showed that if a person swallows this bait Bennett exacts from him a trifle of 1s. 9d. "for costs," and in return for the loan of £5 requires him to sign an agreement by which he (1) undertakes to pay Bennett £6 in six weekly instalments of 20s. each, and (2) assigns to Bennett, "by way of security," the whole of his stock-in-trade and household furniture! Having regard to various provisions of the Bills of Sale Act, I have little doubt that the form of assignment used by Bennett would be held to be null and void in any court of law. Unfortunately, however, the class of people who are likely to fall into his clutches are mostly ignorant of the law, and, as appeared from a case that I narrated, he does not hesitate to take advantage of their ignorance to intimidate them in a most outrageous manner.

Numerous warnings have been given in Truth against the advertisements of Mr. H. J. Gasson, of Rye, who offers all kinds of goods extremely cheap in the character of a "Government Contractor," the suggestion being that the goods are bargains in the shape of condemned Government stores. In self-defence I must once more repeat this warning. It is a common practice for Mr. Gasson's customers, when they discover what sort of goods they have got for their money, to send them on to Truth Office for my inspection; and I strongly object to having this rubbish dumped upon me, especially after having done my best to save people from falling victims to the wiles of Mr. Gasson. A specialty which Gasson advertises extensively at this time of year is a good all-wool rug at 3s. I have several of these articles in my possession now, and I do not want them even at a gift. They suggest all sorts of unpleasant things, and I would not have one put over my horse—or even my donkey.

The little city of Belize in British Honduras has been smitten by two dreadful scourges—an attack of yellow fever followed by an outburst of yellow journalism. The correlation of the two diseases in the case of Belize is explained in a pamphlet by Mr. J. J. Franco, a member of the Bar in British Honduras, which I have been asked to notice for the sake of the good name of the colony. It seems that yellow fever was rife last year at a number of places on the coast, and in dealing with the serious epidemic in New Orleans a writer in *McClure's Magazine*, a popular American publication, recently asserted that the fever was introduced there from "the infected port of Belize." This statement is contrary to the evidence on the subject, and insult was added to injury by the allusion to Belize as "the infected port," seeing that that port had been absolutely free from the disease for a much longer period than New Orleans. Belize, which prides itself upon the efficiency of its board of health and quarantine authority, was naturally indignant at this libel, and as it was calculated to cause serious damage to the port, *McClure's Magazine* was asked to retract or substantiate its charge. I believe that *McClure's* is not what one would ordinarily call a yellow journal, but in this matter it has followed the Yellow Press practice of refusing to rectify the wrong that it has done, and so this pamphlet has been issued to clear the reputation of Belize.

I believe that I was the first to put on the notice paper of the House of Commons a resolution demanding the suppression of the House of Lords. A Conservative rose a few days later to ask the Speaker whether such a notice was in order. Now I had followed the wording of a resolution which was carried in the Long Parliament. The Speaker at the time when I put it down was Mr. Brand. He sent for me before the question was answered and told me that he fully recognised that I had the right to propose the resolution, but he suggested to me that he thought it needlessly offensive. I replied that I had followed the exact precedent in order to be certain that I was in order, but that I was quite willing to make any alteration in the wording that he thought desirable. He suggested a few, and the resolution as printed in the order paper was toned down. When the Conservative M.P. rose to ask whether such a resolution ought to be allowed on the order paper, I got up and explained that I had a precedent in the resolution of the Long Parliament, and added that, as a matter of fact, the resolution as it stood was drawn up jointly by Mr. Speaker and me. The Speaker, while ruling that I was in order, laughingly repudiated all joint collaboration in its wording.

Two or three times afterwards I brought on my resolution, and although always beaten, I managed at last to secure the votes of a majority of the Liberal Party in favour of it. Finally, when Lord Rosebery became Premier, I moved it as an amendment to the Address, and the amendment was carried. This put the Government in a difficulty, for an amendment in the reply of the Commons to the Gracious Speech from the Crown, once carried, cannot be dropped or altered. The late Mr. Milman, then a Clerk at the table, suggested that the Address should be withdrawn, and another substituted. I believe that this was at variance with the rules of the House, but it was done, and a second Address moved.

THE UNREASONABLE HUSBAND.

A Man I knew—we'll call him Ned—
Determined, once, a Wife to wed,
And chose he for his life-long Mate
A Damsel, modest, sweet, sedate,
Whose gentle Manner her denotes
An Angel's Self in Petticoats.
"Yes, yes," he all his Friends would tell,
"I've won a female Gabriel!"
But married Life (which aye, I wis,
The Grave of such Ideals is)
Soon showed Friend Ned that she, his Spouse,
Was *not* an Angel in the House,
But just a Girl, who stood confessed,
Nor worse nor better than the Rest.
Then Ned, much injured, cried, "Oh, Lor'!
You're not the Saint I took you for."
"Aye," she retorts, "that's very true;
But neither, then, my Dear, are YOU!"

Moral.

When Others disillusion us,
We're quick to grumble, fume, and fuss;
But very slow to see, my Brothers,
How oft *we* disillusion Others..

SCRUTATOR.

PEACE, GOODWILL, AND EDUCATION.

THE final rejection of the Education Bill on the eve of Christmas is a pretty satire on the conventional sentiments associated with the season of "Peace and Goodwill." In order to appreciate it properly one must remember that the Bill itself was offered as a compromise, designed to redress a grievance of one set of Christians while as far as possible making concessions—necessarily illogical concessions—to the prejudices and alleged rights of others. In the wise and eloquent speech in which he introduced it, the author of the Bill appealed to both factions to calm their passions and endeavour to forget an ancient feud, disgraceful to their common Christianity—if they really have a common Christianity—and mischievous to the cause of education and the interests of the State. The reply, on one side at any rate, was the immediate rejection of his proposals with wrath and indignation. The whole forces of Anglican and Roman Christianity were at once mobilised against the would-be peacemaker, and the war-cry was heard throughout the land. As the other sects were disposed to accept the compromise, while making no secret of their dislike of some of its provisions, they were under no necessity to take the field in force, but they have formed, as it were, a corps of observation ready to intervene at any moment and attack the peacemaker in the rear if his conduct did not give them satisfaction. At every sign of concession to the other side in the interests of peace, the champions of Nonconformity were as violent and dangerous as the hierarchy of Rome and Canterbury. As time has gone on, and the basis of compromise has been widened, this section has become more and more hostile. So the struggle has raged for eight months, until the clericals in the last stronghold of privilege have finally prevailed, and Mr. Birrell and his compromise disappear from the scene.

CLARIDGE'S HOTEL, BROOK-STREET, Grosvenor-square.—Over 300 rooms; nearly 100 bathrooms. Royal suite, private entrance. Situation ensures perfect quiet.

And what necessarily follows? Direct war once more between Church and Chapel over the bodies and souls of the children, with all the incidents that have marked the strife for the last four years—the forcing of taxes from one sect to pay for the schools of another; the imprisonment of those who refuse to pay; the exclusion of State-paid teachers on grounds of conscience from access to State-supported schools; the eternal wrangling between local authorities, Church, and Board of Education, over the rights and privileges of so-called "Church" schools maintained exclusively by public money; the sacrifice of the highest national interests to the envy, hatred, and malice bred of the *odium theologicum*. For all this, the only reason is that rival sects cannot agree on the best mode of interpreting the injunction, "Suffer little children to come unto Me." And having fought their quarrel to a dead-lock, and ensured the maintenance of discord and anarchy for an indefinite time to come, the combatants betake themselves to their churches and chapels and sing rapturously, "Hark, the Herald Angels sing . . . Peace on earth and mercy mild." On one article of faith alone are they all agreed—that their respective proceedings are eminently agreeable to Divine Providence, and that should the day ever come when they and all their "isms" are impartially excluded from English school-rooms, the country will go straight into the bottomless pit.

Well, I, for one, should be content to take my chance of that if such exclusion could be effected, and the one matter for satisfaction that I find in the story of the abortive Bill, and the disastrous waste of precious time and misdirected energy that it has occasioned, is that the result must be to bring thousands of reasonable men to my way of thinking. I do not wish to be un-Christian myself, and I do not question that the clerics who have wrecked this Bill—as distinguished from politicians, like Mr. Balfour, who find in them useful tools for party ends—are from a moral point of view worthy men, who sincerely believe that they have been rendering precious service to God and man, as well as defending their own rights and vested interests. But I marvel at their blindness and unwisdom. The Bishop of Manchester must be spending this year a very happy Christmas. I would not willingly mar his happiness, or anybody's; but I should uncommonly like to hear from him or one of his episcopal comrades-in-arms what they think is going to happen next. Have they troubled themselves about that question, or is it their comfortable view that, so long as the local authorities can levy the rates for the Church schools for another year or two, it would be doubting Providence to look further ahead? They can hardly suppose that after the glorious victory of last Wednesday the country is going to give up the struggle, and acquiesce for all time in the arrangement forced upon it by Mr. Balfour in 1902. Most of them seemed, even during the House of Lords debates, to realise dimly that this would be too much to hope for. If they can see so far, do they suppose that Mr. Birrell is now going to exercise his ingenuity in devising some new form of compromise more to the clerical taste, and that the present House of Commons is going to waste

another Session in discussing it? Surely they can hardly be so foolish. Mr. Birrell may feel compelled to make some further attempt to modify the present situation as between Church and Dissenters, but it is not likely to take such a shape as *that*. Do they suppose that whatever proposals may come up in future from the House of Commons, there will always be a majority of Bishops and Tory Peers to throw them out? If so, they are imagining a vain thing. Why, their own experience of this Session should have taught them that, even if the present powers of the House of Lords survive the next general election, the lay majority of the House is at the beck and call of the Party leaders and Whips in the two Houses, and cannot be relied on for the service of the Church a day beyond the date when those autocrats cease to think that the interests of religion and the Party are identical. The majority of the House of Lords hated the Trade Disputes Bill far more intensely than it will ever hate any Bill affecting merely the privileges of Church schools; but it swallowed the Bill at a gulp at the bidding of Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne, when the former gentleman had arrived at the conclusion that the rejection of the Bill might have disastrous electioneering results, and the latter had divined that in that case it would be very dangerous for the House of Lords itself. In the face of this even a Bishop can surely foresee that when an Education Bill comes up with as strong a force of popular opinion behind it as had the Trade Disputes Bill, it will go through that House every bit as easily. When interests of their own are at stake, noble laymen who otherwise strain at gnats have little difficulty in swallowing camels, and from the Church point of view, at any rate, the dimensions of the next Education Bill are likely to be nearer those of the camel than the gnat.

If Bishops have not the sense to see all these things, the Government may surely find a lesson in them. No truer word was spoken in the whole course of the debates on the defunct Bill than by Mr. Keir Hardie when he said that the working-classes were indifferent to the Bill. Most of the Labour members have said much the same thing; but it does not rest on their authority alone. The attitude of Mr. Balfour and the House of Lords is a pretty sure proof of it. The working classes, if polled on the subject, would no doubt vote for the Bill, just as did the Labour M.P.s themselves. They will be strong enough on the questions of full public control and freedom of teachers from religious tests; but on the religious question which inspires all the heat among middle-class politicians they are simply, as Mr. Hardie says, indifferent. It is this fact that reduces to an absurdity all the fury and rhetoric expended on the religious question. Churchmen, lay and clerical, have been raving for months about the "rights of parents," or of "our schools," or "the Church's children," but never a voice has been heard from the people for whose benefit the schools are supposed to exist, the parents whose rights are supposed to be threatened. That alone should make any reasonable man close his ears to the whole outcry. I do not say that there are no working men who have strong views as to the religious teaching of their children. There are plenty of Roman Catholics—I should say all Roman Catholics—who are warmly with their clergy on this point, and Mr. Birrell rightly recognised their position in Clause 4. No clergy have been more ill-advised and short-sighted in their opposition to the Bill than the Roman Catholics. There is a larger section who do not desire dogmatic teaching, but are strongly in favour of "Cowper-Templeism." This section includes all Nonconformist working men, and a good number who, in default of being formally identified with any denomination, call themselves vaguely "Church of England," like the recruit who doesn't know what he is, but supposes, when the recruiting officer puts it to him, that he is "Church of England," and is entered accordingly on his attestation paper. The chief reason why so many working-class parents are indifferent on the education question is that the majority of their children are in "provided" schools, and the parents do not quarrel with the "provided" religion. But if the parents of children in Church of England schools were polled to-morrow it would be found that a goodly number of them are either opposed to all religious teaching or have no particular affection for any denominational brand. Hence their indifference in this controversy.

Setting aside Roman Catholics and Nonconformists, the one opinion which is deeply and warmly held among working-class parents is that there should be no religious teaching at all in State schools. This opinion is growing. It is held by practically all the Labour Members in Parliament, and by all the leaders of working-class opinion in the constituencies. It is, therefore, the opinion which is most to be reckoned with in the settlement of the question. Whether it is the predominant opinion neither I nor any man can say; but the fate of the Education Bill is certain to add strength to it among intelligent working men, as it will also among middle-class Liberals, and I think that before the Government makes any further move at all it should take steps to ascertain how far the "secularist solution" will be acceptable to the only people who have any real right to decide this question. Mr. Birrell, when answering Mr. Keir Hardie the other day, said that if the Government had adopted the course he advised and brought in a "secular" Bill, they would have had a nasty slap in the face from the House. The majority of the House applauded that opinion. But the majority of the House, if they really call themselves Liberals, are bound to recognise that the people themselves have the right to decide what shall or shall not be taught to their children in the shape of religion. If they refuse to do so, they will cease to be the majority of the House at an early date. The opposition to secularising the schools among Liberals is mainly based, not on deference to the wishes of parents, but on a prejudice which prevails among religious people of all creeds, but is entirely irrational. The cause of religion does not and never will depend on what is taught to children before they are thirteen or fourteen years of age. So strongly do I hold that opinion that I believe Church schools to be the chief causes of religious apathy and infidelity among the masses. The reason is that, assuming every child to have been permanently imbued with

sound Church doctrine by the influence of the schoolmaster or schoolmistress before reaching the age of fourteen, the clergy (I am speaking solely of the Anglican clergy) have never troubled to teach any of them anything when they have reached the age at which religious opinions, if they are worth anything, are really formed. The first result of secularising the schools would be that the clergy would have to undertake the duty of preaching the Gospel to the poor in a way which has not been attempted for many centuries.

But whether I am right in this or not, it is certain after what has happened that there is no longer a chance of passing any Education Bill which is in the nature of a compromise. That may not necessarily mean secularisation. There is the alternative of reverting to the *status quo ante* 1902, and making Government grants to sectarian schools the owners of which are able and willing to maintain them in a proper state of efficiency, which, of course, means that nine Church schools out of ten will disappear. There may be other courses available. I suppose the Government must make a further attempt of some kind to deal with the burning grievances created by Mr. Balfour and his friends. But while the House of Lords remains what it is, it is quite certain that Ministers will carry no measure worth having which is not Radical enough to create a popular opinion in its favour that will overawe the party element in that assembly. The Church element, apart from party interests, is powerless, and not worth thinking about.

ANOTHER "SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS."

[The following article has been contributed by way of protest against the one which appeared last week under the title of "The Spirit of Christmas." Having no personal prejudices in regard to the various spirits of the Season, I publish it in order to do equal justice to all of them.—Ed. Truth.]

A great deal of hysterical twaddle is written, especially in the days immediately before Christmas, about the spirit in which our modern observance of this festival is conceived. We are told that it is a time when men draw nearer to each other, when all hearts are opened, when love and charity prevail, and the earth is filled with the spirit of brotherhood. I have been especially impressed—unfavourably, need I say—by the cackle of some purblind enthusiast, published so recently as last week in the pages of Truth, of all papers in the world, setting forth in an outburst of anserine enthusiasm, that the Spirit of Christmas is that of Giving! If the fellow had not been totally devoid of all sense of humour he would have realised that exactly the opposite is the case: the real Spirit of Christmas is that of Taking. Were it not that the so-called "festive" season gives to unnumbered thousands their one annual chance of unlimited blackmail, does anybody in his sober senses imagine for one instant that such an institution would increase in popularity in the way it does, year after year? Giving, forsooth! As well say that the unlucky traveller, handing over his purse at the point of the highwayman's pistol, does so in the true spirit of Christian charity.

That journalists—especially if they be paid by "lineage"—should unite in buttressing up the venerable lie—for it has endured now for well over half a century—is comprehensible. Year after year it provides an opening for topical "copy" at a time when opportunities for "copy" are scarce. That the public should allow itself to be deceived is equally easy to understand—for the public loves nothing so much as a deceptive generality—as that every King is gracious, that every army officer is gallant and a gentleman, or that every Englishman is free. But, as Mr. Barnum has it, "You can't fool all the people all the time," and sooner or later the malignant absurdity of the modern Christmas must be realised by all—by the blackmailers themselves as well as their victims.

For the most alarming feature of it all is the terrible injury to morality it entails, the deterioration of character, the subversion of temperament. Consider such a normally respectable and worthy public servant as is the postman. During, say, fifty weeks of the year he does his duty quietly, efficiently, and faithfully—he is an honest man and a brother. Cross his path a fortnight before Christmas, and what do you find? He is become, for the time, what shall I say? A Thug? No—for the cupidity which gleams from his eye as it meets yours has not the excuse of religious mania. A ravening Beast of Prey? No—for the tiger does not cringe before its quarry, nor the leopard profess an altogether hypocritical amiability while it crouches to spring. He is become, in fact, a postman "on the make," a being to which all the rest of the animal kingdom provides no adequate simile. Take a club waiter, again. Normally he is a straight-backed, rather haughty individual, who regards members with a calm contempt, ignores their orders, or complies with them only when it suits his pleasure and convenience. But, as soon as the hateful Christmas-box subscription list appears upon the notice-board, he is transformed into a slave, without a spark of virile independence, fawning upon you as might a spaniel—until, and only until, your name and donation be added to the list. Then—if you be not a rich man, or your subscription does not tally with his expectations—then woe betide you! Is it not only too evident that after a few years of this, such men's whole natures must be warped, corrupted? And have we the right, as Englishmen, to doom our postmen and our waiters—all our dependants—all those lower than ourselves in purse or social standing, who have, or can persuade themselves that they have, any claim, however insignificant, to our largesse—have we the right, I say, to condemn them to moral and intellectual ruin, perhaps to a dishonoured grave, not impossibly to the hangman's rope, merely because it pleases a few journalists to bolster up a hoary sham? I do not think so.

Nor is it only the poorest classes of the community who suffer. There is the whole retail trading class—shopkeepers, that is to say, their families and their assistants. Consider the depths of moral turpitude to which the Christmas season condemns them. Consider the robberies—not to mince matters—they are forced to perpetrate, the musty relics they must resurrect and furbish up to offer as the "latest Yuletide novelties;" the intolerable inveracities they must pour out to per-

suade distracted shoppers that things which are appropriate to nothing and acceptable to nobody are the "most appropriate and acceptable of Christmas gifts." It is not too much to say that the souls of more shop-assistants have been irrevocably lost during the last fortnight than in all the rest of the preceding fifty weeks taken together. Why? Because an abominable convention demands that we shall, against our will, present to all and sundry Christmas presents, Christmas cards, and other incidentals, which they do not want and which could under no conceivable circumstances be, in the majority of cases at any rate, of any use to anybody.

The plain truth of the matter is that the whole modern spirit of Christmas is based upon cupidity and lack of self-control—upon blackmail and gluttony. Extort all you can from all who are weak enough to give, and spend it on over-eating; that is the whole secret of keeping Christmas in the twentieth century. I wonder how many deaths could be directly traced—if any one were bold enough to publish the statistics—to the gluttony of Christmas Day? I have personally little doubt that, where Drink has killed its tens, Christmas has destroyed its thousands. For months past, all over the world, the great work of preparatory massacre has been going on. Go to the markets; observe the hecatombs of turkeys, geese, sheep, beeves; of every other harmless animal that can possibly be devoured by man; look at the expressions on the faces of those who cluster round them; and if you do not become a vegetarian on the spot, it can only be because, like myself, you find it does not suit your digestion. Go into any house throughout the length and breadth of England and see the family engaged upon the Christmas dinner. Mark the Gargantuan turkey, the Brobdingnagian pudding, observe the red, flushed faces of the *convives*, note the devoted enthusiasm with which they sacrifice their future health, perhaps for weeks to come, in vain efforts to force more food into their bodies than the limitations of cubic capacity will allow. Watch the little children, already almost in tears from the discomfort of their own crammings, yet ever forced, by the precept and example of their elders, to cram themselves still more, for all the world as if they were Strasburg geese, being martyred to make a *pâté de foie gras*. Remember the agonies which they will endure upon the morrow—the seas of black draughts, the mountains of blue pills which will be needed before they are restored to comparative comfort once more; then go away and ponder, in solitude and alone. Ask yourself whether you are in a Christian country honouring a great religious anniversary, or—where?

I could fill several numbers of Truth with reflections upon this most lamentable instance of misplaced national enthusiasm. I have not as yet, I notice, said one word upon the innumerable suicides, bankruptcies, compositions with creditors, and arrests for debt directly caused by the inevitable extravagance of Christmas celebrations. I have said nothing of the abominable discomforts to all who need to go abroad from home during the days preceding Christmas Day, and still more so on that which follows it, of the crowded streets and vehicles, of the intense discomfort of sitting, as I was forced to do so recently as last Saturday, in an omnibus next to a stout woman carrying an enormous bunch of holly, the prickles upon which pierced the material of my trousers as though it did not exist. But space and words fail to do justice to every aspect of this question. One thing I must, however, add: Hitherto I have never been able to discover any traces of method in the madness which has overtaken a curious sect of female enthusiasts, who will doubtless be familiar to many under the style or title of Suffragettes. But when I learn that eleven of them, speaking from memory, recently announced their intention—which they have by this time, I take it, carried out—of spending Christmas Day in gaol, I am inclined to think that I may have been mistaken in my estimate of their common sense. Certainly I can conceive no more sensible way of getting through Christmas than to take shelter within the quiet, peaceful, undecorated walls of a prison cell. I scarcely imagine that the gaolers would expect Christmas boxes. Unless, indeed—but enough.

THE PEDIGREE SPECIALIST.

Is it the correct thing for a solicitor to transform himself into a "specialist in investigating unclaimed monies," and in this character to undertake to prove claims on the terms that he shall receive a large percentage of the said money? I ask this question in view of a curious story which I lately heard of the fate of the estate of a man who, early in this year, died intestate and apparently unknown to all his blood relations. The deceased gentleman was named William Henry Newman. He left property worth, according to statements that have been made in court, from £5,000 to £6,000, and an unattested will, and on February 5 last the executors made an application in the Chancery Division in connection with this will. The Treasury intervened, and on February 21 the Treasury Solicitor advertised in the usual form for next-of-kin. No next-of-kin seem to have noticed this advertisement, but presumably it met the eye of a Mr. R. Ballard, solicitor, of 2, Clifford's Inn, who a week later advertised on his own account for next-of-kin of William Newman, deceased. This time the advertisement caught the eye of a gentleman named W. E. Newman, living in London, who answered it by writing to Mr. Ballard that if the deceased was a native of Bath and was buried at Ewell or Epsom, he could give information. After calling at his office, he received from Mr. Ballard the following communication:—

> I have discovered a sum of money in which I believe you are interested. I confine my practice as a Solicitor, as a Specialist, to investigating unclaimed monies and tracing the persons entitled. My terms for the information to enable you to claim are a commission of one-third of the net amount recovered, such commission to be payable when you actually recover the money. On your agreeing I will further communicate with you. In the event of non-success I do not look to you for any costs or expenses.

Before answering this letter, Mr. Newman endeavoured to obtain from Mr. Ballard some particulars of the money which that gentleman had discovered, but all information was refused. Within a few days Mr. Ballard got into communication with relatives of Mr.

Newman at Bath. They were elderly women in humble circumstances, and cousins of the deceased. A clerk of Mr. Ballard visited Bath, interviewed some of these women, obtained all the information he could from them, and followed it up in the parish registers and such-like sources of information. He also induced two of the women to give an agreement in writing to pay Mr. Ballard one-third of the money in the event of it being recovered; but no more information was given to them than to Mr. W. E. Newman, except that the money had been left by a member of the family, who died thinking that he had no relatives, and that the money must be claimed at once or heavy costs would be incurred. Mr. Newman in London heard from his relatives of what was going on, but failed to extract any further information from Mr. Ballard or his clerk until March 19, when he happened to see in the list of motions in the Probate Division an application in relation to William Henry Newman, deceased. Having ascertained that this was probably the matter in regard to which he had been in communication with Mr. Ballard, he at once put himself in communication with the Treasury Solicitor, and wrote to expostulate with Mr. Ballard on the course which was being taken. Mr. Ballard replied in a very long letter, some passages of which are interesting. After explaining that he quite understood Mr. Newman's feelings, and that he might have felt exactly the same himself if it were not for his own experience in "dealing with this class of business and the difficulties and uncertainties attending it," he went on to say:—

> You mention that I had not yet disclosed the estate. That is quite true, but it would have been done in the course of a few days when I got in agreements with the other relatives. If it had been a case where the money went to one person alone, I immediately give the information; there is no reason for withholding it. But where, as in this case, there are several among whom the estate may be shared, and where those relatives are, or likely to be, in communication with each other, it is my practice to give the disclosure when I have got an agreement from all, or as near all that I can arrange, as it would be most unfair for one or a few persons to agree to terms of a commission, and the information once leaking out, others to decline to agree to terms, and in addition to this I could not carry on my business successfully.
>
> I carry on a very large business; this case (although you may think it a large one, certainly I do not) is only one of several others at the present moment of somewhat similar amounts, and one of nearly ten times the amount.
>
> I am invariably successful, simply because I am experienced, and thoroughly straightforward, and the Treasury and other authorities place great confidence in me that whatever I do has been carefully, accurately, and thoroughly investigated and put forward; in other words, that I never undertake a doubtful case, and that I spare no pains or trouble in my investigations to ascertain the true owners.
>
> With regard to the motion before the Probate Court on Monday, it was the ordinary motion (of which there were several in court the same day) for liberty to the Treasury to take a grant of administration. All I had to do, and did, was to appear and ask for the motion to stand over for a fortnight to enable me to submit the evidence of kinship, and if I had not done so the order would have been made as a matter of course for a grant of administration to the Treasury. . . .

It is not evident how the family would have been damnified had this latter course been taken, though it would obviously have prejudiced Mr. Ballard's prospect of getting one-third of the estate out of the next-of-kin. In a subsequent letter Mr. Ballard explained that if the ladies who had signed agreements with him wished to withdraw, he was quite willing to tear the agreements up, as he only wished to act for willing clients; but that, having plenty of other cases, he did not intend to "occupy his time on any less terms"; adding that he was "a specialist and must be paid specialist's fees." However, Mr. Newman remained coy, and declined to agree to the "specialist's" terms, as did other relatives of the deceased—all of them apparently cousins, who soon came to light in considerable numbers. The motion for the grant of administration to the Treasury came on once or twice more, and was adjourned, until in May Mr. Ballard announced that he had discovered in America yet another relative, an aunt of the deceased, who was consequently nearer of kin than all the cousins who had appeared by this time, including those from whom Mr. Ballard had originally obtained instructions. The end of the story was that the claim of the aunt in America was established to the satisfaction of the Court, and letters of administration were granted to Mr. Ballard under a power of attorney which he had obtained from this lady. I suppose that he also got one-third of the estate, at any rate one is entitled to infer that he did from what appears above as to his ordinary terms of business.

The point of the question asked at the beginning of this article will now be appreciated. It is, of course, a perfectly legitimate business for a man to hunt up possible claimants to intestate estates or unclaimed money. It is also undeniable that the man who undertakes such work should be paid for it in proportion to his labour—even to the extent of "specialist's fees." But there are objections, and pretty obvious objections, to the specialist laying claim to a percentage of 33⅓ of the property concerned, and to his insisting on a promise to pay him this percentage as a condition of disclosing any information respecting the deceased person or the property. And the objections to this course are strongest when the parties with whom the specialist is dealing are people in a very humble rank of life, who know little of their family pedigree and less about legal business. In any case, where a man dies at an advanced age after losing sight of his relatives for many years, the man who approaches some cousin or second cousin of the deceased—ignorant of the death, perhaps even ignorant of the man's name—with an offer of information about some ownerless property, is in a very good position to put his own price on the information. If he uses this power, not to obtain a fee proportionate to the trouble he has taken, but to extort a promise to pay over one-third of the property from a person who does not even know what the amount may be, this is not a legitimate proceeding, and does not justify Mr. Ballard's eulogy of his own business methods.

Again, it is interesting to see how skilfully Mr. Ballard combines this procedure with the process of obtaining the information necessary for his purpose. Apparently, when he first advertised for next-of-kin he only knew that the deceased, William Henry Newman, was the son of one William Newman. He could probably have learned as much as that from the tombstone or the columns of the *Times*. The first Newman who answers the advertisement drops him a hint that the William Newman in question came from Bath, and was buried at Ewell or Epsom. To this Newman Mr. Ballard at once makes an offer of his services on a commission of 33⅓ per cent., thereby at one and the

same time covering himself in case this particular Newman is entitled to anything, and getting into communication with him with the possible result of obtaining further hints about the family. In the meantime—apparently from the disclosure of Bath as the birthplace of William Newman—he has discovered at that place the old ladies above referred to. An astute clerk at once approaches these poor old women with the tempting prospect of what would be to them untold wealth, and, of course, has no difficulty in getting from them, not only the 33⅓ per cent. agreement, but all the information they have in their heads respecting the history of the family—clues, as the result shows, which enable him to follow the case up, and discover many other relatives, each of whom he will approach on the same terms, until he has got hold of all of them, and, as he puts it, has got an agreement from all, or as near all as he can arrange—all of them being in the dark as to the amount that they are committing themselves to pay.

Now the gentleman who proceeds in this manner is a solicitor. Although in the first letter quoted above Mr. Ballard says that he confines his legal practice to that of a specialist investigating unclaimed moneys and tracing the persons entitled, he is undoubtedly prepared to conduct litigation for claimants; he actually instructed counsel in the motion referred to in the above letter, without consulting his clients, and therefore on the strength of the agreement which he had obtained from them. As a solicitor, then, Mr. Ballard undertakes to forward and litigate the claims of the parties who have accepted his terms; but while he does that, he is using these clients as the means of obtaining other clients, whose interests must necessarily conflict with theirs, and may prove to be superior and paramount interests. This is not what I understand to be the right discharge of the duty which exists between solicitor and client. Even if a solicitor is justified in making an agreement with his client by which he is to work on commission, I think it ought to be clearly understood that he is to work for that client only, and not to use him as a means of obtaining other clients with conflicting interests. If I am right in this, the combination of the professions of solicitor and pedigree specialist, as practised by Mr. Ballard, seems to be altogether indefensible, if not irregular.

THE THEATRES IN 1906.

The theatrical year dies easily, and will not, I fancy, be noted as *mirabilis* in theatrical annals.

This week has seen revivals of two plays that are now both so familiar as to have become household words: "Alice in Wonderland," of which I write below, and "Peter Pan." The latter is now adorned in this its third year's existence with the presence of piquant Miss Pauline Chase, whose "Peter Pan" leaves no occasion to regret those of Miss Cecilia Loftus and of Miss Nina Boucicault. Miss Chase has a true gift of theatrical imagination, and I am sure will not fail of delighting the children of all ages who will visit the Duke of York's Theatre. The performance is in other respects much the same as last year, save for a new Mrs. Darling.

On the verge of 1907, I look back over the long vista of performances which 1906 spreads out before the memory of so inveterate a playgoer as myself. It is not a bad test, this, of discarding all notes and records and simply taking as a measure of values the greater or lesser force of impingement upon the memory of each performance. Taking, first, operettas, musical comedies, *et hoc genus omne*, Daly's Theatre trips easily first into the mind, with its "Michus" (did they run into this year?), its revival of the "Geisha," and the present brilliant performance of the "Merveilleuses." It is curious how much more refined and how much more truly musical and generally artistic I find the performances at Daly's, as compared with those at the Gaiety Theatre, seeing that both are under the direct supervision of Mr. George Edwardes. The "Amasis" of Mr. Frederick Fenn and Mr. Michael Faraday stands probably first among the original and indigenous musical productions of the year, and I am glad to see that its success justifies a migration to the Criterion Theatre, now that Mr. Fred Terry is coming to Wyndham's with "Dorothy o' the Hall." The most triumphant musical revival in the theatrical world has undoubtedly been that of the "Yeomen of the Guard" at the Savoy, about which I recently descanted in these columns. I will not disappoint my readers by advising them to apply for seats, which, I am told, are booked weeks ahead, nor if they be the least inclined to rheumatism, should I recommend their joining the (cheap) Friday to Monday queues, which I am assured extend from the door of the Savoy pit to somewhere near the mouth of the Thames. Messenger boys sent to keep places are (most unfairly) constantly being drowned from sheer exhaustion as they slip over the parapet of the Embankment into the Thames, and their wealthy employers (who can well afford the dress-circle) watch their fall from the windows of the Savoy Restaurant, where they sybaritically dine before taking their places in the pit queue. This I believe to be a partially correct statement of the position at the Savoy Theatre.

Returning to the serious matter of the year's plays, these, if one judges by a high standard, have not been many in number. I would eliminate from serious consideration as plays that future generations may like to see all those catchpenny adaptations from the French, such as are dealt in by Mr. Gordon-Lennox and Mr. Melville (for Mrs. Patrick Campbell). However clever may be the originals, and however gifted their adapters, they cannot fail to appear trivial to those who themselves know the originals, of which probably not a half is left, lest the censor descend upon the performance with his veto. Eliminated also, in my view, should be all adaptations from novels, and this would rule out of court such successful entertainments as Mrs. De la Pasture's "Peter's Mother," and Mr. Locke's "Morals of Marcus." My belief is that if a work is to live as a work of art, it must have been originally thought *in the terms of that art, and not in those of another.* Now, it is quite certain that both of these and many other productions, successful or otherwise, have been originally thought as novels. Yes, I must confess that whenever I see "adapted from the novel of the same name" on the bills, I enter the theatre with the sad

and certain forboding that I shall see a clever man making frantic efforts to twist the beautiful arm-chair (say) which he has carved, into a complete set of golf-clubs for immediate use upon the green. These, then, eliminated, and such laughter-making machines of ingenuity as "Raffles," which has the same relation to real life as the metal tube of a phonograph to the human throat, though both emit the human voice, set on one side for the purposes of the argument, we come to plays which are plays and nothing more nor less. How many of these were produced in this passing year and over the fringe of its predecessor? Certainly Mr. Shaw stands first, for whatever one may think of its doubtful taste in the death scene and of the undue development of the theory of tuberculosis and of its cure, "The Doctor's Dilemma" is an original play, and a capital entertainment for those not too squeamish of stomach. That is one theatrical asset of the year, and such was its predecessor, Mr. Granville Barker's "Voysey's Inheritance." These two plays and most of the works being now produced at the Court Theatre represent a new order of things. They represent by their success a class of playgoers that really wishes to see work with some thought in it, even work which shall venture to deal with some of the main problems of existence, instead of gently titillating the sense of impropriety under the veil of the strictest decorum, which has been the making of so many plays, musical and otherwise, in the older convention. So important is this movement that I have little doubt that in a few years we shall see more than one or two theatres venturing to give plays dealing directly with real life. People in this country are beginning to tire of being treated like babies in swaddling clothes, and tacitly told by the Lord Chamberlain or his deputy that what is all very well for their grown-up French or German brethren is far too advanced for the Englishman. An instance in point comes quite recently from Puritan America even, where Mr. Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession," which was absolutely forbidden here, has now been adjudged a highly moralising drama, one which all grown-up people would do well to see. The old argument that what is not suited for a girl of fifteen is not to be seen by the man or woman of fifty, is dying out, though it still crops up sometimes when people who have almost the whole London stage to choose from wilfully seek out for complaint one to which it might not be advisable to take a child of fifteen. This, of course, has been one of the chief reasons why our dramatists for the past hundred years have produced hardly anything that posterity will take the trouble to turn over with a rake in the dust-heap, while France and Germany (the latter to a much less degree) can point to name upon name of eminence. Where a man manages to write and produce a successful play in London, a play that *is* a play and does not fall into one of the categories excluded at the beginning of this article, then I am sure that he must be a very clever man. Mr. Pinero is a case in point. He has written all his life with one hand tied behind his back; so has Mr. H. A. Jones and others.

This is an epoch of rapid change, and I believe that change will come soon in matters theatrical; and almost any change would be for the better.

* * * * *

The Palace Theatre announces that one of the "wildest dances ever seen" will be presented by the Molassoes at the Palace Theatre during Christmas week, and I observe that Princess Trixie, the calculating, colour discriminating mare, about whose performance I had something to say on a previous occasion, also has a place upon the programme at this place of entertainment.

* * * * *

"Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-glass" were combined in the two-act musical version under the former title on Thursday afternoon at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. The play will be given there at matinées.

As of "Peter Pan," there is not much new to be said about this revival of "Alice," which, like its predecessors, contains a good deal of Lewis Carroll and a great deal (a long way) after that ingenious writer. But we were chiefly disappointed in the fact that Mr. Seymour Hicks, who was to have appeared as the Mad Hatter, has been forbidden to do so by his doctors. His place was taken by Mr. Stanley Brett, whose style resembles that of Mr. Hicks as that of the writers of the extra songs and words does that of Lewis Carroll. Miss Marie Studholme, though she is getting rather grown up for the part, played "Alice" so merrily and apologised for not being smaller so gracefully that the audience had quite forgiven her for this fault of commission long before the fall of the curtain. The Cornflower of this performance is a nimble little dancer (Miss Bedell), and the Gollywog of Mr. Will Bishop, prancing upon his stand (and off it), was the greatest hit of the performance. The transition scene, where Alice and the Cheshire Cat (Miss Arnold, a furry, purring human animal) walk into fairyland, was ingeniously managed. Miss Studholme and the Cheshire Cat have each a stage double that repeats the gestures of each at the same moment on the other side of the gauze, so that it looks exactly as if they were reflected in a mirror.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

THERE is more of the American in the English, dear Lady Betty, than there is of the English in the American; most of the people of England were "Pilgrim Fathers," though few had the courage and enterprise at the time to make the expedition.

The developments which occur in the United States are adopted with more or less rapidity in England, though the Americans comparatively seldom imitate us in any important particular. The United States owe their existence, and much of their prosperity, to their reversal of the political and social systems which are established in this country; we are gradually remodelling both in accordance with the patterns the Americans have developed. Our character, customs, and prejudices are being materially modified by in-

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fluences from across the Atlantic; little impression is observable on those of our cousins on the other side caused by our example.

* * * * *

In those reflections there is material for much thought. New circumstances have arisen in this country which enable the modern English to be more courageous and enterprising than were their distant predecessors, and the suppressed "Pilgrim-Father" spirit is asserting itself. That will be increasingly obvious as the people obtain more share in the Government of the country. The members of the "upper class" here imagine they alone in the community have seriously changed; they—or their successors—will be amazed one day to discover that England has imperceptibly become the New America!

* * * * *

If it is reasonable to have hereditary legislators, why should it be unreasonable to have hereditary bishops, generals, admirals, or judges? Is it more easy to govern an empire than to administer a diocese or command an army or a fleet? It is said that every Irishman has a potato in his head; it will come to be a proverb that there is a plum-pudding in the head of every Englishman.

* * * * *

The following condensed account of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in America is generally ascribed to an Archbishop of Canterbury: "Their first act was to fall on their knees; the second, to fall on the aborigines."

* * * * *

The second concert given by Mme. Charles Cahier, at the Bechstein Hall, on Monday last, was even more successful than was the first. Mme. Cahier has a voice which not only makes itself heard, but makes itself felt; it reaches the heart as well as the head. Her rendering of the "Ariette Oubliée"—the words translated from the French of Verlaine and the music composed by "T. Grenier" (a charming and well-known lady, who conceals her identity under that assumed name)—was altogether admirable. The "Ariette" is a particularly charming composition.—Believe me to be, very truly yours, MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

DURING the Parliamentary recess Mr. Herbert Gladstone and Mr. Sydney Buxton in conjunction with the law officers of the Crown are to devise a measure for stopping betting by telegraph. This proposed Bill, which will be introduced into the House of Commons early in the next session, is to be a Government measure, and I am informed that strenuous efforts will be made to pass it through both Houses of Parliament before the Easter recess.

The first Tuesday in January is one of the great nomination days. Races of all classes at most of the principal meetings will then close, including nearly all the spring handicaps, and the final forfeits for next year's Princess of Wales's Stakes, Eclipse Stakes, and Jockey Club Stakes, and for many other important weight-for-age events, have to be declared.

Over a dozen races at Newmarket alone close on January 1, including the Babraham Plate (welter handicap) of £1,000, to run on the second day of the Craven Meeting over the last mile and a half of the Cesarewitch course. Thirty entries are required to fill the race, the minor forfeit being £5. There is also the Newmarket Handicap of £1,000 on the first day of the Second Spring Meeting, entrance £5. Forty entries are demanded for this race, the course being A.F. The Newmarket weight-for-age events continue to dodder on with the same muddy-minded pecuniary conditions. They could be made very much more attractive without any additional outlay from the fund. Why do not the Stewards of the Jockey Club establish a big race for two-year-olds at one of the July meetings, value £5,000, and the event to be on the same lines as the National Breeders' Produce Stakes at Sandown Park? It is mere fuddle and folly to go on depending upon such obsolete events as the July Stakes and the Chesterfield, in each of which the race consists of the sweepstakes only.

Five events at Ascot for next year will close, the principal of them being the Gold Cup, value £500, with £3,500 "in specie." A very long time ago the Ascot authorities were advised in Truth to reduce considerably the outlay on the piece of plate, and to add the money thus saved to the pecuniary endowment of the race. This reform has recently been carried out, and it is a change most popular among owners. My own opinion is that the amount expended on the Gold Cup might advantageously be reduced to £200. It is nonsensical that £1,000 should be divided between second and third horses, and £300 would be quite enough for them. There ought to be a very large entry for the Gold Cup, as there is no "flyer" to stop the way. The stamina of nearly all the best horses now in training in England has to be taken upon trust, and the collapse of Pretty Polly and Cicero last June proved the fatuity of supposing that an animal which has shown excellent form over distances under two miles may justifiably be regarded as certainly capable of achieving the Ascot Cup course. If any animal that was not a genuine stayer has ever won the Gold Cup, the victory was due to the fact that there was a bad pace, and that the field raced in earnest for only some distance under a mile. Last June Mr. Joel wisely made sure of a strong pace from the start, and but for this precaution Bachelor's Button might have been forced to make his own running, and it is quite possible that he would have been beaten for speed at the finish by Pretty Polly, and very likely by Cicero also. Any one owning a genuine stayer which is to go for the Ascot Cup ought always to enter also a horse capable of making fast running at a cracking pace for the first mile of the race, and if there is no such creature in the stable a suitable animal ought to be purchased if it is really desired to win the race. Next to the Gold Cup, the most important event at Ascot is the Coventry Stakes of £10 each, with £1,000 added. It is a mistake not to make a previous winner of £500 carry 7 lb. extra, for as matters stand the Coventry Stakes is often practically spoilt if the winner of the Woodcote Stakes is engaged, and if he has won the Epsom event easily. The All-Aged Stakes is a race which ought to have disappeared from the programme, as there are several other events on the same lines. but if it was desired still to keep it on, the added money ought to have been increased from £300 to £500. The Windsor Castle Stakes has a ridiculously inadequate endowment, considering that it is the only race for two-year-olds on the Friday. This event should be granted £1,000 of added money, instead of the paltry sum of £300. The value of the Alexandra Plate ought to be reduced from £1,500 to £1,000. This event is either a practical walk-over for the winner of the Gold Cup, or it brings out a field of poor class, and there would be quite as many starters with a smaller sum of added money. The Rous Memorial Stakes is another event which ought to be struck out of the programme, as there are so many other races on much the same lines. The sweepstakes is £10 each, half forfeit to the Rous Memorial Fund. The forfeit from this and several other races at other meetings have been appropriated for the Rous Memorial Fund for more than twenty-five years, and a very large sum must have been accumulated by this time. What becomes of this Fund, and who administers it?

At Goodwood, the only events now closing are the two old-fashioned Produce Stakes—the Ham for 1909, and the Gratwicke for 1910. At Liverpool there are the St. George's Stakes of £2,000

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(for yearlings of 1907) and the Great Lancashire Breeders' Produce Stakes of £2,000 (for mares now in foal), both to run at the July Meeting in 1909. At York there is the Gimcrack Stakes, with £1,000 added, and there will no doubt be a large entry, as the minor forfeit is only £3. For Epsom Summer there is the Coronation Cup of £200, besides £1,000 "in specie," with £150 added for second and third horses. There ought to be a large and excellent entry for this event, as there are no penalties, and the race is run over the Derby course, so it will suit the legion of animals which have no pretensions to achieve the Ascot Cup course. Of all the races which have been established of late years, the Coronation Cup has been the most successful, and deservedly; for the conditions are very generous and most sensible. Every season this Cup has brought out a field of high class, and on more than one occasion the Epsom form has been remarkably upset over the longer and more severe course at Ascot.

As to the handicaps, the value of the Liverpool Spring Cup is £1,000, minor forfeit £5. At Epsom the Great Metropolitan is a race of £1,000, minor forfeit £3, and on the same day there is the Great Surrey Handicap of £500 (the principal five furlongs scramble at the Spring Meeting), but I cannot understand the object of publishing the weights for such an event as this on January 24. Surely it would be far wiser on all accounts to defer their appearance until March 28, and then the race could not be "spoilt" by the winners of T.Y.C. events at Lincoln or Liverpool. The City and Suburban (run April 24) is a handicap of £2,000, minor forfeit £3. Fifty entries are asked for, but the executive really ought to get double that number, as the pecuniary conditions are liberal, the distance is a popular one, and the course easy. There was a remarkable depression last season in the handicap entry department, which did not extend to the weight-for-age races. It will be interesting to see whether this continues for another year. I suppose the curious aberrations of handicappers and the exasperating starting difficulty are the reasons for this strange tenuity in the entry lists. The Chester Cup of £2,550, minor forfeit £5, should obtain a much larger number of entries than the forty-five which are required to fill this race, which is to be run on Wednesday, July 8. The Newbury Spring Cup of £1,250, distance one mile (run on Saturday, April 13), ought to be largely supported, and the managers of the meeting ask for thirty entries only. A few years ago they would have obtained over one hundred without any difficulty.

The managers of race meetings are among the most stupidly obstinate of two-legged creatures. Here is the Manchester Cup at the Whitsuntide meeting advertised to close on January 1, although the weights are not to be published until April 25, and the race will not be run until May 24. Comment upon such infatuated imbecility is needless, but it is really a great pity that such a flagrant blunder should be committed with one of the richest handicaps of the year, the value of the race being £3,000. It is obviously preposterous to close any handicap five months before the day of running. Five weeks are quite long enough, now that early betting on such events has pretty well ceased. It would have been much better to have closed the Manchester Cup on March 26, being the Tuesday after the Lincoln and Liverpool meetings. I trust the "executive" will have no reason to deplore this impetuosity in closing the great race of the Manchester meeting, but my hopes are certainly not in accordance with my expectations.

Paragraphs are going round the papers which announce that Spearmint is to be trained for his engagements next season, and that he will be entered on January 1 for the Coronation Cup at Epsom, and for the Ascot Cup. This is all a fairy tale. A correspondent at Newmarket who is an excellent judge, and with no prejudices, informs me that there is not the slightest prospect of Spearmint getting through another preparation. When the time comes to gallop this horse at a fast pace, and over a long distance, it is any odds on his breaking down—if, indeed, Spearmint ever gets even thus far in his training. Obviously, while Spearmint is still on his legs, it is a matter of course that his trainer will endeavour to prepare him for his future engagements, but I fear the task will be beyond his powers, clever though he is at his business. It is utterly anserous and asinine for sporting writers to indulge in rants about Spearmint being able to defeat "all comers" in the Ascot Cup if only he can be got fit and well to the post. Spearmint has never yet been raced over a longer distance than one mile and seven furlongs (in the Grand Prix), and he certainly has never been galloped at home over a Cup course. His stamina has to be entirely taken upon trust, and surely the defeat of Pretty Polly and Cicero in this year's Gold Cup was calculated to prove the absurdity and folly of regarding any horse whatever as a good stayer until his ability to achieve the required distance has been conclusively demonstrated. Spearmint's engagements next season are the Princess of Wales's Stakes (9 lb. extra), the Rous Memorial Stakes (10 lb. extra), and the Hardwicke Stakes (10 lb. extra) at Ascot. He was engaged by his breeder, Sir Tatton Sykes, in the Atlantic Stakes of £2,000 at the Liverpool July Meeting, but was withdrawn from that race when the minor forfeit was declared. It would be highly satisfactory if Spearmint could be trained, as everyone would vastly like to see the meeting between Major Loder's horse and Polymelus in the Princess of Wales's Stakes, when they would be running at weight for age, *i.e.*, Mr. Joel's horse would be giving 2 lb.

I am assured by the same correspondent that Llangibby's case is also hopeless, and that although he may be kept going so long as he is in easy work, yet there is no chance of his getting through a real preparation. If Llangibby could be trained, he would doubtless be kept for the Princess of Wales's Stakes, and in that race Polymelus would have to give him 3 lb., which he would find no difficulty in accomplishing.

It has been announced that Hammerkop has accompanied Pretty Polly to Major Loder's stud farm in Ireland. This is a mistake. Hammerkop is still at Newmarket, and as she is believed to be sound, she is to be trained for another season. This mare is a fine stayer, and she ought to win some good long distance races next year, if all goes well with her. Hammerkop has at present no engagements in 1907.

The recent purchase of Rondeau by M. E. Blanc for 4,000 gs. has excited much comment, and it has been sensibly remarked that if this mare is worth such a sum how came Roquebrune, the dam of Rock Sand, to be allowed to be bought to go abroad in the spring for 4,500 gs. Roquebrune is not only one of the best-bred mares in the Stud Book, but she was in foal to Sainfoin, the sire of Rock Sand. Considering that this mare is the dam of a horse which won the Two Thousand, Derby, and St. Leger, her Belgian purchaser must be regarded as having been exceedingly fortunate. It had been expected that Sir Tatton Sykes would purchase Roquebrune for the Sledmere Stud, and if he had done so, and if the mare had next spring foaled an own brother or sister to Rock Sand, the yearling (if a good one) would assuredly have realised as much as, if not more than, the sum at which the dam was allowed to change hands. Rondeau, who is a daughter of Bay Ronald, was sold as a yearling for a mere trifle, and at two years old she was running in selling races.

I see that surprise is expressed that there has been no betting on the Derby. Nobody fit to go at large would accept such fiddling odds as are offered on the field. The Derby appears to be a very open race, and yet 3 to 1 is the best price to be had. It is remarkable that the bookmakers are not more generous, as last year the layers had the best of literally every transaction that was recorded during the winter, and the Derby was a truly crashing race for backers of lots of three or four. Spearmint's name was never seriously mentioned until within quite a short time of the Derby day. If winter betting on the Oaks had still been going on, the layers would have enjoyed a rare benefit on that race also, as

nobody ever heard of Keystone II. as likely to turn out a flyer until close upon Epsom week. I have always been of the opinion that Flair would have won both the Derby and the Oaks if all had gone well with her. It is difficult to arrive at an accurate estimate of Spearmint's form, but he may have been quite as lucky a horse as was Cicero a year previously. It is positively certain that if Jardy had kept well he would have cantered away with the Derby, and M. E. Blanc afterwards gave away the St. Leger, owing to the noodle's course which he thought fit to adopt in not sending his horse over. It is curious that all three of last year's classic winners failed to last for another season. Cicero and Challacombe came out at four years old only to disgrace themselves, and Cherry Lass was relegated to the stud at the end of her three-year-old season. Vedas was a pretty sort of beast to win such a race as the Two Thousand, but he had a sorry lot of wretches behind him, Llangibby being the only one of the beaten lot which has since distinguished itself.

Polar Star has only to train on, and the North Derby at Newcastle will be a good thing for him if he can stay the course. Mr. Hall Walker's colt may be seen out at the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, where he is engaged in the Payne Stakes, and he is also entered for the Rous Memorial Stakes at Ascot, and for the £1,500 race at Hurst Park in August. Polar Star would be hopelessly overweighted in handicaps, so the only rational course will be to run him through for his weight for age engagements, and to enter him on January 1 for any suitable events, notably the Coronation Cup at Epsom.

The entries for next season's minor two-year-old events at Newmarket are very large indeed, considering their unattractive pecuniary conditions. Fifty-five yearlings have been engaged in the Granby Plate of £200 at the Craven Meeting, and it may be predicted with confidence that the owners will subscribe the whole of the endowment. There are fifty-seven entries for the First Spring Stakes, with £200 added, but the entrances bring in £171. The Exeter Stakes at the First July Meeting has obtained thirty-nine entries, the owners contributing £156 out of the £200 which is nominally added. The Hopeful, Clearwell, and Prendergast Stakes have lost their former importance, but they have all been quite as well supported as could reasonably be expected. The Cheveley Park Stakes (Second October Meeting) is the most successful of the events of this class, having obtained sixty-eight entries. Three hundred pounds is added to this race, but as the entrance is £5, the owners' subscriptions will amount to £340!

It will be remembered that last summer the revelations as to the doings of the Vesper Club, Philadelphia, whose crew had in the previous year been at Henley, showed that the requirements of the Henley Stewards had been met by a series of documents which were not wanting in terminological inexactitudes. The circumstances were very discreditable. Mr. Fletcher, the old Oxford President, intimated that he would propose a rule to bar American oarsmen from competing at Henley. Very fortunately, a more diplomatic method has been adopted. In future, no crew or sculler will be admitted as a competitor at Henley unless such crew or sculler belongs to a club affiliated to a union or federation having an agreement with the committee of management of Henley Regatta. At present such agreements are in force with France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, and Canada. It will therefore be necessary for some association in the United States to come forward with a proposal for an agreement. If I recollect rightly, there are two associations in America. One uses the title of Henley, and the other describes itself as an association of amateur oarsmen. No doubt the officials of the Toronto club would give the Stewards very valuable information as to the merits and repute of those organisations. That club has had considerable experience in American regattas, and if the Stewards have not already acquired the information they will be well advised to tap the source that I have indicated.

In the midst of winter we are permitted to have hopes of summer weather. The county cricket secretaries have met at Lord's. The chief feature of the cricket season will be the visit of the South Africans, for whom thirty matches have been arranged. The list includes three test matches, which will be played at the Oval, Leeds, and Lord's. It is anticipated that the counties will relinquish all claims on their players for these fixtures. With regard to the county championship, there will be four additional fixtures, so that, notwithstanding the Colonials' visitation, the county list will be extended. Kent, the champion county, meet all the first-class counties except Notts and Warwick, by adding Derbyshire and Northampton to their list. The last-named county has ten instead of eight matches, playing, in addition to Kent, Gloucestershire and Lancashire, but Worcestershire fall out of the list. Hampshire will meet Gloucestershire and Middlesex. Essex has the same card as last year, and I hope will meet with even better financial support. They will play a couple of matches at Southend, provided certain alterations are made in the ground. Surrey play all the counties except Somerset, and, subject to the changes I have noted, the list is practically the same as last year. Benefit matches will be given to Denton (Yorkshire), Trott (Middlesex), Holland (Surrey), and East (Northants). I understand that at the meeting of the county representatives the subject of winter wages was discussed, with a view of arriving at a uniform system for all the counties. Certainly some such scheme is desirable, but then every county has not the same bank balance. There is the difficulty.

I am informed that the All England Lawn Tennis Club will in future pay for all articles it uses at the championship meeting, including the balls. The balls will be bought at a price not less than that at which they are sold in the trade. In other words, the price will be considerably over the six shillings a dozen at which the Northern Tournament, for instance, with which Mr. MacFie is so intimately acquainted, pays for its balls. It is not expected or asked that the manufacturer should, in consideration of his balls being used, give a subscription to the prize fund or provide a prize. No doubt Mr. MacFie will be horrified to hear that such overtures have been made, but never by Wimbledon. The step that has been taken is a very proper one. The Club has cut itself from any attachment to any firm. It is prepared to give the trade price, and it can deal with whom it pleases. In this respect it has set an example not merely to other clubs but to the Lawn Tennis Association itself. Of course, I know that very many tournaments could not exist if they did not get very favoured nations' clauses. They are dependent on the trade financing them. That the so-called anti-traders know this perfectly well I do not doubt. That is why I regarded all this talk about trade influence so far as they were concerned as being so much humbug. The truth was they were jealous of the All England Club, and were determined to give it a wipe in the eye. The trade peg was a useful thing on which to hang an agitation. That this surmise is probably correct is shown by the action of the Council in selecting its committees. Members of the Wimbledon club have been put very much in a minority. Exclusive of the President, who is ex officio on all committees, there are never more than one or two on a committee. On the committee that selects the team for the International matches there is not one elected member from Wimbledon. The so-called reformers there are almost in globo. (I thank the Premier for the phrase. It gives a local colouring to a lawn tennis matter.) There is Mr. Prebble to represent want of unanimity, and Surbiton sends Mr. McNair and Mr. Storey. The Smiths of Surbiton triumph over the Palmers of Wimbledon. Will the virtuous ones insist on all clubs and tournaments with which they are connected paying for their goods as Wimbledon will? When they do I will believe that their agitation was genuine.

An invitation from South Africa to send out a lawn tennis team was considered at the Council. The International Committee scarcely rose to the occasion. Surely Messrs. Prebble, Flavelle, McNair, and McFie might have gone, in the interest of purity.

Mr. Justice Warrington incontinently dismissed the application of the Cyclists' Touring Club to alter its position so as to throw open its portals to all tourists. It was argued that the prosperity of the club could only be maintained if its doors were thrown open. Since the introduction of motoring its numbers had fallen from 60,000 to 32,500. The learned judge never called on the opponents to the scheme. The alterations would completely change the primary objects of the club, and he was not satisfied on the evidence that the change would be in the interest of the club, or that the voting expressed the views of the club. This is a nice rap over the knuckles for the powers that be. It is not motoring that has lessened the membership. The average public, the ordinary man on the bicycle, is sick of the bunkum with which the club is bolstered up. The bubble has burst. Money has been wasted. And yet, properly worked and organised, it would command public support. That needs a strong man and a benevolent despot, in fact.

I hope that the attention of the Welsh Rugby Union will be directed to what a *Sportsman* correspondent (signing himself "South Walian") said in that paper last Wednesday as to the condition of Rugby football. He states, as plainly as a pikestaff, that pseudo-professionalism is rampant. He indicates the evils that result to certain clubs. Such allegations in a paper of such standing must be refuted, or the offenders must be punished. It will be a public scandal if these allegations go unnoticed.

Golfers have resolved to halve the competitors for the championship, and make each half play two rounds on separate days for the final four rounds. The first half, as I gather, in each half—this is worse than fractions—goes into the final. But what about the weather?

In a reference last week to the Oxford and Cambridge cross-country race, I spoke of Mais, who finished second, as the Oxford freshman. I am now told, however, that this is Mais's second year, though he had not done any cross-country running at Oxford until last term.

Mr. Finch Mason's "Sporting Nonsense Rhymes" (published by A. Webster and Co., 43, Dover-street, W., price 12s. 6d.) contains a series of twenty clever and humorous sketches of amusing racing, hunting, and shooting incidents. The sketches are reproduced in colours, and the book will delight every one with a relish for the humours of sport.

MOTORS AND MOTORING.

THE Paris motor show now in progress has called attention once again to the lack of any really suitable building for similar exhibitions in London, and every one will hope that there may be truth in the report that the Society of Motor Manufacturers is seriously contemplating the erection of such a building in the near future. It is stated, indeed, that various sites have already been considered, and that there is every likelihood of the scheme materialising. Whether, however, given the best of buildings on the most favourable site, we should ever succeed in organising so attractive a show from the decorative point of view as that now to be seen in the Champs Elysées, is decidedly open to question. History repeats itself in this respect every year. When Olympia is opened we all dutifully declare that Paris has at last met her match. Then, a few weeks later, the Salon opens its doors, and one and all are compelled to admit that in every respect, as regards not only decorative features, but also in respect of the variety and comprehensiveness of the exhibition itself, we have been left ignominiously behind.

What never fails to strike the English visitor in particular is the prodigious number of high-class cars turned out by French and other Continental firms who are for the most part totally unknown on this side of the Channel. Another standing feature of the Paris shows of a less agreeable kind is the miserably inadequate representation of the British industry, and in this respect the present exhibition differs in no wise from its predecessors. There are Italian cars by the dozen, cars from Switzerland, and even from Spain; but so far as British cars are concerned they are almost a negligible quantity. This is rather sad, and is not calculated to eradicate the inveterate belief of the average Frenchman that British cars and inefficiency are convertible terms.

Mr. J. D. Siddeley, I notice, has been expressing the opinion, as the outcome of a visit to the Salon, that although the leading foreign constructors, as a body, are ahead of the British manufacturer, it can be positively stated that the greatest advances are being made by the latter. The same authority is responsible for the statement that the number of stands displaying badly designed and badly constructed cars is greater than ever, and for the conclusion that if France makes some of the best cars in the world she certainly makes also some of the worst. He comments, further, upon the slavishness with which the many new Italian cars shown have been based upon one model, and points with satisfaction to the more individual and independent methods in the matter of design and construction which obtain with us. All this is very well, and there is doubtless force in Mr. Siddeley's observations. But how much more impressive such comments, coming from a leading member of the industry in this country, would be if backed up by a proper display at the Grand Palais itself of what is being done at the present time by British makers.

The issue of racing rules, entry forms, and the like by the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club, who are responsible for the control of the motor racing track now in course of construction at Weybridge, brings home the fact that regular motor race meetings will soon be an established institution. And by all the signs they ought to prove uncommonly attractive. Also, with such a well-designed course as that which is being made, there should be little or no element of danger. It is proposed to inaugurate the course as early as May next, and various attractive events have already been arranged—the nomenclature adopted closely following Turf traditions. Thus one reads of the "Horsley Plate of 300 sovs.," the "Gottlieb Daimler Memorial Plate of 650 sovs.," the "First Montagu Cup of 2,100 sovs.," and so on and so on. Subsequently it is intended to have frequent sweepstakes, and when more experience has been gained, the committee propose to hold handicap races and Selling Plates. A series of Progress Plates, with a view to the encouragement of mechanical improvements, is also in contemplation. The whole scheme, indeed, seems to have been worked out very thoroughly, and, having in view the influential character of the committee, which includes the Duke of Beaufort, the Duke of Westminster, the Earl of Lonsdale, the Earl of Dudley, and others equally well known, there should be little doubt as to the success of the undertaking.

What is the most useful advice to be given to the automobilist beginner who drives himself? I should be inclined to sum it up in the following rule—Beware of the vagaries of others. Two recent personal experiences enforce the opinion. In the first instance, the driver of a tradesman's delivery van was the offender. The road was not too wide; the van was on the wrong side. The driver saw the car approaching, and the assumption was natural that he would pull over to his right side in due season. Instead of doing so, however, he pulled deliberately at the last moment still further to the right and bang in front of the car, and only the sudden stoppage of the latter by violent application of the brakes averted an end-on collision. The explanation? Not malice prepense, but "sheer carelessness" on the van-driver's part. His reins had got crossed, and he had pulled the wrong one.

The second experience on the same afternoon was not less disconcerting. It was now dark, and while the car was travelling at a sharp pace Londonwards, between Edgware and Hendon on the Edgware road, a cyclist was seen approaching in the distance—once again on

the wrong side of the road. The Edgware-road is broad, and it was quite deserted at the time. Nevertheless, the cyclist held deliberately on his course on the wrong side of the road, and only by the car violently swerving to the right at the last moment was a second accident averted. What was the explanation in that case I do not know, unless the cyclist was a Frenchman, and temporarily forgot that he was in England. Otherwise his procedure was the most amazing imaginable. In each of these instances adherence to the law would have resulted in inevitable disaster. The car would have been absolutely justified in keeping straight on in both cases—but bad smashes would certainly have been the result. Therefore, one cannot remember too often that it is not sufficient when driving to do the right thing yourself, and to trust to others doing the same.

The traditional Frenchman, who practises swimming for months but never goes into the water, has something of a parallel in the world of automobilism in the owner who devotes laborious days and nights to the care of his car, but only on the rarest occasions ventures out in it. There are a great many more motorists of this class than might be supposed—more particularly, of course, among those who cannot afford the luxury of a chauffeur, and, not being too sure of their own ability to diagnose possible trouble, are rather relieved than otherwise when they find themselves, for one reason or another, prevented from putting forth on the open road. Still, let it not be supposed that such get no enjoyment in this way. The pride of possession and the keen pleasure of tinkering in the stable are theirs, and sometimes they actually do go out. But they always feel more comfortable when they get safely home again.

MAMMON.

Stock Markets Inactive — Atmosphere of Christmas—Berlin Bank Rate Advance Ignored — General Prospects.

SINCE I wrote last, the dealings on the Stock Exchange have been on a small scale. Business is interrupted, as may be imagined, by the nearness of Christmas, and the past week has been one of the most unprofitable since the dead days of the summer. The feeling, however, has continued tolerably cheerful; the rise in the Berlin Bank rate did not occasion much apprehension, because it was well understood that no material diversion of gold to Germany would be caused thereby, and, therefore, nobody was surprised when it was notified by the Bank of England that our own official rate would not be altered. Conditions early in the New Year should prove satisfactory, because the country's trade is satisfactory, and because within another few weeks we shall have ceased to feel the stress of the monetary stringency.

Money Dearer—Berlin Bank Rate Advanced—Higher Bank Rate Improbable.

The advance in the Berlin Bank rate from 6 per cent. to 7 per cent. has not unnaturally created some uneasiness on the subject of the Bank of England's ability to scrape through the remainder of the year without taking some similar action. Not that the advance in the Berlin rate threatens to lead to gold withdrawals to that centre, because such are extremely improbable, but because it serves as a reminder that the international monetary position generally is one of extreme pressure. The fact that Paris is to lend some assistance to the Bank by releasing about half a million or so, and also the hints, vague though they are, of a curtailment or postponement of the Argentine demand, are not to be overlooked, however, and unless New York inopportunely attempts to force matters to a crisis by competing for the gold arrivals or by any other method, there is every chance of the Bank being able to pull through with a 6 per cent. rate. A great deal, however, depends upon the attitude of New York, which is suffering from stringency and prospects of still more acute pressure, but it is clearly recognised in that centre that any attempt to jeopardise the Bank of England's position at the present juncture would react most seriously upon New York itself. The Bank requires everything it possesses to be able to tide over the New Year, but untoward developments excepted, the general impression is that it will contrive to pull through on a 6 per cent. rate. As the New Year gets thoroughly under way, the international pressure will be gradually relaxed, and then the necessity for such a high Bank rate will have passed away, and before January is out no doubt a reduction will be possible.

Consols Sensitive to Money and Christmas—Stocks Attractive—Japanese Trade Figures—Yields Obtainable—Russians Wobbling.

Two factors are between them contributing to depress values in the gilt-edged market. First there is the holiday atmosphere permeating the House generally to the detriment of business, and in addition there is the uneasiness in regard to the monetary situation. The latter could only have been expected at this period of the year, owing to natural pressure in Lombard-street incidental to December. This factor has undoubtedly gained importance because of the advance in the German Bank rate to 7 per cent. from 6 per cent. and the continued withdrawals of gold to Egypt and South America. It may be noted that the general impression is that the Bank will be able to scrape through the remainder of 1906 without advancing its rate, but, at the same time, so long as the element of uncertainty exists it is only natural that values should droop, especially when the holiday atmosphere is predominant. As the monetary pressure is relaxed early in the New Year gilt-edged stocks, because of their susceptibility to this influence, will gradually be established on a higher basis, and, therefore, they may be regarded as promising purchases. From time to time I have emphasised their merits and may repeat that, as a group, they are worthy of careful consideration. The Foreign market is, like the rest of the "House," somewhat subdued and by no means surfeited with features of any particular interest. As regards Japanese, to the attractiveness of which, as investments, I have frequently drawn attention, the country's trade figures are of a very promising character. While imports were £69,396,600 during the ten months as compared with £67,615,300, the exports advanced to £33,704,500 from £25,369,700 during the corresponding period of 1905. I think it opportune to repeat the following table indicating the yield obtainable upon Japanese and Chinese stocks:—

		Price.	Yield per Cent.
Japan 4 per cent.	New	87⅜	£4 11 0
,, 4 ,,	Old	89¼	4 9 6
,, 4½ ,,		95	4 9 6
Chinese 4½ ,,	Gold	97½	4 7 6
,, 5 ,,		103	4 17 0
,, 5 ,,	Imperial Railway	101	4 19 0

Russians continue to "wobble" somewhat erratically, and the New Fives still stand at a fairly substantial discount, which may be ascribed in some measure to the fear that another loan may be floated before long. The Fours, at the existing level, too, could be bought to give a return of well over 5 per cent., but despite this I am not disposed to modify the opinion frequently expressed to the effect that as investments the country's stocks are scarcely desirable.

Home Rails and Dear Money—A Discussion of Trade Dividend Prospects — A Good Opportunity for Investors—The Cheapest Stocks.

Dear money and the holidays have been responsible for a falling off of business in the Home Railway market during the last few days, and prices as a whole have given way. No special significance, however, need be attached to the movement, seeing that it was merely part of a general setback in prices all round the House. Owing more than anything else to monetary influences, the Railway market has throughout the present year never been allowed a chance of responding properly to the improvement in the dividend-earning position of the Companies. Now fears are expressed that the return to easier monetary conditions which is almost invariably seen in the New Year may be delayed, owing

to a continuance of the foreign gold demands upon us. It may be so, but the present abnormally high Bank rate leaves a wide margin for improvement; in other words, money conditions in the New Year can hardly be worse than now, and there is a strong probability that we shall experience some amelioration, even if we are to be denied any immediate return to really cheap money. With this prospect before it, and with Railway stocks now full of dividend—in some cases the dividends for the full year—the outlook for the market continues to favour holders. When sound English Railway securities can be picked up to yield from 4¼ to 5 per cent., it needs no great amount of argument to convince the intelligent investor that the opportunity has come to buy, and it needs no prophet to assert that such yields will be unobtainable a little later on when monetary rates again sink to a more normal level. If we were face to face with a spell of bad trade, and consequently of declining dividends for the railway Companies, there would be little point in emphasising the generosity of present yields. But all indications point in the opposite direction. The present trade boom rests upon too wide a foundation for it to be brought to any sudden termination. After the spell of commercial and industrial depression that was the outcome of the Transvaal and the Russo-Japanese wars, the whole civilised world seems to have awakened to a period of almost unprecedented activity. Our manufacturers in the Midlands and North are full up with orders on home, colonial, and foreign account, and already the active times they have experienced have had a very marked effect upon railway receipts. The prosperity of the north is gradually extending south; evidence of the movement is not yet very striking, but as the money made in our leading industries circulates more widely, so it must benefit those different branches of enterprise classed amongst the home trades—such, for instance, as the building trade, and thereby lead to a heavier volume of goods and passenger traffic on the railways all over the country. To those in doubt as to what stocks to select, I might mention a few of the most promising. In the forefront I would place my two low-priced favourites, Hull and Barnsley Ordinary and Great Northern Deferred. A purchase of these two by the investor willing to take up and hold for six months ought to yield excellent results. Hull should get a dividend of 2¼ to 2½ per cent. for the current year—if the latter rate be paid the yield would amount to 5⅝ per cent. at current price. Upon York Deferred 2 per cent. is assured, and possibly 2¼ per cent. may be forthcoming. The Grantham accident and the amount it will take from this half-year's revenue is the uncertain point. A correspondent recently pointed out that as a considerable amount of damage to rolling stock was sustained owing to the outbreak of fire, it was reasonable to suppose that such loss would be charged to the fire insurance fund (which stands at £100,000) and a portion to the contingency fund. On this theory he put the dividend at 2¼ per cent. If such a rate be paid the yield on the stock would amount to 5¼ per cent., which for so popular a security is absurdly high. But on the 2 per cent. dividend that may be counted upon the yield is about £4 13s. per cent. In the Heavy group I still pin my faith to North-Easterns, Lancashire and Yorkshire, and North Staffordshire Ordinary, these three lines having brighter dividend and yield possibilities, so far as the immediate future is concerned, than North-Western, Midland, or Great Western. In the Southern group Brighton "A" will probably lead any revival, and as the stock carries about 5 points dividend it is bound to be favoured by the more speculative-minded. Last year 5¼ per cent. was paid, but, owing to an increase of £20,000 in fixed charges, it is a little doubtful if that rate will be maintained. However, on last year's dividend basis the yield is over 4½ per cent. For the investor South Eastern Six per Cent. Preferred still strikes me as a desirable purchase. The stock on the basis of a 5½ per cent. dividend, yields 4⅜ per cent., while in respect of the whole year 1906 the dividend should be brought up to 5¾ per cent. The active interest being taken in the Channel Tunnel scheme adds a spice of speculative attraction to the stock. My table of movements will be found below:—

Home Rails.	A Year Ago.	Make up, Dec. 11.	Closing Price, Dec. 15.	Closing Price, Dec. 10.	Movement.
Caledonian Pref.	78¾	74¾	74¾	74½	- ¼
Do. Def.	40½	31⅝	31⅝	30¼	-1⅜
City and S. London	45	41½	42	42	—
Central London	93½	83½	84	84	—
Great Central 94 Pref.	73	—	74½	74½	—
Do. "B"	37	35½	34¼	34½	- ¾
Do. "A"	18½	16⅜	16⅜	16½	- ⅛
Great Eastern	86⅜	82	82¼	81½	- ¾
Great Northern Pref.	102½	100½	100½	100¾	—
Do. Def.	44½	45	45½	44⅜	- ⅛
Great Western	141¼	130⅝	132⅜	131¼	-1½
Hull and Barnsley	46½	47½	48½	48½	- ¼
Lancashire and Yorkshire	108½	102½	103½	102⅝	-1
London and Brighton "A"	126½	120½	122	120⅝	-1⅛
London, Chatham, and Dover	15⅝	14½	14½	13⅜	- ⅜
Do. 4½ p.c. Pref.	97	89	90	89	-1
Do. 2nd Pref.	63	54	55	54	-1
London and North-Western	158½	152½	152¾	151½	-1¼
London and South-Western Def.	56½	50½	50⅝	49½	-1
Metropolitan Consolidated	86½	63½	61½	61	- ½
Metropolitan District	36	20½	20	19½	- ½
Midland Pref.	68½	67½	66⅜	65⅜	-1
Do. Def.	72	66½	66⅜	65⅜	-1
North British 3 p.c. Pref.	77⅜	74½	74½	73½	—
Do. Def.	46½	41½	41⅜	40½	- ⅜
North-Eastern Consolidated	143⅜	141½	142¾	141½	-1¼
South-Eastern "A"	51½	46½	47	45⅜	-1¼

Americans Quieter—Milwaukees Weak—A Cover for Other Realisations—Market Prospects.

In the American market dealings during the past week have continued on a small scale. There is very little to say as to conditions ruling; the point is that although trade conditions are healthy enough, prices are tolerably high, and there does not seem room for much further appreciation in prices at present. If you fancy a wild gamble in Americans, by all means indulge your soul in it; but if you would rather have inordinate excitement outside of your calculations, you will find plenty of stocks nearer home which will repay you for attention. Since I wrote last, Milwaukees have fallen further; a circumstance due mainly to manipulation, I suspect, for the shares themselves are among the pick of the market. It seems almost a profanity to suggest it, but it would appear that the recent liquidation of Milwaukees has been due to a "demonstration" designed to cover liquidation in other directions. There has been some buying on the part of English investors of the other higher class of Yankees—Pennsylvanias, New York Centrals, Illinois Centrals, and Baltimores; but it must be allowed that interest on the part of the English investor in Yankee Ordinary stocks even of the best class is not marked, and, for my part, I do not blame the public for their attitude, since their view of the game which is being played is, and must of necessity be, very limited. My table follows:—

—	1905. Highest.	1905. Lowest.	Closing Price, Dec. 8, 1906.	Closing Price, Dec 15, 1906.	Closing Price. Dec. 19, 1906.
Atchison	96	80½	107¾	108¾	106½
Do. Five per Cent. Pref.	109	102	105⅜	106	106
Baltimore and Ohio Com.	120¼	104 1/16	122½	122⅝	124½
Chesapeake and Ohio	61½	46⅜	59⅜	58⅜	58
Denver	40 1/16	27¾	44⅜	44¼	44
Do. Pref.	93¼	85⅜	89	89	88¾
Erie	54½	38 5/16	46¾	46⅜	45⅝
Do First Pref.	87½	77⅜	78	78	78
Louisville	161½	140¼	150½	153¼	150
Milwaukee	193½	173⅜	189½	203½	193
Mo., Kan., and Texas	39¼	24 1/16	42⅜	43¾	41¾
Norfolk Pref.	96½	94	93	93	93
Do. Common	90¼	77⅜	97⅜	94¾	93¾
New York Central	169¾	140¼	138½	138½	135
Ontario	65¹	41⅜	50½	49¾	48½
Pennsylvania	76⅝	67¼	71½	71¾	70⅝
Reading	73¾	40⅞	76½	76¼	74⅜
Do. First Pref.	49⅜	46	46	44½	44½
Southern Common	39 5/8	28⅜	35⅜	35⅝	34
Do. Pref.	104½	97½	97½	99½	99½
Southern Pacific	74	59⅝	97¼	98½	96½
Union Pacific	155¾	116 5/8	192⅝	192⅝	188⅝
Do. Pref.	102¾	98¼	96½	96	96
Wabash Pref.	49⅜	37⅜	45	44	43
Do. "B" Debentures	86⅞	69½	82	82	81
U.S. Steel Corp. Com.	44½	26	51⅜	50⅝	49⅝
Do. Do. Pref.	119¼	98¼	108¼	108⅜	107⅜

How to Operate in Stocks Successfully.—See Halford's Adviser (post free).—Palmerston House, London, E.C. Established 1869. Telegrams: "Monitor, London."

Continued Activity and Strength in Canadian Pacifics—Trunks Quiet but Steady—The Mexican Central—Purchase by the State and Amalgamation with the National—Mexican (Vera Cruz) Issues and the Proposed Capital Re-arrangement—Bilbao River and Cantabrian Railway.

Canadian Pacifics have, during the last few days, been one of the most active securities on the Stock Exchange. The sharp fluctuations in the price gave evidence of a good deal of profit-taking, but good buying was observed on every set-back, and those in close touch with Canadian affairs remain confident that Canadas are bound for a much higher level. Last week's traffic returns showing a decrease of $55,000 was something unusual, and the market, accustomed for months, if not years, to a succession of handsome increases, thought at first that there must be a mistake in the transmission of the figures. No official explanation of the decrease was given, but it is pretty safe to say that the sudden falling off was due to something of quite an exceptional and temporary character. The Grand Trunk market remains in a comparatively neglected condition, but the undertone of this department is satisfactory, and a resumption of the buying movement will probably be witnessed before the issue of the half-yearly statement in the early spring. Last week's traffic increase of £11,500 was quite up to the dealers' expectations. Among Foreign Rails, Mexicans have been the most lively. Much interest has been aroused by the preliminary announcement regarding the purchase of the Mexican Central by the State, and the amalgamation foreshadowed with the National. An agreement for Government purchase has already been signed. The State holds a majority of the shares in the new company which is to be formed, and which will issue Preference shares in two series, First and Second, as well as Ordinary shares. As regards the Second series of Preference shares, the Government will guarantee the capital and interest, but the latter will be furnished from the revenues of the various State Governments, which have hitherto worked separately. The Federal Government will make no payment, either in money or in Government bonds. The Congressional session has been prolonged in order to enable the Legislature to ratify the agreement. Further details of this important financial question will be awaited with interest, especially by holders of Central and National bonds, which are fairly largely held in this country. As regards the stocks of the old Mexican Railway, a report is still freely circulated that a re-arrangement of the capital is pending, which will involve a reduction of the interest rate upon the First Preference from 8 to 5 per cent.—holders to receive Ordinary stock to compensate for the loss of the 3 per cent. interest. Belief in such a scheme explains the remarkable firmness of the Second Preference, which, of course, would benefit substantially. The saving of 3 per cent. upon the First Preference interest would represent £75,000, and as it only requires £60,000 to give Seconds their full 6 per cent., that rate could be paid under existing earning conditions, and a fair margin left with which to commence dividends upon the Ordinary. Among minor Foreign Rails speculators might with advantage look into the position of the Bilbao River and Cantabrian. This Company was formed in 1871 with a capital of £600,000 to obtain concessions in perpetuity from the Spanish Government for certain iron mines near Bilbao, and for the purpose of building a railway fifteen miles in length to the shipping port for the general mineral traffic of the district. The original capital of £600,000 has now been reduced to £164,025 by repayment of capital out of profits, and the present reduced capital is represented by investments and reserve fund, so that all future earnings should be available for dividends. There are 50,000 Ordinary shares of £3 each, which (after payment of a fixed cumulative preference dividend of 6 per cent. upon 4,675 Preference shares of £3 each) are entitled to 50 per cent. of any balance of profits. The £3 Ordinary shares stand at 8¼, at which price the yield is about 9 per cent. The dividends are payable in March and September, and it is expected that the distribution in March, which is the final distribution for the year, will not be less than at the rate of 30 per cent. per annum. The Company's prosperity, of course, depends upon the iron ore mines which the system serves. It is owing to this fact that the Railway shares are selling at such a low price. I believe, however, that there is no sign of exhaustion, and that the mines may continue to work profitably for many years to come. In considering the value of these shares, it is of importance to notice the exceedingly strong financial position of the Company. The whole cost of the railway, rolling stock, machinery, quay, harbour works buildings, and workshops, has been entirely written off and stands at nil. Beyond this, the Company has a Reserve Fund invested in gilt-edged securities about equal to the issued capital of the Company. The working expenses are only 40.41 per cent., which is very low indeed, and the traffic increase to the end of November of this year is £5,824. A factor which may have an important bearing on future profits, is the improvement in the Spanish Exchange. Last year the Company saved a considerable sum in this respect. Up to quite recently the life of the mines served by the railway was estimated at ten years, but it is now considered that they will last for a much longer period. Assuming, however, a life of ten years, a purchaser at to-day's price, and on the basis of 15s. a share, would first receive the Reserve Fund, which is equal to about £3 per share, plus £7 10s. in dividends, plus the breaking-up price of the system and assets, and on this calculation the present price of about 8¼ per share allows good margin for appreciation. My table is appended:—

—	A Year Ago.	Make-up, Dec. 11.	Closing Price, Dec. 19.
Canadian Pacific	178	201	200¾
Grand Trunks	23⅛	29⅛	29 7/16
" 4 per cent. Guaranteed	102	102¾	102¼
" 1st Preference	113¾	118¼	118½
" 2nd "	104¾	111½	111½
" 3rd "	58	69	68¾
Bengal and North-West	148	145	144xd
Madras Railway 5 per cent.	124	124	122½
Argentine Great Western Ordinary	127½	111½	111
Buenos Ayres and Pacific	131	122½	120½
" " 2nd "	106	103	102½
" Great Southern	138½	125½	125
" Western	134	125¾	133¾
Entre Rios Railway Preference	92	87	86
Rosario Consolidated Ordinary	114	112¾	111½
Cent. Uruguay Ordinary	87	91	91½
Costa Rica Railway	—	27½	27½
Mashonaland Railway Debentures, 2nd iss.	—	92	92½
Mexican Railway	24	48¾	48
" 1st Preference	117½	141	140¾
" 2nd "	48	89	90½
Nitrate Rails	15½	16½	16

Kaffirs Easy—New Year Anticipations—Rand Dividends—De Beers Advance.

Kaffirs under the influence of the approaching festive season have been idle and easy, and there is very little to say about them. The tightness of money, the settling of accounts which is usual at the end of the year, and the nearness of the holidays have had the effect of restricting business, and until New Year's Day has been left behind it is useless to look for any improvement in South African Mining shares. There are indications, however, that a revival of interest in Kaffirs is by no means unlikely, and with less stringency in the Money market a period of activity may be expected to set in at any time. The condition of the mines on the Rand most certainly justifies an improvement in share values, and now that the disturbing political and economic questions affecting the colony are in a fair way of being settled, it is reasonable to assume that greater progress will be made by the mining industry. Within the last few days several additional dividends have been announced, among them being the New Primrose, which declares a distribution of 25 per cent., or 5s. per share, together with a bonus of 5s. per share,

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for the half-year to the end of the present month, making, with the 20 per cent. paid in June last, 14s. for the year, as compared with 7s. for 1905; the New Rietfontein Estate has declared a dividend of 3s. per share (15 per cent.) for the half-year ending December 31, against 2s. last year, and a similar distribution is announced by the Witwatersrand (Knights) Gold Mining Company for the year ending with the present month. The Glencairn Main Reef is paying 1s. per share (5 per cent.), this being its first dividend since December, 1898. The payment of these dividends will mean the distribution of £347,500. In the Diamond section the feature has been the strength of De Beers, which have risen to 22½ on dividend expectations. The buying was very good both here and on the Continent, and, provided the dividend is 20s., which will make 30s. for the year, a further advance in the price of the shares is almost sure to follow. The market did not put the dividend at more than 15s., with 2s. 6d. bonus. Mount Yagahongs have been in demand, and risen to 4s. on the receipt of a cable announcing that excellent blue ground has been struck in the south shaft, which is being sunk on the 849 claims, in which the Company has a half-interest, adjoining the New Vaal River Estate. New Vaal shares are lower at 4¼, but a recovery may come at any moment, as there have already been some dealings in the shares for the mid-January account on some talk of a new scheme in connection with the Company.

Rhodesians Stagnant — Chartereds' Position — Banket Rumours still Unconfirmed—Tanganyikas.

As in the case of Kaffirs, with which they have a close affinity, business in Rhodesians has virtually evaporated, and the market, for the time being at all events, is more or less stagnant and uninteresting. The season itself is sufficient to check any display of speculative initiative, but in the near future it is not altogether improbable that Rhodesians will absorb a greater degree of interest. Not only in the matter of gold production alone, but in other directions the country has made material progress during the past, and should the scheme for harnessing the Victoria Falls with the object of securing electrical energy prove a success, this progress may be further expedited, an adequate supply of cheap power being a most important consideration. As it is, the Chartered report, which is due within the next month or so, ought to reveal a much improved financial position, though it would, I think, be too sanguine to expect that the deficit will have completely disappeared. As regards Bankets, there are still vague hints that developments are of a very promising character, but it seems rather unfortunate that if such is really the case, an announcement should not be made. As a gamble pure and simple, Bankets appear to be not unattractive at the existing figure, which is relatively low. It would be too assertive to say that Tanganyikas have at last "gravelled" after their upward movement of the past few months, but at about 5 they appear to be fairly cheap, if regarded as a "lock-up" gamble, to be held for a few months, when they are pretty certain to gain greater prominence with more propitious market conditions. Here is my usual table:—

—	Capitals. Authorised.	Capitals. Shares Issued.	Denom. of Shares.	Amount Paid.	Highest 1905.	Closing Price, Dec. 15, 1906.	Closing Price. Dec. 19, 1906.
	£		£				
Bechuanaland Ex.	400,000	400,000	1	f.p.	1½	⅝	⅝
British S. Africa	6,000,000	4,999,038	1	f.p.	1⅝	1½	1½
Chicago Gaika	250,000	201,000	1	f.p.	2⅜	4/-	4/-
Globe & Phœnix	200,000	250,000	1	f.p.	1⅜	1⅛	1⅛
Lomagunda Dev	250,000	228,000	1	f.p.	2⅛	1⅛	1
Mashon. Agency	400,000	398,976	1	f.p.	1⅜	¼	¼
N rth'rn Copper(B.S.A.)	250,000	160,500	1	f.p.	3½	1⅝	1⅝
Rhodesia, Ltd.(New)..	600,000	500,000	1	f.p.	1	¼	¼
Rhodesia Expl.	225,000	227,777	1	f.p.	4¾	2⅜	2⅜
Rhodesia Glds.	1,000,000	500,677	1	f.p.	⅝	-/6	-/6
Rice Hamilton.....	175,000	50,000	1	f.p.	2¾	⅛	⅛
Selukwe	350,000	321,000	1	f.p.	1⅞	7/-	6/6
Tanganyika Conc.	264,600	234,000	1	f.p.	6¾	5½	5½
United Rhodesia	750,000	660,900	1	f.p.	11/3	1/9	1/9
Willoughby Con.	1,000,000	930,000	1	f.p.	⅝	8/6	8/-
Zambesia Explor.	300,000	288,615	1	f.p.	2⅛	1⅛	1¼

West Africans Dull—Railway Rates Unavailing—Coppers Still Booming—Significant Tinto Item—Broken Hill Prominent—Esperanzas.

In spite of the hopes entertained on the benefit of the reduction in railway rates, the Jungle is quietly resuming its customary aspect of stagnation. Of all sections of the "House," West Africans are the most susceptible to the disturbing influence of the Festive Season, and generally speaking the market is as uninteresting as seems possible. Whether the general sentiment will undergo any change in the New Year seems not a little doubtful to me, in spite of the aforesaid reduction in railway rates. The market cannot get away from its lugubrious past, and though it seems possible that as a result of the changes alluded to the industry ought to benefit, until there are real and palpable signs of progress and the market justifies its existence, which it has not so far done, there seems to be no possibility of a sustained improvement. The boom in Copper shares continues without abatement, and in connection with Rio Tintos it is interesting to note that the Company has sold 2,000 tons of the metal for delivery in February at £110 per ton. There can be no escaping the significance of this, and in relation to the future trend of values it is important to note that the majority of the leading producers have sold their entire output for three or four months ahead. The sustained strength of Copper shares is therefore based upon something real. The Broken Hill group remains the centre of considerable interest, with Norths most conspicuous as a result of the expectations relating to the forthcoming distribution with which a bonus is looked for. Mexicans have been out of favour recently, but it is nevertheless interesting to refer to the dividend of 1s. 6d. per share declared by the El Oro. The profit for last month is estimated at about £14,357, or the equivalent of a little over £170,000 per annum on a capital of over a million, which scarcely seems brilliant. As regards Esperanzas, they remain very sensitive and depressed, owing to the adverse whispers about the rich ore being practically worked off. If there be no solid foundation of these rumours, it is certainly remarkable that a share receiving such substantial dividends should remain at so low a market valuation. Until something definite and conclusive is known about the actual position, however, they appear a trifle risky as a purchase. Below will be found my table:—

—	Denomination of Shares.	Closing Price, Dec. 15.	Closing Price, Dec. 19.
	£		
Ashanti Goldfields	4/-	15/-	13/6
Akrokerri.....	1	⅞	⅞
Bibiani Goldfields	1	⅜	⅜
British Gold Coast.....	1	⅛	⅛
Gold Coast Amalgamated Mines	1	1⅛	1⅛
Taquah and Abosso.....	1	2⅛	2⅛
Wassau (Gold Coast).....	1	⅛	⅛
Egyptian Mines and Exploration.....	1	3/6	3/6
Nile Valley.....	1	4/6	4/-
Anaconda Copper	$25	15⅝	14⅞
Balaghat Gold	1	25/6	26/6
Broken Hill Proprietary	8/-	5⅞	5⅞
Cape Copper.....	2	9½	9½
Champion Reef	2/6	13/6	14/-
Le Roi	5	1¾	1¾xd
Mysore Gold	10/-	5⅛	5⅛
Nundydroog	10/-	24/-	26/-
Ooregum	10/-	12/6	13/6
Rio Tinto	5	86¾	84¾
Tharsis Sulphur and Copper.....	2	8¾	8¾
Waihi Gold	1	8⅛xd	8⅛xd

Australians Quiet but Worth Considering—Kalgurlis—Sons of Gwalia Dividend—Fingalls Sensitive.

As could only be expected, the Westralian market is quiet, with business, owing to the usual effects of the season, on a very small scale, and, generally speaking, there are very few features of particular interest. There is nothing remarkable in this, and it is not very probable that any revival of interest will occur until the New Year sets in in earnest. The fact that values hold their ground well is a point worth noting, as it implies that the condition of the market is healthy, and, collectively, I consider that Westralians are deserving of

more consideration. They have the advantage of not only being free from any political bogey, but of being at a relatively moderate level, while the majority of the leading mines are, of course, good dividend-payers. As regards Kalgurlis, there is not much to add to what I have frequently said on the subject of the promising position. In depth the mine continues to open up in a very encouraging fashion—an important factor in relation to its ultimate values—and though the ruling price may appear to discount the future, it must be remembered that it includes the recently declared dividend and bonus of 12s. 6d. On the basis of quarterly dividends of 7s. 6d. each and a bonus of 5s. they would give over 12 per cent., and this apart from speculative possibilities. The Sons of Gwalia's usual quarterly dividend of 1s. per share is announced. In regard to these shares, it may be pointed out that the mine is giving better results in depth, which augurs well, of course, and they do not appear to be unattractive. Apart from dividends of 1s. per share quarterly—reduced from 1s. 6d. per share—it may be noted that it is the intention of the Board to distribute any surplus in the shape of a bonus at the end of the financial year. This makes the shares appear rather cheap and attractive at the ruling quotation. Oroyas remain rather sensitive to the prevailing opinion that the mine is practically at the end of its tether as a high-grade proposition, while Fingalls, too, are still at a very low level, news from the mine still indicating no material improvement in the quality of the ore developed. Still the ruling figure seems to discount any further reduction in the dividend now on the basis of 5s. per share quarterly, and there is, of course, the possibility of the mine opening up better ultimately. Here is my usual table:—

—	1900 High.	1905. High.	1905. Lowest.	Make-up Dec. 10, 1906.	Closing Price, Dec. 15, 1906.	Closing Price, Dec. 19, 1906.
Associated G.M.	7⅛	3⅝	1⅜	1 15/16	1 13/16	1 13/16
Assoc. Nth. Blocks	3⅛	1 7/16	1 3/16	1¼	1 3/16	1¼
Brownhill Ext.	3⅞	15/16	7/6	7/-	6/9	6/9
Cosmopolitan	30/3	½	4/3	4/9	4/5	4/6
Golden Horseshoe	15	8 3/16	5 1/16	5¾	5¼	5¾
Great Boulder Prop.	37/6	25/6	27/6	26/3	26/3	26/-
Do. Perseverance	13½	16/6	10/3	8/6	8/6	8/6
Gt. Fingall Cons.	6 15/16	8⅝	3½	2 15/16	2¾	2 15/16
Hainault	1¾	1 1/16	1 3/32	1 1/32	1 1/16	1 1/32
Ivanhoe (£5)	15½	8 7/16	6 15/16	7 1/16	7 1/16	7 1/16
Ivanhoe South Extnd.	4⅛	3/16	1/16	1/16	1/16	1/16
Kalgurli	9⅛	9 7/16	11 1/32	12 1/16	12 1/16	12 1/16
Lake View Consols	5⅛	1 7/16	7/16	7/16	7/16	7/16
L. & W. A. Exploration	1 15/16	15/6	9/-	19/6	1/-	1/-
Oroya Brownhill	—	3 3/32	2 3/16	2¼	2¼	2¼
Sons of Gwalia	6 3/16	2 5/16	1 15/16	1 11/16	1 13/16	1 15/16
South Kalgurli	6½	2	1 1/16	29/32	¾	¾

Insurance Notes — Insurance Legislation—Employers' Liability Companies Bill.—"Accident" Companies—Public Trustee Bill—Insurance Offices as Executors and Trustees.

There is in contemplation at the present time a considerable amount of legislation concerned more or less with insurance matters. An Employers' Liability Insurance Companies Bill was recently introduced in the House of Commons, and although it has been abandoned for the present it will probably be reintroduced in the same form a little later on. As far as I can judge, the subjects which it aimed at accomplishing were excellent, but the methods of accomplishing them were open to serious objections. The Bill provided that the provisions of the Life Assurance Companies Acts, 1870 to 1872, should apply to Companies transacting employers' liability insurance, but it seemed to provide that if a Company did both life and employers' liability business the two classes of insurance should be merged together; that the statutory deposit made as security for the holders of life policies, together with the life assurance fund, should be liable for employers' liability claims; and as a necessary consequence of such a provision that the receipts and payments in connection with employers' liability business should be included in the life assurance accounts.

If this is what was intended I feel very strongly that the contemplated legislation is a mistake. To mix together two entirely different branches of insurance business in this way would be to destroy the value of the official returns both for life and for employers' liability purposes. I am sure, however, that it would be a good thing to compel employers' liability Companies to make returns on the same lines as those of the Life Assurance Companies Acts. The fundamental principle of these Acts is freedom of action on the part of the Companies, accomplished by full publicity in regard to proceedings and financial position. This system has worked admirably in regard to life assurance and might be expected to work no less well in connection with employers' liability.

The justification for legislation of this kind is generally supposed, I think rightly, to be found in the fact that life assurance involves contracts of long duration which cannot be transferred from one Company to another without loss to the policy-holder. It is therefore necessary to supply the public with adequate information as to the financial stability of any Company in which a contract of such a permanent nature is to be taken. An employers' liability policy may at any time involve payments for life to an injured employee, and consequently it is necessary that the solvency of such Companies should be made manifest. I do not pretend that publication of the accounts in a blue-book enables an individual to judge for himself as to the financial stability of an insurance Company, but this compulsory publicity does make it possible for the agents of competing Companies, and for the press, to make known the weakness of weak offices and the strength of strong ones.

While there is good reason for making it compulsory on employers' liability insurance Companies to comply with similar provisions to those of the Life Assurance Companies Acts, there is equally good reasons for making those same provisions applicable to insurance offices transacting some other forms of assurance as well. There are sundry forms of sickness and accident policies involving contracts of long duration, and therefore it would seem well to bring all Companies doing the comprehensive business which—quite unetymologically—is called "accident" insurance, under similar regulations.

One branch of this business, already important, and, unless strangled by legislation, calculated to become much more important in the future, is that of acting as executor and trustee. The idea of the Public Trustee Act seems to be to appoint a Government official who shall tie up the affairs of every estate committed to his care in countless miles of red tape. It is true that the appointment of a public trustee is to be optional, the argument in favour of such an official being that he will not be fraudulent, or that if he is the consequences of his fraud will be made good by the State. I admit the attractiveness of a non-fraudulent trustee, but I cannot conceive anything less well adapted to the public convenience than that the estates of an individual should pass under the control of a Government department with its inevitable dilatoriness and routine. I entirely approve of the idea of depriving solicitors of the uncontrolled handling of estates. If the Incorporated Law Society would put the business side of their profession on some ordinary business basis it might be possible to leave financial matters in the hands of lawyers, subject to the more or less nominal control of private trustees unacquainted with business affairs; but as things are it is most important that people should have some means by which their property can be managed honestly and well. It is not easy to obtain a private trustee who is sure to be honest and capable; consequently, it seems to me there is a great deal to be said in favour of nominating an insurance Company as executor or trustee. A corporate trustee of this kind never dies, so that there is never any difficulty about fresh appointments, and the honesty and ability of a good insurance Company are beyond question. Moreover, such a Company is not in these modern times unduly red tapefied;

it, of course, has to see that everything is done legally and in order, but it transacts business promptly and efficiently, its charges for undertaking the business are very small, and the officials who manage estates are at least as accessible as the family solicitor, without any chance of running up bills of costs for letters and interviews.

It seems to me, therefore, that it is most desirable that insurance Companies should be recognised by legislation as trustees and executors, and that such recognition should be confined to Companies which complied with similar provisions to those of the Life Assurance Companies Acts, which, as I have said above, might be extended with advantage to all insurance offices transacting "accident" business, under which heading executor and trustee business would fall.

At the present time insurance Companies suffer from sundry legal disabilities in this connection. It appears to be the law that they cannot be recognised for probate purposes as *joint* executors with relations or friends. It is also the case that unless a testator provides by will for the appointment of an insurance Company as trustee, the Company cannot be made trustee, because it is not legal to pay any fees, and naturally an insurance Company will not act for nothing. It would seem to be a simple matter to remove this disability by a short Act of Parliament; the only difficulty in the way of this is that before making any such provision it would be advisable to bring Companies who were allowed to act in this capacity under similar conditions to those which at present apply to life assurance offices.

I must postpone till some other time the consideration of the proposed amendments to the Life Assurance Companies Acts, but in this connection I should like to acknowledge the receipt from Mr. George King, the eminent consulting actuary, of a most interesting and important pronouncement on life assurance legislation, with special reference to the subject, as it is being considered by a Royal Commission in Canada. It is safe to say that nobody interested in the subject of life assurance legislation can consider himself qualified to express an opinion until he has read the extremely valuable opinion of Mr. King. I hope to have an opportunity of referring to it in detail in the near future.

The Copper Boom.

Undoubtedly the most conspicuous feature of the Stock Exchange during the past twelve months or so has been the boom in the shares of copper-producing Companies, and though there may perhaps be less of the feverish excitement than observable a short time ago, there are no indications that the movement is subsiding. The strength remains unabated, in fact, and it must be clear even to "the child in such matters," that the movement is based upon something very solid, and that it is not one of those artificially engineered booms which are here to-day and gone to-morrow. The omnipotent factor at work is the position of the metal itself. It is common knowledge that the industrial activity throughout the world in general is responsible for a much increased consumptive capacity. Indeed, it would be scarcely an exaggeration to say that production has not been adequate for present-day consumption, and that as a consequence the surplus stock has been eaten into to a material extent. As a result of this the market value of the metal, influenced by the natural law of supply and demand, has been gradually moving upwards until it is now over £100 per ton. A year ago it was under £80 per ton, but so long as the price does not become prohibitive to manufacturers and threaten to seriously hinder trade, the consumptive capacity of the world at large is calculated to expand still further. This is a point worth considering. Far from being prohibitive, manufacturers do not experience any hardship with copper over £100 per ton. With the metal commanding such a remunerative price, the producers are straining every effort to increase their output, and this is also acting as a powerful incentive to the opening up of new mines; hence the flood of prospectuses recently. The industrial uses of copper are being constantly enlarged, and likely to be enlarged still further, not only in the electrical world but in other branches of trade, and if this process of increasing consumption continues it will be a long time before production becomes commensurate, despite the fact that in 1905 the world's output reached 701,252 tons, as against 649,300 tons in 1904 and 586,143 tons in 1903. These figures are significant, and require no further comment than that they represent very material progress. The principal source of supply is the United States, which in 1905 produced 402,637 tons, or much more than one-half of the grand total, but notwithstanding this, the statistics of the Geological Survey show that the stock of copper diminished very considerably, being 73,941,814 lb. on January 1, 1906, as against 95,062,862 lb. on January 1, 1905. Unless production is to expand to a corresponding degree very soon, the falling back upon surplus stocks will no longer be possible, and a metal famine would result. In this connection it may be noted that the current year is likely to establish a record in copper production, an increase of as much as 31,250 tons being predicted from the United States alone, while Australasia, Mexico, and Spain and Portugal, and Japan, are likely to register augmented outputs owing to the powerful incentive of remunerate prices. Here is a table showing the world's annual production for the past ten years:—

	Tons.		Tons
1896	373,363	1901	516,628
1897	399,730	1902	511,925
1898	429,626	1903	586,143
1899	472,244	1904	649,300
1900	479,514	1905	701,252

Turning to the other side of the question—the consumption of the metal—this is now on an ever increasing scale, owing to the rapid development of the electrical industry, and, as I have stated before, to the enlargement of the uses of the metal. Take, for instance, the electrification of the suburban railway lines in and around New York. This will call for many thousands of tons, and, in addition, there is the steady expansion in telephone construction throughout the whole world constantly calling for increased quantities of the semi-precious metal. There is the growing favour towards electric lighting, not to mention the adoption of this power in preference to that of steam as being more economical. Then, again, there is the steady enlargement in the mileage of electric railways, tubes, and otherwise, and altogether it must be apparent that, rather than diminish, the world's consumptive capacity of copper is calculated to assume much greater dimensions. A point worth noting is that the United States is consuming more and more of what it produces, the estimated consumption for 1905 being 581,006,300 lb. in comparison with 482,191,000 lb. in 1904, so that the margin of export cannot be maintained on the same proportions or increased to the extent the increasing requirements in other parts of the world would justify. It will be seen, therefore, that there is a good solid basis for the boom in copper shares. The outlook and the considerable enlargement in the margin of profits to the producers implied by the remunerative prices obtainable fully warrant high prices for the shares. This incentive to increased production by established mines and to the rapid development of those properties which have not yet attained the productive stage augurs well ultimately, but some time must necessarily elapse before the latter are in a position to render much practical assistance in the solution of the question of supplies on a scale commensurate with the steadily increasing demand. The outlook, therefore, is bright enough so far as copper shares are concerned, especially as there seems to be no immediate fear of the metal reaching a prohibitive price, and thus checking consumption.

From the United States comes to me the following estimate of the prospects of the Anaconda Copper Company:—

The more closely is studied the financial position and earning power of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company, the stronger grows the confidence in investment circles of largely increased disbursements in dividends by the property and steady growth in its value. The further advance in copper metal to 23c. a

pound permits some interesting calculations as to Anaconda's earnings in 1907. The recent rich strike at a great depth in the property further confirms the increasing value of the deep levels of the workings. Taking into account the increased production, the rise in the average ore values and the increased smelter capacity, resulting from this year's enlargements and additions, experts estimate that the company will easily produce 125,000,000 pounds of copper in the year 1907. Copper is selling for delivery into next year at 23c. a pound. It is believed that the Anaconda has been able to reduce its cost of production to less than 9c. a pound. After paying selling commissions and other charges, it is estimated that the profit must be at least 13c. a pound. On the estimated production, therefore, the net profit from the sales of metal would aggregate $16,250,000. Income from other sources, lumber, railways customs, smelting, etc., is expected to exceed $3,000,000, bringing the grand total up to $19,250,000, or equal to 64.16 per cent. on the $30,000,000 Anaconda stock outstanding. Anaconda's cash reserves are growing very fast, and the company is expected soon to have a cash surplus equal to 100 per cent. of its capital. The present surplus is estimated at about 70 per cent. of its capital. In these circumstances, mining men say Anaconda could afford to pay 7 per cent. quarterly dividends next year and be able at the same time to increase its cash reserves over $10,000,000. The Anaconda directors will meet in December to act on the quarterly dividend. Interest in Anaconda naturally converges interest upon the Amalgamated Copper Company, which, of course, benefits greatly from the enormous earnings of the former. Although difficult to learn definitely, it is estimated by well-informed copper men that Amalgamated owns about 65 per cent. of Anaconda's stock. Its equities in Anaconda's earnings for next year, if the estimates made above are valid, would be $12,512,000, or more than enough to pay the present 8 per cent. dividends on Amalgamated, leaving the returns from Amalgamated other rich holdings clear surplus.

The Arizona Copper Company, though contributing considerably to the world's supply of copper, is comparatively little known to investors outside Scotland, where it was floated more than twenty years ago. The management has been directed from there ever since, the head office being in Edinburgh. The fact of the Company not being more widely known largely explains why the Company's shares are to-day one of the cheapest and most attractive purchases in the Copper group, as the following details will show:—The capital of the Company is made up as follows: Ordinary share capital issued £379,974, in 1,266,120 Preferred Ordinary shares and 253,776 Deferred Ordinary shares, both of 5s. each fully paid, the former having a priority to 10 per cent. dividend; Seven per Cent. Preference stock to the amount of £316,530, and Terminable Debentures as per last year's balance-sheet £175,490, redeemable by 1907. For the six years ending September, 1905 (the last for which completed accounts are available) the Company has distributed on an average about 62 per cent. per annum on its Ordinary capital. During the same period £240,000 has been paid out of revenue for Debenture redemption, and out of a total capital expenditure of over £600,000 more than £200,000 has also been paid out of revenue. The output for the year ending September, 1906, was 13,925 tons. It was hoped that this amount would have been considerably increased by the operation of a new concentrator capable of treating from 700 to 1,000 tons of ore per day. There was, however, considerable delay in the erection and completion of this additional concentrator, which was finally ready within a month or two of the closing of the Company's financial year in September last, but the Company was confronted with scarcity of labour at a time when they wanted to employ more, largely due to the rebuilding of San Francisco, where very high wages were being paid for unskilled labour. This difficulty is now being gradually got over, and it is expected that within a few months the output will be at the rate of 18,000 to 20,000 tons of copper per annum. For the year ending September, 1905, the average price of copper was 66½, when the Company paid dividends of 75 per cent., and this notwithstanding the restricted output due to floods and increased charges amounting to £34,000, due to the same cause. The life of the mine is on a par with that of the Rio Tinto Company, amply assured for many years to come, the ore at present developed and practically in sight being about 12,000,000 tons, or sufficient in itself without further development to maintain an annual output of 17,000 tons of copper for twenty years. Should the present price of Copper (£100) be maintained, on the basis of last year's output the Company would be in a position to pay 200 per cent., but with the new concentrator at work the output on a conservative basis is more likely to be well over 17,000 tons, in which case the Company could pay 12s. 6d. per share, or 250 per cent.; but assuming that the average price realised for copper should prove to be only £80 per ton, then the Company could still easily pay 8s. per share, or 160 per cent. The present price is about 74s. for the 5s. share, and included in this is the dividend for the past half-year, estimated at 3s. 3d., making 5s. 6d., or 110 per cent. for the year. On this basis the yield is 7⅜ per cent. Should 12s. 6d. per share be paid for the current year, the yield would be 17½, or, say, at the conservative estimate of only 8s. per share, over 11 per cent. The Company owns a railroad, the profits of which are steadily expanding, an increase of £40,000 net being estimated for the year ending September last. The average net profits of the railroad for past six years have been over £80,000 per annum. The Company do not sell their output "forward," but only as produced, so that they are getting full benefit of present price. The Company's Debenture debt will be extinguished by 1907, saving about £50,000 per annum. By the increased production of copper and other economies a saving from £50,000 to £75,000 per annum is expected. The management of the Company is in capable hands, and the confidence of the Board is shown by their large holdings. Every rise of £5 per ton in the price of copper is equivalent to an increased dividend of 20 per cent. on Arizonas, as against 10 per cent. in the case of Rio Tinto on annual outputs of 15,000 and 34,000 tons respectively:—

COMPARISON BETWEEN THE RIO TINTO AND ARIZONA COMPANIES.

	Ordinary Capital.	Preference Capital.	Debenture Debt.	Market Value at Dec. 10.	Prior Charges.
	£	£	£	£	£
Tinto	1,875,000	1,625,000	Nil.	31,700,000	81,250
Arizona	379,974	316,530	175,000	5,500,000	31,000

	Annual Output in Tons.	Price of Shares.	Denomination of Shares.	Average Dividend, Past Six Years	Yield on Last Year's Basis.
		£ s. d.	£ s. d.	Per Cent.	£ s. d.
Tinto	34,000	81¼	5 0 0	70	5 10 0
Arizona	14,000†	3 12 6	0 5 0	70*	8 0 0

* Assuuming dividend for past year to be only 110 p.c.
† The output for current year will probably be 17,000 tons or more.

The chief point here brought out is, that assuming the lives of the mines to be on a par, the Arizona, which will this year be producing just about half the amount of the Rio Tinto Company, is only capitalised at £5,500,000 as far as Ordinary capital is concerned, as against £31,000,000 in the case of the Rio Tinto, so that the Arizona shares could stand at double their present price and still bear favourable comparison with the Rio Tinto. The Company issues share warrants to bearer, which suits Continental requirements.

The Copper Handbook.

The sixth annual edition of the "Copper Handbook" has been issued. This work is encyclopædic in scope, but is written throughout in plain language, easily understandable by those lacking a technical education. The work begins with a chapter on the history of copper, followed by articles on the geology, chemistry, mineralogy, metallurgy, and uses of the metal, and eight chapters devoted to condensed descriptions of the known copper deposits of the globe. A glossary of mining terms will be found useful to all readers not thoroughly conversant with practical mining, milling, and smelting. The statistics of the copper trade and of copper share finances are covered in forty pages of highly condensed and accurate tables. The major portion of the book is devoted to a chapter describing practically all known copper mines of the world, and listing every copper mining Company of importance. This chapter is arranged alphabetically by titles, rendering it self-indexing, and saving more than fifty pages of double-column index that otherwise would be required to merely give the titles of the 4,626 mines and Companies listed in

the book, there being 777 more titles than in the preceding annual edition.

The Old Brigade.

The London and British Stock and Share Exchange, whose address is 79, Queen-street, E.C., is new to me, but if we are to take its word this is not the first time it has been on the warpath making money for clients. The concern again begs

to direct your attention to our "Special Stock Operations," which are inaugurated from time to time, when favourable opportunities present themselves for dealing to advantage in Stock Exchange securities. As week after week goes by, and each succeeding operation adds one more to our long list of splendid successes, it is little wonder that our constantly increasing subscribers are unanimous in their praise of the soundness and reliability of our special method of operating, and the satisfactory manner in which all transactions are conducted, past results speaking for themselves most adequately as to the continuous and highly profitable nature of our dealings on behalf of clients under the particular system we advocate. We are, naturally, more than gratified at the successes achieved, and in thanking subscribers, large and small, for their many kind expressions of goodwill, which we reciprocate, they may rest assured of every endeavour on our part in the future, as in the past, to carry all business with which we are entrusted to as speedy and remunerative a termination as possible, consistent with the information and knowledge derived by us from our long experience of the stock markets.

I confess that I am at a loss to understand why, "as week by week goes by," with "splendid successes" such as this concern boasts of, the mere public should be asked to take a share of the profits when the London and British Stock and Share Exchange might keep the whole thing to itself. But I suppose that this is the way of the City philanthropist.

The London Scottish Stock Exchange, of 20, Bucklersbury, E.C., continues its mission for the benefit of the million. Its method is described as "novel and safe," and we are assured that "Stock Union No. 29A," which closed on November 28, resulted in a profit of 150 per cent. in a couple of weeks, which is very nice in these days, when most men are content with about 4 per cent. per annum. But, of course, the London Scottish is nothing if not philanthropic. It has opened "Stock Union No. 30A," with shares of £10 each, for a blind pool, which will be closed on the 14th inst. As usual, the liability is limited, while the profits are unlimited. The bucket-shop says in its circular:—

Our Stock Union System was started by us some little time back at the suggestion of many clients who had either not the time or else the inclination, perhaps from lack of confidence in their own judgment, to select the particular stock and share wherein to speculate, and who accordingly desired to leave the matter in our hands, being confident from their experience that the sources of information at our command and our long and intimate knowledge of every description of Stock Exchange business, would enable us to bring such Stock Unions to a successful termination.

International Nickel.

The old game is going on in the case of the International Nickel Company. The insiders apparently wish to get back the shares which they formerly sold, and the London partner has been sending round a circular to holders offering £32 for each combined Preferred and Common share which you may either hold or control in the Company. He adds:—

In order to make this offer perfectly clear, we give you the following example:—Should you be the holder of one share of Preferred and one share of Common stock, *we will pay you £32 for the lot*; if you hold one-sixteenth of a share of Preferred and one-sixteenth of a share of Common stock, we will pay you £2 for the lot. Or, if you wish to retain the Preferred stock, which is yielding dividends, but are disposed to sell the Common stock, upon which no dividends are being paid, we will endeavour to secure an offer upon the latter for you, upon hearing what amount of Common stock you hold.

It seems to me to be a fair inference that the best policy is to hold on to the shares of the Company. At the time that the London manager was offering Nickel shares at £32 they were being dealt in on the Stock Exchange at £36.

Wedding Presents.—A choice selection of beautiful Dinner, and Dessert Services, Breakfast, Luncheon, and Tea Sets exclusive designs. Mortlocks, Ltd., the Old Pottery Galleries Oxford-st., and Orchard-st., W. Inspection solicited.

"Truth" Toy Fund.

The following amounts have reached me towards the Toy Fund:—

£5 anonymously; Gubbins and Co., £3 3s.; J. B. Robinson, £10.

"Truth" Letter Box.

Inquiries addressed to "Vigilant," which must be accompanied by a coupon, can only be replied to through his "Letter Box." Under no circumstances can "Vigilant" reply by post.

Name and address, which must accompany all inquiries, should be written on the communication; cards are apt to be lost or misplaced, causing unnecessary trouble.

Anonymous letters will not in any case be attended to.

I cannot reply to inquiries by letter or telegram.

A nom-de-plume or initials (the former preferably) should be given if it is desired that the real name shall not appear in the paper.

Inquiries should be put as briefly as possible, plainly written, and numbered.

Communications received after Friday may not be replied to in the following issue. Delay may also occur where an exceptionally long list of securities is submitted.

I do not recommend brokers.

Government.

Worthing.—The stock is a good one.

Railways.

Toreador.—You could hardly improve upon Grand Trunk Third Preference stock for a lock-up. *Salaam.*—Bilbao River and Cantabrian Railway shares are a good holding, which has paid big dividends for a number of years past. In March, 1896, it was decided to pay in future dividends at the rate of 10 per cent., and invest surplus profits as provision for the repayment of the remainder of the capital when the mines from which the traffic is derived shall have been worked out. In 1902 it was decided, as far as profits will allow, after making moderate reserves and some further addition by way of margin to the repayment fund, to distribute half-yearly dividends and bonus together, equal to 12s. per share per annum. The share capital is now represented by investments, £152,600 (these having been written down below market value), and by general assets. *T. S., Dulwich.*—I think you would be well advised in buying Grand Trunk Second Preference and Brighton Deferred Ordinary. *Como.*—Hold on to the Great Western Ordinary stock.

Mines.

R. M. T.—1. Both the shares named should be held for higher prices on a better Kaffir market, because both Companies are profitable and well managed. 2. I should suggest Broken Hill Props. and Arizona Coppers, on which I think you cannot very well make any mistake. *Power Scheme.*—The concern has a fair chance of doing well. *J. M. C.*—The prospects are very fair. *L. C. W. R., Cardiff.*—The shares are fully paid, and the current price is round about 4s. *Lorimer, Glasgow.*—I am afraid the prospects of the mine are anything but bright. *Laurel.*—I think you might exchange into one of the good copper properties—say Anacondas or Arizonas. *M., China.*—The authorised capital of the Pekin Syndicate is £1,540,000, of which £1,500,000 is in Shansi shares of £1, £39,900 in Ordinary shares of £1, and £100 in Deferred shares of 1s. The Shansi shares are entitled to 10 per cent. of the net profits of the syndicate, divisible in each year, arising from the Shansi and Honan Concessions, until the sums paid shall amount to £1 per share, and in addition to 50 per cent. of all surplus net profits arising from such concessions (after providing for the payment of such percentage while it continues payable) and after to 50 per cent. profits; while in the event of a winding-up, the Shansi shares are to take 50 per cent. of the surplus assets, representing the Shansi and Honan concessions, after paying off the whole of the Pekin Syndicate's paid-up capital. *A. G. C.*—To my regret, I am unable to furnish you with any particular information about the Continental Copper Company.

Mixed Securities.

Jupiter.—1. It seems to me that Canadian Pacifics are worth holding for a higher price. 2. A very good Industrial holding. 3, 4, 5. The stocks are worth keeping. *Irex.*—The investments make a good selection. *Hunders.*—1. You might average on Johnnies. 2. The stocks are not in very great favour, although they practically carry the guarantee of the Government. *Palermo.*—1. The Brazilian bonds are worth keeping. 2. The only objection to the Japanese Six per Cent. issue is that it is likely to be redeemed next year, and you will get nothing as a return. I think you might with advantage transfer into the Four and a Half per Cent. issue, which has a certain currency of some years at least. *Sheerness.*—1. Zinc Corporations are a good speculative purchase. 2. I think you might hold Antofagastas for a good speculative holding. 3. Associated (Westralia) do not seem to me to be particularly advisable, even as a lock-up. 4. Kaneika might be bought simply as a speculation. 5. I do not advise a purchase.

Miscellaneous.

Doubtful.—I would recommend you to leave it alone. *Trust.—Bedford.*—You will see from the above rules that I do not reply by letter. The concern is one of which I have a very poor opinion, and you might therefore avoid. *Tribune, Watts.*—The high rate of interest offered is utterly incompatible with the security of your principal, and the so-called bank is one which you ought not to deal with. *Higgs Flint.*—I have constantly

issued warnings against Cunliffe, Russell, and Co., of Paris, who charge exorbitantly for the bonds, many of which are undesirable. The lottery might be profitably avoided. *Argo.*—I think you might hold British Electric Traction Ordinary for a possible recovery. An enhanced dividend was foreshadowed at the last meeting. As you see such a handsome profit on Hudson's Bays why not take the opportunity of enriching yourself? Dartford Brewery Preference are worth keeping. *Hore, Carrigaloe.*—I would not care to vouch for the honesty of any of the lottery touts who style themselves bankers. *Wing, Sheffield.*—Rules governing "Letter Box" will show you that I do not reply by letter. Repeat your query and give a nom-de-plume. *Reader S.S.*—It is an American concern, about which very little is known on this side. I regret my inability to advise you. *M. M.*—A reasonably safe investment, but you could, perhaps, find something better. *Ferry.*—I would advise you to leave all three alone. The system is a "blind pool" pure and simple, and is designed to fleece the simple-minded. *Motor.*—They do not strike me as being attractive. *F. R., Doncaster.*—The best place for John B. McKenzie's precious literature is the fire. I have uttered warnings against the gentleman more than once. *Vandyke.*—The society is one which I would not, in any circumstances, recommend. *Somali, Aden.*—I think you would be wise to hold on to the African banking shares. When the country recovers from the depression that has so long afflicted it such companies are likely to benefit. The rubber shares are more of a gamble than an investment. *Taffy.*—Nos. 1 and 3 are worth holding, but No. 4 seems hopeless. As regards No. 2, the concern enjoyed an "inflation" of profits owing to the war, and you evidently bought at the best. They are worth holding for a possible recovery. *Cestrian.*—Bank of Tarapaca and Argentine shares are of a denomination of £10, and, being £5 paid, involve a liability, remote, of course, but nevertheless there, of £5 each. The yield is about 4 per cent. Lloyd's Bank shares are of £50 each, with only £8 paid up. *R. J. J., Macclesfield.*—The whole thing is a "blind pool," and therefore you ought to leave it alone. *Fides.*—Motor Omnibus shares could be improved upon, and you might choose something better. D. H. Evans and Harrods are attractive purchases of their type. *Reader, Dundee.*—In the circumstances, your best plan would be to consult a solicitor. *H. McC.*—A bucket-shop, which you could profitably avoid. *Puzzled.*—Of those named I would prefer Hovis Breads. James Nelson are somewhat speculative, and I do not fancy Associated Cement Ordinary. Any immediate possibility of a dividend is out of the question entirely. *A. E. H., Bournemouth, Central.*—All three firms are reliable. *A. B., Enniskillen.*—1. I see no reason why you should surrender the policy just now. 2. Chartereds might be held for a moderate recovery. 3. The prospects of the Company are not particularly bright. *C. T. P. R., Mealsgate.*—Do not have anything to do with the proposal. *Sonning.*—You would find Royal Insurance shares a good investment, subject at all times, of course, to the uncalled liability. *F. P. W.*—The Company whose circular you send to me is a bucket-shop of a low order, and I recommend that you have no dealings with it. *Drug.*—I know next to nothing about the society, and in the circumstances I cannot recommend it as a safe investment. It is a semi-private organisation. *Captain Kettle, Leeds.* — Nos. 1 and 2 are all right; the rest of the concerns I do not recommend. *W. M. M., Bournemouth.*—To my regret, I am unable to offer you any reliable information about the honesty of the gentleman you name. *J. D. L., Oswestry.*—I have no special knowledge of the individuals you name.

Industrials Quietening Down—The Investors' Opportunity—"Bays"—Pekins—Steamship Shares—Promising Iron Shares—Dock Stock Inflated—Cycles—Bunshops Yields—Breweries Still Steady.

It is only natural, of course, that there should be a gradual slackening off in business in the Industrial market owing to the distractions of the Christmas season. There is a somewhat subdued appearance about the market which is not relieved by any features of particular importance. The general feeling, however, remains quite confident, and it would not be too much to expect that within the near future, Industrials, which have been gradually coming into greater favour, will absorb still more attention. The most important factor in relation to this market is, of course, the continued activity of trade throughout the country attested by the Board of Trade figures. Indications seem to imply still greater activity, so that the prospects may be considered promising enough, and with the general range of values moderate, the market may therefore be regarded as being deserving of attention. Here and there, it is true, prices have been established on a fairly high level, but this is the exception rather than the rule. The holiday influences are most marked in the case of the speculative descriptions, notably Hudson's Bays, which have quickly lost the effect produced by the doubling of the interim dividend. As I said when dealing with the announcement of a 20s. distribution as against 10s., it must not be even imagined that the final payment will be doubled. This would be altogether too sanguine. The shares still stand at a somewhat inflated figure, and primarily because of this heaviness have become a "rich man's gamble," though it is quite on the cards that when the clique resume operations they will be "skyrocketed" again. The unsatisfactory result at the Pekin Syndicate Mine is undoubtedly discouraging, but it may ultimately prove, as I remarked a week ago, that the "fault" in the character of the coal is purely local and there is still a strong chance of payable fuel being located at a lower depth. Apart from coal, however, the Pekin has other important interests, and rather than sell now I think holders of the shares would not risk anything by waiting for a possible recovery. The following table indicates the approximate return obtainable upon shipping shares, which I have prepared for the benefit of those readers whose fancy runs in this direction:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
African Steamship	16	£5 6 0
Anchor Line Cum. Pfce.	9¼	5 12 6
Ellerman Lines	9½	6 3 0
Do Pfce.	9	4 17 6
Furness, Withy	32/-	8 18 0
India General Nav. and Rly. Pfce.	8½	5 17 0
Pacific Steam Nav. (£25)	24½	5 10 0
Peninsular and Oriental Dfd.	223xd	5 15 0

Iron and Steel shares remain somewhat in the background; notwithstanding that, judging from the trade reports, the industry continues very active, and the outlook is promising. I believe that there are many attractive things in this group that are worth picking up. Amongst others I would single out Vickers Maxim Ordinary, which at the basis of the last distribution would give practically 5¾ per cent., and Cammell Lairds, Fairfield Shipbuilding Prefrence, Ebbw Vales, Armstrongs, John Brown and Co., and Bolckow-Vaughans. Amongst Dock stock, London and India Deferred has quickly recovered from the disappointment following the announcement that the Port of London Bill had been postponed for another year. In this respect there is nothing of immediate consequence "to go for," and I consider the stock is too high at anything like 64, basing my conclusion upon the knowledge that the surplus from the first half-year was substantially lower. It is doubtful whether this loss will be made up during the current six months, despite the greater trade activity. Even assuming that the modest 1¾ per cent. paid in respect of 1905 be repeated, the yield at the ruling figure would be barely 2¾ per cent., which is totally inadequate for a stock of this kind. Cycle and Motor shares remain somewhat subdued, and I think it opportune to repeat that the prospective purchaser of such things might adopt a passive attitude in the hope of being able to get in on better terms as the boomlet subsides, as it probably will do within the next month or two. Already there is less "steam" in this group than was the case a short time ago. It is interesting to refer to the report of the Singer Company, which indicates that the concern has participated in the prosperity enjoyed by the cycle industry. The gross profits are about £2,100 larger, at £13,557, and in the end the debit balance is reduced from £5,757 to £3,341. The achievement is not a brilliant one, and the shares can scarcely be regarded as being worth attention as a speculation. The following table indicates the approximate yield obtainable upon "bunshop" and kindred shares:—

	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Aerated Bread	6⅜	£5 14 0
Carlton Hotel Pfce.	8¼	6 2 0
Do. Ordy.	1	9 8 0
Gordon Hotel Cum Pfce.	9	5 16 0
Holborn and Frascati	1⅜	5 11 6
Lyons, J. & Co.	5¼	5 15 0
Savoy Hotel Pfce.	9½	7 0 0
Do. Ordy.	6	7 8 0
Slaters	2xd	5 18 0

Telegraph descriptions are somewhat uninteresting, even Anglo "A" being unable to withstand the disturbing influences of the moment. I still maintain that this stock is wholly unattractive at anything like the present quotation, which appears to discount even the most sanguine dividend possibilities very generously. Many of the other stocks in this group, however, are deserving of consideration by the investor who desires a fairly good yield coupled with respectable security. As regards Brewery securities, the change of sentiment to which I have before drawn attention is still in evi-

dence. It can scarcely be questioned that the trade generally has experienced better times, and in view of this many of the stocks of the provincial group appear to be rather attractive, the general range of values now ruling being very low, so that handsome yields are obtainable. VIGILANT.

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QUEER STORY.

THE EMPTY CHAIR.

CHRISTMAS is, *par excellence*, the season of the children—not only of the real children but equally of those favoured few, the grown-up children, in whom neither maturity of years, nor the struggle of life, nor the buffetings of the world, have been able to quench the joyous spirit of their perennial childhood.

Happy, happy grown-up children! How we envy you, we who graduated with honours in the school of life while we were still in our teens—we who were men of the world at five-and-twenty, and who now, at forty, have few beliefs and no illusions left unto us!

But you, at seventy, are younger—far younger than ever we were at seventeen—and your hearts are still simple, your imaginations still pure, your spirits are still buoyant, and your faith still unshaken. To you the earth is still a beautiful place from which the glory has never passed away. You have reached the allotted age of man, and still the shades of the prison-house have never closed around you. O blessed secret of eternal youthfulness! O happy, happy grown-up child!

I do not quite know what has led me to indulge in these reflections. Certainly they have no immediate bearing upon my story; but as I sat down to write it, the thoughts came, and so I committed them to paper. At first, on reading them through, I was minded to strike them out as entirely irrelevant. But, after consideration, I decided to let them stand, because they seemed to me, somehow, calculated to create a befitting atmosphere for a sentimental story—to induce in the reader that condition of mind in which such a story should be approached. One cannot—at least, such is my experience—appreciate a sentimental story unless one is first coaxed into a sentimental mood. It is like taking off one's hat when one goes into church. The very action of doing so helps to induce a reverential spirit at the outset. And if, O reader, my somewhat sentimental reflections have induced in you a sentimental spirit at the outset, a great object has been gained. For this story is a purely sentimental story—a sentimental story from real life.

Wyndham Corfield was one of those stern, grim, reserved men, who seem to be exempt alike from the amiabilities and the weaknesses of human nature. Of the moralities—the conventional moralities, at least—he was a thorough-going upholder. He never committed a lapse therefrom himself and he never forgave anybody else who did. In Society he was cold, silent, and uncommunicative, always carrying with him the air of a man who despised, and desired to hold aloof from, its frivolities and hypocrisies.

In his home life he was scarcely more genial. He was deeply attached to his wife and his little boy—their only child—but he was never demonstrative of his affection. In fact, he disliked what he contemptuously called "gush" of any kind, and discouraged it in them as firmly as he repressed it in himself. Apart from this, the lighter side of life, in general, had no attraction for him, and he was totally unsympathetic towards those social gaieties in which his wife, woman-like, was fain to seek occasional relief from the monotony of her domestic existence.

She had been one of a large family—accustomed to the constant companionship of bright, high-spirited young people—to the unreserved sociability of a number of brothers and sisters. So by-and-by, when the first novelty and glamour of marriage had worn off, she began to find life with this silent, stern, undemonstrative, and unsociable man, at first monotonous, then irksome, and finally insupportable.

Had she known how deeply he loved her, it would have made all the difference. But he never showed his love by fond word, by affectionate caress, by any one of those thousand-and-one little outward marks of endearment, for which the hearts of loving women crave. She jumped to the conclusion (as, in these cases, women so often do) that the absence of demonstration meant the absence of love. She grew to fear, almost to hate, this grim, cold, passionless man. And presently, the image of another began to fill her empty heart. . . Then intoxication. . . . Then madness. . . . She went to him.

It hit Corfield hard. But he grimly repressed every outward manifestation of his grief, of his rage against his wife's seducer, as he invariably repressed outward manifestations of all his feelings. A little colder, a little sterner, a little more reserved. That was all. That a heart well-nigh broken lay behind that grim, immobile face you would never have guessed. Rather would you have said that the man was made of cast-iron and had no feelings.

Only once after his wife's flight did her name pass his lips, and that because it was extorted from him by his little boy's questions.

"Daddy, where has mummie gone?"

"My boy, I neither know nor care. She is dead to you and to me, for ever."

"Oh! Daddy" (and the childish lips began to quiver), "is mummy really dead?"

"She is worse than dead," replied his father, grimly, "and you must never mention her name again."

Such was the man's look and tone, that the child was awed into instant silence. He saw that something very, very bad had happened. More than that, he was too young to understand. And he should never see his mummie again—never, never. He was not even to speak of her. But he could think of her; and when he was alone, as he so often was, he could talk to God about her. A thoughtful, fanciful little boy, he often talked to God about things that exercised or perplexed him, just as though God were actually present in the room with him. You see, God was so very real to him, as He is to children—and to grown-up children. . . . Ah, perhaps here we have it! Perhaps that is the true secret of perpetual youthfulness. Perhaps constant familiar intercourse with Him Who never grows old is what keeps these happy grown-up children from ever growing old either. Who shall say?

The year went slowly on, and at length Christmas Day—the day of the children and the grown-up children—came.

It was a gloomy Christmas for Wyndham Corfield. If he had followed his inclinations he would have tried to forget that it was Christmas Day at all, and would have dispensed with everything reminiscent of the festive occasion so little in harmony with his bitter, aching heart. But custom, and love for his little boy, were too strong for him here. Perchance, also, pride had something to say to it—that stern pride which would not allow him to admit his hidden grief or do anything that should betray how hard he was hit. So he went through with the day's celebrations as usual.

He bought his boy the usual presents. He took him to morning church, and when they came back there was the usual Christmas mid-day dinner, with the turkey, the plum pudding, the mince pies, and all the other seasonable good cheer. Nothing was omitted. Everything was done that the child should enjoy his Christmas as usual. Everything was, also, done that the servants might see how little their master felt the blow that had fallen on him since last Christmas.

Thus he kept up the grim, proud pretence. No one should guess the pain that gnawed at his heart-strings—the still unabated "wrath with one he loved" that "worked like madness in his brain."

He would have flung her from his thoughts, if he could have done so. But he could not. Her memory was all the while present to him, filling his soul with

resentful bitterness. . . . . If only he would have forgiven; or, if only he could have forgotten. But alas! he would not forgive, and he could not forget.

It was not exactly a festive Christmas dinner, as you may well conceive. Corfield sat moody and silent, scarcely speaking a word. Even the child prattled less than usual. It was easy to see that he had something on his small mind. And presently out it came.

"Daddy," he exclaimed, looking up half timidly at his father, "I had such—such an int'esting dream last night. Please may I tell it you?"

"May you? Of course, you may, sonnie," replied Corfield, kindly enough, but with rather an absent-minded air. "Why do you ask, my boy?"

"Please, 'cos I was afraid you mightn't want to hear it, daddy. You said I wasn't never to speak of mummie again. And my dream was all about mummie," said the little fellow, regarding his father's face anxiously.

Corfield frowned, but said nothing.

"Please, you're not angry with me," went on the child, deprecatingly, "'cos I can't help my dreams, you know, daddy, can I?"

"No, I'm not angry with you," replied his father, shortly.

"I dreamt," the little fellow continued, clasping his hands in front of him, while a strange, intense light glowed in his childish eyes, "I dreamt it was Christmas evening, and you and me was sitting by the fire, as we always do. And oh, daddy, mummy was sitting in her own chair beside you, same as she used, and she was holding your hand. But it wasn't like dreaming neither. It was all so real, and when I woke up I hardly b'lieved I'd only dreamt it. Please, do dreams ever come true, daddy?"

He fixed his eyes upon his father in anxious suspense.

"Do they, daddy?" he repeated.

"Not often, I fancy. This one will not come true, at any rate," answered Corfield, grimly.

The small face fell, and the small mouth began to quiver.

"Oh! I wish it might have come true," he murmured.

Then there was a long silence. By-and-bye the little fellow slipped down from his chair and went round to his father's side. Here he stood, looking up for awhile earnestly into the man's brooding face.

"Daddy?" he whispered.

"What?" said Corfield, irritably.

"Are you still very, *very* angry with mummie?"

"Oh! I don't know. Why do you pester me with these questions?"

"'Cos the clergyman said this morning Jesus was born on purpose to stop people being angry with each other. And he said, 'cos to-day's Jesus's birthday, we ought all to make friends, before we go to bed to-night, with every one who's vexed us. Please, he did say that, didn't he, daddy?"

"I dare say. I wasn't listening. But if I had been, it would have made no difference. It is easy enough for the clergy to give good advice from the pulpit. And—well, you are too young to understand such matters, my boy—but there are some things that one has a right to be angry at—some things that a man can never forgive."

The little fellow looked at once disappointed and puzzled.

"Please, daddy," he asked, anxiously, after a pause, "are there some things that God can never forgive?"

Corfield turned away from the child's grave, earnest eyes, with a gesture of impatience.

"You are too young to understand these things," he repeated, falling back upon the common formula wherewith posed maturity has agreed, from time immemorial, to baffle the inconveniently direct questionings of childhood. "Run away now and play with your new toys."

The child went obediently to the other end of the room, and appeared to occupy himself with his new toys and picture-books. His father still sat before the decanters moodily thinking.

Not many weeks before he had had a letter from his wife—a pathetic, penitent, heart-broken letter, in which she had begged and implored her husband's forgiveness. One passage he remembered word for word; it was photographed, as in letters of fire, upon his brain:

"I have had a rude awakening—the awakening that I deserved—from my mad dream of unlawful happiness. I have found out the real man. I hate him, and I have left him. I know also, now, the true worth of what I wickedly abandoned when I fled from you. Oh, my husband, I cannot and dare not ask you to take me back. I know, alas! that is impossible. But I do ask you, in the name of God, to say that you forgive me. Do—do, I beseech you, let me have that one crumb of comfort to solace my terrible wretchedness, which—without your forgiveness—will surely drive me to despair."

He had read that letter through many times. For one moment, perhaps, he had hesitated. Then, with a hard, grim laugh, he had thrown it on the fire.

Forgive her? No! There were some things a man could never forgive.

And now the child's question: "Daddy, are there some things that God can never forgive?"

He shifted uneasily in his chair.

Psha! Why should he allow himself to be disturbed by the random inquiry of an ignorant little boy, who was too young to understand such things?

Yet he knew all the while, within his heart—though he would not admit it even to himself—that the child's question went to the very root of the matter, and was not to be parried by a thousand sophistries.

"Parsons and children may say what they please," he muttered to himself irritably. "But she has ruined my life and nearly broken my heart. I hate her. I will never forgive her."

But in one statement, at least, he spoke falsely, deceiving himself. He did not hate her. He loved her still. That was why he found it impossible to forgive. . . . It is easier, much easier to forgive our enemies whom we hate, than our dear ones whom we love, but who have deceived us and been faithless to us.

By-and-by, he rose from the table and wheeling an arm-chair to the fire, sat down there. This was the signal for his little boy to join him. They had always sat round the fire, talking, on a Christmas afternoon. Last Christmas, his wife had sat there. But now! He covered his eyes with his hand and the iron entered deeper than ever into his aching soul.

It was at this conjuncture that the little boy did a strange, impulsive thing. After placing his own high-chair, as usual, on his father's left hand, he went over to where his mother's chair stood against the wall and, with the full exercise of his baby strength, wheeled it up to the fire, on his father's right hand, where, in former days, his mummie had always sat on Christmas afternoon.

For a moment or two, the man, occupied with his own bitter thoughts, did not notice what the child had done. Then he saw the empty chair in its old familiar place by his side. He started, as if some one had struck him. He frowned angrily.

"What on earth have you put this here for?" he demanded, in a harsh voice.

"O daddy, please—please—don't be angry," pleaded the little fellow, "but I thought if my dream did come true and mummie did come back to-night, she'd like to find her chair ready, as if we 'spected her and was wanting her. It's so much nicer when you come home to find people 'specting you and wanting you, isn't it, daddy?"

"Your mother will not come home, and I will not have that chair there. Move it back to where you took it from at once," said his father, sternly.

"Oh, daddy, must I?"

And the childish eyes filled with pleading tears.

His father paused a moment before replying. Then he answered, curtly,

"Oh, very well; leave it there, if you like. Really, I do not care one way or the other."

The two sat there, the man and the child, scarcely speaking. Little Wyndham, as you could see by his

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eager, childish face, was full of a great expectancy—an expectancy too deep and enthralling for spoken words. His father sat, with his hand over his eyes, immersed in thought.

The brief light of the winter's day faded into dusk, the dusk into darkness. The maid came in and lit the lamp and brought the tea. After tea the two watchers (for somehow I think the man was a watcher as well as the child) resumed their places by the fire, and the little boy, at all events, looked often and lovingly, but each time with greater despondence, at the empty chair. And his heart sank lower and lower, for it was now his bedtime, and the dream, on which he had pinned all his little faith, had not come true.

"Daddy," he said, as, with his arms clasped round his father's neck, he bade him good-night, "daddy, dear daddy."

"What, my son?"

"If mummie comes home to-night, you won't be angry with her, will you, daddy?"

The man's face clouded.

"Your mother will not come," he said, coldly.

"But if she *does*, dear, dear daddy. Promise you won't be angry with her—please—please, daddy."

"I don't know. You are too young to understand these things. Now run away to bed."

The child went, and the man sat still by the fire, with his hand over his eyes. So buried in thought he was that he did not hear the door of the room timidly opened, was not aware of that other presence until the sound of a faltering, tremulous, pleading voice awoke him to the fact that he was no longer alone.

"My husband—forgive."

He started up.

"You!" he exclaimed.

She fell on her knees before him and looked into his face, her eyes wide with speechless repentance and supplication.

Her lips moved. She faltered in a trembling whisper:

"I—I peeped in at the window, and I—I saw—the chair."

He looked down at her for some seconds, speaking never a word. A great battle was raging within him. Then he held out his arms.

The night wore on. Midnight came and went. But there they still sat, hand locked fast in hand, just as the child had dreamed.

The silent message of the empty chair had done its work.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH "TRUTH" DOLL AND TOY SHOW.

PESSIMISTIC persons are always talking of the deterioration of this world of ours, descanting on its faults and follies in the present, and prophesying that it will go from bad to worse as the years roll by. Wherever one goes one is sure to hear some one holding forth in this style of talk, and for every man or woman who loves to prophesy pleasant things there are at least three hundred who love to hear themselves rating and scolding and "bullyragging" our poor dear old world.

How I wished that every one of these scolding, hectoring, lecturing, and most depressing persons could have undergone—which is hardly the appropriate word, by the way—my prescription for the cure of pessimism last Wednesday and Thursday—viz., a visit to the Truth Toy Show at the Albert Hall. Here was proof positive, convincing, abounding, pressed down and running over, that some hundreds of kind-hearted women had for many months been using their leisure and industriously employing their fingers, their inventiveness, their ingenuity, in working with the simple idea of giving pleasure to the children of the poor in London hospitals and workhouse infirmaries at Christmastide. "Dressing dolls!" snorts one of the sneering brigade; "*that's* not much!" Well, there are several ways of dressing a doll—some simple, some with a cleverness and thoroughness worthy of all admiration. And when it comes to dressing dolls in such numbers as did many of the ladies in this as in previous years, the work means the occupation of months, and is by no means to be underrated.

There must be an immense amount of love and kindness in a world where such a sight is possible as that witnessed on the two days at the Albert Hall last week. Let pessimists groan and sigh as much as they like, there can be no question that doing kind things for others is on the increase, and has been increasing during many long years. And this is a proof that our world, in spite of all arraignment and indictment to the contrary, is sweet and sound, true and wholesome, at the heart of it. Were it otherwise, how should it happen that so many have worked so hard and well to bring joy into the lives of the little suffering children? The very thought of Truth toys at Christmas time sheds a glow of happiness over the hearts of the little ones.

There are ninety-three hospitals in and about London on the list of the Editor of Truth, thirty-three workhouses, thirty-three workhouse schools, twenty-seven workhouse infirmaries, and ten orphanages. This gives a total of 196 institutions, among which the toys collected are distributed. Arithmetic gives us the figures, but how shall we find means to estimate the huge sum of happiness that these figures indicate? There are over 27,000 children in these places. To each child will be given a toy for its very own, and in each of their hearts a root of joy will be planted by the kindly hands of those who give the toys. In these days, when the classes and the masses stand apart, distrustful on the one side, defiant on the other, the influence of every kindly act that tends to bring them together is valuable. That influence, so far as Truth Christmas Toys are concerned, is steadily widening and deepening with every year, as will be seen by the following account of the contributions in the shape of dolls and toys this year, the twenty-seventh since its inauguration.

The Large Dolls.

The large dolls claim, by their size and beauty, the first place in an account of the show, as any one will admit who, entering the Hall, caught sight of those grouped on the centre table opposite the principal door. Here, on a raised platform, was the prettiest possible bit of symbolism, entitled "On the Threshold of 1907," arranged by Fräulein von Haeseler. It consisted of a picturesque archway almost covered with flowers and reached by a couple of steps. On the upper one stood a beautiful doll, one of the large ones sent out from Truth office to be dressed. Her garments are radiantly white and showed a delicate filminess that increased the aerial and fanciful effect. She might have represented the Good Angel of the little children, thinking of them and with her fairy wand wafting them happiness "on the threshold of the New Year." Not far from this was "Cherry Ripe," dressed by a little girl, Miss Dorothy Leaver, whose sweet little letter to the Editor of Truth, written on pencil lines, was passed round to an admiring circle when Miss Cherry Ripe arrived. The doll was an achievement for one so young, and in these days of vanishing domestic arts it was comforting to see that needlework is still thriving in the midst of us. Miss Dorothy Leaver may possibly hear in her dreams the laughing cries of delight with which her doll will be welcomed by the children when first introduced to the ward which is to be her home, and in which she will rain influence of a sweet and satisfying sort for a long, long time to come. Could it have been the same "Miss Leaver" who, last year, sent a pretty model of a garden scene? Was it possible for her to produce so charming a toy when a year younger than her present age? A card on the dress declared that her cherries were eatable. A curly haired doll labelled Prince Olaf was also among the first to be espied by the crowds of arriving visitors. He was dressed all in white, his coat being serge, his cap astrakhan with brush and snowy cord complete, and white shoes. His fair hair, blue eyes and smooth cheeks gave him a real resemblance to the dear little royal boy, who wins love from every one who looks on him. This up-to-date doll was dressed by Miss M. Streatfeild, whose contribution of beautifully dressed dolls in previous years has made her name well known to those who visit the show. Some of the best dressed dolls were those sent by Mrs. Plumptre. Not only were the visible garment of great beauty, but the invisibilities were in every way worthy of them. Mrs. Plumptre's dolls were ladies of the utmost refinement. Did their maids put out for them a lace petticoat run with pink ribbons? Then there must be a pair of white kid shoes with pink rosettes to match the ribbon! But suppose the maid had elected to leave ready a petticoat the lace frills on which were run with blue satin ribbons? Then she had to produce as well a pair of shoes with blue rosettes. Two of these dolls were dressed alike as little tots of two years or so, in white satin frocks gathered into yokes of Irish lace and little Dutch caps, also of snowy satin. One had pale blue rosettes and forget-me-nots, at either ear. The other had pink rosettes and pompon roses. A third doll was gowned in pale pink silk, beautifully embroidered, but almost hidden under a claret-coloured velvet coat bordered with ermine, the hat matching the

coat and also trimmed with the fur. It was this little lady whose valenciennes trimmed petticoat was run with pink ribbons and who wore pink rosettes on her dainty white shoes. How the little children will delight in this dainty doll and rapturously enjoy her lovely clothes! Yet another of Mrs. Plumtre's wore a pale blue embroidered silk gown under a coat of blue velvet in a particularly pretty tint. It, like the Edward VI. hat, was trimmed with white fur. Dressed by Miss Kleinwort, a Henrietta Maria doll was very much admired, in her salmon-pink underdress, and blue brocade overdress with its square tabs falling over a full skirt. Miss Van Diggelen dressed hers in white china silk, with pale blue sash and large bows to match on each side of her coiffure. Her lace petticoat was run with pale blue. A sweet creature!

A full Brigade from Doll land was contributed by Miss O. Ruffer, who dressed no less than seventeen of the large Truth dolls, a greater number than has ever been sent in before in large dolls, and the adjective has a very special meaning with respect to Truth dolls, the dimensions of which are on the most liberal scale. Miss O. Ruffer's evidently represent a girls' school about to enjoy a good bathe in the sea, for their costumes are variations on bathing costumes. Some have dark blue gowns with red tam, red tie and red belt, and a peignoir in white towelling. Another wears pale blue with white braid and a jaunty cap, others are in black relieved with orange, blue and black with peignoir, white and scarlet with peignoir, purple and mauve, red with white braid and peignoir, dark with pale blue, and so on. Others of this merry, cheery-looking brigade are attired in ordinary walking dress, one in red with a white belt, red bonnet, lace petticoat, and swansdown on her bodice; another in white all flounced; a third in a brown and yellow pelisse and bonnet and a summer lady wearing a large yellow paper sunbonnet with long strings. It is Miss Ruffer's first appearance among the ladies who dress Truth dolls, and a more effective début it would not be easy to imagine.

Other conspicuously well-dressed large dolls included Mrs. Corban's "Little Bo-peep" in pale blue, her white paniers patterned with pale blue, a white and blue hat, a white fichu and a pale blue hood; Mrs. Prochownick's two dolls, one a Normandy Peasant in red, laced with black, white apron, and high muslin hat tied with black; Miss Strahan's "Marie Antoinette," in copper-coloured silk and a white fichu, a perfect picture; Mrs. J. Heningham's "Evening Dress Girl of the Period," and her prettily imagined "The Month of Roses," a doll in white, garlanded with small red roses. Another group which attracted much attention was composed of large dolls representing "A Red Cross Nurse," by Mrs. J. L. Thomson, the pretty mauve cotton gown and white cap and apron suggesting a becoming fancy dress; a doll in fluffy white and pink sash, by Miss A. Fenton; a flower-girl by Miss Fenton; and a well thought-out "Mary, Mary, quite contrary," in pale blue silk embroidered with flowers, cockleshells edged with bells, a neat watering-pot under her arm, and a straw hat with blue ribbons. She was dressed by Miss H. E. Weatherley.

Miss Pearson, who has for many years been a generous contributor to the collection of dolls, sent this year, a sweet Puritan in grey satin and a white collar, whose rather mischievous expression suggests Priscilla when she asked: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" Most lovable and "hugable" is Miss G. Horsfall's baby doll, all in white with lace and ribbons. Another large baby doll, in pale blue pongee silk and ribbons to match, was dressed by Mrs. J. Greaves, who had also gowned "Mireille" in black velvet. "A Little Dutch Maid," by Miss. P. MacDonald, was much admired in her yellow silk and velvet with black velvet corselet and white muslin apron. "Clarinda," by Miss E. Horsfall, wore a white crêpe gown and a little close bonnet of lace.

The Misses Jacomb-Hood sent a number of beautifully dressed large dolls. Their achievements are no novelty in Truth Toy Shows. Their "Hansel and Gretel" of last year, their "Little Boy Blue," and their most delightful "Homes of England" are fresh in many memories. The moment their name was seen on the card accompanying the dolls, expectation began to run mountains high. And with good reason. No disappointment was in store for those who expected great things. First came their Pyrenese Peasant, with her red skirt, a turned-up black one over it, tunic bordered with blue, muslin apron, and red hood. Her companion, a male peasant, wore a dark tunic and trousers, white double cape, feather-stitched in green, and a pointed hood. Their "Daisy Randolph" (from "Melbourne House") was in white patterned with pale blue and trimmed with pale blue ribbons and rosettes. Norah Dinwiddie, the companion doll (also out of "Melbourne House"), was characteristically attired in white, like Daisy, but had pink ribbons instead of blue. In effective contrast with these schoolgirls was Sir John Whitefoord, of Ballochmyle, from a portrait painted in 1715. He was a splendid fellow in his red velvet coat, gold braid, lace ruffles, and jabot, waistcoat of peach-coloured brocade, knee-breeches with silver braid, and three-cornered hat with silver braid carried under his arm. It may be mentioned that the gentleman wore his own curly fair hair when visiting the Albert Hall, and found no occasion to use the sword he so gallantly carried.

Miss Sandbrook, of whom more anon, sent a large doll dressed as Grace Darling, wearing red and white striped petticoat with blue skirt turned up over it, and a white shawl over her head. It was interesting to contrast the pretty simper of Miss Dolly with the deeds of "derring do" of the original of the idea; but one cannot expect quite everything in this world, and when Miss Sandbrook dresses a doll, that in itself is quite enough for anybody. Whatever this lady undertakes is sure to be well done.

Another lady, the well-known Yoko of many Truth Toy Shows, is equally thorough and conscientious in all she does. Her large dolls this year include some that were dressed by a relative who is over eighty years of age. It was really astonishing to see the beautiful Russian embroidery worked by this wonderful old lady, and lavished in quantities on the costumes of two Russian dolls, Olga and Fedora. Their long, wide aprons, as well as their frocks and caps, were one mass of this fine cross-stitch embroidery, in a number of well-mingled colours. Another of Yoko's dolls was an Auvergne Peasant, in red cloth, with a flounce of black lace, a black apron, and a poke hat, trimmed with red velvet and cherries; and a Poppy Girl, dressed all in red, with a wide-brimmed paper hat to match, reminded us that there are such things as hot summer days, when poppies rear their heads in rustling corn. It is sometimes difficult to realise it in mid-winter. Another of Yoko's large dolls was a Fisher Boy, whose entire rig-out was knitted by the old lady already referred to, including his stockings, cap, and vest. Another interesting Yoko doll was a "Donneuse d'Eau," representing one of the young girls well known at Vichy, with their chatelaine watches to point to the hour when the visitors should drink the water and their glass jugs to bring it in. The representation was perfect in every detail, even to the white muslin bib and apron, lace trimmed.

"A Boulogne Fishwife in Holiday Dress" was a well-dressed large doll, sent by Miss C. Wetherall, and also "A Puritan Maiden," refreshingly simple and cool among the brighter colours. Among the pretty peasant dolls of the large sort was Mrs. Watson's attractive one. A most fascinating bridesmaid, in white silk, with a bolero frilled with lace, an embroidered lace collar, a chené silk belt, and a fashionable white hat, was apparently just ready to start for the church. She wore a lovely bouquet de corsage, and looked as if fairy fingers had made her garments, so fresh and dainty were they. She was dressed by Miss E. Lloyd, who also sent a number of small dolls.

Miss M. Molyneux had dressed three large dolls, one in white muslin, with a black velvet zouave embroidered in gold, and a sash patterned with violets; another as a very pretty red, white, and blue fancy dress. The third was a pansy-girl, in mauve silk with figured silk trimmings, and garlands of velvet pansies. Miss N. Brooke had succeeded admirably with her "Pantomime Gipsy," who wore white over pink, with gay streaming ribbons of many colours, a pink kerchief, and a ruby velvet bolero. Mrs. Gimmer's "Kate Greenaway" was all in pale green, with a dear little pocket hanging from green ribbons, and a white cap. Miss T. M. Pitt sent a Spanish lady in yellow and black, with a black mantilla, her dress caught up at one side with a deep red rose. A cosily dressed doll, wearing a red dress with a white coat and bonnet, was the work of Nurse E. Kempster, and next to her stood a charming French fishwife, on whose striped red and black dress, white fichu and apron, and stiff lawn and lace cop, Miss E. Bull had expended great care and taste. Miss Preston's big doll was dressed as a little child, in soft white silk, with dainty lace finishes. A "Mixed Bather" from Miss I. Couch-Johns had a dainty pink silk blouse and bonnet, with blue and white striped bathing drawers, and a spade and pail.

Mrs. A. Auerbach had dressed a dark doll as "Little Bluebell" in pale blue, with a straw bonnet trimmed with forget-me-nots. A very pretty nurse wore blue print and a white cap and apron, dressed by Miss Sandford. In dark green silk with a lace yoke and masses of fair curls was Miss E. R. Gordon's doll. A white nun's-veiling adorned a dark doll gowned by Miss H. Stevens. Mr. Rogers contributed a pale blue doll. One of the most striking dolls was "Young Canada," by Mrs. C. Wood. This symbolism of the Dominion wore white serge with red belt, cap and pipings, red stockings and red gloves. Mrs. F. Green had contributed a Boulogne Fishwife in Holiday Dress, wearing shades of blue, and a pleated white cap. Mrs. B. A. Love's white and pink doll was much admired. A very pretty white and blue brunette was the work of Mrs. A. Hora, and Mrs. Harlston's doll wore a charming dress of white and silver, over pink, with a large white hat.

The Small Dolls.

The small dolls were ranged in a great army round the arena, their gay frocks and uniform size giving them a resemblance to the bright beds of tulips that grace the Park in the spring. Mrs. F. Stern led off with 700, a number which not only beat her last year's record, when she exhibited 500, but the promise she made then, which was for 600. Although the number, taken in the mass, is astonishing enough, it becomes almost overwhelming when one remembers the detail involved, for each doll has several garments, and each is dressed in a different combination of materials from her compeers. Almost the only exception to this rule was a little company of twenty-five dolls, in pale yellow muslin spotted with brown. Some of this army of 700 had pretty little knitted hoods fixed on their curling fair or dark hair. A good many were in shades of pink, and one or two queened it in rich maroon silk. They stretched round a good portion of the arena, many rows deep, and close together. Mrs. Stern, as she looked round at the result of her labours, must have tasted in a special degree the compensation which is the due of all the ladies who work so hard and so earnestly year by year—the knowledge that each doll and toy is so much concrete joy and stored-up happiness, and takes not only the delight of its prettiness and gaiety to little people who are strange to beauty and unknown to mirth, but also the pride of proprietorship to hundreds of children who have never owned anything at all. The poor live in a community of possession (when they have anything to possess) which is far from apostolic in that it is granted with reluctance and enforced with brutality. In Shakespeare's line: "A poor thing, but mine own," we touch the root of a feeling much stronger than any one save the almost destitute can realise. Therefore, these 700 of Mrs. Stern's, for instance, are taking a new emotion into hundreds of little lives,

and an emotion that is all for good, and wakens such feelings of pride and respect of self as an owner as must help towards making good citizenesses.

For the third consecutive year Mrs. B. Skinner contributes four hundred Truth dolls, blondes and brunettes, the greater part of them distinguished by a blooming plumpness and rosiness which is pleasant to contemplate. Every doll among them wore a necklace over her dainty garments, a touch which will appeal to the feminine instincts in their future owners. Some were in pale blue, others in dark blue, and the rest in red. They all had coloured yokes, harmonising with their dresses, little close lace caps, and gay ribbons. The effect was very pretty indeed, their great number helping to increase it.

Yoko is one of the most constant workers for the Truth Toy Show, and both as Miss Rawson and by her *nom de guerre* is a well-known figure at the Albert Hall, where, like so many of these indefatigable ladies, she superintends the arrangement of her dolls herself. This year her battalion numbered 240, and, as on previous occasions, they were marshalled in batches, classed according to their hue. These colours were tastefully arranged, so that they led the eye from one to the other very harmoniously. There were smart ladies in heliotrope, with toques to match, jauntily set on their curling hair; there were others in cream colour (now so fashionable), with Tam-o'-Shanters or hoods of the same shade; and there were numbers of picturesque Auvergne peasants, dressed in scarlet, with black aprons, diminutive baskets on their arms, and on their heads large red poke bonnets, with a snowy frill set on the hair inside. A Russian lady had some wonderful cross-stitch on her dress. A bonny group was arrayed in a rich, pleasant yellow like the colour of good strong sunshine, mellow and cheery. They had little close bonnets tied under their chins. Another group, in pale blue, had short skirts; and very bright and breezy were six "Donneuses d'Eau," of Vichy, while a bright group of poppy dolls in this lady's number made an excellent spot of colour.

Mrs. R. Comyns is another constant worker, and each year the Doll Show which she holds at Watford to preface the Truth Show at the Albert Hall increases in size and interest. Last year she sent over 200 dolls, and this year her total is 225. Her dolls are very ornamental and original. Several of them were dressed in knitted garments beautifully made, even the underclothes being exquisitely dainty. Their hats were knitted to match. Others were "summer girls," their airy muslins floating round them with a pleasing suggestion of sunshine and warmth. A small contingent of cooks, although rather young and rosy for such responsible posts, were otherwise models of the culinary goddesses we should like to see in our kitchens; they were neat and clean to a degree, and very smart as well, although there was no hint of a policeman, nor even a milkman, in the neighbourhood. They wore mauve print dresses, topped by very picturesque sun-bonnets, and from their belts hung wee saucepans, shining with cleanliness. If only the owners of these dolls will take those saucepans as a model, what a comfort they will be in future years to half-a-dozen harassed housewives! Over the gay assembly dressed by Mrs. Comyns and her friends presided a large doll dressed in what a "This Season's Catalogue" would doubtless describe as "a charming confection in pale blue cloth and velvet." The dress fitted beautifully, and the short skirt was adorned with pale blue velvet horseshoes, in which the nails were cleverly imitated by clusters of steel beads. Even the arrangement of these nails was accurate, four on one side and three on the other. A high Swiss belt of blue velvet, laced with blue cord, and a blue velvet cap, completed the dress

A very interesting part of this exhibit was a couple of dolls very daintily dressed and presented by the Watford Congregational Junior Christian Endeavour Society, to swell the large total achieved by the efforts of Mrs. Comyns. One of these dolls was fair, the other dark, and the blonde wore pale blue, the brunette pale pink. Their dresses were of silky batiste, tucked and gathered, with yokes of lace, the pink one feather-stitched very prettily. They both had Dutch caps of white satin, with rosettes of lace to match the colour of the dress. Under the dress there were garments of the greatest refinement, beautifully made and finished, edged with lace, tied with ribbon to match the dress, and fitting as carefully and comfortably as any sentient being could wish for her own. Black lace socks and little shoes with shining buckles decked their feet. The pink doll bore a beautifully written card, on which appeared the information that her name was "Miss Sunshine Endeavour," and that she had received instructions from her donors, the above-mentioned society, "to take sunshine wherever I go, and especially to try and make a little girl very happy." The other, which explained the origin of both dolls, said that they were presented to Mrs. Comyns for her contribution to the Truth Show, "as a little return for the many happy hours spent at Heath Farm," which seems to show that even the dressing of 225 dolls leaves time for other kind actions.

Miss C. Pearson's 159 dolls included many gentlemen in the gay dress of the early eighteenth century. The women dolls had dresses of various styles and periods, but all of beautiful materials and workmanship. The men had bright coats of velvet and satin, and really wonderful waistcoats of brocade in delicate shades, some of them trimmed with gold lace, and some in old-world flowered silks. Miss Pearson's dolls, each adorned with a hat of crinkled paper, will be remembered from last year.

Next on the list comes Miss E. Oakley, who sent 120 dolls in companies of thirty, representing the seasons. Unlike the great majority of the exhibits, half Miss Oakley's dolls were dressed as boys, which made a pleasant change. In Spring, they all wore pale green clothes of various shades and fabrics, the girls with wide-brimmed green hats wreathed with lilac, lilies, or violets, and great bunches of these flowers on their dresses; the boys in suits of Lincoln green, with white caps in which were jaunty little brown feathers. Robin Hood himself could not have had a merrier crew of followers. In Summer, the dresses were old-world delaines, with creamy backgrounds patterned with roses, and the boys wore white canvas, with roses in their button-holes. Autumn was particularly pretty; they were all in russet-brown linen, the girls with red handkerchiefs tied over their hair, like Irish reapers; the boys with red-and-white patterned neckerchiefs and big straw hats; and they all carried sheaves of golden wheat. Winter was a most cosy-looking troop; the girls were in dark blue knitted dresses and white knitted underclothes, while the boys had knitted trousers and serge jerseys. Red knitted tams were worn by both, and the boys had red comforters, the girls red muffs, while in their tams the girls wore sprigs of holly, and the boys, dashing and ready for fun, had audacious twigs of mistletoe.

A particularly effective pyramid was covered with the 100 dolls sent by Miss Finlayson. They were dressed in cottons and muslins, and they all wore hoods and capes, some of bright scarlet, some of blue, so that they made a charming show, uniform without being monotonous. The sixty dolls dressed by Miss A. Carpenter included a wedding party, all dressed very smartly indeed. The gentlemen had flowers in their buttonholes, and were very correct in costume, while the bride was attired in the orthodox white satin, embroidered in this case with silver. Her ropes of pearls were very covetable. The other part of this exhibit consisted of dolls harmoniously dressed in various shades of green, pink, blue, and mauve, with very smart hats.

Another total of sixty was achieved by Miss May Streatfeild and her friends. Some boy-dolls were included among their number, a fact sufficiently infrequent to merit remark. Evidently the little mothers prefer girls as a rule to cuddle, but boys are a welcome change now and then, particularly when they are prettily dressed. Miss Streatfeild's sixty all wore pale hues, which gave them a summery and festive appearance. Some of them had dainty caps edged with lace, others wore pretty little straw bonnets trimmed with flowers. Lady Lange had dressed fifty in pretty pleated frocks, with cloaks and hoods in various colours. Forty-eight dolls, all in short-waisted, long-skirted frocks of an old-world style, were dressed by the Misses Wood. Their dresses were of various materials and colourings, but they all had pretty white underclothes edged with lace.

Two ladies sent thirty dolls each; Miss F. Green, a party of Boulogne fishwives, with beautifully fluted caps above their characteristic costumes, and some wearing neat figured handkerchief-shawls; and Miss M. Molyneux, a collection dressed in elaborate costumes, with beautiful hats—some with an elastic passed under the hair in a very life-like way. Miss Jane Walker had dressed twenty-five dolls, whose hair was prettily curled, and who wore their fashionable garments with the air of women of the world. They had dainty muslin frocks, with boleros, fronts, and lace collars. All Miss Moulton's twenty-five wore evening dresses, with white, pink, or blue sashes. Miss Delgado's twenty-four were arranged in couples of boys and girls, according to the way of the world since its creation. They were very variously dressed, and one can only pick out for comment a most effective frock of green ribbed silk, with white lace arranged in panels on it, narrowing into points at the waist. Twenty-four most tastefully dressed dolls came from the Misses Barnes, including a charming little matron in black.

Miss Dunston also sent twenty four, of which some were boys in blouses and trousers, some fashionable ladies, and some children. The Honourable Mrs. Durant had dressed her twenty-four in various ways. One effective dress was made of white nun's veiling, with orange velvet ribbon arranged on it to simulate panels. Another very beautiful lady wore a ball dress of yellow brocade covered with white lace, spangled with silver, and with a train lined with yellow silk frills. All these ladies are not new to the field of endeavour at the annual shows, of which this is the twenty-seventh. Miss Lomax had presented and dressed two dozen dolls in pale shades as small children, and a pretty collection of chené silks and satins was seen on a similar number of dolls from Miss D. Hargreaves. Some of them wore fillets in their hair, some sailor's caps, and all were beautifully finished.

Some sets of a dozen dolls came from several ladies. Miss G. Baughan had dressed hers very prettily, including one with the Royal Standard on the front of her dress, and a flounce of figured paper. Miss M. Baughan's were in various styles and colourings. Mrs. Billigheimer's also followed different fashions and textures. Some of Miss Connell's were beautifully smocked and embroidered, and seemed calculated to stand hard wear. Miss M. Cornish sent twelve dressed in red and blue, with cross-stitch bands on the skirts. Miss E. Dodsworth was specially successful with two of her boys—one in a green velvet cap and waistcoat and corduroy trousers, and another in a dark red knitted jersey. All Mrs. Falkiner's were distinguished by their pretty little fichus. Miss J. Marshall's were beautifully finished, and were in handsome materials. Miss W. Poole had dressed hers in silk, with a noticeable amount of care observed in the details. Miss C. Rivington had chosen white for all her dolls, finished with swans-down caps and boas and muffs, tied with white ribbon. Mrs. Bentley Rudd sent a very pretty and serviceable dozen, all dressed in white knitted woollen clothes, with white knitted caps, and boas, also knitted, in various colours. Their little knitted undergarments were very dainty. Miss A. Mallard's dozen were very pretty, including a baby in a white pelisse and bonnet, a doll dressed in a white and silver ball dress, and a bonny little boy, whose mauve fur hat and coat trimming had been specially dyed by Miss Mallard. This recruit to the ranks of the workers is thirteen and a half years old; and if her energy increases with

her years, she will soon be half filling the Albert Hall with skilfully made and tastefully devised dolls' dresses.

The twelve Highlanders, in correct attire with different tartans, were the work and the gift of Miss A. E. Smith. They were complete even to their buckles. Miss H. E. Weatherley had been particularly successful with a sailor boy in white and a summer girl whose fluffy frock was crowned by a frilly river-hat. Mrs. Wilson's most effective dolls were pierrots, with scarlet rosettes.

A gift of eight furry monkey dolls had been sent by an anonymous donor. Six blue and pink dolls, with lace-trimmed bonnets, came from Miss Hodgson, and Mr. Rogers gave six, including a pretty sailor-girl in blue and a boy in pink. Miss Ronald's half a dozen included a cosy winter costume and an airy summer one, and a pretty pierrot. Of Miss Pinniger's six, three were sailors in blue serge. The Misses Pickering presented four dolls dressed in dark gowns, with very pretty undergarments. "Nesta" gave two dolls dressed in red, with satin ribbon as a trimming, with the pretty garments beneath which children love taking off and on. Half the joy of a doll is the dressing and undressing of it. Little Lord Donegall, who gave a Highlander last year, followed it with a girl-doll in Welsh dress; and Miss Potter sent from Pau a large doll all in white, with a white fur coat and hat, and real lace on all its garments, visible and invisible. Miss Couch-Johns presented a pretty boy-doll.

The Set Pieces.

The set pieces are always among the most enthralling sections of Truth Toy Show. The greater number of them are arranged with dolls sent out from the office to be dressed, and the fertility of imagination, the ingenuity of invention, shown year after year in this department alone are quite remarkable, and worthy of all praise. At last year's Show there was ever a thick crowd round Miss Florence Jacomb-Hood's series of tableaux dealing with the career of that much-married man, Mr. Bluebeard, and his immortal wife Fatima. This year's scene was from Mrs. Strain's "School in Fairyland," where the examining fairy distributes the prizes for needlework. The school benches and ledges were true to life, apparently made of oak, and on the latter was a slate with a sum in addition marked R for correct, a tiny volume entitled "The True Story of Cinderella," and another extremely small edition of "Hansel and Gretel." The fairy was a very beautiful person, with a high crown and gauzy robes, attended by two elves in white with high, pointed caps. Between them they carried the basket of glittering prizes. This set piece was arranged by the Misses Jacomb-Hood with their usual bright inventiveness. Another scene arranged by them was "Queen Guinevere and Her Ladies," and was very cleverly managed. The background was painted to resemble the wall of an old castle. The queen, in white gown embroidered with jewels, sits on a marble bench wearing a white veil and crown. Her ladies are about her, wearing old-world costumes very carefully carried out, and opposite the queen is a minstrel, gaily dressed, holding a lyre. The minute care with which each detail is thought out may be inferred from the fact that the floor on which this group is arranged is painted to resemble tesselated marble.

Soldiers! Can any one exaggerate the charm exercised upon the childish mind by soldiers? Probably not. The glittering array of our warriors, the rhythmic march of them, the music of the band, and the infection caught from eager nurses, all have their share in producing excitement about anything that is martial. The little ones in slums and shabby streets fly to the corner of the great thoroughfare directly they hear the first notes of military music. The very sight of the scarlet and gold, the glancing helmets, and the waving plumes, is a joy to them, awaking their fancy and enchanting eye and ear. The Misses B. and F. Glave must be well aware of this, for their set piece this year was a truly magnificent panorama of the Trooping of the Colour at the Horse Guards', as performed on the Sovereign's birthday. Here the dazzled children found the mounted lifeguardsman on his black charger whom they regard with a mingling of joy and envy. Does he not hold a sword? A wide space on the great central table at the Toy Show was occupied by this grand military display. There were officers, bandsmen, non-coms. and privates, and—attend to this, kind reader!—the uniform of every man takes on and off! This is the triumphant culmination of the Misses Glave's splendid work. Each uniform is so correct in every particular that if marshalled before the eye of the Sovereign himself, his Majesty could find no flaw in the whole. Even the little buttons are correct in pattern. "How on earth did you manage it?" some one asked Miss Glave, and she told us that picture postcards had been utilised as models, and large coloured pictures in illustrated papers. In such ingenious ways do these clever ladies ensure accuracy and give a lifelike appearance to their regiment of dolls. They even wire the arms so as to facilitate the taking off and putting on of the beautifully made little garments. For many months they have been working at this, and the result must be as gratifying to them as it is to the delighted children. In the background was St. James's Park, with its grass and trees, and near the front were the buildings of the Horse Guards and other Government offices. To the left was a detachment of Coldstreams, in the middle were Irish Guards and Scots Greys, and on the left were mounted Life Guards. The horses are as accurately caparisoned as the men are habited. White sheepskin saddlecloths, or white embroidered, gilt chains and tassels and headpieces, all are there, and their riders have shining breastplates, little helmets with waving plumes, haversacks, and everything complete. The making of the little topboots for them must have been a work of no small difficulty; and so must the gorgeous, embroidered uniforms of the band. Their instruments were copied to the life. The little drummer-boy was a picture. A capital idea was the placing of a uniformed policeman at either end of the ground, one showing the words, "Pass on, please," so constantly heard at the Toy Show; the other equally insistent with his "Keep to the left."

It was hard to decide whether this truly remarkable set-piece excelled the Misses Glaves' wonderful "Japan en Fête" of last year. Comparisons are odious, as a rule, but when it is a question of measuring two achievements in the sacred cause of others' happiness, and both by the same ladies, comparisons are no longer odious. Nor is there any need to decide as to the respective merits of last year's or the present. Who shall say which is more delightful, the soldiers in the "Trooping of the Colour," or the minute Japanese landscape of 1905, with its little streams, bridges, summer houses, gardens, trees, coolies, ladies, rickshaws, pagodas, schoolgirls, and other figures, for each one of which the doll had to be entirely remodelled, just as this year the legs and arms of the soldiers had to be removed and remodelled.

Another set-piece of a highly fascinating character and splendidly thought out was "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington," dolls dressed and arranged by Miss Sandbrook, who is to be congratulated equally upon the conception and execution of the work. Sixty dolls appeared in the scene under the title of "The Merry Maids of Islington," all beautifully dressed. Some of them sat or walked on a high, raised terrace, supported by a cleverly depicted wall, the idea of which was rendered by a length of American cloth, painted to represent stone work. From the terrace a flight of steps led down to the grassy lawn below, on which more merry maids disported themselves. In the centre was a sundial, made to scale, and near it lay a fiddle and bow. To the extreme right was a signpost, inscribed on one side "To Islington," and on the other arm "To London Towne." Near it stood the bailiff's daughter, attired in rags, but holding the corner of a nice, clean apron to her eyes. The words and musical notes of the dear old ballad, inscribed on a long white strip of paper, on the lawn, showed that the moment chosen was that indicated in the following verse:—

"When all the Maides of Islington
Went forth to sporte and playe,
All but the Bailiff's daughter deare
She secretly stole away.
She pulled off her gowne of greene
And put on ragged attire,
And to faire London she would gae
Her true love to inquire."

Two of the Merry Maids are approaching her, evidently to ask why she weeps, and this touch of sympathy is not one of the smallest charms of Miss Sandbrook's beautiful little epic in dolls. Many of those who admired the "Merry Maids" recalled the lovely "Fairy Tableau" contributed by Miss Sandbrook last year, the then latest of a long series of successes from the same kind and clever hand. The tableau in question illustrated the scene in "The Cricket on the Hearth," where John Peerybingle sat and smoked while the Dutch clock ticked, the red fire gleamed, and so on through a passage familiar to all lovers of Dickens. Well do we remember with what loving care the whole idea was carried out last year and how the visitors gazed and gazed, and stopped to gaze again, in spite of the policeman's cry "Move on, please!"

A third very interesting set piece was "Progressive Bridge," showing a number of green baize card tables set on a wide carpeted floor, and each surrounded by four players, all dolls very sumptuously attired in evening dress, the ladies jewelled and be-laced, the gentlemen correctly garbed and many of them smoking. The paraphernalia for this amusement was set out on still smaller tables than those for cards. On them were boxes of the tiniest cigars, glasses half full of something that looked very like brandy and soda, boxes of infinitesimal matches. The minute detail of all this was admirable. On one table lay markers showing "trumps declared," etc., and there was a tiny fire-place, with clock and candlesticks on the mantel-shelf, a coal-box, and a high standard lamp in the centre of the floor. On a small side table were arranged the prizes for the winners. This set-piece included twenty-four dolls, all dressed and arranged by Miss F. M. Brendon.

A second Military Display, "Soldiers in the Park," was the subject of a set-piece by Miss E. Lloyd, who had dressed 100 small dolls, in addition to her beautifully attired large one. Her "Regiment of Guards" were in uniform, absolutely correct in every way. They were marching through the Park—trees, railings, and all complete, including nursemaids with babies in perambulators, mailcarts, and ladies in fur-trimmed winter dresses. "The Doll's Promenade" showed twenty-four dolls, by Miss Benson, arrayed for walking in the bravest of summer attire, all wearing veiling in different tints with ribbons and lace caps. One or two carried Japanese umbrellas.

Miss Grace Scholefield's "Bromley Market" occupied the space on the central table facing the organ. Every Thursday in the year there is an old-world market held in Bromley market-place, where fruit, vegetables, and flowers are the staple merchandise, but toys, fish, and haberdashery (a strange mixture) are also exposed. This scene Miss Scholefield has represented with a fidelity and detail absolutely astounding. Last year her "Wintry Scene" attracted a great deal of attention, and the same qualities that made it remarkable had been lavished on this year's piece. A crowd of buyers and sellers congregated about several little stalls, on which fruit and vegetables were exposed for sale. There were baskets of potatoes, stacks of

parsley, piles of carrots and turnips, all made of marzipan. The fruit stall showed peaches embedded in cotton wool, luscious pears, deep-red apples, and even oranges duly wrapped in tissue paper with a twist at the top. These things were sold by girls in cotton dresses and stout aprons, to ladies in muslin and delaine, some with sunshades. A youth off to cricket in the foreground met a studious friend with a roll of papers under his arm; a ragged urchin offered to carry home the pot of flowers a lady had just bought; while a man in shirt-sleeves busied himself near the stall of penny toys. All was animation and movement, and in every figure there was character and purpose.

A separate section of the groups of dolls was that in which the ladies and gentlemen sending in the set pieces bought the dolls required for the purpose instead of using and dressing dolls supplied by Truth. Here again we find the now familiar name of the Misses Jacomb-Hood, for among the presented groups were a series of four by Miss Louisa Jacomb-Hood, representing the seasons. "Winter" was remarkable for its Snow Man, who appeared to be made of cotton-wool, and had exactly the expression and attitude, not of a real man, but of a snow man, even to the slightly rakish backward tilt which has distinguished all snow men since the world began, if one may judge from pictures and experience. In the snow at the side of the group lay a Yule log, sparkling with snow, and a robin redbreast and some holly sat on it, looking cheerful and prickly, each in their kind. Three little girls and a boy stood round the snowman, evidently approving of their work. The former were cosily dressed in warm pelisses, with poke hats, their garments, and even the spades they held, being powdered with snow. So were the brown felt hat and serge suit of the little boy; finally, they were all beaming, and the snow man, as he held out his wooden arms, and squinted at his wooden pipe, seemed leaning back for a good laugh. "Autumn" was bright and mellow, and the scene was a cornfield with plenty of sheaves, and promising a rich reward to the gleaners. Scattered poppies lay among the fallen corn, and the girls and boys who romped in the midst of it were laden with flowers of autumn tints. They were dressed in the pretty style of the Jackanapes period; and the boy wore a hat made of dress stiffening, whose shape was so wide, and shady, and picturesque, that it was worthy to rank as a Gainsborough. "Summer" was typified by a hayfield, in which the same merry party was raking with ingeniously made rakes. They were all in cottons, and one of the girls wore a particularly pretty sunbonnet, pale pink, edged with pink Swiss embroidery. Most charming of all was "Spring"—a green meadow, with a gorse bush bursting into golden blossom, and in its midst a nest with four little blue eggs, over which hovered an eager hedge-sparrow. One rather trembled lest the laughing party of spring-clad boys and girls round the corner should discover the nest, but the feathered mother was happy in the gaiety of spring.

Miss Florence Jacomb-Hood had illustrated in four presented groups the sad history of the Babes in the Wood, as told in the old ballad. The first two verses run:—

No love between these two was lost,
Each was to the other kinde;
In love they lived, in love they dyed,
And left two babes behinde.

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old;
The other a girl more younge than he,
And framed in beauty's molde.

Apparently the phrase with which this excerpt opens meant the exact opposite from what it does to-day, for the lady and the gentleman seated on the bench were obviously very proud of each other. The lady wore a light dress and a black coif edged with pearls; the gentleman was resplendent in pale blue, even to his plumed cap, and his brown hair was matched by a most silky little tufted Elizabethan beard. Under an arch of roses ran the children, and it is no wonder that the balladist called them "fine," for the three-year-old boy was only an inch or so shorter than his father. He wore pink, with a red ostrich feather in his cap. His sister was in white.

A great many things happen in the next two verses, which could scarcely be more concisely put than in the old story:—

These speeches then their brother spake
To this sick couple there;
"The keeping of your little ones,
Sweet sister, do not fear."

The parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And bringes them straite unto his house,
Where much of them he makes.

He lived in an age when mourning laws were apparently rather lax, for, on this occasion at any rate, he wore a green velvet suit, and carried his niece, who was arrayed in bright pink, and nursed a tiny Japanese doll. The boy, dressed in purple, was less brilliant, and they all looked extremely happy, the nephew dragging behind him a toy horse and cart.

But alas!

He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
But for their wealth he did devise
To make them both awaye.

He bargained with two ruffians strong,
Who were of furious mood,
That they should take the children young,
And slaye them in a wood.

One tooke the children by the hand,
While teares stood in their eye,
And bade them come and go with him,
And look they did not crye.

This desperate character wore most respectable clothes, and looked rather like the keeper of a park. The children, the boy in blue, and the girl in pink, were obeying his injunctions not to cry. And now the tragedy comes:—

Then wandered these two pretty babes,
Till death did end their grief,
In one another's arms they dyed,
As babes wanting relief.

No burial these pretty babes
Of any man received,
Till Robin Redbreast painfully
Did cover them with leaves.

They were real autumn leaves, too, and the robins were doing it beautifully, under an arch of ivy.

Two set-pieces, contributed respectively by Miss Baily and Mrs. Foulger, proved very particularly successful. They were reproductions of two pictures by E. Blair Leighton. The first was the artist's "Summer Shower," and the way in which the dolls were dressed and arranged to carry out the idea was quite wonderful. Two ladies and a little girl are sheltering in the lych-gate of a church yard, the church itself making a fine bit of colour in the background, the deep, glowing red of the brick contrasting with trees, shrubs, bushes and turf. To the left, under one umbrella, are walking off a happy-looking couple, quite oblivious of the unfortunate chaperon who is trying to keep up with her charge, though it rains, and she is without an umbrella. She has turned up her velvet gown to keep it from being spotted, and is protecting with it as best she can the pretty feather in her bonnet. The gentleman wears a nice mauve costume, and is evidently of a literary turn of mind, for he carries a couple of books under his arm. Mrs. Foulger's companion tableau reproduced Blair Leighton's well-known picture, "The Foundling," and it would be difficult to exaggerate the cleverness with which the carving of the old convent porch is rendered, so that it looks exactly like stone, worn and darkened by time. The two nuns wear dark blue, and one, holding a lantern, is kneeling over the foundling, who appears to be very warmly and comfortably clad. The gates, too, are very cleverly painted to give the idea of the antique.

Two brides and two bridesmaids came from Mrs. A. Hall, and everyone remarked on the undoll-like face of the chief bride. Her figure was smart and modern, her face had the same qualities, and she wore a bright smile, as though she thought she really had done well! Her fair hair was fashionably arranged under a veil that fell over her elaborate white satin dress, flounced with blonde lace. She had a pearl rope for ornament. The second bride was less richly attired, but very prettily; and they were attended by two bridesmaids in green. If the first bride had taken a single step forward she would have fallen over a baby-doll in long clothes, that formed part of the same presentation. It wore a white frock and pelisse, and was thoughtfully accompanied by an outfit consisting of a nightgown, pillow, veil, and head-flannel.

Specially interesting was a small piece among the presented groups, representing six dolls dancing round a Maypole. They wore dresses of silk crochet, in artistically blended shades, threaded with baby ribbon tied in bows, and they had hats to match. Their dresses fitted beautifully, and were supplemented by really exquisite crocheted underclothes. The little "Jack in the Green," although he was a sweep, and carried black brushes, was as prettily dressed as any of them, in shades of green, and he rested against a Maypole that broke out into little ribbon bows as if it were laughing. The dolls held long slender ribbons of various shades. It was very pretty, and remarkable for its good workmanship as well as its good taste; and, to crown all, it was accompanied by a letter certifying that it was the work of a little girl thirteen years old. Entirely unaided, Miss Muriel Nichols had carried out her ideas with a certainty and a skill that many more experienced workers might envy, and her success deserves the highest commendation and congratulation. The dolls represented tireless patience in those wearisome details which add so much to the tale of work, and their under-garments were quite as well made as their dresses. They had crocheted socks and boots, and they bore the legend: "We all undress."

Mrs. Lanham and daughters presented a charming little group, representing a child doll in bed, watched over by an anxious mother. The invalid wore a nightgown trimmed with lace, and lay in a bed of polished wood furnished with hem-stitched sheets and pillow slip, and a warm eiderdown quilt. Her mother wore pale blue, with a lace collar.

Home-Made Toys and Other Gifts.

An ingenious home-made toy was a Miniature Museum by Miss Effie Dresser, the room, cut out of cardboard, and the chairs and tables, were all fastened to the floor. The walls were covered with scraps instead of pictures, and a neat finish was made with carpet braid standing erect, and simulating railings.

Calculated to be a source of joy and pride to small boy-owners were the wooden steam-engines made and presented by Mr. J. Richardson, Station-master at Ben Rhydding.

Three folding beds came from Miss Louch, containing small dolls; their nightgowns and bed-clothes were trimmed with lace, and over them patchwork quilts arranged in squares, each of which bore letters of the alphabet in their proper order. The beds were very pretty, of rustic wood, and folded into a very small space.

Another presentation home-made tableau was Mrs. Cummins' snow-scene, with frost-clad trees and bushes, the children dancing round a Christmas tree as though it were a mulberry bush.

A robin redbreast seemed to want to join in the revels, and a snow-white pigeon appeared to be of a similar inclination. Miss Scholefield's "Days of Our Youth" showed twelve dolls dancing merrily round a Maypole on the greensward. Another good idea found expression in "The Talking Toys," after A. W. Bennett, illustrating his verses:—

"After the beautiful day is done,
When stars are coming out one by one,
And little folks should be long in bed,
The toys begin to talk, 'tis said."

It is a gay room, with pictures hung on the terra-cotta walls, nice furniture, a little fireplace, and a too comfortable sofa, where the dolls' owners are fast asleep.

A most interesting home-made toy, and one that may serve to develop a mechanical turn of mind in some lucky boy, is a Working Model of Machinery by Mr. Louis Karnell. It shows how the whole work of the blacksmith's shop can be done by machinery, the anvils being lifted and struck, the forge fire kept going, the grindstone being ground, and, in addition to all, a merry-go-round being kept going by it.

Among other contributors of dolls was Mr. L. Bullock, who sent a large family, all of the same age, apparently. They were all dressed in bright colours which will greatly please the poor children whose lives are passed in such grey surroundings. Three other dolls were presented by the Girls' Jewish Domestic Training Home, dressed variously and very creditably. Miss Leaver sent a white satin-robed doll, and Miss Mary Leaver one attired in white crochet, relieved with pink ribbons. From Miss Gilbertson came two crochet-clad dolls, a boy in pale blue and a girl in blue and white. Miss Edsor sent a white baby with swansdown and embroidered leaves for trimming.

Gifts of scrap-books, always acceptable, came from Miss K. C. Wallace; from Master A. F. Sutherland Egerton, very neat and well done; from "A Friend," two scrap-books; from Miss M. J. Thomas, a pile of them, carefully covered with flowered linen; and from Miss Connell, a number with strong covers neatly herring-boned up the backs. Miss Milne sent no less than six hundred scrap sheets. These are more easily held by the thin little hands of sick children. It is wonderful to think how much food for the mind a child can get out of even the smallest picture, how they pore over it, and read their small experience into it.

Balls are always useful toys in the sick-room, when made of soft wool knitted up. Miss Robinson sent a number knitted by her mother, who is over eighty-two, and who has completely lost the sight of one eye. This old lady thought they could not be worth sending, but no one who saw them could agree with her.

Yoko's scrap-books, to the number of fifty, and her forty-eight knitted dolls made a very fine appearance. Miss Sclater's black and scarlet pigmies were equally attractive. Much admired were the Misses Woods' dolls, so nicely dressed, and enjoying the advantage of having movable legs.

There were several contributions of sweets. From Mrs. E. Harlock came three dozen quarter-pound boxes. This lady makes sweets and sells them for the benefit of the N.S.P.C.C., and lest the funds of that estimable society should suffer by the sweets being given away, Mr. Harlock pays for those sent to the Truth Toy Show, and the money goes to the N.S.P.C.C. Mrs. Baker sent fifty boxes of home-made sweets, a number that beats even her former record. Almost every box contains a Christmas card or a picture of some sort. Miss Mat Powell is also a generous contributor, sending twenty-eight boxes of good, home-made sweets, and Miss Humphreys also sent a box of sweets.

Any expression of thanks seems quite inadequate when one thinks of the joy and gratitude of the happy children for whom so many kind readers of Truth have worked. To this must, too, be added the pleasure given to the visitors to the Toy Show. Every one asserted that the Show had never seemed so attractive. The Organ Recitals given so kindly by Mr. H. C. Tonking were, as usual, a great contribution to the pleasure of the occasion, and on Thursday evening there was an enjoyable concert by Mr. J. B. Jenkins's Ladies' Mandoline Band. To the Metropolitan District Railway Company an acknowledgment is due for the exhibition at their stations of posters advertising the Show.

As ever, the new sixpences were a great attraction, and so were the toys bought by the kindness of subscribers to the Fund. At the organ-end of the arena the platform was arranged with a great trophy of these toys. It was crowned by a cheery Father Christmas, clad in scarlet, and bearing a little fir tree in his hand. Beneath him, a clown and a frog playing a guitar, supported on either hand by a gigantic Turk's-head. Lower still there were endless toys of the larger variety; rocking-horses ridden for the nonce by large woolly white bears, red and green railway engines, yaks, sheep, goats, a Chinaman with upraised hands, several Father Christmasses and Punch-and-Judy shows, two little white and blue boats called "Grace Darling," with a seat in the stern and diminutive blue and white oars, the whole thing set on castors and suitable for navigation on wooden or carpet oceans, and a red and white clown lovingly embracing a white and liver sporting dog, so life-like in size and attitude that one waited to see it move. Two enormous blue and red gollywogs stood guard at either side in sentry-boxes, and among the other things that made up the goodly pile were wheelbarrows, doll's-houses, flying machines in miniature, milk carts, men-o'-war, and a pretty shaded blue and silver shell, large enough for a big doll or a small person to sit in. In addition to this, there were ranged round the hall thirty-six large cases, each containing assorted toys of smaller kinds, ready addressed to various hospitals; samples of their contents were displayed at either side of them, and their range included everything from lambs to trumpets, from dolls to boats, that could rejoice the heart of childhood.

Twenty-five thousand crackers from Messrs. Tom Smith are fine machinery for the manufacture of mirth and jollity. This generous gift is presented every year with unfailing kindness by the King of Crackerland. Cases of chocolate from Messrs. Fry are another liberal present for the poor children.

An announcement with regard to the award of prizes for the dressing of dolls will in due course be published in Truth. Meanwhile I give the following list, which purports to contain the names of all the ladies who dressed either large or small dolls. As, however, it has been impossible to check it, I shall be glad if any dresser of dolls whose name cannot be found in the list will kindly communicate the fact of its omission. I shall also be glad to receive corrections of any mistakes that may have been made in the foregoing account of the Show:—

Mrs. Appleby, 24 s., 1 l.; Mrs. A. Auerbach, 50 s., 1 l.; Mrs. Bentley-Rudd, 2 s.; Mrs. F. Byrne, 36 s.; Miss F. M. Brendon, 24 s.; Miss Baugham, 12 s.; Miss M. Baugham, 12 s.; Miss G. Baugham, 12 s.; Miss M. Brooke, 2 l.; the Misses Beynon, 60 s.; Miss Barnes, 24 s.; Mrs. Bond, 40 s.; Mrs. Billigheimer, 12 s.; Miss Benson, 24 s.; Miss K. M. Burr, 6 s.; Miss Burgess, 1 l.; Mrs. H. Comyns, 100 s., 1 l.; Mrs. Coombe, 200 s.; Miss A. N. Carpenter, 60 s.; Miss Connell, 12 s.; Mrs. Campbell, 6 s.; Mrs. R. Compton, 100 s., 1 l.; Mrs. M. Cornish, 12 s.; Mrs. E. Corban, 1 l.; Miss C. Dunston, 24 s.; Miss Delgado, 24 s.; the Hon. Mrs. Dunant, 24 s.; Miss E. Dodsworth, 12 s.; Miss vom Diggelen, 1 l.; Miss J. Douglas, 1 l.; Miss B. Finlinson, 100 s.; Mrs. Falkiner, 12 s.; Miss A. Fenton, 2 l.; the Misses Glave, 60 s., 1 l.; Mrs. F. Green, 30 s., 1 l.; Mrs. J. Greaves, 2 l.; Mrs. Gimmer, 1 l.; Miss E. K. Gordon, 24 s., 1 l.; Miss Jacomb-Hood, 124 s., 5 l.; Miss Hodgson, 6 s.; Miss A. Hurlsten, 1 s., 1 l.; the Misses Horsfall, 2 l.; Mrs. J. Hedingham, 2 l.; Miss L. Couch Johns, 1 s., 1 l.; Mrs. J. A. Kennedy, 1 l.; Nurse Kempster, 1 l.; Miss H. Kleinwort, 1 l.; Miss E. Lloyd, 101 s., 1 l.; Miss D. Leaver, 1 l.; Lady Lange, 50 s.; Miss B. A. Love, 1 l.; Miss Lomax, 24 s.; Miss Moulton, 25 s.; Miss A. Mallard, 12 s.; Miss Mitchell Molyneux, 30 s., 3 l.; Miss M. Marshall, 12 s.; Miss P. Macdonald, 1 l.; "Nesta," 2 s.; Mrs. E. Oakeley, 120 s.; Mrs. W. J. R. Poole, 1 l.; Miss W. Poole, 12 s.; Miss C. Pearson, 150 s., 1 l.; Miss Pinniger, 6 s.; Mrs. Preston, 1 l.; Mrs. Plumptre, 4 l.; the Misses Pickering; 4 l.; Miss D. Pitt, 1 l.; Mrs. Prochownick, 2 l.; Miss C. Rivington, 12 s.; Miss O. Ruffer, 12 l.; Miss S. L. Ravenscroft, 6 s.; Miss Robinson, 6 s.; Mr. Rogers, 12 s., 2 l.; Miss A. Ronald, 6 s.; Miss Rawson, 240 s., 6 l.; Mrs. F. Stern, 700 s.; Mrs. B. Skinner, 400 s.; Mrs. M. Streatfeild, 60 s., 1 l.; Miss G. E. M. Scholefield, 24 s.; Miss A. E. Smith, 12 s.; Miss H. Stevens, 1 l.; Miss A. Sandbrook, 60 s.; Miss Sanders, 12 s., 1 l.; Miss Strahan, 1 l.; Miss Sandford, 1 l.; Mrs. P. Tennant, 36 s.; Mrs. Tonkin, 18 s.; Miss J. C. Thomson, 1 l.; Miss H. E. Weatherley, 12 s., 1 l.; Miss J. F. Walker, 25 s.; Miss F. L. Woods, 48 s.; Miss D. G. Watson, 12 s.; Miss A. F. Wilson, 12 s.; Mrs. M. Webb, 13 s.; Miss G. Wood, 1 l.; Miss C. Wetherell, 1 l.; Mrs. D. Watson, 1 l.

ART NOTES.

WOMEN IN ART.

IF I were a Suffragette, I think I should give up airing my grievances to unsympathetic constables in Palace Yard for a time, and, as a pleasant variation, organise an expedition to break the windows of the Grafton Galleries. I should do so, not because I have any grudge against the proprietors, who, for all I know to the contrary, may be among the most ardent supporters of the Cause—and who, being business men, have no doubt insured their windows with some Plate Glass Insurance Company already—but simply and purely as a protest against them for offering the hospitality of their galleries to the Women's International Art Club. I should have no quarrel, again, with the Women's International Art Club *per se*—for I am sure it is an excellently-intentioned and thoroughly well-deserving society—but I cannot imagine a more grievous insult to what would, I suppose, be my sex—always supposing I were a Suffragette—than the innuendo conveyed in its chosen title. From any point of view we surely have the red herring of sex dragged across far too many directions of human effort already, without bringing it into art. Consider exactly what is implied by this assumption of the word "Women" in connection with art. It can be only one of two alternatives. The first is that, in art, women follow an entirely different ideal; are aiming at a different object altogether, to men.

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This we know is not the case, or if we do not know it, we have only to keep our eyes open for five minutes in any picture-gallery, at the Grafton, for instance, to learn. The second alternative is that the title is adopted as an appeal *ad misericordiam*. "Don't be too severe on us," the International Women Artists seem to implore. "We are only weak, silly women. We know that our paintings are not good enough to be hung in the some room with those by men artists. Please remember that we are only women—we are horribly ashamed of it, but we can't help it—we realise our own weakness and second-ratedness, but we do hope you will be nice and kind and considerate and make allowances. For we assure you that, though we know it isn't up to much, it is the best we can do."

Now if I were a woman-artist, however humble-minded, I think this would annoy me. I think I should argue that I was a woman only by accident, but an artist by design, and that I should wish to stand or fall as an artist, ignoring my sex altogether. I think that if my name were, say, Rose Madder, I should sign my pictures simply "R. Madder," and should send them to "mixed" exhibitions, and that I should avoid any society which insisted, by implication, on the inferiority of women-artists, and the necessity of segregating their work so that there be no opportunity of comparing it with the infinitely superior productions of man. I think, I say, that I should avoid that Society as though it were the very Devil. If my pictures were rejected by the "mixed" exhibition authorities, or when hung, compared too unfavourably with those of the male exhibitors, I think I should try, year after year, to improve, until people might come in time to admire my work as that of an artist, without troubling themselves whether the person who painted it wore trousers or petticoats.

Even supposing that all women-artists were unanimous in considering their work inferior to that of men—which I am quite sure they are not—it would still be bad policy to flock together in this way into a sort of artistic harem. Because, not only do they run the risk of being referred to contemptuously as "only women-artists, you know; not worth looking at," but the weak points which might escape notice in one picture, or even half-a-dozen, positively command it when there are two or three hundred gathered together. This is seen, only too plainly, in the present show at the Grafton Galleries. It includes some excellent work, quite worthy of holding its own in any of the "mixed" (sometimes very mixed) exhibitions to which we have become accustomed in this country, but it is lost among a great deal that is not excellent at all. This, not because there are many actually bad pictures included—I can only remember three or four that struck me as being really bad. There is very little of the careless, scamped, unkempt sort of work which so many male artists begin to turn out as soon as they get to think themselves clever. On the contrary, the great bulk of the pictures shown are only too painstaking. They are altogether of the studio, laboriously thought out, as laboriously executed—showing all the signs of enthusiastic industry, but very little of artistic initiative. It is just in this very point that the mistaken policy of such an exhibition shows itself most forcibly. I do not think I am exaggerating when I say that a good half of the paintings shown are purely imitative. Looking at them you can tell without any difficulty the name of the man under whom the woman has studied or by whom she has been influenced. You can find every detail, every mood of his work reproduced with the most painstaking fidelity and weakened in the reproduction "as moonlight is to sunlight, or as water is to wine." You will find that the pupil has usually gone a little farther than the master. If, for example, he has a penchant for muddy flesh-tints, you find that his disciple's flesh-tints are undiluted mud; if the master's landscapes are given to woolliness, you may be sure that the pupil's landscapes will look as if they were built up of dyed cotton-wool. I do not for a moment say that male disciples are not also given to imitating their master's tricks—diffidence in initiative is one of the most marked characteristics of much of our present-day art—but we are not invited to consider their work as primarily that of men—who ever heard of a "Men's International Art Club," with the accent on the "Men's"?—and we are accordingly less impelled to confound the individual with the sex. So if you took the, say, one hundred purely imitative paintings now at the Grafton Galleries, and the other fifty, which are more than three-quarters imitative, and dispersed them through a couple of dozen "mixed" exhibitions, labelled as the work of individuals without regard to sex, it would never occur to any one that their besetting weakness was due to the fact that they were the work of women; while, on the other hand, their good qualities of tidiness and carefulness and so on would shine all the more by contrast.

I suppose women-artists, like other people, do not paint pictures purely for the fun of the thing. Certainly they affix prices—generally, I am bound to say, moderate—to their descriptions in the catalogue. Does it occur to them, I wonder, that when any one starts out to buy anything, he is not likely to patronise the shopkeeper who explains, in a spirit of humility, that his goods are not really the best of their kind, that although they are as good as he is capable of providing they are, in fact, inferior to those stocked by his competitor across the way. I am afraid most of us, under such circumstances, would make a bee-line to the shop across the way, and spend our money there. And equally, I am sure that if a man sets out to buy pictures he will go where he thinks he can get the best ones, and will only buy pictures labelled specifically as being "only woman's work" in the spirit of charity, or because he thinks he can squeeze the artists down in price. I repeat that, were I a woman-artist, I think I should prefer to give up the profession of painting altogether and take to rag-picking as a preferable alternative, rather than to proclaim myself by inference as being one of an inferior order, and a deserving subject for the charity of the critic and the patron. If this spirit prevail to any extent among women painters—as it certainly does among women in other ranks of life—it provides yet another argument against sex-segregation in art. For the best women painters will—as some of them do already, if I may judge from certain notable omissions in the present show—prefer to send their pictures where they may be judged entirely on their merits as works of art. The general average of those who have not the courage to follow their example will fall, and the reputation of the woman artist will suffer accordingly.

A reproduction in photo-engraving of Mr. Byam Shaw's fine painting, "The Greatest of All Heroes is One," has just been published by Messrs. Landeker and Brown, 28-30, Worship-street, E.C. Visitors to the Academy of 1905 will remember this work, in which the artist seeks to symbolise Christ's influence upon the world. The central figure in the picture, impressive in its simple dignity, is Christ Himself, carrying a carpenter's tool-bag; bowing the knee to Him in adoration and prayer are St. Michael and St. George; and grouped below are a number of great rulers and famous heroes of all ages and countries. The reproduction made under the personal supervision of Mr. Byam Shaw is an admirable example of photo-engraving.

Another of last year's Academy pictures—Miss M. Collyer's "Scotty and Khaki"—has recently been engraved. It is a pretty picture of two Scotch terriers, and the mezzo-tint engraving by Mr. Stanley C. Pratt—the proof impressions being signed by both painter and engraver—is sure to be popular. Messrs. Frost and Reed, of Bristol, are the publishers.

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MUSIC.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

ON the whole it has been a year of rather small things. No new composers of much mark have appeared, and the old hands have been content for the most part to mark time. Richard Strauss (whatever he may have up his sleeve) has so far produced nothing to eclipse "Salomé" in sensationalism, though the continued success of that extraordinary opera, which will soon have been given all over Europe, may not be overlooked as one of the outstanding features of the musical year. Max Reger continues to cover reams of music paper with music which his critics pronounce inscrutable and his admirers find sublime, but agreement seems to be remote as ever concerning the worth of his abstruse creations. His works are still practically unknown in this country, so we are hardly in a position to express an opinion on the point. Of Debussy we have heard lately rather more—though still very little considering the fame which he enjoys—and would gladly make still further acquaintance with a writer who is in his own subtle and elusive manner as original and individual as either Strauss or Reger. A younger Continental composer, Ernst von Boehe, has won some admirers here through an excerpt from his "Odysseus" cycle, which has been heard more than once, while Sibelius, the Finnish composer, has also been a good deal talked of during the past twelve months as a contemporary to be reckoned with.

At home the record has been rather lean. Many new works from this and that hand have been heard, but few have left a very profound impression. Elgar's "The Kingdom," being merely a continuation of "The Apostles," naturally broke no fresh ground. Another of the novelties heard at Birmingham, Granville Bantock's "Omar Khayyam," had its admirers, and in the opinion of some is likely to live, though as regards most hearers it scarcely evoked wild enthusiasm; while as for Mr. Joseph Holbrooke's setting of "The Bells," it proved little more than that Strauss does not stand alone in being able to write for an inordinate number of instruments. New works were also brought out by Parry and Walford Davies—one was called a sinfonia sacra and the other a sacred symphony—while pleasant impressions remain of Stanford's "Watts" symphony heard earlier in the year. Three new operas from native pens were also produced—Mr. Nicholas Gatty's "Greysteel" was heard at Sheffield, Mr. Alick Maclean's "Die Liebesgeige" at Mainz, and Miss Ethel Smyth's "Strandrecht" at Leipsic. The rest is, if not exactly silence, nothing of any great note.

As regards performances a notable feature of the year, so far as London is concerned, has been the boom in opera. In addition to the ordinary grand season at Covent Garden in the summer, there was the Moody-Manners season of opera in English at the Lyric Theatre in the dog days, which was followed in the autumn by the San Carlo season at Covent Garden, while the New Year will hardly be started before another supplementary season of German opera will invite attention. Col. Mapleson has also been active, and according to the latest accounts has everything cut and dried now for the erection of a grand national opera house which will cause all other nations to bite their nails with envy, and altogether opera, in one way and another, has not for many years been more in evidence among us. At Covent Garden in the summer we had the "Ring" under Richter, Gluck's "Armide," Cornelius's "Barber of Bagdad," Poldini's "Princess and the Vagabond," Massenet's "Le Jongleur de Notre-Dame," along with other works more familiar. The revival of the ballet (in the acceptable guise of M. Messager's "Les Deux Pigeons") was also a feature of the season, which was further and less agreeably distinguished by the quite abnormally poor singing of most of the German vocalists heard, which went far to destroy the enjoyment of the otherwise highly creditable "Ring" performances. An exception to a painful rule was, however, found in Frl. von Mildenburg, a brilliant dramatic soprano, who was the most notable of the newcomers heard. In the case of the San Carlo performances there was one novelty of some interest in Giordano's "Fédora," and quite a sensational triumph was achieved at the very end of the season by Mlle. Maria Gay, who was generally voted one of the finest Carmens who has been seen in London for some years. It is to be hoped that she will be heard again in the summer. Mme. Nordica was also to have been heard, but, unfortunately, was prevented from appearing by a persistent cold, and thus had her long journey from America and back again all for nothing. In connection with opera the recent Gilbert and Sullivan revival at the Savoy may also be referred to.

There have been innumerable concerts during the year, but few stand out in recollection. Early in the year a visit paid to London by the Paris Garde Républicaine Band attracted some attention, but not much public support. Later, the first London performance of Strauss's "Taillefer" was an event of some note. Then in the summer we had the Vienna Male Voice Choir and the Vienna Orchestral Society, both of whom left a very great impression, though neither drew the audiences which might have been expected. Famous conductors who visited us for the first time were Herr Schalk (of Vienna), M. Safonoff (whose practice of conducting without a bâton gave rise to much picturesque writing in the halfpenny papers), and Mr. (or Signor) Creatore, whose platform antics may be considered to reach the high-water mark so far recorded in that respect. Grieg and Saint-Saëns were more distinguished visitors whom we were glad to see. The prodigies were not quite so importunate as last year. The most remarkable, perhaps, was Pepito Arriola, a wonderful little pianist from Spain, while Joska Szigeti, Micio Horzowski, and Lionel Ovenden were others, one or two of whom may possibly be heard of further. But not every prodigy is of tender years; the term is equally appropriate, though less rarely applied, to such a one as Mme. Patti, whose announcement of her intention to retire must not be omitted from any record of the events of the year. The great doings which attended her final concert in London are of too recent date to need recalling. As regards other artists of note who have been seen and heard, it would be idle to attempt to catalogue them. Their name is legion.

The briefest record of the musical year would be incomplete which omitted mention of the notable triumph of common sense and common honesty which was signalised by the passage of the Musical Copyright Bill (thanks so largely to the indefatigable exertions of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P.), which sealed the doom of the pirate and terminated the infamous system of robbery from which composer and publisher have so long suffered. Another musical Bill, of less importance (for the registration of teachers), was also brought before Parliament, but this was not proceeded with.

The obituary of the year includes the names of Manuel Garcia (who is safe of immortality alike as centenarian and as inventor of the laryngoscope), Arensky (one of several Russian composers who have died too young), Lemmens-Sherrington (a famous vocalist in her day), and Georges Jacobi (whose ballet music has delighted millions).

The recent Birmingham Festival resulted in a profit of £4,415—£105 less than that realised at the previous festival. And this falling-off was experienced, moreover, in spite of the reduction of the expenses by some £300. What was the cause? It would be most natural to suggest one or other of the new works heard, but curiously enough this was apparently not the case. The principal falling off, it is officially stated, was in connection with the performances of "Elijah" and "The Messiah." Here are strange tidings, indeed. We have always been bidden to regard these two oratorios as the sheet anchors of every provincial festival, and their constant repetition is invariably excused on the score of financial necessity. Can it be that they are at length beginning to lose their drawing power? It would almost

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seem so. Yet from Gloucester comes a quite different story. There, at the last festival, there was a loss of £305, and the cause assigned in this case is not the old works but the new ones. Clearly, therefore, it will not do to assume too readily that "Elijah" and "The Messiah" have had their day.

Among many interesting new works announced for production at the Opéra Comique in Paris during the forthcoming season is "La Lépreuse," by M. Henri Bataille and M. Sylvio Lazzari. This is an opera which has been the subject of a very long-standing dispute. Many will have read with surprise, indeed, that it is to be performed, and probably the announcement is not disconnected with certain legal proceedings which have been initiated by the composer to compel its production. According to M. Lazzari, he has been treated very badly by the Opéra Comique management over the matter. Now, it seems, M. Carré has declared that, while the work will be produced, he declines to accept responsibility therefor. M. Lazzari is a well-known composer in Paris, and some of his songs have been published in England by Woolhouse. According to his own account, he has been the victim of quite a Dreyfus conspiracy on the part of his enemies concerned in the suppression of his opera, and it is said that if the legal action instituted is proceeded with, some remarkable evidence not redounding entirely to the credit of the Opéra Comique authorities will come out.

The latest news to hand concerning Richard Strauss is to the distressing effect that he has been rejected as a candidate for the senate of the Berlin Academy of Arts. All the painters, sculptors, and architects voted for him, it seems, but he was opposed by his brother musicians, including Joachim, Max Bruch, and Humperdinck. Evidently the hero of "Ein Heldenleben" has more enemies than were overthrown when the mighty "battle" of that work was lost and won. But let Strauss have patience and his time will come. The composer of "Salomé" will live yet to hold up hands of horror at the enormities of younger men, and be voted himself in turn a musical old fogey.

Bruckner is a composer with whom many English concert-goers would gladly make closer acquaintance, and there will be no little regret, therefore, that the London Symphony Orchestra have abandoned their intention of doing his seventh symphony at one of their concerts in the New Year. It must be fifteen or twenty years since any work of Bruckner has been heard in London, although they are given quite frequently in Germany, where many esteem their author one of the greatest of latter-day composers. This may not be the general view, and there are, of course, not a few who decline to recognise any real genius in Bruckner at all. But so there are in the case of Brahms, who, when the two composers were alive, was often pitted against Bruckner—the one as inheritor of the classical traditions and the other as a symphonist influenced by Wagner. Whatever Bruckner's precise status, it is certainly surprising that his music should be so utterly neglected in England. According to a recent writer, it abounds in fine ideas, rich harmonies, and glowing orchestral colour. Weingartner has declared that he almost ranks its composer with Schubert; while Nikisch is another great conductor whose admiration for the deceased master is well known. Is it too late, therefore, to express the hope that the London Symphony authorities may reconsider their decision, and restore the symphony in question to their scheme?

Dr. Richter, by the way, possesses an interesting memento of Bruckner. This is an Austrian thaler which he received from the composer under quaint circumstances—namely, after his first performance of one of Bruckner's symphonies. But let Richter tell the tale himself:—"Bruckner was an old man, but his work had never met with due appreciation, and he rarely had a chance of hearing his own music. When the symphony was over he came up to me in an ecstasy of delight, and I felt him press something into my hand, saying, 'There, my dear fellow; there's something to drink my health with.' It was this thaler, which I have worn ever since. I am fond of it, for it reminds me of the most charmingly childlike and innocent human being I have ever known."

Another modern composer whose works have fallen into neglect of late years is Anton Rubinstein, whose opera, "Nero," has recently been revived in St. Petersburg with success. Yet there are those who set much store by his work, and believe that his day will still come, while it is hardly needful to say that Rubinstein himself had a boundless estimate of the worth of his compositions. The opera above-named was originally performed at Hamburg in 1879, when the composer conducted a performance which obtained a most enthusiastic reception. Another, "Le Démon," which was revived not so long ago at Monte Carlo with considerable success, was given at Covent Garden under Rubinstein's direction in 1881, with Albani, Trebelli, Lassalle, and Edouard de Reszke in the principal parts. Then there are his various sacred operas, "The Maccabbees," "Moses," "Christus," and so on, to say nothing of his many symphonies, concertos, and smaller works. Many of these contain lovely melodies and delightful individual pages, though nearly all are unequal and lacking in sustained power.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert has, I notice, been replying to certain criticisms on his methods of stage management. He stoutly defends the right of the author-manager to control the doings of his interpreters, and vigorously denies that they are thereby deprived of the opportunity of developing their own powers. The opposite contention, he urges, "opens out an amusing prospect of what would happen to the unfortunate author if these young people were permitted to give full scope as to how a part should be played." As to the repression of initiative, he points to "the dozens of prosperous artists who began in the chorus or with £3 a week parts at the Savoy, and who are now commanding salaries of from £20 to £80 a week," and triumphantly asks whether they suffered because in their earlier days they had to do what they were told. It would, perhaps, be rather difficult to name the "dozens" of ex-Savoy artists earning salaries of "from £20 to £80 a week," and in any case the objection to the school of martinet stage-managers, of which Mr. Gilbert is a distinguished representative, is not so much that it permanently destroys the performer's individuality as the lack of freedom and spontaneity induced thereby at the time.

The report concerning Frau Cosima Wagner's serious illness will awaken widespread regret in musical circles. As the daughter of Liszt, and wife in turn of von Bülow and Richard Wagner, it would have been strange if Frau Cosima had not been a woman of character. The leading part which she has played in the direction of the Bayreuth performances since Wagner's death is, of course, known to all, and while she has often been criticised, all who have come in contact with her in this connection are agreed as to her uncommon capacity. Such a competent judge as Mme. Marie Brema once described Frau Cosima as "the greatest of stage managers," and though not all will agree with that estimate, everyone must admire the way in which she has striven for Bayreuth, and for the greater honour of her illustrious husband. The administration of Bayreuth she has always regarded as a sacred trust, and whatever mistakes she has made from time to time, no one has ever questioned her single-mindedness, or doubted her devotion to a lofty ideal.

Vocalists are famous for their pets and the gifted sisters Ravogli are no exception to this rule. Those honoured by their acquaintance know the high place occupied in their affections by an intelligent little Pomeranian who accompanies them on all their travels and receives invariably the first consideration on every occasion. Grievous, indeed, are the anxieties which this favoured animal's fair owners have experienced on his behalf from time to time. Did they not even contemplate on one occasion the hire of a special sailing boat to cross the Channel in order to relieve their pet from the odious requirements of the quarantine regulations? Their friends will not be surprised to learn, therefore, that in a recent issue of *Il Cane*, a dog-lovers' journal published in Rome, appears a vivacious account

of "Mafeking" (as this dog of dogs is called), from the pen of Signorina Sofia Ravogli.

"Garcia the Centenarian and his Times" is the title of what should prove an interesting volume of musical biography, which will be published next year. The work, which will be dedicated by permission to the King of Spain, has been written by Mr. Malcolm Sterling Mackinlay, who was a pupil of the famous old master, and whose gossipy life of his mother, Mme. Antoinette Sterling, was published some time ago.

"Music as an aid to shopping" has long been a recognised American institution, and in New York, we are told, every well appointed store has its "entertainment department" through the agency of which the most eminent artists are engaged to soothe the savage breasts of lady customers bent on bargains, and induce a properly expansive mood on the part of others to the profit of the establishment in general. Free meals are also provided in many instances, so that the problem of existence would seem to be greatly simplified in America for those disposed to live up to all their privileges. When will some of our London firms be bold enough to follow suit?

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR DESMOND O'BRIEN,—In the numberless books that have been written about the Dark Continent during the past few years Portuguese East Africa has received very little attention, so that there was room for an account of the large and important territory now administered by the Mozambique Company. Mr. Maugham, who is the British Consul at Beira, has done a good deal of big game shooting, and some of the best chapters in his "Portuguese East Africa" (1) are those in which he narrates his sporting adventures. He considers that the lion is an over-rated beast. In his opinion the apparently magnificent disregard of danger which "this so-called monarch of the wilds" displays in sometimes rashly exposing himself is due to mere laziness or stupidity. When wounded or driven into a corner he is, of course, a ferocious adversary; but Mr. Maugham's experience has convinced him that the dangers of lion-hunting, properly conducted, have been very greatly exaggerated. He agrees with many great game hunters that "in spite of its arduous marches and tremendous exertion, the hunger and thirst from which it is inseparable, the comfortless mosquito-surrounded nights and the crushing discouragements, there is no form of sport which can be compared to elephant hunting on foot for sustained interest and soul-moving excitement." To the story of the sport he has enjoyed Mr. Mangham appends a chapter of practical hints on the equipment of a hunting expedition which will be useful to any Nimrods visiting this region. Other portions of his book are devoted to a description of the varied scenery of the country on the coast and inland; to a sketch of the history of the Portuguese occupation and the present system of government by the Mozambique Company (whose charter is similar to that of the British South African Company); and to a study of the habits and customs of the natives. On the question of the treatment of the natives Mr. Maugham says:—

> The negro was sent into the world for one end and for one end only—namely, manual labour. . . . Whilst in our own colonies we have educated the native and petted him, and done everything we could think of to impair his value as a worker by endeavouring to fit him for positions for which he was not by nature intended, the Portuguese, on the other hand, throughout the centuries of their occupation of East Africa have never viewed him in any but a proper and practical light; for them he is first and last the "mao d'obra" (labouring hand), and any proposition tending to lessen his value in that capacity would never, and will never, be entertained by them for a single moment.

Considering the position he holds as a representative of the British Government, Mr. Maugham exhibits no small amount of courage in expressing thus frankly views which are certain to provoke hostile criticism in this country.

There was certainly all the charm of novelty about the voyage recorded by Mr. Donald Maxwell in "A Cruise Across Europe" (2)—and in these days of travel novelty in such a matter is not easy of attainment. In a small boat called *The Walrus* the author and his companion made their way right across the middle of Europe, practically from the North Sea to the Black Sea. There was, of course, no difficulty in doing the first part of the journey by the Rhine and the Main, but how was it possible to get by boat to the Danube? The necessary connecting link is supplied by Ludwig's Canal, a very old and but little known waterway, uniting the Regnitz, which enters the Main a few miles below Bamberg, with the Altmuhl, which falls into the Danube. By means of about a hundred locks this remarkable canal, which is the property of the Bavarian State, crosses hills rising to a height of 1,500 feet above sea level, so that the voyagers were literally mountaineering in a boat. Mr. Maxwell's account of this section of their journey is perhaps the freshest and most interesting feature of his book, though his descriptions of the countries they traversed and the experiences and adventures that befell them—they were arrested once or twice as spies, and at another time they were regarded as holy pilgrims—are always entertaining. No doubt other travellers who like to get off the beaten tracks will be tempted to follow in the wake of *The Walrus*. The trip, however, is not one that should be undertaken by those who have no relish for difficulties and discomforts, or who lack the leisure required—it occupied Messrs. Maxwell and Taylor over four months—for its proper enjoyment.

Mr. Hornaday's "Camp Fires in the Canadian Rockies" (3) is an exhilarating narrative of a holiday trip which will fill many a sportsman with a desire to visit the same happy hunting grounds, the home of the wild mountain goat and the grizzly bear. Mr. Hornaday, who is the director of the New York Zoological Park, fulfils President Roosevelt's requirement that the true big-game hunter should also be a field naturalist, bringing knowledge and sympathy to the study of the habits of the creatures that he pursues. The grizzly bear, by the way, seems to have learnt that discretion is the better part of valour when hunters are about. Fifty years ago he was an animal "which knew not fear of any living thing." To-day the grizzly is—in Mr. Harraday's phrase—"a quitter." Nine bears out of every ten bolt frantically the moment they see a man. Let it not be inferred from this, however, that sport in this region is without any spice of danger. Mr. Hornaday had a good share of exciting experiences, and so, too, had his companion with the camera. The snap-shotting of wild animals as it was done by Mr. Phillips demands, indeed, as much coolness and courage as the shooting of them; and not a few of the remarkable photographs in this book were only secured at a serious risk. Mr. Phillips, who is the Pennsylvania State Game Commissioner, and Mr. Hornaday, both hold that the Game Laws of British Columbia must be made more stringent if the grizzly bear and the wild mountain goat are not to be exterminated.

The illustrious Don Q. does not make his first appearance in fiction in the "New Chronicles" (4). He is a vain and bold villain of the Robin Hood type, kind to the poor and levying tribute upon the rich, and lording it in the Sierras of Spain. In this volume twelve of his adventures are described.

(1) "Portuguese East Africa: The History, Scenery, and Great Game of Manica and Sofala." By R. C. F. Maugham, H.B.M. Consul. With map and illustrations. (John Murray. 15s. net.)

(2) "A Cruise Across Europe." By Donald Maxwell. With illustrations by the Author and Cottington Taylor. (John Lane. 10s. 6d. net.)

(3) "Camp Fires in the Canadian Rockies." By W. T. Hornaday. With illustrations by J. M. Phillips. (Werner Laurie. 16s. net.)

(4) "New Chronicles of Don Q." By K. and Hesketh Pritchard. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

(5) "The Soul Stealer." By C. Ranger-Gull. (F. V. White. 6s.)

(6) "The House of a Thousand Candles." By Meredith Nicholson. (Gay and Bird. 6s.)

Mostly he seems to have been engaged in the administration of vicarious justice, but he comes to an end at last. At least the book does. Possibly Don Q. himself may reappear at some later date, but if he be indeed dead, then it may be safely asserted that he has gone to the same abode as Captain Kettle and similar fearless and lawless spirits, wherever that may be, and will not be the least distinguished of the company.

Why "The Soul Stealer" (5), Mr. Ranger-Gull? Sir William Gouldsworth was nothing of the sort, he merely stole people's thoughts. A marvellous scientist Sir William! He invented a telephonic helmet which had only to be popped on the victim's head, and straightway the victim's thoughts were presented pictorially on a screen. The victim was a successful rival of Sir William's in a love affair, and, immured in a cell in Sir William's town house, he had to think for the amusement of the scientist and a loathsome drunken confederate while his fiancée cried her pretty eyes out. It is all very thrilling, but it is a pity Mr. Ranger-Gull used up his idea in producing mere sensationalism. Surely it is in its essence an idea for comedy, and a hint of the amusement it might have produced is to be found in Chapter XXIII., where a few nice respectable members of society wear the cap for a few minutes. As it is, the principal characters in the story are unpleasant people, and Mr. Ranger-Gull has the knack of making his unpleasant people very unpleasant indeed.

The thousand candles that figure in the title of Mr. Meredith Nicholson's story (6) have attracted no less than a quarter of a million moths on the other side of the Atlantic, and it may be confidently predicted that they will not prove without attraction over here. The evergreen popularity of "Woodstock" is quite sufficient to prove that the house of mystery is a sure draw to the lover of thrills, and in this story there are enough secret passages and cunningly contrived wainscottings to please the most exigent taste. John Glenarm inherits the house on condition that he inhabits it for a year, and as there is another man who will benefit by his failure to do so the opportunity is afforded for making use of the secret passages aforesaid. In addition, there is John's love affair with a lady with whom marriage has been specially barred under the will by which he inherits the property, so that John's hands are always full, and the reader's attention is not allowed to relax until "Finis" is written.—Believe me, my dear Desmond O'Brien, yours very sincerely,

C. P. WYNDHAM.

"Versailles and the Trianons" (Heinemann, 16s. net) is a handsome volume with nearly sixty beautiful illustrations in colours by M. René Binet. The artist gives a series of exquisite drawings of the buildings, the gateways, the gardens, the statuary, and the more notable apartments of the palace, and the reproductions have been admirably executed. For the letterpress M. Pierre de Nolhac, director of the Versailles Museum, is responsible. He is an ideal guide to the palace, full of knowledge of its history and its art treasures.

The London Library is the title which Messrs. Routledge have given to a new series of books which is in every respect deserving of the warmest praise. The volumes already published include the "Autobiography of Lord Herbert, of Cherbury," edited with an introduction by Mr. Sidney Lee; "Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson," revised, with additional notes by Professor Firth; G. H. Lewes's "Life of Goethe"; and T. J. Hogg's "Life of Shelley," with an introduction by Professor Dowden. Considering the care and skill with which they have been edited, the style in which they are printed and bound, and the length to which they run—in some instances there are from 500 to 600 pages—these volumes at 2s 6d. each are surprisingly cheap.

"The Complete Photographer" (Methuen and Co., 10s. 6d. net) is a somewhat bold title to give to a book, but the author, Mr. Childe Bayley, fairly justifies it. He traces the amazing progress that photography has made, and gives a comprehensive account of the present position of the art in all its branches, including much valuable information and advice as to the methods that should be pursued. The book, which is fully illustrated, will be very helpful to amateurs.

It is sometimes said that George Eliot is not read nowadays to the extent that she used to be. One answer to this statement is afforded by the constant issue of reprints of those of the novels which are no longer copyright. Another answer is provided by the fact that Messrs. Blackwood, George Eliot's original publishers, frequently bring out new editions of her works. The most recent is the New Popular Edition, which, beginning with "Adam Bede," followed by "Scenes of Clerical Life" and "The Mill on the Floss," will be completed in ten three-and-sixpenny volumes. The volumes are clearly printed and well bound, and each has a photogravure frontispiece from a drawing by some well-known artist.

Mr. Percy Ashley's treatise, "Local and Central Government" (Murray, 10s. 6d. net), makes its appearance opportunely at a time when methods of municipal administration are being keenly discussed. It explains and compares the different systems of local government that are adopted in this country, France, Prussia, and the United States.

One of the best of the nature books recently published is Mr. George A. B. Dewar's "The Faery Year" (Alston Rivers, 7s. 6d. net). His aim has been to describe month by month "the truly faery procession that appears to us when we review a few of the things which make up the year of nature—a wonderful charm of birds, butterflies, clouds, woods, and waters." Of all these things, and many more, Mr. Dewar writes with literary skill and charm as well as knowledge and enthusiasm.

Mrs. Aria's "Costume: Fanciful, Historical, and Theatrical" (Macmillan, 10s. 6d. net) is a fascinating book on what is really a fascinating subject, though it is a subject on which some writers, full of erudition, perhaps, but lacking in wit, have contrived to be exceedingly dull. Needless to say, Mrs. Aria is never dull. In her own lively manner she describes the leading features of the fashions in dress that have arisen and disappeared (often only to return later on) in the centuries that have passed from the days of the ancient Greeks and Romans down to the present time. There are also interesting chapters on peasant dress at home and abroad, on Oriental dress, and on fancy and theatrical dress, in which latter connection Mrs. Aria gives much practical information and advice that will be useful to those who "fret their hour on the stage or at the fancy-dress ball." The book has many admirable illustrations—twenty being coloured plates—by Mr. Percy Anderson.

An always welcome annual is the volume of Sir F. Carruthers Gould's "Political Caricatures" (Arnold, 6s. net) for the past year. The period covered by the present volume (December, 1905, to November, 1906) was remarkably rich in interesting political events, including as it did the resignation of Mr. Balfour's Ministry, the formation of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's, the General Election, with its rout of the Tory Party, and the first session of the new Parliament with the struggle over the Education Bill. "F. C. G." has had, therefore, an abundance of subjects, and never has he exercised his wit and his art with happier results.

Mr. Edwin J. Ellis, who edited a recently-published edition of Blake's poems, has written a "portrait biography" of the poet-artist, which will be published shortly by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. The volume will have a number of illustrations in colour and monochrome.

Mr. Unwin announces the intended publication early in the New Year of an important and original work on the House of Lords, by Mr. W. T. Stead.

"The Novel-Books" is the title Messrs Sisley have given to a new series of volumes in handy form, which will be devoted entirely to standard fiction. The first volume will be Dumas's "The Black Tulip."

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—We always think, when we come down to stay in the country, as this week, that one of the faults of our dear London is the difficulty of seeing the sky in any quantity. The tall houses snip up the skyscape into strips and scraps, and only now and then can one see a real, large slice of it. Down here, however, we revel in it. There are beautiful skies all the winter through at Maidenhead, and the sunsets are superb.

Town was in such a simmer when we left that it was quite annoying to try to get along the streets with anything resembling speed. As to the railway, omnibuses, cabs packed with luggage, and hansoms with a couple of portmanteaux on top, they made almost continuous lines along all the principal thoroughfares during the last few days before Christmas. The middle of the road was as crowded as the footways, and that is saying much. Four times a year the leisured classes fly from London: at Easter, at Whitsuntide, at the end of July, and again at Christmas. During the last ten years or so it has become general to leave one's warm and comfortable home at this chilly season and go to a hotel by the sea. It seems an odd thing to do. I never want to see the sea in winter. Fond as I am of great tracts of sky, I would rather do without them than go and shiver by the sea in the bleak and grey December weather. But the world thinks otherwise, and old Father Ocean has his margin thickly dotted with human beings in winter garb during the last week of December and the first of January. You know the old saying: "East, west, home's best." I think it is never truer than in cold weather.

Just before we left London we saw the wedding of Lord Ellenborough, who has for so many years been regarded as a confirmed celibate, with Miss Hermione Schenley, daughter of the Mr. Schenley who made such an immense fortune in Pittsburg many years ago. The bride is a great favourite among her friends, and looked very well on her wedding-day. The bridesmaids' dresses were the prettiest I have seen for a long time. They were made of taffetas in the shade of pink seen in a hedge-rose. The bodices had tucked yokes of chiffon in exactly the same shade, and these yokes were outlined with triple frills of the chiffon. The rest of the bodice was folded chiffon velours in a deeper shade of rose-pink, folded closely to the figure, and coming down in a point in front. There was a motif of white Irish lace on the yoke, back and front, and the short sleeves, made of the taffetas, and triply frilled with the chiffon, had each a motif of the lace. The skirts were bordered several inches deep with the chiffon velvet, and above this and partly upon it Irish lace was arranged in a slightly undulating line. Prettier, if possible, than the gowns of the grown-ups was that made for a child. I have never seen anything sweeter. The pink taffetas hung sheer from the dainty little yoke, and was bordered with the velvet and trimmed with the lace. There was something about the little sleeves that made one laugh with pleasure. They looked so dainty, so lovable, somehow. Madame Valentine, who made all the bridesmaids' dresses, has an indescribable touch in such things.

The present given by Mr. Schenley, the bride's brother, is a forty horse-power motor-car, and Mrs. Schenley gave a gold dessert-service. Lord Ellenborough has given his bride a lovely diamond tiara and many other presents.

Not long ago there was a hat-trimming competition among peeresses and others, and it was noticed that there was a far larger demand for the hats trimmed by ladies of the dramatic profession than for those arranged by ladies of the peerage. I believe the expenditure was strictly limited, so far as materials went. Each competitor had to exercise her skill on materials that had cost but a few shillings.

The next idea is a cake-making competition in the gentle cause of charity. All the cakes have to be home-made, but there is no limit as to the price of the materials. All are for sale, and the way in which the charity benefits is in receiving the proceeds. How would this answer in the country? You want money for your beautiful old church. Why not try a cake-making competition? The prizes could not be costly, but there would be the novelty of the thing, and just think of the stimulation the whole affair would be to the house-wifely arts, supposed to be entirely decadent.

Apropos of charity, every second letter that the postman brings just now is an appeal for help from some benevolent institution. Does it seem good policy for all these to shower down upon the public simultaneously? Christmas sentiment, it is true, is favourable to benevolence, but after having received seven or eight appeals, and responded, perhaps, to three or four of them, the money nerve becomes affected and grasps the purse-strings tightly. Why not have a different time of year for different kinds of benevolence? Anything concerning children should, of course, belong to Christmas. It is theirs by right. Hospitals have had Benjamin's portion during the last few years, and though no one grudges it to them, yet they ought not to come begging just when less favoured institutions are in real need. Hospitals, after all, are in season all the year round. Why should they not send out their appeals in the height of the London gaiety, when money is plentiful and flowing like water, when gay good humour is at its height to match the sunny weather? If things could only get divided up a little it would surely be better. As it is, a good half of the ever-arriving appeals get thrown into the waste-paper basket. Christmas is now the time selected for the Government to send us in our income-tax demands. That is not the kind of thing to further the cause of donations to charity, a virtue that should begin at home but not end there.

Charlie says of income tax: "I'd rather pay it any day than fill up that —— form." You will understand that the dash does not represent "that blessed word, Mesopotamia." I quite agree with Charlie. A few months ago Richard and I spent the best part of two consecutive mornings over the filling up of that horrid form. Richard, when he is worried, has a habit of rubbing one particular bit of his head behind his left ear, and on those two mornings he rubbed it so incessantly for hours that I watched it apprehensively for weeks. I fully expected that after so much stimulation from this excited kind of massage a lush crop of hair would appear in quantities. It was some weeks before I could forget to be anxious about it.

Not that I should have minded about it. Anything peculiar in the appearance of one's husband is a little trying, of course; but the real tryingness of it would have been its effect upon him. He would have been irritable and annoyed, and is there anything more immediately infectious than irritability and annoyance? I have sometimes gone down to breakfast feeling serene, almost blithe (though rather early in the day for anything so pronounced, perhaps), and have suddenly experienced a complete and calamitous *volte-esprit* on seeing Richard glowering over one of his letters. I find, however, that the very best thing to do, at such times, is to bestow a few words of sympathy, and then command him to be cheerful. This produces an explosion, which clears the air most admirably, and with our second cup of coffee we are as cheerful again as could be expected at so early an hour.

This reminds me of a little circumstance that occurred when we were staying with the Brownes. One morning Mrs. Browne and I were walking on the terrace, and

Redfern's Annual Sale commences on Monday next, Dec. 31. A unique opportunity to obtain a Redfern gown at a nominal price. Some rare bargains in furs, dress lengths, &c.—Redfern Conduit-street and Bond-street.

Important to Ladies. — You can get the real genuine Horrockses' Longcloths and Flannelettes if you insist on seeing this stamp on the selvedge: 'Horrockses.' Obtainable from the principal Drapers. Over a century's reputation.

we suddenly heard some one whistling so frightfully out of tune that I immediately put my fingers in my ears and pitied the blackbirds and thrushes. They have such a good ear for music, you know, dear.

Mrs. Browne laughed at me, and said, with a frankness that rather shocked me, I know her so slightly: "How often a woman pardons her husband for whistling out of tune, merely for the assurance it gives her that he is in a good temper, or he would not whistle at all." I was obliged to take my fingers out of my ears when I saw her lips move, and the noise of Mr. Browne's whistling was so awful that I asked myself if I should not prefer him in a bad temper, if he were mine.

Have you ever wondered what some of the husbands and wives of your acquaintance married each other for? So many of the couples one knows seem so utterly unsuited to each other. You remember that very good-looking young doctor who was such a friend of Charlie. He brought his wife to introduce her one day, and we immediately in our inmost thoughts asked the usual question, "Why?" She is ten years older than he, not pretty, and with a voice like a cockatoo. But he is delighted with her, so it is all right. Then there is the beautiful Miss Dash. She refused ever so many men, several very eligible, and at least one remarkably handsome. We met them at dinner the other evening, her and her fiancé. When I first saw him I murmured to Richard, "Hold my hand!" a request that he naturally ignored, as this is merely our phrase when we receive a shock. I shall not attempt to describe the gentleman, not wishing to depress you at this festive season. It would be too unkind. But why did she do it? He is far from young, still farther from being good-looking, has not very much money, and, worse than all, he lets his h's play General Post with the English language.

And that beautiful girl! Oh, what a funny world it is! Amy, dear, do hold my hand!

Mary wants to send away her cook but John will not let her, he likes her cooking so much. The woman is dirty, a pilferer, and unpunctual. But she cooks to perfection the dishes that John loves, so Mary has to keep her on and put up with her very pronounced faults. Don't you call that tyranny on John's part? Mary thinks so, but she is one of those timid, trembling, submissive women who simply invite their husbands to be despots. When she told me about it, I advised her to send the woman away. Who could stand a dirty cook? But Mary looked terrified at the very suggestion. "If you did, what would happen?" I asked. "Oh, it would be dreadful! John would not speak to me for weeks."

"And would that matter much? Would it make you unhappy?"

You should have seen how she opened her eyes at me, and heard the enormous amount of bewildered amazement she threw into the one word "Madge!"

Thereupon, I administered a lecture.

"Mary! You are doing John a vast quantity of harm by allowing him to tyrannise over you. You are encouraging him to be selfish, hard, and unkind. His character is deteriorating every year for the simple reason that your soft submissiveness is acting as a patent chemical manure to all the latent faults in the garden of his soul. Remember the good, frank, affectionate fellow he was when you were married. Why is he so changed? It is all your——"

"Oh, Madge; stop, stop! I can't bear it. Yes, yes! I do indeed remember. But is it really my fault? But St. Paul says: 'Wives——'"

To which I replied by assuring her that she misunderstood the drift of St. Paul's remarks, and that his observations were framed for women of the East, etc., etc.

John, I fancy, will have some occupation during the next few weeks in wondering what can have come over his gentle little wife. But do you not agree with me that it is high time to raise the standard of revolt when a man obliges his wife to keep a dirty cook? Besides, I do not believe in autocracy in the home. Do you? It should be a Limited Company with the husband as Chairman, the wife as Managing Director.

Have I ever told you how wonderfully Lilla has reduced her weight during the last six months? She is almost slim, and thinks she is quite so. This is due, she says, to going without breakfast every morning. That is, she breakfasts at noon, and the meal consists of two or three dry biscuits, and a pound of black grapes. I suspect that Mme. Esmeralda could find a different reason for it, for I know that Lilla has had her corsets from North Audley-street lately. She has just had her new hunting habit home, and her figure is lovely in it. It is invisible green cloth, with basque long enough to reach the horse's back, and the skirt quite short. The waistcoat is the merest peep of scarlet, with small gilt buttons, and you will remember her immaculate ties of old, folded twice round her neck and crossing "just so" below the chin with the simplest possible hunting pin. Then all that burnished coppery hair under the hat—really Lilla is enjoying a very delightful Indian summer. She looks handsomer than ever.

I am sending you a little volume of poems by Mr. F. W. Tancred, which has a twofold interest. Mr. Tancred is a great-grandson of Mrs. Hemans, and this edition of poems from his pen is being published in aid of a fund for the endowment of a Felicia Hemans cot in the Royal Waterloo Hospital for Children and Women. The object in view should appeal to a host of admirers of Mrs. Hemans' graceful and tender lyrics, and Mr. Tancred's own verses have considerable merit. The booklet (price 1s.) can be obtained from Miss E. Tancred, hon. treasurer of the F.H.C. Fund, 29, Westbourne-gardens, W.

"Last night I lay in a gondola on the Grand Canal, drinking it all in, and life never seemed so full before." This is an extract from a letter written by a girl visiting Venice, quoted in "Bulls and Blunders," a very amusing book published by Gay and Bird. Do get it. It will provide you with food for mirth for a month or two.

"It is noteworthy that all dogs dash into a boat as if they were leading a forlorn hope, and leave it as if they were escaping from a fire." That is one of many delightful touches about people and animals in "Some Irish Yesterdays." You will remember "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.," a book by the same authors, Martin Ross and Æ. Somerville, over which you and I wept mirthfully a year or two ago. You will find the new volume full of the same qualities, not without pathos and some charming scenery, but bubbling with a quiet, unforced fun that keeps one's mind dancing even when one is not laughing aloud. The pets in it are specially amusing.

I have not forgotten your friend from Iver, and his difficulties about tough old fowls. I begged for advice from our clever counsellor on all such matters, and she sends me the following, both of which methods I intend to try some day. Spatchcock is fowl split down the back, broiled on a gridiron, then egged and breadcrumbed and finished in the oven, and of all the methods of cooking fowls or chicken, I opine that that requires a young one.

Braised fowl is an excellent way of utilising those that are too old for roasting:—

Having plucked, cleansed, and trussed the fowl, stuff the crop part with pounded sausage meat, and fry it briskly in a stewpan without vegetables—i.e., carrots, onions, rough celery, a bouquet of herbs, and 2 oz. of minced lean bacon and sufficient butter, or pure fat, to slightly colour it all over, then add stock to nearly cover, bring it to the boil, and place the stewpan in the oven to simmer for nearly two hours. Now pour off the stock, remove the grease, and convert the stock into sauce. Dish the fowl, pour the sauce over, and serve boiled rice separately, and you will not have anything to complain of. To make the sauce: Take a small onion, half a carrot, some rough celery, and an

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ounce of minced lean bacon, fry them with butter until they acquire a nice brown colour, mix in a heaped tablespoonful of flour and the stock from the braize, stir until boiling, simmer for about 20 minutes; season to taste and strain.

Fowl en casserole will please the most fastidious:—

Having cleaned a fowl, chop it into small joints and fry them quickly in a sauté pan, with minced vegetables and bacon; when they are a delicate brown colour sprinkle them liberally with flour, mix in either stock or water, stir them about until boiling. Then put the pieces of chicken carefully into an earthenware casserole, strain the sauce over, add a wine glass of sherry and a bouquet of carrot, onion, celery, parsley, and a sprig of thyme. Bring the casserole to the boil on the stove, then place in the oven to simmer for nearly two hours. Remove the bouquet, take off the fat, and add about a pound of mushrooms cooked in a separate stewpan. Pin a napkin round the casserole before serving.

Here is a capital recipe for quince jelly:—

Cut the fruit into quarters, without either paring or coring, weigh it, allow a pint of water to a pound of fruit, and boil it in a covered stewpan for three or four hours, then drain it on a hair sieve until next day. Mix a pound of crushed loaf sugar with every pint of juice, stir it till it boils, remove the scum and boil it more rapidly for about an hour or until it bubbles, rather than boils. Pour it into warmed glass jars and tie them down in the usual way.

Cranberry jelly is equally excellent:—

Crush the cranberries, allow a pint of water to a quart of the fruit, and simmer them for about half an hour, then strain them on a hair sieve until next day. Measure the juice, and to every pint allow one pound of crushed loaf sugar; stir it occasionally on a warm part of the stove until the sugar is dissolved, then bring it to the boil, remove all the scum and boil it quickly for about three-quarters of an hour or an hour, according to the quantity. If it sets when tested, pour it into hot glass jars and tie it down with brandy papers.

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